

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

## THE BATTLE OF OULART HILL.

A Ballad of the Irish Rebellion in Wexford, 1798.

By JAMES B. DOLLARD, ["SLIEVE-NA-MON."]

The "North Cork" and the Yeomanry are at their bellish work,  
You'd find less mercy at their hands than from the savage Turk;  
Atred Dunlavin and Carnew, they've slaked their thirst for gore—  
'Tis Wexford's fierce Gethsemane, her people suffer sore.

Old Ennisecorthy's crimsoned streets re-echo many a shriek,  
The ruffian "Yeos" with ribald glee their deeds of horror wreak;  
Nor guileless youth, nor feeble age, escapes their bellish hate;  
Just God! shall Wexford rise at last, or shall she rise too late.

Boovaga's burning chapel flings a lurid glare around—  
A trumpet blast—to Wexford was its crackling timbre's sound;  
The pastor preaches peace no more, but sterner words has he;  
"Far better die like fighting men than tamely slaughtered be."

The Yeomen led by Hawtrey White have marched from Wexford town,  
With many a vaunting laugh they swear to tramp the rebels down,  
Their bold array and colors gay make goodly sight to see,  
While tall plumes flutter in the breeze and bugles bray with glee.

What fires are those that flash on high? what shrieks that pierce the air?  
'Tis not the flame of cannon's mouth, or battle trumpets blare;  
Oh Wexford! 'tis thy roofs that blaze, and 'tis thy women's cry,  
Now, up, and grasp thy gory pike, the vengeance hour is nigh.

The morning's light was gleaming bright on many a gliding rill,  
The rising sun was burnishing the slopes of Oulart Hill,  
Then up to strike the foe despised the gleeful Yeomen passed—  
They little dreamt the march that day was fated for their last.

But White and Colonel Foote we know are soldiers of renown,  
They'll surely sweep the rebel horde from Oulart's level crown;  
Like bloodhounds round a wolf at bay, their crimson lines draw nigh;  
"Hurrah! Hurrah!" the Yeomen shout, "the dastard rebels fly!"

They fly—but hal! they form again behind their levelled guns,  
And swift along their eager ranks the stern order runs;  
"Now fire, and charge!"—a gleam of flame, the deadly pikes flash free,  
And with a cheer the rebels spring upon the Yeomanry.

Hast seen the storm-cloud gather on Slieve Collin's summit drear,  
And sweep upon the corn-fields in Forth and Shelmaller?  
So swept the maddened peasant bands upon the hated foe,  
And left those vaunting butchers on the red slope, stark and low.

Now ring the joyful tidings far, thro' Bargy and Idrome,  
And rouse the men of Ballincor to battle for their own;  
The thousand hearths made desolate shall well be avenged be,  
When Wexford musters on the field her peasant chivalry.

Full many a year has passed away since rang that battle peal,  
Though conquered then, not all in vain flashed forth the Patriot steel,  
And when old Erin needs it, there are hearts that love her still,  
And willing hands in Wexford for another Oulart Hill.  
Montreal, March, 1895.

## THE GRAVE OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

Upon a breezy hill in the north suburb of Cork stands the fine college of the Christian Brothers. We strolled up the winding avenue, shaded by lofty trees. From the open space before the entrance to the building a beautiful lawn extends to the foot of the gentle slope; and below lies the city, with its rivers and quays, its monastery towers and many church spires.

It was not for the charming view, however, nor yet solely to visit the celebrated school that we had come. Passing the spacious edifice, we followed a secluded path leading down the other side of the lawn to the garden where the Brothers were wont to take their recreation. A stone's throw beyond it is the little cemetery of the Community; a few graves enclosed by iron palings, and marked each with a white wooden cross, on which is recorded the name in religion of him who there "sleeps in his narrow cell."

The young people went from mound to mound, reading the inscriptions above them. Suddenly they stopped short before a grave differing from the others only in that perchance one might fancy the ivy grew greener and thicker here

and in addition to the white cross there was a small marble tablet bearing a name dear to every lover of Irish romance—the charmed name of Gerald Griffin.

"The brilliant essayist, poet, and novelist of world-wide fame sought only to rest here, in humility and obscurity, among his brothers in Christ," said a visitor. "But the affection of the people, whose joys and sorrows he so well depicted, insisted upon erecting at least this simple memorial. After all, where could be found a fairer tomb than in this monastic garden on the sunny hillside, sheltered from the fierce winds, but swept by the balmy breezes from the south; the trees above filled with the songs of birds; the butterflies flitting by; the Community coming hither for their light-hearted relaxation; their daily prayer for the departed ones, still linked with them by the bonds of charity; the never forgotten *Requiescat* of some Brother, who, when the cares of the day are over, paces the quiet walk saying his rosary?"—*Ave Maria.*

## THE IRISH CROPS IN 1894.

Official tables have just been issued by the Registrar General showing the extent in statute acres and the produce of Irish crops in the year 1894, these tables being accompanied with the observations of the District-Inspectors of the Royal Irish Constabulary and of the Sergeants of the Metropolitan Police, who acted as Superintendents of the Agricultural Statistics. There are also tables showing the average yearly extent under the principal crops and their average produce in the ten years, 1884-93, as well as bee-keeping statistics for the season of 1893.

Comparing the extents under the several cereal crops in 1894 with those for 1893, there has been a decrease of 10.3 per cent. in the number of acres under wheat, a decrease of 2.5 per cent. in barley, a decrease of 11.4 per cent. in rye, with an increase of 0.5 per cent. in oats. Potatoes have decreased by 61,182 acres, or 7.9 per cent.

The average yield per acre of cereal crops, in 1894, compared with 1893, exhibits an increase in wheat of 0.4 cwt. and in barley of 0.7 cwt. while there is a decrease in oats of 0.1 cwt. in bars of 0.8 cwt. and in rye of 0.5 cwt. In other crops, potatoes show a decrease of 1.6 tons, turnips of 2.8 tons, mangel wurzel and beet of 1.7 tons, and flax of 2.5 stones.

The total produce of wheat in 1894 was 820,490 cwt., being 8.0 per cent under the produce for the preceding year, and 30.5 per cent. under the average for ten years 1884-93. The total quantity of oats was 19,290,995 cwt., being 0.5 per cent. under the produce in 1893. The total quantity of barley was 2,812,679 cwt., being an increase of 1.3 per cent. as compared with the return for 1893. The total produce of potatoes was 1,873,164 tons, being 88.9 per cent. below the yield in 1894, and a decrease equivalent to 38.9 per cent. as compared with the average produce for the ten years 1884-93. The turnip crop was 4,279,494 tons, being 11.7 per cent. under the produce in 1893, and 11.1 per cent. above the average for the ten preceding years: and the total quantity of mangel wurzel and beet-root was 753,182 tons, being 1.4 per cent. less than in 1893.

Flax yielded 21,588 tons, being 30.8 per cent. over the produce in 1893 and 23.8 per cent. above the average quantity for the ten years 1884-93. The produce of hay from clover, sainfoin and grasses under rotation was 1,494,025 tons, showing an increase equal to 18.6 per cent. as compared with the quantity in 1893, while the hay from permanent pasture and grass not broken up in rotation amounted to 3,845,339 tons, or 18.0 per cent. in excess of such produce in 1893.

Tables are also given showing the extent under crops by counties and provinces.

## MAGAZINES.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD FOR MARCH.—The encyclical letter of the Pope to the American Bishops forms the subject of a valuable article by the Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, D.D., in the Catholic World Magazine for March. Father Hewit also furnishes a striking commentary on the recent pastoral letter of the American Protestant Bishops. Among the other papers the following will be found to be very interesting: "India Rubber Orthodoxy," by H. A. Adams; "A Modern Iconoclast," by Mary A. Spellay; "The Scope of Public

School Education," by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D.; "A Prince of Scribes," by Vincent D. Rossman; "Is Infanticide Practiced in China?" by A. M. Clarke, and "Sir John Thompson," by J. A. J. McKenna. The poetic contributions of Miss M. T. Waggaman, Walter Lecky, Barnet Suldrige, and Ralph Adams are especially good.

THE ROSARY for the current month contains about the usual amount of interesting reading matter. It is one of our best monthlies, and deserves liberal support.

"The Supremacy of the Spiritual," by Edward Randall Knowles, LL.D.—This is a small volume, made up of a number of poems and an essay on the "Supremacy of the Spiritual."

North American Review, March, 1895.—The leading feature of the March number of the Review is the opening symposium in answer to the question, "Is an Extra Session Needed?" Senator Cushman Kellogg Davis writes on "Two Years of Democratic Diplomacy." Mark Twain's comments of Paul Bourget's criticisms of the United States, which appeared in the January number of the Review, have called forth a spirited rejoinder from Max O'Rell, who takes up the cudgels on behalf of his countryman against the strictures of the American humorist. An interesting and instructive account of the "New Departure in English Taxation" is contributed by Lord Playfair; Elbridge T. Gerry sets forth the reasons why corporal punishment should be revived; the Hon. E. P. Bland contributes a characteristic paper on "The Future of Silver"; and Frank Podmore "What Psychological Research Has Accomplished." Under the caption of "The Old Pulpit and the New," the Rev. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, furnishes a valuable paper in the nature of a commentary on the article on "The New Pulpit," by the Rev. H. B. Haweis, which appeared in the February number of the Review. Three short articles on "Nagging Women" are called forth by Dr. Edson's paper on that subject in the January number. The article entitled "The Truth About Fort Arthur," by Frederic Villiers, the well known war correspondent, is certain to attract wide attention. The third installment of the "Personal History of the Second Empire," by Albert D. Vandam, author of *An Englishman in Paris*, also appears in the March number.

## AFFECTIONATELY IN MEMORY OF MY DEPARTED DAUGHTER,

MAGGIE,

WIFE OF MICHAEL DELANEY, Esq.

BY JOHN KEENAN.

[The author of this touching poem is a brother of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Michael Keenan.]

kindest of daughters, you have gone to your rest;  
In the mansions of God you are now with the blest.

You were good, you were true, and so angelic fair,  
All heaven rejoices because you are there.

Mother of God, great ocean of grace,  
Near your throne in the highest give my Maggie a place:  
She will ask for those blessings of Jesus and thee,  
For her mother and brother and sisters and me.

Maggie, my daughter, from heaven look down,  
As we embrace the cold earth of thy green-tinted mound,  
Our hearts they are broken as we weep on the sod,  
But we know you are now with the mother of God.

Oh, Maggie, my daughter, as we draw our last breath,  
Oh, visit us, darling, when leaving this earth,  
And conduct us to heaven to our Mother of Grace,  
Where all is joy, all is love, all is peace.

And your two little orphans, you left here on earth,  
Watch o'er them from heaven till they draw their last breath,  
And your loving lone husband, how oft has he said:  
"Great God, is it true that my Maggie is dead?"

Sleep, Maggie, sleep, with your babe near your breast,  
On the bosom of Mary, forever at rest.  
Be kind to her, Mother, and ask of your Son,  
To be with her in heaven when our days here are done.

715 Crosby Street, CHESTER, PA.

## FATAL RESULT OF DELAY.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

## SEVEN YEARS OF SUFFERING

## THE PECULIAR EXPERIENCE OF A HAMILTON MAN.

NEURALGIA MADE HIS LIFE MISERABLE—MANY REMEDIES WERE TRIED IN VAIN—AT LAST RELIEF CAME—HOW HE OBTAINED IT.

From the Canadian Evangelist, Hamilton.

A member of the staff of The Canadian Evangelist in conversation recently with Mr. Robert Hetherington, who lives at No. 32 Railway Avenue, found him very outspoken in his admissions as to the benefit he had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and anxious that their good qualities should be made widely known. He is so thankful for the good he received from them that he says he considers it his duty to let others know what Pink Pills have done for him. Mr. Hetherington was a severe sufferer from neuralgia for about seven years. It bothered him very much in the head, arms and legs, and the pain was often so excessive, and the soreness so great that he could scarcely walk. He tried, as a matter of course, to find relief, and in doing so tried many so-called remedies, but none of them were of any benefit to him. In August last his attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he determined to give them a trial, and procuring a supply began their use. In about two weeks he found himself much relieved and found the pains disappearing, and after using Pink Pills for a few weeks longer every vestige of the pain had disappeared, and he was as well as ever. Mr. Hetherington has refrained from making any public statement before, for the reason that he wished to be convinced that his cure was complete, and he is now satisfied upon this point. In reply to a question Mr. Hetherington said he was satisfied that his present condition is due entirely to the use of Pink Pills. Before beginning them he had discontinued other medicines, and when he found them helping him had continued their use until he felt that he was fully cured. He further remarked that he now felt like a new man. "Formerly," said he, "when I got up in the morning I was so stiff and tired that I could hardly walk, while now I get up feeling fresh and ready to go to work. I have not felt any of the pains since last September, and I wouldn't again suffer for one day the pains I formerly endured for the price of twenty boxes of the pills."

Mr. Hetherington is not the only member of the family who has experienced the beneficial results of Pink Pills. One of his daughters, a grown-up young woman, was quite ill for a month or six weeks, and after a course of Pink Pills is again fully restored to health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting the irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Garcia, the Cuban bandit, was executed by the government in Havana.

Little Rock, Ark., is to have a \$150,000 match factory.