Catlin, the artist and explorer, thus speaks of the forefathers of the present Sioux :

"I have travelled several years already among these people, and I have not had my scalp taken, nor a blow struck me, neither has my property been stolen, nor had I ever occasion to raise my hand against an Indian."

The Indian is exactly what we have made him, and the cause of this trouble, as I have pointed out in a previous letter, is due to the unscrupulous greed and dishonesty of the Indian agents and frontier settlers to get possession of the Indian lands.

But what impression have all these solemn but cheering facts made upon the public mind as compared with the "atrocities committed by the Indians," their Messiah dances and other harmless antics which have occupied column after column of the newspapers for the past month? Alas, wickedness presents more vivid contrasts than virtue does, its history is more picturesque and has more of the element of the expected. But the murder of Sitting Bull was entirely unexpected. It was a savage, brutal killing—a tragedy which loudly calls for an investigation and one which shall severely punish the conspirators who have grimly besplashed the Stars and Stripes with the blood of an untried, unconvicted man, covered the whole Indian race with shame, brought scorn upon their essays in civilisation, and robbed them of their hard earned possessions.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE following (says the *Catholic Review*) are some interesting extracts from the Boston Memorial meeting held in honour of John Boyle O'Reilly :—

The story of the life of John Boyle O'Reilly is one upon which the good and true will ever long to lovingly linger. From the day-dawn of his existence until its close, there was not an act performed by him that was not noble and pure. Born upon the verdure-clad shores of holy Ireland, he grew to early manhood amid her smiling valleys and her frowning hills. Learning her checkered but proud story alike from book and converse, his young heart became filled with the glorious traditions of faith and fatherland. His soul was inspired by the historic memories of struggles and sacrifices made by each succeeding generation of his unconquerable race.

Gifted with a poetic nature, he felt the spirit of the people breathing, as it were, through the plaintive but defiant ballads of their bards. The struggles through which their sires had passed, the glories of their achievements, the galling chain of political slavery rankling upon their fettered limbs, the unquenchable aspirations for liberty that thrilled their unfettered spirit—all these memories and hopes burned with fierce intensity in the bosom of the youthful O'Reilly, and caused him to proudly enroll himself in the ranks of the revolutionary brotherhood, then being organised in Ireland, to make another rally for the grand old cause—the cause of Sarsfield, and of Shearer, of Tone, Russell, and Orr, of Mitchell, Meagher, and O'Brien ; the cause for which Grattan thundered in the Senate, and the men of Wicklow and Wexford battled in the field ; the cause for which the good and brave struggled in the past, and for which, until victory crowns the effort, the manhood of Ireland will battle in the future, undeterred by past disaster, unintimidated by present danger. Britain might as well realise that justice alone will satisfy the Irish people, and that as long as England is unjust Ireland will be rebellious.

O'Reilly had learned the trade of a printer in the newspaper offices of his native country, and was for some time employed in the capacity of a reporter. He travelled professionally through the country, and realised the terrible disadvantage at which the undisciplined peasantry would be placed in facing

"Fearful odds,
For the ashes of their fathers
And the temples of their gods."

For while O'Reilly was poetical, he was also practical. He knew that military experience and training were necessary to any kind of campaign. The use of arms was prohibited in the country, and the prospect of acquiring the knowledge even of elementary drill was not encouraging.

But our young friend determined that he would secure the coveted training and information. Nay, more, that he would compel the alien oppressor to furnish him with the best instruction ; and with this worthy object in view he conceived and carried out the bold project of joining one of the crack regiments in her Majesty's service.

Of the life of O'Reilly as a trooper there is not much to be told. While he wore the uniform of the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, his loyalty was not due to her, her sceptre, or her crown. No ; his allegiance belonged unreservedly to that ideal maiden who so long has wept above the broken harp—the dark Rosaline, figurative of his vanquished but undespairing country

This is not the occasion to speak particularly of the movement that followed. We remember the crushing disasters that succeeded each other in those trying times. Victory did not gleam upon the insurgent banner, it is true, but men of Irish blood throughout the ages will remember with pride the heroes and martyrs who, on field, dungeon and scaffold, endured torture and faced death unflinchingly in order that the principle of nationality might be uncompromisingly maintained.

O'Reilly's efforts to win over from the ranks of his country's enemies recruits for the army of Ireland were discovered. He was arrested, tried by court martial, convicted and sentenced to be shot. This judgment was subsequently commuted to imprisonment for twenty years. The young patriot was then consigned to a convict prison, dressed in the garb of a felon, and forced to work and toil among gangs of English criminals. The Government imagined that by this villanous treatment of political offenders they could place the hero and the vagabond upon a common level.

In the spring of 1866 O'Reilly, then a young fellow of twenty-two, was a prisoner in Arbor Hill military prison, Dublin. Another enthusiastic young Irishman, James Murphy, occupied the cell adjoining O'Reilly's. Murphy is still alive and an American citizen. He was Captain in the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry. In the prison O'Reilly wrote uncomplimentary verses about Ireland's persecution. Every day the prison officials were confronted with satirical rhymes signed "Sniggins." They were found on the walks, doors, pavements, and many other places. Bits of stone and chalk, and sometimes a pencil, were used to do the writing. Everything possible was done to discover "Sniggins," but he was never found out. All this time Murphy was being amused by O'Reilly's work, and the two young fellows became fast friends.

One day toward the end of August, 1866, O'Reilly showed Murphy his first poem. It was entitled "The Old School Clock," and was written on a piece of common brown paper. He gave it to Murphy as a keepsake, and asked him to take it to the United States with him when his term would have expired. At that time O'Reilly had not the least idea that he, too, would go to America. He told Murphy a little history connected with the poem. While he was stationed in Dublin as a huzzar, his regiment was sent to the town of Drogheda, in County Louth, to attend the election. During the time that the regiment was stationed in that town, O'Reilly received a short leave of absence to visit the village of Dowth, two miles away, where he went to school. In the old school time everything was as it had been in his school days except the clock. Instead of the old timekeeper that stood against the upper end of the school, near the teacher's desk, was a brand new American clock. The absence of the clock made him feel sorrowful. One similar to that which had been removed from the school stood in the corridor of Arbor Hill Prison. It put him constantly in mind of the old friend of his boyhood days, and it inspired him to write the poem on the piece of brown paper which he gave to his fellow-prisoner.

Murphy had been arrested on a false charge, and he expected that he would be acquitted on his trial. He had resolved that he would then go to the United States, where he would have O'Reilly's poem published. In October he was tried, but instead of the expected acquittal, he was transferred to Mountjoy prison. Knowing that he would be thoroughly searched before being taken from Arbor Hill, he hid the manuscript of "The Old School Clock" in the register of his cell. He did this to prevent the authorities from tracing the authorship of "Sniggins" rhymes to O'Reilly. On the morning of his transfer to Mountjoy Murphy was ordered to strip naked. He was then taken to another cell, and his clothes, after being carefully searched, returned to him. He was taken away before he had a chance to regain possession of the manuscript of O'Reilly's poem.

Several years after this Vere Foster, of Belfast, who had authority as a philanthropist to visit the prisons, inspected Arbor Hill. He found the manuscript of "The Old School Clock." Mr. Foster was the proprietor of a series of copy books that had been adopted by the National Board of Education in Ireland. He liked O'Reilly's poem so much that he had it printed on the cover of a new edition of his copy books, with a picture of the two clocks. The Board of Education suppressed the edition when it found that the poem was written by John Boyle O'Reilly in Arbor Hill military prison. Subsequently Vere Foster came to this country. He visited Mr. Murphy, and told him that he had presented the manuscript of "The Old School Clock," to the author in Boston.

MARRIAGE AT KUMARA.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Kumara, February 7.

AN event of unusual importance took place in St. Patrick's Church, on Thursday, the 5th inst., it being the occasion of uniting in wedlock bonds Miss Johanna Maria Healy and Mr. John Joseph Halpin. The former hailed from Patrickswell, the latter from Carrigmartin, both of county Limerick. Although the exact date on which the event was to take place was not publicly known, yet it was fathomed by the knowing ones, and, as is inevitable in such cases, broadly circulated. For a few weeks previous to the nuptial day, from Kumara, Greymouth, and Grey Valley, numerous and costly presents poured in freely to the intended bride, from her many well wishers, as emblems of their profound regard for her, and to attest their appreciation of her many sterling qualities. The 5th February came. A day of magnificent splendour. Long before the appointed hour, crowds from the town and suburbs streamed into the church to witness the nuptial ceremonies The marriage was performed by the Rev. Father O'Hallahan, assisted by the Rev. Father McManus (Ross), and the Rev. Father Walshe (Kumara). Miss Martin acted as bridesmaid. Mr. Harry Griffin, Greymouth, as brideman. Mr. Patrick Chambers had the pleasing duty to perform of giving away the bride, who was most beautifully arrayed in a light fawn coloured cashmere, trimmed with watered silk of the same shade, with a court train. The front of the bodice was trimmed with Maltese lace, V shaped, with a Medici collar. She also wore a wreath of orange blossoms, with a white tulle veil reaching to the end of the train. In her right hand she carried a bouquet, most artistically woven by the bridesmaid. The bride, thus environed by these rich robes, looked delightfully handsome, as did also the bridesmaid in the neatly becoming dress she wore. The bride's travelling dress was of a dark green cashmere, trimmed with dark green figured silk. A solemn nuptial High Mass was then celebrated. The Rev. Father O'Hallahan acted as celebrant, the Rev. Fathers McManus and Walshe deacon and sub-deacon respectively. A full choir attended. The "Wedding March," was played, as the happy couple were leaving the church, by Miss McKeegan. Then the loving pair, accompanied by their friends and relatives repaired to the presbytery, where they enjoyed the contents of a table that groaned under the most delicious edibles. After each and all had amply satisfied their inner requirements, the Rev. Father O'Hallahan asked the company "to drink with acclamation to the health, future happiness, and prosperity of Mrs.