

TENNYSON'S "QUEEN MARY."

THE 'Catholic Review' upon Tennyson's "Queen Mary."—Mr. Tennyson has recently published a drama on the subject of Mary Tudor, which is creating considerable stir in literary circles. Of course it is beautifully written, but Mr. Tennyson seems to have taken the key-note of his work from that of Mr. Gladstone's late pamphlets, and to be almost as much concerned about the dangers to be apprehended from the Catholic Church in England as the premier himself. The "poet's license" is a wide one, as everybody knows, but after all it is a proof of historical ignorance to write of Mary as "Bloody Mary," in these days when her private character has been so thoroughly investigated that justice should oblige every candid man to acknowledge that she was personally a very upright woman, and not at all responsible for the horrible deeds done in her name at the close of her reign. Fuller, an Anglican historian, tells us that "she had been a worthy princess, if as little cruelty had been done under her as by her. She hated 'to equivocate,' and always was what she was, without dissembling her judgment or conduct for fear of flattery." Fox, the author of the Book of Martyrs, tells us that "Mary was a woman in every way excellent while she followed her own inclination." During the persecution which marked the late years of this queen's reign, she was prostrated by an awful malady which made her actually "lie like one torpid and half dead," as we are told by Lady Dormer, her chamberwoman. It is rather remarkable, that it was only when too sick to attend the council in person that her subjects were treated with such exceeding severity. Early in her reign, a woman played ghost and used to answer questions from the window of a lonely house, in Aldersgate street in the following manner—when the crowd shouted "God save Queen Mary," the voice answered—"God save the Lady Elizabeth." When asked "What was the mass?" the voice said, "Idolatry." The woman, whose name was Elizabeth Croft, was at last detected and brought to trial. Mary ordered that the only punishment to be given her was that of the pillory for three hours. She annulled the law made by her father which condemned to death persons libelling the king or queen, and, according to all testimony, was a very merciful princess until her great sickness incapacitated her, and then the nation was ruled by a council which certainly disgraced itself, and often used the name of the queen without her knowledge, as is proven by Underhill, a Protestant writer. "If," says Miss Agnes Strickland in her 'Lives of the Queens of England,' "eternal obloquy was incurred by the half dead queen, what is then due to the parliament which legalized the acts of cruelty committed in her name? Shall we call the House of Lords bigoted, when its majority, which legalized this wickedness, was composed of the same individuals who had planted very recently the Protestant Church of England?" Mr. Tennyson, as an educated man and one who writes in an enlightened age, should have borne these facts in mind.

THE IRISH TEAM WINS THE ELCHO SHIELD.

THE match between England, Scotland, and Ireland for the Elcho Shield was shot at Wimbledon on the 22nd July; and once more the splendid trophy was carried off by the Irish marksmen. The American riflemen did not take part in the match, but were present all day watching the shooting.

The highest grade of shooting at Wimbledon is not to be found in the matches in which the volunteers alone take part, but rather in those in which the small bore rifle is the weapon exclusively used. These competitions are intended to encourage the production of superior weapons, and of scientific shooting generally among civilians, and though the volunteers are not debarred from taking part in them, they can only do so in their civil and not in their military capacity. The very fine and careful construction of the weapons employed in these matches enables them to discharge missiles to great distances with considerable accuracy, consequently all competitions with them are at what are termed "long ranges," or, in other words, from 700 to 1200 yards. It is in these small bore rifle matches that the interest in rifle shooting is carried to its greatest extent, the principal contest of this class being that for the "Elcho Challenge Shield," which was originally presented by the nobleman whose name it bears. The competitors for this trophy must be a selected eight from any of the nationalities of the United Kingdom or of the colonies of the British Empire; but thus far it has only been contested for by England, Scotland, Ireland, and Canada. Inasmuch as the representatives of each nationality or colony are limited in number, competitions are previously held in the respective countries to decide upon them, who are thus presumed to be the best shots in each. The match is decided by fifteen shots each, at 800, 900, and 1000 yards. The prize is exclusively one of honor, and the competition not an individual one, but one of country against country, the collective scores of the representatives of each deciding the contest. The trophy is held by the winners only for one year, at the end of which it is again competed for. It is a magnificent work of art, several feet in diameter, and while in possession of the conquerors for the time being, it is deposited in the custody of the chief magistrate of the principal city of the winning country and exhibited in one of its principal edifices. The shield was won last year by Scotland, with a score of 1437 points, against England with 1405, and Ireland with 1373. In the previous year Ireland was the successful nation.

The shooting this year was of the most extraordinary character. The Irishmen won by three points, while Scotland was only one point ahead of England. The ranges in this contest are 800, 900, and 1000 yards, and the possible score at each range is 600 points. At the 800 yards range the English eight scored 575, Irishmen 502, and Scotchmen 498. At the second range the Irish eight scored 527, Scotchmen 511, and Englishmen 504. The Irishmen won the Shield by a score of 1506, to the Scotch 1503, and the English 1502.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

DUBLIN is celebrating to-day—and has indeed been celebrating for the last three days—the Centenary of the Liberator Daniel O'Connell.

This centenary celebration will doubtless revive in the minds of most Englishmen a fame which in any case was certain to revive of itself. We are better able now to judge of O'Connell than his immediate contemporaries were. No man during his lifetime could have been subjected to greater extremes of condemnation and extravagances of praise. The vast majority of his own people adored him; and not merely adored him—for to certain natures adoration is easy work—but obeyed him as implicitly as if he had been a despotic monarch. No man in our day has had anything like the same amount of popular devotion offered to him that was given to O'Connell for many years by the Irish Catholics. His word on any question was law; his judgment was an interpretation not to be gainsayed. All this time he used to say of himself, and with perfect justice, that he was "the best-abused man alive." It is a curious study to look back to the language in which many of the English journals—and, of course, the Irish Conservative journals as well—used to describe O'Connell. "Knave," "scoundrel," "thief," and "liar" were familiar epithets in the vocabulary. But perhaps even these illustrations of party feeling are not so strange as those which are supplied by the frequent use of such words as "fool," "blockhead," and "ignoramus." "A poor contemptible idiot" one critic described him to be. Another exults over his total defeat in a contest of eloquence with a respectable middle-class member of Parliament whose name we shall not mention, and whose name, indeed, if we did mention it, would convey no idea of any kind to the present generation.

The main facts of O'Connell's life are easily recounted. O'Connell was a Catholic and a Celt. He was born in a wild and picturesque part of Kerry—it is hardly necessary to say that his birthday was the 6th of August, 1775. He began to take a leading part in advocating the claims of the Roman Catholics about 1803; he founded with Sheil the Catholic Association; he forced his way into Parliament in 1829, held his monster meeting in 1843, and died in 1847. There are scores of men that are now living in Dublin—some of them that are to figure prominently in the celebration to-day—who had the honor of shaking hands with O'Connell, of dining with him, talking with him, and living in the very light of his countenance. At least two men are alive now who shared his imprisonment thirty years ago, and are thus lifted high above the ground of those Irish political personages, who, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson observed in a recent debate in the House of Commons, have "all at some time or other been in prison." These distinguished men are Mr. Thomas Matthew Ray and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who next to the O'Connell family have the place of honour in the procession marching through the streets of Dublin to-day; the third place having, in response to a formal application, been assigned to Mr. Patrick O'Brien, on the double ground that he was bailman for Sir Charles Duffy and Mr. Ray, and that, to quote his own words, he "also had the honor of entertaining the Liberator before he went to prison." But, widely beyond these exceptional cases, the common people of Dublin take affectionate recognition of the fact that they live in the very city where "Dan" dwelt, and they can point out to the admiring stranger the house in Merrion-square that was O'Connell's. Thousands of them can vividly recall that Saturday morning in September, 1844, when all Dublin went out to Richmond Bridewell to bring back the Liberator, himself liberated. The car he rode back in—described in contemporary records as a magnificent triumphal chariot, lined with green velvet, and gorgeous with purple and gold—appears to-day. It has been oiled and painted, and furnished up for the occasion, and will doubtless be an object of affectionate regard.

The celebration commenced yesterday with a religious ceremony in the Roman Catholic pro-Cathedral. Pontifical mass was celebrated in the morning by the Bishop of Limerick, the sermon being preached by the Archbishop of Cashel. Cardinal Cullen was present, in company with a large number of British and foreign archbishops, bishops, and ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church. On Thursday afternoon there was a performance of *Elijah* in the Exhibition Palace; and in the evening a concert in the same place, the programme of music being exclusively contributed by Irish composers. Last night the Lord Mayor privately entertained a large number of guests. To-day the great event is the procession through the principal streets of Dublin, which is of a national character, and in it are found representatives of colonies of Irishmen from all the corners of the earth. The large towns of England and Scotland sent delegates, amongst other contingents being 400 Irishmen, members of the Liverpool Total Abstinence League. The Irish towns and counties have each their assigned place in the procession, and as for Dublin it was there in a body.—'Home News,' 6th August.

The 'Boston Herald' tells this:—"The day following our centennial festivities the following incident occurred in a South-end saloon. A friend had invited one of the South Carolina soldiers into the saloon to put another turf on the buried hatchet. While standing at the bar a stranger came in. The Carolinian suddenly dropped his glass and closely eyed the stranger. His gaze was so steady and peculiar that the friend began to be alarmed, and to fear that the hatchet was about to be dug up again. The Carolinian asked the stranger if he knew him. There was no recognition, whereupon the Carolinian asked him if he was not in the late war. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And you were once stationed at such a place?' 'Yes.' 'And took part in such a skirmish?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I thought so,' replied the Carolinian, and, raising his hat, showed a large scar on his forehead, saying, 'There's your sabre mark, my boy; come up and take a drink.'"