

THE DEAR OLD IRISH PIPES.

In connection with the presence in Montreal of the renowned Irish piper, Mr. James T. Touhey, we give some extracts from a lengthy and elaborate article, on the subject, from the pen of Mr. M. J. Murphy, in the Chicago "Citizen." It will be remembered that Mr. Touhey, recently came from Buffalo, to assist at St. Patrick's Night Concert, given by the Ancient Order of Hibernians. His magnificent repertoire and his wonderful execution on the Irish pipes are still fresh in the minds of all who had the advantage of hearing him. At present he intends visiting the various societies in the city with a view to organizing concerts at which he will give the public the benefit of enjoying his songs, jigs, reels, and other most entertaining selections.

In this connection we might mention that Montreal possesses an Irish piper of great merit, in the person of Mr.

presses the bag against his stomach with his foreleg, and—

"From his lungs into the bag is blown Supply of needful air to feed the growling drone."

There is also mention of the bagpipes in various manuscripts from the 10th to the sixteenth centuries, under the name of the Cushmanaig. The English people have also been addicted to the use of the instrument, as would appear from the writings of many old masters.

The bagpipes which are supplied with a bellows are of Irish origin. We find that although the bagpipe was so much cherished by the Celts, it never underwent any particular improvements; and it was "reserved for the Irish," according to the Pennant, "to take it from the mouth and give it its present complicated



MR. JAS. T. TOUHEY, IRISH PIPER.

L. P. O'Brien, member of Division No. 1, A. O. H. Mr. O'Brien is one of Mr. Touhey's most ardent admirers. Now that we are all busy reviewing the Gaelic language and the historical traditions of Ireland, some of Mr. Murphy's remarks concerning the antiquity of the Irish pipes will be timely.

After tracing the bagpipes from the Greeks to the Romans, the Romans to the Britons, the Britons to the Scots, he comes to the use of the instrument amongst the Irish, and says:—

"In latter times the Irish Kerus learned to use the pipes for the same purpose as the Caledonian-Scot, namely, to rouse the martial energies of the combatants, and we find in 'Derriek's Image of Ireland,' published in London, in 1581, a picture of an Irish piper. The latter is represented as marching at the head of a body of Irish soldiers. The warrior minstrel is the possessor of magnificent pipes and wears the costume of that period with long flowing sleeves. He also carries a sword in case he should desire to produce some striking effects." Another plate in the same work represents him as slain in the front of the battle with his pipes lying beside him.

The bagpipes were also used as a military instrument in the 15th century as we find it used by the Irish who, led by the prior of Kilmaham, accompanied King Edward to Calais.

Stanburst, writing A. D., 1581, gives an elaborate description of the bagpipe, which then consisted of several pipes of different proportions and sizes, with holes and keys to produce various effects by these means. Galilei, who wrote about the middle of the 16th century, speaks of its use among the Irish to arouse their martial spirit, or anon, to accompany with its wailing tones the funeral procession of a fallen warrior to the "narrow house," its doleful accents causing the attendant followers to drop the tributary tear.

It appears from a curious and rather ludicrous illustration that this instrument was known in Ireland, in A. D., 1300, as may be inferred by the illuminated initial letter beginning one of the chapters of a manuscript entitled the Dinseanchus, or a collection of Irish topography and history, compiled in the above year. This letter represents a pig in the very laudable, and congenial occupation of playing upon the bagpipes. He

The tout ensemble is not uninteresting to the musician, who will, no doubt, consider the instrument thus described as a great improvement on that blown by the mouth, as from the Irish pipes may be heard music in three parts, or with appropriate harmonies.

Of such a character is the dear old pipes. Its strains may be rude when measured by the standards of this cultured age; but it is not the conformation to a standard that makes a melody effective. It is not the delicate poise of a musical composition that sends a thrill through our every being, but the association of a sentiment with song. We may not even know the words set to the tune, but let us become familiar with the sentiment and every phrase breathes a message to our souls."

Mr. Touhey is well known in the neighboring Republic. He played for three seasons with Dan McCarthy's "True Irish Hearts," "Cruiskeen Lawn," "Pride of Mayo" Companies. He also scored a great success at the World's Columbian Exposition, where he performed in connection with Blarney Castle, Irish Village. Mr. Touhey is a great favorite in Montreal.

—For Boys and Girls.—

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

THE INVINCIBLES.

There once were two knights full of mettle and merit, Who joined in a league and maintained it with spirit, No task was so hard it could baffle their skill, And one was I-can, and the other I-will.

I-can was tall, lithe,—all wit, wisdom and grace, With a slightly superior smile on his face, I-will was short, stout, red-haired, bull-necked and bold— A terrible fellow where once he took hold.

I-will, by himself, had been boastful and heady, But tireless I-can kept him prudent and steady, While truly this latter, unyoked from his brother, I fear had accomplished much less than the other!

But take them together!—where'er they might go, Doubts, dangers and obstacles vanished like snow; From pigmy Too-lazy to strong armed Despair No foe could withstand the invincible pair, And surely without them the world would stand still, For masters of Fate are I-can and I-will!

—Youth's Companion.

CHEERFULNESS.

Each and everyone of our young readers should try their utmost to cultivate a cheerful manner, because a sunny disposition raises one very high in the estimation of others. We all have frequently experienced the brightening influence of a sunny smile, and unclouded brow, and a cheering voice. Nothing is so powerful to raise our drooping energies as a pleasant voice, and smiling face. One cheerful face in the household will make everything and everybody bright and happy within. It may be a plain face, wanting in beauty, but there is something in it that we feel, but cannot express; and its cheerful expression sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy.

Who has not also seen the immediate effect of a glad and sprightly voice breaking in upon a dull and uninterested party? How their eyes brighten, their brows clear, and their forms become erect! On the other hand let a doleful countenance or a fretful voice break in on a gay and cheerful group, and notice how quickly the smiles die on the lips and the depressing influence spreads! Again, the infant who cannot understand a word that his mother says, is either soothed or pleased, grieved or frightened by the expression of her face and the tone of her voice.

All, therefore, should sow the seeds of gentleness, kindness and cheerfulness, in their young days. They should put aside harshness and impatience. If they do so, their efforts will bear fruit later on and will make them better able to contend with the roughness of the world, as well as to cause them to be loved by everybody.

Every one who loves you
Loves to see you smile,
Loves to see you cheerful
And happy all the while.

Smiling comes so easy!
Do not wear a frown;
If you feel one rising,
Always smile it down.

A Boy's Opinion of Girls.

It is sometimes interesting to hear a boy give his own opinion upon any subject. Here is a genuine boy's original composition on "Girls," given in the Philadelphia Press:—

"Girls are stuckup and dignified in their manner and behavior. They think more of dress than anything, and like to play with dolls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in the far distance, and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church on Sundays. They are always sick. They are always funny and making fun of boys' hair, and they say 'How dirty!' They can't play marbles. I pity them—poor things. They make fun of the boys then turn around and love them. I don't believe they ever kill a cat or anything. They look out at night and say, 'Oh, ain't the moon lovely!' There is one thing I have not told and that is they always know their lessons better than boys."

A Brave Young Sailor.

The "History of Cohasset" contains the following true story about a plucky boy who knew what he wanted to do, and was determined to do it. In May, 1862, the schooner Georgiana was on a fishing cruise along the coast between Cape Cod and Montauk Point, Long Island. While she was lying-to at night, the bark William Lord, bound for Boston from Balti-

more, struck her amidships and stayed in her bulwarks. The crew of sixteen were roused from their sleep, and rushed on deck. They were certain that their own craft was about to sink, and so they climbed upon the bark.

The vessels soon freed themselves, and then it was discovered that Andrew H. Prouty, a boy of twelve, had been left on board the schooner. No one dreamed of rescuing him, for the schooner, had disappeared, and it was naturally supposed that she had sunk. So the captain of the bark took the rescued crew to Holmes' Hollow, near New Bedford.

But the schooner had not sunk. She was manned and mastered by one frightened boy of twelve, alone upon the black ocean. For two days and two nights he floated there, unaided, steering his prize toward what he thought must be the shore.

A whale-ship, returning to New Bedford, overtook the strange looking craft, and boarded her to see what was the matter. When the skipper learned the state of things, he offered the boy a hundred dollars to abandon the schooner; but the boy knew better than to let another come into possession of his prize.

"No, sir," said he, "this vessel belongs to John Bates, and I'm going to take her ashore!"

He did take her ashore, and there, at New Bedford, he found the rest of the crew.

William's Hard Lesson.

Far down in one of those narrow wide streets for which the lower part of New York is famous, there was a little office once occupied by a lawyer named Abner Moss. The name was over the quaint doorway in letters so plain that none could mistake it; and if it could not be seen—a feat quite impossible—every neighbor around would quickly and easily show the place; for Abner Moss, as well as his office, was known to everyone.

The office itself was small, square room, with rows of wooden shelves running around it; solemn-looking books on every shelf in very solemn leather covers; and a desk covered with heaps of legal and other papers, standing at one side and very close to a window, through which the sunlight flowed profusely on bright days, and gave a gay color to the whole apartment, including the sallow and sober face of Abner Moss.

Mr. Moss was one of those rare productions of the law who give their whole lifetime to study and the search of antique wills, estates with unknown or lost heirs,—in general, to the solution of the mysteries of musty documents, yellow and illegible which somehow or other remained above ground like uneasy spirits who had an old spite against the world and would never down. Some of Abner Moss's cases at law had out-lived judges, lawyers, and juries, and although he was not able to see it, they promised to out-live him.

How could a man who had busied himself so much with the dead past and its phantoms have a true conception of people around him? or how could he show them any sympathy?

Yet, strange to say, when the widow Carson came to him one day, and begged him to take in her son as an office boy, he did not stop to consider whether he needed a boy or not, and took him. And when she said to him in return for his kindness: "God bless you sir; and may you live long and be happy!" the widow had shook his hand and retired before he could make her reply.

The widow's son could copy letters excellently, and the lawyer put him at that work; and after a while he trained him to decipher and read old manuscripts. He found him to be a great help and very willing to work. He took a great liking to him, and promised to make him a great lawyer.

"This is good practice, William, the best in the world," he would say; "but wait for a while, and we will begin the great study of law."

He repeated this phrase often, but one year after another slipped by without any advance to the great study of law. William Carson had grown tired of the old man's promises, and believing that he would never see them fulfilled, he determined to leave the place and try for success elsewhere. He was now five years in the office, and had grown to be a young man; his wages had remained the same all along—small, and of very little aid to himself or the widow. But she would always say, when the boy complained to her:—

"Wait; you will find out some day that Mr. Moss will repay you for all your time and labor."

Another fact which added to William's irritation was that young men

in other law offices were having easier work and good wages; and they, when he met them, laughed at him, and jibed him about his position.

It was all unbearable; so one day he took his hat in his hand, arose from his desk, and faced Mr. Moss. The old lawyer drew back, surprised and astonished, when he heard the young man say:—

"Mr. Moss, I thank you very much for your kindness in the past five years; but I must go some place where I can earn more wages and learn more."

"Yes," was all that Mr. Moss said reply.

"And I'm sure," said William, "that my mother is also very thankful to you."

After saying this he reached out his hand, and the lawyer, without saying a word, took it and shook it firmly and heartily.

"Good-by," said William.

"Good-by," said Mr. Moss.

The widow wept bitterly when her son told her what he had done; but he was her only child, and when he proposed to start immediately to find a new place, and cheerfully informed her that he would have no difficulty in securing it, she dried her tears and forgot all about Abner Moss and her son's ingratitude to him.

Buy day after day came and went by, and William had not found his new place. The law offices had all the clerks they needed, or the lawyers looked a little bit suspicious when he told them he had left the office of Mr. Moss and had not even a recommendation. He learned in his travels that Mr. Moss was highly respected by men of the legal profession; and that they might laugh at his oddities, but they held his talents and abilities in great esteem.

A hundred times the young man would have preferred to be back in the old office and wait for Mr. Moss to reward his services properly when he thought fit; but he could not return now. That would be degrading. If, at the worst, he could not succeed in the offices of lawyers, there were other places open.

His ambition would be destroyed, he felt, by a change to any other business or profession; but then he must work at something to live and keep his mother comfortable.

It was fully six months from the time he left Mr. Moss, and with the exception of a few days work here and there, he had been idle.

His mother and himself were very poor. Their supply of food was exhausted, and the clothes they had were worn and thin. The widow's face had grown very haggard, and her heart almost burst with grief when she had to go to the church society for help. She did not tell her son that, and when he questioned her about where she got the victuals they ate, or the charity load of coal dumped at the door, she answered that they were the gifts of friends.

She never told him either of the long hours she prayed when he was searching for work; that if he got employment once more he would remain in it and be satisfied with it. She feared, and very truly, that he was too ambitious to reach the top of the ladder of success without ascending every rung carefully; and she blamed herself for not teaching him to know and do better. Regrets come late, and the winter they bring is always long and sometimes endless.

The glorious days of the year were coming on now, when all the world is happy, and the outlook was sad and disheartening. They always had a festive Easter, and for the first time they were going to experience a sorrowful one. The mother always had some little present to give her son on that day, and he the same.

As William crouched low in a chair, almost on the eve of that blessed day and the dreariness of the room pierced him through and through, a fierce hatred had grown in his heart against old Abner Moss; he accused him of all his wretchedness. He likened him to a murderer who takes away human life; Abner Moss had destroyed all his peace and happiness. He had used five years of his life to increase his purse bags, and at the

end let him go without even a word of thanks.

"Let no bad thoughts harbor themselves in your mind my son," said the widow from a seat near the table at the window. "It is near the time when the Saviour of the world will bring new life to men."

"That's all talk, mother," said he.

"Son, son, never say that; the devil puts such words in your mouth. Don't you know that you could not live one moment without His aid?"

"Why does He let such men as Abner Moss live? They are mean, miserably, hard-fisted old rascals, with hearts as cold and as bare as the sky there," he said, with tightened lips and rapid speech.

The widow turned her eyes upward to the sky, and while the tears rolled down her face, she said:—

"William, my only son, come here." He obeyed her, and she pointed upward where the sky, blue and clear before, had grown suddenly clouded, and a shower of rain began to fall on the earth.

"His mercies and His goodness," said she with a trembling voice, "are like the falling rain upon the earth. They cleanse the darkest spots in our hearts and fill us with joy."

Her words touched his heart, for he clasped her to his breast; and sitting by her side watched the rain descending upon the sidewalks and pavements.

As they looked, they saw a figure clad in a long waterproof coat and holding an umbrella, approach their door. A short while after, they heard a knock; and when the widow opened the door, Mr. Abner Moss walked in to the room.

"How are you, Mrs. Carson; and you William," said he cheerily, as he dropped a few bundles on a chair, and grasped the mother and son warmly by the hands.

They were too astonished to answer, and he looked from them to the appearance of the room.

"What's the matter?" he said. "There is a look of poverty. William, is that the way to keep the mother that gave you birth?"

The widow was in tears, and William stood before Mr. Moss like a criminal. He was powerless to speak; for the truth had flashed upon him in an instant that he had misjudged the old man, and was his own cause of the misery he had endured.

But before one hour had elapsed the shrewd lawyer understood the whole case.

"You thought me close and cruel," said he to William, "when I did not raise your wages, and forgetful when I did not teach you law. It was not so. You were practically learning law when you were copying or deciphering the legal papers I gave you. The principles could be easily mastered afterwards, I kept your wages low because I know the temptations young men are exposed to, and to which money makes them yield. I wanted to teach you that money is hard to get, and is to be valued accordingly."

"The old debt is still vacant for you, and if you return to it you will have my friendship, rough as it is and small as it may appear."

"I will gladly take it," said William, "and I thank you for it. I have had a hard lesson to learn since I left it, but I assure you, Mr. Moss, I have learned it, by heart and will never forget it."

Neither did he, nor that day when hatred gave place to joy, and God sent back again an old friend.—Emerald.

Healthy, happy children make better men and women of us all. A little care and a little planning before birth is often more important than anything that can be done after. On the mother's health and strength depend the life and the future of the children. A weak and sickly woman cannot bear strong and healthy children. Most of the weakness of women is utterly inexcusable. Proper care and proper medicine will cure almost any disorder of the feminine organism. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been tested in more than 30 years of practice. It is healing, soothing, strengthening. It is perfectly natural in its operation and effect. By its use thousands of weak women have been made strong and healthy—have been made the mothers of strong and healthy children. Taken during gestation, it makes childbirth easy and almost painless and insures the well-being of both mother and child. Send 31 cents in one-cent stamps to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

SILVERWARE REPLATED.

WE MAKE IT LOOK NEW AGAIN.

TERMS:

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| Table Spoons, | \$1.75 per dozen. |
| Dessert Spoons and Forks, | 2.50 " |
| Table Spoons and Forks, | 3.50 " |

All Orders Promptly Executed.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO., Silversmiths,

New York, Chicago Philadelphia and

1794 Notre Dame Street, - - - Montreal.