

progress of Catholicity here, since the commencement of the time about which I wrote till the present day. Priests have been changed from one locality to another, schools and churches have been erected. Some of the teachers have taken to other avocations, the Government here have withdrawn all aid from our schools, but the youth who first started a Catholic School in Canterbury has since grown into a full-sized man, and is still the master of I may say the only Catholic boys' school in the Province.—Yours, &c.,

SUBSCRIBER.

May 3rd, 1875.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

JUSTIN McCarthy, the celebrated novelist and litterateur, in a recent number of the 'Galaxy,' draws the following portrait of the King of Italy:—

"I have before me now a silver coin picked up in Savoy soon after Italy became a kingdom. Now, the head displayed on that coin is not of a kingly mould. The mint has flattered its royal master much less than is usual with such portraits. There is the coarse, bull-dog cast of face; there are the heavy eyebrows, the unshapely nose, the hideous moustache, the receding forehead, and all the other beauties and graces of the 'bloat king's' countenance. Certainly the face of the coin is not bloated enough, and there is too little animalism displayed in the back of the head. But it gave, when it was issued, as fair an idea as a little piece of silver could well give of the head and face of Europe's most ill-favored sovereign.

"Some fifteen years ago, King Victor Emmanuel visited England. He was everywhere welcomed with a cordiality of interest and admiration not often accorded to a foreign king. He was not then nearly so bloated and burly as he is now; but even then, how marvellously ill-favored he was! How rough and coarse-looking; how unattractive in manner; how brusque and uncouth in gester and bearing; how liable to fits of stolid silence; how utterly devoid of grace and dignity! His huge straw-colored moustache projecting about half a foot on each side of his face, was as unsightly a piece of mainly decoration as ever royal countenance displayed.

"Victor Emmanuel is a man of gross habits and tastes addicted to coarse and ignoble immoralities. 'The manners of a moss trooper,' was the anything but flattering description which my friend, John Francis Maguire, gave, in one of his parliamentary speeches, of King Victor Emmanuel. All things considered, this was not a bad description. Moreover, it was mildness, it was a compliment, nay, it was base flattery when compared with the hideous accusations publicly and distinctly made against Victor Emmanuel by one of Garibaldi's sons, not to speak of other accusers, and privately whispered by slanderous gossip all over Europe. He absolutely wants all the elements of greatness.

BROWNSON ON THE IRISH RACE.

DR. O. A. BROWNSON, in reviewing Father Thebaud's work on "The Irish Race in the Past and Present," says:—

"We are far from pretending that the Irish in our country are faultless; indeed, they have many faults very shocking to American respectability, and to our Puritan scribes and pharisees. But their chief real faults are of American associations, and do not belong to the race as we find it in Ireland, or in any other country. They come from their attempt to imitate Americans, whose civilization is really antagonistic to their own, and, from their natural gaiety, full flow of animal spirits, and great physical vigor, which our Puritan civilization seeks to repress, and but only forces to break out in the shape of vice or crime. No people are so free from crime against person and property, and vice and immorality as the Irish in Ireland, anywhere under the British flag, except always offences of political nature which are almost the only offences one hears of in Ireland. Even here, the Irish and their descendants are by all odds, and under every point of view, the purest, the best, and the most trustworthy portion of the American people. The great body of them are chaste, industrious, ardently attached to their religion, and liberal in their contributions—often out of their very necessities—for its support. Drunkenness do you say? Drunkenness there certainly is amongst them, but less than there was—perhaps, less than there is—among the pharisaic yet respectable Americans. There are what are called low Irish; but the low Irish never fall as low as the lower classes of any other nation. Go where they are huddled together in wretched tenement houses, damp cellars, and unventilated garrets, in narrow alleys and blind courts, in the pestilence-breeding parts of our cities. You will find there poverty and dirt enough to frighten a Yankee half to death, but you will also find there a patience and resignation, a loving trust in God, cleanliness of heart, a purity of life and conversation, that give the lie to that Puritan notion, that vice, or crime, and poverty go together. It was there we first learned that divine lesson, to respect poverty and to honor the poor, or the meaning of our Lord when he said, 'Blessed are the poor.' Such heroic virtue as is daily and hourly practised there I have not found elsewhere. Even the most depraved Irishman is capable of sincere repentance—of grand expiation. Seldom does an Irish criminal await the last penalty of the law without opening his heart to the inflowing graces of our Lord, and consoling us with his really edifying death. It may also be added that the law in its administration punishes as criminals among the Irish many more innocent than guilty persons. Your great criminals are not Irish, but Americans, Englishmen, or Germans, though sometimes assuming Irish names."

The Russian Government has forbidden the observance of the Papal jubilee.

GLASNEVIN.

TOMBS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

[From the Dublin 'Nation.']

THE MARTYRS' CROSS—ALLEN, LARKIN, AND O'BRIEN—"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

BUT a few paces away from this point is a small but neat cross, which, next to the O'Connell monument, is evidently regarded as the most interesting object in the cemetery. On Sundays, when the visitors are most numerous, groups are usually to be seen reverently gazing on it. As you approach them you are sure to hear a murmured prayer for the souls of those to whose memory it has been erected, and you may notice that few pass it by without respectfully uncovering their heads. It is the cross erected to the memory of the three Irishmen executed at Manchester on the 23rd of November, 1867, for participation in the rescue of two political prisoners, on which occasion a policeman was accidentally killed. The bodies of those sufferers for the Irish cause rest in the jail-yard at Salford, but Irish love for their patriotism and courage has caused this memorial of them to be erected in one of the most prominent spots in this beautiful cemetery. Similar memorials were erected shortly after the execution in several burial grounds in various parts of Ireland, but the police in many instances illegally tore them down. This one, however, stands, and will long stand to remind Irishmen of a triple execution which the fair-minded have never regarded as just, and which the Irish people will always consider to have been dictated simply by a feeling of vengeance. Those who desire to acquaint themselves fully with the details of the Manchester rescue, trial, and execution, will find all the facts in a little volume entitled "Speeches in the Dock," published at the office of the 'Nation.' The cross in Glasnevin was erected, and the ground on which it stands purchased, by Mr. John Martin, M.P., at his own expense; but a portion of the cost was afterwards repaid to him by public subscription. To show with what loving care the spot continues to be regarded, although the relics of the patriot dead do not rest beneath, we may mention that so lately as within the last few days a handsome iron railing has been erected by some patriotic men of Dublin around the grave-plot. On the cross itself many tokens of the public feeling may usually to be seen; "immortelles" are hung upon it, green leaves and flowers are twined through the arms of the cross; little pictures of the Crucifixion, of the Sacred Heart, or of the Blessed Virgin, are attached to it, usually with bits of green ribbon; medals also of various devotions, and sometimes little cards with printed prayers, are fastened on to it. And so it will be in all probability while centuries roll away, for the pious Irish race, with this memorial before them, will never prove unmindful of those humble but faithful-hearted men, whose patriotism brought them to so untimely an end, and whose spirit, at once devout and brave, in the very darkest hour of their fortunes, gave to the Irish people the noble exclamation which is a prayer and a rallying cry, fit for peace or war, suitable under all circumstances, and good for all time—"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

THE GRAVE OF ANNE DEVLIN.

Proceeding eastward along the walk from the Manchester cross we reach a very humble headstone which many visitors might pass unnoted, but that it, too, is usually decorated with some little tokens of popular remembrance. It bears the following inscription:—

"To the memory of Anne Devlin (Campbell), the faithful servant of Robert Emmet, who possessed some rare and many noble qualities, who lived in obscurity and poverty, and so died on the 18th day of December, 1851, aged 70 years. May she rest in peace."

Well may the author of the foregoing inscription say of Anne Devlin that she was a faithful servant of Robert Emmet, and that she possessed many noble qualities. After the failure of the young patriot's insurrectionary attempt, while the bloodhounds of the law were in eager search for him, she resisted both the terrorism that was practised on her, and the bribes that were proffered her to induce her to reveal his place of concealment. One of those scenes is thus related by Dr. Madden, in his "Lives of the United Irishmen":

"Major Sirr had positive information of Robert Emmet's place of concealment at Harold's Cross. He was directed to give a single rap at the door, and was informed that he would find Mr. Emmet in the parlour. . . . A troop of yeomen came with a magistrate and searched the house. Every place was ransacked from top to bottom. As for Anne Devlin, she was seized on when they first rushed in, as if they were going to tear down the house. She was kept below by three or four of the yeomen, with their fixed bayonets pointed at her, and so close to her body that she could feel their points. When the others came down she was examined. . . . The magistrate pressed her to tell the truth, he threatened her with death if she did not tell. She persisted in asserting her total ignorance of Mr. Ellis's acts and movements, and of those of all the other gentlemen. At length the magistrate gave the word to hang her, and she was dragged into the courtyard to be executed. There was a common car there; they tilted up the shafts and fixed a rope from the back band that goes across the shafts, and while these preparations were making for her execution, the yeomen kept her standing against the wall of the house, prodding her with their bayonets in the arms and shoulders till she was all covered with blood, and saying to her at every thrust of the bayonet, 'Will you confess now? will you tell now where is Mr. Ellis?' (This was the name assumed at that time by Emmet, to avoid detection.) Her constant answer was, 'I have nothing to tell; I will tell nothing!'

"The rope was at length put about her neck; she was dragged to the place where the car was converted into a gallows; she was placed under it, and the end of the rope was passed over the bac