

gentlemen on foot came brushing through the woods that skirted the Hawthorne estate; the family had sunk into that heavy slumber which succeeds watching, save Marion; her years of restless life had made her a light sleeper, and she had gone forth for the early morning air. She was in the garden, gathering the few lilies and asters which the frost had spared for her mother's oratory; she was stooping over a Neapolitan violet, to find the hidden prize which betrayed itself by its precious perfume, when a soldier knelt by her side, his arms about her neck.

"Why, Harold, how you frightened me! Did you drop from the skies, or come up from a lower sphere?" she exclaimed, raising herself and adjusting the curls which had been loosened from their hiding place by his embrace.

"Well, I came from New York last, and they say that isn't far from the lower sphere; but here is my friend, I came near forgetting him—General Leighton." He darted off, as he pronounced the name, leaving Marion transfixed with astonishment; some spell rooted her to the ground, she neither raised her eyes, nor spoke, but let the flowers she had gathered drop from her fingers.

"Allow me," said the General, in a low, well remembered tone, stooping for her fallen treasures, and seeing her utter want of self-possession; so different from the old self-assured way. It would not have been possible for Marion to have reached the house at that moment; all fortitude had forsaken her, all the prowess and heroism that had dared for so many years phantoms and apparitions, quailed before this presence that had burst upon her like a thunderbolt. Most heartily ashamed of herself for this exhibition of cowardice, she would gladly have hidden where no eye could look upon her shame. But the true heart near her, saw through all; he had borne the most bitter wrong from her, and never transferred the love he had given to any other. Once in years long passed, he had been sorely tempted; not one would have blamed him had he yielded, but he put aside the thought and remained faithful to his early spoken vows. Honor he had won; both civil and military honors had been heaped upon him; reputation, but not wealth. He had often heard through others of Marion's bitter life-draught; and on the eve of his first battle he heard from a brother officer of her release from the dreadful slavery of an unloving, and unloved wife; then he had made his own resolve, that if the end of the warfare found him living, his first thought should be for her. It was in that morning's contre, among the thick falling leaves and desolate remnants of the flower garden, that Marion learned the depth of the wrong she had done Horatio Leighton; and it was there she gave up wealth and all that riches can purchase, for one loving heart.

Thus came the fulfilment of Edward Hartland's prophecy; for at the Festival of All Saints, Father Nelson, with the permission of the parish priest, administered the sacrament of marriage to four of his "dear children," as he called them. This was his last official act; his untiring efforts for the flock over which the Good Shepherd had placed him, with his life of penance and fasting, had worn out a frame not the most robust. He had not strength to return to die at his post, as he had intended, after caring for his sister. On Christmas morning, as the children in the far west, whom he had gathered into the Association of the Holy Childhood, were chanting the carols he had taught them, he fell asleep in Jesus; resting in the arms of his long-trying constant friend, Philip Benton.

[CONCLUDED.]

WOLFE TONE AND THE IRISH GOVERNMENT.

WOLFE TONE labored with all his energy at the great task undertaken by him and his associates. His action in the work very soon brought him under the suspicion of the Government, and he was compelled to exile himself to this country in order to avoid arrest. He arrived in Philadelphia on the 20th of May, 1793; but immediately on his arrival in this republic he recommenced the prosecution of his designs, and, being most anxious to effect an alliance with France, he presented to the French Ministry a memorial on the state of Ireland. His energy was indescribable. In January, 1796, we find him in Paris exerting diplomatic skill in the interest of the Irish republic; and on the 18th of the following month he is engaged in discussing with Carnot, the great War Minister—the "organiser of victory," as he was called—he is engaged in discussing with him a project intended to effect the freedom of Ireland, the downfall of England and the glory of France. And as the result of his negotiations, a French expedition was organised and sailed for the Irish coast.

But, even in the hour of defeat, Wolfe Tone was not the man to abandon himself to the vice of despair. He well knew—what every successful man must know—that he who despairs of victory because he has once failed does not even deserve to succeed. Animated by this principle, Tone renewed his exertions, and the Dutch republic—then in alliance with France—organised a second expedition for the invasion of Ireland. Wolfe Tone was on the flag ship, even more joyous and hopeful than he had been on the first occasion, and as the ship heaved on the bosom of the waters his heart bounded with new life at the prospect of a redeemed and regenerated country. But again, by that extraordinary fatality which has often transferred the chances of success of Ireland's enemies, the weather interposed an obstacle to the realisation of the design, and this second failure, no doubt, was a terrible blow to the hopes of the brave patriot. It seemed to him that never again would he see such a beam of hope for Ireland as that which shone upon him on these two occasions and was now extinguished forever.—American Paper.

MESSRS HALLIWELL AND Co. are prepared to supply all descriptions of coal of the best quality, and at moderate prices. They have also on hand a quantity of wood, so as to suit the requirements of all purchasers.

IRELAND'S CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

If the British Cabinet in London, and Sir Edward Thornton—its agent—in Washington, have been congratulating themselves upon so embarrassing President Grant, through the starched etiquette of the State Department, that he had to break his promise and decline the formal acceptance of the address brought hither by Messrs. Power and Parnell, their congratulations were somewhat premature, as they will find upon glancing over an abstract of last week's Congressional proceedings. The House of Representatives (as its name implies) represents the American people—which Secretary Fish and his assistants do not. Despite all the turmoil and worry over disputed elections, the House of Representatives has been vigilant and thoughtful enough to perceive that the action of the Executive in regard to Ireland's Centennial greeting was opposed to the principles and traditions on which the government is based, and, if allowed to pass unrebuked, would furnish a pernicious precedent. Consequently, on Wednesday of last week, the matter was brought up in the House, with the result detailed below. We copy from the official report:—

House of Representatives,

Washington, D. C., December 20, 1876.

The Speaker stated that he had information that there was a gentleman in the city who was the bearer to the people of this country of a communication from the Irish nation congratulating the American people in this their centennial year.

Mr. Holman, of Indiana, thereupon rose and asked unanimous consent to offer a resolution, reciting that Mr. J. O'Connor, J.P., had been deputed to represent to the people of the United States the congratulations of the Irish nation on the centenary of American Independence, and referring the subject of his mission to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, with instructions to report what action should be taken on the premises.

Mr. Townsend, of New York, suggested to Mr. Holman the use of the word 'people' instead of 'nation.'

Mr. Holman expressed his opinion that the term 'nation' was not inappropriate, and he hoped that the objection would not be pressed.

Mr. Townsend—I do not object. I am in favour of the resolution at any rate.

Mr. Holman—There is a sense in which the term 'nation' is properly applied to the Irish people.

Mr. Hoar, of Mass.—What is the national authority of the Irish people?

Mr. Holman—The communication comes from that portion of the Irish people who now reside within the limits of Ireland. Their representative is deputed by them as a people to express their congratulations on the close of the first century of American Independence.

Mr. Hoar—In what mode is the deputation made or authenticated?

Mr. Holman—That is one of the subjects properly referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Hoar—The resolution makes the House allege as a fact that this gentleman has been deputed by the Irish nation. Now, it is proper that if the House is to assert that fact it should know it. The gentleman who offers this resolution does not, I understand, know it. My question is—who deputed this gentleman? What is the national authority? Suppose the Irish nation should say next week: 'We did not depute him,' what evidence is there that they did?

Mr. Holman—The technical point raised is clear enough.

Mr. Hoar—Say, 'said to be deputed.'

Mr. Holman—But inasmuch as the term 'nation' may be used synonymously with 'people,' I trust that the resolution will be adopted in its present form.

The objection not being pressed, the resolution was adopted.

In taking this action without a single dissenting voice, the representatives of the American people have deliberately recorded their belief that Ireland has never forfeited or abandoned her claim to be considered a distinct nationality. No matter what disposal is now made of the address, it has done good work in achieving this result.—American Paper.

THE DIGNITY OF CARDINAL.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask what is the meaning of Cardinal Priest, Cardinal Deacon and Cardinal Subdeacon. We do not know of any such recognised title as that of Cardinal Subdeacon in the Church. There are Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests and Cardinal Deacons. When a Bishop of any of the Sees about the city of Rome—six, we believe, in number—which are suffragan to the See of Rome, and of which the Pope himself is, therefore, the immediate Metropolitan—belongs to the Cardinalate, he is called a Cardinal Bishop, or, to give the title more fully, a Cardinal of the Order of Bishops. Any other prelate or priest elevated to the purple placed by the Holy Father in charge of a church in the city of Rome, and taking his title from that church of his—us, for instance, his Eminence Cardinal Cullen does from San Pietro in Montorio—is styled a Cardinal Priest, or Cardinal of the Order of Priests, without any regard to his other rank in the Church. Then, the remainder of the Sacred College—that is to say, those Cardinals who are not Bishops of the Roman suburban Sees, or pastors, by Papal appointment, of churches in Rome itself—are Cardinal Deacons. They need not necessarily be priests and therefore, as plainly follows, need not necessarily be qualified to offer up the sacrifice of the Mass, but they must have taken the vow of celibacy, and must at least have been admitted to minor Orders. There can never be more than six Cardinal Bishops at one time, and the number of Cardinal Deacons never goes over ten or twelve. The full strength of the Sacred College is fixed at seventy Cardinals, and of its actual members a proportion of about three-fourths are Cardinals "of the Order of Priests."—Dublin Weekly News.