

## FRIENDLY CHATS TO YOUNG MEN.

In one of his novels Lever tells us that an Irishman is naturally bashful or shy. At first blush may seem a little out of the way to our friends who do not thoroughly understand the Irish character, which is many sided and complex, even in its simplicity. Of course every Irishman is not bashful or even shy. We have known a few exceptions to the rule. But the great majority of Irishmen never lose their bashfulness until they leave their own country. A good many of us have courted girls in Ireland, and know the fear and trembling with which we entered on the terrible task with the thought ever uppermost that we were making several different kinds of a jackass of ourselves and that everybody in the town knew it, for in most towns in Ireland everybody does know what everybody else does. Contrast this with a similar episode after a couple of years' residence in a city like London or Liverpool or New York. Associations, and the brushing up against the multitude that never had any bashfulness have rubbed off the points. He no longer makes love in his old shy way, but he recognizes that he is a power in the land and an important element in the country's political government, and he is heard of with no uncertain sound. That great student of character, Charles Dickens, seldom introduces an Irish character, but the sketch of a few lines may serve the purpose to illustrate the Irishman at home and abroad. He says O'Meara was an Irishman recently imported, and had come over to England to be an apothecary, a clerk in a government office, an actor, a reporter, or anything else that turned up. He felt convinced that his intrinsic merits must procure him a high destiny. And this little bit of Dickens only shows that great observer was cognizant of the bashful character of the Irishman, for as soon as he found his O'Meara he limned him to the life.

As the world goes now, bashfulness or shyness does not seem to be a good quality as far as material progress is concerned, although it is very questionable if a little of it is not better than the unacceptable quality, which in vulgar parlance is described as "gall." Of course, there are different ways of looking at it. Dr. William Mathews, author of "Getting on in the World," has very decided opinions, but he looks on the victims of shyness more in pity than in anger, as will be seen from the following in the Philadelphia "Evening Post":—

One of the deadliest foes to worldly success is shyness. No young man who is afflicted with this trait—call it bashfulness, shamefacedness, mauvaise honte, or what you will—can ever hope, unless he conquers it, to rise to high position in any profession, except possibly in the medical.

This unhappy disposition is not only a source of much misery to its victim, but, as I have said above, is also one of the most insurmountable bars to success in life. Shy persons are generally persons of quiet, amiable disposition, and they often have a fine taste and excellent moral feelings. They shrink from society and from rencontres with their fellowmen through an excessive delicacy of organism, which makes the bustle of life, and even its customary courtesies, unpleasant to them. They lack, usually, a sufficiency of animal spirits and a consciousness of their infirmity reacts upon them by producing still greater embarrassment, so that the more they keep out of society the more unfitted for it do they become.

Should some chance throw such a man into company, and you succeed by dint of great effort in having a little playful converse with him, yet if on the very next day you encounter him on the street and expect a frank recognition, you will be frozen by a distant and chilling bow. You infer that he is cold and haughty, when, in fact, he may be modest and warm-hearted.

He passed you with a frigid greeting simply because he could not address you without an embarrassment not only painful in itself, but which would leave him in a state of self-humiliation doubling or trebling his pain. The seeming assumption of superiority is, in reality, only a confession of the most distressing weakness. Not only men of delicate mould are shy, but men of great bodily and mental strength also have been tormented with shyness. Who that has read of the frank and open manner, Archbishop Whately, would for a moment dream that he was ever afflicted with the wretched infirmity of which we are speaking? Yet he himself tells us that in his youth he suffered all the agonies of extreme shyness for many years, and "was driven to utter despair."

It will strike most people as strange to learn that in his youth the courtly Chesterfield was a marked victim of the evil of shyness, so much so that at one time, he himself tells us, he had almost made up his mind to renounce polite society. How he overcame his weakness, is best told in his own words, and it will be seen that a lady who intuitively understood his trouble, assisted very materially in overcoming it. Lord Chesterfield writes:—

"Insensibly it grew easier to me and I began not to bow so ridiculously low, and to answer questions without great hesitation or stammering. I got more courage soon afterwards, and was intrepid enough to go up to a fine woman and tell her that I thought it a warm day. She answered me very civilly that she thought so, too; upon which the conversation ceased upon my part for some time, till she good-naturedly resuming it, spoke to me thus: 'I see your embarrassment, and I am sure that the few words you said to me cost you a great deal; but do not be discouraged for that reason and avoid good company. We see that you desire to please, and that is the main point; you want only the manner, and you think that you want it still more than you do. You must go through your novitiate before you can profess good breeding, and if you will be my novice I will present you to my acquaintance as such.'"

Dr. Mathews furnishes a very interesting article by giving some advice, which is applicable to everybody, but more particularly to Irishmen, for they are naturally the most bashful and need the advice may be more than any other class or race:—

"Let the young man who suffers from shyness—who is kept in the background by nervous timidity—take courage from these examples. Let him force himself into society and the bustle and uproar of the world at all hazards, and school himself to take part in its affairs. Let him keep in mind that so far as he is from being the focus of all eyes in society, so far are his fellow men from watching all his movements, that they are only too profoundly indifferent to him; and banishing all thought of them, as they do him, let him be himself, and he may rely upon it that the malady which has poisoned all his life and kept him in obscurity will disappear. Better still, his extreme nervousness and exquisite sensitiveness to expressions, once mastered and controlled, may be made in some departments of effort—as in public speaking, for example—a source of power. It is a certain anxious diffidence which, kept in check, makes one take pains to win and deserve success, which stimulates energy and sustains perseverance."

There are probably few callings in life that require so much perseverance as much self-denial, as that of the man who thinks his life work should be literary. There are millions who write, more or less well, or more or less badly; the successful ones can be easily counted in the thousands. Art of any kind means sacrifice in all cases at the beginning, and in nearly all cases to the bitter end. There is possibly one consolation for the struggling writer, artist, poet, or inventor. When he is dead the world will begin to appreciate him and wonder why it had not done so before. They may take comfort in the words of Longfellow's "Practice of Life," and think they will be included in the galaxy of world-known men of whom it was written:—

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We may make our lives sublime  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

No matter how beautifully encouraging such verses may be, there is still a practical something missing. Art or literature or anything in fact which depends on the distant future for recognition or remuneration is an unsatisfactory bill of fare to set before a small wife and a large family. Millet, whose pictures now are to all intents unpurchasable, saw his wife die in his arms of sheer starvation a few hours before one of his celebrated pictures was bought in the Salon. Then he was famous. What use was fame to him then, while he clasped in his arms all that was left of the angelic woman who had been his helpmate through all his bitter struggles, who never faltered in the direst adversity, who buoyed up the soul of the artist with the words love and hope? Shrunken to a shadow, or to put it more cruelly, an absolute skeleton, nothing lay in his arms of the happy girl who had linked her life to his. The soul had fled, the hectic

pink had left the cheeks, the grey shadow drew down like a veil from forehead to chin, the arms were rigid in the last embrace and the lips were clammy and wet with the expiration of death, but a sweet smile of ineffable content still hovered round them, and even in that last dreadful moment there seemed to be breathed from them "love and hope." It was at this supreme time of tribulation that joyful friends came to tell him of his success in the Salon. He was famous, but his life star was extinguished. He was insane.

Do not like the picture. It is not a pleasant one, but for all that it is one that is painted every day in the realities of life. In literature the same circumstances generally govern. To few men is it given in their life times to accept the homage of a world. There are not a great many Kiplings, Tennysons, Longfellowes, Ruskins, Carlyles, and a few others who tasted the sweets of success while yet they could enjoy them. By far the majority of literary men have a vastly different experience. This may seem just a little bit gloomy. Perhaps it is not optimistic enough, but young men may safely take this little fragment of advice from one who has had some experiences. He would

## THE THIRD DREAM.

By FRANCIS D. DALY, Montreal

In all ages, dreams have been regarded with vast interest by the larger portion of the human family, in every clime and under every form of human life. They leave a certain impress on the mind which the learning of the savant, or the ignorance of the savage cannot wholly eradicate. It is not my intention now to write a dissertation on a subject which has, to use colloquialism, been worn nearly threadbare. I shall merely relate a curious dream as I have heard it related by one of the descendants of the parties mentioned, and in the very locality where the incident occurred, viz., in the heart of the great county of Tipperary, Ireland. Running through the northwestern portion of this county a chain of hills is found famous in historical allusions as the Devil's Bit, and Keeper ranges of hills. They skirt the renowned "Golden Vein," a tract of level country occupying the centre of the county, reaching, from Roscrea in the north to the Town of Tipperary in the south. In the heart of these hills the scene of our dream story is fixed, and the time is marked by the cruel and bloodthirsty Penal Laws inflicted on Ireland by her vengeful conquerors. As your readers are aware, the exercise of the Catholic religion in any form or manner under these cursed laws was sufficient to effect the temporal ruin of its unfortunate followers, a priest found officiating or administering any of the sacraments of the Catholic Church was liable to transportation for the first offence, and death on his return to the country.

Consequently, the opportunities afforded to pious Catholics to partake of the blessings of religion, were indeed few and far between; but whenever available, were only the more eagerly partaken of by the true and faithful Irish peasantry.

There lived at this time on the southern slope of these hills looking over the "Golden Vein," a farmer named John Ryan, who industriously tilled and cultivated his small holding, and lived his quiet humble life as best he could; his chief regret, beyond the loss of his only son, who had left the country years before to seek his fortune in more favored lands was being deprived of the consolations of religion; and often did he fervently beseech God to grant him the opportunities he so much desired, i.e., hearing Mass and receiving the Divine Food.

One memorable Saturday night he slept the heavy sleep of exhausted labor, he had a dream of such remarkable intensity that his whole mind was absorbed by it. He dreamt that in a remote part of the mountains about ten or twelve miles distant from his home, that a priest was celebrating the Divine Mysteries in a cave or hollow in the hills, attended by a numerous congregation, all devoutly attentive and rejoicing. The whole scene was so faithfully depicted the surroundings were so vividly displayed to his imagination, that although he had never been there he had no difficulty in at once recognizing the locality as one he had seen at a distance, and knew the direct route to it. He immediately awakened and dressing himself, lost no time in preparing to follow the dictates of his heart in proceeding to the place pointed out in his dream. He arrived without fail on the scene as pictured in his dream and had the inexpressible joy to have his confession heard and partake of the Holy Sacra-

ment. His gratification may be more easily imagined than described. None can truly enter into the feelings of his heart, but those who have sometimes enjoyed such a singular manifestation of Divine Providence. He returned home happy and contented as a soul is which has made its peace with God under the circumstances related. Some time, a few months after a similar dream, or vision, led to the like happy results, though the time and place were different. His faith in dreams was confirmed anew by the remarkable truth and clearness of these two, and it is not to be wondered at that similar vivid dreams should forever be implicitly believed in, and acted on by him. Shortly after the occurrence of his second dream, he had occasion to visit a town some fifteen miles away for the purpose of disposing of a cow which he drove there the evening previous, in order that the animal might appear to best advantage after a night's rest. Having seen his beast housed, and after partaking of supper, he retired to rest, and was soon in a sound sleep, consequent of his long walk. During the night he had one of his vivid dreams, or night visions, in which he distinctly saw his distant humble home and surroundings distinctly as on the previous day when he left there. The interior was further displayed to his sleeping vision, and there distinctly he saw in dreadful distinctness the maddening spectacle of a strange man occupying his bed, and closely clasped round the neck by the entwining arms of his wife. The wretched pair lay lovingly asleep and apparently sleeping the sleep of the guiltless, but the loving content portrayed on the features of his wife soon awakened the dreamer to unknown torments. The fiend the horrid fiend of unreasonably jealousy, had taken possession of him, no thought of aught but vengeance could find room in his heart. With trembling limbs, and suppressed madness, he hurriedly clothed himself and started on the return journey for home at a pace which soon brought him there regardless of fatigue, and only alive to one dreadful passion.

The early dawn of a soft summer morn was just stealing over the peaceful farm-house, as he cautiously undid the simple fastenings which served to keep the door closed, but were quite worthless to keep anyone from entering who had a mind to do so. Stealthily, but trembling with excitement, he opened the bedroom door and there in the dim light he beholds only too plainly the maddening reality of the scene of his dream. There lay the wife of his bosom, the long trusted sharer of his joys and griefs sleeping peacefully with one arm around the neck of her slumbering partner. The distracted and possessed husband drew back to the outer apartment and guided by some supernatural instinct, immediately found an axe which was in every day use for ordinary purposes in the household. Grasping this with the combined fury of ten thousand devils, he returns to the bed chamber, sweeps the implement for a moment over the head of the doomed man, and the next moment with a crunching and swishing sound it enters the sleeping man's skull. The unfortunate wife leaps up with a wild vague scream of unknown terror, and after a moment of unspeakable anguish and apparent effort to comprehend the dreadful situation, bursts out with a cry of unutterable sorrow—Oh! John our son! Our son! What have you done? and falls dead on the lifeless body of her child.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

The project of a revival of Donnybrook Fair in New York is not meeting with the approval that its promoters looked for. The Irish in the big city are at last becoming alive to the fact that they can get along very nicely without being cartooned or without permitting themselves to be made the butt of ridicule for the benefit of the peculiar class of men who run the Lenox Lyceum. Thus it was that the announcement of a Donnybrook Fair to be held in New York met with considerable opposition from the Irish Societies, and at a general meeting on Sunday the following preamble and resolutions were drawn up:—

Whereas, By common report and through the columns of the press, we have learned that a so-called "Donnybrook Fair" is about to be held at the Lenox Lyceum by parties to us at present unknown, but believed to be alien to us in race and national feeling; and

Whereas, The holding of such a fair, if a reproduction of the original or a travesty upon it as ill advised and calculated to engender bad blood, as a revival of a bygone public scandal, and

Whereas, The original Dublin Donnybrook Fair, with its attendant evils and disorders, was fastened upon the good name of the land of our birth by alien influences, and patronized by the home Executive and Dublin Castle; and

Whereas, the name of Donnybrook Fair has become a synonym of reproach and opprobrium, as the hotbed of faction fights and the scene of wild debauchery; and

Whereas, Donnybrook Fair was the annual rallying resort of the worst classes of Great Britain and Ireland, from its inception under King John until its abolishment in 1855, mainly through the efforts of Archbishop Cullen.

Resolved, therefore, That we, the representatives of Irish societies of this city, denounce any attempt to revive the name of Donnybrook Fair, so suggestive of vulgar memories, and call upon our countrymen to discontinue this project of a New York Donnybrook Fair, that at its best must be a caricature and at its worst a vulgar exhibition calculated to lead to a breach of the peace.

Resolved, also, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to the Archbishop and clergy of New York, to Irish organizations and to the proprietor of the Lenox Lyceum.

This was signed by nearly 150 representatives of the leading Irish associations. There will be another meeting of the representatives at the same place this evening, where some further action may be had upon the same subject.

There are to be met with, here and there, examples of petty bigotry that cause all serious and generous-hearted men to stand aghast. These little persecutions are the work of little men of little minds, and they always recoil upon those small-souled creatures who perpetrate them. The following facts related, by a contemporary, of the Atlanta, Georgia, Board of Education are sufficient to prove that narrowness of sentiment exists to a most alarming degree amongst the members of that misallied Board. The report runs thus:—

"Many years ago, says the Constitution, Hon. Daniel Mayer, now dead, who was then a member of the Board of Education, had inserted in the rules of the Board of Education a proviso that attendance upon obligatory services of the religious body to which a pupil might belong should not be cause for demerit."

It was held by the Board that if the child kept up with his studies, the mere matter of a day's absence when conscience required it should not be converted into a punishment. Last week, just on the eve of Holy Week, this rule was abruptly repealed, apparently without consultation with those who are affected by it. The first protest made against this action came from Hon. Joseph Hirsch, a prominent Jewish citizen, who has served both on the Board and in the City Council.

"When Bishop Becker, of Savannah, addressed the congregation of the Church of the Immaculate Conception Sunday, March 26, he said:

"The Board of Education of the city of Atlanta has just repealed the rule by which children were permitted to attend church without demerit, and yet this is a 'liberal' city! The action is a piece of petty persecution—petty, petty! It is wrong; it is against the spirit of our institutions, and it cannot stand discussion."

If ever a body was improperly named it is that "Board of Education"—it should be called a "Slab of Ignorance." Yet these are the men that prate about "Equal Rights," "Liberty and Equality," "America's Institutions," "United States Free-

dom," and such like landsounding, meaningless phantoms. "Equal Rights," as long as they have the lion's share of them; "Liberty and Equality," for all but Catholics; "Freedom," to persecute children on account of their honest faith; "Institutions," that they uphold as long as they pauper, bigotry, and which they would undermine to-morrow were they to tolerate respect for the principles of those not in opposition to Rome. Unfortunate the country that will ever confide power into the hands of such men!

The following figures are of particular interest at the present writing, when a very little calculation will show that in the near future Greater New York will be so densely populated that its government will be a matter of some difficulty. There is also much food for the political economist in the study of ratio between children born of American and foreign parentage. According to recent statistics it is estimated that New York will have a population of 4,000,000 within less than five years. The statistics show that in addition to the enormous immigration to New York there were during the last quarter 15,000 deaths and 18,000 births. The population is being increased by more than 3,000 a week. The tables show an increase in the number of births among the foreign born as compared with native born population. Among 12,000 births reported for a quarter recently only 3,000, or 25 per cent., were of native born parents, and 75 per cent. were children either of foreign-born parents or having one foreign-born parent.

A special cable message to the New York "World," dated London, 8th April, reads as follows:—

"The pioneers of the bloomer movement here are sorely tried by the verdict of a Surrey jury."

Viscountess Harbington, President of the Rational Dress Society, presented herself some time ago in bloomers at the Hawthay Inn, at Dorking, and asked for a lunch. The landlady refused to permit her in that costume to use the luncheon with the other ladies, and compelled to have refreshment in the bar parlor with a number of villagers and smoking male cyclists.

"The Cyclist Touring Club instituted a suit against the landlady under the licensing law for refusing refreshment to a traveller, but the jury, found for the landlady. An appeal is now being lodged by the Viscountess, as the Rational Dress Society realizes that if this decision is unquestioned imkeepers will render their lives intolerable."

In the language of Cockayne—"this his a blooming shame!" Whether the shame is to be heisted on the landlady of the inn for having treated a distinguished guest in such a shabby fashion, or whether it should be the share of the distinguished guest whose shabby and unwomanly fashion gave rise to the little incident, is a matter of conjecture. We believe in "Rational Dress Reform," there is such an amount of dressing in our days that absolutely needs reforming, but in a rational manner. However, we draw the line at "form"; we want to see the prefix "re" to it. The form—as exhibited in the many fashionable attempts at reformation, on the part of the society in question, is much too much in evidence. We like that little monosyllable "re"; there is much modesty and much genuine virtue expressed in the two letters. For example, "re" added to "form" means the cloaking with the mantle of decency that which is otherwise calculated to shock good taste and wound virtue; again, "re"-dressing is often required in many fashionable cases; "re"-making is needed as far as certain customary costumes are concerned; and an additional amount of self-"re"-spect might enhance the attractions of some lady reformers; while a little "re"-figure would benefit others—even as the landlady's treatment of the Viscountess should have benefited that lady.

Seems as if all the things we like disagree with us, and all the things we don't like, agree with us. Dyspepsia lurks in most of the good things we eat, and indigestion follows the gratification of the appetite. Of course, it isn't Nature's fault. Nature does the best she can, and if a man will only help her a little bit at the right time, he may eat what he likes and as much as he likes. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are for people who are troubled with indigestion. Particularly for those in whom it manifests itself in the form of constipation. The "Pellets" are quick and easy in their action. They are in perfect harmony with Nature. They effect a permanent cure. You need take them regularly only a little while. After that, use them occasionally when you need them—when you have eaten anything that disagrees with you. They make be taken just as freely as you would take water or any other necessity of life. Once used they are always in favor.