



**The Late Marquis of Dufferin
and Ava.**

The Right Honorable Frederick Temple Blackwood, K.C.B., K.P., Viscount Clandeboyne and Earl of Dufferin and Ava, was the only son of Price, fourth Earl of Dufferin. His mother was the witty and beautiful daughter of Thomas Sheridan. She was distinguished for nobility of character. She wrote many songs and poems. Hers was "The Irish Emigrant":

"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
The bright May morning long ago
When first you were my bride."

There was a strong and tender attachment between mother and son, and it exercised a strong influence in developing that nobility of character that distinguished the Earl throughout his long, varied and trying life. On attaining his twenty-first year, Lady Dufferin addressed to him a poem, "a gem of purest ray serene,"

accompanied with a silver lamp bearing the inscription "Fiat lux," "Let there be light."

"How shall I bless thee? Human love
Is all too poor in passionate words;
The heart aches with a sense above
All language that the lip affords.
Therefore a symbol shall express
My love, a thing not rare nor strange;
But yet eternal, measureless,
Knowing no shadow and no change;
Light, which of all the lovely shows
To our poor world of shadows given;
The fervent prophet-voices chose
Alone as attribute of Heaven.

At a most solemn pause we stand,
From this day forth for ever more:
The weak, but loving human hand
Must cease to guide thee as of yore.
When as through life thy footsteps stray
And earthly beacons dimly shine,
'Let there be light' upon thy way,
And holier guidance far than mine.
'Let there be light' in thy clear soul
When passion tempts, or doubts assail;
When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll
'Let there be light' that shall not fail.

So, angel-guarded, mayst thou tread
The narrow path which few may find,
And at the end look back, nor dread
To count the vanished years behind;
And pray that she whose hand doth trace
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,
May see and know thy blessed face
In God's own glorious light at last."

The mother's influence was the dominant factor in moulding the son's beautiful character. They were much attached.

Earl Dufferin was born in June of 1826. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. When he was about twenty-one, the potato rot set in in Ireland. Speaking before the House of Lords, in 1866, on a motion by Earl Grey to consider the state of Ireland, he said, "Until 1846, the whole social fabric in Ireland was based on the most unsubstantial and dangerous foundation on which any community can rest—a succulent root; from the landlord in his country-house to the peasant in his cabin, the dependence of all classes rested upon the potato. The people were then undoubtedly happy, and to this moment those times are regarded as the good old days. But of what sort was their happiness? It is quite true the son of the poorest cottier, when he had scarcely ceased to be a boy, could always find a patch of ground on a mountain side on which to grow his favorite vegetable, a sufficiency of stones and mud for the walls of his cabin, and a healthy buxom girl to make him father of half a dozen children in as many years, while the domestic pig paid the rent, and generation after