THE BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

Dollard in Donahoo's Magazine

Once upon a time a great ruler sat on the throne of Omar. His youth and manhood were graced with wis dom. His administration conferred profoundest peace and prosperity throughout the realm, and won him the unbounded devotion of his people. He was eviden hy beloved of Allah, a true son of the Prophet. But, as we are told "to account no man happy until he is dead," we met not be surprised to learn that, in the full flush of his fame, the meridian of his glory, the commander of the Fathful was suddenly stricken with a fell disease which baffled the united skill of his best leeches. In such sore strait a proclamation was issued offering munificent rewards, temporal and eternal, to whomeover succeeded in reteoring the health of the Calliph. But all in vain.

the health of the Calliph. But all in vain.

Among the many attracted by the summons, however, there was one who if he could not cure, swore by the beard of the Prophet that he at least know the remedy. Whereupon, being urged, he declared that the king's sole chance of recovery lay in procuring the shirt of a happy man and wearing it. "The simplest thing in the world," oried his ministers, "for wasn't every mother's son within the four walls of the empire happy and prosperous as the day was long." A search was instituted. Bishmilla! not one could be found. The galleys were manned and the seven seas soured on the same fruitless errand. At last as they came nearer telphe setting sun, a fair land uprose from the bosom of the ocean, and on its shore they "spied a figure that raised their hopes to the pitch of certainity. Their "happy man" was singing and dancing and enjoying himself in the fullest had freest fashion. Care and he were evidently unacquainted. So, as the story goes, they scimitared the Giscour, and proceeded to secure the talisman. But to paraphrase Virgil's famous an itelimant avenerunt tunicam—nullam. The Irishman didn't have any shirt. We will allow this introduction to serve a double purpose. You mustn't expect too much in a short review of Irish Ballad poetry, such as this moceasarily is; and it may induce those attogether unacquainted with it, to be led into a surprise, as unexpected as was that of the Calliph Omar's disgusted ministers. Only the surprise will be of the pleasant sort.

Speaking ganerally we may consider the terms ballad and song inter-the created. Among the many attracted by the summons, however, there was one who

Oma's disgusted ministers. Only the surprise will be of the pleasant sort.
Bpeaking ganerally we may consider the terms ballad and song interchangeable. But according to the critical canon of taste, a ballad is not a song. Nor a song a ballad. This, however, is arbitrary. Just to follow the fashion and avoid confusion we will make this distinction. The term "song," is strictly applicable only where all the established and recognized rules of versification are rigor outly observed, of rhythm, metre and finish. This is supposed to give us the jewel out and polished and elandously set. But the ballads to which Ireland owes a historic name are certainly not those. They are the jewels in the rough, unattractive perhaps, superficially, but the genuine stones withall—the real, simple song welling up spontaneously from the heart, fresh and unfettered, crystalizing an idea or an event in a popular, lasting form, with the accompanient of appropriate music.

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This age of ours is, without doubt, a highly cultured one. Whether it is more so than any other may be disputed. To our time at least, be longe the greatest universality of appreciation for literary effort. There is established to-day, an aristocrasy of intellect, within whose privileged ranks men of all races and tongues are admitted, if they present the proc credentials. And there never was before, a time in which the desire was so general to fill what Byron calls, "a certain portion of uncertain paper;" to occupy a seat in the gallery of the immercial in the consequent hurry and rush, there is apt to be wrong done, and the deserving jostical saide or trampled on, and forgotten, at least, temporarily. This is peculiarly true of the Irish element in the race for fame in proce and posey. The Engish speaking world, through the medium of which alone, it was possible for Irish effeort to be appreciated, had, at least until within a very few years, so well as luxuriant, and needs but to be known to take a high place in the estimation of the good and the wise. As a simple matter of fact, the ordinary English or American critic of today complemently regards Irish literature as a Nazareth out of which no "good" is to be expected. Nevertheless, the student who brings the least spark of sympathy to the study will find in the Ballad Poetry of Ireland, much to marvel at, to admire and to love.

love.

Ballad Poetry "holds the mirror up to nature," reflects every refinement of feeling, everf passion, every hope, the whole moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the people, by and for whom it was written. You can feel their heart throbs, you can see their bosoms swell, their eyes brighten or lower, or soften, and you

can catch glumpses through this modnum, thus vail of song, into the holiust
and must secret recesses of their souls.
Next to living with a people it is the
sucast way to a true, thorough knowl
edge of them, better and safer than
history, which has been called, what
it often is, a conspiracy against truth.
Now, a love of music and song was
from the first, characteristic of the
Calt. "When other peoples," says
frather Tom Burke "celebrate their
victories, their activermouts, we behold on their banners, the lion, emblematic of power; the cross symbol
izing their faith; the stars and stripes,
as in the American standard, the
emblem of rising hope; but when
relaind had her own standard, and
flung its folds to the breeze, her ambition and her gauins were embodied
in a golden harp." Hardiman and
Walker, recognized authorities, give
the assumptiom. We are told that
the Bards or Ollamhs, were a favortic class in those catch, pre Christica
days, and that they owed all their
power and prestige to the influence
of music and song over their countrymen. They hold positions inferior
only to the king, and we find a curious
ustom, that prevailed also amongst
the Hobrows, emphassing this. The
various classes, under the Brehea
Law, were obliged to wear a certain
number of colored stripes in their
dress to denote the rank they held,
the greatest number being the pri
vilege of the highest. Next to the
king, we find the Bards wore most
colors, or were second to him in
dignity. And what is more, while
the person of the king was not safe
from conspiracy, the Ollamhs lived
always secure. Twenty years was
the necessary novitite for the aspirant to their ranks, and the title
"Bard," was conferred only when the
"Bard," was conferred only when the
historic hill whose name is s-"gestive
of the great musical touran, at sen
and regulate its throbs, as well as the
miscreasial candidate had demonstrated
his ability, in presence of a greand
of the presence of the king was
not to their ranks, and the title
"Bard," was conferred only

Bards the Brehon Law demanded:

Purity of hand,
Perity of mouth,
Purity of learning,
Purity of marriage,
And the Bard who violated any of these purities was deprived of his income and his digality. "All the ancient life of Ireland," says the above writer, "moved to musia. The Brehons intoned the laws recitative, to the listening people; the Benachies chanted the genealogies of the kings; while poste recited the deeds of heroes, or sang to their harps those exquisite arise that still enchant the world, and which have been wafted down the cen turies, an echo, according to tradition, of a soft, pathetic fairy music, that once learned the hills and glens of Ireland."

of a soft, pathetic fairy music that once haunted the hills and glens of Ireland."

Well, the Bards are gone, but their spiris still lives. Magnified through the mists of ages, we find them snarcely human, and even as Ignatius Donnelly says, the gods of Greece and Rome were but the desified kings and scholars of an antedeluvian world, so in the people's fanoiful imagination the Ollambe of legendary lore became endowed with supernatural powers. It is related that, one time, Seancham the chief Bard, wanted an egg for his breakfast, but was told the mice had destroyed every egg in the house. This naturally angered him. "I will satirize them in a poem," he cried, and forthwith chanted so bitter a satire against them that ten mice fell dead in his presence.

They lie beside their nectas,

the whole Irish race may plead guilty. By the way, this amiable weakness havn't escaped the sharp eye of the American, this love of the past, this veneration for what is ancient and honorable. I saw him have his irreverent fling at it not long ago. He gets two brecolless urchins of the Mileslan peruasion into a hot dispute concerning the rival claims of their respective families to remote a descent. "Kosciosko" Murphy declares proully that his ancestor shared bed and board with Nosh. But his claim was "flooded," so to speak, by his oppoment's a: "Attent the Flannagans wern't that kind, they'd be behouldn't on body, they had an Ark of their own.

With the sighth century the Bards

to nobely, they had an Ack of their own.

With she eighth century the Bards began a troubled existence. For over a thousand years their wondrous reign had lasted. But the hands that had languished over the lyre so long, that struck such soul-searching music from its epeaking strings, could also wield the sword, and "in its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its orimson light," proved anew their right and title to leadership among their countrymen. They were first in every savage fight with the Danes, and it was Brisa, king and chief Bard, who swept them at last forever, from Irish soil. The Norman and the Bassenagh knew the power of the Bards and, during the protracted struggle, persistently sought their destruggle, persistently sought their destrugistic persistently sought their destruction. They succeeded. The Wall of Melody became an unsightly ruin, and the Harper's heads grinned from many a battlement within the Pale.

No more to chiefs and ladles bright,

The Harp of Tara swells.

lo.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The Harp of Tara swells.
The chord alone that wakes at night
Its tals of ruin bells.
Thus F eedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indigeant, breaks
To show that still she lives.

Is when some heart indigeant, breaks
To show that still the fires,
The study of Irish poesy, for the
seven hundred years succeeding the
Norman invasion, is a sad one.
When the chivalry of the Middlo
Ages was developing the romantic
poetry of Provence, Ireland was in a
cettl-struggle with the Dane. When
Dante and Fetrarch sung in the melhidous Tussean, Ireland was encountering the best soldiers of Europe
under Elizabeth's generals. While
Spanish ministrels were chanting the
glories of Charlemagne and the Old,
the same unending duel was going on,
and while kings and princes were
everywhere olse making culture the
pride of their reigns, the priest, the
schoolmster, and the Bard in Ireland
had a price on their heads. The schoolmaster, and the Bard in Ireland had a price on their heads. The vicious perfection of the Penal "ode had done its work. We all are familiar with Burke's scathing character ization "machine" the like of which never before "proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Doesn't it make one's soul shudder and sink with horror and pity to hear the gentle philosopher Berkeley, query in the first decades of the eighteenth century:

century:
"Whether there was, under the
heavens any Christian or civilized
people, so beggarly, so wretched or so
destitute as the common Irish?"

wellow haired heroes rushed to battic shaking their spaers, and shouting their spaers, and shouting their was congs, while the tholog old torques rattle on arm and throat, and ther many-olored clasks otream in the wind. They pass us by and are look to sight, and their places are flitch with others in a shifting, splandid, confused pageant of monarchs and warriors, and besulful women for whose love the heroes are glad to die, and the kings to peril their crowns. And foremost of all move the majestic Bards, striking their golden harps, telling of glories past, and handing down the names of heroes forever." (Lady Whide.)

Those Bards were indeed a wonderful body of men. They ruled the people, one might say, altogether by their higher instincts, and by such precept and example almost unprecedented, encouraged them in the people, one might say, altogether by their higher instincts, and by such precept and example almost unprecedented, encouraged them in the precision of every virtue. From those Bards the Brehon Law demanded:

Purity of hand,
Parity of month,
Purity of learning,
Purity of service, while poster socied the deed of heroes, or sang to their harps those exquisite arise that the shall be an element of the listening people; the Benachies chanted the greenelogies of the kings; will poster socied the deed of heroes, or sang to their harps those exquisite arise that the same and the same peril stay, but it is manifest, the proper stay of the proper stay of

whose extravigues is excused only by its sincerity, wept ever her departed glories, her living sorrows. To the dreamy sensitiveness of their imigration. Ireland was clothed in the flish and blood of a maiden, full of youth and blood for first affection. They sing like that fabled bird of the first, which smile the topic lexiciance of its native olive groves, fills them with plaintive notes for its heart always. Leans upon a thorn." "The Irish, says Mons. Thiory, "made for them selves monuments which noither steel nor fire can destroy. They had recourse to the art of singing, in which they gloried in excelling, and which in the days of their independence had been their pride and pleasure. They love to make their country into a real being, the "love to speak of it without pronouncing its rame, and to mingle the love they bear it, an austere and perilcus love, with what is sweetest and happiest amnight the affections of the heart. It seems, as if under the vell of those agreeable illusions, they wished to disguise to their minds the resilities of their troubles and dangers and by graceful ideas, to divert themselves with flawers when on the point of perishing at Tuermopyles."

I should like very much to quote bind the very much

his blood, can road them unmoved?

Over hills and thro' dales,
Have I roamed for your sake,
All yeste death sailed with sails,
The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lighting in my blood
My dark Resaleen,
My own R. saisen,
Oh, there was lighting in my blood,
Red lighting lightened thro' my blood
My dark Rosaleen,

My dark Rosaleen.
I could seale the bine air,
I could plough the high hills,
I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many lils.
And one beamy smile from you would not be night to between
My tolk and new chown, my bree,
My found Rosaleen.
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen.
Chull mean the hundre and and

My dark Realeen.

Such was the burden, and such the fashion of patriotic song up to what i-called the transition period; to the time when the tongue of the Saxon became familiar to Celtic lips. They are all of the same extravagant type, full of impotent passion and profound melancholy, sinking into darkest despondency or soaring in rapturous triumph. They are notes of a temperament which makes men and nations feeble in adversity and great, and great and agreat and generous in prospority. The perament which makes men and nations feeble in adversity and great, gay and generous in prospority. The ballads of the affections, belonging to this same period, have all the magic than the period, have all the magic charm peculiar to them in our own days. The "boys" and the "colleens" are the same, and "mo cree-vin," "mavourneen, "asthore," acushis," with all their hyperbole of tenderness drop from lips no less persuasive. Truly, as Henry Grattan said, the genius of our people is "affection." Their love songs teach us above all things, the depth, the freshness, the purity of their hearts, bathed in the softness of their green island's climate:

bathed in sue com-island's climate:
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand
Of the fair hills of holy Ireland.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds, coughs, and all throat, lung and bronchial troubles, is undoubledly Ayer's Cherry Pectoral the only specific for colds and coughs admitted on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair.

It is better to be a nobody who amounts to something than to be a somebody and accomplish nothing.

sumeusdy and accomplish nothing.

111 Tempered Bebles are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against frettul children by feeding nutritions and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

Friend: "You say your son is extravagent?" Father: "Extravagent? He's an incarnate income tax!"

trust him

You want Scott's Emulsion. If you ask your druggist for it and get it—you can trust that man. But if he offers you "something just as good," he will do the same when your doctor writes a prescription for which he wants to get a special effect — play the game of life and death for the sake of a penny or two more profit. You can't trust that man. Get what you ask for, and pay for, whether it is Scott's Emulsion or anything else. If you ask your drug-

sion or anything else.

September

6,576 *SWORN * 0ctober 11,689

Bottles. 18285 BOTTLES IN TWO MONTHS.

October

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

Total Sales for Month of September 6,576 Bottles, and October 11,689, and Published Hereunder is the Affimation of it:

In the matter of Dr. Chase's Syrup of lanseed and Turpentine

I list at Morris, of the Coy of Toronto, in the Cooks of York, do solemnly declare it is defined by the Coy of Toronto, in the Cooks of York, do solemnly declare it is defined by the Cooks of the Cook

Declared before me at the City of Toronto, in the County of York, this 2nd day of November, 1891

J. H. DENTON, a Commissioner, etc.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY:

ASTHMA FOR YEARS

A BANKER'S EXPERIENCE.

"Thave suffered very severely from switting for over tween's five pears," says 1t. 0, Moore, of the tirout, with a seed and Truste, time of 11 Melbourne for the tirout, and the tirout, with the tirout, and the tirout

A PREVENTATIVE OF COLDS.

"I have been a chronic sufferer from severe colds for a long time," says Miss Hattle Delancy, of III Crawford street, Toronto, "Juanily at this season of the year I did not know what it was to be free from them. Nothing did not note good until I got a bottle of Chash Linecol and Turpentine, I got a bottle of Chash Linecol and Turpentine, I not only carried up to the best of the season of the

"My intile boy had a bad croupy cough," any Mrs. Smith. of 250 Hathwart street, Toronto. "My neighbor, Mrs. Hopkins, recommended use to try Dr.Chasce's Syrup of Linssed and Turpes line. I did so, and the first does did him good. One bottle completely cured the cold. It is surprising the populatify of Chascs Syrup. It surprising the populatify of Chascs Syrup. It can now be found in every house."

Linseed and Turpentine membrane, relieves the over-charged the air passages; arrests the progress of fever and inflammation. It is prepared from the finest denulcents and expectorants from the prescriptions of Dr. Chase, and is specially effective in Croup.

CHILDREN JUST LOVE IT. Druggists 25 CENTS.

THE CHURCH IN SLAVERY DAYS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.]

Capt. Thomas Hamilton in "Men and Manners in America," says: Both Catholic and Protestants agree in the tenet that all men are equal in the sight of God, but the former the sight of tod, but the former alone gives practical exemplification of his creed. In a Catholic ohrroh the prince and the peasant, the slave and his master, kneel before the same altar in temporary oblivion of all worldly distinctions. They come there but in one character, that of sinners; and no rank is felt or an knewled but that connected with the offices of religion. Within these sacred precincts the vanity of the rich man receives no incense, the proud are not insteared, the humble are not abashed. The starop of degradation is obliterated from the forehead of the slave, when he beholds himself admitted to community of worship with the highest and noblest in the land. But in Protestant ohnerhee a different rule prevails. People of color are either excluded allegether or are mewed up in some remote corner separated by barriers from the body of the church. It is impossible to forget their degraded condition, even for a moment. It is brought home to their feelings in a thousand ways. No white Protestant would kneel at the same altar with a black one. He saserts his superiority everywhere, and the very hue of his religion is affected by the color of his shin.

From the hands of the Catholic priest the poor alsave receives all the consolations of religion. He is visit ed in sickness and consoled in affliction; his dying lips receive the consecrated wafer, and in the very deathespoyt the last voice that meets his ear is that of his priest uttering the sublime words, "Depart, Christian soul." Can it be wondered, there fore, that the elaves in Lunisiana are all Catholics; that while the congegation of the Protestant church consists of a few ladies arranged in well-cushioned pews, the whole floor of the extensive cathedra's should be crowded with worshippers of all colors and classes.

From all I coulk learn, the zeal of the Catholic priests is highly exemplery. They never forget that the most degraded of human forms is animated by a soul as precious in the

eye of religion, as that of the Sovereign Pontiff. The arms of the Church are never closed against the meanest outcast of society. Divesting themselves of all pride of caste, they mingle with the slaves, and certainly understand their character far better than any other body of religious teachers. I I am not a Catholic, but I cannot suffer prejudice of any sort to prevent my doing justice to a body of Christian minusters, whose seal can be animated by ne hope of worldly reward, and whose humble lives are ward, and whose humble lives are passed in d'flusing the influence of divine trutin, and communicating to mankind the blessed comforts of religion. Prese men publish no periodical enumeration of their converts. The amount and the success of their silent labors, is not illustrated in the blaxon of missionary societies, nor are they rhetorically set forth in the annual speeches of Lord Roden or Lord Berley. And yet we may surely assert that not the least of these labors is fregotten. Their record is where their reward will be.

The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Trowns' Ecteratio Oil. Croup, whooping cough, brouchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling proparation, which also remedies rheumatio pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

"How intelerably conceited musi-cians are, as a rule!" "Oh, well, what can you expect from people who are naturally full of airs?"

"Old, yet ever new, and simple and beautiful ever," sings the post, in words which might well apply to Ayers Sar-saparilla—the most efficient and seien-tific blood-purifier ever offered to suffer-ing burnanty. Nothing but superior merit keeps it so long at the front.

Elsie: "And does George say I was positively dovelike?" Clara: "Something of that sort; said you were pigeon-toed, I believe."

Consumption Cared

Cossumption Currel.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an Ks. I. Jodia missonary ide formulae if a simple requestle remedy for the formulae if a simple requestle remedy for the chief "Gararth, Assimas, wor' all Threat and Lung Grictions also justified and "Gale Cited For the Control of the Control of