

BALLAD POETRY.

The Popular Narrative and Sentimental Poems of Different Nations.

Ballad poetry, to be perfect, must reflect the passions, the hopes, and the aspirations of the people. The instincts of a race, their pride, their glory, their triumphs, their joys and their sorrows are voiced in those whole-souled and ringing melodies, the strains of which mock the march of time, going down from sire to son for many and many a generation, and eternal as the green hills. Hesiod and Homer built up their gorgeous poetry on the floating ballads kept alive for centuries by the hearth-sides of the homes of the gallant and warrior Greeks of old. As D. F. McCarthy, himself the sweetest of Irish minstrels, says: "The shield of Achilles has disappeared from the world; but the bounding ballad, in which it was pictured in the stanzas of the poet, shall never die."

The bards of the Norse Sea-kings, whose old-fashioned barques plowed their way through the stormy billows that thundered on the rugged rocks along the coasts of Norway and Iceland, were the first to give the modern ballad its proper form and character. The ozone of the ocean, the shock of the waves on a shingly shore, can be felt and heard in the clashing and tumultuous ring of their ballads. The old gods and goddesses of the sunny south, Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Venus and a host of other minor divinities, were replaced by those tall, gaunt, muscular Norsemen who worshipped none save Thor, the god of War, and Odin, the god of the mighty Seas, on the bosom of which they lived. The sagas written by these bards have the physical strength of the iron-bound sinews that fortified their sturdy bodies.

Italy has from time immemorial been the land of song, because 'tis the ideal land of love. Petrarch and Tasso have been the sweetest of her minstrels. Greece can well boast of the lyrical capacity of Sappho, the first woman poet. The Saracens introduced an oriental spice and languishing sentiment into the old Spanish ballads, of which those of the modern schools are redolent still. At the close of the twelfth century, "The Cid" was written—one of the most warlike ballads ever penned—a ballad which glorified the wondrous feats on many a battlefield of Roderigo le Bivar. Owing to the peculiarly entralling music of the Italian and Spanish languages, their ballads are the most exquisitely melodious of any. They are odorous of the soft southern breezes rippling harmoniously through the green branches of oak tree and of elm, of the pine and palm, like so many Æolian harps of the old-time world. Their battle songs, moreover, stir the heart with the sounds as of pealing trumpets.

In England the ballad deals chiefly with rural scenes. Most of them, consequently, are pastorals. We have, for instance, "Robin Hood," "Little Red Riding Hood," "All-in-a-dale," "Dick Turpin," and the "Jolly Tanner." Percy's "Reliques of English Warlike Poetry" is a good compendium of the military ballads of England, which are, however, only very few in number, owing probably to the phlegmatic character of the Anglo-Saxon race. In musical utterance, feeling, and passion, the Scotch ballads are immeasurably superior to the English, owing to the fact that the Scotch, particularly the Scotch of the Highlands, belong to the Celtic race. Scotland's sons and daughters have been so fascinated by these ballads, that they see a golden glamor hanging over her bleak valleys and desolate crags. The wastes and wildernesses wear under the magic spell of song the voluptuous beauty and warmth of Andalusia. This is the advantage of having a delightful ballad poetry. It clothes the nakedness of a land with the most gorgeously beautiful raiments. Here is the first stanza of the best of Scottish love ballads:

"Saw ye my wee thing?—saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye, my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestereen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the naw tree;
Her hair—it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white—
Dark is the blue of her soft rollin' e'e,
Red—red—are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

The traveler, who was dressed in male attire, told the poet that he did meet his lady love, and says: "Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me!" The bard's

"eye in fine frenzy rolling" greeted this impertinent remark of the stranger, and he said:

"Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee!"

Off went the young man's bonnet, the lint-white locks, the belted braid, that displayed the charms of a white bosom, and the bard laughed with glee at the dear joke played on him by the ravishing minx.

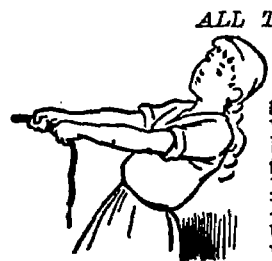
The oldest of German ballads is little over a hundred years old. They are all modern. They are chiefly legendary and sombre. The weird legends of the Rhine and its castles form the subject matter of most of them, as well as fairy superstitions. The wail of the wild witch dancing the dance of devils, on the bleak crags of Jager in the pale moonlight, shrieks like a dismal Jeremiad through one of the most melancholy of German ballads. The most famous of these are Schiller's and Heine's. The latter is the balladist of love, wine and gayety; and his jubilant ballads have an enlivening and jolly effect on the sluggish livers of the Teuton. There is also the "Song of the Sword," an immortal product of genius. It was written with a pencil in his note-book on the scabbard the night before the battle, by a German officer, and was found in the pocket of the uniform which covered his dead body, after the carnage was over. One of the most glorious of German ballads runs as follows:

"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand
That is the German Fatherland!"

What a pity that Irishmen cannot make the same proud boast of the language of their ancient bards and brehons, their kerns and gallowglasses!

Of French ballad literature the most sensuous, and yet, by a strange paradox, the purest, for it was the most chivalrous, was that of the troubadours of that lusciously exquisite portion of the South of France yelet Provence. Among the best of these old time minstrels were King Richard, *coeur de Lion*, "Heart of a Lion," Pierre Vidal and the monk of Montaudon. A halo of romance has gathered around their names, and thrown a glamor over the records of their lives. They are the daintiest of poets. Roses, love and wine, are the themes of their tender lyrics. In 1431 85, stands out Francois Villon, "the prince of all ye ballad-makers," who reveled in the confection of such pretty bon bons as rondeaux, rondels, villanelles, and triollets. Voiture was a connoisseur in the formation of the latter delicacies. When the sweet poet died in 1648, Sarassin wrote an elegy on his friend in which, among other strange mourners, he causes the dear little triollet, all in tears, to trot by the side of Voiture's coffin on its sad pilgrimage to the grave. Mr. Dobson and Andrew Lang are the best balladists of this quaint style of poetry in the England of to-day.

The ballads of Innisfail ring with the melody of the harp. Like the harp, the Irish ballad muse is sad, weird and sorrowful. The misfortunes and sufferings of the Irish people have been reflected in the grief-stricken tone of their balladists, particularly in the gloom of the Jacobite days. The best ballads were those of the affections, the heart-aching wail of the author of the "Exile of Erin," and the crown of thorns that were wreathed around the brows of the afflicted and outraged race at home. One of the few hopeful ballads of the dark period of persecution were Caro-



ALL THE STRENGTH

and shape to carry about with you. Then, when you feel bilious or constipated, have a fit of indigestion after dinner, or feel a cold coming on, they're always ready for you. They're the smallest, the pleasantest to take, and the most thoroughly natural remedy. With Sick or Bilious Headaches, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dizziness, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, they give you a lasting cure.

Headache; obstruction of nose; discharges falling into throat; eyes weak; ringing in ears; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility—these are some of the symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of the worst cases,—will cure you.

lan's gay and bibulous Gaelic poems, and that glorious and triumphant poem of James Clarence Mangan, who is most assuredly the best of our purely Gaelic poets, "Roisín Dhu," or "Dark Rosaleen," emblematic of Erin:

"O, my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh! Do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green—
They march along the deep!
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen,
Shall glad your heart—shall give you hope—
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!"

"O, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood—
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood;
And gun peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene
Ere thou shalt fade—ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen—
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade—ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!"

These joyous and exuberant lyrics put a new soul into the land of Erin. They made her believe that there was no use whatsoever for her moaning and whining at the feet of her Saxon despot. She eschewed the politics of despair, abandoned her kneeling posture and touched the chords of the national harp to the tones of hope and triumph through the medium of Mangan's fervid ballads. And the rosy dawn came after the starless night, and a portion of her liberty was won in 1829, when the chains of religious persecution were stricken from her limbs!—Eugene Davis, in *Chicago Citizen*.

A CATHOLIC DAILY.

A STATEMENT THAT NEW YORK IS TO HAVE ONE IN AUTUMN.

Early in the ensuing autumn, says a New York daily, a novel departure in New York newspaperdom will be inaugurated by the publication of a daily newspaper devoted to Catholic interests.

Several well-known newspaper writers of the metropolis have been engaged to labor in the furtherance of this enterprise, and the service of many priests distinguished for their acknowledged literary attainments are already secured.

The prime mover is the Rev. Father Maher, for many years and at present pastor of a large parish in Syracuse, N.Y. This zealous rector has won fame in the Empire State as an author of religious books. Several years since he issued a tome entitled "History of Catholic Cathedrals the world over."

The Board of Directors as at present constituted is composed solely of priests. Many dioceses are represented in the directorate. But it is not proposed that ecclesiastics only shall direct affairs. Prominent Catholic laymen, respected as successful business men, will become the stockholders. Up to date about \$5,000 working capital has been subscribed, and this sum was collected in a fortnight among a few friends of the idea.

The motive of this unique scheme is primarily to combat A.P.A. literature. The paper will not be a religious publication in the strict sense. That is to say, its columns will not be especially devoted to pious reading, but to such general matter as must surely concern every Catholic household.

The journal will be independent in character and will not be known as the organ of His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan. It is said, however, that this dignity favors the endeavor.

Unless some energetic movement is made by our Catholic friends in Canada, New York will have the honor of getting out the first Catholic daily. The sooner our well-wishers set THE TRUE WITNESS upon a sufficiently solid basis to guarantee the publication of a daily, the sooner we will have one.

LECARON DEAD WITHOUT DOUBT.

FILING OF HIS WILL SETS RUMORS AT REST.

All doubts about the death of the spy Le Caron in April last are set aside by the filing of his will. It was suspected after the death announcement and the secrecy attending his burial that he was not really dead but only engaged in some fresh infamy. The will sheds conclusive light upon the period of the man's treachery.

The document is dated Feb. 14, 1889. It bequeaths £5,000, besides household effects, etc. As but a few months previously the man was living in penury in

Chicago, borrowing money to pay his house rent and begging help for necessities for his family, the sum named in the will unquestionably represents the bribe paid him and the time it was paid by the secret service of England for assuming a fictitious role in behalf of The London Times in its plight caused by forgery of letters apparently implicating Parnell and his friends in crime.

It is now clear to everyone that Le Caron had not been playing spy until inability to earn a living in any other way made him fall back upon the shame of the informer as a final resort, and that all his assertions of long-extended knowledge of affairs in the United States was an invention to suit the moment. The tissue of border romance and transparent falsehood he gave out as a "book" two years ago, which was puffed by a New York "literary agency" for due consideration in a number of unsuspecting American newspapers, fell perfectly flat. The shame money is left in trust.—*Cleveland Universe*.

THE WONDERS OF LABRADOR.

GREAT DEPOSITS OF IRON.

A correspondent, in one of our morning contemporaries, gives the following wonderful account of the regions north of Labrador:

Sixty thousand square miles of an iron-bearing formation, a new lake larger than Grande Lac Mistassini, and the proof of the fact that the big falls of the Hamilton river are the largest in America, if not in the world—these are amongst some of the many discoveries of value made by Messrs. Low and Eaton on their sixteen months' exploration of the interior of the great Labrador peninsula, which has terminated by the return of the explorers to Quebec and their disbandment there.

After traversing Labrador last year, from south to north, and sailing from Ungava Bay to Hamilton Inlet, where they spent the winter, Messrs. Low and Eaton ascended the Hamilton river to the Grand Falls on ice, and succeeded in taking a splendid lot of photographs of it with ice cones and other surroundings. The remains of the burnt boat belonging to the Bowdoin college expedition were found below the falls, and further on the bottle containing a record of their trip to that point. The river falls 800 feet in less than six miles, with one clear steep fall of over 300 feet. The stream above the falls is as large as the Ottawa. Below the falls it narrows into a canyon of only 30 to 40 feet wide with steep walls on either side, hundreds of feet high.

Mr. Low brought back beautiful specimens of labradorite, of the most valuable kind of the gem. It exists in large quantities. The iron ore deposits to which reference has been made extend from latitude 50 to Ungava, and are very rich. Whole mountains of the ore were found corresponding with the ore of Marquette, Michigan, and containing millions of tons. The large Lake Michikamaw, in the northeast, is over 100 miles long, not narrow and full of islands like Mistassini, but from 30 to 50 miles wide. Several lakes larger than Lake St. John were seen by the party. The country to the north is a network of waterways, and these contain such fish in abundance as ouananiche, brook and lake trout, whitefish, etc.

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whiteners." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whiteners" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whiteners for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whiteners, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per box and the "Face Whiteners" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

R. RYAN,
22 SHEERWOOD STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.

P.S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favour by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purpose, then it will save us the rush of P. O. stamps.