

recourse to firearms. The result was that Peter Hanlon was shot dead in the streets of Youghal. This is his number one.

Sir John Pope Hennessy comes back to the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary representatives as member for North Kilkenny. His return as a Home Ruler, after a quarter of a century's experience of government, is a remarkable testimony to the soundness of the Home Rule position. Like Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's allegiance to the creed of his youth, his profession is the verdict of a patriotic Irish statesman qualified both by feeling and experience to judge the issue.

Sir John's former Parliamentary experience extended from 1839 to 1865. He was returned for King's County, as an Independent in Irish affairs, but a Tory in Imperial affairs. At that time the Parliamentary position of Ireland was weak in the extreme. It was immediately after the Brass Band period, and the fact that Sir John was at least not a Whig was welcome to the Nationalists. Mr. Tristram Kennedy, one of the faithful few of the party that helped Lucas and Duffy, signed a joint address with Sir John, and when the General Election of 1865 came the *Nation* commended him to the King's County electors as a better representative than Sir Patrick O'Brien, one of the deserters of '53, who got the opportunity to desert again in 1860. Sir John, however, fell between two stools. His was the Catholic Conservative line. He was too much of a Tory for the King's County farmers and too much of an independent Catholic for the King's County squires, who ousted him for a Mr. King in 1865. He was described at the time as the "able young Ultramontane," and he displayed considerable industry and debating power during his short Parliamentary career. A dealing with men and affairs has probably taught him that the English Tory is not a genuine Conservative.

His own Conservatism was of an eminently popular sort. He advocated the appointment of Civil Servants by open competition, the humanising of the Poor-law system, the interests of the miners in the Mining Acts. He was against the bleeding remedy for the Irish question, and advocated the keeping of the Irish people in Ireland by an amendment of the land laws and a reclamation of waste land. "He opposed," says an evidently authentic account of his career, "the Government system of education in Ireland on the ground that the so-called National system was anti-National. He voted for Church rates, and in favour of the Church of England in England, but supported concurrent endowments in Ireland, by which the Irish ecclesiastical property founded before the Reformation would be restored to the Catholic Church and some ancient abbeys in Ireland revived. In foreign affairs he exposed the conduct of the Russian Government in Poland, and moved an address to the Crown to carry out the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna in favour of the Poles; he criticised the conduct of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone in their attacks on the Pope; and supported the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff. He opposed the war in China and the bombardment of ports in Japan, but supported the Northern States during the American Civil War. He voted against the New Zealand war, but supported the claims of the Australian colonies to complete legislative independence of Downing-street.

This was fairly popular policy in an Irish member, but his being tied to some of the King's County Tories spoiled it. The policy was independent and to some extent national, at all events, and these qualities were rarer then than now. We have no doubt his coming Parliamentary career will prove that it is his independence and national qualities that have grown with his years. Indeed those years have proved that; for his championship of the native races against the officialism with which he had many a struggle shows that his heart is in the right place. The announcement of his candidature has excited attention in Paris, where his Governorship of the Mauritius won him many admirers, and the *Univers* prophesies that he will honourably inscribe his name on the record of the Irish national struggle.

A NIGHT ATTACK BY A TORPEDO BOAT.

THE opportunity comes—a night dark and tempestuous. The clouds have covered the stars like a pall, and there is a howling wind which drowns all other sounds. The pygmy vessel makes ready and puts to sea. It rushes along as swift as the wind and as silent as a calm. Big waves sometimes sweep over it from end to end as it plunges through the darkness, but they are not heeded. Small as it is, it is staunchly built, and can stand the strain of storm as well as its adversary. All men save one are snugly shut inside, tending the flying engine and preparing the missile of destruction. This is a strange bolt, shaped like a cigar, over ten feet in length, and the crew place it in the bow tube. The man on deck stands behind a little iron tower which shields him from the shock of the waves, and there he steers the boat.

In the darkness they seek their adversary determinedly, and with deadly purpose, since they are the protectors of their native land. The boat searches for a long time in vain, for the big ship has covered all lights and is lying like a sleeping monster upon the waves, awaiting morning to renew the havoc. Perhaps if the ship remained thus, the little boat would never find her, but "Goliath" becomes uneasy, he fears "David" will make an attack, so he has determined to watch. A dazzling cone of white light suddenly starts from a point upon the water. Slowly it sweeps about over the sea in circling arcs. All at once the little boat is bathed in a brilliant, blinding glare. The monster's eye finds it. But in finding the enemy the battleship has disclosed itself, and the dauntless little adversary steams straight forward at utmost speed. Streaks of flame are now shooting from under the white light, while the rattling reports of rifles and machine guns rise sharply above the wind's roar. Shot and small shell are falling about like hail upon the water, but the monster cannot keep the range of the on-rushing boat, and the missiles fly wide of the mark.

Suddenly the great ship looms up—tall, long, shadowy, overpowering. It is not far off, almost near enough to be attacked. Yet

a little closer and the intrepid pygmy, still unharmed, slows and steadies, with that ominous black tube pointing toward the monster's blazing side. Shots are falling upon the boat and the man who was steering has taken refuge in his iron tower; but inside there is a wheel, and he can steer as well as before, for around him on a level with his eyes are little slits through which he can see. Now seconds are precious, if the fragile little craft is to escape destruction. The moment has come. A lever is pulled, and from that black tube comes a short, hoarse roar. At once the little boat begins to turn, ready to escape with the speed of the wind.

But before the boat can turn, a dull heavy shock has jarred the sea. A gigantic column of white water rushes up toward the black clouds. In it the tall masts of the monster ship seem to sway about and clash together. The banging of the guns is sharply succeeded by cries of human terror.

The mass of water falls back into the sea with a roaring crash and scatters over the waves in great wisps of glittering foam. The wind, sweeping on again, forms new waves over the disturbed water. The monster ship has disappeared—the Goliath of the deep is conquered by his pygmy antagonist.—John M. Ellicott in November *St. Nicholas*.

JIM AGAIN.

"Jim has a future front of him—"
That's what they used to say of Jim;
For when young Jim was only ten
He mingled with the wisest men;
With wisest men he used to mix,
And talk of law and politics;
And everybody said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

When Jim was twenty years of age,
And costumed ready for life's stage,
He had a perfect man's physique,
And knew philosophy and Greek;
He dived in every misty tome
Of old Arabia and Rome;
And everybody said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

When Jim was thirty years of age
He'd made a world wide pilgrimage;
He'd walked and studied 'neath the trees
Of German universities,
And visited and pondered on
The sites of Thebes and Babylon;
And everybody said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

The heir of all earth's heritage
Was Jim at forty years of age;
The lore of all the years was shut
And focused in his occiput;
And people thought so much he knew,
"What wonderful things our Jim will do!"
They more than ever said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

At fifty years, though Jim was changed,
He had his knowledge well arranged,
All tabulated, systemised,
And adequately synthesized;
His head was so well filled within
He thought: "I'm ready to begin;"
And everybody said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

At sixty—no more need be said—
At sixty years poor Jim was dead;
The preacher said that such as he
Would shine to all eternity;
In other words, beyond the blue,
There was great work for Jim to do;
And o'er his bier he said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

The great deeds we are going to do
Shine on the vastness of the blue,
Like sunset clouds of lurid light
Against the background of the night;
And so we climb the endless slope,
Far up the crownless heights of hope,
And each one makes himself a Jim,
And rears a future front of him.

—B. W. Foss in the *Yankee Blade*.

The Spanish Government has decided that the principal celebration of the centenary of the departure of Columbus for the discovery of the New World will take place at Huelva, from which port he sailed. Meetings will be held at the Convent of La Robida, where Columbus was received when he despaired of obtaining aid. It was the prior of this convent who obtained royal assistance for him.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris expects to be able to consecrate the Basilica on Montmartre in June, 1891. [This Votive Church of the Sacred Heart will thus have taken eighteen years to complete. The special law of the National Assembly, which authorised Cardinal Guibert and his successors to acquire the site, and to undertake the work as a national work, bears date July 25, 1873. Since then the sum of £900,000 has been subscribed and expended. The Holy Father himself sent £800 as his personal offering. The great Dominican preacher, Father Monsabré, has been invited by Cardinal Richard to preach the dedication sermon.]