

times I clung convulsively to my mother, feeling as if my very heart would break. By degrees, however, the fatigue of the long march and the gentle lullaby of my mother's soft sad voice soothed me to sleep—for how long I do not know; but just about dawn I felt her arms tighten suddenly round me. I woke up with a start, and heard the steps of men who were searching for me. Unhappily, there was not a tree or a bush which could shelter us. They came nearer and nearer, and at last we were discovered and surrounded. The Arab, rolling his eyes with fury, seized hold of me, and tried to drag me away by main force. My mother kissed me and held me so tight clasped to her breast, that his brutal efforts could not succeed at first in separating us; so that we were dragged together along the earth. 'Strike that old crone and beat her to death!' he shrieked, in a voice hoarse with rage. A hail-storm of blows fell on the body of my unhappy mother, but she seemed insensible to her sufferings. She would not unclasp her arms, and kept me still pressed to her heart. 'Strike as much as you please,' she exclaimed, in a weak and dying voice; 'strike, so that I may die before I am separated from my last and only child!' Our barbarous master heard these words, and his cruel soul would not even grant her that last comfort. 'Beat the little one,' he roared; 'beat her hard!'

The pain of the lash was more than I could bear; in spite of myself I broke out into piercing cries. At last my mother's strength gave way; she let her arms fall. I fell forward, and the men seized and carried me off. Making a last effort, my poor mother knelt down, stretching out her hands towards me in an agony too deep for words. A moment after, I saw her sink down and faint away from excess of pain and grief. I struggled with all my might to escape from the arms of the slave who was carrying me away, and kept my eyes incessantly fixed on my poor mother. Very soon he got tired of carrying me, and putting me down on the ground tried to make me walk by beating me on before him. Every moment I turned round and tried to go back to her; only to be beaten more violently and to fall down again and again, overcome by blows and pain. Tired out with my resistance, the master ordered the slave to take me up again and carry me to the camp. He obeyed; and the moment we arrived the caravan began its march. Very soon we came to the top of a hill. I looked back, and in the midst of the burning plain I perceived, for the last time, my poor mother, her arms stretched out towards me, while a quantity of vultures and large black crows were hovering over her head, only waiting for the moment of her being too weak to defend herself, to pick out her eyes and devour her. No one will ever know what I suffered at that moment. More dead than alive, I was still compelled to march on. If I lagged behind, I was most cruelly whipped. A dull sort of despair came over me.

I have nothing to tell of our journey from the time I was forced to abandon my poor mother until we reached Quiloe, a town situated on the sea-coast. All I remember is that I cried so incessantly the whole way that my eyes were swelled out of my head, and I thought I should have gone blind. In spite of the way I was flogged on day by day, my strength was so entirely exhausted by sorrow, that I was not capable of walking any longer.

'Master,' said the slave who carried me one day to the head of the caravan, 'what is the use of dragging this little girl along any farther? You see very well that she is a perfect skeleton, and only fit to be eaten by the crows.'

'I cannot leave her behind,' he replied, 'because I bought her on account for my patron. If I abandon her, I shall lose a piastre' (five francs), 'which he gives me per head for every slave I bring him.'

This man who had to carry me was furious, and did everything he could to be rid of his burden. Every time we came to the end of a stage, he threw me as roughly as he could on to the ground, as if I were a bundle of sticks. If we passed through a wood or by any bushes, he always tried to scratch my back with the thorns, so that I was often all over blood. And what was worse was, that this inhuman conduct to a little child only excited the amusement and won the applause of my companions in captivity; in fact, no human being had the smallest pity for me.

THE BISHOP OF RAPHOE AND IRISH PRESBYTERIANS.

THE Bishop of Raphoe has addressed a public letter to the Marquis of Hamilton, [the senior member for Donegal, which county comprises the chief portion of that diocese, upon the subject of the proposed Denominational Training Colleges in Ireland, and the objections made thereto by the Presbyterian General Assembly. The Duke of Abercorn has extensive possessions in the County Donegal; and Lord Hamilton has sat for that constituency for fifteen years; and it is for this reason that the Bishop's letter is addressed to him. It may also be mentioned that of the population of Donegal the ancient Tyrconnel, amounting to 288,334, no less than 165,270, or 75.7 per cent., are Catholics, and that the proportion has increased by six in 1,000 between 1861 and 1871. These facts help us to a clearer understanding of the precise import of the letter of the Bishop of Raphoe.

Dr. McDevitt makes the adverse Memorial of the Deputation to the Duke of Abercorn from the Presbyterian General Assembly the text of his Letter. The Presbyterians have, for more than forty years, been the most virulent opponents of Catholic claims, in this matter of education of every grade, while they themselves are uncompromising supporters of Denominational Education for Presbyterians, deprecating it, however, in the case of Catholics. They violently oppose the National system during the first eight years of its existence, until they secured its subversion, in the direction of Denominational, or rather of Presbyterian education in 1840. They intimated to the Government in 1845, that unless a Presbyterian President and certain chairs were secured to them in the Belfast Queen's College, they would oppose the scheme, so that their support was purchased on

their own terms, President, Vice-President, and the majority of the professors being Presbyterians, and only one, the professor of the Irish language, who never lectured, a Catholic. Yet the Irish Presbyterians are politically a branch of the Birmingham League, and of the English and Scotch Secularists. They have contributed their share to the defeat of the late Government in the matter of Irish Catholic claims, and to the recent circumstances that have shattered the Liberal party. Numerically and politically they are contemptible compared with Irish Catholics. Yet statesmen will blindly attach undue importance to their fanatical clamour. It is difficult to get people on this side of the channel thoroughly to understand the position of Presbyterians in Ireland, or the pertinacity, presumption, and success with which they have bullied and thwarted every Government, Liberal and Conservative, that attempted to make any concession to Catholics. When it is stated that of the population of Ireland in 1871 the percentage of Catholics was 76.6, of Episcopalian Protestants 12.6, of Presbyterians (including Unitarians) 9.3, and of all others about 1.5, it might be supposed that the relative position of the several creeds is thereby indicated. This, however, is far from being the case. Presbyterianism is altogether alien to Ireland, and is confined to the Scotch settlement, in two or three of the north eastern counties of Ulster. According to one census return in 1871 the Presbyterians are 497,615, and to another 503,461; but for our present purposes we shall include with them all non-Episcopal Protestants, and thus swell their number to 558,238. Of these 522,774 or nearly 93.7 per cent. are in Ulster, leaving little over 6 per cent. in the other three provinces. If we followed the matter up we should find that the two counties of Antrim and Down contain the main mass, a single parish in Belfast claiming a large contingent of the Presbyterians of the Kingdom. Yet this is the handful of alien squatters that presume to dictate to a Catholic nation how their children shall be educated, and that lectures and bullies successive Governments against granting any concession to the Irish people. A crisis must come when a Catholic nation will be driven to assume an attitude that must leave the Government no alternative but to tell this faction who and what they are, and estimate their precise weight in the statistical, social, and political strength of the Kingdom. The special *raison d'être* of Dr. McDevitt's letter, coming from an Ulster Bishop, and addressed to the Viceroy's son, must, to be intelligible, be interpreted in the light of the broad facts just stated.

There are twenty-eight District or Provincial Model Schools, and one Central one in Dublin; while at the latter only is there a Training Department, one for masters and one for mistresses. Dr. McDevitt calls attention to the fact that every one of those institutions was visited, examined, and reported on to the Royal Commission, by two members of their own body, Mr. Cowie, then one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools in England, and now Dean of Manchester, and Mr. S. N. Stokes, another of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. These two English gentlemen, one a Protestant, the other a Catholic, held the first rank amongst the most experienced Inspectors under the Education Department, and were specially charged with the examination of the Church of England and the Catholic Training Colleges. Their Report, endorsed by the Royal Commission, disposes for ever of the alleged success, the efficiency, or the mixed character as to creed of these Model Schools and of that Central Training Institution; while the Bishop of Raphoe ably utilizes some of the best passages in their Report to crush and overthrow the statements and arguments of the Presbyterian Deputation. We can find space for a few extracts only from the Bishop's letter, which illustrate the completeness of his answer to the Presbyterians.

The allegation that the Model Schools are a success, as to the number of pupils, he answers by citing the attendance found present with the number for whom accommodation is provided. The assertion that they are successful specimens of united education the Bishop contradicts by the following passage from the report of the Royal Commission:—

"In one or two cases the Roman Catholics virtually have the Model Schools to themselves; from the rest all Roman Catholic pupils have withdrawn, excepting a few children of the Board's officers or of mixed marriages (vol. i, p. 456); and in another place (vol. i, p. 739) they state—Henceforward (after 1858), there was an ambiguity, and the Board spent many thousands upon schools at Londonderry, Sligo, Kinnisorthy, Omagh, and the rest, without the slightest hope of conducting them as models of united education. From this time the model Schools became for the majority of the people the scene of a contest between the strength of religious principle and the allurements of temporal advantage; and the Board appointed 'to superintend a system of education in which should be banished even suspicion of proselytism,' imitated in effect the example of the Charter and Souper schools."

Dr. McDevitt reminds the Marquis of Hamilton that while the National System was founded expressly for the education of the poor of Ireland, those very schools founded by the State as "models" are attended chiefly by the middle classes, and to such an extent that the pupils look down socially on their teachers, and refuse to obey them. "With few exceptions we were dissatisfied with the class discipline. In most cases, if we had been examining the children in order to ascertain the amount due by the State for the proficiency of each child, we should have had to dismiss the class, and declare the school unworthy of support. This is strong censure, but we are compelled to let it remain as our deliberate conviction. . . . The feature of Model Schools which has already received frequent notice, viz., the attendance therein of children of the middle class and professional classes is probably here to be recalled in explanation. The children consider themselves much above the teachers, and do not pay attention to them. They know that there is a great desire to attract them to the schools; and that, consequently, they are masters of the situation. (Zb. 749.) If children come in private cars to school, or furnished with their season ticket by railway, or attended by servants in livery (which we have ourselves witnessed), such children frighten away the poor and bare-footed, who do not like to have their social and fiscal deficiencies made