

days, and then expired in my arms. The name of Sarsfield will be held in honor and veneration by Irishmen in ages yet to come, as a pattern of all that should distinguish the character of the soldier and the man of honor."

"The last of my kinfolk, then, is no more," thought Florence, with a sense of the desolation one experiences when aware that we stand alone in the world, with not a soul on earth that can claim that blood relationship which, alas, that it should be so, does not always form, as it ought to do, the very strongest bond between man and his fellow-man. Of that, young as she was, she had had practical proof in the conduct of the queen's own family.

As a relative, Florence knew but little of the gallant Lord Lucan; but she had been accustomed to think of him with a sense of gratified pride, and a feeling of gladness, that she could claim relationship with a man whom his greatest enemies spoke of as of unsurpassed bravery and unflinching honor. His conduct at Limerick attested the latter in a perhaps, unexampled degree; for when help was at hand he refused to profit by it, because he had pledged his word to the followers of William.

The letter from the ex-Queen began as follows:—

"Another autumn has passed away. Shall I ever, my dear child, clasp you in my arms again?"

"It is now four years since we parted, and if the merciful God has sent us both trials, it has pleased Him to carry both yourself and your fond Mrs. Whately safe through them. At present we are all in good health, God be thanked. King Louis continues to load us with his benefits, and with countless marks of friendship. Every fresh proof fills us with renewed gratitude. Whilst writing on this subject, do you remember, my child, that he promised to grant our Rose, as he termed you, any favor you might beg of him hereafter: It appears to me that he might be willing to render you a little service in the affairs of a certain person, whose disposition and affection is unalterable, but who is, alas, too proud to marry, and thus hold you to your engagement under present circumstances.

"The remembrance of the sad and destitute condition of these brave gentlemen, who have made themselves poor and destitute, and who have given up everything for us, fills us with the most poignant grief, and troubles us far more keenly than our own calamities.

"Farewell, *ma mignonne*. I never cease to pray for you, as for myself, that God may fill our hearts with His holy love. We may be satisfied with all else that may happen to us if we possess this. I may add that I was much interested in the account you gave me of your attendant. God has given you a great mark of his goodness, my child, in placing such a person near you. Burn this when read; and, once more, farewell."

## ALISON ON THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

"BOSSUET has assigned the reason, with his usual elevation of thought, why this spoliation of all the possessions of the Supreme Pontiff, by a secular power, ever must be prejudicial to the best interests of religion. 'God had chosen,' says he, 'that the Church, the common mother of all nations, should be independent of all in its temporal affairs, and that the common centre to which all the faithful should look for the unity of their faith, should be placed in a situation above the partialities which the different interests and jealousies of states might occasion. The Church, independent in its head of all temporal powers, finds itself in a situation to exercise more freely, for the common good and protection of Christian kings, its celestial power of ruling the mind, when it holds in the right hand the balance, even amidst so many empires, often in a state of hostility; it maintains unity in all its parts, sometimes by inflexible decrees, sometimes by sage concessions.' The principle which calls for the independence of the head of the Church from all temporal sovereignties, is the same which requires the emancipation of its subordinate ministers from the contradictions of their flocks. Human nature in every rank is the same; the thralldom of vice and passion is felt alike in the cottage and on the throne; the subjection of the Supreme Pontiff to the direct control of Austria is as fatal to his character and respectability as the control of the rural congregations is to the utility of the village pastor. Admitting that the Court of Rome has not always shown itself free from Ultramontane influence, it has at least been less swayed than if it had had its residence at Vienna or Paris; supposing that the Conclave of the Cardinals has often been swayed by selfish or ambitious views, it has been much less exposed to their effects than if it had been wholly dependent on external potentates for support. Equity in judgment, whether in temporal or spiritual matters, can never be attained by those who are not independent of those to whom the judgment is to be applied; coercion of vice, whether in exalted or humble stations, can never be effected by those who depend upon that vice for their support; the due direction of thought can never be given but by those who are not constrained to bend to the thoughts of others. It will ever be the great object of tyranny, whether regal or democratic, to beat down this central, independent authority; to render the censurers of morals subservient to the dominant power; and, under the specious pretence of emancipating mankind from spiritual shackles, in effect to subject them to a far more grievous temporal oppression (Vol. VII., Ed., II., pp. 616, 617). 'What does the Pope mean,' said Napoleon to Eugene, in July, 1807, 'By the threat of excommunicating me? Does he think the world has gone back a thousand years? Does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?' Within two years after these remarkable words were written, the Pope did excommunicate him, in return for the confiscation of the whole of his dominions, and in less than four years more the arms did fall from the hands of his soldiers, and the hosts, apparently invincible, which he had collected, were dispersed and ruined by the blasts of winter. He extorted from the Supreme Pontiff, at Fontainebleau, in 1813, by the terrors and exhaustion of a long captivity, a renunciation of the rights of the Church over the Roman States, and within a year after he himself was compelled, at Fontainebleau, to sign the ab-

dications of all his dominions; he consigned Cardinal Pacca and several other prelates the courageous counsellors of the Bull of Excommunication, to a dreary imprisonment of four years amidst the snows of the Alps; and he himself was shortly after doomed to a painful exile of six on the Rock of St. Helena! There is something in these marvellous coincidences beyond the operation of chance, and which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future ages. The world had not gone back a thousand years, but that Being existed with whom a thousand years are but as one day, and one day as a thousand years. And, without ascribing any deviation from ordinary laws to these events, or supposing that the common Father 'who sees with equal eye, as Lord of all,' the varied modes of worship of his different creatures, had interposed in a peculiar manner in favor of any particular Church, we may, without presumption, rest in the humble belief that the laws of the moral world are of universal application; that there are limits to the oppression of virtue even in this scene of trial; and that, when a power elevated on the ascendancy of passion and crime has gone such a length as to outrage alike the principles of justice and the religious feelings of a whole quarter of the globe, the period is not far distant when the aroused indignation of mankind will bring about its punishment."—Vol. VII., Ed. II., pp. 619, 620, 625.

## CLAIMS TO THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

PROBABLY no archaeological mystery is enshrouded with more interest and a greater charm, than the discovery of the Western Continent. The fact is attested by the devotion and zeal of a galaxy of men of genius, such as Humboldt, Kingsborough, Stephens, Rafn, and well-nigh a score of others. The various theories for the solution of this perplexing problem, many of them ingeniously spun, are too numerous for mention here. Only the principal claims to the discovery and colonization can receive attention. Ancient America, with its noble monuments of a once grand civilization, is to us a land of darkness, and its history one of uncertainty. In our inquiries, fact must, in a measure, be exchanged for conjecture. Very scanty are the records that come down to us from the ancients concerning their knowledge of the Atlantic, and the islands hidden in its bosom, though those indomitable sailors, the Phœnicians, had passed the pillars of Hercules and established colonies on the western coast of Africa, in the ninth century before Christ. Three hundred years later (B.C. 570), according to Herodotus, Pharaoh Necho fitted out an expedition, manned by Phœnician sailors, and sent it around the entire coast of Africa. That the Canary Islands were discovered and colonized by the Phœnicians, there is no doubt. Strabo, speaking of the islands of the Blessed, or Fortunate Isles, as they were afterwards called, adds, "That those who pointed out those things were the Phœnicians, who before the time of Homer had possession of the best part of Africa and Spain." It is a well-known fact that these hardy adventurers of the seas were in the habit of preserving with the strictest secrecy the names and location of the distant lands with which they engaged in commerce. Where they sailed and traded, other than in the ports of the Indies and of the British Isles, must remain unknown. Whether furnished by this nation of sailors or not, the ancients seem to have had some remarkable information concerning an island or continent hidden in the Sea of Darkness, as the Atlantic was called. The first mention of this name is made by Theopompus, a celebrated Greek orator and historian, who flourished in the time of Alexander the Great. His description of this distant island, of great dimensions, and inhabited by a strange people, is preserved in Elian's "Varia Historie," written during the reign of Alexander Severus.—The 'Galaxy' for October.

## THE SHRINES OF PARIS.

(*"Stella" in the 'Home Journal.'*)

BLUWELS the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré and the Rue Pasquier—with *ferabie* fronting the latter, and surrounded by a small garden of trees, shrubs, and flower-bordered walks—stands the little edifice called the Chapel of Louis XVI. built in the form of a cross and of the architecture of the Middle Ages.

Of all the shrines of Paris—perhaps France—this is the most imposing, the most attractive to those acquainted with the joys of sorrow. Every line, every angle, bespeaks the solemnity of the place, and inspires reverential feelings of awe.

To this garden—once the Cemetery of the Madeleine—I come at the twilight hour, and, seated on a bench beneath the solemn yews, in imagination live the terrible scenes of the twenty-first of January and the sixteenth of October, 1793, two days in the same year on which Death held a revelry in the streets of Paris.

Yonder on the Place de la Concorde, at the foot of the statue of Louis XV. I behold the scaffold, surrounded by a crowd of madmen, surging like the sea in a storm. Then, amid life and drum and savage yells, I see Louis Capet arrive, descend from the car, and at the foot of the scaffold engage in a hand-to-hand struggle with three headsmen, who attempt to tie his white hands. And an instant after, his royal head held up to the view of the blood-appeased mob, I exclaim, "O God! is a maddened multitude stronger than thou?"

Alas, the tramp of steeds and the funeral march reach my ears. Regiments of soldiers are drawn up around an open grave under that willow just before me; the funeral car arrives, followed by the clamorous multitude, and the headless body of Louis Capet is thrown, like that of a dog, into the pit, and concealed from mortal view by ten feet of quicklime. The rejoicing crowd disperses, and I fall into a revelry on the complex passions of man.

From this dream I am awakened by the clamour of another multitude of madmen, and, glancing towards the Place de la Concorde, behold, with a shudder, the bleeding head of Marie Antoinette, held up by its long hair on the same scaffold. Again the funeral car ap-