

Of the others,
 With his brothers,
 In his rich robes sacerdotal,
 Singing from his golden psalter,
 Comes he now to wed the twain—
 Truth and Beauty,
 Rest and Duty,
 Hope and Fear and Joy and Pain,
 Unite for weal or woe beneath the Poet's
 chain!

PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

WHAT might have been, long ago, in Ireland, and what may yet be, under the Providence of God, throughout Erin, is described by a correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman* who visited sundry proprietors in the neighborhood of Newtown Stewart and Strabane, County Tyrone. We extract the description of the first farm visited:—

"What did I expect to find—a sudden change from the indolence, dirt, untidiness, unthrift that is proverbially attributed to Irish tenants? Certainly not, for my experience of this district, as well as many others in Ireland, is that clean and comfortable houses, good farming, and saving habits are far more prevalent than the reverse.

"With the exception of the landlords, whose cry to the tenants is ever like Pharaoh's, 'Ye are idle!' the industry and thrift of the Irish peasantry have struck every observer. While the English landowner provides all the fixed capital for working the farm and the cost of its maintenance, the Irish tenant at will must provide both this and the ordinary farming capital. Scarcely a house can be visited in this district where, if the whole family history is disclosed, there are not to be found most remarkable instances of thrift and family affection.

"The lands visited lay on the southern side of the Mourne Valley through which runs the railway from Omagh to Strabane and Derry, and they run up into a high moorland district. The first farm visited comprised forty-five acres, some fields of which were detached and more than half a mile distant from the homestead. The house was approached by a graveled avenue between neatly cut thorn hedges. Around the house

and garden were a good many large trees—ash, beech, sycamore of forty or fifty years' growth, and also some young larch recently planted. The house was comfortable, clean, and slated. Some of the offices were new, put up since the purchase of the farm in 1875. The largest new building was forty feet long by sixteen wide, and in it were the horses, three in number, and three milch cows. The old stable had been turned into a barn in which a threshing machine costing £35 had just been put up. Boarding for the new floor were seasoning and not yet laid down. Lime and stones were collected for more buildings. 'I'll have a set of slated houses that'll be good for whoever succeeds me,' said the owner. 'And who will that be?' asked I, 'will you divide it among your two sons?' He answered, 'it'll be little enough for one of them. Whoever gets it must pay the other children something if I can't save for them, but the farm must not be divided.' He then took me out into the field and showed me piles of boulders which he and his sons had raised out of the ground during the past two years. 'I've done nothing,' he said, 'that I mightn't have done as a tenant, but my rent would surely have been raised; now it's our own.'

It is no wonder that the raising of rents in these mountainous districts should be bitterly resented. The grubbing up and removal of boulders from the soil the commonest improvements effected, is a most laborious and expensive work. It is done by slow degrees on most farms, no formal account can be kept, and no trace of the work remains. The stones are used in building houses, buried in drains, or piled up into fences. There is nothing whatever to tell the landlord's valuer, nor is it his business, that five, ten, or twenty years ago the cornfield or meadow was a mass of boulders amid which grew nothing but rushes, flags, and buttercups.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die, than virtue itself.

Virtue requires no other recompense than the tribute of self approbation and respect.