

and the richly wrought banners, and proud achievements, shook in the cold currents of the winter night, mourners and choristers, priests and acolytes, heralds and officers of the royal household, stole away and left the chapel to its solitary and woeful tenant.

Did the atmosphere of that desecrated, but still holy place, scare the fiends from shadowing the coffin with their black wings? —Did the flaming sword of St. Michael drive them back? Who shall say?

History records a horrible circumstance.

The leaden coffin of the monarch had been damaged in the journey to Sion House. In the morning came plumbers to repair the fracture.

In shuddering whispers they told how a large black hound had crawled from under the bier, and would hardly be driven away. Then the village gossips, and eke folks of higher condition, remembered the sermon of the dauntless Friar Peto on Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn; and how the text recorded the fate of Ahab the wicked king of Israel.

Mr. G. A. Sala, in the "Echoes of the Week," which he writes weekly for the 'Illustrated Weekly News,' recently related a pretty anecdote of Pius VII. This Pope, whilst staying in Paris for the coronation of Napoleon I., in 1804, paid a visit to the Imperial Printing Office. As his Holiness passed through one of the rooms, one of the workmen—a free-thinking republican, presumably—declined to take off his hat in the Pontifical presence, whereupon the mild old Pope went up to him, and, gently removing the refractory compositor's chapeau, laid his hands on his head, saying, "There, my son! The blessing of an old man will do you no harm." The compositor, we are told, deeply moved by his kindly behaviour, sank on his knees and burst into tears.

The Pope has lately given an audience to the new Superior-General of the Christian Brothers and his assistant. After the audience, the Holy Father said graciously to the two Brothers, "Come, and take a walk with me," and as they accompanied him in his walk in the Vatican gardens, his Holiness inquired how many children there were in the Christian Brothers' school in Paris. He was told 30,000. "Why, that is an army," said the Pope. He then inquired minutely into the working of the Institute of the Christian Schools, and spoke with esteem and regret of the late Superior-General, Brother Philip. On the next morning, the dignitaries of the Institute then in Rome were invited to be present at the Pope's Mass; namely, Brothers Jean Olympe, Superior-General; Judore, assistant; Floride, Procurator-General in Rome; Romuald, Vicar; and Simeon, the director of the French school in the Palazzo Poli.

The Vienna 'Tagblatt' says that at Mariahilf, a number of young men have formed an association to which none but the sons of houseowners are admitted, and the members of which engage to marry none but dowryless girls without prospects, under a fine of 10,000 florins, to be devoted to the endowment of a poor couple.

A Chinese Young Men's Christian Association has been organised in San Francisco. In the euphonious language of the Celestials, it is known as Yan Hok Chog To Uni.

A woman died lately in New Jersey from the effects of excitement, produced by reading the fictitious account in the 'New York Herald' of the escape of wild animals from the Central Park.

The 'Lancet' states that the female opium-smoker mentioned by Dickens in "Edwin Drood," under the name of "Lascar Sal," died miserably a short time back in a court at Blugate Fields. She was attacked with scarlet fever, and her low vitality soon succumbed to the disease.

'La Presse' says there are now in Paris a husband and wife, named Vanner, from the department of the Haut Rhin. The husband was born in the reign of Louis XV., and the wife in that of Louis XVI. M. Vanner has lived under a dozen different governments; he is 105 and his wife 95. There are few centenarians in Paris, but among them is M. de Waldeck, the artist, who is in his 108th year.

"Fasting girls" have been common enough in Europe of late, but a dog in a trance is a novelty. This phenomenon is a Parisian spaniel which has been sleeping thirty-two days.

THE POETRY AND MUSIC OF IRELAND.

FROM "LECTURES AND ESSAYS" BY HENRY GILES.

IRELAND is a land of poetry. The power of the Past there, over every imagination, renders it a land of romance. The past is yet an actuality in Ireland; in all other parts of the British islands it is a song. The tragedy of Flodden Field moves a Scotchman's feelings, but it does not disturb his business; the battle of Bannockburn calls up his enthusiasm, but, though it keeps him late at the bottle, it never keeps him late from the counting house. The imprisonment of the poet-king, Jamie softens his affections, but it leaves his judgment perfectly clear on bills of exchange and the price of stocks. Even the battle of Culloden is gone long ago to the calm impartiality of things that were. The Welshman takes English money without remorse, and says not a word about the assassin, King Edward, and the murder of their bards. Even the English themselves have but faint remembrance of the heptarchy, the revolt of the barons, the wars of the roses, the death of the first Charles, and the abdication of the second James. But events do not pass away so rapidly in Ireland. Ireland is a country of tradition, of meditation, and of great idealism. It has much of the Eastern feeling of passion added to fancy, with continuity of habit, as in the East, connected with both passion and fancy. Monuments of war, princedom, and religion cover the face of the land. The meanest man lingers under the shadow of piles which tell him that his fathers were not slaves. He toils in the field or he walks on the highways with structures before him that have stood the storms of time, through which the wind echoes with the voice of centuries, and that voice is to his heart the voice of soldiers, of scholars, and of saints. We would pen no chilling word respecting the impulse of nationality that now seems astir in Ireland. We honour everywhere the spirit of nationality. We honor the glorious heroism which, for an idea and a conviction, if it cannot do can always dare and die.

Much there is in Ireland that we most dearly love. We love its music, sweet and sad, low and lonely; it comes with a pathos, a melancholy, a melody, on the pulses of the heart, that no other music breathes, and while it grieves it smooths. It seems to flow with long complaint over the course of ages, or to gasp with broken sobs through the ruins of historic fragments of historic thought. We are glad with the humor of Ireland, so buoyant and yet so tender; quaint with smiles, quivering with sentiment, pursing up the lips while it bedews the eyelids. We admire the bravery of Ireland, which might have been broken, but never has been bent—which has often been unfortunate, but which never has been craven. We have much affection for the Irish character. We give unfeigned praise to that purity of feeling which surrounds Irish women in the humblest class, and amidst the coarsest occupations, with an atmosphere of sanctity. We acknowledge with heartfelt satisfaction that kindred love in the Irish poor, that no distance can weaken, and no time can chill. We feel satisfied with our humanity, when we see the lowly servant-girl calling for her wages, or drawing on the savings' bank for funds, to take tears from the eyes of a widowed mother in Connaught, or fears from the soul of an aged father in Munster. We behold a radiance of grandeur around the head of the Irish laborer, as he bounds, three thousand miles away, at the sound of Repeal, at the name of O'Connell; and yet more as his hand shakes, as he takes a letter from the post-office, which, rude as it may be in superscription, is a messenger from the cot in which childhood lay—is an angel from the fields, the hills, the streams, the mountains, and the moors wherein his boyhood sported. We remember with many memories of delight, too, the beauties of Ireland's scenery. We recollect the fields that are ever green; the hills that bloom to the summit; the streamlets that in sweetness seem to sing her legends; the valleys where the fairies play; the voices among her glens, that sound from her winds as with the spirits of her bards; the shadows of her ruins at moonlight, that in pale and melancholy splendour appear like the ghosts of her ancient heroes.

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