

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

AN incident in the flood of Massachusetts on May 16, 1874, and as a reminder of the awful flood in Pennsylvania the other day.

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester town ;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nations' throes at a nation's birth ;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere ;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife,
And its promise of glorious pay—his life !

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard ;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath—
Like a shiver of fear or touch of death ?
What was it ? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on top of the hill.
It was not a sound—nor thing of sense—
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspense
That thrills the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of eternity !

The air of the valley has felt the chill ;
The workers pause at the door of the mill ;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.
Why start the listeners ? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen ? It is a horse—
Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they say—
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way !

God ! what was that, like a human shriek
From the winding valley ? Will nobody speak ?
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by ?

Whence come they ? Listen ! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse hoofs near ;
They watch the trend of the vale and see
The rider who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet ;
And this is the cry he flings to the wind :
"To the hills for your lives ! The flood is behind !"
He cries and is gone ; but they know the worst—
The breast of the Williamsburg dam is burst !
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon—it comes ! it comes !

A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the homes they shatter—white-washed and hoarse,
The merciless Terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves
With death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage, and street, and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still,
The galloping horse and the warning word.
Thank God ! the brave man's life is spared !
From Williamsburg town he nobly dived
To race with the flood and take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed,
For miles it thundered and crushed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind ;
"They must be warned !" was all he said,
As away on his terrible side he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider : send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old ;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Mr. J. L. Carew, M.P., has almost completely recovered from the effects of his imprisonment. While he was resting at home he was visited by many friends, including the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, and the Very Rev. Hugh Mahan, P.P. V.G., Trim. Mr. Carew is now on a political tour in Scotland.

Some of the Italian colony in London attempted a demonstration in honour of Giordano Bruno. It ended in a miserable fiasco. None of the Italian residents in London of any position were present. A few waiters and cooks gathered in Piccadilly, and then marched to a club in Soho, where some violent speeches were delivered.

RELIGIOUS ANTAGONISM IN IRELAND.

(Dunedin Evening Star.)

SPEAKING at Truro on June 12, Mr. Gladstone, like Mr. Dillon at Adelaide, noticed the often-repeated assertion that the granting of Home Rule to Ireland would result in the religious or political persecution of Irish Protestants by Irish Roman Catholics. The assurance of the Roman Catholics themselves, Mr. Gladstone admitted, might be regarded as untrustworthy by opponents, but the precedents of Irish history were conclusive. The suspicious assertions alluded to arose from the knowledge of what took place in England under Queen Mary, and what, asked the orator, happened in Ireland at that time ? "In Ireland nearly the whole nation was Roman Catholic—in Ireland there was hardly any difference of religious opinion at all—and yet, although that was the state of things, there stands recorded this historical fact, that from Bristol and from the Mersey, I believe rather from the Dee—at any rate from the ports of those days—the Protestants of England, in apprehension of their lives, fled to Ireland for security, and remained there in perfect safety under the protection of their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, while the fires of Smithfield were in full blaze." After an account of the life and influence of the Protestant Bishop Bedell among the Roman Catholics during the great Rebellion, Mr. Gladstone alluded to the admirable union existing among the people of Ireland 100 years ago, when the Protestants were struggling together with the Roman Catholics to relieve the latter from their social disabilities, and asked what had put a stop to that union. "The enemies of Ireland at the time determined to infuse into the country the poison of religious bigotry, and for that purpose they founded those Orange lodges, which will hand down to posterity the memory of intolerance and narrowness for many generations." Again, Grattan, Curran, and Butt were Protestants ; O'Connell was chosen as leader, not because he was a Roman Catholic, but because he was the greatest patriot of his day ; while Mr. Parnell was so much a Protestant that after the disestablishment of the Irish Church, he was chosen to represent his Church as a lay delegate in Synod. We will quote Mr. Gladstone's final words :—"Now, rely upon it, ladies and gentlemen, these Roman Catholic people will be found fighting breast to breast with you the battles of religious liberty. They will hold the same opinions upon this subject as you have held, which your fathers have contended for, and which have marched triumphantly towards so many successful and most beneficial and brilliant results ; they will set an example to the other Roman Catholic peoples of the world ; they will show the sincerity of their attachment both to the throne and to the law, and to the principles upon which the law will, as I hope, uniformly be founded, among which none will occupy a higher place, none will be more vital to the happiness and prosperity of the country, than the fullest and most absolute recognition of the great law of religious freedom to the consciences of all, irrespective of this profession or that profession, which we may hope and believe to be held with the firmest personal convictions, each one respecting the convictions of every other man, even as he claims respect for his own."—(Loud cheers.)

The College of the Irish Augustinians at Rome adjoining the new Church of St. Patrick, is being steadily built, the construction being now one storey in height. The completion of this College, and its occupation by the Irish members of the Order and the students necessarily take the first place. The building will be handsome and substantial.

Lately there died in Rome a nephew to Sgr. Giulio Starbini, the "scaico," or carver to the Pope, an office now a sinecure. He was a doctor of medicine, by name Tommaso Lemgolt ; he had studied in the Roman University and School of Medicine, and he died at the early age of 28. On his death-bed when he made his confession, his confessor did not find matter for absolution, and consulted the Cardinal-Vicar, who, after his death placed a white lily in his hand, and ordered that only white flowers should be used at his funeral. He had never committed a mortal sin.

The ceremony of investing with the scarlet biretta the newly-created Cardinal, Count Franz Schonborn, Archbishop of Prague, was performed in Vienna on Tuesday, the 4th of June, by the Emperor, in the Court Chapel of the Hofburg. Cardinal Schonborn, who is one of the youngest Princes of the Church, being only forty-five years of age, had already been a lawyer and a soldier before he took Holy Orders in 1873. Tuesday's ceremony was witnessed by, amongst others, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, who took hints in case he may in course of time have to perform it himself. The Court Chapel was hung with red gold damask and scarlet velvet ; and all the Ministers were present in gala dress. The Papal delegate was Monsignor Lorenzelli, and Cardinal Ganglbauer and the Nuncio, Monsignor Galimberti, were present. The sound of silver trumpets announced the arrival of the Emperor, who seated himself on the Throne. He took the biretta off a golden salver and gave it to the Chamberlain. All the company knelt during High Mass, at the end of which the Papal Legate bowed three times to the Emperor and addressed him in Latin, praising the new Cardinal and those of his ancestors who had filled high places in the Church. Monsignor Lorenzelli then took the Papal Brief from the salver, knelt on the lowest step of the Throne, and handed it to the Emperor. Touching it with his right hand, his Majesty said, "*Legatur*" and the Brief was read. Cardinal Schonborn then mounted the highest step of the Throne, and knelt down. The Emperor put on his helmet, took the biretta from the hands of the Chamberlain, and placed it up in the Cardinal's head. The Cardinal then rose, and both he and the Emperor uncovered for the *T. Dum.* The new Cardinal, wearing the biretta, afterwards gave the Pontifical blessing from the High Altar. The Emperor, on returning to his apartments, at once gave a private audience to the Cardinal who formally presented the Papal delegate. Some of those present noticed that the Emperor wept during Mass. Perhaps he called to mind the lying in state of his son in that chapel four months ago.—*Wickly Register*