
price list!—One hundred yard race—
Patrick Loughnane; 2nd, A. Lash-
brook; Running high jump—1st, Maurice
Wallace; 2nd, A. Lashbrook. One hun-
dred yard race—members only—1st, P.
Loughnane; 2nd, J. Tierney. Three-
aged race—1st, Wallace and Loughnane;
2nd, Morkin and Dempsey. Standing
jump—1st, M. Wallace; 2nd, P.
Loughnane. Irish jig—T. Morkin. The
committee in charge of the affair were—
Messrs. P. J. Tierney, C. McCarron,
J. McEay, M. Mulrooney, C. McGlade, C.
Evey, A. Conway and Father Daughy.
The picnic, being throughout a success.

The Drunkard's Story.

JOHN P. MURRAY.

In a street of Cork, our city, leading east-
ward from his statue
pondered, as I passed it, on the noble
philanthropist in the world and its vexatious crosses,
difficulties, troubles,
in the charges of conscience, on ambition
and its bubbles,
the man who was coming, slow me-
andering, to the door, to do, to do,
first to curbstone, then to do, to do, to do,
a wretched and wide walk,
miser and liquor,
that I deduced a ragged, limp post, that
the man might pass me quicker.

Now, I think no less of sloven, in the general,
than dress me in a
with this ragged garments was no notable
difference
his better garments fractured, and his
coat so rent and tattered,
with his nose so red and rusty,
his crown
his hat so battered
though his figure and appearance there was
nothing
making but a common figure post upon the
road to ruin—
that I should not have while I pitted his for-
tune and base condition,
like Pharisae rejoicing I was not in his
position.

It is a common observation, which from
some old writer cribbed and scolded, that
should you try to steer from Scylla you
may run upon Charybdis. In this dealing, tried on
to either side to place me,
a sudden gust to leeward, right about the
wheel to starboard,
with a gravity of visage and an air of
said, "You're friendly, and I know it, and I
want another jorum;
and I'm going to be happy, to be happy I
am willing,
and I'll get entirely bluffed if you'll lend
your finger a willing.

Oh! you needn't turn your nose up nor ex-
tend your finger to
or commence a proxy lecture on my moral
condition,
a little bit of liquor, I admit; but that's
no matter—
I've no recourse but whiskey throging
memories to scatter;
yes, I am a wretched drunkard; I am sunk
in a ditch of shame and horror; am a blot
upon existence;
but when once I am in liquor, then a show
of my comes to me;
then I lose the curse of memory, with its
fearful pictures so gloomy.

Altho I once had friends and kinsfolk; I was
once a man of note, my neighbors and my townsmen as
a pillar of the nation;
I was a staunch and trusty pillar, one whom
people always call on;
for I was a man of thousands, and a brown
stone mansion abode;
and I had possessions greater; wife and
family, patient, lovely, loving; why, with
whom might I compare her?
But she was a laughing, free pratler; Mary,
blue-eyed like her mother;
headed up by my father's household; could
the mother stand so stoumy.

Oh, you think you have all franchises, that
you will never be the fool to follow
that your feet will never founder in the
mud of sin; I wailow,
to thought to have a neighbor; had
some prophet as a victim
to the wheel; and I have made me, ten to one
but I had kicked him.
What a slave to base indulgence! clothed
in a coat as this upon me! crowned by
such a hat as that hat!
Oh, have I not a sense of my nonsense; yet
you see my situation;
I will now, you may be, though you
drink no more.

Moderation? Oh what folly! ask the whir-
ling wind to cease to blow, to
speak of peace upon the tempest, but to
fringe never try it.

Now, you think you are a man, and though
friends and guards attend you,
round as the wheel will leap out and
you least to save your life, and
was moderate in drinking, but my chain
feeding on its constant practice day by day
the habit strengthened,
fortune me to be abandoned, darkened
all the skies above me—
have poor Mary and her children, there was
no one to love but me.

Oh, those years of maddest revel when
glorious words they fed me, when
with flattery they piled me,
I sent no more; I was in a vast abyss
unholy.
Never could I see that my darlings faded
erect, and though slowly
What you blame me that I madly seek my
end and my friends to drink;
What care I that it may bring me to my
doleful end the quicker?
All my strength and vigor departed; none
left to mourn my dying;
In a pauper's grave unheeded are my wife
and children lying.

"Men may talk about romances—if they
can't do it, let them get the real story of a drunkard's
degradation;
Of the pang that sober moments bring with
agony to fill him,
And the healer gave a novel that will inter-
fused it time, or had you patience, of such ter-
rible things I'd tell you
That, if you could but despise me, yet to
that 'twould compel you,
And you could but shilling—while I
live I would be merry,
When I die there's one more pauper for the
sober folk to bury."

Longer still, no doubt, his story, had I said
but I gave the wretch his shilling, though
I was, doubtless, wrong to do it,
Leaving him to suffer and to die, there to
draw his troubled thinking.
While I wondered would I ever, through my
Sink so low in my debasement as the wretch
from whom I'd parted.
And my children suffer hunger and my
wife be broken-hearted;
And my children suffer hunger and my
wife be broken-hearted;
Yet that day the glass of sherry at my dinner
went untasted.

Days and months since I had met him
stocks, and politics and cotton
All came to him as a dream, and his
his tale of woe forgotten;
But I had no time to study papers, while
events domestic noting;
Told how some one on the river found a
man, who had been drinking, and
In his age he seemed past forty—face and
spark the drunkard showing—
Yet with a look of some angel kept a
spark of feeling glowing;
For upon his clammy bosom, like the token
of a life of sin, lay a
Lay a single golden ringlet, "Mary" written
on it.

Cork, May 8th, 1885.
—CORK EXAMINER.

The soldier who bayoneted a man to
death at Waterford, Ireland, during the
conflict between citizens and soldiers last
Sunday has been committed for trial on
the charge of murder.