

IT MAY be of interest to the readers at this season to give a brief biographical sketch of some of the sons of the city by

"The spreading Lee that, like an Island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood,"

who have illustriously distinguished themselves in the great republic of letters and art.

Are they not a galaxy of talent, a brilliant assembly of poets, nineteenth century dramatists, scholars, painters and sculptors, all citizens, native products of the city of Saints Finbarre and Nellan,—"Corcaglae Civitas," which the great St. Bernard often mentions—foremost among whom, in point of celebrity, stands "Father Prout."

Born in 1804 Francis Mahony was educated in the Jesuit establishment of St. Acheul in Amiens. After his ordination he officiated in his native city and in London before quitting his sacred calling for a literary career. About his thirtieth

In deep-valled Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains,
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As live some young child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out its red banners of lightning,
And the waters rush down, mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming,
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,

ty Father Arthur O'Leary, Father Matthews' predecessor in the Capuchin Friary of Blackmoor Lane near the Southgate Bridge.

Then we have among a host of poets and scholars, John O'Driscoll, the historian; Thomas Sheehan, to whose memory as an uncompromising advocate of popular rights, his fellow-citizens erected a handsome monument in St. Joseph's cemetery, where he lies buried; James Roche, dubbed by Father Prout "the Roscoe of Cork;" and that illustrious prelate of great research and scholarly attainments, the Rt. Rev. John England, Catholic bishop of Charleston, U.S., and John Augustus Shea, author of "Rudecki," "The Lament of Helas," and other poems, and who subsequently became connected with the American press; P. J. Meagher, author of "Zedechias" and several other poems; and these once celebrated public men, John Francis Maguire, for some years member of Parliament for his native city, and author of "Rome, Its Rulers and Its Institutions," and other works; John George MacCarthy, M.P., author of "Henry Gratian" and numerous other subjects; Denny Lane, a master of arts, a distinguished scholar, and author of that pretty and popular ballad, "Carrigdown;" and Thomas Crosbie, late editor of the "Cork Examiner," and eminent journalist of broad views and ripe scholarship—not to mention those still living,—Judge Matthew, recently appointed Lord Chief Justice of Appeal (English); the senior occupant of the Bench; Justin McCarthy, and Lord Justice Henry Collins, lately appointed Master of the Rolls.

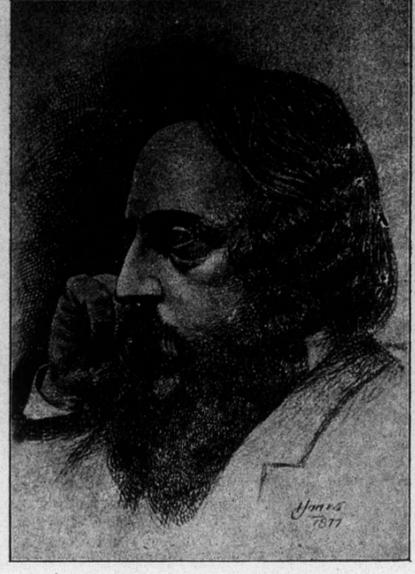
And there are the artists who, by brush and chisel, have reached the pinnacle of fame. First, Rogers, as he is the first Cork artist on record. He has been given the distinctive and distinguished title of the Father of Landscape painting in Ireland. His works are rare—only to be met with occasionally in collections. John Butts was a pupil of his, who, however, seemed to reflect little credit on himself or his master. He was more or less a plagiarist, largely copying or borrowing from Poussin and others; he lived in great distress, and has been known, in order to relieve the pressing needs of a numerous family, to paint a large picture in a few hours.

What the world of art has lost by the death of Samuel Ford, at the extremely early age of twenty-three, may be guessed from the fact that all his drawings were greatly admired by Sir David Wilkie even if his "Fall of the Angels" does not bear living testimony to his extraordinary genius. His untimely death must indeed ever be deplored.

Daniel Maclise is a name to conjure with. Who is it that has not derived endless pleasure and interest from those great masterpieces of his in which his genius shines forth? They attest his splendid talents, and unique artistic acquisitions.

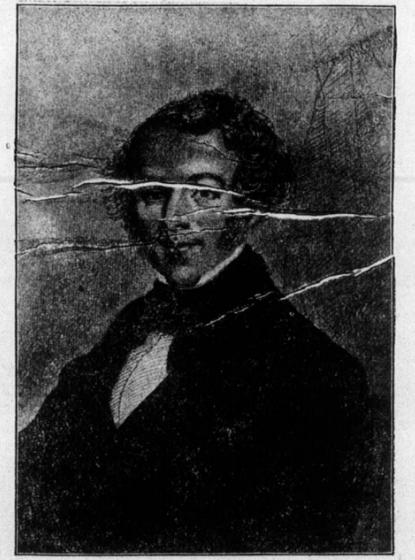
Though born amid the squalid surroundings of a lane in that quarter called Blackpool, lying on the north-east side of the city of Cork; James Barry, in 1866, was buried in the crypt under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, amid the pomp and circumstance of magnificent greatness. And James Barry deserved all honor. By force of character, great natural endowment of talent, and determination, he raised himself to the top of his profession. At seventeen his success as a painter in oils was as good as assured. At twenty he exhibited, in Dublin, his picture, "St. Patrick Baptizing the King of Cashel." The great Edmund Burke saw the work at the time, and proclaimed its merits, with the result that Barry was invited to London by his patrons, and subsequently through the great statesman's generosity was enabled to perfect his studies in Rome. On this head we shall close by noting an illustrious Corkman who at the present hour stands acknowledged as one of the masters of the age. It is Thaddens, who has painted in addition to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, the Khedive of Egypt, Mr. Gladstone, the Abbe Liszt, Duchess of York, and other prominent people.

And now to conclude this article we shall lightly sketch the career



Denny Lane.

of one who as a sculptor must rank as a very Angelo among his fellows of the profession. The fruits of his prodigious talent make an irresistible claim on the polite attention of the learned visitors to the city of his birth. Disliking the drudgery of a solicitor's office, John Hogan was apprenticed to an eminent architect and thus found a calling con-



John Augustus Shea,

genial to his tastes. His figure of "Minerva," which may be seen over the door of the Exchange Insurance office on the South Mall, Cork, was what first brought him into promi-



Henry Jones (Thaddens.)

nence as a sculptor. A very fine specimen of his work is "The Guardian Angel" in St. Joseph's Cemetery, in the same city; also the large mural sculpture representing "The Res-

Home Rule!

Like a widowed queen, lamenting
Midst the ruins of the past,
In the gloom of desolation,
O'er the Verdant Island cast,
Sits poor weary, waiting Erin,
Gazing down the Future's vast.

Years of famine marr'd her beauty;
Years of struggle wore her frame;
Years of bitter disappointment,
Almost crush'd ambition's flame;
Vanished hopes and shattered greatness
Robb'd her of all heart and aim.

All she asks is simple justice—
Right to exercise her right;
Let disunion's hydra perish,
Let her sons for once unite,
And the daylight of her future—
Must succeed her lengthy night.

Grant her now "Home Rule's" blessing;
Snap in twain oppression's rod;
Soon the bloom of glorious spring-time
Will bedeck her verdant sod,
And, in gratitude, she'll offer
A "Te Deum" unto God.

—J. K. FORAN.

An Irish Story

Boyle of Boyleagh had an only daughter the Princess Irene, famed by land and sea for her beauty. Her mother had died a few hours after her birth, so the child's care and training was the father's, and no work could better please a prince. At an early age she had been taught to ride the fleetest steed in Ireland, sent by an uncle in the Spanish service, as a showing of his prowess against the Moors.

The fame of the Princess having gone forth, from her father's court to every corner of Erin and to the rest of Europe, each month brought a suitor and retinue to bear away the prize. Each suitor sang of his own land, and boasted of his princely line and deeds of valor done, but the Princess heeded them not. At length there came to Boyle's court a wandering Celtic minstrel. It was a day of feast and song called Patrick's Day, after the famed apostle of Erin. Knights and ladies fair from many climes were there to speak sweet words to the Princess, whose birthday it was. The wandering minstrel asked to string his harp and sing a song of his own fair land before the Princess and her guests. The Prince laughed at the rugged, unkempt wanderer's requesting to join the gay throng and compete with the masters of song; but the Princess spoke, "Shall foreign minstrels sing my praise, and no son of Erin strike the harp? Let this wandering Celtic minstrel be the last bard to do me honor." After all the great minstrels had shown their art to the Princess, she called the bard of Erin. With all the grace of a prince he approached her, bending the knee and singing—

"Why leave the fair land of Erin to wander afar?"

"Why leave its grey skies where the lark sings for thee what angels have told him?"

"Why leave the green valley so soft to thy feet, its daisies and butter-cups laughing for thee?"

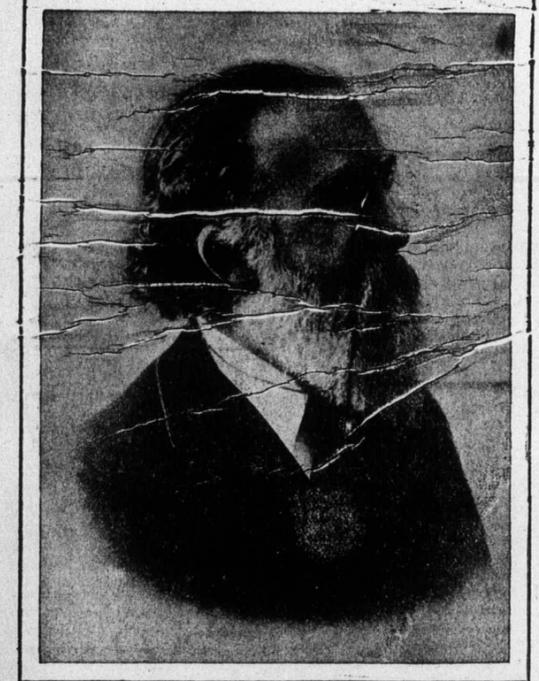
"Why leave the hills that have watched thy childhood? Sweeter they grow with the years!"

"Why leave the babbling streams that first told thee of song? The noise of foreign rivers will make thy heart long for the streams of thy childhood."

"Why leave thy mother's green grave for stranger hands to tend? Can you carry it over the sea? How lonely the stranger's care."

"Why leave the princes of Erin, who hang on thy words and vow by thy purity, for strangers who seek but thy beauty? Beauty dies, its shell is everywhere. Love alone is lasting. Mark! thy minstrel sings a warning before departing."

Extract from an article "With the Irish Fairies," by Walter Lecky.



Justin McCarthy.

year we find him contributing to "Fraser's Magazine" a series of papers, which have since been collected and published under the title "The Reliques of Father Prout." Subsequently he became the Roman correspondent of the London "Daily News." The last eight years of his checkered life were spent in Paris, where he died in 1866. Polished, elegant, witty, and genial, "Father Prout" was a versatile genius, whose quaint sayings are as well known as was his goodness of heart, sincere. Needless to observe, "Father Prout" has immortalized in verse the Bells of Shandon, and the Blarney Stone. He was buried in the family vault in the old churchyard under those Bells of which he sang so sweetly.

Another child of Nature and of that "Island Fayre" which Spencer sings of, who was touched with the "Muse's madness" was Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, whose restless spirit led him from Maynooth to Trinity College, and afterwards to disappointment, severance of all family ties, pecuniary embarrassment and distress and lastly to the arduous duties of a tutor away down in Lisbon, where he died in the year of Irish Catholic Emancipation, and the thirty-fourth of his age. He is the author of the "Recluse of Inchidony" and many other poems. His lyrical compositions might rank with those of the best of his period. Has Scott ever penned anything finer than the following lines by Callanan on Gougane Barra:

"There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow,

And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot,
From my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion!"

Indeed Callanan's greatest delight was to wander among the glens and mountain sides of the west, and glean from the peasantry the legends and ballads still preserved among them.

If brilliant genius, cultured wit, fancy, and humor are the essentials of greatness in literature, surely Cork produced in William Maginn one of the most notable men of the age. As a Greek scholar he was considered the equal of Porson, and was certainly one of the most distinguished contributors to the periodical literature of his time. In 1819 he commenced contributing to "Blackwood's Magazine," his "Sir Morgan O'Doherty" papers, prose and verse. They made a great hit, and four years afterwards Maginn left Cork to permanently reside in London. Sad that the latter years of such a genius should have been spent in intemperance, which eventually brought its usual consequences. From consumption, and in poverty, Maginn died at the age of forty-seven.

It is no little pride and honor for a city to lay indisputable claim to being the birthplace of the greatest dramatists of modern times. James Sheridan Knowles, who died in 1862, lived in his native city, Cork, until his twenty-first year. And there is Barry Sullivan, the eminent tragedian, hailing from the "Marsh;" and Henry Bennett in the first rank of humorists; and the wit-

The Best S

A lecturer in Dublin marked that "the best schools was that directed Irish mother's knee." high, but not undeserving the power of maternal world over. There is a parent, no school like influences, next to religion by side with patriotism of domestic ones. A chided by these three influences carved out under these ations, must be an ide

Saint Louis, Monarch that "King among Saint among Kings," that his motto was:—and Margaret" (his St. Francis de Sales, called "the sweetest savior," says in one of discourses: "We owe God, to our country, our friends. . . ."

Now what does all this mean? Simply that the highest best intellects of the agreed that each individual have three objects on should expend all the his heart and soul—religion and home ties—being represented by particular standing others and shining as a contemporary writer of patriotism: "We must love of country a love and race, and in a part that supreme passion pure heart exalts one of the ranks of its own people and share with intense devotion of all its soul." Woman in the either mother, sister, or alone fulfill this role. She "symbolize and share with (and religion) the intense of his being and soul." great privilege and a great responsibility. She a great destiny and a weighty duty to discharge.

We come back to the with which we started of all schools—a mother is the duty of mothers the rising generation if they should go. This is which we hear much work, but let it never be that the greatest of work is home-making. Women happy enough to possess their own are privileged beyond words in having sphere of influence in which Many women have no home, and can never look having them. It has been otherwise for them. To sell on home-making is only addressed in bits to them other words mentioned on other occasions day it is to the home-maker who actually have home ones about them, that are addressed. "Home is where mothers dwell." Wifely, what a significant is.

The Faith would have Ireland during the Penal for months at a time never saw a priest, if Ireland had not taught their prayers. "Our hope is in of the country." Let this be lost sight of, and let mentary truth be borne with equal clearness that ing of the youth lies al in the hands of the w