

LITERATURE.

CORPUS CHRISTI AFTERNOON.

'Well! we have had a glorious day of it!' said my old friend the Colonel. 'I little thought when I was young, that I should have lived to see Corpus Christi kept in England as we have had it to-day. Thank God that He has spared me for such a happiness.'

These words were addressed to an audience that it did one's heart good to see. It was in the porch of his old Gothic house that he spoke them, when all the family had adjourned thither after dinner on Corpus Christi evening, and a lovely evening it was. Around him was his family, young as yet, but brought up in the sterling piety of the old school. Some were seated in the porch, some on its steps, from which they made little starts, by way of forays, to pick up flowers, which remained strewed upon the ground after the procession.

'How beautiful the procession must have looked,' exclaimed one, 'as it wound along the shrubbery. I almost wished I could have seen it from a distance—but at the same time, I would not for the world have been out of it.'

'The birds seemed to join in the music,' interposed another little prattler. 'I am sure there was a thrush going along with us all the way, flying from tree to tree.'

'The people too behaved so well, and seemed so perfectly to enter into the proper feeling of every thing, that I could have fancied myself in a Catholic country,' remarked a more sedate member of the circle.

'And the children from the school, how neat and devout they looked,' added the good old Colonel. 'God bless them all.'

'And then the banners, and the cross, and the canopy, and all the lights, and the incense, which dear Alfred managed so well, how beautiful, now grand, how delightful it was!' fairly cried out a sturdy little fellow, who clapped his hands with glee as he asked in continuation: 'but when will Corpus Christi come again?' and he looked quite choy-fallen when he was answered, 'Not till next year, dear.' Indeed this announcement seemed heavy to all the circle; for a year looks a long period to children. There was a pause for a few moments, till the good Colonel broke it, by saying:

'Let us not repine that the day is past, but let us be thank for its blessing. To me, in my old age, it has been a day of wonders and a day of joy. We will not let it close in melancholy; so come, children, what shall we do to occupy the time till night-prayers?'

'You must tell us stories,' they all exclaimed with one accord. 'Yes, dear papa,' do tell us some of your pretty stories.'

'But what shall they be about? Come to the

votes,' exclaimed, full of glee, the party thus appealed to.

'Why,' said Alfred, a fine boy of fourteen, as manly as a soldier on the lawn, but like a little saint in his surplice in the chapel, 'you know I always like to hear about those fine old knights who went to Holy Land, to rescue our Lord's sepulchre from those terrible Turks, about their battles and their grand spoils. They were grand men those!' And all the boys sided with Alfred.

[To be continued.]

A SHORT CHAPTER ON RECRUITING.

[From the Cork Examiner]

Mars and other such war-inspiring deities may betake themselves to the many-crowned Olympus for all that Paddy cares—for since Father Mathew rose in the ascendant, Paddy is as insensible to the music of the fife, or the dissonance of the drum, as Achilles to the clamour of the affrighted Greeks, or Coriolanus to the tears of the Roman matrons. Once upon a time—and, as the old women rhapsodists invariably add, 'a very good time it was'—that is, to the Crimp Sergeant *et hoc genus omne*—a moderate allowance of harmonious bird-lime was sufficient to ensnare Pat into a hero. Two Sergeants, a drum and fife, and an oily-tongued fellow in the rear, made up a very respectable recruiting party—and Paddy was the brave boy for such a little party! In those fine times the recruiting officer could take what apple-buying urchins understand by the mystic words, his 'pick and choice' out of the whole troops of aspirants to the laurels of victory, of speculators in that lottery, of which the blank of a 'wooden leg' is considerably mitigated by the decoration of a 'goulden chain.' Now, alas, how sad the reverse. No longer can there be a selection of the broad-shouldered, the full-chested, the stout-thewed—a bandy leg, affectionate and ost-kissing knees, irregularities of the spine, and eccentric departures from the perpendicular, are no longer the barriers, that they once were, to the blushing honours of a red coat, and to the high privilege of butchering one's fellow-creatures for a shilling a-day. So below Zero has recruiting fallen in Ireland, that we do verily believe a skirt of Falstaff's ragged regiment would be marched through Cork or Coventry, and deemed to be quite as good 'food for powder' as better men. But what is the most provoking and unconscionable thing of all, is the vast expenditure and lavish outlay of 'sweet sounds' all to catch one or two unhappy flats. The recruiting party of the 24th Regiment, which paraded our streets on Saturday, was absolutely imposing—sufficient in all conscience to turn the head of every servant-maid of the city. Sergeants innumerable, and corporals beyond mention, head-