

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Unwritten Poems.

There are poems unwritten and songs un-sung, than any that ever were heard; Poems that wait for angel tongue, songs that but long for a paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives, Poems unnoticed and hidden away Down in souls, where the beautiful thrives sweetly as flowers in the air of May.

Poems that only the angels above us, Looking down deep in our hearts, may feel, though unseen by the beings who love us, Written on lives all in letters of gold.

TENISON.

From the Dublin Irishman, March 12.

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Now, unfortunately, the term may be made to describe the acts of his own Government and tell of the notices to quit the free air of heaven, the comforts of happy homes, and the vital breath of liberty, which are falling fast, and thick, and bitter, chill all over the country. A forlorn, landing on our shores, a student of the great eulogies of English freedom, would be startled and dumfounded at the sights and sounds that meet eye and ear. From time to time the hastening newsway burries by crying: "Another arrest,"—"More arrests,"—"Several arrests" in this province or in that—he cry echoes through every street, and expectant citizens stop on their way, or hurry to their doors to purchase the latest lists of those condemned to the Bastille.

Then, if he happens to be in the vicinity of the principal prisons, the rattle of wheels will suddenly break upon the startled ear, and a rush of car or cab will be seen laden with constables, armed to the teeth, guns shotted, bayonets fixed, conveying a group of respectable Irishmen to jail. Time and again the peace of the street is broken by a caravan of this kind. The glitter of bayonets goes by in a storm of noise; the great prison gate swings slowly open; all strangers are rudely bidden to "stand back," and another group of Irishmen goes out of freedom into the grave of bondage!

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All the ancient fibberies of the past lie in those districts subjected to the same storm of Coercion, while the "old flakes" continue to fall, and will, doubtless, for many a day continue to fall all over the country. This is a strange and biting commentary on the professions of faith of the principles and practices of freedom, indulged in by the Great Liberal Leaders, *out of office*. It irresistably recalls the keen, sarcastic verse of Moore:

Heavy is the picture! Yes, my friend, 'tis dark! But can no light be found, no generous spark Of fire to warm us? Is there none To set a Marvell's part? I fear not one, To place and power all public spirit tends, In place and power all public spirit tends, Like fiery points that love the air and sky.—

When out, 'twill thrive, but taken in 'twill Not holden truth of sacred freedom long, From Sidney's pen, or burned on Fox's

Than *upstart* Whigs produce such market night,

While yet their conscience—as their purpose—

While debts at home excite the care for those

Whom ye'd like to tell,—their much loved country o'er.

And, loud and upright, till their prize be known, They'll start the King's supplies to raise their own,

But bees on flowers alighting cease their

So, setting upon sheep, Whigs grow dumb,

And though I feel as if judgment heaven

Must rain that's written too foul to be forgotten,

Who boldly hangs the bright, protecting shade,

Or France's ensign over Coercion's trade,

And makes the sacred flag he dares to show,

His passport to the market of her foe,

Are freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,

That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung,

And ignorance scrawled on stone's broad base,

Say, when the Constitution has expired,

I'd have such men, like Irish workers, tried,

To sing out, How contemptible its sins,

And last, in purchased ditties, why it did,

THE PEACEFUL STATE OF IRELAND.

While the constitution is practically suspended in Ireland, and an Arms Act is being forced with indecent haste through Parliament to abridge still further the liberties of the people, the judges of the land are engaged in opening the spring assizes in the various Irish counties, and in many places congratulating the grand juries upon the lightness of the criminal calendar and the peaceable condition of the country. At the assizes opened in Drogheda the lord chief-justice received from the hands of the high-sheriff the white gloves, emblematic of a maiden assize, the assize not exhibiting a single case for trial; and in the county Meath the Lord Chief-Judge May declared "that the condition of the county was most satisfactory." Referring to the Coercion Act, his lordship said "it was deplorable to think that the liberty of the people of a county should be subjected to the absolute control of the Legislature, and that any person should be liable to imprisonment for trial; and in the county Meath the Lord Chief-Judge May declared "that the condition of the county was most satisfactory." Referring to the Coercion Act, his lordship said "it was deplorable to think that the liberty of the people of a county should be subjected to the absolute control of the Legislature, and that any person should be liable to imprisonment for trial; and in the county Meath the Lord Chief-Judge May declared "that the condition of the county was most satisfactory."

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might have very well gone on without it. Indeed, it is now too evident that the only need of coercive measures was simply to aid the Government to crush out the Land League agitation.—Tablet.

The liver is the organ most specifically disordered by malarial poisons. Ayer's Ague Cure expels these poisons from the system, and is a most excellent remedy for liver complaints.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is purely vegetable healing Balsam. It cures by loosening the phlegm and corrupt matter from the Lungs and expelling it from the system. Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and all pectoral diseases yield to it promptly. It costs 25 cents per bottle.

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