

"flinging stones, glass bottles, delft ware, and all manner of destructive missiles on the foe." But the annihilation of his Bradenburghers by the explosion of the mine laid under the batteries they had unsuspectingly and exultingly penetrated, opened William's eyes to the nature of Limerick valor and Limerick skill in war, and he soon raised the siege, and set off for London.

Besieged a second time, twelve months after, the city capitulated on honorable terms to De Ginckle. A large rough stone, on which, in the simple manner of those days, the parchment containing the several articles of the treaty was laid while being signed, is still shown, on a spot on the Clare side of the River, where the meeting of the generals took place. With much pride and many a eulogy on punie faith, the treaty stone is indicated to visitors. The forty articles of this treaty confirmed many civil rights to the citizens and soldiers, and to Catholics "such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II."

Sink into oblivion, O test oath! ye Penal Laws, tell not your dismal tale! and let us reverently believe that the Treaty of Limerick has been kept inviolate up to the present day. But, let us admit with every honest Irish mind, that it was not William who broke faith with the Irish, but the Anglo-Irish Protestant faction, ever inimical to the interests of religion and patriotism in Ireland.

When the Treaty had been ratified by the Lord Chief Justices of Ireland, Sarsfield sailed from Ireland with his brave soldiers. The history of many a Continental battle-field since has shed illustrious fame on Ireland through the deeds and prowess of the Irish Brigade.

The modern city of Limerick extends along the banks of the Shannon. Handsome, regularly-built streets intersect each other at right angles. A monument to O'Connell is the rallying point of many a patriotic demonstration, and forms one of the chief attractions in the principal thoroughfare of the city, George's street, nearly a mile in length. Numerous handsome churches and convents attest the piety and liberality of the citizens. The grand new Cathedral, built in one of the most ancient parts of the city, near the historic St. John's Gate, has been erected principally through the aid of small contributions, given in faithfully and regularly during many years, by the poorer classes. It is one of the finest structures of the kind in the United Kingdom.

The beauty of the Limerick women is of equal celebrity with the Cork chivalry; its fame has not been exaggerated. Indeed, no better educated, no more liberal, more patriotic, more Catholic a people exists anywhere than in the "City of the Violated Treaty," on the banks of the "lordly Shannon."

THE DEBUT OF AN EMINENT TRAGEDIAN.

YEARS ago—never mind how many, for I speak of the famous Miss Romer, and of opera, and both woman and music are unabated; years ago, then, I was a dweller in Cork, and the old city was all excitement and delight with the visit of an opera troupe—a wonderful opera troupe for those days, and eminently acceptable even for these, the charming Miss Romer, aforesaid, was the prima donna, the renowned Englishman Leffler, was the bass, and the equally renowned Scotchman, Wilson, was the tenor. Several operas had been given, among them *The Mountain Sylph*, *Somnambula*, etc., and then *Fra Diavolo* came on the managerial tapis. There were Zerlina, Giacomo, Beppo, Lord and Lady Allcash, the dashing Fra himself, but no Lorenzo! "No Lorenzo," sighed Miss Romer; "No Lorenzo—whew!" whistled Wilson; "No Lorenzo!—an octave lover—diapasoned Leffler. Trio—*Opera can't be done!*" "Stay," cried the manager; "there's a young fellow engaged in the company who has a pretty tenor voice and who might be able to struggle through it." Trio (*desperate*)—"Can he act?" "Don't know. He hasn't had a chance yet. He's only twenty; been with me but three weeks, and has not yet trod on my boards or any other." Trio (*contristezza*)—"Oh!—Ah! just so! Thanks. Impossible." "Let's do it without Lorenzo," ponderously suggested the bass. "What! Cut out my lover—my gallant officer! Never!" cried the prima donna. "Suppose we hear this young man sing, Wilson," said she. "Do," said the manager, "there are two things in his favor—he is deuced good-looking and he knows music." Trio (*animato*)—"Bravo, bravo! We'll hear him." The "young man" was immediately summoned, the state of affairs explained, and Wilson asked him to sing a song for them. "Chance is the rough stone which decision carves into the image of a god," says a French philosopher. Our young man seized his chance, and sang with steady voice, the old ballad "The Rose of Allandale." Trio (*con spirito*)—"Good! excellent!" and though the *impromptu* tenor did not exactly carve the Rose of Allandale into the image of a goddess, he made enough of the "chance" to have the score of the opera immediately put into his hands, and with Wilson at the piano, he, without a moment's delay, commenced his study of Lorenzo—six lengths of dialogue, a song, and many pages of difficult concerted music; and four nights after the Corkonians applauded a capital Lorenzo. Well, the "young fellow with the very pretty tenor voice" who struggled through Lorenzo was not destined for the lyric stage after all. Inclinations, stronger than chance, wedded him to the tragic muse—play-going Great Britain assisting at the ceremony. The stripling lover has been changed into the great tragedian, the "pretty tenor" mellowed into the "big manly voice," and the "young fellow who had never trod any boards," transformed into the hero of a thousand theatres—BARRY SULLIVAN.

It is said that Earl Dudley of England, who is 60 years old, has offered to bet \$25,000 to \$25 that the son of Napoleon III. will be proclaimed Emperor of France during the Earl's lifetime, and that the odds were at once accepted by the Prince of Wales and by three other persons.

Poets' Hoquet.

THE OLD BELL-RINGER.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

The old Cathedral white and silent lies,
Its slender towers pointing to the skies,
Crowned on each pinnacle with heav'nly light.
The moon looks down and smiles her silver smile,
Touching the world to loveliness the while;
Yet breathing such a silence from her height
That we could fancy even an angel's tread
No holier calm upon the air could shed
Than this sweet silence of the moonlit night.

'Twas on this day, just thirty years ago,
And all the land lay warm beneath the snow.
(See, higher still the shadows softly steal!)
They laid my darling in her narrow bed,
While I upon its brink felt cold and dead,
Bearing a sorrow which no time could heal,
(For a few moments with my weakness hear,
I scarce to-night can cross the snowy square,
Though I must join you in your midnight peal!)

Remember? I remember it so well,
Each tiny snowflake kissed her, as it fell
Upon the lowly mound that stood alone;
For hourly I dumbly knelt, but could not pray,
And then I turned and went my weary way—
Missing the hand that used to clasp my own.
Missing the dear face ever at my side;
I had but her in all the world so wide!
What wonder that my heart seemed turned to stone?

That night the old year died. Some one had said
That I—whose one ewe lamb lay still and dead—
Should ring the birthday chime of the New Year.
So, from my loneliness, I rose and came—
Would not my grief be everywhere the same?—
Ah! you remember now. So full and clear
The joyous chime flew on the frosty air!
You wonder I your laughter did not share.
How could you guess this was my wordless prayer,
And that I knew at last my God could hear?

Alone and still, her grave lay far below,
Covered so softly by the quiet snow,
Covered so gently for her last repose;
But—far above—she dwelt in whiter dress,
In brighter joy and purer loveliness;
And towards this home our happy peal arose.
What wonder I could lift my eyes at last?
And—lifting them—the darkest hour seemed past—
I'm coming, friends!—How dim the moonlight grows.

Just thirty times, with every new-born year,
Have I been one among the ringers here,
And now each tone has grown into a friend,
A faithful friend whose happy voice I love,
The friend who bore my first weak prayer above,
In that great grief my Father chose to send.
Now my last peal some lonely heart shall cheer,
And then though dying with the dying year—
I shall have borne His message to the end.
—Pilot.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

FROM the new volume of 'The Catholic Directory,' the 'Macclesfield Guardian' learns that in the Sacred College of Cardinals, which when full consists of seventy members, there are at present fourteen vacancies, including that which was occasioned lately by the decease of Cardinal Patrizi. An explanation is given of the different grades among the cardinals, clearing up a matter which is very puzzling to Protestants. The three orders of cardinals—bishops, priests, and deacons—are distinct from the orders of the hierarchy. The six cardinal bishops are those whose dioceses are the six "suburban sees;" then there are 50 cardinal priests, whose titles are taken from churches in Rome, of which they are appointed superiors; and 14 cardinal deacons, who are appointed to the churches called "deaconries." Of the 56 living cardinals, 7 were created by Pope Gregory XVI. and 49 by Pius IX. The present number of patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and bishops throughout the world, including those who are retired and those who hold the title of sees *in partibus infidelium*, is estimated at 1,142. But the number of residential sees of patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops is only 894, and of these no fewer than 126 are in the British Empire—viz., 13 in England, 28 in Ireland, 3 in Scotland, and 44 in our colonies and dependencies. The number of Catholic peers is 36, of whom 26 have seats in the House of Lords. There are 47 Catholic baronets, 7 Catholic members of the Privy Council, and 50 Catholic members of Parliament, all of whom represent Irish constituencies. The number of priests in England, Wales, and Scotland is 2,088, and the number of public churches, chapels, etc., is 1,315. This shows an increase as compared with last year of 64 priests and 21 churches and chapels.