# DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY was a student at Trinity College, lasted

A SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS IRISH POET.

Dublin-Glasnevin-Scenes Familiar to the Bard—A Beautiful Pen Picture by a Friend of the "True Witness."

### (Continued.)

share, since, as in the case of a more illus-trious countryman, he lived in "an in-As posterity are in the place of ancestors." He used to come here often, said the guide, and in the summer evenings pass many an hour here. One day he said to me, as we stood by a grave not far from here, the grave of poor Mangan, "My friends are all dead, my hopes blighted," and then, laughing, "I am ready, grave digger." "I would rather bury the half of Dublin than you," I said. He smiled. I say him no more. In order to understand there

In order to understand the meaning of "hopes blighted" and "friends dead," a cursory sketch of the poet is necessary. cursory sketch of the poet is necessary. Unfortunately biographical matter, so abundant in the case of most Irish writers, is here wanting. The meagre sketch prefixed to his collected poems, sketch prefixed to his confected poems, tublished after his death and edited by his son, gives no adequate idea of the writings and personality of the author of Summer Longings. From this sketch we learn that Denis Florence MacCarthy we learn that Denis riorence MacCarthy was born in Dublin of a respectable family May 26th, 1817. The site of his birth is now occupied by a famous Dub-lin hostelry, the Imperial Hotel. Born in slavery, for the position of the Irish Calloling prior to the passing of the birth is now occupied by a limit base of the limit is how occupied by the limit of the limit is havery, for the position of the Irish as lately by the lonely Rance, I look I dream ! Can this be france, Not Albion's cliffs, how near they be, latitude he considered as anything else, lies yoing mind was fed on those stirther the sharmock on the Irish shore. ring tales of the battles fought by his ring tales of the battles fought by his size in behalf of their conquered land and persecuted faith. Boin in the shadow of the dawn of a brighter day, a day that was to be one of deliverance for millions of his tortured countrymen, and educated amid the memories of a cruel educated amid the memories of a cruel past, one might have expected great things from McCarthy. What a pro-pitions time for a poet's birth? Old methods had been destroyed, a maimed nation taking on new life, serfs and slives becoming conscious of that noble word Liberty, and yearning to be worthy of its sacred mantle. Genius is born amid crumbling mins. The transition period in a nation's destiny holds her cradic and swings it to the hullaby of pre-gress. The Enancipatson and its period, not devoid of graceful singers, was want-the devoid of graceful singers, was wanteducated amid the memories of a cruel not devoid of graceful singers, was wantnot devoid of graceful singers, was wint-ing in a singer who could have crystalized in his songs the expiring gasp of slavery and the faint young cry of freedom. That the Irish bard had that something within which kindles flame-like at the breath of Love, or mounts into song in the presence of Beauty, no reader of his of Love, or mounts into song in the presence of Beauty, no reader of his presence of Beauty, no reader of his sweet lyrics will be called upon to deny, but there are more essential requisites than these in the formation of a great poet. It were idle to speak of the Irish bard as possessing them. He was a sweet minor singer, some of whose lyrics will live and nothing more. Laving as

down to his death, which took place at Blacknock, near Dublin, on April 7th, 1882. "My father's admiration of Shelly was of long standing," writes his son. It must have pained such a nature as his to

have heard his loved poet called a "shrieking creature who had said or sung nothing worth a serious man being at the trouble of remembering," as Carlyle told

him at Gavan Duffy's dinner table. We are informed by Duffy that he was in great wrath, but controlled himself out of respect for the laws of hospitality. Pointing with his forefinger to this state, the guide remarked, "the grave of Denis Florence McCarthy, a poet sir, and a good one, I'm told." Here, under the shadow of the yew tree, lay the ashes of him who, in the days long since fled, had penned the sweet waif lyric that came to me as a breath of fresh air amid the arid From Shelly he had learned to woo the penned the sweet with lyne that came to hand of his birth. Spain, Italy, France, had charms for the poet, but they were sands of Irish Episcopal pretensions. The stone told that sorrow had been his of clover concealed in it from Erin of a passing nature. A letter or a piece of clover concealed in it from Erin brought tears to his eyes, recalled his wandering heart to her first love. A

Enchanter, with thy wand of power. Thou makest the past be present still; The emerald lawn-the ilme-leaved bower-The circling shore-the sunlit hill; The grass in winter's wintriest hours, By dewy dasies dimpled o'er, Halfalding 'neath their trembling flowers, The shamrock of the Irish shore!

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed, By queenly Florence, kingly Rome-By Padua's long and lone arcade-By Spezzia's fatal waves that kissed My poet sailing calmiy o'er; By all, by each I mourned and missed, The shamrock of the Irish shore.

I saw the palm tree stand aloof, Irresolute 'twixt the sand and sea; I saw upon the trelesed roof Outspreads the wine that was to be; A giant-flowered and giorious tree I saw the tail magnoin soar; But there, even there, I longed for thee, Poor shamrock of the Irish shore!

sweet minor singer, some of whose if ries will live and nothing more. Laving as he did in the most exciting and romantic period of his country's history, he was unable to use the rich materials strewn thickly around him. In the collected

# HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

TO OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel, Sweetest plature artist ever drew, In all my doubles I fly to Thee for guidance, Mother, tell me what to do !

Plead my cause, for what can He refuse Thee? Get me back His saving grace anew, Ah 11 know Thou dost not wish to lose me, Mother, tell me what to do 1

Be, of all my friends, the best and dearest, O my Counsellor, sincere and true. Let Thy voice sound always first and nearest, Mother, tell me what to do ! In Thy guidance tranquilly reposing. Now I face my tolls and cares anew, All through life and till its awful closing, Mother, tell me what to do !

Choice Bits of Literature.

-Selected.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or his felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence .- Johnson.

The Catholic church has, from the berine Catholic Children has, from the be-ginning, cherished and preserved the Holy Scriptures with most vigilant and zealous care. The saints of God have manifested their love for it with every token of veneration. St. Charles Borromeo never read it except with head bare, and upon his knees. Edmund of Canterbury kissed the page whensoever he opened the Book, and kissed it again when he closed it. In this way the saints of the Church have revered the Holy Scriptures.

The rose that waves upon its tree. In life sheds perfume all around; More sweet the perfume thoats to me Of roses trampicd on the ground. -Father Ryan.

The quality of mercy is not strained— It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven, Upon the place beneath; it is twice blassed; It blessed him that gives and him that takes; 'Tis mightlest in the mightlest; it becomes The throned monarch better than his erown. His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty. Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; But mercy is above this sceptered sway— It is enthroned in the heart of kings; It is an attribute of God himself: And earthly power doth then show likest God's When mercy seasons justleo. —The Merchant of Venice. -The Merchant of Venice.

What to Teach a Daughter. Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. That work is worthy always when it is

well done. That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but she onght to know and appreciate this value.

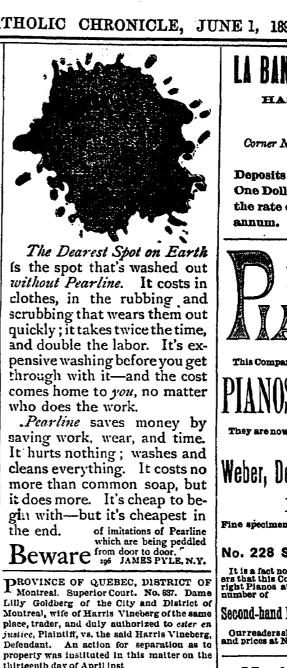
That the man who wishes to marry her is the man who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when

they have no object in life. That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joys as you do.

That unless she shows courtesy to others she need never expect it from them, and that the best answer to rudeness is being blind to it. That when God make her body he in-

teuded that it should be clothed properly and modestly, and when she neglects her-self she is insulting Him who made her. Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she docs.

Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and atractive is a duty as well as a Teach her that if she can sing or read, or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gludly. Teach her to be a woman—self-respect-ing, honest, loving and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.



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No. 2530.

RAINVILLE,

THE ST. JAMES SILK and FELT HATS

complete.



edition of his poems we look in vain for a single lyric that breaths the martial spirit of Davis, and yet they lived in the same tranblows times and water to the the transferred of the same troublous times and wrote for the same journal. It must not be thought that McCarthy loved less his land than the ardent spirits that were his com-panions in arms, on the contrary few men loved Ireland as the author of Summer Longings. Scattered through his writings, up and down, does one citch glimpses of this love. In one of his lyries, fit companion to Summer Longings, after drawing a picture of the beautics of southern Europe, he hesitates and proclaims his own little island more than their peer :--

Are Italy's fields more green? bothey teem with a richer store Than the bright green breast of the isle of the blest And its wild invuriant shore? Ab ! no ! no ! no ! Upon it heaven doth smile; Oh 1 never would roam from my native bonne.

# home, My own dear isie.

The truth is the Irish bard came into the world at a wrong period; his country demanded war songs, appeals to the people, and battle hymns. He was only able to give graceful love songs and bits of charming description that would have brought fame and fortune a century endier. Failing to please or gain a live-liheod from the true vocation of his muse, he betook himself to Spanish poetry, and, like a Grub street hack, toiled and moiled the remainder of his days for a scanty pittance. It was his love for Shelly and that poet's lavish praise of Calderon that turned his attention to the Shakespeare of Spain.

Was it possible to give a faithful rc-production of the Spanish p'aywright in English; McCarthy was pre-eminently fitted for the task. His mind, as can be seen from his own poetry, was keenly alive to difficult and intricate metres, as one finds in the body of Spanish pocsy, but he lacked what every English trans-lator lacks, an indispensable quality, the living in the very atmosphere of the writer he attempts to translate. Let us hope that the rich treasures of Spanish thought paid in some measure for he long days and weary nights of literary labor, a labor that brought a limited \$1.00 per bottle. patch of fame and less money. The man who labors to increase the world's knowledge by his own creative work, or by opening to others what was prior to him a sealed box, deserves more than a pass-

The prophecy made in the concluding stanza was fulfilled; the bard rests on his own loved Irish clay, and the sham rock that he had so sweetly sung, in graceful lines. wreathes itself around the unpretentious little stone whereon is written :-

Hie Jacet. D. F. MCCARTHY. -Walter Lecky.

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## THE DREADED LA GRIPPE.

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French duels are seldom illustrated with cut except in the French papers after the event.

#### Dr. T. A. Slooum's

ing word of praise. We have spoken of Shelly influencing him in the direction of Calderon; this subtle influence, commencing when he bottle.

Household Bovitles.

Fish may be scaled easier by first dip ping them into boiling water for a minute.

Clear boilling water will remove tea stain; pour the water through the stainer and thus prevent its spreading.

Cream Cookics .- One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one half nutmeg, one teaspoonful soda, flour suf-licient to roll. Sprinkle with sugar, back quick.

A remedy for creacking hinges is mut-ton tallow rubbed on the joint. A great many locks that refuse to do their work are simply rusted and will be all right if carefully oiled.

A Delicious Tartare Sauce.-One-half pint French mayonnaise, one-half cup best cider vinegar, one tablespoonful capers chopped fine, six small cucumber bickleschopped line, a little garlic or on-ions chopped fine. Mix all together-Ladies' Home Journal.

A very toothsome preparation of cold potatoes is to silce them in thick slices or cut them in long quarters, dip them in melted butter that has been salted and peppered; then dip them in flour and bake them in the oven for ten or fifteen minutes. A hot oven is required.-Boston Budget.

#### The Summer School.

Last week we expressed the hope that one of the Thousand Islands would be chosen as the spot for the proposed sum-mer school for Catholics. It is therefore with great pleasure that we find the followed in a morning contemporary.

lowed in a morning contemporary. Several of the Catholic clergy of this clip have received communications from the secre-tary of the proposed Summer School commit-tee, in New York, asking their opinion in the school during the summer months. Shaw and Logan Streets, Montreal. JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor. Ladies' Dresses, Genis' Suits, Cloth and other Jackets Dyeed or Cleaned and Steam Pressed on short notice. Damask and Rep. Curtains, Table and Pinno Covers, dc., Dyed in first-class style. Special large number of whom will recuperate there i during the warm months.

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