

Ireland's Ballad Poetry.

BY "CRUX."

LAST week we had Davis' essay on Irish Music and Poetry. It may be as well to now complete the entire series, by giving the last that ever came from that fertile and patriotic pen. It deals with Ireland's Ballad Poetry. Unfortunately it was never completed. It remained unfinished on that fatal day, in September, 1845, when Davis took ill in his office and went home, to never again return. Almost all his associates were out of town on holidays, and scarcely any of them had heard of his illness. It was short and swift. The first intimation that Duffy had that Davis was incapacitated was a summons to his house on Baginbun street, where he looked upon (to use his own words, "the most tragic sight my eyes ever beheld—the dead body of Thomas Davis.")

As it is, however, and for what is in it we will now take in this last essay of one whose gigantic talents were dedicated entirely to the cause of his country.

How slow we have all been in coming to understand the meaning of Irish nationality!

Some, dazzled by visions of Pagan splendor, and the pretensions of pedigree, and won by the passions and romance of the older races, continued to speak in the nineteenth century of an Irish nation as they might have done in the tenth. They forgot the English Pale, the Ulster settlement, and the filtered colonization of men and ideas. A Celtic Kingdom with the old names and the old language, without the old quarrels, was their hope; and, though they could not repeat O'Neill's comment, as he passed Barrett's castle on his march to Kinsale, and heard that he hated the Norman churl as if he came yesterday; yet they quietly assumed that the Norman and Saxon elements would disappear under the Gaelic genius like the tracks of calvary under a fresh crop.

The nationality of Swift and Grattan was equally partial. They saw that the Government and laws of the settlers had extended to the island—that Donegal and Kerry were in the Pale; they heard the English tongue in Dublin, and London opinions in Dublin—they misfook Ireland for a colony wronged, and great enough to be a nation.

A lower form of nationhood was before the minds of those who saw in it nothing but a parliament in College Green. They had not erred in judging, for they had not tried to estimate, the moral elements and tendencies of the country. They were as narrow bigots to the omnipotency of an institution as any Cockney Radical. Could they, by an accumulation of English stupidity and Irish laziness, have got possession of an Irish government, they would soon have distressed every one by their laws, whom they had not provoked by their administration, or disgusted by their dullness.

Far healthier with all its defects, was the idea of those who saw in Scotland a perfect model—who longed for a literary and artistic nationality—who prized the oratory of Grattan and Curran, the novels of Griffin and Carleton, the pictures of MacIver and Burton, the ancient music, as much as any, and far more than most of the political nationalists, but who regarded political independence as a dangerous dream. Unknowingly they fostered it. Their writings, their patronage, their talk was of Ireland; yet it hardly occurred to them that the ideal would flow into the practical, or that they with their dread of agitation, were forwarding a revolution.

At last we are beginning to see what we are, and what is our destiny. Our duties arise where our knowledge begins. The elements of Irish nationality are not only combining—in fact, they are growing confluent in our minds. Such nationality as merits a good man's help, and wakens a true man's ambition—such nationality as could stand against internal faction and foreign intrigue, such nationality as would make the Irish hearth happy and the Irish name illustrious, is becoming understood. It must contain and represent the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic, it must not be Saxon—it must be Irish. The Breton law, and the maxims of Westminster, the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength

of the Sasanach, the marshalling insight of the Norman—a literature which shall exhibit in combination the passions and idioms of all, and which shall equally express our mind in its romantic, its religious, its forensic, and its practical tendencies—finally, a native government, which shall know and rule by the might and right of all; yet yield to the arrogance of none—these are the components of such a nationality.

But what have these things to do with the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland?" Much every way. It is the result of the elements we have named—it is compounded of all; and never was there a book fitter to advance that perfect nationality to which Ireland begins to aspire. That a country without national poetry proves its hopeless dullness or its utter provincialism. National poetry is the very flowering of the soul; the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melancholy is balsam to the senses. It is the playfellow of childhood, ripens into the companion of his manhood, consoles his age. It presents the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes, and the deepest passions in the language most familiar to us. It shows us magnified, and ennobles our hearts, our intellects, our country, and our countrymen—binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history, to the future by examples and by aspirations. It solaces us in travel, fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our homes, is the recognized envoy of our minds among all mankind and to all time.

In possessing the powers and elements of a glorious nationality, we owned the sources of a national poetry. In the combination and joint development of the latter, we find a pledge and a help to the former.

What a magnificent peroration to a life that was one grand sermon of patriotism for the people! What a pity it had not been prolonged till the race could have enjoyed all the fruits of its erudition and judgment! It was young to die—thirty-three—with such talents, such energy, and such principles! But Ireland has always lost her great and good ones when they were most needed.

Mgr. O'Connell And Italians.

On the 19th May last, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connell, of Portland, Me., celebrated the second anniversary of his episcopal consecration. He sang a Solemn Pontifical Mass, in which he was assisted by members of the Episcopal Council and diocesan officials as well as the priests of his household. There were present the religious communities of the city, representatives of the Catholic Union, the Ozanam Club, the Boys' Holy Name Society, the children of the cathedral schools and a large congregation.

A remarkable feature in the address delivered by Bishop O'Connell, was his expressed interest in the Catholic Italian colony.

He called attention to the works which had been instituted for the Italian immigrants in Portland, instancing the class for their instruction in the faith and in sewing and household work under the charge of young women. He called the attention of the priests of the diocese to the necessity of providing for the spiritual welfare of these children of the faith, strangers in a strange land, and needing special care and affection from the clergy of the Catholic Church. They came from a land which is the seat of the visible head of the church, a land which in a human way also has done great things for the spread of the faith and civilization. The Bishop exhorted the clergy strongly to institute special works throughout the diocese for the education and care of Italians, particularly the children.

THE ECCENTRIC RICH.

Cardinal Moran tells in a recent speech that "some years ago a good old lady died in Plymouth and bequeathed £10,000 to buy spectacles for the South Sea Islanders to enable them to read their Bibles."

THE OFFERING OF A DIOCESE.

The Pope on May 30, received in private audience Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the American College who, in the name of Archbishop Ryan, gave the Pontiff \$10,500, the offering of the archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Lessons In Irish History.

In an address before the Gaelic League, Mr. Barry O'Brien sought to show the necessity of doing away with all "those miserable local terms and local differences, and to build up a movement on the sure foundation of National Unity." He pointed out how the Irish are divided between themselves, and he detests hearing a man talking of being a Munsterman, or an Ulsterman, for this indicates a provincialism that militates against nationalism. To establish how this spirit dates back to the days of the Norman Settlement he gives one of the most unique and correct as well as perfectly entertaining account of the Norman invasion, and of all the futile attempts made to settle Ireland's troubles, from the days of Strongbow, in the twelfth century, to the time of Art MacMurragh. The moral he draws from it all is that—1st. The Irish were sufficiently inspired by the national idea to hate the foreigners; 2nd, they do not seem to have had an objection to a common King with England, provided that they were left in possession of their land, their laws, and their institutions; 3rd, the national idea was not sufficiently developed, the national character not sufficiently balanced, to enable them to sweep the English into the sea. And the unfortunate divisions—so prevalent even to-day—formed the root of their weakness.

So exceedingly interesting, graphic and easily understood is this sketch of Ireland's struggle during that century, and of all the vain attempts to settle her difficulties that we do not hesitate to take it in full and reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

STRONGBOW'S AND DE COURCY.

—Donogh met Strongbow at Thurles. The Normans were supplied with the Lee Metfords and Long Toms of the time. The Irish were unused to fighting in armour, and, as a matter of fact, even when they were supplied with mail they flung it off before going into battle. The battle raged from morn to night, and Donogh won. Strongbow sent to Raymond for help, but Raymond said: "Before I do anything to help you you must give me your daughter." If you were to tell that story to an English audience and say that it happened amongst Irishmen they would say: "So Irish." Strongbow consented, and with his patriotism thus strengthened Raymond marched on O'Brien. The fight again lasted from morning till night—it took place at Cashel—but this time the Normans prevailed. Strongbow was recalled, and died in 1172. Peace was ultimately made, by which Henry was to be nominal Lord of Ireland and Roderick actual ruler of the country. Henry then generously shared out the land amongst his followers. But it was one thing getting the grant of the land and quite another getting the grant of the land itself. The rich who owned it did not know anything about the grants and did not care a fig for them. De Courcy went to take possession of Ulster. The English went many times that way to take possession. They went to take possession as if they were on a picnic party, as they did elsewhere recently, but with an even worse result. De Courcy might as well have tried to take possession of the moon. He took possession of nothing but a good whacking. De Lacy became jealous of him and said he was a traitor, whereupon he was seized and carried away to England. De Lacy held his ground for a time in Meath. His chief achievement was to destroy a monastery and build a castle in its place. Roderick O'Connor went into a monastery, which was probably as good a place as any for him. In 1192 Donogh O'Brien and the Normans had another great fight at Thurles. O'Brien won. Two years after he died—in 1194—and certainly his later deeds will wipe out the first error he committed. John was sent to Ireland. He arrived at Waterford. He was met by the Irish chief. He thought them "very Irish" and treated them accordingly. They rose and left his presence, and before night-fall sent a great Irish army and drove him out of the country. John thought "So Irish," and went. There then was a succession of Viceroys or Governors, each one of whom came to "settle the question." One divided the land into twelve counties, and then he went home.

NORMANS AND IRISH.—The early Normans fought the Irish and robbed them, but they were not going to let the English at home have the booty. Speaking of them a writer says: "We are English to the Irish, but we are Irish to the English, and we will not allow them to interfere with us in this country."

Then at last the Irish determined to call in Edward Bruce, of Scotland, brother of the great Robert Bruce, to help them. The Irish attitude to the English was "We have had plenty of experience of you. You are not the people to conquer us, or to plunder us, or to have anything to do with us. If we are to be ruled by foreigners then in God's name let us have a new set of foreigners; we have had enough of those people." These are practically the sentiments of the letter of Donal O'Brien, King of Ulster, to Pope John XXII., in the year 1318. He gives at first a description of the condition of Ireland, and goes on: "Your holy predecessor, Adrian IV., gave a Bull to Henry II. to take possession of Ireland. For what reason was this given? Partly upon the ground that the Irish were in a state of barbarism, a state of anarchy, a state of irreligion, and the English were to come in and raise the country. What is the position to-day? All is confusion. Not only have they not raised the condition of things, but they have created a worse condition than existed before their arrival. If there was any justification for calling in England it was on the understanding that England should improve the state of the country. She has instead plunged it into the deepest misery, and we have made up our minds that we shall call in our kinsman, Edward Bruce, and make him King of Ireland and throw off all allegiance to England entirely, and drive the English from our country."

EDWARD BRUCE.—The Pope sent the remonstrance to King Edward II., and he backed it up with a statement of his own. He said: "Are these statements true? If so the people are most badly done by, and we now call upon you to exercise your authority to put matters right." That was the right thing. He threatened to excommunicate the Archbishops of Ireland if they helped Edward Bruce. That was the wrong thing. The Archbishops obeyed, but the clergy supported him to a man. He landed at Larnes, or Carrickfergus. He was joined by Irish chiefs, by Normans, and by some of the De Lacy's. He marched to Limerick. He destroyed every force that came before him, and the English were in terror of his name. Everywhere he went he was victorious. This war wasted the whole country. It told against Bruce when he himself began his march back from Limerick, so that he could not get sufficient food on the march back. His army was 6,000 men, and for a time he swept all before him, but in 1318 a battle was fought between the English and Bruce at Fanghard, near Dundalk. Bruce at Fanghard, near Dundalk, he was greatly outnumbered, and in the end was slain and his army defeated. His efforts, however, were not entirely a failure. Through them the Irish and Normans came closer together, though desperate efforts were made by the English Government at home to keep them apart.

THE GOVERNMENT POLICY.

The objects of all governments are the advantages, benefit, and welfare of the people whom they govern—their business to weld them into one harmonious whole. The policy of this alien Government was not to consolidate the nation, but to divide the nation. They did all in their power to set Irish chief against Irish chief, Irish against Norman settlers, and Normans against the Irish. I say therefore that I do not know of any case of relations between conqueror and conquered where a policy so wicked was pursued with so great a determination as was pursued by the English in Ireland.

THE GERALDINES.

—Meantime the Geraldines had become very powerful. The Government in England had helped them at first, but finding them becoming too dangerous, they sought to curb their power. One of these Geraldines had become Earl of Desmond, and he was nothing more or less than a King. They called upon Desmond for an interview. He went home first and brought his soldiers on calling, so they left it at that for a time, and before long he became more unpopular with English than with Irish. The King did all in his power to put down Desmond. In 1381 Sir Anthony Lucy came to settle everything. Desmond refused to attend Parliament. Lucy sent Bermingham for him, but Bermingham joined Desmond. Eventually

ly Lucy succeeded in putting Desmond in gaol, and, having thus settled the question, was recalled. As I have said Lucy had put Desmond in gaol. Sir John D'Arcy arrived. Each new governor wanted to do something new and the first thing he did was to release Desmond. So the game of misgovernment went on.

FAILURE UPON FAILURE.

—The Baron sometimes took sides with the chiefs against the Government—sometimes with the Government against the chiefs—sometimes against each other independent of anybody else, until by 1389 the Irish were more powerful than they had been at any time since the arrival of the Normans. So powerful indeed that they could easily, if they had been led, have broken up the Norman settlers. This being the condition of things the English Government thought another attempt at settling the question should be made, so they sent over Sir John Morris. Sir John called a Parliament about a week after he arrived in the country. He summoned Desmond and Kildare to come to a Parliament in Dublin. Instead of going to the Parliament in Dublin they called a Parliament of their own in Kilkenny at which they said: "The curse of this country is your English officials that come over here full of ignorance and arrogance and, as a rule, the Lord Deputy is . . . biggest robber of the whole gang." Sir John having thus failed to settle the question they sent on Sir Ralph Ufford. Ufford first of all tried to placate Desmond—then he attacked him and put him into prison. The Normans were everywhere adopting Irish names, customs, and manners—becoming Irish in fact—so it was ordered that no person was fit to hold a Government office in Ireland unless he was first born in England. Lionel, son of King Edward, was then sent to settle everything. He issued a Royal Proclamation, and had his army cut to pieces. He came again, convened a Parliament at Kilkenny, forbidding intercourse with the Irish, and the adoption of Irish manners and customs.

A COMEDY OF SETTLEMENT.

—As soon as an Act of Parliament was passed, everything, of course, was settled. Nobody took any notice. Edward III. passed away. On the accession of Richard II., the English held portion of four counties, and that was the extent of their conquest since 1169. Richard the Second was then to settle everything. He went and met Art MacMurrough, tried, but was hopelessly beaten. He only succeeded in supplying Art with provisions. Richard immediately gave a banquet. He invited all the chiefs, and they all came, still keeping up that very curious condition. They seemed to be always ready to receive the English King. They had no objection to dine with him, but it stopped at that. Richard left, feeling sure that things were settled. He had not been in London a week when the country was in a blaze again! Richard returned from England, and Art beat him once more, so Richard went home for good. Art MacMurrough held his ground, and died King of Leinster, receiving a tribute from the Governor in Dublin for allowing him to carry on trade around Dublin. Richard Duke of York was appointed Deputy, and he was the first Englishman who tried to unite Normans and Irish. The Normans were, by this time, quite broken up; the Irish had recovered the whole country, except strips of territory round Dublin.

Here the account ends as far as Mr. Barry O'Brien's recital goes; and a more rapid, humorous, yet withal serious survey of a whole country, with all its confusing changes, we do not think could be produced.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information relating to the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm. 80,320—Wm. Godfrey Arnald, Kamloops, B.C., stove pipe. 81,048—Wm. Godfrey Arnald, Kamloops, B.C., stove. 81,067—Messrs. D'Artois & Brouillette, Waterloo, P.Q., moving machine. 81,068—Origene Gosselin, Drummondville, P.Q., churn. 81,100—Joseph LaBrecche, Terrebonne, P.Q., ore separator. 81,155—Phillips Grenier, St. Joseph (Maskinonge), P.Q., hay press.

Old Letters.

By a Regular Contributor.

Last week's letter seems to have created considerable interest in some circles. I had occasion to hear a few comments that were made without the persons having the slightest idea that I had any connection with these letters. One of them was this: "I don't believe that that fellow (meaning, of course, your humble servant), has anything of the sort. He has been borrowing those letters from others." Now this would not be a sin. Suppose I did borrow some of them, it does not change the fact that while I am copying them, I have them in my possession. The truth is that I did borrow six of them; or rather six, and of the scores that I have given, were handed to me by friends for the purpose of reproducing them. Now, amongst other borrowed letters is the one that I am about to now transcribe. I cannot give the name of the person to whom it was addressed, for I have not that permission. But the letter is brief, and is valuable, as far as the signature goes. It was written in great haste. The writer thereof, according to all I could learn wrote a very neat, distinct, round hand; in this instance the note is dashed off, as if in a fearful hurry, or as if the writer were suffering under some great excitement. My friend received this letter by hand one Sunday morning from a minister of the Episcopal Church, who told him that it was a relic he had kept for many years. Before my friend had an opportunity of returning the letter to the aged clergyman, the latter died. He consequently retained it. He, in turn, is now a very old man, residing here in Montreal, and very well known in many circles—especially in certain political circles a few years ago. He was originally an American, but his residence of over forty years years in Canada, may have turged him into a regular Canadian.

The letter runs as follows: Philadelphia, Wednesday night.

Rev. and Dear Sir: You may be possibly aware that I am to lecture in Gerard Hall to-morrow evening. My name may be familiar to you, as I believe it is, but my circumstances are not probably within your knowledge. The latter are by no means flourishing; to add to my discomfiture my portman-teau has gone on to Baltimore. The mishap leaves me minus a suitable suit for to-morrow evening, and my lack of funds forbids my purchasing one. For an obvious reason I apply to a clergyman—not alone that he is most likely to be charitably inclined, but particularly because the "cut of his coat" is that which is most a la mode on the platform. Not wishing to take you by surprise I now forward this my request, and I will take the liberty of following it in person to-morrow forenoon.

Most respectfully yours, EDGAR A. POE.

It is unnecessary that I should tell the readers who Edgar Allen Poe was. His "Raven," his "Bells," and his many other weird and beautiful productions have immortalized him, have made his name familiar to every school boy. His life has been written, and it is one long sermon. He died young and under most unfortunate circumstances. He was an orphan boy, cast upon the world, with no fortune save his keen intellect and bright, handsome face. A Mr. Allen adopted and educated him, and even intended to make him his heir. But Poe fell into evil ways, from which evil associates prevented him from departing. He was more a victim of weakness than aught else. He had a fiery, imaginative soul, and he had a quick temper, to which may be added an innate pride that made him feel keenly his every relapse. He struggled long and manfully, but against odds. Through all the clouds that hung over his life the flashes of his grand mind—expressed in inimitable and most original verse—were as the lightnings in a tempest. They illumined all around them, but only to plunge their surroundings in a profounder darkness when they had vanished.

His death was sudden and sad. But his works remain as the most original in American literature, and he wrote himself into the society of the classics. The foregoing letter tells a story, or rather a chapter in a sad life story.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

CHRISTIAN BROTE recent exchanges were well-deserved efforts made in Dublin to aid Brothers in their endeavours on their noble working has taken the form and fate. The object proceeds are intended, tion of a training college at Marino. There in the Rotunda where in progress has been ted up. The general coration is the represent and peculiarly tural remains, and in tion the result is parting. The ancient structure include the Prie Glendalough, the doer client temple at Rahan, ty; a doorway and with Cille of the Tribes. temple from Devenish Chancel Arch of Cor the stone roof of the Kevin's Kitchen, a notable reminders of a In this connection it amiss to reproduce here ing spirited and patriotic the assistant Superior ther Hennessy, who in a speech at one of ments held in connecti bazaar, stated the post Order in a manner that contrast to the silence fest in other parts of connection with other ders, Brother Hennessy The Christian Brother critics, like all bodies and some of those critic "Why should not the C thers raise this building own resources?" Well, easy for him to answer cause with the intimate knowledge which he ha sources? The Christian emphatically said that the resources to meet demand as the erection ing must entail. Unde had some resources. sources as they had we the specific purpose of their congregation, and to utilize and use up resources in the erection ing, they would then tion of having a building still on it, and they w earthly means of keepin order. Many people derstand the tremendou were on such resources big body like the Christ The Superior-General h purse to draw from, an collections to enable hi tain the heavy demands had to meet. He was that the Superior-Gener at all such large resour should have to meet th In face of that fact it solutely impossible to he could expend these re the erection of the bu was now being raised, was that he had been have recourse to this b collection, not alone but in counties outside enable him to meet the the case. The position of the C thers as an educational an unique position. He he thought, with a feeli lity or pride, if they lik so, that the Christian cupied rather a unique the history of Ireland, educational history of ticularly, their body was of all State control so cation was concerned. they had maintained fo hundred years, and t they continued to maint maintained further, th the benefit of education throughout Ireland that continue to maintain t They had had it repeated the highest ecclesiasti in the land that, were i position which they occ the perseverance and co which, they stuck to the their congregation all t changes which had been the State system of edu land would not have b about, and hearing that authorities as these, the fed, in saying that if th continued to maintain of independent existenc, ence of State control; i be for the benefit of e general in this country. Their aims as educati