

state, Catholic or Protestant, they exerted their influence on his behalf accordingly, in spite of their aversion to the Catholic faith. So did the late great Protestant French Minister, M. Guizot. I would not mind predicting that we shall see the same thing repeated ere long; if not by the present, at least by the coming English statesmen. The power of England, her moral influence in the world have not declined since the days when Wellington and Nelson fought and conquered. We must bear in mind that to the courage and loyalty of the Catholic portion of the British army Wellington was in no slight degree indebted for those laurels which he was so proud to wear. He had the justice and manliness to proclaim this fact before the assembled Peers of England, when vindicating the claims of his Catholic subjects to an equality of civil rights with Protestants. The Catholic soldier of this day has not lost, nor is he likely to lose any of his hereditary courage and loyalty to the throne, even though he accept the Vatican decrees, and believe the Papal Infallibility.

LAIC.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LEVER, THE NOVELIST.

THE Villa Morrelli was an unattractive-looking house from the road, from which it was approached by iron gates and a short drive. But on the other (or garden) it was one of the most picturesque, irregularly-built old houses imaginable, and the flagged garden terrace at the back commanded a lovely view of the storied hill of San Miniato, with its ancient church and half-ruined fortification on its top, and of the olive and vine-planted valley which divided the two eminences. Often of a summer evening, before the arrival of whistlers from Florence, I used to find Lever in an easy-chair on this terrace with coffee before him and a cigar in his mouth, enjoying the cool hour of the Ave Maria. Sometimes, finding nobody there, I penetrated into the long series of sitting-rooms that occupied all the ground floor of the building, and on these occasions was sure to find him in a little study, the last and remotest of the suite, writing. But he was always glad of a motive for laying the pen aside. And then we used to go and sit on the terrace and discuss the chances of a coming war—that which was decided at Sadowa—and Lever would give his reasons, strategical and political, for feeling sure that Austria would be victorious. And then, one by one, the whistlers would drop in, and the Austrians and Prussians were forgotten in the excitement of the battles, the upshot of which our friend was better able to predict. Lever's outward appearance was exactly such as the mental characteristics which have been attributed to him in the preceding pages would lead one to expect. He was, though not a tall, rather a large-made and large-limbed man—not fat, but portly in his person; and there was a kind of expensiveness in his character. He used to wear a coat falling freely and widely back, and exhibiting a large expanse of waistcoat. He affected, I think, light colors rather, and often a white waistcoat. He was an especially spruce and speckless looking man, yet without any appearance of care or precision. He used to show a great deal of linen about his bosom, and neck, and hands, which always looked as if it had been put on the minute before, and would, if it were to be preserved in the condition one always saw it in, need to be renewed the next minute. His head was rather large, and sufficiently bald at the top to show that on phrenological principles it was exceedingly well formed—broad and, though not massive, in the forehead, and with that wide, round arch from ear to ear which is held to denote a well-developed and well-balanced moral organization. The broad face, clean-looking and fresh-colored, but hardly to be called florid, with its clear eyes brimming over with humor, and its wide mouth well furnished with brilliantly white teeth, was the very picture and most eloquent expression of good-nature, good-temper and good-humor. The lips were full, but not sensual; there was too much indicative of intellect about them. The chin, always smoothly shaven, was large, and might have been called a little heavy had it been appended to a less mobile and less wit-lighted face. It had an expressiveness of its own too, that chin; for it had a way, when he was in a satirical mood and was about to say a sharp thing, of assuming a look of hardness and squareness about the under jaw which would have imparted a character of severity to the face, if the eyes had not all the time been shooting out sun-beams on the sly. I wonder how those eyes looked when he was really angered. I never saw him so.—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE KING OF DELHI AND THE SEIDLITZ POWDER.—On the first consignment of seidlitz powders in the capital of Delhi, the monarch became deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added water the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the countenance expressed no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered among the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and, in full agonies, screamed, "hold me down!" then, rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, squirting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy humiliating proof that kings are mortal.

A bill is before the Tennessee Legislature, says the San Francisco correspondent of the 'New Zealand Herald,' which contains the following section:—"That bachelorism is hereby declared a privilege, and every male inhabitant of this State over 30 years of age, being sound of mind and enjoying good bodily health, remaining unmarried after the first day of May, 1875, shall pay a fine of ten dollars annually."

GLASNEVIN.

THE GRAVE OF MACMANUS.

THE TOMB OF CURRAN.

QUITTING the grave of Anne Devlin, with a prayer for the soul of that noble-hearted woman, we continue our walk eastward, and see before us the burial-plot of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It is a little square enclosed with an iron railing; inside we see a number of low headstones, painted black on the surface, through which the names of the deceased are cut into the white substance of the stone. In each of those graves lie several occupants—as many as seven or eight in some—whose names make quite a list on the little headstone. Pious and learned men lie there, brave and true servants of their holy Master whose name they bore and whose cross was their glory. For them death had no terrors—it had long been a subject of familiar contemplation; their lives were spent in an atmosphere of prayer; the "Pater Noster" and "Hail Mary" had gone through every fibre of their being, and were being continually exhaled from their hearts; and when the summons came for them they answered in hope and trust, and without repining: "Father, not my will, but thine, be done."

THE GRAVE OF MACMANUS.

Leaving that quiet little community-room of theirs, on the right hand we turn down the walk, and ere long come to a corner plot on which we see four rough slabs of stone laid down level with the ground. Drawing near it we see that a number of patriotic devices, rudely drawn, have been scratched into the stone, by inartistic, and, it may be, juvenile hands. The Irish Sunburst is figured there, and the flag of free America; there are pikeheads in several places; the phrase "God Save Ireland" is faintly discernable in one spot, and slantwise across one of the flags is cut, rather more deeply and firmly than any of the other inscriptions, the word "Liberty." It is the grave of Terence Bellew MacManus.

Truly a neglected-looking grave—and all the more unbefitting its purpose when one calls to mind the extraordinary circumstances connected with the interment. Across three thousand miles of a stormy ocean were brought the relics that lie beneath; there was a great purpose in their removal—strong hopes, bold designs, were connected therewith; the interest, the sympathy of the Irish race on both sides of the Atlantic, were excited; many notable incidents took place in connection with their transference from their temporary resting-place in the soil of San Francisco and their committal to this spot of Irish earth. And what a scene was that! Never can it be forgotten by anyone who witnessed it. The long, slow, and steady march of fifty thousand men through the streets of Dublin—the solemn strains of sacred music swelling on the air—the throng of the multitude in the cemetery—the solemn words of the religious service—the exhortation of the patriotic clergyman who performed those last rites—the murmured responses of the crowd. And has all that deep love and high enthusiasm ended in this? Are there only those rude flags after all, to mark the grave of the gallant soldier of Irish liberty, Terence Bellew MacManus? In truth, for a considerable time there was not even so much. After the interment the covering placed over the grave consisted simply of a number of planks; exposure to the weather caused these to shrink, and through the openings between them the rain dropped into the grave. So it remained until one of the officials connected with the cemetery replaced the planks by these stones, and got the joints cemented so as to make them a water-tight protection for the relics that lie beneath. Of course the men who took the chief part in the translation of those remains always contemplated the erection of a handsome monument over this, their final resting-place; but they had views of their own as to the proper time for setting about the work; and in the meantime they wished that no others would take the project in hand. On this account the sister and sole representative of the deceased declined the offer of a patriotic Irish gentleman who proposed to organize a public subscription for the erection of a simple but neat monument over the grave. Since then, however, we are glad to know, the lady has given her assent to the proposition; and consequently there is a probability that in our day we may see a monument over the remains of the brave MacManus which will answer its purpose "till Ireland a nation can build him a tomb."

THE DUFFY AND STOWELL MONUMENTS.

Passing on towards the old O'Connell circle, we can make our way to two memorial crosses erected to the memory of men who suffered for connection with the political movement of 1865-67. One of these stands somewhat out of the highway, and some distance in from the walk which passes nearest to it; but so numerous are the visitors who call to see it that a path is beaten across the grass up to its base. It marks the burial place of a family named Stowell, two of whose members, there interred, underwent imprisonment for alleged political offences. One of these, a young lad of slight frame and delicate constitution, had been subject to the most barbarous treatment, which rapidly extinguished the vital spark within him. His jailors released him just in time to give his few last gasps in his mother's arms. The care of loving friends always keeps "the Stowell Cross" very neatly decorated; and no visitor can quit without emotion that burial place of the brave yet gentle young martyr and the several other members of an amiable and patriotic family who are there interred.

The other cross to which we have alluded stands by the main walk leading to the O'Connell circle, and marks the grave of Edward Duffy. The inscription in green and gold letters on its marble panel tells the brief history of his life. He was, it says, "convicted of love for Ireland, May 21, 1867, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. He died in Millbank prison, January 17, 1869, aged twenty-nine years." The inscription further states: "Love for Ireland was the passion of his life; his brightest day-dream that he might die fighting for her freedom."