

smallest sacristan or chorister boy was there in surplice, to intimate that what was to follow was part of the service of the church, or that the clergy sanctioned it. The lights were extinguished and the altar was left bare. Father Mathew came forward before it, and began his discourse. His utterance was impeded, as I had observed before: he spoke of the illness he had endured and from which he still suffered, and which, he feared, would prevent him addressing them. He told what he had done in other countries; what he had done in America. I cannot say that his manner warmed: but it became more deeply earnest—almost painfully so. He compared his labours to those of St. Paul; and spoke of himself as of an apostle sent, expressly, to preach temperance, on the value of which and on the evils of the contrary vice, he, of course, enlarged. He regretted that his ill-health would not permit him to speak longer; but he had caught it while labouring in the cause, and, therefore, would he glory in his infirmity.

All this was very painful. It was painful to see the labouring of that heaving chest—al-

most the throbbing of that apparently-over-charged brain ; and to hear the words so slowly enunciated, yet with that fearful earnestness, I expected to see him every moment smitten where he stood, and fall in another fit. But he concluded without accident ; inviting those who wished to take the pledge to come forward to the rails at the foot of the altar. There was then a rush!—a crowd-rush of whom three-fourths were females. Women, hard working women, half of whom had babies in their arms, knelt down and repeated the oath for themselves and their babies : boys and girls of all ages pushed forward and took the pledge. Many, very many men, also took it. I know not the number ; but very many hundreds must have bound themselves that day. I forget the wording of the pledge. I did not like it : it was a most solemn promise uttered by Father Mathew and repeated by each one : then he signed the cross over each, exclaiming : “ Carry this sign of the cross unstained by any breach of the pledge, until we meet again at the great judgment seat of God.”

There has always been a difference of opi-

nion amongst the Catholic clergy of all countries in which the pledge has been administered, as to the light in which it ought to be considered. Though asserted not to be an oath, and that it might be broken without sin, it was delivered and impressed upon the people in a manner suited only to the most solemn oath. And though declared to be only a promise, yet was the breach of it declared to be a "reserved case" in Ireland. It was not an oath, but the people, in fact, took it as if it were one: and children and babies, men and women, even in a state of maudlin intoxication and unknowing what they did, were permitted to pledge themselves in a manner which those even who administered the ceremonial could hardly define or understand.

"Now, Paddy, my good friend," said an American Catholic bishop to an emigrant who was about to take the pledge; "will you understand what it is you are going to do! You are going to make a solemn promise to God, and you ought not to break your promise: but it is a promise, it is not an oath; understand that it is not an oath."

“Oh no, your reverence,” replied Paddy; “sure I understand that it is ten million times more binding nor any oath.”

After the ceremonial, hundreds rushed to the secretary to buy temperance medals.

The authoress of that clever caricature entitled “The Domestic Manners of the Americans,” or, as the Americans said it ought to have been worded, “Manners of the American Domestic,” had raised a fantastic building at Cincinnati, which still went by the name of “Trollope’s Folly.” In it, she was said to have opened a store of millinery; but as her stock came from London, the fashions were too antiquated for ladies who had theirs direct from Paris; and the speculation did not succeed. I had already seen enough of American women to be quite aware that nothing but the most rapid communication between the scene of their display and the armoury whence they draw their charms, could satisfy their vain longings, or the longings of their vanity, for dress. The store is now, therefore, applied to other purposes.

I was waked one night at Cincinnati—or,

as the inhabitants please to pronounce the name, Cincinnati—by the violent clang of bells rung backwards; and, going to the window, I saw a glorious blaze amongst the buildings at no great distance. The lurid flames and sparks were flying upwards and casting a ruddy glow on the steeples and hills around. Knowing that the throng of people to a fire is always a great hindrance to the efforts of the firemen, I watched the flames from my window for some little time, and then philosophically returned to bed again. I drove past the scene of the disaster on the following day, and saw the blackened remains of a large hog-slaughterhouse and packing establishment. I was told that the fire was probably the work of the proprietor, who, wishing to enlarge his establishment, had burnt down the old one after insuring it. All buildings are erected here, not only according to the means of the person for whom they are built, but on a calculation of the time in which, according to the average of cases, he will have made his fortune, and will want to enlarge his premises. That time arrived, in the course of five, ten, or fifteen