

the game and drive it all to one spot. The principal sportsmen, armed with lances and bows and arrows, walked in front of us; the others, scattered in the wood, behind the traps, were stationed so as to cut off the retreat of those which should escape from the main body.

After a time we arrived nearly at the centre of the wood which was to be the great field of operations. A thicket, densely tangled, separated us from the line of traps. The sportsmen gathered closer round it, while we shouted louder and louder every moment. I was walking by the side of my mother and sisters. A few steps in front of us stood my father, with his arrow fixed on the string, ready to draw it at the first sight of the game. The battue, as I have said, was to be on the edge of this thicket, round which all were anxiously gathered. All of a sudden a terrible and most unexpected roar was heard. Every one stood as if petrified, and the cries of the battue were exchanged for the most profound silence.

The echoes of the forest alone replied to the fearful roar of the lion. I seem still to see this terrible beast, with flaming eyes and bristling mane, beating the ground with his powerful tail, springing suddenly from the edge of the thicket. He came nearer and nearer to the hunters, who remained paralysed with fear. His oblique march brought him directly in front of us; but he turned aside from my father and stopped ready to spring on my sisters and myself. At the same moment he roared again, in a way to make one die of fright. My father understood in an instant the fearful danger with which we were threatened; and feeling that there was not a moment to be lost, attacked the monster, to divert his attention. For the first time his arrows and his lance missed their aim. Then, drawing his great hunting knife, my poor father rushed on the lion, and with his powerful arms seized his tawny mane. The cries and roars on both sides, combined with the fright, had so frozen the very blood in my veins, that I could no longer see clearly what happened. All I can recollect is a fearful struggle, a rush of blood, a red mass rolling on the ground, and then the whole disappearing once more in the forest. The awful struggle had been so short that not one of the hunters had been able to come to my poor father's assistance. And then—O, then we poor little orphans sat on the ground, sobbing by the side of our mother, who was stupified with sorrow, on the earth which was red with our father's blood—that father so good and tender to us all, who had been at once our protector and our sole support.

To be continued.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY.

ON the Sixth of August Ireland will celebrate the O'CONNELL Centenary, and the world will watch eagerly the manner of that celebration. It must be worthy of the Nation; it must be worthy of the Hero. There is no better test of the character of a people than the honour in which it holds the memory of its illustrious dead. There never existed a Nation which owed so much to one man as Ireland does to O'CONNELL; so her gratitude and her reverence ought to exceed that of all other nations for their patriots. Too often the Tribune is only the chief of a faction, too often he is only the embodiment of national ambition or partisan zeal. It was the peculiar glory of O'CONNELL, "like some tall cliff, to lift his awful form" above the rage of parties and the struggles of nationalities—to be the Champion of Freedom the wide-world over—the Foe of Oppression in whatever garb, or guise, or form it raised its accursed crest. The same voice which planted in the breasts of his own people the undying lessons of Nationhood and Freedom was lifted up for the English Dissenter and the Jew, for the Indian Ryot and the African Slave; the same hand that struck the fetters off the Irish Catholic was raised against the European despot who trod down his subjects, or the American who held the infamous doctrine that man can hold property in man. O'CONNELL is at once a National and a Cosmopolitan hero. The services he did his countrymen are unrivalled; he found them oppressed and despised Pariahs, he left them a proud and hopeful Nation. But his services to Liberty were as splendid as his services to Ireland, and if the latter made him the most loved and honored of Irishmen, the former gave him one of the most famous names in European history. The generation of Irishmen who have grown up since 1847 cannot imagine what a thrill ran through all Christendom from the death-bed in Genoa. "The Hero of Christianity" is gone, exclaimed the great Pope who had just assumed the tiara under the ever-honoured and illustrious title of Pius the Ninth. "Who but O'CONNELL," said WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, "ever brought Papal Rome and Protestant America to burn incense at the same tomb?" In the history of the second quarter of the nineteenth century no figure loomed larger before the European imagination than that of the great Irishman whose body rests at Glasnevin. We repeat, then, that we owe it not alone to ourselves, to the glorious dead, but to our national character and good name, that the O'CONNELL Centenary should be kept in a manner worthy of all three. Better would it be to pass over in cold and apathetic silence the Centenary, than that it should be celebrated with maimed rites and halting honours. We have now little time to lose. In five clear months, August will be upon us, and a Centenary celebration is not a thing to be organised in a day. To prevent disappointment it would be well to keep separate the ideas of the Monument and the Centenary. If the noble group of the O'CONNELL Monument is raised in the streets of Dublin on the 6th of August next, why, so much the better. But monument or no monument, we must have—if our national name is not to become a byword—a Centenary celebration worthy of the great occasion. We rejoice to see that the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor has adopted an idea well calculated to secure the success of the day. He purposes to hold in Dublin a conference, at which delegates from the provinces should attend, and at which the details of the celebration should be arranged. Of course, the ceremonial of the Centenary will take place in Dublin, in the beautiful city O'CONNELL loved so well, the city in which are to be found his Home, his Prison, and his Tomb. At the

grand celebration in Dublin every city and town and village of Ireland ought to be represented. O'CONNELL loved the whole land with equal love, and the festival should be as universal and as national as were his services and his achievements. Nay, more, we trust to see at the Centenary delegates from the greater Irelands beyond the sea. Let us hope that at the great celebration of the 6th of August we will see in Dublin, not alone delegates from every district in Ireland, but delegates from where the Empire City watches the marriage of the Hudson and the sea; delegates from where, above the golden gates of the Gulf of California, the towers of San Francisco shine; delegates from where the warm Austral sun lights up the fair city of Melbourne. We cannot believe that Ireland will fail in her duty at this crisis in her history. We are confident that we will have to chronicle, first, a successful conference largely attended by gentlemen from every district of the country, at which the details of a befitting ceremonial will be arranged with care and wisdom. We are confident that we shall then have to chronicle such a celebration of the Centenary as will make the 6th of August the brightest day in the history of Dublin; that on that day the whole Irish race will, in a memorable manner, show to the world how steadily burns the flame of gratitude to him whose life was sanctified and consumed by love for Faith and Fatherland—who was, indeed—

—Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'ersteped
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

—*Dublin Freeman.*

THE JUBILEE.

FORMER CEREMONIAL ADOPTED IN PROCLAIMING JUBILEES. The Jubilee or *Anno Santo* takes its date among the feasts of the Catholic Church, from the year 1300, when Pope Boniface VIII. declared his intention of inaugurating the new century by a religious celebration, which should partake of the character of those festivals which, by a divine ordination, the Mosaic law had prescribed to be held by the ancient Jews on every forty-ninth year. It derived its name of Jubilee from the Hebrew word "Yobel," meaning "a joyful shout" or "a clangor of trumpets," a sense we find still preserved in the German word "jubil." From the Hebrew root comes the Latin *jubilum*, whence our Jubilee.

The Jubilee of Boniface was a very great success. Eye witnesses describe the flocks of pilgrims who covered the roads leading to and from the Holy City as defying all attempt to calculate their numbers, and it is computed that at no time during the year were there less than two hundred thousand strangers actually within the walls of Rome, exclusive of those who were coming and going.

Pope Clement VI. reduced the interval between these feasts to fifty years, and held one in 1350 which not only equalled but almost eclipsed the splendor of its predecessor. According to Matthew Villani, a writer deserving of credit, it was attended by over one million pilgrims, and this before the summer heats had commenced. Several of the succeeding Popes altered the dates upon which the jubilees were to be held, and it was not till the year 1470 that Paul II. definitely fixed their recurrence at every twenty-fifth year, so that every man of average length of life might have an opportunity of being present at the celebration of at least one of them, and this term has been maintained up to the present day, and only two omissions have taken place, both in the present century—namely in the year 1800, when Rome was occupied by the troops of the French Republic and the Pope an exile in France; and again, in 1850, when the present incumbent of the Pontificate, Pope Pius IX., did not deem it expedient, in view of the disturbed state of Italy, just emerging from the throes of the revolution of 1848, to attract a large concourse of strangers to his capital. Extraordinary Jubilees have sometimes been held when any particular calamity has appeared ready to menace the Church. Special prayers referring to the occasion are then enjoined to be used by the parties seeking for the benefits accruing from their observance.

Formerly, while the Popes were still in full possession of the inheritance of St. Peter, the ceremonial observed in opening the year of Jubilee was impressive in the extreme. On Christmas Eve the Pontiff or his legate proceeded in full sacerdotal robes, and, attended by all his clergy, in solemn procession to the *Porte Sancta* of the golden gate of St. Peter in the Basilica of the Vatican, which is always kept walled up. Here he ascended a throne prepared for the purpose, while a High Mass was said, at the conclusion of which he arose, and, taking a golden hammer in his hand, struck three blows upon the masonry, at the same time reciting the 118th Psalm:—

Open to me the gates of righteousness;
I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord.
This gate of the Lord,
Into which the righteous shall enter,
I will praise Thee, for thou hast heard me,
And art become my salvation.

The wall was then torn down, and penitential monks washed the threshold with holy water, whereupon his Holiness entered, followed by his suite, and with his own hands opened the shrines containing the relics of the saints and exposed their sacred contents to the eager gaze of the reverential crowd. Simultaneously with this ceremony the doors of the churches of St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore and St. Paul, which were declared by Pope Boniface IX. to be Jubilee churches, were opened by three Cardinals deputed by the Pope for that purpose, and the festival had begun. At its conclusion, on the 24th of December following, the Pope proceeded again in state to the *Porte Sancta*. He blessed the stones and lime which were then provided, and sprinkled them with holy water; then, taking up a gilded trowel, he spread the first layer of mortar and cast in some coins, after which the work was finished by masons in attendance for that purpose.—*New York Herald.*