Old

(By a Regular Correspondent.)

Letters.

12

Although this is not exactly a letter that I have before me, but it is more important as a souvenir far than many of the letters I have published. It is the manuscript of a very humorous poem by the Denis Florence McCarthy. It never was suspected that McCarthy would scend to write that which is humorous, or aught that did not throb with fervid patriotism and verge on the sublime. A word of explanation will be appropriate. Firstly, it must be remembered that the various writers of the Dublin "Nation," whom we know by their real names, wrote over different noms-de-plume. In the "Nation" of June 26th, 1847, appeared a set of humorous verses signed "Vig," which inquiries were made for a number of the poetic contributors that journal, who for some time had With those creatures, the Muses, who been missing from its columns. Of those verses this was one:-But you must come, forsooth, on

"But where are all our poets? have they leave

To stay away like myrmidons from Troy?

Where is 'Slieveguillon'-where the immortal 'Sleive?'

Has hungry law engulfed the wondrous boy?

Where is 'Astrea,' 'Brutus,' 'Iheta 'Eve, Or 'Eva'-where the devil is 'F'cr.

moy?

Where, too, is 'Beta,' 'Gracchus,' or 'Cuchullin?' Say are they dead, or has the muse grown sullen?'

As might be expected, these inquiries brought out some amusing replies. Williams sent in as the an swer of his friend "Slieveguillion" a parody of that writer's well known beautiful poem "Dear Land;" but if he thus raised a laugh against the poet who had deserted the Temple of the Muses for the Hall of the Four Courts he soon found that a brother hand had been taking some what similar liberties with himself and creating no small degree of amusement at his expense. In the same number of the "Nation" that contained his "Dear Law," appeared a poem, in which some of the peculiarities of his style were very happily imitated, and witty reference was made to some of his former productions, notably his "Dream of the Stars." The writer of this was none other than Denis Florence McCarthy. Perhaps it is the only attempt at wit in verse ever made by the author of "The Bell-Founder," "Waiting for the May," and "The Pillar Towers of Ireland." The point made is that Williams gave up the Muses to study medicine.

Here is the manuscript, just as it was penned fifty-five years ago. Possibly not one in a hundred or a sand in America has ever seen thou it.

T'other night as I sat ('twas the last week of June) In my airy abode tete-a-tete with

the moon, Who when passing the window look

in now and then, Being fond of us, medical single

young men; XAnd the reason she's partial to

young men "of ours. Is their keeping, like her, such irregular hours.)

solemn as Socrates

After ogling each other, and smiling and chat-"glancing" on this, and "replanet to cinders. flecting" on thatcompanion, who generally "shines" in discourse "clouded," confused, and was not your folly see, silent, of course Well, at this I confess that I opened With a fiery, ophthalmical look of cies be cured, For this freak of the ruler of Nereus 'insured.' and Thetis Gave my heart a sharp twinge of the pericarditis. At first, like an impudent boy, fresh quiz Aesculapius, from school. I determined to show I was cursedly By requiring the heat of a new-lit a rest.' Havannah And puffing direct in the face of yellow bullion I was just about making some sulphurous scratches On the rough-bottomed box of my ucifer matches; But seeing the funny old maid looking serious, And fearing she might, on the spat, grow delirious. I resolved there and then to look

A purchard Soup CHILD'S PLAY

described by Hippocrates.

The lips of the haughty old goddess

was pride; But the acid of anger soon loosened

Like salt on the back of a surfcited

'Oh! thou fickle, audacious, incon-

Blood-shedding, verse-writing, medic-

And isn't it enough to be flirting be-

my bright-shining track,

And turning your Pegasus into

Like those skin-and-bone quadrupeds

And instead of attending to Hunter

Attempting to turn yourself into a

And, leaving the region of limestone

and granite, Give the girls a 'set-up' to some

as you

yoked to your cars, Give that flirt, Madame 'Jessy,'

jaunt to the stars;

comet or planet)

Well, 'twas funny to see,

they saw you go by;

comical ways

ened to melt:

en his 'belt:'

swept through the sky,

The stars wink at each other

While some were so struck by your

That they stopped in their cause

With laughing poor Mercury threat-

While Orion, the rogue, had to loos

He brandished his sword,

And such queer revolutions

stirred up by the 'Pole;

And the 'Archer' exclaimed,

saw you, 'Ho, ho,

caused on that day,

'Sirius' got gay,

old 'Milky Way,'

frolics as these,

٨

That 'Saturn' grew jovial,

and went quite astray,

And was found, like a cow,

threatened to stab

sign of the 'Crab;'

over the whole,

scales,

their tails:

with her beau.'

and grew 'fixed'' in amaze,

and Harvey.

jarney;

sue that tied

her speech

al student!

are only so-so;

low

hack.

stant, imprudent.

leech

And to wear that long face that's 'Shamrock can shirk it, For the earth and yourself are for-Looking nearer I found that the tisever on 'circuit:'

And never keep Terms (so says Ball, our learned brother), Save the very good terms you are on with each other But were it not for that, without any compunction, 'Twixt Jessy and him we would get an 'injunction;'

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the Nation) A most unmistakable love 'declaration,

To which, by a tender young lady, like her, (Though in a silk gown) it was hard

to 'demur;' For the practice is this - so Nicholas Scratch meant, When he says 'Declaration must fol-

low Attachment. See Dickens' Report, 'Florence Dom bey and Toots'-

Though the very reverse is in 'Dune vs. Coutts'-If you 'pop the interrogatory' with

fire and effront'ry, Respondent joins issue, and goes 'to the country.' "

N.B.-Who says?-is it Shakespear or Sancho?-'See the moonlight there sleeping

(like Burton) 'in banco. Now the morning is breaking, and must away; But before I depart, I have this

much to say, That I think it improper, not right and quite heinous,

To bring all your lasses away up to Venus; For 'twas there you were bound as

I saw you move your eye. With a daring indifference straight up from Mercury;

What also much grieved the whole and starry fraternity, The sun, who turned back in the Was that line where you spoke of the end of eternity,

As for me (to 'wind up' with a figure sublime),

That 'the Bear,' as I'm told, was Who am one of the weights in the clock-work of time,-The 'Fishes' got foolishly into the When I heard you pronounce,

mood hyperbolical, And Comets (like leaders) deserted An expression (excuse me) not quite

apostolical. I shook my old head, from my lips

When I thought of what once was 'religio medici.' '

ture," the dame

that she came, And left me alone in my attic "en

The only true "Modern Athens"

Till that wag, 'Capricornus' out, 'That's the cheese.' cried

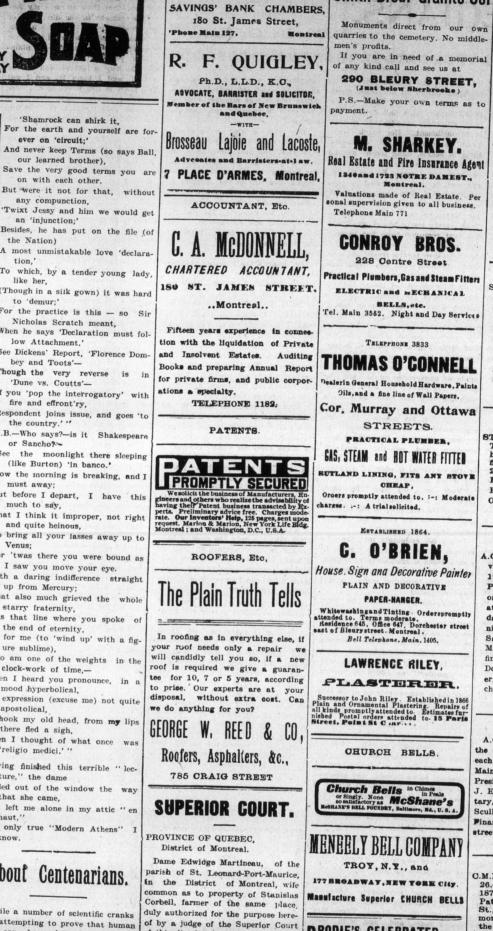
Then when you struck wildly your love-burning lyre. 'Aquarius' cried 'Water,' and 'Mars

shouted 'Fire!' And I. who have worn since that visit of Festus,

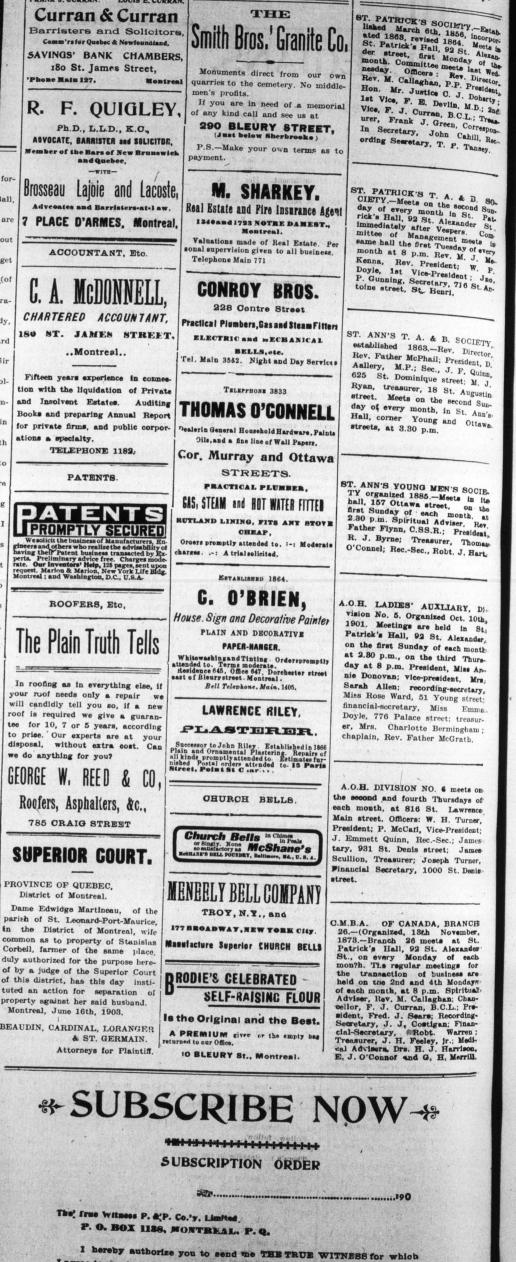
good useful mantle of cloudy as bestos, Had to draw it around my smooth

shoulders for fear Lest the breath of your passion, as great a desire for death as

at present, feel a dread of it, approaching too pear, Might reduce my poor self and my would seem that in .



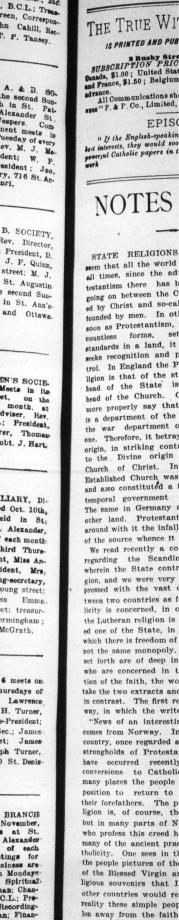
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fault of their own and a still Catholics in the si The Jesuit missionarie there are many scatter out Norway, have met y Thanks to and liberality of the gov striking contrast with th at present, the mission found their work most tholic missions have been in many parts of the c some of them are in flourishing condition. S have the labors of the been that some of the siastic are dreaming when Norway will be country. While such he course, extreme, they notable progress that made.' In contrast with the f turn to neighbori will and one in which condit be the same, or nearly so in we find the mark of is the human-oriz tablished religion. 11 "One might suppose above that Catholic mis ed a similar success in S however, is not the fact dish Constitution permit



SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1903.

Socrety Directory.

Which 'curdled,' of course, at such know. About Centenarians. While a number of scientific cranks are attempting to prove that human life can be prolonged indefinitely, and one humbug seeks to impress the world with the belief that he has found what he calls a "serum" that will cause men to live until they feel

as he there fled a sigh, Madame Jessy, like me, goes about And such curious confusion was Having finished this terrible "lec-Glided out of the window the And the 'Bull,' of course, blundered haut, in the

live With its lava-like current more burning than Pindar's; And permit me to add, if you can-It may, after all, be our only true 'policy,' If you cannot of such burning fanthe To look after our safety by getting Then I thought it would be better to issue a 'capias' 'Gainst this high-flying son of that As, after such lengthy sky-larking, I You would not at all be opposed to to the date of their birth. They are So dropping a fee ('twas the bright Of my beams), which lit up the long head of 'Slieve Gullion,' I learned from that great 'rising' mountain of prudence (Jurisprudence, I mean) that these medical students From Beck or from Blackburne had learned in the courts To 'decline' all the 'cases' and be deaf. to 'reports:'

Deople far beyond the allotted span and that, in the majority of cases, if life's duration is curtailed it is on account of the abuse of God's gifts by man. If we depend on sta tistics the American continent would eem to be a very life-sustaining and life-prolonging region. According to United States census of 1900 we find 3,536 persons in the United States who are one hundred or more years of age. It may be possible to question the value of these figures, and it may be best estimated by the fact that 72.8 per cent. of these centenarians are proces, many of whom have no reliable evidence onfy eleven per cent. of the entire population of the United States. It would be very remarkable if Amer-ica had over 3,500 centinarians. when Germany, with a population of 35,000,000, has only 778, and England, with 32,000,000, only 416, and France, with 40,000,000, only 213. Still the fact that these three coun tries combined have 1,407 centinari-ans goes to show that people do live beyond the century line with any aid from "serums" or other in-'If you issue your writ,' said he ventions. God rules it all.

we,

it

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