

## MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

BY IDRIS FOR THE REGISTER

For a change I shall leave the Art Palace for the time, and give account of a day spent in the Irish Village, beginning with Lady Aberdeen's.

In the distance the green flag of Erin, with its golden harp angel-fronted—by all comparison the most beautiful flag in the world—waved a welcome from the tower of Blarney Castle. The Irish piper at the gates served as a persuasive invitation.

Once in the Irish Village, and having turned into the replica cloisters of Mucross Abbey, Killarney, I broke down; I could not and would not have had it otherwise. Those tears were willing tribute to an Irish mother, who first saw the light at Killarney—"over fair Killarney." It is good to be there; and even the song enjoins "Still at Mucross you must pray; though the monks are now at rest." But as in everything Irish, smiles and tears, tears and smiles, follow rapidly. I next ascended the spiral staircase in the tower of Blarney Castle to see the Blarney Stone and the map of Ireland, the latter in a horizontal and reasonable position. On it are indicated mountains, lakes and rivers, and also location of cities.

But to return to the Blarney Stone, or rather the fragment of it which was detached from the famous original, brought to Chicago and cemented into the tower wall. The custodian unceasingly informs visitors that "now is the time to save a trip over the sea; besides, kissing the main body of the Blarney Stone is very inconvenient, especially for ladies." Approaching to examine the stone, I read beneath it the following lines:

"This is the stone that whoever kisses  
He never misses to grow eloquent;  
A clever spouter he'll turn out  
Or, an outer-outer in parliament."

After perusing these encouraging lines I paid the small fee, and was given a little green card which certifies that I "kissed the Blarney Stone on Sept. 15th, 1898." Some quizzical people assert that the stone is not genuine; but in America we can have no choice, and all stones from Ireland are good.

A succession of cottages exhibit the Irish industries in course of production. The lace department was first reached. The lacemakers were comparatively busy, but always on the alert to sell their beautiful handwork, and to give polite attention to inquiring visitors. There were piles of lace articles—crocheted collars and borders; tambour lace scarfs, borderings and flounces; tambour and run-lace flounces; handkerchiefs in tambour lace, in raised needlepoint and in flat needlepoint; bridal veils in "silk tambour;" fan covers in flat needlepoint; dress panels in crochet, "Jesuit Point," tambour lace, "Alb Trim mings," borderings of raised needlepoint, "Innishmacsaint," and scarfs in Limerick blonde lace. Lady Aberdeen, in a photo sold here, wears a bodice with trimmings of Limerick lace.

In the carding, spinning and weaving cottages each room is fitted up as a typical apartment in a peasant's home in some one part of Ireland. There are dressers and cupboards on which were arranged delf and crockery; there were chairs, tables, pictures, and fireplace with hanging kettle over peat or turf just ready to light. A very pretty colleen carded red wool, then spun it at her little wheel. She drew my attention to an old loom in the same room which bore the label "262 years old." No weaver sits at it now. Other looms in other cottages have busy weavers. An old wheel, of black oak, set high and apart, attracted my attention. Upon inquiry I was told that it is Lady Aberdeen's own wheel, and that it has been three hundred years in her family. Another photo of Lady Aberdeen represents her

spinning at the old wheel, and dressed in the Ancient Irish costume. Looking at her sweet face recalls the old song, "Rich and rare wore the gems she wore," etc. Truly Lady Aberdeen's Celtic blood asserts itself. When at the village she spends more or less of her time spinning at a little wheel not so much of a veteran as her own.

In the dairy I found a very robust maid taking butter out of a barrel-shaped revolving churn, which she proceeded to wash, salt and make into tiny rolls, she then dealt out the delicious buttermilk by the glass to the crowding onlookers. The butter, made from the milk of the far-famed Kerry cows, was served in the refreshment room. As I ate it with real Irish stew I felt no hesitation in pronouncing it, what it is asserted to be, "the best in the world."

On the village green is a platform for the musicians and dancers; around this are seats always full. A young lad in corduroy knickerbockers and green stockings was dancing to the music of the pipes for the pure delight of it; he stepped down to invite some old lady to dance a jig with him. As one and then another declined, I felt myself wishing he would ask me; but he did not, and as my education in that department had been neglected perhaps it was all for the best. That boy's good humor was so infectious that here could not have been anything like ill-natured criticism; the spectators sat there like members of the same family.

Then followed vocal music—"The Harp of Tara" and "The Minstrel Boy"—and tears again. Irish melodies tell of the brave heart that hopes on through seasons of tears, and is always ready to forgive and forget, and to make and to give fresh start. Nothing scours the Irish temperament.

One store contains, among other exhibits, a fine assortment of gold, silver and bog oak ornaments; also very pretty "souvenir" silver spoons with Connemara marble setting in handle, and harp and shamrock tracery, and applied tracery in silver.

In the photograph gallery are pictures of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and photographic views of Irish scenery, the latter handsomely framed; also statuettes of Daniel O'Connell and of Robert Emmet. How I wished that I could bring a couple of the statuettes home with me, but their weight ruled them out. Emmet is represented with scroll in hand bearing his answer to the judge upon being asked if he had anything to say as to why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. We have all been thrilled by that answer, sublime in its eloquence and pathos. Let me see if I can recall a few scattered phrases—"I shall not detain you, my Lord: you are thirsting for my blood. \* \* \* If the spirits of the departed can behold what is transpiring in this mundane sphere, oh, soul of my beloved father, behold your son, who true to his inherited principles, now offers up his life for his country. \* \* \* A few words more and I have done. The grave opens to receive me. As my motives are not understood. \* \* \* Until my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, let no man write my epitaph."

Should Ireland gain Home Rule before 1898 surely we might expect an Emmet Centennial, and the erection of suitable monument with unemphatic epitaph. Angels and the spirit of Emmet would inspire the writer of that epitaph.

The museum contains, among numerous curiosities and valuables, old Irish weapons of war representing the different ages as to material and design. There is a missal of the fourteenth century in the ancient Irish language, written by a monk of course in an elegant hand, and beautifully illuminated. Gerald Griffin's note

book and pencil are there. The past is brought vividly before us in a painting from life of Owen Roe O'Neill, the hero of the battle of Benburb. History tells us that he was a brave soldier, and fought for his country under the Stuarts. The portrait is of a very handsome young man dressed in the style of Henry VIII., and not unlike that monarch in his younger days. The Irish, driven to rebellion by the oppressions of the English soldiers under the Puritan General Monroe, first having declared their allegiance to the reigning King, Charles I., proceeded to fight for the support of the Irish Constitution, and to gain toleration for the Catholic religion. Owen Roe O'Neill, nephew of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, returned from the continent to take command. In the war that followed, his most striking success was a victory at Benburb, 1642, where Monroe the English General declared, "The Lord of Hosts has rubbed shame on our forces." Three thousand of his army lay dead upon the field, while O'Neill's loss was insignificant. Unfortunately for his beloved and persecuted country, Owen Roe O'Neill died shortly after Cromwell's arrival in Ireland.

I bade a reluctant adieu to the time-honored shadow of Owen Roe, and left Lady Aberdeen's village to visit Mrs. Hart's Irish Village, or Castle Donegal, formerly the stronghold of Red Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrconnell, and a kinsman of Owen Roe. This village is much the same as the other in essentials; in minor industries one village has what the other has not, and vice versa. I noticed here "the village blacksmith" at work; also the remarkable results of his labor in an altar service, of which the candlesticks are really elegant.

A *fac simile* of the great statue of Gladstone, by the Irish sculptor, Bruce Joy, is very imposing. Among other works of art and portraits of celebrated Irishmen are Bruce Joy's "Wellington's First Encounter With the French," and "Nelson's First Farewell."

There is a model of the O'Connell Memorial Church now in course of erection at Caheroiveen, Kerry, the birthplace of the great patriot and liberator. Immediately beside it is a chair chained about to render it exclusive, but with card attached stating that, "This chair was used by Daniel O'Connell; and upon the payment of ten cents, which is to be appropriated to the Memorial Church fund, anyone who wishes may have the privilege of sitting in it." The chair was lent by Daniel O'Connell, son of Maurice O'Connell, and grandson of the illustrious emancipator. It is a small arm-chair, of cherry colored wood, extremely plain in design, and upholstered in green damask. Its only ornamentations were two little moulded shamrocks glued on the front of the top crosspiece; one of them has gone the way of all things perishable. Upon sitting down I remarked to the young lady in attendance that the chair seemed much the worse for wear; she replied that coming to Chicago had not improved it. I took the hint and must admit that I got my 10c. worth of green damask. O'Connell would not have grudged it to me; moreover, his kindly and ample shade must have interposed to hide my vandalism from the bright eyes of that Irish girl.

There is a platform in that room, upon which are a piano and harp. Musicians came in and listening to Moore's melodies, and recalling all I know of O'Connell, I sat in his chair a full hour. That hallowed seat afforded sweetest rest to my aching limbs, so very weary from constant walking; but how often it had refused rest to the weary heart and brain of him who now asks no earthly solace.

As a parting paragraph to Erin, I must add that of all the exhibitors and

vendors I met at the Fair, those Irish girls of the Irish Villages had the most charming manners. Peculiar to them was a good natured reserve; they seemed to shrink from making themselves obtrusive, and they affected not to hear any remark to which politeness did not necessitate attention.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Grand Old Soldier.

Marshal Canrobert, who, since the death of Marshal MacMahon, is the only living Marshal of France, is in good health, and bears his eighty-five years as lightly as could be expected. His hair has grown snowy white, but his eyes are as blue and brilliant as ever, and but for a little rheumatism he would have nothing to complain of. "You have come," he added, "to learn my impressions on the past and the present. Alas! I have not much to tell you. All I desire now is repose—a repose closed against all the noise and brother from without, a repose in which I can remain alone with my remembrances of former times. I have withdrawn from the world since the death of my devoted and tender wife, and I live only in the past, which is particularly dear to me, for I feel that during my long career I have done my duty simply and honestly. You talk of my younger days. Alas! I never cease to think of them, and only wish they would come again to enable me to serve my country on the field of battle should war break out, which heaven forbid, for war is a terrible thing. But to hear the sound of cannon and not be able to take part in the fire, what an excruciating torture!" and the Marshal, overcome by his feelings, rose from his seat and paced the room.

After a few minutes the fiery veteran calmed down and resumed the conversation. "What, in reality, can I tell you?" he asked. "I am not a learned man, I am not a writer: I am only a man of war. I know of nothing but military expeditions, fields of battle, and the shock of arms. From my youth I was fond of the army. I have passed my life on horseback throughout Europe and Africa. I have fought everywhere and all for the greatness and glory of our dear Fatherland. To-day perhaps I am used up, but I think that if France needed my sword tomorrow I should have sufficient strength left to rush to her rescue. Ah! the life of a soldier is the finest of all. To become a soldier again, what a sweet dream! To recommence the campaigns of other days and follow one's career to the end without fear of reproach, like the valiant Blaise de Montluc, whose epitaph should be that of all warriors—'Here lies Montluc, who never reposed but in his grave'—to live all this over again, what a beautiful dream, what a sad illusion!"

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cold, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

We regret to announce the death of Mr. James Byrne, South street, New Ross, an old and respected inhabitant of the town, who died on November 1st. The deceased carried on a successful bakery business in South street, was about 64 years of age, and leaves a widow and a family to mourn his loss.