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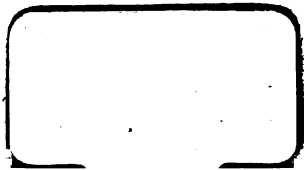
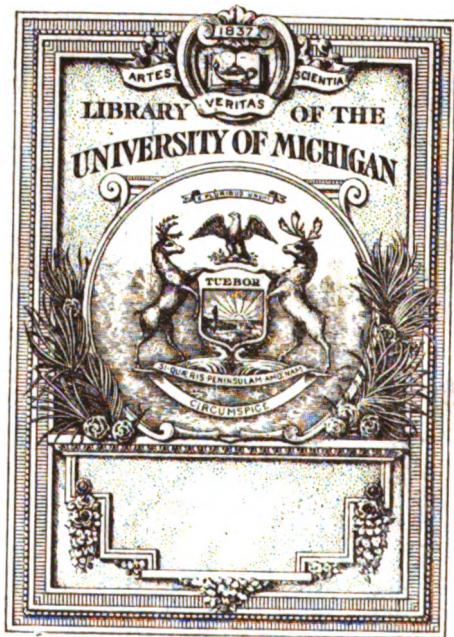
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THE IRISH MONTHLY.

THE
IRISH MONTHLY

A Magazine of General Literature

FOURTEENTH YEARLY VOLUME
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CONTENTS.

STORIES.

	PAGE
The Chaplain of St. Denis. By the late C. W. Russell, D.D.	17
Mr. Baker's Domestic System	70
The Five Cobblers of Brescia. By Rosa Mulholland	117
Bet's Matchmaking. By the Same	175
Maureen Lacy. By the Same	233, 299
An Arcachon Comedy. By Mrs. Frank Pentrill	265
An Arcachon Tragedy. By the Same	316
The Fit of Ailsie's Shoe. By Rosa Mulholland	345
Molly the Tramp. By the Same	401
The Haunted Organist of Hurly Burly. By the Same	457
Marigold. By the Same	513, 573
The Ghost at the Rath. By the Same	629
Little Jack and the Christmas Pudding. By M. E. Francis	655

SKETCHES OF PLACES AND PERSONS.

A Curious Relic of Thomas Francis Meagher	11
The Last of the Shanachiee. By Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell	27
A Family of Famous Celtic Scholars. By the Most Rev. Dr. Healey	59
A Convert's Reminiscence. By F. E. A.	82
A Web of Irish Biographies	108
John Mitchel's Daughter. By the Editor	134
An Idyll of the City. By T. F. W.	150
Nutshell Biograms	154, 201, 398, 482
Another Irish Nun in Exile	164
Richard Robert Madden. By M. E.	171
Augustus Law, S.J. Notes in Remembrance. By the Editor	185, 277, 319, 430
Irish-American Poets. By Daniel Connolly	194
Gerhard Schneemann, S.J. By the Rev. Peter Finlay, S.J.	247
The Ursulines of Tenos. By Hannah Lynch	269
Frederick Lucas. By the Rev. Peter Finlay, S.J.	368
November in a Greek Island. By Hannah Lynch	377
Abbé MacCarron. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.	445, 648
The Last Martyr of the Confessional. By Frank Hugh O'Donnell	441
At Nazareth House	470
Leibnitz. By the late C. W. Russell, D. D.	489, 537, 595
The Round Tower of Kilbannon. By Richard J. Kelly	501
Sir Samuel Ferguson. By the Editor	529
Last Relics of Augustus Law, S.J. By the Editor	349
Leaves from the Annals of Dublin. By W. F. Dennehy	565
Carlyle's Irish Tours. By T. Griffin O'Donoghue	613
The Hospital of Our Mother of Mercy.	678

	PAGE
ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.	
Miss Mulholland's Poems	1
Reflection. By the Rev. William Sutton, S.J.	23
Sir Stephen de Vere's Translations	33
Fitzpatrick's "Father Burke"	48
Everyday Thoughts. By Mrs. Frank Pentrill—	
No. X. Angels Unawares	44
No. XI. Old Age	608
Keeping a Diary. By the Rev. William Sutton, S.J.	100
Harmless Novels. By the Present Writer	206
An Irish Poet's American Critics	274
June in the Famine year. By John Mitchel	289
Something about Sonnets. By the Editor	335
Mrs. Piatt's Poems. By Katharine Tynan	385
The Work of the Poor Churches. By the Present Writer	420
Goings Forth and Home-coming. By M. B.	476
In Everlasting Remembrance. By the Same	590

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poet in May.—Odile.—Monsabre on the Rosary.—Queen by Right Divine.—Life of St. Philip Benizi.—The Chair of Peter—Theodore Wibaux, S.J.—Authority and Conscience.—Christmas Revels and the Wanderers.—Little Dick's Christmas Carol.—Louis et Auguste Ruellan, S.J.—The Mad Penitent of Todi.—Jubilee Hymn of Leo XIII.—The Last Carol.—Gillow's Dictionary of English Catholics.—The Birthday Book of Our Dead.—Eason's Almanac for Ireland, &c.,	51
Lord O'Hagan's Speeches.—Waifs of a Christmas Morning.—The Treasure of the Abbey.—True Wayside Tales.—English Catholic Directory.—The Scholastic Annual.—Culwick's Te Deum.—Bacques on the Divine Office.—Principles of Government of St. Ignatius. Miss Mulholland's Edition of "Robinson Crusoe."—Miscellaneous Pamphlets, &c.,	113
Sonnets of this Century.—English Nonjurors of 1715.—Studies of Family Life.—Life of St. Norbert.—Odile.—The Birthday of Our Dead.—Joseph Marchand, Martyr.—Catholic Soldier's Guide.—American Catholic Quarterly, —Socialist, Protestant, Catholic.—Cleanliness.—Joy and Laughter, &c.,	160
Flora the Roman Martyr.—The Keys of the Kingdom.—Vapid Vapourings.—American Criticism on Miss Mulholland's Poems.—The Lepers of Molokai.—The Server's Missal.—Life of St. Patrick.—Little Month of St. Joseph.—Rev. John Behan on Dr. Maguire's Pamphlet.—Ellis's Education Guide.—The O'Connell Press Popular Library, &c.,	216
Edward VI. Supreme Head.—The Synods in English.—Leaves from St. Augustine.—Birthday Book of Our Dead.—The Three Sorrows of Story-Telling.—Discourses on the Divinity of Jesus Christ.—Miscellaneous Pamphlets.—Liverpool Irish Literary Institute, &c.,	285
Santi on Canon Law.—Pax Vobis.—The End of Man.—Verses on Doctrinal and Religious Subjects.—The Valiant Woman.—The Castle of Coetquen.—Christian Symbols.—The Birthday Book of Our Dead.—Preparation for Death.—Margaret O'litherow.—Essays on Ireland.—Parvum Missale.—S. Anselmi Mariale.—Dupanloup on Education.—The O'Connell Press Popular Library.—Catholic Truth Society.—Catholic School Hymnbook.—Tauler's Following of Christ.—The Sodality Manual.—Life of Henrietta Kerr,	330

	PAGE
Amherst's History of Catholic Emancipation.—Short Papers for the People.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.—Atlas des Missions Catholiques.—The Virgin Mother of God.—Sketches of the Royal Irish Constabulary.—The Flight of the Harle.—Edmund Burke on Irish Affairs.—At Antioch Again.—Canon Croft on Continuity of the Church.—Pomfret Cake.—Three Pamphlets.—Hundred Best Irish Books.—Ecclesiastical English.—A National Song.—Merry and Wise,	393
Mr. J. J. Piatt's Poems.—Miss Jordan's Echoes from the Pines.—Golden Sands. Gerald Griffin's Poems.—Catechism in Examples.—The Clothes of Religion.—Comerford's Kildare and Leighlin.—King, Prophet, and Priest.—Moore's Melodies.—Chronicles of Castle Cloyne.—The Boston Stylus.—The Flower of Holywell,	452
Handbook of Christian Symbols.—Hunolt's Sermons.—American Catholic Quarterly.—Catholic Monthly Magazine.—Centenary Edition of St. Alphonsus.—Companion to the Catechism.—The Children's Mass.—History of the Society of Jesus.—Six Seasons on our Prairies.—Judges of the Faith and Godless Schools.—O'Connell Press Popular Library.—Monsignor Gradwell's St. Patrick.—Giltbauer's Cornelius Nepos.—Among the Fairies,	508
The Little Rosary of the Sacred Heart.—Bishop Ullathorne's Christian Patience.—St. Columba and Other Poems.—Catholic Truth Society's Publications.—Lalla Rookh.—The League of the North and South.—Tosser's Catholic Hymns.—To-day's Gem for the Casket of Mary.—"Catholic World" and "Merry England,"	561
Father Gerard's Stonyhurst Latin Grammar.—The Late Miss Hollingford.—Marcella Grace.—Historical Notes on Longford.—Eudimenta Linguae Hebraicae.—The School of Divine Love.—Life of St. Olave.—Thoughts from St. Francis.—The Bible and Belief.—Eucharistic Hours.—The Month of the Souls in Purgatory,	626
Most Rev. Dr. Walsh's Addresses.—Centenary Edition of St. Alphonsus.—Augustus Law, S.J.—Notes in Remembrance.—During the Persecution.—Canon Monahan's Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.—Purgatory, Dogmatic and Scholastic.—Souls Departed.—Hymn to the Eternal, &c.—Simple Readings on the Parables.—Catholic Home Almanac.—Donahoe's Magazine.—St. Augustine.—The Saturday Review or "Marcella Grace."—Gems of Catholic Thought.—Kickham's Last Novel.—Catholic Truth Society.—Life of Muard, &c.—Miscellaneous	670

POEMS AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

In the Desert. By Evelyn Pyne	16
To Cardinal Newman. By Lewis Drummond, S.J.	26
My Song and I. By R. M.	69
The Lord's Messenger. By Evelyn Pyne	81
To St. Rose of Lima. By Mary O. Crowley	91
The O'Connell Papers. Parts XXI., XXII., XXIII.	92, 166, 229
A Few Repartees. By T. E. B.	105
Winged Words	111, 312
The King. By Cassie O'Hara	132
O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me. By S. M. S.	149
The Bishop of Down. By A. Harkin, M. D.	183
Estrada's Spouse. By Eleanor E. Donnelly	192
Sonnet by Arvers. Translated by W. H. E.	215
A Curious Little Relic of '48.	220

	PAGE
Pigeonhole Paragraphs	224
To Cardinal Newman. By T. H. Wright	232
Pictures from the Rosary. By Katharine Tynan	245
The Cottage Gate. By Ethel Tane	256
The Leaping Procession at Echternach. By C. O'C. E.	257
The Prisoned Song. By Cassie O'Hara	260
Unpublished Poems of the "Certain Professor"	261
Filicay's Providence of God. By W. H. E.	268
To a Musician. By Anna I. Johnston	284
Love's Advent. By Evelyn Pyne	288
The Touch of a Mother's Hand. By Richard B. White	297
At Midnight. A Sonnet in Dialogue. By Evelyn Pyne	411
An Old Man's Reverie. By Attie O'Brien	314
Snow in May. By Eugene Davis	329
The Roman Poet's Prayer. By Sir Stephen de Vere, Bart.	367
Remembrance. By W. B. Yeats	376
Filicaja's Crowning with Thorns. By O.	384
The Queen's Favourite. By C. O'C. E.	390
Martinus Hugo Hamill, Thomae Longo Suo	392
A Maiden. By E. E. T.	419
Martyr Thirst. By Evelyn Pyne	429
L'Oeuvre des Tabernacles.	440
Vittoria Colonna's Sonnet to Our Lady. By W. H. E.	444
The Heart of a Mother. By Katharine Tynan	450
Kindness. By Eily.	469
Consummatus in Brevi. By H. L. M.	475
Nursery Rhymes in Latin. No. 1—Three Blind Mice. By O.	481
No. 2—Sing a Song of Sixpence	668
Footprints. By James J. Piatt	488
Watch and Pray. By Anna I. Johnston	500
Meditation of the Old Fisherman. By W. B. Yeats	528
My Wife's Birthday. By M. B.	530
Two Little Angels. By M. B.	537
In Honorem Eduardi Confessoris	560
Christus Consolator. By Sister Mary Agnes	564
A Poet's Love. By Evelyn Pyne	589
All Saints. By Sister Mary Agnes	594
Novembribus Horia. By J. G.	607
True to the Dead. By Helena Callanan	611
Eros. By E. E. T.	625
Songs from Shakespeare in Latin. No. 1— <i>Full fathom five thy father lies</i>	628
The Stolen Child. By W. B. Yeats	646
Rebecca at the Well. By the Rev. W. H. Kent, O.S.C.	653
The Soul's Offering. By M. W. Brew	679
Eden. By E. E. T.	677
Bitterness. By Evelyn Pyne.	677

MISS MULHOLLAND'S POEMS.*

THIS book and this name are thus made the opening words of our fourteenth yearly volume in order that the readers of this Magazine may have no excuse for ignoring a noteworthy event in our Irish literature. Miss Mulholland's name indeed has occupied a similar position before in more than one of our New Year Numbers, linked with the opening chapters in the history of one or other of her delightful, pure-minded Irish heroines, Nell or Fanchea or Marcella—the latest of whom seems to have won more hearts than even any of her predecessors. No person with the faintest glimmering of insight into the subtle mechanism of literary composition in its higher forms could study the prose writings of the author of "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," of "Eldergowan" and many other dainty fictions, without being sure that the writer of such prose was a poet also, not merely by nature but by art; and many had learned to follow her initials through the pages of this and of certain London magazines, though the famous periodical most frequently favoured by her muse is in the habit of suppressing even the initials of its contributors. The present work contains nearly all of these scattered lyrics; and, along with them, many that are now printed for the first time combine to form a volume of the truest and holiest poetry that has been heard on earth since Adelaide Procter went to heaven.

The only justification for the too modest title of "Vagrant Verses" which gleams from the cover of this pretty volume lies in the fact that this most graceful muse wanders from subject to subject according to her fancy, and pursues no heroic or dramatic theme with that exhaustive treatment which exhausts everyone except the poet. The poems in this collection are short, written not to order but under the manifest impulse of inspiration, for the expression only of the deeper thoughts and more vivid feelings of the soul. Except the fine lyrical and dramatic ballad, "The Children of Lir," which occupies eight pages, and the first five pages given to "Emmet's Love," none of the rest of the seventy poems go much beyond a page or two, while they range through every mood, sad or mirthful, and through every form of metre.

* "Vagrant Verses." By Rosa Mulholland. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

We have named the opening poem, which is an exquisitely pathetic soliloquy of Sarah Curran, a year after the death of her betrothed, young Robert Emmet—a nobler tribute to the memory of our great orator's daughter than either Moore's verse or Washington Irving's prose. But the metrical interlacing of the stanzas, and the elevation and refinement of the poetic diction, require a thoughtful perusal to bring out the perfections of this poem which therefore lends itself less readily to quotation. We shall rather begin by giving one shorter poem in full, taken almost at random. Let it be "Wilfulness and Patience," as it teaches a lesson, which it would be well for many to take to heart and to learn by heart:—

I said I am going into the garden,
 Into the flush of the sweetness of life;
 I can stay in the wilderness no longer,
 Where sorrow and sickness and pain are so rife;

So I shod my feet in their golden sandals,
 And looped my gown with a ribbon of blue,
 And into the garden went I singing,
 The birds in the boughs fell a-singing too.

Just at the wicket I met with Patience,
 Grave was her face, and pure, and kind,
 But oh, I loved not her ashen mantle,
 Such sober looks were not to my mind.

Said Patience, "Go not into the garden,
 But come with me by the difficult ways,
 Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,
 To the higher levels of love and praise!"

Gaily I laughed as I opened the wicket,
 And Patience, pitying, flitted away;
 The garden glory was full of the morning—
 The morning changed to the glamour of day.

O sweet were the winds among my tresses,
 And sweet the flowers that bent at my knees,
 Ripe were the fruits that fell at my wishing,
 But sated soon was my soul with these.

And would I were hand in hand with Patience,
 Tracking her feet on the difficult ways,
 Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,
 To the higher levels of love and praise

The salutary lesson that the singer wants to impress on the young heart is here taught plainly and directly even by the very name of the piece. But here is another very delicious melody, of which the name and the purport are somewhat more mysterious. It is called "Perdita."

I dipped my hand in the sea,
Wantonly—
The sun shone red o'er castle and cave ;
Dreaming, I rocked on the sleepy wave ;—
I drew a pearl from the sea,
Wonderingly.

There in my hand it lay ;
Who could say
How from the depths of the ocean calm
It rose, and slid itself into my palm ?
I smiled at finding there
Pearl so fair.

I kissed the beautiful thing,
Marvelling.
Poor till now, I had grown to be
The wealthiest maiden on land or sea,
A priceless gem was mine,
Pure, divine !

I hid the pearl in my breast,
Fearful lest
The wind should steal, or the wave repent
Largess made in mere merriment,
And snatch it back again
Into the main.

But careless grown, ah me !
Wantonly
I held between two fingers fine
My gem above the sparkling brine,
Only to see it gleam
Across the stream.

I felt the treasure slide
Under the tide ;
I saw its mild and delicate ray
Glittering upward, fade away.
Ah ! then my tears did flow,
Long ago !

I weep, and weep, and weep,
 Into the deep ;
 Sad am I that I could not hold
 A treasure richer than virgin gold,
 That Fate so sweetly gave
 Out of the wave.

I dip my hand in the sea,
 Longingly ;
 But never more will that jewel white
 Shed on my soul its tender light ;
 My pearl lies buried deep
 Where mermaids sleep.

Some readers of this paper are no doubt for the first time making acquaintance with Miss Mulholland under this character in which others have known her long ; and even these newest friends know enough of her already to pronounce upon some of her characteristics. She is not uninfluenced by the spell of modern culture which has invested the poetic diction of recent years with an exquisite expressiveness and delicate beauty. But, while her style is the very antithesis of the tawdry or the commonplace, she has no mannerisms or affectations ; she belongs to no school ; she does not deem it the poet's duty to cultivate an artificial, *recherché*, dilettante dialect unknown to Shakspeare and Wordsworth— if we may use a string of epithets which can only be excused for their outlandishness on the plea that they describe something very outlandish. Her meaning is as lucid as her thoughts are high and pure. If, after reading one of her poems carefully, we sometimes have to ask " what does she mean by that ? " we ask it not on account of any obscurity in her language but on account of the depth and height of her thoughts.

The musical rhythm of our extracts prepares us for the form which many of Miss Mulholland's inspirations assume—that of the song pure and simple. Those last epithets have here more than the meaning which they usually bear in such a context ; for these songs are not only eminently singable, but they are marked by a very attractive purity and simplicity. There are many of them besides this one which alone bears no other name than " Song."

The silent bird is hid in the boughs,
 The scythe is hid in the corn,
 The lazy oxen wink and drowse,
 The grateful sheep are shorn.

Redder and redder burns the rose,
The lily was ne'er so pale,
Still and stiller the river flows
Along the path to the vale.

A little door is hid in the boughs,
A face is hiding within;
When birds are silent and oxen drowse,
Why should a maiden spin?
Slower and slower turns the wheel,
The face turns red and pale,
Brighten and brighten the looks that steal
Along the path to the vale.

Here and everywhere how few are the adjectives, and never any slipped in as mere adjectives. Verbs and nouns do duty for them, and the pictures paint themselves. There is more of genius, art, thought, and study in this self-restraining simplicity than in the freer and bolder eloquence that might make young pulses tingle.

This remarkable faculty for musical verse seems to us to enhance the merit of a poem in which a certain ruggedness is introduced of set purpose. At least we think that the subtle sympathy which in the workmanship of a true poet links theme and metre together is curiously exemplified in "News to Tell." What metre is it? A very slight change here and there would conform it to the sober, solemn measure familiar to the least poetical of us in Gray's marvellous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." That elegiac tone already suits the rhythm here to the pathetic story. But then the wounded soldier, who perhaps will not recover after all but may follow his dead comrade—see how he drags himself with difficulty away from the old gray castle where the young widow and the aged mother are overwhelmed by the news he had to tell; and is not all this with exquisite cunning represented by the halting gait of the metre, in which every line deviates just a little from the normal scheme of five iambs?

Neighbour, lend me your arm, for I am not well,
This wound you see is scarcely a fortnight old,
All for a sorry message I had to tell,
I've travelled many a mile in wet and cold.

Yon is the old grey château above the road,
He bade me seek it, my comrade brave and gay;
Stately forest and river so brown and broad,
He showed me the scene as he a-dying lay.

I have been there, and, neighbour, I am not well;
 I bore his sword and some of his curling hair,
 Knocked at the gate and said I had news to tell,
 Entered a chamber and saw his mother there.

Tall and straight with the snows of age on her head,
 Brave and stern as a soldier's mother might be,
 Deep in her eyes a living look of the dead,
 She grasped her staff and silently gazed at me.

I thought I'd better be dead than meet her eye;
 She guessed it all, I'd never a word to tell.
 Taking the sword in her arms she heaved a sigh,
 Claspng the curl in her hand she sobbed, and fell.

I raised her up; she sate in her stately chair,
 Her face like death, but not a tear in her eye;
 We heard a step, and tender voice on the stair
 Murmuring soft to an infant's cooing cry.

My lady she sate erect, and sterner grew,
 Finger on mouth she motioned me not to stay;
 A girl came in, the wife of the dead I knew,
 She held his babe, and, neighbour, I fled away!

I tried to run, but I heard the widow's cry.
 Neighbour, I have been hurt and I am not well:
 I pray to God that never until I die
 May I again have such sorry news to tell!

The next piece that we shall cite has travelled across the Atlantic and come back again under false pretences and without its author's leave or knowledge. Some years ago an American newspaper published some pathetic stanzas to which it gave as a title "Exquisite Effusion of a Dying Sister of Charity." One into whose hands this journal chanced to fall read on with interest and pleasure, feeling the verses strangely familiar—till on reflection he found that the poem had been published sometime before in *The Month* over the well-known initials R. M. As the American journalist named the Irish Convent where the Sister of Charity had died—not one of Mrs. Aikenhead's spiritual daughters, but one of those whom we call French Sisters of Charity—the reader aforesaid went to the trouble of writing to the Mother Superior, who gave the following explanation. The holy Sister had been fond of reading and writing verse; and these verses with others were found in her desk after her death and handed over to her relatives

as relics. They, not comparing them very critically with the nun's genuine literary remains, rashly published them as "The Exquisite Effusion of a Dying Sister of Charity." The foregoing circumstances were soon afterwards published in the *Boston Pilot*; but the ghost of such a blunder is not so easily laid, and the poem reappears in *The Messenger of St. Joseph* for last August, under the title of "An Invalid's Plaint" and still attributed to the dying Nun who had only had the good taste to admire and transcribe Miss Mulholland's poem. In all its wanderings to-and-fro across the Atlantic many corruptions crept into the text; and it would be an interesting exercise in style to collate the version given by *The Messenger* with the authorised edition which we here copy from page 136 of "Vagrant Verses," where the poem of course bears its original name of "Failure."

The Lord, Who fashioned my hands for working,
Set me a task, and it is not done;
I tried and tried since the early morning,
And now to westward sinketh the sun!

Noble the task that was kindly given
To one so little and weak as I—
Somehow my strength could never grasp it,
Never, as days and years went by.

Others around me, cheerfully toiling,
Showed me their work as they passed away;
Filled were their hands to overflowing.
Proud were their hearts, and glad and gay.

Laden with harvest spoils they entered
In at the golden gate of their rest;
Laid their sheaves at the feet of the Master,
Found their places among the blest.

Happy be they who strove to help me,
Failing ever in spite of their aid!
Fain would their love have borne me onward,
But I was unready and sore afraid.

Now I know my task will never be finished,
And when the Master calleth my name,
The Voice will find me still at my labour,
Weeping beside it in weary shame.

With empty hands I shall rise to meet Him,
 And, when He looks for the fruits of years,
 Nothing have I to lay before Him
 But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when He calls I fain would hasten—
 Mine eyes are dim and their light is gone ;
 And I am as weary as though I carried
 A burthen of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,
 Meekly thus in the shape of His Cross ;
 And the Lord Who made them frail and feeble
 Maybe will pity their strife and loss.

It might have been expected that so skilful an artist in beautiful words would be sure occasionally to find the classic sonnet-form the most fitting vehicle for some rounded and stately thought. About half a dozen sonnets are strewn over these pages, all cast in the true Petrarchan mould, and all very properly bearing names of their own, like any other form of verse, instead of being labelled promiscuously as "sonnets." The following is called "Love." What a sublime ideal, only to be realised in human love when in its self-denying sacredness it approaches the divine !

True love is that which never can be lost :
 Though cast away, alone and ownerless,
 Like a strayed child that wandering misses most
 When night comes down its mother's last caress ;

True love dies not when banished and forgot,
 But, solitary, barter still with Heaven
 The scanty share of joy cast in its lot
 For joys to the beloved freely given.

Love smiling stands afar to watch and see
 Each blessing it has bought, like angel's kiss,
 Fall on the loved one's face, who ne'er may know
 At what strange cost thus, overflowingly,
 His cup is filled, or how its depth of bliss
 Doth give the measure of another's woe.

As this happens to be the solitary one among Miss Mulholland's sonnets which in the arrangement of the quatrains varies slightly from the most orthodox tradition of this pharisee of song, I will give another specimen, prettily named "Among the Boughs."

High on a gnarled and mossy forest bough,
 Dreaming, I hang between the earth and sky,
 The golden moon through leafy mystery
 Gazing aslant at me with glowing brow.
 And since all living creatures slumber now,
 O nightingale, save only thou and I,
 Tell me the secret of thine ecstasy,
 That none may know save only I and thou.

Alas, all vainly doth my heart entreat ;
 Thy magic pipe unfolds but to the moon
 What wonders thee in faëry worlds befell :
 To her is sung thy midnight-music sweet,
 And ere she wearies of thy mellow tune,
 She hath thy secret, and will guard it well !

Unstinted as our extracts have been, there are poems here by the score over which our choice has wavered. Our selection, while passing over the poems which might already be familiar to some readers, and therefore passing over many of the best, has been made partly with a view to the illustration of the variety and versatility displayed by this new poet in matter and form ; and on this principle we are tempted to quote " *Girlhood at Midnight* ; " as the only piece of blank verse in Miss Mulholland's repertory, to show how musical, how far from blank, she makes that most difficult and perilous measure. But we must put a restraint on ourselves and just give one more sample of the achievements of the author of " *The Little Flower Seekers* " and " *The Wild Birds of Killeevy* " in what an old writer calls " the mellifluous meeters of poesie." This last is called " *A Rebuke*." Was there ever a sweeter or gentler rebuke ?

Why are you so sad ? (*sing the birds, the little birds,*)
 All the sky is blue,
 We are in our branches, yonder are the herds,
 And the sun is on the dew ;
 Everything is merry, (*sing the happy little birds,*)
 Everything but you !

Fire is on the hearthstone, the ship is on the wave,
 Pretty eggs are in the nest,
 Yonder sits a mother smiling at a grave,
 With a baby at her breast ;
 And Christ was on the earth, and the sinner He forgave
 Is with Him in His rest.

We shall droop our wings, (*pipes the thristle on the tree,*)
 When everything is done :
 Time unfurleth yours, that you soar eternally
 In the regions of the sun.
 When our day is over, (*sings the blackbird in the leaf,*)
 Yours is but begun !

Then why are you so sad ? (*warble all the little birds,*)
 While the sky is blue,
 Brooding over phantoms and vexing about words
 That never can be true ;
 Everything is merry, (*trill the happy, happy birds,*)
 Everything but you !

The setting of these jewels is almost worthy of them. The book is brought out with that faultless taste which has helped to win for the firm of No. 1 Paternoster-square such fame as poets' publishers. A large proportion of contemporary poetry of the highest name, including till lately the Laureate's, has appeared under the auspices of Kegan Paul, Trench, and Company, who seem to have expended special care on the production of "Vagrant Verses."

And now, as we have let these poems chiefly speak for themselves, enough has been said. We do not hesitate to add in conclusion that those among us with pretensions to literary culture, who do not hasten to contribute to the exceptional success which awaits a work such as even our brief account proves this work to be, will so far have failed in their duty towards Irish genius. For this book more than any that we have yet received from its author's hand—nay, more than any that we can hope to receive from her, since this is the consummate flower of her best years—will serve to secure for the name of Rosa Mulholland an enduring place among the most richly gifted of the daughters of Erin.



A CURIOUS RELIC OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

A THICK, strongly bound, and well filled manuscript-book lies before us, which bears the title "Six Years in Clongowes, by a Rhetorician of '40," and on the page before the title is written crosswise: "To D. V. Donegan I present this old scratch-book in token (and a queer one it is) of my sincere affection. Thomas Francis Meagher, Richmond Prison, June 8th, 1849."

Mr. D. V. Donegan of Cork, whose kindness allows us to make this use of his treasured keepsake, first made Meagher's acquaintance when the latter returned on a visit to Clongowes in 1843. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, the more readily because Meagher's bosom-friend was a cousin of Mr. Donegan's, Charles Murphy, a younger brother of Father Frank Murphy, S.J., still well remembered in Ireland, though his work for many years has lain in Australia. Charles Murphy died while Meagher was in Richmond Prison under sentence, and Mr. Donegan at Meagher's earnest entreaty visited him there to console him and to tell all the particulars of their poor friend's death. He was with him as often as he could, and he was with him the night before Meagher was transported to Van Dieman's Land. When he was leaving at the usual hour, the Governor of the gaol, Mr. Marquis, met him and told him to go back and bid his friend a last farewell, as in the morning he was to sail, the convict-ship then lying ready for the prisoners at Kingstown. Mr. Donegan returned to Meagher's cell, which he found empty; so, acting from a generous impulse of affection, he crept under the bed, determined, if he could, to pass with his friend his last night in Ireland. The prison seems to have been loosely enough managed at that time, for Mr. Donegan remained undisturbed until after a considerable interval Meagher returned. When he came in, the cell was locked up for the night. He then seated himself at the little table, leaned his head on his hand and sighing deeply said aloud:—"My last night in Ireland, and alone!" "No, Tom, not alone," said his faithful friend, emerging from his uncomfortable hiding-place, "I am here, and will remain with you to the last." "Good God!" exclaimed Meagher, "what will become of you if you are discovered?" forgetting his own sad condition in anxiety for one who had shown such devotion to him. They spent the night together, and then it

was that Meagher presented the curious manuscript-book from which the following extracts are taken. On the same occasion he gave him his uniform as a member of the '82 club, both which relics of one he loved so much Mr. Donegan, it is unnecessary to add, most highly prizes and cherishes. In the morning, when Marquis discovered what had happened, he took Mr. Donegan aside and said to him :—" I understand what has prompted you to do this ; but, remember, if it is found out, I am ruined." The tale was never told till Marquis was beyond the reach of injury from its being known. This act of friendship was near costing the doer of it very dear. That night a rescue, as was afterwards ascertained, was to have been attempted, which, if unforeseen causes had not prevented it, would in all probability have marked Mr. Donegan out as an accomplice, and so consigned him to share not only in his friend's prison-cell but later in his sentence of transportation.

When Mr. Justin Mac Carthy lately delivered a lecture on Irish eloquence, after Burke, and Sheridan, and Sheil, and O'Connell, he named Thomas Francis Meagher as the orator of the Young Ireland movement, This scratch-book, as the young orator calls it, gives no hope of his fascinating eloquence, except in showing the care with which he drafted his speeches and even his letters. He does not name the person to whom the following letter was to be addressed :—

You use me cruelly : you have sent me but two letters since I have been at Stonyhurst, and these too agreeable not to make me sensible how great my loss is in not receiving more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your handwriting ; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Duties of no ordinary weight which devolve upon you oblige me to excuse you : and this I do the more willingly because I know you desire to keep up a constant correspondence with me.

To-day closed the third term, and, as you will see by the accompanying programme, there was an academical exhibition given by the First of Grammarians.* "The Death of Nelson" was performed in brilliant style and was received with loud and prolonged clapping. When the piece was ended, the reading out of the names took place—only of the compositions, as the Examen report is not made till next week, as is always the case. I am gratified to tell you I got sixth place. As there is no distinction given of the several themes, I cannot tell you whether I got first for the poem or not, but this I can say that my English composition must have been chiefly instrumental in raising me so high. *N.B.* If I who was always one of the last at Clongowes can get so good a place, how much superior would not [*one name illegible*] M.

* The members of the first class of grammar.

Coghlan and Power be over the Stonyhurstians, were they to come here. The subject of the English poem was "The Foundation of Venice;" that of the Latin was "The Death of Brian Boru." The elegy was a translation from Moore.

Our opinion of the worth and interest of this "scratch-book" of poor Meagher has grown during the short time that we have spent turning over its leaves. The Vergniaud of '48 was capable of spelling incorrectly, but one can trace the orator in the rounded and (sooth to say) stilted periods which the lad prepares here to inflict on his correspondents. Highly effective speakers are sometimes effective by reason of qualities which unfit them for a good sober style of *writing*—although, if both speakers and hearers had good taste and judgment, the best speaking would generally be the best writing also. In after years Meagher often wrote what he intended to be read; but we think he never escaped from the platform style. It was with a special significance that *The Nation* supplement which first gathered together some of Meagher's most brilliant speeches called them "The *Orations* of Thomas Francis Meagher."

The spell which these speeches once exercised over a certain little lad who used to spout them out in the solitude of certain mountain braes to the astonishment of the sheep, his only listeners—these hallowed associations will not allow me to publish here such unfavourable samples as drafts of schoolboy speeches in Debating Societies, or the letters which Meagher wrote under the signature of "Henry Grattan" in a college controversy with someone signing himself "Nimrod." One of his embryo essays begins: "In the month of June, 1835, I visited the ruins of Dunbrody Abbey." Then follows a page or two full of blottings and interlineations. But he succeeded better with "A Visit to the Lakes of Killarney," to which he devotes some twenty pages in which he exercises perpetually "that last and greatest art—the art to blot." As another date in his early life we give the opening words: "It was late in the evening of the 6th of August, 1837, that I arrived at the Kenmare Arms."

The most elaborate part, however, of this curious relic of Thomas Francis Meagher consists of some sixty pages which go further than any other portion of the volume to justify the title-page with its amateur printing: "Six Years in Clongowes, written by a Rhetorician of '40"—though the narrative does not go beyond six days. Was it in mercy to his little boy that his father allowed his school-life to begin so very near to the summer vacation?

“Late in the evening of the 12th of June, 1834, I drove up the Naas avenue leading to Clongowes. The sun was declining,” &c. [*two pages of very boyish reflections follow, which we omit*]. “Rather concealed by some intervening trees rose the towers of the castle, while the rest of the building appeared now and then through the woods which form a grand enclosure round this noble demesne.”

Then comes another page of reflections too puerile to quote even as a curiosity, attributed by a rhetorician of sixteen years to a boy of eleven. He describes the room into which they were first shown—“a handsome and elegant apartment, lit by a dome of glass, while the walls of a noble height were richly ornamented with workings in stucco.” The young writer proceeds to describe his uncle, Father Meagher, S.J., whom at first he and his brother Henry cannot recognize, because, as the juvenile writer pretends, he was so utterly changed by his religious habit from the wit and the dandy who had been a prominent figure in the club-room and the ball-room. One cannot help suspecting that the lad was only trying to make sentences out of the scantiest materials, condescending to describe very minutely his first dinner at Clongowes, more elegant than many that he afterwards partook of with a heartier appetite. His account of persons and things is so melodramatic that one takes the liberty of supposing it to be more an effort of imagination than of memory; and there are no characteristic touches in the boyish composition which might tempt us to single out any further specimens.

During Meagher's sojourn at Clongowes Wood his Alma Mater celebrated in the year 1839 her *noces d'argent*, her silver jubilee, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the college. On the “academy-day” of that year the event was sung in heroic metre, with a due proportion of classic allusions. As an accident has placed in our hands at the same time the young Clongownian's “scratch-book” and a scrapbook of Clongowes compositions, we may insert here this extract from the latter collection:—

Scared by the din of war that shook the world,
 When first Napoleon to the breeze unfurled
 Ambition's banner, meek-eyed learning sought
 Some spot congenial to the peaceful thought,
 And peaceful language of the Muse's strains,
 But vainly sought it o'er Europa's plains
 Where to repose once more her virgin choir
 And tune to joy's wild pathos all her lyre.
 Mourning she turned—when lo! a distant isle
 Based midst the ocean's foam is seen to smile;

Where perfumed gales their dew-dropt wings expand
And sprinkle fragrance thro' that happy land,
Where lovelier rills than bright Meander flow
And flowers with nature's loveliest colours glow,
Where brighter hills than Ida deck the scene
And slope to valleys of perennial green ;
Where hallowed oaks of stateliest growth deride
Dodona's fame and frown in classic pride.
And here a spot arrests her wandering gaze,
Throned mid the woodland vista's flowery maze ;
Streams circle near, while farther Liffey's tide
Is seen in sombre majesty to glide ;
While trees, with shrubs commingling, form a shade
For fancy's dreams and contemplation made.
All seemed to woo delay—" Here, here," she said
" Shall fount Pierian gush from where I tread."
Then viewing near a castle's stately dome—
" Here," she exclaimed, " shall be my favourite home.
And here assisted by my fostering hand
Shall virtue rear the youth of Erin's land.
And as the eagle towering o'er the height
Of Glendaloch's wreathed cliffs, instructs for flight
Her generous young, and points the way to rise
On heavenward pinions to the sun-lit skies,
So shall I teach my favourite youth to soar
And grasp at truth on wings of classic lore."
She said—nor vain her seraph accents fell
In the full unison of lyre and shell.
For since that hour of happiest omen shone
Ne'er from that spot has learning's genius flown,
Ne'er ceased the Muse to tune her harp sublime,
And laugh to scorn the palsy arm of time.
Yes, Clongowes, oft since then has glory shed
Its loveliest halo round thy beaming head
And with thy children's praises linked, thy name
Has shone emblazoned on the rolls of fame.
Since then the quarter of an age has passed,
Nor hath time's wing its envious shadow cast
To dim the lustre of thy youthful brow,
Still brilliant as thou wert we view thee now,
Nor tremble for thy glories. No, even we
With new-born rays shall swell thy brilliancy,
And fired by those whom men with wond'ring eyes
Have seen like stars in learning's sphere arise
Shall press still forward in the paths of fame
With youth's warm zeal to vindicate thy name
To fadeless laurels—whilst in letters bright
Stamped on thy walls, illumed by memory's light,
Shall live the name of him whose parent eye
Watched with a parent's fondness o'er thy infancy.

These concluding lines allude to the first Rector of Clongowes, Father Peter Kenny, S.J. A manuscript diary kept at Clongowes when the college was only two years old lies here before us, beginning with the names of the members of the community, the first being of course Father Kenny's and the last being that of Brother John Curtis who came to the college on the 22nd of November, 1816, after his two years in the novitiate of the Society—namely, that venerable patriarch who has only just passed away from us, dying at St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin, on the 10th of November, 1885, in the ninety-second year of his age.

The poem that we have quoted would have a better right to a place in this article if it bore (which it does not) the same endorsement as a prose paper in the same volume, namely an essay on the "Importance of Time" read by Thomas Meagher in the *Concervatio*, November 9th, 1837. One of the sentences preaches the old lesson in these terms: "Were we even secure of reaching a happy old age, and even taking it for granted that we should be blessed with the longest period of life ever allotted to man, we are not hence licensed to run into debt with time, nor are we privileged to burden to-morrow with the business of to-day." When the boy "spouted" this sonorous period, he little dreamed of all the various fortunes that lay for him between that moment and his own untimely death on an American river.

IN THE DESERT.

"NIGHT closes round me, Lord, and black despair,
 . Even than the freezing night-tide bitterer!
 How shall I banish these foul things, that stir,
 Loathly and fierce, until the encircling air
 Grows but one choking horror! Where, oh where
 May my strest soul find refuge? Lo! to her
 In terror of this darkness, fiends aver
 Thou and thine heaven, but mocking dreams, and bare!"

"Raise thy dim eyes; breaketh the golden morn
 Across yon shadowy hill—the black night flies—
 And lo, I waiting stand to lead thee home!
 Child, I forsake not—leave no soul forlorn—
 Nor mocking dream, but sun-filled Paradise
 Awaits thy weary feet; mine own child, come!"

EVELYN FYNE.

THE CHAPLAIN OF ST. DENIS.

BY THE LATE C. W. RUSSELL, D.D.

ON a lovely Sunday evening in the end of August, 1792, a party of fierce-looking strangers seated themselves with an insolent and swaggering air under the awning in front of a cabaret in the square of the little town of St. Denis. They were all more or less armed, and all, without exception, wore the *bonnet rouge*. The provincial accent in which the greater number of them spoke, showed that they were new arrivals in the capital; and the patois with which two or three interlarded their conversation betrayed a Marseillaise origin. A few of the villagers who had been sitting quietly in the shade before they arrived, made way at once for the swaggering strangers; and though curiosity detained a few listeners, the majority slunk off with an evident expression of fear, if not dislike, at their approach.

Nor, indeed, was it any wonder. It was an awful period. May we never, dear reader, know anything of its horrors except from history! Men had learned, from the reckless atrocities then daily and hourly committed, that no institution, however venerable, could be regarded as staple, that no ordinance, however sacred, was secure from profanation. And especially it was no wonder that the poor burghers of St. Denis should tremble in this inauspicious presence; for it was but a short time before that a similar gang had broken into the old cathedral of their town—the burial-place of the royal line of France—profaned its altars, rifled its tombs, scattered the ashes of the kings to the winds, and destroyed in a few hours some of the noblest monuments of antiquity, of which not France alone but Europe could boast.

The strangers, however, took no notice of the consternation they occasioned; but after ordering a supply of wine and *eau-de-vie*, to which they addressed themselves with no unpractised air, they continued the conversation in which they had seemingly been engaged before they arrived.

“That was a clever job at the St. Esprit in Troyes last week,” said one, apparently the leader of the party. “The croaking old nuns refused for a long time to leave the convent, till at last citizen Pettica coolly set fire to it over their heads; and then, I

promise you, they scampered off like rats from a smoking corn-stack."

"But did you hear of the glorious doings at Bordeaux?" said one of the Marseillaise. "Balmat is just back from the south, and told it to us last night at the club, in proposing a new member. The day before he came away, he saw no less than three of the ringleaders of the priestly gang quietly disposed of. The first was beheaded, the second drowned, and the third flogged to death; and the brother of one of them, the gallant fellow whom Balmat proposed for the club, was the very first to plant the 'Tree of Liberty' on the spot still red with his brother's blood."*

"Bravo," replied Mortier, the first speaker. "We are picking down the crows out of the old rookery by degrees. They have cawed too long for liberty."

"Never mind," said a fierce, red-whiskered fellow, more than half drunk already, though he still plied the bottle steadily. "Never mind! This slow work will never do. We must burn them out by wholesale, and pay off all scores at once."

"Well said, Richaud!" echoed two or three of the Marseillaise voices. "Give us the wholesale work! Here's to Meslier's immortal toast: '*Que le dernier des rois soit étranglé avec les boyaux du dernier des prêtres!*'"†

It is revolting to relate that the brutal toast was received with acclamation by the infatuated wretches. Alas, where is the depth of depravity too deep for the human heart when abandoned to its own wicked will! Alas, alas, if the gates of the infernal abyss had been flung open, and its foulest fiends had walked the earth uncontrolled, what is the possible enormity their hellish ingenuity could devise, that has not actually been exceeded by the incarnate fiends of this unhappy time!

During the clamour which succeeded the toast, one of the party rose, and withdrew from the cabaret. He had hardly yet reached the prime of manhood, but his stern and gloomy features wore a dark and sullen, though not utterly depraved, expression. Of a rank evidently superior to that of his companions, he was an amateur in the work of violence for which they were hired. He was a professed lover of liberty, though he could hardly conceal from himself that his feelings were strongly warped by misanthropy

* This is literally true.

† "May the last of the Kings be strangled with the bowels of the last of the Priests!" This brutal wish of Meslier is actually recorded of him *with approval* by Nageon in the article on his life.

and disappointed ambition. Still, he had wrought himself up to a degree of enthusiasm in his new career, and regarded the cruelties by which it was marked as but the wild justice of an insulted people, whose sense of wrong, pent up for centuries of oppression, had at length burst out with a violence which it was idle to restrain. The present expedition had been undertaken by direction of the higher powers for the arrest of several non-juring priests, who were reported to have taken refuge in the neighbourhood of St. Denis; and Ferrand (for so he was called) had joined it from some undefined feeling which he could not himself fully analyze.

He strolled from the square towards the old cathedral, the towers of which were gorgeously lighted up by the declining sun. I dare say but few of my readers have seen the cathedral of St. Denis, and those who may happen to have seen it of late years, must remember that at the time of which I speak, now fifty years ago, its appearance was very different from that which it now wears. The whole building bore numberless traces of recent violence: the exterior, now so tastefully and successfully restored, was not only time-worn—that one would not have minded in a church of six or seven centuries' standing—but hideously shattered and dismantled. The pinnacles were broken, the fretwork was destroyed, the niches were despoiled of their sacred occupants, which lay in fragments upon the ground, the gorgeous windows were shivered into pieces, the roof, now so exquisitely finished in "blue powdered in stars of gold," was then cold, bare, and in part blackened; the pillars and frieze bore the fresh marks of the pickaxe and the sledge hammer, the statues were mutilated and hurled to the ground, the boxes were rifted and flung down, the monuments were torn open, and fragments of the coffins and other memorials of the dead strewed the floor, the choir-stalls were hacked and disfigured, the altars were stripped of their sacred ornaments, and one or two of them overthrown; in a word, the whole scene was an illustration, and even so did it force itself upon Ferrand's mind, of "the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place."

Still, even in its desolation, it was a venerable old pile. Ferrand, who saw it for the first time, was struck, in his own despite, by the exquisitely light and graceful proportion of the exterior, the rich ornamental work of the tower, and the gorgeous tracing of the doors and windows. He could not withdraw his eyes from the startling, though grotesque, sculptures which adorn the entrance, and exerted all his skill in trying to decipher (what was

then a difficult task) the legend which surrounds it. I may take this opportunity, while he is so engaged, to tell a few words of his history.

Jules Ferrand (he had dropped the aristocratic *De*) was a younger son of a noble family in the Tourraine. The eldest brother, as a matter of course, was destined to succeed to the family estates. Jules, with a second brother, was born to comparative dependence. Still his prospects to distinction were sufficiently flattering. The utmost pains were bestowed upon his education, and he was carefully trained up in the strictest principles of religion. From his boyhood, however, he had displayed a degree of sensibility almost bordering upon moroseness. He bitterly felt his inferiority to his more favoured brother; and some chance allusion to his dependent prospects, intended merely to stimulate his industry, fixed the barb of discontent in his heart for ever. Ambitious and aspiring, yet without the perseverance which would enable him to win his way unaided to eminence, and too proud to accept, much less to seek, the assistance which he thought was only extended as a favour, he dreamed away his early youth in unavailing repinings at his lot. The more pliant temper of his younger brother, Jean, opened a way for him to distinction; and his early success, which was sometimes put forward as a model for Jules, and the favour with which he was regarded by all who knew him, tended still more to embitter the lot of the sensitive and unhappy young man. His repinings soon ripened into discontent. Evil companions completed the work of disaffection. He became gradually estranged from his family and friends. His religious principles were one by one undermined. The flatteries of false friends taught him to believe that in another state of things his talents could not fail to secure him fortune and distinction; and when the hour of change arrived, and the revolution burst out in all its fatal fury, he was among the first to hail the prospect, and the most violent in urging it on to a speedy crisis. Once involved in the whirlpool, he was drawn from abyss to abyss, till at last the natural feelings of humanity were almost totally obliterated, and he could herd with the vilest and most brutal of the revolutionary mob on terms, not alone of toleration, but even of fellowship and fraternity. Thus he advocated, or professed to advocate, upon principle, all the violence into which the more menial instruments of revolutionary cruelty plunged from the mere instinct of brutality and thirst of blood.

That one such as he should be struck with anything like regret

at the sight which awaited him in the interior of the cathedral, it would hardly be natural to expect. Yet so it was. Hardened as he was, a feeling akin to shame, if not to remorse, stole over him as he contemplated the scene of ruin. He could not help asking himself what the cause must be, which it was sought to uphold by means like these; and the gloomy silence of the hour, the melancholy plight of the venerable old aisles, the shattered and mutilated fragments of what once had been bright and beautiful, gave weight and force to the reflections which his better feelings suggested. But he yielded not to the impulse. He passed on with a rapid and determined step, as though he sought to fly from the thoughts to which he was resolved not to give way.

Insensibly, however, his pace slackened, as he passed around the back of the choir, and he paused to examine, now the rude sculptures which adorn the enclosure, now the antique and strange looking altars which rest against the wall of the church. The dim and unsteady light of the evening hour heightened the effect which they were calculated to produce, by bringing out more mysteriously their strange and uncouth forms, and concealing the injuries which they had sustained from the recent violence of the mob.

He was irresistibly impelled to pause at every step, and, in the interest which the examination created, he forgot for a moment the purpose for which the visit had been made.

Suddenly, however, his attention was recalled by the sound of suppressed or distant voices, and he stood still, in the hope of discovering whence it issued. It was as if immediately beneath his feet; and after a moment's reflection, he concluded that it came from the crypt, a subterraneous chapel. Returning cautiously from the rear of the high altar, he descended once more into the aisle, and, to his surprise, discovered that the massive iron gate of the crypt lay open. He entered without hesitation, and threading his way through the dark passage at the entrance, he soon reached a spot from which he was able to see distinctly what was passing within.

A number of little children were assembled in the small chapel which lies immediately below the high altar in the upper church, and which is used for the mass of the dead. An old and venerable priest, assisted by another clergyman still very young, was in the act of addressing the little flock. They had evidently selected this spot for their Sunday evening's devotions, for the purpose of concealment; and the priest was giving them a few words of in-

struction on the duties of Christians, previous to dismissing them for the night.

These, then, were the men of whom Ferrand's party were in quest, and his first impulse was to return and bring them to the spot without delay. A certain undefined curiosity, however, induced him to hesitate for a few moments, and listen to the discourse of the old man. It was upon the horror of sin, and the terrors of God's judgment. Simple and unstudied, it was addressed direct to the hearts of his little hearers, and from the trembling lips of the venerable old man it came with a sort of unearthly power. The whole scene was almost overpowering. The darkness which reigned all around, save in the single spot where the preacher and his little auditory stood; their eager and awe-struck young faces as they gazed with breathless interest upon the speaker; the zeal, and charity, and paternal affection which gleamed from his eyes, and trembled in his faltering accents; the simple earnestness with which he proposed the terrific truths which he laid before them, all came upon the unseen stranger with a force which he himself could never have anticipated. They touched a chord which for years had lain silent and neglected. He strove to laugh off the feelings this excited, as he had done a thousand times. He recalled all the fallacies by which he so often quieted the "still small voice," of his inward monitor. But it was vain. The impression was too strong to be thus summarily dismissed. He would fain have withdrawn; shame, pride, anger urged him to return to his companions. But he was withheld by an impulse which he could not resist, and remained rapt in the subject of the preacher's address till he had concluded, with even more unction than he had manifested in any previous moment.

Scarcely had he closed, when the little crowd fell upon their knees, and all with one voice, began to repeat, along with the venerable priest, their evening prayers—the very prayers which Ferrand in his better days had been taught to say. Their little voices chimed harmoniously together. The deep and solemn, though trembling, tones of the old priest were heard distinctly above them. They spoke to Ferrand's heart of many a long-forgotten feeling, of many a touching and tender memory long passed away. And while he gazed with intense anxiety upon the scene, he saw a mother, who was among that crowd, take the little hands of her child within her own, and try to teach its young lips to join in the prayer which it could barely articulate. This simple incident completed the triumph of grace in the softened heart of the long-lost man. He

flung himself upon his knees, and, after a brief and almost despairing prayer, he rushed from the spot.

In a few minutes after Ferrand left the church, a hurried messenger was observed to enter the cabaret, where his companions still continued their carousal, and addressed a few words to the leader of the party. He started up with an air of alarm, and the whole company hastily quitted the shop and returned in confusion to Paris.

* * * * *

About a dozen year since* an Irish traveller heard the above story related in a very affecting sermon on the religious education of youth, from the pulpit of the cathedral of St. Denis. The preacher—a venerable old man, bowed down by the weight of years and apostolic labours—was the long-lost but penitent Ferrand himself. He died in a few months afterwards, a most holy and edifying death, and is still affectionately remembered by the villagers as the good old CHAPLAIN OF ST. DENIS.

REFLECTION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SUTTON, S.J.

A PHILOSOPHER, when asked what philosophy had done for him, replied:—"It has taught me to talk with myself." That is a man's own reward for all the labour implied in becoming even something of a philosopher. And it is a great one. Congenial society is one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy; uncongenial, among the greatest and most clinging miseries, almost as bad as ill-health or habitual heart-heaviness. Wisdom reconciles incompatibilities or what seem so. Man is social or communing. Unphilosophic man only knows himself in others, thinks of himself as related to others, instinctively flees from himself; being by himself is living death to him. Inconsistently he loves and prizes himself as only such men can, and at the same time hates and despises his own conscious company, that is when he is not occupied in or planning what will enlarge his life with others.

* This sketch was written more than forty years ago, when Dr. Russell was a young professor in Maynooth College.—Ed. *I. M.*

Philosophic man is a world to himself—never less alone than when alone, for as such *omnia sua secum portat*. His possessions are one,—reflection. How he got it, is not easy to say. He spent a good number of years reading and mastering what others had thought and taught. He found great difficulty in coming at their minds and experienced great pleasure after the toil, as thought revealed itself to his thought, like far-off stars which one sees through a telescope when he looks long into the black firmament. They come out from the deep dark sky around—so small, so still, so clear, meaning so much, so easily lost, if one is careless. After awhile he found himself seeing the same thing in different ways, dividing, combining, comparing. He began to understand how language was to be used in order to command attention, how words were to be combined, that would give new things the solidity and power of maturity, and old things the freshness and pleasing vigour of youth. Coleridge says philosophy begins and ends in wonder. Men are but children of a larger growth. If a child could express its emotions, its fresh surprises and wondering imaginings, it would be, not indeed a philosopher, but a literary genius, for wisdom is separable from and often unpossessed by masters of expression. The puzzles of the child become the problems of the philosopher. How came we into the world? Why are we here? What is the meaning of Roman, Greek, Egyptian, Asiatic History? Why are there so many and so conflicting religions in the world? How can people be idolaters? Why are men so cruel? Why do they kill and torture one another? Why so much suffering, cold, hunger, disease? And savages, has God care of them? Does God really mind what we do? Are his rewards and punishments so vast? What is God? What are we? What is the soul? The answers that will stop a child's inquiries will but stimulate the philosopher's obstinate questionings. One of the most curious results of philosophic research is that the ideas of children on the most fundamental truths are perfectly sound, while the ideas of numberless philosophers on the same points are utterly wrong. Two very striking examples of this are the notions of causality and free will. These are simple, self-evident ideas, overwhelmingly clear to the unprejudiced, unsophisticated intellect. But as the notion of and belief in God is easy and natural for the child and unsophisticated reasoner, which a little surface philosophy renders difficult and often undermines and practically destroys, which again much and deep philosophy strengthens and develops, so in their own way

with these ideas. No one indeed can help acting and thinking, as if his theories of causality and moral responsibility were not all that they should be, and St. Augustine says *hæc est vis veræ Deitatis, ut nunquam possit penitus abscondi*. The idea of God is so natural that it never can be completely extinguished.

We must not think that thinkers are necessarily professed metaphysicians, musing on abstractions and all the necessary truths connected with every mode of being. We have a famous example of this in one of the greatest geniuses and thinkers of the age, Cardinal Newman. All his writings are redolent of the full flavour of thoughtfulness, throbbing with the stimulating power of "the words of the wise, which are like goads and like nails deeply fastened in." Writing and speaking as he does with vast intellectual power and vast erudition his simple language conveys, such wide-reaching meaning that we return again and again to his poems, and sermons, and essays with renewed, varying, unexhausted delight, certain each time to see what we never saw before, certain to take away fresh energy and subject for thought. And still he seems to make it his deliberate purpose to bring what is behind the mysterious veil as far as possibly can be done into the world of shapes and symbols, which the intellectual imagination may figure to itself and realize. With this object when treating of abstract ideas he does not inquire what they are in themselves, but how we store them and consider them in the algebra of practical thought and reasoning.

Genius is a large word. It is originality of conception and expression. To some it comes without effort, in others it is the fruit of "accumulated reflection." Buffon says:—"Le genie, c'est la patience." Newton, when asked how he discovered the universality and the formula of the law of gravitation, replied, "By constantly thinking about it." I remember reading in a review of some work in the *Times*, that it gave signs of careful work, of the exercise of that infinite capacity for taking trouble which is but another name for genius itself. On the other hand Shakespeare is said to give us his own method of writing when describing how Hamlet "devised a new commission." "Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, they had begun the play." Mozart tells us when a little boy melodies and harmonies he had never heard came surging through his brain, sounding on his mental ear unbidden. Nevertheless for the production of their balanced work Shakespeare and he and all such had need of accumulated reflection, of trained and indomitable will, no less than of

the consciousness of genius and its seasons of inspiration. Talent is receptive, genius is creative. Talent takes in and expresses the minds of others. Genius throws its own silver light on all it assimilates. Cardinal Newman says it is the work of genius to give old things the freshness of new, as well as to produce what is wholly new, and he himself is great in both performances. For conveying truths that will work on the mind like leaven, an ounce of originality or genius is worth a ton of talent. Often too, the simple little words in which a new view of an old truth is conveyed are an explosive bullet which strikes at first like any other message, but straightway then proceeds to shatter preconceived notions and encrusted prejudices. Thoughtful work, though not always genius as commonly understood, is fed at least on the crumbs that fall from its table, and produces analogous effects. Hence the utility even of spending years in acquiring the habit of reflection.

TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Born in Feb. 1801, converted in Oct. 1845.

S CARCE forty years of energising brain
 Had set thee king o'er all that walk sincere
 Without the fold. A loss thou didst not fear
 Of kingship seemed thy joining us; a gain
 Immense it proved: then thousands felt thy reign,
 Now loving millions hail thee Prince most dear,
 And countless alien slaves of style thy peer
 In soul-compelling prose have sought in vain.
 These other forty years of life mature,
 How vastly nobler in their silent sway
 O'er England's heart and English-thinking mind!
 Decoy divine, thy deeds, thy words! they lure
 To God. The "kindly light" that led thy way
 Full oft through them on searcher true hath shined.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.

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THE LAST OF THE SHANACHIES.

BY MRS. MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL.

THE teller of old tales was a recognized character in Ireland long ago. When the bard vanished from the scene, the *shanachie* preserved whatever traditions of song and story still linger in the land.

I spent an hour to-day in Kildysart workhouse with the last of the Shanachies, blind Teague M'Mahon. He must be as old as the century, if not older; but his broad, bent figure and his ruddy well-featured face are still full of vigour. The sightless eyes are closed, the white hair is long and thick, and only the wrinkled hands, somewhat wasted from enforced illness, show how old the *shanachie* must be. The purely rural Workhouse of Kildysart, twelve miles from any large town, is no bad place of shelter for the denizens of the infirm wards. Blind Teague is quite a personage among them, especially as a kind gentleman sends him newspapers and tobacco all the way from Dublin, and it is known that his stories have been written down in books and his name printed by the learned Dr. Petrie. He is, in fact, the only thoroughly happy person I ever saw in a workhouse.

Though born near Kildysart, Teague hails from further west in Clare—from Kilmurry M'Mahon, where his people were followers of the extinct family of M'Mahons of Cloneena. When Teague grew up, he took service with one Connell, who, besides his farming, worked a quarry near Money Point, not very far from Kilrush. This Connell was brother to Peter Connell, a famous old hedge-schoolmaster, and a very shanachie of shanachies, at whose feet the sturdy hewer of flagstones sat. Peter was an old man then and Teague a very young one: so the gleaner of old traditions flourished in the last half of the last century.

Teague only knows a limited amount of English. He speaks like a foreigner, with difficulty and deliberation, using the most dignified idioms and with a tantalising slowness but with a wonderful good accent. He evidently picked it up late in life from educated people. As his vocabulary is limited, he needs an interpreter. Once he turned to him in the middle of a broken sentence of his halting but picturesque English, to exclaim in Irish: "Why cannot Morgan John's wife speak Irish?" But

this was said more in sorrow than as a reproach for my degeneracy. In his young days country ladies had to know enough of Irish to manage the large number of servants then kept when the killing and curing of meat, the opening and carding of flax and wool, and the making of bread and cider, had all to be carried on at home. Except silk, broadcloth, saddlery, and wine, almost everything was produced in the household.

Blind Teague, partly himself in English, partly in Irish to his interpreter—told me of Peter Connell. Now, that schoolmaster in his youth not only crossed into Connaught to study “all the old talk, and the old stories” but visited every part of Ireland and even spent a long time in Scotland from whence he brought back much matter of song and story. We know how the heroic cycle of the Legends of Fionn and Cuchulain and the doom of the Children of Usnagh live in Scotland as in Tigh Lore. How many years Peter Connell spent thus I cannot tell, but Teague assured me “he spent ten years in Limerick sitting on the one bench with Dr. O’Reardon,” writing it all down, the doctor was to have found the means of publishing the book, but he died, and the M.S. was still unpublished; and Teague often saw the outside of it in the farm-house where he worked with Peter’s brother who sheltered his old age.

One time Peter was keeping school at Gower, three miles from Kilrush, when he gave the following proof of his acquirements. He must have had access to documents quoted by the late learned Father Shearman in the pedigrees in his *Loca Patriciana*. For I identified some of the particulars given by Teague, but he does not seem to have informed his disciple whence he derived them. Peter Connell’s aid was indirectly sought to rescue from a serious dilemma one Murtagh M’Mahon of Cloneena, of whose family Teague’s people were followers. This gentleman’s only daughter, Margaret M’Mahon, was married to the O’Donoghue of the Glen, the great-grandfather of the present chieftain. On the birth of their eldest son the Kerry gentlemen is reported to have said that, if the child’s lineage on the mother’s side were equal to that of the O’Donoghues few Irish noblemen would be above him. These words reached Madam O’Donoghue’s ears, who indignantly appealed to her father for proofs of the antiquity of her own family. Now Murtagh was a pleasant gentleman who had made a runaway match in 1750 with “Fair Mary M’Donnell” of the New Hall family—a lady whose courage, beauty, and charity are recorded in Irish verses translated by Professor O’Loony. This gentle and “Fair

Mary M'Donnell" and stern "Red Mary M'Mahon" the terribly strong-minded lady of Liemenegh of a century earlier are the idyllic and epic heroines of West Clare tradition even yet. Now the chiefs of both branches of the M'Mahon sept had disappeared in the long struggles culminating in Cromwell's wars, and the various junior branches who held on to their own castles and lands were unable to claim the chieftancy: so, Murtagh was sorely puzzled. In his perplexity he appealed to a certain poet of his clan, Michael, the son of Murrough. The son of Murrough was quite ready to chaunt the praises of his race, but was no better prepared than Murtagh himself with dry genealogies. So Murtagh then appealed to a certain learned Irish scholar named Considine, who had not the courage to avow his incompetence, but asked for time and visited the hedge-school where Peter Connell held sway. Peter, who told Teague, who told me, knew where to come at the required information, but he had no notion of telling it to his brother scholar. He raised difficulties and said, "I could gather it in ten days through the country if anyone would mind the craythureens," *i.e.* little creatures. Considine volunteered; so for ten days the young scholars of Gowran passed from Peter Connell's ferule, while, as he told his disciple, he ranged the country far and wide gathering the links of the pedigree. I suspect, however, he simply got at the papers of Hugh M'Curtin, who died in 1755, leaving many precious documents preserved by his family the hereditary historians of Thomond. This last of their line lived by teaching a small school near Liscanor Bay. Whether Peter Connell really travelled far and wide as he stated, or simply got at M'Curtin's clan pedigrees, he presented himself not to his brother pedagogue, but to Murtagh M'Mahon of Cloneena, armed with a voluminous document to which he casually alluded as containing all the fathers since Brian Boru, but only the mothers since one Brian M'Mahon who was grandfather to Murtagh's ancestor of Cromwell's time. He professed his willingness to produce sundry more details if required, and if he got ten times more and the overhauling of O'Donoghue's pedigrees, he professed his ability to pick out any number of errors in the Kerry document. Considering that Irish pedigrees not unfrequently ran up to very near the days of the Ark, it was not very hard to pick holes in the early part of them. Peter Connell's services were not required either for the dissection of the claims of the Kerry Milesian or the further addition to the document he produced, and though Madam O'Donoghue's father was not a chief himself, Peter Connell

succeeded in tracing her descent to chiefs enough to satisfy even a Kerryman's wife. What reward Peter got, though it was an ample one, I am unable to state. It was years and years after, in extreme old age, that he sought his brother's fireside with his precious volume the labour of a lifetime. Many a song, and many a story, and many a queer tradition blind Teague, then a stalwart young peasant, learned from the sage. I tested several of them as to dates and names by looking them up in authentic records, and allowing for exaggeration and certain elements of ghostly and diabolical nature, nearly all the people were living at the times stated, and performed the feats of bloodshed, love-making, or drinking, from which the legends spring.

How long Peter Connell dwelt with his nephew I do not quite know, but while there he received a visit from a gentleman who offered him fifty pounds for the precious book he had been so long compiling on condition it should bear the purchaser's name—an offer refused with scorn by the poor old pedagogue, saying, "What I worked at these thirty years I will not part with it." He was kindly treated by various people, and had many learned books, some in Irish, from which he derived much solace, nor was he by any means insensible to the comforts of the national beverage. He was a tall, gaunt, swarthy man, large limbed and black-haired, dark-eyed, and strongly built, like nearly all his family. I asked his disciple how he spoke English—for his Irish was of course perfect. Teague's disciple's reply was that he was "flat in his tongue that you would never think he could speak a word of English." To this most accurate description of a strong brogue Teague added all good Irish speaking men were of necessity "flat" in their English, *i.e.*, spoke it with broad open sounds—but that Peter Connell 'had' every word of both Irish and English in the big dictionary, could talk fine English, and once when his English was impugned, swore, the king himself could not beat him in English speech. The year Teague spent at Moneypoint quarrying for his brother was "the year when the oats was pulled out of the ground," some year of phenomenal dryness, before the great Clare] election of 1826. Teague was strong about 26, but whether it was *apropos* of the great election of O'Connell, or that he himself was 26 the year he spent under the roof-tree of the Connells, or that Peter died in 1826, I could not unravel. Dates are very hard things to get interpreted. At all events some time about that momentous date Peter Connell was gathered to his fathers. A Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Martin, erected a

tombstone over his remains, and the old Irish scholar's bones sleep in Barrane churchyard, quite near the Colleen Bawn's grave. All the Connells but one had voted for their great namesake, and Peter's own nephew, Andrew, was dispossessed in favour of the kinsman who had pleased the Protestant middleman under whom they held. Andrew had inherited the precious volume, and kept it though he sold the printed books. Seven pounds' worth of the Irish ones were bought by the O'Gorman Mahon. He set off to the Tralee assizes in the hopes that the Liberator would buy the MS. book. But Andrew at home and abroad had a weakness for whiskey, and he imbibed freely in Tralee, and was finally reduced to pledge the precious MS. for ten shillings to pay his score.

Someone, however, redeemed it. The busy Tribune of the people had no time to examine it and did not buy it, and Andrew and the volume returned to the West. He eventually sold it, Teague grandly says to "the English Government" and went to America on the proceeds. Teague returned to his own country, where his people seem to have been cottier tenants working as labourers but holding some land. He was getting on so well he was offered to have his holding enlarged to twelve acres, when his sight failing, he gave up the little bit he had, got money from his landlord, who gave the little bit to add to some other farm, and went to Dublin. He recovered his sight on being couched for cataract, and made a fine living "hauling timber out of the bog." Bog timber is most valuable for roofing purposes and greatly prized even now. However, the wet nature of his work affected his eyes again and he returned to Dublin—this time doomed to slow and gradual extinction of sight.

Teague was walking one day outside Dublin talking Irish to another man when he was stopped, accosted in Irish, and asked where he was from—Teague immediately named his remote birth-place. "I am a Kilmurry man too," said his interlocutor in Irish, and this was no less a person than poor Eugene O'Curry, probably the best Irish scholar of his day. The Irish professor of the Catholic University took up his old neighbour and was good to him, and made him known to richer men interested in Irish lore, and then Teague had fine times. He is fully convinced that but for his blindness they would have made him porter in the Royal Irish Academy. He knew Dr. Todd, and Dr. Lyons, and "Dr. Stokes and his son the Councillor," and the late Mr. Pigott, and Mr. O'Mahony who keeps him in newspapers and tobacco, and Mr. Joyce; but his man is "The Doctor," not the great lexicographer

but gentle, kindly Dr. Petrie. Many a tumbler of punch has Teague partaken of in a corner of his diningroom while "singing songs, and the doctor playing them on the fiddle," and some other tricean "taking them down." Great was his pleasure when I told him I had been playing over some of them the other day, and he says Mr. Joyce has "translated them finely."

Teague looks on the Royal Irish Academy as a sacred shrine, and it is his great boast that his was the only single knock that was ever answered at that learned door. Once a policeman ordered him off the steps as having no business there. The indignant shanachie responded: "It is I that have business there with the gentlemen, and not the likes of you that would be let inside." Teague's emphatic rap was repeated and he was let in, in the very teeth of the guardian of law and order.

Long after his various patrons had got all the songs and stories and old pedigrees they wanted, they continued their benefactions, and Teague says he never wanted for anything in all the years "he gave in Dublin." But when he got very old he felt smothering in the city, and a longing came on him to go back to the breezy west country. He was so old his people were scattered, but in Kildysart workhouse he found various contemporaries, plenty of people to speak Irish to him, and the finest breezy air blowing over ridge upon ridge of rocky hills, and coming from the Shannon, five miles wide, where the Fergus joins the wider stream. There are few finer inland views than this world of waters, the near hills and distant mountains, distant plantations, and the many isles, one with a ruined abbey, all spread out before Kildysart workhouse. Teague's sightless eyes cannot profit by these beauties, but the air and sunshine reach him, and the last of the shanachies, as I before stated, is that phenomenon, a thoroughly cheery and contented pauper.

If any gentle reader appreciates the old Gaelic tongue, let him add to its votary's happiness by a little more tobacco. Four ounces go so cheaply by post; and may I also commend to him the grave and respectable old man who interpreted between me and Blind Teague M'Mahon?

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE'S TRANSLATIONS.*

HORACE made two prophecies concerning the fate of his own writings which have been singularly fulfilled. The first was the famous ode predicting their immortality. He had achieved, he proudly said, a monument more durable than bronze, and loftier than the royal height of the pyramids; a work which bade defiance to wasting rain and tempest, to the innumerable series of years and the flight of time. The other was that they should fill the lowlier function of being taught by the faltering lips of old age to boys in suburban schools.† How soon this latter prediction was verified we learn from Juvenal who, in less than a century afterwards, speaks of both Horace and Virgil as school-books. This doom of great writers has been often mourned over. It has seemed like setting the gallant steed to drag ignoble wheels when the sublime language of a poet has to be declined and parsed and crammed into unwilling minds, so as to be associated afterwards in memory with mental, and, it may be, with corporal indignities. A poet amongst the highest in fame and genius expresses this sentiment towards Horace in resonant Spenserian verse, recording his abhorrence of

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turned
 My sickening memory, and though time hath taught
 My mind to meditate what then it learned,
 Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought
 By the impatience of my early thought,
 That with the freshness wearing out before
 My mind could relish what it might have sought
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore
 Its health, but what I then detested still abhor.

Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
 Not for thy fault but mine, † &c., &c.

And it has been asked what relish we should have of Hamlet or Lear if they were made the staple of a daily verbal exercise before the mind approached the capability of comprehending their

* Translations from Horace, &c., by Sir Stephen de Vere, Bart. London: George Bell and Sons. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

† Hoc quoque te manet ut pueros elementa docentem
 Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.—EPIST. I., 20.

‡ Childe Harold, Canto III.

greatness. Yet, notwithstanding all these protests, the judgment of mankind for so many centuries has been clearly right. Putting aside the primary argument that a language is best taught from its best writers, it is certain that, if the great authors of antiquity were not read at school and college, they would run very little chance of being read at all, save by an extremely select few. The majority of men drop their classical reading altogether when they embark in active life; and even of those

quibus arte benignâ
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,*

there are few whose taste leads them to range outside the circle of authors with whom they had become familiar in their youth. For these they may attain a higher and still higher appreciation as their taste, culture, and imagination expand. The mechanical acquisition of their boyhood becomes thus instrumental in leading to an enlarged and intimate sympathy and delight. Let us then be thankful that the fate which Horace playfully dreaded of becoming a daily lesson in the schools has really befallen him.

Of him, almost beyond all other authors, it may be said that he is the eternal temptation and despair of translators. How great is the temptation may be gleaned from the multitude of aspirants from the sixteenth century down. A few years ago Mr. Charles Cooper published a collection of translations of the Odes of Horace drawn from different sources early and late, and the separate names number about sixty. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Creech published a translation of the entire of the poet's works, odes, satires, and epistles. In the course of the last century Dr. Francis, the father of the famous Sir Philip Francis, gave to the world another complete translation; and, be it said without disparagement, amongst those who have attempted that most arduous of tasks, Dr. Francis may still hold up his head. In our own day several distinguished men have entered the same lists, among whom we will only name the late Professor Conington and Sir Theodore Martin.

There are many who do not deem the odes of Horace the highest achievement of his genius and who prize the epistles before all his works. The latter with their mature yet playful philosophy, the matchless knowledge of the world and the ways of men which they exhibit, their inimitable art of narrative, their

* "Whose hearts the divine power has formed with benign art and of better clay."

strong and abiding good sense conveyed with singular urbanity and polish as well as ease and grace of diction, have an undefinable and imperishable charm. When Père Hardouin broached his famous paradox that almost all the great works which we prize as classics were forgeries of mediæval monks, one of the few exceptions he made was the Epistles of Horace. But the poet's own prevision of immortality rested on the *Carminu*—on his being the first to attune the Eolian lyre to Italian strains. He boasts to be first, *princeps*, in order of time; he has remained not only first but without a second in order of supremacy. Of all the lyrics in the Latin tongue, alcaics, sapphics, asclepiads, which have been produced either in the decline of Roman literature or since the revival of letters by Latin versifiers in Italy, Germany, France, and England—many of them correct, tasteful, and elevated, many possessing tenderness and vigour, is there even one which the world at large has accepted and agreed to place side by side with one of the great lyrics of Horace? No doubt the Odes taken as a whole show much and inevitable inequality. Many of them are dictated by trivial and transient themes, are love-songs or bacchanalian songs; and one book, that of the Epodes, said to have been written in his youth, contains compositions utterly at variance with the good taste and dignity of thought and language which distinguish his maturer works. But the heroic odes which have become the favourites of mankind, stand unapproached in their excellence by any subsequent Latin lyrics.

This excellence, into the causes and characteristics of which it would be far beyond our present task to enter and which has been the theme of so much Horatian criticism, forms the shoal of the translator as it is his lure. The "curious felicity;" the concentrated meaning to which the Latin language lends itself, the wealth of apposite and never-inflated illustration, the supreme skill by which so much is left unsaid which a lesser artist would be sure to say, and the Roman character and Roman patriotism which breathe throughout—how are all these traits and lineaments to be transferred into another tongue for the delight of men of a distant age and clime?

In speaking thus we have in view a work assuming to be a translation of the Odes as a whole. In such an undertaking no success has been yet achieved, and we doubt if it could be possibly achieved even by a poet of a high order. Far be it from us to suggest that translations of great beauty and spirit as well as of a genuine fidelity to the original may not be made of particular

odes. If we desired a refutation of such an idea, we need not go farther than the little volume which forms our theme. But what we say with full conviction is that any man, however gifted, who lays before him as his achievement to translate all the odes of Horace will soon find his genius grow barren and commonplace from the mechanical straits and contrivances into which he will be inevitably driven.

Or, to put the same thought into other words, no man ought to attempt a lyric of Horace unless he feels that he cannot help it; unless the beauty of the original so sinks into his mind, so pervades his imagination, so haunts, and dominates, and possesses him, that, almost as it were in his own despite, a reproduction in some lyrical measure and idiom of his own language breaks forth from his lips and pen, to be wrought with great and necessary labour into the desired perfection. Once more, in briefer words, the translation of an inspired original needs to be itself inspired.

Sir Stephen de Vere—the son of a poet-sire and the elder brother of a still better known poet, of whom it has been truly said that his life has been “devoted in equal measure to his faith, his country, and his muse”—is himself one in whom the hereditary faculty of poetry has not, as in the case of his brother Aubrey, become the vocation and devotion of a lifetime, but has been made manifest in verse, whether original or translated, of rare delicacy and polish, feeling and refinement.

The volume before us contains translations of half a score of the odes, each of the originals a masterpiece, and the translations fulfilling the ideal we have endeavoured to indicate, in this respect that the Latin poem had through genuine admiration and reverence become fused and molten in the mind of the translator and flowed from thence into the form and symmetry of English lyric verse. This result Sir Stephen de Vere considers incompatible with a merely literal and verbal rendering. He cites on this point the judgment of Boileau who says :

“To translate servilely into modern language an ancient author phrase by phrase and word by word is preposterous; nothing can be more unlike the original than such a copy. It is not to show, it is to disguise the author; and he who has known him in this dress would not know him in his own. A good writer, instead of taking this inglorious and unprofitable task upon him would . . . rather imitate than translate, rather emulate than imitate. He will transfuse the sense and spirit of the original into his own work, and will endeavour to write as

the ancient author would have written, had he writ in the same language."

To this weighty opinion may be added that of Chapman, the translator of Homer, who urges that "it is the part of every knowing and judicious interpreter not to follow the number and order of words but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently, and to clothe and adorn them with words, and such a style and form of oration as are most apt for the language into which they are converted."

The typical instance of absolutely literal translation is Milton's version of the song "To Pyrrha :"

What slender youth bedewed with liquid odours
Courts thee in roses in some pleasant cave ?
Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair ?

Plain in thy neatness, O how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire, &c., &c.

A rendering like this may give pleasure to scholars who have the original line by line in their memories, but to what mere English reader does it not seem stiff and stilted, the effusion of a pedant rather than a lover ? Or take Professor Conington, whose translation of Virgil, though very un-Virgilian, has yet a good deal of the freedom and ring of one of Scott's metrical romances. He has translated Horace upon system—take his version of the ode, "Laudabunt alii,"

Let others Rhodes or Mitylene sing
Or Ephesus, or Corinth set between
Two seas, or Thebes or Delphi for its king
Each famous, or Thessalian Tempe green.

There are who make chaste Pallas' virgin tower
The daily burden of unending song
And search for wreaths the olive's rifled bower ;
The praise of Juno sounds from many a tongue, &c., &c.

Now, with all respect for an eminent scholar now departed, is not such verse almost enough to set the teeth on edge ? If out of the Latin lyric an English lyric cannot be produced with lyric fire and movement, better let it alone and be content with Smart's translation in bald prose. Sir Stephen de Vere is therefore justi-

fied in his protest against servile fidelity to the letter, and justified all the more by the examples he has given of fidelity to the meaning and spirit of his author.

We have far too long detained our readers from the opportunity of judging for themselves as to the merits of Sir Stephen de Vere's reproductions of Horace, and we have to consider a little as to the best means of doing so. To give isolated passages and stanzas would be unjust both to author and translator. The odes of Horace are distinguished by a pervading unity of conception. The unity is of a kind which may be exemplified by the type of a perfect sonnet. Starting with one great idea and from thence rising to an apposite simile or illustration, or some historical or legendary parallel, it ends there, leaving the link which binds it with the original theme not expressed but to be added mentally by the reader. As Keats begins with Chapman's Homer, and ends with Nunez gazing on the Pacific

“Silent upon a peak in Darien”—

so is the conclusion of one of these odes. But we must hear what Sir Stephen de Vere himself says in his preface:—

“Horace, in his Lyrics, has two distinct styles. His shorter poems are light, graceful, and easily understood. They are in fact songs rather than odes, and remind us of the tenderness and simplicity of our great Scottish lyricist, Burns. The heroic Odes are of a very different class. They seem to have been written with the intention of effecting some large social or political purpose, or of developing some principle of moral philosophy. A thread of consecutive purpose, often obscure, runs through each. The first duty of the translator, that which he owes to the original author, is to assure himself of the scope of this veiled purpose; his second, which he owes to his readers, is to frame his rendering so as to present to English ears what Horace intended to present to the Romans. In the latter lies his main difficulty. If by inserting words understood, though not actually expressed in the original, he attempts to make clear the object and full meaning of the whole;—if he seeks to elucidate what to English ears may be obscure, and to complete and transfuse the thoughts and images which though only half developed were intelligible to the Roman, he is taxed with presumption, he is called a paraphraser, not a translator. To be true to the spirit he must claim liberty as regards the letter. The true canon of poetical translation—that which such men as Dryden and Shelley understood and obeyed—is to lay before the reader the thoughts that breathe in the original, to add nothing that is not in entire harmony with them in such language as the author would have employed if writing in the tongue of those who have to read the translation.”

We could not, as we said, do justice to Sir Stephen de Vere by mere extracts, and yet, when we come to lay before our readers some of the entire odes, we are puzzled by the choice, all of them

seem to us to be of such excellence. We will, however, confine ourselves to three. The first is the magnificent address in which the poet cites the martyr-spirit of Regulus as a protest against an ignominious treaty with the Parthians, the conquerors of Crassus.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem.—Book III. Ode 5.

Jove rules the skies, his thunder wielding :
Augustus Cæsar, thou on earth shall be
 Enthroned a present Deity ;
Britons and Parthian hordes to Rome their proud necks yielding.

Woe to the Senate that endures to see
(O fire extinct of old nobility !)
The soldier dead to honour and to pride
 Ingloriously abide
Grey-headed mate of a Barbarian bride,
Freeman of Rome beneath a Median King.
Woe to the land that fears to fling
Its curse, not ransom, to the slave
Forgetful of the shield of Mars,
Of Vesta's unextinguished flame,
Of Roman garb, of Roman name ;
The base unpitied slave who dares
From Rome his forfeit life to crave :
In vain ;—Immortal Jove still reigns on high :
Still breathes in Roman hearts the spirit of Liberty

With warning voice of stern rebuke
Thus Regulus the Senate shook :
He saw, prophetic, in far days to come,
The heart corrupt, and future doom of Rome.
“ These eyes,” he cried, “ these eyes have seen
Unbloodied swords from warriors torn,
And Roman standards nailed in scorn
 On Punic shrines obscene ;
Have seen the hands of freeborn men
Wrenched back ; th' unbarred, unguarded gate
And fields our war laid desolate
By Romans tilled again.

What ! will the gold-enfranchised slave
Return more loyal and more brave ?

 Ye heap but loss on crime !
The wool that Cretan dyes distain
Can ne'er its virgin hue regain ;
And valour fallen and disgraced
Revives not in a coward breast
 Its energy sublime.

The stag released from hunter's toils
 From the dread sight of man recoils.
 Is he more brave than when of old
 He ranged his forest free? Behold
 In him your soldier! He has knelt
 To faithless foes; he too has felt
 The knotted cord; and crouched beneath
 Fear, not of shame, but death.

He sued for peace tho' vowed to war
 Will such men, girt in arms once more,
 Dash headlong on the Punic shore?
 No! they will buy their craven lives
 With Punic scorn and Punic gyves.
 O mighty Carthage, rearing high
 Thy fame upon our infamy,
 A city, aye, an empire built
 On Roman ruins, Roman guilt!"

From the chaste kiss, and wild embrace
 Of wife and babes he turned his face,
 A man self-doomed to die:
 Then bent his manly brow, in scorn,
 Resolved, relentless, sad, but stern,
 To earth, all silently;
 Till counsel never heard before
 Had nerved each weaverling Senator;—
 Till flushed each cheek with patriot shame,
 And surging rose the loud acclaim;—
 Then, from his weeping friends, in haste,
 To exile and to death he passed.

He knew the tortures that Barbaric hate
 Had stored for him. Exulting in his fate
 With kindly hand he waved away
 The crowds that strove his course to stay.
 He passed from all, as when in days of yore.
 His judgment given, thro' client throngs he pressed
 In glad Venafrian fields to seek his rest,
 Or Greek Tarentum on th' Ionian shore.

The next is the invitation to Mæcenas, in which the translator has the difficult task of competing with Dryden. That parts of Dryden's paraphrase are splendidly executed no one can deny, but it is deformed with vulgarities about "the new Lord Mayor" and other temporary trivialities which Dryden dragged in after his accustomed fashion. Sir Stephen de Vere's version is throughout as dignified as it is musical.

TO MÆCENAS.

Tyrrhena regum progenies tibi.—Book III, Ode 29.

Mæcenas, thou whose lineage springs
From old Etruria's kings
Come to my humble dwelling. Haste;
A cask unbroached of mellow wine
Awaits thee, roses interlaced,
And perfumes pressed from nard divine.
Leave Tibur sparkling with its hundred rills;
Forget the sunny slopes of Æsulæ,
And rugged peaks of Telagonian hills
That frown defiance on the Tuscan sea.
Forego vain pomps, nor gaze around
From the tall turret of thy palace home
On crowded marts, and summits temple-crowned,
The smoke, the tumult, and the wealth of Rome.
Come, loved Mæcenas, come!

How oft in lowly cot
Uncurtained, nor with Tyrian purple spread,
Has weary State pillowed its aching head
And smoothed its wrinkled brow, all cares forgot?
Come to my frugal feast, and share my humble lot.

For now returning Cepheus shoots again
His fires long-hid; now Procyon and the star
Of the untamed Lion blaze a main:
Now the light vapours in the heated air
Hang quivering: now the shepherd leads
His panting flock to willow-bordered meads
By river banks, or to those dells
Remote, profound, where rough Silvanus dwells,
Where by mute margins voiceless waters creep,
And the hushed Zephyrs sleep.

Too long by civil cares oppress,
Snatch one short interval of rest,
Nor fear lest from the frozen North
Don's arrowed thousands issue forth,
Or hordes from realms by Cyrus won,
Or Scythians from the rising sun.

Around the future Jove has cast
A veil like night: he gives us power
To see the present and the past,
But kindly hides the future hour,
And smiles when man with daring eye
Would pierce that dread futurity.

Wisely and justly guide thy present state
 Life's daily duty : the dark future flows
 Like some broad river, now in calm repose,
 Gliding untroubled to the Tyrrhene shore,
 Now by fierce floods precipitate,
 And on its frantic bosom barring
 Homes, herds, and flocks,
 Drowned men, and loosened rocks ;
 Uprooted trees from groaning forests tearing ;
 Tossing from peak to peak the sullen waters' roar.

Blest is the man who dares to say,
 "Lord of myself, I've lived to-day :
 To-morrow let the Thunderer roll
 Storm and thick darkness round the pole,
 Or purest sunshine : what is past
 Unchanged for evermore shall last.
 Nor man, nor Jove's resistless sway
 Can blot the record of one vanished day."

Fortune, capricious, faithless blind,
 With cruel joy her pastime plays
 Exalts, enriches, and betrays,
 One day to me, anon to others kind.
 I praise her while she stays ;—
 But when she shakes her wanton wing
 And soars aloft, her gifts to earth I fling,
 And wrapped in Virtue's mantle live and die
 Content with dowerless poverty.

When the tall ship with bending mast
 Reels to the fury of the blast,
 The merchant trembles, and deploras
 Not his own fate, but buried stores
 From Cyprian or Phœnician shores ;—
 He with sad vows and unavailing prayer
 Rich ransom proffers to the angry gods :
 I stand erect : no groans of mine shall e'er
 Affront the quiet of those blest abodes :
 My light unburthened skiff shall sail
 Safe to the shore before the gale,
 While the twin sons of Leda point the way,
 And smooth the billows with benignant ray.

The last which we can cite is the ode to Grosphus, in which the thoughtful philosophy of the poet, his abiding sense of the brevity of life, of the unsatisfying and tainted nature of worldly aspirations, and of the blessedness of peace in a humble condition, are strikingly brought out—ideas which have often made Horace dear to the Christian reader.

TO GROSPHUS.

When the pale moon is wrapt in cloud,
And mists the guiding stars enshroud ;
When on the dark *Ægean* shore
The bursting surges flash and roar ;
The mariner with toil opprest
Sighs for his home, and prays for rest :
So pray the warrior sons of Thrace ;
So pray the quivered *Mede's* barbaric race :
Grosphus, not gold nor gems can buy
That peace which in brave souls finds sanctuary ;
Nor Consul's pomp, nor treasured store,
Can one brief moment's rest impart,
Or chase the cares that hover o'er
The fretted roof, the wearied heart.

Happy is he whose modest means afford
Enough—no more : upon his board
Th' ancestral salt-vase shines with lustre clear,
Emblem of olden faith and hospitable cheer :
Nor greed, nor doubt, nor envy's curses deep
Disturb his innocent sleep.
Why cast on doubtful issues life's short years ?
Why hope that foreign suns can dry our tears ?
The Exile from his country flies,
Not from himself, nor from his memories.

Care climbs the trireme's brazen sides ;
Care with the *serried* squadron rides ;
Outstrips the cloud-compelling wind
And leaves the panting stag behind :
But the brave spirit, self-possesst,
Tempers misfortune with a jest,
With joy th' allotted gift receives,
The gift denied, to others frankly leaves.

A chequered life the gods bestow ;
Snatched by swift fate Achilles died :
Time-worn Tithonus, wasting alow,
Long wept a death denied :
A random hour may toss to me
Some gifts, my friend, refused to thee.

A hundred flocks thy pastures roam :
Large herds, deep-uddered, low around thy home
At the red close of day :
The steed with joyous neigh
Welcomes thy footstep : robes that shine
Twice dipt in *Afric* dyes are thine.

To me kind Fate with bounteous hand
 Grants other boon ; a spot of land,
 A faint flame of poetic fire,
 A breath from the Æolian lyre,
 An honest aim, a spirit proud
 That loves the truth, and scorns the crowd.

The success which has crowned Sir Stephen de Vere's efforts in these few odes makes us naturally crave for some others done in the same fashion, such others as he may equally have at heart. We own we should rejoice to see the *Archytas*, and the *Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem* in Sir Stephen de Vere's rendering.

EVERYDAY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

No. X.—ANGELS UNAWARES.

MY friend and I were sitting on the lawn, beneath the trees ; enjoying that mixture of tea and talk, so dear to the feminine heart, and so sneered at by the lords of creation—though I notice that these latter enjoy both tea and talk quite as much as we do ; and it is certain that our husbands always drifted, towards four o'clock, into the little harbour of refuge, where we took shelter from the heat and fatigue of the autumn afternoons.

We had talked of many things in lazy desultory fashion, and were now discussing my friend's German governess—a square-headed, square-shouldered, square-minded daughter of the Fatherland, whom one could not look at without thinking of butterbrot and boiled veal, and knitted stockings, and the many other useful but unattractive things, beloved by our Teutonic cousins.

"A worthy creature," my friend, Mrs. Leaderly, was saying, "a worthy creature, as patient as Griselda, and as truthful as a photograph."

"And almost as ugly," put in Mr. Leaderly, *sotto voce*.

"Excellent for the children while they are young," continued Mrs. Leaderly, "but when they grow older, they will require some

one better fitted to form their characters—some one who will teach them to love great and noble things. Now, poor Fraulein is a mere machine—without a spark of feeling or sensibility.”

While my friend was speaking, the German governess passed down the avenue, three little girls clinging to her skirts, and a golden-haired boy perched aloft on her sturdy shoulders.

“There goes Fraulein Butterbrot,” said my husband, “and it must be confessed that the children seem very fond of her.”

“Oh, yes,” answered Mr. Leaderly, “’tis an age that loves thick bread and butter.”

Then our talk wandered to other things, and we had, for the time, forgotten both governess and children, when the clank of the gate made us look in that way, and we saw a labouring man running towards us, across the lawn, water dripping from his clothes, his hands outstretched, his face of a ghastly paleness.

“The boy, sir—the boy—the river—” he gasped.

In another moment the two gentlemen and the labourer were running down the road towards the river; and we hurried after them, as fast as we could; I trying in vain to soothe my friend’s hysterical excitement, for the boy was her only son, the darling of her heart, the long prayed for, long waited for heir.

Soon we met our husbands returning; Mr. Leaderly carrying his son in his arms, and dear Henry following more slowly, burdened as he was with Fraulein’s substantial weight. By my husband’s side walked the labourer who had given the alarm, and who was now volubly describing the accident.

Fraulein and the children, it appeared, had sauntered by the river side; the steady little girls in front, the wild, wilful boy, held by the governess’ hand. But suddenly, he sprang away, his fancy caught by a flower, growing at the water’s edge; and in a moment he had fallen from the steep bank into the river below. Scarcely another moment and Fraulein had followed the boy and had caught him in her arms. That was easy enough, but the bank was so steep that she vainly strove to climb it; again and again the loose earth gave way, and she fell back into the water; then, by a supreme effort, she raised the child in her arms and flung him upwards with all her strength.

“And, faith,” concluded the labourer, “it’s drowned the poor foreign Miss would be this minute, if I hadn’t been working on the hill. I seen it all, and got down just in the nick of time; for she’d put all the strength that was left in her to fling up the boy. The rising so far out of the water was a great risk entirely, and

she knew it too, as I could see by the pale determined face of her — But sure, them quiet ones they generally has a power of pluck."

All the household gathered anxiously round the rescued boy, and I whispered to Henry to carry Fraulein to my room, where with the help of a good-natured housemaid, I soon restored her to consciousness. When she opened her eyes her first words were :

"The boy, is he safe?"

And when I assured her he was she fell asleep with a smile that beauty might have envied—and envied in vain.

From that day we became friends, and my "angel in mufti," as Henry called her, often spent part of her holidays with us ; so that I learnt her history ; one of those sad commonplace tragedies, which no audience heeds, though they are being acted over and over again on the world's gloomy stage.

Fraulein is the daughter of a German professor, living in London ; a clever and cultured man, but whom drink has dragged down, through long years of misery, till he is both unfit and unwilling to work. Sorrow and disgrace have soured and hardened her mother, and for home, poor Fraulein has only a sordid London lodging, unbrightened by that domestic love which can gild the bare walls of garret and cabin.

Among these surroundings had the girl grown up, deprived of the tenderness, and praises, and caresses which seem the birth-right of youth. With patient gentleness she bore her mother's ill-temper and complainings, her father's deeper sins. At fourteen she was already working to support them both ; teaching German to other children scarcely younger than herself, and faithfully carrying home the earnings which would probably be spent in one night's excess. Now, at twenty, she is still working hard for those unloving parents, dressing like a servant, and denying herself all the pleasures and harmless frivolities of girlhood, that she may pour more money into their thankless hands.

Do you remember the sorrow and dismay with which all Dublin received the news of Sergeant Fitzgerald's sudden death ? He was pleading in court and felt a strange faintness, followed by a few minutes' agony, and then—the awful stillness of death. My husband was his friend, and had to convey the dreadful tidings to his wife and little children, and to his eldest son, a clever handsome boy, whose studies were just ending.

It seems but yesterday that all this happened, and this afternoon I met the brilliant boy coming down the steps of the Hibernian Bank, where he is now a clerk. He walks with a slow and weary step, his eyes are dim, his shoulders bent, and already there are wrinkles on his brow, and grey streaks in his hair. The heads of the bank speak of him as trustworthy and diligent, but the other clerks call him an old fogey, an old muff, and despise him for his stinginess, his unsociableness, his indifference to all the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of manhood.

But as he turns into the shabby street where he lives, his step becomes lighter, his face less pale and sad. There are eager young faces watching for him at the window, and he answers their smiles with a smile almost as bright. When he enters the little sitting room, his invalid mother is cheered by his coming, and his young brothers and sisters crowd round him for sympathy and help.

The poor hard-worked clerk is very tired after his long day's drudgery. How he would enjoy a little peace, an hour's rest. But he never thinks of escaping from his young tormentors; with kindest sympathy he listens to their account of the day's events; with gentlest patience he helps them to prepare the morrow's tasks. His one dream, that his brothers may have the chances which were denied to him; his one prayer, that, till then, he may live to support them.

Poor bank clerk, with the stooping shoulders, and the threadbare coat; poor hard-worked toiler with the worn face and the weary heart, in very truth thou art an angel unawares!

Last week I spent an hour at the Crèche, among the little children and their gentle nurses; and I amused myself watching the mothers who came to fetch their babies home.

Among them was a woman, who looked miserably poor and wretched. Her clothes were shabby to the verge of raggedness, her eyes were swollen with weeping, and, across her pale cheek, was a bruise which told of recent blows. Altogether she had that aspect of utter misery, which our minds instinctively associate with vice, and I could not help shrinking back a little, when she passed me on her way to the cot where her child was lying. Then I saw the crowing delight of the baby, as he nestled in his mother's arms; and the look of unutterable love that brightened the woman's poor plain face, while she tenderly wrapped her old shawl round the child.

I learnt later that this poor woman is one of those daily martyrs, whose humble sufferings are recorded in the Book of Life. She is a charwoman, that servant of our servants, who stands on the very last rung of the ladder of servitude; and she has a drunken husband, who spends his wages at the public house. Then when there is no more money, come the blows of which I had seen the trace.

All this she bears uncomplainingly; loving her child, loving even her drunken husband, and offering to God the constant suffering of her sunless life.

'Tis ever so; God's chosen ones pass by, unnoticed and unpraised, as they patiently toil up the rugged hill, whose summit is in heaven. Angels are all around us and we know it not; they are kneeling at our feet, standing at our side, dwelling in our kitchens, stretching forth their hands by the roads we daily pass; but we do not recognise them, blinded as we are by the bondage of our worldliness.

We stoop with half contemptuous pity to some poor creature, who, simple soul, looks up admiringly to the little pedestal on which we stand. She thinks us kind, and generous, and gracious, to notice her. But the angels watching us from heaven, how different is their verdict! They often claim kinship with this world's outcasts, and I fear, as often turn away—alas, how sadly—from the whited sepulchre of our life, with its pharisaical piety, its daily deceptions, its selfishness, its meanness, and its greed.

FITZPATRICK'S LIFE OF FATHER BURKE.*

THE author of "The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin," of "Ireland before the Union," of "The Sham Squire, and the Informers of 1798," of the "Life of Charles Lever," and of many other books and papers on similar subjects, has manifestly a very strong vocation for the biographical department of literature. The chief elements of a vocation are inclination and aptitude. In

* The Life of the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P. By William J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

the present instance, the overmastering inclination is proved by the perseverance which has brought out a whole library devoted to the biographical history of Ireland in this nineteenth century, from Dr. Lanigan to Father Burke; and, if the aptitude were wanting to back up the inclination, the reading public and the critics would long ago have undeceived Mr. Fitzpatrick. The vote of thanks after each of his performances may not have been absolutely unanimous, but the Ayes must certainly have had it, for otherwise, not even Mr. Fitzpatrick's enthusiasm for his art could have carried him through the toil of compiling such stately volumes as the two which lie before us.

In his preface, Mr. Fitzpatrick apologises for having undertaken a task which might seem to belong more naturally to a Father of the same Order, as in France Father Chocarne wrote the *Vie Intime* of Father Lacordaire. One child of St. Dominick was pre-eminently qualified for such an office—the gifted English-woman who has given us such masculine works as “Christian Schools and Scholars.” But no one could collect for another the materials of a work like the present, and, if an Irish layman had not come forward, no such record might have been left to posterity of the man who perhaps did most in our time to maintain the tradition of Irish eloquence.

For the undue prominence given in these sketches to one side of his hero's character, his quaint humour and bright social qualities, Mr. Fitzpatrick pleads in excuse that his soul in its highest moments of inspiration had expressed itself in his sermons. It would be very well indeed, if Father Burke's printed sermons could be read by the readers of these amusing volumes, though his printed discourses give to those who never heard him, no idea of his unction and the solemnity of his demeanour. We were about to apply to Father Burke what Mitchel in his *Last Conquest of Ireland* says of O'Connell's oratory; but we pass on to Father Burke's biographer. A writer in *United Ireland* says with truth that “Mr. Fitzpatrick's plan is not to sketch the great Friar as a colossal figure and use his facts as an artist would his paints to fill in the colouring. He chiefly lets Father Burke's speeches, sermons, and deeds tell their own tale, helping them out with the boundless illustrations of his inner life, for which Mr. Fitzpatrick seems to have ransacked every convent of the Order, and racy *ana* of his lighter hours for which almost everybody who ever dined or chatted with him, seems to have been laid under contribution. The result is, upon the whole, a most entertaining, inspiring, and

roughly faithful portrait of the big-limbed, big-hearted Galway Friar, with the rich organ-voice, the golden tongue, and the dark eye that sometimes filled with heaven's lightnings, and sometimes with the rollicking drollery of his race."

It is plain that such a plan of writing biography has its perils as well as its advantages. People will always differ in their notions about the line of demarcation which separates gossip from twaddle. Father Burke's admirers—and who that ever came in any way under the spell of his bright genius and kind heart could help admiring him?—will wish that some things had been left unsaid, and that other things had been said differently. But there can be only one opinion as to Mr. Fitzpatrick's indefatigable zeal in accomplishing his task, his marvellous industry in amassing materials from far and near, and his equally marvellous ingenuity in piecing together the scattered fragments into a biographical mosaic, to which every slight personal allusion in any of Father Burke's sermons or lectures is forced to lend its little streak of colour. If any Irish Père Chocarne would supplement these volumes with some more sacred revelations of the "Interior Life" of this Irish Lacordaire, we should approach to the full idea of this most devoted son of St. Dominick, who was not only regular and edifying, but almost austere in his asceticism. But as it is, the student of these varied pages, who gives due weight to the Rev. Father Burke's influence with the gravest audiences in conventual and sacerdotal retreats, will form from the two fine tomes, which Messrs. Kegan Paul, and Company have produced excellently in all mechanical details, almost as accurate a picture of the great preacher's life and character as the frontispiece gives us of his thoughtful features, and of his clear, manly handwriting.*

* A mistake occurs at page 320 of the second volume. Father Burke's first panegyric of St. Ignatius was preached, not in London but in Dublin, in the year 1873; and it was the invitation of an Irish Jesuit that he accepted eagerly with the remark that this would gratify an unsatisfied desire of his heart.

NEW BOOKS.

"THE Poet in May, by Evelyn Pyne," is another claim on the part of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Company, to the title we have elsewhere conferred upon them, in calling them the Poet's Publishers. The Laureate, indeed, has recently transferred its allegiance from them to the Macmillans; but changeableness has always been Lord Tennyson's policy in this matter. Moxon was hardly his first publisher; and since then, he has had others beside Strahan, King, Paul, Macmillan. Perhaps his next move will be into O'Connell Street. Miss Evelyn Pyne is fully worthy of the good company that she meets in the catalogue of this favourite firm of Parnassus. Our readers must take our word for this for the present, as so many of the early pages of this present number are devoted to a minute discussion of the claims of the latest Irish poet, that we must defer to another month our review of her English sister. Miss Pyne's new volume has a much greater variety of matter and treatment than "A Dream of Gironde," her first publication, which the *Westminster Review*, *The Saturday Review*, *The Scotsman*, and other critics, welcomed with warm and judicious praise, and of which our own magazine last year gave a satisfactory account at page 267 of the volume just completed. Though her decided dramatic talent breaks out in some fine fragments of blank verse in which she excels, the present collection is chiefly lyrical, in every form of metre, according to the changing nature of the thoughts. The thoughts are always noble and pure, though we must confess we grudge such fine poetry to such melancholy themes as the self-inflicted deaths of Charlotte Stieglitz and Chatterton. We suspect that this true poet is at her best in the "Leaves from Mary Merivale's Diary," and "At the Gate of Death," and these are both in that stately and perilous metre which Professor Conington says can be managed properly by only one or two in an age, and of which the Ettrick Shepherd said that, whenever he attempted it, he never could tell whether he was really writing prose or poetry. But this present book-note, as we have said, is only meant to pledge us to a careful study of "The Poet in May," long before May comes round.

We defy the Christmas season of '85 to produce a better book of its kind than Mrs. Frank Pentrill's "Odile: a Tale of the Commune" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). It is aimed at more mature readers than those for whom the author catered last year in her "Lina's Tales." She, too, like Miss Kathleen O'Meara, shows that she has a right to lay the scene of her tale in France where she is sufficiently at home to avoid those little exhibitions of collateral ignorance into which many clever writers fall in similar circumstances. "Odile," besides being very interesting, is very instructive and edifying, without a

trace of the goody-goody in style and sentiment. The O'Connell Street Press has produced the book in that festive garb which suits the Christmasbox season.

Father Monsabré, a member of the same order which has given to the Church such orators as Lacordaire and Thomas Burke, has long been one of the most eloquent of French preachers. An Irish American priest, also a Dominican, Father Stephen Byrne, has published through the New York Catholic Publication Society, an excellent translation of the French Dominican's "Meditations on the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary."

Among the shorter stories which have enlivened the pages of this Magazine there is hardly one that seems to have caught the fancy of our constituents more than "Robin Redbreast's Victory," with which our fifth volume opened in January, 1877. We recall it for the sake of those readers whose memory goes so far back, in order to prejudice them in favour of a new work by the same author, Miss Kathleen O'Meara, who has done injustice to her fame by linking some of her works, such as the excellent "Life of Thomas Grant, first Bishop of Southwark," not with her own sweet Irish name but with the pen-name of "Grace Ramsay." Her new book is called "Queen by Right Divine, and other Tales." (Burns and Oates). Why is it called so? It consists simply of three biographical sketches—Sister Rosalie, the famous Parisian Sister of Charity, the still more famous Madame Swetchine, and Father Lacordaire. The lives and characters of these two noble and saintly women, and of this great sacred orator are drawn with Miss O'Meara's wonted liveliness and solidity of style, with many life-like touches and some idioms also which show her to be more a Frenchwoman than an Irishwoman.

The Servite Fathers have been for twenty years at work in London, and one of them has just published there a very complete and satisfactory biography of their holy Founder—"Life of St. Philip Benizi of the Order of the Servants of Mary, with some account of the first disciples of the Saint." By the Rev. Peregrine Soulier, Priest of the same order (London: Burns and Oates). This year, 1885, is the sixth centenary of the Saint's death, a fitting occasion for this act of filial piety. Father Soulier's work, written in French, has been already translated into Italian and received with great favour. The French censor states that the narrative is founded on a wide and solid erudition, and it is not only an extremely edifying Life of a Saint, written in a style at once dignified and easy, but also a valuable and very interesting fragment of monastic history, and of the history of the Italian republics in mediæval times. It is the fullest and most satisfactory piece of hagiography that has of late years been added to our literature. The English version is admirably executed and fills a very portly volume of 566 pages, not spread out like a magazine-

poem of the Laureate's, but printed with type compact and economical though pleasantly clear and readable. A writer in *Notes and Queries* said lately that the reason why reviews never mentioned the prices of books was merely a tradition coming down from times when a paragraph of that nature would be taxed as an advertisement. Advertisements are no longer taxed; and publishers ought to enable reviewers to mention the interesting particulars of price. The price of the "Life of St. Philip Benizi" is, we think, eight shillings.

A popular edition, with much new matter, and the statistics brought down to the present time, has just been published of the very learned work, "The Chair of Peter, or the Papacy considered in its institution, development, and organization, and in the benefits which for over eighteen centuries it has conferred on mankind. By John Nicholas Murphy, Roman Count, author of 'Terra Incognita,'" (Burns and Oates). Even in this less expensive form it is a fine tome of 720 ample pages, of which fifty are devoted to a minute and most serviceable index. Count Murphy has taken immense pains to secure fulness and accuracy in the treatment of his supremely important subject, and all the incidental questions mixed up with it. Very valuable and interesting information is frequently given in the notes, which sometimes furnish brief accounts of the authors quoted and supply dates and particulars of the highest utility to the careful reader. Non-catholic critics such as *The Standard* and the *British Quarterly Review* have borne emphatic testimony to the moderation of the historian's tone. Count Murphy writes in a clear and calm style well suited to his theme and his purpose.

"Théodore Wibaux, Zouave Pontificale et Jésuite," (Paris: Retaux-Bray) is far the most interesting piece of biography that has come to us from France for many a day. The author, Father C. Coëtlosquet, S.J., has fulfilled his duty admirably. This beautiful life occupied only the thirty-three years between 1849 and 1882. The glimpses we get of Theodore's family are most amiable and edifying. After a brilliant boyhood Theodore became a Papal Zouave, and his letters and journal, which are here edited very judiciously, give the best accounts to be found anywhere of a Zouave's life in Italy. In the unhappy war with Prussia the young man served under General de Charette among the "Volunteers of the West." In 1871 he entered another regiment—the Company of Jesus—and died on the eve of priesthood. We hope at some time or other to enter into the details of this short but full and varied life, which is of quite exceptional interest.

"Authority and Obedience," by J. Augustus J. Johnstone (London: Burns and Oates) is a pamphlet which will hardly be read by any one who does not accept beforehand its very orthodox political and social doctrines. One of Mr. Johnstone's remarks is worth quoting. "I

fear posthumous almsgiving is of little avail to the giver. Charity, to be efficacious, should be accompanied by a little self-denial, and therefore for our own sakes we should support the clergy and the Church during our lives and out of our own savings, and not lay that part of our duty on our heirs."

Mr. Washbourne of 18, Paternoster Row, London, has added two new sixpenny plays to his large repertory of "Dramas, Comedies, and Farces." Things of this sort, that seem very dreary in the reading, pass off very pleasantly, we are told, when properly mounted and performed. It is a striking proof of the power of the stage. Even with a good moral and a religious tone, it might be possible to produce a bright, clever little play; but we have not seen such. The two present attempts—"Christmas Revels," and "The Wanderers"—seem to be below a very low average. "The Wanderers" is far the best. Both are in rhymed couplets, like Dryden's plays or the French theatre. The rhymesters show skill enough to avoid such rhymes as "Craze" and "Rage," "Time" and "Fine," if they cared.

The same publisher, who always does his part of the work admirably, has sent us another little book of which we can speak in a more genial Christmas tone. Under the same cover (an exceedingly pretty one), we have "Little Dick's Christmas Carols, and other Tales," by Miss Amy Fowler. There are half a dozen little stories, each teaching a very good lesson, which young readers may understand all the better from being taught in a rather commonplace fashion, without any of those bright, fanciful touches which we are accustomed to in such writers of juvenile tales as the authors of "The Little Flower Seekers," or of the more famous but hardly more brilliant "Alice in Wonderland."

There are very many of our readers in convents, and in Catholic homes, who by choice or by necessity have recourse for their spiritual reading to the language of Bourdaloue, and of St. Francis de Sales. For this reason, French books are occasionally sent to us for review. The latest of these is a very cheap volume (costing only a franc and a-half), of 160 close but clearly printed pages, containing a full and most interesting account of Father Lewis Ruellan, S.J., with a collection of his edifying letters, and then a sketch of Father Augustus Ruellan by the younger brother who survived him a few years. Those last few years were spent as a Jesuit missionary in the Rocky Mountains, chiefly working among the American Indians. The letters sent home to Europe are extremely interesting, interlarded quaintly here and there with words and phrases from that terrible English language which the French Jesuit was then compelled to learn. It is touching to read how he was sometimes consoled amid his rude priva-

tions by the faith and goodness of Irish women and children who are found in those wild places and everywhere.

The fifth of the well-printed ten cent volumes issued at Notre Dame, Indiana, as "The *Ave Maria* Series," is "The Mad Penitent of Todi, by Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey." To use a curious word of Mrs. Dorsey's, we cannot *enthuse* over it very much. It purports to be a dreadfully picturesque sketch of the conversion of the Franciscan Jacopone, the supposed author of the *Stabat Mater*. We should have liked the story told in a very different manner. As one little mark of poor workmanship, why does the writer mix up French and Italian by calling her hero Jacques dei Benedetti? Yet there are many different palates to be pleased, and some may prefer these florid pages to Maurice Egan's simple little tales, of which we are promised a batch in the next number of "The *Ave Maria* Series," and to which we promise a hearty welcome.

Mrs. Eleanor Donnelly of Philadelphia is the author of a beautiful "Hymn for the Jubilee of the Priesthood of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII." Vincent Joachim Pecci was ordained priest on the 23rd of December, 1837, by Cardinal Odiscalchi, in the chapel of St. Stanislaus, in the Church of St. Andrew, on the Quirinal. This was the Jesuit novitiate, and it reminds us that this holy Cardinal renounced his ecclesiastical dignities to become a member of the Society of Jesus. As the fiftieth anniversary of the Pope's ordination is still in the future, there will be time for this Jubilee Hymn to circulate among the English-singing nations. But wide as the sphere is of this very convenient language which we speak and write, Miss Donnelly's Jubilee strains address a wider audience. A very perfect German version, and also one in the language of His Holiness to whom the work is about to be presented, accompany the English text; but the Italian cannot be sung to the original music which has been composed for the English and German, by Professor Wiegand. It is arranged as a duet or trio for equal voices, and as a chorus for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, with piano or orchestra accompaniment. As many of our readers will draw a practical conclusion from this notice, we may add that the publisher is T. Fisher, 7, Bible House, New York, and that the price of the score is forty cents, of the orchestral part, one dollar. What these prices may become in the idiom of O'Connell-street, or Orchard-street, the present deponent wotteth not. With regard to the music which Herr Wiegand has wedded to Miss Donnelly's poetry, our musical critic reports that thē air is in style like a German Volkslied, simple and tuneful, and will be acceptable in schools and convents. A more original composition is "The Last Carol; song written by C. E. Meekkirke; composed by Odoardo Barri" (London: Playfair and Co.) It may be had in two keys, C and E, is both musically and effectively

written for the voice with an organ or harmonium accompaniment *ad libitum*. The change of harmony from the minor to the major is pleasing and appropriate. Mrs. Meetkerke's stanzas are very sweet and touching and quite in the spirit of these Christmas times.

The largest and most learned tome that this month has brought under our notice is the second volume of Mr. Joseph Gillow's "Literary and Biographical History, or Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics, from the breach with Rome in 1534, to the present time" (Burns and Oates). This volume carries the work from "Lord Dacre," to Bishop Gradwell. In many respects it is an improvement on its predecessor. It is impossible to turn over ten pages without being impressed with Mr. Gillow's extraordinary diligence in gathering materials for such minute notices of so many thousands of persons and tens of thousands of books. The accounts of such moderns as Father Dalgairns and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, are very satisfactory. English Catholics especially are deeply indebted to Mr. Gillow, and we trust they will not confine themselves to a barren admiration of his labours. When shall something similar be done for Ireland? We should have liked an index for each volume; but at any rate, we entreat the author to furnish us with a very full index of the whole work at its conclusion. And may that conclusion be happily reached before as many years shall have elapsed as there are volumes in this excellent "Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics."

"The Birthday Book of our Dead" (M. H. Gill and Son) is an excellent idea admirably carried out. Few care to have their birthdays remembered, as the years glide on; but there are many advantages in keeping a record of the anniversaries of the deaths of departed friends. In this book a page is assigned to each day of the year, and a sufficient space at the bottom of each page is left blank for the insertion of names and dates, the rest of the page being occupied with two or three extracts in prose and verse, generally teaching in a terse and vivid way some of the great lessons of life and death or suggesting motives of consolation to mourners. The present collection differs from ordinary birthday books, not only in turning our thoughts to the other end of life, but also in furnishing us with full and suggestive passages instead of mere scraps and catchwords. The compilation shows a great deal of taste and originality. The last quality will appear from a glance at the index of authors. In this index we have counted up the number of times that the most frequently quoted are quoted, passing over all those who are represented here by less than half a dozen extracts; though this rule excludes many who rank high when suffrages *non solum numerantur sed ponderantur*, when quality is taken into account as well as quantity. Our minimum is just reached by Washington Irving, Père Besson, Abbé Gay, and Cardinal Manning, while even Fathers Burke and Lacordaire, St. Chrysostom and Denis

Florence Mac Carthy, fall short of it by a unit. Those who are quoted seven times are (in alphabetical order) Father Collins, Dr. Grant of Southwark, Père Gratry, Katharine Tynan, and the American Whittier. The number 8 is represented by Ellen Downing, Canon Gilbert, Thomas Moore, Rosa Mulholland, and Wordsworth. The nines are Mrs. Browning, Carlyle, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., and Thackeray. "L.E.L.," Russell Lowell, Father Ryder, and Aubrey de Vere, each furnish half a score of quotations. A strange trio comes under the number eleven—Dickens, Father Joseph Farrell, and Shakespeare. The even dozen has no representative, whereas the baker's dozen has Byron, Father Abraham Ryan of Mobile, and Madame Swetchine to stand for it. And now the field (in sporting phrase) grows thinner; only St. Augustine having 14 marks, Fénelon 15, Mrs. Hemans and Père de Ravignan 16 each. Eugenie de Guérin, St. Francis de Sales, Mrs. Craven, and Lord Tennyson have 22, 23, 24, and 25 extracts respectively. Finally, Longfellow figures 28 times in this anthology, Cardinal Newman 31 times, Adelaide Procter 32 times, and Father F. W. Faber is far ahead of all with exactly fifty specimens, nearly all of his prose. The records entered in this beautiful book ought not to be confined to one's own family but to include many known to us only by name, for whom we shall be reminded to pray, seeing their names in "The Birthday Book of our Dead."

The Art and Book Company of Leamington have brought out for 1886 a *Catholic Prayerbook Calendar*, a *Church Door Calendar*, and an *Order of Vespers for Sundays and Holidays*.

The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual (New York Catholic Publication Society) is now in its eighteenth year, and the issue for 1886 is one of the most interesting of the series. It is crammed with biographical and miscellaneous sketches, and copiously illustrated with excellent engravings, giving successful portraits of the new Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Corrigan the new Archbishop of New York, Cardinal Moran, Father Peter Beekx, S.J., Lady Georgiana Fullerton, A. M. Sullivan, Cardinal M'Cabe and Cardinal M'Closkey, and some American notabilities, such as the first Bishop of Mobile and Father Badin the first priest of the United States.

A Sermon preached by Father Humphrey, S.J. at the clothing of two Sisters of Mercy in St. Catharine's Convent, Edinburgh, has been published under the title of "The Spouses of the King."

Sir James Marshal, late Chief Justice of the Gold Coast Colony, has published in a neat little sixpenny pamphlet his "Reminiscences of West Africa and its Missions." Extremely interesting and edifying the reminiscences are. We heartily agree with Sir James Marshall that the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* are "in general too depressing and dull, giving nearly always the gloomy side of things,

dwelling on trials, dangers, difficulties, and revelling in martyrdoms and cruelties." The good Chief Justice's experience is that Catholic Missionaries are as happy and cheerful a set of men as he ever met. "The pluck of a soldier (he adds) made even the Ashanti Expedition a sort of amusing picnic to those who really had pluck, and they were decidedly the majority. So also the vocation of the Missionary keeps him happy and cheery through everything, and if this spirit prevailed more in missionary letters and literature, I think it would take better with the general public."

Messrs. Browne and Nolan are the publishers of a little pamphlet entitled "An Olive Branch." It is well-written and well-intentioned; but it is political and therefore beyond our sphere.

Denvir's Penny Irish National Almanac, published at Liverpool, is kept up cleverly.

"Eason's Almanac for Ireland for the year 1886" (Dublin: W. H. Smith and Son) fully maintains its high reputation for accuracy, research, and great practical utility. One of the most interesting items in this thirteenth yearly issue is a clear summary of the views of some leading politicians on the important question of Irish Self-Government.

But even at Christmas we cannot go on for ever noticing new books. One very cheap and very attractive book for the season is a handsome quarto entitled "Good and Pleasant Reading for Boys and Girls," containing Tales, Sketches, and Poems (M. H. Gill and Son). A Christmas-box of a different kind is the very newest of new prayer-books, "The Dominican Manual." It has been compiled by the Dominican Nuns of Cabra near Dublin, and a picture of the Convent fronts the titlepage. It is an admirable collection of prayers and devotions, and the publishers, Brown and Nolan, have brought it out with extreme care and skill. The binding of the copy before us is a luxury to the sight and touch.

Here, if nowhere else, we breathe our best Christmas wishes for all our readers and writers; and, when Christmas is over, we wish them a happy New Year.

A FAMILY OF FAMOUS CELTIC SCHOLARS.

ON the eastern shore of the Bay of Killala, about ten miles north of Ballina, are the ruins of the old castle of Leacan. The site was well chosen, for it was to be the home, not of warriors, but of scholars, and so they built their stronghold in the hearing of the sea, fronting the gales from the west where they could see from the windows the fierce Atlantic billows spend their wintry rage against the bleak cliffs of Benmore. And many a fearful scene of shipwreck they must have witnessed, when the dismantled vessels flying from the outer gales were forced to seek the inhospitable shelter of Killala Bay; for a dangerous bar stretches across its mouth, and when the rising tide swept up the estuary in the teeth of the south-west wind and the Moy's full current, small chance of escape remained for the doomed ship, when she got amongst the breakers that barely covered the treacherous shoals.

Yet for the Celtic scholar that old castle of Leacan is classic ground. It was the home of a family of learned Irishmen, who, with the single exception of the O'Clerys, have done more for Celtic literature than any other race of our ancient hereditary ollaves. We propose in this paper to give a short sketch of the Clan Firbis of Leacan, and of their literary labours in the cause of Irish history and archæology.

The Clan Firbis came of an illustrious stock, for they trace their descent to Dathi, the last pagan king of Ireland, who is said to have been killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps. Awley, his son, a prop in battle, brought home the body of the arch-chieftain through battles and marches by land and by sea, and buried him with his fathers at Cruachan of the Kings, where the tall red pillar-stone still marks the hero's grave. The original seat of the family was in Magh Broin between Lough Conn and the river Moy—a district that was then, and is still known as the "Two Bacs." Gilla Iosa Mor Mac Firbis describes it in his topographical poem as a sweet and fertile land, where the crops grew quick and rich; it was embosomed in delightful woods, the seat of poets, who loved to wander in their shade and compose their songs for feast and battle. The Clan Firbis dwelt near the margin of the lake to the east, as well as on the opposite side in fair Glen Nephin,

where the scarlet hazel dipped its hundred tendrils into the lake's pellucid waters.

It was probably the advance of the English settlers towards the close of the thirteenth century that drove the Clan Firbis from their beloved homes around the lake somewhat further to the north at Rosserk, which was the extreme limit of their ancient territory. This place was originally called Ros Searce, the *ros*, or wooded promontory, of the Virgin Searc, whose church was built thereon. The primitive edifice of the virgin saint has disappeared, but its site is occupied by the ruins of a small but very beautiful abbey, which John O'Donovan thought was built about five centuries ago. He was nearly right, for Father Mooney, the Franciscan Chronicler, tells us that "Rosserk was founded in the fifteenth century by a chieftain of the Joyces, a powerful family of Welsh extraction, remarkable (as they are still) for their gigantic stature, who settled in West Connaught in the thirteenth century."

The site was certainly well chosen on a promontory running into the river Moy, "the stream of speckled salmons." A graceful square-built tower of blueish stone, as in most of the Franciscan churches, surmounted the centre of the sacred edifice, which sees itself reflected in the waters of the river, and commands a magnificent prospect of all the surrounding country—the dark irregular range of the Ox mountains to the east, to the south-west Nephin's stately form throwing at evening its shadow over the waters of Lough Conn, while far to the north the eye wanders over river, and bay, and swelling waves, and frowning cliffs, out to the boundless blue of the Atlantic. The Clan Firbis are described by Gilla Iosa Mor MacFirbis in 1418* as poets of Hy Amhaldaidh (Awley) of Rosserk. Whence we may conclude that in the beginning of the fifteenth century the family had already left Magh Broin and were then established at the old abbey on the western bank of the Moy just where the river begins to widen to an estuary. How long they remained here cannot be exactly determined. Probably the Joyces who founded the Franciscan abbey in the fifteenth century drove them across the river, for the Welsh giants were men of war and blood who knew no law but force. But then if they expelled Clan Firbis they brought in the Franciscans and built them that beautiful abbey at Rosserk, and endowed it with a share of the lands plundered from the harmless bards and

* *Hy Fiachrach*, page 237.

ollaves of Tyrawley. True, indeed, the western shore of the river was fertile and "quick-growing," whilst the eastern shore towards the sea was bleak and bare; but it was good enough for the mere Irish, and they ought to be thankful that the strong-handed Welshmen of Tirawley, the Barretts, Lynotts, and Joyces, left them so much of their ancient inheritance. A worse day was to come when both victors and vanquished were overwhelmed in a common ruin, and the troopers of Cromwell became lords of all. Yet although the O'Dowd himself, by ancient right the ruler of these territories, was robbed of all his lands in Tyrawley, and henceforward confined to Tireragh, he gave a new grant to the hereditary historians of his family, not so fertile or so wide indeed as their ancient inheritance, but large enough to maintain them in competence and with a dignity becoming their high office. Here it was by the shore of the bay that "the brothers Ciothruaidh and James, sons of Diarmaid Caoch MacFirbis, aided by their cousin John Og, the son of William, built the castle of Leacan Mac Firbis, in the year of the age of Christ, 1560.)* And there it was they wrote books of history, annals, and poetry; and moreover kept a school of history long before that castle was built. So the family must have crossed the Moy from Rosserk many years before 1500, and established themselves at Leacan, although the great stone castle was not built for their protection down to the stormy period at which Elizabeth commenced her reign. Here it seems they continued to reside until the Cromwellian settlement. Then the Castle of Leacan came within the mile line of territory all round the province of Connaught, which was planted by Cromwellians in order to deprive the natives of all access to the sea. And so Duaid Mac Firbis, the last and greatest scholar of that ancient race, was driven from his ancestral home, his lands were confiscated, and he himself became a wanderer and a beggar, depending for his daily bread on the bounty of the stranger. When he was an old man bowed down with the weight of eighty years, he was one night stopping in a wayside inn at Dunflin, in the parish of Screen, county Sligo. A young gentleman of the name of Crofton, one of a family enriched by the plunder of the old Irish proprietors, came into the shop and began to take some improper freedoms with a young girl behind the counter. She tried to stop his advances by pointing to the old gentleman in the inner parlour, who, perhaps, overheard what was taking place,

* *Hy Fiaohrach*, page 167.

and uttered some remonstrance. Thereupon the licentious savage seized a large knife, and, rushing at the old man, stabbed him to the heart. And so the last of our great Irish scholars was foully murdered in cold blood by a young *gentleman* of the county Sligo.

The Clan Firbis were for many centuries at once bards, brehons, and historians to their kinsmen the O'Dowds, the hereditary princes of Tireragh, and Tyrawley. In this capacity they held large freehold estates, they exercised considerable power, and discharged various functions. As hereditary historians they kept an accurate and faithful record of the descent and subdivisions of the various families, of the territories assigned to each, the privileges which they claimed, as well as the charges to which they were liable. They were present in the battles of the clans to be witnesses of the prowess of the chiefs; they sang the praises of the victors, and recorded the names and deeds of those who had fallen on the field: These songs they chanted at the banquet of the chiefs when the field was won, and stimulated the clansmen to battle by recounting the great deeds of their ancestors and the wrongs inflicted by the enemy which it was their duty to avenge.

Then when family disputes arose, or private wrongs were to be remedied, it was the duty of the annalist to divide and limit the territory of each family, for he alone had the custody of the records that fixed their titles, and he alone was sufficiently trained in the complex code of the Breon law to fix the eric or compensation for the wrong done.

Moreover, at the inauguration of the O'Dowd, MacFirbis always played an important part. The Irish sub-kings were solemnly inaugurated on the summit of some green hill under the open sky, with the principal chiefs, and the clergy, and the people assembled round about them. This ceremony, in the case of the O'Dowd, generally took place on Carn-Amhalgaith,* which is supposed to be the hill of Mullagh-carn, not far from Killala, on the western bank of the Moy. We have an account of this most interesting ceremony written by one of the Clan Firbis.

First of all, it seems, when the chiefs and the coarbs of the principal churches and all the people had selected their future ruler, who was that member of the royal family best qualified in their estimation for the office, MacFirbis read for the prince elect a summary of his duties and privileges as contained in the interest-

* See *Hy Fiachrach*, page 439.

ing work called the "Institutions of a King" (Teaguse Righ) of which a manuscript copy still exists.* According to O'Sullivan Beare† the prince elect was then required to swear that he would observe these ordinances, and, above all, that he would preserve the rights and liberties of the Church, and if necessary, shed his blood in its defence. Mass was then celebrated, and the white wand of inauguration was solemnly blessed.

It was the high privilege of MacFirbis to bring the body of this white wand over the head of the new prince, who stood with sword ungiirt, then to present it to him, as the symbol of kingly authority, and solemnly salute him by name as The O'Dowd. O'Caomhain, the representative of the senior family of the tribe, next pronounced the name, and after him all the coarbs, and all the chiefs pronounced the same name and offered their homage to the new ruler. The people then took up the name in one loud shout of approval, and the white rod was broken to signify that all authority thenceforward centered in the O'Dowd. This white rod was the symbol of authority from the most ancient times; its whiteness and straightness were the emblems of the purity, truth, and rectitude of the ruler. A sword would imply the power of life and death, but the rod signified that the ruler meant to govern his people as a father does his children, and that they would be so docile and obedient that the ruler would need no other weapon to govern them. The prince elect had previously put off his sword and cloak to give greater significance to this ceremony. Sometimes, too, one of the sub-chiefs put off his sandals in token of obedience, and threw a slipper over the head of the new chief for good luck, but these ceremonies were not everywhere observed. Lastly, the new chief turned round three times backwards and forwards in honour of the Holy Trinity, looking out over his territory and his people, as their divinely chosen father and protector, and then the ceremony was complete.

Of course a banquet followed—drink and feasting, and song. The privilege of first drinking at this royal feast was given by The O'Dowd to O'Caomhain, the senior representative of the tribe, but O'Caomhain might not taste the cup until he had first given it to the poet MacFirbis to drink, where he sat at the right hand of his king. Moreover, O'Dowd gave to O'Caomhain the weapons, battle-dress, and steed, which he was wont to use before; and O'Caomhain in turn presented his own battle-harness to M'Firbis the poet.

* Library of Trinity College, H. 1, 17.

† *Historia Cath.*

As might be expected, Clan Firbis produced several distinguished scholars who have rendered most important services to our Celtic literature. The references to the family in ancient times are few and brief, for with very striking modesty these great annalists make little reference to themselves. From other sources, however, as well as from incidental references in their own books, we gather the following summary of their literary history.

The earliest reference dates from A.D. 1279, when, according to the Four Masters, Gilla Iosa Mor MacFirbis, ollave of Tíreragh, died. Gilla Iosa—servant of Jesus—and Gilla Iosa Mor, were favourite names with the MacFirbis family, and show that their learning was inspired and elevated by a truly Christian spirit. He was succeeded by another Gilla Iosa MacFirbis, probably his son, whose death is assigned to 1301, and who is described in the quaint language of the translators of the old annals of Clonmacnoise, “as chief chronicler of Tyrefeaghach, wonderful well-skilled in histories, poetry, computation, and many other sciences.” This wonderful scholar was succeeded in his office by Donnach MacFirbis, who died in 1376, and who is described in more moderate language as “a good historian.” This Donnach was one of the compilers of the great work called the YELLOW BOOK OF LEACAN to which we shall presently refer. Three years later, in 1379, they record the death of Firbis MacFirbis, a “learned historian” who no doubt also aided in the compilation of the same great work, although no special mention is made of his name. Then in 1417 we have recorded the death of another Gilla Iosa Mor Firbis, the son of the above named Donnach, who according to Duaid MacFirbis, was “chief historian to O’Dowd of Tíreragh, and composed a long topographical poem on the tribes and districts in the ancient territories of his ancestors.” This is the work which, under the title of *Hy Fiachrach*, has been most ably edited by John O’Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society in 1844.

Several members of the family, too, became ecclesiastics, and under date of 1450, Archdale tells us that “Eugene O’Cormyn and Thady MacFirbis, eremites of the order of St. Augustine, received a grant of the lands of Storma in Tyrawley from Thady O’Dowd, to erect a monastery thereon under the invocation of the Holy Trinity; and Pope Nicholas V. confirmed the same by a Bull dated the 12th of December, 1454.” Then we have the entry of the erection of Leacan Castle in 1560, to which we have already referred. But the following year a great calamity befell

Ciothruadh, the principal builder of the castle, for the *Annals of Lough Ce* tell us that "Naisse, the son (probably of this) Cid-thruadh, the most eminent musician that was in Erin, was drowned in Lough Gill, near Sligo—and also his wife, the daughter of M'Donogh, with some other," who likely accompanied them in the same boat.

Fortunately for our Celtic literature and history, many of the great works composed by the Clan Firbis still survive, although not yet published.

First of all we have the great compilation called the *YELLOW BOOK OF LEACAN* (*Leabhar Buidhe Lecain*) preserved in Trinity College Library, and classed H. 2. 16. This immense work contains some 500 pages of vellum manuscript, and was not composed, but rather transcribed from existing materials so early as 1390, by Donnach and Gilla Iosa MacFirbis to whom we have already referred. O'Curry tells us in his "Lectures" that it begins in its present condition with a collection of family and political poems mostly referring to the great Connaught sept—the O'Kellys, O'Connors, &c., &c., as well as to the O'Donnells of Donegal, who were neighbours of Tir Fiachrach in the north—the ancient boundary between the two tribes being the Codhnach river which flows into the sea close to Columcille's monastery at Drumcliff, under the shadow of Benbulbin, four miles to the north of Sligo. O'Curry says, however, that these pieces formed no part of the original work. Then we have some early monastic rules of great interest for the ecclesiastical historian written in verse—some of which have been published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, 1864-66 from copies made by O'Curry himself. These are followed by a great variety of legendary and historical pieces, like the battle of Magh Rath (Moyra) and the voyages of Maelduin in the Atlantic Ocean, which it is unnecessary to particularize here, but which are exceedingly valuable for the topographical and historical information which they contain. Some of these tracts have been already published, but several, almost equally valuable, still remain in manuscript.

The second great work which we owe to the Clan Firbis is the *BOOK OF LEACAN*, a distinct compilation, composed some 26 years later, and mostly in the handwriting of Gilla Iosa Mor Mac Firbis. It is a still larger work, containing more than 600 pages of fine vellum manuscript, but its contents, though highly valuable, are almost identical with the contents of the famous *BOOK OF BALLYMOTE*, from which it was probably copied, at least in part. The

most original and therefore the most valuable tract in the entire work is that to which we have already referred to as the "TRIBES AND CUSTOMS OF HY FIACHRACH" published by the Irish Archaeological Society. These two great works sufficiently prove that the historians of Tyrawley must have had a perfect acquaintance with our entire Celtic literature, and were indeed wonderfully well skilled "in histories, poetry, computation, and many other sciences."

Next we have the writings of Duaid Mac Firbis, the most learned and the most unfortunate of his name and race. His entire life was a chronicle of woe for himself, for his family, for his religion, and for his country.

Duaid M'Firbis (Dubhaltach) was the son of another Gilla Iosa Mor, and was born at his father's castle of Leacan Mac Firbis about the year 1580. If, as O'Curry tells us, he went to the south of Ireland to study so early as 1595, he must have been at least fifteen years old at that time. The latter was the year in which O'Donnell made a fierce raid from Donegal on Southern Connaught, burning and pillaging all before him. The schools of Thomond were at this period very famous, and attracted native scholars from all parts of Ireland. The MacEgans of Redwood Castle in Lower Ormond were the most famous Brehon lawyers in Ireland, and here young MacFirbis came to perfect himself in the study of Celtic jurisprudence. The O'Davorens of Burren, county Clare, had also a famous school of law and poetry, and MacFirbis spent some time there also, so that he neglected no opportunities of mental culture, which could render him better qualified to discharge the high functions of hereditary ollave in his native territory. That he profited to the full by these opportunities is abundantly manifest from his writings. Not only was he a distinguished Irish scholar and antiquarian but he was also familiar with the Latin and English languages, and what is more extraordinary still, and furnishes a striking proof of the excellence of our Celtic schools even at that unhappy period, he was very well acquainted with Greek also. For in his copy of Cormac's Glossary in T.C.D. MacFirbis explains the meaning of several of the Irish terms by giving in the margin the Latin and frequently the Greek equivalents, written, too, in Greek characters, and with an accuracy and freedom which prove that beyond doubt the writer must have not only understood Greek but was well able to write that language!

It was probably in the school annexed to the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, in Galway, that M'Firbis acquired his familiarity, such as it was, with the English and classical languages. Certainly

very little English was spoken on the banks of the Moy about the year 1590, for the Welsh and Norman invaders of Tyrrawley had become more Irish than the Irish themselves in customs, dress, and language. But Galway always continued to be an English city; English was always spoken, although not perhaps exclusively by the citizens; and the writings of Lynch and O'Flaherty prove that beyond doubt the study of the classical languages was cultivated with a high degree of success in the City of the Tribes.

At any rate MacFirbis himself tells us that it was in the College of St. Nicholas, Galway, about the year 1650, "during the religious war between the Catholics of Ireland and the heretics of Ireland, Scotland, and England," that he composed his great work on "The Branches of Relationship and the Genealogical Ramifications of every colony that took possession of Erin traced from this time up to Adam . . . together with a Sanctilogium, and a catalogue of the Monarchs of Erin; and finally an Index which comprises in alphabetical order the surnames and the remarkable places mentioned in this book which was compiled by Dubhaltach MacFirbis of Leacan, 1650," "and the cause of writing the books," adds the pious author, "is to increase the glory of God, and for the information of people in general." In those evil days of Ireland, it was not love of fame or gain that inspired her scholars to transmit to posterity the history of their bleeding country—it was the nobler purpose of God's glory, and the instruction of their countrymen in the better days that yet might dawn on their native land.

The autograph of this splendid compilation is in the possession of the Earl of Roden, and a copy made by O'Curry is in the R.I. Academy. It is a most valuable repertory of the highest authority on all those subjects of which it treats, and has been universally recognised as such by our ablest Irish scholars.* In 1666 MacFirbis drew up an abstract of his larger work including some additional pedigrees, of which work O'Donovan tells us there were two copies to be had, although he himself had seen neither of them.

MacFirbis compiled two other most valuable works, no copies of which are now known to be extant, one a Glossary of the Ancient Laws of Erin, the loss of which is irreparable, and also a Biographical Dictionary of the writers and distinguished scholars of ancient Erin, "of which," says O'Curry, "unfortunately not even a fragment has yet been discovered."

* See Dr. Petrie's Paper in Vol. XVIII. of the Transactions of the R. I. Academy.

Historian and lawyer as he was by virtue of his office, MacFirbis was also a poet, and O'Curry tells that he himself had in his possession two poems of considerable pretension written by MacFirbis, in praise of his patrons the O'Shaughnessys of Gort, who were sprung from the same stock as MacFirbis himself. He was also the author of a collection of Annals which are quoted by his patron and friend, Sir James Ware, but which are not now known to exist.

We have, however, a most valuable summary of our Annals distinct from the former work compiled by MacFirbis, and lately published in the series of the Master of the Rolls. It is known well to students of Irish history as the *CHRONICON SCOTORUM*, a work of great value for its historical accuracy. The author apologises for its meagre character, and tells us that it is merely an abstract, or compendium of the history of the Scots, omitting all lengthened details. Still it is of great value and contains several novel scraps of important historical information. In its present form it only comes down to the year 1135, and unfortunately even in that period a large deficiency occurs from 722 to 805.

The life of Duaid MacFirbis corresponds with the most calamitous period of Ireland's chequered history. When he was yet a boy he heard of the disastrous defeat at Kinsale, in 1601. The Flight of the Earls and the confiscation of Ulster followed a few years later, about the time when he had arrived at man's estate. He doubtless shared in the bright hopes that the Confederation of 1641 inspired in the breasts of his countrymen; but he saw all these bright promises fade away before the breath of the angel of discord. He saw Cromwell's fiery sword sweep over the land, and the persecuted Catholics, who had hoped so much from the Restoration again doomed to disappointment by the perfidy of the faithless Stuarts.

There is no sadder chapter in literary history than the fate of this old man in his declining years. To his honour be it for ever remembered, Sir James Ware, to whom Irish literature owes so much, was, while he lived, the patron and friend of Mac Firbis. He received him into his own house in Dublin; he employed him in the work which he loved—translating and elucidating the old manuscripts of his forefathers. But that noble knight, as Mac Firbis justly calls him, died in 1666, and once more the old man became a pauper and an outcast. He dare not remain in Dublin without a friend to protect him, for he would be perse-

cuted as a Catholic, and perhaps persecuted as a scholar. So like every hunted animal, he strove to reach his old home again, and travelled all the long rugged road from Dublin city to the banks of Moy. But the stranger was in the home of his fathers, and the friends of his youth were like himself persecuted paupers; even O'Dowd, the chieftain of his race, was without lands and without castles. For a few years more the venerable scholar lived on amidst the scenes of his childhood a broken-down old man, until, as Eugene Curry thinks, when, striving to make his way on foot to Dublin to visit the son of Sir James Ware, he met his tragic fate in a wayside inn at the hands of a savage and licentious youth.

Yet, in spite of poverty and persecution during all these disastrous years, Mac Firbis devoted his best energies to the preservation and illustration of his country's history, "for the glory of God, and the instruction of his countrymen in future years." May you rest in peace, faithful son of unhappy Ireland, and in the better days that are dawning upon us, we may hope that your countrymen will tenderly remember the name of Mac Firbis, and look with reverence on the ruined walls of Leacan Castle.

✠ JOHN HEALY.

MY SONG AND I.

A LOFT, above the sea, by the tall cliff's winding path,
A fitting foot treads down the sweet wild thyme,
When its fragrant bloom runs over all the mossy rath
And tides are full and the year is in its golden prime.

No flush of pomegranate, no breath of rich musk rose,
Or reddens or perfumes these regions where
My song and I go, singing, while the keen north wind blows
And birds fly low, and the widening skies are cool and fair.

But with the fresh sea-odours floating towards us here
And wild thyme's scent, outpressed by climbing feet,
And gleam of grey wings winnowing through the sunlight clear,
Travel my song and I, in a lone world cold and sweet.

R. M.

MR. BAKER'S DOMESTIC SYSTEM.

A STORY.

MRS. Ball and Mrs. Baker had put the little Balls and the little Bakers to bed, and for the first time during the winter season were spending an evening together. It seemed very cosy and sociable to sit down in front of the fire, with its bed of glowing coal, and talk familiarly of matters interesting to wives and mothers. And so thought Mrs. Ball, who affirmed that her little ones had been so cross and wayward that day, that she needed just such a quiet period to calm her irritated nerves; which remark was seconded by Mrs. Baker, who added, that Frank, Frederick, and Fanny had behaved shockingly all day, wearying her patience sadly, and preventing her from sewing, reading, or even thinking.

"I don't know that my boys and girls differ from other boys and girls, but I get very tired with the care of them all the day," said Mrs. Ball, sighing softly.

"And so do I; yet my husband thinks the duty a very slight one," returned Mrs. Baker, sympathetically.

"That I do!" said the person alluded to, emphatically, abruptly entering. "That I do; and as soon as I get on my slippers, I'll give you a good reason for it. Good evening, Mrs. Ball. I didn't intend to be a party to your innocent remarks, but the last one of my wife's I couldn't avoid hearing; an assertion, by the way, which I am ready to make again."

"As she rendered your views so correctly, I presume no harm is done," laughingly returned Mrs. Ball.

"Discussing children, were you not, and the tremendous burden of care and trouble they impose upon tender mothers?" inquired Mr. Baker, half seriously.

"We stand convicted of the heinous crime. Pray, what have you to say against it?" retorted both Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker.

"Nothing, certainly, of the right of every lady to talk about what pleases her; but a great deal against the erroneous opinions you maintain. The truth is, Mrs. Ball, the truth is, wife, you magnify your motherly duties; you look at them through a glass which increases their dimensions wonderfully. You make a mountain of a molehill and then imagine you are climbing up its

rugged sides when you are simply walking on level ground. You complain because it has become habitual; you talk of fatigue and nervousness because every other mother does the same. There isn't one woman in ten who knows how to take care of children properly."

"Have you any experimental knowledge of the matter?" asked Mrs. Ball.

"No, indeed! he knows nothing at all about it," cried Mrs. Baker.

"I see I am in the minority, but I don't mean to be frightened out of my argument," quoth Mr. Baker. "In the first place, I advance that women don't understand children."

Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker looked volumes.

"They make," he continued, undaunted by two pair of sharp eyes, "a great fuss about a very little matter. Children do not need continual talking to; one word is as good as ten, if rightly applied. Begin right, and there need be no trouble in managing them. When they cry, make them be quiet; when they want anything, make them wait on themselves."

"What if they can't walk? There is supposed to be a period in a child's life when its feet are of no possible service," remarked the listening wife, in a tone the least bit malicious.

"As I have two such critical listeners it behoves me to choose my words more carefully. To amend my remark, teach children to wait upon themselves as soon as they *can* walk."

"A difficult theory to put into practice," said Mrs. Ball, with the air of one confident of the soundness of her position.

"Not at all, madam, I assure you; nothing easier."

"Did you ever try it?" pursued the lady, surveying her masculine theorist as though she compassionated his ignorance.

"Why—no—not exactly," he stammered, "but that doesn't militate against the facts of the case. I'm confident I can take care of children without tiring myself, or thinking it a burdensome duty. I should start right, Mrs. Ball."

The man in the dressing-gown and slippers contemplated the fire with great apparent satisfaction.

"Then why not take your wife's place to-morrow, and let her spend the day with me?" queried the mother of the four little Balls. "She needs relaxation; and as you maintain that children are no trouble when rightly managed, they will not interfere with your happiness in any degree. You can 'start right,' and I have

no doubt everything will go on swimmingly. What say you to my proposal?"

Mr. Baker eyed her attentively for a moment, then slowly replied:

"I don't know but it's reasonable. Should you like it?" he added, turning to his wife, who had been exchanging speaking glances with Mrs. Ball.

He received a hearty assent.

"Then it's settled; I'll keep house, and you shall go visiting. I'm not particularly wanted at the business premises, and it will be a fine chance to write several letters and look over a book of accounts. I'll wager a new hat against a new bonnet—and the bonnet, with your permission, shall belong to Mrs. Baker—that I will get through the day grandly, without fretting and scolding or worriment and weariness," was the brave rejoinder.

"You hear, Mrs. Baker—a beaver against a two guinea bonnet. I wish I was as sure of a new velvet as you are?" exclaimed the merry Mrs. Ball.

"Don't be too positive! a hat may be called for before you are aware of it," briskly retorted Mr. Baker. "I'll demonstrate my system, or confess myself in error."

Mrs. Ball smiled in a peculiar way, spoke a few words in an under-tone to her ally, and bade her friends good-night.

Mr. Baker was awakened at a late hour the following morning by baby Fanny, who was amusing herself by pulling his whiskers. Glancing at his watch, he found it was past eight o'clock. Where was Mrs. Baker? Why were not the older children dressed and out of the way, instead of jumping about the room, clamouring for their clothes? Mr. Baker did not make a very elaborate toilet. He ran down stairs, found a good fire in the stove, a pot of hot coffee, and the table spread; but the party instrumental in bringing about this comfortable state of things was *non est*. He went through the rooms, glanced into the parlour, looked into the outhouse, into the cellar, and called "Ellen" several times. No response being given, he was driven to the conclusion that his better half had taken an early departure for the mansion of Mrs. Ball, leaving him to get a "right start" without her interference. He was rather unprepared for this punctual introduction to domestic life, but being somewhat of a philosopher Mr. Baker set about having the best of it. He was reflecting upon the propriety of refreshing the inner man, when two small voices were heard at the top of the stairs:

"I want to be dressed—I want to be dressed!"

These were certainly reasonable requests, and hurrying up to the chamber, he collected together an armful of juvenile garments, and bidding the little ones follow, he went back to the warm room below. He was progressing very slowly in enrobing the miniature men (for Mr. Baker, like many other husbands, had but an imperfect idea of children's needs), when a scream caused him to drop a boy suddenly and run to the assistance of baby Fanny, who, indignant at being left alone, had crept from the low bed and started to descend the stairs; but an unlucky mishap caused her to come bumping down on her head and shoulders, to the dismay of her father. Fortunately, she was not much hurt; a little soothing and a lump of sugar soon dried up her tears.

"I wonder why children can't stay where they're put!" thought Mr. Baker, as he wrapped a blanket about the baby, and sat her in a high chair, preparatory for breakfast. "But I'll get started right directly."

He went on with the dressing business so summarily disturbed. What a number of small shirts, dresses, pinafores, socks, and shoes the young Bakers wore! And the pinning and buttoning that his awkward fingers so bunglingly achieved, was by no means a trifling item. And then Frank and Freddy helped him by "turning round" the wrong way, and thrusting their arms everywhere but into the right sleeve. The shoes seemed several sizes too small for the feet they were to cover; yet, by much pulling and working the task was completed. Meantime, Miss Fanny was occupying her leisure moments by strewing the sugar about, crumbling the bread, and spreading butter on the cloth.

"How can a man look behind him, I wonder!" muttered Mr. Baker, surveying the disordered table; but the complaints of two older boys (who now made their appearance) that they should be late for school, made eating a paramount duty. Ranging his five charges about the family board, he stationed himself at the head to attend to their wants. He had no previous experience in that department, and therefore was astonished at the number of pieces of bread he was called upon to "spread," and the quantity of drink he was requested to prepare.

"And Mrs. Baker does this three times a day! Why, I shan't get a chance to eat a mouthful!" mentally ejaculated the husband and father, going to the closet to replenish the butter-plate.

When he returned, three of his heirs were quarrelling over the

last piece of bread. Mr. Baker thought it time to "lay down" his rules and "get a good start" for the day.

"Children," he said, with as much dignity as though he were delivering a speech at the vestry, "children, your mother has gone away, and will not return till night; but I shall stay at home with you, and everything will go on as usual. I trust you will make no noise, and prove obedient children."

These words were undoubtedly heard, but no perceptible effect was manifest. The listeners were very quiet, however. There was no doubt that he had "hit the nail on the head." Encouraged by this "good start," Mr. Baker cleared away the dishes with alacrity, pausing only to ask William and Charles why they didn't go to school.

"'Cause we ain't ready," replied both at once.

"Why not?"

"Mother brushes our clothes, and puts on our collars, and gives us apples for lunch, and reads over our lessons with us, and picks out the hard places on the maps, and mends our pencils, and sews up the holes in our pockets—I've got a great one in mine—and bends our hats into shape—mine's all jammed now—and——"

"Stop—that'll do," interrupted Mr. Baker, frightened at the length of the list of offices required of him.

It was nothing to wield a clothes-brush, but to adjust collars was another affair. He pinned and unpinned, fixed and unfixed; sometimes the subjects of his operations declared that he "pricked," sometimes they insisted that he "pinched." But the poor collars fared the worst of the three. By the time they were satisfactorily adjusted, Mrs. Baker would have consigned them to the wash-tub without an instant's hesitation. Apples were easily found, but they needed wiping; whereupon the officiating manager sent one of the boys after a cloth—the first clause of his new system being to make children wait upon themselves. Soon Charley made his appearance with one of his mother's damask napkins. Mr. Baker said "pshaw!" not very amiably, and went for a proper article himself. As for the lessons and the "hard places on the map," they were left to the care of themselves. The "hole in the pocket" could not be so easily disposed of, for Charley declared that his pencils would slip through if it wasn't "run up." Up stairs again went the patient father, to consult Mrs. Baker's work-box. After marbles, nails, knives, strings, fish-hooks, and a dubious pocket-handkerchief had been emptied, and the receptacle for this heterogeneous mass duly turned (Charley had gathered up

one corner and tied a piece of twine around it), Mr. Baker proceeded to repair the rent with something greatly resembling a darning-needle.

"Running down" would have been as intelligible as "running up" to the puzzled-looking man who had placed the owner of the pocket in a chair that he might be reached more conveniently, and now stood contemplating the "hole" with evident misgiving. If he had been about to sew up a wound in the boy's flesh, he could not have taken the first stitch with less reluctance. His needle unthreaded twice (it took him in the first instance five minutes to thread it), and once rolled out of his large fingers to the floor, where it required father and two sons to find it; but after Mr. Baker had worked himself into a profuse perspiration by his efforts, Charley was of the opinion that it would "hold:" of which his progenitor was by no means certain. Next the "jammed" hat was produced. Mr. Baker manipulated it this way and that, but its crushed proportions defied his skill; it went "jammed" to school. Flattering himself that nothing more was wanted, the demonstrator of the new system wiped his face, and breathed a sigh of relief.

"What are you waiting for now?" he demanded, impatiently, perceiving that the boys still lingered, as if wishing, yet half afraid to speak.

"School's been begun most an hour; must have an excuse; get punished for being late, if we don't," spoke up Charley.

"I've half a mind to make you go without one, for spoiling hats and breaking shoe-strings," responded the impatient father. "However, one of you go and get the inkstand, and I'll write one; I can't wait upon you any longer."

A boy bounded up the staircase, seized the inkstand and bounded down, spilling half its contents over a smaller boy.

"Why can't boys (and he might have added *men*) carry anything without slopping?" grumbled Mr. Baker, surveying the black circle which the inkstand left on the table-cloth. "I wish I had gone myself!"

The remedy for lateness being put upon paper, Charles and William went on their way rejoicing, to the great satisfaction of the senior Baker.

It must not be supposed that the three smaller juveniles were inactive during his relaxation of surveillance. Rare reasoners are children. Perceiving no watchful eyes upon them, they commenced amusing themselves in their own way. Their chubby hands and

the bed of ashes under the grate were soon in contact ; while tiny heaps began to multiply upon the floor under their nimble fingers, between which they made railroads, placing chips thereupon for cars, and a large piece of coal for an engine.

That his eyes could not be everywhere was fully obvious ; that children required more watching, much stricter attention than he had before imagined, was another evident conclusion ; and that the labour of attending to the wants of the five young Bakers was not inconsiderable nor to be performed without fatigue, he was also, just then, inclined to admit. He had assuredly " started right," yet for some singular reason, his system didn't work to his mind. It had met with unexpected obstacles, and was rapidly running off the track. Half the day was nearly spent. What had he accomplished ? Nothing—absolutely nothing ; or at least, that was the word he felt sure Mrs. Baker would have chosen to apply to his morning's work.

Still there was yet time to redeem his mistakes ; between that and night, he promised himself to take a new tack ; to triumphantly walk over the difficulties relating to the management of children.

After proper reprimands, the trio of offenders were placed upon chairs, where they remained perched until Mr. Baker's back was turned, when they slid down noiselessly to look about for amusement. The culinary department required attention ; five hungry children would soon be wanting dinner ; he proposed trying his skill at a soup. Mrs. Baker made very good soup, but he was confident he could make a better. He was some time in getting the materials together, and once he came very near scalding one of his male heirs, who persisted in disregarding his directions to " keep off ;" but the necessary articles were at length collected in a pot and put to simmering over the fire, which he made of such intensity that he burned his compound in less than half an hour. That accident didn't add to the fineness of its flavour, which he was a little suspicious of before, from the fact that he had, in an unlucky moment, substituted ginger for pepper. But congratulating himself " that the children wouldn't taste it," he poured his preparation into a large tureen, and seating his noisy boys and girls, who were clamouring for " something to eat," he proceeded to divide the spoils. All being duly served, Mr. Baker stirred the soup thoroughly, and helped himself to a ladle full. The first mouthful was smart—the next smarter—the third smartest. That was owing to the ginger. But then ginger was

highly sanitive, and prized for many purposes; that was no disparagement to the soup. His mouth felt uncomfortably warm, while an incessant call for "drink" kept him trotting busily between the pump and the table.

But though he silyly wet his own lips with the cooling liquid, he was not going to retire vanquished from the field, albeit the bitter mingled with the sweet. He made another dive at the bottom of the dish, bringing up a suspicious-looking object, which he deposited upon his plate for closer inspection. It proved to be one of Fanny's shoes; and it was neither nice nor tender. *That* did not increase his appetite, or add to his admiration of that young lady's behaviour. No one participated in his discovery but Charley, whose astonished exclamations were cut short by a frown from his father, who dexterously pushed the dripping shoe between the tureen and a large pitcher, that eight other eyes might not detect it.

"What torments children are!" mentally ejaculated Mr. Baker, wiping his moist forehead after dinner. "It isn't possible the little plagues act like this all the time! If they do, I shouldn't blame the women for committing suicide or going crazy! Here I've questioned the mischievous imps, and not one of them knows anything about the confounded shoe. I've a good mind to whip them all and put them to bed!"

But the performance of this threat would prevent a satisfactory demonstration of his system; therefore it was given up as inexpedient.

Stepping out a moment for something which he needed, he charged his charges (Charles and William having gone to school again) to be very quiet and do no mischief in the interim. A sheer waste of words! Mischief lurked in their eyes, smiled on their lips; mischief was largely represented in their compositions, and it must have an outlet. Scarcely had the door closed behind the retiring Mr. Baker, than the trio started on a voyage of discovery. Frank, being the oldest, led the expedition, which took for its first field of operations the kitchen closet. Pushing a chair before him to render less difficult the pleasant task in prospective, he mounted it and took a peep into the sugar-bowl. Generously giving his brother and sister two small lumps apiece, he stuffed his own mouth to repletion, casting, meantime, longing glances at a jar of jam beyond his reach. A logical mind had Master Frank for a boy of five. He thought that if he had a high chair, or was as tall as Charley, he could touch the coveted article; the next

link in the chain of his reasoning was, how could he make the chair he was in higher? A square box stood on the shelf on a level with his feet. He jumped down, pushed it on to the chair, and climbed up again. Now for the jam! His little mouth and two other little mouths watered for the delicious compound. He knew he was "doing mischief," but that very knowledge made him more eager to touch the earthen jar; for is it not a truism that stolen fruit is the sweetest? Standing on his toes, and stretching his body as much as convenient, he was about grasping the treasure when down came boy, box, and chair—chair uppermost. The young climber was not heavy, yet his weight was sufficient to break the slight box cover, plunge his feet into a layer of choice honeycomb, slide the box off, and overturn the chair.

Much surprised at this unlooked for manifestation, but not a bit hurt, Master Frank essayed to rise. That, however, promised to be a matter of some difficulty, inasmuch as both feet were firmly imbedded in the sticky substance. By struggling he extricated himself, and the expectant ones, having no scruples against the contact of honey and leather, set about regaling themselves in a very primitive mode with their fingers. Freddy, stretching over Fanny for his share, dropped a liberal allowance on her hair and his own pinafore, and then tried to repair his mistake by rubbing both with his hands, to the detriment of the silky hair, which assumed at every brush of his fingers a still gummier aspect.

In the midst of this sweet repast Mr. Baker returned. One glance at Frank's feet, Frederic's apron, and Fanny's head, including their hands and faces, and the dripping box upon the floor, explained the nature of what presented itself. He shook one, boxed a second, and slapped a third, before recollecting that he was opposed to physical punishment. And Fanny's hair! What *would* Mrs. Baker say! How *should* he get the honey off? He was undecided where or how to begin. He had just taken her locks in hand when the door-bell was heard to ring. Commanding the offenders on no account to leave the room, he started for the door. It was a lady whose acquaintance he valued. He shook hands with her heartily, and invited her in. The lady was polite, but eyed her glove furtively. Our founder of a new system thought of his hands and apologised, telling some out-of-the-way story, extremely improbable.

The disagreeable subject was hardly disposed of before the three victims of honey appeared, bashfully sliding in, one after the other; Frank with his shoes sticking to the Brussels at

every step, Frederic with dripping apron, and Fanny in her night-dress (Mr. Baker hadn't been able to find time to put on more presentable apparel) and bare feet (one shoe was under the stove drying).

The father of this interesting group peremptorily ordered them out, and wished himself in Japan. Was there ever a man so harassed by adverse circumstances and—children? The lady not finding her host very talkative, and somewhat flurried in manner withal, took leave very soon, thinking the little Bakers not at all attractive, and shockingly neglected; while the disturbed master of the mansion took his way to the kitchen, lamenting the inauspicious chance that had shown her his progeny in such a plight. Mrs. Baker would never forgive his agency in the unfortunate occurrence, priding herself as she did on the general cleanliness and tidiness of her offspring. What could possess the little torments to come trooping in unbidden, with their fingers in their mouths and said mouths very dirty? To plague him, doubtless, and make their mother miserable when she came to hear of it.

It was somewhere in the vicinity of four o'clock when Mr. Baker got time to sit down. His limbs ached with weariness, and his head felt fit for nothing but a pillow. Yet desirous of showing his wife that he could find leisure for what he had proposed doing, he produced pen, ink, and paper, and commenced a letter; writing to begin with, with one eye on the sheet and the other on the children, who were penitently sitting in a row, just still enough to be meditating more mischief. The indefatigable but unfortunate Baker was soon absorbed in his occupation, forgetful of the responsibility resting upon him. Casually raising his eyes at length, he beheld Fanny with a suspicious-looking vial to her lips, and hastened to take it from her. Unlucky child! it was labelled "Laudanum."

The effect of this terrific discovery upon the nervous system of the father was most startling. It was the grand climax of his experiment—fatal alike to that and to Fanny. The vial was empty, but still emitted a flavour of the execrable drug which it had contained. No time was to be lost. The paternal Baker caught up his hat and ran for medical aid at a speed truly indicative of the present emergency. He was tearing by Mr. Ball's house at a frantic pace, when he was hailed by Mrs. Baker, who, from the window of her friend's dwelling, had perceived his hurried advance.

"What, for pity's sake, is the matter, Mr. Baker?" cried the anxious wife.

"Fanny—laudanum—doctor!" replied he, much out of breath.

"There's not a drop of laudanum in the house," added Mrs. Baker.

"The vial—the vial!" exclaimed the husband, in tones so tragical that they were frightfully Othello-like:

"There was nothing in it."

"Are you sure?"

Mrs. Baker assured him that she was perfectly sure, and the alarmed father began to live again. After enjoying the revulsion of feeling, he said, with as much coolness as he could summon: "Perhaps you are thinking of coming home, and, as I am here, I may as well wait for you."

Mrs. Baker was quite ready to accompany the founder of the new system for the training of children.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Baker, that you didn't get a good start," she remarked, on getting home, and glancing at the children and their various occupations.

There were traces of the day's march of confusion, disorder, and destruction in every direction the prudent housewife could turn her eyes. Mr. Baker shrank into himself in absolute dismay; and when he saw Mrs. Ball glide in, with an expression mercilessly quizzical, he attempted to make a desperate rush out of the premises. But he couldn't do it; his egress was prevented by Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Ball.

"The system is demonstrated!" quoth Mrs. Ball.

"And a wonderful system it is!" said Mrs. Baker. "There's no honey on Fanny's hair; no blacking on Franky's face; no ink on Freddy's hands; no ashes on the floor; no grease nor butter on the table-cloth; no chips on the stove; no water on the chairs; no crumbs on the shelves; no confusion and disorder anywhere prevalent! How stupid women are, not to know how to take care of children, and how silly they are to complain of troubles and trials, when the whole thing can be reduced to a science!"

"What kind of hat do you prefer, Mr. Baker—an ordinary beaver, or a Wide-awake?" queried his fairer half.

"A *Wide-awake* most probably," asserted Mrs. Ball.

Mr. Baker said not a word, but nervously drew forth his pocket-book and took therefrom two sovereigns which he handed to his wife with a subdued manner that was very significant; it was an appropriation for a new velvet bonnet—an eloquent con-

fession of the fallibility of his system. An elegant piece of head-gear, which attracted much attention, appeared in the Baker pew the next Sunday.

The moral of the story is obvious. Woman's life is, to the majority of men, a profound secret; they know little of its trials. Its cares, labours, and perplexities are an arcanum so deep and mystical, that they pass on through the trodden way of existence, receiving of her ministrations without pausing to ask the cost of what is enjoyed without cessation from the cradle to the final resting-place of humanity.

THE LORD'S MESSENGER.

ALl night the passionate sobbing of the rain
Bade me arise, and let some angel in;
Fierce, like the anguish of an unshrived sin,
Rose that wild summons at my window-pane:
I stirred not in my fear; it strove again,
And yet again, its weary way to win
Through the closed casement—strove with wail akin
To some lost soul in hell—alas, in vain!

Would I had hearkened! Now the day is here,
And lo! one cometh, not to be denied.

“The Lord have pity on thy bitter need!
Last night He sent, while death held poised his spear
O'er thy beloved, who had perchance not died,
Hadst thou but prayed;—alas, thou wouldst not heed!”

EVELYN PYNE.

A CONVERT'S REMINISCENCE.

AS the Jews of old time had their great central Temple, in which were celebrated those more solemn rites forbidden to the local Tabernacles; so we, the "Anglo-Catholics" of the "Anglo-Catholic" stronghold of — could boast of our Temple; whither, at certain stated seasons, but more especially on the great annual "Day of Atonement," we were wont to repair, for the purpose of participating in those more sacred functions denied us nearer home. Let not my reader suppose, natural or even reasonable though such supposition might be, that our "Temple" was known either as St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey. True; we had grown somewhat less ashamed of the "Protestantism" of the Metropolitan Cathedral, since, by a daily celebration of the "Holy Communion or Lord's Supper," it had given us occasion to sing "Te Deum" for the "restoration to England's great Cathedral of the daily Sacrifice of the Mass;" still, spite of this step in the right direction, it was only a step; and although of course, in a change of so "Catholic" a nature, we read prophecies of still greater things to come, we did so only in the sense in which the fond mother may, read prophecies of the future orator in the first whisperings of her lisping babe. As for Westminster Abbey, I think there were but few amongst us who did not regard that "Home of Heresy" with such a holy horror, that, save an occasional pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Edward, we rarely ventured within its unhallowed walls.

When I inform my readers that the particular functions forbidden to the "local Tabernacle" consisted of the more distinctive and "consoling rites of the Sister Communion of Rome," they will no longer wonder that we found our "Temple" in neither Protestant Cathedral nor Parish Church, but in a certain modern conventual pile known as "St. Matilda's Convent," or in presence of the weaker brethren, "St. Matilda's Sisterhood." Yes, here was our "Temple," the dwelling-place, as of right things, so of right names; where the "Mass" was no longer the "Celebration," where "Vespers" ceased to be "Even song," and where the "Virgin Mary" put off her too homely attire for the more queenly apparel of "Our Blessed Lady," for, were we not, here, far away from the tainted atmosphere of our "heretical" Bishops, those naughty

Bishops, who could never understand that candles were ordained for other purposes than that of dispelling the darkness of the night ; who, when appealed to by the more inconsistent, compromising few, would persist in their denial, that the " Church of England as by Law Established " either imposed on her children in general the duty of fasting, or upon their Lordships in particular the power of dispensing ; who would, in a word, appear to go out of their way to give the lie to the teaching of those who were never tired of telling us, their " spiritual sons," that they, and they alone, were the true expounders of the doctrines of the " English Branch of the Church Catholic ? " Yes, and what a relief too, to be far away from Lord Penzance and his " usurping court," and those " arch-heretics," the " Church Association," who supplied the fuel for the fires enkindled by the Representative of Her Majesty sitting at Westminster ; indeed, were we not far away from everybody and everything, that might or could come between us and that full mid-day blaze of Catholic splendour, in whose life-giving heat and light we might bask to our heart's content ? For what desire, however extravagant, was not fulfilled within those walls, that enshrined the very " Holy of Holies " itself ? Had we not our " Benediction of the Sacrament of the Altar ? " Were we not blessed with " Perpetual Reservation ? " Did not the sacred cloisters echo to the strains of the ancient Vesper Chant ?

In a word, could we not imagine ourselves enjoying all that even Rome could give, combined with that which Rome could not give—freedom from the fetters of her own " superstitions," resurrection from the whited sepulchre of her own " corruptions ? "

Alas, such is the blinding power of heresy ; for blinded indeed we were, not insincere, but believing we could see in the dark, or rather, not knowing we were in the dark. How strange for us who, through the mercy of Heaven, have been borne aloft from the valley of dead men's bones, to the Sion of life and light, to look down upon that more than Egyptian darkness, and to tell ourselves that we have passed through it, not only as through the " valley of the shadow of death," but that we have been able to say of it, " It is good for us to be here, here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."

I have made allusion to the great " Day of Atonement." Be it known, then, that " St. Matilda's Day " was regarded as such, by those thirteen or fourteen hundred privileged " Catholics " who, on that day, in response to the special invitation of the " Reverend Mother," and the " Father Chaplain," found themselves gathered

together, at the shrine of the "Most Holy," for the purpose, among other sacred duties, of making reparation "for all the injuries done to our Blessed Lord in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar," by all the Right Reverend Bishops, most of the Very Reverend Deans, Archdeacons and Canons, the great majority of Vicars, Rectors and Curates, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the lay portion of the "faithful"—in a word, the exceptions so few as to be unworthy of notice, by the whole body of the "English Branch of the Church Catholic, the one lawful guardian and expounder of *Catholic Truth*, within these realms." "I, and I only, am left, and they seek my life to take it away," would have made an appropriate text for the sermon on such an occasion.

Besides those who took part in the great annual pilgrimage, there were a certain more highly favoured few who would pay this "Fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away" more lengthened visits. They were, for the most part, affiliated to the "Convent" as Associates in imitation of the Third Orders of the Church. During their stay, which might last a week or even more, as the "Convent" itself furnished accommodation only for the "lady" portion of the "Associates," the "gentlemen," unless invited to partake of the hospitality of the "Father Chaplain," would "put up" at the little old-fashioned town, about two miles distant from the "Convent."

Both among the one class and the other, I boasted many friends, and, whenever, in my youthful fervour and the greatness of my romantic love for the Church of ancient days, I ventured to express my fears that our efforts to restore her would end in disappointment, or even in disaster, I was reminded that I had not yet been to "St. Matilda's." There I should learn what restored, uncorrupted, primitive Catholicism, did mean; there I should behold, not the birth of good things indeed; for the English Church of to-day, being identical with the English Church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, it followed that the old English Carthusians, and Benedictines, and Friars, were as truly the children of the English Church of our day, as of their own; but, more glorious than even the birth, which brings with it the seeds of corruption and death, I should behold the resurrection from that corruption, and from the death to which it led. I resolved to make my first pilgrimage to this modern temple of ancient wisdom, there to see with my own eyes, and to hear with my own ears, the many and great things that had been told me.

Having sought and obtained a letter of introduction to the

“Father Chaplain” of St. Matilda’s, from my friend “Father ——,” I set out for my journey, on a fine morning about the beginning of August 187—.

An enthusiastic youth of eighteen, turning his back upon the dry dreary sands of the desert of a lifetime, and his face towards the land of promise ; where, instead of gall, should be found honey ; instead of ashes, bread ; where the sackcloth should be exchanged for the garment of feasting and the wailing of the mourner for the song of the victor. Imagine, gentle reader, if you can, the flush of joy and pride that suffused his brow, the hope that illuminated his soul, as with the rosy hues that wake the summer-day ; the peaceful restlessness, I had almost said, of that journey that seemed so long, yet too fruitful of joy to be tedious ; and can you wonder that he found no time to give admittance to the dreadful doubt, that did, through the mercy of heaven, succeed in passing the open portals of later days ?

The train at length stopped at the small and sleepy station of the proportionately small and sleepy town of —— . At least, I have learnt since that such it is ; for not the soul of Dante, nor even of Shakespeare himself, could have painted aught half so fair as the picture which greeted my imagination, perhaps, rather than my eyes, on alighting upon that platform, on that sunny August afternoon, not quite ten years ago. Was it then really come to pass, that which seemed all too good for life ? Could it be, that, in a few short moments, and I should actually enter the land, which up to this, had found a place in my imagination only as the land that was “very far off ?” My readers will appreciate the feeling ; the feeling that refuses to believe in the realization of any long-anticipated, long-desired event. The day at length dawns and too swiftly brings us face to face with the hour we have not had time to prepare for ; and, in our bewilderment, the dreadful doubt, whether we must not be dreaming, enters our mind ; we stagger, rub our eyes to make sure they are open, and—thank heaven ! no ; parts are too harmoniously one, the march of events is too clearly visible, for what our longing eyes at last see, and our ears hear, to be anything but the reality it is. True ; life has few such happy surprises in store for her mourning children ; but, surely, of that few, all have tasted.

I looked about me ; and I think there was not a single official whom I did not regard with envy, as being an unconscious Minister at the Shrine of the Most Holy.

In less than half an hour, and the spires of “St. Matilda’s” are

pointing with hallowed finger to that heaven whose silent preachers they are ; and not ancient Sion's marble domes and shining turrets ever rejoiced the heart of seer or prophet more than that first glimpse, that earnest of good things to come, rejoiced the heart of that poor wanderer, who, like some storm-tossed mariner, whom the darkness has made its victim, took the island of quicksands for the land that was, indeed, still "very far off." But, it was night.

And now the Convent is reached. My hand is on the bell ; and, oh, what music echoes and re-echoes, along cloister and quadrangle and cloister again, to be taken up by the music, hardly less joyous, of the monastic rattling of keys, and the slow soft tramp, tramp, tramp, of the solemn lay-sister, who at length unbars and throws open the great Gothic door. Yes ; I may enter. Reverently, with bowed head and throbbing heart, I obey. I am ushered into the presence of the "sister-porter," who smilingly rises to receive me. Our first greeting over, I remark, with tremulous accent, that I believe they are blessed with "perpetual reservation." "Yes," the good Sister replies—"we could not live without it."

Behold, gentle reader, in these words, spoken, I verily believe, in sincerity deep as ever sent martyr to the stake, the *raison d'être* of this paper. Spite of my anticipations, unexpectedly wonderful the things I both saw and heard, during my sojourn in that strange place ; but nothing is so fresh in my memory, at this distance of well-nigh ten years, as those heart-rending words of that poor woman.

The scene is before me as I write. The little room, with its bare white walls and uncarpeted floor, the small wooden table, the couple of wooden chairs, the high, narrow, Gothic window, and, that which always furnishes the barest room, the Crucifix over the fire-place ; but, more vividly than all, the pale worn face of that mistaken, misguided woman, and the thin accent of that silvery voice, whose every word told unmistakably of the high-bred English lady, the child of English refinement, and one of the truest children of English sincerity.

"We could not live without it." She was filling up the long hours of her unwelcome office with needlework, and as she uttered the most affecting half-dozen words it has ever been my lot to give ear to, she looked up from her work ; and I saw that the paleness had given place to the gentle flush of joy, the eyes were shining with the thoughts the tongue could not utter, a smile that spoke of rest after toil was playing about the lips, and the whole

countenance proclaiming in tones too loud to be misunderstood, the truth of her earnestly spoken words.

When a child of the Church, mindful of the high idea which his own divinely-guided Mother has of her awful responsibility with regard to religious congregations, and more especially congregations of women; how careful she is to see that her religious daughters have full liberty to address themselves not only to their own superiors, but if need be, to their Bishop, or even to Rome herself; how jealous she is about admitting them to life-long vows; how only those institutes she has approved, only those rules she has sanctioned, are even tolerated; how stringent are her laws in respect of visitation of convents by the higher superiors for the redress of possible evils and for the solving of doubts and difficulties; when, I say, a child of the Church, mindful of the constant and loving care, and even anxiety of his mother, in behalf of her religious children, remembers such institutions as that to which I have introduced my readers—the self-ordained Superiors, “unsent,” unprepared, without law or lawyer, destitute alike of experience, precedent, and tradition, yet wielding the sceptre of a power, simply absolute and final; and those forty or fifty women, their subjects, bound over, *in conscience*, to obey the fiat of that power, simply unique on this earth, in virtue of their *vow*; would he not prove himself all undeserving of his own deliverance from the house of bondage, did not a holy indignation fire his breast, and make him almost yearn for the right to do what that One alone can do, who said: “It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves?”

Alas, that the innocent and generous should be decoyed from the substance that can never be stolen, to the shadow that has been. “We speak that which we know; we testify to that which we have seen.” I knew one, and none knew him better than myself, who, as far as human judgment can see, owes his present freedom, his present obedience to lawful authority, to his happy disobedience to unlawful authority. And I do not forget that that was one told by the said unlawful authority, that such happy disobedience was proof patent that his yearning after the authority that was lawful was from the Evil One. “Providence has placed you in my hands,” were his words; “and to consult a Romish priest or open a Romish book when I forbid you, is to disobey not me, but God.”

Another I knew, who of the same unlawful authority humbly and earnestly sought permission to read Dr. Bagshawe's “Threshold of the Catholic Church.” Her prayer was angrily rejected;

and she was told, that, should she dare read the book, she would be guilty of mortal sin. Another was absolutely forbidden even to receive a "Romanist" into her house; and, during the space of well-nigh four years, was the subject of a tyranny so oppressive, so universal, that not an hour of the day but was blighted by its baneful shadow; and in neither of these cases was the conscience bound by vow or semblance of vow. But "if they do these things in the green wood, what will they do in the dry?"

To return to St. Matilda's. After learning that I had come in time for all the good things of the "Feast of the Holy Name," I left the sister-porter to find the Father Chaplain. He inhabited a picturesque little cottage, in the Gothic style, within the Convent grounds, but detached from the Convent itself. Here I found him; and after reading my letter of introduction from "Father ——" he expressed his regret that he could not himself entertain me, as his only spare rooms were occupied by two friends, who like myself were on a visit to the "Convent." One of these, whom I saw much of later, was an American "Priest," the other a young man, somewhat older than myself, and an "Associate" of St. Matilda's. On asking the "Father Chaplain's" leave to visit the "Blessed Sacrament," I was told, to my great disappointment, that he would have to intercede for me with the "Reverend Mother;" but that he thought I might hope for the best; this meant waiting till the morrow.

My readers must understand that the "Convent" boasted two chapels; the "Great Chapel," where the functions were performed, and the "Secret Chapel," where were reserved the "consecrated elements," and known as the "Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament." To the former, I was conducted by the "Father Chaplain" on the evening of my arrival; and, on entering, was surprised to see what bore all the resemblance of a Tabernacle; but, on inquiry, I learned that it was simply a solid block of wood, used as a "Throne" for the monstrance at "Benediction." By-the-by, there was a clever bit of management gone through on the Sunday evenings, with the intention of deceiving the neighbourhood as to the nature of the "Convent doings." At seven o'clock (note the orthodox hour), the unregenerate public of the town and surrounding villages were admitted to the "great chapel" to take part in the service of "Evening Prayer," as "appointed to be said or sung in all the churches and chapels of England and Ireland." Nothing could have been more satisfactorily "Protestant;" nothing in more ridiculous contrast to what followed, as soon as the last of the "Dearly Beloved Brethren" had passed

beyond the sacred precincts, and the bolts safely drawn behind him. But of this anon.

Being anxious to see and enjoy as much of St. Matilda's as possible, I was enabled, by the kind hospitality of the "Father Chaplain," to spend the greater part of each day of my stay at the "Convent" itself, whither I arrived each morning from my lodging in the town, in time for the first of the two "Masses."

There is but little to remark *a propos* of the "Low Mass" except that the great difference between the "Romish original" and the "English adaptation," consisting of omissions rather than more direct corruptions, did not here prevail, for such omissions were faithfully supplied.

A word as to the "Secret Chapel." It opened off the "Great Chapel," from which, indeed, it was separated, only by a series of heavy curtains, so arranged that one might have passed them again and again, as I myself did, without suspecting the presence of anything behind. The Father Chaplain's intercession proved, as he had predicted, successful; so, under the guidance of the young "Associate" of whom I have already made mention, I was admitted to this "abode of mystery." The Chapel, Gothic in style, was small, but artificially divided into two parts of about equal size, that in which the altar, with its tabernacle, all aglow with gold and precious stones was placed, being treated as the sanctuary, although, architecturally speaking, it formed but the half of what would be more correctly described as a very beautiful but small family-oratory. The decorations, the colouring, the gilding, all contributed to the mysterious awe that seemed to pervade the atmosphere. To the left of the sanctuary, in an exquisitely carved niche, stood a remarkably beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, before which lights were kept always burning. I need hardly add that the lamp found its place before the Tabernacle.

I frequently availed myself of the privilege afforded me by the "Reverend Mother" of visiting this chapel; and I think I never passed beneath those mysterious curtains, but through the "dim religious light" amounting, indeed, to a faint twilight, my eyes fell on the *prostrate* forms of some six or seven of the "watching sisters." Gentle reader, does not your heart bleed for them? And do you not pray that they and all such as they may yet say with St. Thomas Aquinas before the altar of the true Church—"Adoro te devote, latens deitas?" With regard to the "Benediction" there is little to add to what my readers are already

so familiar with; the rite as performed at "St. Matilda's" being almost the counterpart of that of the Church. The "Priest," bearing the "host" in a pyx, was preceded from the "Secret Chapel," by the acolytes, clad in white and scarlet, and by the "Novice-nuns" bearing lighted lamps and the fragrance of the choicest incense, and to straine of the softest music. Suffice it to add that the vestments were of the richest, the altar ablaze with light and colour, and the monstrance as of precious stone itself, in the flashing of its myriad diamond and sapphire. Besides the "Benediction," there was "Exposition" in the "Secret Chapel" twice during the week, "Missa Cantata" on Sundays and feast-days; and, of course, recitation of the "Canonical Hours" at the seven orthodox times of the day. These were presided over by the "Reverend Mother," English translations of the Catholic original being always employed. I was much struck by the seeming wealth of the "Convent." Everything was of the richest. I must, however, except the Refectory, where, judging from the tables which I saw one day set for the dinner, I should say poverty certainly was practised. Indeed, I have reason to believe, both from what I myself witnessed, and from what I have heard from others who know "St. Matilda's" better than myself, that their vow of poverty is no more a pretence than certainly is their vow of obedience. But the altar-plate, the vestments, the altar-antependia—of which, I heard, there were none under the value of three hundred pounds—and the chapel appointments generally, were such that I fear he would be charged with exaggeration who should attempt a description of them.

For obvious reasons, I forbear giving a more detailed account of the architectural features of the Convent, beyond saying that the style was early English and arranged both without and within and in all respects, as a properly-disposed convent of any active Order within the Church. The situation of "St. Matilda's," surrounded by its own park lands, and bordering on one of the most beautiful of the southern counties, was perfect.

And now, I hear my readers asking themselves: "Can they be in earnest? Can they be happy?" If earnestness is compatible with fear, to the first question, yes. If happiness is not compatible with fear, to the second question, no. Fear; for the very "*raison d'être*" is that it should act as a breakwater, to keep back that impetuous stream of aspiring souls, ever issuing forth from the "stony ground" with which it cannot combine, from gaining the "good ground" of the one only Church of God.

“What can you want more than the Church of your Baptism can give you?” is the sophism, hollow as it is cruel, which has enkindled within many a seeking soul those fierce fires of the doubt which tortures even to the moral death; and from which, alas, too often, it is to be feared, there is no resurrection.

Is not the “father of lies” true to himself in the nineteenth century, as when he said in the first: “All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and adore me?”*

F. E. A.

TO ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

“When a strange race shall conquer Peru, the sun will claim his bride from among the daughters of the Incas.”—*Peruvian Prophecy*.

HAIL! Treasure of the Incas true!
 Fairer than golden dross;
 Rose jewelled with celestial dew,
 Beneath the Southern Cross!
 Hail! flower of peerless charm and grace,
 Hail! blossom of the desert place,
 Bride of the Sun!

Sweet Rosemary! the blessed name
 Christ's Mother bade thee wear;
 Still rosemaries (ah, precious fame!)
 The holy Cross do bear.
 Type of the sinless Virgin's dole,
 The Calvary of Mary's soul;
 Love's martyred One.

For aye thou liv'st, O mystic bud,
 Within a soil divine;
 Liv'st by the shower of Precious Blood,
 The beams that on thee shine!
 Bloom of the thorny crown thou art!
 The Spouse, the Rose of Jesus' Heart!
 Bride of the Sun!

MARY C. CROWLEY.

* We have had doubts whether this paper would be intelligible to many of our readers. How can those whom it describes remain outside the One Church wherein God has promised (in this Eucharistic sense also) to abide for ever? But *noblesse oblige*; and what solemn responsibilities press upon us who are within!—ED. J. M.

† In the Office of her feast, August 30, we read that Our Lord deigned to say to this first Saint of South America: “*Rosa cordis mei. tu mihi sponsa esto.*”

THE O'CONNELL PAPERS.

PART XXI.*

MORGAN O'CONNELL—SPRING RICE—SMITH O'BRIEN—THOMAS DAVIS.

THE twentieth day of January just past was the first anniversary of the death of Mr. Morgan O'Connell, to whose great and persevering kindness this Magazine owes the privilege of being the medium of giving to the world many interesting relics of his illustrious father, the Liberator of Ireland. The world has not a long memory, but Daniel O'Connell is one of the few whom the world will never forget; and many will in time to come turn to these pages for the fragments of the diary of his early manhood, for some of his own letters, and many addressed to him by Cobbett, Brougham, and many others.

Before resuming our transcription of documents, which must be taken almost at random, and which we do not deem it necessary to arrange in chronological order, it is fitting to pay a brief tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the excellent man who confided to us a trust to which we now promise to be more faithful than we have been. Morgan O'Connell was the second of O'Connell's sons, being born in 1805. Maurice, the eldest, and John, the third son, died many years before him, and the only one of O'Connell's sons now living is the youngest, Daniel. In one of Mrs. O'Connell's most wifely and motherly letters, the perusal of which has given us a high opinion of her head and heart, she writes to her husband: "Your doats were all in the drawingroom when we got your letter last night. They had twenty questions to ask, the chief one being when will their father come home? I believe no children ever loved their father as yours do, heart. When they speak of you, their little eyes sparkle with pleasure—even *silent* Morgan and saucy Kate." The next reference

* The immediately preceding instalment of this series will be found at page 589 of our twelfth annual volume. Through our own fault, not through any dearth of materials, the series was suspended during the whole of the past year 1885. At page 102 of the volume just referred to we said that in spite of the negotiations with Henry Brougham, O'Connell had never actually become poor Queen Caroline's Attorney-General for Ireland. Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick has been good enough to mention to us that he possesses letters signed formally by O'Connell as Attorney-General to the Queen.

we find occurs in a letter from the venerable Father Peter Kenney, whose memory even still is respected and not by those alone who look up to him as one of the founders of the Society of Jesus in Ireland. Writing to O'Connell from Clongowes Wood on the 3rd of August, 1817, he says at the end of his letter :

Of Maurice I have everything good to say. His improvement in classical knowledge has been very considerable. If you and we can form him to steady habits of application, we shall get him to do anything. God has given him very ample talent. Exertion and cultivation will make him a solid and conspicuous scholar. Of good Morgan I cannot say so much. Less talented, he wants application which alone could supply for the deficiency. His dispositions are good, generous, bold, independent—if he had industry, he would be no inconsiderable character. Let me entreat you, my dear sir, not to indulge them too much.

Evidently Father Kenney (we have looked again at his autograph to ascertain his own way of spelling his name) feared that the brilliant barrister was too affectionate a parent. One sign of his affection is the care which preserved the schoolboy letters which lie here before us after seventy years. On the 27th of June, 1818, Maurice O'Connell writes to his mother from Clongowes :

I know that I need not remind you that this is my birthday. On this day twelvemonths you told me in a letter I received from you that that day fourteen years was one of the happiest of your life. It shall be my care, my dear mamma, that nothing shall ever occur that may induce you to change your opinion. It shall be my care, whilst I live, to endeavour to repay that love and tenderness with which you watched over my childhood and endeavoured to instil the seeds of virtue into my breast. Nor am I less grateful to my father, not only for his love but for that brilliant example which his conduct has placed before my eyes—an example which it shall ever be my pride to imitate, as I know that that will make me beloved and esteemed here and happy for eternity hereafter.

He then goes on to speak of new clothes and guns, and ends “with love to all friends, in which I am joined by Morgan.” Before we follow Morgan, we may quote the welcome given by the Rector of Clongowes to the next of his brothers. Father Kenney writes as follows:—

CLONGOWES WOOD, CLANE,
December 16, 1823.

DEAR SIR,

I was from home when your son arrived yesterday, and I now hasten to express the pleasure which I feel in adding your third son to the number of our pupils. You may rely on every exertion to impart to his young mind and heart that knowledge and piety which will dispose him to

discharge the duties of the station to which God may call him with credit and advantage.

When this object is attained by your parental care and our aid, then you judge rightly in deciding, that he is to be left to those inclinations by which the great Author of society will direct his steps to the path in which he wishes to be served by him. I am much gratified by your promise of spending a day here before the expiration of the Christmas holidays. As the days are short, I hope that you will make up your mind to sleep here that night, that we may have more leisure to enjoy your company and conversation.

It were well that some decision were made relative to the future education of the B—. They are both very deficient in talent; at least in that talent, which is required for literary pursuits. Alexander the elder is now growing very big, and it would be much more useful to him to attend solely to an English education, than to spend his time in the elements of languages of which he never will know much. He says too that he is to be removed shortly, and this hope does not encourage him to greater application.

I am, dear sir, with great regard,

Most sincerely yours,

PETER KENNEY.

We may here take leave of the most distinguished Irish preacher* of the early part of this century by giving another note which O'Connell preserved among his papers, and which our printers set up in type from the original dingy sheet. He already spells *honor* in that American fashion:—

OLONGOWRS WOOD, CLANE,

July 26, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

If your numerous and important avocations at this season would allow you to rest one day at Clongowes Wood, we should be most happy to see you amongst those friends who are expected to honor our academical exercises and to dine with us on Monday, August 1. The exercises of the higher classes will not begin before two o'clock, and if this house could serve you as a resting-place on your way to Galway, we should be most happy to reserve a room for you that night. You know, that we are within five miles of Maynooth, the high road to Connaught, which you can easily regain at any hour you like the next day. Whilst I thus express my wish to obtain the deserved gratification, I feel that no desire or speculation of mine should regulate movements with which both public and private interests are so closely connected.

Knowing the value of your time and thoughts, I beg that you will not occupy either in writing an answer to this invitation. Delegate the task to our friend Maurice, whom we expect to see on the academy-day: and to whom I beg to be most kindly remembered.

John will of course be in Merrion-square either the night of the 1st or early on the 2nd of August.

Yours most sincerely,

PETER KENNEY.

* Strangely omitted by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick in his enumeration of Father Burke's predecessors.

In October, 1826, John O'Connell writes a very earnest letter to his father, expressing his strong repugnance to the legal profession and a strong partiality for the navy, but promising to obey the final wishes of his parents. O'Connell seems to have decided that his favourite son, as Mr. Alfred Webb calls him, should follow his own steps more closely, whereas he allowed Morgan to enter on a more romantic career. When a mere lad of fifteen or sixteen years, he served under Simon Bolivar in the struggle for independence carried on by the South American States. Of his adventures, especially on his voyage home, Mr. O'Connell allowed us not long before his death to read an account which we hope to lay before our readers. As early as December 22nd, 1821, he is nearing home after his wanderings, for a letter lies before us, written on that date, on board His Majesty's ship *Raleigh*, at Spithead. No chance in those days of reaching "30 Merrion Square" in time for Christmas.

Young Morgan lost no time in resuming his military career. The next of his letters, excellently written in every sense, is dated "Paris, June 25th, 1823," when he was on his way to Italy, where he had got an appointment in the Austrian army in the fourth regiment of light horse. "I suppose you heard (he says) that Lady Holland, Lady Oxford, and Mrs. Hutchinson were ordered by the police to quit Paris: they were accused of seeing people at their houses who were hostile to the Bourbons and the government. I saw old Louis drive out the other day. The carriage was open, and the poor old man looked very ill indeed, thin and yellow. I also saw the Duchess of Berri, an ugly, squint-eyed little woman."

On the 7th of September, 1824, the young man writes from Vicenza to his father, who evidently ordered him to give up his position and to return, much to his regret. This change was probably caused by money difficulties. "I also wrote to Baron O'Connell at Vienna in order to let him know of my departure. He wishes me to pass through Vienna in order that (as he says) he may have the satisfaction of embracing before he dies the grandson of his beloved cousin Morgan. The route he has marked out is from Venice, one day—from Venice to Trieste in the steamboat a few hours—from Trieste to Vienna in the newly established diligence, 36 hours—and then from Vienna to Paris through Frankfurt, Lille, Cologne and Brussels." *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Who could dream then of Mount Cenis tunnels? But in February, 1826, we find him writing from the garrison at Gurs in Hungary

and rejoicing at having (to use his own phrase) " resumed the pomp of war." On the first of January following, writing from the same place, after wishing them all a happy new year in old Ireland, he announces his appointment as Lieutenant. The next letter is in July of Emancipation year and shows him still busy with his foreign soldiering. But after Emancipation Morgan O'Connell engaged in another sort of warfare. The remaining letters presented by the Liberator relate chiefly to electioneering affairs in Meath and at Athlone. One dated November 13, 1840, is the first in which we perceive an allusion to his happy marriage to Miss Kate Balfe of Southpark, County Roscommon. " My little wife desires me to give you her fondest and most dutiful love." Those who know her will not need to be told that the society of this youngest daughter was one of the sweetest consolations of the great Tribune's declining years.

Resuming the publication of these O'Connell Papers on the first anniversary of the death of the friend to whom we owe them, it will not, we trust, be deemed indiscreet to add that that death was a fitting close to a virtuous Christian life. Morgan was much more than a Catholic of an ordinary virtuous life; he was a man of remarkable piety and holiness, and many edifying things might be told of his lively faith, his devotion, his charity in word and deed, and his earnest anxiety, not merely during the last days of his life, but for many years, to be ready in the minutest particulars for his last account. His deathbed was made happy by all human and divine consolations.

To carry out the policy announced a few pages back, the rest of the space which this month can lay at our disposal may be devoted to as many letters as we can crush into it, without regarding order of time or nature of subject. Mr. Spring Rice writes in the following terms, just as parliament was about to assemble at the same time which has now again seen it reassemble under very different circumstances. Many things have happened since January 15, 1828, when Spring Rice writes thus from Whitehall :

MY DEAR SIR,

I apprehend I date from Whitehall for the last time, and that the meeting of Parliament will see me on my old bench. I came here in hopes that I might be of service to Ireland, and when that hope ceases I shall quit office without at least the consciousness of having done or omitted any act that could compromise the great interests to which I am pledged. I may therefore at present venture suggestions which I never made so long as they might have been attributed to motives of political or personal convenience. A Tory and Exclusive Government cannot certainly claim any sympathy from me, should such a *monster* be formed, as I consider is most probable. But even then,

if despair were in our hearts, my word would be still the same, that the Irish Catholics should be calm in their strength and moderate in all their determinations. Attempts will be made, I have no doubt, to goad and irritate; but the quarter they come from should be our safeguard and protection.

I trust you will not take these few precautionary words amiss; they are dictated solely by the earnestness of my attachment to the good cause not of Catholics only but of Protestants, of Irishmen, of all British subjects, and indeed of the just throughout the world.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Ever most truly yours,

T. SPRING RICE.

For information as to the position Thomas Spring Rice occupied when he wrote this letter, we turn to that invaluable book which we not for the first time recommend earnestly to our readers—Mr. Alfred Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography,"—and we find he was then M.P. for Limerick and Under-Secretary for the Home Department. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1835 to 1839 when he became Lord Monteagle.

William Smith O'Brien furnishes the next item. Even if we had not formally renounced all pretensions to consecutiveness, Dromoland and Mount Trenchard are linked closely enough to justify the transition. Smith O'Brien had opposed O'Connell's second election for Clare and had fought a duel with Tom Steele; and it was only in 1844 that he threw his lot in with the Repealers. It is no wonder that in 1839 O'Connell thought harshly of him. Of two other Irishmen who ought to have been united but were not, I have heard a wise man suggest as one of the causes of their mutual repulsion that one of them was very proud and the other very vain. Few men have a better excuse for an amiable love of admiration than O'Connell had; and, if his charges against Smith O'Brien can be disputed, it would only be to give another name to the flaw in his character. The following letter was addressed to an influential priest of the county of Limerick, the Very Rev. Thomas O'Brien Costello, V.G. and P.P. of Murroe:

LONDON, 16th May, 1839.

MY RESPECTED FRIEND,

What are you to do with Smith O'Brien? In asking the question I have no personal resentment or personal feeling to gratify. All I want to know is what do you think best for the county in particular and the country in general. I easily forgive his foolish imprudence towards myself. The question remains—what is best to be done with him? He is an exceedingly weak man, proud and self-conceited; and, like almost all weak men utterly impenetrable to advice. You cannot be sure of him for half an hour. But are you in a condition to get rid of him and have you a candidate to supply his place? The answer to these

two questions ought to be decisive as to the mode of proceeding, and to you I apply for such answers and for suggestions as to the steps which ought to be taken. It would be at all events most desirable that he should be pledged not to oppose the present ministry.

I am happy to tell you that, if we were free from desertion in our own camp, the Tories would not have the least chance of resuming power. Indeed, my own opinion is that we are quite safe; but then it is the part of wise men to make, if they can, assurance doubly sure.

I intend, please God, to hear Mass in Dublin on Sunday next, and to remain there until the ensuing Saturday. If you deem it necessary to write to me, address your answer to my house in Merrion-square. Nobody knows the resources of the country as well as you do, and nobody has the head and heart so capable as yours of devising and carrying out the measures most suited to critical times such as those in which we are now involved. Your advice and assistance are in such times invaluable.

We should, I think, address the Queen on her escape from the Tories, and to pray her to come to visit Ireland. We will set about these things when I arrive in Dublin.

I have the honour to be very respectfully, my revered friend,

Yours very faithfully,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Smith O'Brien was not disturbed in the representation of County Limerick. He and O'Connell came to understand one another better. Mr. Webb, in his "Compendium of Irish Biography," omits to mention O'Brien's imprisonment in the House of Commons.* The following letter, of which the first sheet is lost, refers to this famous incident:—

I have no hesitation, therefore, in saying that I prefer to owe my discharge to you rather than to him, and that, if you fail in obtaining it to-night upon the grounds upon which I have claimed it in my letter to the Speaker, you have my consent to give notice of a similar motion for Monday.

It is, however, of the utmost importance not to me alone but to Ireland and Repeal that every possible effort should be made to obtain a successful debate and division to-night. If I can be released without owing anything to the *indulgence* of the House, our triumph would be great indeed. The next best result would be to raise an impression by an effective debate and legal argument that the House has *strained* its powers, notwithstanding an obvious irregularity, for the purpose of keeping me in prison.

I take for granted that the House will allow you at five o'clock to move "That the order of the day for taking Mr. O'Brien's letter into consideration be now read," and that upon its being read you will be permitted to move "That Mr. O'Brien be forthwith discharged from the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms." If the Government should refuse to give precedence to this motion you ought to move "That the House do now adjourn," and upon this motion

* In his sketch of O'Connell he says: "He left four sons, now dead"—whereas Morgan was living at the time, and Daniel is still living.

state the whole legal argument, protesting against my imprisonment as a wrong done not to me alone but also to my constituents. If the decision of the House upon your motion for my release should be unfavourable, I am disposed to think that a motion should be made for an adjournment, with a view to record your protest against any proceeding being allowed to take place in the House whilst the electors of Limerick remain deprived of their representative.

I have thought it better, in order to avoid misunderstanding, to commit my ideas to paper in reference to the subjects to which this letter relates.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

D. O'Connell, Esq.

Is the numbering of the houses in Baggot Street unchanged since forty years ago? If so, a special interest attaches to No. 61, for there Thomas Davis lived till his death. The following letter is a very private one addressed to Mr. John O'Connell; but the need of secrecy has long ceased:

61 BAGGOT STREET,
8th March, 1844.

MY DEAR O'CONNELL,

I meant to have called on you, but, being unable to do so, I must write instead. I, for one, recommended your father to go to London on Sheil's and Pigot's repeated assurance that he was not to be asked to recede, but, on the contrary, would be urged to take a peculiarly bold and Irish course, and to return immediately after the debate. The reverse of all this has happened. His speech in the debate was able and dignified though surely not very strong. No Repealer, however, could complain of it; but I am certain that his present course is not politic. He roused Ireland by staying at home; is he not letting her spirit sink by going abroad? While he was holding monster meetings, he breathed the most fiery and jealous nationality. He now praises the cheers, the rights, and the feelings of the British as much as or more than the Irish. Repeal and Federalism all go on the doctrine of leaving England to settle her internal affairs and Ireland her own internal affairs exclusively, and he expressly avowed, and publicly and repeatedly preached, that we would neither depend on the aid nor meddle with the business of England. He is now interfering with it in all important matters, he calls Ireland and her representatives to interfere, he attends anti-corn law meetings, has brought in a bill in the Commons, and *seems* to rely on English sympathy for redress. Now, I do not *complain* of this (though if Mr. Sheil or Mr. Pigot are parties to the course, I would have reason to complain of them) but I question the policy of it. I see that he has not got one sympathizer more now than he had a year ago. These men are powerless to achieve their own end. The league may use your father's name and oratory, and seek in exchange to keep him from prison, but it will not help Repeal. *I know this.* Mr. Sturge is very amiable, but he has little ability and less influence. The late and coming meetings and speeches are contradictory to the whole policy of the past Repeal agitation, and equally opposed to what that agitation must be if vigorously resumed. They, therefore, shake the Irish people now and will embarrass them hereafter, for, believe me, John O'Connell,

every single inconsistency injures the character and weakens the power of a statesman. If all this be true, the only effect of this English movement will be to check and embarrass Repeal. I do not and cannot suppose that your father even dreamt of abandoning Repeal to escape a prison—yet that is implied in all the Whig articles. If he had such a purpose, this partial conciliation of Leagues and Demi-Chartists would not accomplish it. Peel, not Sturge, wields the judgment. Nothing but a dissolution of the Association would, we are directly told, prevent the sentence. To dissolve the Association would be to abdicate his power and ruin his country. He is incapable of it; you, of whose fidelity to Ireland no one feels a shadow of doubt, you would be no party to it; 'tis not thought of, and so I gladly pass from this insulting suggestion of the Whigs.

Then, why should your father embarrass his future Repeal policy by a sojourn in England, and still more by identifying us with the English as if he were a Precursor and sought to cement the Union, not to dissolve it? Why for a momentary and delusive gain, why for the hurrahs and "never, never" of London or Birmingham, which are powerless to prevent his imprisonment, why cloud the future? In six months or twelve he will be obliged to throw all this overboard with much loss of time, labour, and strength. Ireland is not what she was a month ago. If this continues, we shall have neither a Repeal agitation nor a Liberal Government, whereas a vigorous pursuit of Repeal now would retain the one and would give the only chance of the other.

I am anxious to avoid this subject in public; I entirely rely on your personal kindness and your devotion to our country; I want to see if we cannot pull more surely together, and

I remain, most truly yours,

THOMAS DAVIS.

John O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

KEEPING A DIARY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SUTTON, S.J.

A WELL kept diary is one of the most interesting productions of human industry. The possession of a faithful record of two or three years even of our life, especially if it be of a period of moral or intellectual struggle and development, or of both combined, is an ample and abiding reward for the steadiness of effort required. All well-written biography is delightful and profitable reading. Autobiography is by far the most so, and our own becomes to us in after-years peculiarly pleasing and useful. We change so much and we forget so much, while still remaining the same self, that only they who have put themselves on paper can understand the charm of renewing our acquaintance with our long ago selves. Hence the interest of a dream which carries us back twenty years and puts us in places and among faces when life was fresh, before "the philosophic mind which comes with

age" gave us a new peace of heart by teaching us to hope for little and to be tolerably satisfied with less. Hence, too, the peculiar pleasure of meeting early friends and acquaintances, and having a long talk about old times.

It would not be wise to write a diary for the eyes of others: such a one would hardly be a true reflection of our thoughts; but neither would it be wise to write what we should feel much pain in meeting strange readers. Accidents must be prudently guarded against. A certain caution must be observed. Suppose we are students and want to become thinkers and philosophers, what will a diary profit us? If we are working with the object of communicating in after-years the results of our labours, we could not adopt a better means for acquiring facility of literary expression, than keeping a diary for the special purpose of putting into it an account of our interior progress. Thus is learnt the way of mental growth and moral too. A genuine student must know himself thoroughly. He must constantly try to see what he knows and what he does not know in those things he is engaged about. By the time the true love of knowledge is developed and fixed in him, he has learnt the marvellous weakness of the human mind and he should have ceased to be ashamed of his ignorance. Idlers should be ashamed of their ignorance, students should not. Honest confession of nescience or uncertainty on the part of a student raises him in the estimation of all whose esteem is worth having. A wise interrogation is the best half of science, says Bacon. A simple question declaratory of ignorance is indicative of a clear head, solid progress, and the stuff that philosophers and better than philosophers are made of. Putting what seems the most important or most interesting results of our study in writing brings home to us how little we know, gradually makes us intellectually honest with ourselves, and thereby inclines us to be so with others too. When a man knows a great deal, he can without risk reveal himself. Still, it is not an easy thing to do, no more than other most useful conduct in intellectual training, such as listening instead of thinking what we shall say next, and taking a good answer instead of arguing. The small advantage of a present dubious display, or seeming avoidance of a profitable defeat requires long self-discipline to negative their fascination. As we get the habit of expressing in our own words what we learn and think about the subjects we are particularly interested in, our minds become accustomed to patient acquiescence in their very imperfect but always progressing state; ceasing to be ashamed of ourselves in ourselves, we get over our *mauvaise honte* of

others, and we acquire that intellectual ease which marks the thoroughbred scholar. Intellectual advantages of diary keeping are analogous to moral ones. Describing to ourselves the ups and downs, the phases of despondency and hopefulness of the emotional and voluntary life, provides us with remedies, besides being a great help in acquiring that strength of will which acknowledges no defeat to be final but makes of failures materials for ultimate victory. It is a great possession, skilled knowledge of our

“Misery’s birth, and growth, and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the heart was soothed and how the head,
And all the hourly varied anodynes.”

Let all sincerely wishing to improve themselves keep a diary. Their grateful experience of its benefits will in a short time make it for them a pleasant and instructive companion. They will be amazed to find after no long time how different things are when they happen, from what we afterwards conceive them. How much fuller our lives were than after awhile we are inclined to think. What seems to us dull while we write, gains flavour with time, the simplest remarks upon persons and events become mysteriously interesting, we rise from the perusal of our diary pleased at having written and preserved it and stimulated to keep it with still greater care for the future.

We should record our mistaken notions. We often work for years at grammar, mathematics, philosophy, with a completely wrong idea on very fundamental matters. When the true conception is discovered, trace the genesis of error and how it was escaped from. It will be a remedy for our own and others’ discouragement. Nothing can be more interesting than such a revelation. Did we but know what those who have attained to eminence in virtue have gone through in the way of trial and failure on even small points, we should learn never to be much or long disheartened by our own stumbling struggles and falls. We should learn (as I have seen it expressed somewhere) how to fall forwards, not backwards, how to pick ourselves up ahead of where we fell down, not behind; how to pull ourselves together more braced and compact than before, to renew the fight. We should see and feel that hope and trying again are the secrets of success. It is the same in intellectual development. For intellectual and moral encouragement the perusal of our diary of previous years, put together as suggested, will be found, I repeat, one admirable means.

Understanding of difficulties, lights on what we study are flashed into consciousness without regard to time or place. Faraday used to be seen in the streets of London stopping and drawing out a note book and dotting down his thoughts in it. Experience had taught him that thoughts worth keeping fly away and are lost, if we do not put them into a cage when we catch them. Some men make it a practice to deliberately watch for their flight and alighting. If a man's trade is thinking and thought-catching, why should he not imitate his humble brother bird-catcher? Emerson's writings are largely the fruit of this patient pursuit of ideas. He describes himself as waiting for days sometimes for a thought worth recording. His delightful essays, which give us back so frequently the image of our minds, show how well he worked thus at his trade. Make your diary your cage for thought. It will soon be an aviary well stocked with valuable specimens, whose native wood-notes wild may be with no great difficulty trained utterance of harmony. What shall I write about, is a question we ask ourselves when the craving for intellectual sympathy comes upon us from time to time. Turn over the leaves of your diary and you will find plenty of subjects, plenty of matter, plenty of references. Whether Shakespeare kept a diary or not I do not know, but one of his sonnets, the seventy-seventh, illustrates very happily a great deal of what I have been saying.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste!
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

An admirable inscription for the fly-leaf of our diary.

It often happens when we commence writing, though there is plenty to say, it puzzles us what to take first, "like a man to double business bound, we stand in pause where we shall first begin, and both neglect." Then the thing is thrown up in disgust.

Now in a diary especially there is no need for caring how or where a thing is begun. Write right on. Whatever comes first down with it, as clumsily or as neatly as it comes. Let the pen run on. It is not for others' reading. Unfinished sentences will do if they will not finish themselves. Even when writing an essay, this is a good plan. Thoughts come to the persistent pen that the pausing one will wait for vainly. Matter for printing requires careful recasting and resetting, but plenty of good matter is produced by keeping the pen going. It is a way of supplying to a writer the stimulus of association of ideas which gives a talker his most brilliant opportunities. Things dull and rusty in themselves will often let us into some secret recess in the storehouse of our ideas, and enable us to bring forth valuable articles, otherwise hardly to be got at. It is curious to observe how thoroughly disgusted we are generally when reading over what has been lately written. It seems stiff, affected, trite, unstimulating, unsuggestive. A month after it will seem to have recovered its elasticity and suggestiveness, which of course it never lost. The effort of packing thought into suggestive words seems to deprive the writer for awhile of the power of appreciating the very thing he had imparted. Not the least benefit of a diary is that it produces a taste for writing. This is the natural result of finding out that we have thoughts and words to express them; and that they seem to us instructive and interesting. If we find out that we have interested and helped others by what we may have written, our taste for and pleasure in writing are greatly strengthened, so as to make it very likely that they will, not fitfully but habitually, sooner or later overcome the reluctance and aversion to face the toil of composition which all who have what is worth communicating have to struggle often long against. This delicate pleasure mixed with pain, since it is to be had, like all high intellectual delight, only through effort, is a precious possession, a sad loss, like the love of study hard to get, easy to lose, therefore jealously to be guarded by the wise once it is had.

A literary and philosophically observant diary, regularly and continuously kept, or at any rate one in which the entries are considerable and not far between, is therefore a great treasure excelling, like wisdom and knowledge, in this, that it gives life, increase and preservation of the higher life, to them that possess it.

A FEW REPORTEES.

A COLLECTION of English Epigrams chanced lately to fall into our hands, over which we spent some pleasant half-hours. But there were in the collection a few that, without exactly stirring our bile, pricked a little the vein of sarcasm. Perhaps the result may amuse our readers. The editor of the book is the Rev. John Booth, B.A. Cambridge. He states in his preface that a few epigrams will be found in his pages that have not been hitherto printed; which appears to be a modest way of saying that they are his own contribution to English wit. Mr. Booth remarks that an epigram, however witty, should never be directed "at anything that is stamped with the Divine approval," and that it should never be personal. As, however, his opinions and ours regarding the Divine approval seem to differ, he has admitted to his collection several that we should have excluded; while his canon of personal courtesy does not include popes and cardinals, as will be evident from the following, which, as it bears no name, is probably his own:

On the Papal Aggression.

With Pius, Wiseman tries
To lay us under ban;
O Pius, man unwise!
O impious Wise-man!

The following mild rejoinder immediately occurred to us:

To the Editor.

O Reverend John Booth,
Your piety to soothe
With epigrams like this,
Is certainly a-miss.

Mr. Booth gives the following not very brilliant effort on

Catholic Absolution.

It blew a hard storm and in utmost confusion
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confessed
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship and conclude their devotion
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

Those who do not recognise in the above the exact Catholic doctrine or practice of absolution, will not be able to deny the correctness of the following version of Mr. Booth's theory and practice. We offer it under the title of

Protestant Plenary Indulgence.

Although your wit should highly shine,
 Forbear to mock at things Divine ;
 Yet Plenary Indulgence hope
 For any trash against the Pope.

The next specimen of Protestant amiability is not from the pen of Mr. Booth. It belongs to eighteenth century ferocity. But Mr. Booth has thought it worthy of transmission to the nineteenth.

Our three great enemies, remember,
 The Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender ;
 All wicked, damnable, and evil,
 The Pope, the Pretender, and the Devil.
 I wish them all hung on one rope
 The Devil, the Pretender, and the Pope.

We shall scarcely be accused of malignity if we retort by the following :—

Parson, Protestant, and Bigot,
 Such flaming epigrams you dig out,
 That, Bigot, Protestant, and Parson,
 Your crime is spiritual arson.

Mr. B. gives the following

On Erin.

“Justice for Ireland !” rends the sky,
 Shouted by many a Popish traitor ;
 “Justice for Ireland !” too, we cry,
 “Hang every agitator !”

It was not without some “agitation” that we indited the following

On 'earin' Mr. B.

Now prythee, Mr. Booth,
 Your angry passions smooth ;
 The dog-gerel verse you write
 Can bark but cannot bite.

On Rome.

(MR. BOOTH'S).

Hate and debate Rome through the world hath spread,
Yet *Roma amor* is if backward read.
Then is it strange Rome hate should foster? No,
For out of backward love all hate doth grow.

On Booth.

(OUR OWN).

If the truth's to be got by reversing a word,
Let's see how our Editor's name may be blurred:—
Since a "booth in a fair" is of jesters the home,
It's quite "fair in a Booth" to make faces at Rome.

The pious, orthodox and spiritual clergyman has given the following short essay on fasting and abstinence. His title is:

Religion not in Eating.

Who can believe with common sense
A bacon-slice gives God offence?
Or that a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapt up in Majesty Divine,
Doth He regard on what we dine?

Reply 1.

A "common sense" that sounds so nice,
Came it not straight from Paradise?
It did: 'twas there the first great cheat
Said: "God regards not what you eat."

Reply 2.

By reason similar I prove
It matters not what wives men love,
Their own or yours—for God's too high
Such paltry matters to espy.

Reply 3.

Though there's nought in the stye, nor the sea and the sky
That can win us God's love or His vengeance defy
Yet, if for your meals 'gainst the Church you conspire,
You may go from the "frying-pan" into the fire.

T. E. B.

A WEB OF IRISH BIOGRAPHIES.

IS this present sentence the first that has contained the word *biogram*? Has the present writer the luck of inventing a word which will become current in the English language? Surely *biography* corresponds with *telegraphy*, and *telegram* ought to have for its counterpart *biogram*. Biography is "the writing of lives," and "the life written" is a biogram. Let this word, therefore, be henceforth and forthwith added to the English language.

We propose soon to begin a series of "Nutshell Biograms," condensing into a paragraph the chief facts in the careers of various interesting persons. Naturally these will be for the most part Irish; and it will be well to pay most attention to those who are not found in the storehouse of Irish biography, lately built up with such labour and zeal by Mr. Alfred Webb, in his admirable "Compendium of Irish Biography," published by M. H. Gill and Son. We have derived so much pleasure and profit from our habitual use of this great work that, though we have more than once introduced it to our readers, we will use now the account given of it to English readers by one of our contributors, which, we hope, will determine many of our own readers to obtain possession of this most interesting and most valuable book, one of the very best ever published in Ireland.

For those who feel curiosity or interest regarding Ireland and its people, and who, while regretting ignorance on the subject, complain that the history of the country is unreadable, we would recommend the book before us, as conveying a vast amount of information in a terse and attractive form. In one large volume we find gathered together sketches, long and short, of an extraordinary variety of individuals, all more or less distinguished, who have either been Irish themselves, or through their writings or actions have exercised an influence over the fortunes of the sister island. As we turn over the clear, simple record of soldiers, saints, sculptors, statesmen, poets, painters, actors, patriots, novelists, and even kings and queens, we gather without effort a large amount of knowledge of what has been going on in and about the country during the progress of centuries, and are able to form our own ideas of the character of the persons brought under our notice. The book is written with remarkable fairness, scrupulous care having been taken to avoid anything like colouring of creed or party, and it is evidently the result of long and conscientious labour, as well as patient research. The style is clear and effective, and there is no unnecessary diffuseness, the biographies being more or less extended, in proportion to the importance of their

subject. Following an alphabetical arrangement, the names succeed each other in curious array, and the startling varieties which occur make the volume a pleasant one for the most desultory reader. The saint of old gives place to the brilliant actress of the last century whose erratic career is vividly outlined. Side by side with a stirring and well-condensed sketch of Oliver Cromwell's career in Ireland (drawn from his own letters and the pages of Mr. Froude), we find particulars of the establishment of the linen trade in the north by Louis Crommelin, a Huguenot refugee. Under the letter "S," the striking group of the Sheridans comes before us, the poets Spenser, Sterne, Swift, Steele, Erasmus Smith, Sheil, and others hardly less interesting, including the late Dr. William Stokes. The letter "B" introduces us to many names with associations of the most varied kind. The picturesque and interesting St. Bridget, with her quenchless fire—

"The bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane ;"

the ardent St. Brendan, voyaging in search of the mystical island of Hy Brasail, and Brian Borumha, the king who ruled at Tara, make a cluster of ancient names, which find their place near Barry the painter, Balfe the composer, the Brothers Banim, Edmund Burke, George Anne Bellamy the actress, the Countess of Blessington, and the Beresfords. Under the same letter we have two names which transport us to the banks of the placid river Nore, with the fine old castle of the Ormondes on one side, and on the other the green and shady lawns of Kilkenny School, where Bishop Berkeley passed his boyhood, before his entry into Trinity College. The account of Berkeley is very attractive, and offers a pleasant contrast to the annals of the warlike Butlers. In the record of Theobald Walter, founder of the House of Ormonde, we learn the origin of the family name, being told that "he was in 1177, as a mark of Royal favour, made Chief Butler of Ireland, with a perquisite of two tuns of wine out of every cargo of eighteen tuns or upwards breaking bulk in Ireland."

The descendants of Theobald Walter, though keeping the title of Butler, do not continue to tap the wine, for in 1810 the Government bought back from the family "this right of prisage," as it was called, for the sum of £216,000. Besides his Irish property, this wonderful Butler possessed large estates in Norfolk and Suffolk, and founded abbeys and churches in various parts of Ireland and England. Following his, we have stories of the various earls and dukes, with their wives, who lie in effigy to-day on their black-marble tombs in St. Canice's fine old Cathedral of Kilkenny, which Cromwell turned into a stable for his horses, and which has lately been restored, with a good-taste that is remarkable in those days of pitiable so called restorations. We are told of one who was called the "Noble Earl," another who was the "White Earl," and after them comes the "Black

Earl," who was in such high favour with Queen Elizabeth that she called him her "black husband," thereby bringing down upon him the wrath of Leicester, whose ears he on one occasion boxed, "and was therefore sent to the Tower."

The sketch of the "great Duke" who warred with the Irish, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey, presents a stirring page of the history of his time; so also does that of the "Red Earl," and his wife, the great Countess of Ormonde, who was one of the most beautiful and remarkable women of her age and country, and who, even at the present day, is remembered with such awe and fear among the poor, that mothers will say to their children, "Be quiet, or Margaret will get you!" This powerful pair, whose well-preserved effigies in black marble adorn the handsomest tomb in St. Canice's, brought workmen from Flanders, and enriched Kilkenny Castle with tapestry, diapers, Turkey carpets, and cushions." Taking them all in all, these Butlers are a striking race; and we are told by O'Callaghan, historian of the Irish Brigades in France, that General Lafayette said (during the war for the independence of the United States of America) that when he wanted anything particularly well done, he always got a Butler to do it.

Annals of other remarkable families are dealt with by Mr. Webb in the same spirited manner. Pages from the lives of the Dillons, O'Neills, McDonnells, M'Carthy's, Fitzgeralds, are full of the romance of history. The Dillons, who were for the most part soldiers, distinguished themselves again and again in the service of France, and one of their race was that Lord Roscommon of whom Johnson writes that he is the only correct writer of verse before Addison, and whom Pope describes as the only moral writer of the reign of King Charles II. For the last forty years the name has been not unmarked in Irish politics.

This book is brightened by many sketches of lively ladies, for Mr. Webb has given a fair share of his attention to the women who have in any way left a mark upon the annals of their country. From Queen Meave and the Fair Geraldine, and the beautiful Miss Ambrose, who was pronounced by Lord Chesterfield "the most dangerous Papist in Ireland," we pass on to Peg Woffington, Lady Beecher, Julia Kavanagh, the authoress of the *Children of the Abbey*, &c. Of the vivid glimpses of varied lives given us among the many authors, actors, painters, sculptors, poets, and statesmen who have been born, or who have dwelt in Ireland. we have hardly room to speak; but the volume is alike solid and entertaining, equally desirable whether read with a view to acquiring information, or taken up to wile away an idle hour.

WINGED WORDS.

WE are such deplorably sensitive creatures after all, so easily cheered or distressed by the mere fact of the sun shining or not. Life seems easy one day because the sky is blue, and difficult the next because it is grey; and yet the grey day may bring us better things than the blue one, and the gift will be the more precious from being the less anticipated.—*E. D. Gerrard.*

The Irish cause, which is a subject for a sneer to the political "philistines," has always had for me an irresistible fascination. The Irish Celt—whom English caricaturists usually picture either as a gorilla or a baboon—has noble qualities. He loves the scenes where he was born, and the roof which sheltered him from birth. He is a dutiful son, a faithful husband, and a kind father. If his dwellings are unclean, his affections are pure. He is patient in suffering, and unwavering in trust, when trust is given. Like Ixion at his wheel, he eternally traces the same circle of woes. He tills a few sad acres for bare life, wears a few poor rags for bare warmth, and he softens the hard leaven of his lot with the dews of a simple faith in heaven. The chivalry, the romance, the tenderness, and faithfulness of his nature has often captivated his conquerors, and turned the descendants of English planters into the foremost of Irish patriots; and it has made one member, at least, of the British Parliament as faithful a friend of their cause as ever the green flag fluttered over—*Joseph Cowen, M.P.*

People who are not willing to suffer for what they pray for, do not know how to pray.—*Wafted Seeds.*

Some men can do without the praise of others because their own is so unfailling. Vanity is the most comfortable of vices.—*Frederick Faber.*

One does not readily pity those who pity themselves.—*Attie O'Brien.*

Those who are impatiently trying to shift their cross, instead of lessening its weight, only wound their shoulders.—*The same.*

Regard no vice as so small that thou mayest brook it, no virtue so small that thou mayest overlook it.—*Oriental.*

Both liberty and property are precarious, unless the possessors have sense and spirit enough to defend them.—*Junius.*

Have a purpose in life; and, having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.—*Carlyle.*

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing.—*Franklin.*

Sufferings are needed to turn men into saints, but the perfection of a few would perhaps be dearly purchased at the expense of the sins

of many. Hence Providence has so fashioned the human kind, that pain and shame may abound without sin. It is therefore a comfortable thought that the world has no lack of well-meaning persons, who, without offending God, do the work of cutting and stinging with a native adroitness which malice itself might envy.—*Rev. William Hughes, S.J.*

The man who does not unceasingly pray to see the face of his God, desires not to see Him; and he who desires not to see Him, loves Him not; and he who loves him not, no longer lives, but is dead.—*Cardinal Bellarmine.*

More failures are brought about by a want of faith and patience than by anything else.—*Anon.*

Adam's children must work; Eve's children must suffer.—*Abbot Nilus.*

The uselessness of almost every branch of knowledge may be easily proved to the complete satisfaction of those who do not happen to possess it.—*John Stuart Mill.*

Man is a being placed between two moments of time, one of which no longer is, and the other is not yet: [*Le moment où je parle est déjà loin de moi.*]—*Louis Veuillot.*

It is not only by doing the right thing, but by doing the right thing in the right way and at the right time, that we achieve the great triumphs of life. [*Ce n'est pas assez de faire le bien; il faut le bien faire.*]—*Anon.*

Augustus wondered at Alexander's dread lest he should have no more worlds to conquer—as if it were not as hard a matter to keep as to conquer. In the spiritual warfare, to carry our advantage further and further is the only way to secure our conquests, to hold our own.—*Anon.*

Some people have a habit of forgetting to think of the possible wants and comforts of others, but easily forgive themselves for what they euphemistically call "absence of mind." They save themselves a good deal of trouble and expense by that convenient furlough.—*Shirley Brooks.*

We must sow many seeds to procure a few flowers.—*Anon.*

Work is the substratum of our daily blessings. Without it there may be brief spasms and convulsions of excitement, which we may call pleasure, but no continuous happiness or content. Wherefore, thank God, praise God, O my friends!—ye who are born to work, and have work to do.—*Anon.*

A Christian whose heart is pure, is upon earth like a bird which is held by a thread. Poor little bird! He waits but the moment when the thread shall be cut to fly away.—*Ven. J. B. Vianney.*

The good God makes greater speed to pardon a penitent sinner than a mother to snatch her child out of the fire.—*The same.*

NEW BOOKS.

LORD O'HAGAN, towards the close of his life, published a volume of his "Occasional Papers and Addresses;" and he left, in a forward state of preparation, a collection of his speeches. These have now been published by Messrs. Longmans and Company, of London, under the editorship of Mr. George Teeling. The volume consists of the following divisions—Speeches on various occasions, speeches and arguments at the bar, and Parliamentary speeches. Only special classes of readers will be able to take an interest in many of these discourses, admirably effective though they were on the occasions which drew them forth. Many of them may be studied for the light they throw on the recent history of our country. Thomas O'Hagan, when a mere boy in his native Belfast, attracted attention by his faculty of graceful speaking; and this power, together with the fascination of his personal character and demeanour, had no small influence in making his career so brilliant a success. It is well that this memorial exists of the eloquence of the first Catholic Chancellor of Ireland. This splendid volume has for its frontispiece a very perfect portrait of Lord O'Hagan.

Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have brought out in a large and very handsome quarto, "Waifs of a Christmas Morning, and other Tales," by Miss Josephine Hannan, illustrated by Miss Isabel Whitgreave. It is difficult to fix on a standard by which to judge books intended chiefly for the young. Miss Hannan's tales are sure to be innocent and edifying, and the present volume is besides pretty enough externally to lie on a drawingroom table. The illustrations do not seem to throw much light on the subject; but young people like pictures.

Raoul de Navery is a French writer, who has considerable reputation as the author of sundry harmless romances. Miss Alice Wilmot Chetwode has translated, and Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have published one of these, "The Treasure of the Abbey," a long tale of more than three hundred pages. There is plenty of the romantic element in it, and food must be served up with such condiments as will please various palates. M. Raoul de Navery's cookery pleases many French palates, and he has no reason to complain of his English translator. But there are epochs of history which need the light that clever fiction can throw on them far more than the overwritten period of the French Revolution.

Mr. Washbourne of London has published, with his usual elegance, a third series of Lady Herbert's "True Wayside Tales." They are seventeen in number, and the scenes are laid in various countries.

Many of them are mere anecdotes, without any attempt at a plot; and so much the better. A prayer of St. Bernard to the Blessed Virgin comes in oddly enough among the stories. It is given in English and Latin, not as accurately translated as it might have been, and with two glaring misprints in the Latin title. Many readers will find more to interest them in the matter-of-fact account of Lady Herbert's Two Months in the West Indies, than in the made-up stories that fill the rest of this pleasant little book.

With its usual punctuality and its usual fulness and accuracy, the "English Catholic Directory" comes to us from Messrs. Burns and Oates, in its forty-ninth year of publication. It is admirably compiled and printed. The same praise must be bestowed on "The Scholastic Annual," which Professor Lyons has sent to us all the way from Notre Dame University, Indiana.

Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co. of Dublin have published *Te Deum Laudamus* and *Jubilate Deo*, composed by James C. Culwick. Mr. Culwick is already favourably known as the composer of a clever organ Sonata (Novello, Ewer & Co., London,) and of a Quartet, for Pianoforte 2 Violins and Violincello (an original, spirited, and interesting work) inscribed to the Dublin Instrumental Club. It is to be regretted that a more numerous and appreciative audience for such a high and thoughtful class of music as the Instrumental Quartet, is not to be found in our city, and that such works are not more frequently heard in it, either privately or publicly. The above compositions contain much good music. They also evince such heartiness and lofty aspiration as would entitle their author to consideration were their intrinsic merits much less. Though rather limited, we like best the *Jubilate*, its construction being clear and original and thoroughly vocal. A few misprints in the *Te Deum*, easily noticed, will doubtless be corrected by the author in next edition. The work is with permission dedicated to his H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

We earnestly recommend to priests, especially to young priests, a book on "The Divine Office considered from a Devotional Point of View," by M. Bacquez, Director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris. The English translation is edited by Father Ethelred Taunton, Oblate of St. Charles, and published by Burns and Oates. It forms a fine volume of six hundred pages, and very properly it appears in what the *Saturday Review* lately denounced as "the Philistine hideousness of out edges." The price is marked at six shillings. Cardinal Manning begins his brief preface by quoting St. Leonard of Port Maurice, who, when asked by a priest to give him a rule of life, said: "Say your Mass and your Office well." St. Joseph of Cupertino said almost the same thing. This excellent book in its English dress will help many to say the office well. We hope that a second edition may soon be required, for this reason and for another not quite so complimentary—namely, that an

opportunity may be afforded for the correction of the enormous number of misprints that disfigure the Latin quotations. It is very strange that in such a book, so admirably produced, the proof-reading has been neglected in this respect. We suspect that a dozen closely printed pages might be filled by a conscientious table of errata. This little peculiarity caught our attention first at page 568 where we have in a single sentence *primis qui for primisquis, primævum for primævam, and sumpserent for sumpserunt*. Turning over the leaves, we have *mulotetur for mulotetur, cancellos for cancellos*, and sundry like variations. We thought at first we had been unlucky and had alighted on a passage towards the end where vigilance had fallen asleep; but further examination showed that these blunders, so irritating and distracting to any reader with a proof-reading eye, are sprinkled impartially over all the book. The printer evidently confounded very often *e* with an accent and *i* with a dot; and, thus we get *pleni* for *plend*, *feri* for *fers*, *dis fídiles* for *des fídèles*, and so on *passim*; and even without the excuse of an accent *didici* appears as *dedici*, and *Nicole* as *Nicoli*. Can the poet Sartelon, quoted at page 51, be Santolius? The note at page 99 has *psalmo jeus operi tribunt* for *psalmos ejus operi tribuunt*. We cannot even conjecture the proper emendation of these words which form a complete sentence at page 85. "Prosunt haec vel non sufficient;" or at page 234, "sicut apes sedul mel de floribus," where, on the opposite page, *majestatis* is disguised as *magistatis*. A little earlier, at page 211, *enarras* is harder to recognise under the form of *enduras*. This curious reading occurs in quoting the seventeenth verse of Psalm 49, *quare tu enarras justitias meas*, and when it is quoted a second time at page 217, the verb is all right, but the noun is all wrong; *quare tu enarras justitiam tuam*? On the opposite page it is stated that Blessed Peter of Luxemburg died a Cardinal Bishop at the age of eighteen. Did he? Some words are stretched out like *pessumsumdant*, and others are shortened, as *responsia* and *in reprehendo*. There would be no difficulty in pointing out many such unusual forms of Latin words as *crediderent*, *sequenter*, *carmensa*, *profitibatur*, *psaltere*, *por*, *majoro*, *nevim*, etc., etc. The well-known words of St. Augustine receive some improvement here at page 209, "Si orat psalmus orate; et si gemit gemitu, et si gratuletur gaudite; et si sperat sperati; et si timet timeti." The editor very properly has not thought it necessary to give always a literal version of the French author: why does he follow him in quoting the "Château de l'Ame" of St. Thérèse, and mentioning Father Dalgairns' Life of St. Stephen Harding, as published at Lyons? Very much more care ought to have been taken in seeing through the press so fine an edition of so excellent and edifying a work, which we earnestly recommend to all whose "divine duty" it is to recite every day the *Divinum Officium*.

An Irish American Sister of Mercy has translated "The Principles

of Government of St. Ignatius" New (York: Catholic Publication Society). The excellence of the work is guaranteed by the fact that it was compiled by Father Peter Ribadeneira, the favourite disciple of the founder of the Society of Jesus; and the excellence of the translation is guaranteed by the fact that it is from the pen of the author of the best "Life of Mother M'Auley," of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," and of so many other good books, that an enumeration of a dozen of them on the title-page is followed by a double *et cetera*. The present little book contains no developments or disquisitions, but only principles, maxims, and examples. It will be found, we think, extremely interesting and useful.

Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have brought out, in large, readable type, with a few illustrations, "The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe, edited by Rosa Mulholland. Miss Mulholland in her short preface explains why this edition of the famous old book has been specially prepared for the use of Catholic schools and the pleasure of Catholic firesides. Sundry passages in the original are "not quite desirable reading for little ones of the faith to which Daniel Defoe did not belong, though he shows us Crusoe struck with wonder at the devotion and heroism of a Catholic priest." All such passages have been left out, "so that neither teachers nor parents need hesitate to put the present volume into the hands of boy or girl under their control." Miss Mulholland might have added that the Second Part, which alone is suppressed, was only an afterthought, that such continuations are invariably failures, and that Mr. Minto and all modern critics agree that the dramatic symmetry of the work is complete at the point where this edition ends. Three hundred and fourteen pages are enough to tell to young readers the "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

"The Christian Priesthood" (Burns and Oates) is a sermon preached by Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, at the consecration of the Right Rev. George Vincent King, O.P.

"Popular Objections to Catholic Faith and Practice Considered," by William Dodsworth, M.A. (Burns and Oates), is an excellent summary of the chief controversies with English Protestants.

"The City of Refuge, or Mary Help of Christians" (Burns and Oates), is a little collection of favours received from the Blessed Virgin invoked by that title. Richardson and Son have published a little book of "Catholic Religious Instruction," suitable to Standard III. And, finally, "Merry and Wise" is No. I. of a Magazine for Children, which begins with a picture of the Pope, and a few kind words from Cardinal Manning.

Though we have written "*finally*," we must not omit to recommend the volume of *The League of the Cross Magazine* for 1885 as very interesting, very useful, and very cheap.

THE FIVE COBBLERS OF BRESCIA.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "VAGRANT VERSES," "KILKEVY," "MARCELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

RADIANT summer was reigning over the rugged and picturesque old city of Brescia l'Armata. Italian sunshine wrought its magic on everything. A blue elysian haze encircled the town, with gold-green acacias peering sleepily through it, olive-hued poplars piercing it, and the fairy-like towers of rock-borne fortresses shining rosily across it out of the sky. Red roofs and chimneys burned; tall, dingy houses lifted their painted brows out of black depths of shadow and grew brilliant with gazing at the sun. Narrowest vicoletti breaking the blocks of the dwellings looked like dark fissures in a mountain; fresco pictures on the fronts of the houses in the open streets blazed with—almost—their original colour, and oleanders in the rusty balconies flashed out pink, and scarlet, and crimson, making garlands of fire all down the time-darkened walls.

A young girl was entering the town by a hilly road on the outskirts, a solitary figure, threading the tall poplars, and surrounded by a background of scenery, like that of one of Titian's pictures. A blending of the gay, the fantastic, and the sombre were noticeable in the face and apparel of this maiden, making her peculiarly picturesque, as she advanced out of the ethereal blues and greens of the distance and took her way through the deep-coloured streets of the town.

It was evidently all new to her, for she gazed at everything as a foreigner gazes. In the market-place she peeped curiously under the great white umbrellas of the fruit women, and spoke in broken Italian when she purchased a piece of ripe melon, to quench her thirst of travel. The two strange men of metal who hammer out the hour on the face of the great clock made her start as they stepped forward to their work, and the paintings on the fronts of the houses, with their curious stories told in half-brilliant, half-blotted colours, had a fascination for her as she leaned against a wall and enjoyed her refreshment. The market was going on at the time. Carts rolled about, voices sang and shouted, the yellow curtains fluttered out from the black shadows of the

little shops at the side of the street, figures of young girls, of mothers with children, appeared among the fire-flowers in the balconies and nodded down to other people who were gazing up from below. A stone pierced the girl's shoe, which was worn with walking; and she sat down on the steps of a church and examined it ruefully. There was an ugly hole: the owner made a little wry face as she looked at it, then laughed, and put it on again. "I shall earn a pair of strong ones before long," she said to herself, though not in Italian. "I must pick my steps until then." The shoe was certainly not a peasant's shoe, yet the girl was dressed like a peasant. Her brown skirt, black bodice, and white chemisette were of the coarsest materials. Bare and sunburned were her pretty round arms and delicate hands; a scarlet sash hung round her waist, and scarlet ribbons tied up her hair—silky dark hair, a little bronzed at the edges. Her face was plump, dimpled, and exquisitely moulded; her eyes were dark, luminous, and full of humour. A white coif sheltered the eyes at present, and threw a transparent, flickering shadow all round the face. After the accident to her shoe the young stranger walked cautiously and with a little limp through the streets of Brescia, and the people looked after her as she went.

In a street which descends a hill five cobblers were sitting in the open air, busily engaged with their work. They sat on five wooden stools, which were close together in a line, and each man supported his feet on the rail of the seat of his neighbour. It almost seemed as if they all rode a single wooden horse down the brow of the hill, in so close and straight a file had they ranged themselves. First in the row was a very old man, with white hair and a placid countenance, who waxed his thread often, and was slow at his work; next, his sons, two elderly men, singularly like each other, except that the expression of the one was morose and abstracted, while that of the other was nervous and fierce; fourthly, a good-looking young man, with lively eyes and a confident air, who gazed about the street between every two of his stitches; and, last of all, a second young man, with an earnest, intelligent face, who seemed to give all his attention to his work. As our limping maiden came down the street she caught sight of this group, and, hastening up to them, pointed to her broken shoe.

"Ciabattini?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, they were cobblers," answered the men, raising their five heads, and gazing in surprise at the liveliness and beauty of her face. Ubaldo, the old man, looked at her kindly; Trifonio,

the morose, and Grifone, the fiery, regarded her with grudging admiration; while the two young men, Prisco, the son of Trifonio, and Silvio, the apprentice, gazed round at her over their shoulders with the liveliest interest and delight. As they all stared, with their thread suspended, the young stranger suddenly broke into a peal of the most deliciously mirthful laughter, which shook in the air like the song of a lark, and made the five cobblers also laugh, though they did not know what they were laughing at.

"You all look so funny!" cried the girl, drawing forth a fine white handkerchief and wiping the tears of merriment from her eyes.

"This is not business!" growled Trifonius. "Can you pay?"

"We do not work for nothing," said Grifone.

"I have no money at present," said the girl; "but I mean to pay you afterwards."

"It will not do," said Trifonio.

"You can go elsewhere," said Grifone.

"Trust her, my sons!" said Ubaldo. "She is a stranger."

The girl looked up and down the street, bending the broken shoe back and forwards in her hands, and then she glanced wistfully at the row of men who refused to help her—

"If I had a needle and thread I could do it myself," she said.

"That you could not!" cried the old man. "Give it to me!"

And he turned it over and over on his knees. It was a dainty little thing, made of finest leather, embroidered in coloured silks. "Pretty, very pretty!" said Ubaldo; "but not like what a peasant maiden wears. The work is too fine for my trembling fingers."

And he handed it on to Trifonius, who surveyed it suspiciously.

"Stolen!" he said, and flung it to Grifone, who tossed it to Prisco.

"Gentlemen," cried the girl, "if you will not help me, do not hurt me. I will go further and find kinder fellow-creatures."

"Not so fast, little one!" said Prisco. "It is a pretty shoe, and deserves to be mended."

And he fell to work upon it clumsily. He was not at all skilful, and tore the delicate leather with his handling.

"A curse on it!" he cried. "It is too nice for me!"

"Give it to Il Garzone!" said Ubaldo.

And Silvio, the other young man, took the vexatious shoe in his hands, smiled at its neatness, chose a fine bit of leather, and put a delicate little patch upon the rent. Then he presented it

with a look of simple goodwill to the stranger maiden, who drew it on her foot and clapped her hands with delight to see how strongly it was mended.

"I will repay—I will repay! Will you trust me?" she cried, fixing her eyes upon Silvio.

"That I will," he said, earnestly.

"It is nothing to him," said Prisco, quickly. "He is only our apprentice. Without our permission he could not have put a stitch in it."

"I thank every one," said the girl; "but him the most. Ah! now I can walk further and look for work."

"Are you looking for work?" cried Prisco. "What can you do? Can you mend my boots?"

"No; but I can scrub a floor, cook a dinner, dance, sing, and tell the truth."

"She is a lively creature," whispered Prisco to his uncle Grifone. "Why not hire her at once to supply our need?"

"Well thought on!" said Grifone. "So friendless and poor, she would work for next to nothing."

"And we can send her away without notice if she offends," growled Trifonio.

"It were a charitable act," said Ubaldo; "but here comes La Mugnaia, returning from her search."

A tall, meagre-looking woman came up the street and joined the group. La Mugnaia was gaunt and sallow, with a square, wrinkled face, white teeth, and large brown eyes, her head completely bound up in a yellow handkerchief. She looked stern and wary, like an old soldier; but when she smiled, her fine brown eyes softened, and a surprising sunshine warmed up the weather-beaten countenance.

"Well, Orsola!" said Trifonio, "have you succeeded in finding us a maid to take care of our house?"

"No, indeed," said Orsola.

"There is a young girl here who is seeking for work," said Ubaldo. "Question her."

"What can you do?" asked the woman of the girl.

"Put me in a house and try me."

"What payment do you expect?"

"Food and shelter, and anything you like. I have to work up the price of mending my shoe."

"I will take her with me to Verona," said La Mugnaia, "and

there I will prove her. If you see her coming back you may hire her."

"It is a great deal of trouble for nothing," grumbled Prisco.

"La Mugnaia is a sensible woman," said Ubaldo. "Let her manage our affairs."

"If the signora will allow me to add some strong sandals to her shoes," said Silvio, "she will be better able for the journey."

The two women departed for Verona, and the cobblers went on with their work. During the week that followed many a glance was cast up the street by which the stranger maiden was expected to return, till, at last, one day, Silvio startled the rest by crying out:

"Here is La Scarpetta coming over the hill!"

"Bravo!" said Ubaldo. "It is a good name—the 'Little Shoe.'"

"I foresee she will torment us," said Grifone.

"Rob us, perhaps," said Trifonio.

"Or make us very happy," said Silvio, whose gaze was fastened gladly on the merry eyes and twinkling feet of the girl who was tripping down the hill.

"You are a pair of old grumblers," said Prisco to his father and uncle. "As for you," turning to Silvio, "remember, you are only the apprentice."

"Nay, Prisco; you surely do not want to fight again," said Silvio, good-humouredly. And Prisco frowned, but pretended not to hear.

Now, tell us where you have been since," said Trifonio, "that we may know if you have been really with Orsola."

"I have been living in her little mill out in the Adige," said the girl. "The water rushed under our feet and all round us. The streets were above us, and people gazed down at us from dark arches over the water. We reached our mill by a plank, swinging on ropes, across the river. At night we carried a lantern, that we might not walk into the flood. La Mugnaia was hard as flint on the first few days, and sweet as honey at the last. She sent you a cake I have baked, a shirt I have washed, and a stocking I have mended."

The cake was tasted and eaten to the crumbs, the shirt was white as snow, the stocking was sound and no lumps on the sole.

"Go into the house," said Ubaldo; and La Scarpetta became housekeeper to the cobblers. The next evening Prisco and Silvio each presented her with a pair of sturdy shoes of his own making.

Prisco's were large and clumsy, and fell off her feet; but Silvio's fitted her to a nicety. Strongly and safely shod, she danced about the floor in delight while Silvio whistled a tune for her, and Prisco gnawed his lips in the corner.

"I am deeply in debt," said the little dancer, looking at her shoes, and then at the Garzone.

"Give me the old ones, and I am paid," said Silvio.

"I also have a right to them," said Prisco; "for my shoes would fit if she would only go soberly."

"You shall each have one," said the maiden.

"I will have both," said Prisco.

"She shall do as she pleases," said Silvio.

"Shall I?" cried Prisco, insolently. "You who came to us a pauper—you think to give law in the house!"

"Give up the shoes," said Silvio, determinedly.

"Come, come!" cried Ubaldo. "They belong to the house, and we will use them as a sign of our trade."

And the little shoes were hung up in the window, with their broken soles hid from view, and their embroidered toes turned out to the light.

After this the house of the Five Cobblers proved to be the merriest house in Brescia, La Scarpetta was found quick, active, and with a genius for making people comfortable. She was more child than woman in her frolicsome ways; yet had wit and shrewdness enough to carry on her business, and give point and liveliness to her speech. She had, also, a certain dignity and independence of manner which won her the respect of her many masters. She made her markets before they were up in the morning, served their food delicately, kept the place garnished with flowers, and often sat at the door, in the cool of the evening, chatting to them while she mended the household linen, or helped with the finer parts of the cobbling.

"Our sister-in-law has suited us well," said Ubaldo. "This woman was really born for the comfort of man."

"Most of them being torments," said Trifonio.

"She will torment us yet!" growled Grifone.

The ancient Ubaldo was held in much esteem among his friends in Brescia; also his sons Trifonio and Grifone. They had all followed the cobbling profession from their youth, had laid up some money, and walked in honest ways. Prisco, who was their pride, was to be endowed with their savings, being already crowned with the halo of their good name. The future welfare of

Prisco was the constant theme of their thoughts. Anything was good or bad, according as it affected the glory of Prisco.

"This servant-maid has bewitched our son," whispered Grifone into the ear of Trifonio, one holiday, as they set off for a walk round the town. Prisco was always known as "our son" among the elders.

"Nonsense!" cried Trifonio. "It is Silvio who is in love with her."

"You take this too easily," said Grifone. "Prisco, I tell you, is also infatuated. And do you think she will prefer Silvio, the penniless, to our son, who will inherit our property and fine position in the town?"

"This is too absurd," said Trifonio. "A foreigner, who dropped from nowhere upon us; a beggar, who cannot even tell who were her parents. What do you propose to do?"

"Send her away, of course."

"Ah," said Trifonio, "she has made us so very comfortable. Let us first reason with the young people."

"You are a fool; but here is Prisco."

"Prisco," said Trifonio, "I am anxious to tell you that you must not think of marrying La Scarpetta."

"I do not think of it," said Prisco, moodily, "though I cannot deny it would make me happy. If she were the daughter of a rich tradesman now——! There must be some little honour and show about my wedding."

"Our son! our true son!" cried both the fathers.

"You will give her to the Garzone," said Grifone, joyfully.

"Are you mad?" cried Prisco. "He has not a friend in the world, and has not even learned his trade yet. Besides, she keeps us both at an equal distance."

"Good girl!" said Trifonio. "It is better thus, as she makes us so very comfortable."

La Scarpetta was standing at the fountain in the market-place, with her empty pitcher poised on the brim, looking down into the quivering, golden water. The diamond ripples broke over the piquant face, the warm neck and arms, and the colours of her dress; then melted away and allowed her eyes to meet their own gaze in the tranquil depths of the basin.

"And this is I!" said the servant-maid, looking at herself. "Ah, they will never find me out. How sweet it is to taste liberty and to be loved!"

Voices caught her ears, speaking close beside her, distinct from

the noise of the street. Some men stopped to read a large-lettered bill, which was posted on the wall of the fountain.

"Who can this be?" said one. "Is she some thief, whom they want to catch, or is it a wilful lady who has run away from her friends?"

"I cannot guess," said another. "They have worded it so very carefully."

La Scarpetta turned round, and eyed the men with a frightened stare, hurriedly filled her pitcher, and then, suddenly, all the strength went out of her arms. As the men passed on she was left standing quite alone, motionless—gazing at the bill on the wall. Silvio found her thus as he passed by the fountain, coming home from his holiday walk. The anguish of distress in her face filled him with amazement. Never had he seen the saucy, mirth-provoking maiden look like this before.

"Scarpetta! Carina! Fellow-servant!" he exclaimed, in wonder. "Is she suddenly changed to stone, that she does not even hear when one speaks to her?"

"Oh, Silvio, is it you? Lift the pitcher to my mouth, will you? I am so thirsty. That will do. And have you, also, been keeping holiday all alone?"

"Yes; and do let me say it once: I have been longing to have you with me. I have been out in the vineyards, where they are gathering the grapes. I have been haunted by a picture of La Scarpetta with a basket of grapes on her head. That is how you ought to live, playing about in the beautiful open country, instead of being shut up in this vulgar town."

"How odd you are, Silvio! Imagine any of my other masters taking the fancy to put a basket of grapes on my head! Where do you get these pictures, I wonder, being but a cobbler? I see them shining behind your eyes, sometimes, when you do not give them forth."

"Being but the apprentice of a cobbler, and not even one of your masters, you might say. Well, I would rather be your fellow-servant than the finest master-cobbler in Brescia. As for the pictures, I suppose they come from my father, who was a famous artist, and through whose fault I am now where I stand. I am too proud to speak of this to the vulgar; but I feel no pride towards my little fellow-servant. I was brought up by relations in bitter dependence, and I left them to learn a trade. With the help of that lowly trade I shall place myself where I like."

"And you have learned it well; for I notice that they give

you all the delicate work. But, Silvio, will you read for me what is printed on this bill upon the wall?"

"It is an advertisement for the capture of a young girl who has hidden herself—either from justice, her friends, or her enemies. A reward is offered for her discovery. She has a beautiful face, and is supposed to have crossed the Alps all alone—Scarpetta!"

The girl had turned white as death, and caught at his arm to keep herself from falling.

"Silvio, Silvio! where shall I hide myself?"

Silvio supported her to the fountain and dipped her little ice-cold hands in the water.

"Poor child, poor child!" he said, in amazement. "And this is your story?"

"Hide me, my friend!"

"That would be madness, poverina!" said Silvio. "You are safer at your work as the cobblers' servant, than you would be in the cunningest hiding-place. You must stay indoors as much as possible for awhile, and I will watch for you all I can."

"You do not ask me why I am so terrified, and what I have done."

"You shall tell me what you please, and when you please. I cannot love you more than I do, and I will not love you less. You have forbidden me to speak to you like this —"

"Ah, it was so good to be at peace."

"I will not spoil your peace. Let me be your friend in this difficulty."

"Heaven bless you, my friend. Now, Silvio, go, and let me get home in my own fashion."

Left alone once more, the young girl lifted her pitcher and took her way bravely, though with pale cheeks, through the streets, which, late a refuge, had now grown a terror to her. She shrank a little at sight of every bill posted on a wall, and fancied that the people gazed strangely at her as she passed along the path. When she returned to the cobblers' dwelling she found Prisco alone in the house, leaning dejectedly against the doorway, and reflecting how hard it was that his position in the world would not allow him to bestow his hand on La Scarpetta.

"Here she comes, looking as pale as a ghost. Never was a girl so changed. I can no longer have any doubt that she frets at my coldness; yet I dare not tell my elders that she is in love with me. Ah! why am I so delighted? I would not have her sent out on the world because of the warmth of her heart!"

Prisco sighed as the young girl set down her pitcher and silently began her accustomed occupations. It had been too painful to this self-loving youth to believe that La Scarpetta preferred Silvio, and he had gradually endowed her with an imaginary devotion to himself. He found it pleasant to dwell on the fancy that he had tenderly rejected her. This idea, at first a plain fallacy, had imperceptibly become a delusion of his mind; for, when we will what to believe, we can believe what we will. The appeal of his uncle and father, their earnest request that he would not marry La Scarpetta, had given a reality, as of proof, to his faith. As he watched the young girl, who had forgotten his presence, she sighed bitterly; and he sprang to her side.

"Have courage, ma bella!" he said. "It is, indeed, a hard fate; but time will cure this wound."

"What do you mean?" asked Scarpetta, turning whiter than before, and thinking that the secret of her identity was discovered.

"I am grieved that I cannot offer you my hand. It is not for want of affection—that I swear to you; but the world requires some sacrifice of our feelings."

The girl stared at him—at the self-complacent, sentimental look on his face—and catching the full absurdity of his meaning, broke into a fit of such merry laughter as brought the colour to her cheeks again, and transformed her for a moment into the old Scarpetta once more. It was delightful to her to hear the sound of her own laughter again; and she laughed and laughed to the echo, with the most exquisite sense of fun and enjoyment of Prisco's discomfiture, who blushed and frowned, and at last stamped with his feet, and walked away to the door. He saw through the fury of his confusion a horseman riding up to the door, while Scarpetta's irritating laughter was dying away in gasps of ecstasy over his shoulder; and then there came suddenly a quick sharp cry of anguish from within, snapping the music of those mirthful sighs, followed by a crash of something breaking. Prisco turned his head in astonishment. The dish that Scarpetta had been holding was smashed upon the floor, and she had vanished.

"Diavolo!" cried Prisco, "the girl is a witch!" and then he saw the strange horseman beckoning, and went out to the street to speak to him.

La Scarpetta was on her knees in an upper chamber, peeping with one eye from behind the window-curtain. The strange horseman was richly dressed and of haughty bearing, with a dark harsh countenance and a sottish complexion.

"It is he! it is he!" wailed the girl, quailing as his eye roved over the house; and she retreated, wringing her hands, into the darkest corner of the room.

"Ah!" she moaned, "what folly, what ill-luck is mine! Were I Silvio's wife, I need not suffer this anguish of fear. Oh, now indeed I know that I love him since this agony is upon me; but I have made him afraid of me, and I am given up to my fate?"

At the same moment the evil-looking horseman was pointing with his finger to the pretty little embroidered shoes, which had been taken from La Scarpetta, and hung up as a sign of their trade in the window of the cobblers.

"These shoes are stolen goods," he was saying. "I command you to give them up to me, and to tell me how you came by them."

"You are under a mistake, Signor," said Ubaldo, who had come up, and was holding the stranger's horse by the head, merely as a mark of attention, for the poor animal looked too tired to have any wish to run away. "We came by the shoes honestly; but if the Signor cares to buy them —"

"You bought them, perhaps, from a young woman who came travelling through the town. You have seen the walls placarded with inquiries regarding her. Tell me where to find her, and you shall be handsomely rewarded."

"It is many weeks since she called on us here, and got a strong pair of shoes in exchange for these," said Ubaldo. "She was in a hurry to be off, and inquired about the road to Milan."

It is dreadful to think of an old man telling falsehoods like this. Let us pray that Heaven forgave him. Prisco, with Scarpetta's irritating laughter still ringing in his ears, had a sterner regard for the truth, and called the stranger as he rode away—

"I advise you do not leave the town without searching it well." He was not wicked enough to give her up on the spot to her foe, but he was pleased to avenge himself by prolonging for her the torment of whatever danger beset her. As the stranger nodded back at him meaningly and rode away, a faint peal of thunder disturbed the serene evening air, as if those rosy fortresses that looked so ethereal in the distance were opening a fairy cannonade upon the town.

"Who was your noble visitor?" asked Trifonio and Grifone, breathlessly, hurrying up to the door as Ubaldo and Prisco stood looking at one another in amazement.

"It is of our poor Scarpetta that these bills are posted over the town," cried Ubaldo. "Can it all be for the stealing of a pair of shoes?"

"Poor, indeed!" cried Trifonio. "How pitiful you are, my father! A thief harboured in our house! And here is Prisco, who might have married her if he had not been a miracle of wisdom."

"We must get her out of this," said Grifone. "How nicely we may be shamed before the town."

"Harbour her a little while, my sons," said Ubaldo. "She is such a young creature, and you do not even know what her fault is."

"It is plain that she is escaping from justice. Not another hour shall she stay in our house."

Scarpetta did not ask what charge was against her, but took up her small wages and went into the street. Ubaldo dropped tears in the corner; but he was only a weak old man, with no power in the house of his sons. All the heart that Prisco had was aching, but he liked his revenge.

"The Garzone will protect her," muttered Ubaldo to himself.

Scarpetta, afraid of the town, fled to the country; then the sun set, a thunder-storm came down, and the terrified girl ran frantically back into Brescia. Lifting the curtain that hung before the entrance of a queer little church, she saw that a dim light shone out of the place, which was filled with people, who seemed to the frightened girl to have taken refuge there in terror like herself. They were singing a shrill, wild litany, one verse taken up by the men, and the next by the women—a weird, monotonous chant that filled the ear at intervals, and was lost again in the roar of the thunder. La Scarpetta cowered on her knees in a corner of the church, the thunder cracked over her head; and with her hands clasped over her closed eyelids she seemed to see plainly the harsh-looking horseman, his piercing gaze fixed on her and his finger pointing cruelly to her unlucky little shoes in the cobblers' window. Every time the curtain stirred in the doorway, she started, expecting to see him enter to drag her forth. The people at last departed; the fugitive crouched further into the shelter of the shadow of a confessional; and, looking up with a wild glance, saw Silvio, the Garzone, who was standing beside her.

"Have they found me, Silvio? Are they coming to take me?"

"Nobody has found you but me; and I am coming to take you—if you will let me."

"Take me where?"

"Over the mountains—out of this trouble."

"And your work, Silvio?—and your masters?"

"I have broken with my masters, and I have my work at my finger-ends. Be my wife at once, and we will seek our fortune together."

"Yet you do not know whom you are taking for a wife."

"Kneel down with me here, Scarpetta, and put your hand in mine. Say, 'Silvio, I am an honest woman.' You dare not, if it were untrue."

"Silvio, I am an honest woman."

They remained kneeling hand-in-hand, like two children praying in the loneliness and darkness of the church. The one dim red lamp burned, the thunder ceased, the deathlike hour of the night went past, dawn peered through the rudely painted windows, and an old, white-haired priest, half-vested for mass, opened the sacristy door and looked into the church.

This old priest stopped muttering his prayers when he saw the two pale-faced young people standing before him.

"Marry us, holy father!" said Silvio, "We are going a long journey, and must get away betimes."

"This is the girl who is flying from justice," said the priest, sternly.

"I will help her to fly," said Silvio, "for I am satisfied that she is good."

"You are a youth of good birth, and will rise in the world," said the padre. "Remember, I know your story. Will you not afterwards repent of having married a servant-maid?"

"I cannot give her up to her enemies," maintained Silvio.

"You have not confessed even to him?" said the priest, turning to the girl.

"No," said La Scarpetta.

The old man's cheeks flushed, and his eyes brightened—

"Be grateful to him, my daughter," he said. "I know *your* secret, and I will give you to him. May God make you both happy for evermore!"

And the apprentice and the little maid-servant went out into the morning sunlight man and wife.

Silvio was quite surprised to see how, as they went along the streets, his bride seemed to forget her terror, and smiled back at the people who stared at her. She even lingered, here and there,

to gaze up at the paintings on the houses, saying she had never seen them look so handsome before.

"But you are still in Brescia, my dearest, and your enemy is close by. Let us hasten and get out of danger."

"I am saying farewell to Brescia, Silvio. It has been good to me, since I am leaving it with you. As for my enemy, I no longer fear him."

The young people took the road to Verona, and late one evening they arrived there, going to seek for La Mugnaia in her little mill out in the Adige. They stood on the bridge which carried the town across the river, and saw the dark water rushing and the twinkling lights sliding along through the air, like falling stars, as people passed to or fro on the swinging planks that led out to the little water-bound dwelling. They discovered the mill they were in search of, and, lantern in hand, went riding across the night, as it seemed, on the rickety plank that led to La Mugnaia's door.

The milleress gave them a hearty welcome, but looked extremely grave when she heard the whole of their story.

"That is all very pretty," she said, squaring her arms and fixing her wary brown eyes on the little wife, "trust and generosity are good in the right place; but you ought to have told what this cloud is that hangs over you. And you, Silvio, I have known you many years; you are a respectable young man, and ought not to have married a girl who has done anything improper."

"She shall speak when she likes," said Silvio.

"Let her speak now," said La Mugnaia. "If she has done wrong, and is sorry, we will try and shield her; but let there be no secrets between a man and his wife."

La Scarpetta stood twisting the corner of her sash, and glancing shyly from one to another of the faces, on which the lamp-light shone at each side of her; and she said to the miller-woman—

"I will tell my story here, and you shall be my judge. If what I have done has wronged him, he shall put me away. One thing I must set right for you; I have not stolen anything from the horseman who is searching for me, not even the shoes in the window, which were my very own till I gave them to Ubaldo."

"I knew that," said Silvio.

"The Signor is my uncle, and the guardian of my property——"

"Ah—we have here a noble lady!" said La Mugnaia, aghast.

"Silvio may perhaps make me one, but he found me a maid—

servant, suspected of crime. As it is, I am almost totally uneducated and ignorant of the world. I ran away from my home because I found it a place of horror. The Alpine precipices had no terrors for me, though I travelled by them alone. I was escaping from a living death, and my freedom was delicious to me. You must be filled with curiosity, and I do not make my story plain. My castle is on one of those mighty rocks that overhang the Upper Rhine. Heaven help the poor creature there walled up, who pines to escape! Yet I escaped. I was a prisoner there, indeed; for by my father's will all his fine possessions were to be enjoyed by his brother until my marriage; and my uncle was resolved that I should never deprive him of what he chose to call his own. I did not wish to marry. I feared all men, having known none but the harshest of their kind; but I loathed to be within sight and sound of the wicked and riotous living of my uncle and his chosen companions. I longed to be free, like the peasants who walk on the hills; and by the help of a faithful old nurse I escaped. I dressed myself like a peasant, and crossed the Alps alone. In putting on a strange costume I forgot to change my shoes."

Silvio and the woman of the mill stood gazing at the girl in utter amazement.

"And knowing that you were a noblewoman, you chose to marry a cobbler," said La Mugnaia.

"Heaven never made him to be a cobbler," said La Scarpetta.

"That is true," said La Mugnaia. "Be you what you may, he is good enough for you. Excuse me, lady, but I cannot forget that I gave you lessons in baking bread and sweeping floors."

"Ah, Scarpetta!" said Silvio, "what a wrong you have done yourself—you who ought to have married a nobleman."

"And so I have, Silvio, else I can tell you I should not have married at all. Prisco could never have saved me as you have done; for one great misery is as bad as another. I thank Heaven that by your act of generosity you have unconsciously enriched yourself."

Whilst they were yet talking the daylight broke, and looking out of the window, La Mugnaia saw a whole company of strangers on the river-side. They were the four remaining cobblers, with the haughty horseman and his servants.

"These friends have travelled so far to see my downfall," said Scarpetta, mournfully. "Ah, Silvio, your sex are unkind."

"Nay, some of them may hope to help you," said Silvio. "I'll

lay my life that the old man, Ubaldo, does. My good Orsola, these visitors will sink your little mill with their weight."

"Let them come over," said La Mugnaia, gleefully. "The mill must take its chance. It will be rare sport to see them all walking back, one by one, across our plank, hanging their heads with vexation."

"Enter, gentlemen," said Orsola, opening her door.

"Caught now, I think," cried the fierce-looking Signor, grasping La Scarpetta rudely by the hand. "Ah, my runaway maiden, I shall trouble you to follow me to your home."

"No, my lord," said Silvio, "for the law allows a wife to follow her husband."

"Fool!" cried the enemy, turning pale; "this girl is no wife."

At this moment the old priest was seen hurrying across the river, clutching the rope in both hands, as the plank danced under his feet.

"Go away, Signor!" he cried, "and leave this noble youth and his wife in peace. Go across the Alps, and make straight your accounts of the moneys and lands which were left in your charge. Your niece and her husband will give you just one month to betake yourself and your fellows from her dwelling. In the name of the Church and of the law of the country, I, who, married these young people, knowing fully both their histories, command you to begone and to interfere with them no more."

La Mugnaia had the satisfaction of seeing the company of strange visitors departing across the plank, Ubaldo alone being invited to remain with the victorious and happy bride and bridegroom.

THE KING.

A YOUNG heart sang in the summer dawn:
 "O breeze, float swift and free;
 O streamlet, play—O rose, bloom on,
 For life is fair to me!"

A young heart sang in the summer dawn:
 "O flower, O bird, O spring,
 I have made a throne so bright and lone,
 And who will be its King?"

A young heart sang in the summer dawn,
When love with golden wing
Flew softly on to the waiting throne
And said, "I am its King!"

The dawn flushed into a lustrous noon;
The hours with glow and gleam
Thrilled warmly 'neath the skies of June,
A passion-laden dream.

A young heart sang to its chosen king:
"O Love, how blest am I!
Oh! fold my fate 'neath thy strong, soft wing—
Thus folded, let me die!"

The day sailed on down its westward path,
But the shadows thronged again
O'er an empty throne, a broken faith,
And a memory steeped in pain.

A sad heart wept in the midnight gloom;
"O flowers, veil your shine;
O streamlet, hush, for a dark, dark doom
And songless lot are mine."

A sad heart mourned in the starlight lone,
When Sorrow glided nigh
And made his home on the ruined throne,
And said, "Its king am I!"

His crown was of thorn, his mantle red,
And a cross his bitter load;
But his touch was strength, and his glances shed
Soft light on the darkened road.

A strong heart held, through a lightless day,
A pain that had lost its sting;
A brave life sped on the heavenward way,
For Sorrow was crowned King!

CASSIE M. O'HARA.



JOHN MITCHEL'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS is very like the title of a story, but it is only meant to link the memory of an Irish girl, of whom the world has never heard, with that of an Irishman of whom the world has heard a great deal. There lies before me one of those paper-covered books which French publishers issue so prodigally. It contains a hundred and thirty pages and bears this title: "Notice sur la Conversion au Catholicisme de H. M., morte au Couvent du Sacré Cœur à Paris le 18 Avril, 1863." This "H. M." was Henrietta Mitchel, daughter of the famous author of the "Life of Aodh O'Neill" and of the marvellously clever "Jail Journal," and editor of the short-lived but by no means still-born "United Irishman" of 1848.

Almost every one who will care to glance at these pages is acquainted with at least the outline of Mitchel's strange career. A sketch of his life and a selection from his writings ought to be published. The most accessible account of him is to be found in Mr. Alfred Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography," but it begins with a mistake in stating that Mitchel was born in Newry. Richard Dalton Williams, writing in the *Irish Tribune* on June 10, 1848, a week or two after Mitchel's conviction, speaks of his having been "brought up in Newry, and hence the prevalent error of his having been born there;" but he himself falls into another error in making the town of Derry his birthplace. John Mitchel was the eldest son of a Presbyterian minister who had been one of the United Irishmen in his young days, and who was living at Camnish near Dungiven in the county of Derry, when his son was born on the 3rd of November, 1815. Having become a Unitarian, he was invited to take charge of the congregation in Newry. Young Mitchel took his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Dublin, which he entered about his fifteenth year. He became an attorney, and, as partner with Mr. Samuel Frazer of Newry, lived at Banbridge, a small town in the neighbourhood. But, before this, during his apprenticeship, he married Miss Jane Verner, against the wishes of her father, Captain Verner, brother of Sir William Verner, Bart., well known among the Orange

Ulster aristocracy of that bygone day. The bride was a school-girl, not yet sixteen years old, and only in this respect disqualified for Longfellow's hexameter :

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers." Webb gives 1835 as the date of his marriage, when he was twenty years of age ; and this is more likely than the statement of the writer in the *Irish Tribune* that the bridegroom had only attained the age of Evangeline mentioned a moment ago.

I have not forgotten that the subject of this paper is John Mitchel's daughter. At some future time something may be said about John Mitchel himself ; but, as it often happens that those future times never become present, I will venture, without daring to ask leave, to print here an extract from an extract which I made surreptitiously from some notes which had the misfortune to pass through my hands, which were jotted down without the faintest idea of publication in any form, and to which the name of the writer would add interest and value. Henrietta Mitchel was born in October, 1842, and, when she was a "toddling wee thing" of three or four years, her father made the following impression on an observant lad eight or nine years older :

"The only time I ever recollect seeing John Mitchel was when the railway from Dublin reached no further north than Drogheda. We were both going to Dublin, and both got on the coach together on the Ballybot side of the town, close to Turner's Glen. He was a man not easily forgotten, and his conversation and appearance made a deep impression upon the little lad his fellow-traveller that day. I well recollect his dark straight hair, almost whiskerless face, and sallow, colourless, bloodless complexion, which, combined with a certain sharpness of feature and nobility of brow gave him a peculiarly intellectual appearance, with a look almost of the ascetic. The square character of his jaw and the firmness of his mouth conveyed the notion of a resolute, not to say obstinate man—a notion which was not removed by the look of his dark grey eyes which seemed full of dreams and melancholy. I still think him the most brilliant journalistic writer I have ever known, He had not perhaps the breadth of Frederick Lucas, nor the wide information of Gavan Duffy, nor the tender pathetic imagination of Thomas Davis ; but his style was more terse, vigorous, and to the point than theirs, and was wholly free from affectation of scholarship foreign to the matter in hand. Occasionally in a sentence he could condense a world of argument. One instance occurs to me. In one of a series of letters addressed

tô the Orangemen of the North, he is pointing out to them why they should be in the van of the National movement as their fathers had been in 1782 and 1798, and he is meeting an objection supposed to be made by an Orangeman then and certainly frequently made for him since, namely, that to join with the Irish Papist would be to join the children of Antichrist, and so on. Each Twelfth of July celebration makes us familiar with this kind of thing. John Mitchel did not proceed gravely to argue that, after all, the evidence was not quite conclusive that the Pope was really Antichrist, and that, at all events, all Irishmen, even Irish Papists, were bound up with the weal or woe of their country. He did none of these things. In the language of the now defunct special pleader he put in a plea of confession and avoidance. He wrote a single line: 'The Pope may be Antichrist, but, Orangemen of the North, he serves no ejections in Ulster.'

Let me emphasise one little point in this extract. Mitchel is described as waiting for the Dublin coach at "Turner's Glen," as it was called at that time, just beside Dromalane and the house where Mitchel had spent his boyhood—the very house to which through a strange combination of circumstances he was to return in the last week of his life after all his vicissitudes and all his wanderings—after "Nation," and "United Irishman," and Green-street, and the *Shearwater*, and Spike Island, and the Bermudas, and Van Diemen's Land, and New York, and Richmond, and Paris, and at the end his election for Tipperary. And so he died at home at last on March 20th, 1875. Let the reader's memory supply Goldsmith's beautiful simile.

The tribute paid here to Mitchel's power as a public writer may be paired with a still higher compliment which I rescue from a newspaper scrap a year or two old. Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P., in a mere incidental speech as chairman at a lecture in which editors were referred to, recalled some of the chief names in Irish journalism, "going back to the days of Thomas Davis—the days of the man who, by the beautiful enthusiasm of his own soul, inspired a people who, through long suffering and shameful wrong at the hand of overwhelming power, had sunk into what seemed before his day to be a hopeless lethargy—the man who by the creative energy of his genius cast ideas and hopes of the Irish people into such shapes of beauty that they thrill the hearts of men even now, though for two score years the grass has been growing on the grave of Thomas Davis. And speaking here to-night in no narrow or fierce political spirit, I would mention the name of Charles Gavan Duffy as the name of a man who brought to the service of

the Irish cause a logical power that has been unsurpassed since his day, and who expounded the ideas and hopes of the Irish people from year to year in the columns of the *Nation*, with an eloquence which even now, when their immediate political use is past, commends them as models and examples to the thoughtful literary student. Can I, in speaking of Irish editors, pass by the name of John Mitchel? Can I pass by him who shares with John Henry Newman, the great Cardinal, the fame of having written the strongest, the simplest, the most fascinating English pronounced in our generation? Can I pass by the name of the man whose sentences ring out like the blows of a hammer on the anvil, by the name of the man who gave to the feelings of the Irish race a passion which reverberates long years after he has been laid in his grave? The utterance of Irish passion by the tongue of John Mitchel was like the cries of fighting men in the thick of battle."

This is enough for the present about Henrietta Mitchel's father. The French friend and biographer of the Irish girl, Madame Zulime Bramet, says that Henrietta told her that she remembered being brought by her mother to see her father when in prison and under sentence of death. This was in her sixth year, and to her childish mind and to the beautiful young wife's heart fourteen years' penal servitude beyond the seas was the same as death; but, as a fact, a death-sentence was never passed upon Mitchel, as it was upon Meagher and later victims of the '48 movement. After the convict had been sent to Bermuda and then to the Cape of Good Hope, and finally to Tasmania, finding he had some sort of fixity of tenure in his compulsory exile, he sought to turn exile into home by sending for his brave little wife and his five young children. In his journal, on the 21st of June, 1851, we find this entry: "To-morrow I commence my research for house and farm wherein to set up my ticket-of-leave *penates*." The entry of the previous day is still briefer: "To-day I met my wife and family once more. These things cannot be described." Our little heroine, Henrietta, was nine years old when she made that first of many long voyages. Isabella, who was, like her, to become a Catholic, was born before they left Tasmania. And now we shall go on with the daughter's story after giving one sample of the father's diary, belonging to an earlier date than we have reached, for the 13th of September spoken of in this extract was in 1848, three months after his conviction:—

"The glorious bright weather tempts me to spend much time on the pier, where I have been sitting for hours, with the calm

limpid water scarce rippling at my feet. Towards the north-east, and in front of me where I sit, stretches away beyond the rim of the world that immeasurable boundless blue; and by intense gazing I can behold, in vision, the misty peaks of a far-off land—yea, round the gibbous shoulder of the great oblate spheroid, my wistful eyes can see, looming, floating in the sapphire empyrean, that green Hy Brasil of my dreams and memories—'with every haunted mountain and streamy vale below.' Near me, to be sure, on one side lies scattered an archipelago of sand and lime-rocks, whitening and splitting like dry bones under the tyrannous sun, with their thirsty brushwood of black fir-trees; and still closer behind me, are the horrible, swarming hulks, stewing, seething cauldrons of vice and misery. But often while I sit by the sea, facing that north-eastern *art*, my eyes, and ears, and heart are all far, far. This thirteenth of September is a clear, calm, autumnal day in Ireland, and in green glens there, and on many a mountain-side, beech-leaves begin to redden, and the heather-bell has grown brown and sere: the corn-fields are nearly all stripped bare by this time; the flush of summer grows pale, the notes of the singing-birds have lost that joyous thrilling *abandon* inspired by June days, when every little singer in his drunken rapture will gush forth his very soul in melody, but he will utter the unutterable joy. And the rivers, as they go brawling over their pebbly beds, some crystal bright, some tinted with sparkling brown from the high moors—'the hue of the Cairngorm pebble'—all have got their autumnal voice and chide the echoes with a hoarser murmur, complaining (he that hath ears to hear let him hear) how that summer is dying, and the time of the singing birds is over and gone. On such an autumn day to the inner ear is ever audible a kind of low and pensive, but not doleful *sighing*, the first whispered *susurrus* of those moaning, wailing October winds, wherewith Winter preludes the pealing anthem of his storms. Well known to me, by day and by night, are the voices of Ireland's winds and waters, the faces of her ancient mountains. I see it, I hear it all—for by the wondrous power of imagination, informed by strong love, I do indeed live more truly in Ireland than on these unblest rocks.

"But what avails it? Do not my eyes strain over the sea in vain? my soul yearn in vain? Has not the Queen of England banished me from the land where my mother bore me, where my father's bones are laid?"

If the writer of this "Jail Journal" had never been in gaol

—to give also the other less phonetic spelling of the word, which would have spoiled the title of the book so much—if Mitchel had lived and died a prosperous attorney in Banbridge or Newry, his eldest and his youngest daughter would not have come under the influences of which God made use to draw them into the Catholic Church. Mitchel's own religious sentiments were far (I fear too far) removed from bigotry. I have heard on excellent authority that he once said that, if he could pray, he would be a Catholic; but he had never learned really to pray. Perhaps it was the generosity of his nature and his undying hatred to everything English that made him argue earnestly and eloquently in defence of the Pope in many public writings, just as at the outset of his career he was the champion of the Catholics round Banbridge, especially when poor, and, ever after, the lifelong friend of their pastor, Father Bernard Mooney, afterwards P.P. of Rostrevor. His friendship for Father John Kenyon is more readily understood, for they were kindred spirits; but Father Mooney, an excellent, laborious, self-sacrificing priest, was decidedly unliterary, unromantic, and seemingly uncongenial.

These Catholic sympathies, or at least this freedom from Protestant prejudice, may serve to explain how the political exile, when he settled down in Paris, entrusted the education of his daughter to the Nuns of the Sacré Cœur, although he was already aware of her strong impulse towards Catholicity. This will best be told in his own words. He continued his "Journal," after it had ceased to be a jail journal, and published portions of the continuation in his newspapers in the United States, which must contain very many things that it would be desirable to rescue from oblivion. The following was published in the *Irish Citizen* on March 19, 1872, and refers to a period ten years earlier:—

"Our eldest daughter, Henrietta, has this winter become a Catholic. It is no new whim on her part, for long since, while we were living at Washington, she had formed the same wish very strongly, influenced partly, as I suppose, by her intimacy with two young ladies of a Maryland Catholic family, who were our next-door neighbours. I know, also, that she was greatly influenced by her very strong Irish feeling, and had a kind of sentiment that one cannot be thoroughly Irish without being Catholic. For that time, however, we had objected to any decided and public step being taken in this direction. She was too young to have duly studied the question and to know her own mind thoroughly, but I said that if, after two or three years, she should entertain the same

wish, I would not utter one word to dissuade her. Since our arrival in France she had been placed in school in the convent of the Sacré Cœur, and has become greatly attached to one of the good ladies of that house, Madame D——, a very excellent and accomplished woman. This condition of things was not calculated to abate her Catholic zeal, and, in short, the time came when my dear daughter declared that she must be a Catholic—could not live without being a Catholic. I did not think her parents had the right—and, indeed, they had not the disposition—to cross her wish any further. So on a certain day she and another young lady were to be baptised in the chapel of the convent. The Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Morlot, heard of it and wrote to the Reverend Mother of the house to the effect that, as several conversions of Protestant pupils which had lately taken place in the convents had given rise to imputations of undue influence and conversion by surprise, as it were, and had afterwards given umbrage to the relatives, he should require that, before any further steps were taken, I should be asked for a written consent. Madame D—— showed me the letter, and I instantly wrote the required consent. For this acquiescence I was most earnestly blamed by some of my connections in the north of Ireland, who wrote to me, urging that I ought to exert my authority to stop any such apostasy. What would they have me to do? Shut up my daughter in her room and give her the Westminster confession to read? How should I like this usage myself? Here was a girl of nineteen, full of intelligence and spirit, gentle and affectionate, who had never given to her father and mother one moment's uneasiness on her account, deliberately declaring that she desired to embrace the ancient faith of her forefathers. In short, I believe that I acted right. For the short remainder of her days she remained a devout Catholic, and so died. She lies buried in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse."

I am not sure which of the two is more to be trusted on this point; but Mitchel in the foregoing account differs a good deal from Henrietta's friend, Zulime Bramet. After speaking of her American friend, "Miss Emma," whom she made a better Catholic while still a Protestant herself, and after attributing her Catholic tendencies partly to the reading of Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," the biographer pays a compliment which must not be passed over. "Henriette avait quinze ans, et était, à cette époque, dans toute la fleur de cette beauté si remarquable chez les Irlandaises." Mr. Webb also speaks of her

mother's "extraordinary beauty." Madame Bramet allows us to understand that Henrietta became a boarder with the Religieuses of the Sacré Cœur not before but after her conversion. After receiving long instruction from Père de Ponlevoy, S.J., which were interrupted by an illness and a visit to her Protestant relations in Ireland, she was received into the Catholic Church and baptised in the Convent chapel on the last day of 1861, making her First Communion on that day also, and her second on New Year's Day, 1862.

When the Civil War in America made John Mitchel join his sons in fighting for the Southern States, Henrietta, instead of going with the others to her Irish friends, obtained leave to stay in the convent and to keep her youngest sister, the little Tasmanian Isabella, with the purpose of preparing her to become a Catholic like herself. The parents found that this was the fixed resolve of their youngest child; and they gave their consent.

One of Henrietta's recreations was the making of verses. Her father's prose often shows that he could have been a poet if he liked. But, as a fact, the only bit of rhyme that we have ever heard of from Mitchel's pen was merely extemporised in one of those ingenious drawingroom games which we fear have gone utterly out of fashion. This little relic would be much more interesting if we could name the distinguished man whose marvellous memory has preserved it so long—like that song which Longfellow sang into the air and which long afterwards he found in the heart of a friend. In the game which occupied several bright intellects on a certain evening forty years ago, in a house in our Donnybrook suburb, each person in turn was required to introduce a certain word in giving an answer to a question proposed to him. The question proposed to Mitchel was: "Why was not Father Kenyon at the meeting to-day?"—and the word to be brought into his answer was *colure*, an astronomical term for which the reader is referred to his dictionary, and which Mitchel thus introduced with consummate art:

"The motions of this very reverend priest
Defy the skill of human calculator;
From north to south he shoots, from west to east,
From pole to pole, from colure to equator;
And, when you deem you firmly have your eyes on
This slippery priest, he's off beyond the horizon."

As Mitchel so rarely sacrificed to the muses, the muses in turn paid him few tributes. I remember nothing but these lines by "Lia Fail," dated March 20, 1876, the first anniversary of Mitchel's death:

"Then sleep, John Mitchel, in your Irish grave ;
 Your name will live amid the good and true—
 For when did earth behold a heart more brave ?
 And when had chief a nobler cause than you ?
 Your rivals in earth's story are but few.
 Among the heroes Erin calls her own—
 And they are many, aye and mighty too—
 Your equals, leader high, are these alone :
 O'Neill, O'Donnell Roe, Fitzgerald, Emmet, Tone."

The last of these Irishmen to whom Mitchel is here compared is hard to recognise at page 48 of the French *brochure* before us, where two separate names, Wolfe and Rowe, are twice repeated, *Rowe* being a misprint for *Tone*. Other mistakes have evidently crept in through Madame Bramet's ignorance of English. These are the reflections of an Irish maiden in the backwoods of America:—

'Twas a holy sabbath even, in the autumn of the year ;
 On a fallen pine-tree sitting, in the backwoods dark and drear,
 Where no church steeple met the eye, or bells swung in the air,
 Sat a little Irish maiden dreaming sad and lonely there.

The birds were singing vespers to the music of the rills,
 The wind sang its wild anthems as it swept down pine-clothed hills ;
 But the grand old choir of nature fell unheeded on the ear
 Of the Irish maiden dreaming in those backwoods dark and drear.

No song of bird or wind she heard, no pine-hills near were seen,
 Her thoughts were far, ah ! far away in the land of the shamrock green ;
 'Twas of her distant native land, of her home so dear and fair,
 That this Irish girl was thinking as she sat dreaming there.

She thought of its ruined shrines, of its priesthood hunted down,
 Of those who for faith and country were lying cold and lone :
 She thought of many a martyr in an unhonoured grave—
 Of Owen Roe and Aodh O'Neill the bravest of the brave.

Of the olden time when Erin held her head among the free,
 When no land could boast of prouder or nobler sons than she,
 That little Irish maiden sat fondly dreaming there
 With nought to break the stillness of the Sabbath evening air.

She thought of Tone and Emmet and of the patriot few
 Who, even at the present hour, with hearts as warm and true,
 In exile on a foreign shore their lives were doomed to roam
 In vain and weary longings for their own loved native home.

She slipped from off the fallen tree, and, kneeling on the sod,
She breathed an earnest prayer for them, that Irish maid, to God.
In heartfelt supplication she lifted high her hand—
“God help,” she said, “God help thee now, my own dear native land.”

Above the anthems of the wind and the vespers of the bird,
Above the music of the rills, oh! surely will be heard
By God on high the murmured words, the earnest heartfelt prayer
Of that little Irish maiden who kneeleth lonely there.

Did poor Mitchel ever see his daughter's verses? Care will be taken that at least in their newest form they may reach her mother. The only other poem given by Madame Bramet is still more likely, on account of its theme, never to have come under the eyes of her parents. Henrietta cherished a most tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Many pages of the French life are filled with fervent meditations on the Holy Eucharist found among her papers, written in French which was almost more familiar to her now than English. To a Protestant friend, describing the feast of the Sacred Heart, 1862, she writes: “Almost all the pupils received Holy Communion, and this was the real feast of our hearts. But you who do not believe in the Real Presence cannot understand me. Ah! my dear friend, I can only pray for you, that you may one day have the consolation of tasting the inconceivable happiness of the Holy Communion which surpasses in beauty and grandeur all that is most beautiful and delightful on earth.” One day (September 5th, 1862) she brought to her favourite nun, Madame Adèle D——, the following “Lines composed on seeing a Nun returning from Communion.”

Returning from the table of the Lord,
Her heart, I knew, was full of secret prayer;
For He the mighty and eternal Word,
Incarnate once again, reposed there.
A sense of awe, of reverential fear,
As then she passed me by, stole o'er my spirit;
I sought to touch her robe, her joy to share,
For in that act I felt there might be merit.

So intimate the union that existed
Between Him the Almighty God of heaven
And her the loving soul that ne'er resisted
The grace divine or inspiration given:
Most sacred union and communion mystic,
Fountain of every bright and holy vision,
O thou most blessed banquet eucharistic,
Sweet glimpses given of the Land Elysian!

Yes, thou hast fed her soul with viands rarest,
 Whilst, sad and famished, here I sit and moan.
 Ah! she is happy with her Saviour dearest,
 Whilst I am weeping all alone, alone.
 But she—full well I know her touching story—
 The proudest daughter of the proudest nation,
 She with proud scorn has spurned all human glory
 To seize the cross, the cross of sure salvation.

So is she consecrated to the Lord,
 To God's own service all her life is vowed;
 He calls her now unto His festive board
 And He of her pure soul becomes the food.
 But I so base, so full of earth's pollution,
 I love but what is earthly, passing by;
 Where is my courage? where my resolution?
 Where is my love or generous impulse high?

O God, my God, when with thy dear beloved,
 When in the midst of Thy elect I pray,
 Have mercy on the sinner sore reproved,
 Take pity on Thy child that goes astray.
 And you who know the grief 'twould be to lose Him,
 In prayers for me your charity will show,
 That one day He may take me to His bosom
 And on my brow the kiss of peace bestow.

On the 3rd of December, 1862, Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Isabella Mitchel, after careful instruction and full of faith, was baptised, and Henrietta was her godmother. About this time the elder sister expressed some idea of joining the community who loved her so much; but the *religieuses* did not think she had a vocation and they advised her not to cause this pain to her parents. She continued to pursue with great ardour her studies which had necessarily been neglected during the wanderings of her earlier years. Many letters and essays printed in the French sketch show her great intelligence, her ardent faith, and her almost seraphic charity; but "le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire," and we have space for no more than two other relics of this exquisite soul. The only remaining scrap of English in the volume is her note of her interview on St. Patrick's Day, 1863, with Madame Barat, the venerable Foundress of the Order of the Sacred Heart:

"St. Patrick's Day passed over tranquilly. We did not forget to pay that tribute which we owed to the dear old land and to the cherished memory of her patron saint. Although on a foreign strand, a little sprig of Irish shamrock decorated our dress; it was grown on Irish ground, and, when culled to be sent

across the water, it was covered with crystal drops of Irish rain. All this I can vouch for on the faith of the friend who sent it, a stout-hearted patriot, by the way, who sent the precious shamrock enveloped in Moore's song, and who would as soon go without breakfast every day of the year, as without the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. But, as I was saying, the little sprig of shamrock decorated our dress and drew forth more than one exclamation and look of surprise from these good-hearted French girls unaccustomed to see what they took for clover-leaves occupying such an honourable place of distinction.

"Of the many festivals which I have passed none will be for ever so deeply engraved on my memory as this one, on account of my interview with Madame Barat, the foundress and beloved mother of the entire Order. She looked up as I entered the room and smiled kindly as I knelt to kiss the hand she held out to me. Never shall I forget the impression produced upon me when I found myself in the presence of a living saint. She was sitting at a table writing. This woman of eighty-four years, whose body seems literally to be mouldering away with age, but whose soul retains all its vigour and its superior faculties, seems but to await the opportunity of breaking forth from its earthly prison. I would have remained willingly in contemplation of the kind face before me, but she broke the silence by wishing me in the cordial French manner a happy feast; she then tried to show me the manner in which St. Patrick had explained the mystery of the blessed Trinity by means of the shamrock. It seemed strange to me to see a foreigner so conversant with this point of our history which, mingled with our national legends, had long been so familiar to me, but which beyond the ocean-bound land is but little known by any, except the sons of her own green hills. I had forgotten however that a great part of our annals belongs to another history, the history of that country of which she before me was the devoted daughter, the glorious country of the true faith. Yes, the Church counts in her foremost ranks many Irish apostles, saints, and surely, ah! surely, many many martyrs. But she before me has often come in closer and personal contact with the children of Erin. Many an Irish daughter has been confided to her arms by St. Patrick: such is the communion of saints! These were my thoughts naturally awakened in my mind by the topics of our conversation. She spoke to me of Ireland, of my brave true countrymen, their faith, their courage, until the tears overflowed my eyes and coursed their way down my cheek, thus to see them so well appreciated by a stranger. But she spoke with all the enthusiasm of the truest, warmest patriotism, so closely are allied those two noblest sentiments of which the heart of man is capable; the love of God and the love of country, and which both awake alike the noblest and most generous devotedness. So I thought and so I felt. Ireland, dear Ireland, be my witness. As I left the room of Madame Barat, did I love thee less, if I loved my God the more? Did I feel less proud of thy glorious struggles, if I had learned to appreciate more deeply the devoted sacrifices which the cross inspires? Above all, did I forsake thee or thy cause, if I enrolled myself for ever beneath the banner of my Saviour and in vowing myself to live and die in the service of that greatest of chieftains, of patriots, of martyrs, who had shed his blood for me? O Ireland! how happy am I that the festival should be at once religious and national, and that thy St. Patrick's Day should have the double charm of recalling to me the sweet remembrance of our duty towards our country and our God!"

The second last of these sentences seems to imply that on this occasion Miss Mitchel offered herself to the religious state. Towards the beginning of the memorandum she says that the memory of that particular feast would remain for ever indelibly engraven on her memory. In reality the impression was not to be allowed time to fade out. The ardent maiden had some presentiment of an early death, but no doubt she imagined she had years before her on earth instead of one bare month. The following letter to her spiritual director, Father Armand de Ponlevoy, the biographer of Father Ravignan, was her last :

“ There is one thing, dear Father, which perhaps I ought not to hide from you, but I have always been too much ashamed of it to speak to you about it, so I take the expedient of writing to you. It is that from time to time I find myself in such a transport of love for God that I am almost beside myself. Yesterday I felt it very vividly. You can conceive nothing stronger than the divine love which animates me in these moments. Our Lord seems to be quite near me, I am prostrate at His feet, I kiss them, I wash them with my tears, I would wish to die there. My soul appears to have strength enough to carry my body away and flee to heaven. I would wish to live only for Jesus, to live only for Jesus. I say to myself at these moments: what matter where I live or with what persons, whether with saints or with demons? My vocation is between God and me, and no object without can determine it or change it. I wish only to suffer and to be the beloved of Jesus: in this I find an unutterable delight. This is the reason why I always fear that these raptures may come rather from nature than from grace and be merely an illusion: I am so ardent by nature, and I often find myself tired and almost sick afterwards. Also I don't see that these spiritual consolations have the effect which they ought to have on my character; they do not help me to acquire solid virtues. I have felt the need of telling you that I want to rise above all these miseries. I want to be a saint. Am I too ambitious? I want to be a saint, and I must be one. I am not afraid like a little Breton girl who told me the other day that she was afraid to become a saint because she would not be happy: for the saints consider themselves very bad people. I answered her that it was necessary to have this feeling in order to prevent pride, but that it could not prevent the joy of feeling oneself to be a child of predilection, the well-beloved of God; the saints are afflicted at their faults because they have received more favours than others, and this very affliction must be itself full of delights. O my dear Father, I must be a saint; will you make me a saint ?

Oh! il me faut être une sainte, mon père; faites de moi une sainte, voulez vous? This is the fervent cry of John Mitchel's daughter in the last month of her short and innocent life. During the last weeks of Lent she spent long hours before the Blessed Sacrament. One day she did not appear at dinner, and the refectorian, going in search of her, found her kneeling before the tabernacle in the same position in which she had observed her

hours before. On Thursday in Easter week she fainted, and, on recovering consciousness, felt a violent headache which never left her. After some alternations the disease developed into brain fever; but, while she still retained the use of her faculties, she received all the sacraments of the dying, on the Thursday after Low Sunday, and then sank into an unconscious state from which she never recovered, passing peacefully away at two o'clock on Saturday morning, April 18th, 1863.

She had sorrows and partings enough, but she was spared the grief of hearing, while in this vale of tears, of the death of her brothers, John and William, who were killed fighting in the Confederate army, one at Gettysburg, the other at Fort Sumter.

Writing to Mrs. A. M. Sullivan from New York on the 23rd of April, 1868, when Henrietta's fifth anniversary had just passed by, John Mitchel thus concludes a letter much more amiable than the ones he addressed to Lord Clarendon twenty years before:—

“We are now living at Fordham, a village about eight miles from New York, in a very pretty country, which is just putting on its spring robes, and is going to be an Elysium all summer. But we have passed through the most savage winter ever experienced here—and have survived it. We have, living all together in one house at Fordham, my son James and his Virginia wife, my daughter Minny and her Virginia husband, my own wife and youngest daughter Isabella—not forgetting myself. All join in sending greetings to you, and some of them can do this feelingly, having gone through something analagous, ‘*only more so.*’”

Of this family group two more have been removed by death—Mitchel himself in 1875, Isabella, only two or three years ago. She must have been less than ten years old when her godmother died; but she remained true to the promises made by her and for her in baptism. In 1875 she accompanied her father to Ireland, and prayed beside his deathbed. Her grace and singular beauty, we are told, charmed all who came in contact with her. On her return to America she married Dr. Sloane, a nephew of the famous Irish leader of the American bar, Charles O'Connor. In the midst of a happy life she was attacked by typhoid fever and (so the newspaper account ran) died in her 27th year, comforted in her last moments by the sacred rites of the Catholic Church, of which she was a devout member. Of John Mitchel's family of three sons and three daughters, a son and a daughter still survive—Captain James Mitchel and Mary, wife of Colonel Page of

Kentucky. With Mrs. Page lives her mother, the fragile and gentle woman who seemed least fitted to cope with so many hardships and dangers, but who has borne them and braved them all so admirably.

Such, then, is the link between the memory of a man whose name was in many mouths, and that of a maiden who never before was mentioned outside her own narrow circle. Strange that reputation and especially posthumous reputation should be such a powerful motive among men! "Fame! fame! next grandest word to God!" Yet what matters fame, when life is over, unless obtained by deeds and qualities that stand the test of death? Would that a visible response had been given to Henrietta's prayers for her beloved father! I do not know that Mitchel and Longfellow ever met. Richmond and New York were his American homes, not Boston. They were dissimilar in career and character, yet they had this in common that they both exhibited towards the Catholic Church a generous admiration which in both cases made many pray during their lives that the full gift of faith might be bestowed upon them as it was upon kinswomen of each of them. The reader has heard a good deal now about the politician's daughter, and he may have heard before of the conversion of the poet's niece. The unknown maiden or the famous man—which of the two is most to be envied? Fame, after all, seems a very dreary, ghastly thing when the light of eternity is thrown back upon it. It does one very little good to be talked about during life and still less after death. Yet Longfellow himself, when his own heart was young, told us what "the heart of the young man said to the psalmist;" and some such youthful heart may be at this moment drawing quite another moral than that which I am pointing to in thus coupling together for contrast's sake Ada Longfellow and the author of "Evangeline," John Mitchel and John Mitchel's daughter.*

* If it had fallen under my eye at the proper moment, I should have joined with Mr. Sexton's appreciation of Mitchel's style the following passage from John Augustus O'Shea's "Reminiscences of a Special Correspondent." I quote a little more than is needed for the present purpose.

"In Mitchel a great writer was lost. His style was as strong and clear as that of Swift or Bolingbroke, his logic forcible, his humour cutting, his sarcasm merciless, and withal he could soar into realms of imagination the most purely poetic, or unbend from his accustomed rigidity and indulge in passages of florid description that might turn many a word-painter by vocation green with envy. His short life of Clarence Mangan is one of the most touching pieces of

O THOU WHO HAST MADE ME, HAVE MERCY ON ME.

THERE are times, bitter times, full of doubt and despair,
 When we almost abandon the language of prayer;
 When our lips and our heart scarcely venture to frame
 Even His, our dear Master's own merciful Name;
 When Mary our Mother seems deaf to our cry,
 And angels and saints seem too far and too high.
 Oh! when God in His wisdom such moments shall send,
 Let one cry from our hearts in His presence ascend—
 A cry full of anguish yet trust let it be—
 "O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me!"

O Thou, who hast made me! Thou only canst know
 The depth of my weakness, the weight of my woe;
 And I feel Thy tribunal will prove in the end
 More indulgent than verdict of best earthly friend;
 For, Workman divine and all wise as Thou art,
 Thou hast made this weak mind and this cowardly heart,
 Nor can folly of mine mix a shade of surprise
 In the grave, tender love of Thy pitiful eyes.
 All wisdom, all power, all love is in Thee—
 O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me!

O Thou, who hast made me! Thou hadst a design,
 Thou didst mark out a special life-labour as mine;
 A work to be finished ere setteth life's sun—
 A work, which, I failing, shall never be done.
 Then rouse thee, my soul, for all weak as thou art,
 Thou must play in life's drama a Heaven-set part.
 Thy God, thy Creator, thy service doth claim—
 He calls thee, He needs thee, He nameth thy name:
 Dear Master, I hasten, Thy handmaiden see—
 O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me!

biography with which I am acquainted, and his portrait of a Creole beauty in his "Jail Journal" is perfect—one to bring up a vision of luscious loveliness as first perused, and to dwell in the memory forever after. In person Mitchel was tall and gaunt; his eyes were grey and piercing, his expression of countenance self-contained, if not saturnine, his features bony and sallow, with an inclination to the tan-tint; high cheeks and determined chin, short and grizzled whiskers, and a thick moustache complete his photograph, as he was when I met him. In manner, he was reserved, as unlike the Celt as may be; indeed he was not a Celt, but one of the Ulster stock, and in his accent and his deliberate and distinct enunciation, his Northern birth and training were traceable."

Lady Wilde, writing to Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, describes an evening spent with her in Merrion-square by John Mitchel, "who was fated so soon after to end his sad, brilliant life of genius, passion, and suffering. His lovely daughter was with him. She was born when he was a prisoner, and he called her 'Isabel of the Fetters,' but I said she was the 'Angel of the Captivity.'"

O Thou who hast made me—so wretched in sooth,
 So wanting in gracefulness, goodness, and truth,
 Yet in whom, O strange marvel! Thy wisdom can find
 Expression of thoughts of Thine Infinite mind!
 By that something mysterious Thou seest in me,
 By that which Thy grace may assist me to be,
 Have pity, have patience a little while still,
 Oh! let not our enemy frustrate Thy Will.
 In myself I despair, all my hopes are in Thee—
 O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me!

S. M. S.

AN IDYL OF THE CITY.

READER, thou who livest in thy country home with the scent of the flowers all about thee, dost thou know what London is like in that glorious summertime that thou prizest so much, and mournest in the long winter nights? For thee the sun rises over gently murmuring woods, over shady scented grass-carpeted lanes, over rippling brooks, over quiet, quaintly gabled little houses, that seem all ivy or passion-flower, with latticed windows peeping through; for thee the sun is merciful at noontide; for thee are spreading trees and shaded nooks till the shadows lengthen, and the west is glorious, and he setteth in a golden wealth of nature's cunningest cloud-painting. Such is the summer.

But for me, who am a child of the great city, the Sun-god has no pity. His rays strike the hard polished pavements, and are reflected back in mockery of us, a sweltering crowd of human beings that are completely at his mercy. The very atmosphere seems to glow, and one's breath almost chokes one, so thick and stagnant is the air. We must suffer in silence, and with what good grace we may.

I am a toiler of the city. All day I labour in its busy heart, and in the evening am well pleased to return to my home in a quiet suburb, and try to cool myself after the heat and languor of the day. Then it is that I have my pleasures, for even in the great city itself I can find a recreation.

Often of a summer's night do I push up the casement, and gaze far across the flat roofs into the darkness, and imagine a faint line of blue hills in the distance. Sometimes I can hear the soft, sad plashing of the waves on an ocean beach, and sometimes it is a vision of undulating fields, and quiet hedgerows lit with soft moonlight. Sometimes it is a dark forest of pine trees, and the dull muffled moan from the great city is the mournful rush of the wind sighing in its branches—sometimes it is a mighty lake that seems illimitable, for it fades into the heavens, and the ribbed clouds are the sands on its shores. London is sometimes beautiful in the summer nights, but the rude awakening to all its hideousness is a sore wrench.

Thou, my good country cousin, needest no imagination. Nature does it all for thee: she appeals to all, educated and uneducated, cultured and uncultured; and she has nought to do with art or imagination.

Come thou with me in spirit, and I will show thee men that thou wottest not of; men who know not what the country is, who cannot even imagine it; for whom the great city is the be-all and the end-all. Canst thou realize what it is to be such a one—never to long for the country? How can one long for what one has not seen? One cannot even dream of it.

I will show thee such a one; aye, a million such, within a couple of square miles. I will lend thee my wings of imagination, and we will take a flight together into the heart of the great city and see what manner of men are her children. For she is a cruel mother, the Great City, a cruel, relentless mother. Come, let us view her as she lies with her children on her breast.

We pass those brightly lit streets, with dark patches between, for those are the homes of her wealthier children, who visit her twice in the year, and are well content to leave her for the country, when their short perfunctory visits are over. They have their grouse moors, their salmon rivers, their deer forests, and their mountains, they are not the *real* children of the city, they are rather her guests. "Let thy guest feed though thou hungerest thyself," says the eastern maxim; but it is the *real* children of the city that hunger and die for her guests.

See the river as it lies in the moonlight. That, too, has come from the country; does it not speak to thee with familiar voice? No? Ah, it is not like the country stream; it has become foul and disfigured—the fate of all that have to do with the city—the

air, the very sky, do not escape. What chance then for him that spends his life with her ?

The busy traffic has ceased to pour over the bridges. Here is London bridge that is so thronged with a human tide all day—silent and untenanted now. Nay, not untenanted, for what are those dark masses huddled up in corners ? Aye, what indeed ? Approach and look at them. See this undefined mass in this alcove ; one, two, three—six separate bundles of rags ! Look closer—they are human beings ; men and women in God's own image and likeness ! This shapeless collection of filth :—this is a man—one of the sons of the Great City, and there—and there—and there—is another. Even as we look at him, he stirs, and a muttered curse and foul imprecation rises to heaven. Here at thy feet lies one of the Great City's daughters—aye, good cousin, believe thou me, that is a woman, although thou knowest not such ; true, she is the City's daughter, but still a woman. Thou turnest from the sight ? I will show thee worse.

Ah ! what was that shriek and that splash, thou askest ? I will tell thee. Look again in that alcove, and count the bundles of rags. One, two, three, four, five—the sixth ? In the river. Nay, 'tis common enough.

Come, let us leave the river then, and turn down to this dark patch of houses. Nay, fear not—'tis a trifle unsavoury, I confess, but I will show thee worse. Let us take this lane, leading as it seems into a filthy courtyard. There are more of the City's children in that archway ; aye, children indeed, some of them ; you can hear them cry.

Approach this attic window, and look in at the home of one of the children of the city. It is a garret ; see how the roof slopes till it is barely two feet from the floor. Thou wilt not look ? Well, I will, for my eyes see more than thine.

It is a child of the city on that bed. One does not want much insight to see that. The stunted form, the withered, anxious, careworn face, the rags that serve for clothes, all betray the parentage. Here is one, cousin, who has never seen the country, who only knows a river as a festering mass of corruption ;—who has never known the presence of Nature or heard her voice, whose foster-nurse is Drudgery, and life-companions Poverty and Squalor. He is old for the city ; some forty years perhaps ; his hair is grey, what there is left of it. He has been old in all but years since he was twenty.

He is asleep; in sooth it is not unlike the sleep of death, but it is not so yet. I will tell thee his dream, for he is dreaming now.

There is a woman's face in it, and it haunts him all through. A face of a daughter of the city, but withal not ill-favoured.

He is standing on his threshold, and she is kneeling at his feet. It is a wild wintry night; and the biting wind is driving the whirling sleet round the woman, as she shiveringly wraps herself and her child in a rag of a cloak. She seems to plead earnestly, and there are tears in his eyes, and he takes her in. And dream-like the scene changes.

A still cold form lies on a bed under a white sheet, motionless; and he is standing by it. He raises the cloth from the dead woman's face, and kisses her once, twice, thrice. He has a child in his arms, and he kisses it too. Again the scene changes. The sleeper stirs in his sleep and I can hear him murmur:—

“Annie, my child! Come back to me! My child!”

It is another face that now appears to him, and it is like the first. But there is a daring, reckless, abandoned look on it, and there is nothing womanly in it. Stay! As I look, the expression changes, and a light of unutterable tenderness comes into its eyes. The dream-form beckons to him, and the lips move. I cannot tell what they say to him, but he rises from the pallet and the dream vanishes. He is awake now.

He passes his hand across his feverish brow, and turns to leave the room. He descends the crazy stairs with an uncertain step, and crosses the courtyard.

Hearst thou that burst of ribald merriment up the street? Canst thou wonder at men retaining all the passions of brute beasts, when there is no saving influence in their everyday lives to restrain them from evil?

Mark him now as he totters into the street. His steps are faltering, and he looks round appealingly, as if in search of some one. Mark him well; thou wilt not see such elsewhere; it will be a wholesome lesson for thee.

He looks up the street and down, and at last wanders up it in an aimless sort of way. As we follow him, the voices grow louder and louder, till the drunken group comes in sight. Drunken men and reckless women! Five of them reel down the street bawling a filthy song at the top of their voices; scarce can the women's voices be distinguished from the men's, they are so coarsened with drink.

He hears them at length, and looks up at them as they near

him. Three men and two women. He stands as one struck blind ; for the face of one is that of the woman of his dream, and he recognises her. He steps forward, and throws himself at her feet in the midst of the noisy group, and I can hear him wail :

“Annie, my child ! Come with me, my child.”

For a moment she stands in stupid amazement ; then, suddenly sobered, she gently endeavours to raise him, and the dream-expression comes into her eyes. But one of the men with a curse strikes him to the ground, and the moment of grace is past, and the throng reels on down the street.

Strange how still he lies there on the pavement ; he has not moved since he was struck down. A stream of blood begins to trickle from his temple, and forms a little pool under his head. He is dead, but his dream was true ; for his deathblow came before the rude awakening, and it is the tender look in his child's eyes that he will remember through eternity.

Dost like the scene, cousin ? Such things happen every day, and thou wilt not forget it in future. In thine own peace and happiness remember that there are children of the Great City that suffer for thee and me.

T. F. W.

NUTSHELL BIOGRAMS.

FIRST HANDFUL.

[The name and nature of this little series have partly been explained in the opening paragraph of “A Web of Irish Biographies” in our last Number. These brief biographical notes will chiefly be confined to persons whom Ireland in some way claims as her own, those especially who are not found in Mr. A. Webb's excellent “Compendium” which excludes all the living and omits some notable dead. Even the most distinguished persons pass from the first of these classes to the second ; for instance, the Irishman we begin with has only just died. The second of these notes appeared in the *Boston Pilot* of which Mr. O'Reilly is editor, so that it is a sort of miniature autobiography.]

1. DR. RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN was born in Dublin in 1798, the youngest of twenty-one children of an eminent Dublin merchant. He studied medicine and in 1829 became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, of which he was afterwards a Fellow. In 1833 he was appointed special magistrate in Jamaica, and in 1836

superintendent of liberated Africans at Havana, and subsequently Judge Advocate. His official position enabled him to serve the cause of the negroes with Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton. In the midst of his labours in these and other offices he found time to write a large number of works, the best known being his "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," in seven volumes. He also wrote "The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola," "Memoirs of the Countess Blessington," "Travels in Turkey and Egypt," "The Mussulman," "The Infirmities of Genius," "Travels in the West Indies," "Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World," and many others. One of the most useful of his works is the "History of Irish Periodical Literature." His distinguished son, Dr. Thomas More Madden, has confined his literary skill to professional subjects. Richard Robert Madden died on the 5th of February, 1886, aged 87 years, and was buried in the old graveyard of Donnybrook, near Dublin.

2. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28th, 1844. His father, William David O'Reilly, was an accomplished scholar and successful teacher. The future journalist learned to set type on the *Drogheda Argus*. Later he was employed as type-setter or stenographer in various English cities; till finally at the breaking out of the revolutionary movement in Ireland, he returned to his native land, intent on doing his share to advance her desperate cause. Enlisting in the Fourth Hussars, he set himself to spread republican principles in the ranks, with the result that he was brought to trial, June 27th, 1866, pronounced guilty of high treason, and sentenced to be shot. This sentence was eventually commuted to twenty years' penal servitude. Confined successively at Chatham, Portsmouth, Portland, and Dartmoor, subsequently Boyle O'Reilly, with other political convicts, was part of the life-freight of the crowded convict-ship that sailed from England in November, 1867, and reached West Australia, January 10th, 1868. A little more than a year later he effected his escape, but through a tangle of dangers and hardships almost incredible. Taken on board the "Gazelle," from New Bedford, Captain Gifford commanding, he had a six months' experience of a whaler's life. Returned from this cruise, and ere yet falling in with a ship for America, he had several hair-breadth escapes from re-capture. Finally, he landed in Philadelphia, November 23rd, 1869. In 1870, he came to Boston and took a position on the *Pilot*, contributing also to other publications at home and abroad. In 1873 his first volume, "Songs of the Southern Seas," appeared. In 1876 he became, with Archbishop Williams, owner of the *Pilot*, of which he was already editor. In 1878 appeared "Songs, Legends and Ballads;" in 1879, the novel, "Moondyne," in 1881 another volume of poems,

"The Statues in the Block." All these books have gone through many editions.

3. DANIEL CONNOLLY was born in Belleek, County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1836. Since 1851 he has lived for the most part in New York. During the Civil War, he acted as Washington and Virginia correspondent for the *New York Daily News*. After the war, he became associate editor of the *Metropolitan Record*. In 1872, Mr. Connolly gave up journalism as an exclusive occupation; though he has continued to act as correspondent for several papers, among others the *Detroit Free Press*. His poems have attracted much notice. They are full of real feeling; and there is a manly strength in his choice and treatment of topics, most refreshing in these days when *boudoir* poets abound. Some of the best of Mr. Connolly's poems have appeared in the *Pilot*. They have not yet been published in book form. He is about to publish in New York a very full cyclopædia of Irish Poets.

4. REV. ABRAM J. RYAN, the poet-priest of the South, was born in Virginia in 1840, of Irish parents. He made his ecclesiastical studies at St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Missouri. All through the Civil War he was an ardent champion of the cause of the South, and by speech and pen did all he could to advance it. Among the best of his poems are "The Conquered Banner," and others on the "Lost Cause." Father Ryan was at one time editor of the *Banner of the South*, a democratic paper, published in Augusta, Georgia. He had also editorial connection with the New Orleans *Morning Star*. For some years, Father Ryan was pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Ala; but latterly he has been released from parish work, and though retaining his connection with the Diocese of Mobile, resides at Biloxi, where he gives himself mainly to literary pursuits. Father Ryan's poems were published in book form in 1879 and had a great and immediate success. He has another volume nearly ready for publication. Father Ryan is also a thoughtful and vigorous prose writer. He is a frequent contributor to *Donahoe's Magazine*, the *Baltimore Mirror*, and other Catholic publications. He is accounted among the foremost of American Catholic poets.

5. GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN, of the American Revolutionary War, was son of an Irishman. He was born in Berwick, Maine, Feb. 17, 1740, and died in New Hampshire, January 23, 1795. For several years before the war he practised law with great success in Durham, and from 1772 held a provincial Commission as Major. His heroic career through the war is well known in the United States. After the war, on returning to New Hampshire, he was appointed Attorney-General,

and was thrice elected President of the State. His life was written by O. W. B. Peabody, in Sparks' "American Biography."

6. JAMES SULLIVAN, Governor of Massachusetts, brother of General John Sullivan, was also born at Berwick, Maine, April 22, 1744, and died in Boston, December 10, 1808. In 1776, he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court. In 1807 he was elected Governor, and was re-elected in 1808.

7. THOMAS W. M. MARSHALL was born in the year 1815, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. about the year 1840. Having been ordained by the Bishop of Salisbury, he held the living of Swallowcliffe, Wilts, until his reception into the Catholic Church, which took place in the private chapel at Wardour Castle about the year 1848. When he was twenty-eight years of age, and still a clergyman of the Anglican Establishment, Mr. Marshall brought out a bulky volume called *Notes on the Catholic Episcopate*, a work showing extensive reading and considerable powers of reasoning. While collecting his materials for this book, Mr. Marshall's mind was gradually prepared to accept the Catholic Faith. As soon as he became a Catholic, Mr. Marshall placed his brilliant talents at the service of the Church. While filling the position of H.M. Inspector of Schools he wrote his *Christian Missions*, a work of recondite research, and written in the purest English, which has gone through several editions in this country and in the United States, and which has been translated into several European languages. In preparing his materials for this grand book Mr. Marshall consulted nearly 5,000 volumes, and by this work his reputation as a writer of vigorous English was established. Subsequently he wrote *My Clerical Friends*, *Church Defence*, and *Protestant Journalism*. Besides these works, and his numerous contributions to *The Tablet*, Mr. Marshall wrote occasionally in the *Dublin Review*, and in several magazines, English and American. He was an indefatigable writer, but all his powers were consecrated to the service of religion, notwithstanding many tempting offers from secular publications. As a controversialist Mr. Marshall was perhaps unequalled among writers of our time, and his sarcasm, while never ill-natured or personal, was keenly felt by the enemies of the Faith. In all things, and above all things, Mr. Marshall was a sincere and devout Catholic, and in matters of faith he was as simple as a child. About the year 1872 or 1873 Mr. Marshall visited the United States, and lectured in most of the large towns on subjects connected with the interests of the Church and in defence of her doctrines. For his work on *Christian Missions* the Sovereign Pontiff conferred on Mr. Marshall the Cross of St. Gregory, and he received the degree of LL.D. from the College of Georgetown, U.S., in consideration of his services to the Church in America. Mr. Marshall died at Surbiton, Surrey, on December 14, 1877.

8. CORNELIUS MAHONY was born in Ireland in the year 1818. He was blind from infancy. He was brought by his parents at an early age to the United States. He was highly esteemed for the probity and honesty of his life, which was mainly devoted to the work of ameliorating the condition of the blind. Himself a fine musician, he knew what comfort his art could bring to those deprived of sight, and after much study he devised and perfected some thirty years ago a system of musical notation from which by means of lines and figures embossed on thick music-paper, the blind can by the sense of touch study musical scores as readily as they now read print in the same way. Professor Mahony was for the last twenty-five years an instructor in the Institution for the Blind at New York, where he died, October 27, 1885, aged 67 years.

9. JOHN EDWARD M'CULLAGH was born in Coleraine, County Londonderry, Ireland, November 2, 1837. His father was a small farmer, who died in poverty. At the age of fifteen John, who had helped to support himself by labouring in the fields, and had received but little instruction, emigrated to America. In New York he found no encouragement, and with a few shillings in his pocket he made his way to Philadelphia. Here he found an uncle who had emigrated before him. He had hard work until Forrest, recognising his talent, took him up. He fell heir to Forrest's characters, and soon became the leading tragic actor in America. His rôles were remarkable for strength and purity. He died in Philadelphia, November 8th, 1885.

10. RICHARD DOWLING was born at Clonmel, June 3, 1846. He was a pupil of the Jesuits at Limerick, and was at first intended for the legal profession and then for commercial life. In 1870 he followed his inclination for literary work and made the press his profession. He was first on the staff of *The Nation*, and afterwards engaged with the clever Dublin artist, Mr. John Fergus O'Hea in sundry attempts to establish a comic paper in Ireland—*Zozimus, Ireland's Eye, &c.* Some of his quaint humorous papers were reprinted in book form in London by Camden Hotten (now Chatto and Windus), under the eccentric title of "On Babies and Ladders: Essays on Things in General. By Emmanuel Kink, Esq."—of which this Magazine expressed its opinion so long ago as February, 1874 (*IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. II, page 125). At page 139 of the same volume will be found an exquisitely written little tale by Mr. Dowling, called "Mary of Inisard." In 1874 Mr. Dowling went to London where he has since followed his laborious vocation, supplying romantic stories to city and country papers, leading articles, descriptive sketches, verse, and the usual miscellaneous work that falls to the lot of the all-round writer for the press. His special bent is towards the romantic school of fiction, of which Victor Hugo is a chief. Among his three-volume novels are:

"The Mystery of Killard" (of which the scene is laid in County Clare), "The Wierd Sisters," "The Duke's Sweetheart" published originally in *Tinsley's Magazine* under the more poetical name of "Strawberry Leaves." The *Weekly Freeman* once heralded the appearance of a Serial Tale in its own columns from Mr. Dowling's pen by stringing together criticisms on his former works from *The Academy*, *Morning Post*, *Illustrated London News*, *World*, *Athenæum*, *Globe*, *Examiner*, *Whitshall Review*, &c. This litany of praise was so strong and earnest that one is surprised that this Irish novelist is not more widely appreciated than he seems to be, especially in his own country. Is Clonmel proud of being his birthplace ?

11. MARY AUSTIN CARROLL is another native of Clonmel. The excuse for making her the subject of a nutshell biogram is her great devotion to literature under circumstances which might seem to leave no leisure for writing books. She was born at Clonmel on the 23rd of February, 1836; entered the Cork Convent of Mercy, St. Marie's of the Isle in December, 1853, and soon after her profession was sent to America in October, 1856. At first her work lay in some of the northern States of the Union; but in March, 1869, she was sent to found a convent of her Order in New Orleans. Yellow fever and other trials came on the young foundation. In 1871 Mother Austin was the only professed Sister surviving. Since then the Institute has prospered and sent out eight flourishing branches, of which our pages have contained some account in the "Southern Sketches" contributed by their Foundress; for with all these cares and toils she found time and spirit to use her pen also. Though yellow fever has decimated them again and again, the New Orleans Sisters now number eighty between mother-house and branches. The majority of Sisters and pupils are Irish by birth or descent; but all nations are represented among them. At St. Martinsville, in the country of Evangeline's wanderings, French is spoken, and schools for "coloured" children are attached to most of their houses. And yet in a climate where it might seem sufficiently creditable to be able to live on, this Sister of Mercy from the banks of the Suir besides keeping all these works in working order, has found leisure to compose and publish quite a library of original and translated books. By far the most readable and fullest "Life of Mother Catherine Macaulay" is from her pen; and she is also the historian of her Order. She has devoted two large and agreeable volumes to her "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy" in Ireland, England, and all the rest of the world except the United States. On the concluding volume she is still engaged. We need not enumerate her other writings, among which are included an edifying collection of stories. In this respect she resembles another literary Nun, who, like her, has managed to find literary leisure amidst

the responsibilities of governing several religious houses. We refer to the English Dominicaness, Mother Raphael Drane, author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," "Songs in the Night," "Uriel," "Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir," and many other works of the most solid literary merit.

NEW BOOKS.

WE sometimes put in a good word for books that are sent to us for review, without any hope that our readers will at once draw a practical conclusion from our remarks and take steps to obtain a copy of the book in question. But in the present instance we desire and expect to produce an immediate effect of this kind among a certain class of our readers—namely, the "loyal minority," the small but intelligent minority who in this prosaic generation continue loyal to the study of poetry and have even an appetite for sonnets. The book before us is "Sonnets of this Century," edited and arranged, with a critical Introduction on the Sonnet, by William Sharp. It is the latest addition to the series of "Canterbury Poets" brought out by a new publisher who has lately risen into prominence and who bears an auspicious name—Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, Paternoster-row, London, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. The neat little quarto has 325 pages, is elegantly printed with red borders, and very tastefully and serviceably bound, all for a single shilling. With a view to our country readers and the practical conclusion suggested above, we may add that the postage costs two pence. Not only is it by far the cheapest but it is in several respects the most complete or at least the most satisfactory collection of sonnets within reach of the ordinary reader. For such a cheap and popular volume we might have expected only a slight and brief introduction, whereas Mr. Sharp discusses in eighty compact pages almost every point connected with the history, organism, and literature of the Sonnet. His biographical and critical notes at the end are extremely interesting, and the small, clear type compresses a great deal of matter within the limited space. The editor has been wise in following the alphabetical order of authors and in confining himself to this century. Milton's sonnets we can find elsewhere; and, as for Shakespeare's, a previous volume in this Canterbury Series, edited by Mr. Sharp also, gives those marvellous sonnets in a very readable form along with an excellent selection of Shakespeare's songs, and, better still, all those portions of his minor poems which can be

safely read by young and old. It is good to have these exquisite snatches of poetry separated from the sensuous descriptions which unfortunately surround them in the original. A cultivated writer in *The Tablet*, reviewing very favourably Miss Evelyn Pyne's "Poet in May," after referring to one of her sonnets, spoke of another sonnet as "another poem of about the same length." He evidently did not recognise them as sonnets at all, and his appreciation of them would have been increased if he had understood the perfection of their form. Those who know little and those who know a great deal about sonnets will both derive much pleasure and profit from reading carefully Mr. Sharp's excellent anthology of the "Sonnets of this Century."

Mr. John Orlebar Payne, M.A., has completed the publication of a valuable work partly edited by the late Very Rev. Edgar Escourt, F.S.A. Canon of St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham: "The English Catholic Nonjurors of 1715, being a summary of the register of their estates with genealogical and other notes and an appendix of unpublished documents in the Public Record Office." It is of great interest and value for English Catholics, but of course not so much "for those who have no friend or brother there," unless they have very decided antiquarian tastes. The editing is admirably done, and the book is finely produced by the publishers, Messrs. Burns and Oates, with even the æsthetic luxuries of uncut edges and gilt tops.

One of the most solid and most learned works produced of late by any Catholic writer is "Studies of Family Life, a Contribution to Social Science," by Mr. C. S. Devas, M.A. Oxon, (London: Burns and Oates.) Mr. Devas is the author of a very able book on a kindred subject, "Groundwork of Economics;" and we advise the reader of the present book to turn to the end of the index and look over the two pages which contain the high appreciations of the author's former work, given not only by Catholic authorities such as *The Dublin Review*, *The Month*, *The Catholic World*, *The Tablet*, and *The Weekly Register*, but also by the *Saturday Review*, *The Spectator*, *The Guardian*, and many other Protestant reviewers. The same patient research and the same skill in marshalling the resources of his learning are displayed in the present volume, which will be often found of particular value to the preacher and the publicist. The immense array of facts and statistics is rendered more readily available by being grouped into compact and well arranged paragraphs. To these, not to the pages, are the references made in an excellent index of twenty pages.

There were formerly Premonstratensian Monasteries in Ireland on Trinity Island in Lough Oughter, Co. Cavan; on another Trinity Island in Lough Key, to which the Most Rev. Dr. Healy some years ago devoted a very learned and interesting paper in this Magazine in May 1878 (*IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. vi., page 273;) at Goodborn or Woodborn near Carrickfergus; at Enagh-Dure or de Portu Patrum near Tuam;

at Kilamoy or Atmoy in Sligo; and at Ballymore in Westmeath. The Order of Prémontrè has lately been re-established in England at Crowle near Doncaster, and one of St. Norbert's sons, the Rev. Martin Genders, has thought it expedient to publish a fuller life of his Founder in English than that contained in Alban Butler's great work. This "Life of St. Norbert, Founder of the Order of Prémontrè and Archbishop of Magdeburg" is brought out attractively by Mr. Washbourne the Publisher.

We are delighted to perceive the wide appreciation that Mrs. Frank Pentrill's excellent story of "Odile" is receiving from the critics. The *Saturday Review* dropped its habitual sneer in mentioning it; and the *Academy* gave it emphatic praise and prominent notice among novels of much greater length and greater pretensions. The *Tablet* of January 30 describes it as "a pretty little story, exceedingly simple, but told with a charm that maintains its interest throughout." Our own opinion of "Odile" has been expressed before, but we may add that we believe it to be by far the best tale that has issued from the O'Connell-street Press since the publication of "The Walking Trees," and even that wonderful phantasy, so vivid a triumph of imagination and of a magical style, will be considered less interesting than the present story by matter-of-fact readers old and young.

Another book which we lately recommended to our readers is thus spoken of in *The Weekly Register* of February 13:—

"A daughter of our Irish poet of happy memory, Denis Florence Mac Carthy, herself a poetess, and also a nun of the Dominican Order, has worked out a quaint and tender idea of her own by giving us *The Birthday Book of Our Dead*, in which she has collected many of the most soothing and beautiful thoughts that have been suggested to poets and prose-writers by the death of those for whose loss their hearts had bled. Many eyes from which the tears are yet flowing for irreparable loss will rest gratefully on the pages of this book; and many who have learned to look gladly towards heaven when the dear face to be seen no more on earth arises in the memory, will seek out eagerly the consoling verse which reads like an angel's message between soul and soul. The compiler of this book deserves the thanks of all who have loved and lost, for her ingenuity in inventing a new and quite original form of comfort for the sorrowful."

Lady Herbert introduces with an interesting preface "The Life of the Venerable Joseph Marchand, Apostolic Missionary and Martyr," translated from the French of the Abbe Jacquenet (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). This holy Missionary suffered a terrible martyrdom in China, in 1835. The process of his beatification was introduced during the pontificate of Gregory XVI. In the English edition too many quotations from Scripture and A Kempis are left in Latin, and in a well known text we notice the misprint *in reliquo*. This little book is interesting and edifying beyond the average.

Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son of Dublin have issued a second edition of "The Catholic Soldier's Guide during his stay Abroad" by Father George Wenniger, S.J. Please God, it will run through many an

edition, for it is an admirable book, and is interesting reading for others besides soldiers. It is thoroughly practical and brought down to date, as, where the author is encouraging a soldier to utilise even his time in prison if he should unfortunately get into trouble, he adds: "It is well to know how many have during their stay in prison acquired great learning and other accomplishments, as Mr. Davitt." The sixth chapter is devoted to a calendar of soldier-saints. It has often been said that the soldier's trade is more largely represented than any other profession. Let us count up, adding together not only the individual saints but also the bands of soldier-martyrs whose names are not given separately. The soldier-saints whose names are given number 185; and in addition there are 12,784, made up of bands and regiments, like the Theban Legion, martyred wholesale.

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* continues to maintain its place in the front rank of periodical literature. The January Part consists of two hundred large octavo pages divided among fourteen articles mostly of an elaborate kind. The lay writers predominate largely this time—St. George Mivart, Arthur Marshall, Gilmory Shea, Bryan Clinch, and others. Dr. Chatard, Dr. Corcoran, and Father Treacy, S.J., represent the clerical element. This Review is a literary work of the highest and most solid merit, worthy of the marvellous development of the Catholic Church in the States.

"Socialist, Protestant, Catholic," is a brochure of forty pages, well printed by W. H. Barrett, Chichester, giving an account in a very artless and amusing way of the writer's conversion by very slow stages. She was born of irreligious parents in France, whose only religion was Socialism. She became a Protestant while acting as a governess in England, and was then for the first time baptized. Some time after she was led on to embrace the Catholic faith after painful and careful study and preparation, and evidently trials not a few. Such narratives have more than one instructive lesson for those who are born in the bosom of the true Church. *Non fecit taliter omni nationi.*

Monsignor Capel has published in the United States several clear and able pamphlets and books on controversial points. Pustet and Co. of New York and Cincinnati, have issued the fifth thousand of his little treatise, "The Pope, Vicar of Christ, Head of the Church." Other tracts, by the same author, are in their 25th thousand.

"Cleanliness of Person and Home" is the very practical subject of lecture delivered before the Young Ireland Society in Dublin last December, by Mr. L. Ginnell, and published by Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, of Abbey-street. It is a far better and more useful subject than public lectures are generally devoted to, and it is very cleverly handled. "Would that its tones might reach the rich!" sang poor Hood. Would that these kindly counsels were taken to heart by the poor and the artisan classes. Cleanliness costs something, but poverty

does not excuse all our shortcomings. This lecture is full of very useful observations and suggestions.

Another lecture is on "Joy and Laughter," by V. M. (Burns and Oates)—very ingenious, exhibiting not a little erudition, and teaching withal many a serious lesson.

Father Sebastian Keens of the Congregation of the Passion, has issued a sixth edition of his very complete "Manual of the Seven Dolours" (James Duffy and Sons).

We must end for this month with St. Barbara. No. 5 of the Lays of St. Joseph's Chapel gives us for fourpence an account of St. Barbara and her literature, a lay in her honour, a translation of her "Little Office," and of another Latin hymn—all very devout and written with good taste, if not quite such exquisite poetry as the "Saint Barbara" of Miss Mulholland's "Vagrant Verses." What the critics are saying about the last named book may be seen on the advertising pages which follow at the end of this Number.

ANOTHER IRISH NUN IN EXILE.

OUR pages have more than once paid the tribute of admiration to daughters of the Irish race who have devoted their lives to God's work among souls in countries far away from "the fair hills of holy Ireland." The new Chief Secretary for Ireland has written somewhere that "the type of St. Vincent de Paul is as indispensable to progress as the type of Newton." Those brave and devoted women do more for the real progress of humanity than a thousand "fireside philanthropists great at the pen." The heroism of such a life is greatly increased in those who add to their other sacrifices the enduring hardship of voluntary exile. This sacrifice again is immensely greater for women than for men, and greater even than it is now was it forty or fifty years ago when the subject of this notice bade adieu to Innisfail. We have learned meanwhile that Ireland is not so big as we once thought it and that the rest of the world is not quite uninhabitable.

Mary Ursula Frayne—to give her the only name we are acquainted with—was born in Dublin in 1816. In her eighteenth year she joined the newly-formed Sisters of Mercy in Baggot-street, so that, taking her vows two years and a half later, she had at her death reached the golden jubilee of her religious life. When she had been seven years under the personal influence of the holy

Foundress of the Order, Mother Catherine Macauley, volunteers were invited for the first establishment beyond the Atlantic—in what was supposed to be the home of snows and fogs, Newfoundland. Sister Ursula volunteered and led out the first band of Sisters as Superior, in 1842, and there they have been at work ever since. When initial difficulties were over, she was recalled; and so she was ready in 1846 to play the same part under still more difficult circumstances. Mother Ursula was again Superioress of a brave little band of Sisters who arrived in Perth in Western Australia in the January of that year. During the forty years since then, the Sisters of Mercy have been at work in that colony in which the difficulties are much greater and the aids and advantages much fewer than in such prosperous cities as Sydney and Melbourne. All honour to the brave novice who broke through very tender ties to follow this arduous vocation so far away, and who is still toiling there! And all honour to the young Irish maidens who lately left happy homes to join her in the work!

Mother Ursula herself had meanwhile passed on to another sphere of labour. When the early hardships of this mission, which were exceptional in their nature and in their grievousness, had been to a certain extent overcome, and an orphanage and schools had been established, Mrs. Frayne was summoned to found a house of her Order in Melbourne in 1857, upon the pressing invitation of the Most Reverend Dr. Goold. A splendid convent in Nicholson-street, in that city of the Yarra Yarra, is only one of her works in Victoria. St. Vincent's Orphanage at Emerald Hill was under her immediate care for exactly a quarter of a century. One of the last branches sent out from Melbourne is flourishing at a place called Kilmore—evidently called so from love of the old country at home. Mother Ursula died the happy death which might be expected to crown so holy and so self-sacrificing a life on the ninth day of last June. For her surely that last beatitude of the dead who die in the Lord must mean a great deal—"their works follow them." How much has followed her! It seems too little to pray for such a one that she may rest in peace. And this, thank God, is nothing very much out of the common, but is only a sample of the heroism displayed every day as a mere matter of course by hundreds and thousands of the daughters of Eve—of the Second Eve, Mary—and especially by the daughters of St. Brigid, all the world over, God be praised!

THE O'CONNELL PAPERS.

PART XXII.

IRISH LIBERALS FIFTY YEARS AGO—JOHN O'CONNELL—DR. CROLLY, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH—JOHN KEOGH—LORD DEVON.

AT this particular crisis of Irish history there is a special interest in recalling the names of the most advanced Liberal politicians at a date not very remote. And yet it will be considered very remote. I am not able to fix the year, for the document is not dated, but it would be easy, with a little research, to approximate to the exact date, for replies to the circular are to be sent to Sergeant Woulfe, M.P., 11 Ely-place, Dublin—namely, that Catholic lawyer, who was soon to be Chief Baron Woulfe, and whose name has been printed in every copy of *The Nation*, week by week, since the 15th of October, 1842, with a short break after '48: for the motto of *The Nation* consists of these words of Chief Baron Woulfe: "To create and foster public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil." During what year or years was Woulfe a member of Parliament? The circular issued in his name was for the purpose of creating a Liberal Registration Committee to cope with the activity of the Tories in securing the franchise for their party. To the requisition are affixed facsimiles of the autograph signatures of the following Irishmen:—Clements, P. Bellew, O'Connor Don, M. S. Chapman, Stephen Woulfe, John H. Talbot, Charles A. Walker, B. L. Shiel, Cornelius O'Brien, R. M. Bellew, C. Fitzsimon, James Grattan, G. W. Evans, Henry Grattan, Dominick Ronayne, Gonville French, James John Bagot, Henry Arabin, James Lewis O'Farrell [*one name illegible*], E. Lawless, James Power, David R. Pigott, Joseph Hone, Killeen, Thomas Esmonde, Richard Trench, W. W. Fitzwilliam Hume, Wm. Murphy, Robert Tighe, John Fetherston Haugh, C. J. Trench, T. C. Morgan, J. M. Somerville, Sam White, Henry White, Edward Wolstenholms, Henry R. Westrenra, Robert Chaloner [*torn off*] Musgrave, William Sharman Crawford, J. Parnell, D. Henry, John Power, Richard P. O'Reilly, John Ennis, Christopher M'Donnell, Percy Nugent, Bart., Gerald Dease, Hugh M. Tuite, Richard Nagle, William J. Brabazon, Robert Cassidy, Robert Archbold, W. A. Vigers, Wm. Villiers Stuart, Leonard Dobbin, Charles Pentland, George Taaffe, Stephen Grehan, Wm. John Hancock, David Roche, R. Keane, N. Ball.

This representative list of the "great Liberal party" in Ireland in those days would require a good deal of annotating to bring out its points of interest; but we can only remark the absence of O'Connell's name, and pass on.

A little space may at this point be occupied by an unauthorised extract from a private letter sent to the editor of these O'Connell Papers by one who is deeply skilled in all literary matters, those especially which concern Ireland:—

"Those discursive jottings called the 'O'Connell Papers' give me great pleasure. I am glad to learn something about Mrs. Fitzsimon, much as her ordinary verse fell below the level of 'The Woods of Kylinoe.' By the way, this is *not* a *Nation* poem: we commonly attribute too much to that treasury of 'Young Ireland.' When the 'Woods' first appeared I cannot say—but it is to be found, under the title of 'Song of an Irish Emigrant in North America (air—*The Woods of Kylinoe*),' in *The Citizen* for April, 1840. I think this was its first appearance. I may add, that this and many other poems in *The Citizen* are signed 'L.N.F.'—having a full stop between the first two letters. The 'Woods' re-appeared, of course, in Duffy's 'Ballad Poetry,' in 1845 (and were *there* signed L.N.F.). There seems indeed a conspiracy (headed by Gavan Duffy) to claim everything good for the *Nation*: e.g., I have found that pretty song, the 'Peasant Girls,' in Kennedy's [*Glasgow*] 'Catholic Magazine,' for February, 1837, but in 1843 *The Nation* coolly 'marked it for her own,' and it duly appeared in the 'Spirit.'

"The 'Recollections' [by Mrs. Fitzsimon] are exceedingly interesting. I hope you may be able to give us plenty of such matter, from the same bureau. The references to Charles Phillips reminds me of my own conflicting feelings about that man, who could speak so well and so badly, be such a lover of liberty, and such a malignant enemy of his friends. His 'poetry' savours, like the man himself, of quackery.

"John O'Connell's rhymes in the *Nation*—'What's my Thought Like?' and 'The House that Paddy Built,' were indeed miserable (that's too strong a word for the first); in the later editions of the 'Spirit' a more 'symmetrical' song called 'Was it a Dream,' is attributed to him. It seems, indeed, a graceful transformation of his nonsensical prose, 'Vision.' In his 'Recollections and Experiences' he says of his writing in the *Nation*—'Although I had the honour of being mentioned in the programme of the newspaper as one of its intended contributors, I never was so beyond three articles, one of the most veritable and *truly prosaic prose*, and two of *rhyma*, doubtless still more prosaic and heavy.' (The italics are his). His metrical letter is very amusing. Too clever to be called 'doggerel,' is it not?

"John O'Connell's reputation has suffered painful ill-usage (at the hands of 'Young Ireland'); it was already burdened with a heap of his 'unsaleable copies;' it stumbled along shockingly in trying political courses; and Gavan Duffy, who forgets none of his early antagonisms, has just laid the 'last straw' on its tender back. Yet I have a singular and interesting proof—to be divulged some time—

both of John O'Connell's great ability, and of his passionate love of Ireland."

These not very envenomed comments were called forth by the tenth instalment of these O'Connell Papers, in April, 1883 (*IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. xi., page 219). To justify the epithet "discursive," applied to the series in the beginning of this extract, the letters to fill the rest of our space will be of a very miscellaneous kind, and wholly unconnected with one another, except in being addressed to O'Connell. When Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1842, he received the following letter from the Primate, Dr. Crolly, Cardinal Cullen's immediate predecessor:—

ARMAGH, 14th April, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,

A petition to the House of Commons has been forwarded to your care by the Catholics of Armagh, who entertain the hope that you will, in Parliament, support the reasonable prayer of their Petition with your extensive influence and powerful advocacy. From the circumstances in which all the Catholics on the panel were excluded from the jury-box at the late trial of Francis Hughes for the murder of Thomas Powell, you will easily perceive that, if such an exclusive system be not altered, neither the lives nor the character of Her Majesty's loyal Catholic subjects will be safe in this part of Ireland. I am intimately acquainted with some of the respectable Catholics who were set aside by the Crown Solicitor at the trial of Francis Hughes, and knowing their integrity, I do not hesitate to declare, that their exclusion was calculated to fill the minds of the Catholics of Ulster with alarming apprehensions, that trial by jury will not afford impartial protection to their properties, their liberties, or their lives. You have always endeavoured to obtain even-handed justice for your fellow-countrymen, and your friends in this ancient city join me in the request that you will use your most strenuous exertions to obtain from Parliament that legal redress, which is so fairly claimed in the Petition, which will be entrusted to your care. I have the honour to remain, with the highest respect,

My dear Lord Mayor,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

✠ W. CROLLY.

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Dr. Crolly has often been blamed for being too moderate, and yet see how he feels. If a fair attempt at just and equal government had been made in Ireland in bygone days, many things which have happened since would have been prevented.

Lord Devon wished well to Ireland, and the Devon Commission did good, and is still referred to. The following letter relates to it:—

4 BAYSWATER-SQUARE,

December 2.

SIR,

I beg to thank you for your letter of the 25th November.

The pressure of the County Cess, and the whole of the Grand Jury System as to its fiscal operations, are strictly within the scope of our inquiry, and we

shall be thankful for any information which you can give us relating to that subject.

It would be very unfair to infer from your consent to be examined that you either approve the Commission or entertain any hope of a good result from it. I take it only as an evidence of your desire not to throw any obstacle in the way of any proceeding which has for its professed object an improvement in the condition of the people of Ireland.

I have written to Ireland upon your wish to see some portion of the evidence.

I will not omit this opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments for the very hospitable reception given to us at Derrinane. The fine scenery and perfect retirement of that place must be a source of great enjoyment to you.

I have the honour to be

Your faithful and obedient servant,

DEVON.

D. O'Connell, Esq.

From the Devon Commission to the Veto Question is a long leap backwards. The following letter was addressed by John Keogh, the Catholic leader at the beginning of the century which is now hastening to its close, to the young man who was already taking his place in the van of Irish Catholics. The Catholic leader's suburban demesne at Harold's-cross is now the Protestant burying-ground, where Hogan's statue of Thomas Davis is also buried.

MOUNT JEROME,

12th February, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

I am extremely obliged by your kind attention, in favouring me with the perusal of Mr. Jerningham's letter which I return herewith.

It seems that Lords Grenville and Grey have yielded the important point, of not calling a VETO by *that name*. These statesmen and candidates for power are content with the *substance*, under any other title; the English Catholics also approve of the terms in their 5th resolution—being “vague and general,” and appear happy in this “unexpected turn in the minds of our public friends.” How weak and childish is this if they are really serious!

I entertain no doubt that if a similar measure should be proposed to the Catholic body, it will be reprobated. They will not, I hope, agree to arrangements to be made for them by any others, but first demand what are those arrangements or concessions to which Lord G. alludes.

The situation of the Catholics of Ireland is critical and dangerous. The precipitate conduct of the English Catholics will increase our difficulties. Confidence and union between clergy and laity may yet save both. One false step may divide and ruin us for ever. May God direct our humble efforts or the efforts of those who act for the body.

I am very respectfully,

Your obliged,

JOHN KEOGH.

While these papers have been in course of publication, some of our readers have kindly sent letters of the *Liberator*, which had been treasured up in their domestic archives. Mr. Edmund Fitzgerald Ryan, who has lately resigned the office of Resident Magistrate at Wexford, was Mayor of his native city, Limerick, in the year 1846. One of his first duties was to invite O'Connell to a banquet to be given to the county and city members. Here is O'Connell's "kind No.":—

MERRION-SQUARE,
31st December, 1845.

MY DEAR MAYOR,

I received with great satisfaction the invitation you transmitted to me, to attend the dinner to be given to your patriotic members for the county and city of Limerick. I am sincerely sorry that I cannot accept that invitation, as the Parliament meets for the despatch of business on the 22nd, the day after that intended for the festival. I feel it a sacred duty to attend at the opening of the House, in order to give the best support in my poor power to the Cheap Bread Bill, to be brought in either by Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Peel, I care little which; either shall have my active support for that measure, deeming it as I do of paramount importance to the labouring classes in Ireland, as well as in England. Nothing but a pressing necessity of this kind would prevent me from fulfilling the pleasing duty of paying the tribute of respect and gratitude to the truly patriotic members for your city and county.

As to your saying, my good friend, that Mr. Smith O'Brien is second only to me, permit me to tell you a fact that all Ireland recognizes that Mr. O'Brien is not second to any living man in the noble disinterestedness and practical utility of his patriotism.

Your grandfather, respected by all, was my friend; your father, esteemed by all, was my friend; and I am proud, Mr. Mayor, to subscribe myself with affectionate regard,

Your obliged and faithful friend,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The Right Worshipful the Mayor of Limerick.

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN.

IN MEMORIAM.

DURING the last month an Irish literary veteran has passed away, whose name has a right to be recorded in these pages. He is indeed commemorated already on an earlier page of this present number where the incidents of his life are condensed into the first of our "Nutshell Biograms." It was specially characteristic of his generous nature that his marriage with the daughter of Mr. John Elmsley, which made him the owner of property in Jamaica, instead of enlisting him on the side of the slave-holders, made him join in the philanthropic labours of Clarkson and Wilberforce. The same feeling made him in his writings take a tone that would hardly be expected in a government official towards those who "rose in dark and evil days to right their native land."

The chief facts of Dr. Madden's life are his books, and of these by far the most original and the most important is his "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen." Extraordinary enthusiasm for his subject was needed to make him persevere through some twenty years in amassing the materials for these seven octavo volumes. To take one example, we have examined the pages devoted to the pathetic story of Sarah Curran, to whom attention has quite lately been directed by the exquisite poem, "Emmet's Love," which is placed first among Miss Rosa Mulholland's "Vagrant Verses." This is only one brief episode, yet to clear up some little points involved in it, Dr. Madden incurred the expense and fatigue of more than one journey to the further extremity of Ireland.*

In the place referred to we have enumerated most of Dr. Madden's works. The first of his publications which fell into our hands is omitted in all lists of his writings. It was a small quarto which under the name of "An Easter Offering" put together sundry poems of consolation for the death of children, the finest of all being the lines of Mrs. Browning on a "Child's grave at Florence." Dr. Madden himself figured as a poet in his little volume, which was indeed a tribute to the memory of a son whom he had lost. His not very ambitious muse may here be represented by some more cheerful lines which have never been published and were sent as "a birthday

* It is hardly known sufficiently that Amelia Curran, another daughter of our great Orator, became a Catholic. A painting of hers, copied from Murillo, was presented by the second Lord Cloncurry to the Catholic Church of Black-rock, County Dublin.

present on the 79th anniversary of R. R. Madden's first appearance on the stage of life, to his dear son Thomas More Madden : 20th August, 1877."

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,"
 In the year "'98", whose troubles began ;
 Who wandered all over the world, and yet
 To scramble up stairs is now quite hard set.
 To Naples from Rome in five days he had walked ;
 In Asia o'er deserts on camels had stalked ;
 On African coasts, in America too,
 In West Indian Islands the years were not few ;
 He battled with slave-trading scoundrels, and warred
 With slave-holding tyrants, whose deeds he abhorred.

But now all his powers for such conflicts are gone,
 His wand'ring adventures and duties are done ;
 Six years' anti-slavery labours are ended,
 And thirty years more of brain-toil he expended
 On work of the kind that is called literary,
 On "Travels" and subjects that very much vary.
 With gout and lumbago tormenting him too,
 He hardly can crawl, his poor limbs fail him so ;
 Yet crutches to use he will not condescend ;
 He hates them as much as Sir Dominick his friend.

To walk from the Castle to Westland-row Station
 Would seem to him now a vast perambulation.
 The Traveller, in short, is so crippled and lame,
 So wholly done up, his old book-loving game,
 Once so loved, is abandoned : you'll meet him no more
 At auctions or stalls ; all his visits are o'er
 To the rag-shops in Cook-street, to rummage for tracts
 And pamphlets, especially treating of facts
 About "'98" and "The Lives and the Times"
 Of its "Boys" and their exploits, call'd commonly crimes.

Oppression he warred with, wherever detected—
 Of rulers and ruled all just rights he protected.
 Wrongs done to the weak, while the poor man was strong,
 He'd fight against, write against, all the day long :
 But he'll do so no more ; our old "'98 Boy"
 Has no energies now to command or employ ;
 His memory fails ; he remembers alone
 The friends he once loved, whether living or gone.
 So of poor old Ricardo then pity the ailings,
 And "blame not the Bard" for his rhymes or his failings.

The old man—who had still eight years before him, and who perhaps expected to reach the ninety-three years of his father before joining him in the family-vault in the old graveyard of Donnybrook—alludes in these lines to his love of old books. Seventeen years before he had dilated on this master-passion of his heart in another unpublished poem to which he prefixed as a motto the inscription of the Guelferbylanian Library—wherever that may be found: “Quando omnes loquuntur et deliberant, optimum à mutis et mortuis est consilium. Homines quoque si taceant, vocem invenient libri, et quæ nemo dicit, prudens suggerit antiquitas.”

I must confess I love old books !

The dearest, too, perhaps most dearly ;
Thick, clumpy tomes, of antique looks,
In pigskin covers fashioned queerly ;

Clasped, chained, or thonged, stamped quaintly, too,
With figures wondrous strange of holy
Women and men, and cherubs, few
Might oft from owls distinguish duly.

I love black-letter books, that saw
The light of day at least three hundred
Long years ago ; and look with awe
On works that live, so often plundered.

love the sacred dust, the more
It clings to ancient lore, enshrining
Thoughts of the dead renowned of yore,
Embalmed in books ; for age declining.

Fit solace, food, and friends most sure
To have around one, always handy,
When sinking spirits find no cure
In news, election brawls, or brandy.

In these old books, more soothing far
Than balm of Gilead or Nepenthè,
I seek an antidote to care—
Of which most men indeed have plenty.

“Five hundred times at least,” I’ve said—
My wife assures me—“ would never
Buy more old books ; ” yet lists are made,
And shelves are lumbered more than ever

Ah ! that our wives could only see
How well the money is invested
In these old books, which seem to be
By them, alas ! so much detested !

There's nothing hath enduring youth,
 Eternal newness, strength unfailing.
 Except old books, old friends, old truth,
 That's ever battling—still prevailing.

In lands like this, a nation once,
 Of freedom lost and prized too cheaply
 Let no man speak!—we must renounce
 Such themes, and in old books dive deeply.

'Tis better in the past to live
 Than grovel in the present vilely,
 In clubs and cliques, where placemen hive,
 And faction hums, and drones rank highly.

To be enlightened, counselled, led,
 By master minds of former ages,
 Come to old books—consult the dead—
 Commune with silent saints and ages.

Dearly beloved old pigskin tomes!
 Of dingy hue, old bookish darlings!
 Oh, cluster ever round my rooms,
 And banish strife, disputes, and snar ngs!

Space fails for a third poem, of which the pious sentiments would afford some consolation to the friends who are in mourning for this good and gifted man—better consolation than the full obituaries which have appeared in *The Times*, *The World*, and the chief journals of London and Dublin. One of these has noticed the coincidence that Dr. Madden was born in that very year '98 which was to be the subject of his most interesting work. Like the death of John Cornelius O'Callaghan, author of "The Green Book" and historian of the Irish Brigades, his departure is the breaking of another link with the past. Many things have happened in Ireland since the sad year 1798, and many more are still to happen before the coming round of 1898, the centenary of the birth of Richard Robert Madden.

M. R.

BET'S MATCH-MAKING.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "VAGRANT VERSES," "KILLEEVY," "MARCELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

THE only time I ever tried match-making in my life was when I was seventeen, and I then so burnt my fingers over the business that I took care never to meddle with it again. I was living at the time with my stepmother on her farm near Ballymena. My father was dead, and my stepmother did not like me. She had placed me for a time with a milliner in the town, but finding it expensive supporting me apart from her, had taken me away again. She was thinking of a second marriage, though I did not know it at the time. But this I did know:—that she had written to some distant friends of my father in America, who had unwillingly consented to take me off her hands.

I don't think it would have been half as hard for me to have made up my mind to die; for I was a shy little thing, without a bit of courage to deal with strangers, and my heart was fit to burst at the thought of leaving the very few friends whom I had to love, and my own little corner of the world, where the trees and the roads knew me. But I felt it would have to be done, and I lay awake all night after the letter arrived, trying to think how I should ever be brave enough to say good-bye to my dear friend Gracie Byrne, and to Gracie's lover, Donnell M'Donnell.

Gracie was the cleverest of all Miss Doran's apprentices. She was an orphan without a friend to look after her, and she was the loveliest girl in the country. People said she was proud and vain; but I never could think she was either. She and I loved one another dearly, though I cannot think what attracted her to poor little plain me. She had plenty of admirers, and she queened it finely amongst them; but the only one to whom I had given her with all my heart was Donnell M'Donnell. And, oh dear! he was the very one whom she would not look at.

Donnell and I were great friends, and I had promised to do all I could to help him with Gracie. He was young and strong, and as bonny a man as could be seen. He had a fine farm, all his own, some three miles across country from my stepmother's place. If Gracie would but marry him, she might live like a lady, and drive

into Ballymena on her own jaunting-car. But she was always saying that she would go away to London, and be a great "West-end" milliner. This terrified me badly, seeing that London is such a wicked place.

My stepmother was always crying out that Gracie would come to a sorrowful end, which made me wild; and as I lay awake that wretched night I thought a great deal about what might happen to her if she went away to London by herself, and she so handsome, and not having a friend at all. And I wished with all my strength that she would marry Donnell M'Donnell before I went away to America, which would ease my mind about her, and also about him. For I felt the greatest pity in the world for kind big Donnell's disappointment.

My stepmother was provoked at my sad face next day, and called me ungrateful. But when I cried bitterly she got a little kinder, and in the evening allowed me to go into Ballymena to see my friend Gracie. So towards sundown, when the snow was getting red upon the fences, I wrapped my shawl about me and set off for the town; sobbing loudly to ease my heart, all along the lonely road, where there was no one to hear me but the robins. The brown trees against the dusky red sky, the white swelling lines of the fields, the dark chimneys of the town on before me, were all blent in a dismal maze, when who should leap over a stile and stand beside me but Gracie's great lover, Donnell. I told him my eyes were only watering with the cold, and he turned and walked alongside of me for a good way, while we talked of Gracie of course. He was very angry at her, and said she was playing fast and loose with him, and making him the sport of the town and country. I took Gracie's part, and so we went on till we came to the last white gate on the road, and began to meet the townspeople. Then I told him I was going away, and he looked so vexed that I nearly cried again. I felt so glad to see him sorry.

"Well, little Bet," said he, "we must give you a good dance over in yon big farm-house of ours before you go. And, in the meantime —"

"I'll see to your business, Donnell," said I, smiling. "Never fear but I'll do your business to the last."

Then he shook my two hands till he nearly squeezed them into jelly, and left me.

When I went into Miss Doran's it was past the work hour, and the girls were putting on their bonnets to go away; Gracie only ~~was~~ sitting close to the candle, putting the flowers on a ball-dress

for one of the county ladies. She, having the nicest taste, had always the honour of giving the finishing touches to the most particular work. She looked very tired, but oh, so handsome, with her pale cheek against the yellow light, and her dark head bending over a mass of white and rose-colour tulle.

"A bud here," said she, "and spray there, and then I have done. You'll come home with me and sleep. That cross step-mother of yours won't see you again to-night."

"Don't talk that way, Gracie," said I; "but I came intending to stay." And the work being finished, we went home to her lodgings.

A lovely bunch of flowers was lying on her table, and she laughed and blushed, and looked beautiful when she saw it.

"Who is that from, Gracie?" said I. "Donnell?"

"No, indeed," said she, tossing her head. But I was sure that was a fib, for she looked as happy as possible, resting herself in her arm-chair beside the fire, while I set out the tea-things. She looked so glad, and the shabby room looking so snug, and our little tea-drinking being so cozy, I could not bear to tell her the bad news now, and began to set about Donnell's business.

"Gracie," said I, "I wish you would marry Donnell soon."

"Soon?" said she, opening her eyes, and looking at me angrily. "I'll never marry him!"

"But you know, Gracie," said I, getting hot about it, "that you ought to marry him. He says—that is, I know—you have made him the laughing-stock of the country, and——"

"Very fine!" cried she. "And so he has been complaining to you, has he?"

"I did not say that," said I; "but, oh, Gracie, I know you like some one. I saw you smiling over a letter the other day, just the way you are smiling now."

"And what if I do?" said she, laughing and tossing her head; "that does not prove that it must be Donnell."

"There is no one else so good," said I, eagerly. "It could not be any one else."

"On my word," said she, staring at me, "I think you had better go and marry him yourself."

"I? Oh, Gracie!" said I, starting up and sitting down again, and beginning to cry, "I wanted to tell you that I am going to America."

You may be sure we talked no more about Donnell that night.

Donnell did not fail to keep his word about giving me a feast

before I left the country. He invited three pipers to play, and half the country-side to dance. Gracie and I met at the cross-roads, and walked over to the farm together, she bringing a troop of beaux with her from the town. The farm is a dear old place, with orchard-trees growing up round the house, and it looked so homely that frosty night. Donnell's mother met us at the door, and unpinned our shawls in her own room. Gracie looked beautiful in a pretty new dress and bright ribbon. Donnell's mother stroked my hair with her hand, and stuck a bit of holly in the front of my black frock. She kept me with her, after Gracie had gone down stairs, holding my hand, and asking me about my going to America. And the place felt so safe and warm, and she was so kind and motherly, after what I was accustomed to at home, that my heart got so sore I could scarcely bear it.

We had a great tea-drinking in the parlour, and then we went out to the kitchen, and the pipers fell to work, and Gracie was as amiable as possible to Donnell. But just in the middle of our dancing the latch of our back door was lifted, and Squire Hannan walked in in his top-boots.

"I wanted to speak to you on business, M'Donnell," he said, "but I shall not disturb you now."

"Will you do us the honour of joining us, sir?" said Donnell. Squire Hannan needed no second invitation. He was soon making his bow before Gracie, and Donnell saw no more of her smiles that night. She danced with the squire till it was time to go home, and then, after she had set out for the town, escorted by him and her other beaux, Donnell's mother kissed me, and Donnell drew my arm through his, and walked home with me across the snowy fields to my stepmother's house. He was abusing Gracie all the way, and I was, as usual, taking her part.

He came to see me one day soon after, and brought me a basket of lovely winter pears. He leaned against the wall and watched me making the butter. He was disgusted with Gracie, he said; she was a flirt, and he did not care a pin about her, only he would not be made a fool of. She had refused to let him walk with her across the hills next Sunday, to the consecration of the new church, and if he did not get some token that she had changed her mind between that and this, he would never, he swore, look her way again, but go and marry some one else for spite.

"Oh no, Donnell," said I, "promise me you won't do that!" For I was sure that Gracie liked him all the while.

"But I will," said he, smiling; "at least, if other people will have me."

"Oh, don't, don't!" said I; but he would not promise.

"It's my mind," said my stepmother, after he had gone, "that you lad's more like a lover of yours than hers. Why don't you catch him, and then you needn't go to America."

"Mother!" I cried, and felt the room spinning round with me, till I caught and held on by the door.

"Well, well," she said, "you needn't look so mad. Many a girl 'd be glad of him."

I thought a great deal about how he had sworn that he would marry some one else if he did not hear from Gracie before Sunday. "I'm sure she likes him," I thought; "she cannot help it. She must have seen how mean even Squire Hannan looked beside him the other night. And it would be a most dreadful thing if he was married to some one he did not care about, and if she went off to London, with a broken heart, to be a 'West-end' milliner." I thought about it, and thought about it. There was no use going to Gracie, for she would only laugh and mock at me. All at once a bright idea came into my head.

I was afraid to think of what I was going to do; but that night, when my stepmother had gone to bed, leaving me to finish spinning some wool, I got out a sheet of paper and a little note of Gracie's which I had in my work-box, and began to imitate Gracie's handwriting. I had not much trouble, for we wrote nearly alike; and afterwards I composed a little letter.

"Dear Mr. M'Donnell," it said, "I have changed my mind, and will be very glad if you will join me on the road to the consecration on Sunday.

"Yours sincerely,

"GRACE BYRNE."

"What harm can it do to send it?" thought I, trembling all the while. I folded it up, and put it in an envelope directed to Mr. M'Donnell, The Buckey Farm. "And it may do such a great deal of good! In the first place, it will prevent his marrying for spite before Sunday, and then she will be so glad to see him coming, in spite of her crossness, that she will be quite kind to him. He is always so stiff and proud when she treats him badly, that I am sure it makes her worse. She will never find out that he got a letter—not, at least, till they are quite good friends—married, perhaps—and then they will both thank me."

So the next evening, about dusk, I slipped quietly into the town and posted my letter. I was dreadfully afraid of meeting Donnell or Gracie; but I saw no one I knew. I dropped the note in the letter-box and rushed off towards home again at full speed. I ran nearly all the way; the snowy roads were slippery in the evening frost, and near our house I fell and hurt my foot. A neighbour found me leaning against the stile and brought me home. I was to have sailed for America the very next week, but now I was laid up with a sprained ankle, and my departure was put off.

On Sunday evening, a neighbour woman who had been at the consecration came in to tell us the news: This one had been there of course, and that one had been there for a wonder. Gracie Byrne had been there in a fine new bonnet (the girl was going to the mischief with dress), and Squire Hannan had been there, and given her the flower out of his button-hole.

"And Donnell M'Donnell was with her, of course?" said I.

"Ay, 'deed you may swear it," said the woman. "That'll be a match before long. He walked home with her to the town, and her smilin' at him like the first of June!"

"They'll be married before I go away," said I to myself; and I leaned back into my corner, for the pain of my foot sickened me.

Donnell's mother brought me a custard and some apples the next day.

"Donnell's gone to the Glens, my dear," said she, "or he would ha' been over this mornin' to see you. He went before we heard of your foot, and he won't be home for a week."

"What's he doin' there?" asked my stepmother.

"He has land there, you know," said Donnell's mother, "and he goes whiles to settle his affairs with them that has charge of it. I don't know rightly what he's gone about now. Something has went again him lately, for he's not like himself these few days back. He said somethin' about goin' to be married when he came home, but if he is, it's not afther his heart; for I never saw a bridegroom so glum on the head of it. Bet, dear, I thought it was you he liked."

"So he does, Mrs. M'Donnell," said I, "but not that way—not for his wife."

"Well, well, my dear!" said Donnell's mother, wiping her eyes.

Everybody was coming to see me now, on account of my foot. Gracie came the next day or so, and surely I was amazed at the

glory of her dress! My stepmother, who did not like her, left us alone together, and Gracie's news came out. She was going to be married on next Tuesday.

"I know that," said I.

"How do you know it?" said she.

"Donnell's mother told me."

"Donnell's mother! Nothing but Donnell and Donnell's mother from you for ever! How should she know?"

"Oh, Gracie, his own——"

"Why," she burst in, "you don't imagine that *he's* the man? Why, it's Squire Hannan! Only think, Bet, of your Gracie being the Squire's lady!"

I was quite confounded. "Oh, oh, Gracie!" I stammered.

"Well," said she, sulking, "are you not glad?"

"Oh yes," I said, "very, on your account; but what will become of Donnell?"

"Donnell again! Now listen to me, Bet. I know when a man likes me, and when he doesn't like, just as well as any other girl; and I've seen this many a day, that Donnell didn't care a pin about me. Not he. He only wanted me to marry him that the people might not say I jilted him. I told him that the other day, when he asked me to have him. 'No matter what I want you for,' said he; 'I want you.' 'Thank you,' said I. And then what had he the impudence to say! If I changed my mind before Sunday I was to send him word, that he might come to the consecration with me. Then he would set off for the Glens on Monday, and settle some business there, and be home for our wedding in a week!"

I screamed out, seeing what I had done.

"The poor foot!" cried Gracie, thinking I was in pain. "Is it bad?"

"Never mind it!" said I. "And what did you say?"

"I said," Gracie went on, "that whatever morning he got up and saw black snow on the ground, that day he might look for a message from me. And yet he had the meanness to walk with me on Sunday, after all. And the best fun of it is, they say he's gone to the Glens."

"Oh, oh!" said I, beginning to groan again, and pretending it was all my foot. After that, Grace talked about herself and Squire Hannan until she went away. And somehow I never had felt as little sorry to part with her before. She seemed not to be my *own* Gracie any longer.

And now I was nearly out of my senses, thinking what mischief might come of my meddling. I was sure that Donnell and Squire Hannan would fight and kill one another, and all through me. I thought I would give all I had in the world to see Donnell before any one else had told him the news, and confess to him what I had done. On Tuesday, about mid-day, a countryman from the Glen came in to light his pipe, and he said he had passed M'Donnell, of Buckey Farm, on the way.

"An' I think things must be goin' badly with him," said he, "for he has a look on his face as black as the potato blight."

"Somebody has told him, maybe!" said I to myself. And I put on my shawl, and, borrowing a stick from an old neighbour, I hobbled off secretly up the road towards the Glens. I soon got tired and dreadfully cold, as I could not walk fast, and I sat down on a bit of an old grey bridge to watch for Donnell coming past. At last he came thundering along, and although it was getting dusk I could see that he had his head down, and looked dreadfully dark and unhappy.

"Donnell!" said I, calling out to him.

"Who's that?" he said. "Why, it's never little Bet!"

"But indeed it is," said I. "Ah, Donnell, did you hear? I came to tell you. Gracie was married this morning to Squire Hannan."

"Whew!" he gave a long whistle. "The jilt!" said he, snapping his fingers. But his whole face brightened up.

"She's not so much a jilt as you think, Donnell," said I, "for—oh, how can I ever tell you!—it was I who wrote you the note you got last week, and she had nothing to do with it. I did it for the best, I did indeed, for I thought that Gracie liked you; I did indeed! And oh, Donnell, sure you won't go and kill Squire Hannan?"

"Won't I," said he, looking awfully savage. "I cut a great blackthorn this morning in the Glens for no other purpose but to beat out his brains."

I gave a great scream, and, dropping my stick, fell along with it; but Donnell picked me up, and set me safe on his horse behind him.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you what it is, little Bet. I'll make a bargain. You'll marry me, and I won't touch Squire Hannan."

"I marry you?" cried I, "after—after Gracie. Indeed I will not, Donnell M'Donnell."

"I've behaved badly," said he, "but I'm very sorry. It's long since I liked you better than Gracie, but the devil of pride was in me, and the people were saying she would jilt me. When I got your bit of a note, I felt as if I was goin' to be hung. God bless Squire Hannan! Now will you marry me, little Bet?"

"No," said I. And with that he whipped up his horse, and dashed off with me at the speed of a hunt.

"Stop, stop!" cried I. "Where are you taking me to? You've passed the turn of our road."

But I might as well shout to the wind. On we dashed, up hill and down hill, through fields and through bogs, with the hedges running along by our side, and the moon whizzing past us among the bare branches of the trees. He never drew rein till the horse stopped at the dear Buckey Farm-house door, when he carried me straight into the bright warm kitchen where his mother had the tea set out, and the cakes smoking ready for his return.

"Talk her into reason," said he, putting me into his mother's arms. "I want her to marry me, and she says she won't."

I did my best to keep sulky for a proper length of time, but it was the hardest thing I ever tried to do, and they both so kind, and the place so bright and cozy, and I being so happy all the time! So the end of it was that I did not go to America, and that I am Mrs. M'Donnell of the Buckey Farm. But I never tried match-making again.

THE BISHOP OF DOWN.

BY ALEXANDER HARKIN, M.D.

ON the grey morn of a November day,
Ere the loud chimes had toll'd the hour of seven,
Stretched on his bier, the patriot Prelate lay,
His body to the earth, his soul resigned to heaven.
Hushed were those lips to meek devotion given,
And many a homily on grace and prayer,
And still that hand which seemingly had striven
To pardon and to bless the sinner there,
All through that live-long night till breathed the morning air.

Robed in the purple, vested with the stole,
 In the tribunal where he loved to be,
 As God's vicegerent with the contrite soul,
 The mandate reached him, "Patrick, come to me!
 Well hast thou done the work assigned to thee,
 Thy peril's past, thy years of labour o'er.
 Thy Patron Saint hath longed this day to see,*
 With thee his feet to keep, his God adore,
 And loud Hosannas sing with thee for evermore!"

Called by the Sovereign Pontiff to his aid,
 In a great crisis of our country's fate,
 No friendly counsel could his steps dissuade,
 Nor from his purpose make him hesitate.
 Despite his age and his enfeebled state,
 Steadfast his solemn duties to fulfil,
 No toil of travel did his zeal abate;
 Feeble of body, but robust of will,
 Dared the Sirocco's breath and the Maremma's chill.

But soon by grave anxieties oppressed,
 Protected councils and mephitic air,
 Upon the bed of sickness he was cast,
 And death approached and poised his javelin there,
 But he was rescued by the might of prayer:
 And, as St. Patrick, feeling death at hand
 In the Primatial See, did then prepare;
 Did from the Angel Victor understand
 Not at Armagh he'd die, but Saul in Dicho's land.

Not in the Holy City, not in Rome,
 Were our great Prelate's obsequies to be,
 But to his native country, to his home,
 Was he to journey by divine decree,
 And once more have the privilege to see
 His faithful people welcome his return
 With gratulation and festivity.
 His ashes soon with solemn rites were borne
 To Patrick's Church, at once his monument and urn.
 His was a life of labour and of prayer,
 That for God's glory had untiring striven;
 Of apostolic fervour, faltering ne'er,
 No wish for life if not to duty given,
 No hope for rest but in the courts of heaven.
 When warned, his active life he must forego,
 From sacerdotal work he must be riven,
 He meekly answered, "Lord, if it be so,
 Then, if I may not labour, Father, let me go!"

* Dr. Patrick Dorrian, Bishop of Down and Connor, died on the Feast of St. Malachy, Patron of the Diocese, November 3, 1885. He was born at Downpatrick in 1814, ordained priest in 1837, and consecrated bishop in 1860.

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

NOTES IN REMEMBRANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

TWICE, and twice only, it has been my privilege to live for a year or two under the same roof with persons whose "Life" has been thought worth writing; and it happens that both the Frenchman and the Englishman might be described by the phrase on the French title-page—"Marin et Jésuite." Both of my friends graduated in the navy before entering the Society of Jesus.

Of Alexis Clerc, shot as a hostage by the Commune when Paris was taken by the Prussians, some account was given in our eighth volume (pp. 271, &c.) Augustus Law's father has devoted three small volumes to his memory, besides a fourth volume of his meditation-notes which is not given to the public like the other volumes. Let us see how much of these letters and notes we can weave into a brief sketch along with our own recollection of our saintly and amiable brother.

"Law" is a very appropriate name for a lawyer, and two eminent lawyers have borne it in this century. In Ireland Hugh Law was the immediate predecessor of Lord Chancellor Naish, who has just entered for the second time on his high office; and eighty years ago Edward Law was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in England. He was created the first Lord Ellenborough, and in the House of Lords in 1805 he strenuously opposed all concessions to the Roman Catholics. One of his sons, the Hon. William Towry Law, served in the army from 1826 to 1831, when he married Augusta, daughter of the second Lord Graves, took out his M.A. degree at Cambridge, and became a minister of the Established Church, reaching pretty quickly the dignity of Chancellor of Bath and Wells. Why his promotion went no further we shall see presently.

Augustus Law was born on October 21st, 1833, at Trumpington, a village near Cambridge. He the eldest and Augusta the youngest of eight children were evidently named after their mother. She died when he was just eleven years old. His first

letter—for these memoirs are built up out of letters with only a very scanty grouting of explanations and of names and other remarks—the earliest of the letters printed here with hardly any omissions and no alterations is dated from Somerton School two or three weeks after the funeral. “I have just counted, and I have had exactly thirty-seven letters from dear mamma. I have not lost one.” He mentions that the first was when he was six years old—which to the boy of eleven seemed so long ago. He little thought that the childish affectionate letter he was then writing would be preserved and printed forty years later. And not his own letters only. The next is from his uncle, Henry Law, who had no notion of what we call in Ireland by the beautiful name of Month’s Mind, but who, when the little boy’s mother was exactly a month dead, writes to him: “Your poor little baby sister is quite well and would send her love to you if she could speak. Good-bye, my dear boy. Never forget your poor mother, and always do whatever you think would have given her pleasure.”

Cardinal Newman, after reading the first of these three volumes (which were published separately at intervals of a year or so), wrote to Mr. Law: “Thank you for your most interesting Memorials of your son. There is not a word too much in them, as you fear. It is a favour we are not often given to be able to follow year by year the formation of a saintly mind. How God has blessed you in giving you such a son! It is a consolation for much suffering, and a sort of pledge of other mercies yet to come.” We quote these words here, for they justify Mr. Law’s plan of giving not merely such edifying things as the meditation on the judgment at page 9 (wonderful for a little lad of less than twelve years) but also on the opposite page a completely childish letter of the same date, with such short, clear, jerky, unperiodic sentences as “My dear papa, I have not much to say. The new usher is coming here on Monday. I began the Second Book of Euclid on Wednesday. I hope Twit [his sister] is very well. Give my love to all. Easter is very early this year”—and a few more independent statements of this kind, ending with the injunction, “mind, write to me soon.”

In January, 1846, Augustus’s father married Matilda, the second daughter of the first Sir Henry Montgomery, Baronet, of Donegal, who, in spite of her Christian name, is the “dearest May” that plays so important and so attractive a part through all the rest of these memorials. Seventeen years later Augustus writes to his father on the 1st of January, 1863 :

"DEAREST FATHER—Happy New Year to dearest May and all at home. I was just thinking the other day how much all of us eight, from Helen to Augusta, owe to dearest May's motherly kindness. The thought occurred on thinking that Augusta was the last of the eight and had married. Do thank dearest May, in the name of us all, for her tenderness and kindness to us all. Ever your most affectionate son,

"AUGUSTUS H. LAW."

The Earl of Ellenborough, who had been a very distinguished Governor-General of India, was First Lord of the Admiralty in 1846, and in February he wrote to his brother: "My dear William, why should you not make that fine eldest boy of yours a midshipman? He is old enough, and there are a good many to be appointed at once, so that he could go to sea immediately." The letters which passed between father and son on this occasion are all given, and the letter also of a friend whom Augustus consulted. Strange that they should all be preserved so carefully, but this wonder follows us all through these simple memoirs. The little lad had thought of being what his father was, but he ended by saying: "will you thank Lord Ellenborough for me, for giving me such a jolly chance?" and Lord Ellenborough in turn tells his "dear William:" "I am much pleased with your boy's readiness to serve afloat"—while the good parson, in his next letter, calls him his dearest sailor boy. Both the correspondence at this crisis and the letters given on other occasions leave on the reader's mind the most amiable impressions not only of the two or three whom we name so frequently but also of others who are only quoted incidentally. They gave the young cadet of thirteen years more substantial marks of kindness than this good advice of the Rev. William Newbolt: "Now, mind you are a good boy and be a comfort to your father and a credit to the service, and I should not be surprised if I should live to see you ushered in, one day, to the Vicarage of Somerton, as Sir Augustus H. Law, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the Red. Do what you can to make my prophecy come true, and one step towards it will be to act up to the advice contained in the little book I gave you the last night I saw you at Somerton." The brave little boy, going away from such loving friends, to be tossed about for an indefinite period on the homeless waves, keeps up his heart stoutly, or pretends to do so, ending his first letter from shipboard: "Write to me soon. Hurrah! Best love to all." And his next letter ends: "Please God, we shall meet again all happy together. God bless you all."

There is hardly one of these simple, unaffected, affectionate

letters from which we should not wish to quote at least a phrase or two; but we have as yet made very little way in our story, and it is best to hurry on. At an age when an aunt who sees him at Madeira, speaks of being "delighted with the little fellow, the nicest child she ever saw," he is able to speak in this manly way of the prospect of several years' absence. "I have been three months now in Her Majesty's Service, and I must say I like the navy very much. I don't think there's any one in the ship happier than me; and I hope some day (D.V.), in about three or four years' time, I may be safe on old England's shores again." A month later the chaplain writes to his father: "Mr. Augustus Law promises to be an ornament to his profession, and has evinced even in this short time a great desire to obtain a perfect knowledge of the nautical part of his education, and by his amiable and affectionate disposition he has won the esteem and regard of all the officers in the frigate." Lord Ellenborough, in returning a long letter Augustus had sent home from the Cape of Good Hope, congratulated his brother on having such a son. "It is as agreeable a letter as a father could receive: it is the sort of letter the Duke would have written at thirteen, and as good a one as Nelson could have written at any time. You see I have no overweening respect for the nautical hero. I should be sorry to think that the navy had not a hundred Nelsons at all times, and I should be too happy if I could think that I should ever see another Wellington."

In a long letter home from Valparaiso, telling of his experiences on board and at Sydney (which he liked) and New Zealand (which he didn't), he notes a very interesting date: "October 21st. It is my birthday to-day—thirteen years old." Brave little fellow! He shows that he remembers other birthdays besides his own, though still some months ahead: "Tell Graves I shall drink his health on December 4th, and Franky's too, on January 9th." Yet it is just at this date, or a couple of months later, that his uncle "the Peer" calls him a "young man," and gives him this stern, professional fillip: "I hope you may have the good luck to be under fire before you come home. The wind of a shot is better for a young man's face than rose-water. You will feel yourself to be a man when you have heard them whistling by you. It is a new pleasure, and I hope you will be worthy of it; indeed I know you will." Aye, all very well to hear them whistling *by* you; but what if they took to whistling *through* you?

Under the date of August 25th, 1847, occurs abruptly a very curious sentence that bears upon the politics of the present time.

The sentence which precedes it is, "Helen must play her duets for me when I come home, and Twit, too;" and the sentence which follows it is equally innocent, and there is no justification in the context for this declaration on Home Rule: "What is the good of England holding on to Ireland and spending so much money on it? But I suppose the French would prig the island directly then."

Critics are said to be authors who have failed. What we have set down up to this goes far to prove that, if Augustus Law can be described, like Alexis Clerc, as "marin et Jésuite," he did not take up with the second vocation merely because he had failed in the first. But we are still very far from the transition point, and we must, as the young middy would say, put on more steam. Towards the end of November, 1847, Augustus began a letter with an announcement, the more joyful because unexpected: "I cannot express my joy, you will hardly believe what I say—the 'Carysfort' is homeward bound!!!! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!"

The meeting and the doings at home during the five or six weeks of holidays, we leave to the imagination of the sympathetic reader who will kindly suppose the midshipman started on his second voyage in H. M. S. *Hastings*, from which his first despatch announces that "I am all right now—of course I was down in the mouth at first;" and administers subtle flattery to his father by mentioning that "some of the fellows asked me whether that young fellow with the red whiskers was not my brother, ha! ha!" The 15th of August, 1848, was not for him the Feast of the Assumption, but his fifth time for crossing the Line, before his fifteenth birthday. The diary of his second term of naval service shows that his heart was not hardening as he grew older. It is full of little touches of the tenderest home-affections. Not only does he note that October 5th is his sister Augusta's birthday, but on October 27. we read that, "this day six months ago was my dear sister Helen's birthday." Let us be guilty of a gross anachronism by mentioning that Helen is now Sister Mary Walburga, in the Convent of Mercy, Bermondsey, and that another sister, who in these letters is never called Maude, but generally "dearest old Twit," is now a Visitation Nun at Westbury. Writing from Hong-Kong on the 27th of January, 1849, the wanderer, who evidently "drags at each remove a lengthening chain" and who ends his letter with the prayer "may God preserve us all to meet again in three years' time all well!" not only speaks of "dearest old Twit" but of "dearest old May"—namely the excellent

lady of whom he subscribes himself in good faith the "affectionate son-in-law." Already he had the habit of using this disagreeable epithet "old" as a term of endearment, just as twenty years later he would playfully apostrophise "le vieux Causésèque." But while thus grateful to the second mother, who made even the ugly word "marâtre" amiable, the young lad does not forget to chronicle October 16, 1849, as "the anniversary of my dear mother's death five years ago," and he writes on the same page the words which on her deathbed she told him ever to remember, "Thou God seest me" and the number of the psalm she asked to be read to her, our 102nd psalm: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me praise His holy name."

The phrases that we have quoted here and there from these letters and memoirs have for the most part aimed at proving two points—how good a son and brother Augustus Law was, and how good a sailor. On the latter point we have Sir Henry Montgomery, writing from Madras, in August, 1849, to his sister, the Hon. Mrs. W. T. Law: "We were very much pleased with Augustus. Indeed I never saw so well-disposed a boy. He bears the highest character possible from his shipmates, and Lora will send you the Commodore's note about him." And Commodore Plumridge, in the note referred to, says: "He seems a fine lad, and I hear he has a well-regulated mind; indeed the Admiral told me he was the flower of his flock."

On the other point a few last words may be cited from the diary for February, 1850: "How thankful I ought to be to God for His blessings, in having given me such a dear father, step-mother, and brothers and sisters, and may my constant prayer be that I may be more thankful to God for His blessings, and also show it by following His blessed Will in all things that I do." Another conclusion may well be drawn from our quotations—namely, how expedient it is for mothers and sisters and others at home to pursue with a ceaseless, affectionate correspondence the exiles of the household, whom various circumstances may banish to the ends of the earth. Ah! dear stay-at-homes, keep the wanderers constantly in mind of the lovingness and holiness of home.

Before passing on to the second part of Augustus Law's life, on account of which the preceding part has been described, it is well to notice that in all these letters and private journals there is not the slightest grumbling about bad food, want of sleep, or any other hardship. No doubt such things are better managed in Her

Majesty's ships than in ordinary merchant vessels; but certainly Augustus's breakfast and dinner at sea were very different from the same institutions in Harborne Vicarage. Making due allowance for the superiority of the Royal Navy, it will not be irrelevant to give my notes of a conversation with a young gentleman after his first voyage. From early boyhood ships had a fascination for him; he haunted the docks, climbed the masts, proved that the sea was his vocation, and finally extorted his parents' reluctant consent. I questioned him as to his first experience of a life at sea. He said that Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" is a genuine picture of sailor-life, but that "tarry novels" in general are outrageously untrue to facts. T.B. was an "apprentice" in a big ship, *Bianca*, from London to Calcutta and from Calcutta to New York. Apprentices have not to work at the wheel [steering] which is not the hardest work, but brings you in for a good deal of cursing from the captain, &c. Once, in bad weather the captain sent T. B. up four times to do better the reefing of a certain sail. He was so exhausted that he had to rest several minutes above before venturing to descend. They have never more than four hours' sleep at a time. He never once got up thoroughly refreshed. When off duty every four hours, they can turn in if they like. Sailors are not allowed to dry their clothes at a fire—they must wear them and wait for dry weather. Bread horrible, crawling with little maggots, which only some take the precaution of killing by baking the bread over again. Salt beef—no butter, or eggs, or anything. If sailors are not canonised, it is not for want of austerities. The captain of a small merchant vessel told me that most of the wild lads who run off to sea would, after their first voyage, be very glad to relapse into landlubberdom if shame or necessity did not make them go on.

These realities of sea-life do not altogether apply to a cadet in the royal navy; but Augustus Law must have suffered many a hardship which a less brave-hearted boy would have complained of, taken as he was so early from a loving and happy home. I have heard him describe the severe and often whimsical penances imposed for faults. He was himself left standing in the "bits" (even when the Admiral came on board to inspect the ship) for nothing more serious than flinging a book at a brother midshipman. We may be sure that he went through a hard-enough novitiate on board Her Majesty's ship "Carysfort."

But the story cannot be finished this month. As Augustus Law said, in ending one of his letters abruptly: "I am afraid I must let go my anchor here for a short time."

(To be continued).

ESTRADA'S SPOUSE.

THE LEGEND OF THE PERSIAN PRINCESS.

BY ELIANO. & C. DONNELLY.

WITHIN her palace, in the Hall of Mirrors,
One glorious day in Spring—
'Mid all the glamour of the glittering mirrors,
The daughter of the King,

A Princess, young and innocent and tender,
Sat silent and alone,
In satin robes whose wealth of trailing splendour
Half veiled her ivory throne.

Her lustrous eyes like liquid sapphires gleaming,
Her white hand 'neath her head—
The noble maid was dreaming—dreaming—dreaming
Of him she soon should wed.

Her Persian prince ; how grand his royal bearing !
How grave his manly face !
His soul so full of chivalry and daring !
His form so full of grace !

'Mid all the flower of her father's courtiers,
Was none as fair as *he* !
"O prince of men!" she sighed, and blushing faltered,
"Who can compare with thee?"

Lo! on the instant, swift as though it lightened,
A glory filled the air ;
And all the lofty room was warmed and brightened
By one grand Presence there !

No mortal eye had seen the stranger enter,
No ear had heard his tread,
Yet there, resplendent, in the chamber's centre,
He stood unheralded.

A tall and stately shape, divinely moulden,
In regal vestments clad ;
His floating hair and beard, a halo golden,
Around a visage glad.

Deep, earnest eyes, supremely true and tender,
A brow majestic, mild,
Upon the startled maiden fair and tender,
The radiant vision smiled.

"Behold!" He sighed, and (strange to say) as slowly
He raised His gracious Hand,
Across the velvet of its palm all holy,
She saw a Wound expand.

A deep red Wound, which, like a flaming jewel,
Shone with a ruddy light:
Ah! who (she thought) had dared with weapon cruel
Thatauteous Hand to smite?

"Look round!" He said, and then the king's fair daughter,
Turning, beheld it all!—
Like clearest streams of calm, unruffled water,
The mirror on the wall

Reflected back the beauty and the glory,
Of that Eternal King—
Whose endless praise in sweetest song and story
The Bards of Heaven sing.

"Hear, and take heed, O child of my affection!"
The dulcet voice pursued,
"Each faithful mirror's pure and true reflection
Of Mine own pulchritude:

"Each curve, and tint, and line—each shining shimmer
Of robes reflected there;
The Brow, the Lip, the Eye—the golden glimmer
Of every single hair,

"Are symbols, dear Estrada, of my creatures
In whom my beauties shine:
The human souls' celestial form and features,
Reflecting the Divine!

"And wilt thou love the unsubstantial shadow
More than the substance true,
O virgin Princess! innocent Estrada,
Wilt thou, in vain, pursue

"An apparition fair, but false and fleeting,
Which fades before 'tis won;
A bright chimera evermore retreating
Before the changeless One?

“Look on My Wounds, and tell Me, young Estrada,
 Shall phantoms claim thy vows?
 Wilt thou, indeed, prefer this mortal shadow
 To thine immortal Spouse?”

The Persian princess heard, and swift uprising
 Drew close her virgin zone;
 With burning love, with faith and hope surprising,
 She stepp'd from off her throne.

Her lovely face aglow with glad decision,
 (O maid, supremely blest!)
 Her arms like lilies, twining round the Vision,
 Her head upon His breast.

In ringing tones, she cries: “The dream is over!—
 No bride of earth I'll be;
 O Lord, my God! my first Eternal Lover!
 I leave all loves for *Thee!*”

IRISH-AMERICAN POETS.*

BY DANIEL CONNOLLY.

IRELAND has contributed largely to the poetical ranks of America, as to all others in which distinction is gained. The earliest Irish-American poet whose merit received recognition was Richard Henry Wilde. Wilde is claimed by some American compilers of poetry as of American birth, but this is an error. He was born in Dublin in 1789, and taken to America in his childhood. He educated himself, and became Attorney-General of the State of Georgia, in which he had made his home. He also represented that State in Congress, where he gained reputation as an eloquent and effective speaker. By his habits of study, which

* By a curious coincidence, while the following contribution was coming to us across the Atlantic, certain pages of the present Number were already in print in which two or three names figure which occur again in Mr. Connolly's article.—ED. I. M.

continued through life, he was enabled to acquire a good knowledge of languages, including Spanish and Italian, and it was in the field of translation from those languages that his most important poetical work was done. He also, however, wrote a number of original poems, showing fine taste and fancy, and graceful power of expression. One that became a general favourite, and is still reprinted, is entitled, "My Life is like a Summer Rose." He wrote a poem on the Tomb of Napoleon that is worthy of a place beside Bartholomew Simmons' noble poem on the same subject. Mr. Wilde died in 1847. He was the first American poet of note belonging to the Irish race.

There is no more perfect elegiac poem in any language than the "Bivouac of the Dead," written by Colonel Theodore O'Hara. It has been quoted thousands of times, and stanzas from it are inscribed on granite and marble in American "national" cemeteries, wherein lies the dust of heroes of the great Civil War. Colonel O'Hara, born in Kentucky, in 1820, was a son of Kane O'Hara, a cultured Irish gentleman, who settled in America in early manhood. His mother was an American lady, connected with the family of the famous frontiersman, Daniel Boone. One of Colonel O'Hara's poems, similar in spirit to "The Bivouac of the Dead," but not equal to it, and entitled "The Old Pioneer," was written as a dirge for Boone. He wrote many other poems, which were collected after his death, for publication in book form, but in some way they became mislaid, and finally lost; and the two here named are the only ones now extant. The poet-soldier was an officer in the war with Mexico, and prominent in the Confederate service, during the war between North and South. He died in Alabama, in 1867, and his native State did him the honour of having his ashes brought home for final rest. He was a true poet and a brave man.

Another Southern State—famous old Virginia—is the birthplace of the gifted poet-priest, the Rev. Abraham J. Ryan. Father Ryan's place among American poets is fixed and secure. There is not one among the whole number whose melodious lines go more directly to the heart, which all true poetry must not only touch, but enter. As the poet of the "Lost Cause" of the South, he stands foremost, if not alone. It is not the purpose of this last paper to analyse the quality of Irish-American poetry, but it may at least be said that Father Ryan's verses contain the choicest and purest poetical elements. Their pervading sadness, to which exception is sometimes taken, is merely pathos in its deepest

expression. This poet, although of American birth, is of direct Irish extraction, and hardly second to his love for his native South is his affection for the fair land of his fathers, as some of his poems eloquently show. "Erin's Flag" is undoubtedly one of the most intensely Irish poems ever written, not a whit less national and passionate than Davis's "Green above the Red." It is a worthy companion-piece to "The Conquered Banner," than which there is no more exquisite poem of its kind in the literature of any land.

Thomas Darcy M'Gee had probably done the best work of which he was capable, as a poet, when the bullet of an assassin ended his life. He was one of the most prolific of writers, and almost every line traced by his restless pen throbbled with fervid love for his native land. In so far as his patriotism can be judged by his poetry, it must be considered as earnest as that of the boldest spirit of Forty-eight. A Celt to the heart, and a loving student of all that related to his race, he was almost over-ardent in his impassioned outbursts of national song. M'Gee lived in America some twenty years, and though his latter years were passed in Canada, and as a member of the Canadian Government, he must be ranked as an Irish-American. Soon after his death all his poems were collected by the Irish-American authoress, Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, who held him in especially warm esteem, and wrote an appreciative biographical sketch for the volume. His age at the time of his assassination was forty-three years.

Genial, witty, versatile, popular Charles G. Halpine, whose other self, "Miles O'Reilly," became everybody's friend, was an Irishman in every fibre. His first literary work was done in Dublin, but it was in New York that he expanded, developed, and gained all his celebrity. Halpine had rare powers and was capable of superior work. His mind was of the kind that neither sleeps nor tires. But the man who writes verse rapidly, under the stress of newspaper duty, can rarely do himself justice. That was Halpine's case. He was an editor a great part of the time, when his pen was most active, and editors have but few hours for fine finishing touches. Nevertheless, Halpine wrote some poems of excellent quality. One, entitled "Janet's Hair," is a gem in delicious and tender feeling. "A Vesper Hymn" is another that shows him at his best, and the last poem of his life, written immediately before his death—"On Raising a Monument to the Irish Legion"—is a truly noble production. Many of his poems, however, were written on topics of the moment, chiefly political,

and therefore evanescent. These were "thrown off" in haste, and though full of clever points and happy hits, their interest was not of a kind to endure. Halpine was taken away in his prime, even before he had counted his fortieth year. He was a staff-officer in the Civil War, when he began using the sobriquet of "Miles O'Reilly."

New York was the working-field of FitzJames O'Brien and Charles Dawson Shanly, both of Irish birth and men of excellent talent. O'Brien was the more brilliant and gained most distinction, part of which was due to the remarkable quality of several short tales, somewhat in the style of Edgar A. Poe, which he contributed to the magazines. He was a native of the county Limerick, and educated in Dublin. Some time after his death, his poems and stories were collected by his friend, the well-known dramatic critic, William Winter, and published in a handsome volume. His poems are not equal in artistic finish to his stories, but they show imagination, pathos and a dramatic spirit that borders on the tragic. A monody on the Arctic explorer, Dr. Kane, is probably the best. Shanly was a more careful writer, and not so picturesque. He was more essentially a critic and essayist than a poet, but he wrote some poems of superior quality nevertheless. "The Walker of the Snow," "Civile Bellum" and "The Briar-wood Pipe" are marked by characteristics certainly of no common kind. O'Brien, like Halpine, became a staff-officer in the great war and was killed in Virginia, at the age of thirty-four. Shanly died in 1875, aged sixty-four.

Boston possessed, a few years ago, two Irish-American poets of wide and well deserved reputation—namely, Robert Dwyer Joyce and John Boyle O'Reilly. Dr. Joyce has passed to another world, but Mr. O'Reilly remains and continues to be a thoroughly live man. Joyce had written a number of spirited ballads before he left Ireland, about 1865, but it was some years after he settled in Boston that his best work was done. His splendid epics, "Deirdre" and "Blanid," brought him honours from all quarters, and were received with delight by both the critics and the public. The appearance of "Deirdre," although the work came out anonymously, was hailed as a poetic revelation. "Blanid" also had a cordial welcome though it did not awaken quite as much interest as the previous poem. Joyce wrote very little after "Blanid" was published. His health failed and he dropped the pen that had proved a wizard's wand in his hand. Returning to Ireland, sadly broken, he died in Dublin in 1883.

John Boyle O'Reilly has been an American twenty years or so. It may be said that he is now the foremost Irishman connected with literature in the United States. Besides being a poet and editor, he has made his mark as a novelist, and is a successful lecturer. In all his literary work the quality of forceful expression is paramount. But with the expression there always is vigorous thought; the writer never speaks unless he has something to say. Mr. O'Reilly's merit as a poet was recognised even before his first book appeared. Judged by the accepted canons, his best poem is "The King of the Tasse," though it is not the best known. This poem relates a weird and-richly coloured story, purporting to be an Australian legend. "The Amber Whale" is another admirable production, with enough of the marvellous to awaken an interest as keen as that of a child in a fairy tale—in the long, long ago, when children were young. His Irish poems are bold, ardent, throbbing with earnest purpose, but never extravagant either in thought or diction. Mr. O'Reilly is now forty-two years old, and at his best.

Among other names on the list of Irish-American poets, mention should be made of those of John Savage and Joseph Brenan. Mr. Savage has written extensively, and one of his poems, "Shaun's Head," is widely known. Brenan died nearly thirty years ago, leaving many fine pieces, including one of the sweetest and tenderest ever written, entitled "Come to me, Dearest." Richard Dalton Williams might also be set down as Irish-American, inasmuch as he lived several years in America, wrote many poems in his adopted country, and died in it. It is proper, moreover, to name Hugh Farrar M'Dermott, whose "Blind Canary" has been much admired; William D. Gallagher, son of one of the United Irishmen; John Augustus Shea and Edward Maturin (both dead); John Boyle, a true poet (also dead); James Jeffrey Roche, of the Boston "Pilot" staff; Rev. Patrick Cronin, and William D. Kelly. Nor should Maurice F. Egan be omitted. Mr. Egan is of American birth and Irish parentage. He has written some exceedingly fine poems and is regarded as one of the most promising of the younger authors.

Place aux dames, by all means! And first, by right of the intense national fervour of her songs, is Fanny Parnell, the "Speranza" of the new Ireland in America. The early death of this spirited singer was a sad loss. No other hand has yet taken up the harp that fell from hers. She struck its chords with fingers of fire, and brought forth sounds which thrilled and burned. Her

love for Ireland was deep, passionate, boundless, overwhelming. All her poems were the result of impetuous inspiration. She wrote rapidly, and rarely made any change in the throbbing lines which rushed swiftly from her pen. "Post Mortem," "Dragon's Teeth," and "Ireland, Mother" are fair specimens of her power and pathos. It is needless to speak of Miss Parnell's personality. Probably half of her brief life was passed in America, chiefly in New York. The family residence at Bordentown, New Jersey, once the home of her grandfather, Commodore Stewart, is within a couple of hours of the metropolis, by rail. When death came, her age was about twenty-seven years.

Mrs. Vincenzo Botta is a name still occasionally heard. A generation ago, the lady who bears it was a central figure in the literary and art circles of New York. Her home was the resort of celebrities of both professions, and approached more nearly to the character of the French *salon* than any other in the city. Mrs. Botta was originally Miss Anne Charlotte Lynch, and her father was one of the United Irishmen who shared the prison and the exile of Thomas Addis Emmet, her mother, however, being of an American family. A neat volume, published by a leading New York house, contains the poems of Mrs. Botta. Most of them were written a good many years ago. They are chiefly reflective, graceful in form, and marked by clear and choice expression. The home of this lady is still frequented by many persons of literary and social distinction. She is the wife of a learned Italian gentleman, Professor Vincenzo Botta.

Boston counts among her many accomplished women Mrs. Mary E. Blake, wife of a leading physician. The poetical abilities of Mrs. Blake are already known to the readers of the "IRISH MONTHLY." They are of a high order and have brought her much distinction. She excels in singing about children, but she writes well on all themes and she never forgets that she is both Irish and Catholic. Boston is also the home of two other ladies who write excellent poems and belong to Irish-American company—Miss Katharine E. Conway and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. Mrs. Blake was born in Ireland, but Miss Conway and Miss Guiney are of American birth, though Irish by parentage. Both are young, but each has published a collection of poems, and the modest book of each has been well received. Miss Conway is a writer of indefatigable industry, and much more active in general literature than in the special domain of verse. Miss Guiney's talent also

shows versatility. She is a daughter of the late General Patrick Guiney, an able Irish-American soldier.

Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, has had a creditable place among poets for several years. She has published three volumes of poems, each of which has had a good reception. She writes chiefly on religious subjects and always with the devotional spirit of a truly pious Catholic. She is, in fact, essentially a Catholic poet, whose pen is always guided by a sense of Christian love and duty. Miss Donnelly is a native of the city in which she lives, but Irish by parentage, at least. Mary Ainge De Vere is another lady who has made valuable contributions to poetical literature. She, also, is of Irish parentage, but born in America. Her poems appear in the leading magazines and some are widely reprinted. Although her name might suggest relationship to the poetical De Veres of Ireland, she is not of that family. The name of Mary E. Mannix is also entitled to a place. Mrs. Mannix, whose maiden name was Walsh, is a native of New York and now a resident of Cincinnati. She has written a number of very choice poems. Esmeralda Boyle, likewise of Irish extraction, has been known some years as a writer of pleasing verse. Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, who was born in Ireland, is the author of some strong poems, but is better known as a writer of vigorous prose. Mary A. M'Mullin, who wrote under the name of "Una," and published a volume of very fair poems in Cincinnati, a number of years ago, was also of Irish birth. One of the younger writers, who promises well, is Minnie Gilmore, a daughter of the well-known musician, Patrick S. Gilmore. There are other writers of both sexes who might be mentioned, but the names here given show that the Irish race is well represented in the production of poetry in America.*

* Some samples of Mrs. Blake's poetry are given at page 663 of our volume for 1885. The combination of names "Kane O'Hara" is so peculiar as to point to a relationship between the father of Theodore O'Hara, who is mentioned second in the foregoing paper, and the musical composer, Kane O'Hara, who died in Dublin, in 1782.

Mr. Connolly's readers will be glad to hear that his great collection of Irish and Irish-American poetry is at last completed and will speedily be published. It will form by far the amplest anthology of Celtic song ever yet given to the world.—*Ed. J. M.*

NUTSHELL BIOGRAMS.

SECOND HANDFUL.

12. ANNIE KEARY was the daughter of Mr. William Keary, an Irish Protestant gentleman of Clough, near Tuam, in the county of Galway. She was born on the 3rd of March, 1825. Though she spent all her life in England, where her father, who had been in the army, became a clergyman, she had warm Irish feelings and Catholic tendencies: and her Irish novel "Castle Daly" was singled out by so un-English an Irishman as Mr. John O'Leary, in a lecture at Cork, as singularly and almost solely worthy of high praise out of the hosts of so-called Irish novels written of late. Her other books (besides a delightful story for children, "A York and Lancaster Rose") are "Oldbury," "Janet's Home," "Clemency Franklyn," and "A Doubting Heart," which she had not quite finished, when she died in 1879, on the 3rd of March, her birthday.

13. ROBERT FRENCH WHITEHEAD was born in Lower Dominick-street, Dublin, July 28th, 1807. He entered the Humanity Class in Maynooth College, August 26th, 1820, only a month after his thirteenth birthday. Dr. John O'Hanlon, afterwards the distinguished Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, entered at the same time for Rhetoric. He was ordained sub-deacon, August 24th, 1828, and the next week, after a public examination, appointed Professor of English Rhetoric, though he was not ordained priest till March 6th, 1830. Before priesthood also he had been promoted to the chair of philosophy, though his competitors were Dr Joseph Dixon, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, and the Rev. Francis M'Gennis, an eloquent preacher. On this occasion he extemporised this prophetic hexameter:—

"Vici facundum hostem Primatemque futurum."

In 1845 Dr. Whitehead was appointed Vice-President of the College, and he held this office till 1872, when he resigned through failing health, after having had an important part in the ecclesiastical training of thirty-five bishops and more than three thousand priests. He died on the last day of the year 1878. No stone as yet marks his grave in the College Cemetery.

14. WILLIAM ELLIOT HUDSON was an Irish scholar ardently devoted to Irish antiquities, and a bosom friend of Thomas Davis. He was a munificent patron, according to his means and beyond them, of every literary enterprise redounding to the glory of Ireland. The ancient Irish music in *The Citizen* was printed at his expense, and we believe

that the original airs in "The Spirit of *The Nation*" are partly due to him. This Irish spirit makes one less surprised at the information given by the Rev. Matthew Kelly of Maynooth College, at page 49 of his "Calendar of Irish Saints," published in 1857, a compilation, he says, "made many years ago, at the suggestion of the late William Elliot Hudson, *cujus animæ propitiatur Deus*. He had attended Mass punctually after the death of his brother the Dean of Armagh, and announced to the Rev. Mr. Wall, C.O., Cork, his wish to become a Catholic, in November, 1852. He was received into the Catholic Church in January, 1853." We have wished to record this important circumstance about a true-hearted Irishman, lest it should be overlooked if we waited to ascertain other dates and circumstances in his life.

15. FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN was born in the county Limerick, in the year 1828. His father was an attorney, and he was educated in Trinity College. His American biographer, Mr. William Winter, does not describe his birth-place more definitely. He claims for him the authorship of poems in Hayes's *Ballads of Ireland*, "Lough Ine," and "Irish Castles." Having, it is said, spent a pretty large inheritance in London, O'Brien in 1852 made his way to New York. There he spent ten years as a literary Bohemian, contributing very clever things to *Harper's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other less widely known periodicals. Many of these have been gathered into separate volumes. The *Saturday Review* compares him to Edgar Allan Poe, saying "he is less powerful than Poe, but more attractive," and attributing to this Irishman greater originality. When the Civil War broke out in 1861, O'Brien joined the army of the North, was wounded on the 26th February, 1862, and, lingering on, died on the 6th of April at Cumberland in Virginia; but his body was brought to New York and buried in Greenwood Cemetery—laid finally in the earth so late as November 27, 1874, with no stone to mark the spot, it seems, for Mr. Winter adds that his grave is No. 1183, in lot No. 17, 263. Mr. William Winter is too much of a Bohemian himself to allude to religion in even the remotest manner. Was poor Fitz James O'Brien a Catholic? Did his mother teach him the Hail Mary after the Our Father in his childhood? If so, no matter how he may have strayed, the mercy of God gave him time to think and to look back and to look forward during the six or seven weeks that he hovered between life and death, death winning at last.

16. RICHARD BAPTIST O'BRIEN was born at the West-gate in Carrick-on-Suir, September 30th, 1809. When seven years old he was sent to Limerick where one of his schoolmates was John Mitchel's friend, Father John Kenyon of Templeberry. After spending some time in business, he determined to become a priest, and after a year in Carlow

College, he entered Maynooth in 1833, and, having completed a very distinguished course, was ordained priest, in December, 1838, by Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick. He was soon after placed over the College of Halifax in Nova Scotia, where he worked with great earnestness for five years. After a year or two as Professor in All-Hallows Missionary College, near Dublin, he returned to Limerick. It was at this time that he founded the Young Men's Societies which still continue in Cork and some other places. He closed his life as Dean of Limerick and P.P. of Newcastle-West. He was a man of great piety and great ability. His best literary work is an Irish story "Ailey Moore." He died on the 10th of February, 1885, a day before Cardinal M'Cabe, and a year before his venerated bishop, Dr. George Butler, his college contemporary and life-long friend. May they rest in peace!

17. MAURICE FRANCOIS EGAN, born at Philadelphia, May 24, 1852, still living, and, please God, with many years of good work before him. His father was a native of Tipperary; his mother, though born at her son's birth-place, was of a purely Irish race. After his schooldays, Maurice Egan was one of the lay professors at Georgetown College, as Richard Dalton Williams had been in his time at another Jesuit College further south. He studied law, but finally became a journalist, and then a Catholic journalist. He once said: "If I could only be in America what Louis Veuillot is in France, I should be satisfied." A lofty ideal, which perhaps prompted him to translate Veuillot's epitaph on himself, a miniature *apologia pro vita sua*. After working at *The Catholic Review* and other papers, he is now assistant editor to Mr. James M'Master, of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, who might be called the Frederic Lucas of the United States inasmuch as he is a very uncompromising convert and a very vigorous writer, but he lacks Lucas's splendid literary culture. A domestic point of resemblance may be noted—Lucas's only son is a priest, M'Master's three daughters are nuns. Several volumes of Mr. Egan's graceful stories have been collected; and he published earlier a small volume of poems of great promise, called "Preludes"—a name already belonging to a very exquisite volume of poetry, illustrated by the painter of *The Roll Call*, and written by her sister, Miss Alice Thompson, who has since confined herself to brilliant prose, chiefly on artistic subjects, under her new name, Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell. It was not merely Longfellow's most generous appreciation of young poets that made him recognise in Mr. Egan's poems "a certain freshness in the thought and manner of expression which is very attractive." Here is his sonnet on Fra Angelico:—

Art is true art when art to God is true,
 And only then : to copy Nature's work
 Without the chains that run the whole world through
 Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk



In its clear depths : no soul, no truth is there.
 Oh, praise your Rubens and his fleshy brush !
 Oh, love your Titian and his carnal air !
 Give me the trilling of a pure-toned thrush,
 And take your crimson parrots. Artist-saint !
 O Fra Angelico ! your brush was dyed
 In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint ;
 You showed to us pure joys for which you sighed,
 Your heart was in your work, you never feigned :
 You left us here the Paradise you gained !

Though such extracts are out of place in this nutshell series, let us put side by side the epitaph and its translation referred to above. The French verses were placed as a preface before one of his delightful books by the redoubtable editor of the *Univers* :—

Placez à mon côté ma plume,
 Sur mon cœur le Christ, mon orgueil ;
 Sous mes pieds mettez ce volume,
 Et clouez en paix le cercueil.

Après la dernière prière,
 Sur ma fosse plantez la croix ;
 Et si l'on me donne une pierre,
 Gravez dessus : *J'ai cru, je vois.*

Dites entre vous : " Il sommeille ;
 Son dur labeur est achevé,"
 Ou plutôt dites : " Il s'éveille ;
 Il voit ce qu'il a tant rêvé."

Ne défendez pas ma mémoire,
 Si la haine sur moi s'abat ;
 Je suis content, j'ai ma victoire ;
 J'ai combattu le bon combat.

Ceux qui font de viles morsures
 A mon nom sont-ils attachés,
 Laissez les faire ; ces blessures
 Peut-être couvrent mes péchés.

Je suis en paix ; laissez-les faire !
 Tant qu'ils n'auront pas tout vomi,
 C'est que, —Dieu soit béni !—poussière,
 Je suis encor leur ennemi.

Dieu soit béni ! ma voix sonore
 Persécute encor ces menteurs !
 Ce qu'ils insultent, je l'honore,
 Je démens leurs cris imposteurs ;

Je fais un chemin dans leur fange,
 A leurs captifs je rends le jour ;
 Je suis l'envoyé des bons anges
 Vers les cœurs où naîtra l'amour.

Quant à ma vie, elle fut douce :
Les ondes du ciel font fleurir
Sur l'aride pierre la mousse,
Sur les remords, le repentir.

Dans ma lutte laborieuse,
La foi soutint mon cœur chaviré ;
Ce fut donc une vie heureuse,
Puisque enfin j'ai toujours aimé.

Je fus pécheur, et sur ma route,
Hélas ! j'ai chancelé souvent ;
Mais grâce à Dieu, vainqueur du doute,
Je suis mort ferme et pénitent.

J'espère en Jésus. Sur la terre,
Je n'ai pas rougi de sa loi ;
Au dernier jour, devant son Père,
Il ne rougira pas de moi.

Let my pen be at my side,
At my feet this book be hid,
And the Crucifix, my pride,
On my heart; then close the lid.

After the last prayer is said
Put the dear Cross over me,
And these words above my head,
"I believed, and now I see."

Say among you, "Peace, he sleeps,
His hard labour now is o'er,"
Or, rather, "Banquet now he keeps,
He has waked to sleep no more."

If man's hatred then attack,
Make you no defensive sign,
Do not strike, I pray you, back ;
I have fought; the victory's mine.

Heed not the vile bites they take
On my name ; I heed them not ;
I have sinned, their wounds may make
Cover for some sinful spot.

I am at peace; then let them rage—
If they have venom yet to spill ;
War against them I still wage,
And, though dust, they fear me still.

God be praised! My voice still loud
Gives the lie to men of lies ;
My Treasure's hated by this crowd,
I scorn their false and devilish cries !

I made a pathway through their mud,
 To their slaves I showed the morn,
 Sent by good angels ; and the flood
 Of light struck hearts where Love is born.

In my life, sweet Heaven's rains
 On hard stones made soft moss grow ,
 From my heart remorseful pains
 Brought penance-flowers by their flow.

In my hard and fervent strife,
 Faith up-bore my charmed heart ;
 Mine was, then, a happy life,
 I have always loved my part.

I was a sinner ; in the road,
 Alas ! sometime, I leaned towards wrong,
 But God, the victor, raised doubt's load ;
 I died, repenting, in faith strong.

I hope in Jesus ; never here
 Have I of Him denial shown—
 Before His Father, now no fear
 That He will shame His child to own.

HARMLESS NOVELS.

BY THE PRESENT WRITER.

THERE is one class of the community which is, I think, very unfairly judged and, in fact, slandered—namely, the novel-reading public. Novel-reading ladies are generally denounced as indolent idlers. They seem to me, on the contrary, to be most laborious and indeed courageous. It is no joke to get through a three-volume novel ; but to keep pace with the supply of new novels furnished by a circulating library, like Mudie's in London, or Greene's in Dublin, requires a courage and perseverance and strength of mind and body which might achieve very solid work if applied in some other sphere of labour.

This is a branch of intellectual labour from which the present writer shrinks. His novel-reading days are over, and they can hardly be said to have ever begun. Not that he can claim on this

point any resemblance to the late Dr. Whitehead, so long the distinguished Vice-President of Maynooth, who once told him that he found it morally impossible to get through a novel. He tried conscientiously even so late as the publication of "Middlemarch." He applied his mind to it as he would to Horace in one department, or De Lugo in another; but he broke down utterly—when he had reached the fifth chapter, he could not remember who the various characters were. Very different was the "President" of those days, Dr. C. W. Russell; and very different, indeed, is the difficulty that the present writer feels in the matter. But still he cannot urge the plea, *experto crede Roberto*, as regards all the observations he may venture to make about harmless novels. His judgments will generally be formed on external authority. But where he is able to vouch personally for a novel he will not be slow to do so.

The question may practically arise in two ways: first, with regard to the books to be admitted into parochial libraries and libraries of Children of Mary, &c.; and, secondly, with regard to the books that might be recommended or permitted to those who subscribe to any ordinary public lending library.

It was the first of these occasions which suggested the present paper. A bishop wrote to me, two years ago: "It is proposed to add the enclosed to a parochial circulating library. Would you kindly tell me if there be any objectionable volume in the list? 'David Copperfield' is the only one I have read of the lot." And some years earlier, a young priest—who has just been named as "one of three" (like the Ancient Mariner's victim), and not last of the three, but at the other end—wrote to the same purport. I give his words in full, though some of them are irrelevant:—

"Would you be so good as to give me the names of a few Catholic novelists whose books are readable? Perhaps my request might suggest a little paper for the IRISH MONTHLY, which, by-the-way, goes beyond all our expectations. I hope that financially it has not disappointed you. The reason of my inquiry just now is, that I am trying to put a library together for our Catholic Institute, and I feel rather *squeamish* about the books I set in circulation."

If I had known that my correspondent was to be raised to the episcopate, I might not have allowed his suggestion to simmer in my mind and his letter to lurk in one of my pigeon-holes for eight years, especially as it puts the question in its easiest form—"Name a few Catholic novelists whose books are readable."

Catholic and *readable* may here have two principal meanings assigned to them. "Readable" may mean, "sufficiently moral to be read without danger;" and, again, "sufficiently clever to be read with some intellectual profit." I once, in the book-notices of this Magazine, expressed surprise why a publisher of taste and repute would take the trouble to publish certain stories which were innocent, indeed, in the ordinary sense, but also innocent in the other sense of being brainless. Neither publisher nor book was named; but a postcard came from the firm really aimed at: "because authors pay for the printing thereof." Still, it is a pity that such tares should spoil the character of good Catholic wheat.

In the second place, a Catholic novelist may either be a Catholic who writes novels for the general literary market, or else one who lays his or her story in Catholic scenes, alludes to Catholic feelings and customs, and this without aiming at the construction of a strictly religious novel. And it is one of the proofs of Protestant ascendancy in literature, as everywhere else, that Catholics are supposed to receive parsons and other Protestant dignitaries as parts of general literature, whereas any fair delineation of a priest or any discussion of Catholic subjects, would be likely to mark a book off as distinctively Catholic and meant only to be read by Catholics.

Let us make a first attempt at a list of Catholic novelists, in the widest sense—Catholics who have written novels. We need not, for the present, mind the translated stories of Manzoni, Veuillot, Conscience, Fernan Caballero, and Mrs. Craven (in spite of her English name). The following Catholics have contributed to the literature of fiction in the English language:—Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Newman, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Lady Herbert, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, Cecilia Caddell, Rosa Mulholland, Miss Drane (Mother Raphael), Julia Kavanagh, Mrs. Charles Martin, Fanny Taylor, Alice O'Hanlon, Theo. Gift, Miss Laffan, Frances Noble, Kathleen O'Meara (the real name of "Grace Ramsay"), Clara Mulholland, Fanny Gallaher, Miss Brew, Miss Alice Corkran, Miss Owens Blackburne, Lady Gertrude Douglas, Miss M. A. Tincker, Christian Reid, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, and many others whom we may add hereafter, like the clever author of "Addie's Husband;" Gerald Griffin, John Banim, Charles Kickham, Richard Dowling, Percy Fitzgerald, Justin M'Carthy, E. H. Dering, Stephen J. MacKenna, Maurice Egan, John Boyle O'Reilly, with a long *etcetera* in the masculine gender.

We put first the authors of "Fabiola" and of "Callista"; and

we must not omit the author of "Ailey Moore," and of two other less successful tales, Dean O'Brien, of Limerick, whose life is summarised in the sixteenth of our Nutshell Biograms, in another page of this number. Father Anderdon's "Bracton" deserves a place also in our list, with Father Thomas Finlay's "Chances of War."

We have taken no pains to make this list complete; for, in any case, we should certainly be obliged hereafter to notice omissions in it. Miss Mary Healy, who, according to the reviewers, seems to have done some excellent work, has a very Catholic and Irish name, and so has Miss May Byrne, of whom we know nothing, but whom we notice in a recent catalogue.

The first remark that may be made upon the foregoing list is, that, with the exception of the two cardinals and some of the ladies mentioned, these writers are Catholic novelists only in the wider sense described before. Percy Fitzgerald and Justin M'Carthy write for the same world as Edmund Yates and Wilkie Collins. Mrs. Cashel Hoey's novels have generally run their course in *All the Year Round*, before entering on an individual existence in the circulating library. We need not, therefore, expect anything directly Catholic in them; but her faith has excluded the objectionable things to be found in the writings of several clever women of the day. We do not purpose holding up any names to reprobation; for this reason, amongst others, that such denunciations often, in this fallen world, serve merely as an advertisement for the thing denounced.

We have purposely refrained from including in our list of Catholic writers two names which, we are glad to say, ought to find a place there—E. D. Gerard and Stella Austin. The latter has only entered the Catholic Church quite recently; but even before that happy change we find her name in a list issued by St. Anselm's Society for the Diffusion of Good Books—which, indeed, puts this disclaimer in front:—"This List has no claim to any authority, but the books thus selected have been suggested by persons whose judgment is entitled to respect." In page 3 of List E, Parochial Library, are enumerated the following tales by Stella Austin: "Stumps," "Somebody," "Rags and Tatters," "For Old Sake's Sake," and "Our Next Door Neighbour." If these were recommended to young Catholic readers before, there is greater comfort and security now that the author has become one of us—a child of our Mother.

Many of our novel-reading readers will be surprised and delighted at the other announcement—namely, that E. D. Gerard is a Catholic. We ought, indeed, to use the plural; for some of the literary journals announced, last year, that the initials before this name represent two sisters, the joint authors of the three very successful novels which, having first brightened *Blackwood's Magazine*, have continued their success in three-volume editions and, finally, in cheap one-volume editions. The three books are "Beggar My Neighbour," "Reata," and, finally, "The Waters of Hercules." Plenty of interesting plot, of lively chat, of vivid scenery—chiefly foreign, not described at second-hand—these are some of the qualities which have made these three novels brilliantly successful, and which guarantee for their successors a brisk demand at the circulating libraries. Though, of course, they do not touch on anything religious and are of the world worldly, it is a comfort that their Catholic authorship excludes everything like that dubious treatment of dangerous topics which certain feminine writers affect as a proof of originality and masculine vigour.

Even those among the readers of this paper who are patrons of circulating libraries will be unfamiliar with some of the names that we grouped together a moment ago. For instance, Miss M. W. Brew needs to be introduced as the author of a novel published rather recently by Chapman and Hall, in three volumes, under the title of "The Chronicles of Castle Cloyne; or, Pictures of the Munster People," of which two English authorities, not unduly prejudiced in favour of Irish literary work, have judged as follows. The *Athenæum* says:

One could hardly wish for a better Irish story, more touching, more amusing, more redolent of the soil, than "The Chronicles of Castle Cloyne." There can be no doubt that the author is a pleasant romancer, who knows how to set down what he has seen and heard, and who has a heart to appreciate both the sad and the lively moods of humanity.

And according to the *Morning Post*:

There is a genuine tone in this well-written novel which renders the author's "Pictures of the Munster People" deeply interesting. . . . There is humour and pathos in these sketches of the Irish peasantry. . . . Works of this kind as rich in "backbone" as excellent in detail, are assured of being well received by the intelligent portion of the novel-reading public, already weary of mere sensational romance.

We have reason to believe that Miss Brew's Irish pictures are not painted with the gloomy colours of which John Banim was too fond.

It is strange that one of the best stories of Irish life was written by one who scarcely spent in Ireland a month out of all her life, of which a slight summary is given in our second handful of Nutshell Biograms. We mean Miss Annie Keary, author of "Castle Daly," which is laid in Ireland about the eventful year 1848, and refers in no ungenerous spirit to the Young Ireland movement. We can give our personal guarantee for the high merit of this book and its suitableness for any library that admits fiction. We can also give high praise to *Oldbury* by the same author, as well as to a smaller work meant for younger readers "A York and Lancaster Rose." "Clemency Franklyn" and "Janet's Home" we can only recommend on the ground of being written by Miss Keary, who always shows a good, religious spirit, especially in her last work "A Doubting Heart." Her life by her sister does not seem very successful, and it shows that Annie Keary was not so near to the Catholic Faith as we had imagined. Her dearest friend, with whom her mind had travelled step by step, became a Catholic and then a Carmelite nun; but she remained behind.

There is a caution which may be given at this point. After reading a book written in a very pure and good spirit, one is prone to generalise and to be well disposed to all the works of the same writer. Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana" is most innocent and beautiful, and so, too, is the more lively and more worldly "Fair Barbarian;" but we believe that other works by this clever American lady are not so absolutely unobjectionable. In the same way *The Month*, which is properly austere on this point, praises highly "A Village Commune" by a certain famous lady whose other works are such that we do not care to print her name in the present context. So also the French author, Halévy, wrote "the Abbé Constantin," a pure and simple tale, says the *New York Tablet*, but everything else written by this witty Frenchman is bad, utterly bad.

One of the women novelists enumerated earlier in this paper is Miss Tincker, whose peculiar name is represented on her title-pages by the initials "M. A. T." Many Catholic lending libraries, even in this country, possess her "House of Yorke," her "Grapes and Thorns" and her "Six Sunny Months." Many shorter tales from her very graceful pen have appeared in *The Catholic World*, and have been gathered into separate volumes in the United States. The three that we have named are the best rivals that our American brethren can pit against *Grantly Manor* and *Constance Sherwood*.

This gifted lady is a convert from some sect of Transcendentalists.. We are sorry to say that we have been warned against some later tales of hers written in a different spirit.

Two ladies with such Irish names as Julia Kavanagh and Kathleen O'Meara, have very few traces of the Irish accent in their writings; but this is accounted for by the fact that both of them have chiefly lived on the continent. Miss Julia Kavanagh was born at Thurles, about the year 1824, and died two or three years ago. Miss Kathleen O'Meara (who was so ill-advised as to call herself "Grace Ramsay" on some of her title pages) is still living and working; we do not know where she was born and still less when. Miss Kavanagh's long list of books of fiction and biography may safely be used in ordering new books for a Catholic Lending Library, though she does not put forward her faith or her country in any of them. On the other hand Miss O'Meara is as Catholic in her tales as in her admirable biographies of Frederic Ozanam and Dr. Thomas Grant of Southwark.

"Theo. Gift" (who ought to allow herself to be known as Miss Dora Havers) is a frequent contributor to the best London magazines, and her novels have appeared under the auspices of the regular novel-publishing firms. Two at least of them have come out also among Tinsley's two shilling novels—"A Matter-of-Fact Girl," and "Visited on the Children." We need not expect in them therefore, as we have said of another writer, anything distinctively Catholic, but we believe they can all be recommended as written in a good spirit, and free from everything objectionable in plot or language.

Another pseudonym or pen-name in our list, is Christian Reid, whom many, we are told by an American newspaper, regard as the best writer of fiction among American women. She lives at Salisbury, in North Carolina, and a newspaper correspondent, writing from that place to the Raleigh Chronicle, confides to us the following personal details:—

When the body of Colonel Charles Fisher was brought home from the battle-field of Manassas, his sister, Miss Christine Fisher, forbade any one entering the room where he lay until she had finished a portrait of him. Then, when he was buried, she made herself a mother to his children. She is a devout Roman Catholic and a recluse. But for the care of her brother's children she would have taken the veil. The children were Miss Frances Fisher, and Mr. Fred and Miss Annie—the latter being twins. Miss Frances Fisher became "Christian Reid;" and war, which wrought her irreparable loss, brought us our chief literary renown.

Miss Fisher herself lives an almost retired life, not from inclination so

much as because she is very busy. During those years since she began to write fiction she has been as industrious as the busiest man in North Carolina. The work has not been a recreation, but a creation, and therefore hard and continuous labour. The people of Salisbury, without reference to creed, not only esteem her highly, but even regard her with a sort of homage. "Bless your life," said a gentleman to me, "there isn't a man in Salisbury who would not pull off his best coat for Miss Fanny Fisher to walk on, and wish it were made of better cloth to be so honoured!"

The latest publication of Christian Reid is "A Child of Mary" reprinted from the *Ave Maria*; but her larger and more elaborate works are pure novels, in both the meanings of that phrase. The most easily procurable in this country is *Armine*; and the names of others are "Hearts and Hands," "Mabel Lee," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "A Daughter of Bohemia," and "Bonnie Kate." We have not read them, but we have no hesitation in accepting the careful and highly favourable estimate of such conscientious American critics as Mr. Maurice Egan and the reviewers in the fine Paulist Magazine of New York, *The Catholic World*, one of whom wrote as follows in July, 1884:—

The author of *Morton House* has made a name in American fiction which is synonymous with purity of feeling, elegance of style, keenness without satirical sharpness of observation, and the quality of interest. *Morton House* had every quality that constitutes a good novel. *Valerie Aylmer, A Daughter of Bohemia*, and *Bonnie Kate* were novels which, if they formed a *genre* for American writers, would raise American light literature from the slough of despond in which it wallows. It is a great deal to have a pen like that of Christian Reid wielded on the side of truth. She is skilful in all the resources of an art so potent in a time when everybody that reads reads novels, more or less. She possesses taste and knows how to be reticent in the use of her resources. It is rarely that a work of fiction so pure and elevated in tone, and so worthy of the pen of an artist in words as *Armine* is issued, even from the Catholic press.

When preparing to prosecute Palmer, the Rugely murderer, Sir Alexander Cockburn studied minutely the effects of the various poisons, and submitted himself to cross-examination on the subject by friendly experts. We do not consider it our duty to study poisonous literature in order to be qualified to prosecute criminals or to warn our readers against special dangers. Nor do we feel called upon to enter into the delicate question of the limitations within which such reading can be indulged in, all this differs so much in different circumstances. To Mr. Mallock's famous query *Is Life worth living?* Mr. Punch replied that it depended greatly on the liver. So, too, the goodness and badness of such reading.

depends to a certain extent on the disposition, education, and duties of the readers. Addressing lately young University students, Lord Idlesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote) exhorted them to apply to novels especially the art of dipping and skipping.

There is probably no form of idleness so seductive or so enervating to the mind as indiscriminate novel reading. Yet some of the best and most truly instructive works in the world belong to this class. From "Don Quixote" to "Waverly," from "The Vicar of Wakefield" to "The Caxtons," from Miss Austen, or Miss Edgeworth, or Miss Ferrier to Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot, you will find what Horace found in those great Homeric poems—humour and wisdom and a keen insight into the strength and the weakness of the human character. Think what a mine of wealth we possess in the novels of your own great master. What depths he sounds, what humours he makes us acquainted with! From Jeanie Deans sacrificing herself to her sisterly love in all but her uncompromising devotion to truth to the picture of the family affection and overcoming grief in the hut of poor Steenie Mucklebackit, or again from the fidelity of Meg Merrilies to that of Caleb Balderstone, you have in these and a hundred other instances examples of the great power of discerning genius to seize upon the secrets of the human heart and to reveal the inner meanings of the events which history records upon its surface, but which we do not feel that we really understand till some finer mind has clothed the dry bones with flesh and blood and presented them to us in appropriate raiment. I will permit myself to make but one more remark on Sir Walter Scott, for I am always a little in danger of running wild about him, and it is this:—Our ancestors and ancestresses read for their light literature such books as the "Grand Cyrus," and the Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia." I never tried the former. I have made one or two attempts in the latter without much success. But I have much sufficient general knowledge of their dimensions and of their character to be sure that no one with a volume of Scott at hand would ever deliberately lay it aside in favour of either of them. May I not hope that the same preference which you instinctively afford to him over works such as those I have referred to you will also extend to him in comparison with the great floating mass of unsubstantial and ephemeral literature, which is in truth undeserving of the name, but which is unfortunately attractive enough to tempt you to choke your minds with inferior rubbish.

This extract will not be considered too long by our readers, whatever they may think of the discussion which precedes it and which it must for the present bring to an end.

A SONNET BY ARVERS.

MON âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère ;
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu :
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.

Hélas ! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire,
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,
Elle ira son chemin, distraite et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas ;

A l'austère devoir, pieusement fidèle,
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle :
" Quelle est donc cette femme ? " et ne comprendra pas.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

My soul its secret bears, to all unknown—
A love eternal by a look conceived ;
My cureless wound shall be to no one shown,
E'en she who gave it is the most deceived.

Ah ! me, I live nigh to her unperceived—
Though ever at her side, still quite alone,
And, when I die and all my days have flown,
Shall never aught have asked nor aught received.

But she whom God has loving made and kind
Will tread her quiet path, for ever blind
To love which fain her every step would bless.

Sweet maid ! her heart is fixed on God above.
She'll read these lines I've written of my Love—
" Who is she ? " she will ask, nor ever guess.

W. H. E.

NEW BOOKS.

Two large and handsome volumes, published by Burns and Oates, tell the story of "Flora, the Roman Martyr," of which the authorship is not disclosed. Many of the characters are fictitious, but Origen and St. Laurence appear on the scene. Though the eccentric punctuation creates a bad impression in some places, the writer seems to have taste and learning; but something like genius would be required to give a living interest to a half classical half Christian historical romance of this description. If "Flora" can be called a novel, it may certainly be classed among the "harmless novels" of which there is question some pages earlier in this Magazine.

The imprint of the New York Catholic Publication Society is upon the title page of "The Keys of the Kingdom, or the Unfailing Promise," by the Rev. James J. Moriarty, LL.D., of Syracuse, New York, whose previous works "All for Love," and "Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones on the road to the Catholic Faith," have secured a very large circulation. Dr. Moriarty's new book is a treatise on the Notes of the True Church, thrown into a popular form for American use. The type is very large, the spaces between the lines unusually wide, and the lines in a page unusually few. The matter might be very readily printed in a very much smaller and cheaper volume. But the author perhaps knows his public best. May God make use of this book to bring some souls into the bosom of the One Church Holy, Catholic, and Apostolical.

Another American book of a very different kind is "Vapid Vapourings" by Justin Thyme. It is published at the press of the Notre Dame University, Indiana, and may fairly be laid to the charge of one of the learned Professors thereof. The author indeed does not pretend that his real name appears on the title page, for on hearing of Miss Rosa Mulholland's "Vagrant Verses" he relieved his feelings to the following effect in an American Magazine:—

I scarcely had issued my pages
 Of alight, unpretentious rhyme,
 When a man in New York it enrages,
 By theft of his name "Justin Thyme."
 He writes horticultural verses
 On celery, spinach, and such;
 And I think neither of us the worse is
 For the innocent error—not much.
 But I fancied my alliteration
 Was something unique in its way,
 That a marvellous imagination
 And a powerful brain would display.

Yet here once again I'm checkmated—
 Cast down from my throne in the air ;
 Environed by trials, I'm fated
 To give up my work in despair.
 The difference, however, is small, and
 Great intellects always agree,
 So I think I'll conclude, Miss Mulholland,
 To leave you the duplicate V.

Mr. Justin Thyme, at any rate, has given us one of the brightest little books that we have ever come across. His wit is very innocent and genial and yet very pointed, though no doubt we miss many points that tickle consumedly those who dwell near South Bend. Some of the pieces, like the address to a Neighbouring Editor, remind us of Dalton Williams' "Misadventures of a Medical Student" (of which probably the American humourist has never heard); others, like "Ask me not why," remind us of Frederic Locker and Austin Dobson, whom he has certainly studied. Why is there more fun in the books and newspapers of the United States than anywhere else? In Ireland we are far graver in our tone.

As allusion has just been made to "Vagrant Verses," by this "vapid" American, we may quote a more serious American criticism on Miss Mulholland's Poems. The *Boston Pilot* is one of the cleverest journals in the world and has a man of genius for its editor. An elaborate review in its issue for March 6th, begins thus:—

"For some years past, Rosa Mulholland, the novelist, has been a veritable Scheherasade to the sea-divided Gael. Her stories, appearing in London or Dublin publications, have been promptly reproduced in journals and magazines throughout the United States, Canada, and Australia. Multitudes of readers have thus been charmed with her "Heater's History," "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," "Dunmara," "Eldergowan," "Hetty Gray," and "The Wild Birds of Killeevy."

As a writer for children, too, Miss Mulholland has won enviable fame. Christian childhood in two hemispheres has grown in spiritual and temporal well-being from the perusal of her "Prince and Saviour," "Holy Childhood," "The First Christmas," "The Little Flower-Seekers," "Puck and Blossom," "Five Little Farmers," "Gems for the Young from Favourite Poets," "The Walking Trees," "Four Little Mischiefs," &c.

Rut Rosa Mulholland, the poet, is thus far, everywhere a less familiar character; though, reading the collection too modestly entitled "Vagrant Verses," we feel that on her poems will much of her fame rest."

The reviewer then analyses the contents of the volume, giving several extracts from what he calls "the finest poem in the collection," the opening one, "Emmet's Love:" with which he names as his favourites "Love and Death," "Stowaways," "Two Strangers," "The Children of Lir," "The Builders," and "Sister Mary of the Love of God;" and he concludes his criticism with this summing up:—

"Miss Mulholland's poetry is characterised by grace, sweetness, and rare artistic finish. It is oftentimes exquisitely tender and pathetic. Some of the poems impress

one with a sense of forces in reserve, and a conviction that, fine as is the work already done, there is even better to be looked for. To all this Miss Mulholland adds a spirit purely Catholic and fervently Irish."

The opinions of critics nearer home will be found further on.

The seventh volume of "The *Ave Maria Series*" (Notre Dame, Indiana) pleases us more than any of its predecessors—"The Lepers of Molokai" by Charles Warren Stoddard. It is not a mere literary compilation, for Mr. Stoddard had been for more than three years a resident in the Sandwich Islands, and he had visited Molokai sixteen years before the visit which is described in this picturesque and pathetic little book. This settlement is reserved for those who are stricken by the terrible malady, Asiatic leprosy, who are rigidly separated from all the rest of the world. Here, too, we find our countrymen—no need to ask the nationality of Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, who have devoted themselves to the nursing of these poor creatures. The little book, which we earnestly recommend, ends by announcing the news just received from Molokai, that Father Damien, who has served in this terrible mission since 1874, has himself at last been hopelessly smitten by the loathsome and incurable disease.

It is strange that the "Sacristan," who has compiled "The Server's Missal, a Practical Guide for Serving Boys at Mass" (Burns and Oates), has unfitted it for use in Ireland, by omitting the part that boys need most to have under their eyes, the *De Profundis* at the end of Mass. Otherwise it is ingeniously arranged.

Some people carry punctuality to such an extent as to make it pedantic and almost offensive; others, on the contrary, have such a dread of being a little too soon that they very often manage to be a good deal too late. We find this happening frequently with books that are intended to be out for a certain month or day; for instance, the "Life of St. Patrick" and "The Little Month of St. Joseph," which ought to have been in time to be announced in our March issue. The former is a carefully executed miniature by Father Arthur Ryan, of Thurles; and the latter, translated by Mrs. Edward Hazeland, from Father De Boylesse, S.J., has been turned out by Burns and Oates as neatly and prettily as St. Joseph's most fastidious client could desire.

Dean Swift showed great ingenuity in his "Reflections on a Broomstick," and the Rev. John Behan has made a great deal out of an equally unpromising subject—"Dr. Maguire's Pamphlet." A malicious forger, setting himself to fabricate a document as damaging as possible to T.C.D., could hardly have rivalled its first and only Catholic Fellow. His critic wields a witty and a vigorous pen.

The Rev. P. Sabela, has published "A Course of Lenten Sermons on the Sacred Passion and Death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (Burns and Oates). A greater amount of solid matter could hardly be compressed into eighty pages.

“Ellis’s Irish Education Directory and Scholastic Guide” (Dublin; Ponsonby), is a wonderful mass of educational statistics and facts, which those engaged in the arduous work of education will find invaluable.

Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have published, in a very cheap form, an Irish translation of the Catechism, together with the most necessary prayers.

The Catholic Truth Society has published some useful “Notes on the History of the Catholic Church in England.” *Merry and Wise*, the little magazine for Catholic children, is improving; and the “Catholic Family Annual for 1886,” published by the New York Catholic Publication Society, is as full as usual of interesting sketches of Catholic men and women and of other useful matter.

We can do no more than announce two new songs, which have been sent to us from San Francisco and from London. Mr. Richard E. White’s “I love the old songs most,” published in our pages, has been set to music by Carlos Troyer; and Odoardo Barri has composed a song holy enough for this sacred season—“The Sacrifice of Tears,” by Mrs. Meetkerke. In both cases the words and the music are well-mated and worthy of each other.

Small but clear type, good arrangement, and a concise style have compressed into 113 pages a very complete Manual of Chemistry for Beginners (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). No hint is given as to the authorship of this excellent little handbook.

Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son of Dublin have started a new candidate for public favour in the spirited race in which many London publishers are now competing. Certain series have been commenced in which excellent works are given at a very low price. The O’Connell Press Popular Library gives a hundred and fifty well printed pages for three pence in an attractive cover, and very neatly bound for sixpence. The first of the series is “Irish and Other Poems by James Clarence Mangan,” and the second is Goldsmith’s “Vicar of Wakefield.” We wish the fullest success to this new enterprise of the O’Connell Press.

The first book on our list for next month is the very important volume by Dr. Frederick Geo. Lee, just published by Messrs. Burns and Oates—“King Edward the Sixth, Supreme Head: an Historical Sketch.” A first glance shows that it is written in the spirit of the famous “Historical Sketches of the Reformation.” Why does not the author forswear all complicity with the Church of Henry and Edward and Elizabeth and others just as ludicrously unfit to be supreme heads of any Church?

A CURIOUS LITTLE RELIC OF '48.

PROBABLY it was not 1848, but a year or perhaps two years earlier. And yet not two years, for the Irish Confederation was in being, as will be seen from one of the following souvenirs of a pleasant, social evening spent together by certain members, masculine and feminine, of the Young Ireland Party. If they were plotting a revolution, they were very amiable revolutionists.

Some writer complained lately that in London no tablets mark the spots where famous men have lived. In Genoa the house where O'Connell died bears such a memorial, and places where distinguished strangers have tarried only for a time make a boast of this distinction. The only public memento of this kind in Dublin is that which marks the birthplace of Thomas Moore in Aungier-street. Why not distinguish the home of Thomas Davis, 61 Baggot-street; or the house in Dawson-street where Mrs. Hemans died? Besides his beautiful Summerfield, at Dalkey, the poet Denis Florence MacCarthy at one time lived at a house which has since changed its number, in Upper Gardiner-street, where Upper Sherrard-street now meets it, nearest to St. Francis Xavier's.

A similar interest clings to Heathfield, in Upper Leeson-street, for there John Mitchel lived. He refers to it in one of his autobiographical papers in the *Irish Citizen*. Writing in New York, mark how he gloats over the names of the very streets of Dublin! He is describing his first acquaintance with T. F. Meagher, whom he first met at the '82 Club:—"Next day he came to me at *The Nation* office in D'Olier-street. We walked out together towards my house in Upper Leeson-street; through College-green, Grafton-street, Harcourt-street, and out almost into the country, near Donnybrook. What talk! what eloquence of talk was his! how fresh and clear and strong! What wealth of imagination and princely generosity of feeling! To me it was the revelation of a new and great nature, and I revelled in it, plunged into it, as into a crystal lake."

It was in this modest and happy home that John Mitchel was fond of gathering a few intimate friends around him. In our account* of his daughter Henrietta we gave a sample of one of

* Our account falls into a few mistakes. Henrietta's biographer was Mlle. Bramet. Isabella was not present at his deathbed. She had accompanied him to Ireland the year before; but the last time he had been accompanied by his son James who returned to New York before his last brief sickness declared itself.

the ingenious little games which in that day served to amuse people of simple and intellectual tastes. Father Kenyon and the others who were present the same evening, little imagined there was "a chiel among them takin' notes," and the chiel herself had still less notion that her notes would creep into print. A clever girl in the company seems to have pounced on the scraps of paper on which the gentlemen scribbled their contributions to the pastime. Of the ladies' achievements no record has reached us. The friend whose memory furnished us with Mitchel's rhymes, in the paper referred to, has completely forgotten his own share of the entertainment; but the note-taking child aforesaid has kindly supplied this omission. Our readers may remember that each person taking part in the game had to introduce a certain given noun into his rhymed answer to a certain given question, and, of course, the nouns were very often words difficult to weave into any answer to any question. For instance, the clever youth whom we may call Morus, and who will be greatly astonished at seeing his "unconsidered trifles" snapped up in this fashion, was required to introduce the word *culmination* into his answer to the question: *What are you to do with your raw material in exchange for your drain of gold?* His muse, not plying her trade in a poetic solitude beside a purling stream, but in the midst of a noisy roomful of young men and maidens, produced the following:

When Mars in conjunction is nigh culmination,
Then take on the top of Slieve Donard your station,
And watch the aspect of that bright constellation,
And thus he'll reply to your interrogation:
"Gather up all the cattle and corn in the nation,
Then summon a meeting of monster starvation
And bid every man take an adequate ration."

These rhymes may have had more meaning in those days when "monster meetings" had a familiar sound. So, too, the Sikhs were frequently spoken of, and Father Kenyon seems to have pronounced the name like *six* instead of rhyming it with *strikes*. He had to bring *elixir* into his answer to the question—"Why don't the Irish encourage their own manufactures?" He achieved a very moderate success:—

Why is the sun not dark? Why do pansies grow?
Why are questions asked? No answer! Even so
The Irish act like all, savages, sages, Sikhs or
Many another race. What next? "You're out!" Elixir.

The P.P. of Templederry answers somewhat better the ques-

tion: *Where is woman's bright story told?* But the noun *tea* is too easy for such a feminine context.

Where woman is to tell it—there
 'Tis told, and worth the hearing. Where
 Is woman then to tell it? See
 The board when stored with creamy tea,
 And you've her whereabouts to a T.

For some of our readers the name "Father Kenyon" has no associations either of sympathy or antipathy; and such will see nothing but folly in this fooling. But surely his youthful lay competitor, whose honoured name we disguise under that of *Morus*, deserves credit for introducing the noun *Eukeirogeneion*, while answering the query: *Who is the man in the moon?*

"Who is he? Ah, who is he,
 That mystic being wild and strange
 That glideth o'er the pearly floor
 With ever shifting chance and change—
 The Lord of lovers' lofty lays,
 Of lunatics and lilting lyres,
 Who sheds Diana's purest rays
 And kindles cold and caustic fires?
 That amiable gent I have never set eye on,
 But he uses, I hear, Thwaites' *Eukeirogeneion*."

I have looked in vain for this last learned word in a dictionary, and I have not time to pursue its component parts through a Greek lexicon.* When, in his turn, *colure* was proposed to Mitchel, as the catchword or stumbling-block of his muse, was he able off-hand to recall that the colures are the two great circles which pass through the equinoctial and solstitial points of the ecliptic?—information, for which the present writer is indebted to the late Mr. Stormonth. But in those days even young ladies were supposed, at least in school prospectuses, to learn the Use of the Globes; and Mitchel himself in that delicious rhapsody which we quoted last month, talks glibly about "the gibbous shoulder of this oblate spheroid"—a phrase which would occur to few other political firebrands as a pleasantly pedantic name for our mother Earth. How proud his little sister—who was busily picking up the crumbs that fell from the master's table, to serve them up for our readers after many years—how proud she must have been when this formidable astronomical term was safely imbedded in the neat verses which answered the question—

* See the last of our Pigeonhole Paragraphs at page 228 on this point and on the pronunciation of "Sikhs."

"Why was not Father Kenyon at the meeting to-day?" They may be given again, as six lines of bourgeois will not occupy much of our valuable space, and as they are the only extant specimen of John Mitchel's verse-making, though our chronicler mentions that he and his mother often took part in this and similar games :

"The motions of this very reverend priest
Defy the skill of human calculator ;
From north to south he shoots, from west to east,
From pole to pole, from colure to equator ;
And, when you deem you firmly have your eyes on
This slippery priest, he's off beyond the horizon."

This is the best of the whole set of *nugae*, better even than any by the prolific Morus who was commanded to mention a boa constrictor while replying to the question—*Are you an Irish Confederate?* I alluded lately, in conversation, to the Irish Confederation, and a man of mature years imagined I was going back to the Confederation of Kilkenny. He had quite forgotten this as the chosen name of the Seceders of forty years ago. Still less does the really young Ireland of these days know or think about the men and things of those days.

"Yes, on my word I *am* a confederate—
Our cause will continue to grow at a steady rate
Till it whips all our foes, like an old Roman licitor,
Or swallows them up like a boa constrictor."

Only one more trial of skill is recorded. The same Morus was summoned to bring honest Tom Steele into his answer to the query—"Why was not I born a poetess?"

"Why was I not gifted (how deeply I feel
The depth of my loss)—with thy genius, Tom Steele?
I would sing of volcanic, sublime conflagration
And balmiest ethical regeneration!"

The young poet copies the oratorical style of the Head Pacificator; but he slurs over the difficult point of gender, *poetess*, not *poet*—which might lead us to suppose that this last question was in reality the despairing exclamation of one of the young ladies who had failed to execute her allotted task—perhaps that little maiden herself, whose notes of the proceedings of that evening, so long gone by, have survived many years and many wanderings, to furnish at last to our readers this curious little relic of '48.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

Do you know what a boomerang is? A curved, wooden war-club thrown by the natives of Australia with wonderful precision, so as, after hitting its aim, to come back to the person who throws it, ready for use once more. Now it strikes me (ominous phrase!) that exhortations, counsels, and spiritual admonitions are very often like boomerangs which make a slight mistake on the return journey, and which, instead of bounding back ready to the *hand* of the thrower, aim just a little higher and hit him on the nose.

* * *

Father Alexander de Gabriac, S.J., the biographer of Father de Ponlevoy, evidently knew nothing about John Mitchel and the vicissitudes of his career. The story of John Mitchel's Daughter told in our last Number is condensed by the French Jesuit into these lines. "En 1861 le Père de Ponlevoy reçut l'abjuration d'une jeune Irlandaise protestante, type charmant de la terre des Saints, âme généreuse et virile autant que délicate et poétique. Elle entra alors au pensionnat et continua à se faire diriger par celui qui lui avait ouvert les portes de l'Eglise Catholique. 'Oh! mon père,' lui écrivit-il un jour, 'il me faut être une sainte, faites de moi une sainte, le voulez vous?' Le Père de Ponlevoy n'eut pas de peine à le vouloir; il coopéra à la perfection d'une âme que Dieu pressait de se sanctifier pour la couronner plus tôt. Elle mourut à dix-huit ans, et son directeur put dire d'elle après sa mort: 'Henriette était vraiment une héroïne Chrétienne.'"

* * *

Some of our contributors are suffering from a too strict application of the saying, *noscitur a sociis*. They are put down as belonging to the country and to the Church which this modest periodical is ambitious to serve. For instance, an American magazine spoke of "The Poet in May" as the work of "a new Catholic poet." But Miss Evelyn Pyne is not a Catholic, neither is the sonneteer who in another page of this Number addresses the great Oratorian Cardinal so reverently. Miss Pyne is charged moreover with being an Irishwoman. This alas! is another calumny, of which a writer in the *Dublin University Review* for March is unwittingly guilty in the opening sentence of his review of Miss Mulholland's "Vagrant Verses." "Miss Katharine Tynan, Miss Evelyn Pyne, and Miss Rosa Mulholland, from

what may be called the Rossettian School of Anglo-Irish Poetry; though, indeed, in Miss Mulholland's case the kinship to Rossetti, real as it is, is but a distant one."

* * *

The criticism just referred to is a very able one, though written from a slightly Olympian standpoint. The qualification appended to the above charge of belonging to the Rossetti School makes it mean nothing worse than that the author of "Vagrant Verses" is so far modern, so far under the influence of the contemporary spirit, as to be attentive to the subtlest purity and refinement of poetic diction, while shunning all artificial mannerisms and all that is unwholesome in thought, feeling, and suggestion. And indeed this Dublin University Reviewer himself adds that "there is absolutely none of the insincere catching at effect, the pseudo-poetic vulgarity, to which verse-writers whose true sphere is not poetry are commonly so prone." He also expresses admiration for the "powerful and various intellect revealed in those poems" and for "the calm and sober strength with which the English language is used in such poems as *Failure*, *The Builders*, *After the War*, or *A Stolen Visit*"—which last piece he describes as "a poem which will delight all who can find pleasure in pure English and flawless workmanship."

* * *

The rest of the March Number of the *Dublin University Review* is ardently political, except a very elaborate lecture on Albert Durer, and a serial story which is evidently well translated but is still very Russian. Mr. Yeats himself calls his "Two Titans" (of which I do not understand a syllable) "a political poem;" and even the paper signed "Sophie Bryant" is sternly logical and political. A frivolous reader might be tempted to remark that Mrs. Bryant's reasoning is somewhat Sophie-istical.

* * *

An English Jesuit visited Iceland last summer, sailing from Edinburgh on a certain Saturday and reaching Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, on the Thursday following—which shows that Iceland and Ireland are pretty far apart. The name of our own dear little island is not brought in here simply because out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, but because it is on account of an allusion to Ireland that I venture to allude to an unpublished letter of Father Cyprian Splaine, S.J. "Here we have (he writes) near home a civilized people, and a mission founded and permanently endowed, recently neglected, though there is reason

to believe that Catholic missionaries would now be welcomed there, even by non-Catholics. A missionary, stationed at Reykjavik, would be able to look up, from time to time, some five hundred poor people who live, utterly destitute of religious aid of any sort, on one of the Westmann Isles. These Vestmenn are Irishmen or of Irish blood originally, and one at least of a few that boarded our vessel when we touched at the islands was of a decidedly Irish type of countenance. The language spoken by them is a kind of vulgar Icelandic."

* * *

Some puzzling questions are suggested by this passage. One is a small point—how the inhabitants of a Westmann Isle came to be called Vestmenn. This curious plural may be a blunder of writer or printer. But the serious question is when and how this Irish settlement took place. Do they speak nothing but Icelandic? What traditions live amongst them connected with Faith and Fatherland? Can nothing be done for this offshoot of the Irish race? I have known an Irish priest make his way to Algiers during the summer vacation. Perhaps some one might turn for his holidays in the opposite direction and look up these "five hundred poor people of Irish blood who are utterly destitute of religious aid of any sort."

* * *

It is extraordinary (yet is it extraordinary?) how Irishmen turn up everywhere where there is question of Catholicity. Father Splaine says that, when he celebrated Mass in the deserted chapel at Reykjavik, it was filled, though there were only three Catholics present—Mr. and Mrs. Tierney and their little son whom he had on the previous evening taught how to serve Mass. Mr. Tierney keeps a store in the town. How long is it since he left the old land? May he prosper, and may God save Ireland and all the scattered race of the sea-divided Gael!

* * *

The following lines, composed by Father Joseph Shea, S.J., were found on his desk when he died in New York, in December, 1881:—

When I am dying, how glad I shall be
 That the lamp of my life has been burnt out for Thee!
 That sorrow has darkened the path that I trod;
 That thorns, and no roses, were strewn o'er the sod;
 That anguish of spirit full often was mine,
 Since anguish of spirit full often was thine.
 My cherished Rabboni, how glad I shall be,
 To die with the hope of a welcome from Thee!

* * *

I will punish both parties by gibbeting them in a Pigeonhole Paragraph. The two "parties" are the Mother Superior of a French convent, and one of her nuns who is an "exile of Erin." Writing to a friend at home in the Green Isle, she says: "I heard of you lately quite unexpectedly through the IRISH MONTHLY, as one of the songstresses whose silence was a cause of regret to the readers of the Magazine. Are you not going to write any more, dear — ? It would be a pity not to have your share in the good work done by that excellent little periodical ["Excellent" added over the line by a polite after-thought]. We get it through a friend, and it is the only English journal that I can see. Imagine my horror the other day to hear Reverend Mother say, when handing me the number for February: 'There! I see an incorrection [*sic*] in your magazine. Who knows how many more I should find if I knew English?' It was a quotation from Racine that was attributed to Louis Veuillot. If you are in correspondence with Father So-and-so, it would be a charity to make him see the mistake. What should I do, were my only English reading to be suppressed?"

* * *

Whereunto the said Father So-and-so maketh answer and saith, that there is no mistake at all in the passage, and that the only "incorrection" is the correction suggested by Madame la Supérieure. It is all about a "winged word" in our February number, in the middle of page 112 of the present volume:—"Man is a being placed between two moments of time, one of which no longer is, and the other is not yet." This saying is quite correctly assigned to Louis Veuillot. But a parallel passage is slipped in between square brackets:—"Le moment où je parle est déjà loin de moi."

Why did not our constant reader explain to her French Superior that this would be translated quite differently? "The moment in which I am speaking is already far away from me." And again this is not from Racine, but from Boileau's third epistle:—

Hâtons-nous : le temps fuit et nous traîne après soi :
Le moment où je parle est déjà loin de moi.

The French poet keeps very close to the last line of the following passage from Persius, part of which would remind one of the old conundrum about "To-day:" "What was To-morrow will be Yesterday."

Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid ? quasi magnum
 Nempe diem donas ? Sed cum lux altera venit,
 Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus. Ecce aliud cras
 Egerit hos annos, et semper paullum erit ultra.
 Vive memor leti ; fugit hora ; hoc quod loquor inde est.

To the same effect is Martial's fine epigram *Ad Posthumum* ; but we have emptied out enough of our pigeon-holes for the present.

* * *

Yet we must add another paragraph, promised in the footnote of page 222. One of the most marvellous memories we have ever heard of was able offhand to illustrate the pronunciation of "Sikhs" by quoting Clarence Mangan's "Song of Sixpence:"—

" Pens of all *The Nation's* bards,
 Up and do your duty !
 Sing, not Valour's meet rewards
 In the smiles of beauty :
 Sing, not landlordism laid low
 'Mid its burning ricks, pens !
 Sing of Britain's overthrow—
 Sing a song of Sikhs, pens !"

But few of our readers are old enough to remember that Indian warfare.

* * *

The same marvellous memory was able, without a moment's warning, to explain that the eukeirogeneion celebrated in one of the nonsense-verses a few pages back was a shaving paste invented by a Cork man and sung by Father Frank Mahony :—

" Eukeirogeneion
 Whoever sets eye on
 May firmly rely on
 A capital shave ;
 And as for the water,
 It maketh no matter
 From whence *derivatur*—
 The well or the wave."

But here another difficulty arises. At page 90 of Bohn's edition of "Father Prout's Reliques," I find half of this quotation but not the other half. At page 77 Bob Olden (not Thwaites) is said to be the inventor of this incomparable lather, whose praise he sings in the Watergrasshill carousal. The form in which we have quoted it is an improvement on the authorised version. *Unde derivatur ?*

THE O'CONNELL PAPERS.

PART XXIII.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HENRY GRATTAN.

The following note appears in *Notes and Queries* of February 20th, 1886:—

W. T. asks whether any letters of Daniel O'Connell are in existence. The *Liberator's* second son, Morgan O'Connell, who died just a year ago in Dublin, gave a large quantity of his father's papers to the editor of a sixpenny magazine, published in Dublin by M. H. Gill & Son—the *IRISH MONTHLY*—of which I send you the current number, containing the twenty-first instalment of "The O'Connell Papers," in the shape of unpublished letters, by Spring Rice (the first Lord Monteagle), Smith O'Brien, and Thomas Davis. The publication of these "O'Connell Papers" began in the *IRISH MONTHLY* for May, 1882, with a diary kept by O'Connell, from 1798 to 1802, and giving some of his earliest letters. As O'Connell long survived his wife, he probably destroyed the letters which she had treasured up, whereas there are piles of Mrs. O'Connell's letters carefully preserved. Naturally, also, this collection chiefly consists of the letters addressed to O'Connell. Among those published in the volumes of the Magazine for 1882, 1883, and 1884 (there are none in that for 1885), the most noticeable are several letters from Jeremy Bentham, William Cobbett, and Henry Brougham. The series will be continued henceforth without interruption.

Not to break this engagement just after making it, we continue our selection from our archives, though the remaining space is very scanty.

There may be a few (will there be even a few?) of our readers who will remember having at least heard of John Morgan, Editor of the *Newry Examiner*, fifty years ago. He was a man of great ability, who, in better times and in a wider sphere, might have attained distinction. I wish there was a museum containing perfect sets of all provincial newspapers, dead and living. Many a curious and many a clever thing could be dug out of such a mine. How invaluable would a museum of this sort be to historians and to the literary workers in the future! But even living journals hardly keep up unbroken the tradition and the records of their bygone years—and then journals die—and who cares to preserve their huge dusty folios? The tradition that has reached me of the cleverness of the *Newry Examiner*, in its early days, made me read the following, which O'Connell preserved, or at least did not destroy:—

Newry Examiner Office,
23rd November, 1834.

DEAR SIR,

A Mr. ———, an attorney, who lives at Tanderagee, has obtained a conditional order for a criminal information against the proprietors of the *Newry*

Examiner, in consequence of our having copied from the *Dublin Evening Post* a report of the Orange Meeting in Dublin, in August last, wherein Colonel Verner is made to say, that the late Government had dismissed from the Commission of the Peace a gentleman of the first respectability, on "the perjured evidence of a hedge-schoolmaster and his son." I am perfectly convinced that Mr. —— is actuated by vindictive motives, in selecting the *Newry Examiner* for prosecution. The reasons for my belief in this being true, are embodied in the accompanying pages, which I scrawled out, in order to embody them in the affidavit, but which, by the advice of Mr. John Henry Quin, Attorney, who takes a friendly interest in the welfare of the establishment, we have altogether omitted in the affidavit we have sworn. It is confined to the actual fact, that neither I nor Mr. Stevenson read the three or four lines attributed to Colonel Verner until we got notice of the conditional order being obtained, nor would we, had we read them, have known to whom they were applicable. Although I have no respect for this Mr. ——, from the little I know of him, I would be sorry to do him injustice to gratify the rascally faction of which Colonel Verner is a sample. The man, I think, has no principle only what pique gives him. He was originally a Catholic; he quarrelled with his parish priest about a seat in the chapel—he broke into the chapel, wrecked seats, altar, and all; and, having thus qualified himself for becoming a Protestant, he was adopted as the protégé of Dean Carter. The "New Reformationists" thought they had got a great prize; but he has been a thorn in the side of Tanderagee Orangeism and Conservatism ever since; and, to give the fellow his due, he *has* "done the State some service"—the dismissal of Colonel Blacker and Dean Carter to wit, which was effected chiefly through his agency. But he is, in other respects, no better than a common Barrator; and I am convinced, as I am writing this, that the cause of his enmity is the non-publication of letters, which would have furnished grounds for libel prosecutions that would have kept us in gaol for the rest of our natural lives.

May I request that you will plead for us, and get the conditional order set aside? I know the multitudinous business you have on hands at present; but your moving in the affair would, I am sure, quash the proceedings; and, though I have no fear as to the result, I dread the annoyance and the costs of the Four Courts.

Mr. Charles Cavanagh will call upon you to-morrow with the affidavit.

I have just finished reading with delight the proceedings at the great Dublin Meeting. I was at Dundalk on Wednesday. All at sea, in storm and confusion. Sharman Crawford has been written to. I know he'll refuse: unless Sir Patrick Bellew can be *driven* to the hustings—and it will require driving—the Orange party will have an easy victory. I wish you had time to give some advice to the Louthians. 'Twill be the first battle, and it will be bad if it be lost. I have no room for what would not be words of course in expressing my respect; but I feel honour in subscribing myself of Ireland's Friend

The faithful servant,

JOHN MORGAN.

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

The Colonel Verner referred to here in uncomplimentary terms was Sir William Verner of Armagh, the typical Orangeman of the period.

Yet we saw last month how closely connected he was with John Mitchel who was by no means an Orangeman, but who went perhaps a little too far into the opposite extreme.

Among these letters preserved by O'Connell are several of Sir Jonah Barrington's, very illegible and seemingly not very interesting; and many by Mr. James Birch, Lord Clarendon's friend, legible enough and perhaps too interesting, but not to be published without more careful examination than can now be given. But anything by Henry Grattan—the great Henry Grattan—is worth publishing for his very name's sake.

STEPHEN'S GREEN,
3rd January, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your kind communication, and am happy that the speech has given satisfaction. I hope it will produce good and reconcile all parties.

I enter into your sentiments on the state of this country. Ireland has ceased to exist as a nation, and I fear it is more likely that other nations will fall than that Ireland will rise. But of this I am certain that nothing national or useful can ever be effected without a cordial union of both classes in this country. Therefore it is that the speech seeks to unite us. The principle of our question being carried, such a useful discourse will tend to effectuate its final accomplishment.

As to the Society that you allude to—I had such an idea in my mind long ago. I attempted to lay the foundation of a club whose objects should be constitutional and patriotic. Many of my friends know the efforts I made. I regret that they proved unsuccessful, and that the difficulties that were started caused its abandonment.

As to the one in question, perhaps during the lifetime of the individual it would be premature. That it should be connected with the period of '82 (the only period of Irish History) I am decidedly of opinion. From peculiar circumstances it would not be proper that I should be the mover of such a project; but whenever it should be effected, whether during the lifetime of the individual or after his termination, I trust I shall not hang back when the opportunity presents itself of upholding principles which I shall ever hold dear and which I conceive breathe attachment to the country and the constitution.

As to what you mention of poor Curran, I quite coincide. Every honour should be paid to him. He loved liberty; he upheld it in the times of danger, and stood by his country when others sold her.

I remain, dear sir,

Very truly your obedient servant,

HENRY GRATTAN.

Does this letter refer to a projected Charlemont Club? Nine years later Grattan writes again to O'Connell; and this is the only other letter we can at present discover among the O'Connell Papers bearing this illustrious name:—

22 CENTICK STREET.
19th Jan, '28

DEAR SIR,

You will read the fate and failure of my motion.

I tried all I could, but in vain. Government is incorrigible. The opinion of the-

Solicitor-General was thought good law in St. Stephen's; *Quere*, will it be so thought in the Orange North?

I hope the Catholics will not fall into the trap of Securities and Veto. These words should be banished from their mouths.

In my opinion the simultaneous meetings should be held, but in a more solemn and effectual and general manner than the last.

The Dissenters' Dinner yesterday was a grand triumph for us. Nothing could be better. Their support of Emancipation bordered on the spirit of chivalry.

Yours very obedient,

HENRY GRATTAN.

Emancipation! That grand word which Curran had used long before so grandly in the famous oratorical burst which keeps its fire better than most bursts of eloquence—"redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal Emancipation." The associations which cling to the word lend pathos to the anecdote which Father Prout tells of O'Connell's deathbed at Genoa. Finding he could raise one of his arms again, he said feebly to the physician:—"Doctor, this arm is emancipated."

TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"LEAD, kindly Light." This was thy prayer, and lo!
 Through devious paths thy childlike steps were guided.
 The angels smiled, while shallow men derided;
 They the mysterious leading could not know.
 Men marked one track; God would not have it so;
 Their way was not the way He had provided,
 And so He took thy genius many-sided,
 And planted it where fitly it might grow.

That Light which thou didst follow shall not fail
 Till in the shining of the perfect day
 Lost in full splendour sinks the single ray.
There shall be no more night within the veil.
 And 'mid a rapture that can never fail
 Thou wilt forget the sorrows of the way.

T. H. WRIGHT.

MAUREEN LACEY.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "VAGRANT VERSES," "KILLREY," "MARCELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was Hallow Eve in the island of Inisbofin, off the coast of Connemara, seven miles out in the Atlantic. There had been a ruddy sunset, and the sea round the tall grey crags was still heaving with wonderful colours. The blazing crimson, vivid purple, and tawny gold, that had burned on cloud, hill, and wave, were getting toned down to deeper, staidier hues. Maureen's long day's work in the open air was almost over, and she stood knee-deep in the heather, binding her bundle of broom with a rope of straw.

Round and round about her swept the sad barren island, very sad and very barren at such a season, and such an hour. High, bleak, wandering uplands, deep purple hollows, long brown flats of treacherous morass, dark melancholy pools studded with clumps of lonesome rushes: only here and there a soaring crag still rosy. Maureen raised her head and looked around, pausing a moment before swinging her fragrant burden on her shoulders. She was scarcely musing upon the beauty of the scene; she knew nothing about the artistic splendour of its desolation. More likely she was thinking of whether the frost was coming yet, and how long the potatoes would last, as she stood there making a picture herself in her crimson petticoat, and nappi-keen of chequered blue, knotted under her chin. She rested, not to enjoy anything, but to draw breath. She looked like a girl who had worked a good deal, and who meant to work more. Her steady mouth in its silence said this; so did her quick blue eye; so did every motion of her lithe active figure. Her face was round and comely, and there was beauty in the wreath of rich yellow hair that crowned her shapely head. A few years more of such hardships as Maureen had endured since her childhood, would take the softness from her cheeks and the lustre from her locks. Still, rack must be carried from rock to field, potatoes planted, turf cut and stacked. Rent must be paid, and meal bought when

the potatoes failed. Maureen would have little time to think of her looks.

Maureen had a good walk before her, for she was now standing in what is called the West Quarter, and her home was at the North Beach. Swinging her burden on her shoulders, she set out at a brisk pace. There was not a sound in the air but the screaming of some seamews round a pool, or now and then a whirring noise of wings, as a sudden flight of moor-fowl rushed past overhead. Even the break of the sea on the shore was lost, except for that almost imperceptible sighing which is perpetual in the island of Bofin. Maureen took heed of nothing as she hastened on. Her thoughts were full of the potatoes.

Presently a more homely sound stole over the air. Some one was whistling on the path behind Maureen. Hearing this, she quickened her steps, with a sudden heat in her face, and tightness of breath. But the following foot came surely on. Its pace was swifter than hers.

"Save ye, Maureen!" said a genial voice beside her. "Give us the bun'le. Yer fair broke in two halves with the weight of it."

This speaker was a stalwart young fisherman, with as much eagerness in his bronzed kindling face as there had been haste in his pursuing step. Maureen stopped short, and looked at him with a proud troubled directness in her eyes.

"What for should I give you my bun'le, Mike Tiernay?" she said, sternly. "You just carry yer own bun'les, and I'll carry mine. That's the safest that I can see betune us two."

She gave her burden a resolute jerk, and began plodding on more steadily than before. But Mike kept by her side.

"It's always the hard word with you, Maureen," he said, bitterly. "It's often a throuble to me wondherin' if I was to work for a hondhert years for wan smile, would you give me that same in the end?"

"Just as likely not," said Maureen, shortly. "If ye have so little to do with yer time, begin and work for girls that has the world light on their shouldhers. There's plenty in Bofin 'll give you smiles for nothin' without waitin' for the hondhert years to be up. Maureen Lacey hasn't time for sich foolery!"

"Whisht, Maureen!" cried Mike. "You know well that I care as little for the smile that isn't on your face as the hungry man cares for the stone by the roadside. Ye know that the sight o' you's mate an' dhrink to me the longest day that iver I fasted, an' the smallest word you'd spake in the winther is sweeter to me

than the larks' singin' in the spring. But if my corpse was waked to-night you'd thramp over my grave to-morrow, an' think more o' the daisies ye hurt with yer foot, than of me lyin' below."

"Yer not dead," said Maureen, sullenly, "nor dyin' neither, nor likely. But if ye were, an' yer grave lay in the road o' my work, I suppose I'd thramp over it all as wan as another. An' as for smilin', it's little good smiles 'd do betune you an' me. They wouldn't boil the pot for the dawny stepmother an' the weeshie waneens at home. I've given ye this answer many's the time afore, though wanst might have been enough, a body 'd think."

"Well, Maureen," said Mike, drawing himself up, "I'm not the mane wretch to keep botherin' a girl wanst she said in airnest, 'Mike, I don't like you, there's others I could like betther.' But that's what you niver said to me yet, Maureen, an' in spite o' yer hard words there's a glint I've seen in yer eye, ay, faith, a weeshie glint, that keeps me warm the cru'lest day that iver I put in on yon waves. There's news I wanted to tell ye to-night, an' a bit of a question I wanted to ax ye. But when ye come slap on me with yer crass talk, it just chokes the courage down my throat."

"I'm glad it does," said Maureen. "I neither want to hear yer news, nor to answer yer questions. An' now we're comin' to the village. Here's my path, an' there's the road to the East Ind. Ye'd betther let me go home my lone."

"Go your lone, then!" said Mike, fiercely, "an' I'll go mine. I'll be betther aff than you, anyways, that hasn't as much as the sore heart for company. Sorra bit, but such a thing was left out clane the day ye were made. Maureen," he added, eagerly, as she turned away, his angry voice falling to a coaxing whisper, "there's to be a Hallow's Eve dance at Bidy Prendergast's to-night. Hurry the childher to bed, an' give yer mother her beads to count at the fire, an' come. Will you?"

Maureen had stopped short. "No, I won't," she said, in a low voice.

"Feth ye will now, avourneen!"

"Feth I won't!" persisted the girl, doggedly, with her eyes on the ground.

"An' ye plase, then," cried Mike, with another burst of passion. "There'll be plenty of likely girls at Bidy's—Peggy Moran for wan, the best dancer in the island. Bad scan to the bit af my ould brogues that I won't dance aff my feet to "The Little House undher the Hill" with her. No, but ye'll come, Mau-

reen. I'll take my oath that I'll see you comin' walkin' in like a May mornin' afore I'm up on the floor a crack with Peggy."

Maureen gave her bundle one final jerk, and Mike one final glance, as she turned away.

"An' if you do," she said, "I'll give ye lave in full to take as lies every word I've said to-night, an' every cold word that iver I said since you begun to spake to me this ways. A pleasant dance to you, then, with Peggy Moran. Good evenin'!"

She turned off abruptly, and struck out on her homeward path. Mike gave one passionate look after her, and then marched away in the other direction, whistling "The Little House under the Hill," with all his might.

The defiant echoes shrilled about Maureen's ears as she hastened on. She was near her home now. The rough shingle of the North Beach opened grey and wide before her. Here and there a tall crag stood up like a ghoulish and wrapped the shadows about it. Inland, falls and hills had changed from brown to black. A purple darkness had settled over the track she had travelled. The sound of the tossing surf became more loudly audible at every step, and the "village," an irregular mustering of cabins, sent forth a grateful savour of turf smoke upon the raw lonely air. Lights twinkled here and there from windows, and the red glow of the fire shone under every open doorway. Before passing the first of these doors, Maureen stopped and wiped a hot tear or two from her cheek with her apron. Then she hurried on, lightening her step as she trod the rough causeway of the "village," threading her way amongst her neighbours' houses, and hearing from many an angle as she passed the ruddy thresholds, "There's Maureen Lacey gettin' home, poor girl!"

At one of the furthest cabins facing the sea Maureen stopped, and stepped over the door-step into the firelit shelter. Her eyes, accustomed to the red smoky atmosphere, saw her stepmother sitting at the hearth-stone with a child upon her knee, and some four or five other little ones grouped about the embers at their play. These Maureen had expected to see, but her eyes went straight from them to two other figures, less familiar. Two visitors, a man and a woman, were seated properly on chairs, visitor-like, at a respectful distance from the fire. On these, for the sin of their presence, Maureen's glance passed severe judgment.

"Save ye, Con Lavelle!" she said, slowly, as she closed the door behind her. "Save ye, Nan!"

And then, without heeding their response, she went to the

furthest corner of the cabin, and threw her bundle of heather from her back upon a heap of turf. Straightening her bent figure with a sigh of relief, she untied the blue kerchief from her head, and knotted it loosely round her neck. She passed her hand over her hair, damp with the dew, and smoothed back a straggling lock or two. Then, with her arms full of turf, she came silently over to the hearth, and began to "make down" a good roaring fire to boil the potatoes for the supper. The visitors drew back to give her more room, and the stepmother whispered, as she bent forward to the blaze.

"Who was walkin' on the bog with you, Maureen?"

A flash leaped out of the girl's eyes. She went on with her task in silence for about a minute, and then she said, in a steady voice, loud enough for the others to hear:

"If ye hard there was any wan, mother, ye hard who it was and so I needn't tell you what you knowed before."

"What was he sayin' to you, asthore?"

"It's no matther to anybody what he was sayin'. He's plottin' no murther, that his words should be kep' an' counted."

"An' what did you say to him, avourneen?"

"Nothin' that went again my promise to you, mother. An' now that you've sifted and sarched me before strangers, we'll talk a bout somethin' else, an' ye plase!"

So saying, Maureen rose to her feet with a brusqueness of manner that cut the dialogue short. The visitors, uneasily silent while it had lasted, now shuffled in their seats with relief. Con cleared his throat, and Nan clattered her chair closer to the hearth. Maureen drew a stool from the corner and sat down, leaning her back wearily against the ingle wall. Nan Lavelle, a good-humoured looking, rugged-faced young woman, in a bran-new green gown, was the first to speak.

"We come, Con an' me," said Nan, "to see if you'd go with us to the dance at Bidy Prendergast's. There's to be two pipers, no less, wan Tady Kelly, from Mayo side, forbye our own Paudeen; an' the two's to be at it hard an' fast for which has the best music. They say that this Tady has great waltzes an' gran' fashions, but Paudeen's the best warrant for the jig-tunes afther. An' there's to be tay up in Bidy's new room, an' duckin' for apples, an' jumpin' at candles. Sorra sich a turn-out ever you seen! You'll come, Maureen?"

At the beginning of this address, Maureen had changed

colour quickly, and, seizing the tongs, had commenced a fresh attack on the fire. Now she answered readily :

"I thank you, Nan," she said, "for comin' so far out o' yer way for me ; an' I'm obliged to yer brother, too. But I think I'll not stir out again to-night."

"Och now, Maureen, yer not in airnest ; yer not goin' to spen' yer Hallow's Eve at the fireside yer lone. Sorra wan o' you !"

"I'm goin' to my bed, by-an'-by," said Maureen. "I'm thinkin' it's the fittest place for me that's been workin' hard since four this mornin'."

"Ay, Maureen, you work too hard," said Con Lavelle, speaking for the first time, shading his eyes with a brawny hand, while he shot a glance of tenderness at her from under his massive rough-hewn brows.

Maureen flushed again as she felt the glance. "That's for my own judgment," she said, impatiently. "I'm young an' strong, an' if ever I'm to work it's now for sure ; an' I thank you, Con !"

"But you'll come to the dance ?" said Nan, coaxingly.

"No, Nan ; I'll go to my bed."

"Well, if ever I seen or hard of such a girl !" said the sickly stepmother, fretfully. "Heavens above ! when I was yer age, there wasn't a dance in the island that I wouldn't be at. Come, none o' yer laziness, Maureen ! Bed, indeed ! I tell ye there's nothin' on airth for restin' young bones afther a hard day's work like a good dance. Up with you, girl, an' put on yer shoes, an' take the cloak."

"Mother !" said Maureen, looking up in amazement, "don't bid me for to go to-night. You don't know what yer doin'."

"But I do bid you for to go, an' if you gainsay me now, it'll be the first time in yer life. As for not knowin' what I'm doin', it's a quare speech, Maureen, an' wan I didn't expect from you. Be off with ye, now !"

"An' I'm to go, mother ?"

"You're to go, an' be quick !"

"Then let it stan' so," said Maureen, rising up suddenly, and looking down at her stepmother with a queer expression on her face. "I'm doin' yer biddin', an' come good or come ill of it, ye must bear the burthen. I'll go."

Down to the room went Maureen, with a lighted candle in her hand, which she stuck in a sconce on the wall.

"I have athrived an' I have wrought," muttered she, as with trembling hands she began to put on her grey worsted stockings,

and the shoes that on Sundays and state occasions only, covered her nimble feet. "I have toiled for her, an' she niver would give me my will as much as to the sayin' of I'll go or I'll stay. Now I'm doin' her biddin', as I still have done it, an' if ill comes out of it, let her look to 't. I've hardened mysel', an' I've hardened mysel', but I'm not as hard as the rock yet. An' if I go at all, *feth* I'll go dacent, an' not be danced undher foot by the grandeur of Peggy Moran, with her genteel airs, an' her five muzlin flounces, stickin' out all round her, starched as stiff as the grass in a white frast. Oh!—"

Here Maureen gave one desperate gasp of impatience to the thought of Peggy Moran, and struck her heel on the ground to drive it home in the unaccustomed shoe. Who should keep her from going to Bidy Prendergast's dance now? Not all the men in Bofin, armed to the death with shillelghs.

She opened an old painted chest in the corner, and produced a gown. This gown had belonged to her own dead mother, and was the one piece of finery which Maureen possessed in the world. It was a grand chintz, with blue and gold-colour flowers on a chocolate ground, and fitted her figure to a nicety. This was quickly assumed, and her long amber hair rolled round her head in as smooth a wreath as its natural waviness would permit of. When this was done, a little cracked looking-glass over the hearth declared her toilet complete. Then she came back to the kitchen, and while Con Lavelle's admiring eyes devoured her from a shadowy corner, she served out their supper of potatoes to the children, and placed "the grain of tay" in a little brown tea-pot, burnt black, on the hearth within reach of her stepmother's hand. These things done, she put the key of the house in her pocket, and taking "the cloak," a family garment, she followed her friends out of the cabin into a calm moonlit night, which had replaced the gloomy twilight.

Bidy Prendergast's house was in the Middle Quarter village, a good walk from the Widow Lacey's. When Maureen and the Lavelles arrived at the festive scene, operations had already commenced. Screams of laughter greeted their entrance, from a crowd of boys and girls who were ducking for apples in a tub of water behind the door. The kitchen was lighted by a huge turf fire that roared up the reeking chimney. In the smoky rafters hens dozed, and nets dangled. Fitches of bacon and bunches of dried fish swung in the draught when the door was opened. Bidy Prendergast was a well-to-do woman, one of the island aristocrats. In the ingle nook two or three *colliaghs*, anglicé crones, were toast-

ing their knees and holding their chat, while the light leaped over their worn red petticoats and withered faces and hands. In a retired corner was Paudeen, the island piper, wrinkled and white-haired, sitting with his knowing eyes half closed, droning and tuning at his pipes, holding commune with them, as it were, rallying and inspiring all their energies for the coming struggle with the rival pipes and piper, who had come to dispute the palm for skilful harmonies with the Bofin instrument and the Bofin musician. Tady, the other performer, was "down in the room" at his tea. And "down to the room" went our party from the North Beach.

In this room a notable assemblage was convened. A long board, contrived by means of several small tables, was spread with tea, soda cakes, "crackers," and potato cakes, several pounds of butter in a large roll being placed in the centre on a dish. A bed, with blue checker curtains and patchwork counterpane, choked up one corner of the room, leaving no space for chairs. This difficulty was comfortably ignored by the guests sitting on the bed, and nursing their cups and platters on their knees. Those opposite were less fortunate, as the heels of their chairs were nearly treading on the hearth. All the *élite* of Bofin were here. There was Timothy Joyce, the national schoolmaster, about whose learning there were dark reports. It was whispered that he had a crack right across the top of his skull, occasioned by too reckless a prosecution of abstruse studies in his youth, and that this was why he wore his hair so long, and brushed so smooth and close above his forehead. There was Martin Leahy, the boat-maker, the ring of whose cheerful hammer on the beach, late and early, helped the larks and the striking oars in the harbour to make music all through the summer months. There was Mick Coyne Mack, the last name signifying "son," an Irish way of saying "junior." He was clerk in the chapel, a spare grizzled man, a great hand at praying and discoursing, a famous *voteen* (devotee), and almost as good at an argument as the schoolmaster himself. Then there was Tady, the strange piper, who having penetrated as far as Dublin and Belfast in the course of his scientific researches, and picked up odd polkas and operatic airs from hurdy-gurdys and German bands, was looked upon with much awe, as a superior professor of music. There was a young man, a cousin of an islander, who had just returned from America, with genteel clothes, a fine nasal twang in his speech, and plenty of anecdote about foreign lands. And though last, not least, there was the captain of a trading sail ship

which, on her way from Spain to Liverpool, had been driven out of her course and taken refuge in Bofin harbour.

Biddy Prendergast, a plain-faced woman in a grand dress cap and plaid gown, was making tea at the head of her board, in high spirits. She was talking volubly, joking and laughing at Mike Tiernay, who with a huge black kettle in hand was replenishing her earthen teapot. Every now and again she winked at Peggy Moran, who sat close by, with her back to the fire, in all the glory of the five muslin flounces, a knot of red ribbons blazing under her chin, and her great black eyes dancing responsive to Biddy's winks, or falling demurely on her teacup when handsome Mike looked her way. Not a doubt, but Mike was the best-looking man in the house, tall, and manly, and bronzed; with his coaxing voice, and his roguish smile, and his frank way of tossing the dark hair from his forehead by a fling of his head. Peggy, the belle, had long desired to count him on the list of her admirers. Peggy had three cows and two feather-beds to her dower; the finest fortune in Bofin. Biddy, through pure good will to Mike, her favourite, was trying to make a match between him and the heiress, all unknown to the elder Morans, who would sooner have seen their daughter mistress of Con Lavelle's fine farm at Fawnmore. Biddy's hints and Peggy's handsome eyes had until to-night remained unheeded. Now there was a sudden change. Mike was remarkably civil to both of these ladies. He tucked Peggy's flounces carefully away from the fire, and helped her twice to crackers. Peggy dimpled and blushed, and Biddy laughed and winked, and Mike was in the act of pouring the water into the teapot, when the door was pushed open and Maureen and her friends came in.

A scream from Biddy greeted their entrance. "Bad manners to it for a kittle!" cried Mike, getting very red in the face. "Is the finger scalded aff o' you entirely? Sure if it is I'll put a ring on it for a plaster, an' if that doesn't mend it, sorra more can I do."

The finger was suitably bound and bemoaned, and Biddy pardoned the offender, forgot her pains like a heroine, and attended to her new guests.

"Come down, Con, come down, man, here's a sate by the fire. The night's could. Good luck to ye, Nan, hang yer cloak on the door there, an' come down an' ate a bit o' somethin'. Yer welcome, Maureen Lacey! Make room, girls, an' let her come down. It's seldom we get you to come out. An' how's the rumatics with yer mother?"

Con Lavelle being an important man, the richest farmer in the island, was soon forced into a seat by the fire, and he and his sister had their wants quickly attended to. Maureen, who was looked on by the hostess as rather an interloper, was not so eagerly noticed. Maureen felt this with a swelling heart. The next moment Mike had shouldered his way to her, had cleared a place for her on the bed, and taken his seat beside her, just at the corner, where he could draw back his head behind the looping of the curtain, and look at her proud downcast face as much as he pleased. Maureen, with a huge cup and saucer in her hands, trembled so, that she spilled the tea all over her grand chintz gown. Sitting there opposite to Peggy Moran's jealous eyes, with Mike leal and true beside her, Maureen struggled in the toils of the temptation to turn round and smile in his face, and ask him to hand her a piece of cake. She knew that Mike was thinking of her last words to him on the bog, knew it by his jubilant air, and the fire from his eyes that shone on her from behind the looping of the curtain. The temptation fought within her to let him have it his own way. In the whirling vision of a second she saw herself Mike's wife, mistress of a snug little shelter at the East End, making ready the hearth for Mike coming home from his fishing. No more drenching in the high spring tides, battling with storm and rain, carrying home the sea-rack on angry midnights. No more long days of labour in the fields of strangers for the wretched earning of sixpence a day. No more lecturings from a fretful stepmother, but always these strong hands beside her, and always these tender eyes. Oh, for Mike she could gladly work, with him could starve if need be. These things strove within Maureen as she sat spilling her tea over her grand chintz gown. But the old strain of duty, of pity for those depending on her, of fidelity to her promise to her stepmother, still kept its echo sounding in her ears, though but dimly and from afar off. The temptation shook her; but when the gust allayed itself, she regained her vantage ground, breathless, but sure of foot. The habit of restraint was strong within her. She did not turn and smile on Mike; neither did she ask him for a piece of cake.

Peggy Moran, sitting with her back to the fire, was beginning to get very red in the face. Biddy Prendergast's wit had fallen dead. There was no one to tuck Peggy's flounces away from the blaze, nor to hold the kettle gallantly for Biddy. Maureen sitting there, filling the moments for herself with the intense vitality of her own hard struggle, was looked upon by her two female neigh-

bours as an unpardonable poacher on their promising preserves. But tea was over now, and the two pipers were sending forth rival squeaks and groans in the kitchen. Young feet were restless, and old feet too. The "room" was deserted, and the dancing began with spirit.

Maureen had made one gallant struggle, but it was hard to be proof against all the enchantments of this most trying night. When Mike, whom many glancing eyes coveted for a partner, eagerly pressed her for the first dance, her customary short reply was not ready; and she found herself up on the floor by his side before she had time to think about it. As for Mike, he was wild with spirits. He saw Maureen's conduct in the light in which she knew he would see it. He thought she had relented at last, and made up her mind to smile on him for the future. By-and-by Maureen caught the spirit of the dance; panting and smiling, she tripped it with the nimblest amongst them. Everything began to slip away but the intense delight of the moment. Blushing rosy red, her eyes sparkling, her hair shining and shaking out in little gleaming rings about her forehead her face developed a radiant beauty that hardly seemed to belong to the grave Maureen. An overheard whisper from some one to another—"Lord! such a handsome slip as that girl of poor Lacey's is growin'," did not tend to sober this hour of elation. The flush of conscious youth, and health, and beauty, glowed on Maureen's cheek. All the sunny ardour of her Irish nature, so long kept under, the smouldering love, the keen relish for harmless pleasure, the laughter-loving enjoyment of wit and humour, burst forth from within her for this one glorious evening, and shone in her beautiful face, and made music in the beat of her brogues on the floor.

Peggy Moran and the young man from America with whom she consoled herself, tried to get up one genteel round of the waltz. This being finished, Paudeen the piper asked Maureen, in compliment to her dancing, to tell him her favourite tune. Whereupon Maureen, with a sly laugh in her eyes, asked for *The Little House under the Hill*. This was Paudeen's greatest tune, and at it he went with the will of a giant, his white hair shaking, his wrinkled cheeks bursting, and his one leg with its blue-ribbed stocking and brogue, hopping up and down under his pipes with might and enthusiasm. How he shrilled and shrieked it, how he groaned and wheezed it, and how all the company joined in at last and danced it! How it was stamped, and shuffled,

how the deafening clatter of feet, and the "whoops!" and "hurroos!" rose up to Bidy Prendergast's smoky rafters and wakened the hens, and set them a clucking, and how Tady, the vanquished professor, sat sad in the corner and mused on the primitive state of uncivilisation in which these benighted Bofiners were plunged! There was only one other who did not join in the dance, and who stood with his long loose figure drawn up against the wall in a corner, his wistful eyes searching the crowd of bobbing heads for the occasional glimpse of one face. Con Lavelle was full of uneasiness. Only once had he smiled to-night, and that was when the Liverpool captain (who, ignorant of Irish jigs and their mysteries, had until now kept him company in his corner) had delivered his weighty opinion that Maureen Lacey was the best dancer, and the prettiest girl in the house. But the captain had caught the contagion at last and joined the crowd, and Con Lavelle was alone.

After this jig was over, the house being literally "too hot to hold" the dancers, they turned out in couples, some to go home, others only to cool themselves in the moonlight, and return. Of these latter were Mike Tiernay and Maureen Lacey. Under the shelter of Bidy's gable wall Mike got leave at last to "spake" all he had tried to say so often, and Maureen cut him short with no cross answers. He told his news, and he "axed" his question.

A RHYMED ROSARY.

I. THE FIVE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

I.

A MAIDEN'S bower and a lily in bud—
A maid in her stainless maidenhood ;
South wind blowing, and young leaves showing :
" Ave, Mary," an angel sayeth
Whose rapt look prayeth.

II.

Grey-blue skies, and the hills are clear,
Mary greeting her cousin dear,
Raiseth her as she kneeleth in fear,
" Whence is it to me the Lord's Mother cometh ?
Saith Elizabeth.

III.

Silver of frost, and the stars are cold,
But the singing angels are winged with gold,
O desolate is the new King's state,
His palace a stable ! but warm his rest
In His Mother's breast.

IV.

The Temple white in the noon-sun's glare ;
Mary the Spouse of the Carpenter
Fair and mild, with her nine-days' Child,
The old priest lifteth his sightless eyes—
Lo, he prophesies !

V.

Up and down, through the hot streets' stir,
She seeketh the Child who hath strayed from her ;
In the Temple's gloom are lilies in bloom,
By the fount stands the Boy, and the Rabbis hoar
Drinking His lore.

II. THE FIVE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

I.

Out in the night, on the wet ground prone,
Christ dreeth His agony all alone ;
Grey shapes are these that glide through the trees,
World's sins for whose burden He travaileth,
Yea, bleedeth to death.

II.

Why do they scourge Him so terribly?
 That you and I, for ever, go free.
 His body's one wound that purpleth the ground;
 Sweet Blood, drip on me kneeling below
 Wash me like snow!

III.

Purple robes for the King of the land,
 A thorny crown, and a reed in His hand.
 O world's disgrace! one spat on His face
 Where the blood was flowing, but my meek Lord
 Said never a word.

IV.

Heavy the Cross that His shoulders bear—
 All sin and sorrow, all shame and care,
 There is blood on His path, He reeleth to death;—
 "Child, wilt thou help Me up Calvary's steep hill?"
 Yea, Lord, I will!

V.

Two arms stretched wide on their torture-bed,
 A sky grown black, and a sun blood-red
 Most forsakenly rings His broken cry;
 His Mother hears it, and shudders at it,
 Her face to His feet.

III. THE FIVE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

I.

O Easter morn's like a rose new-blown!
 And at dawn the angels have lifted the stone;
 The three-days' Slain is arisen again;
 His mother sees Him all glorified
 Like the sun at noon-tide.

II.

For forty days they looked on His face,
 And He was tender those forty days.
 When a gold cloud took Him, their eyes were dim,
 Yet some gazing up, through a rift in the skies,
 Saw His Paradise.

III.

The twelve and Mary yearning with love,
Lonely, pray Him to send His dove ;
In the dawning grey of the white Sunday,
It flieth in flame where in prayer they bow
And kisseth each brow.

IV.

“How long, O Son?” she hath prayed with tears,
Keeping her vigil through twelve long years ;
Then Gabriel came, with his torch aflame,
Who bore her far, and she saw her Son
Ere the day was done.

V.

With twelve great stars is she aureoled,
And her floating raiment is cloudy gold ;
Her throne of bliss by her Son's throne is,
And ever she gazeth up to His face.
Hail, full of grace!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

GERHARD SCHNEEMANN.

BY THE REV. PETER FINLAY, S.J.

GERHARD Schneemann's name must be quite unknown to most Irish readers. Those, perhaps, who are familiar with the Church History of Germany during the last twenty years will know something of the man, or at least of the work he helped to accomplish ; and a very few may remember him as the friend whom they learned to esteem and love at Laach, at Bonn, or at Aix-la-Chapelle. But to Catholics in general his name can be only an empty sound. We are not used to take any eager interest in foreign religious struggles ; our thoughts are given almost wholly to the contest in which we are engaged ourselves ; and we have long ceased to look either for sympathy or example to our co-religionists on the European continent. Still, a brief sketch of Father Schneemann's life will, probably, be acceptable to many, and must be rich in lessons for us all—for all of us, at least, who

know what German Catholicism was some half a century ago, and what a power it is to-day. It is to men like him that the Church in North Germany is indebted for the proud position she has won and holds—for the fact that she is a Church of fervent millions, pure in faith, strengthened by trial, devoted to Rome, knit together in an unconquerable organization, which all the might of false brethren and civil tyranny, with wiles, and threats, and violence, has failed to break or weaken.

He was born in 1829, at Wesel, on the Lower Rhine. The Catholics of that old Hanseatic town, hemmed in by an heretical majority, were jealous guardians of a faith which it had cost them many a struggle to preserve. Weak natures yield readily to the influence of unfavourable surroundings; strong ones, in the same circumstances, put forth all their strength and reach a perfect development, to which they otherwise could never have attained. The Catholicism of Ulster, in our own country, owes something of its frank manliness and generosity to the contact and the hostility of Puritanical error, though elsewhere we see faith weakened and even lost from association with less intolerant forms of misbelief. In Wesel, Catholicism was of the Ulster type; and its influences left an enduring mark on Gerhard Schneemann's character. Tenderly devout like his mother, "the most prayerful woman in all Wesel," as he used to speak of her in after-life, earnest in every good work for the good of souls, singularly kind to the poor, patient and gentle with all who were honestly seeking for the truth, or striving, however imperfectly, to realise it in action, he would never sacrifice principle to expediency, never purchase the friendship or the tolerance of his enemies by any faint-hearted betrayal of the Church's cause.

After brilliant classical studies at the "Weseler gymnasium," young Schneemann was sent to the university of Bonn, in the autumn of 1845. He joined the Faculty of Law, and his legal studies made rapid progress. But Bonn had a Faculty of Theology also; and his intimacy with some of the theological students seems to have soon directed his thoughts towards the priesthood. During the three years he lived at Bonn, his vocation ripened secretly; the fourth year, even, of his university course, which he spent at Münster, was given to the law; but in the autumn of 1849 his final decision was taken and announced, and he entered an ecclesiastical seminary. It was characteristic of the man that he should wish to fit himself for the Church's work, and drink in her spirit, at her life's centre. He was Roman and papal to the heart's core. In 1850 he set out

for Rome, and took up his residence there, in the German College, then, as now, under the direction of the Jesuits. An interesting letter, of which we can give only a brief extract, explains his new position, his motives for choosing it, and his state of mind in it. "You seem to think," he writes to his parents, "that I am quite undecided, unable to judge for myself, and following blindly the advice of others. This is not the case. The truth is I have long been anxious to become a Jesuit; even before starting for Rome, I had almost quite resolved to do so; and one of my reasons for selecting the German College was that I might be able to see and examine their life closely, and so judge for myself. All this I explained in detail to some of my Münster friends. Since coming here, I have spoken on the matter only to my confessor and the Rector, whose kindness and prudence have been beyond all praise. Not only have they not urged me to enter among them, but they seemed rather to put difficulties in the way, impressed on me the danger of coming to a decision hurriedly, and counselled me to give it time and calm consideration. I have done so; and the result is a decided resolve to enter: I shall be able to labour most safely for my own salvation and for that of others," &c.

It was a painful sacrifice for his family, especially for his mother. "I knew nothing of religious life," she said afterwards, "and I thought my son's love was to be estranged from me; but I soon learned that his heart was all ours still, and that there was neither a joy nor a sorrow in our home, in which he did not share." Gerhard Schneemann was no false ascetic: he could not believe that love of God should weaken love of kindred, or that the counsels of the Divine law freed men from the obligation of its commandments.

In November, 1851, he entered the noviceship at Friedrichsburg; and for the next few years there is nothing to chronicle in his quiet life of prayer and study. After his ordination, at the close of 1856, we find him as a Missionary Priest at Cologne, and a little later, part professor, part missioner at Bonn and Aix-la-Chapelle, until the German Jesuits opened a house of higher studies at Laacher See.

Between Bonn and Mayence, in one of the most beautiful of the Rhine valleys, and within a short distance of the great river, there was an old Benedictine Abbey. Far back, in the eleventh century, Henry II., Count Palatine of the Rhine, had given over Laach and its surroundings to St. Benedict. The monks were well pleased to make their home beside the deep wide lake which had welled up in the crater of a dead volcano. They cut a channel through the

lava hills to carry off the surplus waters to the Rhine; they gained upon the lake, and formed fertile fields around its margin; the encircling hills were clothed and crowned with dark green forests of oak, and fir, and pine; and on the western shore, between the woods and water, they raised their exquisite Roman Church and Monastery of St. Mary, a gem almost worthy of its setting. For more than seven centuries they retained their ownership; but in 1802 they were dispossessed by the French Republic, and Church and Abbey were given over to decay.* After sixty years of desolation the cloisters were restored to their old uses, though not to the Monks of St. Benedict: the Jesuit students of philosophy and theology were transferred from Paderborn and Aix-la-Chapelle to the half-ruined abbey, and soon filled it with life and labour.

No one who has seen the spot, and believes solitude to be suited for all intellectual pursuits, can have failed to recognise its fitness for such a purpose. I do not think that educational isolation is without serious disadvantage to the best mental progress. Contact of mind with living mind, contact even with the views and feelings and prejudices of the age in which we live, as well as with the history of the past, is needed to fit us for a useful part in the battle of the present. It seems about as wise to go out into the struggle, armed only with the ponderous learning of the sixteenth century folios, as to meet needle guns and rifled cannon with the matchlocks and armour of our ancestors. Mental isolation throws the worker back on books, and books almost necessarily give an undue prominence to the past; for the past is fixed and may be painted, while the ever varying colours of the present are only to be seen. Books, moreover, even the very best of them, can never fully take the place of living thought. There are minds, it has been said, which can never shine with their fullest and clearest light, unless in rivalry with others. This is true of nearly all, in matters which divide opinion. There are few so gifted as to conceive dispassionately an adversary's position, and give his theories and arguments a form which would command his own approval; those are fewer still who can frame an answer to his case, even as stated by themselves, which would stand the test of a personal discussion with him. The German *Kriegspiel* is a useful preparation for actual war; and yet it leaves the soldier still very unprepared for the stern reality. But whatever could be done was done at Laach to foster study—study, too, of a very high order. A new

* For an account of Laach, see *IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. V. (1877), p. 618.

wing was built to serve as a library, which soon counted over 30,000 volumes; collections were formed, and lectures given in mineralogy, botany, and other natural sciences; philosophy and theology, of course, were specially attended to; and what was of great importance—students flowed in, not from Germany alone, but from France and Belgium, from Ireland, Switzerland, and Italy. The rivalry of schools of thought was wanting, and its loss was felt both by students and professors; but the rivalry of individual minds abounded, and did much to make the loss as little hurtful as it ever can be.

About this time the representatives of German theological science were attracting a very widespread attention. For many years two schools had been in process of formation amongst them; one filled with reverence for the great Catholic Doctors of the Middle Ages, and anxious to follow out and perfect their teaching on the lines which they had traced; the other given over to a worship of modern thought, and bent upon laying a new foundation for the Faith, in recent theories of philosophy and critical historical research. It was impossible each should develop, at peace with its neighbour; for, however willing the new scholasticism, as it was called, might be to accept all that was best in modern science, it could not but protest against a method which claimed to be Catholic, while insisting on absolute freedom of inquiry, uncontrolled by the obligation of harmonising its results with the mind and teaching of the Church. War was openly declared between them at the Munich Congress of 1863. Ostensibly called together for the purpose of uniting all the energies of Catholic learning against a common enemy, Dr. Döllinger, its president, made it serve almost entirely to glorify himself and his followers, to decry and vilify those who would not accept his leadership and methods, and to attack more or less openly the Church's right of influencing and moulding opinion in any matter not within the narrow limits of defined dogma. Soon after appeared Döllinger's "Mediæval Fables of the Popes," the whole object of which was to show the utter untrustworthiness of Church history criticism in the Middle Ages, and to prove Papal Infallibility a mere invention of modern ultramontaniam. It abounded with references and seemed a work of immense erudition.

Strange as it may seem, an effort was made to interest the English-speaking world in the dispute. A small and gifted body of Catholic writers, first in the *Rambler*, and afterwards in the

Home and Foreign Review, explained and defended Dr. Döllinger's position. But a British Public, even—or perhaps especially—a Catholic British Public, was not likely to be deeply moved by rather recondite discussions of theological principles; and it heard with an amused equanimity, Cardinal Wiseman's scathing condemnation of the *Review*, for "the absence of all reverence in its treatment of persons and things deemed sacred, its grazing ever the very edge of the most perilous abysses of error, and its habitual preference of un-Catholic to Catholic instincts, tendencies, and motives."* Our purpose, however, is not to dwell on the English aspect of the controversy—nor is there any need; for it has no history. The brief of Pope Pius IX. to the Archbishop of Munich, in December 1863, put an end to the *Review* and to the movement it was meant to foster.

In Germany it was quite otherwise. There the condemnation of the Munich School excited very bitter feelings. It became utterly impossible for earnest Catholics to preserve neutrality, and Father Schneemann began his life of authorship by a contribution to the controversy. "I was librarian at the time," he writes, "and as the library shelves were not ready for all the books, I had a number of them taken to my room. We had no kneeling-stools as yet; so I put some folios beside my table, to serve instead. These chanced to be volumes of d'Argentré, whom Döllinger quotes so frequently. Through curiosity I opened one, to verify a reference, and was surprised to find d'Argentré maintain quite the opposite of what Döllinger imputed to him. A whole series of citations gave me similar results; it was to be presumed that other references were equally mendacious; and I saw how easily a man with time and talent could defend the Popes from charges so dishonestly brought against them." He was himself to be the man. A friend, who had undertaken to write some articles for a Catholic Review, and became unable to fulfil his promise, begged Father Schneemann to take his place, leaving him free to write on whatever subject he might choose. One subject had already taken hold upon his mind; there was no need for deliberation; and in a short time the articles were ready. But then a difficulty arose. So great was the strain upon men's minds, and the longing not to add to the perils of disunion, that the *Review* for which they were first written, and another to which

* It may not be out of place to note that the *Home and Foreign Review*, in marked contrast to nearly all English Catholic publications, was singularly fair-minded and even sympathetic in its treatment of Irish questions.

they were afterwards offered, refused the articles. A good many even of Schneemann's fellow-Jesuits opposed their publication. It was felt that such an attack on Dr. Döllinger's honesty as an historian must be fruitful in bitterness. In the summer, however, of the following year (1864), they were published, in book form, by Herder, of Freiburg, with the title, "Studies on the Question of Honorius;" and gave rise to even angrier feelings than had been looked for. The form, the matter, the animus of the book, were all attacked; but its reception by Dr. Döllinger's friends proved its need and its value; and Father Schneemann had reason to be fully satisfied with its success, even before it met with high approval as a book of reference among the Fathers of the Vatican Council.

In the December of 1864, the Encyclical "Quanta Cura" and the Syllabus were sent to all the Bishops of the Church. All the world knows what a tempest they evoked. It has not wholly died away as yet; on occasion, even politicians can "refurbish and parade anew the rusty tools" which did service against Rome then. Argument, invective, insults, and threats were freely lavished upon her by those without the Church, and by a small party within it; the doctrines she had laid down were studiously misrepresented by enemies, and misunderstood even by not a few whose allegiance was beyond all question. Hence, naturally, arose the idea of explaining the true meaning of the propositions of the Syllabus; these explanations, it was decided, accompanied by a defence of the doctrines involved, should appear, periodically, in pamphlet form; and the whole series was to bear the name of "Stimmen aus Maria Laach,"—"Voices from Maria Laach." The publication has outlived the temporary want which it was created to meet, and is now one of the best known and most highly valued of Continental Catholic Reviews. At first it was agreed that Father Schneemann should take, as his share, the propositions on Christian marriage; and the third number of the *Stimmen* was the result of his labours—a pamphlet of 120 pages on the "Errors concerning Marriage." But the sixth, seventh, and eighth numbers, which were also wholly written by him, must have been far more of a labour of love to him. "The Freedom of the Church" "The Church's Jurisdiction," "the Pope as Supreme Head of the Church" were subjects on which his heartfelt devotion to the Church and to Rome, could find full expression. The spirit of the man and of all his work is in the words with which he closes the number on the Primacy: "Like Augustine, the other Fathers recognise this rock (Matt. xvi. 18) in the Chair of

Peter . . . We, too, will rest upon it, in days when everything seems tottering to a fall; we will seize fast hold of it, that the torrent may not whirl us away; we will lean against it in the struggle with godlessness and unbelief; and when death shall come, after life's weary labour, we hope to lay our head in sleep upon it, filled with a great trust in the promise of our Lord, that hell's gates shall not prevail against it." It was difficult to write satisfactorily upon the constitution of the Church, and quite impossible to explain the twenty-third proposition of the Syllabus, without treating the doctrine of Infallibility. This Father Schneemann did very fully in the tenth number of the *Stimmen*—a double number, of over two hundred pages, on "The Teaching Power of the Church." The existence of this teaching power, its object, and its infallibility were first discussed; then the subject in whom it was vested had to be determined, and, after some few pages upon General Councils, the question of Papal Infallibility was taken up. The truth which the Vatican Council soon afterwards defined was clearly put forward and warmly defended by Father Schneemann: Christ's promise, the belief and the practice of the Early Church, the consent of the Middle Ages, the history of Jansenism, and the formal pronouncements of later times formed an unanswerable argument. No wonder the little treatise excited a host of enemies. Friedrich, Michelis, Janus, Döllinger himself, attacked it bitterly; it was denounced in public meetings, and quoted even in the German Reichstag as a justification for expelling all Jesuits from the empire. His other writings on those and kindred subjects we shall not dwell upon. It would be wearisome here to even catalogue them all. He wrote frequently, of course, for the *Review*, which he had helped to found; he wrote many articles for the newspapers during the first days of the Kulturkampf; he published pamphlets in defence of the Society, against Freemasonry, in explanation of the Vatican decrees. He found time even to contribute an interesting volume to a scholastic controversy about the nature of Divine Grace. But his best work was of a more lasting character; and we may be allowed a brief reference to it. He conceived the plan of it and began his preparations for it about 1866; it was, in fact, suggested by the heated discussions in which he was then engaged. In drawing out the proofs of Papal Infallibility, he had dwelt emphatically on the hold which the doctrine had taken upon the mind of the Church during the last three centuries, and had appealed to the testimony of national and provincial synods. But there was no collection of the acts of

such synods. The great collection of Hardouin, the most complete ever published, reached only to the early part of the seventeenth century: Father Schneemann planned its continuation down to our own days. It was an arduous enterprise, for it was to comprise all the local Councils approved by Rome in every quarter of the Church. Thousands of letters had to be written, weary journeys undertaken, manuscripts deciphered and collated, and an immense mass of printed matter gone through, in order to select whatever was required to make the work a perfect one. Of course other Fathers were appointed to give him aid; but still the main burden had to be borne by himself. We need not speak of his success. Six large volumes, published in his lifetime, met with universal praise, even from those who heartily disliked the editor; the seventh and last was ready for publication when he died. "Can you send me Father Aymans?" he wrote from his death-bed; "the material for the last volume is ready now, and I will show him how it is to be arranged. The printing can go on, no matter what happens me." He did not live to see it printed. Ceaseless labour had been gradually wearing him away. It had been hoped that a visit to Italy, in the spring of 1879, might give him new strength, but the hope was not realised. A dangerous illness in 1882 left him still weaker, and the summer of 1884, spent in Roman libraries and archives, broke his health down utterly. He returned to Holland—for, like all his German brother-Jesuits, he had to live and labour in banishment—only to die. The end came to him in the little hospital of Kerkrade, on the 20th of last November, a peaceful, happy ending to a singularly happy life. He had given himself unreservedly to the Church's cause, and we may well trust that the blessing of Christ's Vicar, which was sent him at life's close, was only the harbinger of the higher blessings which the Master had Himself in waiting for him.

It has not been our aim to sketch Father Schneemann's life in its entirety. We have said nothing of his private virtues, of his priestly work for souls, of his amiable social gifts, and of the very weaknesses which endeared him to his friends. We could, indeed, wish to say something of his love for the Society, a love as sensitive and tender and as strong as any of the earthly loves which seize on passionate hearts, and shape their lives for joy or wretchedness. But our only object was to show, in Father Schneemann, a devoted, earnest defender of the Catholic Faith, which is that of the Holy Roman Church; and that he strove to be this, and not in vain, the little we have already said will be enough to show.

THE COTTAGE GATE.

BY ETHEL TANE.

IN the sultry time of mowing,
 When the fields are full of hay,
 Pretty Janet brings her sewing
 To the gate at close of day.

Do you wonder that she lingers,
 Often glances down the lane?
 Do you ask me why her fingers
 Seem to find their work a strain?

Love-dreams hold her in their tether;
 Love is often, as we know,
 Idle in the summer weather,
 Idlest in the sunset glow.

Now the toil of day is over;
 Janet has not long to wait
 For a shadow on the clover
 And a footstep at the gate.

How is this? The slighted sheeting
 Has been taken up anew;
 Very quiet is her greeting,
 Scarcely raised those eyes of blue.

Now he leans upon the railing,
 Tells her all about the hay:
 Still his pains seem unavailing—
 Very little will she say.

Is it but capricious feigning?
 Learn a lesson from the rose,
 Peerless 'mong her sisters reigning,
 Fairest flower that ever blows;

Not at once she flaunts her petals—
 First a bud of sober green,
 By-and-by the stretching sepals
 Show a dash of red between.

Breezes rock her, sunbeams woo her,
 Wide and wider does she start;
 Opens all her crimson treasure,
 Yields the fragrance at her heart.

Ah! the rosebuds will not render
 All their secrets in one day;
 And the maiden, shy and tender,
 Is as diffident as they.

THE LEAPING PROCESSION AT ECHTERNACH.

(“*Les saints dansants.*”)

ONE of the most curious relics of the Middle Ages, existing in its primitive form to the present day, is the annual procession in honour of St. Willibrord, held at Echternach, in Luxembourg, and popularly known as “The Leaping Procession.” The village was once a famous place of pilgrimage, and still is crowded at Pentecost by sufferers from St. Vitus’ dance, epilepsy, and similar disorders, accompanied by their friends and relations. The greater number come from the Eifel, Upper Moselle, and Saar, but a good proportion from much greater distances, and they generally arrive in bands of thirty, forty, or more, headed by their parish priest and a banner-bearer. Many march the whole way, singing hymns and litanies; others come by train, are met at the station by the clergy of Echternach, and conducted to the places prepared for their reception—great barn-like rooms, roughly fitted as dormitories, with beds of straw, and each capable of containing about sixty persons, divided according to sex. There they make themselves as comfortable as may be, and eat the provisions brought with them. Curious sight-seers of a better class are few, and, consequently, have no difficulty in getting accommodation at the inns or in the houses of well-to-do villagers. On Whit Monday strangers pour in all day long, until the Echternachers are lost in the crowd. In 1880, a correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* reckoned the pilgrims at nine thousand, and felt assured he had, if anything, understated their number: this comprised those alone who took part in the procession, without counting the large body unable, through age or infirmity, to leap with the others. Every train that enters the little station brings a fresh contingent, but the greatest order prevails, there is no disturbance nor noisy mirth, for the priests have thoroughly organised the smallest details, and rough peasant lads obey them like children. Early on Whit Tuesday morning, each year, the town is astir. By six o’clock many are on their way to the church in small parties, whose energetic chanting serves to rouse the lazier portion of the community. At seven all are assembled round a wooden pulpit,

erected near a bridge over the Saar, that connects Belgian with Prussian territory, many avoiding the crush by hiring boats on the river. A little before eight, about fifty clergymen, in albs and stoles, preceded by a cross-bearer and acolytes, advance from the town, singing the "*Veni Creator.*" One of their number mounts the pulpit and preaches on the life and virtues of St. Willibrord (an Englishman, by-the-way), who, born of rich and pious parents, in the year 673, left home, country, and kindred to preach the Gospel in Friesland and Denmark. He usually concludes by exhorting the people to perform their devotion in a spirit of faith. That over, a priest crosses the bridge, followed by all who cannot bear the exertion of the dancing procession, singing the litany and hymn to St. Willibrord. He is invoked as "Destroyer of Idols; Continual Preacher of the Gospel; Untiring Labourer in the Vineyard of the Lord; and Health of the Sick." The hymn runs thus:—

Mit Mitra und Stab von Petrus gesandt
 Zoget hin du auf Wagen und Stegen
 Zum friesischen Volk und in's dänische Land
 Begleitet vom göttlichen Segen.

Which may be freely translated—

By Peter sent with pastoral staff
 And guided by th' Almighty's hand,
 Thou camest o'er rude and stony ways
 To Friesian homes and Danish land.

The way is now cleared for "*les saints dansants.*" After a few preliminary chords, the Echternach local band strikes up a well-known air, called "Adam he had seven sons," and simultaneously the thousands of heads begin bobbing from side to side in time to the music. The short tune is played in quavers, almost chromatically up and down, the effect being monotonous in the extreme. In a few minutes the vast crowd is ranged in procession, five or eight abreast, holding handkerchiefs to keep the ranks unbroken, or, better still, taking arms, a necessary support where so many are epileptics. They advance but slowly, because of the rule from which the procession derives its name—that, with the ascending melody, they should spring three steps forward, but by the descending *two back*, producing a curious kind of dancing movement.

The origin of this strange devotion is doubtful. Though Willibrord was honoured as a saint immediately after his death by processions, &c., he has no connection with the leaping, which pro-

bably took its rise and was incorporated with the olden devotion after the plague of St Vitus' dance, that spread through Europe in 1376. In the Ages of Faith any national calamity was looked on as a punishment from heaven, and the people, like the Nini-vites, humbled themselves before God, seeking by prayer and fasting to avert His chastisement, and atone for the sins that drew it down. Thus sufferers from the above epidemic and their friends hoped to be cured or spared by imposing on themselves as a penance, the convulsive movements and contortions accompanying the dreaded illness, and a confraternity (suppressed later on) was founded, that practised this mortification.

Each body of pilgrims brings its own band, consisting usually of an old violin, a clarinet, and a drum, in some instances of ear-piercing fifes, and here and there a concertina! They all play in different keys, and as fast as possible; in most positions, two or three can be heard at the same time, with dreadful effect. Itinerant musicians, attracted by the fame of the procession, are hired by those who come unprovided, for without music of some kind no system of nerves and muscles could hold out. The Echternachers head the procession, preceded by their band and banner. In their van march, or rather dance, a number of lads and lasses, sixteen years of age and under, who leap and jump not for themselves but for others, being *hired* by pilgrims who are unable themselves to take part in such vigorous exertions. Early in the morning they accost strangers asking in the native patois :

“*Wolt Ihr mich dengen für zu sprangen ?*” “Will you hire me to jump for you ?” and a few sous is the fee for their services. The more prudent among the pilgrims are watchful to see the conditions carried out, and postpone payment till the end of the procession, or till their deputies dance from a certain point to some other agreed on. In some instances one lad is hired by three or more strangers, in which case he springs and bounds with such energy as on division would leave a fair share for each, but no one can be sure of having a substitute entirely to himself.

From the bridge the *cortège* makes its toilsome progress through the village street, up a steep hill crowned by an old church, which is reached by a double flight of sixty-two steps. On the people go, up three steps and down two, the whole way, through the right aisle of the church, round the altar with its quaint reliquaries containing the bones of St. Willibrord, down the left aisle, through the churchyard. Thrice round a great cross erected there, and then the exhausted crowd scatter, for the leaping procession is over.

They disperse as quietly as possible, and after refreshment and repose make their way home as they came, so that by night-fall Echternach has settled down into its usual state of sleepy placidity.

Many of the pilgrims go to Echternach in fulfilment of a vow, others in thanksgiving for a spiritual or temporal blessing, and a large number to obtain the cure of themselves or some relation from epilepsy or any kindred disorder. The devotion is very popular amongst the Luxembourg peasants, and it is common for them to promise to take part in the next procession if a sick child recovers or a drunken husband reforms, and should the child die, or the man continue to drink, they hold that the promise is not binding, but the priests teach that such vows ought to be unconditional, as befits the relation of man to the Creator. All the pilgrims are expected to confess and communicate that they may observe more solemnity in an exercise which might without care degenerate into a frolic, and have to be suppressed.

Traces of a similar custom may be found in different German towns, notably in Cologne, where every year a dozen lads and lasses, under the name of *die heilige Mädchen und Knechte*, dance in the Carnival procession.

C. O'C. E.

THE PRISONED SONG.

A SONG lay still, and prisoned in a heart,
 And years passed on, and never knew its strain;
 And summer glow and gladness shook its chain
 Yet moved it not. And Love with keen bright dart
 Came laughing nigh, and aimed with surest art
 To wake the silent lay—yet still in vain,
 And love spread out his sunny wings again
 And sailed away, all heedless of that heart.

Then Sorrow came, with drooping downcast mien,
 And softly touched the captive melody,
 And lo! it stirred—it leaped to sound; a queen
 Out to the world in passioned throbs did flee,
 And spirits paused, and listened tranced, I ween,
 To that sweet song that Sorrow had set free!

CASSIE M. O'HARA.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF THE "CERTAIN
PROFESSOR."

ON the twenty-fourth day of March, 1885, Father Joseph Farrell died. His first anniversary escaped the notice of one who had a right to remember it. To make this omission less likely in future years, that ungrateful friend has set down the date in his copy of "The Birthday Book of Our Dead," which is already a standard classic wherever there is question of commemorating departed friends. In making this entry he detected another of the hidden felicities of arrangement in that delightful compilation. On the same day Longfellow died, three years before Father Farrell; and accordingly the prose and verse selected for that day are from the American poet and the Irish priest. Longfellow's lines are taken from one of his less familiar passages:—

Upon a sea more vast and dark
The spirits of the dead embark,
All voyaging to unknown coasts;
We wave our farewells from the shore,
And they depart and come no more,
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.
Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be—
A land of cloud and mystery;
A dim mirage with shapes of men
Long dead and passed beyond our ken.
Awestruck we gaze and hold our breath
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapours thrown.

The parallel passage from "The Lectures of a Certain Professor" is as follows:—

When that sorrow, the commonest of all that comes through others, the sorrow that comes from the death of those we love, strikes people for the first time, they are apt to think, and even to say, that it were better to love no one than love those who die. But oh, how false! How ungrateful to forget the

former joys that were possible only to a heart capable of missing them so bitterly. The friend is dead; but not dead, for it cannot die, is the memory of the days that were hallowed by affection, and that give earnest of a future where the parted streams shall flow together again and for ever.

That devoted friend of the brilliant curate of Monasterevan, who reminded us of his first anniversary, entrusted us at the same time with a small book in which Father Farrell wrote, in pencil, but with his usual care and completeness, a few of his poems. There is no preface or title or remark, but on the third page the date "August, 1872," follows the heading of the first poem, "By the Seaside." August, 1872—just one year before the commencement of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, which can boast that, were it not for its existence and its importunity, Father Farrell would have published little prose, and probably no poetry.

"By the Seaside" appears, with hardly three words changed, at page 290 of our first volume (November, 1873), but it is signed, not with the initials, but with the last letters of the poet's name, "H.L."

In the little manuscript book follows an unpublished piece, which is headed with the numeral 2 as a continuation of the preceding, and followed by a few asterisks to mark its incompleteness.

Green spreads of wave, as if vast emerald fields
Were moved by mimic earthquakes, and a smile,
A thousand smiles burst upward to the sky.
Beyond the foam's white fringe a reach of sand,
And from the sand, in many a stair of streets,
Up climbs the town.

To me a vision came—

To me a vision, but to those who dwell
By rock-bound seas no vision.

Wintry waves

Held furious revel, and, like tyrant kings
Who wake the rage of peoples, lashed the sea
To moaning, then to madness, and the rage
That wreaks blind vengeance, not upon the thing
That did the wrong, but on the blameless thing
That finds itself, though blameless, in the place
Where wrong was done and suffers for the wrong.
And so the ship that lay beyond the bar,
Bearing her freight of hearts and all their hopes,
Was sailing her last voyage to her doom.
As sunk the sun, the clouds came sailing up
And veiled the stars that hang in happier hours
Like gems set in the dusky crown of night.
The sun sets daily, daily open graves;

Death comes to all—yet would I look my last
Upon the world from some less desolate point
Than is the wave-swept deck of a doom'd ship.

And there the poet broke off his seaside reverie and never returned to it again, nor did he ever send the fragment to stop the importunities of an editor who often besought him for "anything," either prose or verse.

The next piece has no title here, but begins with the musical alliteration :—

The wash of the waves on the shingle,
The fringe of the foam on the sand, &c.

It will be found at page 455 of our second volume (1874), under the name "What the Sea Said," with the addition of a final stanza, which seems not to add to the effectiveness of the poem, especially as it ends with the same word as the preceding stanza. I think Father Farrell objected to this addition afterwards. This poem shows that his fondness for blank verse was not due to any want of skill in managing the most musical metres.

Next comes, "My Books," which is called "What My Books Do," at page 444 of our third volume; and it is followed in the manuscript book by this unpublished stanza :—

Visions of bright impossible things,
Fairy dreams that fleet,
A music of hope in the heart that sings
Low, soft, and sweet—

While on the opposite page the poet seems to answer himself in his favourite blank verse :—

The dreams are idle dreams, the visions fade,
And hope's sweet music ends in heart-drawn sighs.

The fine lines on "Fame" are here, and the song "Remembrance and Regret," of which the former will be found at page 253 of the third volume of this Magazine, and the latter at page 329. And then, before the manuscript book is nearly half filled, these lines come last of all, which bear no name and which have not been printed before :—

Go, carve thy name upon the yielding bark
Of some fair tree, 'neath which thy childhood played.
Grave deep the letters that there may remain
A record of thyself for times to come;
Saying mayhap, while thy unskilful hand
Smooths down the roughened edges—"when the years

Have come and gone, when I am far away
 Or lying i' the mould, some voice may read,
 And though my memory perish from the earth,
 My name at least will sound on living lips."

And after many a summer, when the beard
 Of manhood bristles on thy bronzed cheek,
 Come back to read, and lo! the bark o'erlapped
 Has changed the letters into shapeless scars,
 Without a voice to tell what once they meant.

Go, make thyself a friend in sunny youth
 And bind thy soul to his by every link
 That generous boyhood hath the skill to forge,
 Make him the sharer of thy inmost thoughts,
 Make him the listener to thy brightest dreams.

And after many summers when life's sun
 Hath three parts journeyed to life's fateful West,
 When boyhood's impulses wakens but a blush,
 Go seek thy friend.

A busy, careworn man,
 He'll shake thy hand and strive to bring thy name
 Up from the world of long forgotten things;
 And when his memory sheds a frosty gleam
 Upon the past you shared together boys—
 Not finding thee a borrower, he will smile
 And mutter hollow forms, and seek to give
 Mock pathos to the talk about old times,
 But still your heart unsatisfied will ask
 "Where is my friend?" and echo answers "where?"

One of the most pathetic poems in the language, and also one of the most recent, begins with the apostrophe, "O year-dead Love!" A year is a long time for grief, and even for keen regret. Few hearts, except mothers' hearts, are expected to be faithful to anniversaries. Besides the alliteration there is this special fitness in our phrase, "Month's Mind." A year would be too long a space to bear the departed thus in mind. As we began by confessing, we have exemplified this tendency of man's selfish nature by the tardiness of this commemoration of the first anniversary of Father Joseph Farrell's death. May he rest in peace!

AN ARCACHON COMEDY.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

THE pine trees were covered with yellow blossoms; on the ground a yellow powder; in the air a yellow mist; and overhead a yellow sun, bright and pitiless. It was enough to drive any one mad; so at least thought Miss M'Witley, as she wandered to and fro, or stopped at intervals to moan out her piteous "oh, dears."

Miss M'Witley had started after breakfast to take, she thought, a quiet stroll; but she had soon lost her way among the pines, straying further and further from Arcachon, till now she stood in the very heart of the forest. Her blue spectacles were stained with tears, her curls hung limp, her round hat was all on one side, her feet were bruised and swollen; she looked the very type of the British spinster in distress; but, alas! there was no one to see, or, at least, to pity her, and the green caterpillars crawled on unheeding, while, overhead, a thrush poured forth his exultant song and seemed to mock her misery. But what was that curling among the trees? Was it only the summer mist? or could it be smoke? Yes; smoke undoubtedly, and there, too, were the white walls of a cottage. At the sight Miss M'Witley felt her courage return, and, struggling through the sand, soon arrived at the open door. The room seemed empty. "Some one is sure to come; I'll wait," thought she, sinking into a chair; and then she began to wonder what she would say; for "French of Paris"—or, indeed, any French—"was to her unknown."

While she sat wondering, something darkened the door, and she looked up, expecting to see a *résinier* or his wife; but, oh, horror! on the threshold stood a man in a black coat, and with a moustache twenty times blacker.

"A robber! a brigand!" flashed through Miss M'Witley's timid mind, and then she cried aloud, "Monsieur! Monsieur!"

"Anatole," said the stranger, with a bow and a smile.

"They're always civil when they mean to murder you," thought poor Miss M'Witley, and, in her despair, she poured forth the tale of her woes in English, while Monsieur Anatole went on bowing and smiling in a manner decidedly French. At last she pointed to her swollen feet.

"How Madame must suffer! I will cut the boot lace," said the Frenchman, rushing to a cupboard and seizing a knife.

"Mercy! Mercy!" cried Miss M'Witley, who made sure her last hour was come.

"Permit me," said Mr. Anatole, with a flourish of the knife.

"Spare me! spare me!" cried Miss M'Witley, throwing herself at his feet. "Here is my purse, take it—and my watch"—snatching it from her waist.

"Sapristie," said the Frenchman, pushing her hand away, and down fell the purse, and its glittering contents rolled out on the floor. Mr. Anatole knelt to pick them up. "Poor thing, I wonder if she's mad," thought he, as he replaced half a dozen Napoleons.

"The sight of the money has softened him," thought she, stealing a timid glance.

"What pretty eyes these English have," thought he, picking up the blue spectacles.

"He wouldn't look so wicked only for that moustache," thought she, growing bolder.

"Upon my word, she's rather nice; but what a dress!" thought he, restoring the last franc to its place in the purse.

"I believe he's smiling," thought she, venturing on another look; and then, as they still knelt, their eyes met, and the absurdity of the situation striking them both, they burst into a hearty laugh.

"Permit me," again said Mr. Anatole, and, this time, Miss M'Witley allowed him to lead her to a seat by the fire. A large pot was simmering among the embers, and, lifting the cover, the Frenchman looked in.

"It's not bad," said he, inhaling the savoury smell, and, for the first time, Miss M'Witley remembered that she was very hungry. Her face must have told it; for, in a moment, he had brought plates and spoons, and, ladling out the soup, invited her to eat.

How often they passed each other the salt, how often he bowed, how often she smiled, nobody knows; but both declare to this day that a more delicious soup was never eaten. In the pauses of the meal, Monsieur Anatole told his simple tale. He was a clerk at Bordeaux; his foster-brother, Pierre, who lived in the cottage and had charge of the telegraph wires, had gone to be married; and he, Anatole, had taken his place for the day; hence the pleasure of Madame's acquaintance—and so on and so on—to all of which Miss M'Witley said "oui," and nodded energetically, though she understood not a word.

Suddenly Monsieur Anatole struck his forehead with his open hand. "Am I not bête," cried he, and rushed out of the room. Presently he returned, saying something about telegraph and Arcachon, and after that he ran every five minutes to the door and looked up and down the road, till, at last, was heard the tinkling of bells, and, in a cloud of dust, appeared Jacques, the favourite fly-driver of Arcachon. Just as Miss M'Witley had been helped into the carriage, for which the Frenchman had telegraphed, the bridal pair were seen coming, arm-in-arm, over the sand. The foster-brothers greeted each other warmly, and then Monsieur Anatole began a long explanation: there was no train nearer than Arcachon; he wanted, if possible, to reach Bordeaux that night; would Madame think it a liberty if he asked for a place in her carriage? And, as Miss M'Witley kept to her rule of saying "oui" to everything, they were at last seated side-by-side, and driving back through the wood.

* * *

Soon after this the gossips of Arcachon noticed a great change in Miss M'Witley's appearance: the round hat and the spectacles were cast aside; the curls, too, disappeared; so that now one could see that in her cheeks still bloomed pretty roses, though they were, perhaps, a trifle faded. It was also remarked that Monsieur Anatole's business brought him very often to Arcachon; that he was always sauntering in front of Desaix's Hotel, where Miss M'Witley lived; and that whenever she and Mademoiselle Desaix took a walk, he always happened to be going the same way. One day Mr. Desaix, his wife, and daughter were sitting in the bureau of the hotel, and Mr. Anatole was, as usual, loitering outside with the inevitable cigar.

"There he is again," said the landlord, pettishly, and then, turning to his daughter: "Ah, ça, Louise, Anatole is a charming boy, charming; but two thousand francs a year won't suit me for a son-in-law."

Upon hearing this, the pretty Louise tossed her head, and whispered something to her father, which made him laugh till he almost choked. Then Monsieur told the secret to Madame, and they all three laughed more heartily than before; but Miss M'Witley happening to pass through the hall, they suddenly stopped, and Madame said "bon jour" with the utmost demureness.

Three weeks later Miss M'Witley and Louise went off mysteriously to Bordeaux, and, in a short time, Louise returned alone, wearing at her neck a huge locket, in which were two portraits—

the one a pleasant-looking English lady ; the other, a young man with a very black moustache.

* * *

Every year, when the pines are in blossom, Monsieur and Madame Anatole Lamotte spend a week at the Hotel Desaix, and on the morning after their arrival, Jacques and Jacques's carriage are at the gate, ready to convey them to the cottage in the wood ; there they receive a joyous welcome from the foster-brother and his wife, and there they spend the day, eating soup and making merry ; and when the moon has risen they drive back to Arcachon, under the whispering pines. They do not talk much on the way ; for Monsieur Anatole has not yet been able to learn English, and Madame's French still leaves much to be desired, but Jacques declares that in all Bordeaux there is not a happier pair than Monsieur Anatole and his English wife.

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### THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

*From the Italian of Filicaja.\**

AS when a mother, in her children blest,  
 Sees all with love, which glows as each she sees,  
 One presses to her cheek, one to her breast,  
 One places by her feet, one on her knees ;  
 By each one's sigh or look knows each request,  
 And seeks each many, varying wish to please,  
 Puts, by a word or glance, each care to rest,  
 And feels, in smile and frown, her love increase :  
 E'en so, our God, all infinite, most high,  
 Watches, in grief consoles, for each one lives,  
 Grants all our wills, and lists each suppliant cry,  
 But if, denying aught, He sometimes grieves,  
 It is because He loves our love to try,  
 Or feigns denial, and, denying, gives.

W. H. E.

\* The original of this beautiful sonnet has been already printed in our Magazine vol. 5, 232) with a translation by "W. W."—namely, the late Mr. William Woodlock, father of our present Metropolitan Magistrate and brother to the Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnois.—ED. I. M.

## THE URSULINES OF TENOS.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

**T**WENTY-THREE years ago there started from France four Ursuline nuns with the intention of founding a convent of their order in the island of Tenos, in the Greek Archipelago. The first idea had been to found this establishment in Syra, the chief commercial town of the Cyclades ; but insuperable difficulties turned their hopes to Tenos, known to the ancient Greeks as the island of Serpents. Nothing could be more picturesque and lovely than the island, nothing less civilised. These four ladies of high courage and energy, left the shores of the most civilised country in the world with the small sum of six hundred francs, upon which they resolved to start a school of Catholic education and charity in an island which had ceased to be universally Catholic from the time of Venetian rule. Having gone over the ground and realised (only dimly) their enormous difficulties, the complete sacrifice they were compelled to make of all bodily comforts, and the unendurable conditions of existence they bravely faced, I can only compare their courage with that which formed the annals of the earliest stages of Christianity. Becalmed upon a whimsical sea, they arrived at Tenos a little before eight in the evening. Tenos was the spot selected, or rather its village, Lutra, because the bishop had consented to the erection of a convent in his diocese. To readers accustomed to the resources of civilised travelling the hour of arrival is a detail of no consequence. Not so even to-day in Tenos. Judge, then, what it must have been twenty-three years ago ! Four delicately nurtured women had to face a dark, rocky road, more of the nature of a sheer precipice than a road, late at night, upon mules. I made the same journey at midday and felt more dead than alive after it. There is positively not a vestige of roadway up the whole steep mountain pass, nothing but large rocks and broken marbles, though the traveller in search of the picturesque is amply repaid the discomfort of the ride. But, compared with the village of Lutra, which was the destination of the nuns, this wild and dangerous looking path is a kind of preliminary paradise. No word-painting of the most realistic school could do justice to the horror of Lutra

to-day—and what must it have been there before the refining influence of those nuns touched it? This dirty stone-built and tumble-down village the four nuns entered at eight o'clock, when darkness covered its ugliness, but greatly increased its dangers. The first entrance winds under an intricate line of stone arches, the pavement uneven; the mingling of odours unimaginal. Through this unearthly awfulness they bravely struggled and reached their destination at last. A Father from the neighbouring community had heard of their expected arrival, and was already superintending the rough and hurried details of their reception. I saw the house which stands just as it was when the Ursuline nuns first made it their residence. A mud cabin containing two rooms: kitchen and dining-room, bed-room and chapel. The roof is made of stones thrown loosely over wooden beams placed far apart, the two rooms separated by a whitewashed arch instead of a door. There are no windows; but spaces are cut in the walls which served to let in the light and air, and at night were covered by shutters. Hail, rain, or snow, it was necessary to keep these spaces open by day, in order to see, and it is not surprising that one of the nuns was soon prostrated by a dangerous fever. The beds were mattresses stuffed with something remarkably like potatoes, and laid on the mud floor at night, upon which the nuns slept a short, ascetic sleep.

Here they remained for some time, going among the villagers, and soliciting that the poor would send their children to be taught. This the poor did, and gradually the children began to fill the kitchen of the mud cabin. If it rained during class, umbrellas had to be put up as a protection under a nominal roof, just as the nuns had to sleep under umbrellas in wet weather. Indeed, sometimes it rained so hard that they were obliged to take up their mattresses at night, and seek a more sheltered spot elsewhere. At last the number of their charity pupils increased; and the bishop, as poor as they were almost, offered them the only asylum in his power, his own paternal home, also a mud cabin; but instead of two miserable rooms it contained four. This was an immense improvement, and the nuns felt like exchanging a cottage for a palace. But here the protection of umbrellas was still necessary, as the roof was also made of loosely set stones and beams. In time other nuns joined them from France, until they formed a community of eleven, with eighty village school children and one boarder. It grew daily more and more necessary that something should be done to raise money to build a convent. Their couches

had been slowly raised from a mud floor to tables, upon which they slept the sleep of Trappists; but a proper establishment was now indispensable to the work they had laid themselves out to do. With this object, two nuns set out on a supplicating mission round the Levant. They were less successful than they had perhaps anticipated, for they returned after their arduous task only enriched by eight thousand francs. With this sum they were enabled to build a small portion of the present establishment; but building in a Greek island is slow and costly work. Each stone has to be carried up the long mountain pass from the quarries; the way is difficult, the men unaccustomed to prompt work.

However, in due time the nuns were enabled to leave the bishop's homely roof, where their chapel was a tiny closet separated from the class and dining-room by a curtain, and the beds the tables used during the day, with umbrellas for a roof.

Two nuns later made the tour of France in search of funds, and were rewarded for their unpleasant undertaking by the sum of twenty-five thousand francs, which added something more to the building already commenced, and smaller sums, together with pupils, came afterwards. Now they have between fifty and sixty pupils who are paid for, and almost as large a number of charity children and orphans who are supported at the expense of the convent. These children are all Greeks or Levantines; but as the language of the Order is French, they speak French fluently.

So much for a general idea of the immense difficulties in the way of foundation, and for an outline of the personal sacrifices and admirable courage which has carried it through. I will now try to give an outline of what has been done. To begin with, the island of Tenos, although extremely picturesque, with its marble rocks, its clear, bare hills shadowed lightly by purple thyme and gray olives and torrent beds in dry weather forming zigzag lines of pink-blossomed oleanders, fig-trees, mulberries, tall, feathery-headed reeds and orange and lemon trees, is as devoid of all the necessary adjuncts of modern existence as it is possible to imagine any place. As you approach it, it lies upon the deep, blue Mediterranean, a stretch of dimpled brown hills, curve laid inextricably upon curve, its apparent barrenness softened in the beauty of shape, as the morning sea mist, which has rested upon its base like a fine white veil, gradually lifts itself into the clouds. From an æsthetic point of view, the picture is admirable; but the least fastidious of travellers must at once recognise the almost impossi-

bility of raising upon it anything like a comfortable European home. Yet, nevertheless, this gigantic feat is what the nuns, by a peculiar genius, patient perseverance, and severe economy, have accomplished. The two-roomed mud cabin of twenty-three years ago is now a tradition, and they have made themselves a lovely centre above the dirty village of Lutra. They have cultivated the stony, impoverished soil till their gardens are thickly foliated by lemons, oranges, figs, pomegranates, cactuses, oleanders, oaks, olives, apples, pears, and apricots. These fruits are consumed in the convent partly, and the surplus is sold in Syra for a mere song, which, if they could export to England, would yield them a profitable interest. Their gardens are arranged with great taste, French and English flowers blooming side by side with the luxuriant growths of the country. Nothing more lovely than the site upon which their mountain home is built can be imagined. The hills roll one above the other in different colours, and the valleys, with their stains of verdure and dusky foliages upon the red soil and marble rocks, are unfolded like a perpetual panorama. If you mount the terrace or the castra higher up—once a Venetian fortress—you will see the dreamy Mediterranean, responsive to the slightest emotions of the Eastern sky, and you will be surrounded by soft, blue touches of land breaking above its waves of intenser colour—the Grecian Isles, Syra, with its white town half hidden by the cloud-shadowed hills, Syphona, a misty margin of gray upon the clear horizon, ancient Delos, so dim as to appear neither wholly sky nor land; desert Delos, with darker, fuller curves of land upon a silver edge of water, and nearest Mycono, a blending of the purest blues, with the famous Naxos behind, washing which, whatever its mood in general, the Mediterranean is sure to take its own distinctive colour—sapphire.

The convent is built in the shape of the letter S, with the new building recently added for the pupils—a long line of class-rooms and music closets below and the dormitories above admirably arranged so that each girl is enclosed in a kind of cell, or cabin, numbered on the door outside, with a general ceiling. It is original and much better than the old system, by which twenty or thirty girls felt themselves in a general bedroom. This building has proved the most expensive of all, and the undertaking leaves the community considerably in debt; and if any of my readers feel sufficiently impressed by the endurance, courage, and self-sacrifice I have indicated in this short sketch to desire to be of any help in a most deserving cause, donations to enable the convent to pay off



its debt will be very gratefully received by the superior.\* Their charities and hospitalities are necessarily great, and their isolated position precludes them from the enjoyment of those resources and assistances which the communities in Catholic countries may justly rely upon.

The features of the island of Tenos gather beauty with familiarity, and the inhabitants are as simple and pure and primitive as the old ideal of Arcadia, without, however, the picturesque shepherd costume and crook. They have the greatest respect for the French nuns, teach their little brown-faced babies to salute them by kissing their hand, and with the untutored courtesy of their peasant race, are willing and anxious to render the sisters whatever service lies within their power. They wonder greatly at the taste and artistic beauty of the convent grounds; at the perfect neatness and cleanliness of all the domestic details, and those who have come under the personal influence of the nuns are already endeavouring to beautify their own homes. A servant man who had worked in the convent has gradually turned his pigsty home into a charming little cottage, with a neat terrace covered with trellised vines, the poles which support it wreathed in fragrant basilica. He is quite proud when you stop in the dirty village to admire the incongruous effect of his pretty house, and tells you frankly that he owes his taste to "*la Mère Assistante*."

The influence of these ladies throughout the primitive island is remarkable, and by the simple-minded peasants who have benefited so greatly by their charity and labours, are gratefully recognised as the one oasis of civilization in their midst. Unfortunately they are not rich enough to give any more practical evidence of gratitude than sincere love and devotion.

\* If any readers of THE IRISH MONTHLY wish to act upon this hint and to have a share in this holy work, its Editor will gladly convey their offerings to the Mother Superior.

## AN IRISH POET'S AMERICAN CRITIC.

A FEW pages of excellent type-writing have just come to us from the capital of Pennsylvania, or, we should rather say, from its chief city, for the seat of government in each of the States is not its biggest, but often one of its smallest towns. These type-written pages are dated "Philadelphia, March 15," and we are not certain whether they have been published in the *Standard* of that city or in some other transatlantic journal. In any case, we give them a *cead mile failte*, for they are by one of the most deservedly popular of the younger race of American writers. The statement, "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free," was supposed to be refuted by the parallel statement, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;" and perhaps it would be equally unreasonable to stipulate that the critic of poetry should himself be a poet. But this condition would not disqualify Miss Sarah Trainer Smith, of Philadelphia, for she has written some beautiful poetry, though her ordinary medium is bright and picturesque prose. We leave this American critic to reveal who the Irish poet is whom she wishes to introduce to her readers.

Poets, they say, are those who put into words the thoughts of all other men. The truer the poet, the higher, the deeper, the wider, the purer the source from whence the inspiration is drawn, the greater the multitude for whom he interprets. The masters, therefore, have lovers and listeners everywhere, since each who reads may find himself—his very inner self—exquisitely reflected. For a man likes to see himself in a mirror that has no flaw and is fairly luminous with the light of heaven. After the first pang of disappointment which such truthful portrayal sometimes brings, he is well pleased to know what manner of man he is, and he carries with him a dim and sometimes vague vision of that man which helps—at least, it does not hinder.

All poets are not masters, but to be even the least of a poet—to hold unwittingly the key to other souls' hidden treasures, to gather the pearls from unexplored depths and bring them, fair and pure, into the sunlight, to set to music the unwritten songs of lonely and silent lives, and sing them where their very echoes cheer sad hearts—is no small matter in this life, no light matter for the next. There shall surely be a sterner woe than common

for the poet who profanes his gifts, as there shall surely be an added glory for him who exalts it. Any poet who has given happiness and comfort may well take "heart of grace" and sing on, sure of an echo that cannot die.

Rosa Mulholland is no stranger in America where Catholic hearts beat true. But not many among us know her quite as her "Vagrant Verses," show her to us. In a dainty little volume, she has sent forth a collection of the songs-birds she has loosed from time to time over the stormy sea of the world. She is certainly a poet, for she has a message for many moods, those quite hours of twilight thought, sometimes peaceful, sometimes yearning, sometimes pathetic, sometimes hopeful, but never passionate or strong, eager or joyous. One must seek her at certain seasons, and find rest. She does not chord in with every moment, and one is blind to many delicate beauties and tender effects of word-shading in a hurried reading of her best poems. But taken at their own time, that is, when the heart is softened and shadowed, even by a passing mist of vague regrets or sadness—there are lovely lines, lovely poems among them, hidden under quaint and simple names. "The Wild Geese," "Cast Out!" and "In the Dawn," have more that is new and strange and sweet in their utterance than one looks for, and "Christ, the Gleaner," "A Rebuke," and "Failure," are lessons worth the teaching.

Her choice of words is most musical, yet far from eccentric, and she leaves an occasional phrase like a perfect picture in the memory. There is not much story to this unfolding of herself. There is not much teaching, still less preaching, such as poets too often "set out" to do. Yet she *does* teach, and the Divine Preacher speaks through her words in sermons to be heeded. Seed by the wayside springs and thrives after her pages are sown. Or, to finish with the simile of the beginning, her song-birds fold their wings in quiet nests, and chirp and twitter, warble softly and flute sweetly in broken strains from out of the night stillness and darkness, until one sighs the faint content of restful thought such piping brings, and "waits for day," to find it beautiful, since God has made so much that is fair in other souls as in one's own life.

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The foregoing is only one out of many indications which have already reached us that Miss Mulholland's poetry is sure to receive in the United States as cordial and constant a welcome as her prose fiction has already received in that great country, in which, as the Rev. J. Keegan states in *Donahoe's Magazine*, "hundreds of thousands of

young people owe to this most graceful, pure, and tender of writers some of the most pleasant hours that brighten happy youth." Nearer home than the Susquehanna a young physician has expressed in vagrant verse which he did not intend to be thus captured the feelings he experienced "On reading *Vagrant Verses*."

Sweet singer of our Irish land!  
 Thy fervent notes are fresh and clear,  
 Like morning breezes pure and bland  
 O'er hill and vale and lonely mere.

Thy song to sorrowing hearts is balm,  
 To troubled souls it breathes repose,  
 It brings the love and hopeful calm  
 And bliss which heaven only knows.

Sing on, fair poet! Thy pure lay  
 Has brightened hours of grief and pain:  
 Sing on!—the thrortle on the spray  
 Can trill no softer, sweeter strain.

We must find room for another American criticism of "*Vagrant Verses*," for it is from the authoritative pen of Mr. Maurice Egan whose high position among men of letters across the Atlantic was partly indicated in our Nutshell Biograms last month. In the course of his article in the *New York Freeman's Journal* of March 27, he says:—

"It is not often that the writer of such prose as we find in 'The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil' or 'The Wild Birds of Killeevy' excels in the more condensed poetical form of expression. Miss Rosa Mulholland's '*Vagrant Verses*' are real poems, noble in conception, musical in utterance, and marked by perfect taste and an exquisite understanding of technical difficulties to be overcome in writing good poetry. Miss Mulholland is no longer a writer of promise; she has more than fulfilled all the promises of her earlier work."

## AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

## NOTES IN REMEMBRANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

## PART II.

TAKING up again these memorial notes of my holy and amiable brother in religion, I am furnished with an appropriate text from a very unlikely quarter. "King Solomon's Mines," which has suddenly put Mr. Rider Haggard forward as a rival for even Robert Louis Stevenson and his "Treasure Island," reminded me of Father Law's Memoirs with such words recurring as "spoor" and "kraal" and "out-span" and "in-span." But we are still far away from the African phase of Father Law's life. We left him in the Royal Navy, completely at home there, and feeling like the Allan Quartermain of Mr. Haggard's strange and clever tale. "I asked, a page or two back, what is a gentleman? I'll answer it now: a Royal Naval officer is, in a general sort of a way, though, of course, there may be a black sheep among them here and there. I fancy it is just the wide sea and the breath of God's winds that washes their hearts and blows the bitterness out of their minds and makes them what men ought to be."

Augustus Law cherished similar sentiments towards the Royal Navy; and certainly he himself realised this ideal. We should like to bring out many excellent traits of his character as shown in the record of his seafaring days; but we must hurry on to the event which changed the current of his life. With few advantages except early training and the atmosphere of a refined Christian home clinging round him morally, while physically he was far away from it, he had grown up a pious and pure-minded boy. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." This beatitude is frequently verified in the close connection between faith and purity. The first hint that we get in Augustus Law's diary of any unsettling of his faith in the "Church of his baptism" is found under May 12th, 1850, when he expresses his great sorrow for the disagreement between Mr. Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter, and his surprise that such a thing is not brought before the Bishops but before a council of laymen. July 23, at Malacca, was, perhaps, his first visit to a Catholic Church, and certainly his first sight of a Missal. No Protestant horror of images, but horror at the enormity of our Saviour's sufferings:—"There were three recesses in the north of the building; the one nearest the west end contained images of St. Peter (with the keys) and St. Paul; the

next recess contained an image at full length, lying down, of our most-Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, the holes were made in the hands and feet, and the blood running down, etc., etc. It made me quite shudder when I first looked at it. The next recess was the vestry, and there, we saw the Latin prayer books. I looked for the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for this week, and saw it was the same." Not many lads in his circumstances and at his age would have known whether they were the same or not, and fewer still would have cared to know. But Augustus Law evidently had the *anima naturaliter Christiana* of which Tertullian speaks, probably in a different sense—he had a Catholic nature and was manifestly one of those whom God draws to Himself, not by a sudden and violent wrench, but sweetly and gradually, enabling them to use the graces that are in their hands so as to deserve higher graces later on. Yet, two months afterwards, he writes unsuspectingly to his father: "Dearest Papa, I am glad you have got another curate as good and better than Mr. Pritt. I am very glad you like the life you are leading so much and are never in low spirits." His father's change had already begun.

Monday, 21st October, 1850, is marked in his Diary as his seventeenth birthday. Let us give in full the entry for the next day:—

*Tuesday, 22nd October, 1850.*—Began taking charge of the main-deck. May God give me grace to begin this eighteenth year of my existence, go through it, and end it, in His fear. May I constantly remember that God's all-seeing eye is on me at all times. May I "keep my heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." May I "in all my ways acknowledge Him, for He shall direct my paths," and may the Holy Spirit's sacred fire burn everything contrary to Itself out of my impure heart; and may God, of His infinite goodness and mercy, forgive me all my sins, and give me true repentance for all my wicked and sinful deeds, through my blessed and merciful Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen. Amen.

On the 18th of May, 1851, the Vicar of Harborne wrote to his son a letter, from which the following is said to be an extract, though it seems to be complete:—

MY DEAREST AUGUSTUS,—The controversies which have taken place, and are still going on in England on religious subjects (I may as well frankly tell you), have very much shaken my confidence in the English Church, and in obedience to the wishes of dearest Matilda (who is all kindness to me in the matter), I am going to see the Bishop of Oxford.\* When I began this letter I did not intend alluding to the subject but have thought it right to give you early intimation of my anxiety of mind. Manning, late archdeacon, having left us to join the Catholic Church, has had a great effect on my mind. So saintly a man cannot, in my opinion, have been led otherwise than by the Spirit of God to the step he has taken. My eldest brother has been told, or will be told to-morrow, of my doubts and difficulties. Of course, in my present state of mind, it would be gross and awful hypocrisy in me to return to officiate as a minister of the English Church. Though what I believe to be the *True Light* has apparently, perhaps, somewhat suddenly *burst* upon me, I can now plainly see that, unknown to myself, the work has been gradually going on within me since your

\* Ultimately had interview instead with Dr. Pusey.

sainted mother's departure, perhaps even before that. I can now see God's hand in everything that has happened, in my resigning East Brent and going to Harborne, in my becoming President of Church Union, &c. My sermon, which I sent you, against "Papal Aggression," as it is called in England by the Protestants, you may think inconsistent with my present feelings, and so it *must* be considered, I own; but I wrote that sermon very hastily, and *tried* to believe that the view of the subject taken by all high church persons was the true one. Do not allow yourself, my dear boy, to be distressed on my account, for though I feel full well that it is "through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom of God," yet I even now possess, thank God, in a great degree, a foretaste of that *perfect peace* which passeth understanding. I now only ask you to be more than ever "instant in prayer" to God to guide yourself and me and all we love into all truth. I will (*D.V.*) send you a book as soon as I can, which I should wish you to read. All your brothers and sisters are, thank God, very well. Dearest Wizzy (who long ago, you know, became a Catholic) of course very much sympathises with me at the present moment. God's mercy and grace have done much for her.—Ever, my very dearest son, your most affectionate father,

W. T. LAW.

Augustus wrote in his diary, after reading this letter, "All I can say is, that I hope he will be guided by God to THE TRUTH. I am very anxious for my next letter." He answered the foregoing on July 2nd from H. M. S. *Amazon*, at Singapore:—

DEAREST FATHER,—And now, dearest papa, I will answer your dear kind letter of May 18th, which I received yesterday. I am so glad you liked the Exhibition so much. I should (as you said I would) have liked very much to see the model ships, &c. . . . Concerning your change of religion, I hardly know whether I ought to say anything or nothing, and so I think I will only say that I hope, with all my heart, dearest father, God will direct you to the truth. I am very anxious to get my next letter to hear the result of your conference with the bishop. . . . I will try to be what you wished me to be in your letter, continuing instant in prayer to God to guide us all to the truth, and may I serve God better than I have of late. . . . Dear May seems to be as if sent down from Heaven in the place of my dear mother. Give my very best love (and thanks for all her loving kindness to you) to dearest May, to . . . and the other dear babies.—Believe me to be your most affectionate and dutiful son,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW.

Later in that month the midshipman, reading the "History of the Popes," by some Protestant writer, notes the part about the founder of the Order of the Jesuits:—"Ignatius Loyola was wounded at the defence of Pampeluna; then commenced his labours." St. Ignatius and he were destined to become better acquainted. The date of his next letter is July 31, which, of course, he did not recognise as the feast of St. Ignatius. His father had told him of his interviews with Lord Ellenborough, who was most kind to him—with Dr. Pusey and the Bishop of Lichfield—and how he had promised them to take no decided steps for six months. He mentions incidentally that he was writing on his forty-second birthday; and he concludes his letter thus:—

I forgot to say that I saw Mr. Manning the other day. I send you two pamphlets, one by Mr. Wilberforce and another by Mr. Newman. I will write more fully next mail. All are very well, thank God. My own most firm conviction I believe to be

exactly similar to Mr. Wilberforce's, and so I, of course, never contemplate returning to duty as a clergyman of a Church which I look upon as *schismatical*. I must leave my temporal affairs to the merciful Providence of God, but, I feel assured, among Catholic families I shall ultimately find friends who will find me some honest occupation, by which I may earn money for my family. If not, I have food and raiment for them all, and, by God's grace, will be therewith content. God bless you, my dearest Augustus, &c., &c.

These last words allude to practical considerations, which must have terrible weight in such a discussion. The poor mendicant's plea for craving a more abundant alms—"For the sake of her and three children"—must make itself felt in many a disturbed Anglican conscience. I have been told that, when poor Keble was hard pressed by an argument, he used to say: "Let us see what answer Charlotte has to this." Of another it was said that he placed his mother and sisters among the notes of the true Church. Certainly these human ties are often hard to break through. May God be blessed for enabling so many to sacrifice for his sake what to weak human nature seems a great deal.

These remarks regard less the subject of our sketch than his father; but Augustus also had his share in the sacrifice. He begins by cutting off the *Illustrated London News*!

H.M.S. Amazon, SINGAPORE,

July 31, 1851.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your dear kind letter of the 17th June, to-day. I have read nearly all of Mr. Wilberforce's pamphlet already. I am very glad, dearest papa, that you have decided upon delaying for six months,—as, of course, you will have plenty of time to think about it. I hope, dearest papa, you will be able to get some occupation, as from what you say, it seems you do not intend ever again returning to duty at Harborne, and also, I suppose, you will ultimately join the Roman Catholic Faith. Do not think at all of me (I mean concerning my outfit when I get home *D.V.*) as far as regards money affairs, as I will save up enough for what I shall want. I have now more than £50 clear, and I hope by the time I get home to have saved £20 more. And, dearest papa, as any unnecessary expense, however small, ought to be avoided, as far as I am concerned, I do not care about the "Illustrated London News" being sent out. In fact, the captain is always kind enough to lend it to us, and all his other papers. I am now very anxious, more than ever, to see you and all dear to me,—May, and all my dear brothers and sisters. I hope God will grant us all a happy meeting in less than a year.

August 1.—I have now finished reading both those pamphlets. I look forward very much to your next letter, in which you say you will write more fully, as I wish to know all your reasons, dearest father. And now, dearest papa, I will tell you what is, and what has been going on here. I think, I told you of the loss of the "Reynard." . . . Give my VERY BEST love to dearest May, . . . and kiss the two other dear babies for me. Tell them all how HAPPY, HAPPY I shall be to see all their dear faces again soon. Please our gracious and kind God to grant it. Kiss them all for me, dearest father, and give my best love to all my uncles and aunts, the Noons, and Newbolts.—Believe me to be your most affectionate and dutiful (I hope) son,

AUGUSTUS.

May God bless and preserve you, and guide us all to the truth through Jesus Christ. Best love again to ALL.



His diary for August 1, 1851, contains this little prayer: "O God, direct my dear father to the Truth, for Jesus Christ's sake, and grant that I may be much more constant in prayer and in reading Thy precious Word, and grant that I may form my life by it. Oh! hear me, through my dear Saviour."

Mr. William Towry Law was received into the Catholic Church on the 19th of September, 1851. Augustus ends with these words his answer to the letter giving this news: "I am very glad, dearest father, that you are so happy. May God bless you for ever! If ever a son ought to be grateful to a dear father, for his kindness and trouble about him, it is me."

As the son, not the father, is our hero, we must resist the temptation of quoting the letter in which the ex-Chancellor of Bath and Wells described his reception into the Church, and his happy First Communion. Room must be found for one little extract:

There is one circumstance, as it long weighed with and influenced me, so it naturally cannot but influence you. I mean your blessed mother having lived and departed in communion with the English Church. But the Catholic faith was never presented to her mind for acceptance, and to such the Catholic Church does not deny (as some Protestants assert it does), an assured hope of eternal bliss, if they live, as she (God be praised) did live, faithfully up to the light she had received. I cannot say what a comfort it is to me now as a Catholic to mention her beloved name day by day in my prayers, and especially at Holy Communion, and then to repeat the Catholic petition: "May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace."

From a later letter these words may be quoted:—

I will only give you all the news, without further allusion to my conversion, except saying that every day I find more and more reason to thank God for His great mercy to me. The worldly trials,—loss of friends, coolness of others, and insults from some,—I regard as nothing, in comparison to the spiritual gain of which I have become partaker.

Almost on the very day (December 23) that Mr. Law was writing thus at Boulogne, Augustus wrote this prayer at Singapore, on Christmas Day, 1851.

Almighty God, I beseech Thee to hear the prayer that I am about to offer to Thee. O remember not my former sins, but forgive them, and wash them out with the blood of the Lamb, and withhold not Thy grace from me. I pray Thee to give me a quiet mind and resolve my doubts concerning the true religion. Lead me to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Give me grace to watch and pray, lest I enter into temptation. Let me henceforth lead a new life, directing my whole life and duties by that Holy Word thou hast given us. Stay my mind on Thee, and let me trust in Thee, and keep me in perfect peace. Finally, I pray Thee to direct my dear stepmother, and all my brothers and sisters, relations, and friends to the truth; and if my dear father has erred, let it not be too late, but bring him back again, and hear my prayer for the sake of Jesus Christ, who came into the world on this day to save miserable sinners.

Thirty-five years afterwards, that "dear father" blessed God for having allowed his son to live and die a holy priest of the Catholic

Church, into which he was drawn through such unlikely ways, and about which he had reasoned so well in his boyish diary, December 17, 1851.

Oh! can the Church who can prove the succession of popes from St. Peter (no one doubts it), can that Church be the wrong one? Did not Christ say He would be with the Church all days? Certainly great abuses had crept into the Church about the time of Luther. Are they there now? These thoughts are constantly recurring in my mind again and again. And there is one thing, it may be wrong to think it, because all men are liable to error, but my dear father having gone over to that Church, I can't imagine that he would have left the Anglican Church for that one, if there was anything wrong in that Church. He brought me up certainly in the Protestant faith, and, in the same manner, if he had been a Roman Catholic, I should have been one. O God, direct me to the one true faith through Jesus Christ. Oh, hear my prayer, most gracious God.

Just before this passage, he mentions that he had not read the whole of Alliee' "See of St. Peter," he was so convinced on that point. The other books sent by his father at first were, Cardinal Wiseman's "Lectures on the Catholic Religion," Keenan's "Controversial Catechism," and Orsini's "Life of the Blessed Virgin." After getting full marks in navigation, he unbends his mind over "The Garden of the Soul." He questions a Catholic (Quarter-master Grant), and records his conviction that "the Roman Catholic Church is not as black as she is painted." His watch stopped and he went to Singapore to "get it under weigh again." After "cruising about the church" \* for a time, he found out the house of the Priest, M. Barba, whom he describes as a true Christian. But though he studied, and prayed, and inquired, he made up his mind that he would *not* make up his mind till he had talked over everything with his father. For, luckily, after his four years' voyaging, his ship had been ordered home. This good news reached the anxious parent eighteen days later than it ought to have done, because the Protestant friend of thirty years' standing, to whose care the returning exile's letter was addressed, had the barbarity to write "*Not known*" over the name of "the pervert," whose address he knew perfectly. We shall only give the last words of the *pervert's* letter of welcome. "You will land in the month of May, a month very dear to Catholics, and I rejoice to think of your arrival amongst us at such a propitious period of the year. God bless you." But we must give, not merely the last words, but the whole "welcome home" of his sister Matilda, who, we think it well to remind our readers, is now Sister Jane Margaret Mary, of the Order of the Visitation, at Westbury, near Bristol.

ROEHAMPTON, April 24, 1852.

MY DARLING GUTTA,—You may well fancy how happy I am at the thought of soon seeing you. As I have not written to you since dearest papa has had the great happiness of becoming a member of the Holy Catholic Church, you will most likely

\* These nautical idioms used to break out in after-life. When shown into the chapel at Hodder, he was surprised to "find all hands on their knees."

like to know what I think about it. I thought very differently at first to what I do now, but at length, by Almighty God's grace, I have come to the light of the truth, as I hope, ere long, you will, my own darling brother. As I am no theologian, I will enclose one of dearest papa's letters to me on that subject, which I think you will like. You must take care not to lose it, my darling. I suppose papa has already told you that I am at school in a convent of the Sacred Heart, and also that it is the same house which grandpapa and all my aunts and uncles lived in for a long time. By what I have said in the former part of my letter, you will most likely conclude that I have become a Catholic. I and dear little Augusta were received into the Catholic Church on the 25th of March, which, as you know, is the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin; I am also going to have the intense happiness of making my first communion next month. How thankful I ought to be for all the graces Almighty God bestows upon me! I hope and pray, my darling brother, that you also will soon be received as one of the members of the Holy Catholic Church. I think and hope you will have great influence with dearest Franky, who does not think much of that subject, I am afraid, either way. He may be waiting to see what you will do. . . . I long to see you and talk to you on that subject, but, as it is impossible, I must wait until I can. Little Geraldine and Agnes are very dear little things. They have lately had the hooping-cough, but are now getting better. You will find them at Kensington. They have been staying at Hampton Court while the house was preparing, but have now gone home. My other brothers are at Oscott. All are quite well, and join with me, I am sure, in their prayers that you may become a fervent Catholic.

Little Augusta sends her best love and kisses, and believe me to remain ever your most affectionate

LITTLE TWITTY.

The writer of this letter made her First Communion a few days after, May 2nd, and the news of her brother's arrival, which had been kept from her, for fear of distracting her too much during her retreat of preparation, was first told to her by her father who came to share her joy on that holy epoch of her young life.

Mr. Law had expressed his joy that his sailor would reach England in the Month of Mary. In the very heart of that month, his diary contains those two entries:—

*Saturday, 15th May, 1852.*—Saw the Bishop of Southwark in the evening, and after two or three hours' talking, he convinced me that the Holy Catholic Church was that in communion with the See of Rome. Made my general confession. My father . . . very much delighted.

*Sunday, 16th May, 1852.*—I was received by the Bishop of Southwark in the new church at Mortlake. There was a Confirmation there also before I was received, and the bishop gave a beautiful exhortation to those about to be confirmed. We stayed a short time at the priest's house, and then went home.

This Bishop of Southwark was an Irishman, the son of a private soldier, and his life has been sketched in our Magazine (Vol. VII., page 89), partly because he *was* an Irishman, but chiefly because ample materials were furnished by Miss Kathleen O'Meara's excellent life of this first Bishop of Southwark. "Dear Dr. Grant" received Mrs. Law, also, into the Church before the end of that month.

With that eventful May of 1852 it will be best to pause in our story; but the last page of the May diary has a few items which for

various reasons we are unwilling to pass over. The first Bishop of Southwark, when he received Augustus Law into the Church, had not completed the first of his twenty years of episcopacy. He was succeeded by Dr. Danell, to whom a much shorter term was allotted; and he by the Redemptorist, Father Coffin, who almost began his last sickness at the same time. The present Bishop of Southwark figures in Augustus Law's diary on the same page with Dr. Grant. May 27, we read: "Attended evening devotions at Hammersmith Chapel, and afterwards had a talk with Mr. Butt about Confirmation. I like him very much. I have chosen St. Aloysius Gonzaga for my patron saint, he having had those virtues which I most stand in need of."

The next day "Miss Gladstone called. She seems a very nice person"—namely, the Catholic sister, lately deceased, of the great statesman, who, in his old age, dares to attempt the renewal of the youth of Ireland. A few pages further on we have another amiable reference to this lady, who lived and died a fervent Catholic: "I am very glad old Helen is enjoying herself on the Rhine. How very kind of Miss Gladstone to take her."

But this is breaking our agreement not to go beyond May, 1852, which ends with this memorandum: "Bought a rosary at Burns's, and the Cardinal sent me yesterday a crucifix blessed by the Pope—so I am now complete."

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#### TO A MUSICIAN.

THY hand strays slowly o'er the trembling wire,

Touching it softly, yet with master-grace;

I marvel at the passion on thy face,

Thy gray eyes glowing with unwonted fire.

Ah! thy ambition seeks for something higher

Than level life in this calm country place,

Its quiet charms have in thy heart no space—

Go forth!—into the world of thy desire.

Go forth and win applause. The proud will come

In mute obedience to thy music's power;

Perchance, friend, thou shalt miss, in some great hour,

The tranquil pleasures of thy boyhood's home.

The wild lark's melody from sky-blue dome—

The perfect scent of half-blown apple-flower.

ANNA T. JOHNSTON.

## NEW BOOKS.

We ended our book-notes last month by announcing the very remarkable work, just published by Messrs. Burns and Oates for Dr. Frederick George Lee, Vicar of Lambeth—"King Edward the Sixth, Supreme Head: an Historical Sketch, with an Introduction and Notes." Dr. Lee has expended great pains and labour on this work, which begins with a most interesting "illustrative genealogical chart," and the following noteworthy dedication: "To that venerable prelate and holy witness to the truth, John Cardinal Fisher, sometime Bishop of the ancient diocese of Rochester; in memory of his solemn warning to the Convocation of Canterbury against change, falsehood and wrong; a warning long ago proved to have been so timely and needful; and in remembrance of his fidelity, patience, and faith, even unto death, this volume is inscribed with sincere veneration, in the fervent hope that Authority may soon decree to him the beautiful aureole of the Beatified, and, in the face of the Church Militant, seal for him the abiding dignity of the saintly martyr crowned." Strange, indeed, that an Anglican Vicar can thus speak of the beatification of Cardinal Fisher by the Holy See, and can still remain an Anglican Vicar. Whatever the author's position may be as a theologian, his industry as an historian is shown at the outset by seven pages enumerating the existing portraits of Edward VI. and the more important personages mixed up with his history. That history is told with great minuteness, and with the vigour and picturesqueness which the readers of Dr. Lee's previous writings have learned to expect. What conclusion does he draw from his own work? Has he heard of the admonition given by Pius IX. to one who tarried outside the visible communion of God's Church, in the hope of drawing many out of error along with himself? "Save your own soul, my child," said the amiable Pontiff.

A work which will be of great utility to priests working in England, and which will interest English-speaking priests in other parts of the Church, has been published at Shakspeare's town, Stratford-on-Avon;—"The Synods in English, being the text of the four Synods of Westminster, translated into English, and arranged under headings, with numerous documents and references." The translation has been made by the Rev. Robert E. Guy, O.S.B., under the supervision of another English Benedictine, Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport and Menevia. Bishop Hedley introduces the work in an interesting preface. The printing is very creditable to St. Gregory's Press.

A few particularly graceful words of preface are placed by the

learned and distinguished convert, Mr. T. W. Allie, in front of the goodly tome of five hundred pages, in which his daughter has gathered her "Leaves from St. Augustine." Miss Mary H. Allie has translated for herself from the original. Her father has only revised her work when completed. The arrangement and the divisions of matter help greatly in calling our attention to points of interest; but we wonder how the index to so copious a selection of passages can have been crushed into two or three pages. It is a valuable and interesting work, and, brought out so excellently, it is very cheap for six shillings.

We hope the writer of the following tasteful notice of "The Birthday Book of our Dead" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), which we copy from the American *Ave Maria*, did not intend a pun in his first sentence:—

Now that the fashion of birthday books has become almost a passion, it is gratifying to find one compiler whose sentiment is so deep that it takes a most grave and natural turn. The result is a little volume bound in olive, stamped with ink and gold, and bearing, above a vignette of solemn emblems, this legend, "Death-Days are Birthdays of the Real Life." The numerous appropriate poetical and prose selections allotted to each day in the year, are gathered from many quarters, and evidence a liberal and elegant taste in the editor. At the foot of each page there are four blank lines, upon which may be inscribed the names of the loved and lost. Surely no more wholesome reminder of the joys that are past, and of the greater joys that are to come to the deserving, can be found than is offered in this modest volume. And no one can turn its pages, even where they are still uninscribed, without an emotion at once pathetic and humanizing, as the eye glances at the ominous vacant line, and the still, small voice of the heart whispers, "Who next, I wonder?"

"The Three Sorrows of Story-telling" is a lecture delivered by Mr. James Murphy, before the National League Institute of Derry, and may be had for sixpence, from the printer, James Montgomery, Carlisle-row, Derry. We do not agree with the lecturer's remark about not altering the substance or form of his composition; no one would have found fault with any change which further study showed to be desirable. But, as it stands, it is very interesting and will help to prepare its readers for the study of a portion of our country's history, from which some of our poets have drawn and others are sure to draw their most poetical themes.

The eloquent Bishop of Angers, when he was simply Abbé Freppel, and professor of sacred eloquence at the Sorbonne, preached to the students some "Discourses on the Divinity of Jesus Christ," of which a good translation has just appeared in a book which is sent post free for one shilling. Though brief and unpretending, it is one of the soundest and most effective books of its kind. Its title page is the first on which we have noticed the name of the publisher, James Masterson, 48 South-street, Grosvenor-square, London.

The names of some brochures which lie before us will be enough

to recommend them to those for whom they are intended: "A Lecture on Catholic Ireland," by the Rev. J. P. Prendergast (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Sons); "The Gospel Story of the Passion of our Lord," by the Rev. Arthur Ryan (London: Catholic Truth Society); "Notes on the History of the Catholic Church in England" (same publishers); the Bull for the present Jubilee in Latin, with notes by a Redemptorist Theologian (Benziger, New York); and "Prayers for the Jubilee," by the Rev. Dr. Richards (Burns and Oates). "The Child of Mary before Jesus abandoned in the Tabernacle" (Burns and Oates) is almost too holy and too small to be mentioned here. One of the most wonderful investments for threepence is the O'Connell Press edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." No. 6 of the "Lays of St. Joseph's Chapel" is devoted to St. Agnes and St. Dorothy (Burns and Oates).

Just in time for May, Burns and Oates have brought out a very pretty new edition of "The Graces of Mary," one of the best books of its kind, showing more literary skill and certainly a better taste in English verse than any other. Why is not the compiler named on the title page, especially if he or she be dead? For it is many years since this little book came out first, though there is no sign here that the present is not its first appearance.\* Father Kenelm Digby Best, of the London Oratory, has also very opportunely published through the same publishers a third edition of his "May Chaplet," very sweet translations of a collection of May canticles, written in French by Father Philpin de Rivière, another disciple of St. Philip.

The last item on our list is not a book but only a very neat programme of work to be gone through in April, May, and June of this year by the Irish Literary Institute of Liverpool. A very appetising bill of fare is set forth. It strikes us as very judicious to appoint only two speakers for each debate, one on each side. When several combatants engage on each side, the fight is unduly prolonged, especially when the chairman thinks with Persius that he ought not to be *semper auditor tantum*. The subjects of the essays to be read by various members, are "Richard Dalton Williams," "Dr. Doyle (J.K.L.)," "Gerald Griffin," "Scientific Irishmen," "Blaine on England," "Richard Lalor Sheil, a type of Irish character," "Irish Folk Lore," "Charles Dickens," "John Mitchel," "Victor Hugo," "Terence Bellew Mac Manus," and, finally, "The Making of Books." Part of this programme has already been carried out; but to such of the members as have still before them the pleasant task of drawing up and elaborating their essays we may venture to give a hint which may be found useful now and hereafter. In such a city as Liverpool they no doubt have access to some large library like the King's Inns in Dublin, or Trinity College, where the back volumes of the magazines

\* We perceive that *The Tablet* of April 17 falls into the blunder of reviewing it expressly as the newest of new books instead of thirty years old.

and reviews are preserved. These contain an inexhaustible treasury of materials for biographical essays and other papers of the sort. Useless treasures, if it were not for a marvellous enterprise undertaken and achieved by Dr. Poole, Librarian of the Public Library of Chicago, with the co-operation of many American and European librarians and literary men. We have long intended to give some account of this great "Index to Periodical Literature." At present we have only consulted it to inform the gentleman of the Irish Literary Institute who is to discuss John Mitchel's life and writings on the 11th of June, that he may find useful information in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (New Series) vol. 14, p. 593, and the *Dublin University Magazine*, vol. 85, p. 481, besides two articles in the *Democratic Review* which is probably inaccessible at Liverpool. As for "Charles Dickens" (June 4), three large and close columns are devoted to exact references to magazines and reviews discussing him and his writings from every point of view. Finally, Sheil is to be discussed on May 21st; the essayist might get valuable information in the *Dublin Review*, *Fraser*, *Blackwood*, and the other periodicals indexed by Dr. Poole. The writer on "Irish Folk Lore" (May 28), may hear of something to his advantage in the *Dublin University Magazine*, vols. 68, 69, 88, and 89, and in *Cornhill*, vol. 35. We have not time to specify the pages given in this wonderful "Index to Periodical Literature," which ought to find an honoured place in every large library.

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#### LOVE'S ADVENT.

"MY dreamful hills, purple with heather flowers,  
 Wax radiant 'neath the passing of His feet;  
 And God's dear sunshine, amber-clear and sweet,  
 Clings to His blown gold hair; from green cool bowers  
 Wing the small birds, a-thrill with song that dowers  
 The sapphire day: how shall my vain lips greet  
 This mighty Lord, whose eyes I fear to meet?  
 My soul, will He, in sooth, heed word of ours?"

"Master and king and tenderest comforter  
 Is He, who loveth heather-flower and bird,  
 Blue sky, sweet sunshine, and least things that be!  
 No meanest soul but He hath died for her—  
 No faintest prayer but this Crowned One hath heard—  
 Love is His name, love only asketh He!"

EVELYN PYNE.



JUNE IN THE FAMINE YEAR.<sup>W.</sup>

BY JOHN MITCHEL.

**A** GAIN the great Sun stands high at noon above the greenest Island that lies within his ken on all the broad Zodiac road he travels; and his glory, "like God's own head," will soon blaze forth from the solstitial tower. Once more, also—even in this June month of the rueful year—the trees have clothed themselves in their wonted pomp of leafy umbrage, and the warm air is trembling with the music of ten thousand thousand singing-birds, and the great All-nourishing Earth has arrayed herself in robes of glorious green—the greener for all the Dead she has laid to rest within her bosom.

What! alive and so bold, O Earth!  
 Art thou not over bold?  
 What! leapest thou forth as of old,  
 In the light of thy morning mirth?—

Why, we thought that the end of the world was at hand; we never looked to see a bright genial summer, a bright rigorous winter again. To one who has been pent up for months, labouring with brain and heart, in the panic-stricken city, haunted by the shadow of death, and has heard from afar the low wailing moan of his patient, perishing brothers borne in upon every gale, black visions of the night might well come swarming: to his dulled eye a pall might visibly spread itself over the empyrean, to his weary ear the cope of Heaven might ring from pole to pole with a muffled peal of Doom. Can such *swinkt* labourer believe that days will ever be wholesome any more, or nights ambrosial as they were wont to be?—for is not the Sun in sick eclipse and like to die, and hangs

\* To the recent discussion in *The Freeman's Journal*, concerning "The Hundred Best Irish Books," Judge O'Hagan contributed a long and valuable letter, which ends with these words. "There is a paper in *The Nation*, by Mitchel, written in the despairing time of the famine of 1847, to which for beauty of description and depth of pathos I hardly know an equal. It is difficult to read it without tears."

This high testimony sent us in search of the essay of twice "twenty golden years ago;" and we have deemed it right to share our happiness with those for whom such a search is impossible.—Ed. I. M.

there not upon the corner of the Moon a vaporous drop profound, shedding plague and blight, and the blackness of darkness over all the world ?

Not so, heavy-laden labourer in the seed field of Time. Sow diligently what grain thou hast to sow, nothing doubting ; for indeed there shall be hereafter, as of old, genial showers and ripening suns, and harvests shall whiten, and there shall verily be living men to reap them, be it with sword or sickle. The Sun is not yet turned into darkness, nor the Moon into blood ; neither is the abomination of desolation spoken of by Jeremy the Prophet yet altogether come to pass. Heaven and earth grow not old, as thou and thy plans and projects and speculations will all most assuredly do. Here have you been gnawing your own heart all winter, about the "state of the country," about a railway bill, about small rating districts, or about large ;—casting about for means to maintain your own paltry position ; or else perhaps devising schemes, **poor devil!** for the regeneration of your country, and dreaming that in your own peculiar committee, clique, confederacy, caucus, council, conclave, or cabal, lay Ireland's last and only hope!—until you are nearly past hope yourself—until foul shadows are creeping over your light of life, and insanity is knocking at your parietal bone. Apparently you will be driven to this alternative—**to commit suicide, or else, with a desperate rush, to fly from your country, leaving the spirits of evil, and the whole rout of the first running stream.**

We advise the latter course : all the powers of Nature and conjure thee to it : every blushing evening wooes thee forward : every blue morning sends its Favonian airs to soothe thee out in thy study and fan thy cheek, and tell thee over whispering woods, what banks of breathing field-flowers, and heathy hills fragrant with bog-myrtle and all the Flora of the moors, what tracts of corn and waving meadows, what streams wandered before they came to mix with the foul city-atmosphere dim with coal-smoke and the breath of multitudinous scoundrels. On such blue morning, to us, lying wistfully dreaming with eyes wide open, rises many a vision of scenes that we know to be at this moment enacting themselves in far-off lonely glens we wot of. Ah ! there is a green nook, high up amidst the foldings of certain granite mountains, forty leagues off and more, and there is gurgling through it, murmuring and flashing in the sun, a little stream clear as crystal,—the mystic song of it, the gushing freshness of it, are even now streaming cool through our adust and too ciner-

tious brain; and, clearly as if present in the body, we seek the gray rock that hangs over one of its shallow pools, where the sun-rays are broken by the dancing water into a network of tremulous golden light upon the pure sand that forms its basin; and close by, with quivering leaves and slender stem of silver, waves a solitary birch-tree: and the mountains stand solemn around, and by the heather-bells that are breaking from their sheaths everywhere under your steps, you know that soon a mantle of richest imperial purple will be spread over their mighty shoulders and envelope them to the very feet. Lie down upon the emerald sward that banks this little pool, and gaze and listen. Through one gorge that breaks the mountain mass to the right hand, you see a vast cultivated plain, with trees and fields and whitened houses, stretching away into the purple distance, studded here and there with lakes that gleam like mirrors of polished silver. Look to the left, through another deep valley, and,—lo! the blue Western Sea! And aloft over all, over land and sea, over plain and mountain, rock and river, go slowly floating the broad shadows of clouds, rising slowly from the showery south, borne in the lap of the soft, south wind, slowly climbing the blue dome by the meridian, crossing the path of the sun, nimbus after nimbus, cirrus and cumulus every other cloud after his kind, each flinging his shadow as he passes, and then majestically melting off. What battalions and broad-winged hosts of cloud are there! We have we lain but two hours, and there have been clouds booming upward from behind the wind, continually upward beyond the northern horizon, such wondrous piled-up mountains of vapour as would shed another sun, and huge and quench the stars, if the floodgates were once opened and the windows of heaven opened—yet this fragrant, soft southern gale bears them up bravely on its invisible wings, and softly winnows them on their destined way. They are on their mission;—they are going to build themselves up, somewhere over the Hebrides, into a huge many-towered Cumulostratus, and to-morrow or the day after will come down in thunder and storm, and hissing sheets of gray rain, sweeping the Sound of Mull with their trailing skirt, and making the billows of Corrieveckan seethe and roar around his cliffs and caves. Ben Cruachan, with his head wrapped in thick night, will send down the Awe river in raging spate, in a tumult of tawny foam; and Morven shall echo through all his groaning woods.

But one cannot be everywhere at once. We are not now

among the western Isles, buffetting a summer-storm in the Sound of Mull ; but here in this green nook, amongst our own Irish granite mountains, at our feet the clear poppling water, over our head the delicate birch-leaves quivering in the warm June air ; and the far-off sea smooth and blue as a burnished sapphire. Let the cloud-hosts go and fulfil their destiny ; and let us, with open eye and ear and soul, gaze and listen. Not only are mysterious splendours around us, but mysterious song gushes forth above us and beneath us. In this little brook alone what a scale of notes ! from where the first faint tinkle of it is heard far up as it gushes from the heart of the mountain, down through countless cascades, and pools, and gurgling rapids, swelling and growing till it passes our grassy couch and goes on its murmuring way singing to the sea : but this is only one of the instruments. Hark ! the eloquent Wind, that comes sighing up the valley, and whispering with the waving fern ! And at intervals, comes from above or beneath, you know not which, the sullen croak of a solitary raven, without whose hoarse bass you never find Nature's mountain symphony complete ;—and we defy you to say why the obscene fowl sits there and croaks upon his gray stone for half a day, unless it is that Nature puts him in requisition to make up her orchestra, as the evil beast ought to be proud to do. And hark again ! the loud hum of innumerable insects, first begotten of the Sun, that flit amongst the green heather-stalks and sing all their summer-life through :—and then, if you listen *beyond* all that, you hear, faintly at first as the wierd murmur in a wreathed shell, but swelling till it almost overwhelms all the other sounds, the mighty voice of the distant Sea. For it is a peculiarity ever of this Earth-music that you can separate every tone of it, untwist every strand of its linked sweetness, and listen to that and dwell upon it by itself. You may shut your senses to all save that far-off ocean murmur until it fills your ear as with the roar and the rush of ten thousand tempests, and you can hear the strong billows charging against every beaked promontory from pole to pole ; or you may listen to the multitudinous insect hum, till it booms painfully upon your ear-drum, and you know that here is the mighty hymn or spiritual song of Life, as it surges ever upward from the abyss : louder, louder, it booms into your brain,—oh, Heavens ! it is the ground-tone of that thunder-song wherein the Earth goes singing in her orbit among the stars. Yes, such and so grand are the separate parts of this harmony ; but blend them all and consider what a diapason ! Cathedral organs of all stops, and instruments of thousand strings.

and add extra-additional keys to your pianofortes, and sweetest silver flutes, and the voices of men and of angels; all these, look you, all these, and the prima donnas of all sublunary operas, and the trills of a hundred Swedish Nightingales, have not the compass, nor the flexibility, nor the pathos, nor the loudness, nor the sweetness required for the execution of this wondrous symphony among the hills:—

“ Loud, as from numbers without number, sweet  
As of blest voices uttering joy.”—

Loud and high as the hallelujahs of choiring angels—yet withal what a trance of *Silence!* Here in this mountain dell, all the while we lie, breathes around such a solemn overpowering stillness, that the rustle of an unfolding heath-bell, too near, breaks it offensively; and if you listen *near* enough—[by Heaven] you can hear the throb of your own pulse. For indeed the divine Silence also is a potent instrument of that eternal harmony, and bears melodious part.

“ Such concord is in Heaven!” Yea, and upon the Earth too, if only *we*, we who call ourselves the beauty of the world and paragon of animals, did not foully mar it. Out of a man’s heart proceed evil thoughts; out of his mouth come revilings and bitterness and all evil-speaking. In us, and not elsewhere, lies the fatal note that jars all the harmonies of the universe, and makes them like sweet bells jangled out of tune. [Who will show us a way to escape from ourselves and from one another?] [Even you, reader! whom we have invited up into this mountain, we begin to abhor you in our soul: you are transfigured before us—your eyes are become as the eyes of an evil demon—and now we know that this gushing stream of living water could not in a lifetime wash away the iniquity from the chambers of thine heart; the Arch-chemist Sun could not burn it out of thee. For know, reader! thou hast a devil; it were better thy mother had not borne thee; and almost we are impelled to murder thee where thou liest.

“ Poor human nature! Poor human nature!” So men are accustomed to cry out when there is talk of any meanness or weakness committed, especially by themselves: and they seem to make no doubt that if we could only get well rid of our poor human nature, we should get on much more happily. Yet human nature is not the worst element that enters into our composition;—there is also a large diabolic ingredient,—also, if we would admit it, a vast admixture of the brute, especially the donkey nature;—and

then, also, on the other hand, some irradiation of the godlike, and by that only is mankind *redeemed*.

For the sake whereof we forgive thee, comrade; and will forbear to do thee a mischief upon the present occasion. But note well how the very thought of all these discords has silenced, or made inaudible to us, all those choral songs of earth and sky. We listen, but there is silence, mere common silence: it is no use crying *encore!* either the performers are dumb, or we are stone-deaf. Moreover, as evening comes on, the grass and heath grow somewhat damp, and one may get cold in his human nature. Rise, then, and we will show you the way through the mountains to seaward, where we shall come down upon a little cluster of seven or eight cabins; in one of which cabins, two summers ago, we supped sumptuously on potatoes and salt with the decent man who lives there, and the black-eyed woman-of-the-house, and five small children. We had a hearty welcome, though the fare was poor; and as we toasted our potatoes in the *greenshaugh*, our ears drank in the honey-sweet tones of the well-beloved Gaelic. If it were only to hear, though you did not understand, mothers and children talking together in their own blessed Irish, you ought to betake you to the mountains every summer. The sound of it is venerable, majestic, almost sacred. You hear in it the tramp of clans, the wise judgments of Brehons, the songs of Bards. There is no name for "modern enlightenment" in Irish, no word corresponding with "the masses," or with "reproductive labour:" in short, the "nineteenth century" would not know itself, could not express itself in Irish. For the which let all men bless the brave old tongue, and pray that it may never fall silent by the hills and streams of holy Ireland,—never until long after the great nineteenth century of centuries with its "enlightenment" and its "paupers" shall be classed in its true category, "the darkest of all the Dark Ages."

As we come down towards the roots of the mountain, you may feel, loading the evening air, the heavy balm of hawthorn blossoms: here are whole thickets of white-mantled hawthorn, every mystic tree (save us all from fairy thrall!) smothered with snow-white flowers and showing like branching coral in the South Pacific. And be it remembered that never in Ireland, since the last of her Chiefs sailed away from her, did that fairy tree burst into such luxuriant beauty and fragrance as this very year. The evening, too, is delicious: the golden sunset has deepened into crimson, over the sleeping sea, as we draw near the hospitable cottages:

almost you might dream that you beheld a vision of the Connaught of the thirteenth century, for that—

“The clime indeed is a clime to praise,  
The clime is Erin’s, the green and bland :  
And this is the time—these be the days  
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand”——

Cahal Mor, in whose days both land and sea were fruitful, and the yearlings of the flocks were doubled, and the horses champed yellow wheat in their mangers.

But why do we not see the smoke curling from those lowly chimneys?—And surely we ought by this time to scent the well-known aroma of the turf fires. But what (may Heaven be about us this night!)—what reeking breath of hell is this oppressing the air, heavier and more loathsome than the smell of death rising from the fresh carnage of a battle-field? Oh, misery! had we forgotten that this was the *Famine Year*? And we are here in the midst of one of those thousand Golgothas, that border our island with a ring of death from Cork harbour all round to Lough Foyle. There is no need of inquiries here, no need of words; the history of this little society is plain before us. Yet we go forward, though with sick hearts and swimming eyes, to examine the Place of Skulls nearer. There is a horrible silence; grass grows before the doors; we fear to look into any door, though they are all open or off the hinges; for we fear to see yellow-chapless skeletons grinning there; but our footfalls rouse two lean dogs, that run from us with doleful howling, and we know by the felon gleam in their wolfish eyes, how *they* have lived, after their masters died. We walk amidst the houses of the Dead, and out at the other side of the cluster, and there is not one where we dare to enter. We stop before the threshold of our host of two years ago, put our head, with eyes shut, inside the door-jamb, and say with shaking voice “God save all here!”—No answer—ghastly silence, and a mouldy stench, as from the mouth of burial-vaults. Ah! they are all dead; they are all dead; the strong man and the fair dark-eyed woman, and the little ones, with their liquid Gaelic accents that melted into music for us two years ago; they shrunk and withered together, until their voices dwindled to a rueful gibbering, and they hardly knew one another’s faces, but their horrid eyes scowled on each other with a cannibal glare. We know the whole story;—the father was on a “public work,” and earned the sixth part of what would have maintained

his family, which was not always duly paid him ; but still it kept them half alive for three months, and so instead of dying in December they died in March. And the agonies of those three months who shall tell ?—the poor wife wasting and weeping over her stricken children,—the heavy-laden weary man, with black night thickening around him—thickening within him, feeling his own arm shrink, and his step totter with the cruel hunger that gnaws away his life, and knowing too surely that all this will soon be over. And he has grown a rogue, too, on those public works : with roguery and lying about him, roguery and lying above him, he has begun to say in his heart that there is no God ; from a poor but honest farmer he has sunk down into a swindling sturdy beggar : for him there is nothing firm or stable : the pillars of the world are rocking around him : “ the Sun to him is dark and silent, as the Moon when she deserts the night.” Even ferocity or thirst for vengeance, he can never feel again : for the very blood of him is starved into a thin, chill *serum*, and if you prick him he will not bleed. Now, he can totter forth no longer, and he stays at home to die. But his darling wife is dear to him no longer : alas ! and alas ! there is a dull, stupid malice in their looks : they forget that they had five children, all dead weeks ago and flung coffinless into shallow graves : nay, in the frenzy of their despair they would rend one another for the last morsel in that house of doom ; and at last, in misty dreams of drivelling idiocy, they die utter strangers.

Oh ! Pity and Terror ! what a tragedy is here,—deeper, darker than any *bloody* tragedy ever yet enacted under the sun, with all its dripping daggers and sceptred palls. Who will compare the fate of men burned at the stake, or cut down in battle, men with high hearts and the pride of life in their veins, and an eye to look up to heaven, or to defy the slayer to his face—who will compare it with *this* ?



THE TOUCH OF A MOTHER'S HAND.

“YOU may go now and sit by his bed,  
Step noiselessly in, and silent keep.  
Do not disturb him; the doctor has said  
It may be death if you break his sleep.”

“I will keep most still, you can trust me to go;  
I can nurse him better than any one—  
Don't think me ungrateful—your kindness I know;  
God will reward you for what you have done!”

She passed through the ward; and jokes and mirth,  
And murmurs and cries of anguish cease;  
And there came a calm, such as falls on earth  
When an angel speeds on a mission of peace.

Many a dying one, as she passed,  
To bless her feebly lifted his head;  
And she came where a young soldier lay at last,  
And she knelt down silently by his bed.

He was only a boy, wounded and weak;  
And one could scarcely discern, in truth,  
Whether the ruddy hue on his cheek  
Was the fever-flush, or the flush of youth.

As she knelt by his bed, on the oaken floor,  
He spoke in his dreams to an absent one;  
“Lillie, I will come back once more,  
And we will be wed when the war is done.”

Her hand on his forehead, unthinking, she laid,  
As his feverish face she gently fanned;  
And the dying soldier, awaking, said:  
“That feels like the touch of my mother's hand.”

Then around the ward his eyes wildly roam,  
Till they rest on a pale and wrinkled face—  
“Mother!” “My child!” “I knew you would come!”  
And she clasped her boy in a fond embrace.

“And so the romance of love is o'er;  
When I am gone, you must bid her not fret—  
Tell her to think of me no more;  
Mother, I will not ask *you* to forget.

*The Touch of a Mother's Hand.*

"A moment since, I was dreaming of home ;  
 A child once more, I lay down to rest,  
 And I thought to my bedside that you had come  
 And blessed me as you often blessed.

"I wake to find that my dream is true,  
 And that over many a weary mile  
 The old fond love has guided you  
 To see your boy for a little while.

"I did not think that life had in store  
 For me such an exquisite joy as this—  
 To feel the touch of your hand once more,  
 To feel on my brow once more your kiss.

"Then rest your hand on my fevered brow ;  
 Kiss me again—but you must not weep ;  
 Smile as of old—I am happy now,  
 Good-bye for awhile, I will go to sleep.

"Good-bye, good-bye ! I am reconciled ;"  
 And she kissed his brow ; "but 'tis hard to part ;  
 Ah ! do not blame these tears, my child,  
 They are welling up from a mother's heart."

"Good-bye, good-bye ! I will soon awake  
 Where again we will meet, in the better land."  
 Then he slept : 'twas the sleep that nought could break—  
 Not even the touch of a mother's hand.

RICHARD E. WHITE.

*San Francisco.*

## MAUREEN LACEY.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "VAGRANT VERSES," "KILLEEVY," "MARCELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER II.

THE next night a yellow moon hung high over Bofin, gilding the spars of the Liverpool trader, rocking still in the harbour. The headlands lay like good-natured giants smiling in their dreams, and an ocean of silver glimmered out of the obscurity of space and washed their feet. Along the road to the North Beach a man was plodding with a parcel under his arm. There were few in the island who would walk abroad, alone, once the night had set in, for the spiritual population of Bofin is said to outnumber those who are counted in flesh and blood, and the night is the elfin day. Men and women shut themselves into their cabins at twilight and love not solitary walks. But Con Lavelle was one of the few. It is customary to bring a friend for support upon the mission on which he was bent. Con had his reasons for going alone. His expedition was a forlorn one. Why should another behold his defeat?

Con Lavelle had loved Maureen Lacey long. Last night had shown him that if his chance were not speedily improved, it would very quickly become nothing. The Widow Lacey smiled on him he knew, for she reckoned on Con's soft nature and Con's good farm to help her out of many of her difficulties. This was little, however, while Maureen was cold. Last night he had seen her melt and brighten, and though the change, he knew, had not been wrought by him, his heart had so ached at her more than wonted beauty, that he could not, like a wise man, turn his face the other way and think of her no longer. No, he would have his chance out. He would offer her his love, and if she would not have that, he would bribe her with his comfortable house, his goodly land, and help and protection for her family. If Maureen could not give him her love, he would grieve; but, if Maureen could be bought, he would buy her.

This was the state of Con's mind when he lifted the Laceys latch. As ever, the place was lighted by the fire, and there was an

air of hush and tidiness within that betokened expectation of something unusual. The children were all in bed, the house was swept, the bits of tins and crockeries were all straight on the humble dresser, the few rude chairs were ranged with precision along by the walls. Maureen's stepmother was dozing in her little straw chair in the warmest corner. Maureen stood on the hearth, in her work-a-day crimson petticoat and loose bodice of print, with the blaze playing over her pretty bare feet, not yet spoiled by exposure, and deepening the rose flush on her cheeks, and gilding the wilful ripples of hair that would creep out and keep straying about her forehead. Twice Maureen had slipped "down to the room," and pressed her face to the one little pane of the window, and peered forth at the night without, where the yellow moonlight fell rich and flat on the rugged causeway, and the silver Atlantic shifted and glimmered between the grey stone walls of the neighbouring cabins. And the last time she had withdrawn her face with a gesture of dismay. This was not the shape she wanted to see, this loose, swinging figure coming along with its awkward shadow.

Con lifted the latch and came in. The noise wakened the widow, who hailed him with glad surprise. "What can bring him to-night again?" flashed through the minds of both the women, followed also by the same surmise, only the latter was with one a hope, with the other a fear. Maureen's "Save ye, Con!" was only a feeble echo of her stepmother's greeting, wrung from her by the absolute requirements of hospitality. Curiosity was quickly allayed, and hope and fear confirmed. Advancing to the dresser with a sheepish air, the visitor set down a bottle of whiskey, pipes, and tobacco. Thus his errand was at once declared. Con Lavell had come "matchmaking."

The stepmother rubbed her wasted hands with delight. "You're welcome, Con, agra, machree!" she said. "Maureen, set out the table, an' fetch the glasses, an' fill the pipes."

Maureen did as she was bidden, uncorked the bottle, and handed the glass and kindled pipe to her mother, all with a set defiance on her face, which did not escape the timorous suitor.

"Ye'll be come on business, Con?" began the widow.

"Ay," said Con, blushing and fidgeting. "I come, Mrs. Lacey, to ask yer daughter for a wife. God sees I'll make her as good a husband as iver laid all he had in a girl's lap and only axed for hersel' in return."

"It's throe for you, Con dear," said the stepmother. "Oh,

an' ye have her with my heart's best wish. Come down, Maureen, and give yer han' to yer husband."

Maureen had been standing, pale, over in the shadows, at the dresser. Now she moved down to the hearth. "Not my husband," she said, "an' niver my husband. In my heart I'm thankful to ye, Con Lavelle, for thinkin' kindly of a poor girl like me, but I cannot take yer offer."

"Good Lord, sich talk!" cried the widow, enraged. "Don't mind her, Con, asthore, it's only a way girls has, likin' to keep themself's high, an' small blame to them! She'll be yours, niver fear, an' willin' an' plased on her weddin'-day."

"Mother," said Maureen, "where's the use of talkin' this ways? Yer not my God, nor my Maker, that ye have a right to han' over my soul an' body to this man or that man again my will. An' you, Con Lavelle, yer a dacent man, an' ye wouldn't be for takin' a girl to yer wife that had her heart set in one that wasn't you. I'm a pledged wife, an' as good as a wife this minit in the eyes o' the Almighty above; an' thru and fast I'll stan' to my word, so help me Christ, my Saviour!"

Slowly, and with a stern reverence in her tone, Maureen uttered these last words, her eyes on the ground and her hands squeezed together. Con hung his head and hoped no more, and the stepmother rocked herself to and fro in her feebleness, and raged with disappointment.

"You bould hizzy," she cried. "Oh, you bould, shameless hizzy, that's been decavin' me all this time! Goin' jiggin to yer dances an' makin' yer matches, an' throwin' dust in the eyes of the poor sickly mother at home. Oh, you bad, onnatural daughter."

"Aisy, aisy, Mrs. Lacey," put in soft-hearted Con. "Troth I'll not listen to that from ye. If Maureen cannot like me, I'll tell the truth o' her. She's the good hard-workin' daughter to you, whatever!"

"Hould yer tongue!" shrieked the passionate woman. "What do you know about it? Troth ye take yer answer kindly. It's always the likes o' a soft fool like you that gets the worst of it while the world's goin' roun'. Oh, wirra, wirra, that iver I should rear sich a daughter!"

Maureen stepped up to Con and put out her hand. "I thank ye," she said, eagerly, "for puttin' in that kind word for me. I have thried to do her biddin', an' God sees it's her own fault that it's come to this so soon. I'm rale grateful to ye, Con, an' if I could

make two women o' mysel', wan o' me should be yer wife. Bein' only wan, I must go afther my heart."

Big tears swelled up in Con's eyes as he shook her hand and let it drop. "It's thrue for you, Maureen," was all he said.

"Oh!" cried the stepmother, fiercely—"oh! if I could just get my tongue about that limb of the divil, Mike Tiernay——"

"God save all here!" said a hearty voice, as the latch was lifted, and Mike himself stood amongst them. Maureen, blushing, fell back into the shadows and left the battle to him.

"Lend us yer arm, Con," cried the stepmother, trying to stand. "Begone!" she shrieked, shaking her puny fist at Mike, "begone from my house, you thief, you beggar!"

"Troth, yer not well, Mrs. Lacey, dear," said Mike, "yer not well at all. An' it's Con's fault here for givin' you too sthrong a taste o' this fine whiskey o' his, an' you so wake about the head. Sit down now, Mrs. Lacey, asthore, an' rest yersel' a bit," he went on coaxingly, slipping her hand from Con's arm, settling her in her chair, and drawing a seat confidentially beside her. "An' feth ye may make yer mind aisy about thieves an' beggars, for there isn't a sowl of sich a crew in the house at all: sorra wan; nor out bye neither, for the moon's as bright as daylight, an' I couldn't miss but see them if they were there."

All this was poured forth in Mike's own rolling, coaxing, devil-may-care tone, completely drowning any attempt of the widow's to finish her interrupted volley of abuse. She sat grasping the sides of her chair, in silence, and mentally scratching his face.

"Oh, the imparence of ye!" she hissed between her teeth, at last, "to think to come round me with your blarney. I know yer errand——"

"You do, Mrs. Lacey?" said Mike, "you know that Maureen——" here his eyes deepened and flashed, and a smile overspread his brave face as he glanced at a shadowy corner opposite, "that Maureen has promised me her own sel' for a wife gin this day year when I come home from my voyage? Ye've heard of the sthrange vessel that's been lyin' below all week. Well, the captain is a dacent man, an' he's offered to take me with him in his ship, and promised to put me in a way of earnin' in a year as much money as 'll do all I'll want it to do. On this day twel'month I'll come back a well-to-do man, plase God, an' I'll buy the best holdin' in Bofin, save an' exceptin' Con Lavelle's here. Maureen has give me her word to wait for me. An' that's my errand, to 'ell ye all this that's arranged betune us."

This information of Mike's threw a light on the widow's perplexity, and the storminess of her wrath became somewhat calmed.

"Ye'll niver come back," she said, with a sneer, "wanst yer off out of Bofin with yer blarneyin' tongue an' yer rovin' ways, sorra fut will ye iver set in it again."

"Don't say that, Mrs. Lacey," said Mike, gravely. "You musn't say that, an' me ready to swear the conthrairy."

"Ay," she sneered again; "the likes o' ye'll swear to anything; but who'll heed ye? I say it would be better for Maureen to take up at wanst with a dacent man like Con Lavelle there, sitting peaceable at home on his farm, than to be waitin' for years till a rover like you takes the notion to turn up again from the other ind o' the world. Which ye niver will."

"Well, Mrs. Lacey," said Mike, drawing himself up, and speaking solemnly, "I'll give Maureen her lave, full and free, to marry Con Lavelle come this day year, if I be not here to claim her first mysel'."

"Ay," said Maureen, looking suddenly out from the shadows; "an' I'll give my word full and free to marry Con Lavelle come this day year if Mike be not here to claim me first."

"Ye'll swear that?" said the stepmother.

"Ay, we'll swear it both if you like," said Mike, smiling proudly down on Maureen.

"He's ready enough to han' you over, Maureen," said the widow, with another of her sneers. "Ye'll be 'feared to do the same by him, I'm thinkin'."

Maureen made no reply, but, slipping her hand out of Mike's went over to the dresser and reached up for something, to a little cracked cup on the shelf.

"Here's two rings," she said, coming back to the hearth, "wan I got on the last fair day, an' the other I got last night in Biddy Prendergast's cake. There's for you, Con, an' there's for you, Mike. Wan o' you men 'll put wan o' them rings on my finger come this day year; Con, if I'm left for him; Mike, if he's home in time. This I swear, mother, in spite o' yer tants, an' by the Blessed Vargin I'll keep my oath!"

A silence fell on the group. The blaze of the fire dropped down, and a shadow covered the hearth. A momentary cloud passed over Mike's proud face in the flush of its rash happy confidence. Was it a whispered reminder of the perils that beset the sailor abroad on the seas—of storms, of great calms, of ships

drifted out of their tracks? But Mike was not one to fret his mind about shadows.

"Ye'll dhrink to that all round?" said Con Lavelle, presently.

"Ay, we'll dhrink to 't," said Mike, gaily; and Maureen mending the fire, a jovial glow lit up the house once more.

Con Lavelle had become a different man within the last few minutes. His dejected face was kindled, and his brawny hand shook as he poured the whiskey into the glasses.

"Here's to Maureen's happy weddin' on this day year!" he said, knocking the glass against his teeth, as he raised the spirit to his lips. "Amen, amen," went round in reply, and matters being thus concluded, the two men presently took their leave, and quitted the cabin together.

"Look ye here, Mike Tiernay," said Con Lavelle, stopping short, as the two walked along in the moonlight, "I'll give you wan warnin' afore I part ye. I have loved Maureen Lacey since iver she was able to toddle. Seein' she liked ye the best, I would not have made nor meddl't betune ye. But with yer own, an' her own free will, she took an' oath to-night, afore my face, an' *mind* I'll make her stick to her bargain. Look to 't well, an' come home for yer wife in time, for sorra day, nor hour, nor minit o' grace will I give you, if so it falls out that ye fail her?"

Mike Tiernay drew up his towering figure, and looked contemptuously into the feverish face of his rival.

"When yer axed for day, or hour, or minit o' grace, Con Lavelle," he said, "then come an' give me yer warnin's. Ye may wish me what evil ye plase, but the Almighty himsel' will blow the blast that 'll bring me o'er the seas to make ruin o' yer evil hopes. I'm lavin' my wife in His hands, an' heed me, man, ye shall niver touch her!"

Shame fell on Con for a moment, and his better nature was found.

"I do not wish ye evil, Mike Tiernay," he said, sulkily, "but only to have my chance."



## CHAPTER III.

MAUREEN's year of trial began in peace. Her stepmother's tongue was less harsh than usual, and Con Lavelle had left her untroubled. There was a light in her eye as she faced the blast of a morning, and a pride in her step as she moved through the house, that bade defiance to all external powers to make her less happy and blest than she was. She repaid her mother's forbearance with extra care and exertion. Hard work was play to her now. Christmas season was Midsummer-time. Whistling winds were but music to dance to, and pelting rains like the light May dew. All the frost of her nature was thawed. She laughed with the children at supper-time, and told them stories when her work was done. Her eyes were brighter, and her lips more softly curled. Her words to all were less scant than they had been, and the tone of her voice sweeter. Her days went quickly past, because every task that she wrought, and every hour that she filled, brought her nearer to next Hallow Eve. Her trust in Mike was as whole as her trust in God.

So the winter passed, and the months of early spring, and then this happy phase of her life wore, bit by bit, away. The widow began to sigh, and cast up her eyes when Mike was mentioned, and Con Lavelle to come dropping in in the lengthening evenings to smoke his pipe, and to question Mrs. Lacey concerning her "rumatics." Maureen pretended to take no notice, only went to bed earlier of nights to be out of the way, gave shorter answers when spoken to, and began to creep gradually back again into her old reserved self. This went on for a time, and then the stepmother began to speak openly of Mike as a deserter, sneering at Maureen for putting her faith in him, or congratulating her on having won a thrifty man like Con Lavelle. Still Maureen endured, going steadily on with her work, never seeming to hear what was said, nor to see what was meant.

Presently Con Lavelle began to change his demeanour; growing regular and systematic in his attentions; sending boys to cut her turf and carry her rack, and do odd rough jobs for her by stealth. Her stern rejection of these real services made very little difference to Con, who went steadily on laying siege to her gratitude in a number of subtle ways. The stepmother grew more sickly; and how could Maureen, who had little to give her, turn Nan Lavelle from the door, when she came smiling in of an evening with a nice fat

chicken under her cloak, or a morsel of mutton for broth? Or how could she throw in the fire the gay new nappikeen bought on the last fair day, which the widow wore tied on her head, and which Con had not dared to present to Maureen? Con was not bold, but sly. He did nothing that Maureen could resent, but he kept her in constant remembrance of her promise. Often, as he smoked his pipe at his farm-house door at sunset, he would slip out a little brass ring from his pocket, twirl it on the top of his own huge finger, and smile at the vacant Atlantic, lying sail-less and sunny before him. Why should Mike Tiernay return?

So the year went on, and October came round again. There was much speculation in the island as to how it would go with Maureen Lacey. Some vowed that Mike would be true to his time, and others that Maureen ought to bless her stars that would leave her to Con Lavelle. Of Maureen herself the gossips could make little. "He'll come," was all she would say in answer to hints, and inquiries. As the end of the month drew near, public excitement ran high. Men made bets, and kind-hearted women said prayers for Maureen. Con Lavelle went about his farm with feverish eyes and a restless foot, whilst in-doors Nan already made rare preparations. At the North Beach the stepmother talked incessantly about the wedding, and her pride that a daughter of hers should be mistress of Fawnmore Farm. As the days narrowed in about her, Maureen struggled hard to go and come like one who was deaf and blind. She made ready her humble trousseau, knitting her new grey stockings, and stitching her new blue cloak, bending her sharpened face over her work, contradicting no one, and questioning no one. Neighbours who chanced to meet the flash of her eye went away crossing themselves. People began to feel afraid of Maureen Lacey.

At last Hallow Eve arrived. Bidy Prendergast gave another of her dances, and Peggy Moran figured at it, as the bride of the young man from America, on whom she had bestowed herself, her three cows, and her two feather-beds. But Con Lavelle and his sister Nan were busy at home, making ready for that wedding of the morrow, which was the subject of eager discussion at Bidy's tea-table to-night. The wedding feast was to be spread at Fawnmore, and many guests had been invited.

It was a rough wild night. If the Bofiners were less hardy a race, or if the storm had commenced in its violence an hour or two earlier, Bidy Prendergast must have had few guests at her dance that Hallow Eve. About eight o'clock, Nan Lavelle was

bending over her pot-oven inspecting the browning of her cakes, and Con was nailing up a fine new curtain on the kitchen window to make the place look more snug than usual. The wind bellowed down the chimney, and its thunders overhead drowned the noise of the hammer, and the sound of some one knocking for admittance outside. Suddenly the door was pushed open, and Maureen Lacey came whirling breathless over the threshold, with the storm driving in like a troop of fiends let loose after her heels. Her face was white and streamed with rain; her dripping hair and the soaked hood of her cloak were dragged back from her head upon her shoulders. She tried to close the door behind her, but could not, and the yelling wind kept pouring in, dashing everything about the kitchen as though the place were invaded by an army of devils.

"God save us!" cried Nan, dropping her knife, and rushing to shut the door.

"Maureen!" said Con, with a blaze of surprise on his face, coming eagerly to meet her, and attempting to draw the wet cloak from her shoulders. "If ye had any word to say to me, asthore, ye might have sent one o' the childher airly an' let me know. I'd have walked twenty mile for yer biddin' forbye wan, an' the night was ten times worse than it is."

Maureen shook off his touch with a shudder, and retreated a step or two.

"I haven't much to say," she said, hoarsely, "only this. What time o' day have ye settl't for to-morra?"

"Ten o'clock," said Con, sullenly, his glow all extinguished, and his face dark.

"Ten!" echoed Maureen. "O Con," she cried, clasping her hands, and raising her wild eyes to his face in a pitiful appeal, "O Con, make it twelve!"

Con glanced at her and cast his eyes on the ground in dogged shame. "Let it be twelve, thin," he said. "I cannot stan' yer white face, though the same white face might harden a man, seein' what's to happen so soon. This much I'll grant ye, but ye needn't ax no more. I have stood my chance fair an' honest, an' I'll not let ye off with yer bargain."

Maureen's supplicating face at this, was crossed by a change that made the bridegroom start.

"You let me off?" she said, scornfully. "If you, or any man or mortal had it in their power to let me off, I wouldn't be comin' prayin' to ye here to-night. But I swore an oath to my God, an'

to Him I must answer for 't. An' that was the rash swearin' wher death wasn't put in the bargain. For mind ye, Con Lavelle, there's nothin' on land or say, but death only, 'll bring me to yer side to-morra in yondher chapel. Whisht!" she said, as a long thundering gust roared over the roof, "there's death abroad to-night. Las' night I saw a ship comin' sailin', sailin', an' somebody wavin', wavin', an' a big wave rolled over the ship, an' thin there rose wan screech. I woke up, an' there was the storm keenin', keenin'—Nan Lavelle, will ye give me a mouthful o' could wather?"

She drank the draught eagerly, and then she gathered her wet cloak around her.

"Thank ye," she said. "I'll be goin' now. Good night to ye." Con wakened out of his black reverie and sprang to the door. "Maureen!" he cried, grasping her cloak to detain her. "Ye dar not go out yer lone in the rage o' yon wind. Stop a bit, an'—"

"Let me go!" said Maureen, fiercely, shaking him off. "You'd better let me go, for I will not answer for all my doin's this night."

Her hands were wrenching at the bar, and the door flew open as she spoke. Again the blast poured in with its frightful gambols. Con Lavelle and his sister fell back, and Maureen's white face vanished in the darkness. Nan Lavelle made fast the door again, and returned to her pot-oven with a weight upon her heart. Thoroughly matter-of-fact as was this young woman, it did not occur to her now for the first time that to-morrow's wedding would be an ill-omened event. There was an hour of silence between the brother and sister, and then Nan cried, aghast, as the crashing overhead arose to a horrible pitch.

"God keep us, Con! it's thrue what Maureen said. There'll be death abroad afore mornin'?"

"Ay!" muttered Con, as he stalked restlessly up an' down with his hands in his pockets. "But it's thrue as well what she said forbye—they did not put death in the bargain. Dead or alive, if he beant here, 'fore Heaven I'll have my rights!"

The people of Bofin are accustomed to storms. The tempest is their lullaby, their alarm, their burly friend, or their treacherous enemy. It rocks the cradle when they are born, rings the knell when they die, and keeps over them in their graves. When there is no storm the world seems to come to a stand-still. Yet the oldest islander cannot recollect so awful a night as this eve of Maureen's

wedding. Few will understand all that this means, for few can imagine the terrors of a Bofin hurricane; how the sad barren island is scourged by its devastating rage; how the shrill cries of drowning hundreds come ringing through its smothering clamour; how the tigerish Atlantic rushes hungrily over its cliffs, roaring "Wrecks! wrecks!" and goes hissing back again to do its deeds of destruction.

A night like this brings spoils to the island shore, and many are abroad, looking right and left, by break of day. On this particular morning, at early dawn, two men were hurrying along the north-east headlands. The might of the storm had subsided, and the black night was blenching to a pallid grey. Streaks of purple and green rode over the seething ocean, tinging the foam of the tossing surges, whose blinding wreaths thickened in the air like angry snow-drifts. Now rosy bars began blushing out from the eastward, glowing and spreading till the sky seemed as swept by the trail of fiery wings—the fiery wings of the Angel of Death, passing in again at the gates of heaven. Coming along in this splendid dawn, the two men saw a female figure hastening, as if to meet them.

It was Maureen in her wedding-gown and her wedding-cloak, with a new azure kerchief tied over her pretty gold hair. Her face was turned to the sea, and the men saw only the rim of her thin white cheek as she passed them by without seeming to see them.

"Presarve us!" said one; "she's ready for her weddin' airly. Where is she boun' for at this hour, do ye think?"

"God knows!" said the other. "I niver seen a sowl got so wild-like. If I was Con Lavelle, I would wash my hand's o' her."

"Sorra fears o' Con doin' any such thing!" laughed the other. "But where on dher heaven is she gettin' out to now? Mother o' Marcy! it's not goin' to dhrownd herself she is?"

The men were still on the headlands, but Maureen had descended to the beach. Ploughing her way through the wet, slippery shingle, she had gained a line of low rocks, on which the surf was dashing, and she was now clambering on hands and knees to reach the top of the farthest and most difficult of the chain yet bared.

"Och, it's lookin' for Mike she is, poor girl!" said one of the men, "an' feth she may save hersel' the throuble. The safest ship that iver he sailed in wouldn't carry him within miles o' Bofin

last night. Whisht! what's yon black thing out far there agin the sky? Show us yer glass."

The other produced an old battered smuggler's telescope, and, turn about, they peered long and steadily out to sea.

"Oh, throth it's a wreck!" said the one.

"Ay, feth!" said the other.

"Well!" said the first, "God rest the poor sowls that are gone to their reck'nin, but it's an ill win' that blows nobody good. There'll be many's the bit of a thing washin' in afore nightfall. Maureen!" he cried out, suddenly, raising his voice to a roar. "My God! I was feared she was mad. Maureen!"

A long, unearthly cry was the answer, ringing through the dawn. Maureen had been crouching on her knees, dangerously bending to the foam, as if searching under the curve of each breaker as it crashed up and spilt its boiling froth upon the rock. Now she rose up with her terrific cry, and, throwing her arms wildly over her head, leaped into the sea and disappeared.

Running swiftly down the headlands, the men gained the beach, and there they saw Maureen, not floating out to sea upon the waves, but standing battling with them, up to her waist in the seething foam, clinging with one hand to the rock beside her, and with the other tugging in desperation at something dark and heavy that rose and sank with the swelling and rebounding of the tide. Dashing into the water the men were quickly at her side.

"It is Mike!" gasped Maureen, half blinded, half choking with the surf. "Bring him in!"

They loosened her fingers from that dark, heavy something, and found that, indeed, it was the body of a man. They laid him on the beach, drew the hair from his face, and recognised their old comrade, Mike Tiernay. Maureen uttered no more wild cries. She took the cloak from her shoulders and spread it up to his chin. She put her hand into his bosom, found the ring she had given him, attached round his neck by a string, and slipped it at once upon her finger. Then she sat down and laid his head upon her knee.

"Will you go," she said, calmly, to the men, "and tell Con Lavelle that Mike Tiernay has come home? Will ye tell him," she added, holding up her hand—"will ye tell him Maureen Lacey has a ring upon her finger?"

And this was all the wedding that Bofin saw that day.

But little further of Maureen Lacey is known to the writer of

this history. The wreck of the ship in which Mike had been returning was one of those disasters whose details fill the daily newspapers in winter-time. Sewn in the poor fellow's jacket was found a note for a good little sum of money. The following year a fever visited the island, sweeping off, amongst others, Maureen's stepmother, and all her children but one. After this Maureen sold all their worldly goods, and departed for America, carrying her little brother in her arms.

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AT MIDNIGHT.

A SONNET IN DIALOGUE.

*A Dying One.*

**I**N this dark hour, who standeth by my side?  
*Christ.*

One who hath loved thee even unto death!

*Dying One.*

Why comes He now, ere the new day cometh?

*Christ.*

To lead thee through Heaven's gate, at morningtide:

*Dying One.*

Lord, is it Thou, gold-vestured and glad-eyed?

*Christ.*

Yea, for "Thy child bring home," the Father saith:

*Dying One.*

Blest be those words fulfilled of Thy sweet breath!

*Christ.*

Take up thy cross, thou must be crucified:

*Dying One.*

O Lord, dear Lord, is there no way but this?

*Christ.*

My child, pierced hands and feet do I not bear?

*Dying One.*

Master, have pity, if my faint heart quail!

*Christ.*

To Paradise, this the one pathway is!

*Dying One.*

And wilt Thou guide my shivering spirit there?

*Christ.*

Yea, mine own child, I leave Thee not, nor fail!

EVELYN PYNE.

## WINGED WORDS.\*

1. God—my God!—God is all forgotten; and men try to turn into an everlasting tabernacle this Arab's tent raised for a night's shelter in the wilderness.

2. The first beginnings of passion are small; but, like a rebel army, it swells as it advances.

3. Souls travelling towards eternity must not let themselves be dazzled by the silly fopperies of life.

4. Begin your spiritual training early. You cannot ride that steed dashing wildly across the pampas; but even he would have been amenable to the rein, and become a strong, high-spirited courser, if caught in time and trained skilfully.

5. After confession one should feel and act like a schoolboy who, after being punished for soiling his copybook, gets a new one to start afresh, and takes special pains to do better.

6. By cutting off the sprouting leaves constantly, the root of the plant is gradually killed; for nature is unequal to this incessant reproduction of foliage. So with our faults and the particular examen. Nip off the first tender shoots—the little outward ebullitions of pride, &c., and the root of the evil—the passion within—in the end dies out.

7. Judge of nations by their peasantry; the nobles are everywhere nearly alike.

8. The devil loves listless, loitering moments. When you feel particularly dull and stupid, take a fling into the active life somehow.

9. Those who aspire to eminence in God's service must begin from the ranks.

10. Do nothing for the mere sake of enjoyment. But relaxation without some degree of enjoyment is not really relaxation.

11. An actor among puppets cares not for them, but for the applause of the spectators. So we amongst our fellow-men. God is looking on. Is *He* pleased with us?

12. God here is a King in exile. When the Restoration comes,

\* These are phrases from the spiritual exhortations of Father Tracey Clarke, S.J., to his novices in 1857 and 1858. See the sketch of Augustus Law, S.J. in the present number of this Magazine.



how magnificently He will reward those who have proved themselves loyal through the worst.

13. Those who have given up all for God must not let their affections be taken up with any duty or employment, or anything else, however good and holy, outside God: as the ivy, when the oak to which it has clung is fallen, will creep along the ground, ready to climb up any shrub or stick it may encounter.

14. Temptations, afflictions, seasons of darkness, often advance us in the spiritual life: as a hurricane, which one fears will overwhelm the vessel, may, when skilfully grappled with, drive the ship that is strong enough to bear it, forward in her course with astonishing rapidity.

15. Anything, however good seemingly, that tends to take us out of our actual sphere of duty, is from the devil. God loves order.

16. (Of retreats, &c.) Fill your cruise out of the spring at the appointed resting-place: else you will not have strength for the remainder of your journey across the desert.

17. We should let no day pass without some deliberate act of mortification, interior or exterior—some check to nature, to show the lower part of the soul that it is subject to the higher: as a coachman chucks the reins occasionally, for no special purpose but just to remind the horses that they are not jogging along the road for their private gratification.

18. When a person begins to think himself very useful in his particular sphere, it is bad enough; but there are some who come to look on themselves as absolutely necessary, and *their* case is hopeless. *Deus est Ens necessarium*. Only God is necessary.

19. We must beware of every trace of that idolatry of the body which, under many disguises, is so rampant over the civilized world now-a-days.

20. Particular Devotions are like dishes at a feast—meant to be looked at and admired by all, but some suited for certain palates, others for others. He who devours them all will presently be very sick. The wisest plan is to confine your attentions to one or two solid dishes, with a little simple custard.

21. As a man with the plague upon him spreads the contagion by going out into the town; so in a community one who has no restraint over his tongue. He talks about difficulties as to obedience, or something else; and his companion who never thought of such a thing begins to fancy he feels the same.

## AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.\*

THIS sixty years since first beneath this tree  
 I stood a boy of ten,  
 And here what time has left, or made of me,  
 I stand again.

Let me retrace the path which I have made,  
 A path too quickly found ;  
 For it is marked by many a cypress shade,  
 And rising mound.

I was the youngest of a group whose mirth  
 Made us a merry home ;  
 I sit alone beside my silent hearth—  
 Where are they gone ?

Father and mother long have fallen asleep—  
 The grass grows on each breast,  
 Brothers and sisters I have had to weep ;  
 They are at rest.

A gentle wife upon my happy heart  
 Rested her golden head—  
 I watched her fade and silently depart,  
 And kissed her dead.

Three little children clung around my knee,  
 Bright-haired and earnest-eyed,  
 But none of them doth now remain to me,  
 They too have died.

The friends of youth no more with tales of old  
 The pleasant past recall,  
 In dreamless sleep they lie serenely cold—  
 I've outlived all.

Yet, as I sit while shadows to and fro  
 Around me softly steal,  
 I live again the happy long ago,  
 And happy feel.

\* This relic of one whose name was once so familiar to the readers of this Magazine has just come back to us after a long furlough ; for it was sent to us by the author, who died April 5, 1883, and we seem to have counselled concentration, as this copy is marked as being " shorter by seven stanzas."—ED. I. M

Again, with playmates, on the velvet lawn  
I triumph strive to gain,  
And climb the mountain at the break of dawn,  
With throbbing vein.

I swim the lakes, and roam the leafy wood;  
Soft was the setting sun,  
Ah! nowhere did I then find solitude;  
My heart was young.

And, golden time! again I woo my bride,  
My withered pulses stir,  
Among the fairest in a world so wide  
Who was like her?

How well I see her, that soft summer even  
When in the bending skies  
The stars stole out, less bright to me in heaven  
Than her dear eyes.

I spoke my love, and her quick-waving blush  
Her own to me confessed;  
Well, well, perchance 'tis better I should hush,  
Such thoughts to rest.

After the dust and heat of life's long way,  
Now when the night is near,  
The stars shine out, that had been hid by day,  
Divinely clear.

By them I see life's silver cord held fast,  
Clasped by a wounded Hand:  
The deep significance of grief, at last  
I understand.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.



## AN ARCACHON TRAGEDY.\*

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

I CANNOT tell how long I had sat in the old boat, but my musings were gliding into a doze, when a laugh awoke me. The sands were growing gray in the waning light; behind them the pine trees looked more dismal than usual; and the only bright spot was across the bay, where the sun was disappearing in the sea, his red face glowing with fair promises for the morrow. "I think 'twill be fine," said I; and looking that way again I saw two people standing where the waves met the sand: at their feet lay a little boat, a pretty newly painted thing, with the name of "Marianne" in large white letters on its prow; and the two people stood beside it, hand in hand, the sun's last beams resting on their faces, while they smiled back at him, and seemed to beg that he would shine on the morrow; for the morrow was to be their wedding day. At last the man got into the boat, and rowed a few yards from the shore; then he stopped, looked back, and waving his blue cap, cried gaily: "à demain! à demain!" And from the shore the girl answered, with happy voice: "à demain!" I went home, half filled with a lonely woman's envy at their happiness; yet praying for it with all my soul; for Marianne, the pretty bride, had wound herself round my heart. At first, when I had met her in my walks, her pitying eyes had said how sorry she felt for the lonely invalid; later came a smile, and a timid "bonjour;" till at last we grew into friends, and I learnt from her the simple story of her life and hopes. Her father, Pierre Lafont, was a *résinier*, and worked among the pines in the forest of Arcachon; while Jean, her betrothed, followed the same trade on the opposite shore. The two children had grown up together, had made their first communion on the same day, and for years had met every Sunday, when Jean rowed over to hear Mass at Nôtre Dame d'Arcachon. As for Marie, she had passed the whole of her life in her white cottage among the pines; working, singing, making the sunshine of her father's days, and she looked forward with delight to spending the same simple existence in that other white cottage, Jean's home, across the bay. "Perhaps

\* See "An Arcachon Comedy" at page 265.

Madame," she had said, her eyes glistening with pleasure; "perhaps my father will give up his work here, and live with us on the other side. Ah! then I think we should be too happy!"

The sun has kept his word, thought I, as I hurried along the "Boulevard de la Plâge" on my way to the church. Passing by the cross, I saw that the wedding guests had gathered round it. Old Pierre, his bronzed face beaming, his blue dress and red sash resplendent; Mariette's aunt, an old woman with a bright handkerchief round her head; and her son, evidently a shepherd. Mariette herself was all in white, her sweet face half hidden by her veil, her hand straying nervously over her dress, like a little brown bird fluttering in the snow. Their faces were turned to the bay, across which the bridegroom's boat was doubtless coming; so I walked on to the church, and took my place in a corner of Our Lady's chapel. The sacristan came and went in his list shoes; now arranging the heaths on the altar; now polishing the brass candlesticks; going, returning, and at last disappearing altogether. Then came the Curé in cotta and stole, and he looked wonderingly round the church; knelt a moment at the altar and also went away. It was getting late; the sun shone brightly through the stained glass, a bird, perched on the open window, sang a marriage hymn, but no bride came.

Tired of waiting, I returned to the cross, and found that the bride and her friends were still there, and that the Curé and the sacristan had joined them. Pierre and his old sister were talking loudly; their heads nodding, their arms pointing to the sea; the young man was gone, and Mariette sat beneath the cross, her eyes fixed on the opposite shore.

"My nephew is gone to learn why he tarries," said Pierre, in explanation, and then we waited in silence. To me it had seemed an hour, to Mariette, perhaps a day, but at last a boat was seen returning. The shepherd rowed it silently to the shore, and then we saw that, behind it, was another boat, keel upwards, and with the name of Mariette, in white letters, on its prow.

The young man came towards us quickly, and in his hand he held a blue cap, wet through, and stained by the sea water. He stopped before Mariette, tried to speak, failed, and gently laid the cap at her feet. Then Pierre broke into loud cries; stamped, shook his clenched hands at the sea, called on Jean by a hundred loving names, and sobbed aloud; the old woman and the sacristan mingled their lamentations; the Curé laid his hand kindly on

Mariette's shoulder: "God comfort thee, my child," said the old priest, "and give thee strength."

But Mariette did not answer: she picked up the cap, kissed it gently, and, taking her father's arm, led him back into the darkness of the forest.

"Poor child, poor little one!" said the Curé, with the tears in his eyes; and then perceiving me, "Ah, Madame, you knew them! so good, so happy!"

"Is he drowned, are you sure?" asked I, bewildered.

"Alas, but too sure! He is not the first of my children who lies buried in the sand of the bay. God only knows how many rest in that sad cemetery."

"But the sea was so calm. How could it happen?" said I.

"Who can tell, Madame? I always thought the boat too small. Perhaps he was looking back to see the last of Mariette; the last indeed, poor boy!" and raising his hat with a courteous gesture, the Curé went sadly back to the presbytery; and presently, through the noonday stillness, came the tolling of the bell; the same bell that should have rung their marriage peal.

For a month I did not leave my room, but in my first walk, I sought the path which led to Mariette's cottage; and among the trees I met Pierre, returning from his work. He looked an old man now, bent and wrinkled, and my "bonjour" brought no smile to his face, though he stopped, and seemed pleased to meet me.

"How is Mariette?" asked I.

"Poor little one," said he, sadly, "I think she will never be well again. What has she to live for now?"

"She still has you," I said.

"Yes, Madame, that is true; and she struggles with her grief. She works as usual; she even tries to cheer her poor old father, and she is good. She says 'Le bon Dieu knows best;' but one cannot live when one's heart is dead; and I think hers died that day, when Jean's boat came empty to the shore. Poor Mariette! poor Mariette!" and the old man hid his face in his hands and wept with a Frenchman's unrestrained sorrow.

"To think," continued he, "that she cannot even go to his grave! To think that he lies there in the sand, without a cross, without a name, without a resting-place!"

"God will give him one," I said.

"Ah yes, I know; and Monsieur le Curé says so too; but it

is hard all the same. Every evening Mariette goes to the shore, and prays there. She is gone now; but it is getting late, I must fetch her home."

"Shall I go with you?" asked I; and my offer brought a brighter look to his face.

"If Madame would! it would please Mariette." So we walked silently to the shore, while the Angelus bell rang out from the church tower, and the little waves rose and fell with a low murmur on the sand. Mariette was kneeling against a boat; her hands clasped, her head bent down upon them; and, as we drew near, she did not move.

"How tired she is! I think she sleeps," said her father, laying his hand gently on her shoulder, and then, stooping to look in her face, he saw that she was dead.



## AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

### NOTES IN REMEMBRANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

#### PART III.

THE next change in Augustus Law's career was foreshadowed in the last of the extracts from his diary, stating that he had taken Saint Aloysius as his patron. We are not told where he had made the acquaintance of that most amiable young saint. It is not till afterwards (June 6, 1852) that we find the purchase of Alban Butler recorded: "Yesterday, I got Butler's Lives of the Saints—twelve shillings the lot."

Pains and penalties were not slow in falling on the youthful convert. He can hardly have declared himself a Catholic when the will of "dear Aunt Colville" was drawn up. She died on May 30, 1852. bequeathing £500 to Augustus and each of his brothers, and £200 to each of his sisters, on condition that each of them should sign a promise not to give any of the money to Catholic charities either directly or indirectly. It is only fair to add that Mr. Law seems to have generally been treated by his relatives with as much kindness as another convert-parson, Father Ignatius Spencer, the "Uncle George" of the present Earl Spencer. Augustus, indeed, at the end of one of

his letters (which will not turn up when it is wanted) sends remembrances to the friends who have been kind as well as to "the enemy people." The absence of such allusions is not conclusive in these Memoirs, for they have been edited very scrupulously in the matter of charitableness. When everything that Augustus hears about one of his sisters gives him the impression that she is a little saint, and on the other hand when he speaks of certain devils being let loose upon the Pope, both saint and devils are represented here by discreet dashes. Nay, when he transfers his patronage from one weekly newspaper to another, a charitable dash again spares the hurt feelings of the poor journal that is set aside.

The present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is frequently named at this part of Augustus's diary. "Thursday, June 10, 1852. Still unwell, but went with papa and May to hear Manning preach his first sermon as a Catholic, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd. It was a beautiful sermon."

Though not quite recovered from the illness here alluded to, he sailed in the *Encounter* for the Mediterranean the next day, of course announcing himself a Catholic, and devoting himself to "The Garden of the Soul," &c., during the religious services to which he had previously been so faithful. It is edifying to notice what the young midshipman thought of when first touching land. "July 6, 1852. All I like of Lisbon is the English College; that is the only attraction for me." And what was its attraction? The entry for the 9th July, tells us. "Went on shore at six to the English College. I first went to the church and prepared myself for confession, and then went into a room and confessed to Mr. Richmond. I received the Most Holy Sacrament at his Mass. Afterwards remained in the church for a short time, then went out, and Mr. Richmond said to me, 'Now you feel comfortable'—which I did indeed." Father Richmond says of his visitor in answering a letter from his father: "Your son Augustus was treated here with no more kindness than he deserved. He was at home on his very first introduction. His guileless confidence and childlike docility soon won for him the favour and affection of all at the college." So it was with all whom Augustus Law met, even in a passing way, all through his life.

Resuming his diary after a break on December 10, 1852, the young gentleman, who had just become a mate in Her Majesty's Service, records several events, such as his beginning to learn the violin, and then ends for the day thus: "However, as it is now 10.15 p.m., I must shut up with saying that I am more rejoiced than ever at becoming a member of the Holy Catholic Church, and may God make me thankful for His great blessings." And he winds up the year with these words: "Thanks be to God for all His mercies to me during the past year, and ever since I was born, and above all for bringing me into



His own most holy Catholic Apostolic Church. Thanks, thanks be for ever to Him for all His great mercies. Oh, all ye saints, and, above all, my dear Mother, join with me in hearty thanks to God, the merciful and gracious God."

I despair of being able to quote a tithe of the phrases and passages I should wish to quote from the holy youth's letters and journal, as indications of the way in which God drew him on at this crisis, "disposing ascensions in his heart." But the following letter to his uncle marks another turning point in his career, and must needs be given in full :—

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," PORTSMOUTH  
April 27, 1853.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I believe it to be my duty to inform you of something which may very much surprise you at first, which is my having formed a resolution of becoming a priest. Perhaps it will not be out of the way to mention the circumstances that have led me to desire to become one. I must first commence with the time when I was a boy at Somerton school. I had always preferred and wished to be a clergyman, but in February, 1846, you were so kind as to offer my father a cadetship in the navy for me, which, as circumstances had much changed by my dearest mother's death, I accepted. I got on tolerably in the navy, and liked it pretty well, but several times I thought seriously of writing to my father and asking him to take me out of the navy, and educate me for a clergyman, but knowing it would be a great difficulty for my father, in the pecuniary point of view, to educate me at one of the universities, I at last gave the idea up altogether. In May, last year, I became a Catholic, and in June sailed in the "Encounter." When at Lisbon, I visited the college where some English students prepare for priesthood. I then contrasted their life with a life on board a man-of-war, and thought I should much prefer the former. The desire occupied my mind constantly then, and from time to time afterwards, till, when I was on leave the other day, I thought it was high time to decide either for one or the other, and so having recommended the matter earnestly to God, I decided finally upon becoming a priest, and then told my father of my wish. He wished me to wait for six or eight months, that I might be quite sure that my mind was quite made up before I left my present profession, and consequently, according to my father's wish, I am still in the "Excellent," preparing for the usual examination mates have to pass on leaving the ship. I am well aware how greatly you, and others of my kind relations, will disapprove of my leaving the navy, but having well reflected, and at length decided upon its being more conducive to my eternal interests that I should become a priest, I must only be sorry that it should be displeasing to my dear relations. In conclusion, dear uncle, I must thank you heartily now, and hope I shall always be grateful, for your very great kindness to me ever since I have been in the navy. Of course I cannot expect that you would continue the allowance you have for the last seven years made to me, after my leaving the navy. My dear uncle, I am convinced that the great object of life is to prepare to die, and I wish to do it in the best possible way, and believe me to be, your most affectionate nephew,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW.

The Earl of Ellenborough's reply, as his young kinsman remarks, "was kind and free enough from bigotry."

113 EATON SQUARE,  
April 28, 1853.

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS,—I certainly am very sorry to hear that you think of leaving the navy in order to become a priest. A man may be good and do good to others by his advice

and example in whatever situation he may be placed, and the more he is brought into communication with large numbers of persons exposed to great temptations, the more good he may do, by showing that they can be effectually resisted. I doubt whether any priest was ever a better man than Lord Collingwood, and you will not easily find one better than Captain Chads. Solitude and celibacy, although they may diminish in some cases the number of bad actions, may not impose restraint upon bad thoughts, and God knows men's thoughts, and will judge them by those, as well as by their actions. You are making a great mistake as to happiness here, without at all improving your chance of happiness hereafter.—Yours affectionately,

ELLENBOROUGH.

We should wish to make room also for the very creditable letter which the Hon. Henry Law sent of his own accord on this trying occasion. But, though we are glad to exemplify the kindly feeling shown by his Protestant relatives, Augustus himself is the object of our study, and we cannot omit a meditation which he wrote when making up his mind as to his special calling in life. It is dated June 26, 1853, in the middle of his nineteenth year.

St. Philip Neri used to say heaven is not made for the slothful, and let me take care that I do not come under that head. If I have been slothful and idle, seldom exerting myself to do anything for the glory of God, let me arouse myself. Stir yourself up, O my soul! Lament your defects. Beseech God to pardon them, and endeavour to lead for the future a better life. And as, O Lord, following the vocation that Thou hast marked out for me is necessary for my salvation, show me Thy will; I will do it. If I have made a mistake in believing I am called to the priesthood, let it not be too late. Call me back before it is too late, O Lord. But, O Lord, if it is Thy blessed will that I should be one, let me devote myself to Thee more and more, and try to make Thee loved by every one. Give me the graces necessary for such an awful office, and then, O Lord, Thy will be done, with regard to whether I shall be a regular or secular, and if I am to be a regular, Thy will be done again with regard to what order—whether Jesuits, Redemptorists, Passionists. Let Thy will be always beloved and sought after by me. Lord, hear my prayer. St. Teresa said to her religious:—"One soul, my daughters, one eternity." If one only considered in his heart these words, "One soul, one eternity." What volumes they express! Yes, I have only one soul, and if that is lost all is lost, and for ever, too. How precious ought this soul to be to me then. How careful I am of my body that nothing hurts it, that it never wants for anything; but how differently I behave with regard to my soul. I don't mind my poor soul going through all sorts of dangers, and if it wants food (prayer or meditation), it must wait till it is convenient for the body. How long is it to be this way? One soul, one eternity. Think on these words, and you will say it should be no longer. O my blessed Saviour, forgive my many treasons and infidelities. Come Thyself and feed my soul, spiritually, with the bread of life. Grant that I may not ever be separated from Thee. Mary, my dear mother, intercede for me, and obtain final perseverance for me. St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, St. F. Xavier, St. Peter and St. Paul, obtain for me the love of God.

Father Coffin had been his director, and all that he had seen at Clapham attracted Augustus to the Redemptorists. But Francis Xavier and Aloysius, to whom he here appeals, seem to have had other views about him; and after a retreat at Hodder (near Stonyhurst),

which was then the Jesuit noviceship, the following letter was sent to this father:—

HODDER, *November 9, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I consider that your son, Augustus Law, has a decided call to religious life. I consider it a duty for your son, as soon as conveniently possible, in preference to any other state of life, to embrace some religious institution. The particular institute must be left to his own choice. . . . For obvious reasons I have abstained from giving more detailed advice on this head.—With great respect, yours in Christ,

T. T. CLARKE.

The writer of this brief note was the Rev. Thomas Clarke—Father Tracey Clarke, as he was generally called to distinguish him from another Jesuit working in England—his cousin, I think—whose name also was Thomas Clarke. I have avoided the phrase “another English Jesuit:” for Father Tracey Clarke was an Irishman, a native of Dublin, brother of Dr. Clarke, who was, for many years, the medical attendant of Clongowes College, County Kildare. He had at this time been for several years Master of Novices in the English Province of the Society: and he continued to discharge that onerous and by no means honorary office till a short time before his holy death, which happened on the 11th of January, 1862. May he rest in peace! One of the last children of his old age is happy in being able to pay even this passing tribute of affectionate veneration to the memory of a man who, in his day, was highly esteemed for his sanctity, judgment, experience, and force of character.

After sundry delays and difficulties in retiring from the navy and retiring from the world, Augustus Law entered the noviceship of the Society of Jesus, in the first days of 1854; and on the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, he writes to his father: “I commenced the noviciate this morning and am very happy.” A month later he writes: “I am very, very happy here, and, by the assistance of God’s grace, I hope to live and die in the Society of Jesus;” while a postscript adds: “I am getting happier every day. But love to all again. You can’t think what beautiful exhortations Father Clarke gives us.”

A few years after the date which we have now reached, another of Father Clarke’s novices took down with Boswellian accuracy a good many of those spiritual exhortations, especially any picturesque phrase that struck his fancy. The “Winged Words,” in another part of this present issue of our Magazine,\* are samples of these notes and are given specially at this moment as a link between the revered names of Thomas Tracey Clarke and Augustus Law.

Many of the letters which follow in the third part of Mr. Law’s memoir of his son show, among other things, that religious life does not deaden the affections. The long and minute counsels to his young brother Frederick, who was just entering on the career that he

\* See “Winged Words” at page 312.

himself had abandoned, would furnish many edifying extracts. They fill ten pages: "on attending to the duties of religion, on respect to superior officers, on going on shore, on swearing, on learning your profession, on employing your time." If it were not that his heart was big enough for all, he might be suspected of cherishing a peculiar tenderness towards this second sailor-boy of the family, to whom he writes on September 23rd, 1862: "I hope my dear Fred keeps up to the mark in his spirituals. Go to your duty, that's a dear old boy, before you sail. I feel great interest in you, dearest brother, and, from the chats we had together at Glasgow, I thought to myself, 'Freddy loves his religion and will stick to it.'"

*Go to your duty*—just the phrase that might occur in a letter from a good Irishwoman to her son studying medicine (for instance) in Dublin. Is it not a very unconvertlike way of inculcating the frequentation of the sacraments? But before this date the ex-midshipman had been working as a Jesuit in Glasgow, and, though not a priest, had probably heard many an honest poor Irish sailor say, "I wasn't at my duty these three years, but I'll go next month, please God." Father Law assimilated readily and naturally more important points than these expressions of a simple faith. One of his professors of theology, an Italian, Father Paul Bottalla, remarked that he was one of the most Catholic-minded men he had ever met.

In the happy monotony of a novice's life a thrilling interest attaches to much less exciting events than the bodily removal of the Novitiate some hundreds of miles from the north to the south of a country. In 1854, this novel "fitting" was effected by Father Clarke. It was, therefore, from Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor, that the novice sent home this report of himself when half way through his probation, in the first week of 1855: "The fifteenth of this month ends my first year in the noviceship. Thanks be to God, I am still of the same mind, only much more strengthened in it than when I first joined, and I hope, by the grace of Jesus, who mercifully brought me here, to live and die in this same dear Society of His."

Accordingly, in January, 1856, the fervent novice pronounced his vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience in the *minima Societas Jesu*. I trust that even those who only know him through these pages know him sufficiently to conjecture the quiet intensity of the enthusiasm with which he made this entire dedication of himself to the glory of God and the saving of souls. He kept nothing back; there was no pilfering in his holocaust.

The next year was spent in France, completing his classical studies at St. Acheul, near Amiens; but his health was not satisfactory, and August, 1857, finds him brought home to Stonyhurst, to apply himself for two years to the study of philosophy. This he did with great earnestness and success. On All Saints Day, 1859, he writes from the

preparatory school at Hodder: "I am very happy, have lots to do always, and I like my occupation very much. I thank God for the happiness I find here at Hodder. Perhaps God, so good, has blessed the little place for the sake of its having been a noviciate for fifty years."

But this Hodder class was merely a temporary arrangement, and, after a few weeks, his first regular term of external work began at Glasgow, under the invocation of the amiable young saint whom he had so promptly chosen as his patron, immediately after his conversion, before he had any notion of becoming his brother. To this period of his teaching in the College of St. Aloysius, at Glasgow, a letter refers which came to Mr. Law from a stranger in Canada, after the publication of the first two parts of his "beautiful memoir of a soul far nobler by grace than by birth." We may venture to supply the writer's name, omitted by Mr. Law—Father John A. Conway, S.J., of Woodstock College, Maryland, United States.

It is now twenty-three years since I had the good fortune of becoming acquainted with your saintly son. I was then a mere child in his school in the Jesuit College of Glasgow, during his first years of teaching, but the impression he then made upon me by his pure self-denying life has never been effaced. There was no one who did not love Mr. Law, as we called him; but on account of his special kindness to me, I am sure no one loved him more dearly than I did. He it was that prepared me for my first communion, and I still preserve in my breviary the little picture he gave me on that occasion. It, together with some of his letters, written to me in after years, are my most precious treasures. To the deep impression he made upon me by his genuine piety, and to the great interest he took in me, I owe, under God, my call to the society of which he was so exemplary a member. It is no slight favour to be admitted to lifelong intimacy with so choice a soul, and for your labour of love I, at least, feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude. His life was just such a one as might be expected—marvellous in the working of grace from his earliest years, and under all circumstances. I gave your book to one of our fathers to read, and he returned it to me with the remark, "That is certainly the life of one of God's predestined."

His noble death was a fitting crown to his noble life. Zeal and self-sacrifice merited for him a death of neglect and abandonment, far away from those he loved, and with no friendly hand to minister to his extreme needs—a death terrible in the world's eyes, but glorious to those who view things in the light of faith. It is with reluctance that I remember him daily, when I offer up the Holy Sacrifice; for did he not lay down his life for the Infallible Master who has promised the eternal crown as the reward of such generosity? I am more disposed to pray to him than for him; and I feel happy in being able to revere as a saint, him whom I first learnt to love as a friend. The highest ambition of my religious life has ever been to be like him, and the two volumes of the *Memoirs* have only served to heighten this desire.

After three years' teaching he returned again to the class-room to be taught himself; beginning his four years' course of theology at St. Beuno's\* College, near St. Asaph, in North Wales, in October, 1862. It was here, the next year, that the writer of these notes, as he men-

\* This Welsh saint pronounces the first syllable of his name like the verb "to buy."

tioned at the beginning of them, had the grace and happiness of knowing intimately this holy man, who was very dear to us all and whose holiness had not a trace of gloom, or stiffness, or self-consciousness. A writer in *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for June, 1881, putting together expressly the reminiscences of several witnesses, speaks thus of this part of his life: "While all loved him for his thorough goodness and innocence of heart, the scholastics of other provinces—Irish, French, Belgians, and Italians—were not slow to appreciate his large-hearted sympathy with them in any little matters which were more trying to strangers. 'One and all carried away with them,' as an Irish Father observes, 'feelings of deep affection and gratitude for the unselfish generosity of the Captain,' as they generally called him. No name is so affectionately enshrined in the hearts of our foreign Fathers as that of Father Law."

In this beautiful Home of Study in the Vale of Clwyd [phonetically Cloo-id], he worked from 1862 to 1866—"dear old St. Beuno's (he calls it, writing home some years later from British Guiana), a place I love and where I certainly spent the happiest four years of my life. For where shall we meet with more of ours again, and, if we do, where shall we meet with greater charity?"

Some little relics belonging to this time, which escaped notice when other materials were sought out and forwarded to our friend's biographer, may be best placed by themselves hereafter, apart from what is already in print. But a little anecdote which I notice in his clear, compact handwriting, may be copied here as an indication of his feelings with regard to the great epoch in his life which was now approaching. "St. Francis of Assisi, when a deacon and thinking of becoming a priest, had a vision, where an angel showed him a vase of water as clear as crystal, to represent the purity which becomes a priest. The Saint was so struck with this that he would never be a priest."

A year before the termination of his theological course, as is usual, Augustus Law was ordained priest. The previous summer he had borrowed from his father the journal of his old naval times, and he wrote at the end: "August 20, 1864. Whoever has read so far in this journal of mine, pray for me that I may persevere in the Society of Jesus and that I may be a holy priest. I have now been ten years and seven months in the Society, and am miles off being a true Jesuit."

Mr. Towry Law, of course, was present at his son's ordination, and prepared by a spiritual retreat for the dignity of father to a priest. It was, therefore, several days before the ordination, that Augustus, who had met his father at the nearest station on the main line to Ireland—as exiles of Erin would say—reported his safe arrival at once to Mrs. Law.

RHYLL, *Monday afternoon, 6 o'clock.*

DEAREST MAY,—Here we are both sitting in a Rhyll Hotel, and papa trying what he can master in the way of grub before starting for St. Asaph and St. Beuno's in one

hour's time. He has had a pretty dusty journey. Good-bye, for the present, dearest May, and hoping to see you soon at Hampton Court, I remain ever your most affectionate stepson,

AUGUSTUS.

This may seem a very commonplace note to quote at this solemn crisis of the little story we are telling; but we have an object in quoting it and following it up with another very domestic epistle. In describing Father Law's conversion, we made use of a letter written by a sister of his who became a Visitation Nun; and now we may commit a similar indiscretion, with regard to another who became a Sister of Mercy.

CONVENT OF MERCY, BERMONDSEY,

September 20, 1865.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I am glad dearest Augustus's ordination day is still to be the 24th, as it is our own dear feast-day. I am delighted it is to be on that day, for I am sure our Lady will take particular care of him. You must give him my heartfelt congratulations, and tell him I have given him an intention in our Novena in preparation for the feast. I shall not write, as I shall see him so soon. What an immense pleasure and consolation for you, dearest father, to be present at his first Mass. I think your plan a very good one, in giving us, in religion, two of our brothers or sisters to pray for. As you say, Maude will have the most to do for poor Frank. I am glad you went to St. Winifred's Well. . . . With affectionate love to dearest Augustus, believe me, dearest father, your most affectionate daughter,

SISTER M. WALBURGA LAW.

The family arrangement alluded to in this letter, by which certain sisters were appointed to pray for certain brothers, reminds me of a passage in a letter of another young nun of a different order, race, and country. Writing home from a far distant and perilous mission to her sister, she said about their brother: "Tell Michael (will you, Margaret?) that I think of him morning and evening, as I promised; I offer *his* day to God with mine, and I ask God's pardon for *his* daily faults as well as for my own." What a nice way of putting it! I suspect that in this partnership the nun's contribution of faults was less numerous and less grievous.

We must not, this month, carry these memorial notes on Father Law beyond the day which gave him that title, except to mention that, as his ordination took place on the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, his first sermon was on Rosary Sunday. He had a singularly tender devotion to the Rosary. The following which we take from his notes of his private meditations must substantially have formed part of his first important sermon:

There is no devotion in the Church sweeter than the Rosary, and none more powerful. Why this is we now consider. And first, it breathes nothing but Jesus and Mary, than whom nothing can be sweeter. Its fifteen scenes place them before us and put us in their blessed presence. Saying the Rosary is holding sweet converse with Mary, and speaking to her about her Divine Son, and about herself. And what can be more powerful to keep us from sin, and to plant virtue in us, than to live with

Jesus and Mary, to talk with them, to accustom ourselves to their ways of thinking, speaking, and acting, which we do by being much in their company,—at one moment being present at the manger, at another at the foot of the cross, at another seeing our Lord and His blessed Mother in heaven. But then we are reminded in the Rosary that this meditation and contemplation of our Lord's life is not to be a mere speculation, but it is to bear its own proper fruit,—that fruit is expressed in the petitions of the Our Father and Hail Mary. We look at our Lord and our blessed Lady, and our hearts get warmed and seek for an outlet in words. At once there are the ardent petitions of the Our Father and Hail Mary, which will express the most ardent desires that any saint ever had. In a word, there is nothing like the mysteries of the Rosary to excite us to pray; nothing like the two prayers, Pater and Ave, to express what we would pray for. For, whether you are in joy or in sorrow, in hope or in fear, near God or far away from God, still those two prayers will always fall in with your desires, and exactly suit your particular circumstances. But all this and much more is better understood by using the Rosary than by talking of its use.

Little did Father Law imagine on Rosary Sunday, 1865, while dining with his family at Hampton Court Palace, after his first sermon—little did he dream that his last Rosary Sunday would be spent in the midst of privations which would, in another month, cause his death. But it is precisely on Rosary Sunday, fifteen years later, that the dying missionary records as a great boon and a great charity conferred by two poor native Africans: "They gave me a bit of meat." Though it will not be quite intelligible yet, I will end for the present with this extract from the diary which Augustus Law resumed in the last year of his life:

*Sunday, October 3, 1880, Rosary.*—Thank God, Brother Hedley is much better. Happiness of Mass. Both Isihlahla and Amalila are still sick with fever. I wish I had more opportunities of learning the language, but it requires I should cross the river and go over to the kraal, and I am too weak for the exertion often. I went over to the kraal and called on Intabaexi and Amakakp, the two ambassadors, who have been so kind.—They gave me a bit of meat.



## SNOW IN MAY.

WHERE be all the poet's visions of a summer's peerless glow?  
 May hath come—the minx!—but brought us leaden clouds and wreaths  
 of snow!

Stepping from the Dents du midi\* to the infant vines below,  
 She hath spread Death's winding mantle o'er the valleys of the Vaud.

While I gaze upon the snow-flakes wafted hither from Tyrol,  
 Strangest thoughts steal on my fancy—stranger feelings thrill my soul;

For to me these white-robed foundlings seem sweet messengers of love—  
 Mystic flowers dropped by angels from the azure fields above!—

Flowers of another springtide, far beyond earth's prison-bars,  
 Garnered on the breast of planets 'mid the glory of the stars!

Yet the full-leaved trees look gruesome in their weird Siberian fall,  
 Like the spectres seen at midnight, in some lone ancestral hall;

But the summer zephyr cometh, sly and furtive, from the hills—  
 Breathing balm upon the vineyards, and a blessing on the rills;

Then he rushes, clad in anger, o'er the plaintive dells and leas—  
 Sweeping icicles and snow-flakes from the branches of the trees.

Loudly laugh the stately lindens in a "*gaudeamus!*" meet,  
 As they see the white wreaths falling on the heather at their feet!

And they seem to thank the zephyr—rustling gaily to and fro,  
 Chaunting: "Praises to the west wind—he hath saved us from the snow!"

Where be all the poet's visions, like his dreams long, long ago?  
 Ah, for him they're wrapped and buried in bleak cerements of snow!

Yet, methinks, although his future—lit with dim despairing gleams—  
 May be peopled with chimeras grim as satyrs seen in dreams.

Summer waits him on the threshold, ready with Life's counterpart,  
 Sweeping care and melancholy from the deserts of his heart!

Then he scales the heights Olympian—he hath reached the destined goal,  
 While a Maytide's "*gaudeamus!*" wakes the echoes of his soul!

Wherefore be it that these snow-wreaths, fitting, floating spirit-wise,  
 May be bouquets sent to greet him from the springtide in the skies!

EUGENE DAVIS.

\* A range of mountains overlooking Lake Lemán.

## NEW BOOKS.

MR. FREDERICK Pustet, the great ecclesiastical publisher, whose chief establishment at Ratisbon, in Germany, has branches so far away as New York and Cincinnati, has published, in five volumes, a new work on canon law—"Prælectiones Juris Canonici"—of which pages like ours can hardly venture to give any account except to call attention to them, as the most recent authority on the subject. The author is Francis Santi, Professor in the Pontifical Seminary at Rome, and his work appears with the official sanction of the Pope's Vicar, Cardinal Parocchi. To those of our readers whom it concerns, this information is sufficient.

A somewhat larger class of our readers will be interested in the publication of a new work in pastoral theology by the author of "Programmes of Sermons and Instructions." It is entitled "Pax Vobis: being a Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, furnishing ready matter for public instruction, and suitable at the same time for private or family reading." It is prefaced by a very cordial letter of approbation from the Archbishop of Dublin, whose authoritative testimony is enough to show us how worthy this work is of its predecessors, and how successfully the learned and pious author has carried out the objects mentioned on his titlepage. The paper and printing are of the high excellence that Messrs. Browne and Nolan have led us to expect in their publications.

One of the most splendid volumes that have ever been laid on our table is "The End of Man. By Albany James Christie, S.J." (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) It is a poem in four books, developing with great exactness and fulness, in due order, the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, the four books corresponding with the four "weeks" into which a complete Retreat is technically divided. The metre chosen is the ordinary heroic verse of Pope, arranged in triplets. The grave and dignified measure is well suited to the solemn themes discussed, and the monotony which cannot be avoided is partly remedied by the interlacing of stanzas, in which the sense is not allowed to be completed at the end of each triplet, but made to run on from one into another. The ear is relieved also by the recurrence of certain refrains, such as the lines which represent the well-known prayer *Anima Christi*. The eight thousand lines which fill this royal quarto are the fruit of many years of pious meditation, and, apart from their high merit as poetry, form a valuable commentary on the text of the *Exercitia Spiritualia*. The distinctive features, for instance, of the contemplations on the Kingdom of Christ and of the Two Standards are well

brought out; and the Three Degrees of Humility are expounded without any leaning towards that common but erroneous interpretation which Father Caswall has put into rhyme. With such thick, ample pages, and such stately binding, and with illustrations few, but worthy, we are astonished that the price of this volume is not twice as high as we have seen it stated to be in an advertisement.

Another volume of religious verse, much less sumptuously produced, but in a manner well suited to its practical aims, is the new series of "Verses on Doctrinal and Devotional Subjects," by the Rev. James Casey, P.P. of Athleague, in the Diocese of Elphin. Father Casey's previous publications have gained a large amount of favour; and we think the present volume is equal to the best that has gone before it in variety of theme, in freedom and accuracy of versification, and in the simple and fervent piety which animates the whole. The success which awaits this new venture will, we are sure, force the poet-pastor to relent in the decree which he threatens at the end of his preface, though with no very stern determination. This book of verses will *not* be his last.

Miss Alice Wilmot Chetwode has exercised her very considerable skill as a translator upon two French works of very different character, both translations being well brought out by Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son. The first is "The Valiant Woman"—"La Femme Forte," of Monseigneur Landriot, late Archbishop of Rheims. Ladies of education and intelligence will read these conferences with much pleasure and advantage. They are solid and at the same time unusually entertaining. Miss Chetwode has done her part admirably. We have examined her execution here more carefully than in the other translation—"The Castle of Coetquen," by Raoul de Navery. The lady who wrote under that name has an established reputation in France and Belgium as a purveyor of pleasant and innocuous fiction; and we have good external evidence that the present is a favourable sample of her handicraft favourably presented to us.

Messrs. Ticknor and Co., of Boston, are bringing out a very interesting work, sure to be welcomed in our Catholic educational institutions, entitled "Christian Symbols, and Stories of the Saints." It is by a well-known art writer, Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, author of "Handbook of Legendary Art," "Handbook of Painters and Sculptors," &c. Associated with Mrs. Clement in this work is Miss Katharine E. Conway, of the editorial staff of *The Boston Pilot*.

*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for May, 1886, bestows warm praise on a work in which many of our readers are interested—"The Birthday Book of our Dead"—of which also the following notice was lately given in *The Tablet*:—

The compiler of this attractive little book has turned a familiar idea to new and happy account. Popular as they have been of late years, the exact *raison d'être* of the ordinary "birthday books" was never perfectly clear; and certainly it was not

commonly understood that they were intended for any pious purpose. The book before us is designed to serve as a record of departed friends, formed on the plan of a birthday book. A page is given up to every day in the year, part of which is left blank to enter the names of our dead at the date of their entrance into rest; while the remainder contains appropriate readings in prose and verse, taken chiefly from Catholic and religious sources, including numbers of maxims from the saints and spiritual writers. The sources of these selections have been as various as may be. For instance, if we take, quite at random, the present month of April, we find that the list of writers includes Father Faber, Tennyson, Mrs. Craven, Mgr. Gilbert, Leigh Hunt, Father Ryder, Lord Beaconsfield, Ben Jonson, St. Francis de Sales, D. F. MacCarthy, Adelaide Procter, Charles Dickens, Eugénie de Guérin, Moore, Barry Cornwall, Frédéric Ozanam, Père de Ravignan, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Katharine Tynan, Lady Wilde, Miss Emily Bowles, St. John Chrysostom, Charles Lamb, St. Augustine, Aubrey de Vere, Father Matthew Russell, S. J., Dr. Pusey, St. Catharine of Sienna, and Mgr. Gerbet. It will thus be seen that the little book contains the result of a wide and varied reading, and it must be added that this has been turned to excellent account. This birthday book will, we are sure, become very popular among Catholics, as well as among many outside the Church who have learned in some degree the doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

The American Redemptorists are bringing out a Centenary Edition, in English, of the Ascetical and Moral Works of their Founder, St. Alphonsus Liguori, which will occupy seventeen good-sized volumes. The editor is the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. S. S. R., and the publishers Benziger Brothers, of New York, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. The Preparation for Death, and a few smaller treatises form the first volume, produced with that ponderous binding and that glossy paper which seem to delight book-buyers in the United States. It is well that such saintly writings should be propagated in every form.

The "Life of Margaret Clitherow," by Miss Letitia Selwyn Oliver (Burns and Oates), is not quite so good as Father John Morris's extremely interesting preface would lead one to expect, but it is much better than one might fear from the opening sentence, which with its "solitary horseman," reminds one of "the late Mr. G. P. R. James." Miss Oliver calls her book simply the Life of Margaret Clitherow, but she has attempted to give it the form of a novel, which throws a suspicious air on details that have really been sought out diligently in authentic records. It would require, if not a Walter Scott, at least a Georgiana Fullerton, to make this blending of fact and fiction quite successful; but Miss Oliver's contribution to English Catholic literature has far more merit than several similar works which have gained considerable reputation. This neat volume will, of course, have additional interest for those who are familiar with the various places linked with the memory of the brave Elizabethan martyr of Ouse Bridge.

No more seasonable moment could have been chosen by Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt for the publication of a collection of his "Essays on Ireland" (M. H. Gill and Son), which have appeared at various dates in the *Dublin Review*, the *Contemporary Review*, and other periodicals.

The reader might, perhaps, have been assisted by a closer adherence to chronological order than appears in the following enumeration of the subjects discussed: "Ireland under the Legislative Union, Ireland in the time of Swift, How the Union robs Ireland, The Irish Difficulty, Tithe Rent-charge in Ireland, Ireland in the time of Grattan, The History and Financial Results of the Union, the Viceroyalty, England in the Eighteenth Century, and the Disestablishment of the State Church." Mr. O'Neill Daunt, of Kilcascan, made his mark as an Irish political writer more than forty years ago, and his latest publication is another proof of the inspired proverb, "A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it."

"That day he overcame the Nervii." We are reminded of the marvellous speech that Shakespeare makes for Mark Antony, when we see Tournay, in Belgium, represented by "Tornacum Nerviorum," on the title-page of an admirable *Parvum Missale*, published by Desclée, Lefebvre, and Co., otherwise known as the Imprimerie Liturgique de St. Jean l'Évangéliste. This is by far the cheapest and most serviceable Latin Missal that we have seen; and we wish it had been further cheapened by the omission of pictures and needless ornamentation. In ecclesiastical seminaries, and even in ordinary schools, this little missal will, we trust, be in great request; and priests also, and many laymen, will be glad to have the *Missale Romanum* in a form so commodious and portable.

A still more exquisite piece of typography from the same press, is the *Sancti Anselmi Mariale*, edited by Father Ragey, who claims for St. Anselm the authorship of what has been known as the Hymn of St. Casimir, *Omni die dico Mariæ*. The complete edition consists of thirteen hymns, each containing some thirty or forty of these wonderfully rhymy stanzas. This little book is a very jewel of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

The Rev. Edward Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B., M.A., Classical Master at Downside College has reprinted, in a sixpenny pamphlet from the *Downside Review*, some papers to which he gives the heading "Monseigneur Dupanloup on Liberal Education," but which embrace a wider range of subjects, namely the Groundwork of Liberal Education, a Lesson from Berlin, Examinations and Cramming, Culture and Viewiness, and Utilitarianism in Education. These topics are illustrated not only from the educational writings of the Bishop of Orleans, but very copiously from Cardinal Newman, Dr. Whewell, Stuart Mill, and other practical authorities. The abundant quotations, in small type, from the illustrious Oratorian which light up many of these pages are worth far more than the half-dozen pence charged for the whole. In preparing this reprint, greater prominence ought to have been given to an article referred to more than once—the recent dissertation in *The Month* on "Education and School," by Father John Gerard, S.J.,

who wields, we think, the liveliest pen that is at the service of Catholic literature, since Father Frederick Hathaway became a West Indian Missionary. Some of our readers have still, no doubt, after many years, a vivid recollection of Father Hathaway's brilliant exposure of certain proselytising agencies in and near Dublin, under the title of "Irish Birds' Nests." Since then our periodical literature has had no such readable writing as Father Gerard's. Dom Butler does not aim at such brilliancy; but the solid merits of his papers on education make them useful not only for professors, but for students and even schoolboys.

The present writer remembers the distant time when he had to save up half a year's pocket-money to buy Moore's *Irish Melodies*; and here, for three pence Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son give in a large and clear type, a much more complete edition, as the third volume of their O'Connell Press Popular Library.

The Catholic Truth Society, 18 West Square, London, S.E., has published for a penny Mr. James Britten's exceedingly useful and practical essay on "Catholic Lending Libraries," and also "St. George, Protector of England," by the Rev. J. W. Reeks; while for twopence they give Canon Croft's able essay on the Continuity of the English Church.

Messrs. James Duffy and Sons have sent us their useful little book for the Jubilee of 1886, and Mr. P. Goodman's "Catholic School Hymn Book," a collection of English and Latin hymns, with music in tonic sol-fa notation, for use in Catholic schools and choirs.

We hardly know for what class of readers "The Following of Christ, by John Tauler, done into English, by J. R. Morell" (Burns and Oates), is intended. The very neat garb which the publishers have given to it might lead one to think that it is meant for the daily use of devout persons, whereas it is not fitted at all for the ordinary purposes of devotion, but belongs to what might be called antiquarian asceticism; and for this latter purpose, also, the translating and editing to which the quaint old treatise has here been submitted, appear somewhat inadequate. How differently a page of it reads from a page of the real "Following of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, which is for all times and all countries, and can never grow obsolete.

The Rev. J. A. Cullen, S.J., has published through M. H. Gill and Son, "The Sodality Manual, or a Collection of Prayers and Spiritual Exercises for the Members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary affiliated to the Congregation *Prima Primaria*, founded in the Roman College of the Society of Jesus." Beside the usual devotions given in the best compilations of prayers, this very carefully arranged volume contains many instructions not readily to be found elsewhere, in addition to the special rules and devout exercises of the sodalities to which it is specially but not exclusively adapted.

We must not wait till next month to say that the hurried glance that we have, at the last moment, thrown over a few pages of "The Life of Henrietta Kerr, Religious of the Sacred Heart" (Burns and Oates), shows that we have here one of the holiest and most exquisite pieces of contemporary biography. Of course, our readers will hear of it again from us; but we trust that the book will already have become familiar to many of them.

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### SOMETHING ABOUT SONNETS.

BY THE EDITOR.

**T**HIS Magazine would have little difficulty in establishing its claim to the distinction of being the most besonneted periodical in the world. We have just gone over the annual volumes, since it began its course fourteen years ago, and we find three sonnets in the first volume, none in the second, and four in the third; but then the contagion spreads, and from the year 1876 to 1881, the numbers in due succession are 16, 17, 20, 28, 12, and 29. In 1882 and 1883 the production of sonnets fell to 11 and 8 respectively, while in the following year the total output seems to have been a solitary sonnet. Last year the number rose to nine; and the current volume would find it easy to outtop the highest figure and complete a total of two hundred sonnets.

This calculation has been made as a reason for attempting to enable a larger number of our readers to take an intelligent interest in a species of poetical composition which is distasteful even to many who have a fair relish for poetry. With those, of course, who profess, as M. de Pontmartin says, "*une horreur systématique pour les vers,*" the sonnet is the object of peculiar contempt and abhorrence, although it might plead, in mitigation, that it occupies but little space. Now, like many good things, the sonnet is loved most by those who understand it best, and hated or despised by those who misunderstand it. Indeed, we might venture to apply to it the observation which we have heard, but never read, about a certain "little girl, who had a little curl, which hung down the middle of her forehead, and, when she was good, she was awfully good, but, when she was bad, she was horrid." Even

thus also, when a sonnet is good, it is, if not "awfully," at least very good, but, when bad, it is little short of "horrid." As Cassiodorus says of Origen: "ubi bene, nemo melius; ubi male, nemo pejus."

To be really good, a sonnet must be good in substance and good in form. Let us begin with the form, the anatomy, the organic structure of the sonnet. Our remarks shall be very elementary; for the present paper is for beginners and may be considered one of those "easy lessons in verse-writing" with which we have sometimes threatened contributors and would-be contributors, who seemed not to know the difference between a trochee and an iambus.

It is a great saving of time and trouble to master a few technical terms at the start; and the structure of a sonnet is most conveniently described by words which have a rather pedantic sound. We are speaking of that form of sonnet which now-a-days is generally understood by the name of Petrarchan\* sonnet. Every one who is likely to read these pages knows that a sonnet consists of fourteen lines; and that in English each of those lines is the ordinary heroic verse, as it is called, like any line of Milton's "Paradise Lost," of Pope's "Essay on Man," of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," of Moore's "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," of Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily," or of Allingham's "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland." This ordinary heroic line consists of five iambs; that is, each pair of syllables, out of the ten syllables which make up the line, has the accent or stress of the voice falling on its second syllable. In other words each of the fourteen decasyllabic lines is accented on the alternate syllables. But a poem consisting of fourteen lines of this sort would not be a sonnet. There would be no oneness, completeness, finality about it, to constitute it a special entity. Leigh Hunt, who knew Petrarch well and was so full of the Italian spirit, can surely not have intended "The Angel in the House" for a sonnet. But it is very suspicious that among a score of sonnets of the strictest Petrarchan form, we find another little poem, addressed to Charles Dickens, consisting also of exactly fourteen lines, with no attempt at sonnet-form, but just seven ordinary couplets, each with its independent rhyme. And yet, if the poet has said all he wanted to say in seven

\* Mr. Sharp, whose excellent collection, "Sonnets of this Century," we referred to in March, and shall often refer to again, calls the poet "Petrarca," and spells the adjective "Petrarcan;" but, surely, he is naturalised among us as "Petrarch," and the English adjective is "Petrarchan."



heroic couplets, it seems hard to make him add another, in order to avoid the appearance of having intended a sonnet. That the greeting to *Household Words* is placed among the sonnets, may have been some editor's mistake. As an example of a poem of fourteen lines, which, nevertheless, is not a sonnet, let us give this "Angel in the House." In Forster's "Life of Dickens" we are told that Leigh Hunt took the idea from Dickens's epitaph on his wife's youngest sister, Mary Hogarth: "Young, beautiful, and good, God in His mercy placed her among his angels in her eighteenth year." In 1848, Dickens writes: "This day eleven years, poor, dear Mary died."

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,  
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
An angel came to us, and we could bear  
To see him issue through the silent air  
At evening in our rooms, and bend on ours  
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers,  
News of dear friends and children who have never  
Been dead indeed, as we shall know, for ever.

Alas! we think not what we daily see  
About our hearths—angels that are to be ;  
Or may be, if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—  
A child, a wife, a friend, whose soft heart sings  
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

An additional reason for imagining that the poet really meant this *quatrain* for a sonnet, is, that he introduces a long pause just where it ought to be, at the end of the eighth line. For a legitimate Italian sonnet consists of two parts. The first eight lines are often, for shortness' sake, called the octave, and the last six lines the sestet; but there is no use dignifying these two divisions with the title of major and minor systems, and it is more convenient to speak of them as two quatrains and two tercets.

The two quatrains are almost always arranged like the stanzas of *In Memoriam*; but, of course, in Tennyson's poem, the lines are shorter by two syllables. Also, it is desirable and almost obligatory to have only two rhyme-sounds in all the eight lines; namely, the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 8th, all rhyming together, and the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, and 7th. English sonneteers, even of the strictest observance, allow sometimes a new third rhyme for the 6th and 7th lines.

The two tercets which complete the sonnets are allowed either two or three rhymes, and these may be arranged in many different

ways, but the most approved is, to have three distinct rhymes in the first three lines, and then the three corresponding rhymes in the same order, or else with that order exactly reversed. When only two rhymes are used in the tercets, let the six lines rhyme alternately and not in couplets. Most experts dislike to have the last two lines rhyming together, for they contend that this ending has an epigrammatic sound. It gives the little poem the air of winding up with a self-satisfied smirk, as if it were an overgrown Spenserian stanza. Yet, for all that, many an excellent sonnet ends with this forbidden couplet. As regards this little point, and also for their own sake, let us contrast four sonnets on prayer. The first is by Hartley Coleridge, the gifted but weak-willed son of the Ancient Mariner.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.  
 Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,  
 Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay.  
 Pray in the darkness if there be no light.  
 Far is the time, remote from human sight,  
 When war and discord on the earth shall cease;  
 Yet every prayer for universal peace  
 Avails the blessed time to expedite.  
 What it is good to wish, ask *that* of heaven,  
 Though it be what thou canst not hope to see.  
 Pray to be perfect, though material heaven  
 Forbid the spirit so on earth to be.  
 But if for any wish thou darest not pray,  
 Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

Let us contrast with this another sonnet on prayer, by Archbishop Trench, who was lately buried in Westminster Abbey. Richard Chenevix Trench was a very pure and refined poet, and we are glad to claim him as an Irishman.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour  
 Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,  
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
 What parchéd ground refresh, as with a shower!  
 We kneel, and all around us seems to tower;  
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.  
 We kneel, how weak!—we rise, how full of power  
 Why, therefore, should we do ourselves the wrong—  
 Or others—that we are not always strong?  
 That we are ever overborne with care,  
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
 And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

That seems to me a simpler and stronger ending, more like a sonnet and less like an epigram, than if it ended with a couplet; and I think the couplet with which the sestet begins, spoils the sonnet-form a little. Why did the author of "The Study of Words" use *heartless* in the peculiar sense it seems to bear in the last tercet—not "unfeeling," but "disheartened," "without spirit or strength?" The fifth line hardly makes its meaning clear enough; which of course is that, before we kneel in prayer, difficulties and temptations rise up high and terrible, but, when we have knelt and prayed, and rise up from prayer, we see things in their true proportions, both the things around us and before us, temporal and eternal things. The outward little phrase, interjected into the tenth line, is a reproach to ourselves for neglecting prayer and other resources of graces, and so doing wrong to others, by leaving ourselves less qualified to do them good.

"We want faith in prayer. We want faith in prayer!" was a frequent saying of an Archbishop of another sort, who probably never wrote a line of verse—Cardinal Cullen's holy successor in the Primacy, Dr. Dixon. It is well to learn something about prayer, even in sonnets, and I will fulfil my threat of giving four sonnets on prayer. But, by way of variety I will seize this excuse for following up Archbishop Trench with his successor, Lord Plunket, from whom for more reasons than one, we should never expect such a piece as "The Patriot's Rebuke."

Ye sons of Erin! who despise  
 The motherland that bare you,  
 Who nothing Irish love or prize,  
 Give ear, I will not spare you!  
 The stranger's jeer I do not fear,  
 But can I pardon ever  
 Those who revile their native Isle?  
 Oh! never, never, never!

That persons so refined and grand  
 As you are, should belong to  
 This very low and vulgar land  
 Is sad, and very wrong too!  
 But 'tis too late to mend your fate,  
 Irish you are for ever—  
 You'll wipe that shame from off your name,  
 Oh! never, never, never!

Well, then, what do you hope to win,  
 In spite of all your labours,  
 By meanly cutting kith and kin  
 And courting prouder neighbours?

*Something about Sonnets.*

Ah no! dear sirs, he sadly errs  
 Who tries to be too clever;  
 Mark what I say, it will not pay—  
 Oh! never, never, never!

From Irish soil you love to roam,  
 But just let me remind you  
 You'll nowhere find a happier home  
 Than what you leave behind you!  
 The world explore from shore to shore,  
 'Twill be a vain endeavour,  
 On scenes so bright you'll never light—  
 Oh! never, never, never!

Go point me out on any map  
 A match for green Killarney,  
 Or Kevin's bed, or Dunlo's gap,  
 Or mystic shades of Blarney,  
 Or Antrim's caves, or Shannon's waves;  
 Ah me! I doubt if ever  
 An Isle so fair was seen elsewhere—  
 Oh! never, never, never!

Where will you meet with lads more true  
 And where with truer lasses?  
 Those genial hearts, those eyes of blue,  
 Pray tell me what surpasses?  
 You may not grieve such joys to leave,  
 Or care such ties to sever,  
 But friends more kind you'll never find—  
 Oh! never, never, never!

When strutting through some larger town  
 Than your own native city,  
 Some bigger men you may hunt down  
 And bore them—more's the pity!  
 But 'tis not State that makes men great,  
 And, should you fawn for ever,  
 You'll never rise in good men's eyes—  
 Oh! never, never, never.

And now, my friends, go if you will  
 And visit other nations,  
 But leave your hearts in Erin still  
 Among your poor relations;  
 The spot of earth that gave you birth  
 Resolve to love for ever,  
 And you'll repent that good intent—  
 Oh! never, never, never!

We do not know whether the Hon. Mrs. O. N. Knox is Irish, like the new Protestant Primate of that name. We give the following extract from her "Sonnets and Other Poems," for the sake of the useful doctrine, urged too far, that we must not hope to be able to pray effectively at any given moment, that there must be remote and proximate preparation, and that they pray best who pray always :

You lift your hands, and pray to God for grace  
 To tread down Satan underneath your feet,  
 When a fierce struggle with him comes : you cheat  
 Yourself with hopes that now, that for a space,  
 You may be noble where your life was base,  
 Have strength bestowed by God, whom you despised,  
 Obtain that mercy which you never prized,  
 And overcome a foe you dared not face.  
 Ah, fool and blind ! canst thou not yet perceive  
 How equity is found in all God's ways ?  
 Thou shrinking, burdened one, He will not raise  
 The load thou dost not strain at. This believe :  
 That prayer is weak when born of present need ;  
 It should be life-long, shaping word and deed.

The last sonnet that we shall give on the subject of prayer, is by our own contributor, S.M.S. It has already appeared in our fifth volume, and (not accidentally) on the same page with a sonnet by Denis Florence Mac Carthy :

Art thou still young, and dost thou glance along  
 Life's opening pathway with a timid dread ?  
*Make sure of prayer*, thence be thy courage fed,  
 And in the midst of strife thou shalt be strong.  
 Or do the cares of middle life-time throng  
 In all-absorbing force round heart and head ?  
*Make sure of prayer !* Our Master erstwhile said,  
 " One thing sufficeth, over-care is wrong."  
 Or hast thou reached old age's twilight drear ?  
*Make sure of prayer*, the die is not yet cast.  
 In sight of port sank many a vessel fair :  
 If thou dost hope—and hope supposeth fear—  
 If thou dost hope for God and heaven at last,  
 In life, in death, *make sure, make sure of prayer !*

The reader of taste will not relish this sonnet less but more, when he finds that Sister Mary Stanislaus has here versified some words of Father Faber, which may be found at page 159 of the second volume of "Notes on Spiritual Subjects."

" If you are young and look onward to the opening trials of life ; if you desire to find yourself strong in God's grace and established in holiness, you

must be sure of prayer; if you are middle-aged and not so holy as you feel you should be, and look on to old age and its peculiar difficulties, you must be sure of prayer; if you are old and look on to death, &c., be sure of prayer. Let us all look into the bright heaven above us; are you to be there? Is it to be your everlasting home? Be sure of prayer."

In like manner has this most skilful sonneteer dealt with a sentence which occurs at page 320 of the book which some consider Father Faber's best, "The Creator and the Creature:—" "Not a day passes in which our Blessed Lady does not interest herself for us. A thousand times and more has she mentioned our names to God, in such a sweet persuasive way that the Heart of Jesus sought not to resist it, though the things she asked were very great for such as we are." Here is this view of "Mary's Intercession," recast in sonnet mould:—

Oh, thought to set the coldest heart on fire!  
 Oh, thought to cheer the most despondent breast!  
 A thousand times within the regions blest—  
 A thousand times the bright angelic choir  
 Have heard my name in accents of desire,  
 To Jesus' ear, by Mary's lips addressed;—  
 And always coupled with some grand request,  
 Some grace not all my life-toil could acquire;  
 And with such pleading in her voice and eyes,  
 Persuasive grace, maternal majesty,  
 That He who ne'er her slightest wish denies—  
 (Although the boon be far too great for me,  
 Unworthy as He knows me), He replies:  
 "As thou dost will, My Mother, let it be!"

The sonnets we have grouped here together illustrate one small point which it is useful to remark, though it is only a mechanical detail, a mere direction to the printer; but, as Mr. Oscar Wilde observed once in calling our attention to the "vile setting" of a sonnet in proofsheets, "sonnets are meant to be looked at as well as read." The reader may have noticed a difference in the manner of printing the foregoing specimens of sonnet literature. With some of them the lines all begin evenly from the margin; and this is the easiest plan, requiring no special attention. But many like to aid the mind through the eye by indenting the lines according to the changing rhymes, making the first line and all that rhyme with it start evenly from the margin, while the second line and all its corresponding lines are a little further in. A compromise between these two arrangements makes the first lines of the two quatrains and of the two tercets begin uniformly from the outer

margin, and all the other ten lines from the same inner margin, irrespective of rhymes. As a further guide to the eye and to the intelligence of the reader, many strongly advocate the expediency of placing a "white line"—a blank space—between the two component parts of the sonnet, between the major and minor system, or (as the learned reader may *now* prefer to say) between the octave and the sestet. Nay, some are inclined to mark in this manner also, the division between the two quatrains and again between the two tercets.

These mechanical devices are, in reality, no restriction to real inspiration. The form helps to secure the substance; and even a partial compliance with such regulations tends to increase the strength and clearness of the thought. A thoughtful and refined critic in the *Tablet* (December 18, 1875), has put this point well. "As we are told that the mere obedient observance of a rule of religious life contains and unfolds high, unguessed, and mystical spiritual virtues, so the mere obedience to the metrical laws of the sonnet implies and brings with it the beauties of the *crescendo*, the evolution of thought, the climax, the fall—and beauties more hidden and subtle than these."

A quotation from Emerson, which is common to both, and their agreement in more than a quotation enable us to recognise, in the critic whom we have just quoted, the writer of a very brief essay on sonnets, which we rejoice at being able to rescue from the forgotten pages of a short-lived and long-dead periodical; and we rejoice all the more, because we believe we are thus giving the theory of one whose practice aims, not unsuccessfully, at the most exquisite perfection. But is not "Preludes" a misnomer, if the fuller music be not more prompt to follow? The miniature essay which follows, appeared on March 3, 1877, in *Yorick*, a little journal which blended literature and humour of too quaint and delicate a flavour to prosper in this rough, noisy world.

How far are English sonneteers bound by the Italian laws of sonnet construction? Probably no rule belonging to one language, and formed by its peculiarities, can ever be adopted without modification by another. We use now, conventionally, the nomenclature of ancient versification, while the metrical rules of the ancients are impossible to us. In the same way, we speak of English sonnets of the Petrarchan form, although only a certain number of the rules which are infrangible in Italian are practicable in English; among those which are not practicable is, for instance, the law of dissyllabic rhymes—monosyllabic rhymes being restricted in Italian to comic or rather to grotesque subjects. No sure line can be drawn, then, at the limits of our liberty, but it would be well if something like unanimity could be arrived at in England. This, we think, can

only be reached by a better appreciation of the character of the *sonnet thought*, which is the cause of the sonnet form; it is its cause, and it is guarded by the form it has created. A sonnet thought should be complete—round, not long, not capable of being cut off at any length, but a whole organism. Other organisms there are of different shapes to that of the sonnet, which, as we have said, is round; long poems, or poems of long shape rather, each of which, if it has a true life, has its own determinate length. We remember, by the way, a passage in one of Ruskin's earlier works, in which he compares the length of a sea-weed, organized and whole in its system of veins and its living form, with the length of a ribbon, "a vile thing," without shape, or growth, or system. We apply the comparison, which Mr. Ruskin made in its literal sense, in a criticism of design, to organized and unorganized poems.

We may conclude that the necessary sonnet-thought—which is the very inspiration and the cause of the sonnet—is guarded by a correct Petrarchan *shape*, but depends less for its preservation upon the rhymes. If the division into quatrains and tercets, with the proper pauses, be carefully observed, the sonnet will hardly suffer from the use of a greater variety of rhymes than Italian laws permit. Italian, with its regular conjugations, abounds and superabounds in rhymes, and so can hardly make rules for a language which has no regular verb-terminations. Against the *shapes* of the sonnet the gravest offences, and the most common in English, are these—the neglect of the pause of a semicolon, at least (preferably of a full point), at the end of the second quatrain, which neglect confuses the evolution of thought; secondly, the separation of the two final lines in a couplet, which gives or suggests epigrammatic point—out of harmony with this noble form; and, thirdly, the use of a final Alexandrine, which is every way fatal to the equality, roundness, and simplicity of the sonnet.

The Shakesperian sonnet, with its six alternate rhymes and its final couplet, has nothing in common with the Italian, except the number of its lines; it opposes fancy to thought, fitfulness to evolution, epigram to serenity.

Most English sonneteers, Milton and Wordsworth, for example, have aimed at the Petrarchan form, and finding it too difficult for continued composition in English, have patched it with scraps of the Shakesperian poem. This is why we propose a relaxation as regards the Italian rules of rhyme, and as regards shape (*i.e.* the grouping, growth, and pauses of the sonnet) an obedience to the infrangible Italian law which has formed this most exquisite of poetic forms with something of the power and spring of a natural law in the growth of a plant. This strict correctness and submission retains the emotion which gathers strength in retention; for it is not joy alone, but all strong passion, which delights in "suppression of the heart;" whilst in these narrow bounds the imagination is emancipated, and the happy poet speaks "wildly, or with the flower of the mind."

As a true sonnet contains more substance than many a long poem, so this essaying condenses all that went before it and adds much of its own. If this and our other extracts should help to propagate the orthodox doctrine, as to the structure of the sonnet, we shall not (as the prefaces to dull books used to end) have written in vain.



## THE FIT OF AILSIE'S SHOE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "VAGRANT VERSES," "KILLREVT," "MARCELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

ON a certain mellow August afternoon an old woman was travelling along the sea-girt road between Portrush and Dunluce. She wore a long grey cloak, and a scarlet neckerchief thrown over her white cap. Her face was unusually sallow and wrinkled, with small, shrewd, furtive eyes. She carried a stick, and halted now and then from fatigue.

She looked often from right to left, and from left to right, over the sea, heaving helplessly under its load of blazing brooding glory, and inland, over the stretches of green and golden, where cattle drowsed and corn ripened. She seemed like one not assured of her way, and looking for landmarks. Presently she stopped beside some boys who were playing marbles under 'a hedge to ask whereabouts might stand the house of one James MacQuillan.

"Is it Jamie's, you want?" said the eldest lad; "there it's, up the hill yonder, with its shoulder agin the haystack. But if you're goin' there, I'll tell you that Ailsie's out at the fair. Mother saw her pass our door at sunrise this mornin'."

From the way he gave his information, the urchin evidently thought that, Ailsie being from home, it was worth no one's while to climb the hill to Jamie's. No way staggered in her purpose by the news, however, the old woman proceeded on her travels, and took her way towards the haystack.

She plodded up a green-hedged lonan, and emerged from it on a causeway of round stones bedded in clay. Here stood "Jamie's," a white cottage smothered in fuchsia-trees. There was a sweet scent of musk and sitherwood hanging about, and a wild rose was nailed against the gable. A purple pigeon was cooing on the russet thatch, and a lazy cloud of smoke was reluctantly mingling its blue vapour with the yellow evening air. Overtopping the chimney there rose a golden cock of new-made hay. The old woman snuffed the fragrant breath of the place, poked at the fuchsia-bushes with her stick, and peered all about her with her

shrewd bright eyes. At last she approached the open door and looked across the threshold.

There was a small room with a clay floor, a fire winking on the hearth almost blinded out by the sun, a spinning-wheel in the corner, an elderly woman knitting beside the window, and a check-curtained bed standing in the corner, in which a sickly man sat up with a newspaper spread on his knees.

"God save all here!" said the visitor, pushing in her head at the door. "An' is this Jamie MacQuillan's?"

"As sure as my name's Jamie," said the weakly man, taking off his spectacles. "Take a seat, ma'am. You'd be a thraveller maybe, comin' home from the fair?"

The old woman had dropped into a chair, panting with fatigue.

"It's no shame for ye," she gasped, "that ye don't know me, seein' that ye never set eyes on me before; but I'm wan o' the McCambridges, from beyont Lough Neagh, an' I've walked every foot o' the road to see you an' yours."

"Why, you don't mane to say that?" cried Jamie, his pale face lighting up. "You don't mane to say you're Shaun McCambridge's sisher, Penny, own cousin to my father's second wife, that was to have stood for our Ailsie at her christenin', only she took a pain in her heel and couldn't stir from home? Faith, an' I might have knowed you by the fine hook o' your nose, always an' ever the sign o' the rale ould blood. Throth that same blood's thicker nor wather. Mary machree, it's Penny McCambridge, from Lough Neagh side!"

Mary, the wife, now lifted her voice in welcome.

"Good luck to you, cousin Penny," she said. "The sight o' wan o' your folks is the cure for sore eyes. Come over an' give us the shake o' your han', for not a stir can I stir this year past with the pains, no more nor Jamie there that's down on his back since May. Och, it's the poor do-less pair we'd be only for our Ailsie, that's han's an' feet to us both, an' keeps things together out an' in."

A great hand-shaking followed this speech, and then the visitor began to inquire for Ailsie, her god-daughter, that was to have been, only for the unfortunate pain in the heel.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," said the father; "she'll be in from the fair by-an'-by, an' then if ye don't give her the degree for han'somest girl and the best manager that ever stepped about a house, I'll give ye lave to go back to Lough Neagh an' spend the rest o' your days sarchin' for her aiguals."

"Whisht, Jamie," said the mother; "self praise is no praise,

no more is praise o' yer own flesh an' blood. All the same, I wisht Ailsie was in to make cousin Penny the cup o' tay afther her thravels. She was to bring a grain o' the best green from Misther McShane's, in Portrush, as well as all the news from Castle Craigie, an' of the doin's of ould Lady Betty MacQuillan, more power to her!"

"Is that the ould lady that's come home from Ingia?" asked she who was called Penny McCambridge.

"Ay, ay," said the wife of Jamie, eagerly. "Ye've passed through Portrush, an' ye'll maybe have the foreway of Ailsie with the news. What are they saying in the town?"

"Well, ye see," said Penny, "bein' a sthranger, and spakin' to few, I heard but little. But they do say that her husband was the last of the MacQuillans of Castle Craigie, an' that as she has ne'er a child of her own, all the MacQuillans in the country are claimin' kin with her, an' fightin' among them about which 'll be her heir."

"An' is that all ye know, Penny dear?" said Mary. "Why, I have more nor that mysel'. Sure she's written round an' round to every MacQuillan o' them all, biddin' them to a grand house-warmin' on Wensday come eight days, when she'll settle it all, an' name who's to come afther her. An' though she's in London now, she'll be at Castle Craigie afore then to resave them. An' sich a resavin' as that'll be! Sich fixin' an' furbishin' as there is at the ould castle. They say there never was the likes o' it seen since the day Sir Archie MacQuillan brought home his fairy bride, an' then it wasn't painters an' bricklayers, but the 'good people' themselves that laid han's on the rooms."

"She must be a queer sort of a body," said Penny. "But I hope, Jamie, that *you*, as honest a man, an' as good a MacQuillan as ever a wan among them, I hope you haven't been shy of sendin' in your claim."

"Och, Penny, if you'd only put that much spunk into him!" cried Mary, with energy, "it's what I'm sayin' to him mornin', noon, an' night, an' it's no more to him than the crickets chirpin'."

"Stop your grumblin', Mary," said the husband, "there's richer nor us, and there's poorer, but we're not so mane yet as to go cravin' for what we're not likely to get. It's not to MacQuillans like us that Lady Betty has sent her invite."

"An' more shame for her!" cried Mary, waxing wroth. "Listen to me, cousin Penny. When Lady Betty's husband, Sir Dinis MacQuillan that's dead an' gone, was nothing but plain

Dinis, an' the youngest of seven sons, he went off an' married wan or'nary-faced, low-born lass, called Betty O'Flanigan, an' brought her all the way from County Wexford to Castle Craigie here, thinkin' he had nothin' to do in the world but ring the gate bell, an' walk in with his wife. It was Christmas-time, an' hard weather, an' sich feastin' an' visitin' goin' on at the castle, when all at wanst the news o' the marriage come down like a clap on the family. It took six men to hold ould Sir Patrick, he was in that mad a rage, an' you may guess it was little welcome poor Betty got when Dinis brought her to the door. The two o' them had just to turn back the way they come, an' it bein' to snow, when Jamie there, that was then a lad of fifteen, he was standin' out by his mother's door, an' he spied them comin' down the road. Betty had on a fine gown, but she looked very lonesome, poor body, an' Jamie knowin' what had happened, he up an' he says :

" 'Mrs. MacQuillan,' says he, 'it's comin' on a storrm, an' it'll be hard on you goin' further the night,' says he. 'And if you'll be so good as to step inside,' says he, 'it's my mother'll be glad to see you.'

"Poor Betty was glad to hear the word, an' in she went, an' stay there she did for two weeks, till her husband got their passage taken out to Ingia. An' when she was goin' away, an' biddin' good-by, she says to Jamie, she says, 'Jamie, my boy, if ever Betty MacQuillan comes home from Ingia a rich woman, she'll find out you an' yours, if you're above the arth, an' mind you, she'll pay you back your good turn !'

"Many's the time I hard the story from Jamie's mother, rest her sowl !" Mary went on. "An' it's the fine fortune Dinis an' Betty made in Ingia. Two years back, when the last of the brothers died without childer, we hard that Sir Dinis was comin' back to end his days in Castle Craigie. But that news wasn't stale till we hard o' his death, poor man ! An' now Betty's comin' back her lone, a rich woman, an' a fine lady. An' I'll just ax you, cousin Penny, if it wouldn't fit her bether to be lookin' afther Jamie there, that offered her the shelter o' the roof when she was in need o't, than to be huntin' up a pack o' highflyers, the very set that sneered an' sniggered over her disgrace in the dhrawn-room at the castle, the day she was turned from the gates ?"

Cousin Penny had given attentive ear to the wife, and now she turned to the husband.

"What do you say to that now, Jamie ?" she asked, with a knowing twinkle of her shrewd bright eyes.

"I say this," cried Jamie, crackling and folding at his paper with energy. "I say that the man or boy, it's all wan, that does a good turn expectin' to be paid for it, deserves no more thanks than a man that sells a cow and dh rives a good bargain. An' I say that Mary ought to be ashamed to sit there talking of sich a thing that happened forty year ago, an' if Ailsie was here she wouldn't—but good luck to her! there she is hersel', gone past the window."

All the three pair of eyes were now turned to the doorway, whose sunny space was obscured for a moment by as pretty a figure as any lover of fresh and pleasant sights could wish to see. This was a ripe-faced, dark-haired, country girl, with her coarse straw bonnet tipped over her forehead, to save her eyes from the sun, and her neat print gown tucked tidily up over her white petticoat.

"Come in, Ailsie!" cried Jamie, "come in an' see your cousin, Penny McCambridge, from Lough Neagh side, that was to have been your godmother, an' has come every fut o' the road from that to this, to see what sort o' lass you've turned out."

"Make haste an' make us the cup o' tay," said her mother. "I hope you didn't forget to bring us a grain o' the best green from Mистер McShane's? Good girl! An' how did yer eggs an' butter sell? I'll lay you a shillin' you haven't the sign o' either wan or the other to set before the stranger this day!"

"Maybe I haven't though!" said Ailsie, laughing. "It's by the fine good luck I put by two nice little pats undher a dish, afore I went off this mornin'. An' as for eggs, if Mehaffy hasn't laid wan afore this time o' day, I'll put her in the pot for a lazy big hen, an' Cousin Penny 'll stay an' help to ate her."

A nice little meal was set, and Ailsie flung herself on a bench to rest.

"An' now you'll have breath to tell us the news, Ailsie," said Mary, the mother, sipping her tea complacently. "What's doin' an' sayin' in Portrush about Lady Betty?"

"Oh throth, mother!" said Ailsie, tossing her head, "troth I'm sick, sore, an' tired, hearin' o' the quare old house she's pulled down on her back, poor body! Sich gregin' an' comparin' you never hard since the day you were born. The frien's o' wan MacQuillan, an' the frien's o' another, at it hard an' fast for which'll have the best chance of comin' in for the ould lady's favour. An' sich preparations! Mrs. Quinn, the housekeeper, took me all through the castle to see the new grandeur; an' sich curtains, an' pictures, an' marble images, an' sich lookin'-glasses!

feth, when I went to the dhrawn-room door, I thought I'd gone crazy, for half-a-dozen other Ailsies started up in the corners an' all over the walls, an' come to meet me with their baskets on their arms. An' then there's the ball-room where the dancin's to be, all hung round with green things, an' the floor as slippy an' as shiny as the duck pond was last Christmas in the long frost. An' I went into Miss O'Trimmins, the dressmaker, to see if her tooth-ache was better, an' I do declare she could hardly reach me her little finger across the heaps of silks an' muzlins that she had piled about her there in her room. An' while I was there, a carriage dashed up to the door, an' out stepped the five Miss MacQuillans from Bally Scuffling, an' in they all came to have their dresses tried on. An' Miss O'Trimmins kept me to hold the pins while she was fittin' them, for all her girls were that busy they could hardly stop to thread their needles. An' sich pinchin' an' screwin' ! When they went away, I said to Miss O'Trimmins, 'I'm thankful,' says I, 'that none o' these gowns is for me.' An' she laughed, and says she, 'I wouldn't put it past you, Ailsie, to be right glad to go to the same ball if you got the chance.'

"'I'm not so sure o' that,' says I, 'but, as for chance, my name's MacQuillan as well as its theirs that were here this minute lookin' at me as if I was the dirt undher their feet. An' put it to pride or not,' says I, 'but I do think, if I was done up grand, I could manage to cut as good a figure in a ball-room as e'er a wan o' them red-nosed things that are goin' to dress themsel's up in all this fine grass-coloured satin !' It was very impident an' ill done o' me to make such a speech," said Ailsie, blushing at her confession, which had sent cousin Penny into fits of laughter, "but my blood was up, somehow, with the looks o' them old things from Bally Scuffling, an' I couldn't hold my tongue !"

"Go on, go on, Aileie dear !" said Penny, wiping her eyes.

"Oh, then," said Ailsie, "she began talkin' the same kind o' stuff that they were botherin' me with the day through, axin' me why my father hadn't sent word to Lady Betty like the rest o' the MacQuillans, tellin' me we were the only wans o' the name that hadn't spoken. It's just the wan word in all their mouths. Mrs. Maginty, that buys my eggs, she was at it an' ould Dan Carr, that takes my butter from me, I thought I'd never get *him* talked down, an' Nancy McDonnell that was sellin' sweeties in the fair, an' Katty O'Neil that was goin' about with me all day, an' Mrs. McShane that I bought the tea from. Ooh ! I couldn't remember the wan half o' them !"

"An' what did you say to them, Ailsie dear?" asked Mary the mother, insinuatingly.

"Why," said Ailsie, "I tould them first, that all the rest o' the MacQuillans about were ladies an' gentlemen, an' would be creditable to Lady Betty when she made her choice, but that my father was a poor man that had nothin' to do with the comin's an' goin's o' gentry. But when that wouldn't do, I up an' told them that he had too much feelin' for a lonely old woman comin' home without a friend in her ould age, to think of beginnin' to worry her about what would be to divide afther her death, afore ever she set foot in the country. 'It's an ill welcome for all their fine talking,' said I, 'an' if they hadn't put her an' pestered her to it, she would never be for doin' the quare thing she's goin' to do on Wensday week night.' An' what do you think she is goin' to do, father?" said Ailsie, turning to Jamie, "but she's to have a big cake made, an' a ring in it, an' every MacQuillan at the feast gets a piece o' the cake, an' whoever finds the ring, as sure as he's there he's the wan to share Lady Betty's fortune, an' come afther her in Castle Craigie!"

Here Mary the mother began to groan and rock herself, and complain of the obstinacy of people who would not stretch out their hands for a piece of that lucky cake, when it might be theirs for the asking. Jamie was getting very red in the face, and crumpling his paper very fiercely, when Penny, who had been laughing again, once more wiped her eyes, and taking her stick from the corner, prepared to depart.

"It's getting far in the day," she said, "an' I have a good bit further to go afore night, to see my old friend Madgey Mucklehern, that lives in the Windy Gap; good luck is hers she hasn't been blown out o't house an' all afore this! But I'll be back this way," she added; "don't you think ye've seen the last o' Penny McCambridge, cousin Jamie, for feth ye'll know more o' me shortly, if the Lord spares me my breath for a whien more o' weeks."

And Penny McCambridge shook hands with her kinsfolk, and trotted away down the lonan, as she had come.

## CHAPTER II.

It was only a few evenings after this that Ailsie was sitting on the end of the kitchen-table, reading the newspaper to her father.

"Na—na," said Ailsie, stumbling at a word, "v i—vi, g a—ga—Och, my blessin' to the word, I can't make head or tail o't. Ye'll read it betther yersel', father; an' it's time I was goin' feedin' my hens, anyhow!"

"Ailsie," said Jamie, rubbing his spectacles, "I'm feared you'r turnin' out a bad clark afther all the throuble Mither Devnish has taken wi' you. Ye'r getting' a big woman, Ailsie, an' there's not a thing ye'r bad at but the clarkin'. Go off to school, now, this very evenin', and give my respects to Hughie Devnish, an' tell him to tache you how to spell navigation afore you come back."

Ailsie coloured, and her thick black lashes rested on her russet cheeks while she tucked up her gown and kneaded the wet meal for the hens with her gipsy hands. But as she left the house she looked back with a wicked little toss of her head.

"Then you an' Hughie Devnish may put it out o' yer heads that ye'll ever make a clark o' Ailsie," she said; "for if ye wer to boil down all the larnin'-books that ever cracked a school-masther's skull, an' feed her on nothin' but that for the next ten years, ye wouldn't have her wan bit the larnder in the hinder end!"

So saying, she stepped out into the sun, and was busy feeding her hens under the shelter of the golden haycock, when she saw a servant in a showy livery coming riding up the lonan.

"Can you tell me where Miss MacQuillan lives about here, my good girl?" he asked, with a supercilious glance at Ailsie's wooden dish.

"No," said Ailsie, looking at him with her head thrown back. "That's Jamie MacQuillan's house"—pointing to the gable—"an' I'm his daughter Ailsie, but there's no Miss MacQuillan here; none nearer by this road nor Bally Scuffling."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the man, with an altered manner, "but I believe this must be for you." And then he rode off, leaving her standing staring at a dainty pink note which she held by one corner between two mealy fingers. "Miss Ailsie MacQuillan," said the ink on the back of the narrow satin envelope.

"That's me!" said Ailsie, with a gasp. "The rest o' them's all Lizabeths, an' Isabellas, an' Aramintys. An', as thrue as I'm



a livin' girl, it's the Castle Craigie liveries yon fine fellow was dressed up so grand in, an' here's the Castle Craigie crest on this purty little seal."

It was a note of invitation to Lady Betty's ball, and, in spite of her bad "clarkin'," Ailsie was able to read it, spelling it out word after word, turning it back and forward and upside-down, and feeling sure all the time that somebody had played a trick on her by writing to Lady Betty in her name. She sat on a stone and made her reflections, with the sun all the while burning her cheeks, and making them more and more unfit to appear in a ball-room.

"An' she thinks I'm some fine young lady in a low neck an' satin shoes, waitin' all ready to step into her ball-room an' make her a curtsy. Good luck to her! What 'd she say if she heard Ailsie's brogues hammerin' away on yon fine slippy floor o' hers?" And Ailsie, as she spoke, extended one little roughshod foot and looked at it critically. "Then thank you, Lady Betty; but I'm not goin' to make mysel' a laughin'-stock for the counthry yet!"

"Who came ridin' up the lonan a bit ago, Ailsie?" said the mother, when she went in with the note safely hidden in her pocket.

"Ridin' up the lonan is it?" said Ailsie.

"Ay, ay," said Mary, "I thought I hard a horse's fut on the road, but it be to been yer father snorin'."

"Me snorin'!" cried Jamie, starting and rubbing his eyes. "Ye'r dhramin' yersel', Mary. Ailsie, ye witch, are ye not gone to school yet?"

"Well, I'll go now, father," said Ailsie. "Maybe," she thought, "Hughie 'll tell me what to do with that letter afore I come back."

A thatched house, with a row of small latticed windows blinking down at the sea in the strong sunset, with a grotesque thorn, looking over the more distant gable, and an army of fierce holly-hooks mustering about the little entry-door. This was the school, and Mr. Hugh Devnish was at this moment standing at his desk, writing "head-lines" in the copy-books of his pupils; a young man with a grave busy face, and one hand concealed in the breast of his coat. That hand was deformed, and so Hugh Devnish had been brought up to teach school, instead of to follow the plough. That such breeding had not been wasted, his face announced. Even the country people around held him in unusual respect, though he did not give them half as many long words, nor talk

Latin to them, like his predecessor, Larry O'Mullan, who had died of hard study, poor boy! at the age of eighty-five.

Hughie glanced through the window before him, got suddenly red in the face, and cried "Attention!" in a voice which made all the lads and lasses look up from their copy-books. The next moment a gipsy-faced girl walked in, hung up her bonnet, and sat down on a form.

"What's your word, Ailsie MacQuillan?" asked the schoolmaster, taking her book with a severe and business-like air.

"Invitation, sir—navigation, I mane," said Ailsie, demurely, studying her folded hands.

The master looked at her sharply, and afterwards frowned severely, when, on going the rounds of the desks, he found "Lady Betty MacQuillan," "Castle Craigie," and other foolish and meaningless words, scrawled profanely over the page which was to have been sacred to navigation alone. Ailsie was "kept in" for bad conduct, and locked up alone in the school after the other pupils had gone home. And there, when the schoolmaster came to release her, she was found plucking the roses that hung in at the window, and sticking them in the holes for the ink-bottles along the desks. A crumpled note lay open before her.

We should hardly have said the schoolmaster came in, for, though it was Hughie Devnish, he appeared in a new character. This punished girl was his wildest and least creditable pupil, and yet, when he walked up to her in her disgrace, he was trembling and blushing like his own youngest "scholar" coming up for a whipping. His eye caught the crumpled note, and he picked it up and read it.

"I guessed how 'twas," he said, "but you're surely not thinkin' of goin'?"

Now Ailsie had intended to ask his advice, but the mischief that was in her would come out.

"Why should I not go as well as another?" she asked, pettishly.

"Aroon, you know I would not like it," he said.

"An' that's a reason, feth!" said Ailsie, tossing her head, and beginning to pick a rose to pieces.

"Ailsie," said the young man vehemently, "it was only the other day you told me here that you could like me better than all the world, better than Ned Mucklehern, for all his fine land and his presents o' butther an' crame; better than Mehaffy the miller,

that gave you the fine speckled hen; better than MacQuillan o' the Reek — ”

“Bad manners to him!” struck in Ailsie, angrily, flinging a shower of rose-leaves from her hand over the desks.

“You promised to be my wife, Ailsie.”

“It all come o' keepin' me in for bad conduct,” said Ailsie, swinging one foot with provoking unconcern.

“No matter what it came of,” said Hughie, “you promised me. And you promised me as well that you wouldn't go thrustin' yourself among these people, that would only laugh at you for your pains.”

“I don't know why you should think I'd be laughed at,” said Ailsie, “barrin' you're ashamed o' me!”

The schoolmaster's face blazed up, and with all his heart in his eyes he gazed at her where she sat with her ripe face half turned from the sun coming through the lattice, and her dark head framed in the roses.

“Ashamed o' you, mavourneen?” he said, tenderly. “No; but there might be some there that I wouldn't like you to come across, an' you alone an' unprotected. MacQuillan o' the Reek——”

“I slapped his face wanst!” cried Ailsie, firing up again, “an' it's not likely he'll come axin' me to do 't again.”

“And there'll be others there,” he went on, “that'd fall in love wi' you maybe, an' snatch you up from Hughie before he has enough earned to marry you out o' hand.”

“An' what if they did?” said Ailsie, with wicked coolness.

“What if they did?” repeated Devnish, slowly, looking at her with a pained appealing look, as if expecting her to retract the cruel words. “I tell you what it is, Ailsie,” he broke out passionately, drawing his left hand from its concealment, “I believe it's this that's workin' at the bottom o' all your coldness. You're tired already of a deformed lover. Go to Lady Betty's ball then, an' find a husband for yourself that you'll not be ashamed of. Go——”

Just as Ailsie was getting pale, and the tears coming into her eyes, a little door opened, and a good-humoured-looking country woman came into the schoolroom.

“Come in to your supper, Hughie,” she said. “Och, is it Ailsie MacQuillan in penance the night again? Girl alive! is it a love-lether you're showin' the mather?”

“No, indeed, Mrs. Devnish,” said Ailsie, erecting her head;

"it's a note of invitation from Lady Betty MacQuillan, axin' me to do her the honour of dancin' at her ball at Castle Craigie on Wensday come eight days."

"Oh, then, then! but you're the lucky girl," cried the Widow Devnish, clapping her hands over the note, while Hughie stalked away silently to a window by himself. "I declare it's as grand an' as beautyful as if it was written to the Queen. Asthore! an' has your mother any sense left at all, with the dint o' the joy?"

"She didn't see it yet," stammered Ailsie, seeing now the scrape into which she had got herself through yielding to her reckless whim of tormenting her lover. "I got it just as I left home, an' she didn't see it yet."

"An' you're stan'in' up there as if nothin' had happened you, you ongrateful colleen," said the Widow Devnish, pocketing the note. "Wait a minute, then, till I get the cloak, an' it's mysel' 'll go home wi' you, an' help to tell the news."

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### CHAPTER III.

It was speedily settled between Mary MacQuillan and the Widow Devnish that Ailsie should go to the ball.

"I have a fine piece of yellow Chaney silk," said the Widow Devnish. "that Sailor Johnny sent me from beyont the says. It would make her a skirt, barrin' it wasn't too long, an' a hem o' somethin' else lined on behind."

"An' I've a ducky bit o' chery tabinet," said Mary, the mother, "that brother Pat, the weaver, sent me from Dublin to make a bonnet o'. It'll cut into a beautyful jockey for her, barrin' we don't make the sleeves too wide."

So on the eventful night Ailsie was dressed out in the yellow silk skirt and cherry-coloured bodice, with a fine pair of stockings of Mary's own knitting, with magnificent clocks up the sides. Her little bog-trotting brogues were polished till you could see yourself in the toes, and a pair of elegant black silk mittens covered her hands up to her little brown knuckles, stretching up past her wrists to make amends for the scantiness of her sleeves. Then, she had a grand pair of clanking earrings as long as your little finger, which the Widow Devnish had worn as a bride; and the two mothers, taking each a side of the victim's head, plaited her

thick black hair into endless numbers of fanciful braids, which they rolled round the crown of her head, and into which they planted a tortoiseshell comb, curved like the back of an arm-chair, which Jamie's mother had worn at his christening, and which towered over Ailsie's head like Minerva's helmet put on the wrong way. Ned Mucklehern of the Windy Gap was to take her to Castle Craigie in his new spring cart; and two good hours before dark Ailsie was standing at the door, looking longingly for a glimpse of Hughie coming over the hill, to see how handsome she looked in her strange finery. But Hughie did not appear, and vowing vengeance on him for his "sulks," Ailsie submitted to be packed up in the cart.

"But it's no use takin' the rue now," said she. "I be to go through with it!" And with desperate bravery she said "good night" to Ned Mucklehern, who, at her command, set her down at a little distance from the entrance gates, out and in of which the carriages were rolling at such a rate as made poor Ailsie's heart thump against her side, till it was like to burst through Pat-the-weaver's tabinet.

She crept in through a little side-gate, and up the avenue, keeping as much as possible in shelter of the trees; but it was not quite dark yet, and the coachmen coming and going stared at her, taking her, maybe, for some masquerading gipsy or strolling actress, whom Lady Betty had engaged to amuse the company. She arrived at the hall door just in time to see a flock of young ladies in white robes float gracefully over the threshold, and the absurdity of her own costume came before her in its terrible reality. Covered with confusion, she looked about to see if she could escape among the trees, and hide there till morning; but one of the grand servants had espied her, and under his eyes Ailsie scorned to beat a retreat.

"What is your business here, young woman?" asked this awful person, as she stepped into the glare of the hall lights.

"I am one of Lady Betty's guests," said Ailsie, lifting her head. But a horrible tittering greeted this announcement from a crowd of other servants, who were all eyeing her curiously from head to foot. Ailsie was ready to sink into the earth with shame and mortification, when, happily, the arrival of a fresh carriageful of guests diverted the general attention from herself, and she heard some one saying, "This way, miss." Glad to escape anywhere, she followed a servant whose face she could not see, but whose voice was wonderfully familiar. Passing through an inner hall, her hand was grasped by this person, and she was swiftly drawn into a pantry and the door shut.

"Oh, Hughie, Hughie!" cried Ailsie, bursting into tears, and clinging to his arm. "Then where did you dhrop from, anyways?"

"Whisht, avourneen!" said Hughie, "we haven't a minute to stay, for yon chaps 'll be runnin' in an' out here all night. But do you think Hughie could rest aisy at home an' you unprotected in this place? Wan o' the fellows was knocked up with all the wine that's goin', an' they were glad to give me his place, an' his clothes. Ye won't feel so lonesome."

"Oh, Hughie, I wisht I'd stayed at home as you bid me. An' your han', Hughie?"

"Och, never mind it, asthore. I'll only carry small thrays, and the wan hand 'll do beautiful. Come now, aroon." So, resuming his character of servant, Hughie squired his trembling lady love up Lady Betty's gilded staircase.

The ball was held in an old-fashioned hall whose roof was crossed with dark rafters, from which gloomy old banners were swinging. The door was partly open, and Ailsie peeped in.

"Oh, Hughie, Hughie!" she whispered, "take me back to the panthry! I'll lie close in a cupboard, an' never stir a stir till morning."

"It couldn't be done, darlin'," whispered Hughie. "Ye must put a bold face on it, an' take your chance."

He opened the door wide, and Ailsie felt herself swallowed up in a blaze of light and colour, with a hum in her ears as of a thousand bees all buzzing round her head at once. When she recovered from her first stunned sensation, and regained consciousness of her own identity, she found herself seated side by side with the five Miss MacQuillans from Bally Scuffling, all dressed in their grass-coloured satin, all with their noses redder than ever, all eyeing her askance from her comb to her brogues, and tittering just as the servants had done in the hall.

A band was playing, and a crowd of people were dancing, but it seemed to Ailsie, whenever she looked up, that nobody had got anything to do but to stare at her. When she saw the elegant slippers of the dancers she was afraid to stir lest the "hammerin'" of her feet should be heard all over the room; and when MacQuillan of the Reek came up to her, and, making a low bow, begged the honour of dancing with her, Ailsie's ears began to sing with confusion, and her teeth to chatter with fright. But as she did not know how to refuse, she got up and accompanied him to where there was an empty space on the floor. The band was playing a lively tune as a quadrille, and Ailsie, thinking anything better than

standing still, fell to dancing her familiar jig with energy. She had once slapped this gentleman's face for his impertinence, and she believed that he had now led her out to avenge himself by her confusion. So Ailsie danced her jig, and finding that the clatter of her brogues was drowned by the music, she gained courage and danced it with spirit, round and round her astonished partner, till the lookers-on cried "Brava!" and the laugh was turned against MacQuillan of the Reek, who was, after all, very glad when she made him her curtsy, and allowed him to take her back again to the Bally Scuffing maidens, who had not been dancing at all, and who held up their five fans before their five faces in disgust at Ailsie's performance.

A magic word, *supper*, acted like a charm on all there. The crowd thinned and disappeared, and nobody noticed Ailsie. Every gentleman had his own partner to attend to, and no one came near the little peasant girl. Ailsie was very glad, for she would rather endure hunger than be laughed at, and she was just beginning to nod asleep in her seat, when in came Hughie.

"I'm goin' to fetch you somethin' to ate, darlin'," he said, and hurried away again. And Ailsie was just beginning to nod asleep once more, when in came MacQuillan of the Reek, saying that Lady Betty had sent him to conduct her (Ailsie) to the supper-room.

Lady Betty was sitting at the head of the most distant table, with a knife in her hand, and a huge cake before her. The more substantial eatables seemed to have been already discussed, for every guest had a slice of this cake on a plate before him or her. They were nibbling it, and mincing it up with knives. All were silent, and all looked anxious and dissatisfied. Ailsie thought the silence and the dissatisfaction were all on account of her audacious entrance.

"This way!" said Lady Betty MacQuillan, in a voice that made Ailsie start, and the august hostess cleared a place at her side for our blushing heroine. The wax-lights blazed on Lady Betty's golden turban, and Ailsie did not dare to look at her face. She sat down, and Lady Betty with her own hand helped her to a small cut of the wonderful cake. Ailsie was very hungry, and the cake was very good. She devoured a few morsels eagerly; then she ceased eating.

"Why don't you eat, child?" said Lady Betty, in a voice that again made Ailsie start; and this time she ventured to look up.

She looked up, and stared as if the clouds had opened above her head. There was a little withered yellow face, with twinkling black eyes, looking down on her—a face that she had seen before.

It was Penny MacCambridge, from Lough Neagh side, who was to have been her godmother only for the unfortunate pain in her heel, who was sitting there, dressed up in purple velvet and a cloth-of-gold turban. Oh, murder! What would be the end of this? Penny McCambridge befooling all the gentry folks of the country round, pretending to be the lady of Castle Craigie! Or, stay! Whether was Penny McCambridge acting Lady Betty MacQuillan, or had Lady Betty MacQuillan been acting Penny McCambridge?

"Why don't you eat, child?" repeated Lady Betty, as Ailsie sat turning her piece of cake about on her plate.

"I'm hungry enough," said Ailsie, "but I cannot ate this, my lady, barrin' you want me to choke myself!"

And Ailsie held up her bit of cake in which was wedged the ring that declared her the heiress of Castle Craigie.

Well, I need not tell how, after supper, some of the guests who were spiteful ordered their carriages and whirled away in disgust; how others, who were not spiteful, stayed and danced the morning in; how some, who were good natured, congratulated Ailsie on her good luck; how others, who were quite the reverse, yet fawned on the bewildered heroine of the evening. How Ailsie was kept close by the wonderful Lady Betty all the rest of the time; how she watched in vain for another glimpse of Hughie; how, in the end, she was conducted to a splendid bedchamber, where she was frightened out of her senses at the grandeur of the furniture, and could not get a wink of sleep for the softness of the stately bed.

The news was not long in travelling over the country, and next day, when a carriage dashed up to the foot of the lonan, Jamie and his wife thought they were prepared to receive their fortunate daughter with dignity. But when Ailsie walked in to them in a white pelisse and sandalled slippers, her bonnie dark eyes looking out at them from under a shade of a pink satin hat and feathers, this delusion of theirs was dispelled. Mary's exultation knew no bounds, and Jamie said, "Can this fine lady be my daughter?" nervously, and with tears in his eyes. And Ailsie sat on a chair in the middle of the floor she had swept so often, and cried, and pulled off her fine hat, and threw it to the furthest corner of the kitchen, vowing she would never leave her father and mother to go and live with Lady Betty. And Lady Betty, who was present, was not a bit angry, although the beautiful hat was spoiled; but began telling how she would educate Ailsie, and take her to see the distant world, and how she would dress her like a princess, and marry her to some grand gentleman, who should either bear the name of MacQuillan, or adopt it.



But Ailsie only crying worse at this than before, she threw a purse of gold into Mary's lap, and began describing all the good things she would do for Jamie and his wife if Ailsie would only come with her; how she would build them a pretty house; how they should have servants to attend them, and horses and cows, and money at command. And Ailsie, listening to this, cried more violently than ever, with her swollen eyes staring through the door, out to the hill that led across to Hughie's. Then, when Lady Betty had done, Mary the mother began.

Ailsie took her eyes from the open door, and looked at her father. But Jamie, afraid to mar his child's brilliant prospects, only hung his head, and said never a word at all.

Then Ailsie's heart seemed to break with one loud sob. "I'll go, feth!" cried she, "an' may God forgive ye all!" and rushed out of the cottage and down the lonan, bareheaded and weeping. Midway she stopped on the road, and, pulling off one of her pretty shoes, she flung it from her with all her might till it struck the trunk of a far tree growing on the hill that led to Hughie's.

"That's the slipper to you, for good luck, Hughie Devnish!" she said; "an' if ever I forget you to marry a fine gentleman, may the Lord turn my gran' gowns into rags again, an' the bit that I ate into sand in my mouth!"

So Ailsie said good-bye to home. The next day Lady Betty and Miss MacQuillan departed from Castle Craigie for the Continent.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

FOUR years passed away, and Jamie and Mary had grown accustomed to their improved circumstances, Lady Betty having proved as good as her word in bestowing on them all those benefits which she had enumerated when coaxing Ailsie away with her. Whether they were quite satisfied with the freak that fortune had played with them, they themselves knew best. When a neighbour went in to see them, Mary had always some grand talk about "my daughter, Miss MacQuillan;" but the Widow Devnish often shook her head, saying they were dull enough when nobody was by, and feared Ailsie had forgotten them.

Ned Mucklehern and Mehaffy the miller, had each consoled himself with a wife long ago. Hughie Devnish still taught his school, and his mother still called him in to his supper of evenings; but he was not the same Hughie, the widow vowed, never since

the night of Lady Betty's ball, when he had taken the strange whim of going serving at the castle. That some one had put a charm on him that night, from the effects of which he had never recovered, was the Widow Devnish's firm belief. He was "as grave as a judge," she said, from morning till night, all wrapped up in the improvement of his school, never would go to a dance or a fair like other young men, and, say what she might to him, would admit no thought of taking a wife, though his means would allow of it now, since he had got some tuitions among the gentry folks of the neighbourhood. The Widow Devnish was very proud of her son, but she was sorely afraid there was "something on him." For, strangest of all, once, when she came into his schoolroom at dusk unnoticed, she saw him looking at a little kid shoe, with long silken sandals hanging from it. "She'll forget," he was saying, as he turned it about, and wound the sandals round it, "of course, of course she'll forget."

All this time, while things had been going on so with these vulgar and insignificant folks at home, neither Ailsie nor Lady Betty had been seen at Castle Craigie. Lady Betty surrounded her protégée with French, Italian, drawing, and music masters. But with these had Ailsie concerned herself but little. "Hughie Devnish could never tache me," she would say, coolly, when they were ready to wring their hands with vexation, "an' I don't think it's likely ye're any cleverer than him." However, there were some things that Ailsie did learn in time. Being observant and imitative, she acquired a habit of speaking tolerable French, and when talking English she modified, though she did not by any means give up, her brogue. She very soon learnt to flirt a fan, to carry her handsome gowns with ease, and to develop certain original graces of manner, which were considered by many to be very charming in the pretty heiress of Lady Betty's Indian thousands. Altogether, the patroness found herself obliged to be content, though the young lady could read neither French nor Italian, nor yet could she play on the spinnet or guitar.

Ailsie's education being thus finished, Lady Betty set her heart on an ambitious marriage for her favourite. She introduced her to society in Paris, and saw her making conquests right and left at the most fashionable watering-places on the Continent. Ailsie's sparkling eyes were enchantingly foiled by her diamonds, and proposals in plenty were laid at her feet. But Ailsie, though enjoying right merrily the homage so freely paid her, only laughed at the offers of marriage, as though it were quite impossible to

regard them as anything but so many very capital jokes. Lady Betty did not join in this view of the matter, but she had patience with her heiress for a considerable time, as Ailsie always mollified her displeasure by saying, on her refusal of each "good match," "I will marry a better man still, Lady Betty."

After four years, Lady Betty, who was a wilful old lady, and whose patience was exhausted, quarrelled with her about it, and before she recovered her temper she took ill and died, and Ailsie found herself one day sad and solitary in Paris, without the protection of her kind indulgent friend.

Tears would not mend the matter now, nor would they alter the will which Lady Betty had left behind her, the conditions of which were fair enough, said Ailsie's suitors, when the contents of the important document became known. One year had the impatient old lady given her chosen heiress, in the space of which time to become a wife. And if at the end of that year she was still found to be a spinster, not a penny had she, but might go back to the cottage at the top of the lonan, and take with her her father and mother to work for them as before, to milk her cows, and feed her hens, and persuade herself, if she liked, that her wit, and her diamonds, and her beauty, and her lovers, had all had their existence in a tantalizing dream, which had visited her between roosting-time in the evening and cock-crow of a churning morning. But, should she marry before the year was out, bestowing on her husband the name of MacQuillan, then would the shade of Lady Betty be appeased, and the Indian thousands and the Irish rentals, together with the old ancestral halls of Castle Craigie, would all belong to Ailsie and the fortunate possessor of her wealthy little hand.

Very fair conditions, said the suitors, and proposals poured in on Ailsie. But lo and behold! the flinty-hearted damsel proved as obstinate as ever; and, in the midst of wonderment and disappointment, having attained the age of twenty-one, and being altogether her own mistress, she wrote to her retainers at Castle Craigie to announce her arrival there upon a certain summer day. Great was the glory of Mary MacQuillan when she received a letter from her daughter, desiring that her father and mother should at once take up their abode at the castle, being there to receive her at her arrival. Great, indeed, was her triumph when Miss O'Trimmins sat making her a gown of brown velvet, and a lace cap with lappets, in which to meet her child, and when Jamie's blue coat with the bright gold buttons came home.

Ailsie brought a whole horde of foreigners with her, brilliant ladies of rank, who called her pet and darling in broken English—and needy marquises—and counts with slender means, who were nevertheless very magnificent persons, and still hoped to win the Irish charmer. Balls, plays, and sports of all kinds went on at the Castle, and those of the gentry-folks who, from curiosity, or a better feeling, came to visit Ailsie, found her in the midst of a roomful of glittering company, dressed in a blue satin sacque and pearl earrings, with her hair dipping into her eyes in very bewitching little curls, and seated between Mary in the brown velvet and lappets, and Jamie in the new coat with the buttons. They went away saying she was wonderful indeed, considering, delightfully odd and pretty, and they wondered which of those flaunting foreigners she was going to marry in the end. Meantime the year was flying away, and old neighbours of her mother's began to shake their heads over the fire, of nights, and to say that if Ailsie did not take care, she might be a penniless lass yet.

Things were in this position, when, one fine morning, Miss MacQuillan driving out with some of her grand friends, thought proper to stop at the door of Hughie Devnish's schoolhouse. The schoolmaster turned red and then pale, as he saw Ailsie's feathers coming nodding in to him through the doorway, followed by a brilliant party of grandees, and two footmen dragging a huge parcel of presents for his girls and boys. Ailsie-coolly set her ladies and gentlemen unpacking the parcel and distributing its contents, whilst she questioned the schoolmaster upon many subjects with the air of a little duchess, whose humour it was to make inquiries, and who never, certainly, had seen that place, much less conversed with that person before.

Hughie endured her whim with proud patience, till, just before she left him, on opening his desk to restore a book to its place, she demanded to see a certain little dark thing which was peeping out from under some papers. Then, with evident annoyance, he produced a little black kid shoe. So the story runs.

"Why, it's only a slipper!" said Ailsie, turning it about and looking at it, just as the Widow Devnish had detected Hughie in doing. "What an odd thing to keep a shoe in a desk! But it looked like the cover of a book. Good morning."

As the party drove off, it is said that one of the gentlemen remarked that the schoolmaster was a fine-looking intelligent fellow, fit for a better station than that which he filled. And it is further said that next day Ailsie made a present to this gentleman of a snuff-box worth a hundred guineas.

When Ailsie went to her room on her return home on this August afternoon, she walked over to a handsome gold casket which stood upon her table, unlocked it, and took out a little kid slipper which looked as if she must have stolen it out of Hughie's desk. In the sole of it was pinned a slip of paper, on which were scrawled, in a crude hand, the words :

“ If ever I forget you, Hughie Devnish, to marry a fine gentleman, may the Lord turn my gran' gowns into Rags agen, and the bit that I ate into Sand in my mouth.”

“ And the Lord's goin' to do it very fast,” said Ailsie, falling back into her old way of talking, as she looked at this specimen of her old way of writing, “ if I do not look to 't very soon, an' be keepin' my word ! An' God knows, Hughie Devnish,” she added, as she locked her box again with a sharp snap, “ you're more of a gentleman any day the sun rises on you, than ever poor Ailsie 'll be of a lady ! ”

And I am given to understand that shortly after this, the lady of the castle sent a message to her guests to say she was indisposed (Ailsie had picked up a few pretty words) from the heat, and must beg them to excuse her absence from amongst them for the rest of the day.

It was on this very evening that Hughie Devnish was walking up and down his schoolroom floor, musing, I am told, on the impossibility of his enduring in the future to have Ailsie coming into his school at any hour she pleased, to play the mischief with his feelings, and the lady patroness amongst his boys and girls. He had just come to the point of resolving to give up his labours here, and to go off to seek his fortune in America, when click ! went the latch of the door, and (of course, thinks he, it must be a dream), in walked Ailsie. Not the Lady Bountiful of the morning, in satin gown and nodding feathers, but the veritable old Ailsie of four years ago, in the same old garb, cotton dress, brogues, straw bonnet tipped over her nose, and all (where on earth did she get them ?) in which she had tripped in to him on that other August evening, of which this was the anniversary, when she had shown him her invitation to Lady Betty's ball.

Now, the gloaming was just putting out the glare of the sunset behind the latticed windows, and when Hughie had pinched himself and found that he was not dreaming at all, he next became very sure, that he had gone out of his senses with trouble, and that he

was looking at an object conjured up before his eyes by his own diseased imagination. However, the apparition looked very substantial as it approached, and sitting down on the end of one of the forms, it displayed a paper which it unfolded in its hands—hands that were white instead of brown, making the only difference between this and the old Ailsie.

“I’ve got a letther here, Misther Devnish,” said Ailsie’s old voice, speaking with Ailsie’s old brogue, and in the sly, mischievous tone that Hughie remembered well: “an’, if ye plase, I want ye to answer it for me. I’m a bad clark mysel’, ye know.”

Not knowing what to say to her, he took the letter out of her hand and glanced over it. It was a proposal of marriage from Ailsie’s old tormentor, MacQuillan of the Reek.

The schoolmaster was trembling, you may believe, with many confused ideas and sensations when he folded the letter and returned it; but he inked his pen manfully, and produced a sheet of paper, then sat waiting with much patience for his visitor’s dictation. But Ailsie sat quiet, with her eyes upon the floor, and so there was a cruel pause.

“Well?” says Hughie, at last, with a bewitched feeling, as if he were addressing only his pupil of old days, “what am I to say in the answer?”

“Feth, I don’t know,” says Ailsie.

“But what reply do you mean to give?” asked Hughie, striving, we are assured, to command himself. “Am I to say yes or no in the letter?”

“I tell ye I don’t know, Hughie Devnish,” said Ailsie, crossly. “I gave a promise to another, an’ he never has freed me from it yet. I b’lieve ye’ll know best what to put in the letther yersel’.”

“Ailsie!” cried Hughie, rising to his feet, “did you come here for nothing but to dhrive me mad? Or, avourneen, is it possible you would marry me yet?”

“Feth it is, Hughie,” said Ailsie.

And after the letter was written they went in and had tea with the Widow Devnish.

The next morning Miss MacQuillan appeared amongst her guests as if nothing had happened, but before night a whisper flew from ear to ear that the heiress was engaged; while the lady herself did not contradict the report. Every man looked darkly at his neighbour, and “Who is he?” was the question on every lip. At last “It is not I,” said one noble drone, and flew off to

seek honey elsewhere : and "It is not I," said the others, one by one, and followed his example ; and by-and-by Ailsie was left peacefully in possession of her castle ; whereupon there was a quiet wedding, at which Mary, Jamie, and the Widow Devnish were the only guests.

A nine days' wonder expires on the tenth, and after a few years Hugh Devnish MacQuillan, Esq., was looked upon as no despicable person by many who thought it their duty to sneer on his wedding-day.

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THE ROMAN POET'S PRAYER.

(HORACE, *Book I., Ode 31.*)

WHEN, kneeling at Apollo's shrine,  
The bard from silver goblet pours  
Libation due of votive wine,  
What seeks he, what implores ?  
Not harvests from Sardinia's shore ;  
Not grateful herds that crop the lea  
In hot Calabria ; not a store  
Of gold, and ivory.  
Not those fair lands where slow and deep  
Through meadows rich, and pastures gay  
Thy silent waters, Liris, creep  
Eating the marge away.  
Let him to whom the Gods award  
Calenian vineyards, prune the vine ;  
The merchant sell his balms and ware,  
And drain the precious wine  
From cups of gold ; to Fortune dear  
Because his laden argosy  
Crosses, unshattered, thrice a year  
The storm-vexed Midland sea.  
Ripe berries from the olive bough,  
Mallows, and endives, be my fare,  
Son of Latona ! Hear my vow ;  
Apollo ! grant my prayer.  
Health to enjoy the blessings sent  
From Heaven ; a mind unclouded, strong ;  
A cheerful heart ; a wise content ;  
An honoured age ; and Song.

STEPHEN DE VERE.

## FREDERICK LUCAS.\*

BY THE REV. PETER FINLAY, S.J.

CATHOLICS are deeply indebted to Mr. Edward Lucas for his brother's Life. It is a most welcome addition to our scanty store of good biographies. We have translations from the French in plenty—in too great plenty, many think, who regret that literary ability should be so often wasted in clothing very commonplace foreigners with an English dress. But, if we except Saints' lives, we have very few biographies which can be of real interest to readers of our own time and country, and we have scarcely any that can interest an educated Catholic layman, or set before him a higher purpose in existence than money and position. We need books that will show us men who have lived noble lives in our own days and in our own land, who have been in the world, yet were not of it, who have fulfilled every duty to their country, their family, and their friends, and have been guided always and everywhere by the principles of their Faith. The "Life of Frederick Lucas" shows us one such man; and we thank his brother for it.

Lucas was born in London, in 1812. Both his parents belonged to the Society of Friends; and he himself, during youth and early manhood, was fully satisfied with the religion they had taught him. But not long after his call to the bar, in 1835, his thoughts began to turn towards Catholicism; the Oxford Movement helped to stimulate his inquiries; and early in 1839 he was received into the Church. From that moment his religion became the controlling influence of his life. It was not a garment for Sunday wear, to be kept sacred from the desecration of week-day work. It was a part of the man, which he could as little put away from him as the sense of truthfulness and honesty by which he shaped his public and his private actions. He did not believe in a purely speculative theology. He did not even accept the theory that religious truth has achieved its purpose, when it dictates our choice of a place for public worship. He held that religion, if it be anything better than a mere philosophy, must colour a man's whole

\* "The Life of Frederick Lucas, M.P., by his brother, Edward Lucas." (2 vols. Burns and Oates, 1886.)



life, must be the test by which everything is tried, must be the supreme interest for which the man will do and suffer. This entire devotion to religion, and the duties which religion points to, I believe to have been the leading feature in Frederick Lucas' character, the secret of much that is most admirable in it, and the explanation of all that appears liable to blame. It cannot be without profit for us to dwell at some little length upon it.

The state of Catholic affairs was far from satisfactory at the time of Lucas' conversion. O'Connell and the Irish had won Emancipation just ten years before. They were eager to make their triumph a tangible reality, to verify in facts the language of the statute book; and for the redress of religious grievances, which were many and intolerable, the Catholics of Ireland were practically united. In England it was far otherwise. The English Catholics had taken little part in the struggle for Emancipation. The Gordon riots had as utterly undermined their courage as the Revolution had undermined that of the old nobility of France. It was a tradition amongst them that protest against injustice should never become vehement or loud-voiced, and that the safest remedy against governmental wrong, as the doctors of "divine right" had taught them, was patient suffering and prayer. The upper class amongst them looked on O'Connell and his associates as rather vulgar agitators. Co-operation with him was impossible. It was degradation enough to owe their freedom to him, to have shared in the spoils of his victory. And yet they were anxious to possess an organ in the Press—one, however, that should plead their cause in gentle words, and pay for every crumb of justice with effusive thanks, and maintain, generally, the best traditions of Catholic "respectability." Singularly enough, Mr. Lucas was invited to conduct the paper; and so the convert of one year's standing became the prominent representative of Catholicism in England. The case is partly paralleled by Disraeli's leadership of the Tories; but Disraeli was able to educate his party, while Lucas tried and failed to do as much for his. The very motto of the first *Tablet*—Burke's saying "My errors, if any, are my own; I have no man's proxy"—might have shown, at the outset, that he was not quite fitted for the position. This became still more clear, some three years later, when he placed an image of Our Lady and the Divine Infant at the head of the leading columns. Such open and unnecessary profession of a peculiarly Catholic belief—one, too, which the Protestant public misunderstood and misrepresented—was distasteful to many of his English co-religionists. "The

sacred privacy of religion" formed the text for many a pressing appeal to him, and for many a threat. But Lucas held firm. "Privacy of religion" he detested heartily; and he answered to the threats that "all the subscribers within the four seas should not tempt him to a change." His attitude, again, towards the Tractarian Movement gave much offence to many "charitable" Catholics. There was then, as there is still, a disposition on the part of some, to minimize religious differences, to dilute Catholic doctrines, soften down truths that grate upon heretical susceptibilities, and make the most of whatever shreds of revealed dogma the sectaries have retained. Well-intentioned and zealous Catholics looked to such means for a "reunion of the Churches." But Lucas was not of the number. He could not be convinced that there is anywhere a divine commission to compromise the truth; he laughed at "the Churches," for he knew there can be only one; he set little value on the remnants of belief which heresy has preserved, for he had learned that Faith is not an inheritance which may be divided into lots to suit the varying tastes of purchasers. Then, too, his treatment of Catholic Parliamentary politics created much dissatisfaction. The man who wrote of an Education Bill, which the Earl of Arundel and Surrey declared, "as a Catholic," in the House of Commons, to be "framed in a most just and fair spirit," that it was "infernal;" who wrote of Lord Surrey himself: "we believe him to be utterly disqualified by habits and education to pronounce a rational opinion on what is and what is not consistent with the tenets and discipline of our Church;" who said of the "good society" that was scandalized by his plain speaking: "we regard it as a corrupt heap of religious indifference, of half faith, of cowardice, of selfishness, of unmanly impotence," and then added: "if the *Tablet* were to sink to-morrow, our only regret would be, that we have not found words adequate to express the indignation with which the conduct of 'good society' in these matters inflames and overwhelms us"—such a man was surely a strange spokesman for the Catholics of England.

Naturally, Mr. Lucas met with opposition. Bitter opposition from those without was, of course, to be expected; and, in the circumstances, opposition even from some "of the household of the faith" was unavoidable, if his work was to be thorough. St. Philip Neri it was who held that the enmity of some good men is a necessary test of all great religious undertakings. It must, however, be admitted that Mr. Lucas' methods had no tendency to conciliate an adversary. It was made a charge against him that

he could not be induced "to catch flies with honey;" and, possibly, in some instances, his immediate success would have been greater had his controversial phraseology been less plain and vigorous. It would have been better, perhaps, to trust more to his readers' imagination and powers of inference. But it should be borne in mind that the tone of English Catholic opinion was deplorably low, when he entered upon public life. "We actually stood trembling in presence of Englishmen and Irishmen, as if we owed them an apology for being Catholics," said the *Rambler*, some years later, describing the change which had been wrought by Lucas. He had to teach men to use their rights, to think and to speak as freemen; to force upon them a policy and a language that ran counter to all their feelings and traditions. He adopted such means as military commanders use when young soldiers waver under a heavy fire; and his indignation and his ridicule were ultimately far more beneficial to the Catholic cause than the most varied forms of gentle exhortation.

His zeal, however, was not all polemical. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which now counts 137 conferences in England, was established mainly through his exertions; though press of occupations made him decline the invitation to become its president. He aided powerfully in the formation of the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury, intended to replace the Catholic Institute, which had grown effete. He gave earnest attention to the religious and social condition of the poor, and laboured to organize means for the building of Catholic churches and schools, and for the education of the clergy. In fact, no plan could be suggested for the advancement of the Faith and the salvation of souls which Lucas was not prompt to advocate by voice and pen, and to assist with money and personal co-operation.

Yet his position became more and more untenable. The enemies of his policy within the Catholic body and even among the clergy, on whom the *Tablet* largely depended, became so numerous and so embittered, that he resolved on removing to Dublin.

He had come to Ireland in 1843, at the crisis of the Repeal Movement. An anti-Repealer at first, on the ground that "in the Supreme Legislature of the Empire the Catholic Church would be shorn of nine-tenths of its strength," if the Irish Members were withdrawn, he had changed his views, when convinced that the Union was unjust. On the questions of the "Godless Colleges" and the "Charitable Bequests Act" he had sided strongly with Dr. MacHale and his fellow Bishops against the two Primates,

Dr. Murray and Dr. Crolly. During the terrible years of famine, there were no more touching appeals for the Irish poor, or fiercer denunciation of Ministerial criminality and folly than those written by him. His interest in Irish affairs, especially Irish Catholic affairs, had been unceasing. He, the English Catholic, had shown a fairness and a sympathy towards Catholic Ireland, which was as rare then as it is now; and when he finally decided on coming to live in Dublin, he was assured of a heartfelt welcome. He came in 1850, and brought the *Tablet* with him. It remained, of course, a distinctively Catholic paper; but it gained at once an influence and a recognition which it never had before. The *London Times*, which had ignored it while in London, began to quote its pages as the accredited organ of Catholic opinion; and Lord Clarendon complained to Lord Shrewsbury, then in Rome, that the *Tablet* "one of the most virulent and most offensive newspapers in Europe . . . is known to speak with authority" about ecclesiastical measures. Just then, even before Lucas had been made "free of the country," as he termed it, by an action for libel, "tried according to the manner prevalent here, by a packed jury and a judge whose charge was more effective than the speeches of counsel for the plaintiff," "Papal Aggression" set England in a flame. Lucas' view of the situation was characteristic. "As a mere religious question," he wrote in a private letter, "I would willingly—if I could afford it—have paid down £1,000 to purchase Lord John's letter and its consequences." It stirred up religious feeling, it gave promise of some religious persecution, it forced Cardinal Wiseman into opposition to the Government, it compelled the Catholic Members of Parliament to unite in defence of the Catholic cause—all of them, things which Lucas held to be of very great importance. It led also to another result, which, if Lucas' policy had been adopted, would have been more important still—the formation of the Catholic Defence Association, and of the Independent Parliamentary Opposition. It is not intended to deal in these pages with Mr. Lucas' political career; though it should give him a place beside Thomas Drummond in the hearts and memories of all who know Ireland's history and are touched by her wrongs. I mention the Independent Opposition only because Lucas became a member of it by his election for Meath, in 1852.

It is a miserable epoch to look back upon. Too many of the chief Irish actors in it are ignoble figures; but it is pleasant to

find that they feared and hated Lucas. In a private letter to a friend, he writes: "I go into the House of Commons to stand, I fear, very nearly alone, a member of an unpopular minority, an unpopular member of that minority, and disliked even by the greater number of the small party with which I am to act, and having cast upon me in a prominent manner the defence of the two noblest causes in the world—that of a religion which requires great learning to defend properly, and that of the most ill-treated and (in all essential qualities of heart and character) the noblest population that ever existed on the face of the earth." He entered Parliament under most serious disadvantages. He was a convert, an Englishman with Irish sympathies, a member for an Irish constituency, a Catholic who believed in his religion and acted fully up to it, a politician who had no price. Not long before his election he had written of the English Commons in a way which would be pronounced vehement even now. An English Protestant Member, during the debate on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill had described "Catholic Nunneries as either prisons or brothels," and had gone on to speak of our Lady in words which I dare not transcribe. Of course a wild tumult followed. George Henry Moore and other Irish Members insisted on an apology; but the Speaker decided that the language was quite allowable, and the House applauded his decision. In his comments on the scene, Lucas first characterised the Protestant member as "a filthy person," and then went on to *excuse* the action of the Speaker. This is the excuse: "The House of Commons, it seems, is a house of gentlemen and has a dignity to preserve; but both its dignity and gentility are of a very peculiar kind. Neither of these things is in any way offended by coarse sarcasms against religion or the filthiest ribaldry against the honour of women. If these outrages had been at variance with the notions entertained in Parliament of dignity and decorum, Mr. Henry Drummond would have been out of order; but he was not out of order because the majority of the House do not stand upon such trifles, and have tastes as foul and filthy as himself."

Yet his success in Parliament was signal and immediate. His earliest set speech gave him rank in the very first line of Parliamentary debaters, and succeeding speeches only added to his reputation. Even prejudice went down before his singular ability, his disinterestedness, and earnestness of purpose. In a short time he came to be regarded as a power in the House. "He was not only listened to and respected," the *Rambler* says; "he was usually

replied to by a Cabinet Minister." And this position was all the more remarkable, because, while he used it almost solely for two objects—the advantage of the Irish poor and that of the Catholic Religion—it was notorious that several of the chief ecclesiastical dignitaries of Ireland were entirely opposed to his Parliamentary policy. In Parliament itself, he stood almost alone; he clung unchangeably to the principles which the Irish Catholics, lay and clerical, had publicly adopted, and the wisdom of which time has clearly vindicated. Recent history offers no more perfect pattern of lofty-minded self-sacrificing courage. His "extreme Catholic views," as they were often called, had alienated many of his former friends. No worldly gain, but rather serious loss, was to be expected in the path he had selected. He could command a high price in the political market; and, judging by the approval bestowed on others who had gone over to the Government, he need have feared no very marked censures if he followed their example. There were men, too, religiously disposed and thoroughly sincere, who believed that Catholic interests might be safely trusted to the honour and the justice of an English Ministry. Nearly every motive pointed to the expediency of burying decently his principles. But he was no worshipper of expediency. He fought the Parliamentary battles of the Church and of the poor, while liberty to fight remained; and when that, too, seemed threatened, he went to plead the cause at Rome, where the ultimate decision lay. The Roman climate and the anxiety and labours connected with his business told fatally upon his already weakened health; and in May, 1855, he returned to England only to die.

"At such an age," wrote Father Whitty, one of Mr. Lucas' earliest and staunchest friends, "if it was God's will, it was hard not to wish him to live. But for one who knew him intimately, who knew how little he cared for this world even at its best, and how much he longed for the other, it was harder still not to wish him to die." "Thank God, I have no wish to live," Lucas wrote himself to Father Tom O'Shea; "I ask for no prayers for restoration to health. I have never valued life very much, and now less than ever." Then, after referring to the sad persecution which had fallen on Father O'Shea, he adds, what must have been his dying judgment of his own career: "As sure as God is in heaven, your cause is the cause of truth and honour; and when your last hour comes you will feel what consolation it gives a man never to have flinched in the worst of times—as I may say of you—or

given way in the public service to selfish personal considerations."

To some it seemed as though he were passing away under the shadow of defeat. Memory goes back to Hildebrand dying at Salerno, because he had "loved justice and hated iniquity," when we think of Lucas on his deathbed in the little English village. But such men never are defeated. Their real greatness lies in this, that their work lives and fructifies; later generations reap its best fruits. We ourselves are harvesting what Lucas sowed. And further, the happy results of his policy and of his labours were great and abundant even within his lifetime. "On the Catholic mind of England," as a hostile critic said, "no man since Dr. Milner had imprinted so deep a mark." By his writings and by his example he taught them what single-minded, fearless advocacy of right can bring about. Catholic schools, Catholic military and naval chaplaincies, the treatment of Catholic poor in workhouses and orphanages, and of Catholic criminals in prisons, Irish Church Disestablishment, all these and many other questions had been dealt with by him in Parliament as well as in the Press. He had spoken as no English Catholic ever spoke before; he had won respect for himself, and substantial benefits for religion. The benefits remain; and the lesson has not been quite forgotten.

In Ireland his influence was unbounded. "Give my love to all my friends in Meath," he said to an Irish priest, who saw him some days before he died—"that is," he added, pleasantly, "*if you can.*" And Meath only held first place in the long list of Irish dioceses. Mr. Cashel Hoey implied a simple truth, when he said: "Better his green sod bedewed with a nation's tears, than the ermined honours of corruption." The people loved and trusted him as they have probably never loved or trusted any man except O'Connell; the priesthood almost to a man were with him heart and soul; and the wisest and best of the bishops, with Dr. Cantwell of Meath and the great Archbishop of Tuam, never wavered in their support and friendship. We had already learned in Ireland to bear ourselves as Catholics. O'Connell had taught us that, and the lesson had taken firm hold upon the hearts of the people. But there were still many civil and religious rights to be acquired; and he spent himself in striving for them. Above all, "at a time of base political morals, when venality was the rule and principle the exception; when the renegade and apostate were smiled upon and applauded; when the question was rather how to sell than to

serve one's country," his truth, and honesty, and public virtue were of inestimable value.

May the story of his life, as told in his brother's most interesting volumes, produce the result which he himself would have most earnestly desired—a zealous love of religion and of Christ's poor, and a conviction that there can be no nobler cause in which a man may toil and suffer.

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REMEMBRANCE.

REMEMBERING thee, I search out these faint flowers  
 Of rhyme; remembering thee, this crescent night,  
 While o'er the buds, and o'er the grass-blades, bright  
 And clinging with the dew of odorous showers,  
 With purple sandals sweep the grave-eyed hours—  
 Remembering thee, I muse, while fades in flight  
 The honey-hearted leisure of the light,  
 And hanging o'er the hush of willow bowers,

Of ceaseless loneliness and high regret  
 Sings the young wistful spirit of a star  
 Enfolden in the shadows of the East,  
 And silence holding revelry and feast;  
 Just now my soul rose up and touched it, far  
 In space, made equal with a sigh, we met.

W. B. YEATS.

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## NOVEMBER IN A GREEK ISLAND.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

WHILE skies at home are grey and the land enveloped in winter's cold, dark shroud—flowers, foliage, sunshine equally past—here we enjoy the lovely summery colours and long bright days. We have had one week of cold and rain, which, but for the tropical nature of the rain that poured upon the earth in volumes, rather resembled that which one might remember in the front of June, and at the end of the week everyone was sincerely thankful for what the heavy moisture had brought. All the newly-sown grain started up in waves of clearest emerald, making a rich velvet shine of the brown and whitish-mauve hill-sides. Through the gardens and orchards the green of the trees took a deeper tint, and the maiden-hair, which makes curtains of its own delicate tracing along the torrent-beds, sometimes edging the marble rocks as they run down to the valleys, sometimes festooning itself with unimaginable grace from the top of the waterfalls, became the loveliest memory from fairyland. On the second of November I spent the entire day wandering up craggy mountain-sides and down steep valley pathways. It seems like a joke to say out of Australia, that the day was almost as warm as that of my first acquaintance with Syra. It is needless to speak of the colour of the Mediterranean or the Grecian skies. We are in December now, and except under the transient influence of rain I have not seen either, other than the proverbial sapphire tint, unless when the hours grow cooler, and then the intense depth of sapphire changes to the softest azure. The hill-tops were ablaze in the early sunshine, and where a shoulder of mountain broke over another, it lay upon the sea of golden light, a mighty shadow-like a wing. The dark cypresses and silver fields of olives made traces of wavering shade across the bright paths. High up upon a marble ledge, overlooking the breathless, awful stillness of Bolax Valley, the air blew across from the furthest mountains with a stronger touch of sea-breeze through its own purity. Its fresh message in that scene of brilliant colour was gratefully received. At the furthest edge of the long valley vista, the Mediterranean cut

bluely into the picture, with a scarcely perceptible line of horizon dividing sea from sky, except under the far-off hills of Andros, which melted on a bank of fluffy cream clouds, rose-painted, and vaguely-shaped. Between Andros and Tenos a solitary white sail made a sunlit division upon the crystal blue of the waters. The circling line of mountain-tops breaking from the sea-edge on either side of the valley, and enclosing all within the cold brilliance of their marble sides, and the long roads of shadowless, colourless light, intensified by the remoter touches of cypress-stain and silver waves of olive, and the bare branches of the fig-trees making a purple mist rising above the more fragrant mist of the purple thyme, formed a kind of oppressive imprisonment, and, as I was turning away in search of a less lonely and more shaded spot, a lark suddenly broke the breathless trance of silence. The effect was magical. The song was not sustained nor even piercingly sweet, but the notes rose and fluttered spasmodically through the air, and the very sense of irritation each pause created in the listener lent the renewed song a dreamier, unanalysable charm.

When I climbed down the other side of the marble ledge in a zigzag mulepath, upon which only the goats ought to feel themselves at home, I found myself in a paradise of moist green. A torrent with a thin, fine line of clear water breaking over a heap of marble and alabaster rocks, covered thickly with maiden-hair, and running with its waterfall music of sound through its glistening bed of white stones, kept cool and silver by the inextricable branches of myrtle and oleander that shade it from the sunlight, down as far as Lazaro, where it is content to turn itself into a public fountain. Its banks are made fresh and pleasant by every kind of green plant. Unfortunately I have no means of discovering the English for all the wild flowers that grow about in profusion. The loveliest are the cyclamen, which I think may be appropriately called the eyes of the mountains here, as the thyme may be called their scent. One meets them everywhere in varying shades, from the faintest mauve to a violet bordering centrewards on rose. Then comes a less delicate star-shaped flower, also pale violet with points of red flame starting like thin tongues from its heart, which is called the saffron; and the purple wild lilies rising out of a beautiful cluster of rich polished leaves. There is another starry wild flower, purple too, but so frail that it fades almost the moment it is plucked. The daisies, larger and taller than ours are more plentiful now than when I first came. In some places they wave bends of earth white, just as the cyclamens gather

their purple eyes closely together and shut out all colour but their own from one particular spot. Down in this torrent the air and colouring were so exquisite, and the fulness of silence, made more eloquent by the goldfinches and thrushes and linnets chattering and singing to their heart's content, that one unconsciously felt all the instincts and pleasures of unrestrained childhood clamouringly rise. No higher pleasure seemed realisable than that of wading through the clear silver water with its inviting prattle over the stones and its running movement, or the chase of the white butterflies that seemed like bright flying radiances through the air, pausing now on an oleander or myrtle branch, and starting again suddenly, like joyous fluttering sensibilities quickened with life to the wing tips.

It was Sunday, the hunting-day of the island. Upon the dangerous-looking paths breaking over a shoulder of mountain or veering down into a sheer precipice, the island huntsmen looked picturesque stains, with their leathern bags and guns and various costumes, shouting their Greek patois across to recognised friends. After an hour of idle musing among the beauties of sight and sound down in this torrent-bed, I climbed up with many pauses to Lutra, wisely skirting the villainous village—of all villages on the face of this earth, I honestly believe the most ineffably dirty—and made my difficult way round an enormous cactus hedge, bordering another torrent, rich in foliage and colour, but as yet barren of water, up to a kind of narrow table-land. This is a favourite seat of mine for reading or idle make-believe at reading. The windmill behind with its sprawling arms, like a mighty spiders' web, turns itself into an acceptable sunshade, and above, if you are not too lazy to look round, you may see the bishop's village, my pen shrinks humbly from these massive Greek names—a luminous spot of white under the frowning shadows of the desolate purple Castro, once the Venetian fortress by which Tenos was betrayed to the Turks. On the Sunday I write of, the Castro—an appalling purple-grey rock—was partly hidden by the opaline white fog that lay upon it like a thick bridal veil wedding it to the sky, and through this haze the points of the rock were unevenly visible. But one could see it rapidly melting under the bars of gold that the sun shot down upon it, marvelling, doubtless, that his royal message of light and clearness should so long have been resisted by this melancholy fortress, held in its gloomy memories of far-off days of pride and glory, and Venetian splendour and importance.

From this point Mycone, Delos, Syra, and Naxos, are distinctly marked upon the horizon, Mycone and Syra standing out in special illumination upon the picture; the latter with its white eccentric town, peeping out from under its cloud-shadowed hills, and the former a lovely blending of purple and blue. Syphona rises further, a misty margin of grey land, and it is hard to say if Delos looks more like sky or sea. But there where the sea is touched to silver radiance, reaching across a stretch of vague blue until, turning again into sapphire, it washes the immortal shores of Ariadne's Island, Naxos rises in fuller, clearer, desolately golden curves of hillside, for no wavering shadows seem to break upon this spot of blue and gold. The air is thick with the poignant scent of the thyme, lavender, and rosemary, and other aromatic plants whose names are unknown to me. Farm-sounds break above the silence, and the cries of the noisy rooks, pursuing through the air bands of frightened pigeons, whose pure wings gather an intense illumination from the light.

The last bloom of the oleander upon a tree near, reminded one of Moore's melody, and seems to remain long after the departure of its odorous companions, to give us a faint idea of what the torrents and gardens must be in their summer decoration of oleander-roses. The borders of solemn cypresses are as still as death, and down through the valleys the countless villages are half-hidden in the olive groves, and the golden and yellow points of the orange and lemon trees, and the clearer green of the fig-trees, the poplars, and myrtles, which, upon the hills, grow as free and wild as brushwood. Mixed with the purple mist of thyme and rich spaces of myrtle and a delicate thorny furze, are the stains of dark grey, pale green, silver and golden mosses, growing thickly upon the marbles and rocks, and the lines of stones cutting their way across the land-like furrows, and over the hills the stray shadows of the clouds travel in lines of wavering shade, veiling momentarily the wild desolate contours, and making wide paths of blue and rich purple upon brown earth and grey rock. Throughout this month the weather has continued exquisite, but for that week of rain, already alluded to, when it certainly was not colder than I have known it in August at home. I have been able to write and read out in a summer-house every morning without extra clothing—which work I vary by pausing to gather an occasional orange—and even on the terrace at night the cautious muffler is rather a nuisance than a necessity. Within doors the long windows are kept open all day; and sometimes when riding

the glare of this November sun is too strong to European eyes, and the discarded coloured glasses are called out of retirement. In the gardens flower stars and brilliant colours continue to flourish in a way that in Ireland we would describe as royal. On the first of December I gathered a monster bouquet, composed of tea-roses, double and single geraniums of every colour, carnations, lavender, rosemary, marguerites, heliotrope, verbena, mignonette, snapdragon, bachelor's buttons, maiden-hair, and the three first violets that have appeared. Just as I came in from the garden with my fragrant burden, I received a letter from home describing the sharp winter that had set in. With my flowers, and the sensation of a very decidedly sun-scorched face, I found it difficult to conceive the picture and feelings of winter.

Having spent the first Sunday of November wandering about on foot, I resolved to spend the last wandering still further upon muleback. A young Greek lady, who is staying here for her health, and who has been leading the life of a melancholy recluse for the past few months, consented, under the influence of my overbearing will, to join me in an expedition to Pirgos—a ride of four hours and a half from Lutra. We started at seven. There was something weird in the fact that the sky was at that hour a pale illumination of starlight, gradually vanishing into wistful brilliance, and the clear crescent stood sharply out above the moonlit velvety clouds. Then the night lights faded away, and the moonlit clouds were touched with rose, which, mounting higher and higher, grew into carmine in the east. Then up sprang the sun and smote down upon the banks of rose and purple, and beating upon the fields and mossy edges melted their dewy shine. Once his despotic sway was assured all the cold of the sweet morning air vanished magically, and by the time the Castro and the grey points of Bolax were out of sight, and the wide, long landscape of unfamiliar shapes and colours stretching over hill and valley to the sea-edge, the reign of heat began. As a precaution we had put on some extra clothing, and wildly did we learn to regret that sin upon the other side of wisdom. Wonderful it was to hear the birds sing, especially one exigent self-inflated fellow, with whose notes I have become familiar—not his name—for I always notice that he only condescends to sing when the rest are silent; to watch the prevailing tints of grey upon the hillsides, and distinguish each: the olive is the tallest and most silvery mist; a grey furze, which melts into the grey rocks and is hardly distinguishable but for its delicate pattern of thorns;

which are shaped like pointed stars; this mint and a greyish weed wonderfully leaved, with special facilities for catching the dews and preserving them, long after its companions have succumbed to the majestic will of the sun. Down through the valleys the newly sown grain made patches of brilliant lawny velvet, sometimes as flat squares, sometimes rising like steps of carpeted stairs, with ridges of brown earth separating each step. The bare fig-trees intermingle deep purple shadows among these luminous colours, and the Mediterranean was its own special stirless blue.

But our undivided attention could not, unfortunately, be given over to the contemplation of beauty of sight and sound. There was the extreme inconvenience of sensation to reflect upon perforce. Anything more primitive than the roads of Tenos could not well be imagined by the hardiest explorer. I pretty freely expressed myself upon the subject to the Greek gentleman who courteously undertook to serve us as guide, relieving my wrath, to his and the muleteers' infinite delight, with all the Greek exclamations I have learned, copiously dispersed through my burst of unpremeditated eloquence. It is almost worth while being shaken from head to foot on a wretched mule, who tranquilly jerks you down an awful precipice, for the pleasure of airing such a classical exclamation as *παναγιά μου*, etc. My guide was so delighted with my unflattering comments on the backward condition of Tenos that he contemplates putting them into an indignant letter and forwarding copies to each of the three Members of Parliament and four Mayors of the island, to show them what a distinguished foreigner thinks of them. I may mention that it is my private belief that he is at daggers drawn with those three members and four mayors, if one may judge from his acrimonious criticisms. But he was a very interesting and courteous guide, whom Kyria B—— and I mean to engage regularly. He waited upon us with cavalier attention, and provided us with most excellent Malmsey wine, which gave me an insight into the Duke of Clarence's delicate discrimination in the matter of his last choice. A pleasanter and more desperately fatiguing day I have never spent. It was just midday when we encamped under the shadow of a line of windmills, heading the village of Pirogos below. We passed the seashore where the land breaks into innumerable small bays, and is made a blue clear edge, pebble and shell swept. The Greek islands rose in confused folds of land upon the sea, and which was which even our guide did not rightly know. Ysternia is undoubtedly the prettiest and largest village I have yet seen in Tenos. Here rival boats start

for Syra, Paros, and Naxos, and a little below are the famous marble quarries. Looking at them carefully I grew to understand why the colour of the hills has so much mauve and golden mixed with the white. Where the marble has been cut or broken it takes this peculiar golden tint; where it remains intact time blends the white with mauve, and both together produce the wonderful effects of curve and shadow and luminous light that makes those Grecian hills an everlasting and nameless wonder.

After dinner we sat until near three, resting after our long ride, high upon the mountain-side, indolently musing, and watching sky and land and sea—it were difficult to admire one more than the other—and then our lovely solitude was disturbed by the reappearance of our guide with a Greek priest, who had brought from the village some antiquities he wished to dispose of. For a moderate sum I bought a broken earthen vase, pale brown with painted black figures representing heaven knows what, and remarkably like those ancient atrocities of the British Museum, and a small stone bellows-shaped lamp, both supposed to be 3,000 years old—3,000, or 300, or 30 is all the same to me, for I fear I am as devoid as Mark Twain of the bump of reverence. I cannot say I feel greatly exhilarated or awed whenever my eyes fall on my purchases. At three we started homewards. It was astonishing to see how rapidly the river of stirless gold upon the sea deepened in colour; and as we passed the fields the birds rose from the hedges and fluttered homewards through the air filling the silence afar and near with their last sweet burst of song. But increasing fatigue blinded our eyes to the wonders of the sky and the immense vistas of valley, deepening into a thick palpable darkness, as the stars started out like blue points upon the dark polished sky, and the far-away hills melted into the shadowy horizon.

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## FILICIAIA.

*Coronazione di Spine.*

CHI dal tronco vi svelse e chi v'imprese  
 Nel divin Capo, e di voi, spine, ordio  
 L'aspro Diadema? Al duro uffizio e rio  
 La sorte voi, me la mia colpa elesse.

Con queste man, con queste mane istesse  
 L'empio serto io composi, e questo mio  
 Petto fu'l troneo ond'io vi svelai e ond' io  
 Porai alimento alla malnata messe.

Così con crescer de' gran falli miei  
 Cresceste infette di crudel veleno,  
 Finchè ministre al mio furor vi fei.

Ma se d'insania e di barbarie pieno  
 Passar le tempie al Redentor potei,  
 Qual fia di voi che a me non passi il seno?

## TRANSLATION.

*The Crowning with Thorns.*

Who plucked you from your stem, ye thorns, to twine  
 The ruthless Diadem? Whose fingers pressed  
 Your downward points upon His forehead blessed?  
 'Twas chance that chose you, but the guilt was mine.

These hands, these hands, around that brow divine  
 Did plait your cruel crown; the root my breast,  
 Wherein your evil harvest reared its crest;  
 And thence I took you for the fell design.

For there, as grew my deadly sins, did ye  
 Grow too, envenomed for your barbarous part,  
 The ministers of my iniquity.

But if with savage and perfidious art  
 I pierced my Saviour's temples, shall not He  
 With every thorn among you pierce my heart?

O.



## MRS. PIATT'S POEMS.\*

**T**HIS woman-poet's poems come to us with a New World freshness and fragrance, superadded to the sweetness and tenderness, which are among the things that never grow old. Some of the poems, in their largeness and freedom, their boldness in seizing, and crying aloud the vague doubts and marvellings, which have wearied and pained us all at times; not the less that we have scarcely dared to look them in the face—read like a revelation—a revelation of one's own heart, of a woman's heart. The book is essentially a woman's book, though, in its breadth of treatment, it has often a masculine quality of strength—it is the book of a woman who is also a wife, and the mother of children, and in the noble attributes of a developed womanliness, the poetry of it must rank almost with the highest. The age is notable in that women have advanced so greatly in Art; it has produced, at least, two women who stand with men in the very forefront, George Eliot and Elizabeth Barret Browning, and, in other departments of Art than literature, prose or poetry, the advance has been marked and distinct. Three women's names suggest themselves to the present writer, as those of distinct and individual singers in our own day—Christina Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, and Alice Meynell, whose one exquisite volume "Preludes," is an embodiment of the purest poetry; and to those three names, Sarah Piatt's may now be added as a fourth, for her marked originality and freshness are wonderful, in an age more than a score of hundred years after Solomon bewailed the staleness of all things under the sun. The tenderness, the purity of the book, is beyond all praise; and the curious current and undertone of pathos running through the highest strain—a sadness entirely natural, and not at all a literary quality, as so much present-day sadness seems to be, gives the work an ennobling gravity. From this true, sweet poet, one wishes to quote largely, feeling that the poems speak best for their own excellence; but where all is perfect, there is a difficulty in

\* "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, and Other Poems." London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., 1885. "An Irish Garland." David Douglas. Edinburgh, 1884. "In Primrose Time." London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., 1886. "The Children Out-of-Doors," by Two in One House. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1884.

selection. The child-poems of this mother of children, this mother of dead babes, are a marked feature; but taking the poems as they come, our first quotation shall be this, full of infinite pathos:—

Madonna eyes looked at him from the air,  
But never from the picture. Still he painted.  
The hovering halo would not touch the hair;  
The patient saint still stared at him—unsainted.

Day after day flashed by in flower and frost;  
Night after night, how fast the stars kept burning  
His little light away, till all was lost!—  
All, save the bitter sweetness of his yearning.

Slowly he saw his work: it was not good.  
Ah, hopeless hope! Ah, fiercely-dying passion!  
"I am no painter," moaned he as he stood,  
With folded hands in death's unconscious fashion.

"Stand as you are, an instant!" some one cried,  
He felt the voice of a diviner brother.  
The man who was a painter, at his side,  
Showed how his folded hands could serve another.

Ah, strange, sad world, where Albert Dürer takes  
The hands that Albert Dürer's friend has folded,  
And with their helpless help such triumph makes!—  
Strange, since both men of kindred dust were moulded.

The poem which gives the first book its name, is wise and beautiful, and "A Wall Between," contains some of the best things the poet has given us; but in the latter poem it is difficult to catch the meaning, and one feels a certain need of keeping the mind chained to the text, in order to trace the story, which detracts from the great qualities of the poem. It has some wonderful passages. Witness this:—

(A crucifix to kiss?)  
Another world may light your lifted eyes,  
But, by my heart that breaks, I am of this.  
Are you quite sure those palms of Paradise  
Do shelter for me one sweet head?  
Or, are the dead—the dead?

Pray, would you give one rood  
Of your dark, certain soil, where olives grow,  
For all those shining heights on heights, where brood  
The wings you babble of that shame the snow?

\* \* \* \*

Dead, and for many a year ?—  
 Can a dead baby laugh and babble so ?  
 Do you not see me kiss and kiss him here,  
 And hold death from me still to kiss him ?—No ?  
 Yet I did dream white blossoms grew—  
 Do cruel dreams come true ?

. . . As the tree falls, one says,  
 So shall it lie. It falls, remembering  
 The sun and stillness of its leaf-green days,  
 The moons it held, the nested bird's warm wing,  
 The promise of the buds it wore,  
 The fruit—it never bore.

Perhaps the short poems are the most perfect, and the style at its best is limpidly clear. How lovely, with its solemn lesson, is this, the *Memento Mori* of a king :—

Into the regal face the risen sun  
 Laughed, and he whispered in dismay :  
 "How is it, Victor of the World, that none  
 Remind you what you are, to-day ?

"Your sword shall teach the slave, who could forget  
 That men are mortal, what they are !  
 How dared he sleep,—he has not warned me yet,—  
 After that last, loth, lagging star ?"

. . . Across his palace threshold, wan and still,  
 His morning herald, wet with dew,  
 Stared at him with fixed eyes that well might chill  
 The vanity of earth clean through.

"Good-morrow, King," he heard the dead lips say,  
 "See what is man. When did I tell  
 My bitter message to my lord, I pray,  
 So reverently and so well ?"

Any notice of this book would be incomplete, however abundant its citations, if it failed to quote from the poems concerning children, which, perhaps, more than any other feature, set the book apart from any other book we have ever read. Its insight into child-life, the *naïveté* of a child's thoughts, here so accurately rendered, will make the book especially lovable to grown lovers of children, though here, perhaps, it stops short : it will hardly reach the children themselves, as Hans Andersen, the prophet of children, does ; but rather like Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," it will make the grown reader sigh and

wonder at the vivid reflection from his own childhood. We will make two excerpts here, feeling still the difficulty of selection where all is so good :—

AT HANS ANDERSEN'S FUNERAL.

Why, all the children in all the world had listened around his knee,  
But the wonder-tales must end ;  
So, all the children in all the world came into the church to see  
The still face of their friend.

“ But were any fairies there ? ” Why, yes, little questioner of mine,  
For the fairies loved him too ;  
And all the fairies in all the world, as far as the moon can shine,  
Sobbed, “ Oh ! what shall we do ? ”

Well, the children who played with the North's white swans, away in the North's  
white snows,  
Made wreaths of fir for his head ;  
And the South's dark children scattered the scents of the South's red rose  
Down at the feet of the dead.

Yes, all the children in all the world were there with their tears that day ;  
But the boy who loved him best,  
Alone in a damp and lonesome place (not far from his grave) he lay—  
And sadder than all the rest.

“ Mother,” he moaned, “ never mind the king—why, what if the king is there ?  
Never mind your faded shawl :  
The king may never see it ; for the king will hardly care  
To look at your clothes at all.”

So, close to his coffin she crouched, in the breath of the burial flowers,  
And begged for a bud or a leaf :—

“ If I cannot have one, O sirs, to take to that poor little room of ours,  
My boy will die of his grief ! ”

My child, if the king *was* there, and I think he was (but then I forget),  
Why, that was a little thing.  
Did a dead man ever lift his head from its place in the coffin yet,  
Do you think, to bow to the king ?

“ But could he not see him up in Heaven ? ” I never was there, you know ;  
But Heaven is too far, I fear,  
For the ermine, and purple, and gold, that make up the king, to show  
So bravely as they do here.

But he saw the tears of the peasant-child, by the beautiful light he took  
From the earth in his close-shut eyes ;  
For tears are the sweetest of all the things we shall see, when we come to look  
From the windows of the skies.

## LITTLE CHRISTIAN'S TROUBLE.

His wet cheeks looked as they had worn,  
 Each, with its rose, a thorn,

Set there (my boy, you understand ?)  
 By his own brother's hand :

"Look at my cheek. What shall I do?—  
 You know I have but two!"

His mother answered, as she read  
 What my Lord Christ had said,

(While tears began to drop like rain :)  
 "Go, turn the two again."

And now, with little further quotation, we must leave this lovely and lovable book, in which is contained the cream's cream, the best perfection of the author's work. Let all who love poetry, and happily they are many, read the book for themselves, and know the delight we have felt in its reading. For the delicate grace of the book, the yearning sadness which fills one with a pain better than pleasure, for this laying open of a beautiful heart, we are deeply thankful. Our quotations have been too long to allow of our quoting from the other precious little volumes, "In Primrose Time," "An Irish Garland," and the share in "The Children Out-of-Doors," which Mrs. Piatt has given us ; but it is the same heart beats through all, the same singer's voice, singing with a sound of tears, singing with a flash of laughter in tear-wet eyes. We have tried to say little and quote much, because we felt how poorly we could say all the book makes us feel—one could say it, perhaps, better in verse than in prose, where enthusiasm finds hardly a fitting vehicle of expression. Only we thank the writer for the gift she has given us and the world—a gift as perfect and spontaneous as the song of a blackbird, as passionate and innocent as the heart of a rose. And here is our last quotation from the exquisite double quatrains, which close the second portion of the book :—

## BROKEN PROMISE.

After strange stars, inscrutable, on high ;  
 After strange seas beneath his floating feet ;  
 After the glare in many a brooding eye,—  
 I wonder if the cry of "Land" was sweet ?

Or did the Atlantic gold, the Atlantic palm,  
 The Atlantic bird and flower, seem poor, at best,  
 To the grey Admiral under sun and calm,  
 After the passionate doubt and faith of quest ?

## THE HAPPIER GIFT.

Divinest words that ever singer said  
 Would hardly lead your mouth a sweeter red ;  
 Her aureole, even hers whose book you hold,  
 Could give your head no goldener charm of gold.

Ah me ! you have the only gift on earth  
 That to a woman can be surely worth  
 Breathing the breath of life for. Keep your place—  
 Even she had given her fame to have your face.

## IN DOUBT.

Through dream and dusk a frightened whisper said :  
 " Lay down the world : the one you love is dead."

In the near waters, without any cry  
 I sank, therefore—glad, oh so glad, to die !

Far on the shore, with sun, and dove, and dew,  
 And apple-flowers, I suddenly saw you.  
 Then—was it kind or cruel that the sea  
 Held back my hands, and kissed and clung to me ?

## FOR ANOTHER'S SAKE.

Sweet, sweet ? My child, some sweeter word than sweet,  
 Some lovelier word than love, I want for you.  
 Who says the world is bitter, while your feet  
 Are left among the lilies and the dew ?

. . . Ah ? So some other has, this night, to fold  
 Such hands as his, and drop some precious head  
 From off her breast as full of baby-gold ?  
 I, for her grief, will not be comforted.

K. T.

## THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE.

EVERYONE agrees that the French Revolution is an almost exhausted theme. Everything to be said on either side has been said by historians or romancers, censors or apologists, yet now and then, in the private history of noble families, incidents are related as sensational and romantic as any that have become public, and hair-breadth " 'scapes " as wild, as apparently improbable as ever novelist depicted. As for me, I fancied there was not a tale, good, bad or indifferent, relating to poor, frivolous, generous, impulsive Marie Antoinette, which had not been familiar from my earliest school-days ; but, in turning over the pages of a quaint old magazine, " L'Ange Gardien," I found something new to me, and I hope to my readers, a little story that gives its name to this paper.

The ill-fated Queen loved all animals, but her special favourite was a pretty spaniel, named Thisbé, which displayed unbounded affection in return for her care. When the royal family were imprisoned in the Temple, in the August of 1792, the queen was

sometimes cheered amid her sorrows by the gambols of her pet. Heavier trials than imprisonment were in store for her, in whose defence Burke fondly hoped a thousand swords would leap from their scabbards. Her husband perished on the 21st of January, 1793; and the following July, the little Dauphin was taken from her care, to be placed in the hands of Simon, the brutal shoemaker. On the 5th of August, Marie Antoinette was removed by night, from the Temple to the Conciergerie, where her captivity became harder. Poor Thisbé was left behind, but not for long. The faithful animal tracked its beloved mistress to the door of her gloomy prison, coming day-by-day to crouch at the entrance, howling piteously. It somehow came to be known whose property the spaniel was, and a good-natured young milliner, named Madame Arnaud, who lived opposite, took care that it did not starve. To her it crept for shelter at night, but as soon as her doors opened in the morning, resumed its station, watching and waiting for the Queen to come.

Sympathy with Marie Antoinette's dog was then very dangerous, and the young milliner's friends represented to her that she was seriously imperilling herself and them, by injudicious humanity. At first, she did not heed them; but, when the result of the Queen's so-called trial, a foregone conclusion, was officially announced, Madame Arnaud, yielding to the entreaties of her relatives, yet attached to poor faithful Thisbé, compromised by securing the dog, and sending it for safety to her sister, who lived near the *Pont St. Michel*, to be kept till the execution was over, and the little animal forgotten in the neighbourhood. In this new home Thisbé was miserable, barked and whined all day, refused food, and vainly sought to escape, till one morning, a door being accidentally open, it slipped out, and found its way back to the gate of the Conciergerie. The tumbril was just issuing with its load of prisoners, on their way to the guillotine. Amongst them, a joy for poor, unconscious Thisbé! was the beloved form of its mistress. If dogs see the changes wrought by sorrow, the little animal must have mourned the Queen's snow-white hair, and the deep-marked lines of suffering on her brow, as it followed the cart, jolting rapidly over the stony pavement. Arrived at the fatal *Place de la Concorde*, the spaniel sniffed uneasily around, but no one noticed, so occupied were *sans culottes* and *tricoteuses*, by the ghastly tragedy about to be enacted. The Queen's head fell—there was a moment's dead silence—then the loud, agonising howl of a dog. In an instant, a soldier's bayonet pierced its heart. "So perish all that mourn an aristocrat," he cried; and mourning, indeed, an aristocrat, died, *Thisbé le chien de la Reine*.

## MARTINUS HUGO HAMILL THOMÆ LONGO SUO

## ROMÆ STUDIOBUM CAUSA DEGENTI

**T**ANDEM optata mihi tua venit epistola, Longe,  
 Tarda quidem venit, sed mihi grata tamen;  
 Teque valere docet studiisque ardere Minervæ  
 Sorte tuâ contentum et meminisse mei.  
 Tu quoque pieridum venerari numina prodis:  
 Macte animo felix ingeniumque cole.  
 Sed nimium versu ne delectare canoro  
 Neu meliora illi et seria posthabeas.  
 Namque et si ingenuos deceat fovisse camœnam  
 Et qui despiceret barbarus ille foret,  
 Sæpe hæc ignavo juvenilia pectora cantu  
 Paulatim alliciens in sua jura trahit.  
 Ergo cave, atque animo noctuque diuque recurat  
 A te susceptum, Longe, ministerium;  
 Et siquando gravi te Musa abducere tentat  
 Consilio, mentem sic revocare velis;  
 Ad majora, puer Longe, ad majora vocaris,  
 Altius a te aliquid munera sacra petunt.  
 Optima quæque lege; haud multos volvisse libellos  
 Profuit, assidue sed studuisse bonis;  
 Frustra te torquet variis mens dedita curis  
 Et rerum haud æquo pondere victa labat;  
 At veterum imprimis animo venerabere scripta  
 Quos aut Italia aut ora Pelasga tulit:  
 Hos sequere, horum tu ante alios vestigia serva,  
 Unâ crede mihi hæc itur ad astra viâ.  
 Quis furor est rivum puteumve exquirere, puro  
 Cum tibi sors dederit fonte levare sitim?  
 Sed quid ago? Bene nota tibi exauditaque sæpe  
 Dum refero, en celeri labitur hora pede.  
 Interea coeptis faveat votisque benignus  
 Adsit et ætherea te Deus auctet ope.  
 Bonomium salvere meum Ryanumque jubeto  
 Conoridasque ambos. Optime Longe, vale! \*

\* The author of this epistle, Dr. Hugh Hamill, was P.P. of St. Francis', Dublin, and Vicar-General to Archbishop Troy. The Rev. C. P. Meehan, to whom we are indebted for the poem, identifies one of the names in the penultimate line as the Italian surname Bonomi. Does the last line salute "two students from Down and Connor?" The letter was probably addressed to a kinsman of another contemporary of Dr. Hamill's—Father Paul Long, P.P. of St. Catherine's, Meath-street.



## NEW BOOKS.

ONE of the most important additions made to Catholic literature for these many years is "The History of Catholic Emancipation and the Progress of the Catholic Church in the British Isles, chiefly in England, from 1771 to 1820. By W. J. Amherst, S.J." (London, Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Father Amherst has been described by Mr. S. N. Stokes, in *Merry England* for April—who, by the way, betrays a curious hankering after the Veto—as "one who was well known, thirty years ago, at the bar and in Catholic society, related by birth with some of the actors\* in the scenes which he describes, the brother of a bishop, and himself a Jesuit;" and the reviewer concludes that "Father Amherst combines quite unusual qualifications for penetrating the motives and interpreting the policy of the men who sought and obtained Emancipation." We may add that he is all the better qualified from the fact which his book abundantly proves, that, although an English Catholic, not by conversion but by birth, the representative of one of those families who clung to the Old Faith in spite of temptations more perilous, in some respects, because more seductive than the similar trials of Irish Catholics whom patriotism helped to confirm in faith—nevertheless, this English historian shows himself able to enter fully into all the phases of Irish feeling, and to appreciate O'Connell as generously as he appreciates Milner. When the reader is informed that each of these two large octavos contains some three hundred and fifty pages, he wonders that the story has not been continued down to the end in 1829. Perhaps a third volume is in contemplation; and indeed there is ample material for it, especially according to the plan of Father Amherst, who by no means confines himself to a bare narration of facts, but discusses motives and consequences, and practically inclines to that definition of History which makes it to be Philosophy teaching by example. His style is admirably adapted to his object, being calm, clear, and earnest. This "History of Catholic Emancipation," whether or not we accept all the views put forward, cannot but be pronounced to be a work of great interest and value.

The Rev. Thomas C. Moore, D.D., seems to have intended to call his book "Alethaurion," which title runs along the tops of all the 569 ample pages; but perhaps his publishers (Benziger Brothers, of New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis) counselled the adoption of the simpler name—"Short Papers for the People." The papers are certainly short,

\* In a manuscript list of members of the famous Cisalpine Club which we found lately among O'Connell's private papers, the name of Father Amherst's father stands second.

for there are one hundred and thirty of them, and they are written in a popular style, with certain peculiarities which naturally are more likely to be relished by American readers. For instance, the little chapter devoted to Cornelius the Centurion begins with a funny nigger story, which does not at first seem particularly relevant, and was never meant to be dignified; and of the four very effective pages devoted to the Blessed Virgin, one is taken up with a certain Kanturk blacksmith, Ned O'Hara, who, however, has something useful to say on the subject. There is on the whole a good deal of cleverness in this big book, not only in the unusual range of its theological topics but also in its very unconventional way of discussing them. Both priests and people may turn over its pages with pleasure and profit.

"The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with Notes, by John Oldcastle" (Burns and Oates) is an exact counterpart of the work lately issued as a record of Cardinal Newman's career. It contains several well executed portraits of Cardinal Manning, at various dates in his life, from 1812 to 1886. The literary portion of the thin royal octavo consists of an account of "The Event of Passion Sunday, 1851" (when Archdeacon Manning was received into the Church) and then an extremely interesting selection of the Cardinal's letters, during the last thirty-five years. The volume ends with "Landmarks of a Lifetime," the first of which shows that on the fifteenth of this month of July the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster completes his 78th year.

We recommend very earnestly to our brethren in the priesthood and to all who take an interest, or wish to take an interest, in the propagation of the faith, the work which the great Friburg house of the Herders has brought out, in a French edition—"Atlas des Missions Catholiques," by Father Werner, S.J. It consists of twenty large coloured maps, with minute statistical papers illustrating the actual state of the Catholic Church in all its missions in every part of the world. This work is the fruit of immense labour and research, and deserves an honoured place in every ecclesiastical library.

"A Secular Priest" has translated in a readable and well arranged volume, "The Virgin Mother of God," published by Richardson of London and Derby, all that St. Bernard of Clairvaux has written expressly in praise of the Blessed Virgin. He has executed his pious task with great care and taste, and the result is, in itself, enough to vindicate the claim of the first Abbot of Clairvaux to the title of the Mellifluous Doctor.

Mr. Michael Brophy, ex-sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary, has published, through Burns and Oates, a volume of professional reminiscences, which can hardly feel at home in Granville Mansions. These sketches of the R. I. C. are written racy enough, but we think that a knot of policemen off duty would form the best audience to read them to.

The Rev. C. P. Meehan is about to issue the third edition of his fine historical monograph, "The Flight of the Earls." He will incorporate with the appendix many valuable materials discovered since the first edition was published; and other improvements and additions will be made in this definitive edition of Father Meehan's best work.

Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have made an admirable selection of Edmund Burke's writings "On Irish Affairs," the new number of their O'Connell Press Popular Library. A hundred and fifty pages of Edmund Burke on Ireland for threepence!

The printers who set it up in type are the persons who, we imagine, have profited most by "Lost in the Forest: a Temperance Tale" (Richardson and Son). We have sought in vain for a reason why it has been translated from the French.

A Sermon preached in Salford Cathedral by the Right Rev. Lord Petre, in aid of the parish schools, has been published in a very dainty booklet, under the name of "At Antioch Again" (Burns and Oates).

We called attention before to Canon Croft's tract on the "Continuity of the Church." It would be very amusing if it were not so terribly sad, involving the eternal interests of millions of souls, to study the differences of doctrine prevailing in the Church of England. The writers and readers of "The Church Times" pretend to believe in very much that is blasphemed by the writers and readers of "The Rock;" and in every Sunday gathering of English Protestants what a different creed is held by many a pair of worshippers, kneeling or sitting side by side. The extreme absurdity is reached when the Queen, who is the very Head of the English Episcopal Church, crosses the border and becomes Head of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, which denies episcopacy and orders. Not only two members of the same Church, but here one individual holds different doctrines. This is one of the difficulties of controversy. Our adversaries have no common ground. Many of them give up readily the point which Canon Croft proves convincingly, in the little treatise which the Catholic Truth Society is circulating; but there are others who claim to be the successors of St. Anselm and of St. Thomas of Canterbury and of Venerable Bede. Little they know about the writings or the lives of these saints, or else they could not, even they—illogical though they be, and blinded by prejudice, self-interest and lying traditions—they could not possibly pretend that Henry VIII. and Cranmer were on the side of ancient Catholic truth, and not Sir Thomas More who died for what they reject.

A very pretty little book is "Pomfret Cakes" (London: Washbourne). These "Poems by John Wilson" show a good deal of taste, piety, and amiable feeling. The Pontefract muse is not ambitious, but rather is so simple betimes as to provoke a smile at verses which do not mean to be comic, as Mr. Wilson often means to be. He calls

himself a Yorkshire man, in one place, but he shows a very kindly feeling towards Ireland, and his muse is at her best when she tries to speak with an Irish accent.

A small book of 180 pages contains "The Holy Rule of St. Benedict. Translated by a Priest of Mount Melleraŷ" (London and Derby: Richardson).

Three sixpenny pamphlets published by Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son may be announced in one paragraph. The first is a lecture on Rent, delivered in the Catholic Institute of Limerick, by the Rev. Thomas A. Finlay, S.J. The question is discussed from the scientific point of view of sound political economy. "The Alleged Bull of Pope Adrian IV." is also a lecture, delivered by the Rev. P. A. Yorke, C.C. in the Catholic Commercial Club of Dublin, and is a very interesting contribution to a controversy which will probably be carried on into the twentieth century. Of much more practical interest is Father Charles Davis's essay on the Deep Sea Fisheries of Ireland. Father Davis is the well-known Parish Priest of Baltimore, through whom the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has done so much for the hardy fishermen of Cape Clear.

"The Best Hundred Irish Books" has also been reprinted from the *Freeman's Journal*, as a large sixpenny brochure. The letters of Mr. Alfred Webb, Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Judge O'Hagan, Sir C. G. Duffy, Mr. John O'Leary, Dr. Sullivan, Dr. Molloy, and Professor Stokes were particularly worthy of preservation. We prefer the summing up of "Historicus" to his original presentation of the subject.

It is a score of years and more since the grammatical duel raged between Queen's English and Dean's English. Dean Alford is dead, but his antagonist, Mr. Washington Moon, lives and flourishes, and it seems from certain advertisements appended to his latest publication, "Ecclesiastical English" (London: Hatchards), that he is now professionally consulting grammarian to all the world, correcting manuscript at so many shillings per thousand words. His animadversions on the use of tenses are, we think, often well founded; but many of his criticisms seem foolishly hypercritical. Mr. Moon's own English is sometimes cumbrous and a little stilted. "It would have been *sufficient with which* to put a girdle round the world." "Our silence, pardonable, as *emanating* from respect," &c. Can a negative thing like silence emanate? As the Authorised Version and its revision do not concern us, we have not thought it necessary to examine carefully in detail Mr. Moon's disquisitions, which are certainly ingenious, entertaining, and instructive.

Mr. E. Comerford could not have chosen a more appropriate time for publishing his very spirited setting of the well-known song by Thomas Davis, "A Nation Once Again." In order that it may be

sung by feminine voices also, he prints *childhood* as an alternative reading for *boyhood* in the opening stanza :—

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,  
I read of ancient freemen  
For Greece and Rome who proudly stood,  
Three hundred men and three men ;  
And then I prayed I yet might see  
Our fetters rent in twain,  
And Ireland, long a province, be  
A Nation once again.

The publishers of this national song are Novello, Ewer, and Co. of London and New York : but "Dublin" appears also on the titlepage, followed by no name except "William Tempest, Music Publisher, Dundalk." It is well to have Davis's doctrine of nationality sung, or read, or spoken ; for he was never tired of inculcating that the high and holy service of Ireland would be profaned by passions vain or ignoble :

For Freedom comes from God's right hand,  
And needs a godly train ;  
And righteous men must make our land  
A Nation once again.

Since the Catholic Children's Magazine, formerly published by Messrs. James Duffy and Sons, crossed the Irish Sea, it has, we must confess, improved in many points. The new name, *Merry and Wise*, is better for practical purposes ; and indeed we should wish the great American magazine published at New York, the largest and in some respects the cleverest and most varied of all Catholic periodicals, had some more neutral name than *The Catholic World* which almost brands it as "a pious book." The pictures in *Merry and Wise* are at present often good. We might, no doubt, desire fresher matters than Joan of Arc or St. Francis and the Birds ; but perhaps these will be new enough for many children. The poetry is poor ; and is it right even for poets to be ungrammatical ? In June one poet has "stole" in opposition both to Lindley Murray and the Decalogue, and another "acts uncivil." With every inclination to be easily pleased and with full advertence to the difficulties of such enterprises, we cannot help thinking that a higher literary standard ought to be aimed at in these days when the most skilful pens and pencils on both sides of the Atlantic are enlisted in the service of Children's Magazines.

## NUTSHELL BIOGRAMS.

## THIRD HANDFUL.

18. EDMUND BURKE, born at Dublin, January 12, 1729 (just a hundred years before Catholic Emancipation); went to England 1750; came back to Ireland as Private Secretary to Single-Speech Hamilton, 1761; Private Secretary to Lord Rockingham, 1765; M.P. for Wendover, 1765; M.P. for Bristol, 1774; M.P. for Malton, 1780; Paymaster-General in the second Rockingham Ministry, from April to July, 1782, and in the Coalition Ministry, from April to December, 1783; retired from Parliament, 1794; lost his clever son, 1794; died at Beaconsfield (which Disraeli chose for his title), July 9, 1797, aged 68.\*

19. RICHARD CHALLONER was born on the 29th of September, 1691, in the Diocese of Chichester. His father died while the boy was young. We are not told what became of his mother, Grace Willard. Her son was converted by the Rev. John Gother, whose name is preserved by his "Instructions on the Mass," and by his "Papist Misrepresented and Represented." In the summer of 1704 the young convert was sent to the English seminary at Douay, where he remained as student, professor, and superior for twenty-five years. No coming home for vacation in those days. He was made Professor of Rhetoric and then of Philosophy before he was old enough to be ordained priest. His ordination took place on the 28th of March, 1716, though he waited a fortnight till Easter Sunday, April 12th, to celebrate his first Mass. His first visit to his native country was on urgent private business, after an uninterrupted absence of fourteen years. During his stay at Douay as Professor and Vice-President, he wrote his famous little book "Think Well On't." He did not come on the English mission till 1730. In the midst of his toils and real dangers he found the time and the courage to compose and publish a great many learned and pious works, which are still doing good. In 1738 he was made Coadjutor to Dr. Benjamin Petre, Bishop in the London District, whom he succeeded twenty years later. He died on the 12th of January, 1781, some months after the No Popery Riots that are linked with the name of Lord George Gordon. During his life of ninety years, many famous and brilliant men lived and died in England, thinking a great deal of

\* These are the salient facts which Mr. John Morley (who now fills the post in Ireland, in which Burke helped Single-speech Hamilton) thinks it worth while to prefix to his historical study, written twenty years ago, the first of his works. He remarks that it is grievous to think that such a man was allowed to do no more than hold a fifth-rate office for sometime less than a twelvemonth. He himself is a proof that that order of things has passed away.

themselves and thinking nothing at all of this holy and learned man, who quietly did so much to keep the faith alive in England of the Four Georges.

20. JAMES MAC ARDLE was born, in 1728, in Cow-lane, afterwards called Greek-street, Dublin. He learned mezzotint engraving from a Dublin engraver, John Brooks. In 1746 he removed to London where he practised his art with great success till his death in 1765. His fame and his works have survived so well, that they were the subject of a lecture by Mr. Chaloner Smith, M.R.I.A., in 1885, in the College of Science, Stephen's-green.

21. THE REV. JOHN FRANCIS SHEARMAN was born in Kilkenny, in 1830. After his schooldays at Clongowes, finding he had no vocation for the Society of Jesus, to which he was to the last devotedly attached, he entered Maynooth College, and at the end of his course of theology was ordained priest, and sent as curate to Dunlavin, County Wicklow, in 1862. Much earlier he had displayed his antiquarian tastes; and in this curacy he published his curious investigations as to the famous battlefield of Glen Manna, near Dunlavin, where Brian Boru in the year 1000 inflicted a crushing defeat on the combined armies of the Leinster men and the Danes of Dublin. At this time also he discovered a bi-lingual Ogham inscription, at Kathleen Cormac, in County Kildare, which has since formed a subject of discussion for such scholars as Sir Samuel Ferguson, Whitley Stokes, &c. Father Shearman was soon removed to Howth where he was curate for twenty years. His vicinity to Dublin enabled him to devote his leisure to his favourite studies, especially in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was a member. In 1879 he published "Loca Patriciana," containing very minute discussions concerning the dates in the Life of the Apostle of Ireland, and showing also marvellous acquaintance with the ancient Irish septa and tribes, and with the genealogies of the Welsh, Scotch, and Breton branches of the Celtic race. He was a most pious, charitable, and amiable priest. He was appointed pastor of Moone in County Kildare, in November, 1883; but his health soon failed, and he died on the 6th of February, 1885.

22. PATRICK DONAHOE was born at Munnery, Parish of Kilmore, County Cavan, on St. Patrick's Day, 1814. His father brought his family, in 1825, to Boston, in the United States, where young Donahoe became a printer. After some preliminary ventures he established the *Boston Pilot*, which has ever since done good work for Catholicity and the Irish race. The great fire in Boston, in November, 1872, destroyed his property to the extent of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (£41,000), and he was finally obliged to place the residue in the hands of his creditors. The *Pilot* belongs at present to the Archbishop of

Boston and Mr. Boyle O'Reilly. Mr. Donahoe has for some years published only *Donahoe's Magazine*. Throughout his career he has shown great energy and perseverance, and a benevolent and patriotic spirit.

23. THE REV. JOHN O'HANLON was born at Stradbally, Queen's County, in the year 1821, though his grandfather belonged to Armagh. He was educated at Carlow College and afterwards in an American theological seminary. He was ordained priest at St. Louis in 1847, by Dr. Peter Richard Kenrick. Even at that date began his labours for Irish literature. His Abridgment of Irish History was published at Boston in 1849, and in 1850 his "Irish Emigrant's Guide to the United States." In 1853 he returned to Ireland in poor health, which his native air soon restored to vigour. In 1857 he published the "Life of St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin," and soon after the "Life of St. Malachy." Father O'Hanlon was one of the Curates of SS. Michael and John's from 1859 to 1880, when he was made Parish Priest of St. Mary's, Star of the Sea, Sandymount, one of the suburbs of Dublin. During those twenty-three years he devoted all the leisure he could take from the conscientious discharge of his priestly duties to literary labours, always connected with Catholic Ireland. His "Catechism of Irish History" appeared in 1869; and later, his "Legend Lays of Ireland" (for he is "Lageniensis"), a "Life of St. David of Wales," and some other small works leading on to his *magnum opus*, the "Lives of the Irish Saints," which is still alas! far from completion. May Father O'Hanlon be spared long enough to publish all the materials which his pious and persevering industry has accumulated. He, too, deserves the title bestowed on Dr. Matthew Kelly of Maynooth—*sanctorum indigitum cliens devotissimus*, "a devoted client of the native saints of Ireland."

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## MOLLY THE TRAMP.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "VAGRANT VERSES," "KILLEEVY," "MARCELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

VERY late on a dark wet night in June, two persons entered together a pawnbroker's shop in Dublin. One was a low-sized countryman, with a fox-like face, quick eyes, hanging brows, an unscrupulous mouth, a narrow forehead, and a large ear set so against his bristling hair, that it suggested habitual eaves-dropping. He was clad in two huge coats of grey frieze, and wore a consciousness of responsibility. He looked hard at the other customer entering with him, who shrank away and cowered into a corner by the counter. The pawnbroker, coming from a little room behind the shop, directed his attention to the countryman at once, with only a glance at the timid figure in the background.

The man in frieze was a west-country drover, who had arrived from the mountains only a few hours before with a drove of sheep for market. He found himself unexpectedly in need of money until next day, when his stock was to be sold. He pulled off the outer of his two coats, and flung it on the counter.

The pawnbroker examined the coat, and a discussion arose as to the amount of money to be advanced upon it. It was thrown from one to the other, shaken out, folded up, and finally tossed down on the counter, while the pawnbroker, himself in a passion, almost dragged his bullying customer into his little room behind, for the purpose of showing him articles of equal value, for which he had advanced smaller sums than that which he now offered on the coat. The other customer, a woman, was left standing in the shop alone.

She was a woful specimen of womanhood: a figure whose outlines were lost in miserable wrappings of rags, a soiled trailing gown, and a tattered shawl. Her bonnet, fit only for a gutter, had two or three grimy red roses flaunting dismally under the brim. Her skin was dark, either by nature or from want of care and cleanliness. She was quite young, though one could hardly know it, looking on her thin sallow face, deadened eyes, and colourless lips.

She had in her hand what can only be described as a rag. A wobegone look had fallen over her face when the two men left her unnoticed: a look which was crossed now and then by one of impatience, which burned up and went out of her sallow face again, leaving the stolid weariness to come back. Of what use was it for her to be angry, who only existed in the world upon sufferance?

Presently the pawnbroker comes bustling back to the shop to fetch something, takes in her wretchedness with a keen eye, and roughly asks her business. She offers him her rag, calling it a mantle. It is perfectly worthless, and he is out of temper. He flings it back to her with an oath, and returns to his more important customer.

The slight figure shakes as if blows had come down upon it, the light of eagerness fades out of the eyes, the hands mechanically fold up the rejected garment. This is no new scene that she is passing through: no unexpected trial that has come upon her; it is part of the daily routine of her life. Harsh words are as familiar to her as the taste of bread and milk to a child who has never suffered hunger. She accepts the award of her patience with the meekness of habitual dejection, but behind it there is something stirring which is not habitual; something which makes the cowed spirit rise up again, which awakens persistence out of the passiveness of despair. She turns again from the shop door, towards which she had set her face, and takes her stand by the counter once more. She will wait to have another word with the pawnbroker.

Now, the root of this girl's purpose was holy, and yet her next act was the drop of evil that overflowed the cup of her misery, and turned trouble into sin.

She was so weary, that the earth seemed to drag her failing limbs towards it. Her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall, looking at a filmy picture present to them—a dying man, struggling with his death, alone in darkness. She heard not the shouts and curses in the street outside, nor the bargaining of the two men in the inner room, but a weak voice calling "drink! drink!" heard only the horrible, greedy cry, "whisky!" gurgling in a dying throat. Her sunken eyes started forward, her hands wrought with one another. She gazed all around the shop. No one near her, no one minding her; and the coat still lying on the counter.

For one moment she was raised to the dignity of resisting temptation. Only one moment; need was too great, habit too strong, misery too deep. The coat was snatched, and the girl vanished.

The two men returned only about a minute too late, and rushed into the street crying "Stop thief!" The cry was echoed and tossed from lip to lip in the dirty lanes and alleys. Drunken men reeled out of taverns and caught it, wretched children yelled it along the gutter. It clamoured in the hunted creature's ears as she strained her weak limbs along the pavement, or huddled herself into some corner to let the pursuers go by. "It is the last time, the last time!" she muttered. So it was, the last sin of many; but not to go unpunished.

The cry had long ceased, and the chase had been abandoned, when the dark figure crept in at a miserable doorway, and up a dirty, crazy flight of stairs. She had no coat in her hands now, but some money, and a small bottle. She looked from right to left with scared eyes, and then entered a squalid room where the dawn was stealing wanly through a broken skylight in the roof. The walls were perfectly bare; there was no sign of food, furniture, nor clothing. The girl looked eagerly towards a corner where the figure of a man lay stretched upon straw. She went forward, listening and gazing intently, and dropped on her knees beside the figure.

"Here it is," she said, in a voice of fright that matched her face; "here is the whisky. I could not get it any sooner."

There was no answer by sound or movement.

"Father!" she shrieked, with a wild sob. She lifted an awful-looking hand from the straw, and dropped it again. The figure on the pallet was a corpse. The cries that had rung through the room when she left it were still for ever.

She drew a covering over the body, looked round the bare walls of the den, and sat down on the floor with a passive despair in her white face. Her foot touched the bottle of spirits. She snatched it up and half emptied it at a draught, stretched herself on the straw at the feet of the corpse, and soon fell into a state of unconsciousness that answered with her for peace.

Such is the history of Molly's crime. It is quite useless for the purposes of this story to go back any further into her past. It is not easy to get at the true antecedents of such creatures. One would have told you that Molly Cashel was a charwoman; another, that she was a ballad-singer; another, that she was a street-vagrant; another, that she was a thief. Each account would have been true, for she had been all of these things in turns. She had been dragged through every kind of misery from her wretched motherless childhood until now, her nineteenth year.

She had been ill-treated and made a slave of by a brutal step-father—the man whose last desire she had sinned to strive to satisfy. A worn-out, battered creature, who had never had any youth, who had never been taught, who had been driven on all her life by the instincts and necessities of the present moment.

It was only six o'clock, but the June sun was shining hotly down into the filthy alleys, glistening on the mud made by the rain of the night before, and burning on the broken window-panes crusted with dirt and stuffed with rags; and the Rooneys were up already, and fighting as usual. The Rooneys were a family of wandering mountebanks, who lodged at present in the room under that in which Molly Cashel and her father's corpse were lying. This den was a singular contrast to the one above it—not that there was a whit more comfort to be seen within it; but whereas the one was bare, and full of the silence of death, the other was overflowing with all kinds of litter, and echoing with the quarrelsome shouting of noisy voices. The remains of a coarse breakfast lay about a dirty bench at one side of the room, and heaps of frippery rags mingled with tinsel gewgaws were scattered about in all directions on the floor. The Rooney mother, a stout, broad-faced, vixenish-looking woman, was engaged in pasting daubs of gold paper all over a very dirty white muslin short frock—part of the costume usually worn by Miss Matilda Rooney when dancing the sailor's hornpipe. The Rooney father, who, when he was not in a passion, had a general air of humorous rowdiness, was adorned by nature with a squint, and by accident with a broken nose, which last was fiery in colour. He was now occupying himself (with one arm in one sleeve of a ragged coat) by alternately knocking the ashes out of his pipe and his knuckles on the heads of his two sons, who were unwillingly practising somersaults in one corner, and responding to the paternal correction by loud growls of remonstrance. Miss Matilda Rooney, a dwarf of sixteen years who looked about ten, was busied in twisting battered artificial flowers together, for the adornment of her own elf-locks of rusty red and the enhancement of the beauty of the paternal squint, which she inherited in full perfection. As she worked, she beguiled her task by stray words of impudence flung at her father and mother, and frowns and shakings of her fist at a squalling baby who was lying kicking on his back, neglected, on the floor.

The Rooney family was about to divide itself and go upon two separate pedestrian excursions into different parts of the country,

to startle simple villagers and inhabitants of roadside cottages with the display of its wonderful accomplishments. The Rooney sons were going to tumble southwards in their tights and spangles; the Rooney father, mother, daughter, and baby, were going to dance, scrape, and jingle their way westward with pipe, fiddle, and tambourine.

The Rooney family was making so much noise with its preparations, that a timid knock was repeated thrice outside, and no one in the room heard it. At last the door was driven open, and a white face was pushed in.

"Molly!" cried the Rooney mother, and there was a general hush—so scaring, for the moment, was the wild white face at the door.

"Arrah, thin, it's you that looks fresh and rosy after yer mornin' walk!" cried the Rooney father, with a laugh at his own wit.

"Father's dead!" said Molly, her dark hopeless eyes wandering away from the people in the room up the blank walls in a vacant search for sympathy.

"Dead!" came from all in a chorus, and then from one:

"Rest his sowl!"

From another:

"He'll give ye no more black eyes!"

And again:

"Ye'll be breakin' yer heart afther him!"

"He's made a lucky flittin'!" said Tim Rooney, the father. "He'd ha' been thrown out for rint to-morrow. Have ye any money?"

"I have money," said Molly, unclosing her hand and showing silver.

"Where did ye get it?" cried Mother Rooney, eyeing it greedily. "Ah, ye jail-bird! Ye've been thievin', have ye? Ye'll be goin' abroad some o' these days, my darlin'. Why don't ye take afther poor honest folks like uz, and get yer livin' decent, ye divil ye?"

"I want to do it," cried Molly, imploringly, "but they won't let me. None of them will let me. The days keep coming, one afther another, and force me into badness. Oh, if you would take me out of the town with you, Mrs. Rooney, I'll give you this money, and I'll thramp the counthry like the best! Couldn't I carry the baby for ye, Mrs. Rooney?" cried Molly, wringing her hands.

Mother Rooney told her to get out of that for a slut, and sent her away to bury her father; but before daylight next morning the Rooney family had decided that Molly would be an acquisition to the tramping expedition. The neglected baby that kicked on the floor had grown since the last excursion, and mother Rooney had found difficulty even then in managing both it and her fiddle. Molly could sing ballads and carry the baby. So, the pauper's funeral being over, Molly was bidden to enter on her new profession of tramp.

She locked up the door and surrendered the key to the landlord. The girl's leaden heart was a little less leaden when she had done this. In that room she had starved, sinned, mourned, and despaired. She fetched the neglected baby out of the Rooney Bedlam below, and sat with it in a high corner landing of the rickety staircase. It would be hard to analyse the chaos of poor Molly's brain. Doubtless there was a heavy retrospection going on behind those black eyes wide open in the darkness, listening to a "death-watch" ticking at her ear; for Molly in her wanderings had got stray glimpses of religion—just enough to let her know that her life was all wrong, and that there was a better life to be attained somewhere, but never by her. There was expectation, too, in those wide-open eyes; but it was very vague and dull. That a change, no matter what, was at hand, was Molly's chief idea. She would get away out of the filthy streets and lanes, to which she was not dainty enough to object because of their filthiness, but because within their boundaries every man's hand was against her. To what manner of region she was going, she did not know or care. She had never been out of the town in her life, and the open country was a sealed book to her. Probably she should get enough to eat, of some kind; she would not have to steal—perhaps not even to beg, where there would be so many more nimble-tongued to do it. Hard usage and fatigue she was inured to; any change must be for the better. She got a crust of bread from the Rooneys that night, and leave to stretch herself behind their door till morning.

By dawn they were off on the tramp, Molly carrying the baby, her pockets stuffed with ragged ballads; Mother Rooney with her fiddle; Father Rooney with his pipes and some baggage; Matilda with her tambourine, and her dancing-dress covered with a shawl, the point of which draggled in the mud and dabbled on the young lady's heels as she went along. The drizzling rain kept on, and for the first two or three days things were wretched. The country

was sheeted in mist, and cottagers kept their doors shut. The towns they passed through were uninteresting and inhospitable. A magnificent show on wheels and a German band were travelling the same route, arriving in every place of note just in time to occupy all the public attention and leave hardly a stray gape of curiosity for the miserable Rooneys. So they left the route they had intended to follow, and struck out on the bog and mountain country.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Through the drizzling summer day and far into the drizzling summer night, four weary dreary figures plodding on, and never the sign of a dwelling in sight since the last unfriendly village had been left miles behind. Hitherto they had always found a lodging in the shelter of some town, but to-night there was nothing for it but to creep into the shadow of an old ruined chapel and make their beds among the stones and grass.

All were soon fast asleep; but at midnight the last of the rain fell, the mists mustered in long troops, and filed away over the hills. The moon rose, marching grandly up a sky such as city chimneys never see; mountains that had been curtained out with rain-clouds lifted their gloomy heads against the horizon, or bowed their brawny shoulders down to the plains to catch the silver benediction of the hour. Streams struggling here and there through hollows, with their swollen burden of waters, flung up glances of delight to the sky, as they had now light to go on their stumbling way. A plover in his nest felt the silver touch upon his wing, stirred among the rushes, gave a cry of welcome, and was at rest again.

The cry awakened Molly, who was sleeping with her head against the opening of a broken arch, and her face to the moonlight. She had been dreaming of a tavern row, of police, of a jail, of hunger, brawling, curses, and injury. She opened her eyes to the white purity of the moon, her ears to the dreamy echo of the plover's note, and her soul to its first knowledge of peace. She laid the sleeping child out of her arms upon a corner of his mother's gown, covered him with her own old rag of a mantle, stole out from the shadow of the walls, and stood dazzled and bewildered in the mellow glory of the night. The land on which she looked was as new to her as if she had been led to the spot blindfold. What strange place was this where heaven bent towards her like a mother, where the very air seemed full of kindness, and the earth looked soothed, as if cruelty and wickedness

had been charmed away from it for evermore? She had seen the moon many a time, looking with a ghastly glance of disgust on dismal scenes to which she, Molly, had belonged. She had never been gazed at, all alone, by a tender eye like this. A strain of sublime enthusiasm was wrung from her ignorant soul. A wild regret for being what she was, sprang out of the passiveness of her degradation. She put her poor face between her hands and fell to weeping.

She sat down on a stone by the roadside, and with her head upon her arms dropped asleep. The sun was high when the sound of whooping and shouting—drover's cries—roused her. A troop of kyloes were moving along the road towards her, a man mounted on a horse bringing up the rear. Molly's instinct to hide from every face as an enemy's, rose up within her, and carried her back trembling to the ruin. But she peeped out from the shelter of the old window, and saw a pleasant picture framed there; a long winding sunny road, sunny mountains, the wild little troop of rugged cattle tossing their horned heads and plunging along, and the figure on horseback behind. As the figure came nearer, Molly drew back into her hiding-place, with a start of dismay. The man was the owner of that stolen frieze coat. "Whoop, whoop!" shouted the drover's rough voice, and "click, click!" went his smacking whip, but Molly heard nothing but "Thief! thief!" The flock went past, and Molly, shaking with terror, gathered the baby in her arms, and buried her face in its chubby shoulder. Had they tracked her out to this beautiful land, to drag her back to the town and fling her into jail? They had passed her by, but would they not come back and find her?

Tramp! tramp! again; but to-day over a burning road, with a dazzling sun above their heads. They had a grand performance before a roadside cottage, the pipes and fiddle clamoured which should be loudest. Miss Matilda danced her hornpipe, Molly sang her ballads with a wild ringing fear of the drover in her voice, but a scrupulous perseverance, that told of her determination to earn her living honestly. She had a fine true voice, with a strain of sweetness and pathos in it that startled people, coming from so dingy a figure. The woman of the cottage was touched by it, more than by the dancing and singing of the Rooneys. The baby had sobbed an accompaniment to Molly's song, and the baby got some new goat's milk and bread. And for the singer's sake the rest of the hungry band had a meal of potatoes.

"Yer come from the town?" said the motherly woman, who



had taken the baby in her arms whilst Molly ate. "Ay! the town's a bad place. There's a poor dhrover body gone past a bit ago, only's been four days away, an' has come home without his fine coat that he counted to do him the rest o' his life. Stole from before his eyes by a vagabond thief o' a girl, before he'd been an hour in Dublin."

The blood ran into Molly's face for shame, and out of it again for fear.

"No, but I didn't mean that all the townfolks is bad!" said the woman, kindly.

By evening they arrived at a wayside inn, where a number of men were drinking. A fair had been held not far off the day before, and some were only now on their way home from it. They were smoking and drinking in a little earthen-floored room, and had just been talking of the luckless drover and his coat, he having passed there about half an hour before. It seemed he was scattering his story behind him, over the country as he went, like the crumbs cast by the boy in the fairy tale.

The Rooneys saw their chance and pushed their way up to the door of the tavern. Molly's black eyes, full of an agonising question, peered in at the door of the close noisy room, and scanned the faces present. The one she dreaded was not there.

The tramps were welcome here with their music and dancing. Father and mother Rooney were king and queen of the hour, and were treated to steaming glasses of punch. Matilda's hornpipe was applauded to the echo. When it came to Molly's turn, she made two or three pitiful attempts to sing, and failed wretchedly. She was over-tired. None of them had such a wearisome burthen to carry as she had had, the heavy baby clinging for ever round her neck. The fear, too, was in her throat yet, and she could not sing.

Father Rooney came over to the corner where she sat, and threatened her with his fist in her face. She broke down, turned her face to the wall, and wept. A young man sitting on a table at some distance had been watching her attentively, and took note of this scene. He was a strong-built, frieze-clad, well-to-do-looking young farmer with a brave brown face, and very kindly and sweet-tempered blue eyes. He was not drinking like the rest, nor making a noise. What he saw in Molly to fix his attention, people might have wondered if any one there had been temperate enough for observation. But wonders are not rare. That he saw she had sorrow in her heart may not be thought a sufficient

reason. Perhaps he divined her youth through the ageing disguises that hung about her. Perhaps he had a mother who prayed for him at home, or a sister whom he petted, and it irked him to see a girl with traces of beauty and feeling in her unwashed face, subject to the threats of one like Tim Rooney, forced to take a prominent place in a gathering like this, and turning with her grief to the wall in her voidness of expectation of sympathy or succour. He saw at all events that she was choking with thirst, and that her lips were baked. He fetched and offered her a glass of lemonade.

"Toss it off, my girl!" said he, "it'll keep the skin from crackin' on them dhry lips o' yours. Ye'll give us a snatch o' a song by-and-by."

Molly seized and drank, wondered, rejoiced, looked at his frieze coat and shuddered; looked at his kind, strong face, and worshipped.

"I can sing now. Is there any song you would like to have?" said Molly, tingling with her gratitude.

"Give us the '*Colleen dhas crotheen a mo*' (Pretty girl milking her cow)," said John Haverty.

Molly lifted her voice and sang as she had never sang before. The young farmer looked at her kindling eyes, and felt a curious desire to know what she would look like, were her face washed, and were she dressed in clean garments like a fresh country lass, accustomed to keep company with the larks in the morning.

The song being over, Tim Rooney came up and struck the songstress on the mouth. He had become brutalised by drink, and cursed her for whining an old drimendru instead of one of the racy new-fashioned ballads he had furnished her with. His stray blows fell on the child.

"Not the child! oh, not the child!" cried Molly, with the blood dropping from her lips; for by dint of moaning and crying to the little thing, and being worried by it, she had grown to love it strangely. She wrapped it in her arms and went out of the cabin with it, just in time to escape from the hubbub that was raised, when John Haverty stretched Tim Rooney on the floor.

She sat down on the edge of a wall at some distance from the house, and washed the blood from her mouth, and soothed the baby's cries. It was so wonderfully new to Molly to have a protector, that it wakened in her a happy amazement which dulled the sense of physical pain. She bathed her wound mechanically, but she did not feel it.

Presently Haverty came out to look for her; the only one who missed or thought of her.

"My poor girl!" said he, "yer badly hurt. But I settled yon ruffian in a way that'll make him think twice, before he lifts his hand to strike a woman again. Here, hould this to yer mouth, asthore, it'll keep the blood away," and he gave her a fine snow-white *nappikeen* (head-kerchief), which he had bought at the fair as a present for his mother.

"Now I tell you what it is, my girl," said he, "you must lave the bad company yer in. Yer not o' their sort, it's plain to see, an' you ought to get quit o' them."

"Not of their sort." Molly exalted above anybody! Above those whose honesty she had emulated! Oh, if the drover were to appear now and denounce her to this friend! She looked fearfully over her shoulder, but there was no cause for fear. Peace and security were all around her.

"I'd be glad to do anything you bid me," said Molly, out of her heart, "for no man ever spoke so kind to me before. But I wouldn't know what to do, nor where to go, an' besides, I'm sure they'd kill the baby among them if I left it with them. It'll not be betther o' them blows this good bit. Whisht! whisht! my darlin'!"

"Yer heart's in the right place," said Haverty, admiringly. "Ye ought to look to yersel', though. Ye could do rightly. The counthry's a good place to make a shift in, not like the town. Can ye sew?"

"No."

"Can ye read?"

"No."

"Well, ye could work in the fields like many a heartsome lass, an' people would be fightin' for lave to give ye a lodgin' for a stave o' one o' them darlin' songs of yours. See here! There'll be a match-makin', to-morrow night, over at Widow Conneely's in the bog. Lave this clan, an' make a start o' 't for yersel' at wanst. I'll be lookin' out for ye, an' I'll put in a good word for ye, I'll tell ye the songs that'll stale their hearts. Ye'll come?"

If he had asked Molly to make an effort to walk across the sea to America, she would have promised to try. She gave him her word she would be at the Widow Conneely's. He had been throwing pebbles down the well, emphasising his words by an occasional splash; now he bade her good night, and walked away across the moor, strong and sturdy in the moonlight, with his

blackthorn stick in his hand. And Molly, with the baby, crept away to the barn where they were to pass the night. There was not much sleep for Molly, however. All the time she lay there, she was thinking and dreaming of the kind compassion of John Haverty, who at once become the idol of her hungry heart, which had been so starved of love all its life. She thought if he would only give her a corner of his field to work in, and come and speak to her like that for a minute or two every day, she should reach the very summit of earthly happiness. By daylight she was up again walking about, having left the child wrapped in the straw by its mother's side. She wandered about in the crimson dawn, receiving in her own wild untutored way wonderful revelations of a new life, drinking in with the pure air exhilarating draughts of refreshed vitality which brought rushes of health into her languid veins.

She went down to a lonely river among the hills and bathed. She wrung out her long matted hair; she had not even a comb to comb it with. She washed the blood-stains from the white kerchief Haverty had given her, and folded it across her shoulders. Then she cried more passionately than she had ever cried for pain or hunger, because she could not cast away her dirty ragged gown, having no other. She bethought her of the motherly woman whom they had left two miles behind them on the road, who had taken the tramps into her tidy cottage, and held the baby while Molly ate of her bounty. So curiously had trust in humanity been roused in the girl, that she set off at once, running along the high road to throw herself on the mercy of this person almost unknown, believing that she would help her in her dilemma. The motherly woman was feeding her hens before her door, when Molly appeared to her coming along in the sunrise, with her half-dried hair hanging over her shoulders, her eyes lighted with an eager hope, and her face clear and bright with the new flush of health and vigour that possessed her.

"I don't know but I may be a fool," said the motherly woman, as she sorted through the garments in her household chest; "but I took a likin' to ye at the first when I seen ye so down an' unheartsome among them screechin', jumpin', bould-faced crew. An' I like ye betther this mornin', for ye've got more o' the clane counthry look about ye, an' a purty face o' yer own ye have. God be with you, then, and take the loand o' this turkey red; your nappikeen 'll cover the misfit o' the body. An' if ye don't turn out honest, it's God 'll settle accounts with you, an' not me."

The "turkey red" was an ample calico gown of that warm.

hue, and when Molly was arrayed in it, and the white kerchief on her shoulders, the motherly woman was so delighted with her appearance that she insisted on dressing her hair to make her complete.

"I can plat beautifully," said she, "an' I'll plat it up to the crown of yer head, the way I used to do my own little girl's, before the Lord took her from me, Heaven be her bed! But let that stan' till we get the cup o' tea. My good man's from home, an' there's nobody here but our two sels."

Thus treated, Molly's heart overflowed with delight. While breakfast was preparing, she sought for a smooth pool outside, and surveyed the alteration in herself, coming back on tiptoe. The words, "an' a purty face o' yer own ye have!" were racing through her head; but the idea they conveyed was too sudden and wildly original to be accepted at once as the truth. And yet, when the rest of the world was changing so fast, why should not she change too? When her head was covered with shining braids she was still more a wonder to herself. Where had this beauty come from? Could mere soap and water, coloured calico, and the motherly woman's nimble fingers, work such a miracle?

She stayed all day at the tidy cottage, being afraid to go back to the Rooneys. After sundown she set out, asking her way to the Widow Conneely's. It was a long walk, and she arrived with her cheeks in a glow. John Haverty was smoking his pipe as she came up, and he did not know her.

"I've come," said she.

"Why," said he, "you're never the singin' girl that was with the thramps last night?"

"I am," said Molly, enchanted, but alarmed at his not knowing her. "You promised to tell me what to sing."

He beamed on her with his blue eyes, taking in her new appearance slowly, by a long look.

"I'll tell ye," said he, putting his pipe in his pocket.

He took her in to the Widow Conneely. He placed her in a seat apart, a little brown stool, set up in a deep window-seat, with a strip of dark-green curtain by her shoulder, and the remains of the sunset barring the little window-pane with gold beyond her. It was by accident, of course, that these things arranged themselves so as to make of her a pretty picture, for the unconscious pleasing of uncultivated eyes. But there she sat, entitled to respect by the deference that Haverty paid her.

The people had not gathered in for the dance; only a few old

men and women were there; the piper had not yet come. Haverty sat with one leg across the end of a table, talking to Molly, getting her to sing over verses of songs for him, and deciding which she was to sing for the company. Molly's eyes and cheeks grew brighter and brighter, and her voice richer and sweeter; as the dusk deepened, the golden bars paled away behind the pane, and the red light from the turf fire drove the shadows into the corners of the cabin, and fell full across John Haverty's eyes, which were watering as only an Irishman's eyes can water at music.

"Yer made o' the right throe stuff," said he, "or yer singin' tells lies on ye. A man might be happy that had you chirpin' like a cricket by his fireside, avourneen! Look at me, asthoreen, an' thry could you like me. It's not long since we saw each other first, but I'm not a bad fellow if you can get the soft side o' me, an' I never seen a girl that could take the heart out o' my body before."

Enter the piper, followed by a troop of noisy young men and women.

If Molly's answer had been forthcoming it would have been lost in the storm of greetings that followed. As it was, she sat silent and red-cheeked, and Haverty was dragged away by a band of companions. Now the piper began to play, and the dancing commenced, while a small table was placed to one side of the fire, with some pipes, tobacco, and whisky;—for what purpose did not appear. When Molly looked up, Haverty was dancing gaily with a pretty girl in a light print dress and blue ribbon, with smooth fair hair, and saucy eyes, and a coquettish air about her. People watched the pair with interest and admiration. Both were young, good-looking, and capital dancers. They seemed made for each other and, for the jig they were footing. The girl seemed fully aware of the admiration she excited, and coquetted openly with her partner.

"Then they're the handsome pair!" cried one near Molly.

"Ay, throth!" said another; "it's a wondher the ould men isn't come to make up the match."

"Ould blood is slow; but it 'll not take them long in the doin' when they do get at it. Both o' them's rich enough to make the young people happy."

"What is it?" said Molly, touching her neighbour's elbow.

"Oh! it's John Haverty and Katty Nee that's to have their match made to-night. You don't know, bein' a sstranger. That's

them dancin' to others. They'll be married at wanst, I believe, as soon as the bargain's made."

Molly stared at the dancers, and then at the speaker, and took it all in. This was his matchmaking—that was what he had called it—only he had not said it was his own. It had all been arranged long ago, and he had been laughing at the poor tramp. Molly's head fell back behind her little strip of curtain.

"I do think that sthrange girl's sick in the corner, there," said some one by-and-by.

"No," said Molly, wiping the cold drops from her face with the corner of her nappikeen; "but it's very warm. Will you give me a dhrink?" Habit is second nature; and Molly's habit of patience was strong.

Two men came in just then, who were received with marks of great respect. One was a white-haired old man, the uncle of John Haverty, the richest farmer in the country; the other was the drover who had lost his coat in Dublin, and the father of the pretty bride in prospect, Katty Nee. Ah, Molly! "the fox may run, but he's caught at last."

The men sat down at the table which had been prepared for them, and smoked their pipes, and laid their heads together. A lively discussion soon began between them, and the pipes were often taken out of their mouths, and the tables was often thumped; neighbours looked on with admiration, and listened in awe. By this time, the piper, who had been sipping out of a glass by his side, began to doze over his pipes, which grew inarticulate in their utterance, then silent. The dancers were still, and there was an outcry for music: a general demand for Molly, the singing-girl, to lilt up a jig from the corner. So Molly sang many a mad merry jig and whirling reel, only now and again breaking down with a gasp for breath, while Katty and Haverty danced wilder and faster, and the lookers-on laughed and applauded, and the piper woke up and grumbled, and the people said Molly had a jewel of a voice, God bless her!

But at last John Haverty's uncle got up with an oath and dragged his nephew out of the dance and over to the table by the arm. The dancing stopped in a moment. Molly's tune fell from her lips; the young men smiled to each other and shrugged their shoulders; the girls opened their eyes wide, and plucked each other's skirts; the old women groaned and flung up their eyes to the cabin rafters; the old men opened their ears and shifted their feet on the floor, as they were used to do on Sundays when pre-

paring to listen to the sermon. Every one expected that something important was going to be said regarding the business of the night.

"It's time ye stopped yer jiggin' foolery," said the old man, angrily, "an' took a thought o' yer own business. Here we've settled all—land, sheep, house, an' everything, an' there he's stuck fast in the black cattle, an' sorra an inch'll he budge for me. Sit down there an' make yer own match, for divil a finger more I'll meddle in't."

"I want you to make no match for me," said the young man, gravely, "an' I tould ye that, last week, I tould it to Darby Nee, too, but nothin' would do you an' him but ye'd have a match-makin' here to-night. It's all yer own affair, an' if ye've fought over it ye can settle it between ye. I've no hand in it. Katty Nee's a purty girl, an' a good dancer, an' many's the jig I danced with her; but I never axed her to be my wife, an' I never will. She doesn't want me, an' I don't want her. She has a sweetheart here to-night, lookin' as sour as buttermilk because his farm isn't as big as mine, an' she'd rather have his little finger than my whole body an' sowl; wouldn't ye, Katty? An' for my share," said Haverty, looking back at the window, "seein' that this was to be my match-makin', I thried a little business for mysel' an' I think my match is made; at least it only wants wan little bit o' a word to finish the bargain. Come out here, avourneen!" said he, stepping up to the window, and drawing Molly into the light, "an' tell out forenent the people if you can take me for a husband."

The people looked surprised, but not so much so as might be expected. Such sudden "matches" are more common among them than longer courtships.

Molly felt that it was like certain death to cross that floor and face Darby Nee, yet, to save her life, she could not have resisted that hand drawing her on.

"A common thramp from Dublin!" stuttered the old uncle, furiously.

"A beggar, instead of my girl with her fortune!" shouted the bullying drover.

Molly, pale and cowering, clinging to Haverty's arm, lifted her eyes with the old fearful look that was common to them in Dublin, and the drover, fixing his fox-like eyes on her, recognised her in a moment.

"Oho!" he cried, "oho! A Dublin thramp, did ye say? Faix, an' we didn't know what fine company we were in! I



think you an' me has met before this, young woman. A thief, neighbours," he went on, his voice rising with his anger as the remembrance of his wrong came fully back upon him; "the very thief that stole the coat I was tellin' ye of, in the pawnbroker's shop in Dublin. Then I wish ye good luck o' the wife ye have picked, Mither Haverty. Dacent girls isn't good enough for ye, so ye have one that'll do ye credit!"

Molly never heard Haverty's answer nor the murmurs of the people, for at the first word of accusation she shot through the crowd and disappeared from the door.

When the motherly woman got up next morning and began to bustle about her tidy cottage, she found her "turkey red" hanging on a pin behind the kitchen door, and Molly's old ragged gown that had hung in its place, gone. Trembling with agitation, she counted her half-dozen tea-spoons, and felt that her "stocking" was safe in its nook up the chimney. Then "thank God," said the motherly woman, "I knewed she was dacent, but she might ha' said good-bye to a body, an' not come slippin' in an' out in the night, like a sperrit!"

That was the last that was heard of Molly. John Haverty refused to believe what the drover asserted, and swore before all the people that it was a calumny. The Rooneys having passed on from the place, there was no one to bear witness against Molly's character, and nothing to prove her guilty, but her own sudden flight. Haverty had the river dragged, rode to the neighbouring villages, and inquired at the cottages on the roadsides, but not a trace of Molly was found.

Two years passed, and the facts of Molly's appearance and disappearance in the district were told as a romantic story, and Haverty was pointed to as the young man who had been so "quarely crossed in love." Nevertheless, his farm was thriving, and his uncle who had long since forgiven him for falling in love with the tramp, who had so considerably taken herself off, did not despair of making a capital match for him yet, though Katty Nee was married.

Meantime, the earth had not swallowed up Molly. She had rushed to the river first, but when she stood on the brink of the water and saw the sun rising above her head, she felt that after all death was worse than anything that had happened to her yet. She wandered at random, with much fatigue and suffering, through deserted paths in the hills, till she made her way at last to the

dwelling of a herd who lived at the other side of the brow of the tallest mountain that looked on the valley where so many strange-haps had befallen her in so little a space of time. Here she arrived opportunely and was hired as a servant, and here she remained.

Molly worked well and learned many things; her employers were friendly and found her work. They were perched up so high on the mountain that they seemed to live beside the sun; the air they breathed was so sweet, and the active life they led so healthful, that Molly grew strong in body and cheerful in mind, and could romp with her master's children, and mock the larks with her singing, for the children's delight. By winter-time she had spun herself a peasant's dress of crimson flannel, with knitted blue worsted stockings for her feet.

The third year had begun, when on an autumn day John Haverty walked the hills with his blackthorn in hand, seeking this herd who had charge of many cattle, wanting to put a flock under his care. Coming round a heathery rock very high in the blue air, he met Molly face to face, tripping along the narrow path with a bundle of purple heath on her shoulder. Molly herself, but bright, sunburnt, and buxom, hardly a trace of the old Molly left to know her by.

"Molly!" cried Haverty.

"Yes!" said Molly.

He caught her hand in delight.

"No," said Molly, drawing it away, and with a proud lip. "Ye musn't shake hands with a thief."

"Look here!" said John. "Do ye think I ever believed you lyin' ruffian?"

"It was no lie, though," said Molly, hanging her head. "It was throe."

"Whisht! avourneen," said Haverty. "An' what if ye did? Is it for the stalin' o' a rag o' a coat you'd make such a murther, an' you hungry, or—or somethin', I'll be bound?" he added, hesitatingly, with a pathetic look of appeal to her for a justification of herself.

"I was starved!" sobbed Molly, "an' my father was dyin' an' callin' for what I hadn't to give him. I never was taught any better, but I've saved up the price o' the coat, all my wages these years, an' you'll give it to him, plase, when ye see him again. An' when you talk to yer wife about me, don't call me Molly the thief, nor Molly the thramp, but just a friend o' yours that ye were kind to when she was in throuble."

"I have no wife," said Haverty, "an' I'll never have wan but you."

John Haverty had his will, for they were married the next morning on their way home to the snug farm-house in a nest of trees where Haverty lived with his mother. Darby, the drover, was paid to hold his tongue, and no one else dared believe a word against Haverty's wife; and Haverty's wife and the motherly woman are bosom friends.

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A MAIDEN.

A N equal mind, a happy heart,
 A heaven-bestowed content,
 A nature never touched by art,
 A mine of love unspent;

A reason free from passion's cloud,
 A faith that speaks in deeds;
 Power, that ne'er desires the crowd,
 Self, that itself ne'er heeds;

No vanity, and yet some pride,
 Ambition to excel;
 Too frank hope's glowing dreams to hide,
 Too humble such to swell;

A ready hand, a liberal soul,
 That counts not but forgives,
 A glance that comprehends the whole,
 Will, that self-centred lives:

A trust that recks nor sun nor shower,
 An unprofessing friend,
 A love that flames not for an hour,
 But star-like to the end.

Such, dowered with the grace divine,
 Is she, my soul's desire!
 Worship makes holier the shrine,
 Men are as they aspire.

E. E. T

THE WORK OF THE POOR CHURCHES.

BY THE PRESENT WRITER.

MONSIEUR Duvergier d'Hauranne, describing a public meeting in Ireland sixty years ago, said that Sheil was too fond of quotations—like most English orators, adds the Frenchman. Somehow one could not imagine a page of French prose sprinkled thickly with inverted commas. The genius of the French style requires the constituents of a paragraph to be woven together into a continuous whole.

Some newspaper writer, giving an account of a ladies' meeting in London, said of one of the speakers, that her speech was as full of quotations as a sermon by Archdeacon Farrar. This is one of many indications that we have noticed, that quotations are becoming as unpopular in English literature as in French. Indeed, a London editor was once so unjudicious as to reject a paper by the present writer, on this very ground. "It was too like Kenelm Digby," he wrote—that is, made up expressly and designedly of quotations strung together more or less deftly. The rejected article has since been put into print twice; and the writer of it still thinks that, if the passages cited are good in themselves, germane to the subject, and not easily accessible, a paper made up of them is likely to be better worth reading than one that pretends to be spun like a spider's web. To vary the illustration and to speak in the first person, I prefer the slices of cold meat served up in their individual personality rather than to have them boiled down into one homogeneous stew.

Therefore, instead of attempting an abstract essay on the excellence of that work of pious zeal which aims at supplying poor churches with altar requisites, let us set forth in the concrete one association of this kind as explained in two reports, and in two speeches founded thereon. The name, indeed, prefixed to the present paper belongs rather to an association of Dublin ladies who work almost exclusively for the benefit of the poorer churches here at home in Ireland, in districts less favoured as regards the externals of Catholic worship; but the special association referred to in the following reports and speeches is a congregation of "Children of Mary," attached to a convent a few miles from Dublin, and its peculiar sphere of usefulness lies among the still more necessitous churches and chapels of foreign missionary countries. The attention of the present writer was first called to this pious organization by the following Report, which bears no date, but which the first sentence shows to have been written in 1879.

“Two years ago, on the 22nd May, 1877, was held our first Exhibition of Altar Work. Two years seem a long time when we look forward; but when we cast our eyes backwards, somehow the years have a curious knack of collapsing. The winding paths up or down the hill of life, as it may be, are so gently gradual, that, unless there has been a very abrupt turn of the road, we can generally look to where we stood, even many more than *two* years ago, and fancy that we are still almost on the same level, and that time has passed us by and made us exceptions to his inexorable ‘On! on!’

“To most of us, then, it will seem only like yesterday since we assembled here for the same purpose, and under the same kind presidency. These two years have been eventful ones in the great world without. The scene shifters of the stage of public life have had a busy time of it. How many illustrious personages, whom it seemed the world could ill spare, have made their exits, and still the grand old tragedy goes on with unimpaired interest! But the present is not the time to think of these things: ‘Revenons à nos moutons.’ How have these years dealt with our little Congregation? That is the question for us, and to answer it as clearly and briefly as possible is the object of this Report.

“I. Distinct as may be the memory of our last gathering, we must venture, just on a few points, to follow Monsieur Jourdain’s advice, and act as though it were not remembered; but we promise to be very concise. In the Report read on that occasion, reference was made to the establishment of the Association of the Children of Mary in the Convent School here by the Right Rev. Dr. James Quinn, Bishop of Brisbane, in the year 1852: its further development by the admission of extern members, and the inauguration of monthly meetings in 1874; and the extension of its sphere of usefulness in 1875, when the Associates undertook the execution of Altar Work in aid of Foreign Missions. The result of the previous two years was exhibited in May, 1877, and many kind and encouraging words were spoken by the clergymen present, who heartily bade the Congregation good speed on their way.

“II. Now to review the past two years. The progress has been gradual, but steady and constant. There has been a marked improvement in attendance at the periodical meetings, in the zeal of the officials in recruiting members and furthering the interests of the Association by every means in their power, and in the industry displayed and the amount of work accomplished by the individual Associates. The work exhibited to-day has been entirely executed by the ladies themselves, who are now experts in the art of vestment making—a proficiency which we trust they will turn to practical account in the different parishes in which they reside. Well ordered charity must ever begin at home. We do not fear that among our Associates there

shall be any Mrs. Jellybys, labouring, say, for the benefit of Zulu Kaffirs, while neglecting the duties that lie around their doors. They clearly understand that this work is purely one of supererogation, destined to fill up those free moments which would otherwise be spent in idleness or squandered in unprofitable employment, and always ready to be laid aside at the call of duty or charity. To say that work for the Foreign Missions ought not be undertaken because so much destitution exists in our country churches at home, is to say that you ought to refuse a coin to a starving beggar because little Tommy's shoes are not as good as they were, and you think it probable he'll want a new pair before the end of the month. Thank God, and thanks to the charity of our faithful Irish people, none of our churches at home, however humble, are in need of absolute necessaries, while in many parts these poor missionary priests possess not even a church itself, much less its accessories. With regard to domestic duties, which we may venture to say should be still more sacred in their eyes, because coming more directly within their own allotted sphere, our Associates will try to verify in their persons the words of the poet:—

Ladies, shrinking from the view
 Of the prying day,
 In tranquil diligence pursue
 Their heaven-appointed way.
 Noiseless duties, silent cares,
 Mercies lighting unawares,
 Modest influence working good,
 Gifts by the keen heart understood,
 Such as viewless spirits might give,
 These they love, in these they live.

Our little chronicle of the events of the past two years must also make mention of a very opportune visit paid us, at our closing meeting last summer, by the Rev. J—— P——, S.J., who had just come from the Mission of British Honduras. Having spoken most pathetically of the many wants of even absolute necessaries for the decorous celebration of the Divine Mysteries in these distant parts, he urgently appealed for a remembrance of his mission when the ladies came to vote the labours of their hands. His words met with a hearty response, and served as a new stimulus during the past months.

“ III. And now our task is done, except the pleasing duty of returning thanks. We think it right to mention that many of the vestments now completed are composed of silks and other materials presented by charitable friends. With a slight revision they have proved most effective for their present purpose. Among our special benefactors we may name [but the names must be omitted in this republication, for there must be limits even to our amiable indiscretion.] Ladies

will delight in decking themselves out gaily, and it is in itself no fault; witness the authority of a very serious mind:—

Ladies, well I deem, delight
In comely tire to move;
Soft and delicate and bright
Are the robes they love.
Silks, where hues alternate play,
Shawls, and scarfs, and mantles gay—
'Tis not waste, nor sinful pride—
Name them not, nor fault beside;
But her very cheerfulness
Prompts and weaves the curious dress,
While her holy thoughts still roam
'Mid birth-friends and scenes of home.
Pleased to please whose praise is dear,
Glitters she? she glitters there;
And she has a pattern found her
In Nature's glowing world around her.

Well, this may suggest to some present that a few of these 'shawls and scarfs, and mantles gay' might be occasionally devoted to the service of the altar; and let us assure them that, not only 'silks, where hues alternate play,' but linen, lace, &c., would all prove of the greatest utility. The work is expensive; we would, therefore, ask the Associates to be faithful in giving their yearly subscription according to their means.

"And now we shall conclude in the words of the illustrious Oratorian, whom we have already twice quoted, and over whose elevation to the Cardinalate all Catholic hearts are rejoicing to-day, and remind them that—

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade."

To this Report was appended a list of the twenty-nine sets of vestments, the fifty-six amices, and all the corporals, palls, cinctures, &c., prepared by these pious hands for the desolate altars of foreign missions: and the reading of the Report was followed by the congratulations of the Archbishop of Dublin, who presided at the meeting, and of some of the priests who was present. One of them spoke at greater length, and to the following purport.

"MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,

"The pleasure which we must all feel in being allowed to take part in this edifying and attractive function has been for me consider-

ably mitigated since the condition has been tacked on of 'saying a few words' in reference to the Report which has just been submitted to your Grace. But I felt less uncomfortable on the subject when I had looked over the Report, for I saw at once that it was fully able to speak for itself, especially when read as it has been read.

"Once, when there was question of printing an account of the working of the Volunteer Movement in England, an experienced publisher cautioned the persons concerned against calling it a Report; for, said he, nobody ever reads a Report. That would not be the case if Reports were drawn up by so skilful a pen as the Sion Hill Children of Mary evidently have at their service—a pen that is capable of lending novelty to any theme, even if it were as completely worn out as poor little Tommy's shoes [*vide* Report *antea*]. There is as much 'rhyme and reason' crushed into these three or four pages, as many clever phrases and happy literary allusions to Moliere, to Dickens, and sundry others, as would furnish out half-a-dozen spicy magazine articles.

"In fact I would venture to charge this against our Report as a fault—it is too lively, and too interesting. A Report ought to be dull, in order that the speeches and attempts at speeches, coming afterwards, might by contrast be a species of relief; whereas in the present instance, the transition from the written to the spoken word is something like what happens in the public performances of the band of a Highland regiment, where, after the brass instruments have discoursed rich, mellow music for a time, you are treated by way of interlude to a squeaking tune on the bagpipes.

"However, as I have already implied, the Report states its own case better than any one could do for it. You have no doubt been struck with the judicious impartiality with which it reminds the Members of the Association of their various social duties, without exaggerating the importance of its own peculiar department, or insisting too strenuously that there is nothing like leather.

"It would be hard, indeed, to exaggerate the holiness, or the dignity, or worth of the special industry of pious zeal that is adopted and cultivated as their own, by this congregation of the Children of Mary, who make Sion Hill their head-quarters and rendezvous—Altar Work in aid of the Foreign Missions.

"First, work for the altar. When we think what the Christian altar is—the poorest just as much as the richest, the altar of the humblest country-chapel just as much as the altar of the grandest basilica—when we realise ever so faintly what Faith teaches, concerning the Sacramental Presence abiding in the tabernacle, the wonder grows upon us that this zeal for the beauty of God's house, and for the suitable decoration of His altar, should be, as the Report says, a work of supererogation merely, and not a solemn and sacred obligation.

The church, indeed, whose throne the pious labours of these ladies are meant to adorn is a king in exile. He reigns amongst us incognito. For love of us He has put aside all the works of royalty and assumed a mean disguise. But those to whom He has entrusted his secret, those who are of the household of the faith, will, if they are generous, be all the more earnest in giving Him proofs of their allegiance, in paying Him loving homage, and so making amends to Him for what He has borne for their sakes. These good ladies who work for the altar act thus, and, in acting thus, they are entitling themselves almost literally to a share in that welcome from the Judge: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father . . . for I was naked and ye clothed Me.'

"Again, altar work in aid of the foreign missions.

'Ye gentlemen of England who live at home in ease,
'Tis little that ye think upon the dangers of the seas.'

And we Catholics of Ireland who live at home with as large an amount of ease and freedom as is enjoyed by Catholics perhaps anywhere, but this is by no means enough, for of course we have grievances and shall have, till the purgatory of life is over—I suspect that we do not possess, and do not try to acquire a sufficient knowledge of, or a sufficient sympathy for, the wants, and dangers, and sufferings of our brethren in various other portions of the Church. We must beware of being selfish, or narrow, or insular. We do not belong merely to the Irish Church—'I. C.' as disestablished servantmaids and coachmen are wont to describe their religion in the advertising columns of the *Daily Express*, following the very ridiculous and impudent assumption of their betters—we are and we must show ourselves to be the loving and faithful and large-hearted Irish children of the one Catholic Church of God.

"But I fear this is more than the few words I was asked to say. It has been remarked that the greatest pleasure of giving a ball is the pleasure of having it over; and the remark is applicable also to speech-making. But now—to quote for the last time the hereinbefore so often quoted Report—'our task is done except the pleasant duty of giving thanks.' Some of *my* thanks go to the last paragraph of the Report for clearing up a doubt under which I laboured, as to the authorship of the verses quoted just at the end, in defence of the marvellous variety of colours observable in the flowers of the garden, and in ladies' dresses. It seems that we owe this graceful apology to the author of the *Apologia pro vita sua*. I wonder can there be any connection between this admirer of Cardinal Newman's poetry (quoted thrice within so small a compass), and the writer of a certain poem,* which Cardinal Newman in turn admires, and which has just brought me, from his sick bed in the *Via Sistina*, a characteristic little note, giving

* "The Pillar of the Cloud," published in the IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. vii. p. 331.

thanks for 'lines so kind to me, so touching, and so musical, and which I will value the more since you tell me they were written by the daughter of Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy.'

"Some of the lines addressed to this 'gentle Master,' as the poetess calls him, may be applied to another 'gentle Master'—the prelate whom the Vicar of Christ, not unasked, has just placed over the See of St. Laurence O'Toole and of Paul Cardinal Cullen:—

Oh ! still for long and happy honoured years
 Lead thou us on !
 Till the shades vanish and the day appears,
 Lead thou us on !
 Till on thy loved and venerated brow
 Gleams the full crown whose first rays dawn e'en now."

Similar meetings of this Association, held in subsequent summers, cannot find any record here, for our space will hardly suffice to commemorate the one held in June, 1884, under the presidency of the same venerable Archbishop, who had now become Cardinal Mac Cobe. The nature of the Report must be left to be inferred from the following remarks which it elicited from one of the priests present on the occasion.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE—These good ladies being themselves unaccustomed to public speaking—though greatly given to speaking in private—have asked me to add a few remarks to the Report to which we have just listened, with all the greater pleasure that it was read by one whom we are all delighted to see amongst us again.

"The Report apologised, I think unnecessarily, for the rather scanty display of vestments actually on the premises. Yet, surely vestments are not like those famous razors which were made not to shave but to sell; vestments are not made to be exhibited, but to be used in God's service, and in particular 'Altar work for the Foreign Missions;' vestments made by this Missionary Dorcas Society (as we might call it, if that name had not a Protestant sound), this All-Hallows of Sacred Needlework—such vestments are especially intended to be scattered as speedily as possible over various forsaken corners of God's Church in less favoured countries far away. I remember, I regret to say, a French drinking catch, which might run thus in English:—

' Pour out the vine juice rare,
 Drink quick, and let it pass ;
 In your hand I can neither bear
 A full nor an empty glass.'

"A shocking quotation this to fall from teetotal lips! But the application of it is less immoral. The beaker, which ought to be

neither full nor empty—*ni vide, ni plein*—is the vestment store of the Sion Hill Children of Mary; not empty, for that would imply that their fingers had been idle; not full, for that might indicate that their market was overlooked, that the supply of vestments was in excess of the demand.

“I suspect your Eminence would forbid me to praise these members of your flock, especially to their faces; and, indeed, the utmost praise that could be given to them might be conveyed in the words which our Divine Lord suggested to his disciples, not as a boast, but as an act of humility, ‘*Quod debuimus facere fecimus*,’ ‘We have merely done what we ought to do.’ The most diligent, devoted, and indefatigable worker of ‘Altar Work for the Foreign Missions’ is only doing what is directly prompted by our faith in the Blessed Sacrament; and the sole excuse of those who, having the means and full opportunity, neglect to prove their faith in the same way, is that somehow or other the thought has not come home to them. Once that this way of manifesting the reality of their faith is brought under their notice, those who have the time and opportunity can hardly fail to be eager to have some part in so holy a work. Instead, therefore, of expecting praise or thanks, the members of the Association who have worked hardest, and who deserve most praise and thanks, will rather expect to be congratulated on being allowed to approach so near to the altar, and they will ask us to join in thanking our Blessed Lord for deigning thus to stand as it were in need of the services of His poor creatures, daughters of Eve, children of Mary.

“St. Alphonsus Liguori has some very touching lines, which Father Faber has translated exquisitely, in which the post-saint pretends to envy the inanimate objects that draw closest to the tabernacle—O happy flowers! O happy lights! O happy pyx! Each of these is addressed in its separate stanza. The members of this Altar Association have turned this natural feeling, this instinct of faith, into something better than poetry, by securing that the work of their hands shall have so large and so near a part in the worship of our Eucharistic Lord.

“Still more closely bearing on this present subject is a French poem by a missionary of St. Francis de Sales, which I found some years ago in the *Messenger du Sacré Cœur*, and which for possible future use I stowed away in certain pigeonholes, where *condo et compono quæ mox depromere possim*—like our old friend Horace, or like that worthy lady, Mrs. Smith, of whom some of you may have heard. This Mrs. Smith was a married lady, and her husband was in the enjoyment of excellent health; yet once at an auction she was observed bidding vigorously for a large brass door-plate which bore the name of Jones; for (as she explained to a friend when the article was knocked down to her), supposing anything was to happen to poor dear Mr. Smith, and

supposing she chanced afterwards to marry some gentleman of the name of Jones, she considered that this door-plate might come in useful, and besides it was so cheap. With similar foresight I stowed away these French lines; and now the occasion has arrived in which they may 'come in useful.' I should be afraid to read the original aloud,* especially in such close proximity to the French College, but I have patched up a rather faithful translation, which has the merit of being made expressly for this occasion, and has the additional recommendation of being positively my last word. 'Better,' says the Wise Man, 'is the end of a discourse than the beginning thereof.'

"This anonymous missionary of St. Francis de Sales, as many have done before him, gives to members of Associations of Altar Work, like the one whose guests we are to-day, a literal share in those words of our Redeemer at the Last Day—'I was naked and ye clothed me,' or, as the tyrannical French idiom translates the words so as almost to turn them into a pun in the present context: 'J'étais sans vêtements, et vous m'en avez donné.' The poet imagines a dialogue between Christ and a Christian maiden, who is startled at this confession of poverty on the part of our Divine Lord—'I was naked, and ye clothed Me.'

'Nudus eram, et co-operuistis me.'

PHILOTHEA.

What? naked! Thou by whom the vault of heaven
Is robed in azure—Thou whose hand has given
Their grassy mantle to our meadows green,
And to our flowers their gold and purple sheen,
Their fleecy vesture to our flocks and herds,
And dainty raiment to the little birds!
Thou dost the crumbling ruin clothe with moss,
Yet here, Lord, naked Thou as on the Cross,
In lowly prison beggest!

THEOS.

Daughter, they
Who love, forgetting self, give all away.
Well have I decked thy dwelling-place below,
And home more glorious shall my heaven bestow;
But here where I thy daily bread am made,
My glory and my riches I have laid
Behind me in my heavenly realm above,
And for my clothing count upon thy love.

PHILOTHEA.

Ah! not in vain, my God! Behold I bring
Silks, jewels, bracelets, every precious thing
That tricked me out in days of worldly pride.
Dost Thou from me desire aught beside?

* See, however, page 440 of this Magazine.

THEOS.

Yea, something else. Thou hast one treasure more—
 Thy time. Give Me the fragments of that store.
 Come, 'neath my eye, O Daughter ! take thy seat—
 One little prayer—then grasp thy needle fleet,
 Fast let it run ; I will each stitch requite.
 Let silk and flax with softer wool unite !
 At 'broidered satin, flowered damask toil,
 And to my Altar consecrate the spoil.
 Happy the hours 'twixt prayer and labour passed ;
 Grudge not such hours, my daughter. When the last
 For thee has come, I then my saints shall call,
 And show to them and to my Mother all
 The jewels rich thou hast to crown Me brought,
 And all the robes thou for my needs hast wrought :
 'Oh ! come to heaven !' then shall I say to thee,
 'For I was naked and thou clothédst Me.' "

With these lines the speech ended, and this paper may also end with them. Some of the considerations, put forward in the preceding pages in a somewhat confused fashion, may be useful in suggesting other outlets to the pious zeal of many of our readers, especially those members of the *devotus foemineus sexus* who, at breakfast, are often sorely puzzled for some profitable employment to fill the long interval till dinner. Happy they who have just enough of good work to do, and who do it !

MARTYR-THIRST.

IF but the sword might try me, or the flame,
 Or that some great deed I might strive to do,
 Storming that heaven my soul doth yearn unto—
 Reaching its portal thro' fierce torturing shame !
 But day by day, and year by year, the same
 Dull, weary road to tread, that leadeth through
 No high heroic strife, Beloved, to you—
 How shall I win aught worthy your dear name ? "

"O child, am I not with you, I that know
 Even to a hair's-breadth what your strength may dare ?
 Heaven is not stormed, nor won by frantic prayer,
 But swift obedience, and sweet humbleness :
 Along this weary road my pierced feet press
 Each day, each year, beside you, as you go ! "

EVELYN PYNE.

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

NOTES IN REMEMBRANCE.

(Conclusion).

ANOTHER year of theological study after ordination, and then the external work of the Jesuit priest begins. Father Law was sent a second time across the Tweed. But his work at Edinburgh was only intended to be temporary, and in November, 1866, the ex-middy was at sea once more on his way to Demarara. It was not for nothing that, years previously, before he had entered the Society of Jesus, he had specially invoked the aid of St. Francis Xavier as well as his younger patron St. Aloysius; and the Apostle of the Indies obtained for him a share of his own missionary spirit. From the earliest period of his religious life, he openly aspired to the work of the foreign missions. His thoughts at one time turned very earnestly towards a spot which St. Francis Xavier had sanctified with his presence, Madura, in southern India, chiefly, perhaps, on account of his intimacy with some French Jesuits, fellow-students of theology at St. Beuno's, who were preparing for this arduous mission. Madura is frequently mentioned in Father Law's correspondence, about the year 1863. He writes from St. Beuno's, to his brother Frederick: "I hope, when I am a priest, to go on the foreign missions. I would like especially to go to Madura, in India." And to his cousin, Sister Elizabeth of St. Clare, in the Franciscan Convent, Drumshambo, County Leitrim, he writes on the 20th of February, 1864: "Ask St. Joseph to restore my health entirely, if he sees it will be for God's greater glory, and ask him not to confine himself to the care of the *body*. Will you pray too for an intention I have much at heart? It is, *entre nous*, to know God's will about offering myself for the Madura mission in India. We have got four French Jesuits here studying English, at the same time with their theology, in order to go out to that mission; and who can help being envious of them?" Many could help it, but not this generous soul, who thought others were like himself: though with a heart so full of the warmest home-affections it was no light sacrifice to go far beyond the range of the penny post, which keeps the members of scattered homesteads together. In the following

July he gives full warning of his plot to his father, who had too congenial a spirit to pursue any course like the modern Parliamentary policy of obstruction. "I am praying away that God's will may be done with regard to my going out to Madura or not. They want an English Jesuit at Negapatam very much. I have offered myself to Superiors for the College there. So pray for me, dearest father."

India, however, was not to be the scene of his missionary labours. Each "province" of the Society of Jesus has some foreign mission confided to its charge. Thus an outlet for Irish zeal is afforded by Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand; and England has the West Indies. To the West Indies, therefore, Father Law was sent. A letter to his father on the 12th of November, 1866, is dated from "the *Tasmania* at sea," 25 degrees of north latitude, 51st degree of west longitude, wherever that may be. "I was so delighted, as I told the Provincial, with the generosity with which you willingly and cheerfully let me go to Demerara. For, should I fall a victim to 'Yellow Jack,' I could not die a better death after martyrdom; and I hope that in that case God in His mercy might overlook all my other shortcomings. However, by the help of your prayers, I trust God may spare me many years to labour for His glory, and, if it be His will, to see you again, my dear, dear father. But *fiat voluntas Dei*. This is not our home. Heaven is our home, and it is there the best and happiest meeting will take place. But you know and understand all this far better than I do. Pray that I may know and understand it better every day. I shall be so delighted when Friday morning comes, for I shall then, I hope, be able to say Mass at St. Thomas's. It will almost appear to me like a first Mass. For, before this voyage, I had only missed saying Mass one day since my ordination."

I am forced to be stingy henceforward in my quotations from Father Law's letters; for he is still far from Africa. A long letter from New Amsterdam, British Guiana, March 14, 1868, would furnish many interesting extracts, and would give us some insight into the cheerful industry and zeal of the holy writer, who seems to have no want in his new home except an odd volume of St. Chrysostom in Greek. He soon qualified himself to preach in Portuguese, and he began to apply himself to Chinese, for which he was destined never to have any use; but God, we may be sure, took the will for the deed, and is now rewarding him for this and for everything. Space must be found for a passage from a letter

dated August 6 of that year, as it contains an unpublished saying of the brilliant Oratorian, whom the kind Irish Viceroy, Lord Aberdeen, quoting him lately to the boys at the Christian Brothers' Reformatory, Artane, called "that great and good man, the late Father Faber," and who is here affectionately called "poor Father Faber," because just then recently deceased. "If people knew this colony better at home, many would come out for their health, especially weak-chested people. I have now pretty well attained to the proper voice of a Law. You remember what poor Father Faber used to say—'Now *do* speak with a voice as much resembling a zephyr as any son of William Law can.' . . . Let us remember each other before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. I like that way the Portuguese and Italians have of saying 'Jesus Sacramented'—*Jesu sacramentado*. If I had my way, I would make it English."

Five years in such a mission as Berbice is a long term of service, and the address presented by the inhabitants of all nationalities to Father Law, on his departure in October, 1871, speaks of it as such, and goes very far beyond the formalities of an ordinary farewell address. Probably his recall would have taken place about that time, even if his presence in Europe had not been required for his tertianship—a second noviceship, in which the mature Jesuit, after ordination, and generally after some experience of the priestly work to which the remainder of his life is to be devoted, is allowed a year of solitude and leisure to become a novice again, and to refresh his spirit for the sacred toils before him. In his New Year's letter to his father, Augustus writes on the 2nd of January, 1872: "I hope the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother will give you some good New Year's gifts, such as the world cannot give, and beg them to be merciful to me, that I may make a devout tertianship. I thank God much for this rest for the soul that we get in the tertianship."

When "ready for the road" again, Father Law was sent temporarily to Blackpool, and then to Dalkeith, and for a longer term of work to Galashiels and to Edinburgh; from which last he writes, on September 2nd, 1875: "Dearest Father, I am off to Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, on the 20th." Out of his last fortnight in his native land, he gives eight days to his annual retreat, to make sure of it. He had probably no notion that it was to be his last at home. We can imagine (even we can go *that* length), how sincerely and earnestly such a soul made the meditation of the Two Standards at such a crisis of his life.

His first work in Africa was teaching Latin and Greek in St. Aidan's College, as there were not yet pupils for philosophy. But, before long, other projects were formed, and to his delight, Augustus Law was chosen to take part in an attempt to establish a mission among the natives in the valley of the Zambesi.

On Easter Tuesday, April 15, 1879, a solemn High Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Grahamstown, in which all the sacred ministers were members of the expedition which was to set out the next day. The Bishop, Dr. Rickards, preached a very pathetic sermon of blessing and farewell.

On May 1st, Augustus writes to his father a touching letter, from which we venture to quote some words which do not regard his own absence or danger but a sadder trial. "Still keep up your spirits for our sake. All of us want you still, dearest father, and to see you alive yet for many years, to encourage us and help us on. For you are not only an earthly father to us; you are our spiritual father also. Under God we all owe the faith to you, and we don't want to lose our father in the faith. When God's will calls you, we shall bow to it. But do not hasten your death by sorrow, for our sakes we beg it. . . . Please, pray for the mission. It is prayer that converts souls. And will you get prayers as well from any Catholics you meet? Perhaps some of the priests would ask the prayers of their congregations. God bless you, dearest father. Every little suffering I get in our mission shall go for dear ——'s conversion. And I am glad that, *volens volens*, I shall have to suffer some little things in our mission, as I am such a miserable fellow at anything voluntary of that kind. And let us pray that beautiful, consoling, Davidical prayer: '*Mirifica misericordias tuas, Domine, qui salvos facis sperantes in te.*' '*Make wonderful thy mercies, O Lord, Thou who savest all who hope in Thee.*' Think over these words, dearest father; and they will help you much."

Here he naturally looks forward to the prospect of surviving the good parent who has erected this simple monument to his memory; and he speaks of the "little sufferings" of a mission which, after great sufferings, was soon to cost him his life. How sweetly and gently all things are ordered for us by our Father who is in heaven!

During the time that remained to him for letter-writing under difficulties, Father Law sent many beautiful letters, especially to his father, and also to the Mother Superior of the Grahamstown Convent, whom he is never tired thanking for all the kindness she

had shown for three years. We are puzzled how to treat the rest of our story. The letters cannot be given with any fulness, and they lose their interest when the little personal touches are cut off. Still less can we condense the journal which is itself written in that jerky, fragmentary style which sixpenny telegrams help to cultivate.

Before Christmas, he had learned to change the tone he had taken in one of our latest extracts in trying to console his father. At least he tells him plainly that they are not to meet again on earth. "Best love to dearest May and all at home. I cannot expect to see any of my dear relations again in this world; but the separation is for Jesus Christ, and He will know how to manage that we shall be no losers by it in eternity. I beg dearest May, and you, dear father, and all my brothers and sisters, to help me by their prayers, and to think that, as I am here, the Amandebele country is specially confided to their prayers. So, in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament, let them sometimes repair the want of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament which there is here from ignorance of the faith. In their acts of contrition let them grieve for the sins of the Amandabele who do not understand sin or sorrow for it. In their acts of adoration let them give God some homage for the poor Amandabele who do nothing for God. And when praying to the Blessed Virgin Mary, let them pray to Mary for them, and she will be moved when she looks at such great misery as there is here." But the next passage that catches our attention is not about the poor African pagans, but about one who had gone astray at home. "Poor dear fellow! O dear Maude, can't we force the Sacred Heart to lead him back? Let us persevere praying, and not despair. And I think one way is, for us all to love God more intensely than ever, and be very generous to Him. And when one was generous with God, was God ever niggardly in return?" In this letter, written from Gubuluwayo, in April, 1880, he bids his sister not believe any reports about the sufferings that they (the Missioners) were enduring. "I have never yet suffered on the journey as much as I did when serving her Majesty in the Navy." Yet a month later he was writing to his father his last letter, except one, the last of all. He was then on his way to Umzila's country under difficulties that we despair of describing in the space that now remains to us. The terrible tsetse fly, fatal to oxen, no roads, no civilization—the three hundred odd miles between Gubuluwayo and Umzila's kraal was worse than thousands of miles in a fairly civilized country. "Goodbye for the present,

dearest father. I hope that you have gone through this winter all right, and that you may live for many years to encourage and bless us all." *Us!* But his only remaining letter to his father was his dying scrawl.

On May 16, 1880, begins a journal on the model of Augustus Law's boyish journals kept under very different circumstances. The minute account of the strange journey could not be condensed here into sufficiently narrow compass. All through, Father Law shows the same brave, cheerful nature, and the same readiness to be grateful to any one who treated them kindly. He formed a high idea of the poor savage tribes through which he passed. On the 9th of August, they were obliged to abandon their waggon and to continue their journey on foot: for the country was of such a nature that Father Law considered it a relief when his horse stuck hopelessly in a morass, and had to be left there to perish.

Writing home once from Demerara, Father Law had quaintly spoken of having on a certain sick call "moored his mare to a gate, but she drifted away." The same nautical phraseology crops up occasionally in this last journal. But his naval training served him in the serious matter of determining the proper direction to take in plodding on through this trackless, homeless, unexplored country, where his observations of the sun were his only safe guide as to his route. Here is the way they kept the Feast of the Assumption, in the year 1880:—

Saturday, August 14, 1880.—Passed two or three small kraals. Tried to buy some corn or meal, but they either had none or did not wish to sell it. This morning we finished the last of the rhinoceros, and there is nothing left but a small piece of the Australian dampers we took with us. So our dinner was small, and our supper still smaller. Thank God, the health of all keeps good. We made about nine miles to-day.

Sunday, August 15, 1880, Assumption.—Our Blessed Lady helped us and would not let us fast altogether on her great feast, and so after one and a half miles we came to a small kraal where we bought meal and beans, enough for two days, and a little salt. I said Mass on a rock in the bed of the Sabi. The Sabi has run south all the time we have gone along it. How thankful one feels, and how heartily one says grace after meals, when living as we are living now. After a good breakfast for us all, Cape Corps, Tom, and Isihlahla started at noon to hunt, and we remained where we were. They returned at two, having shot nothing. We started at four, and after going four and a half miles we came upon a large troop of red bucks in a grove of palms, and shot two. How grateful we felt! and we thought it was the Blessed Virgin who sent them. Slept in the bed of the Sabi. Three miles to-day.

When at last after a weary journey, sometimes getting over only

a few miles in the day, they reached Umzila's kraal, they had further delay in being admitted to an interview with the king. They saw him first on Sunday, 5th of September—"a quiet, sedate-looking man of about fifty or fifty-five years of age." He agreed to send Brother Sadeleer and some of his men for the waggon, which contained all that was necessary for them in their present straits. Brother Hedley and Father Law, who were too weak to accompany the party in search of the waggon, remained in a little hut, "like prisoners," as Father Law says. There is some mystery about Umzila's conduct. Probably, if he had lavished all the resources at his command, it would not have availed for the poor European missionary, not very robust naturally and now completely worn out. The savages seem to have been far kinder than civilized strangers often are. Especially, there is a parallel here for the eloquent tribute paid by Mungo Park to the kindness of poor savage women. On the 7th of September, Father Law notes in his journal: "The wife of a man living in a hut close to us, kindly brought us a kind of soup made out of kafir corn (ubudu). She took pity, she said, on the white people so in want." And some days later: "The good woman next door, Kuhlisa, is always bringing us something. God reward her kindness. . . . The daughter of Kuhlisa asked me some questions when I was at my breviary, and I said I was talking to the Chief above. I told her what I was able, and she immediately ran to her mother and told her. The mother came and asked, 'Is there really a Lord above?' and then I spoke to her still more. They were much struck at hearing we had no wives, and the reason why—that we might give our whole selves to the Lord above." On the 16th of September, he adds: "Kuhlisa came and asked more questions, and I explained, as well as I could, the judgment, heaven and hell, the immortality of the soul, the crucifix, &c."

On September 12th, he had the consolation once more of Mass, after a fortnight's privation. On Sunday, September 19, "Alas, no Mass. God grant it may be the last Sunday without it." On September 24: "Brother Hedley and myself down with a little fever. I am not astonished at our being sick, for we have now for three weeks had nothing but amabele (oorn). *September 25*, Brother Hedley all right; I still very unwell. I blessed St. Ignatius's water. We have no natural means, and so, like Josaphat, we must turn our eyes to God. *September 26, Sunday*, I am a little better. Happiness of saying Mass. It was a struggle. But what a consolation to have the Blessed Sacrament once more.'

Some of the entries following that which I have just quoted, describe very simply Father Law's efforts to get food when they had nothing left but two or three handfuls of amabele—coarse corn—with which they had nothing to mix but dirty water. There is no complaint of any kind, but excuses for every one, and when he gets half a sack of the corn, he goes home "glad and grateful." The entry for October 1st, ends, "I feel so sad when I look at Brother Hedley. He looks haggard and going down the hill. Dear Lord, look on us." A week after—how long the week must have seemed!—"said Mass and received Holy Communion, as though it was my Viaticum. Fever. Brother Hedley fairly well." The next day he walked over to the kraal, "to see if I could possibly get a little meat—but no."

Does the reader of these notes remember Father Law's first Mass? It was celebrated in the little church of the pretty little Welsh town of St. Asaph, served by his happy father, and with Father James M'Swiney, S.J., as assistant priest, on Monday, September 25th, 1865. "What a day of joy for all our hearts!" his Sister of Mercy had written. And now, in fifteen years, we have come to his last Mass, celebrated in a miserable Kaffir hut by the poor Missionary in the last stage of emaciation, served by a lay brother in almost as hopeless a condition. In the previous month, on the fifteenth anniversary of his first Mass, he noted in his journal that "it was a struggle" to perform the sacred rites; and an additional fortnight of starvation, sickness, and anxiety must have reduced him pitifully. Here are the last lines he wrote:—

Sunday, October 10, 1880.—Slept beautifully last night—a thing I have not had for a long time. Brother Hedley keeps well. Managed to say Mass. What a consolation! I begged our dear Lord, at receiving Holy Communion, that He would absolve me and give me Extreme Unction. Dear Jesus! He will not desert me.

[The following letter is copied from the back of one of the bits of paper on which the chart of the route is drawn.]

October 10.

DEAR FATHER WELD,—Pray for me. So many thanks for all your kindness to me. I can't expect to live unless the waggon arrives very soon. The fever has weakened me so much, and there is only Kafir corn to bring my strength back, not even salt to put with it. But all these troubles help my hope that God would not send them unless in His mercy to prepare me for heaven. When you hear of my death, write a good consoling letter to my father I hope you will receive my journal all right.

Monday, October 11, 1880.—Bad all to-day. Delirious in the evening. Brother Hedley so kind. God bless him and take care of him when I die.

Tuesday, October 12, 1880.—Very weak. Jesus, I cannot pray much, but my heart is with Thee, and rests in Thy infinite mercy.

Wednesday, October 13, 1880.—Rain last night and to-day, and water came in the hut. Brother Hedley is keeping fairly well. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Lord Jesus, receive my soul. Love to all the Fathers and Brothers. The two king's boys leave us, and God is our only protection.

UMZILA'S, *October 12.*

DEAREST FATHER,—I am not far off my end. I trust in the infinite mercy of God. God bless you—you were the means of giving me the Holy Faith. . . . Best love to all. I die of fever—but, if I could have had proper nourishment, I think I could easily have got right. But God's will is sweetest. Jesus! Mary!

Your most affectionate son,

A. H. LAW, S.J.

It is wonderful that his lingering martyrdom lasted more than another month after the date of this touching letter. The same day he wrote, in pencil, minute directions to Father Wehl and Brother Sadeleer, showing the wisest thoughtfulness about the future of the Mission for which he was giving up his life. From the 20th of October his strength utterly failed, and soon after yellow fever set in. For the last six days of his life he was delirious, with very few moments of consciousness. Would that we could even know the form that his ravings took! The good lay-brother helped him as much as he could, but he was himself prostrated by fever and in the weakest state possible. Father Law died on the 25th November, 1886. The survivor was lying on the same pallet, utterly unable to move; and, when afterwards Brother Sadeleer saw him, he burst into tears, so dreadful was his appearance. "In my whole life I never saw any sick person in so wretched a condition; his whole body was covered with tumours and ulcers, and the wounds filled with vermin; he appeared stupified by the excess of his sufferings, physical and mental." This description of the one who lived will help us to picture the deathbed of the one who died. Father Alfred Weld, who has now charge of the Zambesi Mission, sending from Fiesole, in May, 1881, to the Hon. W. T. Law the first news of his son's death, compares it with that of St. Francis Xavier. "Alone—with a faithful Kaffir probably by his side—in a little hut, at the entrance of the Mission for which he had given his life: God was satisfied and took him to his reward."

There is no doubt that we read accounts of the holy lives of French and Italian men and women and children, with a certain

degree of misgiving, as if they belonged to a race somewhat different from our own. Here is one whom so many witnesses, who are more or less like ourselves, the writer of these notes among them; combine in describing as amiable, genial, clever, sensible, unselfish, self-sacrificing and holy, full of faith and charity in a very uncommon degree. He is no "jeune homme de Poitiers," such as figures in many a pious story, and about whom some are inclined to be as sceptical as Dickens' nursetender was about the existence of Mrs. Harris. We know something about Augustus Law's birth and family connections, and his early career in the navy. The readers of the volumes which we have hastily summarised, have been admitted into his confidence. His most familiar scraps of letters are laid before us. And the feeling that this intimacy excites in us has been thus expressed by one of those whom he served in Grahamstown: "What a life of holiness from the cradle to the grave! Ah! how insignificant our poor efforts to lead a Christian life seem in comparison to him who gave up all so freely for our dear Lord's sake. Truly, his must be a glorious crown."

This sketch is concluded on the feast of St. Mary Magdalene. Perhaps the only church in these islands dedicated to God, under the invocation of her who loved much, is that at Mortlake, in Surrey, in which a marble slab has been placed with the following inscription:—



In Memoriam.

The REV. AUGUSTUS HENRY LAW, S.J.

Received, when an Officer of the Royal Navy,

Into the one Fold of Christ, by Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark,

In this Church, on May 16th, 1852;

Died of fever, a Missionary Priest,

On the Zambesi Mission,

At Umzila's Kraal, South Africa,

In the 48th year of his age, on November 25th, 1880.

R. I. P.

May the memory and the prayers of Augustus Law help us to be faithful children of the Church which drew him into her bosom, and which satisfied to the full every desire of his brave, pure, and generous heart!

L'ŒUVRE DES TABERNACLES.*

“ J'étais sans vêtements, et vous m'en avez donné. ”—*Matth.* xxv.

Q UOI! sans vêtements, Vous, par qui le ciel s'azure,
 Vous qui parez nos prés d'un manteau de gazon,
 Nos fleurs, de pourpre et d'or, nos brebis, de toison!
 Vous habillez de mousse une pauvre mesure,
 Et nu, manquant de tout, dans une humble prison,
 Seigneur, vous mendiez!

Ma fille, quand on aime

On donne à pleines mains en s'oubliant soi-même.
 J'ai tout fait pour orner ici-bas ton séjour,
 Je te prépare au ciel de bien autres largesses;
 Mais, quand je me suis fait ton pain de chaque jour,
 J'ai laissé dans les cieux ma gloire et mes richesses,
 Et j'ai, pour me vêtir, compté sur ton amour.

Oh! vous ne serez point déçu, voici les soies,
 Les perles, les bijoux et les bracelets d'or
 Qui me couvraient aux jours de mes mondaines joies;
 Voici mes diamants . . . Que voulez-vous encor? . . .

Quelque chose de plus. Le temps est un trésor,
 Donne-moi les débris de ton temps; viens, ma fille,
 Assieds-toi sous mes yeux, prie et prends ton aiguille
 Vite, fais-la courir, je compterai ses pas.
 Qu'à la laine, la soie et le lin se marient;
 Emaille le satin, fais fleurir le damas:
 Tes heures de labeur, ne les marchande pas.
 Amène-moi des sœurs qui travaillent et prient,
 Et quand ta dernière heure, enfin, aura sonné
 J'appellerai mes Saints, mes Anges, et ma Mère,
 Et, montrant les bijoux dont tu m'as couronné,
 Les linges dont tes mains ont paré ma misère,
 Je te dirai: “ Viens, viens au séjour de lumière,
 J'étais sans vêtements, et tu m'en as donné.”

* A translation of this poem will be found at page 428.

THE LAST MARTYR OF THE CONFSSIONAL

BY FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL.

SOME weeks ago a visit, partly of business, partly of recreation, brought me to the little frontier town of Glatz, which was a hotly contested centre of hostilities between Frederick, the robber King of Prussia, and the Austro-Hungarian Empress, Queen Maria Theresa, more than a hundred years ago. Beyond a gloomy castle or citadel there is not very much to recall those times, but for one fearful memory which will for ever haunt the old walls, branding with eternal infamy the ruthless monarch, but filling the Catholic wayfarer with a sentiment too holy for indignation, and full of pride in spite of its associations of sorrow.

“Yes, not far from this very spot, Frederick II. hanged Father Andreas Faulhaber, for refusing to break the secret of the confessional.” So said my companion; and after telling me the story, he subsequently put me in the way of studying the documents upon the terrible event. At a moment when the Prussian State, beaten and baffled, is reeling back from its last and most systematic attempt to crush the Catholic religion in Germany, the story is worth relating in a short compass.

To put it in a few words, Frederick the Second was greatly exasperated, during the year 1757, by the evident reluctance of the conscripts raised in the Catholic province of Silesia, which he had lately seized from the Empress-Queen, to stay beneath the Prussian banners. There were constant desertions, the peasants risking everything to escape into Poland or into the armies of Austria. As they had to fight, better fight against the Prussian than for him. There were, of course, some weaker characters among the deserters. One of these latter, a young conscript of nineteen years, was captured in the act; and as Frederick had recently given orders to supervise narrowly the action of the Silesian clergy, whom he suspected of pro-Austrian leanings, it seems that the local Prussian commander, a Lieutenant-General De La Motte Fouqué, of Huguenot descent, ordered the unhappy deserter to be severely questioned on the subject. The trembling boy was asked had he been to confession previous to attempting to escape, and whether he had told the priest of his intention, and whether the

priest had warned him that desertion was the deadliest sin which a soldier could commit. It appears the wretched lad, in obedience to menaces and torture, did say something to the effect that he had confessed to Father Andreas Faulhaber his intention to fly from the Prussian colours, and that, though the priest had told him the breach of the military oath was a sin, he did not dwell much upon the matter.

This was enough for the Prussianised Huguenot. Father Andreas Faulhaber was arrested on the charge of omitting to do his utmost to prevent the desertion of the king's Catholic soldiers: but in reply to every question of the drumhead inquisitors, the priest only replied, with calm dignity, that if the soldier accused him he could make no reply; his lips were bound by the seal of confession; but that he could say that never to his knowledge had he exercised the sacred rite otherwise than according to the prescriptions of the Catholic and Apostolic Faith. The soldier, being confronted with the good priest, now retracted with a passion of tears all that had been extracted from him previously, and declared that nothing had happened in the confessional that could cause the king any wrong. The priest was led into the prison of Glatz, and the soldier was taken back for further examination. At first the soldier persisted with solemn oaths that he had no accusation to bring against the confessor, and he begged that a magistrate might be brought to take, as we should say, his sworn information to this effect. The answer of Lieutenant-General De La Motte Fouqué was to send the miserable deserter "for careful examination" by a special officer, and, whatever were the means employed by this new instrument of despotism, the deserter again changed his testimony and said that Father Andreas Faulhaber knew in confession of his intention to fly from the colours. One of the means employed to obtain this fresh repetition of the accusation was afterwards plain to be seen. The soldier, instead of suffering the punishment of being shot, was allowed to return to his duty after a severe whipping with sticks. In any case, the accusation amounted to nothing. There was neither court, trial, nor evidence. There was not even a charge, for even the poor terrified deserter admitted that his confessor had told him that desertion was a sin; and who could determine whether or not the priest in the sanctity of his office had impressed upon the intending fugitive the enormity of his crime as it might appear in the eyes of Frederick of Prussia?

But the Prussian king had long wanted a pretext for striking

terror into the Catholic clergy of Silesia, and he chose to consider the miserable accusation trumped up against the good priest a sufficient excuse for the commission of the requisite murder. On the bleak morning of the 30th of December, 1757, Father Andreas Faulhaber was suddenly waked up from his broken slumber in his cell, ordered to dress, and march out upon the parade ground. The priest obeyed, being still in entire ignorance of the cause of the summons. It is now known that he had not the remotest idea that anything more serious than a sentence of banishment and imprisonment could possibly be in question, and even that could not last long in face of his evident innocence of all offence. Arrived on the ground, however, the Prussian commander briefly produced a note from Frederick II. himself, containing nothing but the following words of atrocious and infernal malice :—"Hang up the Jesuit Faulhaber, but let him not have a confessor." (*Lasset den Jesuiten Faulhaber aufhaengen, gebt ihm aber keinen beichtvater*).

No further trial. No stay of sentence. The murder must be done upon the spot. A beam was adjusted ; a rope cast round the neck of the priest, who never for an instant lost his confidence in the Almighty for whose service he was dying ; and in a few minutes the soul of Father Andreas Faulhaber had passed beyond the reach of Prussian kings to receive the reward of the latest Martyr of the Confessional.

I may add, that Father Andreas was not a Jesuit, but only a simple parish clergyman, and the epithet of "Jesuit" in Frederick's warrant of murder was only intended to express the infernal venom of the patron of Voltaire.*

* This sketch appeared some months ago in the form of a letter to *The Nation*. It will interest many who would never look for it in the columns of a newspaper.—ED. J. M.

A SONNET TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

BY VITTORIA COLONNA.

A Maria, Nostra Donna:

VERGINE pura, che dai raggi ardenti
 Del vero sol ti godi eterno giorno,
 Il cui bel lume, in questo vil soggiorno,
 Tenne i begli occhi tuoi paghi e contenti ;

Uomo il vedesti e Dio, quando i lucenti
 Spirti facean l'albergo umile adorno
 Di chiari lumi, e timidi d'intorno
 Stavano lieti al grande uffizio intenti.

Immortal Dio, nascosto in uman velo,
 L'adorasti Signor, Figlio il nutristi,
 L'amasti Sposo, ed onorasti Padre :

Prega Lui, dunque, che i miei giorni tristi
 Ritornin lieti ; e tu, Donna del Cielo,
 Vogli in questo desio mostrarti madre.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

Virgin most pure, who never knewest night,
 Living within the true Sun's deathless day,
 The golden gleam of which, through all thy way,
 Made glad thy beauteous eyes, with joyous light :

With thee the God-Man dwelt, when angels bright
 Lit up His lowly home with lustrous ray,
 And, filled with awe, pleased homage sought to pay,
 Yearning His will to work, be what it might.

Thou, the Eterne, veiled by our human screen,
 As Lord didst fear ; didst cherish as thy Son ;
 Didst love as Spouse ; as Father didst adore.

Pray, that my troubled stream of life may run
 Back to its happy source ; and, Heaven's great Queen !
 Thy Mother's love thus show me evermore.

W. H. E.

ABBÈ MAC CARRON.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

SOME thirty years ago two volumes of rather flimsy book-making were published by Sir Francis Head under the title of "A Fortnight in Ireland." Out of his Irish fortnight he gave one day to Maynooth, his account of which was racily discussed by Dr. Patrick Murray, in the Introduction to the fourth volume of his "Irish Annual Miscellany," otherwise known as "Essays chiefly Theological." This part of the Introduction figures in the table of contents as "Phrenology of Head's head." What puts this matter into *my* head at present, is the remark which winds up the lively baronet's description of the College cemetery. With some justice he complained of the condition in which it was at the time, for it had not yet been adorned by the pious care of one whose remains now lie under a Celtic cross within that sacred enclosure. After expressing his wonder at the omission (since supplied) of the names of the students who die during their college course and are buried there, Sir Francis ended by exclaiming: "Yet, after all, what inscription could be placed over one of these young men except this—'Here lies an ecclesiastical flower that never bloomed.'"

This epitaph might be applied to those also who are cut off a little later in their course, after they have just begun the work of the priesthood. There is a certain pathos in this sudden ending of a career; and the pathos is not diminished but increased when the career has been fairly begun. The death of a young student is a domestic event, causing grief in a limited family circle; a wider circle, and even the Church herself, mourns for the death of a young priest.

The priest whose name is placed above these pages, was allowed to work longer for souls than perhaps these introductory remarks imply. That name will be known to only a very few readers. Some will think, perhaps, of Archdeacon M'Carron who preached the funeral sermon over Dr. Edward Maginn of Derry, preserved in "The Catholic Pulpit;" and others may be reminded of the Abbè Carron who wrote so many edifying little biographies in French. But *our* Abbè Mac Carron owes his French title only to the circumstance of his having joined a French missionary congregation.

James Mac Carron was born on the 25th of April, 1843, in Glaslough-street, Monaghan, where his parents still live. He was from the first a singularly pious child, and his ecclesiastical vocation showed itself at a very early age. "Almost from the time he could

“speak, he used to say he would be a priest.” He was a special favourite with his venerable bishop, Dr. Charles M’Nally, whose Mass he was privileged to serve for many years. After some years’ attendance on the classes in the Monaghan Diocesan Seminary, he was sent to the Irish College at Paris; but in a year or two he entered the Seminary of Foreign Missions in the Rue du Bac, one of the noblest and most ancient Catholic institutions in that city of marvellous contrasts. This choice was practically to pronounce against himself a sentence of perpetual banishment from Ireland. He was an ardent lover of his native land, and we can imagine how keenly, even in his first temporary exile, he felt that home-sickness which is sure to attack the young Irish heart under such circumstances; but now he was cutting off all hope of returning, especially as he was the only Irishman in the Congregation, and his foreign missionary career would thus be likely to associate him with those who were different from himself in character, customs, and language. Surely all this must, especially in the anticipation, have added immensely to his sacrifice.

He was ordained priest in 1866, and India was appointed to be the scene of his priestly toils. When the time came for the young Irishman’s departure from the Rue du Bac, he was one of the heroes of a celebration which has had the good fortune to be described by the pen of Louis Veuillot. The first chapter of the twelfth book of *Ca et La* is so closely connected with the subject of this paper that I shall try to translate it, with some omissions.

“Paris, the city of giddy contrasts, the University of the Seven Deadly Sins, contains also colleges of apostles and seminaries of martyrs. Amidst this chaos of houses where only blasphemy remembers God, in the middle of these schools of business, ambition, and pleasure, Paris includes houses of missionaries, schools of the Catholic apostleship, where the science that is taught is how to die for the name, for the glory, and for the love of God. I say to die, and I say too little: for there is not question of giving one’s life once only, or even of exposing it for a time to the chances of a war which must come to an end. What the missionary learns is the art of dying to all things, at all times, and always. He dies first to his family according to the flesh—he leaves them, he belongs to them no longer, and, probably, he will never see them again. Then he dies to his brethren according to the spirit; he will leave also this second home, and in all likelihood to enter it no more. Again, he dies to his country; he will go to a distant land where neither skies, nor soil, nor language, nor customs, will recall the land of his birth; where man himself very often has nothing in common with the men he has known except the grossest vices, and the most crushing miseries. And when these three separations are accomplished, when these three deaths are consummated, there is another death which the missionary must endure and which

cannot be finished with one blow, but must be the work of every instant of his life, up to the last hour of his last day: he must die to himself, not only to all the needs of the body but to all the ordinary necessities of heart and mind. And at the end, contriving to die more utterly in death itself, he deprives himself even of a grave. For the missionary cannot expect always to be buried in a cemetery, the last asylum in consecrated ground.*

"Who will explain to us why there are always found men eager to waste themselves away in those obscure and painful toils? Ah! it is heaven's secret, and the noblest mystery of the human soul. To the end there will be men of sacrifice, illumined with a divine brightness, who, with their eyes turned towards Jesus, will know perfectly what the crowd can hardly understand. *In lumine tuo videbimus lumen*: in the light of God they see the joys of such a life of immolation for God's sake; they seek those joys, they taste them, they long to feast upon them; the world has no flowery chains that can hinder them from rushing into these glorious fetters.

"On the morrow of Calvary, while the Jews were stoning the first confessor of the faith, he with face all radiant cried out: 'I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God.' Let us search no further; the attraction of the apostolic life is there. From the dungeon, at the stake, in lonely deserts, amidst the perils of the sea, this is for the missionary consolation and strength: *Video celos apertos et Jesum stantem a dextris Dei*.

"This is the reason why there are schools of martyrs in Paris itself and why they are filled.

"Let us enter one of these houses. Founded two hundred years ago, the Seminary of the Foreign Missions, shut up by the Revolution, has risen again more flourishing than ever. The walls have been rebuilt, the garden is full of flowers, there is no cell empty. Two inexhaustible springs are opened here: one is the chapel, the humble temple of the living God, where on each day is immolated the Victim who takes away the sins of the world; the other is the Hall of Martyrs, in which are kept the relics of those members of the community who have confessed God with the loss of life. Here are the swords which struck them, the chains which they bore, the cords and whips which tore their flesh, the linen stained with their blood, some fragments of their sacred bones."

The strange treasures of this Hall of Martyrs were once exhibited to the writer of the present sketch by the subject of it, from whom Louis Veuillot has, perhaps, detained us too long. But his chapter on "Les nobles Chevaliers de Dieu" was inspired by the vocation to

* Exemplified touchingly in our Father Augustus Law, whose death is described in an earlier page of this number. Brother Hedley could not, even at the time, know the spot of that wild heathen land where the natives had buried him.

which Sir Gavan Duffy's youthful townsman devoted himself; the young Macaghair man was one of these "noble Knights of God." And therefore we may continue to translate from *Je et Ici*, the description of a scene in which our young Missionary in his turn took part. The brilliant Journalist was present on the occasion of the departure of four young priests from the Seminary of the Foreign Missions; and he gives this account of the "*Cérémonie des Adieux*."

"It is eight o'clock in the summer evening. The community gather round a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the garden, singing the Magnificat. Listen: *Beatae mō dicent omnes generationes*. In this solemn moment with what happiness this word must fill these souls that are called to carry to the ends of the earth the name and the glory of Mary, that all generations may proclaim her blessed! There they are, standing as if already on the road, these good angels of the truth, charged with God's mercy, and going to the nations that sleep in the shadow of death, to give them Mary and Jesus. *Esurientes implevit bonis!*

"After the Magnificat and the Ave Maris Stella they leave the garden, their place of relaxation and rest, where they have spent a few short years in their apprenticeship for a life which will have no more relaxation or rest. They go to the chapel. The narrow precincts are crowded. No pomp, no brilliant decoration of the altar, all apostolical poverty. No magnificence either in the little crowd that has assembled. The friends and relatives of missionaries hardly belong to the great world. The ordinary Night Prayers are said, so simple, always sublime, with sudden flashes of light breaking out through them now. They pray for benefactors, enemies, the poor, the afflicted, prisoners, *travellers*, the sick, the dying, and all who are in distress and sorrow—and then they pray for the dead. Examination of conscience follows. Oh! the nobility of the Christian life!

"After prayer the points for meditation in the morning are drawn from the Gospel of the following day. By chance* this Gospel is the parable of the labourers whom the master sends into his vineyard; *Ite et vos in vineam meam*—"Go into my vineyard." For eighteen hundred years this word has sent forth the heralds of the Gospel over all the pathways of the earth, and everywhere they have planted the Divine tree which nourishes unto life everlasting.

"When the prayers are over, the ceremony of leave-taking begins. The Superior makes a short address to the young Missionaries who

* M. Vesillot is probably mistaken here; for in the *Vie de Théophile Vunard* (who was martyred in Tonkin, in 1861), we are told that on these occasions a special meditation is read for the next morning, such as the departing missionaries may carry away with them—the Gospel of the Good Shepherd who gives his life for his sheep, or the parable of the labourers in the vineyard, or our Lord's complaint about the harvest being great and the labourers few.

stand before the altar, happy victims—the eldest aged twenty-five years—four youths destined for the most dangerous Missions of China and the Corea. Whilst the choir sings those beautiful words, which belong both to the Old and to the New Law, and which St. Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles took from the Prophets Isaiah and Nahum: *Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona*—all who are present come forward to kiss on their knees these happy feet that are to bear afar the good tidings of the Lord.”

Only from Louis Veuillot, and only from a book of his which is untranslated and untranslatable, would I borrow so many pages, though all of these bear directly on the present subject, since James M^r Carron was probably a sharer in this very scene, and certainly took part in a similar scene in his turn. The mission, however, to which he was assigned, afforded less chance of martyrdom than Tonkin or Cochin China, but full scope for privations and sacrifices. The language which he spoke could be turned to the best account in British India. English is certainly a powerful agent in the affairs of this world for good and for evil; and an infusion of the Irish accent renders it still more potent, thank God, as a means of spreading the faith and keeping the faith alive in many lands. With all due respect to the Gaelic Union, it seems providential that the language of Shakspeare is not monopolised by the co-religionists of Henry the Eighth and Oliver Cromwell.

(To be continued.)

THE HEART OF A MOTHER.

YOU were so far away,
 Beyond all help from me,
 And so when skies were grey,
 Or clouds lowered threateningly,
 And the wailing storm-wind blew,
 My heart went out to you.

I always felt afraid
 You were out in the stormy weather,
 The rain on your bonny head,
 The wind and the rain together.
 Ah me! I never knew
 What harm might come to you.

So many pains there are
 And perils by land and sea;
 And each his cross must bear,
 And each his weird must dree;
 And it might be even then
 You lived your hour of pain.

My fears were unavailing,
 You are so safe for aye—
 My dear who went a-sailing
 On Death's wide sea one day;
 You answer not my call
 Across the grey sea-wall.

I follow, with wet eyes,
 Your boat's long lonely track,
 But vex you not with sighs
 Nor long that you were back;
 Your boat with sails of snow
 Came safe to port, I know.

O, is the new land fair
 That you have journeyed to,
 With floods of amber air
 And hills of marvellous hue,
 And a city's shining spires
 Fashioned of day-dawn's fires?

O, is it a pleasant country
That you are come unto
With leaves on the greenwood tree,
And birds above in the blue,
And shades below the trees
Where the weary dream at ease,

And little children playing
On a green and golden mead,
And One o'er the green sward straying
Whose face I know indeed,—
The dead face on the rood,
The dear face, kind and good ?

O, safe for evermore,
With never a weird to dree;
Is any burden sore
When one's beloved goes free ?
Come pain, come woe to me,
My well-beloved goes free !

You are so far away,
And yet are come so near ;
On many a heavy day
I think of you, my dear,
Safe in your shelter there,
Christ's hand upon your hair

KATHARINE TYNAN.



NEW BOOKS.

MR. JOHN J. PIATT'S "*Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley*" (London, Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.), has been received with deservedly high praise in many high quarters. The poems in this handsome volume are very beautiful, possessing as a marked quality a certain manliness, an open-air freshness, at once characteristic of the man's heart, and of the robust young race of the New World, which claims him as a son. The warm feeling for Nature, the keen and loving observation which marks her in all her phases are well displayed in such picturesquely beautiful poems as "New Grass"—"Sundown"—and "Transfiguration"—with their strength of word-painting. Such poems as "The Mower in Ohio" and "The Pioneer's Chimney"—the latter, with its keenness of sympathy for a dead-and-gone type—show Mr. Piatt in the vein which is peculiarly his own. His freshness and strength are like a cool breeze after the dreary Gospel of "Cui bono?" which is the key-note of so much modern English song; it is a breeze from his Western woods, with a cool odour of pines and resinous trees, and sometimes the poetry has the glow and colour of those woods when they are on fire in their glorious Indian summer. The book is masculine in the best meaning of the word, the ripe and healthy fruit of a man's heart and a man's intellect.—K.T.

We deem it right to give the volume just introduced to our readers the advantage of being linked with the other delightful volumes which were made the subject of a separate notice in our pages last month. Mr. and Mrs. Piatt are both genuine poets, genuine enough to smile, we are sure, at any allusion to the similar union of *Aurora Leigh* and *Paracelsus*. Our criticism on Mrs. Piatt is thus referred to by a writer in *The Weekly Register* of July 3, whose personality even these few chance words will betray to some careful readers:—

"In the IRISH MONTHLY there are, among other good matter, a gay and charmingly fanciful story by Miss Rosa Mulholland, and a review of Mrs. Piatt's poems, which will make the reader acquainted with some very exquisite verse—unmistakable poetry, made poignant with the feeling of motherhood:

Sweet, sweet? My child, some sweeter word than sweet,
 Some lovelier word than love, I want for you.
 Who says the world is bitter, while your feet
 Are left among the lilies and the dew?
 . . . Ah? So some other has, this night, to fold
 Such hands as his, and drop some precious head
 From off her breast as full of baby-gold.
 I, for her grief, will not be comforted.

If women would oftener, like this sweet singer, take the subjects of their song from the story of their own thoughts, we should learn more of the martyrdom of motherhood—motherhood which cannot be comforted because Nero was once a dear child, and because the mother of Dives cannot cool his tongue in his torment. Maternity has no happiness to mitigate the intolerable thought."

Miss Margaret Jordan's little volume, "Echoes from the Pines" (M'Gowran and Young, Portland, Maine, U.S.A.), has much to recommend it to the average reader and to merit praise. It is full of fervent religious feeling, and the poems are marked by purity of thought and simplicity of treatment. Among the best things in the book are "O Jesu Mi," and the poems on St. Mary Magdalene, and the lines on Longfellow are very musical, a quality which Miss Jordan's work does not always possess. Without being of a high order, we have no doubt the poems will help and satisfy many fervent and simple hearts.—K.T.

Miss Ella M'Mahon has translated the fourth series of the famous "Golden Sands; or, Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life" (New York: Benziger). She translates well, and the book is worth translating.

A quaint and very tiny quarto, with the not very happy title of "Flashes of Fancy," contains some thirty poems by the author of "Life as we Live it." The thoughts are often good and earnest, and the form is for the most part correct. The author in one poem takes the liberty of cutting off the first syllable of *eternal* and of *elysian*. A strange elision that! But we notice no other fault of this kind. Correct taste is generally apparent, if not inspiration.

The newest volume of the O'Connell Press Popular Library is "Gerald Griffin's Poems"—a hundred and fifty well printed pages for three pence. We cannot find in it the beautiful sonnet to the Blessed Virgin, "As the mute nightingale in closest grove." As in every volume of "complete poetical works," we could wish it to be less complete by the omission of a few on which profane eyes may fall to the prejudice of the really beautiful things. The author of "The Collegians" was a pure and true poet, best at a simple, pensive lyric.

The Rev. D. Chisholm continues his excellent enterprise of supplying pious anecdotes and very short stories for the instruction of children. His "Catechism in Examples," after devoting twelve penny numbers to the "Virtue of Faith," has now begun the subject of "Hope." Catechists will find the collection a real treasury.

"The Clothes of Religion," by Wilfrid Ward (Burns and Oates, London and New York), is an elegant little volume, of an interest and value much beyond its size and beyond its subject. The younger Racine went too far in his humility when he addressed himself as

“*Mis inconnu d'un si glorieux père;*” and Mr. Wilfrid Ward can no longer apply the line to himself either. He may never equal the intellectual renown of William George Ward, the author of “*The Ideal of a Christian Church,*” and the doughty champion of Catholic Philosophy in *The Dublin Review*, which he almost alone supported for many years; but, young as he is, he has already proved himself the worthy son of such a father. He has evidently made a special study of some of the contemporary phases of so-called philosophy, and his controversial style is anything but dull. Our readers, thank God, do not need any refutation of the fantastic errors which are here dealt with. Their feelings with regard to them have been admirably expressed by Cardinal Newman in the following letter:

MY DEAR WILFRID WARD,—Thank you for your letter, which was very acceptable to me. I have read your article with great interest, and like it much; but my brain works so slowly and my fingers are so stiff, that writing is a difficulty and a trial to me. I should say that the theories of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Harrison have such hearing and acceptance from the public as to need an answer, and that your answer to them is unanswerable. But in saying this I am not paying you so great a compliment as it appears to be at first sight; for I say so from the impatience I feel at able men daring to put out for our acceptance theories so hollow and absurd. I do not know how to believe that they are in earnest, or that they preach the Unknowable and Humanity except as stop-gaps, while they are in suspense and on the look-out for the new objects of worship which Sir James Stephen thinks unnecessary as well as impossible. I, then, am too impatient to refute carefully such theorists. If it was to be done, it required to be done with both good humour and humour, as you have done it. You have been especially happy in your use of Mr. Pickwick, but this is only one specimen of what is so excellent in your article. It tires me to write more.

Very sincerely yours,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.

The pastor of Monasterevan comes under the benediction which the Wise Man promises to the just. “The Lord has completed his labours,” so far as regards the publication of his “*Collections Relating to the Dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin*” (Dublin: James Duffy and Sons). The third and concluding volume, which is devoted to the Diocese of Leighlin, has just appeared. It is a large octavo volume of more than four hundred pages, with several illustrations of old churches and Celtic crosses. The publication of three such tomes is a very serious undertaking, especially when not the great reading public but a limited circle of readers is addressed. Those whom it concerns are all the more bound to show their interest practically. Father Comerford has discharged well his office of historian of his native diocese, and shown himself a worthy Member of the Royal Irish Academy. Almost every page of this work must represent long and difficult researches, dealing as each page does with the history of various churches and parishes, the succession of pastors, with minute particulars about each, and a vast quantity of illustrative matter,

most of which could only be gathered in out-of-the-way places. We trust that Father Comerford's example will be followed by priests of other Irish dioceses. Cogan's *Meath*, and Laverty's *Down and Conner*, and now Comerford's *Kildare and Leighlin*—does this exhaust our list of Catholic diocesan histories? As a help to future historians, the records of parishes and dioceses ought to be kept systematically. What seems of little interest to us at present will be of great interest to those who come after us. Many interesting traditions and valuable facts and documents perish year by year. As many as possible of these ought to be got into print, and first of all into writing. Father Comerford's "Collections" afford in many respects an excellent model. They must be of rare interest to the natives of the diocese, since the ordinary reader finds them instructive and entertaining.

In his preface to "King, Prophet, and Priest; or, Lectures on the Catholic Church" (Burns and Oates), the Rev. Herbert C. Duke says very truly, that "a new book may drift into the hands of some who, for one reason or another, have not read other works, immeasurably superior, on the same subject." But this new book has very solid merits of its own, and condenses the substance of many of the most recent authorities on some of the subjects connected with the constitution and mission of the Church. The study of these well planned, well written, and well printed pages will, we trust, enlighten many who are without, and confirm the faith of many who are within. We have alluded to the printing, that we might express our wonder at such an excellent specimen of typography bearing the imprint of Leeds. Altogether we rank this book much higher than many a work of greater pretensions.

Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son are publishing Moore's Irish Melodies with pianoforte accompaniments, in five Parts, each complete in itself. The first Part gives for sixpence the music and words of some twenty-five of the most beautiful of these Melodies, which will be sung for centuries after Moore's detractors are forgotten.

Three-volume novels, which practically can be procured only from lending libraries (or *circulating* libraries, as they curiously prefer to call themselves), hardly come within the range of our critical jurisdiction. But an exception must be made in favour of "The Chronicles of Castle Cloyne," by M. W. Brew (London: Chapman and Hall). When a tale devoted to the delineation of Irish character and the description of Irish scenes is honoured with long eulogistic reviews in *The Times*, *The Standard*, *The Morning Post*, *The Scotsman*, and many other journals of the sort, we are by no means inclined to look upon it with favour, but rather to expect distorted views of Ireland, her past, her present, and her future, and notions of Irish social life as outrageously unreal as the pretended imitation of the Irish peculiarities of diction and pronunciation, which are facetiously styled "the brogue." Yet Miss

Brew's "*Chronicles of Castle Cleyme*" has received these perilous commendations, and, nevertheless, is an excellent Irish tale, full of truth and sympathy, without any harsh caricaturing on the one hand, or any patronising sentimentality on the other. The heroine, Oonagh M'Dermott, the Dillons, Pat Flanagan, and Father Rafferty, are the principal personages, all excellent portraits in their way: and some of the minor characters are very happily drawn. The conversation of the humbler people is full of wit and common sense; and the changes of the story give room for pathos sometimes as a contrast to the humour which predominates. Miss Brew understands well the Irish heart and language: and altogether her "*Pictures of Munster Life*" (for this is the second title of the tale) is one of the most satisfactory additions to the store of Irish fiction from *Castle Rackrent* to *Marcella Grace*.

Father Joseph Farrell's Sermons have just been published in a finely-printed volume of five hundred pages, by Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son. There are discourses for all the Sundays of the year, with very few exceptions, and for several of the chief festivals. We have not yet been able to bestow on this volume the loving study it deserves; but a slight examination is enough to show that it is worthy even of the author of "*The Lectures of a Certain Professor*."

The Boston Stylus comes to us across the Atlantic with edifying regularity, printed on glossy paper of almost the largest possible size. Is not this an unwieldy form? It is a thoroughly honest, college magazine, written for boys by the boys themselves. It must be full of interest for its own little world: so editorial fogeyism need not obtrude their critical remarks.

"*The Flower of Holywell*," a drama in five acts, founded on the life of St. Winefride, the Virgin Martyr of North Wales," by Mary Elizabeth Williams (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son) has the good sense not to attempt blank verse, but is written in what may be called theatrical prose. Even very meritorious plays seem very frigid when read in cold blood without any dramatic accessories.

THE HAUNTED ORGANIST OF HURLY BURLY.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "VAGRANT VERSES," "KILLKEVY," "MARCELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

THERE had been a thunderstorm in the village of Hurly Burly. Every door was shut, every dog in his kennel, every rut and gutter a flowing river after the deluge of rain that had fallen. Up at the great house, a mile from the town, the rooks were calling to one another about the fright they had been in, the fawns in the deerpark were venturing their timid heads from behind the trunks of trees, and the old woman at the gate-lodge had risen from her knees, and was putting back her prayer-book on the shelf. In the garden, July roses, unwieldy with their full-blown richness, and saturated with rain, hung their heads heavily to the earth; others, already fallen, lay flat upon their blooming faces on the path, where Bess, Mistress Hurly's maid, would find them, when going on her morning quest of rose-leaves for her lady's pot pourri. Ranks of white lilies, just brought to perfection by to-day's sun, lay dabbled in the mire of flooded mould. Tears ran down the amber cheeks of the plums on the south wall, and not a bee had ventured out of the hives, though the scent of the air was sweet enough to tempt the laziest drone. The sky was still lurid behind the boles of the upland oaks, but the birds had begun to dive in and out of the ivy that wrapped up the home of the Hurlys of Hurly Burly.

This thunderstorm took place more than half a century ago, and we must remember that Mistress Hurly was dressed in the fashion of that time as she crept out from behind the squire's chair, now that the lightning was over, and, with many nervous glances towards the window, sat down before her husband, the tea-urn, and the muffins. We can picture her fine lace cap, with its peachy ribbons, the frill on the hem of her cambric gown just touching her ankles, the embroidered clocks on her stockings, the rosettes on her shoes, but not so easily the lilac shade of her mild eyes, the satin skin, which still kept its delicate bloom, though wrinkled with advancing age, and the pale, sweet, puckered mouth, that time and sorrow had made angelic while trying vainly to deface its beauty.

The squire was as rugged as his wife was gentle, his skin as brown as hers was white, his grey hair as bristling as hers was glossed; the years had ploughed his face into ruts and channels; a bluff, choleric, noisy man he had been; but of late a dimness had come on his eyes, a hush on his loud voice, and a check on the spring of his hale step. He looked at his wife often, and very often she looked at him. She was not a tall woman, and he was only a head higher. They were a quaintly well-matched couple despite their differences. She turned to you with nervous sharpness and revealed her tender voice and eye; he spoke and glanced roughly, but the turn of his head was courteous. Of late they fitted one another better than they had ever done in the heyday of their youthful love. A common sorrow had developed a singular likeness between them. In former years the cry from the wife had been, "Don't curb my son too much!" and from the husband, "You ruin the lad with softness." But now the idol that had stood between them was removed, and they saw each other better.

The room in which they sat was a pleasant old-fashioned drawingroom, with a general spider-legged character about the fittings; spinnet and guitar in their places, with a great deal of copied music beside them; carpet tawny wreaths on pale blue; blue flutings on the walls, and faint gilding on the furniture. A huge urn, crammed with roses, in the open bay-window, through which came delicious airs from the garden, the twittering of birds settling to sleep in the ivy close by, and occasionally the pattering of a flight of rain-drops, swept to the ground as a bough bent in the breeze. The urn on the table was ancient silver, and the china rare. There was nothing in the room for luxurious ease of the body, but everything of delicate refinement for the eye.

There was a great hush all over Hurly Burly, except in the neighbourhood of the rooks. Every living thing had suffered from heat for the past month, and now, in common with all nature, was receiving the boon of refreshed air in silent peace. The mistress and master of Hurly Burly shared the general spirit that was abroad, and were not talkative over their tea.

"Do you know," said Mistress Hurly, at last, "when I heard the first of the thunder beginning I thought it was—it was——"

The lady broke down, her lips trembling, and the peachy ribbons of her cap stirring with great agitation.

"Pshaw!" cried the old squire, making his cup suddenly ring upon the saucer, "we ought to have forgotten that. Nothing has been heard for three months."

At this moment a rolling sound struck upon the ears of both. The lady rose from her seat trembling, and folded her hands together, while the tea-urn flooded the tray.

"Nonsense, my love," said the squire; "that is the noise of wheels. Who can be arriving?"

"Who, indeed?" murmured the lady, reseating herself in agitation.

Presently pretty Bess of the rose-leaves appeared at the door in a flutter of blue ribbons.

"Please, madam, a lady has arrived, and says she is expected. She asked for her apartment, and I put her into the room that was got ready for Miss Calderwood. And she sends her respects to you, madam, and she'll be down with you presently."

The squire looked at his wife, and his wife looked at the squire.

"It is some mistake," murmured madam. "Some visitor for Calderwood or the Grange. It is very singular."

Hardly had she spoken when the door again opened, and the stranger appeared—a small creature, whether girl or woman it would be hard to say—dressed in a scanty black silk dress, her narrow shoulders covered with a white muslin pelerine. Her hair was swept up to the crown of her head, all but a little fringe hanging over her low forehead within an inch of her brows. Her face was brown and thin, eyes black and long, with blacker settings, mouth large, sweet, and melancholy. She was all head, mouth, and eyes; her nose and chin were nothing.

This visitor crossed the floor hastily, dropped a courtesy in the middle of the room, and approached the table, saying abruptly, with a soft Italian accent:

"Sir and madam, I am here. I am come to play your organ."

"The organ!" gasped Mistress Hurly.

"The organ!" stammered the squire.

"Yes, the organ," said the little stranger lady, playing on the back of a chair with her fingers, as if she felt notes under them. "It was but last week that the handsome signor, your son, came to my little house, where I have lived teaching my music since my English father and my Italian mother and brothers and sisters died and left me so lonely."

Here the fingers left off drumming, and two great tears were brushed off, one from each eye with each hand, child's fashion. But the next moment the fingers were at work again, as if only whilst they were moving the tongue could speak.

"The noble signor, your son," said the little woman, looking trustfully from one to the other of the old couple, while a bright blush shone through her brown skin, "he often came to see me before that, always in the evening, when the sun was warm and yellow all through my little studio, and the music was swelling up my heart, and I could play out grand with all my soul; then he used to come and say, 'Hurry, little Lisa, and play better, better still. I have work for you to do by-and-by.' Sometimes he said, 'Brava!' and sometimes he said 'Eccellentissima!' but one night last week he came to me and said, 'It is enough. Will you swear to do my bidding, whatever it may be?' Here the black eyes fell. And I said, 'Yes.' And he said, 'Now you are my betrothed.' And I said, 'Yes.' And he said, 'Pack up your music, little Lisa, and go off to England to my English father and mother, who have an organ in their house which must be played upon. If they refuse to let you play, tell them I sent you, and they will give you leave. You must play all day, and you must get up in the night and play. You must never tire. You are my betrothed, and you have sworn to do my work.' I said, 'Shall I see you there, signor?' And he said, 'Yes, you shall see me there.' I said, 'I shall keep my vow, signor.' And so, sir and madam, I am come."

The soft foreign voice left off talking, the fingers left off thrumming on the chair, and the little stranger gazed in dismay at her auditors, both pale with agitation.

"You are deceived. You make a mistake," said they, in one breath.

"Our son——" began Mistress Hurly, but her mouth twitched, her voice broke, and she looked piteously towards her husband.

"Our son," said the squire, making an effort to conquer the quavering in his voice, "our son is long dead."

"Nay, nay," said the little foreigner. "If you have thought him dead, have good cheer, dear sir and madam. He is alive; he is well, and strong, and handsome. But one, two, three, four, five" (on the fingers) "days ago he stood by my side."

"It is some strange mistake, some wonderful coincidence!" said the mistress and master of Hurly Burly.

"Let us take her to the gallery," murmured the mother of this son who was thus dead and alive. "There is yet light to see the pictures. She will not know his portrait."

The bewildered wife and husband led their strange visitor away to a long gloomy room at the west side of the house, where

the faint gleams from the darkening sky still lingered on the portraits of the Hurly family.

"Doubtless he is like this," said the squire, pointing to a fair-haired young man with a mild face, a brother of his own who had been lost at sea.

But Lisa shook her head and went softly on tiptoe from one picture to another, peering into the canvas, and still turning away troubled. But at last a shriek of delight startled the shadowy chamber.

"Ah, here he is! see, here he is, the noble signor, the beautiful signor, not half so handsome as he looked five days ago when talking to poor little Lisa! Dear sir and madam, you are now content. Now take me to the organ, that I may commence to do his bidding at once."

The Mistress of Hurly Burly clung fast by her husband's arm.

"How old are you, girl?" she said, faintly.

"Eighteen," said the visitor, impatiently, moving towards the door.

"And my son has been dead for twenty years!" said his mother, and swooned on her husband's breast.

"Order the carriage at once," said Mistress Hurly, recovering from her swoon; "I will take her to Margaret Calderwood. Margaret will tell her the story. Margaret will bring her to reason. No, not to-morrow, I cannot bear to-morrow, it is so far away. We must go to-night."

The little signora thought the old lady mad, but she put on her cloak again obediently and took her seat beside Mistress Hurly in the Hurly family coach. The moon that looked in at them through the pane as they lumbered along, was not whiter than the aged face of the squire's wife, whose dim faded eyes were fixed upon it in doubt and awe too great for tears or words. Lisa, too, from her corner gazed upon the moon, her black eyes shining with passionate dreams.

A carriage rolled away from the Calderwood door as the Hurly coach drew up at the steps. Margaret Calderwood had just returned from a dinner-party, and at the open door a splendid figure was standing, a tall woman dressed in brown velvet, the diamonds on her bosom glistening in the moonlight that revealed her, pouring, as it did, over the house from eaves to basement. Mistress Hurly fell into her outstretched arms with a groan, and the strong

woman carried her aged friend, like a baby, into the house. Little Lisa was overlooked, and sat down contentedly on the threshold to gloat awhile longer on the moon, and to thrum imaginary sonatas on the door-step.

There were tears and sobs in the dusk moonlit room into which Margaret Calderwood carried her friend. There was a long consultation, and then Margaret, having hushed away the grieving woman into some quiet corner, came forth to look for the little dark-faced stranger, who had arrived, so unwelcome, from beyond the seas, with such wild communication from the dead.

Up the grand staircase of handsome Calderwood the little woman followed the tall one into a large chamber where a lamp burned, showing Lisa, if she cared to see it, that this mansion of Calderwood was fitted with much greater luxury and richness than was that of Hurly Burly. The appointments of this room announced it the sanctum of a woman who depended for the interest of her life upon resources of intellect and taste. Lisa noticed nothing but a morsel of biscuit that was lying on a plate.

"May I have it?" said she, eagerly. "It is so long since I have eaten. I am hungry."

Margaret Calderwood gazed at her with a sorrowful, motherly look, and, parting the fringing hair on her forehead, kissed her. Lisa, staring at her in wonder, returned the caress with ardour. Margaret's large fair shoulders, Madonna face, and yellow braided hair, excited a rapture within her. But when food was brought her she flew to it and ate.

"It is better than I have ever eaten at home!" she said, gratefully. And Margaret Calderwood murmured, "She is physically healthy, at least."

"And now, Lisa," said Margaret Calderwood, "come and tell me the whole history of the grand signor who sent you to England to play the organ."

Then Lisa crept in behind a chair, and her eyes began to burn and her fingers to thrum, and she repeated word for word her story as she had told it at Hurly Burly.

When she had finished, Margaret Calderwood began to pace up and down the floor with a very troubled face. Lisa watched her, fascinated, and, when she bade her to listen to a story which she would relate to her, folded her restless hands together meekly, and listened.

"Twenty years ago, Lisa, Mr. and Mrs. Hurly had a son. He was handsome, like that portrait you saw in the gallery, and he

had brilliant talents. He was idolised by his father and mother, and all who knew him felt obliged to love him. I was then a happy girl of twenty. I was an orphan, and Mrs. Hurly, who had been my mother's friend, was like a mother to me. I, too, was petted and caressed by all my friends, and I was very wealthy; but I only valued admiration, riches—every good gift that fell to my share—just in proportion as they seemed of worth in the eyes of Lewis Hurly. I was his affianced wife, and I loved him well.

“All the fondness and pride that were lavished on him could not keep him from falling into evil ways, nor from becoming rapidly more and more abandoned to wickedness, till even those who loved him best despaired of seeing his reformation. I prayed him with tears, for my sake, if not for that of his grieving mother, to save himself before it was too late. But to my horror I found that my power was gone, my words did not even move him, he loved me no more. I tried to think that this was some fit of madness that would pass, and still clung to hope. At last his own mother forbade me to see him.”

Here Margaret Calderwood paused, seemingly in bitter thought, but resumed:

“He and a party of his boon companions, named by themselves the ‘Devil’s Club,’ were in the habit of practising all kinds of unholy pranks in the country. They had midnight carousings on the tombstones in the village grave-yard; they carried away helpless old men and children, whom they tortured by making believe to bury them alive; they raised the dead and placed them sitting round the tombstones at a mock feast. On one occasion there was a very sad funeral from the village; the corpse was carried into the church, and prayers were read over the coffin, the chief mourner, the aged father of the dead man, standing weeping by. In the midst of this solemn scene the organ suddenly pealed forth a profane tune, and a number of voices shouted a drinking chorus. A groan of execration burst from the crowd, the clergyman turned pale and closed his book, and the old man, the father of the dead, climbed the altar steps, and, raising his arms above his head, uttered a terrible curse. He cursed Lewis Hurly to all eternity, he cursed the organ he played, that it might be dumb henceforth, except under the fingers that had now profaned it, which, he prayed, might be forced to labour upon it till they stiffened in death. And the curse seemed to work, for the organ stood dumb in the church from that day, except when touched by Lewis Hurly.

“For a bravado he had the organ taken down and conveyed to his father’s house, where he had it put up in the chamber where it now stands. It was also for a bravado that he played on it every day. But, by-and-by, the amount of time which he spent at it daily began to increase rapidly. We wondered long at this whim, as we called it, and his poor mother thanked God that he had set his heart upon an occupation which would keep him out of harm’s way. I was the first to suspect that it was not his own will that kept him hammering at the organ so many laborious hours while his boon companions tried vainly to draw him away. He used to lock himself up in the room with the organ, but one day I hid myself among the curtains, and saw him writhing on his seat, and heard him groaning as he strove to wrench his hands from the keys, to which they flew back like a needle to a magnet. It was soon plainly to be seen that he was an involuntary slave to the organ; but whether through a madness that had grown within himself, or by some supernatural doom, having its cause in the old man’s curse, we did not dare to say. By-and-by there came a time when we were wakened out of our sleep at nights by the rolling of the organ. He wrought now night and day. Food and rest were denied him. His face got haggard, his beard grew long, his eyes started from their sockets. His body became wasted, and his cramped fingers like the claws of a bird. He groaned piteously as he stooped over his cruel toil. All save his mother and I were afraid to go near him. She, poor, tender woman, tried to put wine and food between his lips while the tortured fingers crawled over the keys, but he only gnashed his teeth at her with curses, and she retreated from him in terror, to pray. At last one dreadful hour, we found him a ghastly corpse on the ground before the organ.

“From that hour the organ was dumb to the touch of all human fingers. Many, unwilling to believe the story, made persevering endeavours to draw sound from it, but in vain. But when the darkened empty room was locked up and left, we heard as loud as ever the well-known sounds humming and rolling through the walls. Night and day the tones of the organ boomed on as before. It seemed that the doom of the wretched man was not yet fulfilled, although his tortured body had been worn out in the terrible struggle to accomplish it. Even his own mother was afraid to go near the room then. So the time went on, and the curse of this perpetual music was not removed from the house. Servants refused to stay about the place. Visitors shunned it.

The squire and his wife left their home for years, and returned ; left it, and returned again, to find their ears still tortured and their hearts wrung by the unceasing persecution of terrible sounds. At last, but a few months ago, a holy man was found, who locked himself up in the cursed chamber for many days, praying and wrestling with the demon. After he came forth and went away the sounds ceased, and the organ was heard no more. Since then there has been peace in the house. And now, Lisa, your strange appearance and your strange story convince us that you are a victim of a ruse of the Evil One. Be warned in time, and place yourself under the protection of God, that you may be saved from the fearful influences that are at work upon you. Come——”

Margaret Calderwood turned to the corner where the stranger sat, as she had supposed, listening intently. Little Lisa was fast asleep, her hands spread before her as if she played an organ in her dreams.

Margaret took the soft brown face to her motherly breast, and kissed the swelling temples, too big with wonder and fancy.

“We will save you from a horrible fate!” she murmured, and carried the girl to bed.

In the morning Lisa was gone. Margaret Calderwood, coming early from her own chamber, went into the girl’s room and found the bed empty.

“She is just such a wild thing,” thought Margaret, “as would rush out at sunrise to hear the larks!” and she went forth to look for her in the meadows, behind the beech hedges, and in the home park. Mistress Hurly, from the breakfast-room window, saw Margaret Calderwood, large and fair in her white morning gown, coming down the garden-path between the rose bushes, with her fresh draperies dabbled by the dew, and a look of trouble on her calm face. Her quest had been unsuccessful. The little foreigner had vanished.

A second search after breakfast proved also fruitless, and towards evening the two women drove back to Hurly Burly together. There all was panic and distress. The squire sat in his study with the doors shut, and his hands over his ears. The servants, with pale faces, were huddled together in whispering groups. The haunted organ was pealing through the house as of old.

Margaret Calderwood hastened to the fatal chamber, and there, sure enough, was Lisa, perched upon the high seat before the

organ, beating the keys with her small hands, her slight figure swaying, and the evening sunshine playing about her weird head. Sweet unearthly music she wrung from the groaning heart of the organ—with melodies, mounting to rapturous heights and falling to mournful depths. She wandered from Mendelssohn to Mozart, and from Mozart to Beethoven. Margaret stood fascinated awhile by the ravishing beauty of the sounds she heard, but, rousing herself quickly, put her arms round the musician and forced her away from the chamber. Lisa returned next day, however, and was not so easily coaxed from her post again. Day after day she laboured at the organ, growing paler and thinner, and more weird-looking as the time went on.

“I work so hard,” she said to Mrs. Hurly. “The signor, your son, is he pleased? Ask him to come and tell me himself if he is pleased.”

Mistress Hurly got ill and took to her bed. The squire swore at the young foreign baggage, and roamed abroad. Margaret Calderwood was the only one who stood by to watch the fate of the little organist. The curse of the organ was upon Lisa; it spoke under her hand, and her hand was its slave.

At last she announced rapturously that she had had a visit from the brave signor, who had commended her industry, and urged her to work yet harder. After that she ceased to hold any communication with the living. Time after time Margaret Calderwood wrapped her arms about the frail thing, and carried her away by force, locking the door of the fatal chamber. But locking the chamber and burying the key were of no avail. The door stood open again, and Lisa was labouring on her perch.

One night, wakened from her sleep by the well-known humming and moaning of the organ, Margaret dressed hurriedly and hastened to the unholy room. Moonlight was pouring down the staircase and passages of Hurly Burly. It shone on the marble bust of the dead Lewis Hurly, that stood in the niche above his mother's sittingroom door. The organ room was full of it when Margaret pushed open the door and entered—full of the pale green moonlight from the window, mingled with another light, a dull lurid glare which seemed to centre round a dark shadow, like the figure of a man standing by the organ, and throwing out in fantastic relief the slight form of Lisa writhing, rather than swaying, back and forward, as if in agony. The sounds that came from the organ were broken and meaningless, as if the hands of the player lagged and stumbled on the keys. Between the inter-

mittent chords low moaning cries broke from Lisa, and the dark figure bent towards her with menacing gestures. Trembling with the sickness of supernatural fear, yet strong of will, Margaret Calderwood crept forward within the lurid light, and was drawn into its influence. It grew and intensified upon her, it dazzled and blinded her at first, but presently, by a daring effort of will, she raised her eyes and beheld Lisa's face convulsed with torture in the burning glare, and bending over her the figure and the features of Lewis Hurly! Smitten with horror, Margaret did not even then lose her presence of mind. She wound her strong arms around the wretched girl and dragged her from her seat and out of the influence of the lurid light, which immediately paled away and vanished. She carried her to her own bed, where Lisa lay, a wasted wreck, raving about the cruelty of the pitiless signor who would not see that she was labouring her best. Her poor cramped hands kept beating the coverlet, as though she were still at her agonising task.

Margaret Calderwood bathed her burning temples, and placed fresh flowers upon her pillow. She opened the blinds and windows, and let in the sweet morning air and sunshine, and then looking up at the newly awakened sky with its fair promise of hope for the day, and down at the dewy fields, and far off at the dark green woods with the purple mists still hovering about them, she prayed that a way might be shown her by which to put an end to this curse. She prayed for Lisa, and then, thinking that the girl rested somewhat, stole from the room. She thought that she had locked the door behind her.

She went down stairs with a pale, resolved face, and, without consulting anyone, sent to the village for a bricklayer. Afterwards she sat by Mistress Hurly's bedside, and explained to her what was to be done. Presently she went to the door of Lisa's room, and hearing no sound, thought the girl slept, and stole away. By-and-by she went downstairs, and found that the bricklayer had arrived and already begun his task of building up the organ-room door. He was a swift workman, and the chamber was soon sealed safely with stone and mortar.

Having seen this work finished, Margaret Calderwood went and listened again at Lisa's door; and still hearing no sound, she returned, and took her seat at Mrs. Hurly's bedside once more. It was towards evening that she at last entered her room to assure herself of the comfort of Lisa's sleep. But the bed and room were empty. Lisa had disappeared.

Then the search began, upstairs and downstairs, in the garden, in the grounds, in the fields and meadows. No Lisa. Margaret Calderwood ordered the carriage and drove to Calderwood to see if the strange little will-o'-the-wisp might have made her way there; then to the village, and to many other places in the neighbourhood which it was not possible she could have reached. She made inquiries everywhere, she pondered and puzzled over the matter. In the weak, suffering state that the girl was in, how far could she have crawled?

After two days' search, Margaret returned to Hurly Burly. She was sad and tired, and the evening was chill. She sat over the fire wrapped in her shawl when little Bess came to her, weeping behind her muslin apron.

"If you'd speak to Mistress Hurly about it, please, ma'am," she said. "I love her dearly, and it breaks my heart to go away, but the organ haven't done yet, ma'am, and I'm frightened out of my life, so I can't stay."

"Who has heard the organ, and when?" asked Margaret Calderwood, rising to her feet.

"Please, ma'am, I heard it the night you went away—the night after the door was built up!"

"And not since?"

"No, ma'am," hesitatingly, "not since. Hist! hark, ma'am! Is not that like the sound of it now?"

"No," said Margaret Calderwood; "it is only the wind." But pale as death she flew down the stairs and laid her ear to the yet damp mortar of the newly-built wall. All was silent. There was no sound but the monotonous sough of the wind in the trees outside. Then Margaret began to dash her soft shoulder against the strong wall, and to pick the mortar away with her white fingers, and to cry out for the bricklayer who had built up the door.

It was midnight, but the bricklayer left his bed in the village, and obeyed the summons to Hurly Burly. The pale woman stood by and watched him undo all his work of three days ago, and the servants gathered about in trembling groups, wondering what was to happen next.

What happened next was this: When an opening was made the man entered the room with a light, Margaret Calderwood and others following. A heap of something dark was lying on the ground at the foot of the organ. Many groans arose in the fatal chamber. Here was little Lisa dead!

When Mistress Hurly was able to move, the squire and his wife went to live in France, where they remained till their death. Hurly Burly was shut up and deserted for many years. Lately it has passed into new hands. The organ has been taken down and banished, and the room is a bed-chamber, more luxuriously furnished than any in the house. But no one sleeps in it twice.

Margaret Calderwood was carried to her grave the other day a very aged woman.

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KINDNESS.

BE kind to all. A gentle word  
Will often heal like balm,  
And even at times a loving smile  
Is more than prayer or psalm.

A kindly gesture, friendly touch,  
Will lift a load of care,  
Bring light into the languid eye,  
Faint heart win from despair.

Give with no stinted measure, then,  
But let love freely flow,  
For graceful deeds and gentle words  
Pour blessings as they go.

Give to the aged reverence,  
'Twill soothe their slow decline;  
And to the young soft sympathy—  
It cheers them like rich wine.

Be kind to all. Within each soul  
God's image is enshrined:  
For His sweet sake be pitiful  
Who died for all mankind.

END.

## AT NAZARETH HOUSE.

**N**EARLY every volume of this Magazine has contained accounts of some of the wonderfully beautiful organizations which in the Catholic Church minister to the wants of suffering humanity. We are anxious to offer here a more permanent home to two similar papers which with a long interval between them have appeared in *The Weekly Register*. They are written by two ladies who, far beyond graceful writers of an ordinary kind, are distinguished by an exquisite refinement and purity of style. We begin with the one who is known to only some of our readers, instead of the one who is known to all of them. The following paper is signed "Alice Meynell," whom we venture to introduce to our readers more fully as Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, the sister of Elizabeth Thompson (Mrs. Colonel Butler), painter of "The Roll Call," and herself, when Alice Thompson, author of one of the most beautiful volumes of poetry ("Preludes") that any woman or man has produced in our day. Many have learned to look out eagerly for every scrap of her very perfect prose in *Merry England*, *The Magazine of Art*, &c. Here is the way she pleads the cause of one London "Home" in which the orphans and the aged are sheltered together, as in that "Home" in Newry, which makes its appeal each month in our advertisement-columns.

In some of its blessed functions the Institution here described resembles St. Patrick's Home for the Aged, which has sprung up in its fine proportions on the South Circular-road, Dublin, and which has given Kilmainham a sweeter sound than it used to have, now that it is associated with the admirable labours of these Little Sisters of the Poor.

"And you depend for all this"—says the mundane but sympathetic visitor, who has been through the long bright wards and cosy rooms, through the old people's quarters and the children's quarters, the chapel and the kitchens, and who stands now looking at the new wing rising quickly at the eastern side of Nazareth House—"you depend for all this upon the chance of contributions?" The Nun whom he addresses is not among those who have sacred things glibly on their lips, and she answers in a low voice and with a certain delicate hesitation and reverence, "We

depend for it all upon Divine Providence." That dependence is such as only simple and heroic hearts could bear without bitter anxiety. Not only is the daily bread of four hundred men, women, and children the gift of every day; but the helpless crowd that is sheltered, fed, and clothed within these walls has so outgrown them that the work of enlargement can no longer be deferred, and those daily alms must be made to pay for the important wing now in course of construction. "The gifts on which we live must greatly increase," the Mother seems to say, as she stands watching the builders, "before this labour is complete."

And what a helpless crowd it is for which the Sisters of Nazareth are working, building, and praying. The very presence of the active and helpful Nuns seems to set forth more clearly the forlorn weakness of these children, old and young. Here the oldest of ancient women, whose face is extinguished and dull with the shadow of coming death, lies silent and serene in the long bright ward; here the orphaned baby lies in the virginal arms of the Nun, more tender than many a mother; there the incurable child rests on some pretty patchwork cushion the little head that will never meet the storms of the world; there, again, is the poor girl born with some affliction that will for ever prevent her from leaving the walls which gave her hapless infancy a refuge; there, again, is the blind imbecile, proud of the one thing she can do—the singing of little songs—and delighted with the kind applause of the Sisters; yonder is "the oldest man that ever wore grey hairs" taking a little comfort from his pipe and from his newspaper, watching with his dim eyes the activity of the mere septuagenarian who is strong enough to chop the wood and fetch and carry for the house. And all this little population—more than poor, more than forlorn—is dependent upon the foresight, the skill, the vigilance, the constant tenderness of the Sisters of Nazareth. All these meals, all these garments, and many a little indulgence which sick infancy and extreme old age can scarcely live without, are gleaned by the Nuns—humble labourers, voluntary mendicants, who follow in the wake of the great pageant of luxury and wealth which goes restlessly "to and fro in the world, and up and down in it."

The world has talked a great deal—from the time when the Revival of Learning put ladies in Padua and Florence, in London and Paris, to their Greek, down to the lesser Renaissance of our own days—of the training and advancement of women. But all the while a quantity of feminine mental power was stored in the

cloister, and put to scientific use according to the purposes of charity. And the qualities developed by the active Orders of Nuns are those for which women have gained least credit in secular affairs—the abilities, moral and mental, that make for organization and discipline on a large scale. The “criticism of life” which is supplied by literature has long ago and repeatedly asserted that woman is capable of subjection, and of administering and receiving orders, when it is a question of the special and personal relations of the family; but that the generalities, the abstractions, the denial of the feminine need for exceptions, which are conditions of work on a large scale, are fatal to its undertaking or successful accomplishment by women. At most it is conceded that, kept in discipline by the strong influence of affectionate reverence, women would work in a body immediately under the personal direction of a clerical head—direction which each member should enjoy in its separate application to herself. But even so, the world thinks, in its ready-made way of thinking, that there will continually be in such a body all the friction which comes of personal feeling. And this is the rather vulgar belief of both men and women. But meanwhile, without show or clatter or *fanfaron* of any kind, Religious Women have been submitting, in large bodies, to rules far more general and inexorable than any dreamed of in the world’s affairs; have been resigning all of their individuality which could not be brought under strict rule; have been obeying a woman, in union with women; have been organizing with mathematical attention to proportion; have been commanding with moderation, following with unanimity, doing large monotonous work with the precision of machinery; doing everything, in short, which does not fit the vulgar judgment as to feminine capacity.

And all this is done in the difficult cause of charity—of that charity which is so attractive when glanced at from without, so full of disappointments and disillusion within. But it is done in the Divine strength that cannot tire, by women whose ideal is in Heaven, and who therefore do not take to heart the shortcomings of earth, and who mingle the practices of the cloister and the choir with those of the ward and the nursery. Assuredly it is no slight power of head and hand that keeps such a charity as Nazareth House in its state of daily life and vigour. Nothing could suffice to such a work except an absolute precision in little things and an undaunted courage in great ones. The actual labour for each Nun is very great, for the Order has no lay-sisters. One of its distinc-



tive characteristics is that it is a republic as regards work and rank in the house. Each of these ladies has to go through each of the duties of the place—has to clean and scrub, to cook and wash, to make and mend; each has her night of watching in one or other of the wards—a task that mitigates nothing of her next day's labour. And each has a programme of devotions which to the outsider, might seem enough to fill half a day, and to which she is strictly bound. But the routine, unvarying though it is, has had no power to deprive the charity of the Sisters of Nazareth of its bloom and freshness and charm.

This fact is made delightfully evident by a visit to the children's rooms. Here, if anywhere, charity has no disillusion. A mob of hearty little ones are playing and dancing in the long gay room, clinging to the Sister's dress, or running to welcome the stranger with a confidence which has a world of significance. They have never known coldness, or suppression, or discouragement. The less sweet ways of discipline which less wise women can hardly do without, if they have a brood of four or five to shelter under their wings, seem to be quite unnecessary here, where a hundred or two have to be kept in absolute order. And the listlessness common to luxurious children outside, and the other kind of apathy which belongs to the poor, are unknown here. There is not a look to show *ennui* or restlessness, or discontent. The little ones are full of interest. About a lady visitor they will cluster eagerly, to look at her ornaments, to open her parasol and gather in a group of sweet faces under its shadow; to clasp her knees and win her to a romp with them on the floor. Each child is carefully dressed—not only in clean garments, but in pretty ones. There is no frock that is not gracefully made and gaily trimmed. The infinite variety of the odds and ends has a charming effect as regards the children, whose colouring has been studiously suited, and who have that look of having been separately and individually cared for which takes something from the melancholy of the sight of an orphan crowd. The sad White Lady who rose nightly from her grave, in the pathetic legend, to wash and comb her little children, ill-tended after her death, need not walk the wards of Nazareth House. The poor dead-and-gone mothers whose little ones are there can rest in peace.

From the Incurable Children's Ward the sounds are stiller. In several cases there is an eternal silence, for not a few are dumb; but more are blind. One poor girl is shut away from all messages from her kind, except the message which comes through the Sister's

caressing hand on her shoulder. Another was rescued from some dark hole in which her deformed and blighted face had been hidden away. Another, born without arms—a sweet-faced, rosy child of about fourteen—will never be able to labour in the world to which her young health and spirits would lead her; the Sisters have taught her to write with her mouth. Another young girl is afflicted with some disease of the nerves, which keep her head and hands in perpetual movement. Yet another—a girl of full age—sits nursing a doll, which she cunningly hides away at any approach, for fear this treasure should be taken from her. These afflictions soften away in the atmosphere of Nazareth House.

From the ward of the healthy little girls comes the sweet purring sound of feminine childhood; from that of the boys breaks out a robuster noise. As the visitor goes in, the Sister sets a little troop to the performance of "Old King Cole," which the boys act as well as sing, one charming child accompanying the whole ditty with an irrepressible and breathless dance. Here, as with the girls, the uncommon beauty of many of the children bears witness to the effects of happiness and love. These little feet, used to the corridors and garden, to the wards and chapel of Nazareth House, are active in their coming and going, and noisy as befits the feet of happy children.

And this noise, so graceful and good in itself, is the cause of the pressing present need of the convent. The old men and old women in their beds are worried by it. Extreme old age has slumbers which are light and short and few; it watches with wide-open eyes the flickering of a lamp through a long night, and when the wished-for-sleep comes by day, it is hard to have it broken. And besides, when you come to ninety years, you like nothing louder than the tender voice of the Sister in your ward. And the dying love silence.

Hence the new wing; and hence the appeal which the Reverend Mother of the Order would have us make for her House at Hammersmith. The halls and corridors, now being raised from the designs of Mr. Leonard Stokes, are to ring with the unchecked voices of the children. The main building is to be devoted to the old people, now somewhat cramped in space, and there they will live and die in peace. The charity which loves to add to the joy of the joyful, as well as that which loves to mitigate the suffering of the afflicted, is appealed to for this work of building; and we venture to think that among our readers who have the noble elementary compassion for infancy, and the no less tender pity for

old age, many may be found to do something to lay a brick in these new walls.

The charity of the Sisters is altogether impartial. No one is rejected from their doors, and no one is pressed into the Catholic fold. If a dying man or woman asks for an Anglican clergyman or a Dissenting minister, the gates are open for his coming. "We receive endless kindnesses from Protestants," says a Sister; "every one is good to us." And this sweet and cheerful gratitude—this utter refusal to take the attitude of martyrs and victims—is quite a note of the place. There was a time, the Sisters own, when stones were thrown at them by the London roughs; but that was long ago. Every one knows better now. There was a word that Protestant England hated—the word "Nunnery." Nazareth House has made the name pleasant to the ears of our countrymen.

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#### CONSUMMATUS IN BREVI.

In memory of Joseph Wallace, S.J. Born in Chicago, September 20, 1861. Entered the Society of Jesus, August 2, 1877. Died February 5, 1886.

**F**EW days were his, but full and perfect days—  
Full of fair works, and gentleness, and truth,  
Ripe to be gathered—needing not in sooth  
Our length of years to hear the joyful lays  
They sing at reaping-time! But in sweet ways  
He passed us gleaning after Christ through youth,  
As through the waving wheat-fields went sweet Ruth,  
Gracious and winning all men's love and praise!

With face set towards the mountain's sunlit crest  
He journeyed towards the dawning—all his way  
Lit up by love—until apart from men  
He laid him down a moment's space to rest  
In death's swift-passing shadow. Ah! and then  
Upon his soul there broke God's splendid day!

H. L. M.

## GOINGS FORTH AND HOME-COMINGS.

WHICH of us has not occasionally witnessed the departure of a small boy for school?

The autocrat of the playroom, the terror of the nursery, the inventor of all the mischief perpetrated in the house—everyone declared he should have been packed off long ago (even his long-suffering parents beginning to think there was a good deal of justice in the remark); but now that the moment is actually at hand—now that the last farewell is about to be pronounced—it is a different story!

What a small pathetic little figure it is—wrapped up in the new great-coat, flourishing a pocket-handkerchief, and blinking hard to keep back the unmanly tears that *will* come unasked! The eldest of six is not a very big person after all, when he comes to stand alone on the deck of the steamer that is to bear him far away from home. All his importance and “bumptiousness,” seem to have vanished, and he looks so forlorn without them—poor little fellow!

“You’ll be all right—won’t you, my man?” says the father, trying to look bright, but finding it hard work to smile somehow.

“Oh, yes!” returns Tommy, somewhat huskily.

The mother says nothing. Poor mother! She can hardly see her boy’s face, for the tears that dim her eyes at the thought of the time so close at hand when it will no longer be there.

The little brother stares at Tommy half in grief, half in curiosity.

“I’ll take care of the pony and the rabbits for you!” he cries, all at once; and then poor Tommy breaks down. The lump in his throat seems almost to suffocate him, and the little pocket-handkerchief is no longer waved, for it is otherwise needed. The thought of the pony and the rabbits is too much for him—it brings back too strongly the dear old home and all its delights! How far away it seems already! Now he is gone, and the parents turn their steps homewards, having strained their eyes after him till they could see him no more! Poor little man! He tried so hard to be brave—and then to see him break down just at the end like that—it was a

pity! No doubt he is sobbing now as if his heart would break, and they are not there to comfort him.

How different is the same urchin when the holidays begin a few months later and he returns home! His "beautiful new clothes," that old nurse put out for him to wear on the morning of his departure, are now ragged and ink-stained, besides being decorated with traces of sundry abominable pork-pies, and jam-tarts, with which he has been regaling himself during the journey. His hat has been knocked out of all shape by a little game of football, with which he and "some of the fellows" have been enlivening the tedium of the way. He has had a "beastly crossing," and is rather pale in consequence. But his face shines with good humour and happiness; his voice is heard with delight as he hails a porter and "chaffs" the guard. He catches sight of his people on the platform, and rushes up to them with a blissful whoop, almost overthrowing his mother in the impetuosity of his greeting. He is a very great man indeed, as he points out his portmanteau and whistles for a cab. And at home he is still more important, as he relates "the doings of the fellows" to his parents, and initiates the younger children into the mysteries of "cow bites," and the like boyish achievements! He is beside himself with happiness as he lies down in his own little bed at night. How nice his dear little room looks, with his fishing-rod in one corner, and his air-gun (that once *really* did shoot a rabbit) over the chimney-piece! Six weeks of unmixed pleasure—six weeks without lessons, without scoldings, without "whops"—it seems too good to be true! Tommy is so excited he can hardly sleep. It is strange to think this is the same boy who sobbed so pitifully in the school-dormitory, on the first night away from home, until he heard a chuckle overhead and descried his next neighbour grinning at him over the partition! Then poor Tommy had ceased sobbing and had wrathfully "shied" a boot at the intrusive head, a fierce anger mingling with his grief, and feeling altogether indescribably wretched. All is changed now, however—all the pain and wrath and loneliness forgotten. That was *going away*—this is *coming home*—a great difference truly between these two.

Again, many of us have witnessed the departure of such and such a battalion of her Majesty's— Regiment to Zululand, or Egypt, as the case may be.

"Poor fellows," we say, as they march along, bravely and steadily, though the band plays "The girl I left behind me," and in the crowd that accompanies them there are many sore hearts. There

is a ring of melancholy in the very cheers with which they are greeted. Here one old father presses forward to grasp once more the strong, brown hand of his son; there a haggard, red-eyed woman uplifts a child for a farewell glance at its father.

“Good-bye—good-bye,”—shall we ever see them again? How many will come back—how many will be left behind buried in the sand?

Now they have turned the corner of the street, the last of their accompanying cortege is out of sight, the drum sounds faint in the distance—they are gone.

See the triumphal arches, how gaily they span the streets! Banners flutter in the breeze; the air echoes with shouts and huzzas. Windows, balconies, roofs even, are thronged with people, clustering together like swarms of human bees. Down in the street below, the crowd is packed so closely it would seem impossible that anyone should force his way through it, yet all at once a wide pathway is made as if by magic. “Here they are!”

Yes, here they come. Home again once more—the gallant fellows—heroes every man of them! Their ranks are thinner no doubt—they are worn and travel-stained, burned by fierce suns, dried up by scorching winds, maimed by savage spears some of them, and weakened by sickness—but they are *here*! Hurrah! Hurrah! Welcome *Home*! Royalty smiles on them—their fellows cheer—hundreds of hands are outstretched to grasp theirs as they pass. All ranks vie with each other in doing them honour; nothing is too good or too great for them! Welcome Home!

But there are other goings and comings than these.

“I shall soon be back,” says the poor invalid, going away for change of air. “I shall come home quite strong and well, you will see!”

He speaks confidently, but his eyes wander from one face to the other of those that surround him, with that inquiring, anxious glance, so piteous to see. He longs for encouragement, but when it is given receives it impatiently, for it lacks the ring of truth. He says good-bye in a hasty, querulous tone, as the servants help him down the steps, eyeing “the master” with that compassionate curiosity he finds so hard to bear. Why do they look at him like that? He is so much better—so anxious to be well. He *must* get well soon, he tells himself feverishly; the doctor said there was nothing to keep him back if *only* he could fight off this dreadful languor, and surely change of air will do that! So he struggles with the weakness that makes his poor stiff limbs so strange and

heavy, and mounts into the carriage with an effort that brings great drops to his brow.

“Good-bye, good-bye. Why are they all standing to see me off? I shall not be long away.”

And so he drives off, hardly glancing at the old house where he has spent so many happy years, looking out indifferently at the familiar scenes that he sees, perchance, for the last time.

For it may be that he never comes back; or, if, indeed, he returns by this well-known road, he sees, and hears no more. They carry him past his own house, perhaps; but the blinds are drawn down and there is no sound of welcome. To the little church where he has knelt so often, and thence to the very spot where he has stood many and many a time, carelessly chatting to the neighbours as they came out of the porch one by one.

Where is your wreath? Lay it down softly, and step on one side.

Now earth to earth! This is his home-coming.

Again has it not often occurred to us to revisit, after many years, old spots that were dear to us once? We said farewell to them, carelessly it may be, eager for new scenes, new experiences, and now that we see them again, is it not more pain to us than pleasure?

Here are the old trees under which we played so often as children—see, there are our names clumsily cut on the bark. All arrayed in their fresh spring green, with the same sunlight flickering through the leaves, birds, as in olden time, singing amidst the branches. There is the mossy bank which was our favourite seat—the same ivy clambering over it—harebells studding it as of yore. Yonder stands the old house in the sunshine—hark to the plash of the fountain trickling as tunefully as ever! Why, *nothing* is changed! Why should we feel that it is *not* the same place—that it never again will be the same to us? Is it not that we *ourselves* are changed; that our hearts cannot quicken to the sunshine, cannot echo to the music as they did in those blithe days of old? Troubles that have taken the brightness out of our lives, cares that have robbed us of our elasticity, disappointments that have made us hard and suspicious—these things came between us and the outer world and change even our surroundings.

In truth the contrast between going forth and home-coming, is never more striking than when applied to life itself. In early youth, when the whole world lies, as we think, at our feet, how

bright a path do we mark out for ourselves? We shall do this and that, we say, we shall go here or there—and which of us find that our destinies correspond in the smallest degree to those we planned for ourselves. Indeed, we set about it clumsily—imagining that life is meant to be *enjoyed* instead of *utilised*: marking out work, indeed; but work so pleasant it is to be but a better sort of play; passing over troubles lightly—as possible, but on the whole improbable—and leaving sorrow out of the count altogether. In old age one hears a different version of the great drama. As the time draws near for the *great* Home-coming, as the journey ends and the wondrous shadowy Fatherland opens its gates, how unlike are the weary travellers who approach them to those blithe wayfarers who first set out! They will tell us how little their anticipations have been realised.

To this one long toiled-for riches came all too late, when youth and health were spent, and he had no heart to enjoy them. That one found success indeed, well-merited, and fondly dreamt of, but the loved ones with whom he hoped to share it are dead and gone, and it seems to him to have no savour! This emigrant, after long, weary years of exile, returned to his native land once more, but old friends were dead—old associations forgotten—it would have been better to have stayed away.

In truth, one need not wait to be old to discover how delusive are the dreams of our youth. Does any one reach middle age before he finds it out—does any one of us pass a single year exactly as he anticipated? What do I say—do we find that even one day corresponds in all its details to the plan we drew out of it? How seldom are the expectations of the morning realised! There is the same uncertainty in little things as in great—the same difference between setting about a task and actually accomplishing it. The mistake that we make is, in supposing that we, with our changeable, impressionable natures, can make of that great, inscrutable mystery, *life*, that which we would—as if we could govern *it*—instead of being ruled by it, as we are! Does the clay mould itself in the hand of the sculptor? Does the racehorse mark its own course round the turf? And do we think that we can shape our own lives? No! we can make of ourselves good stuff for the Master's hand to work with—plastic, malleable, answering to a touch. We can correspond to the Power that moves us, as the delicate, high-bred horse instinctively obeys the will of his rider—but beyond this we cannot go! We make of *ourselves* what we like—but of our lives what *God* wills! We



are in His hands, and must abandon ourselves to Him. Is there not truer wisdom in that one little prayer of St. Ignatius, beginning: "Receive, O Lord, my entire liberty"—than in all the philosophical books that were ever written? Shall we not find more happiness in thus throwing ourselves on His mercy—letting ourselves go, as it were, with that sweeping all-powerful tide—than in battling with the current—fretting and fuming and struggling—to sink perchance at last?

As this little paper treats of goings and comings, of partings and reunions, it is well to end with a thought about the word, good-bye—a word that need not be so sad, if we rightly understood its meaning. *Good-bye* signifies "God be with you!" Surely we could breathe forth no better wish for our dear ones than this; it should comfort us and not depress us. If they go forth into strange lands, and we know not when they will return—if we ourselves are forced to part from those near and dear to us, and to wander far from familiar scenes—well, let us say good-bye with trusting hearts. For those that are taken—for those that are left—in life and in death "*God with us*" always!

M. B.

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### THREE BLIND MICE.

THREE blind mice—see how they run!  
 They all run up to the farmer's wife,  
 She cuts off their tails with a carving knife  
 Such is the fate of the three blind mice.

### LATINE REDDITUM.

Tres oculis capti mures, en quomodo currunt!  
 Conjugis agricolae curritur usque pedes.  
 Hæc properat caudas illorum excindere cultro:  
 Muribus heu cœcis talia fata tribus!

O.

## NUTSHELL BIOGRAMS.

## THIRD HANDFUL.

18. MILES GERALD KEON was the last male descendant of an ancient Irish family of Roscommon, the Keons of Keonbrook (which at least some owners of the name make a dissyllable, quite different from "Keown"). He was born in 1821. His father dying in 1824 and his mother in 1825, the little boy was left in charge of their grandmother, the Countess Magawley, and upon her death soon after, her only son, Count Magawley, acted as his guardian.\* Young Keon was sent to Stonyhurst in 1832, and the college records for the following year state, that *in scriptiōne Latina, Gallica, Anglica tulit primum præmium Milesius Keon*. After his schooldays he spent some time in Algeria but settled in London in 1843, and became a professional man of letters, in which career his religion and his nationality told seriously against him. He edited *Dolman's Magazine*, in 1846, being preceded in that office by Mr. Digby Beste, and succeeded by the Rev. Edward Price, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, author of "Sick Calls." At this time he published a "Life of St. Alexis," and contributed to the *Dublin Review*. He was for twelve years a leader-writer for *The Morning Post*. At this period he wrote "Harding, the Money-Spinner," for the *London Journal*, which was republished by Bentley, in book-form, in 1879, four years after the author's death. A Christian romance of the time of Augustus, called "Dion and the Sibyls," is his most finished literary work. But a much more important and successful work was his "Lessons in French," with which his name is, unfortunately, not linked in any way; for the book is called Cassell's *Lessons in French*. The present writer can, from practical use of this work, confirm the opinion of a critic, who called it "an elementary masterpiece." In 1856 Mr. Keon went to Moscow, as correspondent for the *Morning Post*, on the occasion of the Emperor Alexander's coronation. A French traveller, M. Boucher de Perthes, in his *Voyage en Russie*, says of him: "Très religieux, comme la plupart des Catholiques Irlandais, sa religion touchait de près au fanatisme." God reward this good Irishman for thus impressing the Frenchman, who probably was by no means fanatical in his piety, poor fellow.

His friend, the first Lord Lytton, the novelist, procured for him in

\* The *Stonyhurst Magazine*, to which we owe these particulars, mentions that this distinguished Irishman married, in 1808, a grand-niece of Pope Benedict XIV. (Lambertini), was, in 1812, envoy from the Pope to Napoleon, regent of the Duchy of Parma till it was apportioned to the Empress Maria Louisa, in 1815, and then her Prime Minister till 1823.

1858, the position of Secretary to the Government of Bermuda, which he held till his death in 1875.

19. JOHN FISHER MURRAY was born in Belfast, February 11, 1811, and died in Dublin, October 20, 1865. His grave in Glasnevin is not far from those of Clarence Mangan and Denis Florence Mac Carthy.\* His father, Sir James Murray (knighted by the Earl of Mulgrave when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for some special professional service), was a distinguished Belfast Physician who removed to Dublin. His patent for the manufacture of fluid magnesia is still a valuable property for his representatives. John Fisher Murray was the once famous "Irish Oyster Eater" of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and he contributed very characteristic prose and verse to John Mitchel's *United Irishman*. Almost every one of the few poems we have seen from his pen seems to us to possess more than ordinary merit. We hope to trace him through the Magazines of his time, and to publish some personal details which have been confided to us. But, meanwhile, to make sure of bringing his name before our readers, we place it here. For many a design of this sort will never be fulfilled.

20. PATRICK DORBAN was born in March, 1814, at Downpatrick, at a spot now inclosed within the beautiful Convent of the Sisters of Mercy on Mount St. Patrick. After his theological course in Maynooth he needed the positive command of his confessor, Dr. Russell, his diocesan and then a young professor, to overcome his dread of the sanctity and responsibilities of the priesthood. He was ordained by Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, September 23, 1837. He was consecrated Bishop of Down and Connor on the 15th of August, 1860, in St. Malachy's, Belfast, and after a most laborious and most fruitful episcopate he died in Belfast on the Feast of St. Malachy, November 3, 1885.

21. An Irish-American correspondent says it is almost certain that Andrew Jackson, who is considered the greatest military genius of America, was born in Ireland, though his biographers say he was born in North Carolina, March 15, 1767; some think because foreign birth might have disqualified him for the Presidency. His greatest glory was his victory over the British, in the battle of New Orleans, in 1828-1832, January 8th, 1815. He was twice elected President, over such rivals as John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay. He was the most popular of Presidents; there are towns called after him in every State of the Union. His despatches and messages were in good, vigorous English, but his spelling was defective. With him originated the

\* It is immediately behind the old and now disused burying-place of the members of the Society of Jesus.

formulary "O.K." as the initials of "All Correct," still in use over all the States. He died in Tennessee, June 8, 1845.

22. The same Irish-American correspondent gives the names of several distinguished Irishmen connected with American history, where it is linked with Spain. Don Alexander O'Reilly, the greatest of all the Spanish Governors in Louisiana, was born in Meath, in 1735, and died in Spain, in 1797. Several of the descendants of Conde O'Reilly still serve the Spanish Government in Cuba. Count M'Carthy was a leading man in New Orleans, in the first years of the present century. Count Arthur O'Neill was made Governor of Florida in 1780, when Galvey, Governor of Louisiana, wrested Florida from the English and restored it to Spain. O'Farrell, Marquis of Casacalvo, was Governor of Louisiana for the King of Spain, 1799-1801.

23. This paragraph will not contain a nutshell biogram, but a few remarks about nutshell biograms. A correspondent, J. G.—not the "rich and rare" contributor who bears those initials—has expressed very intelligent sympathy with these biographical miniatures, and has furnished a long list of persons living and dead, who might, he thinks, be nutshelled for the information of our readers. Very many of the living we do not venture to name, even in this passing way; but amongst the living concerning whom our correspondent thinks our readers would wish to know something, are Miss Kathleen O'Meara and Lady Wilde; and among the dead, Miss Attie O'Brien. In this context we may gratify J. G., and others who have noticed the coincidence of baptismal and surname, by informing them that the lady whose name occurred in the obituary column of *The Freeman's Journal* of March 10th, 1886, was not the gifted writer who will soon reappear in our pages. We must confess ourselves unacquainted with Mrs. Anastatia O'Byrne, author of "Lives of Irish Saints." J. G. wishes for nutshell biograms also of Father C. P. Meehan, Martin Haverty, Sir Bernard Burke, W. M. Hennessy, J. T. Gilbert, and Sir William Betham, who is somewhat anachronistically sandwiched between J. P. Prendergast and Dr. John M'Donnell. Amongst the nutshellable priests our correspondent names Dr. Renehan and Dr. Matthew Kelly of Maynooth, Dr. M'Carthy of Kerry, "Dr. Moran," who we suppose is the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, and the "Rev. M. J. O'Farrell," by whom he probably means the first Bishop of Trenton in the United States. By an oversight he names Richard Dowling, who has already appeared as No. 10 of this series, at page 158. Blotting out this name and two or three others, for various reasons, we shall let J. G. finish his *catalogue raisonné* in a paragraph all his own. He had previously named Mr. Alfred Webb, Dr. Stokes, the Rev. M. B. Buckley, W. J. Fitzpatrik, and many more.

24. "I may give the remainder of my list without classification, and as they occur to me, writing from memory as I am. Thomas Wallis, who wrote the Introduction to Davis's Poems: J. F. Murray and Miles Gerald Keon, both of whom you regretfully referred to in the *IRISH MONTHLY* long ago, as finding no place in Alfred Webb's 'Compendium.' David Harbison, an Ulster weaver poet, like Francis Davis, but not so famous; William Allingham; Dr. P. A. Murray of Maynooth, Dr. N. Callan, also of Maynooth; Richard O'Sullivan, the least known of a gifted family. As you gave John Boyle O'Reilly, you might also give another Irish-American poet, John Savage; and as you gave an Irish-American actor you might give two Irish-American dramatists and actors, John Brougham and Dion Boucicault. Townsend Young, D. O. Madden: John Cashel Hoey (and his wife); Bartholomew Dowling, Martin M'Dermott, M. J. M'Cann, J. K. Ingram, Dr. Sigerson, Mrs. S. C. Hall, W. B. M'Cabe, P. W. Joyce, W. F. Wakeman. Dr. Maginn of Derry, of whom Darcy M'Gee wrote a life; and Mrs. Sadlier, who wrote a life of Darcy M'Gee; M. J. Barry, Judge O'Hagan, J. E. Pigott, Dr. J. F. Waller, J. F. O'Donnell, J. S. Le Fanu, Frances Browne (the Blind Poetess); Sir Stephen de Vere, A. P. Graves, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Abbé M'Carthy, Rev. George Crolly, Dr. John Anster, Charles Phillips, Helena Callanan; Miss Julia M. O'Ryan, William Collins. By a further effort of memory names would rise up 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,' all, I think, deserving record."

25. In the foregoing paragraph I have cancelled six names, one of which at least is sure to find a place in our pages hereafter. Does J. G. mean the Protestant Rev. George Croly, author of "Salathiel," or the Catholic Rev. George Crolly, Professor at Maynooth? Both were noteworthy Irishmen. Will the editorial head be in danger of being pelted with nutshells if we express our readiness to receive biographies of suitable persons and personages if judiciously condensed into a paragraph apiece? We proceed forthwith to gratify on some points the laudable curiosity of J. G., with the help of another kind correspondent, J. C.

26. But first we must give a dry list of noteworthy or nutshell-worthy names drawn up by this second correspondent also. Omitting very many forestalled in this list just given, we find Plowden, Windele of Cork, John Francis Maguire, John Dalton, James Roche of Cork, John Cornelius O'Callaghan, Justin Mac Carthy father and son, Lady Morgan, Lord Dufferin, Julia Kavanagh, Edmund O'Donovan, and those two gifted sisters, Miss Agnes Clerke and Miss E. M. Clerke, to be distinguished from each other, and both from Miss A. M. Clarke, Catholic also, but not Irish, and the author of many excellent pages in Catholic periodicals.

27. THE REV. MICHAEL BERNARD BUCKLEY was born at Cork, on 9th of March, 1831. He was educated at the Mansion House School under the Vincentian Fathers. In 1849 he entered Maynooth College. He was an amiable and edifying student. One of his peculiar tastes was for writing Latin verse, chiefly in the style of his townsman, Father Prout. Let us put side by side four lines from him and from Moore:—

Fill the bumper fair :  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 On the brow of care  
 Smoothes away a wrinkle.

Pocula replete,  
 Frons enim rugosa  
 Curae potu laeti  
 Vini fit formosa.

In 1855 he was ordained priest, and after some time he was stationed in Cork, where he gained a high reputation as a preacher. In 1868 he published "The Life and Times of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary," the famous Capuchin and controversial writer. He was very anxious, I remember, to hit on some other good literary subject; but probably his mission to the United States to collect funds for the completion of the Cathedral of Cork, put an end to all such projects. He returned in October, 1871, in broken health, and died on the 17th of May, 1872, in his 42nd year. A Celtic cross marks his grave in the Botanic Gardens Cemetery of his native city. The Rev. Charles Davis, P.P. of Baltimore, in the Diocese of Ross, since so well known for his exertions on behalf of the poor fishermen of Cape Clear, edited in 1874 a volume of Father Buckley's "Sermon and Lectures," to which some literary papers and classical facetiæ form an interesting appendix.

28. JOHN ANSTER was born at Charleville, in the county of Cork, in 1793, and spent part of his boyhood at Bruree—the place where the Irish bards used to meet for half-yearly competitions, continued, according to O'Halloran, to as late a period as 1746. Anster's father was a Catholic;\* and for his son's change of religion Trinity College is, we fear, responsible. He entered that college in 1810, and won a Scholarship in 1814 without the conflict which Denis Caulfield Heron had to go through for a similar prize some thirty years later. He published some poems while an Undergraduate, and in 1817 he wrote the prize poem on the death of the Princess Charlotte. He soon after became a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, in 1820, the June number of that magazine published the first portion of his famous translation of Goethe's "Faust"—a translation which, when completed, the *Edinburgh Review* pronounced "one of the few translations which are admired, cited, and emulated in lieu of the originals." The trans-

\* The late Rev. Stephen Anster Farrell, S.J., was his cousin. We have heard him more than once describe the courage with which in some Dublin Clubhouse, "Jack Anster" repelled an insult offered to the Catholic faith.

lation of the second part of "Faust" did not appear till 1864.\* Mr. Anster was called to the Irish Bar in 1824, and went on the Munster Circuit. In 1837 he was appointed Registrar to the High Court of Admiralty of Ireland. In 1841 a literary pension of £150 a year was conferred upon him. In 1850 he was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in Trinity College, Dublin. He died at 5 Lower Gloucester-street, Dublin, on the 9th of June, 1867.

29. JOHN DALTON was born at Bessville, county Westmeath, in 1792. His talents were carefully cultivated, and he took his degrees in Trinity College, Dublin. After studying for the law, he was called to the Bar in 1813. The following year he published a metrical romance, in twelve cantos, bearing the title of "Dermid; or Erin in the Days of Boromhe." In 1828 he won the Royal Irish Academy's Eighty Guinea Prize, for the best essay on "The Social and Political State of Ireland, from the First to the Twelfth Century," and the Cunningham Gold Medal also. This essay fills one of the large 4to volumes of the "Transactions" of the Royal Irish Academy; and is a proof of the learning, research, and national spirit of its author. In 1838 he published his "Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin, from Livinus, who died in 656 A.D., down to Dr. Murray who was then living. The same year, 1838, witnessed the publication of his "History of the County of Dublin," a volume numbering one thousand pages, and forming a vast repertory of local knowledge. In 1844 he produced the "History of Drogheda with its Environs," in two beautifully illustrated volumes, which were quickly followed by his edition of the "Annals of Boyle." In 1855 appeared his best known work, the "Illustrations, Historical and Genealogical of King James's Irish Army List, 1689." Assisted by Mr. J. R. O'Flanagan, B.L., of Fermoy, he next brought out a "History of Dundalk." Mr. Dalton was an occasional contributor to periodicals. He furnished "Illustrations of Irish Topography" to the *Irish Penny Journal*, and wrote also in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The not very munificent pension of £50 a year was awarded him from the Civil List, for his services to literature. Mr. Dalton died at No. 48 Summer-hill, Dublin, on 20th of January, 1866, in his 74th year; leaving at his death about two hundred large manuscript volumes, relating to the topography, genealogy, and history of every part of Ireland. [These particulars are taken from a sketch by Mr. J. R. O'Flanagan in the *Dublin Saturday Magazine*.]

\* Anster's "Faust" may be had for threepence in Cassell's National Library.

## FOOTPRINTS.

## A PSALM OF THE WAY.

**T**HOU passest! Lo, what temple shines  
 O'er icy peaks sublime!  
 If in thy heart there dwells a man,  
 Thy manly feet will climb.  
 Those shining gates are folding in  
 The pilgrims every day;  
 Their feet were toiling here: behold,  
 Their footprints in thy way!

Thou passest! 'Tis a flowery road,  
 But, look—on either hand  
 The blossoms wither at thy touch  
 In this enchanted land!  
 Strange flowers uncliothe the skeleton,  
 Bones whiten to the day;  
 This morn the lions came to make  
 Their footprints in thy way!

Thou passest! 'Tis a thorny road,  
 But such the worthier tread:  
 Christ's heart was beating here before,  
 For here man's footsteps bled.  
 Be brave: unconscious smiles the pain—  
 To-morrow heals To-day,  
 The thorns remember brother feet—  
 Their footprints in thy way!

Thou passest! 'Tis the mortal road;  
 The path is closed behind:  
 The glad, the sad, the young, the old,  
 The prophet and the blind,  
 All who have gone before, have gone  
 This Still, Dark Road. To-day  
 Angels with wings alighting leave  
 Their footprints in thy way!

JOHN JAMES PLATT.



## LEIBNITZ

## PART I.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. C. W. RUSSELL, D.D.

[THE present writer was asked many years ago by Dr. Russell, who was then Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the great College to which his whole life was given, to make a clear transcript of a biographical sketch of the celebrated Leibnitz, from notes of his own, which the printers would have found illegible. This sketch was probably intended as an introduction to a new edition of Dr. Russell's translation of Leibnitz's "System of Theology;" and a portrait of Leibnitz, meant, perhaps, for a frontispiece to the volume, is carefully fastened to the MS., as it has fallen again into the hands of the copyist in a state which shows that it had never passed meanwhile through the hands of a printer; and, indeed, Dr. Russell never preserved the manuscript of a printed article. The printers into whose hands it now falls will find it hard to believe that this prefatory note is in the same handwriting as the article itself.—ED. *I. M.*]

"Jack of all trades," says the proverb, "was master of none." It is no less true in the liberal than in the mechanical arts. The would-be "universal genius" rarely attains to eminence in any one pursuit.

If there be in the entire history of letters, a single name which can be regarded as an exception to this rule, it is that of Godfrey William Von Leibnitz. His intellect was one of those extraordinary creations, in which Nature, as if for the more prodigal display of her powers, occasionally indulges. What Pico of Mirandola, or "the Admirable Crichton" was in promise, he became in fact. He united in himself extremes which are popularly supposed to be incompatible. A statesman and a metaphysician, a humourist and a divine, a poet and a practical engineer—there is not a department of science, of literature, or of art, which he did not successfully cultivate; and there is hardly one in which he did not attain to almost as distinguished a position as we can well imagine to have been possible, had his whole life been

devoted to it alone. In literature, ancient and modern, in languages living and dead, in mathematics, in physics, in mechanics, in mental and moral philosophy, in history, in divinity, in law, in poetry, in statecraft, even in alchemy and cabalistic science he was not merely a proficient but a master; and there is not one of his most distinguished contemporaries in almost any of these departments with whom he may not narrowly dispute the palm in his own peculiar pursuit—from Newton in mathematics, to even the mighty Bossuet in controversial theology.

Godfrey William Leibnitz was born at Leipzig, June 24, 1646. His father, Frederic Leibnitz, was a Professor of Moral Philosophy, of considerable reputation, in the University of that city. He was married three times: the first and second marriages were childless. Godfrey William was the son of the third. His mother, known before her marriage by the unromantic name of Catherine Schmuck, was a woman of scanty literary attainments, though possessed of a strong natural capacity; and appeared to have had little share in the mental training of her young philosopher. Leibnitz was the only son of this marriage; and he had but one sister, Anne Catherine, who afterwards married a clergyman of her native city, named Löffle, and whose children eventually inherited their uncle's property.

Our readers, we fear, would feel but little interest in the anecdotes of his early life which the prolixity of his German biographers has brought together: How he was christened on the eve of St. John: how his godfather was a Doctor of Laws, and his godmother a court-preacher's lady: how he held up his head bravely during the ceremony without flinching from the baptismal water; how he learned to read out of a little Bible History, and used to sit on his father's knee, listening to his stories by the hour: how he tumbled backward off a table, upon a Sunday forenoon, and narrowly escaped being killed by the fall. These and many similar details we may safely pass over, confining ourselves to the history of the development of his mind—to the facts which bear directly on his mental training, and which may tend to illustrate the process by which philosophers are made.

Perhaps it may disappoint the theorists in education to learn that Leibnitz's mind was almost entirely self-formed. His father died before he had completed his sixth year, too soon to have exercised any sensible influence upon him; and, although he became a pupil of the principal public school at Leipzig, the *Nicolai-Schule*, he owed but little of his progress to the instruc-

tions there imparted. It was the boast of his later life that he was, in his own peculiar phrase, an "*autodidact*"—a self-taught man. While he was still little more than a child he chanced to get possession of two Latin books, which one of his father's pupils had left behind him: an old Venice edition of Livy, illustrated with the rude woodcuts of the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the "*Chronological Treasury*" of Canisius. With all the eager curiosity of childhood he addressed himself to these volumes. At first, of course, they were a complete mystery to him, in subject as well as in language. But, by degrees, partly by the aid of the rude pictorial illustrations which accompanied the text of Livy, partly by that instinctive power of intuition which marked all his later studies, he began to attain a sufficient familiarity with the language to follow the main thread of the narrative, and to master the words which occurred most frequently in the text. In the similar attempt on Canisius's *Chronological Treasury*, he had not the assistance of any pictorial representations, but his progress was facilitated by the use of a compendium of universal history in German, which, although not a translation of Canisius, yet followed the same order, and related for the most part the same facts as those contained in the Latin text. In this singular way, not only without the aid of a master, but even without the assistance of a dictionary, a grammar, a translation, or any other of the ordinary appliances of self-tuition, he became acquainted, almost in childhood, if not with the niceties of the structure of the Latin language, at least with the great body of its vocabulary!

This first stolen march into the realms of knowledge was very soon discovered. His master in the *Nicolai-Schule* learned the secret from his superior answering in class, and, alarmed for the consequence of such premature application, thought it his duty to caution his mother against indulging the boy in what he regarded as a pernicious and exhausting taste. The fate of a life often turns upon a very slender chance. Measures had been actually taken, in accordance with this advice, to shut young Leibnitz out from all similar opportunities, when, at the suggestion of another friend, his mother was induced to adopt the very opposite course. His father's library was thrown open to the boy without reserve. Although not extensive, it was especially rich in his own science, that of Moral Philosophy; and it was to the desultory and unregulated reading of those years that Leibnitz owed that singularly varied and often out-of-the-way learning in this department which

all his writings, even his most familiar letters, so curiously display. The boy is generally father to the man. Leibnitz was early attracted by subjects which, even for advanced students, are ordinarily the most repulsive. Another would have turned eagerly to voyages, romances, history, biography, poetry. Leibnitz's favourite friends were the dry old dialecticians, and the still more dry modern schoolmen. He was never more at home than in those dreamy regions

“ Where Entity and Quiddity,  
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly.”

“ While I was a mere child,” he writes many years later, to the Duke of Orleans' Secretary, Remond de Montmort, “ I became familiar with Aristotle, and even the scholastics themselves were not thorny enough to repel me.” In the fragment of autobiography which he has left, he assures us that “ he read the works of the Jesuit Suarez (an eminent Catholic divine, and one of the most abstruse and subtle of the modern schoolmen), with as much facility and pleasure as others would read a romance.” And one of his letters to the celebrated Anthony Arnaud, written when he had not much passed his twentieth year, contains a list of the authors whom he had read upon one particular department of Natural Theology, so long and so entirely out of the common line even of erudite reading, that we are afraid to venture upon an enumeration of them. This list of authors, nevertheless, is known to be a perfectly true and *bona fide* one. His writings make it abundantly plain that he not only had read them all, but had made himself master of everything important which they contain.

Indeed, every step in his early progress appears equally marvellous. All this private reading hardly seems to have sensibly interfered with his scholastic studies. He easily surpassed all his classfellows in their ordinary school pursuits. In Latin and Greek he was especially distinguished. Few writers of his age have excelled him in the chasteness and elegance of his Latin style; and even in the more questionable accomplishment of Latin versification he was such a proficient that once during his thirteenth year (upon a sudden emergency caused by the unexpected illness of a schoolfellow, who was to have delivered a Latin poem at the academical exercises), he composed no less than three hundred hexameter verses in a single forenoon, without even one false quantity or a single important blunder in grammar.

On his removal from school to the university he carried the

same tastes with him. His masters in Philosophy were John Scherzer and Jacob Thomasius, father of the celebrated Jesuit and Philosopher, Christian Thomasius. The correspondence which Leibnitz maintained with the latter on philosophical subjects in after-life, shows how earnestly he entered, even then, into these philosophical studies. In truth, it would seem as if they were to him a sport rather than a laborious occupation. While his more mercurial companions were engaged at trap-ball or cricket, or perhaps indulging in more questionable amusements, Leibnitz would spend his vacant hours in the philosophical game of "playing at categories." Before he was sixteen, he was, incredible as it may appear, an adept in all the mysteries of metaphysics! How completely this leaves all our puny ideas of education behind! How it would horrify one of our modern mothers to see the boyish little face of her only hope, puzzling over those deep philosophical problems, the origin of evil or the conciliation of God's foreknowledge with the liberty of man!

Of the two professors named above, Thomasius alone appears to have obtained any influence over the youthful thinker. Thomasius was an Aristotelian, but of that more advanced and more elegant section of the school which, about this time, had begun to recognise the influence of the new philosophy. The mind of his pupil, however, was too independent to follow the dictation of any individual. How, during the progress of his earlier studies, he had emancipated himself from the trammels of scholasticism; and although he never ceased during his life to speak respectfully of the schoolmen, and to acknowledge the services which they had rendered to the cause of science, he entered the university, young as he was, a confirmed eclectic; having already, after a vain attempt to reconcile the Platonic and Aristotelian systems, settled down into the bolder and more ambitious character of an independent inquirer. Every school, he felt, had claims to gratitude and to respect. The Oriental systems, under all their puerilities, had helped to maintain that more just and noble idea of the Godhead which was lost in many of the more elaborate philosophers of Greece: to Greece, on the contrary, we owe the science of Dialectics, the most powerful instrument of inquiry which the human intellect has ever possessed: the Fathers of the Church, in their turn, purified and elevated the philosophy which they borrowed from the schools of Greece; and the scholastics methodized the principles thus borrowed from the Greek philosophy, and applied them to the support and elucidation of the doctrines of

Christianity. "Many a time have I said," he writes, "that 'there is gold hidden in that dunghill:' and I wish it were possible to find an able man, familiar with this philosophy and with that of the Arabian and Spanish schools, who possessed the ability and the inclination to extract from it the little good that it contains. I am sure that he would find his trouble amply repaid by the discovery of many noble and important truths!" This eclectic spirit accompanied him through life. We shall see hereafter that, although he adopted the leading principles of Descartes, he nevertheless modified the Curtesian system in so many particulars as to deserve the title of the founder of a new school.

To return, however, to the order of the narrative. He took his Bachelor's Degree in Philosophy at Leipzig, in 1662; and, in accordance with the usage of German students, who not unfrequently divide their studies over several different universities, he spent the autumn of 1663 at Jena, where he attended lectures in law, history, and mathematics. It was here, too, that he laid the foundation of the taste for natural science which distinguished his after-life, by becoming a member of a philosophical association called "the Society of Enquirers," which had been founded a short time before in that university. He soon returned, however, to Leipzig, where the academical routine required that he should spend four years before he could receive the degree of Doctor of Laws. He had already anticipated by private reading a great part of the course prescribed for the interval; and to the comparative leisure from scholastic studies, which he thus enjoyed in the remaining years of his course, we may trace the vastness and variety of the stores of curious as well as useful learning which he was now enabled to lay up, at a time when less gifted or less laborious minds are scarcely emerging from the mere rudiments of academical learning.

He had not yet completed his seventeenth year; but in learning he had attained the standing of a man. At this early age, rivaling the English legend of the boy-bachelor, he obtained (January, 1664) his degree as Master of Philosophy. Thus, by the ordinary rule of academical progress, he would have been entitled to his degree of Doctor of Laws in 1666, before he had reached his twentieth year. But, in addition to the distinction attached to this degree at Leipzig, it had the further and more substantial advantage of opening the way, in the ordinary course of seniority, to a place in the College of Assessors—a position of considerable pecuniary emolument, as it was to the members of this body that

all cases, consultations, pleadings, &c., were referred, to be examined and reported on. Perhaps it was felt that Leibnitz's extreme youth disqualified him to discharge these duties satisfactorily. Perhaps, like many another equally learned body, the assessors were animated by some unworthy spirit of monopoly. These are still moot-points in the history of Leibnitz. But, from whatever motive, measures were taken by the academical authorities to postpone, in Leibnitz's case, the period of eligibility to this office; or, in other words, to deprive him of the ordinary privilege of precedence attached, in the order of creation, to the Doctor's Degree. Indignant at what he felt to be an injustice, Leibnitz refused to present himself for examination upon such conditions. He at once disconnected himself from the University. Soon after, he quitted his native city, never to return. And it is a striking, though tardy, example of the revolution of opinion or of circumstances, that, within the few last years, the city, which thus discarded her most distinguished son at the very opening of his career, has, after nearly two centuries, awakened from her error, and rendered him the long-deferred justice of a public monument.

Driven from his native University, Leibnitz presented himself at that of Altdorf, in Bavaria, where he was at once entered for his examination, and admitted (November 5, 1666) to the Doctorate with the utmost distinction. The thesis, which he maintained at Altdorf for his degree, was the same which he had already prepared for his intended examination in his native University. This essay, which is published in Dutens's edition of the Works of Leibnitz, is a prodigy of genius and erudition in so young a man; it took even the assessors by surprise; and the brilliancy and success of his appearance obtained for him the offer of a professorship at Nürnberg, the chief city of the province. This appointment, however, he thought it expedient to decline, although he continued to reside at Nürnberg for some time afterwards.

It was during this sojourn at Nürnberg that Leibnitz became a member of the Rosicrucian Society:—a step which has been much canvassed by his biographers. It is difficult, indeed, to imagine a mind like his stooping to the puerilities which formed the objects of this strange association. In reality, however, the whole affair turns out to have been a joke upon his part, and furnishes occasion for much merriment in more than one of his letters. One of the rules of this association of solemn triflers required that each candidate for admission should present a written petition, requesting to be enrolled among its members. Resolving to fool them to

the top of their bent, Leibnitz, in drawing up his petition, introduced every strange and recondite chemical and alchemical phrase that he could remember or invent. There was not a master of the science, from Hermes Trismegistus down to Paracelsus, or from Friar Bacon up to the Emperor Caligula, to whom he did not appeal; nor an unintelligible phrase in the entire vocabulary of the Cabala, which he did not quote. It was all a jargon of signs and symbols and elements of *individual entéléchies* and *universal menstrua*; and was quite as unintelligible to the writer himself as it could possibly prove to any of his readers. The trick succeeded even beyond his anticipations. Overwhelmed by the weight of learning in his address, the simple Rosicrucians of Nürnberg acknowledged their inferiority. They bowed before the superior wisdom of the candidate as of some mighty adept, in comparison of whom they were but bunglers in the science; and not only admitted [him by acclamation into their body, but even pressed upon his acceptance the office of their secretary!

Nor was this learned foolery without its advantages. It was at one of these Rosicrucian meetings that Leibnitz formed an acquaintance with a wealthy and influential nobleman, the Baron von Boineburg, which led to many important results as regarded his after-career. Boineburg had been Minister of one of the minor Princes of Germany, who exercised great influence and played a very important part in the political affairs of his time—the celebrated John Philip von Schönborn, Elector-Archbishop of Mainz. At the time of Leibnitz's introduction to him, Boineburg had ceased to hold this important position, but he still retained considerable influence with his master. It was the age of patrons. Unassisted genius, especially in Germany, had but little chance of rising into notice. Leibnitz, both at this period, and indeed through his entire life, appears to have felt this even to a pernicious excess: he eagerly availed himself of the offers made to him by his influential fellow-Rosicrucian; and the greatest genius of his time was content to make his first entry into life in the nondescript capacity of tutor of the baron's son, and secretary, law-adviser, librarian, and literary factotum to the baron himself! And this at a time when his patron does not hesitate to describe him as a young man, whose "acquirements were almost beyond all belief." "He is," adds the baron, "a thorough proficient in philosophy—a happy combination of the old and the new systems. He is a mathematician, an adept in physical science, in medicine, and even in mechanics, to which he is passionately devoted! In



all these he is full of energy and industry. In religion he appears to be an eclectic ; but he is a member of the Lutheran Church. The philosophy, and, what is more wonderful, even the practice, of law, is thoroughly at his command." But, if patronage was the order of those days, it must, at least, be said that there was free trade in the commodity. If the independence of genius was not recognised, its value at least was fully appreciated. The services of such a man as Leibnitz were always eagerly sought after. As his reputation by degrees was established, he was invited to the court of John Frederick, Duke of Hanover ; to that of Darlach—soon afterwards ; and, finally, to that of the Archbishop Elector of Mainz, the most powerful of the ecclesiastical princes of the empire. It is difficult, with our modern notions, to form a just idea of the position occupied by these bishop-princes, who united in their own person the prestige of the ecclesiastical character and the material resources of secular sovereignty. Among them all, the Prince-Archbishop of Mainz was by far the most eminent. More than once in the medieval history, the fate of Germany was, literally, more completely in his hands than in those of the Emperor himself ; and, although the present Archbishop Schönborn had succeeded to the office, shorn of many of its possessions, and deprived of most of its prestige, his personal ability and the skill and energy with which he had organised a national party to resist the encroachments of Lewis XIV., had rendered him, politically, one of the most influential princes of the empire. Leibnitz, therefore, had long desired to attach himself to the service of the archbishop. It was not, however, until the year 1670 that he was successful in the attempt. He was appointed member of the High Court of Revision, at Mainz, an office of considerable emolument, and one which it is no slight testimony to the distinguished reputation of a youth of twenty-four and a Protestant to have obtained, in those days, at the court, not only of a Catholic, but a Catholic archbishop and elector of the empire, whose officials, ordinarily speaking, were not merely Catholics, but even, for the most part, ecclesiastics.

His official duties, however, at Mainz, although sufficiently considerable, did not interfere with his literary and scientific pursuits. We find him engaged during those years in an active and varied correspondence with his old friend and professor, Thomasius, on the merits of the Cartesian Philosophy ; in another with Dr. Lasser on legal reform ; and in a third with Benedict Spinoza, on the improvement of optical lenses, and other similar scientific

subjects. Still more curious is a correspondence in which, at the same period, he engaged with the author of the celebrated "Perpetuité de la Foi sur l'Eucharistie," on the subject of Transubstantiation; in which (strangely enough for a Protestant), he undertakes (upon strictly philosophical principles, and from a consideration of the properties of bodies, the nature of substances and accidents, and of the nature of space, extension, and locality), to remove all the *philosophical* objections against that celebrated doctrine. And, in the midst of these multiplied occupations, he was also privately employed for his first patron, Von Boineburg, in various political pamphlets, essays, and State-papers, which Boineburg made use of for his own purposes, either anonymously or with his own name.

One of these will be felt to have a peculiar interest at the present moment: a project for arresting the progress of Turkish ambition (which at that time seriously threatened the peace of Europe), by invading Egypt, and thus creating a diversion, sufficiently formidable to hold the whole Saracen power in check. The plan is worked out with a degree of minuteness quite wonderful in a non-military writer. It was prepared with a view to being submitted to Lewis XIV., to whose passion for military glory the expedition was held out as a fitting object, although the common interests of Christendom are also shown to be fully identified with its success. This curious paper—curious, even as an illustration of the fertility of the writer's mind—was first submitted to Boineburg, and by him was transmitted to the French Court. For a time it would seem that the idea was seriously entertained there. Leibnitz was suddenly summoned to Paris, in March, 1672; and was even admitted to the honour of an audience by the "Grand Monarque." But in the end the scheme was permitted to fall to the ground, and it remained entirely unnoticed, until, in the early part of this century, the original manuscript was brought forward by those who sought to depreciate the genius of Napoleon, as having suggested to him the idea of the French expedition to Egypt in the year 1798. We may add, however, that this notion is entirely unfounded. It was not until 1803, after the French occupation of Hanover, that Leibnitz's paper was first communicated to Napoleon by Marshal Mortier, who became aware of its existence in the Royal Library of that city during the time of his command.

Notwithstanding the failure of this project, Leibnitz continued to reside in Paris. The release from official duties thus

obtained, enabled him to prosecute still more actively his mathematical studies, and particularly to apply himself, in conjunction with some friends, to a course of experimental physics. It is to this period also that we are to refer the construction of a very ingenious calculating machine, which attracted much notice in the world of science.\* A machine for the same purpose had been devised a few years before by the celebrated Pascal. But that of Leibnitz was confessed, even by Pascal's own friends, to be entirely independent of the previous invention and to be far superior to it, both in ingenuity of contrivance and in practical utility. Pascal's machine merely contained a provision for the simple operations of addition and subtraction. That of Leibnitz extended to multiplication, division, involution, and the extraction of square and cube roots, and seems to have been no unworthy predecessor of Mr. Babbage's ingenious, but ill-fated invention. The years of his sojourn in Paris, indeed, appear to have been the most practical of his life. In addition to the calculating machine, he devised about the same time, some important improvements in the mechanism of watches, a new and accurate method of polishing lenses, and several other ingenious mechanical contrivances.

\* The model is still shown in the museum at Göttingen.

“ WATCH YE, AND PRAY.”

I.

LONG listened I; the preacher's words were wise—  
Yet stern in wisdom, as befits the soul  
Too apt to love the riak and shun control  
Of guiding spirits. On my heart my eyes  
I turned, and sudden gazed in dread surprise.  
At last self stood revealed to me; in awe  
Of all the sinful record that I saw,  
A world of woe I felt within me rise.

“ Watch ye, and pray ! ” And have I watched and prayed  
'Gainst these temptations that our stumbling feet  
Fall into, every day and every hour ?  
Far from the Shepherd how His lamb hath strayed,  
Yet for repentance He hath pardon sweet—  
And He will make me white as lily-flower.

II.

“ Lord ! who didst pity sinners, pity me ! ”  
I cried in anguish, and He stooped to hear,  
I felt His Sacred Presence very near—  
And on my soul His eyes looked lovingly,  
I lifted mine, and lo ! I seemed to see  
A yearning as for human love and tears,  
A look His Face hath worn through all the years  
Since that eventful time in Galilee :

When gazing with His sorrow-laden glance,  
He touched the heart of her who came to smile  
At miracles performed, in sceptic-wise—  
Unknowing that the Master's ordinance,  
Viewing the vista of the days the while,  
Had willed for her a home in Paradise.

ANNA I. JOHNSTON.

## THE ROUND TOWER OF KILBANNON.

BY RICHARD J. KELLY.

FROM childhood it has been my fortune to see, many times, as fine a specimen of a round tower as time and the ravages of man allowed to remain in our midst. It was situated at a remote village, called Kilbannon, distant some three miles from the ancient archiepiscopal town of Tuam. Standing at the northern side of a little graveyard and upon a perfectly level plain, it is visible for miles round. Near it are the ruins of an old Dominican monastery or nunnery (for it is variously described in old annals), and a few yards across the "boreen," which divides them, is the neat Catholic church of the parish; an oblong, substantial, slated building, erected by a zealous priest, the late Rev. Father Gibbons, to replace a thatched chapel, which, in the olden times, had to be used for Divine Service. The name of the place, "Kilbannon," is indicative of its sacred origin and pious association; and tradition ascribes to the ruins the fame of a Saint Bennan, who is supposed to have been a disciple of Jarlath, the first Bishop of Tuam, after whom that See was called in ecclesiastical history. St. Jarlath was believed to have been an intimate follower of the glorious Apostle himself, and we may note, that but a few short miles, as the crow flies, from the Church of Bennan was the illustrious school of Cluan-fois, otherwise Cloon-fush, founded by St. Jarlath, and in his time and long after known as "the mother of many memorable missionaries." To mark that holy spot the scattered remains of an old building are still to be seen, and the little graveyard wherein these vestiges of a past glory of scholasticism now are permitted to rest in all undisturbed sanctity is substantially enclosed and protected. The village of Cloonfush, which adjoins the holy place, is almost visible from Kilbannon, as the surrounding country is perfectly flat, and a vast stretch of level bog and a low ridge of rising ground alone intersect the view. From the tower Cluanfois must have been easily discernible. A little to the right of Kilbannon, is Sylane, where, in penal times, the beloved "soggarth" used to celebrate Mass in a sandpit, which is jealously preserved from desecration by the present proprietor, Mr. Donelan, J.P. Curious

that in his family tomb in Tuam, in the old abbey, should repose the remains of some sainted priests, who toiled and taught in these terrible times, when the sacred mysteries had to be celebrated in remote corners and crevices, in fear and trembling, with watchers on the hill-sides surrounding, to give warning of the approach of the Saxon soldiery. The names given by the country people to these quaint spots show how strong was the rage of persecutions when such devices had to be adopted, and equally attest the great zeal of the clergy to brave such dangers as then surrounded the ministry, while they bear telling testimony to the strong faith of the peasantry. The country round is fertile with such memories, which, it is to be hoped, will suit their beautiful Celtic names—given reverently to each hallowed place—never be allowed to die out of the popular mind. As near the Kilbannon Tower to-day stands the modest dwelling used as a national school, and as of old, but of a better sort incomparably, stood the monastery and convent of the Dominican nuns, it occurred to me, while musing on the change which was wrought since the good Sisters and Monks taught the children the saving truths of our immortal faith, if a time might not soon come when the very same truths may not as openly, in modern garb alone different, be imparted to the bright intelligences of the youth thronging to the place for instruction. It also suggested itself to my mind, whether at the school, so called National, the children ever are taught the meaning of those names of places they hear yet around them in the dear old tongue; whether they ever learn that the ruins, which they regard with passing reverence, are eloquent in the stories of the past—closed books, full of marvel and of mystery, if but open to them—and that every stone of the ruins could tell a tale, which would move their minds to admiration for the but half-remembered past. If the signification of these expressive names yet attaching themselves to places were but told the children attending those schools, more would be done to teach them the history of their country than the printed pages of any book authorised by the educational Rip Van Winkles of the National Board. Take the case in question. If it were on the programme to instruct the children in the meaning of the old names that abound in the neighbourhood of Kilbannon, what a fund of the most interesting information which their tender imaginations could develop into a story of attractive adventure and escape could not be thereby imparted! Shown the ruins of the old school, what a theme for learned

dissertation on the ancient style of education, the privations the pupils endured for sake of that learning, the sanctity of the masters which shed a halo round the island, their wonderful proficiency in patristic lore and marvellous skill in the delicate arts of illumination. Shown the tower, what a world of learned lore could it not suggest?—who built it and its congeners, and for what purpose? How built, so that it could withstand the ravages of time unhurt amid a war of elements? Shown the distant sandpit wherein, in insecurity and unrest, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass used to be, in the penal times, every Sabbath morn celebrated; what a subject for never-ending instructions on the perils our fathers manfully bore to keep alive their grand old faith! Such things are peculiarly the themes for teachers to teach. They are a truly patriotic and pious programme for instruction, and I trust the day is not far distant when, untrammelled by foreign prejudices, every school in Ireland will find it its duty to impart that saving, sweet knowledge of the glorious past. These were my thoughts as, standing beside the old Round Tower of Kilbannon, I saw trooping into the National School hard by, a group of little children with shining morning faces, bright with intelligence and interest, not creeping unwillingly to school, but going there with an eager alacrity which meant work.

As the tower stood out before me in its attractive bold outline, it struck me as, indeed, an imposing structure; a noble monument, more artistic than pyramid, or any similar remains. I could not help thinking of all the little I could gather then to mind of the purpose of these buildings, and the builders of them. That the tower was not a contemporary of the monastery, whose ruins lay near it, the most superficial examination of their comparative styles at once proves. It is entirely of a different class of architecture, and of a higher kind indeed. Its very massiveness ill consorts with the relative slimness of the other structure. The artificers of the former were men who meant to, and did build for all time; for it is not improbable that the next two hundred years, if not more, will see no material change in the old tower as it stands to-day, after perhaps a thousand years' buffeting of the winds, rain, storms and frosts of our climate. Its height is about fifty or sixty feet, as well as I could judge by the eye, and the upper part is rather incomplete: half having fallen down, and the whole wanting, at least, ten or twelve feet more of the stone work. The defect in the symmetry

is not inartistic in the ruin. The door or entrance is, as with all these buildings, up from the ground about seven or eight feet, and it is believed this was adopted as a precaution against surprise and a means of defence against attack; for it would be excessively difficult to force an entrance through such a well protected opening. Two men could defy an army in such a pass, and laugh to scorn any attempts at investment or assault; so long as their provisions lasted, the place was impregnable. There are several apertures at regular intervals in the tower, which were for the purposes of light and ventilation, while they serve to mark the several storeys of the building; for that it had such regulated divisions in the interior is undoubted. Some of these buildings are said to have had an underground storey, and in the Round Tower of Kinneigh, near Cork, at the entrance door was a flag which admitted to a dark chamber, which went down almost to the foundation. That one, I may add, is at the base hexagonal—a form peculiar to it. It stands on a solid rock, which fact goes rather to disprove the theory of the towers being erected as “mortuary monuments.” Needless to say, the stonework of the Kilbannon Tower is perfect; the interstices were evidently well mortared, for even yet not a pin pick in the interior could you find gaping. The stone used is limestone, the prevailing stone of the district, and it is most exquisitely chiselled into regular blocks.

I do not suppose it will ever be satisfactorily determined who built these towers: whether the Milesians, Tuaths, or Danes; whether Christian or pre-Christian. The preponderance of belief attaches to their Christian origin, but I confess the proofs are not absolutely convincing. It seems hard to imagine they could be solidly built, and the churches, which nearly always were erected beside or near them, built so unsubstantially when compared with them. We know that when, at the time of the English Invasion, Roderick O'Connor built a stone castle in Tuam, it was thought a wonderful piece of workmanship. The remains of a Norman arch erected by him in an old church of that form, which I believe was wooden, and was destroyed by fire about the time of Elizabeth, and an excellent piece of sculpture, can be seen to-day, in excellent preservation, attesting a high degree of skill in stonework. The stone churches which were erected in the island up to the sixth century, have been judged from their ruins to have been of a Saxon or “debased Roman” style, while the style that prevailed in the twelfth century was of a pointed character, and undoubtedly to neither of these classes do the towers belong.



Reference to them occurs in our histories very early. The Annals of Ulster, in A.D. 448, speak of a terrible earthquake, and mention that fifty-seven of the towers were then destroyed or injured by its ravages. The Annals of the Four Masters mention the existence, in the year 898, of the Turaghan-Angson, or fire-tower of the anchorite at Inis Caitre, in the Shannon; and the same authorities note the destruction, by lightning, in 995, of the hospital, cathedral, palace and round tower of the town of Armagh. In the old annals also recur the names of such places as "Mùighe Tuireth nabh Fomoroch," that is, the plain of the Fomorian tower; while in the West, still perpetuated, is Moyhira—the plain of the tower; and Tor Inis—the island of the tower. Etymologically considered, we can get but a very slight inkling at their meaning. In some parts the towers are called "cillcagh," which, as translated, means a "fire-temple;" yet, I am sure, an equally plausible explanation in another direction might be hazarded. Undoubtedly, structures very like the Irish round towers have been found in many parts of the East. Hanway, a famous traveller, mentions four, which he saw at Sari, round in form, built of the most durable material, about thirty feet in diameter, and running to a height of 130 feet, corresponding curiously with ours in these details.

Pennant, speaking of the Indian Polygars, says that they retain their old religion, and that their pagodas are "chiefly buildings of a cylindrical or round-tower shape, and tops circle-pointed or truncated." Lord Valencia describes, in 1837, two round towers he saw at Bhangulphore, in India, and which, he says, "much resemble those buildings in Ireland. The door is elevated above the ground by some ten or twelve feet, they possess a stone roof, and four large openings at the summit." The Brahmins had their fire temples, which they called "coil," from "chalana," to burn. These are generally the chief grounds of the theories of pagan origin, as far as I can remember them.

It is also said that the towers were erected for and used as belfries in Christian times, and the theory rests on the fact of their always adjoining churches. Under the foundations of some towers, when excavated, have been found human remains, and I think it was at Kilmacduagh there was discovered, some years ago, a skeleton which, from its position and some pious ornaments found with it, might go to prove the theory of their being Christian burial places; but then if the tower had a basement story, as the Cork Tower had, it might be possible to inter the corpse from within, or, indeed, easy to bury one from the outside, deep down under the

foundations, while, in any case, we know that either the appearance of the cross with the position of the corpse would of themselves conclusively establish a Christian origin for the burial. The subject of their genesis is wrapped up in mythical mystery, which it seems almost impossible ever to clear up.

Gerald Barry (Cambrensis), speaks of the legend connected with Lough Neagh, where it is supposed the fisherman

“ Sees the round towers of other days  
In the waves beneath him shining ;”

and he says that vast expanse of water was supposed to have been due to the overflow of an enchanted well, which submerged a large tract of country, “inhabited by a wicked race of men.” This quaint old observer calls the buildings “ecclesiastical ;” but his testimony while going to prove their antiquity, may also be adduced as evidence that they were put to sacred use in his time. Yet it does not seem possible they were originally built for such purposes, for it is hardly likely the bell-tower would be constructed after so enduring and splendidly-substantial a fashion, and the fabric of the church itself comparatively built in so rude and “rubbly” a fashion. In Kilbannon the very form of the stones of both structures is different, their size dissimilar, and certainly the style of the old monastery and church in no degree corresponds with or resembles that of the tower. It is to be hoped some enterprising antiquary will go deeply and philosophically into this very interesting question of the origin and purpose of those grand old ruins, and taking up the lines dropped by Petrie and others, who gave some thought to the subject, establish, as far as logically possible, some sustainable theory by whom and for what were those towers built. Much as we should like to consider them Christian, the evidence of that origin does not appear sufficiently consistent to challenge contradiction or justify unquestioned belief. Much as we might wish to think so, the cold dry light does not enable us conclusively to satisfy inquiring minds on the debated point. The mystery of the genesis of these sublimely beautiful structures is almost entrancing. There they stand in all their simple grandeur, models of archaic architecture ; monuments of constructive skill, in a country which can boast of a long, pure civilisation—a farther reaching record than any other in Europe—and yet it is not found out how they came to be where they are. The Pyramids have their dates of origin and had their defined uses, and yet our Round Towers are a mystery to us. What a subject for some

enterprising explorer and erudite antiquary? What a noble task to lift the mist of centuries and show us whether Milesian or Tuathan, Dane or Christian Celt—to show us who were the builders of these marvellous towers, whose shadows reach back into remote antiquity and tell a story of architectural advancement, beside which our presumed progress seems absolute retrogression.

As I thus mused amid these venerable ruins, all sounds of the hum of the distant voices in the school had died out; and looking thitherwards I found the busy place closed, and that evidently the little ones were dismissed and “the day’s task done.” Nay more, it was far on into the evening. Castlehackett, the only eminence for miles around, was getting hazy and portending a coming rain storm. Not a trace of the far-off peak of Croagh Patrick, which, on a clear day, could be seen standing out in all its bold, symmetrical grandeur, lifting its 2,490 feet of grandeur into the sky, could be seen; the curlew was shrieking shrilly over the wild waste of bog; the rooks were speeding their noisy way to their home at Gardenfield; the towers of the Tuam Cathedral were becoming dimmer and dimmer in the hazy horizon. Everything warned a speedy retreat, and cut short my mind-wanderings and musings, and counselled a conclusion.

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## NEW BOOKS.

1. CATHOLIC literature in America has received an interesting contribution through the publishing house of Ticknor and Company, of Boston. It is gratifying to see an essentially Catholic work, issued by a firm that is not Catholic either in its character or connections. It shows a non-Catholic interest in this kind of literature that illustrates the steady decline of anti-Catholic prejudice. The volume now under notice is entitled "A Handbook of Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints, as Illustrated in Art." It is a joint production, there being two names on the titlepage—Clara Erskine Clement and Katharine E. Conway. The name of Miss Conway is a guarantee that the book is a good one for Catholics to read. This lady has already been introduced to the readers of the IRISH MONTHLY. She is of Irish Catholic parentage, has written a great deal on Catholic subjects, is the author of a volume of excellent poems, all showing an earnest and dutiful Catholic spirit, and has been attached for several years to the well-known *Boston Pilot* newspaper. A dedication, by permission, to the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, of Boston, is further evidence that this is a proper book to go into Catholic hands. Its opening part deals with "Symbolism in Art," under such headings as "Symbols of God the Father," "Symbols of God the Son," "Symbols of the Holy Ghost," "Symbols of the Trinity," "Symbols of the Virgin," of the Evangelists, of the Apostles, of the Monastic Orders, &c. This is followed by some three hundred pages of "Legends and Stories Illustrated in Art," which contain much information that all Catholics should possess, but which, unfortunately, may be called a sealed book to a very large number. The contents of these well-filled pages show extensive research and conscientious care in their preparation. In some instances the space given to particular subjects seems somewhat limited—as in the case of St. Patrick and St. Brigid, for example; but this is doubtless due to the need of compression in a work covering so wide a range. All persons desiring to know what the symbols of the Church really were, and all to whom the stories of the saints and martyrs of the Church are not familiar, as they should be, can inform themselves sufficiently for all reasonable purposes by a careful reading of this book. The substance of the various narratives and legends is concisely given, without any merely literary elaboration, and the essential fact and feature of each are plainly set forth. The book is, therefore, instructive in purpose as well as interesting in character. It is one to be read by those who would learn as well as those who would enlarge the knowledge they already possess. The matter presented in it is all useful to Catholics, and much of it should also be

of value to non-Catholics. There has been need of a book of this kind, in which the essence of many books relating to its main subject could be found. The work of compressing much form into moderate space appears to have been successfully done in this case. Mere verbiage is secondary to matter throughout; yet all the elucidation that is really necessary is given. The book is profusely illustrated, and in a style of art that shows both taste and enterprise. Most of the engravings are reduced from paintings by the Masters, and all are executed in a creditable manner. This part of the work compares well with the text, showing care in detail as well as correctness in the whole. The "Handbook of Christian Symbols" deserves a welcome not only in Catholic households, but from all who would strengthen the foundations of Christian faith.—D.C.

2. Messrs. Benziger Brothers, who have their publishing houses in New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, have sent us two large volumes, strongly bound and clearly printed, of which we may transcribe the titlepage:—"The Christian State of Life; or, Sermons on the Principal Duties of Christians in General, and of Different States in Particular; namely, of young people towards God, their parents, and themselves, as far as the care of their souls, and the selection of a state of life are concerned; of those who intend embracing the married state; of married people towards each other; of parents towards their children in what concerns both the temporal and spiritual welfare of the latter; of heads of families towards their servants; of servants towards their masters; of subjects towards the spiritual and temporal authorities; of lay-people towards priests; of the rich towards God and the poor; on the state, dignity, and happiness of the poor; on the use of time, and making up for lost time; on the good and bad use of the morning and evening time, &c. &c. In seventy-six Sermons, adapted to all the Sundays and Holy Days of the Year. With a full index of all the Sermons, and an Alphabetical Index of the principal subjects treated, and copious marginal notes by the Rev. Father Francis Hunolt, Priest of the Society of Jesus, and Preacher in the Cathedral of Treves. Translated from the original German edition of Cologne, 1740. By the Rev. J. Allen, D.D., Chaplain of the Dominican Convent of the Sacred Heart, Kingwilliamstown, and of the Dominican Convent, East London, South Africa." Copious as this description is, it does not give an adequate idea of the rich and solid materials contained in these eminently practical volumes, of which Dr. Ricards, Bishop of Grahams-town, says:—"I feel very great pleasure and consolation in commending the translation of Hunolt's Sermons to the Catholic public. I am gratified, because I have been instrumental in supplying thoughtful Catholics with the means of meditating profitably on the great truths of their religion, and particularly in supplying good priests with the

most valuable help, in discharging the arduous duty of preaching. My consolation arises from the fact that the priest to whom I confided the task of translating the work, has accomplished it with remarkable ability. My long experience of twenty-five years on the mission enables me fully to understand how difficult it is for priests, engaged all day, and often far into the night, with the labours of the confessional, and attending the sick, to prepare their sermons with that care and study which so important a function demands. They must often feel, as I have felt, the want of a work in which sound matter is condensed in fitting order and easily consulted. There are many admirable books of sermons, translations, and original compositions in English: but they are, generally speaking, too elaborate, and the language is often so polished, that attention is taken away from the matter by the attraction of the style. . . The great desideratum is sound and solid matter, plainly and simply put, that will fix itself in the memory as it is read. This, it appears to me, is admirably supplied in the Sermons of Father Hunolt. This learned preacher, it is evident, had no thoughts of self, but constantly kept before his mind the purpose of expressing what he had to say in the plainest and simplest language. . . I can hardly express the satisfaction with which I regard the work now offered to the public. I wish it heartily the success which I believe it deserves; and earnestly commend it to the priests of all countries, where English is the language of sacred instruction." It would be wrong—after this emphatic testimony of a distinguished and experienced bishop—to add more than that our examination of this work convinces us that there are very few collections of this kind so useful as the present for one of our hard-working priests.

3. We have often expressed our admiration of the *American Catholic Quarterly*. The latest number which has reached us (July, 1886), is fully up to its high standard of excellence. We have analysed the list of "regular and occasional contributors" to this *Review*, and we find it comprises eight bishops, eighteen priests (of whom precisely half are Jesuits), thirty other male writers, and two women. A third woman has contributed the most interesting item to the current number, for the "M. A. C." who shows such minute knowledge of the Catholic history of New Orleans, can be no other than the author of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy"—Mother Austin Carroll, so happily familiar to our readers.

4. The "Catholic Monthly Magazine" published at Birmingham, begins its second half-year with an exquisite sacred poem by Katharine Tynan, and a very ingenious paper by the Rev. Dr. Henry Parkinson, on Weight, Measure, and Number.

5. The second volume has appeared of the Centenary Edition of the complete Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori. It contains "The Way of Salvation" and a large number of small spiritual

treatises and many series of meditations. Eighteen solid tomes like this, and then his dogmatic writings and all his prayers and preachings and episcopal toils! Surely the holy Bishop of Saint Agatha of the Goths needed his vow against losing a single moment of time, else he never could have done and written so much.

6. "A Companion to the Catechism, designed chiefly for the Use of Young Catechists and of Heads of Families" (M. H. Gill and Son), consists of 360 pages, explaining all the questions of the Maynooth Catechism. It bears the *Nihil Obstat* of Dr. O'Donnell, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment. It will afford great assistance to those who are engaged in the religious instruction of the young, and adults might derive much profit from its perusal.

7. Messrs. James Duffy and Sons have just issued in a volume of 130 pages, "The Children's Mass," containing Morning and Evening Prayers, Catholic Hymns—English and Latin—and Benediction Service of the most Blessed Sacrament, with accompaniments arranged for the harmonium by the Rev. C. Maher, of the Cathedral, Marlborough-street, Dublin. Numerous practical instructions are given as to the management of a Children's Mass. Very many will be grateful for being thus allowed to share in the fruits of Father Maher's zeal and experience.

8. "The History of the Society of Jesus," by A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S., condenses into a shilling volume of 165 pages, a very interesting sketch of a history which Dr. Murray of Maynooth calls somewhere "an epic theme." Mr. Wilmot has shown great diligence in collecting, and great skill in condensing his materials. He does not seem to be acquainted with the most satisfactory work on the subject which exists in English: "The Jesuits: their Foundation and History," by B. N. (Messrs. Burns and Oates). By means of a clear, terse style and compactly printed double columns, this work gives in two volumes the pith of all the tomes of Cretineau-Joly and much additional matter. We are not sure that this excellent history has attracted the attention it deserves. Some newspaper "Answers to Correspondents" revealed lately that "B. N." is Miss Barbara Neave. She deserves the gratitude of all who are interested in the subject of her admirable work, to which Mr. Wilmot's sketch will serve as an introduction.

9. "Six Seasons on our Prairies and Six Weeks in our Rockies," by the Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins (published by Rogers of Louisville), gives a very lively account of sundry out-of-the-way places in the United States. The writer has a graphic style, a vivid fancy, and a kindly heart. His descriptions have the charm of novelty even for Americans; but for us stay-at-home Europeans it is indeed emphatically a new world. The fervent piety of the priest shows itself unobtrusively all through in the most amiable guise.

10. The same zealous American priest has "addressed to Catholic

parents" a brochure of a hundred pages on "The Judges of the Faith and the Godless Schools," which truthfully describes itself as "a compilation of evidence against secular schools all the world over, especially against common state schools in the United States of America, wherever entirely withdrawn from the influence of the authority of the Catholic Church." This work has been cordially approved by Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, and Bishop O'Farrell of Trenton.

11. The newest issue of The O'Connell Press Popular Library gives for threepence "The Bit o' Writin' and the Ace of Clubs," by Michael Baum, the younger brother of the O'Hara Family.

12. "The Life and Times of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland," by Monsignor Gradwell (Preston: E. Buller) might, we think, have hinted on the titlepage that it is only a beginning, chapter first, treating of the Saint's parentage and birth. It is very interesting. We trust Monsignor Gradwell will continue his study of the Christian antiquities of Lancashire.

13. Herder of Friburg has sent us a finely printed edition of the *Cornelii Nepotis Vita*, edited for schools by Dr. Giilbauer, Professor in the University of Vienna. The Herder publishing firm has several branch houses in the United States; and their work is issued with an English vocabulary of forty pages, which is very accurately printed.

14. "Among the Fairies" by the author of "Alice Leighton," has reached a new edition, which Messrs. Burns and Oates have brought out with their usual good taste. It is bright and pretty both within and without, and will gladden and improve many young hearts.





## MARIGOLD.

A ROMANCE IN AN OLD GARDEN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "VAGRANT VERSES," "KILRENTY," "MARCELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

"**A**S great a beauty of a rose as ever I seen in my born days!" said old Peter Lally, straightening his bent back, and gazing tenderly at the exquisite bloom, which was the product of his skill. "To think that the likes of it must ever and always be sold to the stranger, and never a master or mistress at Hildebrand Towers to take pride out o' it!"

The old gardener sighed impatiently, and gazed around on the mossy lawns, glowing parterres, and verdant slopes fringed with flowers, which had been to him as a little kingdom for sixty years. Everything was in perfect order, not a leaf nor a pebble out of its place; even the ivy on the walls of the Towers was clipped trim and close, and the urns on the quaint old balustrade were blazing with oleanders. No one could have supposed that Hildebrand Towers had been long almost as deserted and forgotten by the world as the far-famed palace of the Sleeping Beauty.

A young woman was walking slowly through the deep purple-green shade of an ancient mosey avenue, that led up from one of the entrance-gates towards the gardens of the Towers. For years no wheels had cut the soft green turf under her feet, over which the trees met and the sunbeams flickered. Behind the solitary figure the path lost itself in a rich gloom, and there was a dreamy mystery in the air, as the girl moved slowly and thoughtfully through the solitude. The thrush uttered a few lazy notes, and a blue dragon-fly perched on the feathery grass; but no other sound or movement disturbed the stillness of the spot.

The girl's graceful figure was clothed in a gown of homely print; a faded scarlet shawl was folded across her bosom, and tied loosely round her waist; her coarse straw bonnet had fallen backward on her shoulders, leaving uncovered a ripe sunburned face,

and golden head. She carried a large round basket, which dragged upon the turf as she walked. Leaving the avenue, she threaded a maze of winding paths, and opened a little green door in the high jasmine-covered wall of a vast old-fashioned garden, where roses and tall lilies sheltered under apple trees, and where the rich perfume in the air accounted for the enthusiastic humming of the bees.

"Peter!" she cried, "Peter Lally, I am come to see you!" and went calling on, by peach-covered walls, under ripe pears that hung down to her mouth, picking her steps between musk and lavender, and startling flights of butterflies from the hearts of the moss-roses.

"Why, it's Marigold," replied the old man, at last rising suddenly out of the raspberry bushes; "and glad I am to see your purty face, afther the night's dhramin I had about you! I thought the Mather of Hildebrand Towers had come home to us at last, and brought a bride with him; and I met the lady walkin' among the flowers, an' a white satin gown upon her; an' when I looked at her again, I saw it was Marigold! 'An', by the powers!' said I to myself, 'there'll be the wars of heaven an' airth when Ulick hears of this!' An' I let a screech, an' took to my ould heels!"

The girl laughed.

"You might have waited to see where I was going," she said; "for sure I am that I was running away too. Your master, whoever he is, would be a bad exchange for my Ulick, Peter Lally."

"It's aisy to talk," said the old man, shaking his head, "when the mather's not to be seen—I wish he was! Not that you would be a match for him, Marigold, my girl; for the Hildebrands is a fine, mighty family, an' must marry as sich."

"You needn't say so much about it, Peter. I belong to Ulick, and, if I were a Hildebrand, I would marry him all the same. As I am only a poor girl, no Hildebrand, in a dream or out of a dream, could tempt me to give him up."

"It's the right kind of love," said the old man, solemnly. "Stick you to that; an' take my word for't, everything you plant'll grow."

"But I get all my plants ready made, you know, Peter; besides, as you say, there is no Mr. Hildebrand, and so we needn't fight about him."

"He's somewhere," said Peter Lally, sticking his spade in the ground and leaning on it meditatively. "Hildebrand Towers

isn't waitin' all these years, so neat and so beautiful, for nobody. Many's the time I tould you of the lovely Kate Hildebrand, that married a poor man, and was cut off by her family. That woman had childher, whatever come of them; an' sure I am that a grandson o' her's 'll come walkin' in to us some fine mornin', with the Hildebrand mark as clear as prent on his face."

"May be so," said Marigold; "but he's a long time coming, and I like the place very well as it is. Perhaps I couldn't get my plants so easily, if a flock of grand people were always sweeping in and out of the gardens."

Peter left his spade standing, disengaged his thoughts from the fortunes of the Hildebrands, and proceeded to fill the basket which the flower-girl placed before him. Long ago Peter Lally had given a wife and children to the earth, and in return the earth had given him beautiful creatures to comfort his loneliness: stout trees of his own rearing, and fair lilies and roses whose innocent loveliness had filled the void in the old man's heart. Over and above his devotion to his calling, the gardener cherished two prominent ideas in his mind. One was a loyal attachment to the family, in whose service he had toiled for sixty years. His father had been gardener at Hildebrand Towers, and at sixteen, Peter, spade in hand, had entered the gardens where he had since remained to see the oaks spreading, the ivy thickening, and the Hildebrands coming into the world and going out of it. They were a singular family—handsome, adventurous, and remarkable as having often been the subjects of the strangest freaks of fortune. The first Hildebrand had come from some northern country over the seas, having first married the widow of an Irish merchant who had been his partner in trading to the Indies. After her second marriage the lady inherited this property in her own country, and from some distant seagirt town came sailing with her foreign husband to take possession of it. Storytellers related how Hildebrand the First brought a chest of gold with him, which had to be carried up the staircase by six stalwart men. However that may be, there was certainly great wealth in the family, and when the last owner of Hildebrand Towers died a childless widow, she left a large fortune behind her for which no heir had as yet been found. The deceased old lady, good friend and beloved mistress of Peter Lally, had firmly believed that there were Hildebrands in existence who might yet appear and claim their own; and by her will she had arranged matters so that until the rightful heir should appear everything must be kept in good order in the house and grounds, as though

the master were expected from hour to hour. For years this state of things had been going on at the Towers: the gardens were trim, the house was swept and garnished. People sometimes came out of curiosity to inspect this waiting home and ask questions about the family; but the watched-for owner had not yet walked in at the gate, and the world had grown tired of expecting him. Peter Lally was the only person who believed that the expectations of his departed mistress, with regard to the heir, would be realised. Most people shook their heads incredulously when they were spoken of, and looked for the day when the property would be divided among distant connections of the family.

The other prevailing sentiment of Peter's mind was a tender interest in the fate of Ulick and Marigold, who had long looked on him as a friend. The fortunes of these two young people were singularly alike: each was alone in the world, and a certain sympathy, sprung from this circumstance, had drawn them together. Marigold was the child of a poor gentleman, who had come, sick and a stranger, to a roadside cottage, standing between Hildebrand Towers and the town of Ballyspinnen; and had there died, leaving his little daughter alone among the cottagers. The child remembered that she had come a long journey over the sea, and had lived in many different places; but she knew of no friend she had possessed except her father. She grew up a waif among the poor, and was supported out of charity till such time as she was able to provide for herself. She had picked up a little education, could write a good hand, and spoke and carried herself with a certain natural dignity and refinement. Almost from the first, old Peter Lally had taken an interest in her, paying her small sums for weeding flower-beds, and making many an easy job for her small fingers, in order that she might early taste the sweets of independence. As she grew older, he instructed her in the art of gardening, and taught her to make an honest livelihood by selling plants and flowers in the town. Marigold (as the old man had named her, because her name was Mary and her hair like gold) had her special customers in Ballyspinnen, whose greenhouses and window-gardens were entrusted to her care. Her own home was a tiny, spotless room in a cottage, half-way between the gardens and the town, and was wont to contain little besides Marigold herself, her flowers, and a few sunbeams. When, some four or five years ago, Ulick had arrived, a tall, awkward youth, to seek his fortune in Ballyspinnen, the happy, flower-crowned face of little Marigold had met him on the high road with the smile of a friend. Friend-

less, travel-soiled, and hungry, he had fallen in despair by the wayside, when she had shared her dinner with him, and placed all her little money in his hands.

Ulick was now a clerk in a business-house in the town, having risen from the post of messenger; but, then, he was only a vagrant who had ventured forth from a workhouse, determined to fight his way in the world. The friendship made between pity and gratitude on the high road had never been broken, and the years which had made man and woman of these two had endeared them to one another with a love that was everything to each.

"Let the basket stand here, Peter Lally," said Marigold; "for I want to go round to Poll Hackett, and see my chickens." And Peter returned to his spade; while, by many winding paths, Marigold reached the back of the old house, where, at an open window, sat the housekeeper of the Towers at her needle-work, with one eye on the poultry-yard and the other on a neighbouring kitchen-garden. Poll Hackett was a buxom, lively widow, as fond of variety in her thoughts and opinions, as of colours in the pattern of her dress. It was a real pleasure to her to change her mind, and a still greater pleasure to invent and explain her admirable reasons for doing so. As she had many lonely hours sitting in the vacant old house in hourly expectation of an imaginary master, she must have been sadly in need of occupation for her active mind, had it not been for this talent of constructing and demolishing, and reconstructing her beliefs and opinions on all matters that came under her notice. Whether or not the race of Hildebrand should be looked upon as extinct, was a question upon which she was never weary of ringing the changes; and her feelings of friendship towards Peter Lally fluctuated with her convictions on this subject. After a long gossip with Peter over the matter, she returned to her solitary sewing, inflamed with ardent expectation of the coming of the unseen and unknown being in whom the old man put his faith. She had been even known to go so far as to air the sheets in the handsomest bedchamber, and fill the larder with provisions, which she herself had been afterwards obliged to consume. At such times as this, her affection for Peter Lally was as lively as her sympathy with his sentiments; and the only fault visible to her in his character, was a too great carelessness in his preparations for so great an event as the arrival of the master of Hildebrand Towers.

"There you go," she would cry, "landin' off the flowers to youn girl, to be scattered over the country, instead of makin' your

greenhouse shelves look handsome for the man that owns them. He'll take you at a short yet, Peter, an' I wouldn't wonder if it was this very night of all nights that he would come walkin' in, askin' for his dinner; an' never a bokay you'd have to put on the table."

"Aisy, woman, aisy!" Peter would say; "he won't come just that suddent but what we'll have time to dig the potatoes and lay the cloth."

The next day, however, Poll Hackett was sure to be in a state of irritation, because the sheets had been aired in vain, and she had made an unnecessary sacrifice of her favourite pullet. Before evening she was sure the master was dead, and would never appear, and the following day she was certain he had never been born. Having adopted this view of the question, she at once set to work to invent her reasons for having done so; by the end of the week she was ready to die for her faith in the utter extinction of the race of Hildebrand from the earth; and the next time Peter Lally came in her way, she tossed her head in disdain, and would scarcely speak to him.

This variable dame now met Marigold with smiles of welcome, and fluttering out to the poultry yard in gown of brilliant stripes, and flowing cap-ribbons, proceeded to count six little gold-feathered chickens into the young girl's lap.

"They'll be quite a little fortune for you towards housekeeping," she said; "but you musn't handle them too much. Come into the house and rest yourself a bit. Sure it's as good as my own house to ask anyone I like into; for it was only yesterday I made up my mind that there will never be a master nor mistress here but myself."

"Take me up to the handsomest rooms then," said Marigold; "for I have a fancy to walk through them this evening."

Poll led the way, and Marigold's auburn head glimmered along the old brown winding passages, which brought them to the front of the house. The flower-girl took her way through the old-fashioned but beautifully kept chambers, walking solemnly round the dining-room, with its dark panels and shining bronzes, and studying the faces of the dead Hildebrands that gleamed out of the twilight on the walls, intensifying the air of solitude in the place with the fixed gaze of their black lack-lustre eyes. She visited the drawingroom, with its long polished floor, queer old china, and faded satin furniture, stepping lightly, and touching delicate ornaments softly with her finger-tips, as if she liked the contact

with anything that was dainty and refined. Poll Hackett hurried her on, however, to a certain wardrobe chamber, where hung many rich gowns and draperies, which were the housekeeper's pride and delight. Poll was glad of any excuse to shake these out and admire their varieties, and she now threw a rusty satin robe over Marigold's peasant dress, hung a tarnished gold-striped Indian shawl upon her shoulders, and a veil of coffee-coloured lace upon her head. Seeing her reflection in a long antique glass, Marigold caught the spirit of the fun, laughed merrily, snatched up a huge spangled fan, and swept about the room with a comic assumption of dignity.

"It's a quare long time," cried Poll, enraptured, "since satin tails whisked over yon stairs to the draw'n'-room. Come down, Lady Madam! come down! and let the poor ould gimcracks see the sight of a misthress among them again!"

Marigold laughed and obeyed; and in a few minutes she was walking up and down the deserted drawingroom, giving mock commands to Poll, in a voice and with a manner that made the housekeeper stare.

"Well, well!" gasped Mrs. Hackett at last, wiping her eyes, "it's in the blood, I suppose. See what it is to be come of gentlefolks."

"I'm tired of it, Poll," said Marigold, pulling off her veil, "and I don't want to be reminded that I come of gentlefolks. I belong to poor folks."

She sat down on a couch, and gathered up the Indian shawl on her arms; the fun had dropped away from her with her veil, and she sat now gazing before her with an abstracted look on her face.

"I don't know where it comes from," she said, "or what it means, but I feel now as if I had surely worn clothes like these before, and sat in a chair like this, and wrapped such another shawl about my shoulders. It never could have been me; perhaps it was my mother, though I do not remember her, or know anything about her. Here, Poll Hackett," she said, throwing off shawl and gown and flinging them to the housekeeper, "take these, and never make such a fool of me again!"

Marigold walked out of the house and back to the gardens, where Peter Lally put the basket of plants on her head, bade her good evening, and closed the garden-gate behind her.

She was crossing a mossy glade, which formed a green terraced recess between two groves of ancient trees, when she saw a figure coming to meet her. It was Ulick, who took the basket from her head, saying—

"I hope I shall soon take it down for good. Let it stand here a little, while we enjoy ourselves."

"You must not despise my flowers, or I shall think you are ashamed of me."

"You shall have as many as you please in your little garden and in your windows, but you shall not wear them any more upon your head."

He took her hand, and they sat upon an old moss-eaten stone seat, under shelter of a venerable sun-dial, the roses and geraniums at their feet. Ulick had a fine, intelligent face, and a look of manly independence in his bearing; he did not seem famished, nor miserable, nor dispirited now.

"Ah, Ulick," said Marigold, "when I see you looking every day more and more like a gentleman, I often wonder how you content yourself with me."

"And oh, Marigold," said Ulick, "when I remember the day you gave your dinner on the road to a poor ragged boy, I can hardly believe that you, who are come of gentlefolks, do not cut my acquaintance."

"But you are come of gentlefolks yourself, Ulick."

"And that is the only thing that interests you about me?"

"Oh, Ulick!"

"Come, come, my love! let us trouble ourselves no more about those who are dead and buried, and as unknown to us as to the rest of the world. We were well met, and we have been and are going to be very happy. I have seen a little cottage that will suit us exactly, and in a few weeks more——"

"You can't afford it yet, Ulick."

"But I can, Marigold; I have got a rise in my salary, and I can, and I will."

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## CHAPTER II.

MARIGOLD was sitting in her own little room, sewing busily at a dress which lay across her knees. It was of a pretty light grey woollen material, and, by the evident pains she took with the stitching and folding and gathering, the making of this gown was an important affair. Marigold did not say, even to herself, that it was her wedding dress, yet visions of a figure, not unlike her own, clad in this robe, and standing proudly beside another person



who scarcely knew her in such delicate attire, did rise up again and again within her mind while she worked. Glimpses of the same figure, moving about a pretty home, flitted also across the background of her thoughts; for this would be her holiday dress for many a day to come, and Ulick had almost taken that coveted cottage, in which they two were to be happy for the rest of their lives. As Marigold worked, she thought proudly and tenderly of Ulick's faithfulness and devotion to herself. Once he and she had been equals, but now it was a different state of things, and the rising business clerk might have chosen a wife from among many who looked down on the poor flower-girl. There was scarcely anyone besides herself and Peter Lally who knew what Ulick had been some five or six years ago, or of that meeting on the high-road, the recollection of which remained so vividly upon the young man's mind.

"Ah, if I had only pushed myself into some more respectable employment," thought Marigold; "if I had been a clever dress-maker, or a shopwoman, and worn stylish clothes, no one would then ask where I came from, or what right I had to lower a respectable young man by presuming to marry him. As for my poor father's being a gentleman, nobody ever thinks of that, or whether I can write a good hand, or speak English. I am simply a friendless girl, who carries a basket of flowers through the streets, and wears a plain print gown, and a faded shawl. I'm sure I need not care for myself, since Ulick does not care; and many a time he has told me that I was far more of a lady than the girls who make so much fuss about him, with all their fashionable finery. I remember he said to me once:—'How much more becoming is this load of fresh flowers on your head, than that miserable little bonnet covered with artificials, that I have just passed on the road!' I ought to think of that, and be content with myself: only I do hope that his employer won't be angry when he hears of the marriage, and think less of him on account of it!"

The dusk gathered round Marigold as she worked and thought, and the firelight from the cottage kitchen began to gleam redly round the edges of her room door, which stood ajar. In the kitchen, Kate, the cottager's wife, was rocking her baby's cradle; a knock came on the outer door, and Lizzie, a milliner from the town, came in to pay a visit. Kate received her hospitably, poked the fire, and hung the kettle on; while Marigold, in the inner

darkening room, dropped her sewing, and sat, face between hands, lost in her happy reflections.

Kate and Lizzie, meanwhile, fell to work like true gossips, and discussed the affairs of their acquaintance. It was not long before they arrived at the subject of Ulick, and his intended marriage.

"I believe it's to be very soon," said Kate.

"I don't believe it will ever be," said Lizzie. "I hear more in the town than the birds sing to you about in the country."

"What do you hear?" said Kate. "I like the girl, and I'd be sorry for her disappointment."

"I don't know what you see in her," said Lizzie, "but that's not the question. You'd be sorry for her, and others would be sorry for others they know about. You don't suppose he has no more sweethearts nor one?"

"I don't believe he has," said Kate.

"You were always a simple one," said Lizzie. "I suppose you think it wasn't a toss-up with your own John, whether he'd have you or some other girl?"

"I don't know," said Kate; "I hope you're not frettin' on my account, Lizzie. Some one said lately you were gettin' very thin. I wouldn't like I had anything to do with it."

"Oh, as to that," said Lizzie, tossing her head. "You were welcome to my share of him. I couldn't marry out of my station."

"I never put myself above you, Lizzie."

"And I never put myself so low as you, ma'am, except such as now, when I come out of my way to pay visits to my inferiors. However, if you're talking to that young woman of yours, shortly, you may tell her what I demeaned myself by coming here to make known to you, that her sweetheart has left his situation, and is goin' to England on the spot—which isn't very like marryin', as far as I can see!"

"I don't believe it," said Kate, "even from so great a lady as you've turned out to be, all of a sudden. An' if I was you, Lizzie, I wouldn't make so little o' myself as to stay here any longer."

"I'll stay till I've said my say, an' I'll go when it fits me," said Lizzie, "seein' is believin', and when Ulick is gone, I'll come back an' have my crow over you. Nobody disbelieves in his going, nor wonders at it, but yourself; for it's the only way he can get rid of the girl, after all the talk that's been about it; an' it's not to be doubted that he could do better in England nor marry a

tramp of a young woman, that knocks at people's doors with a lot of flower-pots on her head!"

"I never liked your jealous ways, Lizzie," said Kate, "an' you've gone and wakened the child with them!" The mother lifted the crying baby out of the cradle, and the visitor, seeing that she could no longer hope to claim Kate's attention, marched wrathfully out of the cottage, and shut the door violently behind her.

As Kate bent over the child, she was suddenly hugged from behind by two stronger arms than baby's. Marigold gave her a hearty kiss, and then stood laughing before her.

"I heard it all, Kate, every word of it. Why did you not remember the door was open?"

"I wasn't thinkin' about it at all."

"You're a good kind soul, Kate, and I'll never forget it to you. I didn't know you cared so much about me."

"Why, God bless the girl! what would you had me to say? Didn't she put my own John into the same box with your Ulick, an' me as little to be thought of as yourself. It's not true, is it, about his going to England?"

"True! how could it be true? Give me the baby, Kate, for a little, and let me sit with you here and talk. I feel lonely, somehow, to-night, and inclined to be angry at people. But I won't speak ill of your John, nor of anybody else. We'll talk nothing but baby-talk, and watch the sparks flying up the chimney."

"You're a different company from Lizzie, I must say," said Kate, as she seated herself contentedly at the fire, needle in hand, and a torn jacket of John's upon her knee, prepared to take advantage of the unemployed happy moments, to get a necessary piece of work done. Between her stitches she admired her "company," the baby extended luxuriously on Marigold's knees, with rosy baby-toes, spread out to the heat, and wondering baby-eyes, fixed on the beautiful sun-browned face and golden head, which smiled and dimpled and shone above him; Marigold chattering pleasant nonsense to the child.

The latch was lifted, and Ulick appeared on the threshold.

"Come in, come in!" said Kate, beaming upon him. "It's a late visit you're paying us, but baby an' me are obliged to you all the same. It's a terrible thing that John's gone out, for of course it was to see him that you come," and she dusted a seat for the guest, twinkling all over with amusement at her own little joke.

"We'll manage to get on without him," said Ulick, taking the

seat and showing great interest in the child. His face was flushed, and he seemed possessed by an excitement which he strove to restrain. Now and again he glanced with a peculiar look at Marigold, who sat silent and happy, stroking the baby's little fat legs, and listening to the conversation between her lover and friend.

"We've just been having a visitor," continued Kate, in her bantering way; "an' a visitor that knew more about you nor either Marigold or me did. She told us you're going to England."

Ulick started, and looked very grave. After a few moments' silence, he said, in an altered tone—

"It is true; I am going to England. I came to tell Marigold."

Marigold's hand stopped stroking the baby's legs, and she turned her eyes on Ulick silent in amazement.

"But you have not given up your situation?" cried Kate.

"I have given up my situation," said Ulick.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Kate. "And you, that was to have been——"

"I want to speak to Marigold, Kate. I must see her alone."

Marigold got up, and, silently putting the child in its mother's arms, led the way into her own little room. There lay the wedding-dress, into which she had stitched her happy thoughts so lately. The distant lights of the town twinkled through the darkness beyond the window; an hour ago she had watched them springing up like so many joys in her future. With the coldness of deadly fear upon her heart, Marigold closed the door, and waited for Ulick to speak.

"Marigold, you must trust me."

The girl drew a deep sigh of relief. The words she had expected to hear were—"Marigold, we must separate for ever."

"Yes, Ulick."

"That's my brave girl!"

"Tell me more, Ulick."

"I will tell you all I can; but it's a strange affair this that is taking me away."

"I mustn't ask what it is, Ulick?"

"No, dear; that's the trouble of it. I have made up my mind that it is better not to tell you."

"Will you come back again, Ulick?"

"I do not know. I may come back—that is what I hope for—or I may ask you to come to me. I am strangely, wonderfully uncertain as to the future."

Marigold turned away her head and looked out on the dreary shivering lights in the distance. The sudden change from happiness to desolation chilled her. Some confused ideas of all she should have to bear after Ulick had left her, passed across her mind : the taunts of such as Lizzie, the heavy sense of loneliness, the involuntary fears of her own heart.

"Is there no help for it, Ulick?"

"None at all, love. Sit down, and let us talk about it. This has come with as great a shock upon me as upon you. This time last night my head was full of our plans; I thought, going to sleep, of you and our little cottage; but this morning brought me a letter which I think it wiser not to show you. It obliges me to go to England at once, and to remain there some time."

"I did not know you had friends in England," said Marigold.

"I did not know it myself. It seems, now, that I have both friends and enemies; or, at least, there are people who may turn out to be either. It depends upon how things go between them and me, whether I return here or remain in England."

"Which way will it work, Ulick?" asked Marigold, fearfully. "Will the friends or the enemies send you back?"

"The friends would send me back," said Ulick, tossing up his head with an air of pride and triumph. "They will, if they can. But don't you imagine that the enemies are going to cut me into little pieces, or to put me in jail. The worst they can do is to take away from me the wish to return to this place. And, in that case, the world will be wide before me. With you by the hand it does not much matter where I turn my steps."

"And England is such a rich place," said Marigold. "There will be plenty of work to be had."

"Plenty," said Ulick; "I am not afraid. The worst of the whole thing is, that we must part for a time; our marriage is put off, and the future of our lives, though they must be linked together, is uncertain. If you were a different kind of girl, you would take this very badly. But you and I have trusted each other long, and understand each other perfectly."

"You will write to me, Ulick?"

"Constantly. When I cease to write, you may cease to trust; but not till then. Of course, you must remember, however, that a letter will occasionally miscarry."

Marigold lifted her head and smiled. The worst of this trial seemed already over. Lonely she must be, indeed, for a time; but she would not be desolate or dispirited.

"You know I am an obstinate hooper," she said; "you often told me so. It will take a great deal of your silence to break my heart."

"If you want it broken," said Ulick, "you must get some one else to do it; for I will never try."

There was a silence now which was not heart-breaking, as the lovers sat with clasped hands, looking from each other's faces to those distant lights of the town—stars which shone again with even more than their old lustre, only, now and then, sinking into a wistful glimmer. Marigold was happy, though a period of undoubted pain lay before her. It is such an exquisite pleasure to an honest woman to be supremely trusted by one she loves.

After a time, Ulick spoke again.

"Marigold, I must ask you for those little old relics of my mother, which I gave you to keep for me. I must not leave them behind me."

He said this with a certain difficulty, as if he felt that such a request might sound strangely; but Marigold found nothing odd in his desire to take these treasures out of her keeping. It was a beautiful thought of his, she felt, to wish to have them with him. She went to a corner of her room, unlocked her little box, and brought forth a package, which she placed in Ulick's hands.

"They are all there," she said; "the letters, the locket, and the little bag of odds and ends. Open them, and see if they are right."

The packet was untied, and the contents laid in Marigold's lap. There were a few faded letters tied up with a ribbon, a small bag of tarnished silk and velvet containing some little trinkets and trifles, a locket enclosing hair and initials, and the miniature of a man. Marigold fetched a light, and held it close while Ulick examined these treasures anxiously, before sealing them up once more in a packet, and placing them in his breast.

After this there were many more words to be said, and then came the parting. Marigold went with Ulick to the cottage door, and watched him as long as his figure was discernible in the night. Ulick became only a black streak, and at last vanished; and the lights on the horizon grew dim again, and Marigold's heart felt such a dead weight within her that she had to stop a little while outside the threshold, to get her thoughts right again, before returning to Kate's fireside. There she must return and talk about Ulick, or Kate would believe he had really deserted her.

The baby was asleep again, and Kate was busy at her patching.

Marigold drew a stool to the fire and sat down, trying not to shiver, and spreading out her cold hands to the blaze.

"And so he's really goin' to England?" said Kate, in a tone of wonderment.

"He sets out to-morrow morning early," said Marigold.

"Dear, dear! To think of that Lizzie being right after all. I'm as sorry as can be, if it's only on account of her crowin'."

"She's not right in all she said, though, Kate," said Marigold, smiling. "He is not going away to get rid of me, but upon business of his own that cannot be avoided."

"Of course I know that," said Kate; "and you do speak so nicely that it makes a person quite sure to hear you. I wish I could remember, 'business of his own that cannot be avoided.' I'll say the words to them when they come to me with their gossip."

"I wonder what makes the world so unkind, Kate," said Marigold, a little bitterly. "I never did those girls any harm. They have always been better off, in a sort of way, than I have been. I never grudged them their fashionable clothes, nor their better employment, nor their good fathers and mothers, nor their lovers. I have always had little enough, heaven knows. One only great blessing was sent to me, and that seems to make them dislike me."

"Heart alive!" said Kate; "don't you see the meanin' o' the whole of it? They're all strivin' to be ladies, an' not one o' them can manage it. If you were in rags, the lady's in you, and it shines out o' you before their eyes. The beautiful language comes off your tongue as natural as the flower comes on the bush, an' sich quality ways is hurtful to them that has envious hearts. But don't speak as if a handful of wasps was the whole world around you. We're not all o' one temper."

"No, no, Kate; I never meant to say it. You're not the only one I know who stands by me. Don't give me up now; for I shall have a pretty bad time, I think, until Ulick comes back."

As Marigold sat there by the fire, though she did not realise all the sorrow of the future, yet a heavy foreshadowing of trouble was upon her. She felt lonely, with that peculiar pain of loneliness which parting leaves behind, when time and place of future meeting are uncertain. For five years—ever since the period when childhood's thoughtlessness had begun to leave her—the nearness of Ulick, with all its protecting influence, had been a vivid reality

of her life. To be left alone now; so suddenly, within an hour; obliged to sit down and realise the idea of great distance which had never occurred to her before; to feel utterly incapable of forming any picture in her mind of Ulick, in an unknown place with unknown surroundings; above all, to think of a great, unseen, unimaginable ocean, which possibly must be crossed by her before they could meet again, under new circumstances and in strange scenes; all this scared, chilled, and oppressed her. Fortunately for her, her life was too active to admit of her long abandoning herself to absorbing reflection. She bade Kate a cheerful good-night, folded up the pretty wedding-dress and laid it away, with neither sighs nor tears, but only some sprigs of lavender among its folds; and, in the end, fell asleep with a heart full of prayer and hope.

Ulick in the meantime went his way, his heart beating so thick and high with strange excitement that he scarcely felt the pang which, a week ago, he should have suffered at the thought of leaving Marigold. The feverish spirit which he had controlled while in her presence seized upon him now, and carried him on his way as if swept along by a wind. His mind was crowded with conflicting hopes and fears—such hopes and such fears as beset the soul of a man when he sees a prize of ambition before him, which seems placed within his grasp, but may yet be missed and lost.

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#### THE MEDITATION OF THE OLD FISHERMAN.

YE waves, though ye dance fore my feet like children at play,  
 Though ye glow and ye glance, though ye purr and ye dart,  
 In the Junes that were warmer than these are, the waves were more gay,  
 When I was a boy with never a crack in my heart.

The lines are not heavy, nor heavy the long nets brown—  
 Ah woe! full many a creak gave the creel in the cart  
 That carried the fish for the sale in the far-away town,  
 When I was a boy with never a crack in my heart.

Proud maiden, ye are not so fair, when *his* oar  
 Is heard on the water, as *they* were, the proud and apart,  
 Who paced in the eve by the nets on the pebbly shore,  
 When I was a boy with never a crack in my heart.



## SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

## IN MEMORIAM.

ON the 9th of August, 1886, Sir Samuel Ferguson died at Howth, that exquisite little promontory near Dublin, which he had specially loved, which he had celebrated in many a graphic verse, and which, under its Irish name of Ben Edar, figures in the finest simile of his "Congal," quoted at page 234 of our twelfth volume. He had attained his seventy-sixth year. He was born at Belfast in 1810, the third son of John Ferguson and Agnes Knox. He was educated at the Belfast Academical Institution, and at Trinity College, Dublin, which in later years conferred on him, *honoris causa*, the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1838, and practised in the Dublin Courts, and on the North-East Circuit. Though he was outshone there by his school-fellows and fellow-townsmen, James Whiteside and Thomas O'Hagan, he by no means allowed his literary tastes and talents to draw him away from the study and practice of his profession. However, in one of the most interesting trials in which he was ever engaged, he probably owed his brief, as leading counsel, more to his personal and literary character than to his legal attainments. With Sir Colman O'Loughlen and Mr. John O'Hagan (the present Judge O'Hagan) as juniors, he defended Richard Dalton Williams, his brother-poet, against a charge of treason in the troubled time of '48. An extract from Ferguson's speech on this occasion may be found at page 336 of the fifth volume of this Magazine, in one of the articles devoted to poor "Shamrock" of *The Nation*.

That same eventful year, 1848, was the date of his marriage with Mary Catherine, daughter of Mr. Robert Guinness, of Stillorgan, a relative of Lord Ardilaun's. Of the community of tastes between the wedded pair we have one public proof, in a volume concerning which the writer of Sir S. Ferguson's obituary in *The Freeman's Journal* made a serious mistake, for he concluded with these words: "All his writings bore a character that was distinctly national, and none more so than his great work, 'The Story of the Irish before the Conquest.'" But this delightful book is by "M. C. Ferguson," her husband contributing only the

Appendix ; though, no doubt, he helped her in the body of the work. Lady Ferguson, in return, had probably an important share in the volume of "Shakespearian Breviates," which the title page explains to be "an adjustment of twenty-four of the longer plays of Shakespeare to convenient reading limits." That ought to be a good half-crown's worth, and it will recall to some the memory of many delightful hours spent in Sir Samuel's hospitable home at 20 North Great George's-street, Dublin.

*The Freeman's Journal* lately published a curious relic of young Ferguson's connection with the North East-Circuit—for even octogenarians were young once, and he must have been young when he drew his not unfriendly picture of one of those loyal Orangemen to whom the new Chancellor of the Exchequer appealed to "charge with all their chivalry ;" a rather successful appeal, though, no doubt, Lord Randolph did not mean the chivalry to be exercised against the Catholic mill-girls of Belfast. Of this "Loyal Orangeman of Portadown" Mr. William Gernon writes :—

"It brought back to me, as I am sure it did to all the more senior members of the North-East Circuit still living, the most pleasing memories of its genial and gifted author, as well as of the Circuit itself, and its associations and surroundings, in the good old days when Sam was one of its most brilliant lights and sparkling wits. Those who remember the North-East Circuit some thirty or forty years ago can well recall to memory the crowd of legal luminaries and distinguished orators who, after the day's fatigue from professional labour, used to assemble round the Bar mess table in the evening for dinner, contributing their ready wit and repartee to make the most delightful "Noctes Ambrosianæ ;" old Robert Holmes presiding as Father ; Sir Thomas Staples, who afterwards became Father ; Whiteside, after fairly laughing some dishonest or trumpery case out of court ; Joseph Napier, Toombe, Gilmore, Joy, and, though last not least, O'Hagan. Then, as now, the call of the Father for a song, a sentiment, or a recitation was deemed a command, disobedience or contumacy to which was visited with the penalty of a fine, to be paid in champagne or claret, and never was the command of the Father more loudly applauded or more loyally obeyed than when Sam Ferguson was called on to recite, for the benefit of the mess, his 'Loyal Orangeman of Portadown.' Sam was no singer, but he made ample compensation and something more by recitation of some of his own compositions, and no one who ever heard him recite the 'Loyal Orangeman' can forget its effect, especially when he came to strike the table with

his tumbler, on referring with indignation to his visit to 'That rebelly Papish Radington,' or to 'That other chap more rebelly still, the fellow they call Somerville;' but Sam Ferguson's was only simulated indignation, and it was only the table that he struck, unlike the loyal heroes of the north nowadays, who with noble bravery strike down and shoot their fellow-men—or, better still, with the true instincts of manly gallantry, attack and injure timid girls and defenceless children."

An expert in the northern accent objects to the following, that *will* is pronounced rather *well* than *wull*, and that the first letter of the alphabet can represent the first person singular only before a consonant. But all such phonetic spelling is merely an approximation to the real sounds.

A am a loyal Orangeman,  
 From Portadown upon the Bann.  
 Ma loyalty, A wull maintain,  
 Was iver an always without stain;  
 Tho' rebelly Papishes may call  
 Ma loyalty conditional,  
 A niver did insist upon  
 Nor ask a condition beyont the one—  
 The crown of the causeway in road or in street,  
 And the Papishes put under me feet.

It was in the year 1848  
 A rebellion dire menaced the State,  
 So A mounted up upon ma hackney,  
 An' off A set to General Blackerney.  
 Says A "Sir Edward, here we are,  
 Sax hundred mortal men of war,  
 Ready an' able, niver fear,  
 To march from the Causeway till Cape Clear  
 And drive the rebels would dar to raise  
 The Popish flag intil the says."  
 Says he "You're offer's very fair,  
 An' very timely, too, A declare,  
 For here we're all as one as besieged,  
 So for your service we're much obleeged.  
 But we hope ye won't forget to mix  
 In the ranks of the loyal Ostholics."  
 There was sittin' by not lettin' on,  
 That rebelly Papish Radington,  
 An' that other chap more rebelly still,  
 The fella they call Somerville.  
 So with the corner in me eye  
 A gev them a look as A made reply.

Says A, " Make no excuse, A pray,  
 For aakin' us to serve that way.  
 We won't consider the trouble much,  
 For we don't allow there's any such."  
 Well, what do you think, sir, after that  
 A thought it was time to put on ma hat,  
 You'd have given a pound to see the two,  
 An' the look they gave as A withdrew.  
 But Hell till me sowl if they didn't send  
 An' ask me back by a private friend,  
 An' A saw the Colonel\* an' brave John Pitt†  
 An' A got a gun and A have it yit.  
 An' if ever the rebelly Papishes dar  
 Again to challenge the North to war,  
 That Radington the Papish dog  
 Is the very first man A'll shoot, by Gog.

As a contrast to this clever squib, let us cite a religious poem which Sir S. Ferguson contributed to the *Lyra Hibernica Sacra*, and which our readers can hardly have met with. It is entitled "Three Thoughts."

" Come in, Sweet Thought, come in ;  
 Why linger at the door ?  
 Is it because a shape of sin  
 Defiled the place before ?  
 'Twas but a moment there ;  
 I chased it soon away :  
 Behold, my breast is clear and bare—  
 Come in, Sweet Thought, and stay."  
 The Sweet Thought said me " No ;  
 I love not such a room,  
 Where uncouth inmates come and go,  
 And back, unbidden, come ;  
 I rather make my cell  
 From ill resort secure,  
 Where love and lovely fancies dwell  
 In bosoms virgin-pure."

" Oh, Pure Thought," then I said,  
 " Come thou, and bring with thee  
 This dainty Sweetness, fancy-bred,  
 That flouts my house and me.  
 No peevish pride hast thou,  
 Nor turnest glance of scorn  
 On aught the laws of life allow  
 In man of woman born."

\* Colonel Phayre, who took some part in the arrangements said to have been made at the Castle for supplying the loyal Orangemen with arms in 1848.

† Major John Pitt Kennedy, who had some official post in the Castle.

Said he, "No place for us  
Is here: and, be it known,  
You dwell where ways are perilous  
For them that walk alone.  
There needs the surer road,  
The fresher-sprinkled floor,  
Else are we not for your abode"—  
And turned him from my door.

Then in my utmost need,  
"Oh, Holy Thought," I cried,  
"Come thou, that cleapest will and deed,  
And in my breast abide."  
"Yea, sinner, that will I,  
And presently begin;"  
And ere the heart had heav'd its sigh,  
The Guest Divine came in.  
As in the pest-house ward  
The prompt Physician stands,  
As in the leagured castle yard  
The warden with his bands,  
He stood, and said, "My task  
Is here, and here my home;  
And here am I, who only ask  
That I be asked to come."

See how in formless flight  
The ranks of darkness run,  
Exhale and perish in the light  
Stream'd from the risen sun;  
How, but a drop infuse  
Within the turbid bowl,  
Of some elixir's virtuous juice,  
It straight makes clear the whole;  
So from before His face  
The fainting phantoms went,  
And, in a clear and sunny place,  
My soul sat down content;  
For—mark and understand  
My ailment and my cure—  
Love came and brought me, in his hand,  
The Sweet Thought and the Pure.

In 1867 Mr. Samuel Ferguson, Q.C.—for he had been called to the Junior Bar in 1859—was appointed Deputy Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland. In March, 1878, "the honour of knighthood" was conferred upon him, in acknowledgment of his literary and antiquarian merits; but, perhaps, attention was called to these by a remarkable poem, "The Widow's Cloak," which he

had shortly before contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The widow in question was Queen Victoria, and the cloak was the mantle of her imperial authority; but even in this fervent expression of loyalty, the poet showed his Irish nature by giving to his poem this simple name, and a very un-English form and metre.

As his last poem appeared in *Blackwood*, so his first had done. The famous "Forging of the Anchor" was ushered into the literary world with extraordinary emphasis by the then renowned Christopher North.\* That Magazine, which has maintained its reputation to our own day better than any of its rivals, and indeed survives almost as a solitary relic from the bygone generations of periodical literature, contained nearly all of Ferguson's miscellaneous writings, except those contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine*. This last in its brightest days was enriched with "The Hibernian Nights' Entertainment," of which we are glad to hear that we may look forward to a separate issue. "The Lays of the Western Gael," a collection of Sir Samuel Ferguson's poems, was published in 1865, and "Congal; a Poem in Five Books," in 1872.

Happily we are relieved from an obligation which could not now be adequately fulfilled; for this Magazine has already given the fullest and most sympathetic account of Sir Samuel Ferguson's poetical works that has appeared anywhere. In our twelfth volume (1884) "O" devotes eighteen pages to a minute and loving study of the epic of "Congal," and later, in the same volume, this well qualified critic discusses in a still longer article the miscellaneous poems of his friend. When only the first part of this eloquent *étude* had been published, Sir Samuel Ferguson wrote the following letter to the Editor of this Magazine, who ventures to print it, as another evidence of the courtesy and kindliness of the writer:—

GATEHOUSE HOTEL, TENBY, SOUTH WALES,  
21st July, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR—Let me thank you for your obliging letter, enclosing Mr. de Vere's note, which reached me while on vacation in the country. I have also heard from Judge O'Hagan, who tells me you contemplate the insertion of a second notice of my poems. It is very grateful to me to find appreciation among my own countrymen. It has hitherto been almost totally denied me in the great centres of criticism in England. Possibly de Vere divines the true cause. My business is, regardless of such discouragements, to do what I can in

\* This passage from the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* is quoted in full in the IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. xii, p. 379.

the formation of a characteristic school of letters for my own country. For the sympathy and encouragement you give me, accept my warmest thanks, and believe me

Yours very faithfully,

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

As Mr. Aubrey de Vere is referred to in the foregoing letter, we trust that he will allow us to include in this tribute to the memory of one whom he loved and esteemed a very emphatic testimony from another letter of his which has come under our eyes in drawing up the present informal paper. "Ferguson's 'Conary' I reckon our best Irish poem." Our indiscretion may be completed by the insertion of an earlier letter, received from the subject of these pages, as a further illustration of his gentle character:—

20 NORTH GREAT GEORGE'S-STREET, DUBLIN.

1st Sept., 1879.

MY DEAR SIR—On my return from the country I find your kind letter of the 17th July, with the accompanying numbers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, and *The Catholic World*. The notice in the latter gratified me very much. As I dare say you have the series, I return this number with my warm thanks for your goodness in letting me see it. I venture to keep the numbers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. It is a highly creditable publication, and you have reason to be proud of it. I do not myself sympathise in its tone at all; but I recognise the ability of the articles and the pervading evidence of an amiable presiding mind.

I am not qualified to be a contributor. In a month or two I may have the pleasure of presenting a volume of poems, now in the Press, in which I continue to make the most I can of old Irish material, treating it with even greater freedom than I have used in *Congal*. A review of *Congal* from the pen you point to would be a very valuable guide to literary opinion, as coming from one who combines poetic capacity with a well-trained judgment.

Very faithfully yours,

S. FERGUSON.

A certain provincial Editor, to whose lot it fell to record at due length in one week the demise of two local notabilities, began a third paragraph of the sort by remarking: "Twice already have we trod the path of obituarial phraseology." Out of the mass of "obituarial phraseology" which the late President of the Royal Irish Academy has evoked, the worthiest tribute is paid to his memory by Miss Margaret Stokes, in *The Academy* of August 21.\*

\* Her London printers are probably responsible for a blundering sentence about "Blackwood of the *Edinburgh Magazine*." She is herself mistaken about "Willie Gilliland," which is a long original ballad, written at a time when the young poet would hardly have accepted the spiritual ministrations of Lord Plunket.

Both she and Professor Mahaffy, in *The Athenæum*, lay undue stress on the fact that Sir Samuel's patriotism, especially towards the end of his life, assumed more and more of an antiquarian and academic character. They imply that he patronised Thomas Davis, chiefly as a protest against O'Connell. No doubt this was and is the special recommendation of Young Irelandism with certain unpractical politicians. This aloofness from the religion and politics of living Ireland helps to explain how far such generous and gifted men are from getting at the real heart of the people. While making every allowance for his traditions and surroundings, there will be nothing unkind in confessing our belief that the author of "Father Tom and the Pope" would have been a more genuine poet and a truer Irishman if he could have joined the *Hail, Mary!* to the *Our Father*, winding up with a fervent *God Save Ireland*.

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#### MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY,

AND so it is thy birthday, love, to-day,  
 A And I am left to keep it all alone—  
 To clasp with longing arms the empty air,  
 To break the stillness with my lonely prayer :  
 Does my voice reach thee, love, as thus I pray ?  
 Ah ! how unlike our prayers in days by-gone !  
 So it has come and gone, another year.  
 Dost know it, sweet ? There is no age for thee,  
 Though I, thine other self, grow old so fast,  
 Another step removed, our happy past—  
 Ah me ! so far away and yet so near !  
 In thine eternal youth, remember me.  
 For I grow old alone—it seems so strange,  
 Love, when, in all I did, thou hadst a share.  
 Yet the years pass, and each one leaves its trace  
 Only on me. My bride, thine angel face  
 Smiles at me youthful still, and knows no change,  
 And golden as thy halo is thy hair.  
 Clasp my hand close, sweetheart, oh clasp it yet !  
 Cling to me with thy faithful spirit-hand.  
 Through all the darkness of the years to come  
 Do thou lead onwards still, and guide me home,  
 Thou my home-treasure once (oh ne'er forget !)  
 Be my good angel in the Better Land !

M. B.



## LEIBNITZ

## PART II.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. C. W. RUSSELL, D.D.

IN January, 1673, Leibnitz visited London for the first time. A secret diplomatic mission had been sent from Germany to Louis XIV. ; and, on its proceeding from Paris to the English Court, Leibnitz was attached to it in the capacity of Secretary. He was received with the utmost distinction in London. His name furnished a ready passport to all the best literary and scientific circles. Boyle, Hook, Sydenham, Barrow, Oldenburg, Ray, received him almost as an old friend, although his relations with more than one of them were afterwards painfully interrupted. During his stay in London, he had many communications on mathematical subjects with Oldenburg, and other members of the Royal Society ; and the model of his calculating machine was exhibited by Moreland at one of their meetings. To his great disappointment, however, his sojourn in London was suddenly terminated by the death of the Elector, John Philip, and the recall of the mission. It returned to Paris in the March of the same year ; and thence, soon after, to the Electoral Court at Maintz. Leibnitz, however (who retained his position under the new Elector), was permitted to remain in Paris.

Soon after his return to that city, he received an intimation that he had been admitted (April 16, 1673) an honorary member of the Royal Society of London. A new testimony to his reputation quickly followed in the form of an invitation to accept a permanent office at Copenhagen, and a similar one to the Court of Hanover. He declined these offers, nevertheless, and continued to reside at Paris, chiefly for the purpose of study. The celebrated Delphin Edition of the Latin Classics was at this time in full progress. Leibnitz was invited by Huet, the principal editor, to lend his assistance ; and, after some hesitation, undertook, at Huet's urgent representation, the editing of the African poet, Martianus Capella. Before he had made any considerable progress in the

task, however, he received a third and still more pressing invitation to the Court of Hanover from the Duke, John Frederic, to which he at last yielded. It was not without great reluctance that he brought himself to quit Paris, the scientific society of which city was so congenial to all his tastes that he had actually formed the design of investing the little savings of his early years in the purchase of a patent place, and fixing his residence there for ever. The great attraction which it possessed for him lay in the brilliant literary and scientific circle which the patronage of Louis XIV. had drawn to his capital, and into which Leibnitz had been cordially admitted. He had long enjoyed the acquaintance of Arnaud and Malebranche. Huet, Huygens, La Hire, Varignon, De l' Hopital, and many other mathematicians were among his most familiar friends, and the confidants and participators of his studies. With Huygens, especially, he lived in the closest intimacy; and he is believed to have had a share in many of the philosophical investigations of this great experimentalist. It was at the desire of these friends that he undertook to edit the mathematical remains of the celebrated Pascal; but his removal to Hanover obliged him to abandon this project, as well as that of editing Martianus Capella.

The date of his leaving Paris for Hanover, however, is chiefly important in connection with the history of the discovery of the Method of the Differential Calculus;—a discovery which would in itself have sufficed to form the reputation of a life, although unhappily its glory is somewhat dimmed by the angry controversy with Sir Isaac Newton, as to priority of invention, to which it led. In this unhappy controversy, the English and foreign mathematicians have, generally speaking, ranged themselves on opposite sides, the English giving the merit of the discovery to their own countryman, while the foreigners are equally warm in support of the claims of Leibnitz. A detailed history of this curious dispute would far exceed the limits at our disposal; but we must, at least, briefly state the leading facts connected with it.

We shall best explain the origin of the dispute (although, in so doing, we anticipate the order of events), by relating the circumstances in which the two rival discoveries were first respectively made known. There is no question, we may premise, of the fact that Leibnitz has the priority in the order of publication. As early as 1684, he published, in the well-known journal of Leipsig, entitled *Acta Eruditorum* (in the October of that year), a detailed explanation of the so-called *Differential Calculus*, since famous under his

name. Now, it was not until two years later that Newton, in the first edition of his *Principia* (1686), made his Method of *Fluxions* public; and it should be added that, far from manifesting at this time any ill-feeling towards Leibnitz, he accompanied it with a high tribute to his eminent merit. Nor does it appear that any idea of rivalry between these great mathematicians or their friends arose until the question of priority was raised (in 1699), by a Swiss mathematician, named Fatio de Duiller, resident in England, who, influenced, it is supposed, by a vindictive feeling against Leibnitz, declared his Calculus to be identical with the Fluxions of Newton. It began at the same time to be alleged that, though Leibnitz was the first to publish the Method, he had borrowed it from the MSS. of Newton, which he had privately seen. Leibnitz addressed a very earnest remonstrance to the Royal Society, in reply to these allegations; but no further notice was taken of the matter until (in 1704) an article appeared in the Leipsig journal (which, unhappily, is now proved to have been from Leibnitz's own pen), reflecting injuriously upon Newton, and accusing him of having borrowed his method in substance from Leibnitz, merely substituting fluxions for differences. Indignant at this ungenerous and, certainly, most unfounded imputation, the leading English mathematicians resolved to defend the honour of their countryman; and a paper by Keill (then a very young man, but since so distinguished as an astronomer), appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions for 1708," retorting upon Leibnitz the imputation levelled against Newton by the Leipsig journalist. Leibnitz lost no time in addressing to Hans Sloane, the Secretary of the Royal Society, a formal demand that Keill should be required to retract this injurious allegation; but the demand only led to a stronger reiteration of the assertion on Keill's part, in a letter addressed to Sloane; and, eventually, the Royal Society itself, after an inquiry undertaken at the challenge of Leibnitz, published a report on the whole controversy to the following effect: "That Mr. Leibnitz was in London in 1673, and went thence to Paris, where he kept a correspondence with Mr. Collins, by means of Mr. Oldenburg, till about September, 1676, and then returned by London and Amsterdam to Hanover; that Mr. Collins was very free in communicating to able mathematicians what he received from Mr. Newton; that it did not appear that Mr. Leibnitz knew anything of the Differential Calculus, before his letter of June 21, 1677, which was a year after a copy of Newton's letter of December 10, 1672, had been sent to Paris to be communicated to him;

that, about four years after, Mr. Collins began to communicate that letter to his correspondents, in which letter the method of Fluxions was sufficiently described to any intelligent person; that Newton was in possession of that Calculus before the year 1669; that those who reputed Leibnitz the first inventor, knew little or nothing of his correspondence with Mr. Oldenburg and Mr. Collins, nor of Newton's having that method above fifteen years before Leibnitz began to publish it in the *Leipsig Acts*; and that, for this reason, they reckoned Newton the first inventor, and were of opinion that Mr. Keill, in asserting the same, had been in nowise injurious to Mr. Leibnitz."

It will be seen that this Report proceeds on the supposition that the two methods, that of fluxions and that of differences, are identical. On this supposition it pronounces, most truly, that in point of time the priority of discovery, though not of publication, belongs to Newton. On the still more important question—whether Leibnitz actually borrowed his method from Newton's papers, communicated to him by Collins, the Report, without any formal and distinct averment to that effect, very clearly implies and suggests the affirmative conclusion. It would require much more space than we can command to lay before the reader all the evidence necessary for a satisfactory judgment on this vital question; but it will be enough for us to state that, in the opinion of the highest mathematical authorities of modern times, this Report of the Royal Society is unjust to Leibnitz in two different ways. First, there can be no doubt that the two methods—the method of Fluxions and that of Differences—are essentially distinct and independent of each other. Not to urge, on this point, the judgments of such men as Euler, Lagrange, Laplace, Poisson, Montucla, &c., we have the authority of one of the highest names in modern mathematical science, M. Biot, that (far from the one being clearly involved in the other or deducible therefrom) even after the full and complete publication and explanation of the Method of Fluxions in all its details, the discovery of the Differential Calculus would still have been a signal triumph of mathematical ingenuity. In the second place, even supposing the two methods to involve the same principles and to lead directly to each other, it must yet be acknowledged that the Report of the Royal Society is very far from stating fully the facts of the case, as they bear upon the great question whether or not Leibnitz had had an opportunity of borrowing his method from the unpublished papers of Newton. It is perfectly true that, as the Report alleges, Newton

was in possession of his method as early as 1666 or, perhaps, 1665. It is true also that Leibnitz was in London in 1673, and was in communication with several of the friends of Newton during his visit. But there is no evidence whatever that he then received from any of them the most remote intimation of Newton's being in possession of any such method, much less any explanation of its details. On the contrary, it is well observed by Montucla that the only paper of Newton's containing even a hint at the particulars of his method—his *Analysis per Aequationes numero terminorum infinitas*—is not even pretended to have been, at any time, shown to Leibnitz. It is true, as stated in the Report, that a letter of Newton's, containing the announcement of his discovery, was communicated to Leibnitz by Oldenburg. But the Report does not state the important explanatory fact that, in this letter, the method was not explained or announced openly, but, according to a practice not unusual among mathematicians at that time, was *concealed under an anagram*; and that, in truth, the announcement was only intended, *without betraying Newton's secret*, to serve as a register of the date of his discovery.

It is equally certain, too, that, three years before the date assigned in the Report, Leibnitz had written to Oldenburg to announce his own discovery; and it is plain from Oldenburg's answer, in which (evidently, *for the first time*), he informs Leibnitz that "*a certain Mr. Newton of Cambridge*," is in possession of a similar method, that up to this date (December 8, 1674), Newton's papers had not been communicated to him.

It is no less certain, on the other hand, that before his second visit to London, and therefore before he had had any other opportunity for the plagiarism from Newton, Leibnitz was in possession of his own method. A full year before the date assigned in the Report, while he was still in Paris, he wrote to Oldenburg (August 27, 1676), a sufficiently full explanation, not only of the principles, but even of the details of this method of differences, which Biot declares to be in every respect identical with that contained in the letter from Hanover in 1677, referred to in the Report, as Leibnitz's first announcement of his method. Now, the former letter (August, 1676), was written several months before Leibnitz's second visit to London—that visit in which it is insinuated by the Report, and was openly asserted by Newton's partisans, that the information, as to Newton's method, was surreptitiously obtained from Collins.

On the whole, indeed, nothing now seems more plain than that

the two discoveries were made quite independently of each other, and that each of the discoverers is entitled to the full merit of originality in his discovery. It is certain, too, that Leibnitz's method is so distinct from that of Newton that, even though it were posterior in discovery, its merit would be but little diminished by the fact. If, in the heat of the contest, which was embittered by personal jealousies as well as by national antipathies, these facts were overlooked, the acrimony and injustice which the quarrel exhibited can only be taken as another example of the melancholy influence which prejudice and party feeling may exercise over the most enlightened, the most liberal, and the most cultivated minds.

The narrative of this contest has carried us beyond the regular order of events. Late in the autumn of 1676, Leibnitz left Paris to take possession of his new post at Hanover. On his way he passed through London; and it was then that, for the first time, he saw that Mr. Collins from whom he is alleged to have received his information as to Newton's method. His stay there was very brief; and he proceeded to Holland, when, at the Hague, he met the celebrated Pantheistic Philosopher, Spinoza, with whom, as we have seen, he had already held a correspondence. We should add, however, that although both philosophers agreed in adopting the general principles of the Cartesian theory as the basis of their respective systems, nothing could be more marked than their antagonism in all the details of their practical applications.

December, 1676, saw him settled in Hanover, where he was destined to pass the remainder of his life. He was, in the first instance, appointed Librarian of the Ducal Library, but he soon after received several other employments from the liberality of his friend, John Frederick—the Superintendence of the Royal Mines, the Mastership of the Mint, and finally a seat in the Privy Council. He missed, nevertheless, the brilliant and enlightened society which he had enjoyed at Paris; and appeared to have been disposed to embrace an offer of the post of Librarian at Vienna, which was soon after made to him. But eventually he declined to accept it, unless he were at the same time named to a seat in the Privy Council.

Nothing, however, could be more liberal or more considerate than the conduct of the Duke of Hanover in his regard. He granted him almost an entire exemption from the duties of his various offices, in order that he might be free to devote himself to

study. "My generous prince," Leibnitz writes to his friend Couring, "will not hear of my confining myself to the business of my office. He has placed it quite at my disposal, to absent myself from the Sessions whenever I am detained by other occupations." Accordingly, his literary activity, after his removal to Hanover, appeared more marvellous than ever. It is to this period of his life we have to refer his greatest and most memorable works, whether in Philosophy, Theology, Jurisprudence, or Literature—his *Theodicea*, his *Accessiones Historicae*, his Commentaries on Diplomatic Law, and his *Protogæa*. Moreover, in addition to his regular literary occupations, he continued to correspond with learned friends in every country of Europe, and on the most diversified subjects. His pen, too, was anonymously employed by the Duke in political services of various kinds. His mechanical genius was turned to account in devising plans for the better management of the Ducal mines and other public works, and improving the machinery employed in them. And, notwithstanding all this, he continued to keep pace with the advances in literature and in science, whether physical or moral, of which his age was so prolific. The systems of Malebranche, Descartes, Locke, Bayle, Spinoza, &c., will be found to be discussed with consummate skill and ability, as they successively present themselves, in those of his letters which are still preserved: although these are known not to constitute a tithe of his voluminous correspondence.

Another of his occasional occupations consisted in the practice, then popular among geometers, of mutually proposing and resolving mathematical problems. "The Geometers of that day," says Dr. Guhrnar, "used to challenge one another to a conflict of wits from one end of Europe to the other, through the medium of the public journals, which formed their common battlefield. Leibnitz did not disdain to take his place occasionally in the lists along with his friends and pupils, although in truth the solution of such problems to him, as to Newton, was but a matter of play. In proposing a problem, it was usual to fix a term for the solution. Thus, when John Bernoulli proposed his celebrated problem:—'To find the curve of quickest descent,' he gave a year for its solution, and afterwards, on account of its exceeding difficulty, extended the term by six additional months. Among the solutions of it, which were sent forward, was an anonymous one by Newton; and it is told of him that he found the problem on his table, as he returned in the evening exhausted after his duties at the Royal Mint, and yet completed the solution before supper. But Leibnitz

was equally rapid, and would seem to have arrived at the solution almost by intuition ; for he resolved the problem while driving in his carriage from Hanover to Wolfenbüttel, and, the moment he dismounted from the carriage at the hotel, at once put the result on paper." He mentions this himself in a letter to Burnet, seemingly for the purpose of proving that, in quickness of apprehension, no less than in solidity of judgment, he was not inferior to his great rival.

One of the most pleasing characteristics of Leibnitz is the free and liberal spirit (unfortunately too rare among men of letters and of science) in which he imparted to others the fruits of his own study. He took a pleasure, he used to say, in seeing his own seeds flourish, even though in another man's garden ; and he felt more than compensated for the loss of individual reputation by the advantage to the general cause of science which resulted from this more liberal policy. To this liberality, even if we had not the most grateful acknowledgments of it from the two Bernouilli, from the Marquis de l'Hospital, from Huygens, Otto Mencke, and others, the remains of his correspondence would bear the fullest and most honourable testimony.

Leibnitz's patron, John Frederic, died in the end of 1679. The accession of his brother, Ernest Augustus, led to a complete change of the Ministry and the chief officials of the Court ; but Leibnitz continued under him to enjoy the same, if not still greater favour. Early after the accession of this prince, Leibnitz, at his instance, became engaged in one of the most remarkable proceedings of his life—a plan for the reconciliation and reunion of the Protestant and Catholic Churches. It is no part of our present purpose to enter into the history of these proceedings : but the fact is in itself too important to be overlooked. And it is a most remarkable evidence of the versatility of Leibnitz's genius that he became one of the most active and efficient negotiators in this delicate affair, and that, when it took the form of a controversy rather than of a negotiation, he was one of the ablest theological disputants of his party—an adversary not unworthy to break a lance with the great Bossuet himself, the most redoubted among the champions of the Catholic Church.

About this time, also, he commenced his great historical work on the House of Brunswick. In search of materials for this work he undertook, by order of his Government, an exploratory tour of all the great libraries and collections which seemed to promise any light upon its subject. Setting out in the autumn of 1687, he



visited Rheinfels, Frankfort, and Sulzbach, and proceeded to Vienna in the following spring. The reception which he met at Vienna was highly flattering. His visit to that capital occurred at a memorable moment—just after the arrival of that embassy from the Ottoman Porte, from the negotiations of which we date the final abandonment of the old aggressive policy on the part of the Moslem, which, for centuries before, had kept Southern Europe in perpetual alarm. The conqueror of Constantinople, Mahomet II., had bequeathed the thirst of fresh conquests as an inheritance to his successors. He had himself wrested from the Christians two hundred towns and cities. The inscription which he had placed upon his tomb: “I sought to take Rhodes and to subdue Italy,” was a perpetual incentive to the fiery ambition of those who inherited his throne. Nor did it fail of its effect. Bajazet II., Selim I., above all, Mahomet II., the captor of Rhodes, made this fierce policy the study of their lives. Later Sultans had continued, with fanatical tenacity, to point their arms towards the West; and, but a few years before the date of which we are speaking, in the summer of 1683 a Turkish armament, the most formidable that ever crossed the Danube, had carried fire and sword to the very gates of Vienna itself. The prospect of peace, therefore, presented by the embassy referred to above, was a subject of general exultation at Vienna, and to none more than to Leibnitz, who, as we have already seen, had always regarded the propagandist pretensions of the Turks as incompatible alike with the political tranquillity and the religious progress of Christendom.

While Leibnitz was engaged in his researches in the Imperial archives, he learned the news of another event which was destined to exercise a great influence on the fortunes of the house which he served, and indirectly, also, upon his own—the English Revolution of 1688. By the exclusion of the direct heirs of James II. from the throne, a way was opened for the succession of the Electress Sophia and her family, failing the heirs of the princesses, Mary and Anne. It was not, however, until many years later, after the successive deaths of the numerous children of Queen Anne, that this prospect began to assume such appearance of probability as materially to affect the policy of the House of Hanover.

After a winter of laborious exploration in the archives and libraries of Vienna, Leibnitz proceeded, in the January of 1689, to the north of Italy. He arrived in Venice in the beginning of February; and, before proceeding further to the south, he made an excursion into Istria for the purpose of visiting the mines of

that rich province. An anecdote, which is told of this journey by his biographer, Eckhart, is an amusing illustration of his coolness and presence of mind in danger—a quality which, notwithstanding the monotonous and unadventurous character of his life, he appears to have possessed in no ordinary degree. On his voyage homewards, his boat was overtaken by one of those sudden storms which are so usual, and often so fatal, in the North of Italy. The boatmen, believing Leibnitz to be a German and a Protestant (with neither of which characters they had much sympathy), and imagining that little interest would be taken, and little inquiry made, as to the fate of a stranger, began to discuss among themselves, in their rude Lombard patois, the propriety of throwing him overboard and taking possession of his effects: trusting to be able to explain his disappearance by asserting that he had perished in the storm. It is easy to imagine what must have been Leibnitz's horror during this discussion, every word of which he understood. He had the coolness, however, to conceal it; and, without betraying the least alarm or emotion, he quietly drew a rosary (which he chanced to carry with him) out of his pocket, and began to tell his beads with every appearance of unconscious devotion. The ruse was perfectly successful. The boatmen saw, or thought they saw, that they had to deal, not with a heretic, as they had imagined, but with a good Catholic like themselves. The treacherous scheme was at once abandoned. But Leibnitz never afterwards doubted that it was to his own ready ruse he was indebted for reaching the shore in safety.

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## TWO LITTLE ANGELS.\*

**G**OD sent your little angel boy  
 Upon that feast of tender joy  
 Which saw the Virgin Spouses wed,  
 Two months ago—and he is dead!  
 Two happy months for him and you:  
 How swift the brimful moments flew  
 While the sweet nursling took his rest  
 Upon the proud young mother's breast,  
 Who wondered how her happy hearth  
 Had not seemed lonely ere his birth!  
 Not lonely now—*As* fills the hours  
 With plenitude of baby powers.  
 Ah! none but mothers know the cares,  
 The joys, the griefs, the fears, the prayers,  
 The bitter sweets of motherhood—  
 Best earthly proof that God is good.  
 How many vague, bright dreams and hopes  
 Are clustered round this life which opes  
 So sunnily in winter time—  
 How fair will be its summer prime!  
 You dreamed your boy would live far on  
 Into the century whose dawn  
 Is still fifteen dark years away;  
 Long years of life, you fancied, lay  
 Before him. Ah! not years but hours!  
 God often culls the budding flowers:  
 Far better thus perchance for them  
 Than left to wither on the stem.  
 Whate'er God wills, God's will be blest,  
 For God is good, and God knows best.  
 But still your darling throve and smiled,  
 A happy, healthy, ruddy child,  
 Till on his own sweet festal day  
 Saint Joseph beckoned him away.  
 Patron of happy deaths, is this  
 The token of your love? Your kiss  
 Welcomed the lovely babe to heaven,  
 When God took back what He had given.  
 Two happy months of mortal breath,  
 And then the change that men call death.

\* The first of them was born on January 23rd, Feast of Our Lady's Espousals, 1885, and died on the following 19th of March, Feast of St. Joseph.

*Two Little Angels.*

Thank God, his very death was bright ;  
 He did not pine beneath your sight  
 But flew in all his infant charms  
 Up to the Heavenly Father's arms—  
 This lambkin of the Shepherd's fold,  
 This spotless creature two months old.  
 Poor mother, grudge him not to God.  
 You would not wish him to have trod  
 The weary paths of toil and sin,  
 While he so soon his heaven might win.  
 Nay, grieve not, but rejoice, rejoice,  
 For hear you not that seraph voice ?  
 "Safe oh ! so soon o'er life's dark sea—  
 Dear mother, all is well with me."

\* \* \*

Thus had I sung, yet did not dare  
 Upon the mourner's meek despair  
 Such trivial solace to obtrude,  
 Until the stroke which seemed so rude  
 Its sanctifying cure had wrought  
 And the poor childless mother sought  
 The strength divine to bear her loss,  
 Like Her who stood beside the Cross.  
 But now the lonely months have run,  
 And they and grace their work have done.  
 The anguish keen has grown to be  
 A cheerful, pensive memory ;  
 And now, to that bereaven home  
 The best of comforters has come :  
 The first-born, ne'er to be forgot,  
 Smiles down to see his tiny cot  
 No longer tenantless, for there,  
 With cheeks as rosy, brow as fair,  
 Another baby angel sleeps.  
 What jealous ward the mother keeps  
 Lest angels steal him, too, away !  
 But no, *this* guest has come to stay,  
 To be his mother's joy and pride  
 And grow to manhood by her side,  
 Helped through life's duties and life's cares  
 By his young elder brother's prayers.

M. R.

## LAST RELICS OF AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

**B**Y way of supplement to the sketch of Father Law drawn from his published letters and memoir, a few notes may be added from unpublished papers. If we had space, we should wish to draw largely from a selection of the notes of his private meditations, which the Hon. W. Towry Law has printed but not published. They were put down on paper without the slightest thought of publication, and are unconscious revelations of his beautiful character. For instance, when the star disappeared from the sight of the Magi, and the priests and scribes gave excellent advice, which they did not themselves act upon, he makes these personal reflections :—

Here I might consider well what I generally urge in sermons, that I may see how I practise myself what I teach.

1. I recommend much the living with God's eye on us, and looking for *His* praise, as God's judgment is the only one worth caring for.

2. I enlarge much upon the advantage of prayer, and speak of how we ought to have great confidence, looking upon it as an immense power.

3. I remind people how they should look upon themselves as "Ulcus et Apostema," as brands rescued from hell, if they have committed even one mortal sin; and how they ought to live in a penitential spirit.

4. I speak much about the immense graces promised to a forgiving and merciful spirit, and say that people should be delighted to get an opportunity of forgiving, since the reward is so unspeakable.

5. I exhort much to recalling often to mind the memory of Jesus Christ, and say this is a beginning of devotion to the Sacred Heart—and I repeat often those words, "Do this in memory of Me."

6. I exhort people always to look upon God as their Father. And I urge them to say the petitions of the "Our Father" with all fervour. I recommend them strongly to *prepare* their minds before beginning prayer, according to the addition of St. Ignatius.

7. I am accustomed, in fact, to say that everything depends upon how we pray. The above are some of the things I most preach upon. Do I practise them? "Thou therefore that teachest another, teachest not thyself."

When the Jews murmur at Jesus, this holy soul turns fiercely against himself. "Is any shame left in me, for me to wish for praise, when I am what I am, especially when God is being murmured at?" And in another place he puts himself far below persons of whom I know nothing, and who are not likely to see

their names mentioned here. "How many seculars shame me to very confusion by their faith, fervour, piety, devotion, and love. Yet I say the Breviary, offer up the Holy Mass, and receive our Lord every day. There was Dr. Cramer so full of devotion and kindness to the poor; Rynveld with such innocence of life; and so many others."

Let us give the first of three notes on that most useful subject, the presence of God:—

Holy David says:—"Servavi mandata tua et testimonia quia omnes viæ in conspectu tuo," and I say these words daily at "None." Why then did he keep God's commandments, and why ought I do so too? The answer is, "Quia omnes viæ meæ in conspectu tuo."

It is the simple truth that we learnt as children, that "God knows and sees all things, even our most secret thoughts;" and if I would act up to this most simple truth, soon there would be a happy change in me. . . . "Omnes viæ meæ." These words suggest to me a method of meditating this truth—to go through all the actions of the day, and then to remember that each is in the sight of God—"in conspectu tuo." My rising—meditation, mass—breakfast—studies, reading, visits, confessions, sermons, conversations, breviary, examens—these are "viæ meæ," and God's eye is on them all. God's eye is on them all, and the conclusion ought to be "servavi mandata tua." Is it? How I forget that unsleeping eye!—"Ο ἀκόιμητος ὀφθαλμός"—that St. Chrysostom speaks so much of. Yet it was by a special providence, no doubt, that my dear mother, on her death-bed, said to me:—Remember—Thou, God, seest me." How shall I now begin to live with that eye on me?

These notes of meditation were taken early in his priestly life, as the following, which occurs in the middle of them, shows:—

Nothing so easy to think upon as death. It requires no effort of the imagination. There it is before us at every turn. Nothing so useful as its thought. It turns all worldly pleasures into gall. What condemned criminal would think of gluttony or lust the morning of his execution? At death we should, if we could, *look back*. I can put myself into that position. I look back upon my past life, especially that passed in Religion. . . . And still more that passed in the Priesthood. . . . There are the places I have been in—the Noviceship, Seminary, St. Acheul, Glasgow, St. Beuno's, Demerara, Roehampton, Blackpool. The missions I have given—Dalkeith, Galashiels. . . . Now about to die, what do I think of these places? There are the persons I have had to do with. The scandals I have given—now, about to die, what do I think of them? What account of me will they give directly before God's tribunal? There are my duties as priest; I have preached, heard confessions, visited people; now about to die, what do I think of them?

At death, we shall *look forward*. Even if I don't I shall *be there* directly. I look forward, then, to that most strict and searching tribunal, before which, in a few moments, I shall stand. All those things I have been looking back to

just now, will be brought up to be searched into before that tribunal. It will be seen whether I did those things, and secondly, whether I had true repentance for them. How then shall I die? An eternal friend of the Almighty God, or an eternal enemy of the Almighty, Just, and Angry God.

The following are only some out of many excellent reflections suggested by Magdalene anointing the feet of our Divine Redeemer:—

With what devotion she did this! And our Lord defended her against criticism and grumbling, and said wherever the Gospel should be preached, this, her action, should be told. What a reward! And our Lord has a reward also for each act of devotion that we perform. And we are able to honour Jesus, and, so to speak, anoint his feet in two ways: (1) By showing reverence to the Blessed Sacrament. How and in what way may I show reverence to the Blessed Sacrament? (2) By showing charity and mercy and kindness to the “least of His brethren.” How may I do this? Next, I may think what are the things I would do and say if I were with Mary Magdalene at His sacred feet. . . . I must ask to be allowed to assist with her at His feet, and there to do and say what it is fitting I, such a great sinner, should do and say. How lavish she is! The ointment she uses is of *great price*. When she considers who it is whose feet she is to anoint, she does not think of the expense. And, indeed, we cannot be too generous when Jesus Christ is in question. Here, then, I may think of my stinginess with God—always begrudging Him first fruits. He comes second, not first. Breviary, meditation, examens, &c., should come first. Whereas as often, if a pleasant book or companion, . . . present themselves, they get the first place. My God, I do not know you, nor love you—else I should not treat you thus. What will you do then, my soul? I must sacrifice something for the love of Jesus. Fine words are not enough. I must anoint his feet by first paying for the ointment.

It helps me much when I find such a station, as Mary Magdalene's, to put myself there when praying, *e.g.*, saying the Breviary at our Lord's sacred feet whilst she anoints His feet with the precious ointment.

This little paper will appear in October, which is the Month of the Holy Rosary. Before turning away from this holy book which, as I said, is printed but not published, we must give Father Law's thoughts about the Rosary. In another place he says: “I hold the rosary, and it is like making Mary present, like holding the skirt of her blessed mantle.” This page seems rather to be a note for a sermon than a note of a meditation:—

1. There is no devotion in the Church sweeter than the Rosary, and none more powerful. Why this is we now consider. And first, it breathes nothing but Jesus and Mary, than whom nothing can be sweeter. Its fifteen scenes place them before us and put us in their blessed presence. Saying the Rosary is holding sweet converse with Mary, and speaking to her about her Divine Son,

and about herself. And what can be more powerful to keep us from sin, and to plant virtue in us, than to live with Jesus and Mary, to talk with them, to accustom ourselves to their ways of thinking, speaking, and acting, which we do by being much in their company—at one moment being present at the manger, at another at the foot of the cross, at another seeing our Lord and His blessed Mother in heaven. But then we are reminded in the Rosary that this meditation and contemplation of our Lord's life is not to be a mere speculation, but it is to bear its own proper fruit,—that fruit is expressed in the petitions of the Our Father and Hail Mary. We look at our Lord and our blessed Lady, and our hearts get warmed and seek for an outlet in words. At once there are the ardent petitions of the Our Father and Hail Mary, which will express the most ardent desires that any saint ever had. In a word, there is nothing like the mysteries of the Rosary to excite us to pray; nothing like the two prayers, Pater and Ave, to express what we would pray for. For, whether you are in joy or sorrow, in hope or in fear, near God or far away from God, still those two prayers will always fall in with your desires, and exactly suit your particular circumstances. But all this and much more is better understood by using the Rosary than by talking of its use.

2. "Totum nos voluit habere per Mariam" (St. Bernard). And this is just what is admirably done in the Rosary; all the fruit of our Blessed Lord's infancy, passion, resurrection, and ascension is given us through Mary's hands. And who can walk with us hand in hand through our Lord's life and Passion and glorified life better than Mary? Who can teach us to meditate these mysteries better than she who "kept all these pondering them in her heart?"

3. There is no devotion that can be better fitted to the devotion of the Sacred Heart,\* to which such treasures are promised. For since this last devotion consists in showing gratitude and love for love, and since both of these are founded upon often calling to mind all our Lord has done for us, it is easy to see that this is just what is done in the Rosary. Have then, my soul, a great love for the Rosary.

One of the *industries* by which Augustus Law, before his ordination, prepared to work upon souls was the collecting of pious anecdotes which might be used in catechetical instructions. Very probably it was a sacrifice for him, but one would never guess it from the cheerful, spontaneous way in which he handed over to me a book of this sort in which he had gathered together, with a few little stories, a good many references to Alban Butler, the Bollandists, Rodriguez, &c., for materials of this kind grouped under the articles of the Apostles' Creed, the Commandments, the Sacraments, &c. This book, with many of the blank places filled up since in a less clear, less upright, and less self-restrained handwriting, lies now before me, and on the first page is written: "Pray for A. Law, S.J., June 1st, 1864." This inscription suggested the

\* This idea has just been carried out admirably by an Irish lady, to whom this page will be the first intimation that she was forestalled so many years ago in the plan of her "Little Rosary of the Sacred Heart" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son).



rhyme which may here be transferred from page 75 of "Erin, Verses Irish and Catholic," where a note explains the emphasis laid on *shall* and *will* by stating that Dean Alford's *Queen's English* was much discussed among us at the time these lines were written.

Pray for thee? Yes. I've sometimes said  
 Yes to that parting word, and paid  
 Slight heed unto my promise—now  
 I utter it as half a vow,  
 And pray for thee I shall and will.  
 Howe'er our happy lot may fill  
 The days with duties, Memory  
 Will ever keep a nook for thee,  
 And pray for thee I will and shall.  
 Again those little twin-verbs all  
 Their subtle shades of sense combine  
 To emphasise my vow, to twine  
 A chain around my heart and thine—  
 A triple chain of loving thoughts,  
 Hail Marys and forget-me-nots—  
 A rosary of altar-prayer  
 Which may unite us everywhere  
 Until that end which is no end  
 But true beginning: pray, O friend!  
 That thou, O genial soul and dear!  
 May'st be my brother there, as here.

In this collection of pious anecdotes, the first note in Father Law's handwriting is this. "Father Martin Gutierrez, S.J., got Suarez to write a treatise showing that more graces and heavenly treasures were bestowed on Mary than all the angels and saints together. For which the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and thanked him. Another time she appeared to him, covering with her mantle the whole Society." Under the head of "Penance" he writes: "A brother officer of mine in the R.N., converted from a sinful life, asked me (then, too, a Protestant) whether one could be baptized again. What does this show but the natural yearning of man for a sacrament for sins after baptism?" And in the same page he translates thus from the Bollandists (February 22), "Saint Margaret of Cortona at the beginning of her conversion, was called by our Lord *Paupercula* ['poor little thing!'] She begged our Lord with tears to tell her when He would call her *Filia*. He said that, when she had made a full general confession, He would call her *Filia*. 'For as yet (He said) you are *filia pec-*

*cati.*' After a confession of eight days and Holy Communion she heard Jesus calling her *filia*, and could have died of joy. When she came to herself, she cried out: 'O infinite sweetness of God! O day promised by thee, O Christ! O word full of sweetness! Thou callest me *Filia*. O word long desired, ardently sighed for, word sweet to the thought. My God says, *Filia mea*, my Jesus says, *Filia mea.*"

At the time that Father Law gave me this manuscript book of stories (or rather *for* stories), he wrote out for me at greater length the following narrative, ending with a message which will now be delivered for the first time after a delay of twenty-two years, as I find by a little sum in subtraction, the result of which startled me so much that I had to go over it twice in my mind. One of those whose names we venture to give in full is beyond the reach of all messages except prayers—Father Stanley Mathews, S.J., Rector of Belvidere College, Great Denmark-street, Dublin, died on the last day of the year 1878. May he rest in peace! And may the transcriber be forgiven for delaying so long to fulfil the commission entrusted to him of "spreading this story or at least its principles":—

*"Consolation for Religious and their relatives.*

"A young man entered the Society of Jesus in France. His father and brother who were without religion sailed for somewhere, but were shipwrecked. When the news came, the Jesuit, of course, feared much for their souls. Many years later, he was visiting an hospital and was asked to see a soldier sick, both in body and soul. He found the poor fellow was his brother. He did not make himself known, fearing to overtax the strength of the sick man, but went straight home to consult his Superior, who, after reflecting, told him not to return, but to leave his brother to the mercy of God, and not to trouble himself about him. Upon this the Jesuit Father had a strong temptation which he generously rejected. A few days afterwards his residence was changed. Four years later the Father was giving a Mission. A good woman came into the sacristy and said: 'I am not come to confession, but from the Curé, who ordered me to tell you from our Blessed Lady that your father, who was shipwrecked fifteen years ago, sunk to the bottom, made a good act of contrition, and was saved.' The Jesuit who had never seen the woman before, and whom she now saw for the first time, was astonished. She seemed a simple, poor woman, but was far advanced in the ways of God. She went on: "Your brother, whom you saw four years ago,

saved himself with difficulty on a plank, and his salvation was attached to the act of obedience you performed on his account. He died two days afterwards in excellent dispositions. I must also tell you that our Blessed Lady desires that you should know that *there are scarcely any souls who have relations in religion who are lost* : for Almighty God is so pleased with the sacrifice made to Him by a soul in religion that, in virtue of this act, He gives so many graces to all their relations to save themselves, that there are very few of them that are not saved. [Letter of a Carmelite Nun in Belgium. The Jesuit was still living when she wrote in 1860.]

“And now, old Russell, I hope you won't forget to pray for him who wrote this for you, and to spread this story, or, at least, its principles. And I hereby commemorate all my dear brothers in religion of the sister Isle (it is a *sister* isle to me), Scully, Rorke, Moore, Mathews, Keating, Corcoran, *et si qui sint alii*. Dear old fellows, may God and his holy Mother bless them. *Fiat, fiat!*”

With these papers of Father Law's a little scrap was mixed up by accident, which was meant for no eye but his own. It is not a note of the matter of one of his meditations, but of his manner of making his meditation on some particular morning, as far back as the year 1853, during his noviceship. I risk the indiscretion of printing it in full, exactly as it stands:—

“August 9. *Beati pacifici*. 1. Difficulty in commencing: tolerably fervent last three-quarters [of the hour allowed to the morning meditation]. 2. The reward for the peace-makers is to be called children of God. This is true nobility. The way to make this peace with God, my neighbour, and myself is Humility. 3. Acts of Humiliation.”

What acts of this kind he determined on he does not specify; but he goes on to say: “On Sunday last I had got a lot to say to F. Clarke which I thought I should have some difficulty in getting out. However, I made a resolution to tell him all I had on the paper. When it was “my turn next” at his door, a temptation came to leave out some things as of no consequence. However, I was inspired by my Creator to pray, and I told all without the least reserve, better than ever I did before. Since then, I have felt a happy confidence that in all my troubles and anxieties I have a most kind and dear friend in Father Clarke.”

*Inspired by my Creator.* That is very like St. Ignatius's way of speaking of God, whom he hardly ever names without some epithet denoting awe and reverence. I find appended by an

eavesdropper to this utterly private note an annotation, which itself is more than twenty years old, and will show the impression made by "Mr. Law" before he was yet a priest:—"Thus felt that candid, noble soul, who, a year before, had been a dashing young officer in the Royal Navy, nephew to Lord Ellenborough, &c. What temptations to worldliness and worse than worldliness! Ah! God knew whom He was trying—He did not expose *me* to such perils before calling me into His Society."

Back volumes of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, fifteen years old, are sufficiently inaccessible to be considered *inédits*, and suited to the purposes of the present paper. But we can only name a few of Father Law's contributions which appeared in 1872 and 1873. In November and December of the former year, his little suggestive papers are signed *Lex Fidelis*—a whimsical signature devised by the genial editor, the late Father William Maher, because his contributor's name was "Law," and because he was "faithful" to a promise he had given of writing for *The Messenger*. In March, 1873, "A. L." puts together some very beautiful principles and practices about prayer, used by Blessed Peter Faber, the first priest of the Society of Jesus. In "A Dialogue," which runs through the summer months of that same year, he joins quaintly together his old love and new—sailor-life and the writings of St. Chrysostom. The captain of a vessel, living at the time of the saint, retails to a passenger his recollections of sermons he had heard from the holy patriarch at Constantinople. Father Law's style resembles his handwriting, not particularly striking or fluent or graceful, but very clear and honest, and bringing home its meaning well. I do not know how close his captain keeps to the Greek text in this passage—on the true office of sorrow—which he gives as a sample of St. John Chrysostom:—

"God has given you the power of sorrowing; and why, and to what end? For no other end but that you may use it to wash away your sins. Let an example show how true this is. Medicines were made for those diseases only that they can cure, and are useful for those alone. For instance, if a medicine has been tried for many diseases and has failed in curing any of them, but when applied in the case of one disease has cured it at once, we at once conclude that that medicine was made for that disease and that alone. Now, sorrow is a medicine; apply it then in the case of all the miseries of this life, and see which it heals, and learn from that for what it was made, and why the power of sorrowing was implanted into our hearts by God. You have lost all your

property and are reduced to beggary;—add sorrow; does it give you back your riches? No; it was not then made for loss of riches. You are annoyed and insulted and injured by your neighbour;—add sorrow, and what do you gain by the addition? Does it lessen the annoyance, or recall the insult, or compensate for the injury? No; it was not then made for annoyances, or insults, or injuries. You have lost a dear wife or child—you grieve, lament, sorrow. Does this recall your wife or child to life? No; such grief is natural, but it heals nothing here. It was not then made for loss of wife or children. You are on a sick bed, you lose patience, you sorrow. Does this help you? No; it only increases your sickness. It was not then made for sickness. But you have sinned, and you sorrow for your sin, and at once the sin is forgiven. Sorrow was made then for sin, and for sin alone. For it was used as a medicine for other miseries and failed to cure them. Applied to sin it cures it at once. ‘*Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.*’ ”

None of the volumes printed by his father’s pious care contain the following verses, written by Father Law, for some feast of St. Gertrude (November 15), who was the patroness of his kind friend, the Mother Superior of the Convent of Our Lady of Good Hope, Grahamstown, South Africa. In the Church’s prayer for the Feast, God is said to have “prepared for Himself a pleasant dwelling in the heart of St. Gertrude”—*qui in corde beatæ Gertrudis Virginis jucundam tibi mansionem præparasti*. This is the key-note of this strain, which evidently was made for some particular tune:—

The Sacred Heart is full of joy:

Why ’tis so, angels, say!

Ah! joyously you answering sing—

It is Saint Gertrude’s Day.

O Lover of the Sacred Heart!

Saint Gertrude, hear our prayer,

And make us love what thou didst love—

Oh! grant this treasure rare.

O blessed Gertrude, in thy heart

Our Jesus found his rest—

Made there his happy dwelling-place,

Ah me! how thou wert blest!

O Lover of the Sacred Heart! &c.

O blessed Gertrude, tell me why

He chose thy heart for this;

And tell me how my sinful heart

May share in part such bliss.

O Lover of the Sacred Heart! &c.

“ I loved to dwell in that dear Heart,  
 He loved to dwell in mine.  
 If thou dost love the Sacred Heart,  
 He'll love to dwell in thine.”  
 O Lover of the Sacred Heart! &c.

As friend to friend, as spouse to bride,  
 Did Jesus speak to thee:  
 What wonder, then, that pleasant place  
 He found, dear Saint, in thee?  
 O Lover of the Sacred Heart! &c.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart  
 Was Gertrude's richest store;  
 And still her eyes are bent on It,  
 And will be evermore.  
 O Lover of the Sacred Heart! &c.

Then love for love and gratitude  
 And reparation due—  
 'Tis this our Jesus asks of us  
 And meets response from few.  
 O Lover of the Sacred Heart! &c.

Father Law himself had an ardent devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. During his second term of work in Scotland, he wrote to me once, proposing to write about this devotion in a way suited to make it attractive to men of the world. I know not what answer I sent, but I know what answer I ought to have sent at once. Among the numerous sources of contrition and wholesome self-reproach that are open to most of us, one that perhaps is not sufficiently drawn upon is the thought of all the good that we might have induced others to do, if we had given due help and encouragement at the proper moment and in the proper manner. In that same original series of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, to which Father Law has made us look back, the present writer invented an epithet to describe this *hiphiline* mode of doing good in a passage which, for the benefit of his present readers and of the present magazine, he disinters from a faded scrap, printed in January, 1870:—

“ And now, what may we ask of our kind readers but—to be our kind readers? Those who read are rarely unkind. The hardest critics are generally such as qualify themselves for their office by not reading what they criticise. However, these remarks are out of place here. Our readers will show their kindness chiefly

by trying to infect others with the same. And the practical proof of kindness is, to increase, even by a unit, the circulation of our periodical. You yourself, dear reader, do you subscribe? Perhaps you cannot do so yourself. Is there no one—are there not two or three whom you could induce to perform this little work of zeal? In the Hebrew Grammar there is a conjugation of verbs in *hiphil*; which means, *to make others do the thing in question*. In this *hiphiline method* of subscribing there must always be a little forcing, a little gentle browbeating, to overcome the *vis inertiae*, the apathy, which seems to weigh most upon the religious public. *The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light*, and they are also more energetic, perhaps, in their propagandism of their peculiar feelings and doctrines. ‘Treat people as if they were what they ought to be, and you help to make them what they ought to be.’ This German saying (Goethe’s, I think), may be applied to the encouragement of Catholic literature. Such encouragement, generously given, enables the object of it to become more worthy of encouragement. A Priest, a Religious, can do much for the success of such a modest little enterprise (for instance) as this.”

The same periodical, from which this extract is taken, gives in its May Number of this current year, “Father Law’s Prayer to Our Lady” :—

“O Immaculate Virgin Mary, my Lady and my dear Mother! I wish to belong entirely to Jesus and to you.

“For this I give you my eyes, my ears, my tongue, my whole self. Do you take care of me, but above all things preserve me from every sin, especially sins against purity, which is so dear to you.

“Bless me, O Daughter of the Eternal Father, and do not permit me ever to offend my good God in thought.

“Bless me, O Mother of the Eternal Son, and do not permit me ever to offend my good God in word.

“Bless me, O Spouse of the Holy Spirit, and do not permit me ever to offend my good God in deed or omission. But make me always to love Him with my whole heart, and to cause Him to be loved by others!

“So be it, O sweet, O pious, O loving Virgin Mary!”

To fix this prayer in our minds, let us advert to the order in which our thoughts, words, and deeds are here specially consecrated to the Three Divine Persons. If we were left to settle this point for ourselves, we might think of the Holy Ghost as the inspirer

of good thoughts, and of God the Father, as the Maker, the Worker, the Doer, the Source of all energy and activity; and so we might reverse the order of the Confiteor—"cogitatione, verbo, et opere." But thoughts come first, and what theology dares to say about the relations of the Persons of the Adorable Trinity harmonises with the order followed by Father Law in this little prayer. A primary concept with regard to God as a personal cause is that He is a thinking Being. To the Divine Word our words are appropriately consecrated; and, as the Holy Ghost is the Sanctifier, the Giver of all good gifts, in whom only can we say, "Lord Jesus!"—to the Blessed Virgin, as His Spouse, we pray specially that she may pray for us and hinder us from resisting His inspirations, so that we may always do what the Holy Spirit prompts us to do, and omit what He forbids. Attending to this order of ideas, and translating the concluding invocation of the *Salve Regina*, in the manner suggested by the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D., in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, it is easy to fasten in one's memory the pith of Father Law's prayer. "Bless me, O Daughter of the Eternal Father, and never let me offend my good God by thought. Bless me, O Mother of the Eternal Son, and never let me offend my good God by word. Bless me, O Spouse of the Holy Ghost, and never let me offend my good God by deed or omission. So be it, O clement, O tender, O sweet Virgin Mary."

This may fitly be the last of these relics of Augustus Law, Priest of the Society of Jesus, whose wasted body was deposited in an unknown and unmarked spot, near Umzila's kraal, in the heart of heathen Africa, in the last days of November, 1880, and whose pure soul has ever since, as we may trust, been happy in the bosom of God, who will reward the virtues and sacrifices of life with a blessed eternity.

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IN HONOREM EDUARDI CONFESSORIS.

"LONG live our good King Edward!" was of yore
 The cry in Albion; and again—"Restore
 The laws of Edward!" was the people's prayer,
 When he, the King-Saint, was no longer there.
 That Saxon name is dearer to us now
 Since Olongowes' crown bedecks the Celtic brow
 Of one who bears that name and wields to-day
 O'er realm more loving a yet holier sway.
 Long may he reign! Ah! far too long, I fear,
 For still he reigns in grateful bosoms here.

— *St. Francis Xavier's, Oct. 13, 1882.*

NEW BOOKS.

1. OCTOBER is the Month of the Holy Rosary, and it is, therefore, an appropriate date for the publication of "The Little Rosary of the Sacred Heart" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), which, however, is suited for every month in the year. In an earlier page of this number a passage is quoted from private notes of the holy and amiable Father Augustus Law, S.J., in which is forestalled the idea that suggested itself independently to the writer of this beautiful book. It will, with the blessing of God, increase the love of many hearts, especially young hearts, towards the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and it will enable many also to perform the cherished devotion of the Rosary with more pleasure and more advantage. The deep spirit of piety which pervades these pages is not hindered but greatly helped by the excellent literary form which is here conspicuously present, but which, unhappily, is conspicuously absent from many pious and well-intentioned productions. We warn our readers that these praises are bestowed on a very small book of an unpretending kind which only does exceedingly well what it proposes to do.

2. Messrs. Burns and Oates—who have just added "Limited" to the style and title of their firm, and who also describe themselves as "Publishers to Pope Leo XIII., and Contractors to her Majesty's Government"—have produced with their usual taste, the stately volume which contains the last of an important series of spiritual writings by the venerable Bishop of Birmingham. The third and concluding volume consists of a course of lectures on "Christian Patience, the Strength and Discipline of the Soul." There is no more interesting page in it than that which contains the following dedication:—

"To His Eminence the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Cardinal Newman. My Dear Lord Cardinal—I do not forget that your first public appearance in the Catholic Church was at my consecration to the Episcopate, and that since that time forty years of our lives have passed, during which you have honoured me with a friendship and a confidence that have much enriched my life. Deeply sensible of the incalculable services which you have rendered to the Church at large by your writings, and to this Diocese of your residence in particular by the high and complete character of your virtues, by your zeal for souls, and by the influence of your presence in the midst of us, I wish to convey to you the expression of my affection, veneration, and gratitude, by the dedication of this book to your name. It is the last work of any importance that I shall ever write, and I can only wish that it were more worthy of your patronage. I am ever, my dear Lord Cardinal, your devoted and affectionate servant in Christ, ✠ WILLIAM BERNARD ULLATHORNE, Bishop of Birmingham."

We may conjecture that these lectures have been addressed to many religious communities; and now, as finally revised by their author, they will long continue their holy work in enlightening and encouraging chosen souls. The announcement of a forthcoming book shows that the author of *Christian Patience* has been honoured by being associated with the two living English Cardinals, in so far that a volume of "Characteristics" has been selected from his writings, as was done before to Cardinal Newman and then to Cardinal Manning.

3. "St. Columba, and Other Poems" by the Rev. J. Golden (Burns and Oates), is a novelty in its imitation of the French system of paper covers. Its hundred and fifty pages are divided among three long poems, without a single specimen of the short miscellaneous verses which generally come in at the end. Father Golden's subjects are all Irish, and he shows patriotic and poetic feeling; but we fear his friend ought to have accepted his plea of "lack of fire and skill." St. Columba's story is told in correct heroic couplets, but it would be more impressive in such prose as the Introduction. The poem which is placed last deserves its position. A Saturday Reviewer would probably cite the second quatrain in page 139 as a fair sample; but this would be unjust. *In medio stat virtus*, and the most meritorious of these performances is placed in the middle. A rather favourable verdict is quoted from this Magazine of the date of October, 1883; but we implied that the easy music of the *Hiawatha* metre was very frequently broken. The author professes to have improved on this point in his second edition; but how has his ear tolerated the first two lines of the second paragraph? Similar hitches occur in every page. We wish that the substance of the poem were more worthy of the Irish and Catholic spirit that animates it.

4. The Catholic Truth Society (London, 18 West-square, S.E.) is showing great zeal and activity in the publication of Catholic books, tracts, and leaflets. No. 1 of its Penny Library of Catholic Tales, contains three little stories by Lady Herbert, Miss Rosa Mulholland, and another; and No. 1 of the Penny Library of Poems, contains eighteen pieces, some of them very beautiful, by Longfellow, Leigh Hunt, Mary Howitt, Whittier, Rosa Mulholland, Katharine Tynan, and others. The same Society has issued penny editions of Canon Croft's "Continuity of the English Church" and Cardinal Manning's beautiful discourse "The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Immutable Truth." For two pence we have a revised edition of Father Breen's historical sketch "The Church of Old England."

5. Moore received four thousand pounds for "Lalla Rookh" which is now to be had for three pence in *The O'Connell Press Popular Library* without the dainty prose setting in which the four metrical tales are enshrined.

6. If not this month, certainly next month, the attention of our

readers will be called to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's new volume, "The League of the North and South" (London: Chapman and Hall). The author states that this will be his last contribution to the history of his time. We trust that he will next employ some of his well-earned leisure in giving us a selection of his literary papers, and a collection (not a selection) of his ballads and verses, towards which his absorption in active politics has made the author himself unjust. "The Muster of the North," "A Lay Sermon," "Sweet Sibyl," "The Irish Chieftains," "Innishowen," "The Voice of Labour"—these and many others come up at once before the memory, all worthy of the reputation even of the founder of *The Nation*.

7. "Catholic Hymns with Accompanying Tunes" (Burns and Oates), is a musical edition of St. Dominic's Hymn-book. The editor is Mr. A. E. Tozer, and he has received assistance from no less than seventeen living composers. Convents and choirs will no doubt hasten to add to their musical repertory this two shilling collection of eighty pieces, new and old. The words are in all cases printed separately on the lower portion of each page. Do experts prefer this arrangement? An outsider would rather see the syllables of the first stanza grouped each under its note.

8. "To-day's Gem for the Casket of Mary" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), is an extremely neat little volume, giving a motto and a resolution for every day in the year. We should have preferred something else in the last pages—for instance, an index of the authors quoted—in place of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception; but this addition will be a great convenience for members of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, for whom the book is specially intended. It is destined, please God, to inspire many a good thought in many a heart.

9. We congratulate two Catholic Magazines, one on each side of the Atlantic, on the two new contributors they have enlisted respectively—the American magazine securing an Irishwoman, and the English magazine an American. The *Catholic World*, the largest and most varied Catholic periodical in the world, gives in September the opening chapters of "A Fair Emigrant," a new serial by Miss Rosa Mulholland; and *Merry England* is enriched by an exquisitely written sketch called "John" by Miss Mary Agnes Tincker, author of the excellent novels, "The House of Yorke," "Grapes and Thorns," and "Six Sunny Months."

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

FROM ev'ry nation and from ev'ry clime
Wearied yet eager hearts are raised to Thee,
And never to the utmost bounds of time
Shall one poor soul's appeal neglected be !

Dear Heart, Thou never canst misjudge our deeds,
But ever readest all our thoughts aright,
Art quick to succour us in all our needs,
And never dost Thy lowliest lover slight.

Oh Love! Thy tender pity understands
The source and measure of each secret smart,
Thou knowest with thine own deep-wounded Hands
To soothe the anguish of a wounded heart.

Faithful Rewarder ! Thy just hand bestows
Alike to good attempted, and good done
The promised crown, because Thy wisdom knows
Success or failure is from Thee alone.

Ocean of mercy, in Thy depths we trust
The awful secret of our final end ;
Thou art the Framers of this sinful dust
And, though our Judge, art yet our truest Friend.

Christ our Consoler, patient, sweet, and mild,
How often do we prove the promise true :
"As tender mother comforteth her child
So, oh my people, will I comfort you !"

SISTER MARY AGNES.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF DUBLIN.

BY W. F. DENNEHY.

DUBLIN is a city of the past as well as of the future, and one before which infinite possibilities lie. Her present may be given to a great extent to the recalling of olden glories and to the anticipation of a new prosperity which infallibly must be hers; but by virtue of her place as the capital of Ireland, by her geographical position, which makes her queen of a bay in which the navies of Europe might float in safety, and by reason, be it said, too, of the public spirit and zeal of her citizens, Dublin has every reason to hope for the eventual securing of a prosperity equal to that of any rival. She possesses every advantage which, supposing Ireland to be a newly-found country, the pioneers who sought to lay the foundations of a great city would endeavour to find, in order to justify their action; and, if her present condition is not all that her citizens might reasonably desire, there is much in the history of her past which forbids them to despair of her future.

Volumes might be compiled as to the ancient history of Dublin, and the numerous legends which hardly lighten the haze which surrounds its early origin. Strabo, who wrote in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, mentions Ireland, but says nothing about Dublin. However, everyone knows that about A. D. 140 Ptolemy refers to that city under the name of Eblana, and an ingenious gentleman, a Mr. Baxter, a citizen of antiquarian parts, early in the last century, suggested that this was probably an abbreviation of the name Deblana, from which Dublin was gradually evolved. So, at least, records Dr. Walter Harris, whose "History and Antiquities of the City of Dublin from the earliest accounts: compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manuscript Collections, and other unexceptionable Vouchers," was published after his death in 1766. Jocelyn, in his "Life of St. Patrick," ascribes to the Apostle of Ireland a prophecy uttered with reference to Dublin, to wit, "that small village shall hereafter be an eminent city; it shall increase in riches and dignities, until at length it shall be lifted up into the throne of the kingdom." Be this as it may be, it is sufficient to take it as settled that, while Dublin had held the rank of a city of at least growing importance for a full eleven hundred years before Strongbow and his companions landed

in Ireland, it is also certain that only from the period when Henry the Second granted a charter to its citizens does it become possible to clearly trace its distinct municipal history. Dublin became the capital of the Pale, as the portion of Ireland under the dominion of the Normans was called, and became an Anglo-Norman city. The Normans, as usual, brought the memory of, and devotion to their own saints with them, and the name of more than one church in Dublin to this day attests the fact of their conquest of the city.

In 1190 a great portion of Dublin was destroyed by fire, and in 1204 some species of plague nearly depopulated the city and surrounding country. In 1205 Meyler Fitz-Henry, Lord Justice of Ireland, complaining to King John that he had no place of sufficient security for the keeping of State treasure, and, furthermore, declaring his opinion that it was essential that Dublin should be fortified, and his Majesty, with characteristic economy, issued a writ commanding his viceroy to erect a castle, and the citizens to duly fortify their town. For the provision of funds for these matters, he handed over to the worthy Fitz-Henry a debt due to him by one Jeffrey Fitz-Robert, of three hundred marks, and he desired the burgesses to find the means for the safekeeping of their city. Whether the debt due by Fitz-Robert proved to be bad or not, no record tells us; but it seems certain that the construction of the celebrated "Dublin Castle" was the work of Henry de Loundres, who was Lord Justice in 1213.

In A. D. 1215 His Majesty of England was graciously pleased to grant permission to the citizens of Dublin to erect a bridge over the Liffey wherever they pleased.

In the year 1266 a violent earthquake was felt in the city, which, as Dr. Walter Harris remarks, "being a thing very uncommon, struck more terror into the people than it did them mischief."

In 1282 the High Street was burned, and in the following year, as Harris quaintly tells us, "on the second of January the greatest part of the City of Dublin was burned down by an accidental fire, which did not spare the steeple, chapter-house, dormitory, and cloisters of Christ's Church: but such was the devotion of the citizens, that they first set about a collection for the repair of the church, before they thought of re-edifying their own houses."

Curiously enough, within the present year, the remains of the cloister and chapter-house referred to in this extract, have been

disinterred from the weight of debris which centuries had thrown over them, and have been revealed to the citizens, with many evidences of the patient piety with which holy monks, six hundred years ago, laboured for the honour of God.

Fires were frequent about this time in Dublin. In 1301, and again in 1304, large portions of the city were destroyed. Later on, in 1308, Dublin had a wealthy and liberal mayor, of whom we may, perhaps, be allowed to quote Harris's description :—

“ John Decer, Mayor of Dublin, at his own charge, made a marble cistern in the publick street, to receive water from the conduit in Dublin for the benefit of the inhabitants, such as was never before seen there. He also a little before built a bridge over the Liffey, near the Priory of St. Wolstan, and a chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the Franciscan monastery, wherein he was afterwards buried himself : he also erected another chapel to the Blessed Virgin Mary in St. John's Hospital. His bounty to the Dominicans is also celebrated, for he erected a large and elegant stone pillar in their church, and presented to the friars a large stone altar, with all the appurtenant ornaments, and entertained them at his own table every Friday out of charity. It is also recorded in the Registry of the Dominicans of Dublin that this generous magistrate, in a time of great scarcity, raised a vast sum of money, and furnished out three ships to France, which returned in two months laden with corn, and that he bestowed one of the ships' loading on the Lord Justice and militia, and another on the Augustinian and Dominican seminaries, and reserved a third for the exercise of his own hospitality and bounty. At the same time the Prior of Christ Church, being destitute of corn, and having no money to buy it, sent to this worthy mayor a pledge of plate to the value of forty pounds, but he returned the plate, and sent the prior a present of twenty barrels of corn. These beneficent actions moved the Dominicans to insert the following prayer in their litany, viz. :—‘ Orate pro salute majoris, balivorum, et communitatis de omni civitate Dubliniensi, optimorum benefactorum huic ordini tuo, nunc et in horâ mortis.’ ”

Surely the following, again from Harris, is worth preserving :—

“ A. D. 1310. The bakers of Dublin were drawn on hurdles at horses' tails through the streets, as a punishment for using false weights and other evil practices. This happened in a year of great scarcity, when a cronoge of wheat sold for twenty shillings and upwards.”

In November, 1316, a great tempest broke over Dublin, doing

much damage by sea and land, and demolishing the steeple of Christ Church Cathedral. During the same year the following events, thus preserved by Harris, took place:—

“Information being given that Richard, Earl of Ulster, surnamed Bourgh or de Burgo, was instrumental in bringing Bruce and his Scots into Ireland, Robert de Nottingham, then Mayor of Dublin,* and a strong band of the commons (*i.e.*, general body of citizens) marched to St. Mary’s Abbey, where the earl lay in a state of quietness, notwithstanding Bruce was encamped at Castleknock, and arrested and imprisoned him in the Castle of Dublin. He made resistance, and seven of his men were slain in the fray, and the abbey spoiled, upon suspicion that the monks favoured the enemy. The earl lay a considerable time in confinement; and though the Lord Justice and several of the king’s council sent a mandate to the mayor to discharge him upon bail, yet the mayor disobeyed the orders, and he was kept in close custody until Whitsuntide, 1317, when the Lord Justice repaired to Dublin, and assembled a parliament at Kilmainham, by which he was set at liberty, having first taken an oath on the Sacrament that he would neither by himself, his friends or followers, offer any mischief to the citizens for his imprisonment.”

From this extract it is possible to gather two facts of some importance, first, that the Mayor and citizens of Dublin recognised no superiority or power of control on the part of the Viceroy over them; and that, secondly, they did admit the higher controlling power of an Irish Parliament. Both of which points are of moment as illustrating the traditional power and inherited rights which the Lord Mayor of Dublin still exercises and enjoys.

In 1327, one Adam Duffe O’Toole was convicted of disgusting and idiotic blasphemy. and, according to the spirit of the time, burned to death on Hoggin, the present College-green, while four years later, in 1331, the following marvel is related:—

“A great famine afflicted all Ireland in this and the foregoing year, and the city of Dublin suffered miserably. But the people in their distress met with an unexpected and providential relief. For about the 24th of June, a prodigious number of large sea fish, called Turlehydes, were brought into the Bay of Dublin, and cast on shore at the mouth of the river Dodder. They were from thirty to forty feet long, and so bulky that two tall men placed on each side of the fish could not see one another. The Lord Justice,

* Robert de Nottingham was seven times Mayor of Dublin.

with many of his servants, and many of the citizens of Dublin, killed above two hundred of them and gave leave to the poor to carry them away at their pleasure."

In 1332 we have it duly recorded, and the wording of the entry is instructive, as showing the light in which the then citizens of Dublin regarded the people in whose midst they lived:—"Sir Anthony Lucy marched out of Dublin, into the County of Wicklow, attended by a strong band of citizens, and took the Castle of Arklow from the Irish, and repaired the same, and left a good garrison in it."

Six years later, in 1338, weather of almost unparalleled severity was experienced in Ireland. The frost was of such intensity that the Liffey was frozen over, and running matches, football competitions, and dances took place on the icy surface which was so thick that fires were safely lighted upon it. A prodigious quantity of snow fell about the same time, but Harris notes that "we do not find that it was followed by any scarcity."

In 1343, St. Thomas-street was nearly destroyed by fire, and five years had only elapsed when a terrible visitation came upon Dublin and Ireland, thus recorded by John Glyn, a Franciscan Friar of Kilkenny, whose account Harris translates as follows:—"This year, and chiefly in the months of September and October, great numbers of bishops and prelates, ecclesiastical and religious, peers and others, and in general, people of both sexes, flocked together by troops in pilgrimage to the water of Tachmoling, insomuch that many thousands of souls might be seen there together for many days. Some came on the score of devotion, but the greatest part for fear of the pestilence which raged at that time with great violence. It first broke out near Dublin, at Howth and Dalkey, it almost destroyed and laid waste the cities of Dublin and Drogheda; insomuch, that in Dublin alone, from the beginning of August to Christmas, fourteen thousand people perished. This pestilence had its first beginning, it is said, in the east, and passing through the Saracens and Infidels, slew eight thousand legions of them: it seized the city of Avignon, where the Roman Court then was: the January before it came among us, where the churches and cemeteries were not sufficient to receive the dead; and the Pope ordered a new cemetery to be consecrated for depositing the bodies of those who died of the pestilence; insomuch, that from the month of May to the translation of St. Thomas, fifty thousand bodies and upwards were buried in the same cemetery. This distemper prevailed in full force in Lent; for, on the sixth day of

March, eight Dominican Friars died. Scarce a single person died in one house; but it commonly swept away husband, wife, children, and servants all together."

In 1361, and again in 1370 and 1383 the plague visited Dublin anew, sweeping away many thousands of the citizens. In 1407 we read that:—"In consequence of the several great services done to the Crown of England, at divers times, by the citizens of Dublin, King Henry the Fourth, on the fifth of March this year, granted a license that the mayor for the time being and his successors for ever should bear before them a gilded sword, for the honour of the King and his heirs, and of his faithful subjects of the said city in the same manner as the mayors of London had borne before them."

In 1447 both plague and famine visited the kingdom, so that "vast multitudes" died in both Dublin and the surrounding districts, while in 1452 a remarkable phenomenon occurred, the "river Liffey being entirely dry for the space of two minutes." Yet again, we have it recorded that, in 1461:—

"A great tempest threw down the large east window of Christ Church, and the stones of it broke to pieces many chests and coffins, in which the jewels, reliques, ornaments, and vestments of the altars, as also the deeds, writings and muniments of the church were deposited, and the damages done upon this accident to the prior and convent were very great. Many foundation charters of the church were so lacerated and destroyed that they were scarce left legible for the impressions of the seals to be discerned; and particularly a foundation charter of Henry Fitz-Empress, which by no means could be read: the prior and convent, by the advice of lawyers went to the barons of the exchequer, and moved them to inroll such of their deeds as could be distinctly read, which was done accordingly."

Harris goes on sneeringly to say:—"The compilers of the Black Book of Christ Church, Dublin (from whence this account is taken) add a miracle upon the occasion. For they say, that the chest in which the staff of Jesus and other reliques lay, was entirely broken to pieces, and that the staff was found lying without the least damage on the top of the rubbish, but that the other reliques were entirely buried under it."

The "staff of Jesus" which was undoubtedly, by virtue of long continued tradition, the pastoral crozier of St. Patrick, was burned by order of Dr. Brown, the first English Bishop of Dublin, after the doctrines of Luther had borne fruit in the land

of Albion. During the fifteenth century the plague seems to have visited Dublin repeatedly, for in 1477 we have another visitation recorded, with yet another in 1484.

Harris tells us, that in 1486 :—

“Lambert Simnel, an impostor, was crowned king in Christ Church.”

He either forgot or omitted to mention that the crown used upon this occasion was one taken from the statue of the Blessed Virgin, then venerated in the Church of St. Mary del Dam, which stood by the dam of the Poddle river as it flowed beneath the present Cork-hill, and after which the Dame-street, so well-known in later days, has been called. We have, however, the story of the treason of the English settlers within the Pale, with their consequent atonement, thus recorded :—“A.D. 1487, Jenico Marks, Mayor of Dublin, and the citizens, made a submission and apology to the king for their misbehaviour in the affair of Lambert Simnel, in these words—‘We were daunted to see not only your chief governor, whom your highness made ruler over us, to bend or bow to that idol, whom they made us obey, but also our father of Dublin and most of the clergy of the nation, except the reverend father, his grace Octavian, archbishop of Armagh. We therefore humbly crave your highness’s clemency towards your poor subjects of Dublin, the metropolis of your highness’s realm of Ireland, which we hope your gracious highness will remit with some sparks of favour towards us. Your highness’s loving and faithful subjects of Dublin,

‘Jenico Marks, Mayor,

‘John Sergeant, John West, Thomas Mulighan, John
‘Fian, Aldermen.’”

It is a curious fact that on the roll of the Aldermen of Dublin in the present year of grace, as for many a one before, stands high the name of another Alderman Mulligan.

In A.D. 1486, we are told that : “This year the first musquets or fire-arms that were ever seen in Ireland, were brought to Dublin from Germany, and six of them, as a great rarity, were presented to Gerald, earl of Kildare, and lord deputy, which he put into the hands of his guards, as they stood sentinels before his house in Thomas-court.”

Was it fate that brought about the death of the bravest and best of the Geraldines, more than three hundred years later, and not a stone’s throw from the spot where the retainers of Gerald of Kildare once stood to arms ?

In 1525, and in 1628, Dublin was again visited by the plague; during the last visitation, the Archbishop, who was also Lord Chancellor, died, as also several other eminent citizens. Passing over the rebellion of Silken Thomas, to which we shall probably recur hereafter, and merely adverting to the fact that another shock of earthquake was felt in Dublin in 1534, we find in Harris's Annals the following entry:—"A.D., 1535, George Brown, an Augustin Friar, was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin, and was the first of the clergy who embraced the Reformation in Ireland, having renounced the papal supremacy, and acknowledged the same in the king, pursuant to an act of parliament passed the year following. He also removed all superstitious reliques and images out of the two cathedrals in Dublin, and other churches in his dioceses, and in their room placed the creed, the Lord's prayer, and ten commandments in gilded frames."

The Act of Parliament referred to in this extract, was one of the English Parliament. No genuine Irish Parliament ever acknowledged the supremacy of the king in matters of religion, faith, or conscience.

In 1550, the new Protestant Liturgy was first read, on the Easter Sunday of that year, in the Dublin churches.

With the passing away of Henry the Eighth to his reward, and during the brief reign of Edward, as well as throughout the course of the reign of Queen Mary, the "reformed" faith languished in Ireland as we have before noted, but this state of things was again all altered when, in 1559:—"The Mass was put down in Dublin by orders of Queen Elizabeth, and the litany and other prayers were sung in English in Christ-church, before the Earl of Sussex, lord lieutenant, who from thence invited the mayor and aldermen to dine with him at St. Sepulchre's. Orders were sent to Thomas Lockwood, dean of Christ-church, to remove all popish reliques and images from thence, and to paint and whiten it anew, putting sentences of scripture on the walls instead of pictures and other objects of idolatry, and this work was set about on the twenty-fifth of May this year. Large letters printed in the English language were placed in the middle of the choirs of St. Patrick and St. Thomas' Church, which caused great resort to these churches."

"Great resort to these churches!" Later on we shall see how the citizens of Dublin did actually regard these temples, but for the present we must rest satisfied with this first bundle of leaves from the annals of our city.

MARIGOLD.

A ROMANCE IN AN OLD GARDEN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "VAGRANT VERSES," "KILLRENY," "MARCELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Marigold put her basket on her head the next morning, and took her way towards Ballyspinnen, the world had a new aspect for her. The sunshine filtered down as usual through dingy haze, and shed a wistful glory over the busy town; the sullyng smoke from tall chimneys floated upwards, and tarnished the delicate lustre of silvery-golden clouds; and, as usual, the one, strange to see, did not hurt, but rather intensified, the beauty of the other. This morning the lowering smoke looked to Marigold more thoroughly than ever interpenetrated with light, and the glory above the horizon blazed upon her with a more solemn and tender expression! A spiritual ray shone in her own eyes, as they met and received the brightness; for her life had passed into a phase that was perfectly new, and the spirit of fortitude was upon her. Ulick was gone—it might be for ever; the probabilities of life would do much to keep them apart—yet she would suffer and be patient, that it might be well with him among the shadows of that impenetrable distance which shut him out from her sight. She had now no interest in the town whither she directed her steps; no one dwelt there especially loving or beloved. It was a lonely place, with clouds of trouble struggling ever into the light; and towards the benignity of that overhanging light her own chastened thoughts were attracted. She did her work in the town with her usual care and success; her fingers, which seemed made for weaving garlands, and creating beauty in their touch, left glowing tracks of colour behind them as she passed from house to house. A favourite among the ladies who knew her, if not among the Lizzies of her acquaintance, she drew the sympathies of gentlewomen towards her by the simplicity and refinement of her nature, the picturesqueness of her appearance and calling, no less than by

the interest which attached to her history. On this particular morning she had to wait upon the wife of Ulick's employer, a motherly woman, with grown-up daughters of her own, who had known of Marigold's intended marriage, though she had never yet spoken to her on the subject. When this good lady saw the flower-girl's golden head coming in between the cactus flowers at her conservatory door, she felt troubled at heart, having heard from her husband of Ulick's sudden departure from the country.

"I hardly expected to see you to-day," said Mrs. Flaxman, startled into forgetting her ordinary reserve.

"Why?" asked Marigold, with open eyes fixed upon her.

"Why," hesitated the lady, "because you have lost your friend."

Marigold, started in her turn, blushed, and became pale again. She had never imagined that the great lady had known anything of her engagement, or would be likely to consider her present state of mind.

"I have not lost him," said Marigold, "except for a little while. He will come back again;" she could not bring herself to add, "or I will go to him."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Flaxman. "I am glad to hear that. He gave up his situation very suddenly, and did not say anything about returning. I am sorry that the situation will have to be filled up; if he had spoken of coming back, it might have been kept for him. That he was highly thought of in the office, I know; and Mr. Flaxman was vexed and disappointed at losing him. But, of course, if he is coming back——"

The lady looked aside at Marigold, who was steadily arranging her pots with a serene look on her face, which was only a little paler than usual. She pitied the girl from her heart, not believing in the least about Ulick's return. Marigold felt the look and tone, and took the meaning of them away with her as an earnest of many others more difficult to endure, which would certainly try her patience as the time went along. And all that day there was nothing before her thoughts but the idea of the dreary ocean which lay between her and her love.

"Ulick gone!" cried Peter Lally, dropping his pipe, and smashing it on the gravel walk. "Gone out o' the country without so much as sayin' good-bye to an ould friend! What took him to England, my girl, without you? What took him to England, where he has neither kith nor kin?"

"He knows his own business, Peter Lally, and I know mine,"

said Marigold; "and mine just at present is to see that he is not wronged."

Peter looked at her pityingly, and shook his head.

"I don't fault you for standin' up for him," he said; "an' heaven grant it may turn out the way you expect. It's true we never saw anything in the boy that wasn't fair an' square."

"One would think you had seen a great deal in him that was bad and dishonest, to speak of him now with such black, black doubt in your face!" said Marigold, smothering a sob, and holding her head very high. The opinions of the world she could despise, but Peter's distrust cut her to the heart.

Peter pushed back his hat, and rubbed his grizzly head.

"Three, four, five years," he counted on his fingers, "I have known every turn of him, an' never seen a crooked one. The temptation of the world is before him, it's true, and it's hard to think what call he had to get up on a sudden, an' run out o' the place he was doin' well in. But still an' withal the nature's in him, an' you're right to believe in him, an' I'll help you at that. Shake hands on it, little girl. You an' me'll defend him agin the world!"

Marigold grasped his horny hand, and four eyes were very dim for a few minutes afterwards.

After that, the light or bitter words of gossip fell as fast and thick about Marigold's head as the yellow leaves that drifted down upon her from the fading autumnal trees, while she came and went about Hildebrand Towers. No one passed her in the street, or on the road, without a word about Ulick's bad conduct; every one was surprised to see her bearing it so well. People were glad to find she had so much spirit, but concluded she must always have known that she was not a proper wife for so rising a young man, and that he must leave her to find his place in the world. Others had always held an indifferent opinion of him; though he had fascinated many, they had been too shrewd to be imposed upon, and the girl ought to be thankful for so good an escape. Of these last was Poll Hackett, with whom Marigold had always been a favourite, and who was wont to relapse, from time to time, into unfavourable opinions of young men as a mass.

"Don't tell me!" she said, while Marigold and Peter and she sat on a felled tree, looking across the autumn flower-beds into the moist purple twilight of embrowned and blackened thickets. "Don't ask me to believe in the behaviour of the likes of him. Haven't I been meeting with young men ever since I came into

the world? First, there was my father; he was a young man, I'm sure, at the time I was born. Then there was my brothers, side by side with me, and sweethearts galore. My own good man was a caution, I can tell you; just such another as Ulick, when he married me, an' left me, to travel the world for his amusement, God knows where, and may the heavens forgive him! Even after I gave up the world an' took to widow-full ways, haven't I been seein' young men risin' up and poisoning the air around me? No sooner does one set get on to a decent steady sort of age, nor the little boys stretches out, and takes their place as bad as can be."

"What would you do with them, Poll," asked Peter, "if you had your full swing at managin' the world your own way?"

"I don't rightly know," replied Poll; "though many's the time I thought about whether the world couldn't get on without them at all or not. What's the good o' them, anyway, except in war time, when there's some use in sending them out to keep the enemy from a body's door? They're always in the way in a house, and they're never to be found when they're wanted. If young men was what they ought to be, would this place be without a master, I'd like to know? Sons was born in the family, time out o' mind, an' where are they now, I wonder? If it wasn't that they must always bein' killed, and gettin' shot to death with guns, or crossin' the seas without navigation, an' bein' drowned—if it wasn't for sich tricks, would you an' me be the lord an' lady of Hildebrand Towers, Peter Lally, I want to ask you?"

Peter rubbed his hands, and smiled knowingly at Marigold, saying—

"She was faultin' them for being alive a bit ago, an' now she's faultin' them for bein' dead. It's a bad graft on a bad stock, Poll Hackett, woman, an' it can't thrive! They be to be here, an' they be to go, as the Lord thinks fit. An' when we have them, we'd better take all the good we can out o' them, an' make much o't! An' don't you mind her foolish prate," he said to Marigold, as he sent her home. "Give her three days, an' she'll be round, like the weather-cock, an' singin' his praises; but don't stay too long without visitin' her, or she'll pass the turn an' be back at where you left her."

Many days necessarily passed before a letter could be expected from Ulick, and during this time the sympathising glint disappeared from under Peter's grey eyebrows; and the fireside company of Kate and the baby were Marigold's sole consolations.

Even Kate's fireside was hardly a sanctuary to her. Lizzie

was a person not easily daunted by difficulties ; and she did not fail to find an excuse for coming back to the cottage to enjoy her triumph over Ulick's departure.

"I suppose you thought you had affronted me for ever," said she to Kate, finding a chair for herself, and making herself comfortable at the fire ; "and so you would, only I'm not a person who can bear to be on bad terms with anybody. I'm that forgiving that I sometimes say to myself, 'You haven't an ounce of proper pride in you!' If it wasn't that humility is the best of virtues, I couldn't have any opinion o' myself at all."

"I don't bear spite myself, Lizzie," said Kate ; "an' I'm glad enough to see you when you're of an agreeable turn of mind."

"If I hadn't a been just runnin' over with good-nature, I shouldn't ha' been here," said Lizzie. "Give me the baby, Kate, an' I'll nurse him a bit for you !"

"No, thank you," said Kate ; "he'd give you a deal of trouble, and Marigold's used to him." And she deposited the infant in Marigold's lap ; this disposition of her treasure being the only punishment she condescended to inflict upon the unwelcome visitor.

Lizzie, not being a baby-loving woman, did not feel the punishment acutely, though she could appreciate the intention of the chastiser. By sundry little hitching movements, she enhanced her unentumbered enjoyment of the best seat at the fire, and proceeded to business.

"You might a' thought," she said, "that I came to have my boast over you about Ulick ; but it's not in me. I never see things turnin' out before my eyes the way I said they would, but I get sorry-like for them that's took in ; and a sort of modestness comes over me. You nearly threw me out o' your door, a while ago, for sayin' he was goin' away, an' leavin' them behind that he ought to took with him ; an' many's the one would come an' say to you, 'Ha, good woman, you thought you knew better nor me!' But it's not my way, and I couldn't have the heart to do it. It's what I come for to-night, to see Marigold, and to ask her how she was bearin' her trouble."

Kate reddened and frowned with wrath ; but Marigold laughed gaily, tickling the baby's feet, and nodding in its face.

"Baby, baby ! do you hear what nonsense she is talking ? Ulick is unkind, and Marigold is breaking her heart. Tell her to go away, and look after her own lover, and leave Marigold's business alone !"

Thus was the gauntlet hurled down in earnest to Lizzie, who,

it was well known, had never had a lover, her small, spiteful ways not being attractive to the sympathies of man.

"Lover or no lover," said she, "it's better be without sich rubbish, nor be made a fool of by one that goes away an' leaves you. Who bought eight yards of light grey stuff in Mill-street, the other day, to make a wedding-dress, I'd like to know?"

"Aha! Johnny! do you hear that?" chirruped Marigold. "Would she like to go and search my boxes, to see if that person was Marigold? Sit up, little baby, and ask her about it. Be civil to your visitor, little man of the house!"

"For shame with your tauntin'!" cried Kate. "No fear but you'd be at your old work before long. Ulick hasn't run away, as the likes o' you would make out, but he's gone awhile to England on business of his own. And Marigold's bound to him as fast as can be!"

"Oh, if they're married——" sneered Lizzie.

"I am no wife," said Marigold; "I will be no man's wife till he's ready, to take my hand before the world. When Ulick is ready, he'll know where to find me, and, in the meantime, we know our own affairs."

"I hope so," said Lizzie; "but if I was you I'd ha' made him do right by me before he put the sea between us——"

"But you're not me, you see!" cried Marigold, with another merry laugh. "Bah, Lizzie, go home! and tell your companions that Marigold is as happy as a queen, and can afford to make fun of the whole envious flock of you!"

Saying this, the girl sprang up, and began dancing about the kitchen with the baby, making such mirthful noise of singing and laughing and chirruping, that Lizzie's angry answering eloquence was lost. Even Kate did not hear it properly; and though she was quite ready to retort, could not do so with effect because of Marigold's tricks. The crowing baby was danced into her face; his fat hand was thrust into her mouth; she was forced into the play, whether she would or not. Lizzie, having struggled violently and vainly for a hearing, gave way in time to a whirlwind of passion, and, finally, made her exit in a condition of ignominious defeat. In thus defying Lizzie, Marigold knew well that she had also exposed herself to the shafts of all the Lizzie-like people of her acquaintance. But this troubled her little when, the very next morning, Ulick's first letter was put into her hand.

The letter was full of tenderness; and, though it threw no

light on the mysterious cause of the writer's departure, Marigold was perfectly content with it. Her smiles fell on every one that day, and the sun shone out over the lonely grey sea which so haunted her thoughts. Too delicate and proud to speak of her happiness to anyone, she carried the precious paper over her heart; while Kate spread triumphantly the news of its arrival. Even then the Lizzies laughed, and said, "It is easy for a clerk to write letters; it is another thing to cross the sea!"

Five letters came to Marigold from Ulick, none of which conveyed any news as to his future plans, or present means of existence. They were dated from London, written evidently in the flush of good spirits, and overflowing with the assurances of love. After this came a sixth, shorter than the others, and as if written in haste; then the watched-for time came round again, when a seventh might be expected. The morning passed, and the evening passed, and the letter did not come. The blossoms fell off Marigold's flowers that day, as her fingers worked amongst them.

A week went by, and still no letter. Marigold smiled at Kate across the fire, and repeated to her Ulick's words—"You must remember that a letter will occasionally miscarry."

"Goodness me!" said Kate. "To be sure they will; and you may as well make up your mind to it."

"Of course, I made up my mind to it from the first," said Marigold; and giving up the missing letter, which seemed to have dropped into that cruel ocean, set herself hopefully to look for its successor. But the letter-time came round again, and brought her nothing more.

Five times Marigold looked vainly for the longed-for packet, on the accustomed day, before she walked tremblingly into the post-office to inquire for missing letters. Around this bold effort clung her last remaining hope, which was speedily crushed. As she walked home along the oft-travelled road, Ulick's words rang in her ears: "When I cease to write, you may cease to trust." The time had now come, and her heart must break; the wind mourned along the bare brown hedgerows, and the first touch of winter desolated the world; while she moved slowly, as if on a strange journey in a new land, her head erect as ever under the accustomed basket, her dry and burning eyes seeing nothing but that dreadful ocean, which had at last overwhelmed her indeed. Kate did not venture to question her when she returned to the cottage, and passed silently into her own little room. There was that in her face which warned off even sympathy.

After this, her white and altered face was seen less frequently on the road and in the town. She shrank alike from friends and enemies, and sat alone in her corner, rapt in an agony of bewildered thought. So the first weeks of winter wore on, until, one evening, Peter Lally arrived from the Towers, and sat down by Kate's fireside, inquiring for Marigold.

"I'm raal unaisy about her," said Peter, lighting his pipe, and speaking low. "It's sich a long, long time since she came near us beyond. Is it true she got no letters this while back?"

"It's true," said Kate. "I'm afraid he's a bad one, after all. She's just dyin' afore my eyes; an' sure, what can I do for her?"

"It's the way of the world," said Peter, ruminating sadly. "Little fault they'd make of such conduct in London, I'm thinkin'. The young and light-minded picks up with new ways. They say 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,' but it's my opinion that love's a flower that often dies of transplantation. However, I mustn't say a word, for I promised her to believe in him."

"She won't hear a word against him yet," said Kate; "but it's aisy to see that the sorrows of death are in her heart."

Marigold's door now opened, and she came out of her room. "I thought I heard a friendly voice," she began, with an attempt at her old lively manner; but, catching Peter's glance, eye and tone failed, her lip quivered, and then settled into its new expression of enduring pain.

"It's about Poll Hackett I came," said the old man, having cleared his throat, and made a great clatter with his chair. "She's ill, poor body, with a terrible bad turn of her rheumatics. She wants some one to look after her, that's the fact, an' she'll have nobody but Marigold, say what you will to her."

Marigold glanced at him quickly, and put her hand into his.

"Thank you, Peter," she said, "I will go back with you at once."

"That's the girl that's always ready to make herself useful!" cried Peter, delighted. "But you mustn't be mindin' Poll, whatever ramblin' rubbish she puts off her tongue. The talk's the only comfort she has at present."

"I know what you mean," said Marigold. "Don't be afraid to speak plainly to me. It will be better for me to hear Poll, no matter what she says, than to meet people at all the corners of the streets, and have to answer their questions!"

"You're right!" said Peter. "You're the sort of a woman a man can be honest with. Well, yes, Kate, I'll drink your health

in a cup of tea ; an' what I was wantin' to express to Marigold is this : It's not altogether of ourselves poor Poll is ravin' lately—though for a woman that can keep a stone in her sling, an' let fly at you when you don't expect it, I give the degree to Mrs. Hackett—it's chiefly this report that's on her mind, about the master of Hildebrand Towers that's turned up, they say, an' is comin' home at last."

"What?" cried Kate, kindling at once into a blaze of curiosity. "Don't talk sich nonsense! But I beg your pardon, Mr. Lally; you ought to know the best."

"It's nothing but an idle report," said Peter; "but you poor woman can think of nothin' else. Seems as if she thought she had grown into a sort o' lady of the Towers herself! But you'd better let us be off, Mrs. Kate, or the night will be too late upon us!"

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Marigold arrived at Hildebrand Towers, she found Poll Hackett sitting in an arm-chair, by her fireside, wrapped up in flannels, and unable to move any member except her tongue. All her thoughts were occupied with ringing the changes upon one idea; whether or not the news could be true, that the master of Hildebrand Towers had been found at last. Sometimes, she was perfectly sure there was not a doubt of the fact, and lamented bitterly the accident of her own state of temporary helplessness.

"To think of me sittin' here like a mummy, or a cripple, for the master to walk in upon, as if I had been takin' my money for nothin' but a shelter to my own poor bones, all these years. Me, that was always on the trot, in an' out, up an' down, expectin' an' expectin', preparin' to that degree, that I declare my mind's a'most wore out wid the dint of the perpetual preparation. 'Never you leave off bein' ready,' said the ould mistress to me afore she died, and I never did, as Peter Lally can witness to you. All the coals that has been burned to death in them rooms for nothin'! All the chickens that has been fattened, over an' over again, runnin' up to my feet an' askin' to be killed for the master's dinner! An' now to think of him waitin' till I'm pinned to my chair like a good-for-nothing. An' comin' walkin' in disgusted, because every-thing's at sixes and sevens!"

“But they’re not at sixes and sevens!” Marigold would cry. “The fires are blazing beautifully, all through the upper rooms; there isn’t a speck of dust anywhere, for I’ve just been all round with a duster. I’ve even got in some scarlet berries off the old garden wall, to mix with the ivy in the big vases, in the drawing-room. There’s provision for a good dinner in the larder, and six pairs of sheets aired as dry as can be. I don’t know anything about the place that isn’t as it should be, except one little hole in the carpet, on the stair that goes up to the attics, and I mean to darn it directly. So make your mind easy, Poll Hackett, and let me give you a good rubbing with this liniment!”

But the next day Poll had a new cause for uneasiness.

“Nonsense, child!” she said to Marigold. “Stop wastin’ your trouble all for nothing. There’s no more a master comin’ here nor you’re goin’ to Australia, only wicked talk of mischievous people to throw me into a fever, and me with the rheumatism. Go out an’ tell Peter Lally not to be makin’ a fool of himself, dreamin’ over triumphant arches, for I seen them in his eyes last night, an’ him talkin’ to me; and then come back an’ settle down here wid your sewin’ or something!”

And Marigold, glad to get away awhile, put on her cloak, and went out along the damp gravel paths, by the trim lawns, and ancient gardens, to the ivied corner where stood Peter Lally’s dwelling, in the angle of two peach-tree-covered walls. As she went along, two or three of Poll’s fretful words rang in her ears, with a perplexing pertinacity. “No more nor you are going to Australia,” said a voice in her ear; and answered itself again, “Perhaps you *are* going to Australia!”

Peter Lally was sitting in his cottage, with his chair drawn to the hearth, and his pipe lying unlighted on the hob beside him. His eyes were fixed absently on a smouldering piece of wood in the grate, and there was a general look about him which suggested that something unusual had occurred. Peter was in no way a chilly kind of man, and not given to sitting by his fireside in the middle of the day.

“Oh, aye!” said Peter to Marigold. “She’s on the turn now. Poll takes a try at every opinion under the sun, an’ of coorse she must happen on the right one sometimes. She’s not hit on it now, howsomdever. We must give her another day or two to be round at the truth.”

“What is the truth, then, Peter?” said Marigold; “for this was truth with you only yesterday.”

"But twenty-four hours has gone by since then, my girl; and there's many a thing knocked down or put on its feet in as many seconds. There's a message come in to me an hour ago, an' it has took the breath out o' me, somehow; so that I cannot do fair by my dixonary words. I'll be able to talk to you this evening, little Marigold. When the lawyer gentleman arrives, I'll have my wits got ready."

"What do you mean, Peter?" said Marigold. "You don't want me to keep puzzling at a riddle until evening?"

"The master's found!" said Peter, lifting his gray head, and gazing at the girl, half in triumph, and half in blind amazement at his own statement. "The lawyer 'll be here to-night, to bid us what to do! Go off, now, and talk your women-talk over it; for Peter's too dumbfounded to make head or tail out o' it yet!"

That evening the lawyer from London arrived: a gentleman who had for many years paid occasional visits to the Towers, to collect rents on the estate, and to see that the place was kept in order. He was the only master whom Poll and Peter knew.

This time, however, he came to make arrangements for the arrival of the long-looked-for owner of Hildebrand Towers. Being a person of few words, he had little to say, after all, when he summoned Peter into his presence.

"Your new master is a fine young man," he said, nodding pleasantly at Peter; "one you need not be afraid of. It's a curious story, is his; you will hear it all, no doubt, by-and-by. He might have been here before now, only he has been ill of a fever. He had a good deal of anxiety about making good his claim, and that, very probably, knocked him up. Well, you will remember my instructions as usual. I have to go ten miles further to-night; so must waste no more time."

And away he went, leaving Peter, Poll, and Marigold very little wiser than when he came. One thing only they knew for certain; that, on a particular day, the master of Hildebrand Towers would dine in the old dining-room—at the board whereat his ancestors had eaten and drunk. It was his wish to come quietly and alone into the place, and to make hereafter such changes as might seem to him suitable.

"Rub me well!" cried Poll Hackett to Marigold; "Rub, as you never rubbed in your life before; for I must be about, to receive the new master! Things is comin' out just as I always knew they would, only nobody would believe me. I knew I'd be caught this ways; only I won't, if the Lord gives me life. I'll

be up and goin' about, and get my credit for all I've done these years back. There'll still be a housekeeper wantin', let him be what he likes; an' I'm not to be thrust out as old rubbish an' another put into my shoes. Now, Marigold, dear," she went on, "I want you to stick to me; and don't let me to be sending for help into the town for the sake of a gentleman's dinner. There's them would be glad to come out and fill up the kitchen, and curtsey in the hall in white caps and aprons, an' take my credit away from me, and put in for my place. But, if you stick to me now, I'll tide over the time, an' soon be ready for my work again."

"Don't be uneasy," said Marigold; "we'll have nobody from the town. You'll show me how to cook the dinner, and I know how a table should be arranged. I'll serve him—I'd as soon do one thing as another—and I'll try and make you well enough to have all the curtseying in the hall to yourself."

Marigold, having thus pledged herself, went about making her last effort at being useful to those who had been good to her. She took her way up and down through the old chambers and passages of the house, seeing that everything was well-ordered, placing old-fashioned articles of furniture in their best aspect, brightening and garnishing a little here and there, so that the house might appear well cared for, and Poll Hackett's precious "credit" should not suffer. In the long, faded, antique drawing-room she placed branches of hot-house flowers in the great china vases on the mantelpieces, saying to herself, "it is the last time I shall work among Peter's flowers." In the dim ghostly mirrors she saw her own solitary figure and the glow of the fire, and the blush and freshness of the flowers, making a wonderful patch of life and warmth in the middle of the lack-lustre, moth-tinted room. She remembered the evening when she had dressed like a lady to amuse Poll Hackett, and had danced about her; "a poor, foolish, light-headed thing!" she said now, looking around her. And then she recollected how much happiness was included in the folly of that day—how Ulick had come to meet her among the trees, and how they had talked, and she had believed. With that day had set the glory of the summer of her life!

It was wonderful how the old reception-rooms warmed up under the bloom of her decorations. This was her last piece of work, and she would do it well, she thought; and went out to Peter Lally for more flowers to weave into it. It was a day of pale gleams and weeping rains, that made the thickets blacker, and bare branches seem more naked as they shivered against the sky.

Marigold traversed the wet paths towards the gardens, and, following a wayward impulse, quitted them to cross the long swards and to reach the mossy place enclosed by trees where stood the sundial. Here she and Ulick had lingered on that summer evening which seemed so long ago; then the rose-thickets near had been covered with bloom, the blackbirds sang, the air was full of perfume and the sky of golden clouds. She saw again the burnished foliage and deep purple shadows of the trees, she felt a warm light on her face, and a tender touch upon her hand. Now, what a change! Never again would she see the moving shadow chased by the sun over the grey face of the dial; never pluck the roses, nor listen for the blackbird's note; never feel smile of love on brow or tender touch on hand. Beyond these blackened, blighted trees, beyond that rainy horizon, stretched the mighty restless ocean which had already divided her from her happiness, and was now drawing her spirit away with it, as it ebbed moaning to the most distant side of the world. Farther than he had gone she would go; those strong, wandering, resistless waves should take her in their arms, either to carry her into eternity, or into some new existence of action yet unshaped and undreamed. In the sighing of the rain, in the raving of the wind through the trees, she heard only its hoarse urgent voice calling her away.

Peter Lally was busy arranging the shelves of his greenhouses when Marigold came to him praying for more flowers.

"I'll give you plenty," he said, "only you must leave me enough to look handsome here myself. The mather will expect me to look beautiful; oh, then, if I had only all the flowers round about me that I reared and buried since I've been waiting for him! There, I've smashed a pot! my hands are shakin', and I feel all someway taken up by the roots. I don't know what's going to happen next, the times is so quare. When a thing you've been expectin' for a lifetime comes an' stares you in the face of a suddent, it seems as if it ought to be a sort of finishing off to you some way or another. Howsomdever I'll be here to the fore in the spring, my girl; it'll take more frosts nor one to kill me out; an' I'll have a pretty little lot of plants for you to begin your work with."

"I won't want them, Peter," said Marigold; "I'm going away. I'm going to Australia."

"Australia! You!" cried Peter. "No, no, Marigold: don't be lettin' such thoughts come into your head. You've had hard times upon you; but you're not going to be astray on the world,

for the sake o' them that isn't as honest as yourself. I was thinkin' that when the new times is come you'd fall into somethin' nice about the place, an' might work your way up to be a lady, as you've the right to be. As long as Peter's alive, you won't want for one to be a father to you; but you'd be lonesome crossin' the say, my girl!"

"It's here that I'm lonesome, Peter," said Marigold. "It's only because of the winter-time, and the coldness and barrenness of everything that I can get on with it at all. I couldn't wait here to see another spring coming over the world. The summer-look of everything would take the last drop of blood out of my heart; and I have my life to live, and I'll need all my strength. I've no place here any more; in another world I'll make room for myself. I've done with flowers—— I'll never meet another one like you——; but I must go my way, all the same."

She turned her back upon him with a dry sob, picked up her flowers, and went out of the greenhouse.

The day arrived, which was to bring a master to take possession of Hildebrand Towers. The rain had cleared away; a yellow lake had welled up among the grey wastes of the clouds; the old rooks plumed themselves on the ivy, and made mysterious comment upon certain events which the day was to bring forth. Poll Hackett, with the help of liniment and a determined will, was hobbling about in her best attire, and had been practising curtseys all the morning. Snow-white napery, a hundred years old, which had been used to see the light only on occasion of being aired and bleached, now clothed the old mahogany of the dining-room; glass and china twinkled, and silver shone; flowers bloomed in moss in the centre of the table; the firelight flashed over the astonishment and satisfaction of the assembled company of Hildebrands on the walls, who looked down on the preparations for their long-missing and long-expected descendant. At dusk, Marigold looked out of one of the deep, beetle-browed windows, and saw how, in place of the yellow lake, a fire now seemed kindled in the heavens, against which the trees were outspread, as if for warmth. She listened for wheels, closed the shutters, lighted the candles, and returned to the kitchen, to move the roasting pullets a little further from the fire.

"He's past his hour," said Peter Lally, who sat at the fire in a state of feverish expectation. "He's not one of the punctual sort; that's all we know about him, yet."

"Whisht," cried Poll. "Didn't you hear a door clappin' "

upstairs? I feel as if there was something walkin' about the house. I wish he would come."

Suddenly the door-bell rang out, sharp and clear.

"It's him!" cried Poll, fluttering hysterically.

"God bid him welcome!" said Peter, rising solemnly.

"It's only the back-gate bell," said Marigold, quietly. "A beggar, or a messenger. I'll see who it is."

Poll and Peter sank back into their seats.

"She has her wits about her," said Peter, rubbing his forehead in a bewildered way. "It's well there's somebody brisk."

Marigold took a lantern, and disappeared down a long dark passage, and the others were again intent upon listening. All at once an extraordinary cry rang up out of the depths of the darkness into which Marigold had passed; and then there was silence again.

"She's murdered!" shrieked Poll. "I knew there was something quare in the house!"

"Tut, woman!" said Peter, and seizing the poker, he trotted down the passage.

Mrs. Hackett's fears seemed, for a moment, reasonable to Peter, when he saw on before him, at the end of the passage, an open door, the lantern on the ground, the dark figure of a man within the threshold, and Marigold drooping over the arm of the stranger.

"Oh, Peter! oh, Peter!" cried Ulick's voice, "I have come too suddenly; I have killed her."

"You have treated her badly, at all events, young man!" said Peter, sternly.

Marigold lifted her white face, and looked at Peter. "Bring him in," she said. "He is wet and cold."

"Now, Poll, woman, quit your skirlin'!" said Peter, as the three entered the warm and fragrant kitchen. "My word for it, there's nobody has time to attend to you! It's these cold hands here that wants a little rubbin' now."

"Don't mind me, Peter," said Marigold. "I've got back my breath again. Sorrow did not kill me, and joy will not kill me neither. Here's a hungry man that wants his supper. The fowls will be spoiled; I'll dish them at once!"

"But the maaster!" cried Peter.

"He ought to have been in time," said Marigold. "That is, if he wanted three times more dinner than he could eat."

"You look pale and thin; have you been ill?" said Peter, softening towards Ulick, as he looked in his face.

"I have been very near death ; else you should never have had to reproach me," said Ulick. "I have a long story to tell ; but there is plenty of time for it."

"The enemies were stronger than you expected, perhaps?" said Marigold.

"Yes, but their power is over," said Ulick. "I told you I should come back if I overcame them."

"Oh, do tell us all about it!" cried Poll.

"Let him rest a little, first," said Marigold, seeing something in Ulick's face which she did not quite understand ; and then Ulick held her hand tighter than before, and began to pour out stories of his experience of travel, telling of London shops, and London streets, and of fellow-travellers by ship and by coach. So the time passed ; the candles were burning away in the dining-room ; the carefully-cooked dinner was spoiled and overlooked. Poll forgot her rheumatism, and Peter his feverish expectation of the descendant of the Hildebrands.

"Good heavens!" cried the old man at last. "We have quite forgotten about the master!"

All four looked startled at the words. Ulick trembled strangely, and gazed anxiously in Marigold's face.

"Ulick can tell us about him, Peter," said Marigold. "Ulick knows something. Do you not?"

"Yes," said Ulick, gravely.

"What? Is he alive? Will he be here soon?"

"He is alive. He is here. I am the master."

The silence of bewildered amazement fell on the three hearers of these strange words. They had not heard aright ; they could not take it in ; they were stunned.

"Has no one a word for me? Am I to get no welcome?"

"You, Ulick!" stammered Peter Lally.

"I, Ulick, am also Godfrey Hildebrand," said the young man. "I did not know it till that news came which took me away to England ; and even then I could not tell whether or not I should be able to prove the truth. It was the interest of others more powerful to ignore my claim, to make me appear an impostor. By degrees I shall be able to tell you how much they have made me suffer ; how my silence, my illness, were all the effect of their unscrupulous attempts to put me down. In the meantime, I want a welcome to my home."

Peter Lally got up, trembling, and pulling his grey forelock, looked out of watering eyes in the young man's agitated face.

Poll Hackett, having shrieked three times, made desperate attempts to come out of her chair and perform a curtsey.

"Heaven bless my master!" said Peter. "Excuse me, sir, I do not rightly feel it real yet. But Heaven bless my master, that I have lived to see!"

"Thank you, Peter," said the new Hildebrand, shaking his old friend's hand. "Please God, good times are before us all! Marigold, sweet soul, don't cry so. It is strange to see tears from you now, after all you have borne so bravely!"

"Oh, Ulick, I am not fit to be a lady!" whispered Marigold, who was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Are you not?" said Ulick, proudly. "The world shall judge of that by-and-by."

A POET'S LOVE.

ONE being a poet, yet a woman too,
Who needs must yearn for love through fame's cold days
To kiss her eyes beneath their crown of praise,
And hold her hands with happy words that woo;
Love for her soul to lean on all life through,
When barren and sere the fair world's blossoming ways,
And silent as some dead bird her heart's glad lays—
Yet walks alone unloved, what shall she do?

Lo! she shall find a lover true and strong
In beggar and outcast, and all sore distrest,
Whose weary heads laid on her aching breast
Shall fill her heart full, like a cradle-song
Crooned o'er a first-born babe. She doth God wrong,
Seeking less gifts when He hath given the best!

EVELYN FYNR.

IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE!

IT is here once more—this holy and consoling month which the Church, in her maternal tenderness, has dedicated to our dead. She, who received them at their birth, who watched over them with such unceasing care during their life, who soothed and sustained them in their dying moments, does not abandon her children when they leave this world. No, she clasps them still in her wide embrace, and her loving voice pleads for them beyond the grave: “Lord, have mercy on them—give them eternal rest!” All over the world, wherever she uplifts her standard, there also do prayers ascend to Heaven for the souls of the departed. And as a tender mother is not content with watching *herself* over the slumbers of her child, but raises a warning finger to call the attention of those who approach, that its rest may be undisturbed, so does the Church desire *all* to join with her in procuring for these, her sleeping children, peaceful, unbroken rest in the bosom of their God. Constantly does she remind us of them, continually does she invite us to pray for them, innumerable are the indulgences which she empowers us to apply to them. That wondrous treasury of hers is open wide to us, and by every means in her power does this faithful mother encourage us to impart its riches to the departed. Ah me! that we should *need* such encouragement—that we should not of ourselves hasten to their relief. Is it possible that we forget that these “poor souls” are also *our* dead, and that we are bound to assist them in common gratitude for the love they bore us in life? Have we not all *someone* that was once dear to us amongst their number, and alas! as the years go by, is not the list ever lengthening, are not our prayer-books more and more interleaved with black-edged mementoes of those that have “gone before?” “Do not forget us,” they seem to say, and yet the saddest thing in the whole world is the way in which the dead *are* forgotten. Not intentionally, for few people could be so hard of heart as to be wilfully cruel to these helpless souls; but little by little, and almost insensibly, the dead seem to slip from the memory of the living. Those, who, in the first agony of loss, prayed so fervently, whose sole comfort in their first keen grief was the consciousness of the help that God permits us in his

mercy to afford our lost ones—after a few years seem to tire of their devotion. One by one the Masses, the rosaries, the constant aspirations are given up, and people when they think of their dead, tell themselves that they need prayers no longer—“They are in Heaven !”

In Heaven! When perhaps they are languishing in unspeakable anguish far from the throne of God, needing our help most sorely, or hovering on the very threshold of that prison from which *one* fervent prayer might set them free—and the help is denied, and the prayer is unspoken because *we* think they are no longer needed. Oh, the folly and cruelty of it! Who are *we* that we should set ourselves up as judges of our fellows, entitled to portion out to them their meed of punishment? We, who are such mysteries to each other, who can no more fathom each other's hearts than we can sound the depths of the ocean. What does the mother know of the hidden thoughts, the inner life, of the child that she bore, that was cradled on her breast, whose very life appeared to depend on hers? Long, long before he reaches manhood, his heart is a sealed book to her, and she knows of the workings of his mind but just so much as he chooses to reveal. Nay, are we not mysteries to ourselves? How blindly and ignorantly do we stumble along the narrow road. It is not given to us to know what progress we make in good—to realise the extent of the evil that we do, the magnitude of the injury to God, of the harm to ourselves; and do we dare to judge the souls of one another?

Oh! if our dear departed were good and faithful, let us thank God for it, but let us not cease our prayers. We have the consolation of believing them to be in Heaven, but till we ourselves are called away, and all things are made clear to us, we can never be absolutely certain. While there is a doubt of their perfect happiness, is it not a cruel thing to refuse the help they still perchance may need? When, while they were yet amongst us in the flesh, they were in suffering, is there anything we would not have done to relieve them? If there was a chance, a possibility of any effort of ours alleviating their pain, could we have refused it? Ah me! if we were to see them *now*, in bodily shape, stretching forth eager hands to us, pleading with sorrowful voice—could they appeal to us in vain? We know that would not be possible, and yet what was it we loved in them—the voice that is silent now—the hands that will never clasp us more on this side of Heaven? Was it not rather that other intangible self, the *spirit* by which they were animated, the *soul* that made them what they were? It was

that to which we were so closely united, and to that we can be united still. Is our love so poor a thing that it cannot follow beyond the grave? Can we not be generous enough, faithful enough to give our help ungrudgingly? For how long—ten years—twenty years? Oh, life is too short to make such bargains! If our dear ones were taken from us long ago, so much the more reason to pray fervently for them now, in case they still may need our help. What a terrible thing it would be if after all these years, they were still in banishment, and that we did not assist them. Let us not be niggardly in such a matter as this, but pray on—pray *always*, till our own turn comes, and we want prayers ourselves. Our prayers are not lost, even if our dead no longer need them—they pass through their hands, as it were, to the Heart of Jesus, and thence bring comfort and refreshment to other poor souls, who want them still.

The example of the saints should encourage us, for we may see by studying their lives, how pleasing to God is the devout remembrance of the departed. St. Elizabeth of Hungary, notwithstanding the marked sanctity of her husband, and the almost miraculous circumstances which attended his death, did not consider herself exempt from this duty, but gave active proof that her love and fidelity did not cease with his life. "I would be grateful to my brother-in-law," she said, "if he would give me what is due of my dowry in order to defray the expenses of what I wish to do for the salvation of my own soul, *and the repose of that of my beloved husband!*" Our Lord Himself assured St. Gertrude that her devotion to the souls in Purgatory was most pleasing to Him. Blessed Margaret Mary exhausted herself in prayers and penances in their behalf. All of God's saints, in fact, were remarkable for their compassion to their departed brethren. We read that they did not content themselves with a general devotion to the holy souls, but considered themselves particularly bound to assist those who were closely united to them on earth.

This is the spirit of the Church. She who so carefully fosters all true and holy affections, would not have them endure only for time. In truth, to her this life is but a transitory thing, important only inasmuch as it regards that great eternal future on which her eyes are ever fixed. "The just shall live in *everlasting* remembrance," she tells us, and lest by any possibility we should mistake her meaning, she makes use of these words in Masses for the Dead.

Oh ! shame on us for our callousness and indifference, if indeed we understand these things, and yet hold back. If we would only take the trouble to look into the matter, we should see at how small a cost we can achieve so great a work—for is not that a great work, which, at one and the same time, gives glory to God, rest to the departed, and profit to ourselves ?

Would it take a moment to add to the morning offering a specified intention of applying all the indulgences we can possibly gain throughout the day to these dear souls ? An aspiration now and then would only cost the thought of an instant. As for prayers, after all, we are all bound to say prayers of *some* sort—why not select those that will benefit our suffering brethren as well as ourselves ? The rosary, for instance, under certain conditions, becomes in our hands an instrument of inconceivable power for their relief. Our everyday actions performed with a right intention would cause our whole lives to be, as it were, one tissue of prayer. The crosses that come to us at every turn, and that we are bound to carry, whether we will or no—well, let us take them up bravely, sacrificing the murmurs which rise to our lips to those silent, uncomplaining souls who await their deliverance so patiently. The Communion which help us as nothing else can—why should they not help *them* too ? Then the confraternities with which we are surrounded—notably the Apostleship of Prayer, which is so rich in indulgences, and the duties of which are so easy ; and the Arch-Confraternity of our Lady of Suffrage, established solely for the assistance of the souls in Purgatory—surely, we might each select *one* of these, and *keep* to it all our lives through. It is not much to undertake for the sake of these loved ones of ours. When they were amongst us they exacted more of us, and we had no thought of complaint. Though we may be much occupied, we should still remember the duty which we owe our dead. For, if they had claims on us in life, have they not greater claims now—a thousand times—for they cannot help themselves ? All the world over, this month, a cry goes up to Heaven—a cry of petition for the loved and lost. Shall we not suffer it to echo in our hearts, waking up forgotten emotions and slumbering love ? And listening to that mighty cry, shall not we join in also pleading with all our strength : “ Lord, we too have dear ones to recommend to Thee ! Look upon them, be merciful to them, and suffer them to see Thy Face ! ”

M. B.

ALL SAINTS.

TO-DAY, in the Church's Office, heaven's gate has been set ajar,
And music from mystical harps and flutes spreads out on the winds afar ;
And now and again faint glimpses of glory that lies beyond
Come to fill our hearts with a longing keen, till they to each chord respond.

For sweeter than earthly music, the notes as they float along,
Now soft like the music we hear in dreams, now strong in triumphant song,
And shadows of saintly figures an instant before us rise,
Half gleaned from the pages of sacred lore, half imaged by fancy's eyes.

For there—by the sea of crystal, we see, or we seem to see,
The radiant forms of the martyr throng, with their palms of victory ;
Saints of all climes, who lived their lives for heaven's immortal King ;
And the white-robed train of the virgin choir, with their song none else can
sing.

And tier upon tier of angels keep guard round the mighty throne
Where the beautiful Queen of Mercy reigns, none higher save God alone.
Her smile, like descending sunlight, can pierce through despair's abyss,
And her children feel all its sweetness now, in her own dear realm of bliss.

But who can tell of the splendour, the loveliness increate
Of the Triune God whom the heaven of heavens displays in His regal state ?
Or speak of the streams of glory, from the five dear Wounds of love,
Like the sun at noon, only more divine, for "the Lamb is the Light above ?"

But, some day, oh some day surely, our eyes on that light shall gaze,
When our feet are for evermore set free from life's bewildering maze ;
And meantime our prayers shall hasten the day when o'er wind and tide
Shall be borne the voices of those who sing for the Bridegroom and the Bride !

SISTER MARY AGNES.

LEIBNITZ.

PART III.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. C. W. RUSSELL, D.D.

FROM Venice he proceeded towards Rome, by slow stages, halting at every city which appeared of any importance either for its own sake or for the purposes of his historical inquiry: so that he did not reach Rome till the October of the same year. His arrival occurred in the first months of the pontificate of the enlightened Pope, Alexander VIII., to whom, as well as to all the leading members of the Roman Court, he was already well and favourably known by reputation. Although his correspondence with Bossuet had not then commenced, yet his intercourse with other Catholics—as with the Elector of Hanover, John Frederic, and the Landgrave of Hesse Rheinfels (both converts to the Roman Catholic Church) with Steno, the Vicar Apostolic at Hanover, with Arnaud, Pelisson, Huet, and many others—had created for him the reputation, not alone of great liberality in his views regarding Catholics personally, but even of a strong tendency towards the Catholic religion. His reception at Rome, therefore, was of the friendliest and most gratifying description; and it would even appear that offers of a very tempting kind were made to him, provided he should consent to embrace the Catholic religion. “You are aware,” he wrote long afterwards to the Abbe Thorel, on occasion of a similar offer made to him from Paris, “You are aware that there is a condition attached to the offer, which renders its acceptance impossible to me. And, to make this plain to you, I need only mention that I long since declined the offer, on similar terms, of the Librarianship of the Vatican, from which one usually advances to the Cardinalate, as has just occurred in the case of Cardinal Noris. But this is for yourself only; for, although I have in my possession documentary proof of the offer, I do not wish to give it publicity.”

In addition to the historic researches which formed the main object of his visit to Rome, Leibnitz found in that city abundant opportunity of cultivating his favourite sciences. Through the friendship of the celebrated astronomer, Ciampini, he was intro-

duced to the members of the *Academia Fisico-Mathematica*, with many of whom he long afterwards continued to maintain correspondence. But probably the most interesting acquaintance which he formed during his stay, and that to which he himself recurs the most frequently and with the greatest appearance of pleasure, was that of the Jesuit, Father Grimaldi, for many years a missionary in China. The accounts which he received from Grimaldi of the philosophy, the literature, and the social condition of this singular people interested him in the highest degree, and furnished him with materials for many disquisitions on the subject, which appear in his subsequent publications. One of these—a sketch of the then Emperor, Cham-Ki, which Leibnitz derived from the Jesuit Father—presents him in a curious and most favourable contrast with the degenerate occupants of the “celestial throne” in later times. “Not to dwell,” says he, in the Preface of his *Novissima Sinica*, published in the year 1697, “on his love of justice, his paternal tenderness to his subjects, his moderation of character and temperate habit of life, Grimaldi told me that his love of learning and thirst for knowledge almost exceed all belief. Adored as he may almost be said to be even by his own family and by all the magnates of the Empire, he would nevertheless spend three or four hours every day with Father Verbiest, in his palace, poring over books and instruments; and he made such progress under his tuition as to master the Elements of Euclid and the application of Practical Trigonometry to the calculation of the orbits and motions of the heavenly bodies.” It is worthy of note, that, in the disputes on the lawfulness of tolerating certain ceremonies and observances among the Christian proselytes in China, which arose between the Jesuits and other Roman Catholic Missionaries in that country, Leibnitz warmly embraced the Jesuit side of the controversy.

It will easily be believed, too, that, for a mind like his, the antiquities of Rome, as well as the wonders of modern art which it possesses, had a powerful charm. Every hour which he could snatch from his researches in the Vatican and the Barberini libraries, was devoted to those more attractive repositories. A very interesting account is given, by his most recent biographer, Dr. Guhraner, of his antiquarian explorations, especially of the sacred antiquities of Rome, the Catacombs, the Christian museums, &c., under the direction of the celebrated Raphael Fabretti, at that time Secretary of the Pope Alexander VIII. To these Leibnitz himself more than once recurs in his letters.

After a short excursion to Naples, he returned to Rome, and thence proceeded to Florence, where he was most warmly received by his old friend and correspondent, Magliabecchi, and by the distinguished mathematician, Viviani. In Bologna, he made the acquaintance of Domenico Gulielmini, the well-known chemist, and of Malpighi, the most distinguished anatomist and physiologist of his age. But his most valuable successes lay in Modena where his researches satisfactorily resolved, by the clearest evidence, the long-vexed question of the descent of the House of Brunswick from the Este family. Of these important discoveries he gave an account in his letters to the Duke and Duchess of Hanover, written before he left Modena. True to his old love for the society of men of science, he took advantage of his visit to Modena to make the acquaintance of Ramazzini; at Padua he was presented to Spoleto (the most eminent of Borelli's pupils); and at Venice to Andreini, through whose friendly offices he was received with marked distinction by all the notabilities of the Republic. It was from this last-named city that he wrote the long and elaborate letter to Anthony Arnaud (recently published by Dr. Guhraner), one of the noblest monuments of his genius, and an evidence of profound and varied talent for which there are few parallels to be found, whether in modern or in ancient literature. In this letter he speaks with great satisfaction of the tour which he was then bringing to a close. "As this tour," he writes, "has served in part to draw me from my ordinary occupations and to recruit my mind after its labours, so it has brought me the additional pleasure of familiar and frequent intercourse with men eminent in science and in literature. To many of these I have communicated those views with which you are acquainted, in order to derive instruction from the doubts or difficulties which they might suggest. Several of them, dissatisfied with the doctrines commonly received, have declared their warm approval of these views of mine."

From Venice he returned by the route of Vienna, and arrived at Hanover in June, 1690, after an absence of about two years and a-half. His home was a solitary one. We have already seen that he had no ties of kindred and he had never married. His temperament, indeed, appears to have been far from warm. Although he lived on terms of intimate intercourse with many, few of his intimacies were of that genial character which deserves the name of friendship. And, as regards any more tender sentiment, although he seems more than once to have entertained the idea of marrying, yet in every case the intention was entertained as a

matter of convenience rather than of affection. He used to say that "marriage was a very excellent state, but one on which a wise man ought to reflect for his whole life." In one instance he was brought so far as actually to make a proposal of marriage; but, on the lady's asking time to consider the offer, his habitual coldness returned, and, before *she* had made up her mind, *his* inclination had passed away!

Perhaps, indeed, his life was too busy to allow time for matrimonial speculations. Not a moment was unoccupied. "It is impossible for me," he writes about this period to one of his friends, Placcius, Professor at Hamburg, "to give you an idea of all the claims upon my time. I have to search out odds and ends in the archives, to examine old documents, and to decipher and collate manuscripts, in reference to the history of the House of Brunswick. I am constantly receiving and answering an enormous quantity of letters. I have, besides, so many new things on my hands in mathematics, so many speculations in philosophy, so many other literary projects of which I cannot suffer myself to lose sight, that I am often a loss where to turn first, and feel very sensibly the truth of the exclamation in Ovid: '*Inopem me copia fecit.*'* It is more than twenty years since my calculating machine was exhibited to the scientific men of France and England. Since that time, I have been beset with importunities from Oldenburg, Huygens, and Arnaud, both in person and by friends, to publish a description of its mechanism; but I have always been forced to defer it, because I have only had time to make a small model of the machine, sufficient to make it intelligible to a mechanician, but not for practical use. I have at last succeeded, by calling in the assistance of mechanics, in getting it so far into working order as to execute multiplications to the extent of twelve figures. It is a year since I advanced it to this stage; but, ever since, the workmen have been engaged in making similar machines which have been called for in various places; and, although I should be very glad to publish a description of it, I really have not time for the purpose. Again, I am most anxious to finish my treatise on Dynamics, in which I hope to show that I have at last discovered and explained the true laws of Material Nature, and to solve problems unapproachable by any of the rules hitherto known. My friends, too, who are acquainted with the higher school of geometrical study, of which I have laid the foundation, are constantly urging me to

* "Overflowing wealth had made me poor."

publish my Theory of Infinities, which contains the fundamental principles of my new Analysis. Besides these, there are many other novelties in science on which I have been engaged. And all these studies, except my historical ones, are practised as it were by stealth. For you know that, in a Court, they look for and expect from one services of a totally different character. Thus, I have from time to time to discuss points of international and imperial, and still more of territorial law: although, through the Duke's considerate kindness, I have been exempted from attendance at all private judicial processes. Besides all this, I have often been obliged to take a part in religious controversies with the Bishop of Neustadt and the Bishop of Meaux, as well as with M. Pelisson and others; and my labours in this department have been considered not unworthy the notice of very eminent theologians. I can hardly tell you what a mass of letters and minor essays (which neither have been published nor are meant for publication) these engagements have thrown upon me."

This explanation is offered by Leibnitz as some apology for the delay of his long-promised strictures upon a work which Placcius had submitted to his judgment before publication.

His biographer, Guhraner, goes even farther in this detail of his occupations. After his return, he was beset more than ever with constant and importunate correspondence on scientific subjects from England and France, as well as from Germany and Italy; for his recent tour in that country, by bringing him into relation with the learned societies of all its leading cities, added a further and very considerable item to these demands upon his time. His philosophical studies, too, were by no means confined to abstract theory. He was a zealous and indefatigable experimentalist, and possessed a very extensive philosophical apparatus, to which he was constantly adding everything novel or interesting, of which he chanced to receive information.

"When you think of all these things," he writes to Magliabecchi, apologizing for some delay in his correspondence, "you will, I hope, have the charity to pardon my procrastination, and will join with me in wishing that I could procure the services of one or two able assistants, with sufficient learning, ability, and industry to aid me in carrying out the details of the work which lies before me. I find it easy to project: but it is entirely out of my own power to carry out all my plans; and I would gladly transfer to others many of these plans, from which they might perhaps draw some advantage to their personal reputation, to the

common interests of mankind, it may be, and even to God's greater glory."

About this time appeared in England Locke's great work, the *Essay on the Human Understanding*. It was the invariable custom of Leibnitz to commit to paper whatever observations occurred to him with regard to every new work of merit which fell in his way; and he transmitted, through his friend Burnet to Locke, a paper of "Reflexions sur l'Essai de l'Entendement Humain de M. Locke" upon this plan, which was afterwards published among the posthumous works of that author. Some years later, in 1703, he resumed the subject, and composed what he called "Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain," with the intention of publishing them as a reply to Locke; but, on the death of Locke in the following year, he abandoned the idea of publication upon the grounds that "he did not like controversies with dead men;" and (as occurred with most of his projects when the immediate motive of them ceased), the work unhappily remained unpublished, although it was published after his death with all its defects and imperfections. The main points of his controversy with Locke will be detailed hereafter.

It would be a great mistake to suppose, nevertheless, that, while his mind and pen were thus constantly employed, the life of Leibnitz was that of a scholar or a recluse. On the contrary, he mixed freely and frequently in society. He received repeated invitations to almost every Court of Germany. At his own, he was a constant and most honoured visitant, the Duke treated him with the most marked confidence, and he enjoyed in the highest degree the esteem and friendship of the Duchess Sophia. This amiable lady was the daughter of the Princess Palatine, Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and the foundress of the present royal line of England. Without any pretensions to the energy and brilliant qualities of her elder sister, Elizabeth, the pupil of Descartes, she was, nevertheless, one of the most accomplished princesses of her age. She wrote Latin with much elegance; she spoke several languages fluently and correctly; and was familiar not only with the lighter literature of the time but with most of the prevailing topics of the current philosophical and theological learning. Her younger sister, who had embraced the Catholic religion and was Superioress of the Royal Abbey of Maubuisson, in the Diocese of Paris, was the centre of one of those brilliant, half-literary, half religious circles which were so numerous in the Court of Louis XIV.; another correspondence kept the Duchess

Sophia au courant with all the best and highest literature of France. In the numerous questions which arose out of this, Leibnitz was ever the oracle of the Duchess. During his actual residence at Hanover, he was in constant communication with her. His frequent absences only changed their intercourse from personal communication to correspondence. The tone of her address to him is most affectionate and confidential. In one of her letters (Feb. 24, 1690), she does not hesitate to avow that she "prizes his New Year's greeting more than those of her royal correspondents." In another (Nov. 5, 1701), she confesses that her object in writing is merely to draw forth his replies; and it is clear, as well from the topics on which she writes, as from the unreservedness of the letters themselves, that his correspondence was to her not merely a source of literary enjoyment, but the genuine outpouring of a cordial and trustful friendship. She freely confides to him all her private projects and hopes. "I wish to let you see," she writes to him, while he was residing at Modena, "how highly I value your friendship. If you can succeed in making over one of our young princesses to the Duke of Modena as a New Year's gift, you will confer a great pleasure on this House. The Duke has already made the attempt through the agency of the Conte Dragoni, who, however, has had but very poor success. Perhaps you may succeed better. I shall be very glad to learn that you have done so. But, in any event, I hope I shall see you home, safe and sound, once again this spring, to bear me company during the Duke's absence with the army." And, in a playful postscript, she adds: "your library has been turned for the nonce into a theatre, in which they are acting the prettiest operas in the world. Signor Hortensio [Hortensio Mauro, the Duke's poet-laureate] writes the text, and Signor Steffani, who is in the Elector of Bavaria's service, composes the music. So that you see the French have not quite burned us out of house as yet."

Our fair readers, however, would hardly be prepared, from this and many similar letters, for the grave and profound speculations which formed the subject of many others among the Duchess's communications. It would appear that her tastes in philosophy leaned towards most abstruse and mysterious subjects; and she delighted in witnessing and occasionally sharing the learned discussions of the divines and philosophers of her Court. On all the doubtful or difficult points which arose, Leibnitz was her unflinching tribunal of reference: and there is preserved among his correspondence a very amusing letter from one of the most distinguished of the Lutheran Divines of Hanover, Gerard Molanus, in

which the latter forewarns him of the Duchess's intention of referring for his judgment a controversy in which Molanus had taken part, and conjures him by all the memories of their old friendship, although he is conscious of having been in the wrong, "not to ruin his reputation with the Duchess by deciding the point against him."

These details will appear the more curious, when it is considered that it was during these busy years and in the midst of these distracting labours and still more distracting social and official engagements, that he found time to produce his most profound and original works. How voluminous these works are, it is hardly necessary to tell. Besides the various collections in history, antiquities, and jurisprudence, which he prepared and edited, and which fill many folio volumes, the general edition of his works by Dutens, consists of six massive quartos; and this edition does not include either his "Philosophical Works" in Latin and French, which form a separate collection edited by Eric, or his "German Works" which have been recently published by Dr. Guhraner, or a considerable supplement of his correspondence, collected some years back by Dr. Grotefend, or a variety of fugitive pieces, fragments, and miscellanies, partly published of late years, partly still preserved in manuscript in the Royal Library of Hanover, but all exhibiting the same ability, learning and research which formed the great characteristics of his mind.

Besides these regular literary occupations, he devoted much thought to a curious scheme for a "universal language of the learned," which he devised but which remained unfinished at the time of his death. He engaged too, so far back as 1682, with Otto Mencke in the publication of the *Acta Eruditorum*, the Leipzig journal already referred to. In 1691, he began, moreover, to contribute to the *Journal des Savans* with which he continued ever afterwards to maintain a connexion. And from the year 1700, we have to add a third to the list of these editorial responsibilities. In that year he commenced the publication of a Monthly Review, entitled "Monatlicher Aus-zug neuer Bücher" [Monthly Extracts of New Books], of which, although it was nominally under the editorship of Eckhard, the main weight fell upon himself. In this periodical appeared some of the most elegant and elaborate German productions of his pen.

About this date, however, a serious change, or at least one destined to involve serious consequences, had come over his fortunes. About the middle of 1698, his friend and patron, the Duke Ernest

Augustus died. He was succeeded by his son, George Lewis, afterwards George I. of England. Under this young prince Leibnitz continued, as far as met the public eye, to retain the same employments and to enjoy the same honours which had been his under both his former sovereigns. But it seldom happens that a crown prince, who has arrived at man's estate during his father's lifetime, does not contrive to collect about him a party of men, and to become the centre of a system of measures, at variance with the advisers and with the views of the existing dynasty: nor does it often occur that those, who have enjoyed in any marked degree the confidence of the father, continue to possess the same enviable relations with the son. It was so found by Leibnitz. Without any formal withdrawal whether of his emoluments and honours or of the outward freedom and familiarity of intercourse with the prince which were almost equally precious in his eyes, he found himself practically, though gradually, estranged from the "inner life" of the Court; and, though we afterwards find him engaged in many most confidential employments, and though he was himself slow to recognise the gradual fall of the courtly thermometer, yet, from the very date of Ernest Augustus's death, there are quite enough of indications to prepare us, and even (had he read them aright) to have prepared himself, for the coldness and neglect which he experienced in his last years, and especially after the departure of his sovereign to take possession of his English throne.

It is not altogether improbable, perhaps, that we may trace to a secret consciousness of this change a movement for the transfer of Leibnitz from Hanover to Berlin, which took place soon afterwards. A plan had been proposed for the establishment of an Academy of Sciences in the Prussian capital, on which his advice was solicited and into which he entered with his characteristic ardour in the cause of science. About the same time some of his friends, and especially Jablouski, the court chaplain at Berlin, endeavoured to procure for him the appointment of Historiographer Royal of the House of Brandenburg, which had recently become vacant by the death of the celebrated jurist and historian, Puffendorf, and to which a considerable income was attached. From some cause, however, which is not explained, the negotiation failed, and the place was given to a very inferior candidate. Leibnitz, however, was invited to Berlin to assist in the establishment and organization of the scientific Academy. His arrival occurred in the very midst of the festivities given by the Elector of Branden-

burg in honour of the nuptials of his daughter with the Landgrave of Hesse-Rheinfels. There is something very droll in the half-pleasant, half-mortified tone in which the grave philosopher recounts the whimsicalities of these festivities in which he was called on to take a part. One scene, in particular, appears to have caught his fancy. "Next followed a fancy fair," he writes to the Duchess Sophia. "The Margrave, Christian Lewis, and many of the high officials of the Court, presided at the booths and dispensed to their customers ham, sausages, tongues, wine, lemonade, tea, coffee, chocolate, and similar viands. A certain Mr. Von Ostea acted the charlatan; the Margrave Albert distinguished himself among the jack-puddings and rope-dancers: Count Von Solms and Mr. Von Wassenaer were the tumblers. None of them, however, could compete with the juggler, which part was so cleverly sustained by the Crown Prince, that I think he must have taken regular lessons in legerdemain. The Electress, Sophia Charlotte, was the Doctor's wife, and kept the booth for the sale of his quack medicines. Monsieur des Alleures acted the dentist to admiration. At the opening of the piece the Doctor made his solemn entry upon the scene, riding upon a species of elephant; another Doctor's lady appeared at his side, carried along by Turkish palanquin-bearers in a state-sedan. Next came the juggler, the jack-pudding, the tumblers, and the dentist: and, when the entire file of the Doctor's procession had passed on, a little ballet of gipsy-girls succeeded, in which the performers were all ladies of the Court, under the command of the Princess of Hohenzollern. Some of the rest joined the ballet and took a part in the dance. Next in order, you saw an astronomer present himself with a telescope in his hand. This part was designed for me, but Count Von Wittgenstein goodnaturedly let me off and undertook it himself. He addressed a number of congratulatory predictions to the Crown Prince whom he spied looking on from the next box. Then came the Princess of Hohenzollern with her prophecies for the Crown Princess, couched in very pretty verses composed by Mr. Von Besser. Signor Quirini acted as the Doctor's servant; and, for my part, I contented myself with using my eye-glass to the best advantage, in order that I might see all as perfectly as possible, and report the more satisfactorily to your Royal Highness." The letter goes on with still further details, and was thought so witty and amusing by the Duchess to whom it was addressed, that she sent a copy of it to Versailles, to her niece, the Duchess of Orleans,

afterwards so well known by the witty and amusing, but scandalous *Memoirs* which she left behind.

In the midst of all these distractions, however, Leibnitz found or made time for the completion of his scheme for the organization of the projected Academy. Even with all the advantages which the experience of more than a century and a half has given us, we may well admire the wise and liberal spirit in which it is conceived and the practical cleverness by which it is made to embrace every object and to take advantage of all the resources available for the advancement of science. Among these we may mention, in the first and most prominent place, a provision for the regular issue of medical and educational returns and reports and other statistical tables, to the full value of which we have ourselves but very recently awakened, and which up to this time had been utterly unknown.

The same large and liberal views are displayed, to a degree still more remarkable and more decidedly in advance of his age in a scheme of education which he had drawn up, some years before, under the title of "A Plan for the Education of a Prince," but which was not published for many years after his death. It was prepared as early as the year 1693, and was communicated for the use of the tutors of the Crown Prince of Brandenburg (afterwards Frederick William I. of Prussia) about the year 1696. Another copy of it was sent to Father Vota, the Chaplain of the King of Poland, as a guide for the studies of the king's son, the young Prince of Saxony. It is perhaps the first educational plan in which the true ends of education are fully recognized—in which the line is clearly drawn between the various departments of knowledge, and the distinction is practically established between those branches that are cultivated as a means, and those which are in themselves the end of education. Estimating at their true practical value the languages and literatures of Greece and Rome, Leibnitz does not hesitate, nevertheless, to raise his voice against the monstrous, although traditional, abuse, of looking upon the acquisition of these as the alpha and omega of liberal learning. He lays down, with a decision and a boldness which it is impossible not to admire in an age of so much prejudice, the still more vital importance (especially to those in high station) of those branches of knowledge which have a bearing upon the practical details of life—the modern languages, the practical sciences, the principles of liberal and mechanical art, history, geography, statistics, law, &c. He urges, too, the true principles as to the mode of imparting

instruction, and recommends the early and liberal use of plans, models, drawings, and the other tangible appliances which are familiar enough in the educational art of modern times, but which were reputed daring and all but revolutionary innovations in the days of Leibnitz. There is one point in his plan which is put with so much justice and so much force that it deserves to be transcribed. It regards the then invariable practice of putting the finishing touch to the education of a youth of rank by sending him on the "Grand Tour :"

"What need has a young prince," he asks, "for travel, seeing that he can find infinitely better at home all that is required for the completion of his education? It is one of the follies of our nation to seek wisdom beyond the Rhine or beyond the Alps; and to purchase, at the cost of much money and health, chimeras which only serve to give the mind a taste for trifles, and which in the end contribute to our complete ruin. Never has travelling been so universal among Germans; and never has the country been nearer to her destruction.

"It is not the *useful* mysteries of foreign countries, nor their *good* maxims that a young man will be most disposed to learn from them. I am decidedly in favour of the practice of the Italians, who keep their young men at home; and I equally approve the usage of France, where young men, when they leave school or college, are sent to the garrison or camp: by this means they learn betimes to serve their country.

"Now this is especially necessary for a prince to understand, because no one is so much interested as he in the maintenance of the State, to whose greatness he is indebted for his own. At all events, I would infinitely prefer an old Duke Ernest (of Gotha), who spent his youth in the wars, and gave his maturer years to the improvement and good government of his dominions, and restored to prosperity, by his paternal care, what he had found reduced by war to the last stage of exhaustion; and who, in every step of his career, proposed to himself piety and justice as his unvarying principles of action;—I would infinitely prefer such a ruler as this, to the most accomplished prince in the world—to a prince thoroughly versed in every science and every exercise, able to speak every living language, endowed with all the refinement of foreign manners, and capable of shining in every society, how brilliant soever it might be; but yet indifferent to the prosperity and welfare of those whom God had entrusted to his charge.

stopping his ears to the cry of misery lest it should interrupt his personal enjoyments, and, without regard to the responses of his people or the dishonour of his own name, suffering his realm to fall to ruin and destruction : a career of which a ' Great Monarch ' has left behind him a most deplorable example ! ”

NOVEMBRIBUS HORIS.

THE swallow has slunk
 Away ;
 To a morsel is shrunk
 The day ;
 Boughs naked are sighing,
 And sere leaves flying
 That emerald bloomed in May.

The sun has no fire
 At noon,
 The woodland choir
 No tune ;
 And banks are dumb
 Where the bees did hum
 In the pleasant days of June.

Like a leaden pall
 On high
 Broods gloom through all
 The sky ;
 O'er a dull dead plain
 Where the waving grain
 Gleamed golden in July.

And all is bare
 And drear
 In earth and air
 And mere :
 While winds pursue
 Dead leaves, to strew
 The deathbed of the year.

EVERY-DAY THOUGHTS.

No. XI.—OLD AGE.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

AUTHOR OF "ODILE," &c.

ON the trees some of last year's shrivelled leaves still hang, whispering low their gentle warnings to the buds of spring. "Life is short and beauty passes," say the old leaves, with a mournful rustle; "do good while you can and waste not your youth in merely basking in the sun, which all too soon will make you sere and yellow. Shelter the little birds and murmur not though you fall a prey to some rapacious insect; you will at least have given something in dying, and that is better than a wasted life. Above all, rejoice if you be gathered to gladden with your brightness some sad city home or hospital ward. Yes, rejoice, for you will not have lived in vain, if you have bestowed pleasure on one sorrowing heart. Ah, little buds, believe the experience of age; nothing will be so sweet as the memory of kind deeds, when you are old."

"When you are old." I am afraid the little buds pay but scant heed to that warning. Nor do you perhaps, young people, gathering spring flowers beneath youth's unclouded sky. Old age seems very far off, does it not? Something scarce worth preparing for yet. Something to be thought of and talked of very seldom; and then only as a vague misty future, as distant almost as the Greek Kalends, or the Millennium, or the Crack of Doom.

Yet old age, if you live, will come to you all, very surely and not so very slowly. It may, perchance, be an old age of crutches, and spectacles, and ear trumpets; it will certainly be an old age of many sorrowful memories, and of very few hopes, except those which fly, dove-like, across the waters of death to rest in the ark of eternity.

Since, then, old age must come to you all, bethink you in time how to prepare for that sunset hour of your lives, when you will want all the light that pleasant memories can give; and no memories will then be more pleasant than the recollection of former kindnesses to the old. Besides, if your young hands have made

soft the pillow of age, be very sure that young hands will, in turn, soothe your last days.

But there are higher and nobler motives; for cold, indeed, must be the heart which can resist the double appeal of helplessness and sorrow. Most of us are willing to stretch out helping hands to childhood, and to guide aright ascending steps; then how can we fail to succour the old, who have all childhood's helplessness, and who have, besides, a sadness which, thank God, childhood has not; for Hope at least lies in every young heart, and the pleasures of Hope are so much greater than those of Memory. It is so easy to picture the future as we wish it to be; so easy to gild it with sunshine and deck it with flowers. But the past has always had dark shadows and thorny paths, and the shadows and the thorns have too often been of our own making. It is this which renders the retrospects of age so full of sorrow.

“*Si jeunesse savait; si vieillesse pouvait.*” How sad the old French saying is! Ah yes! if old age could revoke the irrevocable past! Looking back in its wisdom it sees but too clearly the follies and faults of its youth. It sees, so plainly now, how much better, how much wiser, how much nobler it might have been. It longs to alter, to repair, to undo—and it is too late; the past is gone, the future belongs to others: to old age nothing remains but repentance and regret.

That is why, I think, of all Shakspeare's tragedies, no other appeals to our pity so much as that of poor, deserted, peevish old King Lear. Not the hapless fate of Verona's young lovers, not gentle Desdemona's unmerited death, are as tragic as the sorrow of the poor father, dying broken-hearted, with only a faithful fool to share his agony.

As I think of these things, I look out of the window and see Maggie and her grandmother sitting together beneath the trees. The little dimpled hand is resting confidently in the shrivelled palm of age; the bright young eyes and the dim old ones are meeting, with loving glances; the child's heart and the old woman's are bound by the golden links of a common affection.

The sight gladdens my soul, for it bids me remember that age claims, not only our pity, but our admiration and our love; and I feel that, among Maggie's memories, there will be none brighter than the recollection of grandmother's tender genial fellowship.

Grandmother may be a little deaf, but the ears of her heart, how quickly they open to all Maggie's miseries and hallelujahs! How the old quavering voice joins with the child's, giving new

joy to her joy, and blunting the keen edge of her sorrow. "Take heart of grace, my child, it will not last for ever," says grandmother, as she recalls her own griefs, and remembers that they were angels in disguise.

And the kind old eyes, that time has softened into gentler beauty! They may require spectacles to read the newspaper, but ah! how quick they are to read our souls and understand their moods. Quick and genial too, like the sun, that sees all shortcomings and pierces into all the barren spots; but only to gild them with its tolerant rays, bringing out beauty where, before, there was only desolation and waste.

What interest too grandmother takes in the children's pleasures! entering into them with a knowledge and zest which we, middle-aged people, can only watch with admiring astonishment. "I hope," said a French grandmother, amid her sufferings, "I hope I shall not die till Lent begins. It would be such a pity for the dear children to lose all their balls and parties." She was, I fear, but a worldly frivolous old woman, this French grandmother, and yet what a kind, unselfish, grandmotherly heart she had kept to the last.

But it is no wonder old women should be so charming in France, for their life is a bed of roses, from which their children have removed all the crumpled leaves. France may be the Prodigal Child of the Christian world. Like that Prodigal she may have forsaken her Father's house and denied her Father's law; too often, alas, she even denies the great Law-giver Himself; but one at least of the commandments she keeps with reverence and love, for "honour thy father and thy mother" is graven in every French heart, and practised in every French home. Not only in the chateaus and cabins of Brittany, where old traditions still keep their sway, but all through the land is filial duty an instinct and a pleasure.

How often in the episcopal palace, in the great artist's studio, in the great author's library, in the great statesmen's salon do we not see the place of honour kept for some old peasant woman, who has never laid aside her white cap and country shoes. And do you think the famous son is ashamed of his homely mother, as we, I fear, should be? Not he indeed! his mother's provincial dress, her *patois*, her smiles and praises are dearer to him than even popular applause; though we all know how dear that is to a Frenchman's heart. Too often, alas, he has lost his faith in all else; his faith in his mother he will never lose.

But here come Maggie and her grandmother.

“Grandmother is cold,” says Maggie, shaking the pillow of the arm-chair, as she draws it to the fire, that still sparkles on our western hearth.

God bless thee, Maggie, and grant thou mayest always keep thy tender reverence towards old age. For not to France, alone, belongs the crown of filial duty. This Irish land, too, has traditions of devotion and love for parents. May the wind, blowing from America—the wind that brings so many glad tidings of prosperity—never bear to us that impatience of age, that disregard of the sacred parental claims which it is so sad to see among our transatlantic brothers!

TRUE TO THE DEAD.

THE parting rays of eventide
The peaceful churchyard glorified;
They strayed among the gravestones old,
And tinged the ruins gray, with gold.
They smiled upon a little child,
Bearing from vale and woodland wild
Bright greenery, from garden bowers
A basket filled with shining flowers.

She sat beside a sheltered mound,
And placed her treasures on the ground,
And wreathed in the twilight hush
Buds glowing with the sun's last blush:
Carnation white, and mignonette,
And roses with the dew mists wet,
With purple pansies bright, that tell
That dear one doth in memory dwell.

With loving hands she garlanded
The sacred cross above the dead,
Then kneeling in the deep'ning gloom
Sent up to God the blest perfume
Of innocent beseeching prayer,
That light may find the sleepers there;
Then left her precious gifts to die,
And give the dead their last sweet sigh.

Screened from her by a spreading tree,
Slowly telling his rosary,
A curé watched and sadly thought
The little one the grave had sought
Of parent dear, or sister kind,
For whom the dewy wreath was twined,
And grieved to think that she should stand
Thus early, close to shadowland.

She passed into the twilight gray,
The good priest blessed her on her way,
Then paused beside the grave and read
The story writ above the dead ;
How fifty summer blooms did fade
Since mourning hearts first wept, and prayed,
And strewed with flowers the earth's green breast,
Where lay their aged sire at rest.

Through all the changes, joys, and fears
That mark life's course in fifty years,
The old man held a sacred place
Among the children of his race ;
They learned at evening round the hearth,
To love his name and know his worth,
And never was the green grass bare
Of fragrant flower and humble prayer.

Would that such tenderness were shed
In every home, around the dead !
Could they but dwell with us again
How hard we'd strive to soothe their pain,
Yet heed we not the low sad call,
That ever on our hearts doth fall—
" Have pity, ye whose lives we blessed,
Help us to pass the gates of rest."

HELENA CALLANAN.

CARLYLE'S IRISH TOURS.

BY T. GRIFFIN O'DONOGHUE.

A FOREMOST name in the literature of the nineteenth century is that of Thomas Carlyle. The vigour of his intellect, voiced as it was by a powerful though erratic style of writing, and the boldness with which he promulgated his opinions and assumptions, early created a stir in literary circles and attracted the attention of the reading public. They excited the interest of Goethe in Germany, and Emerson in America, both of whom kept up a correspondence with him until their deaths. Any opinions coming from such a writer are therefore entitled to our respect and attention although we may very rarely agree with them.

Anyone who has taken the trouble to become even superficially acquainted with Carlyle's works, cannot have failed to notice his panderings to power and success, and his adulation of despots. Frederick the Great and Cromwell were to him great heroes, deserving of nothing less than the excessive praise with which he so freely bespattered them. That both men possessed some good qualities few will deny, but we fancy that the verdict of the great majority of right-thinking people would be pointedly to the effect that, whatever their good qualities, they were nothing else but tyrants. Be this as it may, however, it is pretty clear that Carlyle's sympathies were on the whole, with the oppressor rather than with the oppressed, and this being so we can hardly wonder that the case of Ireland should form no exception to the general rule. In looking through those of his works in which Ireland is in any way referred to, one finds little else than insulting sneers and bitter sarcasm. In one of his earlier works, however, although containing a great deal that must inevitably be extremely distasteful to Irishmen, we do meet with some passages which bear the impress of justice and impartiality, and which were afterwards destined to bear good fruit. In "Chartism," he writes:—

"Ireland has near seven millions of working people, the third unit of whom, it appears by statistic science, has not for thirty weeks each year as many third rate potatoes as will suffice him. It is a fact perhaps the most eloquent that was ever written down in any language, at any date of the world's history. Was change and reformation needed in Ireland? Has Ireland

been governed and guided in a wise and loving manner? A government and guidance of white European men which has issued in perennial hunger of potatoes to the third man extant, ought to walk out of court under conduct of proper officers; saying no word, expecting now of a surety sentence either to change or die. All men, we must repeat, were made by God, and have immortal souls in them. The sanspotato is of the self-same stuff as the superfine Lord Lieutenant.

“The woes of Ireland, or justice to Ireland, is not a chapter we have to write at present. It is a deep matter, an abysmal one, which no plummet of ours will sound. For the oppression has gone far farther than into the economics of Ireland; inwards to her very heart and soul.

“We English pay, even now, the bitter smart of long centuries of injustice to our neighbour Ireland. Injustice, doubt it not, abounds; or Ireland would not be miserable . . . England is guilty towards Ireland; and reaps at last in full measure the fruit of fifteen centuries of wrong-doing.”

Words like these from a writer whose originality in conception and treatment alike was already making itself widely felt, excited no little interest among the more prominent figures in Irish politics at that time; the result being, that shortly after the appearance of the work containing them, its author received a visit from Charles Gavan Duffy and others of the Young Ireland Party, which ended in Carlyle promising them that he would take an early opportunity to visit Ireland and see for himself the actual condition of the country. In accordance with this promise he shortly afterwards decided on paying his mother a visit for a few days at Scotsbrig, and thence to run across to Ireland. What he could learn of the distress which then existed in the country, aggravated as it was by that dreadful calamity the potato blight—had the effect of making him the more desirous of ascertaining its extent. After leaving his mother, therefore, he went by coach to Ardrossan, where he embarked on a steamer that carried him to Belfast. It had been previously arranged that Gavan Duffy and John Mitchel should meet him at Drogheda, to which place he proceeded without delay. The sights he saw on his journey thither agreed in all respects with what he had heard. The dismantled cabins; the watery, desolate fields; and the air tainted with the smell of putrid potatoes, made up a picture the horrors of which impressed him deeply and which in after-life he never quite forgot. We learn that through a mistake at the post-office, he missed Duffy and Mitchel, and

hastened on to Dublin where he put up at the Imperial Hotel in Sackville-street. From Dublin he went to Dundrum, where Duffy and Mitchel shortly found him at an address furnished him by the former. Here he was entertained at a large dinner-party, "Young Ireland almost in mass." Among them was Carleton the novelist, who is described as "a genuine bit of old Ireland." They "talked and drank liquids of various strengths," and we are told by Froude, that "although the Young Irelanders fought fiercely with him for some of their views, yet he liked them, and they liked him."

On the following day he "dined at Mitchel's with a select party, and ate there the last truly good potato I have met with in the world. Mitchel's wife, especially his mother (Presbyterian parson's widow of the best Scotch type); his frugally elegant small house and table, pleased me much, as did the man himself, a fine elastic-spirited young fellow, whom I grieved to see rushing on destruction palpable by attack of windmills, but on whom all my persuasions were thrown away. Both Duffy and him I have always regarded as specimens of the best kind of Irish youth, seduced like thousands of them in their early day, into courses that were at once mad and ridiculous, and which nearly ruined the life of both."

"Poor Mitchel!" Carlyle said afterwards, "I told him he would most likely be hanged, but I told him too they could not hang the immortal part of him."

Although he entertained, as we have just seen, a sincere regard for both Duffy and Mitchell, he thoroughly detested O'Connell, of whom he never spoke save in terms of the utmost contempt and dislike. He happened to see him when he made his last appearance in the Conciliation Hall, soon after his release from prison; and in relating his recollections of this meeting, Carlyle allows his dislike of O'Connell—whom he terms, amongst other names, the "Big Beggarman"—to go so far as to vent itself on the audience, calling O'Connell's hearers "blackguard-looking," and other such unjust and objectionable terms.

On the last day of his stay—for this trip only lasted three or four days—he was taken for a very fine drive, by the Dargle and Powerscourt, and round through the Glen of the Downs to Bray. While crossing the rich pasture lands of the Old Pale, "a fertile oasis in the general wretchedness," he is said to have humorously remarked, as his eye ran over the trimly-fenced and well-tilled fields: "Ah, Duffy, there you see the hoof of the bloody Saxon."

That same evening he embarked on board a steamer at Kingstown, and early on the following morning he was sitting smoking before the door of the house in Liverpool where his wife was staying, waiting for the family to rise and let him in. In this city it was that he met for the first time another distinguished Irishman who shared with O'Connell the love and gratitude of the Irish people: Father Mathew, the "Apostle of Temperance;" whose kindly, genial, and earnest manner made a very favourable impression upon even the grim and cynical Carlyle. In a letter to his wife he writes of him as follows:—

"Passing near some Catholic chapel, and noticing a great crowd in a yard there, with flags, white sticks, and brass bands, we stopped our hackney-coachman, stepped forth into the thing, and found it to be Father Mathew distributing the temperance pledge to the lost sheep of the place—thousands strong, of both sexes—a very ragged, lost-looking squadron, indeed. Father M. is a broad, solid, most excellent-looking man, with grey hair, mild intelligent eyes, massive, rather aquiline nose and countenance. The very face of him attracts you . . . We saw him go through a whole act of the business . . . I almost cried to listen to him, and could not but lift my broad-brim at the end, when he called for God's blessing on the vow these poor wretches had taken."

In a letter to his brother John, respecting this first visit of his, he thus bears testimony to the kindness and hospitality that he everywhere received: "Tell my dear mother that the Papists have not hurt me in the least; on the contrary they were abundantly and over-abundantly kind and hospitable to me, and many a rough object has been put in my head which may usefully smooth itself for me some day."

This trip, brief as it necessarily was, gave him some insight, however slight, into the condition of the country; the ravages committed by the potato blight; and the misery and dissatisfaction consequent thereon. When, therefore, two years later the fires of rebellion—which had been kindling so long—suddenly burst out and had been as speedily suppressed, it did not come as a very great surprise to Carlyle. The ardent and patriotic young spirits with whom he had hob-nobbed, and who had been mainly instrumental in organizing it, were either toiling in the convict settlements of Australia, or otherwise scattered over the world. Mitchel, Martin, and O'Doherty (the late M.P. for North Meath), were convicted and sentenced to various terms of transportation. Dillon, O'Gorman, Stephens, and Doheny, succeeded in effecting their

escape. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, M'Manus, and O'Donoghue, having been convicted of high treason, were sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; which barbarous sentence, however, was afterwards commuted into transportation beyond the seas for life. Gavan Duffy only narrowly escaped. Three different times was he brought to trial, and although the Crown made the most strenuous efforts to convict him, the prosecution was each time broken down by the consummate ability of Counsellor Isaac Butt. After his escape, Duffy was for a short time Carlyle's guest at Cheyne-row, and it appears that his description of the wretchedness of his despairing and starving countrymen determined Carlyle to see it again; to study it more in detail; and then, if possible, to write something about it which would rouse England to a better sense of its obligations. In pursuance of this resolution, he left London on the 30th of June, 1849, in a Dublin steamboat; and as he neared the coast of Ireland he could not help noticing the great absence of shipping, and of that bustle and life generally, which are an index to the commercial prosperity of a nation. He thus comments on the stagnation everywhere observable on nearing Wicklow Head:—

“In all these seas we saw no ship. Absolutely none at all but one Wicklow fishing-sloop, of the same pattern, but quite rusty and out of repair, as the Cornish Pilchard-sloops of yesterday;—alas one, and in this state of ineffectuality. A big steamer farther on, making from Dublin towards Bristol; this, and a pilot boat *not* employed by us; except these three we saw no other ships at all in those Irish seas that day. Wonderful and lamentable! chorus all my Irish friends; and groped for their pikes to try and mend it!”

And a little further on he describes Kingstown Harbour as “a huge square basin within granite moles, few ships, small business in it; wild wind was blowing some filament of steam about, and the rest was idle vacancy. Long lines of granite embankment, a noble channel with docks, *miles* of it (there seemed to me), and no ship in it, no human figure on it, the genius of vacancy alone possessing it! Will ‘be useful some day’ I suppose? The look of it in one's own cold wretched humour was rather sad.”

While still at sea, Vinegar Hill was pointed out to him, and furnished him with one of those opportunities that he rarely permitted to pass of displaying his prejudice towards things Irish in general. He tells us that he “thought of the battle of Vinegar Hill, but not with interest, with sorrow rather and contempt;

one of the ten times ten thousand futile fruitless 'battles' this brawling unreasonable people has fought—the saddest of distinctions to them among peoples! In heaven's name, learn that revolting is not the trade which will profit you."

Arrived at Dublin he went to the Imperial Hotel in Sackville-street; but had hardly been there three hours when he received a visit from John O'Hagan (now Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Chief of the Land Commission), whom he terms "a brisk, innocent, modest young barrister." Gavan Duffy arrived soon after, and gave him directions and introductions to various notabilities for the morrow. The next day, Wednesday, he paid a visit to Dr. Stokes at Merrion-square, whom he designates "a clever, energetic, but squinting, rather fierce, sinister-looking man—at least, some dash of that susceptible in him. To dine there to-morrow, nevertheless." He also called on Sir R. Kane and Dr. Evory Kennedy—neither of whom were at home—and on Dr. and Mrs. Callan (Duffy's sister-in-law), with whom he had a long conversation. On returning to his hotel, he found Dr. Kennedy waiting for him at the door. Carlyle had had intentions of going to Kingstown that night, but was led off to Dr. Kennedy's instead; where, as he tells us, he had "a pleasant enough little dinner;" and where, also, he met Dr. Cooke Taylor, of whom he speaks with a kind of pitiful contempt, referring to him as a "snuffy, babbling, baddish fellow, whom I had not wished at all specially to see. Strange *dialect* of this man, a Youghal native, London had little altered that; immense lazy gurgling about the throat and palate regions, speech coming out at last not so much in *distinct* pieces and vocables, as in *continuous* erudition, semi-masticated speech. A peculiar smile too dwelt on the face of poor snuffy Taylor; I pitied, but could not love him—with his lazy gurgling, semi-masticated, semi-deceitful (and self-deceiving) speech, thought, and action."

On Thursday he dined with Dr. Stokes according to promise, and met there, amongst others, Dr. George Petrie, the eminent Irish scholar and antiquary, with whom he was immensely pleased, and whom he describes as "Petrie, a Painter of Landscapes, notably antiquarian, enthusiastic for Brian Boru and all that province of affairs; an excellent, simple, affectionate, lovable soul—'dear old Petrie,' he was our chief figure for me: called for *punch* instead of wine, he, and was gradually imitated; a thin, wrinkly, half-ridiculous yet mildly dignified man: old bachelor, you could see; speaks with a *panting* manner, difficult to find the word;

shows real knowledge, though with sad credulity, on Irish antiquarian matters."

He also saw there "Burton, a young portrait painter; thin, aquiline man, with long, thin locks scattered about, with a look of real painter-talent, but thin, proud, vain; not a pleasant man of genius! Todd, antiquarian parson (Dean or something), whose house I had seen the night before: little round-faced, dark-complexioned, squat, good-humoured and knowing man; learned in Irish antiquities he too; not without good instruction on other matters. These and a mute or two were the dinner . . . After dinner there came in many other mutes who remained such to me. Talk, in spite of my endeavours, took an Irish *versus* English character; wherein, as I have no respect for Ireland as it is now and has been, it was impossible for me to be popular! Good humour in general, though not without effort, always did maintain itself."

On Friday he received an invitation to dine with the Lord Lieutenant, which he politely declined on the plea that he was to leave Dublin that evening. He breakfasted with O'Hagan, Duffy, Dr. Murray, and two young Fellows of Trinity. These are his words:—

"Fellows of Trinity, breakfast and the rest of it accordingly took effect: Talbot-street I think they call the place—lodgings, respectable young barrister's. Hancock, the Political-Economy Professor, whom I had seen the day before; he and one Ingram, author of the Repeal song, 'True man like you, man' (clever indignant kind of little fellow, the latter), were the two Fellows; to whom as a mute brother one Hutton was added, with invitation to me from the parental circle, 'beautiful place somewhere out near Howth,' very well as it afterwards proved. Dr. Murray, Theology Professor of Maynooth, a big, burly mass of Catholic Irishism; he and Duffy, with a certain vinaigrous, pale, shrill, logician figure, who came in after breakfast, made up the party. Talk again England *versus* Ireland . . . Dr. Murray, head cropt like stubble, red-skinned face, harsh grey Irish eyes; full of fiery Irish zeal too, and rage, which however he had the art to keep down under buttery vocables: man of considerable strength, man not to be loved by any manner of means. Hancock, and *now* Ingram too, were wholly English (that is to say, Irish rational) in sentiment. Duffy very *plaintive*, with a strain of rage audible in it."

Breakfast over, he went, accompanied by Hancock and Ingram

to look over the University :—" University after, along with these two Fellows : Library and busts ; Museum, with big dark Curator Ball in it ; many nick-nacks, skull of Swift's Stella, and plaster cast of Swift : couldn't *write* my name, except all in a tremulous scratchy shiver, in such a state of nerves was I."

His estimate of Isaac Butt, who was introduced to him on the same day by Duffy, is far from being a flattering one. Carlyle thought him " a terrible black burly son of earth : talent visible in him, but still more animalism ; big bison-head, black, not quite unbrutal : glad when he went off to the ' Galway Circuit ' or whithersoever."

On Saturday he took breakfast in the Zoological Gardens with " Hancock, Ball of the Museum, another Ball of the Poor-law, Cooke, Taylor, and others. While waiting at the door of his hotel for Dr. Kennedy's car, which was to take him there ; a rather amusing incident occurred, which may as well be given in his own words :—

" Smoking at the door, buy a newspaper, old hawker pockets my groat, and then comes back, saying ' Yer hanar has given me by mistake a threepenny ! ' Old knave, I gave him back his newspaper, ran upstairs for a penny, discover that the threepenny has a hole in it, that it is his—and that I am done ! He is off when I come down."

When he had looked over the Gardens, he went to see the magnificent collection of antiquities in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, but although he was much interested by what he saw, he speaks somewhat lightly of some of the most priceless relics of Irish art and antiquity. " The Royal Irish Academy," says Carlyle, " really has an interesting museum : Petrie does the honours with enthusiasm. Big old iron cross (smith's name on it in Irish, and date about 1100 or so, ingenious old smith really) ; Second Book of Clogher (tremendously old, said Petrie), torques, copper razor, porridge-pots, bog-butter (tastes like wax), bog-cheese (didn't taste that or even see) . . . Really an interesting museum, for everything has a certain *authenticity*, as well as national or other significance, too often wanting in such places."

He was evidently much struck with the solemn grandeur and wild and rugged beauty of Glendalough, for he writes : " brought heath and ivy from Glendalough ; grimmest spot in my memory." Kilkenny was his next point, where he lodged with Dr. Cane, the Mayor, of whom he has given the following description :—

" Dr. Cane himself, lately in prison for ' repale,' now free and

Mayor again, is really a person of superior worth. Tall, straight, heavy man, with grey eyes and smallish globular black head; deep bass voice, with which he speaks slowly, solemnly, as if he were preaching Irish (moral) Grandison—touch of that in him; sympathy with all that is manly and good however, and continual effort towards that. Likes me, is hospitably kind to me, and I am grateful to him."

When we reflect on the utter misery and destitution so prevalent in all parts of Ireland from '46 to '49, we cannot wonder that the great aversion of our countrymen and women to the workhouses, deeply rooted as it is, should have ultimately given way altogether before the dreadful pangs of hunger, and that the famished and fever-smitten people should eventually pour into these detested institutions until they became literally choked up with the dying and the dead. The workhouse that Carlyle inspected at Kilkenny, the first he had ever seen, "quite shocked him." He saw there "huge arrangements for eating, baking, stacks of Indian meal stirabout; 1000 or 2000 great hulks of men lying piled up within brick walls, in such a country, on such a day! . . . No hope but of stirabout; swine's meat, swine's *destiny* (I gradually saw): right glad to get *away*." And of the inhabitants: "Idle people sitting on street curbstones, &c.; numerous in the summer afternoon; idle old city; can't well think how they live."

At Kilmacthomas, Duffy's arrival excited great enthusiasm amongst all classes, even to the policemen, if Carlyle is to be believed. The driver of the conveyance whispered that he "would like to give a cheer," but Carlyle, who dreaded the shock to his nerves, answered "don't, it would do him no good." From Waterford, which he reached on the 12th of July, he went to Dromana, from which he was driven to Mountmelleray Monastery. While going over the grounds he was told of a little incident which fully convinced him of the rigour of its rules. Some of the monks, finding the time hanging heavily on their hands, had been guilty of looking through a telescope at the Youghal and Cappoquin steamer. This reaching the ear of the Prior, he immediately took the instrument away. Youghal was reached on the 15th, and on the 16th he was at the Imperial Hotel in Cork. On the evening of his arrival he was writing in his room when he was suddenly disturbed by the entrance of "Father O'Shea (who I thought had been *dead*); to my astonishment enter a little gray-haired, intelligent-and-bred looking man, with much gesticula-

tion, boundless loyal welcome, *red* with dinner and some wine, engages that we are to meet to-morrow—and again with explosion of welcomes goes his way.” Father O’Shea had been, with Emerson of America, one of the first to encourage Fraser the bookseller to go on with “Sartor Resartus,” when that work first began to appear in *Fraser’s Magazine*; hence Carlyle’s great pleasure at meeting him. On the following day Duffy introduced Denny Lane to Carlyle, who describes him as being a “fine brown Irish figure;” with a “frank, hearty, honest air; like Alfred Tennyson a little.” He went with a party for a trip down the river on a steamer, and dined at Denny’s cottage on return:—

“Hospitable, somewhat hugger-mugger; much too crowded, old mother of D. Lane sat by me, next her, Father O’Something (*Sullivan*, I discover in my letters), Shea’s curate; a Cork *wit*, as the punch soon showed him; opposite me was Father O’Shea, didactic, loud-spoken, courteous, good every way—a true gentleman-priest in the Irish style, my *only* good specimen of that. One Barry, editor of songs, of newspapers, next him; Duffy and two, nay three or four more, to left of me at the other end. O’Sullivan, in yellow-wig, man of fifty, with brick complexion, with inextinguishable good-humour, caught at all straws to hang some light wit on them, really did produce much shallow laughter (poor soul) from me as from others; merry all; worth seeing for once, this scene of Irish life.”

He left Cork by coach for Killarney, which he arrived at on the 18th. On his way to Roche’s he saw, for the first time, an Irish funeral accompanied by the keeners, but he describes the sight as being more like a farce than a solemn and touching spectacle. It is not improbable that Carlyle’s prejudice to venerated Irish customs generally, is here manifested; but it is by no means unlikely that the frightful mortality of one of the gloomiest periods of Irish history had contributed a great deal to detract from the impressiveness which previously marked such ceremonies. Whatever the case, he speaks of this funeral in his usual straightforward manner. “The Irish howl,” for these are his words, “was totally disappointing, there was no sorrow whatever in the tone of it. A pack of idle women, mounted on the hearse as many as could, and the rest walking; were hoh-hoh-ing with a grief quite evidently hired and not worth hiring.” At Roche’s he met “Shine Lawlor” at breakfast, whom he terms a “polite, quick, well-bred-looking, intelligent little fellow, with Irish-English air, with little bead-eyes, and features and *repale* feelings, Irish

altogether. We are to come to breakfast, he will show us the lakes, regrets to have no bed, &c.—polite little man;—and we are to bring the *inn* car for ourselves and him, Poor S. L., perhaps he *had* no car of his own in these distressed times! The evident poverty of many an Irish gentleman and the struggle of his hospitality with that, was one of the most touching sights—inviting, and even commanding respectful *silence* from the great.”

After breakfast he visited Shine Lawlor's place, Castle Lough as it is called, not far from Roche's, where he saw “Shea Lawlor,” a kinsman of Shine's who “explodes in talking over Duffy;” the Reverend Dr. Moore, Principal of Oscot; Shine's younger brother, “a *medicus* from Edinburgh; pleasant idle youth, with cavendish tobacco,” and others. He then went to explore the scenery of the lakes, of which he writes as follows:—

“Lake clear, blue, almost black; slaty precipitous islets rise frequent; rocky dark hills, somewhat fringed with native *arbutus* (very frequent all about Killarney), mount skyward on every hand. Well enough; but don't bother me with *audibly* admiring it . . . Ornamental cottages, deep shrouded in *arbutus* wood, with clearest cascades, and a depth of *silence* very inviting, abound on the shores of these lakes; but *something* of dilapidation, beggary, human fatuity in one or other form, is painfully visible in nearly all . . . most silent, solitary, with a wild beauty looking through the squalor of one's thoughts; that is the impression of the scene.”

The dinner at “Castle Lough” on his return was “noisy-Irish, not unpleasant, nor anywhere unpolite: nor was intelligence or candour (partly got up for me it might be, yet I think it was not) amid the roughish but genial mirth a quite missing element. Shea talked largely, wanted *me* to open on O'Connell that he might hear him well denounced; but I wouldn't . . . bad tea in fireless parlour; finally we emerge in pitch dark night, with escort through the woods; and bid our kind Irish entertainers a kind adieu. Good be with them, good struggling people; that is my hearty feeling for them now.”

Limerick, Clare, and Galway, were the next places he touched. At Tuam “a crowd had gathered for Duffy's sake; audible murmur of old woman there, “Yer Hanar's wilcome to Chume! Brass band threatening to get up.” Westport was reached on the 28th of July, and here was misery with a vengeance. “Human swinery,” says Carlyle, “has here reached its *acme* happily; 30,000 paupers in this union, population supposed to be about 60,000. Workhouse proper (I suppose) cannot hold above three

or four thousand of them, subsidiary workhouses and outdoor relief the others. Abomination of desolation; what can you make of it?" They did not stay long in "this citadel of mendicancy," as Carlyle calls it, "intolerable alike to gods and men," but hurried back to Castlebar.

"Brilliant *rose-pink* landlady, reverent of Duffy, is very sorry; but—&c. . . . Bouquet to Duffy; mysteriously handed from unknown young lady, with verse or prose note; humph! humph!—and so without accident in now bright hot afternoon, we take leave of Croagh Patrick, and babbling of 'literature' (not by *my* will), perhaps about 5 p. m. arrive at Castlebar again, and for D's sake are reverentially welcomed."

His next move was to Ballina, his companions being Duffy, and the late W. E. Forster, who had joined them, as Carlyle expresses it, very "blue-nosed" at Castlebar, with news from Mrs. Carlyle. At Ballina both Forster and Duffy parted from him, the latter to visit certain Dillons there. Carlyle journeyed on to Sligo, where his two friends afterwards rejoined him, and where he saw so many beggars as to call forth the remark that beggary was the "only industry really followed by the Irish people." At Stranorlar he bid "silent, sorrowful" Duffy farewell. Saturday, August the 4th, saw him at Derry, where, on the following Monday, his last day in Ireland, he breakfasted with Dr. M'Knight, whom he thought "an honest kind of man, though loud-toned and with wild eyes," and before the day was ended he was in his beloved Scotland once more.

So ended Carlyle's last visit to Ireland. The hope he had entertained of finding some solution of the problem which had puzzled so many before him, was never realised. He found it truly "a deep matter, an abysmal one, which no plummet of ours will sound." Consequently, the work he had intended to write, that was to have opened the eyes of Englishmen, and to have astonished them by its easy elucidation of the difficulty, never appeared. All that he did towards enlightening the public on the matter, was merely to jot down, in an abrupt and hurried fashion, what experiences of his journey he could afterwards recollect, and that was all. Much that he saw in Ireland only served to excite his derision and disgust, and he does not scruple to scoff at customs and traditions dear to the Irish heart. He is in more than one instance guilty of gross and exaggerated misrepresentation of the Irish people, and passages in his works might be pointed to which are permeated with the prejudice and bigotry he was always so

ready to denounce in others. Of course, approbation from Carlyle is not to be expected, seeing that he scarcely ever had a good word for anything that did not happen to be German. But, in forming an estimate of Carlyle's utterances, we should not altogether lose sight of his character. Unfortunately, Carlyle's disposition was none of the mildest, and the chronic dyspepsia to which he was a martyr, by no means improved a temperament naturally morose, and which indisputably taints many of his writings. But notwithstanding the many hard things he has said of us, he has, after all, frankly admitted that "the Irish are a noble people at bottom;" and this, taken with the interest he manifested towards Ireland in one of her darkest hours; his warm friendship and admiration for some of her most gifted and devoted sons; and his vigorous condemnation of the weak and vacillating policy of the Government—whose hesitation proved so fatal, where its prompt and energetic action would at least have prevented much of the ruin and devastation that ensued—should go far to mitigate in Irish breasts any bitter feeling that his prejudice and spleen may have engendered.



EROS.

I HAVE loved, and have not loved in vain,
 Since I loved you who are good and pure,
 Loved you with a love that knew no stain.

I have loved, and have not loved in vain,
 Since my love has taught me to endure,
 Nerved me with the bitter wine of pain.

I have loved, and have not loved in vain,
 Since in the sweet mystery of prayer
 I have shared with you God's manna-rain.

Faith beholds you, Love, no blight or bane,
 Since brave Friendship's pilgrim-garb you wear:
 Who love truly, never love in vain.

Take my heart, O Lord, and let it be
 Love's sweet instrument of praise for Thee!

E. E. T.

NEW BOOKS.

1. THE "Stonyhurst Latin Grammar," by Rev. John Gerard, S.J. (Blackwood and Son, London and Edinburgh), is a small book but an admirable one. It is wondrously concise but most clear. The method resembles somewhat the smaller German Grammars, but in a competitive examination we doubt not this little book would bear away the prize. It will certainly add to the high repute of that great college whence it issues, showing, as it does so well, the enlightened method on which the ancient languages are there taught. A boy who has mastered Father Gerard's book, has really a key to the difficulties which discourage the pursuit of a sound knowledge of Latin, and can use at leisure more erudite works for their proper end, the analysing of the subtleties of human thought.

We hope Father Gerard will be induced to do for Greek what he has done for Latin. By thus rendering it easy, he will push on that study of the classic tongues which has formed the master-minds of Europe in the past as we trust it will continue to form them in the future. The book is admirably printed with many subtle devices of the typographical art which render the use of it more easy and more agreeable.

2. "The late Miss Hollingford," by Rosa Mulholland, has been produced by the popular publishers, Blackie and Son, of London, Dublin, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, in a particularly neat and readable form, with illustrations, at a marvellously low price. The very high merit of the story must for the present be left to be guessed from some of the circumstances mentioned in the preface:—

"The Late Miss Hollingford" was published a good many years ago in the pages of *All the Year Round*. It has never till now been republished in England, though it has been translated into French under the title of *Une Idée Fantastique*, and issued by the Bleriot Library, with a preface by M. Gounod. It has also appeared in Italian. In the Tauchnitz Collection it is bound in with *No Thoroughfare*, having been chosen by the late Charles Dickens as a pendant for his own story in a volume of that series. Mr. Dickens was so pleased with this tale, and some others by the same author, then a very young beginner, that he wrote asking her to contribute a serial story of considerable length to his journal. "The Late Miss Hollingford" (the title of which was chosen by Mr. Dickens himself) comes now asking for a favourable reception from the public, in the name of the great master of English fiction—long passed away from among us.

3. Still briefer must be our announcement of another new volume from the same wonderful pen; but very many even of our readers will

be delighted to possess Miss Mulholland's "Marcella Grace" in the fine volume in which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Company of 1 Paternoster-square, London, have sent it forth on its independent career. The large type and good paper certainly help one to enjoy this excellent tale of Ireland of to-day, the latest of the author's contributions to a true Irish literature, if we except "A Fair Emigrant" which is only beginning its course in the pages of a great New York Magazine.

4. Mr. James P. Farrell's "Historical Notes and Stories of the County Longford" (Dollard, Dublin), belongs to a class of works which deserve warm encouragement. It is full of facts about special districts in Ireland which have an interest for many besides the residents in these districts. It is very desirable to get permanently into print as many local traditions as possible, and as many documents as possible of local interest. Besides other advantages these particulars will be of great value to future Irish historians. The author, who, we hope, is a young man, begs the co-operation of his readers in preparing an enlarged edition of his book.

5. Of the *Rudimenta Linguae Hebraicae* of Dr. Vosen, newly edited by Dr. Kaulen, which the well-known foreign publisher, Herder, sends from Friburg, it will be enough to say that this new and very concise Hebrew Grammar is, we understand, the one selected for the students of Hebrew in Maynooth College by their learned Professor.

6. A Member of the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration, Wexford, has translated "The School of Divine Love," by Father Vincent Caraffa, seventh General of the Society of Jesus (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). Father Caraffa is often quoted by St. Alphonsus, and this present work is worthy of a saint. The translation has evidently been made with great care and has been also very carefully revised and printed.

7. "The Life of St. Olave, Martyr, King, and Patron of Norway" by the Rev. S. M'Daniel (London: Washbourne), is a pretty and pious little book which owes its existence to the circumstance that the sphere of Father M'Daniel's labours in the diocese of Southwark was the ancient Catholic parish of St. Olave.

8. "A Thought from St. Francis and his Saints, for each Day in the Year" (New York: Benziger), does for the seraph of Assisi what has been done in other pretty little books for St. Francis de Sales, St. Ignatius, St. Teresa, Father Faber, and probably others. We mention the modern Oratorian, in order to express our wonder that Cardinal Newman has escaped.

9. "The Bible and Belief," by the Rev. William Humphrey, S.J. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is another controversial work marked by Father Humphrey's clearness and vigour of style and his logical acumen. It has the advantage of being written for

living souls by one who understands their real difficulties in submitting to the authority of the one Christian Church.

10. For one reason in particular we shall return again to the very original and beautiful work called "Eucharistic Hours" by E. M. Shapcote (London: Washbourne). Mrs. Shapcote will have a share in many precious "hours before the altar."

11. Though it reaches us long after the eleventh hour, we must name "The Month of the Souls in Purgatory" (Dublin: M. H. Gill), translated from the French of Abbè Berlioux by Miss Eleanor Cholmeley.



SONGS FROM SHAKSPEARE, IN LATIN.

NO. I.

"FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES."

(*The Tempest*, Act I, Scene 2.)

FULL fathom five thy father lies :
 Of his bones are coral made :
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong bell.

Occidit, O juvenis, pater et sub syrtibus his est,
 Ossaque concretum pæne coraliū habet,
 Quique fuere oculi vertunt in iaspidas undæ :
 In rem Nereidum et Tethyos omnis abit.
 Quidquid enim poterat corrumpi corpore in illo
 Malunt æquoream fata subire vicem.
 Exsequias, quod tu miraberis, illi Phorcys
 Delphinis ducunt Oceanusque suis.
 Fallor an ipse vadis hæc nenia redditur imis ?
 Glauci mortalem flet, mihi crede, chorus.

THE GHOST AT THE RATH.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "THE LATE MISS HOLLINGSFORD," "MARGELLA GRACE," ETC., ETC.

MANY may disbelieve this story, yet there are some still living who can remember hearing, when children, of the events which it details, and of the strange sensation which their publicity excited. The tale, in its present form, is copied, by permission, from a memoir written by the chief actor in the romance, and preserved as a sort of heirloom in the family whom it concerns.

In the year —, I, Miles Thunder, Captain in the — Regiment, having passed many years abroad following my profession, received most unexpected notice that I had become owner of certain properties which I had never thought to inherit. I set off for my native land, arrived in Dublin, found that my good fortune was real, and at once began to look about me for old friends. The first I met with, quite by accident, was curly-headed Frank O'Brien, who had been at school with me, though I was ten years his senior. He was curly-headed still, and handsome, as he had promised to be, but careworn and poor. During an evening spent at his chambers, I drew all his history from him. He was a briefless barrister. As a man, he was not more talented than he had been as a boy. Hard work and anxiety had not brought him success, only broken his health and soured his mind. He was in love, and he could not marry. I soon knew all about Mary Leonard, his *fiancée*, whom he had met at a house in the country somewhere, in which she was governess. They had now been engaged for two years; she active and hopeful, he sick and despondent. From the letters of hers which he showed me, I believed she was a treasure, worth all the devotion he felt for her. I thought a good deal about what could be done for Frank, but I could not easily hit upon a plan to assist him. For ten chances you have of helping a smart man, you have not two for a dull one.

In the meantime my friend must regain his health, and a change of air and scene was necessary. I urged him to make a voyage of discovery to The Rath, an old house and park which had come into my possession as portion of my recently-acquired estates. I had

never been to the place myself ; but it had once been the residence of Sir Luke Thunder, of generous memory, and I knew that it was furnished, and provided with a caretaker. I pressed him to leave Dublin at once, and promised to follow him as soon as I found it possible to do so.

So Frank went down to The Rath. The place was two hundred miles away ; he was a stranger there, and far from well. When the first week came to an end, and I had heard nothing from him, I did not like the silence ; when a fortnight had passed, and still not a word to say he was alive, I felt decidedly uncomfortable ; and when the third week of his absence arrived at Saturday without bringing me news, I found myself whizzing through a part of the country I had never travelled before, in the same train in which I had seen Frank seated at our parting.

I reached D——, and, shouldering my knapsack, walked right into the heart of a lovely wooded country. Following the directions I had received, I made my way to a lonely road, on which I met not a soul, and which seemed cut out of the heart of a forest, so closely were the trees ranked on either side, and so dense was the twilight made by the meeting and intertwining of the thick branches overhead. In these shades I came upon a gate, like a gate run to seed, with tall, thin, brick pillars, brandishing long grasses from their heads, and spotted with a melancholy crust of creeping moss. I jangled a cracked bell, and an old man appeared from the thickets within, stared at me, then admitted me with a rusty key. I breathed freely on hearing that my friend was well and to be seen. I presented a letter to the old man, having a fancy not to avow myself.

I found my friend walking up and down the alleys of a neglected orchard, with the lichened branches tangled above his head, and ripe apples rotting about his feet. His hands were locked behind his back, and his head was set on one side, listening to the singing of a bird. I never had seen him look so well ; yet there was a vacancy about his whole air which I did not like. He did not seem at all surprised to see me, asked had he really not written to me, thought he had ; was so comfortable that he had forgotten everything else. He thought he had only been there about three days ; could not imagine how the time had passed. He seemed to talk wildly, and this, coupled with the unusual happy placidity of his manner, confounded me. The place knew him, he told me confidentially ; the place belonged to him, or should ; the birds sang him this, the very trees bent before him as he passed, the air

whispered him that he had been long expected, and should be poor no more. Wrestling with my judgment ere it should pronounce him mad, I followed him indoors. The Rath was no ordinary old country-house. The acres around it were so wildly overgrown that it was hard to decide which had been pleasure-ground and where the thickets had begun. The plan of the house was grand, with mullioned windows, and here and there a fleck of stained glass flinging back the challenge of an angry sunset. The vast rooms were full of a dusky glare from the sky as I strolled through them in the twilight. The antique furniture had many a blood-red splash on the notches of its dark carvings; the dusty mirrors flared back at the windows, while the faded curtains produced streaks of uncertain colour from the depths of their sullen foldings.

Dinner was laid for us in the library, a long wainscotted room, with an enormous fire roaring up the chimney, sending a dancing light over the dingy titles of long unopened books. The old man who had unlocked the gate for me served us at table, and, after drawing the dusty curtains, and furnishing us with a plentiful supply of fuel and wine, left us. His clanking hobnailed shoes went echoing away in the distance over the unmatted tiles of the vacant hall till a door closed with a resounding clang very far away, letting us know that we were shut up together for the night in this vast, mouldy, oppressive old house.

I felt as if I could scarcely breathe in it. I could not eat with my usual appetite. The air of the place seemed heavy and tainted. I grew sick and restless. The very wine tasted badly, as if it had been drugged. I had a strange sort of feeling that I had been in the house before, and that something evil had happened to me in it. Yet such could not be the case. What puzzled me most was, that I should feel dissatisfied at seeing Frank looking so well, and eating so heartily. A little time before I should have been glad to suffer something to see him as he looked now; and yet not quite as he looked now. There was a drowsy contentment about him which I could not understand. He did not talk of his work, or of any wish to return to it. He seemed to have no thought of anything but the delight of hanging about that old house, which had certainly cast a spell over him.

About midnight he seized a light, and proposed retiring to our rooms. "I have such delightful dreams in this place," he said. He volunteered, as we issued into the hall, to take me upstairs and show me the upper regions of his paradise. I said,

"Not to-night." I felt a strange creeping sensation as I looked up the vast black staircase, wide enough for a coach to drive down, and at the heavy darkness bending over it like a curse, while our lamps made drips of light down the first two or three gloomy steps. Our bedrooms were on the ground floor, and stood opposite one another off a passage which led to a garden. Into mine Frank conducted me, and left me for his own.

The uneasy feeling which I have described did not go from me with him, and I felt a restlessness amounting to pain when left alone in my chamber. Efforts had evidently been made to render the room habitable, but there was a something antagonistic to sleep in every angle of its many crooked corners. I kicked chairs out of their prim order along the wall, and banged things about here and there; finally, thinking that a good night's rest was the best cure for an inexplicably disturbed frame of mind, I undressed as quickly as possible, and laid my head on my pillow under a canopy like the wings of a gigantic bird of prey wheeling above me ready to pounce.

But I could not sleep. The wind grumbled in the chimney, and the boughs swished in the garden outside; and between these noises I thought I heard sounds coming from the interior of the old house, where all should have been still as the dead down in their vaults. I could not make out what these sounds were. Sometimes I thought I heard feet running about, sometimes I could have sworn there were double knocks, tremendous tantararas at the great hall-door. Sometimes I heard the clashing of dishes, the echo of voices calling, and the dragging about of furniture. Whilst I sat up in bed trying to account for these noises, my door suddenly flew open, a bright light streamed in from the passage without, and a powdered servant in an elaborate livery of antique pattern stood holding the handle of the door in his hand, and bowing low to me in the bed.

"Her ladyship, my mistress, desires your presence in the drawingroom, sir."

This was announced in the measured tone of a well-trained domestic. Then with another bow he retired, the door closed, and I was left in the dark to determine whether I had not suddenly awakened from a tantalising dream. In spite of my very wakeful sensations, I believe I should have endeavoured to convince myself that I had been sleeping, but that I perceived light shining under my door, and through the keyhole, from the passage. I got up, lit my lamp, and dressed myself as hastily as I was able.

I opened my door, and the passage down which a short time before I had almost groped my way, with my lamp blinking in the dense foggy darkness, was now illuminated with a light as bright as gas. I walked along it quickly, looking right and left to see whence the glare proceeded. Arriving at the hall, I found it also blazing with light, and filled with perfume. Groups of choice plants, heavy with blossoms, made it look like a garden. The mosaic floor was strewn with costly mats. Soft colours and gilding shone from the walls, and canvases that had been black gave forth faces of men and women looking brightly from their burnished frames. Servants were running about, the diningroom and drawingroom doors were opening and shutting, and as I looked through each I saw vistas of light and colour, the moving of brilliant crowds, the waving of feathers, and glancing of brilliant dresses and uniforms. A festive hum reached me with a drowsy subdued sound as if I were listening with stuffed ears. Standing aside by an orange-tree, I gave up speculating on what this might be, and concentrated all my powers on observation.

Wheels were heard suddenly, and a resounding knock banged at the door till it seemed that the very rooks in the chimneys must be startled screaming out of their nests. The door flew open, a flaming of lanterns was seen outside, and a dazzling lady came up the steps and swept into the hall. When she held up her cloth of silver train, I could see the diamonds that twinkled on her feet. Her bosom was covered with moss-roses, and there was a red light in her eyes like the reflexion from a hundred glowing fires. Her black hair went coiling about her head, and couched among the braids lay a jewel not unlike the head of a snake. She was flashing and glowing with gems and flowers. Her beauty and her brilliance made me dizzy. There came a faintness in the air, as if her breath had poisoned it. A whirl of storm came in with her, and rushed up the staircase like a moan. The plants shuddered and shed their blossoms, and all the lights grew dim a moment, then flared up again.

Now the drawingroom door opened, and a gentleman came out with a young girl leaning on his arm. He was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with a mild countenance.

The girl was a slender creature, with golden hair and a pale face. She was dressed in pure white, with a large ruby like a drop of blood at her throat. They advanced together to receive the lady who had arrived. The gentleman offered his arm to the stranger, and the girl who was displaced for her fell back, and

walked behind them with a downcast air. I felt irresistibly impelled to follow them, and passed with them into the drawing-room. Never had I mixed in a finer, gayer crowd. The costumes were rich and of an old-fashioned pattern. Dancing was going forward with spirit—minuets and country-dances. The stately gentleman was evidently the host, and moved among the company, introducing the magnificent lady right and left. He led her to the head of the room presently, and they mixed in the dance. The arrogance of her manner and the fascination of her beauty were wonderful.

I cannot attempt to describe the strange manner in which I was in this company, and yet not of it. I seemed to view all I beheld through some fine and subtle medium. I saw clearly, yet I felt that it was not with my ordinary naked eyesight. I can compare it to nothing but looking at a scene through a piece of smoked or coloured glass. And just in the same way (as I have said before) all sounds seemed to reach me as if I were listening with ears imperfectly stuffed. No one present took any notice of me. I spoke to several, and they made no reply—did not even turn their eyes upon me, nor show in any way that they heard me. I planted myself straight in the way of a fine fellow in a general's uniform, but he, swerving neither to right nor left by an inch, kept on his way, as though I were a streak of mist, and left me behind him. Every one I touched eluded me somehow. Substantial as they all looked, I could not contrive to lay my hand on anything that felt like solid flesh. Two or three times I felt a momentary relief from the oppressive sensations which distracted me, when I firmly believed I saw Frank's head at some distance among the crowd, now in one room and now in another, and again in the conservatory, which was hung with lamps, and filled with people walking about among the flowers. But, whenever I approached, he had vanished. At last I came upon him, sitting by himself on a couch behind a curtain watching the dancers. I laid my hand upon his shoulder. Here was something substantial at last. He did not look up; he seemed aware neither of my touch nor my speech. I looked in his staring eyes, and found that he was sound asleep. I could not wake him.

Curiosity would not let me remain by his side. I again mixed with the crowd, and found the stately host still leading about the magnificent lady. No one seemed to notice that the golden-haired girl was sitting weeping in a corner; no one but the beauty in the silver train, who sometimes glanced at her contemptuously.

Whilst I watched her distress a group came between me and her, and I wandered into another room, where, as though I had turned from one picture of her to look at another, I beheld her dancing gaily in the full glee of Sir Roger de Coverley, with a fine-looking youth, who was more plainly dressed than any other person in the room. Never was a better-matched pair to look at. Down the middle they danced, hand in hand, his face full of tenderness, hers beaming with joy, right and left bowing and curtsying, parting and meeting again, smiling and whispering; but over the heads of smaller women there were the fierce eyes of the magnificent beauty scowling at them. Then again the crowd shifted around me, and this scene was lost.

For some time I could see no trace of the golden-haired girl in any of the rooms. I looked for her in vain, till at last I caught a glimpse of her standing smiling in a doorway with her finger lifted, beckoning. At whom? Could it be at me? Her eyes were fixed on mine. I hastened into the hall, and caught sight of her white dress passing up the wide black staircase from which I had shrunk some hours earlier. I followed her, she keeping some steps in advance. It was intensely dark, but by the gleaming of her gown I was able to trace her flying figure. Where we went, I knew not, up how many stairs, down how many passages, till we arrived at a low-roofed large room with sloping roof and queer windows where there was a dim light, like the sanctuary light in a deserted church. Here, when I entered, the golden head was glimmering over something which I presently discerned to be a cradle wrapped round with white curtains, and with a few fresh flowers fastened up on the hood of it, as if to catch a baby's eye. The fair sweet face looked up at me with a glow of pride on it, smiling with happy dimples. The white hands unfolded the curtains, and stripped back the coverlet. Then, suddenly there went a rushing moan all round the weird room, that seemed like a gust of wind forcing in through the crannies, and shaking the jingling old windows in their sockets. The cradle was an empty one. The girl fell back with a look of horror on her pale face that I shall never forget, then flinging her arms above her head, she dashed from the room.

I followed her as fast as I was able, but the wild white figure was too swift for me. I had lost her before I reached the bottom of the staircase. I searched for her, first in one room, then in another, neither could I see her foe (as I already believed to be), the lady of the silver train. At length I found myself in a small

ante-room, where a lamp was expiring on the table. A window was open, close by it the golden-haired girl was lying sobbing in a chair, while the magnificent lady was bending over her as if soothingly, and offering her something to drink in a goblet. The moon was rising behind the two figures. The shuddering light of the lamp was flickering over the girl's bright head, the rich embossing of the golden cup, the lady's silver robes, and, I thought, the jewelled eyes of the serpent looked out from her bending head. As I watched, the girl raised her face and drank, then suddenly dashed the goblet away; while a cry such as I never heard but once, and shiver to remember, rose to the very roof of the old house, and the clear sharp word "*Poisoned!*" rang and reverberated from hall and chamber in a thousand echoes, like the clash of a peal of bells. The girl dashed herself from the open window, leaving the cry clamouring behind her. I heard the violent opening of doors and running of feet, but I waited for nothing more. Maddened by what I had witnessed, I would have felled the murderess, but she glided unhurt from under my vain blow. I sprang from the window after the wretched white figure. I saw it flying on before me with a speed I could not overtake. I ran till I was dizzy. I called like a madman, and heard the owls croaking back to me. The moon grew huge and bright, the trees thrust themselves out before it like the bushy heads of giants, the river lay keen and shining like a long unsheathed sword, couching for deadly work among the rushes. The white figure shimmered and vanished, glittered brightly on before me, shimmered and vanished again, shimmered, staggered, fell, and disappeared in the river. Of what she was, phantom or reality, I thought not at the moment: she had the semblance of a human being going to destruction, and I had the frenzied impulse to save her. I rushed forward with one last effort, struck my foot against the root of a tree, and was dashed to the ground. I remember a crash, momentary pain and confusion; then nothing more.

When my senses returned, the red clouds of the dawn were shining in the river beside me. I arose to my feet, and found that, though much bruised, I was otherwise unhurt. I busied my mind in recalling the strange circumstances which brought me to that place in the dead of the night. The recollection of all I had witnessed was vividly present to my mind. I took my way slowly to the house, almost expecting to see the marks of wheels and other indications of last night's revel, but the rank grass that covered the gravel was uncrushed, not a blade disturbed, not a

stone displaced. I shook one of the drawingroom windows till I shook off the old rusty hasp inside, flung up the creaking sash, and entered. Where were the brilliant draperies and carpets, the soft gilding, the vases teeming with flowers, the thousand sweet odours of the night before? Not a trace of them; no, nor even a ragged cobweb swept away, nor a stiff chair moved an inch from its melancholy place, nor the face of a mirror relieved from one speck of its obscuring dust!

Coming back into the open air, I met the old man from the gate walking up one of the weedy paths. He eyed me meaningly from head to foot, but I gave him good morrow cheerfully.

“You see I am poking about early,” I said.

“I’ faith, sir,” said he, “an’ ye look like a man that had been pokin’ about *all night*.”

“How so?” said I.

“Why, ye see, sir,” said he, “I’m used to ’t, an’ I can read it in yer face like prent. Some sees one thing an’ some another, an’ some only feels an’ hears. The poor jintleman inside, *he says* nothin’ but that he has beautiful dhrames. An’ for the Lord’s sake, sir, take him out o’ this, for I’ve seen him wandherin’ about like a ghost himself in the heart of the night, an’ him that sound sleepin’ that I couldn’t wake him!”

At breakfast I said nothing to Frank of my strange adventures. He had rested well, he said, and boasted of his enchanting dreams. I asked him to describe them, when he grew perplexed and annoyed. He remembered nothing, but that his spirit had been delightfully entertained whilst his body reposed. I now felt a curiosity to go through the old house, and was not surprised, on pushing open a door at the end of a remote mouldy passage, to enter the identical chamber into which I had followed the pale-faced girl when she beckoned me out of the drawingroom. There were the low brooding roof and slanting walls, the short wide latticed windows to which the noonday sun was trying to pierce through a forest of leaves. The hangings rotting with age shook like dreary banners at the opening of the door, and there in the middle of the room was the cradle; only the curtains that had been white were blackened with dirt, and laced and overlaced with cobwebs. I parted the curtains, bringing down a shower of dust upon the floor, and saw lying upon the pillow, within, a child’s tiny shoe, and a toy. I need not describe the rest of the house. It was vast and rambling,

and, as far as furniture and decorations were concerned, the wreck of grandeur.

Having strange subject for meditation, I walked alone in the orchard that evening. This orchard sloped towards the river I have mentioned before. The trees were old and stunted, and the branches tangled overhead. The ripe apples were rotting in the long bleached grass. A row of taller trees, sycamores and chestnuts, straggled along by the river's edge, ferns and tall weeds grew round and amongst them and between their trunks, and behind the rifts in the foliage the water was seen to flow. Walking up and down one of the paths I alternately faced these trees and turned my back upon them. Once when coming towards them I chanced to lift my eyes, started, drew my hands across my eyes, looked again, and finally stood still gazing in much astonishment. I saw distinctly the figure of a lady standing by one of the trees, bending low towards the grass. Her face was a little turned away, her dress a bluish white, her mantle a dun brown colour. She held a spade in her hands, and her foot was upon it, as if she was in the act of digging. I gazed at her for some time, vainly trying to guess who she might be, then I advanced towards her. As I approached, the outlines of her figure broke up and disappeared, and I found that she was only an illusion presented to me by the curious accidental grouping of the lines of two trees which had shaped the space between them into the semblance of the form I have described. A patch of the flowing water had been her robe, a piece of russet moorland her cloak. The spade was an awkward young shoot slanting up from the root of one of the trees. I stepped back and tried to piece her out again bit by bit, but could not succeed.

That night I did not feel at all inclined to return to my dismal chamber, and lie awaiting such another summons as I had once received. When Frank bade me good-night, I heaped fresh coals on the fire, took down from the shelves a book, from which I lifted the dust in layers with my penknife, and, dragging an armchair close to the hearth, tried to make myself as comfortable as might be. I am a strong, robust man, very unimaginary, and little troubled with affections of the nerves, but I confess that my feelings were not enviable, sitting thus alone in that queer old house, with last night's strange pantomime still vividly present to my memory. In spite of my efforts at coolness, I was excited by the prospect of what yet might be in store for me before morning.

But these feelings passed away as the night wore on, and I nodded asleep over my book.

I was startled by the sound of a brisk light step walking overhead. Wide awake at once, I sat up and listened. The ceiling was low, but I could not call to mind what room it was that lay above the library in which I sat. Presently I heard the same step upon the stairs, and the sharp rustling of a silk dress sweeping against the banisters. The step paused at the library door, and then there was silence. I got up, and with all the courage I could summon seized a light, and opened the door; but there was nothing in the hall but the usual heavy darkness and damp mouldy air. I confess I felt more uncomfortable at that moment than I had done at any time during the preceding night. All the visions that had then appeared to me had produced nothing like the horror of thus feeling a supernatural presence which my eyes were not permitted to behold.

I returned to the library, and passed the night there. Next day I sought for the room above it in which I had heard the footsteps, but could discover no entrance to any such room. Its windows indeed, I counted from the outside, though they were so overgrown with ivy I could hardly discern them, but in the interior of the house I could find no door to the chamber. I asked Frank about it, but he knew and cared nothing on the subject; I asked the old man at the lodge, and he shook his head.

"Och!" he said, "don't ask about that room. The door's built up, and flesh and blood have no consarn wid it. It was *her own room.*"

"Whose own?" I asked.

"Ould Lady Thunder's. An' whisht, sir! *that's her grave!*"

"What do you mean?" I said. "Are you out of your senses?"

He laughed queerly, drew nearer, and lowered his voice. "Nobody has asked about the room these years but yourself," he said. "Nobody misses it goin' over the house. My grandfather was an old retainer o' the Thunder family, my father was in the service too, an' I was born myself before the ould lady died. Yon was her room, an' she left her eternal curse on her family if so be they didn't lave her coffin there. *She wasn't goin' undher the ground to the worms.* So there it was left, an' they built up the door. God love ye, sir, an' don't go near it. I wouldn't have tould you, only I know ye've seen plenty about already, an' ye have the look o' one that'd be ferretin' things out, savin' yer presence."

He looked at me knowingly, but I gave him no information, only thanked him for putting me on my guard. I could scarcely credit what he told me about the room; but my curiosity was excited regarding it. I made up my mind that day to try and induce Frank to quit the place on the morrow. I felt more and more convinced that the atmosphere was not healthful for his mind, whatever it might be for his body. The sooner we left the spot, I thought, the better for us both; but the remaining night which I had to pass there I resolved on devoting to the exploring of the walled-up chamber. What impelled me to this resolve I do not know. The undertaking was not a pleasant one, and I should hardly have ventured on it had I been forced to remain much longer at The Rath. But I knew there was little chance of sleep for me in that house, and I thought I might better go and seek for my adventures than sit waiting for them to come for me, as I had done the night before. I felt a relish for my enterprise, and expected the night with satisfaction. I did not say anything of my intention either to Frank or the old man at the lodge. I did not want to make a fuss, and have my doings talked of all over the country. I may as well mention here that again, on this evening, when walking in the orchard, I saw the figure of a lady digging between the trees. And again I saw that this figure was an illusive appearance; that the water was her gown, and the moorland her cloak, and a willow in the distance her tresses.

As soon as the night was pretty far advanced, I placed a ladder against the window which was least covered over with the ivy, and mounted it, having provided myself with a dark lantern. The moon rose full behind some trees that stood like a black bank against the horizon, and glistened on the panes as I ripped away branches and leaves with a knife, and shook the old crazy casement open. The sashes were rotten, and the fastenings easily gave way. I placed my lantern on a bench within, and was soon standing beside it in the chamber. The air was insufferably close and mouldy, and I flung the window open to the widest, and beat the bowing ivy still further back from about it, so as to let the fresh air of heaven blow into the place. I then took my lantern in hand, and began to look around me.

The room was vast and double; a velvet curtain hung between me and an inner chamber. The darkness was thick and irksome, and the scanty light of my lantern only tantalised me. My eyes fell on some grand spectral-looking candelabra furnished with wax-candles, which, though black with age, still bore the marks of

having been guttered by a draught that had blown on them fifty years ago. I lighted these; they burned up with a ghastly flickering, and the apartment, with its fittings, was revealed to me. These latter had been splendid in the days of their freshness: the appointments of the rest of the house were mean in comparison. The ceiling was painted with exquisite allegorical figures, also spaces of the walls between the dim mirrors and the sumptuous hangings of crimson velvet, with their tarnished golden tassels and fringes. The carpet still felt luxurious to the tread, and the dust could not altogether obliterate the elaborate fancy of its flowery design. There were gorgeous cabinets laden with curiosities, wonderfully carved chairs, rare vases, and antique glasses of every description, under some of which lay little heaps of dust which had once no doubt been blooming flowers. There was a table laden with books of poetry and science, drawings and drawing materials, which showed that the occupant of the room had been a person of mind. There was also a writing-table scattered over with yellow papers, and a work-table at a window, on which lay reels, a thimble, and a piece of what had once been white muslin, but was now saffron colour, sewn with gold thread, a rusty needle sticking in it. This and the pen lying on the inkstand, the paper-knife between the leaves of a book, the loose sketches shaken out by the side of a portfolio, and the ashes of a fire on the grand mildewed hearth-place, all suggested that the owner of this retreat had been snatched from it without warning, and that whoever had thought proper to build up the doors, had also thought proper to touch nothing that had belonged to her.

Having surveyed all these things, I entered the inner room, which was a bedroom. The furniture of this was in keeping with that of the other chamber. I saw dimly a bed enveloped in lace, and a dressing-table fancifully decorated and draped. Here I espied more candelabra, and going forward to set the lights burning, I stumbled against something. I turned the blaze of my lantern on this something, and started with a sudden thrill of horror. It was a large stone coffin.

I own that I felt very strangely for the next few minutes. When I had recovered the shock, I set the wax candles burning, and took a better survey of this odd burial-place. A wardrobe stood open, and I saw dresses hanging within. A gown lay upon a chair, as if just thrown off, and a pair of dainty slippers were beside it. The toilet-table looked as if only used yesterday, judging by the litter that covered it; hair brushes lying this way and

that way, essence-bottles with the stoppers out, paint pots uncovered, a ring here, a wreath of artificial flowers there, and in front of all that coffin, the tarnished cupids that bore the mirror between their hands smirking down at it with a grim complacency.

On the corner of this table was a small golden salver, holding a plate of some black, mouldered food, an antique decanter filled with wine, a glass, and a phial with some thick black liquid, uncorked. I felt weak and sick with the atmosphere of the place, and I seized the decanter, wiped the dust from it with my handkerchief, tasted, found that the wine was good, and drank a moderate draught. Immediately it was swallowed I felt a horrid giddiness, and sank upon the coffin. A raging pain was in my head and a sense of suffocation in my chest. After a few intolerable moments I felt better, but the heavy air pressed on me stifling, and I rushed from this inner room into the larger and outer chamber. Here a blast of cool air revived me, and I saw that the place was changed.

A dozen other candelabra besides those I had lighted were flaming round the walls, the hearth was all ruddy with a blazing fire, everything that had been dim was bright, the lustre had returned to the gilding, the flowers bloomed in the vases. A lady was sitting before the hearth in a low armchair. Her light loose gown swept about her on the carpet, her black hair fell round her to her knees, and into it her hands were thrust as she leaned her forehead upon them and stared between them into the fire. I had scarcely time to observe her attitude when she turned her head quickly towards me, and I recognised the handsome face of the magnificent lady who had played such a sinister part in the strange scenes that had been enacted before me two nights ago. I saw something dark looming behind her chair, but I thought it was only her shadow thrown backward by the firelight.

She arose and came to meet me, and I recoiled from her. There was something horridly fixed and hollow in her gaze, and filmy in the stirring of her garments. The shadow, as she moved, grew more firm and distinct in outline, and followed her like a servant where she went.

She crossed half of the room, then beckoned me, and sat down at the writing-table. The shadow waited beside her, adjusted her paper, placed the ink-bottle near her and the pen between her fingers. I felt impelled to approach near her, and to take my place at her left shoulder, so as to see what she might write. The shadow stood at her other hand. As I became more accustomed

to the shadow's presence he grew more loathsome and hideous. He was quite distinct from the lady, and moved independently of her with long, ugly limbs. She hesitated about beginning to write, and he made a wild gesture with his arm, which brought her hand down quickly on the paper, and her pen began to move at once. I needed not to bend and scrutinise in order to read what was written. Every word as it was formed flashed before me like a meteor.

"I am the spirit of Madeleine, Lady Thunder, who lived and died in this house, and whose coffin stands in yonder room among the vanities in which I delighted. I am constrained to make my confession to you, Miles Thunder, who are the present owner of the estates of your family."

Here the pale hand trembled and stopped writing. But the shadow made a threatening gesture, and the hand fluttered on.

"I was beautiful, poor, and ambitious, and when I entered this house first, on the night of a ball given by Sir Luke Thunder, I determined to become its mistress. His daughter, Mary Thunder, was the only obstacle in my way. She divined my intention, and stood between me and her father. She was a gentle, delicate girl, and no match for me. I pushed her aside, and became Lady Thunder. After that I hated her, and made her dread me. I had gained the object of my ambition, but I was jealous of the influence possessed by her over her father, and I revenged myself by crushing the joy out of her young life. In this I defeated my own purpose. She eloped with a young man who was devoted to her, though poor, and beneath her in station. Her father was indignant at first and my malice was satisfied; but, as time passed on, I had no children, and she had a son, soon after whose birth her husband died. Then her father took her back to his heart, and the boy was his idol and heir."

Again the hand stopped writing, the ghostly head drooped, and the whole figure was convulsed. But the shadow gesticulated fiercely, and cowering under its menace, the wretched spirit went on:

"I caused the child to be stolen away. I thought I had done it cunningly, but she tracked the crime home to me. She came and accused me of it, and in the desperation of my terror at discovery, I gave her poison to drink. She rushed from me and from the house in frenzy, and in her mortal anguish fell in the river. People thought she had gone mad from grief for her child, and committed suicide. I only knew the horrible truth. Sorrow

brought an illness upon her father, of which he died. Up to the day of his death, he had search made for the child. Believing that it was alive, and must be found, he willed all his property to it, his rightful heir, and to its heirs for ever. I buried the deeds under a tree in the orchard, and forged a will, in which all was bequeathed to me during my lifetime. I enjoyed my state of grandeur till the day of my death, which came upon me miserably, and, after that, my husband's possessions went to a distant relative of his family. Nothing more was heard of the fate of the child who was stolen; but he lived and married, and his daughter now toils for her bread—his daughter, who is the rightful owner of all that is said to belong to you, Miles Thunder. I tell you this that you may devote yourself to the task of discovering this wronged girl, and giving up to her that which you are unlawfully possessed of. Under the thirteenth tree standing on the brink of the river, at the foot of the orchard you will find buried the genuine will of Sir Luke Thunder. When you have found and read it, do justice, as you value your soul. In order that you may know the grandchild of Mary Thunder when you find her, you shall behold her in a vision — ”

The last words grew dim before me; the lights faded away, and all the place was in darkness, except one spot on the opposite wall. On this spot the light glimmered softly, and against the brightness the outlines of a figure appeared, faintly at first, but growing firm and distinct, became filled in and rounded at last to the perfect semblance of life. The figure was that of a young girl in a plain black dress, with a bright, happy face, and pale gold hair softly banded on her fair forehead. She might have been the twin-sister of the pale-faced girl whom I had seen bending over the cradle two nights ago, but her healthier, gladder, and prettier sister. When I had gazed on her some moments, the vision faded away as it had come; the last vestige of the brightness died out upon the wall, and I found myself once more in total darkness. Stunned for a time by the sudden changes, I stood watching for the return of the lights and figures; but in vain. By-and-by my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity, and I saw the sky glimmering behind the little window which I had left open. I could soon discern the writing-table beside me, and possessed myself of the slips of loose paper which lay upon it. I then made my way to the window. The first streaks of dawn were in the sky as I descended my ladder, and I thanked God that I

breathed the fresh morning air once more, and heard the cheering sound of the cooks crowing.

All thought of acting immediately upon last night's strange revelations, almost all memory of them, was for the time banished from my mind by the unexpected trouble of the next few days. That morning I found an alarming change in Frank. Feeling sure that he was going to be ill, I engaged a lodging in a cottage in the neighbourhood, whither we removed before nightfall, leaving the accursed Rath behind us. Before midnight he was in the delirium of a raging fever.

I thought it right to let his poor little *fiancée* know his state, and wrote to her, trying to alarm her no more than was necessary. On the evening of the third day after my letter went I was sitting by Frank's bedside, when an unusual bustle outside aroused my curiosity, and going into the cottage kitchen I saw a figure standing in the firelight which seemed a third appearance of that vision of the pale-faced golden-haired girl which was now thoroughly imprinted on my memory, a third, with all the woe of the first; and all the beauty of the second. 'But this was a living, breathing apparition. She was throwing off her bonnet and shawl, and stood there at home in a moment in her plain black dress. I drew my hand across my eyes to make sure that they did not deceive me. I had beheld so many supernatural visions lately that it seemed as though I could scarcely believe in the reality of anything till I had touched it.

"Oh, sir," said the visitor, "I am Mary Leonard, and are you poor Frank's friend? Oh, sir, we are all the world to one another, and I could not let him die without coming to see him!"

And here the poor little traveller burst into tears. I cheered her as well as I could, telling her that Frank would soon, I trusted, be out of all danger. She told me that she had thrown up her situation in order to come and nurse him. I said we had got a more experienced nurse than she could be, and then I gave her to the care of our landlady, a motherly countrywoman. After that I went back to Frank's bedside, nor left it for long till he was convalescent. The fever had swept away all that strangeness in his manner which had afflicted me, and he was quite himself again.

There was a joyful meeting of the lovers. The more I saw of Mary Leonard's bright face the more thoroughly was I convinced that she was the living counterpart of the vision I had seen in the burial chamber. I made inquiries as to her birth, and her

father's history, and found that she was indeed the grandchild of that Mary Thunder whose history had been so strangely related to me, and the rightful heiress of all those properties which, for a few months only, had been mine. Under the tree in the orchard, the thirteenth, and that by which I had seen the lady digging, were found the buried deeds which had been described to me. I made an immediate transfer of property, whereupon some others who thought they had a chance of being my heirs disputed the matter with me, and went to law. Thus the affair has gained publicity, and become a nine days' wonder. Many things have been in my favour, however: the proving of Mary's birth and of Sir Luke's will, the identification of Lady Thunder's handwriting on the slips of paper which I had brought from the burial chamber; also other matters which a search in that chamber brought to light. I triumphed, and I now go abroad leaving Frank and his Mary made happy by the possession of what could only have been a burden to me.

So the MS. ends. Major Thunder fell in battle a few years after the adventure it relates. Frank O'Brien's grandchildren hear of him with gratitude and awe. The Rath has been long since totally dismantled and left to go to ruin.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

WHERE dips the rocky highland
 Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
 There lies a leafy island
 Where flapping herons wake
 The drowy water rats;
 There we've hid our fairy vats
 Full of berries
 And of reddest stolen cherries.
 Come away, O human child!
 To the woods and waters wild
 With a fairy, hand in hand,
 For, the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Where the wave of moonlight gosses
The dim grey sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.
Come away, O human child!
To the woods and waters wild
With a fairy, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears
We give them evil dreams,
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Of dew on the young streams.
Come, O human child!
To the woods and waters wild
With a fairy, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Away with us he's going,
The solemr-eyed—
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hill side,
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal chest.
For he comes, the human child,
To the woods and waters wild
With a fairy, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than he can understand.

W. B. YEATS.

ABBE MAC CARRON.

PART II.

THE reader who was most interested in the sketch of this holy young Irish priest—his kinswoman, the first Abbess of the Poor Clares of Keady, in the Archdiocese of Armagh—has, since the publication of the first part in our August Number,* closed a holy life by a happy death. As this is the last month of the year, we shall give briefly whatever else can be told of a brief and unpretending career, that all may be in the same volume.

We had reached the close of his ecclesiastical training and had mentioned that the foreign mission, assigned by his Superiors to this Irish alumnus of the *Société des Missions Etrangères*, was British India; and we supposed that the reason of this destination was because the language which he spoke could there be turned to the best account. We have since heard the remark made, that England tried to destroy in Ireland the Irish language and the Catholic faith, and that she succeeded as regards the language, but her very success in this respect has been, under God's providence, the means of sustaining and spreading the Catholic faith by means of Irish tongues speaking the English language. This idea, before it was thus placed before us, we had partly forestalled in some words which found their way from a rural church into a local journal, and which naturally fall again into their place in the present context:—

Many an Irish heart, and especially many a young Irish heart, brooding over the story of our country, has wished that certain parts of that story had run differently. Some might dream of an Ireland kept perfectly isolated and independent—"proudly insular," as one of our own northern poets has pictured her in almost the most famous of Irish songs—distinct from all the world in her laws, her customs, and her language. But surely it is some consolation for the loss of our language and of many other things that thus we are enabled to turn into an agent for the propagation of the true faith and for the promotion of the interests of God's Church, that language which is at present the chief medium of communication between the civilised races of mankind, and whose world-wide ascendancy is certain to be increased in every successive generation, spoken as it is not only in a couple of European islands, but over the mighty continents of Australia and North America. Celtic faith is the heaven-appointed antidote for the poison of Anglican heresy. "The English language and the Irish race

* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. xiv. page 445.

are overrunning the world," says Cardinal Newman, "and this race, pre-eminently Catholic, is at this very time of all tribes of the earth the most fertile in emigrants both to the West and to the South." Yes, everywhere the Irish people, with their Irish priests and Irish nuns, are found—on the banks of the Yarra-Yarra and the Sacramento rivers, just as at home on the banks of the Lagan, or the Liffey, or the Shannon; and wherever they go they carry with them their Irish hearts and their Catholic faith. The language of Shakspeare, so copious, so pliable, and so strong, is not all given over to the service of heresy, scepticism, infidelity, and modern paganism. English, with an Irish accent, has been the medium of some of the noblest bursts of eloquence and of some of the sweetest strains of poetry; and in another sphere English with an Irish accent has been the medium of some most fervent prayers that ever went up from earth to heaven.

The kind friend, whose friendship is the chief link between me and my subject, has procured for me from the archives of the Rue du Bac, several of Father Mac Carron's letters after his departure from the Mother-house. The care with which they have been preserved is in itself edifying. The earliest of these letters was written on board "The Said," when nearing Messina; and the next is dated "Mer des Indes, le 10 Avril, 1886," when they were within a day's sail of Ceylon. Even writing to a French Superior, he does not forget to chronicle the circumstance that at Aden "un soldat *Irish*" (he will not even translate him into *Irlandais*) gave him a military salute, which doubtless he repaid with an Irish smile and blessing that gladdened the poor soldier's heart. The letter of course is in French, but at the end he says: "In the Holy Sacrifice, dear, good Father, think of poor little Mac qui sera toujours votre enfant obéissant et tout dévoué."

There is a break of two years in the correspondence as put into our hands; for the next letter is dated from Sattiamangulam, in 1868, on the Feast of Blessed John de Britto, whose feast is kept by his brethren of the Society of Jesus on the 11th of February. "I look out (he writes) through the hole in the wall which constitutes my door and window, and I see these thousands of poor pagans passing, and sometimes Christians coming nearer to me. It is plain that something beyond the common has happened. And in fact, to-day, for the first time these many years, a Catholic priest is living at Sattiamangulam; for the first time within the memory of man [in another letter he says 64 years], the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been offered up in this great city, formerly the seat of a flourishing Christian community, served by the famous Jesuit, Robert de Nobili,* and above all, by Blessed John de Britto,

* An extremely interesting sketch of this wonderful Missionary will be found at page 648 of our ninth yearly volume (1881).

whose feast is kept to-day. This morning at Mass my modest chamber was full. All these poor people have shown their great joy at having a 'priest at last amongst them. They are preparing to fulfil all their religious duties. On ground which I have obtained from the Head Assistant-Collector, Tusciati, I am going to build a chapel, for which I have already most of the materials and a good deal of money. Besides, Wellington station is only forty miles distant, and there are Irish soldiers there who will not let me run short of money, especially if I tell them that the chapel will be dedicated to St. Patrick." Further on in his letter he tells his correspondent, who seems to have suffered a little from "Anglomanie," "You could never believe how they hate us, these wretched Protestants. Not being able to convert adults, they rob us of our children." Has that magnanimous policy ever been thought of in Kingstown or the Coombe, I wonder? And then he attacks a point which the late warm-hearted Limerickman, Mr. J. F. Goulding of London, made the subject of a special brochure. "In your last missionary report, in speaking of the Corea, it is said that England was formerly called the Island of Saints. This is a mistake. I could give you a dozen authorities, if necessary, but I will content myself with the fifth lesson in the Roman Breviary for the Feast of St. Patrick. It was Erin, not England, that was called *Insula Sanctorum*."

Among the letters preserved by O'Connell, we have found a very long one addressed to him from India, by Captain Archibald Chisholm, whose name will have more interest for our readers when it is mentioned that his wife was Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, whose benevolent labours for the destitute of her sex ought not to be forgotten. Their daughter is married to Mr. Dwyer Gray, the proprietor of our great Irish newspaper, *The Freeman's Journal*. Though the letter in which Captain Chisholm appealed to O'Connell to exert his mighty influence in favour of Catholic soldiers in India, was written more than twenty years before Father Mac Carron became an Indian army chaplain, many of the hardships and shortcomings that he describes prevailed still, though no doubt much improvement also had taken place.

We can neither translate nor abridge an extremely long letter which Father Mac Carron addressed in March, 1869, to the Director of the Society, Père Rousseille, in which he gives an account of many important conversions, and describes the opening of his new church. During his building difficulties, he explains: "Si j'avais quelques Irlandais, ça marcherait." Yes; all would go well if he

had but a few sturdy, faithful Irishmen. So it is, thank God, in many a corner of God's world-wide Church.

After zealous labours at Sattiamangulam and Coimbatore, Father Mac Carron was removed to the important military station, already mentioned in one of his letters, Wellington, in the Nilgiri Hills, where with his warm Irish heart and his unwearied zeal he worked wonders among the soldiers, who without such helps, would be exposed to so many dangers, poor fellows. The only letter before us which bears "Wellington" as its date refers to a visit which Father Mac Carron paid, in June, 1880, to Madras, to preach at the month's mind of the Bishop, Dr. Stephen Fennelly, whom we were about to describe as having been formerly Bursar of Maynooth College, but on referring to the College Calendar we find that this was his brother John, who preceded him in the See of Madras, and by whose side he is buried. We may cite a few words from the beginning and from the end of this *oraison funébre* which was printed in the form of a pamphlet:—

It is now about fifty years since Emancipation was granted. Henceforward the Catholics of India were no longer slaves; they were relieved from some of the most galling and most unjust of the terrible penal laws, they might now aspire to place and preferment. One great barrier still existed: they were not educated, and without education they could not hope for Government employ, nor rise to social position. At that time there were no Catholic establishments of education in Madras worth mentioning. The sad consequence of this was that the Catholics of Madras frequented non-Catholic schools, read non-Catholic books, said non-Catholic prayers; in a word, they were Catholics only in name. Such was the state of the Catholics in Madras when a band of young Missionaries arrived from Ireland. There was something fitting, might I not say providential, that they came from a nation that had suffered for its faith well-nigh three hundred years—a nation that had suffered for the cause of religion and of truth more than any other under the sun, and that they could thus show, as it were, in their own persons that it would be better to lose everything, to suffer everything, rather than abandon the Catholic Church. At their head was a fine tall man, of stately majestic appearance, in the prime of life. He had been on the staff of professors of the College of Maynooth, which has produced so many celebrated and learned men. He was a scholar, remarkable for his grand and imposing eloquence, for his stirring and vigorous writings, and perhaps more than all for his intense love for his dear people of Madras. Such was the man who, with his faithful companions, was selected to raise the people of this city and mission from the miserable state in which oppression and ignorance had placed them, and to put them in a condition worthy of their numbers and respectability. Need I mention his name? He has been truly called "The O'Connell" of India. As long as the Catholic Church exists in Madras, and that will be to the end of time, the name of Dr. John Fennelly will be remembered, loved and esteemed.

Amongst the youthful band that Dr. John brought from Ireland was his

brother, Father Stephen, whose loss we now deplore, and whose memory we are assembled to commemorate. Father Stephen had always been of the most gentle disposition; his great characteristic was his quiet conciliatory manner. Having made himself proficient in some of the languages of the country, he was called to the important offices of Vicar-General to his brother. It thereby became his duty to be his adviser in all matters of importance. He became the ruling spirit of the mission; henceforward the two brothers were to go hand in hand in the administration of the mission; they were to be one, so that what may be said of the one may, generally speaking, be said of the other.

After describing the convents and orphanages established by the two holy brothers, the preacher spoke of the death of the first bishop, and quoted the striking remarks of a foreign bishop, who wrote to Rome, recommending Dr. Stephen Fennelly as his successor: "Father Stephen Fennelly has only one fault, he is his brother's brother." After tracing the course of his episcopal labours from 1868 to 1880, Father Mac Carron ends with these pious apostrophes:—

O Eternal Prince of Pastors, Divine Jesus, may we beseech Thee, before concluding, to grant to this afflicted church a pastor, one like to him who has been taken away one ever zealous for the beauty of Thy worship, and who will be in heart and soul and mind one with Thy people? And you, pious and venerable prelate, if as we hope and pray you are already in the bosom of God, if you are already in the enjoyment of the everlasting fruit of so many good works; if you already reap the benedictions you have sown here below, oh! look down favourably on the lamentations of this afflicted people; may the sacred ties that united you to them during life never perish. Choose yourself from amongst the sacred treasury a Pontiff who will continue your holy traditions, one who will be a faithful follower of the noble line of Bishops who have governed this mission for the last fifty years; may their every want and aspiration find in you the ever faithful friend even in the bosom of eternity.

You are gone from us, O holy and venerable pastor and friend; you have left us in sorrow and sadness, but we hope and pray that you are already in Heaven receiving the reward due to your noble virtues. You will not forget your loving but disconsolate children you have left behind, but from your throne of glory you will still continue to pray for them and to protect them. Adieu, then, O beloved and venerable Pastor of our souls, adieu. In paying you this last tribute of our reverence and respect, we promise you that which we know is dearest to your heart, that for which you spent your whole life in our service, that we will continue to walk in the way of virtue and religion which by word and example you have taught us; that we will continue to be zealous in the cause of Holy Church and in every good work, that, as before, so shall we remain attentive and regular to the duties and sacraments of our holy faith, so that we may live and die like you in the love and services of our Divine Lord and Master, and that, when the end comes, we may meet again, Father and children, never more to separate but to rejoice together with the very joy of God throughout all eternity.

Take up then, O sad and afflicted Church, your chant of lamentation, which I have interrupted. Weep over the ashes of the faithful and holy Bishop who has been taken away from you. And you, Priests of the Lord, join in one solemn supplication to Heaven, so that if any human frailty still retain in expiation the soul of the Pontiff whom we lament, it may be perfectly purified, and he may enter without delay into the habitation of everlasting glory. Amen.

When Father Mac Carron was taking his part in these funeral ceremonies, he had no idea, however well he may have made the meditation on death, that he would himself die in a year in that city in which he was then merely a visitor. While travelling from Coonoor to Wellington, he caught a severe cold which brought on rheumatic fever of a malignant type and affected his heart. The physicians of Wellington ordered him home, and on his way—taking courage, no doubt, from the hope that Irish air would set him right—he had reached Madras and chosen his steamer, when he fell ill again, and died on the 25th of July, 1881, aged 38 years. His body lies in the cemetery of St. Roque, and his soul is in the merciful hands of the Saviour whose name he longed to make known to Indian pagans, and whose love and faith he strove to keep alive in the hearts of poor Irish soldiers in India. God bless them, and God rest the soul of Father James Mac Carron !

REBECCA AT THE WELL.

BENEATH the burning Syrian sun,
By thirst and languor tried,
The Patriarch's servant journeyed on
To seek his master's bride.

When near the goal, with prayerful voice,
He lifts his suppliant hands ;
And seeks a sign to guide his choice
As by the well he stands.

"Lord, Thou hast sped my feet, Thy light
Hath led me o'er the plain :
Guide now my closing steps aright,
Nor let my search be vain."

The prayer a speedy answer brought
From Him, who keeps His own ;
And by the very sign he sought
The destined bride is shown.

Rebecca at the Well.

She comes in youthful beauty, fair
 As flowerets of the Spring,
 To man and beast with tender care
 The cooling draught to bring.

The comely face, the gentle voice,
 The tender nature prove
 The maiden of his master's choice,
 The bride of Isaac's love.

Oh! still with laden heart, and mind
 By doubt and anguish tried,
 Men journey on their way to find
 The Master's Virgin Bride.

They seek the Bride, the Mother blest,
 The home of light and peace,
 Who gives the weary wanderer rest,
 And bids his trouble cease.

Yet oft, when near the promised land,
 They halt in doubt and fear,
 And trembling on the threshold stand,
 Nor deem their Mother near.

Then, let them seek His heavenly light,
 Who aids when all is vain,
 Who led His servant's steps aright
 Across the Syrian plain.

And oh! to make their souls rejoice,
 And bring them in the fold,
 Speak, Master, with Thy mighty voice
 As Laban spoke of old!

Speak to their heart that cheering word,
 To scatter fear and doubt,
 "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord :*
 Why standest thou without ?"

W. H. KENT, O.S.C.

* Genesis, xxiv, 81.

LITTLE JACK AND THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

I.

“MOTHER,” said Jack Phillips, “when are you going to make our pudding for to-morrow?”

At this important question his sister, Maggie, who was in the act of wiping her freshly-washed face on the round towel in the corner of the room, came trotting briskly up with her rosy cheeks still moist and shining, and a world of eager inquiry in her eyes. But Mrs. Phillips looked at them somewhat sadly, and shook her head.

“Children,” she said, after a pause, “I know you’ll be dreadfully disappointed, but I’m afraid we can’t have any pudding to-morrow. I haven’t the money to buy anything to make it with.”

“Oh, mother!” cried poor little Jack (and Maggie joined in also with a long-drawn *oh!* of indescribable woe). “No pudding on Christmas Day!”

“Come, deary, be sensible,” returned Mrs. Phillips, patting Jack’s shoulder encouragingly. “You know as well as I do how poor we are this winter. What with times being so hard everywhere, and my poor hand being so bad in the autumn, you know I can hardly get work enough to keep us alive at all. And then there’s the rent to be paid, and the school-pence—I’m behind-hand with them as it is, and the doctor’s bill—though how I am ever to pay *that* I don’t know. Think of all that has to be done and how little money there is to do it with, and you’ll see for yourself that I couldn’t go and buy flour, and raisins, and eggs, and everything that’s wanted for a pudding.”

Jack was silent. He loved his mother and would not grieve her by grumbling, but her decision about the pudding was a cruel disappointment to him. He was a thorough little Briton, bluff and sturdy, somewhat chary of his *h*’s too (though for the sake of the prejudices of my little Irish readers, I will not reproduce the peculiarities of his pronunciation), and to him it seemed that plum-pudding was a part and parcel of Christmastime—in fact, he could not imagine how it would be possible to spend the morrow

without it. As for Maggie, she did not attempt to conceal her disgust, and broke into loud lamentations, which ended in a burst of tears.

It was not that they were exceptionally greedy—these children, but this annual pudding was the one “treat” of their lives, to which they always looked forward. Mrs. Phillips found it hard work at the best of times to make ends meet, and had never been able to afford her children luxuries. They had no toys at Christmas, therefore, and even the pennyworth of “green” with which their neighbours adorned their rooms was denied to them; but they *always* had a pudding, and when they sat with mother at their little table, and she smilingly dispensed to them, large platefuls of the luscious compound, Jack and Maggie clapped their hands with glee, and felt that “the *Queen* even” could not be happier than they were.

But this year there was to be no pudding! Mother said so, and of course she was right, but Christmas would not be Christmas without it all the same. Jack felt a lump rise in his throat, and his face was redder than usual, as he buttoned up his jacket and put on his cap, preparatory to setting out on an errand for his mother.

“Four-and-sixpence it’ll be,” said Mrs. Phillips, after an abstruse calculation on her fingers. “Now Jack, be careful of the money, mind! Don’t lose it, whatever you do, for it is wanted badly, every penny of it, and that’ll have to keep us going till next week.”

“I’m not likely to lose it, mother,” said Jack, a little sulkily; for after the heroic manner in which he had taken his disappointment, it seemed hard to be spoken to as if he were a baby.

“Now, make haste,” cried Mrs. Phillips, “and don’t forget to tell Miss Thompson I’m at her service if ever she wants little odd jobs done.”

At her service, poor soul! How ill the words expressed her eager longing for work of any sort or kind that might bring bread to those little hungry mouths, and pay the rent, that every week made such a hole in her scanty store.

Jack clattered down flight after flight of the narrow, crooked stairs; their lodging was so high up that older legs than his would have ached before they reached the bottom, but his small, thick-soled boots, with their big nails and their many patches, trotted briskly down, and at last arrived with a thud on the pavement below. It was a very gloomy, dirty-looking street that they lived

in, but Jack's way lay through brighter ones, full of shops all a glitter with Christmas fineries, while he was constantly jostled by hawkers of holly and ivy, the sight of which made his poor little sore heart feel sorer still.

"Everybody's keeping Christmas except us," muttered Jack, as he saw children running up with their pennies, and receiving in exchange armfuls of shining green branches. "Other folks has everything and we've nothing—no *nothing!* I wish it wasn't Christmas at all; for I'm sure it won't seem like Christmas a bit without no pudding."

Poor little Jack, with that sore feeling in his heart, and that big lump in his throat, he could not be expected to mind his grammar—could he? He trudged on till he came to a quiet street, a little way down which was the house he sought. He rang at the bell, and after a few minutes the door was opened by a stout, red-faced cook, with her apron thrown over her arms to hide the fact that her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow.

"I want to see Miss Thompson, please 'm," said Jack, diffidently.

"Miss Thompson's got company and can't see no one," returned the cook, pulling down her apron with a contemptuous air—it was not worth her while to keep up appearances for such a very unimportant person as Jack.

"Please 'm," said our little friend, "I'm Mrs. Phillips' little boy, and I'm come for the money that Miss Thompson owes her."

"Oh, the *charwoman!*" cried the cook, with a sniff. "Why didn't you say so before? Miss Thompson left the money for you in the kitching. You'd better come and fetch it."

Jack followed her meekly to the back regions, and the woman, pointing to a little pile of silver on the dresser, bade him politely "take it and be off—she couldn't waste her time with him all day."

"Mother said," observed Jack, pausing, cap in hand, at the door; "as I was to tell Miss Thompson *perticklar*, that she was at her service if she wanted any odd jobs done."

"Did she?" was the sarcastic retort. "Well, she ain't here, so I don't know how you're to tell her—do you?"

"P'raps *you'd* be so kind as to tell her," pleaded poor little Jack.

"P'raps I'll do nothing of the sort," replied cook. "I've something better to do than to be giving *your* messages."

Dear, dear! Cook certainly was *rasy*, as the children say;

but she was overworked at Christmas time (or so she thought), and this was her excuse.

Jack was turning to go, when he chanced to look down at the money in his hand, and it struck him all at once there was something wrong about it. Mother had said four-and-six—there was no sixpence here; only a two-shilling piece and two shillings.

“I’m sorry to trouble you,” said he, politely, “but mother told me it was four-and-six, and there is but four shillin’ here.”

“Drat the boy!” cried cook, with asperity. “I’m sure I gave the money to you as Missus gave it to me. She did say something about four-and-six, too,” she muttered, half to herself. “It must have rolled off the dresser or else you’ve dropped it,” she said aloud, “you’d better look for it if you’re so particlular as all that—some people is near!”

“Sixpence is sixpence,” returned Jack, with his British commonsense, as he dropped on his hands and knees on the floor.

While he was hunting about in this lowly position, the door was suddenly thrown open, and a troop of noisy, merry children came clattering in.

“We’ve come to stir the pudding,” they cried. “Aunt Jane says we may stir the pudding!”

“To be sure,” returned cook, who was now radiant with smiles.

Jack knit his brows, and felt more bitter than ever—last year he and Maggie had helped mother to stir *their* pudding—it was half the fun they said. He was glad when he at last spied his sixpence and was able to get away.

“I wonder why God makes things so uneven like,” he said to himself, as he turned his steps homewards. “They’ve got so many things—these children. Toys and warm clothes, and—and a Christmas tree maybe, and we haven’t even got a pudding. I don’t think,” said Jack, shaking his head, “as it seems *fair* somehow!”

His meditations were all at once brought to an abrupt conclusion; for, as he was passing a baker’s shop, he caught sight of something in the window that almost took his breath away. In the middle of the array of cakes, and “bun-loaves,” and crusty rolls, was a large, flat dish on which were set forth certain thick dark slabs, the very sight of which made Jack’s mouth water. Above was a placard with the following announcement: “Seasonable! Genuine Plum Pudding, twopence a slice!”

Now, was not this a strange thing? Just as Jack was ponder-

ing so sadly, here was the very object of his longings within his reach.

"Only tuppence a slice!" he cried, rapturously. "Sixpence for the three—mother wouldn't think *that* too dear. If she only knew we could get our pudding so cheap how pleased she'd be. I'll run and tell her——"

He was starting off when a sudden thought struck him. He was still at some distance from home, and even if his mother were in when he returned, it would take a considerable time before she could be on the spot to effect this important purchase; and suppose in the meantime, other people were to come and carry off all the pudding! It was so cheap that might easily happen. Would it not be better to take the responsibility on himself and secure the treasure at all risks?

Acting on this impulse he entered the shop, and after a few minutes, emerged, bearing a paper-bag in which three of the delectable slabs were stowed away. He trotted on 'now, with sparkling eyes. How pleased mother would be, and what a surprise it would be for Maggie.

"Hurrah!" he thought, as he hurried along. "It *will* be something like Christmas after all."

II.

As he was turning the corner of a street, he came suddenly in contact with a poorly-dressed woman who was carrying a large basket.

"My *Pudding!*" cried Jack, holding his treasure aloft, as the woman pushed him on one side. "*Whatever* you do, don't crush my pudding."

"Pudding, indeed," she retorted, bitterly. "Well for you that can afford such things. But you needn't brag about it to *me*, who have enough to do to keep body and soul together."

She passed on, and Jack stood still, suddenly sobered. The woman's words had set him thinking, for they reminded him of what his mother had said in the morning. Could *they* afford it any more than that poor woman. Mother had said not, to be sure, but then she didn't know how cheap this particular pudding was.

"Jack, whatever you do, be careful of the money . . . it's

badly wanted every penny of it . . ." Again her words came back to him—and he had taken on himself to spend *six* pennies!

All of a sudden Jack seemed to see things in a different light, and was filled with remorse. What right had he to spend his mother's hard-earned money without leave? What would she say when he told her? Perhaps she would never trust him again. Looking very anxious and crest-fallen, he retraced his steps and soon found himself in the baker's-shop again. It was now almost one o'clock, and there were a good many people standing about, discussing rolls and new milk, in which, at this time of day, the owners of the shop did a brisk trade. Jack, nothing daunted, pushed his way up to the counter and addressed the smiling, good-humoured-looking "lady" who had served him with the pudding.

"Please'm," he began, with his usual formula. "I bought this here pudding about five minutes ago, and please, I've come to ask you if you would be so good as to take it back and give me my sixpence again."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the shopwoman, raising up her eyes and hands at this extraordinary request.

"I haven't touched it *indeed*," said little Jack, earnestly. "See, it's just as you put it in the bag yourself. Oh! if you would *please*—for it was mother's money and I had no right to spend it at all."

"Well really, don't you think you are a very dishonest little boy?" returned the woman somewhat severely, and several of the customers turned round to look at him.

"I didn't *go* for to do wrong," whimpered poor Jack. "I bought it 'cause it looked so good, and it seemed so cheap, and I thought mother wouldn't mind. But I've been thinking since how poor we are, and how mother said as she wanted the money badly, as I was bringing it home to her, and oh!" cried the little fellow, with a burst of tears, "she'll be so grieved if she thinks she can't trust me no more! Good lady, if you would *only* take it back!"

"Well, well," in mollified tones. "Hand it over, and let me see if it is all right."

Jack complied, and stood anxiously watching, while the dark, greasy slices of pudding were drawn, one by one, from the bag, and laid on a plate. They were as unlike "genuine plum-pudding" as chalk is to cheese, but to him they appeared delicious in.

the extreme, and he could not refrain from heaving a deep sigh at the thought of giving them up.

"I'll tell you what," said the shopwoman, marking this expression of regret. "I'll let you have it for half-price, as you seem to want it so badly—the poor child does seem to long for it," she remarked to the bystanders.

"You see," explained Jack, "we've *always* had a pudding, but this year mother says she's too poor—and it does seem as if it wouldn't be Christmas without it."

"Well your mother won't grudge threepence, I'm sure," returned the woman. "That's cheap enough for anyone, I should think. So I'll pop it back in the bag, and give you threepence back as well."

A murmur of approval came from the customers—from all except one, that is to say, who gazed at the child with a pair of keen, inquiring eyes, in which, however, there was no encouragement. Jack hesitated for a moment, and then shook his head resolutely.

"No," he said, sturdily. "I've no more right to spend threepence of mother's money than sixpence. One's no more honest than t'other. So if you will give me the money back now 'm, I'll go."

"Oh, just as you like!" returned the shopwoman, with a short laugh, as she emptied the rejected dainty on to the dish again, and tossed Jack a sixpence with a contemptuous air. "You'd better know your own mind another time—that's all!"

As Jack turned to leave the shop, the customer before mentioned (who, be it known, was a Catholic priest), patted him approvingly on the shoulder, and said:

"Well done, my little man—you won't regret this."

Little Jack looked up, meeting the kind eyes with a thrill of gratitude. Here was *someone* who appreciated his struggle.

"No, Father; thank you Father," he said, noting his new friend's dress.

Father Browning smiled, well pleased that this little hero was, as his answer denoted, one with him in faith.

"Now, run home and tell your mother all about it," he said, kindly. "Make a clean breast of it, and, take my word for it, she'll think you all the more worthy of her trust—I'll come and see you soon," he added, and then he asked Jack's name and address, both of which he wrote down in a little pocket-book.

Now perhaps you may think that Father Browning immediately

rewarded Jack by presenting him with that much longed-for six-pennyworth of pudding? Not a bit of it; though I must own that his hand went backwards and forwards towards his pocket several times, and he even made a step forward, as the small, square-shouldered figure trotted out of the shop.

"No," he said to himself, "I mustn't spoil the little fellow's sacrifice by doing away with the merit of it before it's half accomplished. He has got to tell his mother yet. Besides, sixpence is sixpence," he added, unconsciously repeating Jack's sentiment of a little while ago, "and there are worse misfortunes in the world than being deprived of a slice of pudding!"

Then he sighed, as he remembered certain scenes which he had witnessed on his round of visits that morning. Rooms, compared with the poverty of which Jack's abode was a palace—haggard men, sitting broken-hearted by fireless hearths, meeting his oft-repeated question, "Got anything to do yet?" with the same dreary answer "No, Father." Poor mothers, weeping as their children wasted away before their eyes, for lack of food—and then the children themselves! Oh! the poor little wan faces, so pinched with hunger and cold—the thin limbs, half covered only with their wretched rags of clothing—the plaintive voices ever lifted in the same weak, pitiful cry: "I'm hungry, Father!" (Oh! children, you who read this, and who have never known in your lives what it was to want for anything, think, in the midst of your Christmas rejoicings, of these—Christ's little ones like you—to whom He has seen fit to deny everything, and try to render their misery a little less acute at this time, when all breathes joy and peace.) Father Browning's parish was in the poorest quarter of the great busy town, and every penny he could spare from his scanty store went to relieve the wretchedness around him. As he thought of all this, therefore, his hand came away from his pocket altogether, and he steeled his heart against Jack and his woes.

III.

It was Christmas Day, bright and frosty as a Christmas Day ought to be, and if the cold air nipped people's faces and made their noses redder than was becoming, they knew better than to complain of such seasonable weather. The church bells, that had

made the air quiver all the morning with their jangling sound, were quiet now; even the streets were comparatively still; for it was one o'clock, and nearly everyone was discussing their mid-day meal.

In a wide, solemn-looking street was a certain spacious house, in the cosy diningroom of which a happy party of children were seated at dinner. The parents were there of course, laughing and joking with their little ones, and at the end of the table, dispensing plentiful helpings of a splendid sirloin of beef, was Father Browning. He and the children's father were old schoolfellows, and it was a recognised fact that, though the priest's parish was far enough removed from their aristocratic part of the world, he was bound to eat his Christmas dinner with them. He was too busy to visit them often at other times of the year, but whenever he *did* come, the young people's jubilee was extreme. As for him, though he flattered himself that he concealed the fact from them, he was privately of opinion that there were no children *anywhere* to be compared with the Rigby olive-branches.

All at once the door opened, and "Baby" came in. He was considered rather too young to partake of the more solid viands, and had therefore disposed of his basin of soup in the nursery; but he was to have his share of the pudding, and evidently considered that the time had come for him to look after his interests.

Now, Baby and Father Browning were sworn allies, and always had a great deal to say to each other; in fact, the former had generally so very much to tell, that, his vocabulary being rather limited, and his pronunciation somewhat indistinct, his friend had occasionally some difficulty in understanding him. Indeed, once or twice he had been known to say "yes" and "no" in the wrong places, at which Baby was very much hurt, not to say insulted—but these little disturbances were soon forgotten, and did not interfere in the least with their friendship. These two had further one exquisite joke between them, which, though to outsiders it might not appear excruciatingly funny, was to them an unfailing source of merriment.

It was in Baby's mind now, as anyone could see, for, as he slowly advanced into the room, his little mouth was tightly screwed up, lest he should laugh beforehand and thus, as it were, take the edge off the jest.

"How d'ye do, Father Browning?" said Baby, extending his dimpled hand.

"And how are you, Baby?" returned the priest, preparing to take it.

Then—this was the joke—Baby quickly withdrew his hand and cocked up his little fat leg instead.

Well—it was not overpoweringly funny—was it? Especially when you remember that this performance was gone through every time Father Browning came to the house—yet both he and Baby were immensely tickled, and as the little leg was cordially shaken, their mirth grew quite uproarious. Peace was restored after this, and the young gentleman duly installed in his high chair at his mother's side. Then the plates were removed, fresh ones put down, and there was an expectant pause.

"The pudding!" said Rosie, aside to Tom.

"*Pum*-pudding," corrected Baby, waving his spoon in anticipation of the coming treat.

"It's going to be a jolly one this time," remarked Tom, cheerfully. "Cook said she put in twice as many raisins as last year."

"Yes, and—and I stirred it," cried Baby; "we *all* stirred it —"

"Do you know how big it is?" inquired Mary, confidentially of Father Browning, next whom she sat. "It's as big as—oh—*five times* as big as the biggest cannon ball you ever saw!"

A shade came over the priest's face—he was thinking of little Jack. Again he seemed to see the pathetic little figure turning away from the counter—the longing look in his blue eyes. Again he heard the quaver in the voice: "'Twouldn't be honest!"

Then all at once Father Browning found himself telling the whole story,

The children listened, one and all, with deep interest, which was undiminished even when the butler marched slowly in and, with a mixture of pride and benevolence, placed the steaming plum-pudding on the table.

It *was* a noble pudding—I must say that for it. Crowned with holly, and ornamented with almonds, while little tongues of flickering blue light caressed its fat speckled sides—altogether it really was a typical Christmas pudding.

There was a long pause when Father Browning concluded his tale, and the children sighed. It took away the zest from their enjoyment somehow to think of Jack's forlorn, puddingless condition.

"Suppose," cried Rosie, suddenly, "as that poor little boy has no pudding we were to give him *ours*?" Rosie was an

impulsive young person, and she looked triumphantly round the table, expecting a murmur of applause. But at first I am obliged to own that none of the others considered the suggestion a particularly happy one. They had all "kept a corner" for the pudding, though to be sure they had done very nicely, everyone of them, already. They had begun with roast beef, in honour of old England, and each had further disposed of a very fair share of turkey, because everyone eats turkey on Christmas Day. They had likewise done justice to the fried potatoes and bread-sauce, and other *et ceteras* of the repast, and moreover intended to regale themselves with oranges and dates, and other good things, at dessert—but still they *had* kept a corner for the pudding, and were, in consequence, conscious of a slight feeling of irritation at Rosie's extreme generosity.

None of them wished to be outdone by her, however, so Tom remarked somewhat gruffly, that *he* didn't mind if the others didn't; and then he lay back in his chair, and gazed gloomily at the table-cloth.

"I'm willing to give up *my* share," said Mary, magnanimously, "but we must hear what *mamma* says—of course, it wouldn't be *right* to do anything without leave."

"Oh, I consent most heartily!" said *mamma*, with a queer little smile, at which Mary's face fell, for she had half hoped that the sacrifice would be forbidden by the higher authorities.

The elders having spoken, the little ones had no choice but to follow their example, which they did with as good a grace as their tender years, and love for plum-pudding would permit of. Then Father Browning looked round with a beaming face (it really was rather cruel of him; but he seemed positively to *enjoy* seeing the children make their sacrifice), and said almost in the words he had used to little Jack:

"Well done, children—you won't regret this, you'll find." At this remark they all revived somewhat, and began to feel quite charmed with their own self-denial. Only little Mabel (whose head just came over the edge of the table), observed casually that it was a very *big* pudding, and that she wondered if the boy would be able to eat it *all*. Whereupon there was a general outcry all round, and Tom remarked virtuously, "*no*, Mabel—let's do it well if we do it at all," at which his little sister was completely crushed, and the rest of the family felt proportionately noble.

"Put the pudding on one side for the present," said Mr. Rigby to the butler, and as the latter approached to do his bidding with a slightly disgusted air, poor Baby's feelings were too many for him, and his anguish found vent in a prolonged roar.

When the volume of sound had somewhat subsided, and various pats on the head, kisses, and *dates* had somewhat restored his equanimity, Baby looked round, the corners of his mouth still drooping, and big tears trembling on his flaxen eyelashes.

"It isn't," he explained, "that I don't want the litten boy to have our pudding. I *do*—but I c'can't *help* crying *all the same*!"

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, he was preparing to relapse into his former lachrymose state when Father Browning created a diversion by remarking that he thought a game of snap-dragon would be very nice a little later on—and on the whole, a greater treat even than plum-pudding, "for of course," he added, "no one ever heard of pudding and snap-dragon *too*."

Now, I have written the word *pudding* so often that I am rather tired of it, and so I fear, my dear little readers, are *you*. (Here I hope some of you will be polite enough to contradict me). So I must make haste and finish the story.

After dinner, at Mr. Rigby's suggestion, a cab was called, and Father Browning, and Rosie, and Tom, and Mary got in, and the pudding was handed in after them on a big dish (which Tom nursed affectionately on his lap), and they all drove off to Jack's home.

Jack and Maggie were looking out of the window rather disconsolately. They tried hard to feel virtuous too, but it is not so easy to do so after a bad dinner as after a good one. Mrs. Phillips sat by the fire, sad at heart; for she was grieved at her children's disappointment, and that difficult problem about how to make two ends meet that were such a long way apart, was troubling her very much.

"Why, here's a cab stopping at the door," cried Maggie, all at once.

"Is there?—what for, I wonder," returned her mother, with a languid curiosity.

"There's such a lot of children getting out!" exclaimed Jack, excitedly, "and a priest—oh, I do believe it's the same as spoke to me yesterday!"

"And, oh, mother!" screamed Maggie, "they're carrying a dish—a big dish with a white cloth over it."

"They can't be coming to see us, that is certain," said Mrs. Phillips, but she rose from her chair all the same, and listened.

Tramp, tramp, and patter, patter, went the big feet and the little ones up the stairs, and then all at once the whole party burst into the room, and Tom twitching off the cloth revealed the splendid pudding to the astonished gaze of the Phillips family.

"Oh!" said mother, faintly. "Well I never!"

"OH!" cried Maggie.

"OH!" shouted Jack.

* * * *

Well, to make a long story short, I don't know which enjoyed the Christmas pudding most—the poor little brother and sister who had never had such a treat in their lives, or the Rigby children—who did without it. I am quite sure, as they returned home, after receiving the blissful thanks of the whole family, and seeing for themselves the extent of the pleasure they had bestowed, that they felt happier than if they had eaten any amount of pudding.

Better days were in store for Mrs. Phillips and her children after this, for Mrs. Rigby helped her to procure employment sufficient to keep them in comfort. She was a kind friend to them in many ways, and Jack declared they owed all their good luck to her. His mother, however, would not agree to this, and always stoutly maintained that it was Jack's self-denial which had turned the scale of fortune.



NURSERY RHYMES.

No. II.—SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

SING a song of sixpence,
 A bag full of rye ;
 Four-and-twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
 The birds began to sing ;
 And wasn't that a dainty dish
 To lay before the king ?

The king was in his parlour
 Counting out his money ;
 The queen was in the pantry
 Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden
 Spreading out the clothes :
 Up jumps a little bird
 And snaps off her nose.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Denariorum sex cane canticum,
 Plenum secalis concine sacculum,
 Dum quatuor crusto latentes
 Bisque decem merulæ coquantur.

Quando reclusum crustum erat, alites
 Cœpere cunctæ carmina fundere.
 Nonne ista laudandi saporis
 Eeca fuit statuenda regi ?

Aes rex in aulâ dinumerat suum,
 Regina cellâ mel cereremque edit ;
 Pendentis ancillæ per hortum
 Lintea, nasum avicella raptat.

CARMEN SEX DENARIORUM.

Versio Altera.

Sex Denariorum
 Cane canticum,
 Secalis cerealis
 Plenum sacculum:
 Quatuor et viginti
 Nigræ merulæ
 In crusto robusto
 Sunt conditæ.

Crusto aperto,
 Cœpere illico
 Aves hæ suaves
 Cantare sedulo:
 Nonne fuit ista
 Esca delicata,
 Cœna amœna,
 Regi præparata?

Rex in aulâ nummos
 Computans sedebat;
 Regina in culinâ
 Cum pane mel edebat.
 Famula in horto
 Lintea pandebat,
 Cui nasum abrasum
 Aviculus carpebat.

O.

Note.—A distinguished scholar, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, suspects that this legend, with its tragical conclusion, had a Greek origin. He writes to us as follows:—"Hæc carmina Graeco fonti antiquitus emanasse suspicor; inveni enim versus quosdam valde antiquos, quibus pars certe earundem rerum, nisi fallor, commemorari videtur. Judicet autem qui exemplum eorum infra scriptum cum Latinis contulerit.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόσιος καὶ ἐδήτιος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,
 διογενῆς Βασιλεὺς Θαλάμῳ ἐνὶ χρυσοῦν ἀριθμῶν
 ἔζανεν ἢ δ' ἄρ' ἄνασσα μυχῷ δόμου ὑψηλοῖο
 ἄρτον καὶ μέλι ἦσθε καὶ ἦραρ θυμὸν ἔδωδῆ.
 αἶματα δ' ἀμφίπολος κήπου περικάλλεος ἔντος
 λουσέν τ' ἐν ποταμῷ κρέμασέν τ' ἐπὶ πείρατι πάντα.
 τῆ δ' ἐφάνη μέγα θαῦμ' ὀρνίθιον οὐράνοθι πρὸ
 ἔκ νεφῶν ποτὶ κήπον ἐπέσυτο, τῆς δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα
 ῥίνας ὀδᾶξ ἀπέδρυψε· Διὸς δ' ἔτελείετο βουλή.

Γ.

NEW BOOKS.

1. THE largest and most important volume which has lately been published in Ireland, is a fine octavo, containing "Addresses Delivered on Various Occasions, by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). An interesting preface of more than thirty pages describes the circumstances which preceded and attended Dr. Walsh's appointment to the Archbishopric. The Archbishop's discourses are introduced by the addresses of congratulation from various public bodies and institutions, which called them forth. Dr. Walsh made use of these occasions to explain his views on Irish Education in its various aspects, and also on other questions of public interest; and, as the present pages have had the benefit of His Grace's revision, they form a work of the highest authority as an exposition of Catholic claims and aspirations at this crisis of our country's history. The volume is completed by an appendix containing His Grace's letters on various subjects of public interest. The minute summary of matter given with each item of the table of contents renders an index less necessary.

2. The third of the eighteen large volumes of which the Centenary Edition of the Ascetic Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori is to consist, has just been forwarded to us by Messrs. Benziger of New York, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. It is entitled "The Great Means of Salvation and of Perfection," and it comprises the Saint's treatises on prayer, mental prayer, the exercises of a retreat, the choice of a state of life, and the vocation to the religious state and to the priesthood. The editor of this fine edition—the Redemptorist, Father Eugene Grimm—is manifestly applying to his task great devotedness and skilful care, of which one proof is the perfect accuracy with which the Latin of the numerous quotations is printed at the bottom of each page. The paper, printing, and binding are all excellent. Eighteen such tomes, and these representing only one division of the writings of the holy Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths! He had great need of his vow not to waste a moment of time.

3. There have been already twenty distinct volumes of prose and verse reprinted from the back volumes of THE IRISH MONTHLY. They are grouped together on one of our front advertising pages, under the title of "*The Irish Monthly Library*," though of course they do not appear as such, being produced by different publishers. The volumes of verse, indeed, are merely pressed into the service of our Magazine, for only a small portion of these appeared in our pages.

To the prose volumes a thirteenth is now added ; and two more, which will shortly appear, will raise the number of our reprints to twenty-three. We introduce, thus leisurely, the name of this newest member of this series, because it would be unbecoming for us to do more than name it—"Augustus Law, S.J., Notes in Remembrance" (London : Burns and Oates). The republication of this biographical sketch was the last tribute paid by the late Mr. Towry Law to the memory of his beloved son. May they both rest in peace ! Nothing could be more tasteful than the form in which the little book has been produced.

4. The fifty-sixth volume of the Quarterly Series, which has appeared for so many years under the editorship of the Rev. Henry J. Coleridge, S.J., is "During the Persecution: Autobiography of Father John Gerard, S.J., translated from the original Latin by G. R. Kingdon, Priest of the Society of Jesus" (London : Burns and Oates). It is, as Father Kingdon says in his preface, "no pretended autobiography, no sham diary, dressed up by a modern writer to give a fancy picture of past times ; it is the written experience of an actual participator in the events described. In reading it," adds the translator, "we look three hundred years back through a time-telescope, and become actual witnesses of the sufferings of the Catholic priests and gentry under Elizabeth and James." The narrative is of the highest interest, and it has been translated with very great skill and care. Father Kingdon has very judiciously broken up the story into forty-one chapters. The printing and paper enable the reader to follow with still greater pleasure the succession of incidents more strange than those of a sensational novel.

5. We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers the publication of a very valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland—"Records relating to the Dioceses of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, by the Very Rev. Canon Monahan, D.D., P.P." (M. H. Gill and Son, 1886). Few dioceses of Ireland are more worthy of being written of than the subject of the "Records." The Bishops of these two Sees have, at all times, held a prominent place in the Irish Church. Within the limits of the Island of Saints there is no holier spot, none more revered, than ancient Clonmacnoise ; no finer example of ancient Irish art than the Shrine of St. Manchan—still holding his blessed relics. The very reverend author has expended a great deal of labour on this work. He has gathered his materials from the most varied sources, ancient and modern. Himself a native of the Diocese of Ardagh, who has lived in different parts of the diocese in the close intercourse of a priest with his people, and who has been stationed for some years past in the neighbourhood of Clonmacnoise, he has had unusually great opportunities of gathering up the local traditions, so fondly cherished by the Irish people. We are glad to see that he has

not confined himself within what some might conceive to be, the strict limits of local history. The evidence of Dr. O'Higgins before the Commission for inquiring into Education, in 1826; Dr. Conroy's sermon on St. Kieran of Clonmacnoise; and his very valuable essay on "Positivism;" a long list of bishops and priests, natives of these dioceses, who, true to the great missionary instincts of the Irish race, have left their native land, "peregrinantes pro Christo," to labour in the vineyard of the Lord in distant countries; a remarkable letter of Cardinal Cullen's to Dr. O'Higgins, on the appointment of an English Ambassador at the Court of Rome, to transact Irish ecclesiastical business there: these, one and all, are of a very great interest, and add much to the value of the book. Of course, Clonmacnoise occupies a good part of the book. This is what we should expect. The history of its founder, of its school famed all over Europe; an account of its churches and crosses as they now stand—these are given in full detail, supplemented by a beautiful map, which will supply a want long felt, and be a welcome boon to the many visitors to that holy place. The volume contains nearly four hundred octavo pages. It has been brought out in Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son's best style. We are glad to see that the list of subscribers is considerable. We hope and trust that its circulation will be extensive, both at home and abroad.

6. Two important works, for which the month of November was evidently chosen as a specially suitable epoch for their publication, reached us, as often happens in such cases, "just in time to be late" for a place among our November notices: The first of these is "Purgatory, Dogmatic and Scholastic: the Various Questions Connected with it, Considered and Proved," by the Rev. M. Canty, P.P. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). Father Canty, in his preface, explains how far his treatise goes beyond the scope of Father Coleridge's "Prisoners of the King," Father Anderdon's "Purgatory Surveyed," and other ascetical works on the subject. He discusses theologically, but in very clear and simple language, the various questions connected with the doctrine of Purgatory. The devout faithful, and priests also, will read with interest and profit these solid pages which have had the advantage of being revised by the recently consecrated Bishop of Limerick, Dr. O'Dwyer. We would suggest that the chapters ought to be differently arranged, for that title is here in a few instances given to mere paragraphs. This work reflects great credit on the priestly taste and literary industry of the hard-working pastor of a large rural parish.

7. The other work, which we should have wished to announce at the beginning of the Month of the Holy Souls, takes its name from them—"Souls departed: being a Defence and Declaration of the Catholic Church's Doctrine touching Purgatory, and Prayers for the Dead" (London; Burns and Oates). This treatise was written by

the famous Cardinal Allen, whom his editor calls "the Father of the Catholic Church in England after the destruction of the ancient hierarchy by Queen Elizabeth." It was first published in the year 1565, and is now edited in modern spelling by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R., whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the thoroughness and perfect taste of the editing, which makes the vigorous old English pleasantly readable. The substance of the work is admirable.

8. An accident has delayed our notice of an elegant little volume of verse—"Hymn to the Eternal, Voices of Many Lands, and Other Poems," by Kinneraley Lewis (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). The very choice of the themes proves that Mr. Lewis possesses refined feelings, and, among the rest, a generous stranger's appreciation of the cause of Ireland. Several of his pieces have been set to music, some of them by the poet himself. The same musical spirit pervades his stanzas; but, though the thoughts are good, and sometimes lofty, there is wanting a certain tinge of originality.

9. "Simple Readings on Some of the Parables of our Lord Jesus Christ," by G. G. G. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), is a very beautiful book, containing a simple, solid, and attractive explanation of the chief parables of our Blessed Lord, with terse and sensible reflections. The style is particularly good. Altogether, this is an excellent little book for spiritual reading, and even priests may consult it with profit and satisfaction. We wish that the author's name had been prefixed in full and not by initials merely.

10. "The Catholic Home Almanac" (Benziger Brothers, New York, St. Louis, and Cincinnati), is a very meritorious publication, giving for a small price all the usual information furnished by almanacs, and in addition a great number of excellent portraits, pictures, stories, sketches, biographies, and anecdotes. The stories are by Mr. Maurice Egan, Miss Meline, &c.

11. Another American publication, full of a variety of interesting matter, is *Donahoe's Magazine*, of which the November issue gives very correct likenesses of Sir Charles Russell, M.P., and the late Father Edward Murphy, S.J. Each number of this popular miscellany, besides a large and varied amount of literary matter, compressed into small print, contains a great deal of contemporary history of Irish and Catholic interest.

12. Mr Wilmott's "Scottish Reformation," has deservedly reached a third edition. "Growth and Duty" is the subject of a fine academical oration by Dr. Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, delivered recently before the Notre Dame University.

13. "St. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor: a Historical Study" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), is "by a Priest of the Congregation of the Mission, a Pilgrim to Hippo," who, during a residence of two

years at Algiers, in quest of health, made himself acquainted with the scenes of St. Augustine's life, and found that this local knowledge threw a new light on the Saint's writings. Studying his writings and life anew from this point of view, he has here told the story of the Bishop of Hippo over again with much freshness and originality, weaving with the narrative an analysis of most of the works of this wonderful Doctor of the Church. A very clear little map helps us to follow the saint from place to place. It is an unusual fault, but the paper seems almost too thick, and the type almost too large. This work is another contribution from the Irish Vincentian Fathers who have lately done good service to our ecclesiastical literature.

14. We announced last month the publication, in the form of a one volume novel, of "Marcella Grace," by Miss Rosa Mulholland (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Company). There was more of the poetical and romantic element in "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," and in the idyllic tale of "The Wild Birds of Killeevy;" but this story of Ireland of our own passing day deals with the actualities of life, and appeals more surely to the sympathies of the mass of readers. Already it has attracted the admiration of critics who are accustomed to look sternly on those who, even in fiction, treat of Irish affairs in a spirit different from their own. It will be instructive to hear what *The Saturday Review* thinks of "Marcella Grace":—

Miss Rosa Mulholland's Irish story deserves attention on every ground, short of being a work of genius, on which a modern fiction can claim attention. It deals with Irish politics—in themselves not exactly an inviting topic, since there is enough of them and to spare elsewhere. But politics are kept where they should be in any novel except one avowedly political. They form a background and give a meaning to action. Bryan Kilmorey's Nationalism and Marcella Grace's sympathy with the woes of Irish tenants are subordinated to the drama of their individual lives. The story is essentially one of passion and tenderness. Laid in Ireland or laid in Siberia, the simple earnestness, the pure fervour of Marcella's love, the devotion of her life, the anguish and rapture of her suffering, would have sufficed to make her story a powerful and affecting one. Miss Mulholland's style of narration is the simplest that can escape the aspect of baldness. But of its ability to touch the imagination and awaken sympathy there is no doubt. Bryan Kilmorey is an Irishman of a type better known in his own country than in novels. Grave almost to austerity, ardent under a manner of reserve, and with a tone of melancholy half natural, half acquired from national prepossession, he represents with more truth than we generally find in fiction the better type of the modern political Irishman. Marcella is in her way as good a portrait of national characteristics. Both possess, underlying the troubles of their fate and circumstance, boundless capacities for happiness and for every natural human enjoyment. The author brings them through much misery, arising in a natural way from the agitation and disturbance of their troubled country, but leaves them, we are glad to say, at the close with every prospect of happiness. Writing from the point of view of a Nationalist and a Roman Catholic, Miss Mulholland's incidental pictures of the peasantry, their relations with the landlord, and their embroilments with secret societies, are presented with remarkable and original interest. Every line of observation comes evidently direct from the author's personal experience, and it comes devoid

of rancour or prejudice. She sympathises strongly with the suffering of the peasantry. The book is one which in its unpretending way helps to explain some things not easy to understand in this better-managed land. Any one who knows Ireland must recognise the faithfulness of the drawing of the physical as well as of the human element in it. There is no attempt at "word-painting," but the occasional descriptions of scenery, of the melancholy stretches of bog and moorland, of the romantic glens and lakes and wild sea-coast are beautiful in their clear and vivid touches. Some of the scenes are highly dramatic and would be very effective on the stage. There is no forced introduction of the pathetic sentiment into the glimpses of nature surrounding the actors, but it is very powerfully present. The story is a remarkable one, and will much enhance the reputation of the writer. The simplicity and sincerity of intention patent in every word and the absence of literary artifice, leave an impression of clear-cut definiteness of line which is unusual.

The same fastidious journal says of the same writer's "Late Miss Hollingford" (Blackie and Son): "Delicate and penetrative is the art with which the old lady in this charming story repeats to her young audience the romantic circumstances of her first love, her hopes, and fears, and jealousy. The pictures possess a curiously magnetic quality, and are not easily effaced." Of the same exquisite tale *The Aberdeen Journal* says, "A story nearer faultlessness we have never read. Its literary style resembles the tracery of hoar-frost, and there are sentences in it here and there of Shakespearian reach."

15 Miss Anna T. Sadlier has gathered into a very pretty little book, "Gems of Catholic Thought: Sayings of eminent Catholic Authors" (New York: Catholic Publication Society). Amongst the writers quoted, this magazine is represented by no fewer than twenty-five of its contributors. This compliment must not prevent us from expressing a hope that many improvements may be made in a new edition. Such a selection requires immense care to approach anything like perfection. The number of thoughts is 953, and, even if the full thousand had to be filled up, there would be no need to press into the service sundry platitudes which really have no right to be here. No. 690 is, as it stands here, a very meaningless sample of such a clever man as John Boyle O'Reilly. Is "odorous jam" a misprint, as the "new glass window" of the last thought of all certainly is? I am sorry to say that our sweet poet, Thomas Irwin, is only by mistake placed among Catholic writers. The index at the end prints the word "page" fourteen times; and many readers after one or two vain attempts to find out a thought will give up in despair without discovering that the numbers in reality do not refer to pages but to thoughts. But, indeed, the excessively clumsy use of Roman numerals through the book, instead of ordinary plain Arabic figures, carried on through all the hundreds, is enough to baffle the research of the majority of readers. We hope to see these matters of detail, which, in reality, are very important in a selection of this nature, set right in a new edition before long.

16. "An Old Friend of the Deaf and Dumb" has published

through James Duffy and Sons, "Observations on the Oral System of Educating the Deaf and Dumb," which he seems to us to prove really inferior to the older sign-system. The writer's earnest zeal is very edifying, and his pamphlet will be read with interest even by persons not practically concerned with the question.

17. The Catholic Truth Society is pursuing its task with great energy. Several of the more useful tracts published by it are now given together in a more convenient form as a bound volume; and others are grouped into a separate volume under the title of "The Church of Old England." Three new biographical sketches are issued, price one penny each—"Don Bosco," by Mrs. Raymond Barker; "St. Bede," by the recently deceased Bishop of Hexham, Dr. Bewick; and "Queen Mary," by Mr. G. Ambrose Lee. These penny tracts are extremely well done.

18. "For the Old Land" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son), was the last work of Charles Kickham, and his most intimate friend has told us that his heart was set upon it more than upon "Knocknagow," or any other of his writings. His knowledge and love of the Irish character in many different phases are shown in every page, and fun and pathos are very skilfully and naturally intermingled. Happily there are none of the villains that some so-called Irish novels represent as quite plentiful among us. The form in which the story is brought out ought to help its popularity. For two shillings is given more than the bulk of a three-volume novel, with spirited full-page illustrations, by Mr. Fergus O'Hea, scattered prodigally through the ample pages.

19. The ninth volume of the library of Religious Biography, edited by Mr. Edward Healy Thompson, is the life of John Baptist Muard, a holy French Priest, of the first half of this century, the Founder of a Congregation of Benedictine Preachers. The work is compiled with great care, and is full of interest and instruction. The minute analysis of each of the thirty-three chapters in the table of contents, shows what a superabundance of edifying details has been crushed into these compactly printed pages. Even the careless reader will not need Mr. Thompson's reminder that all the volumes of this series are original works. Even the most competent translator could not make the story run so naturally and so pleasingly. The publishers, Messrs. Burns and Oates, have presented in a very suitable garb this Life of a devoted servant of God.

EDEN.

O MY love, but she is fair!
 Laughs the sunshine in her eyes:
 With a smile she charmeth Care,
 If she sighs, even Envy dies.
 Eve, ere sin and sorrow came,
 Raised to Heaven no sweeter face:
 Yet her heart my heart would claim—
 She so blest and I so base!

O my love, but she is pure!
 Children read the simple mind
 Which, despising fortune's lure,
 Ne'er youth's Eden hath resigned.
 Ay, and to relieve distress
 She would coin her heart in gold
 Could I form her happiness—
 I, so thoughtless, fallen, and cold?
 Yet, I love her! with a love
 That will ne'er admit despair:
 Truth unsullied from above
 Is the only gift I bear.
 How in looks and thoughts accord
 Such as dwell together long!
 So, my soul, before the Lord
 Grow with hers more pure and strong.

E. E. T.

BITTERNESS.

BITTER it is to weep some sweet hope slain,
 Some fair thought lost, some mighty aim downcast,
 To think on lips where love hath kissed his last,
 And faces we may never see again—
 To yearn with blinding tears of helpless pain
 For but one word, one hand-clasp, holding fast
 The beauty and the glory of the past!
 Yet weep, and think, and yearn, and dream in vain.
 Who counts this bitter, knows not bitterness!
 The bitterest tears are shed but in the soul,
 Are drops of ruddy blood from a broken heart
 Self-slain by sin, having chosen the baser part,
 And seeing too late it hath missed both God and goal—
 This bitterness nor eyes nor lips express!

EVELYN PINE.

THE HOSPITAL OF OUR MOTHER OF MERCY.

ONE never knows how much of the merit of a translated poem belongs to the original when the translator is Clarence Mangan. He and Karl Simrock, between them, have bequeathed to us a striking poem, of which the strength lies chiefly in the refrain, "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!" But there is a grander title than "queen;" there is the name of "mother." The Blessed Virgin is not only Queen of Mercy but Mother of Mercy. This is the name with which Father Faber begins what his great brother Oratorian, Cardinal Newman, considers the highest effort of his pious muse:—

Mother of Mercy! day by day
My love of Thee grows more and more :
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way
Like sands upon the great seashore.

When the Sisters of Mercy in Dublin set themselves to create a great Hospital for the Sick, they could not have chosen a more suitable patroness than our Blessed Lady, under the title of Mother of Mercy. Hence the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, which, apart from temples directly consecrated to the worship of God, has claims to take high rank among the most splendid trophies of pious munificence in the present generation, certainly in these countries and probably in any part of the world. This is especially true since the completion of the western wing of the hospital. Besides the accommodation for patients, which is thus raised to the number of three hundred beds, these additional buildings supply the Sisters of Mercy with suitable cells and community rooms; for, though hard to believe, it is too true that during so many years the Sisters in charge of this magnificent hospital have had for their own share of it a corner so miserably inadequate, and so badly situated, as to affect seriously the health of many amongst them. Still more consoling for them is the erection of the new chapel which at least is worthy of so noble an edifice. The altar is rich with the simple purity of white marble, and all the appliances and decorations of the holy place are, or will be, in keeping. This, we believe, is the gift of a Catholic lady, who only stipulated that the chapel should be dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

Those who envy the happiness of one who is able to make such an offering to God, through his devout handmaidens and his offering poor, ought to rejoice to learn that an opportunity is

immediately offered to them of co-operating in the completion of this great work of Christian zeal, by contributing in some degree, however slight, to the full success of the bazaar, which, as innumerable green placards inform the citizens of Dublin, "will be held in the Rotundo, Dublin, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th and 15th of December, 1886, in aid of the fund for the completion of the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, in which three thousand patients of every denomination are received annually." This last item is quoted as more attractive for our benevolent readers than the thousands of prizes, some of them very valuable, which will be competed for on the octave day of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor and the High Sheriff of our beautiful old Catholic metropolis. When a certain colossal brewery was lately split up into shares, many applied in vain for a small allotment thereof, and had their money returned to them. This other much better investment is open to all, and there is no fear that any applicant for shares will be disappointed. It is a grace and a happiness to be allowed to have a part, even in this easy and unobtrusive way, in the perfect completion of that palace of Christian charity which stands over against St. Joseph's newest and not least beautiful Church, and which is known over the Catholic world as the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital.

THE SOUL'S OFFERING.

I COME to Thee, my Lord!
Weary and heavy laden, sick and poor,
Yet in my sickness and sore grief full sure,
That Thine all pitying heart
The creature Thou hast made wilt not despise,
Nor shut Thine ears against her feeble cries,
Nor bid her to depart.
For Thou wert ever merciful and good
To all who wore the form of womanhood,
And with kind words and sweet
Permitted woman to draw near to Thee,
And cast the burden of her misery
Down at Thy sacred feet,
And in thy wanderings to follow Thee
And stand beside Thy cross on woful Calvary.

The Soul's Offering.

I come to Thee, my Lord!
 With tearful eyes and bruised and bleeding feet,
 Torn by the world's hard ways and stony street,
 Its desert bleak and bare;
 Sore wounded, and in bitter misery
 And heavy laden. Save alone to Thee
 Can I go anywhere?
 Whene'er I turn from Thee, I lose the light
 That guided me before through darkest night,
 And vainly do I grope
 Through the dark road of sinfulness and wrong,
 Stumbling and falling as I go along,
 Bereft of heart and hope.
 Oh! lead me, Lord, unto Thy feet anew,
 The feet that once for me were tired and bleeding too.

I come to Thee, my Lord!
 An idle servant, and with empty hands,
 The Prodigal from distant foreign lands
 Where all my store was spent.
 Nothing have I to say, but silent wait
 Before the pillars of Thy mercy-gate,
 With drooping head and bent,
 Until the time when Thou wilt travel by,
 And, seeing all my lowness, cast Thine eye,
 On one so worn and weak,
 One who has not the wedding garment on,
 And lost the light that once upon her shone,
 And who can nothing speak
 Save that one cry approved of old by Thee:
 "I am a sinner, Lord! be merciful to me."

I come to Thee, my Lord!
 And yet I have no offering to bring
 Such as may pleasure Thee, O thorn-crowned King!
 Nought save myself alone,
 And the tired heart that wandered aimlessly,
 Seeking for joy upon the world's wild sea,
 For peace, yet finding none.
 Wilt Thou accept the worthless offering?
 Alas! dear Lord, 'tis all I have to bring—
 How poor, and yet my all!
 And, knowing this, Thou wilt not turn away
 But bend Thine ears to listen when I pray,
 And on Thy name I call.
 Gather Thou up once more life's broken strands,
 And bless Thy child once more with thy dear wounded hands.

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