

that gifted coterie known as "The Irish Southwark Literary Club." I have the honour of his intimate acquaintanceship and I can honestly say that personally he possesses every attribute of the true gentleman; a nobler type of manhood doesn't walk the earth to-day, than David J. O'Donoghue. Let us hope he may be long spared to devote his brilliant talents and indomitable perseverance to the sacred cause of fatherland.

Alfred Percival Graves, M.A., LL.D., son to the present Protestant Bishop of Limerick and the illustrious author of "Father O'Flynn," easily leads the van in the domain of Poetry. Mr. Graves at present is one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.

That aesthetic philosopher "whom men call" Oscar Wilde has a wayward genius entirely his own, but whether that genius will benefit the world much, is a question which posterity must decide. Talking of Oscar Wilde, calls to memory his illustrious mother, Lady Wilde.—"Speranza" of the old "Nation"—she who almost sang the Irish people to Freedom in '48. In late years she has been engaged in editing fairy tales, her latest production being a series of Scandinavian legends, treating of the ancient Skalds. Her love for Ireland and the Irish has not lessened. The last time I saw "Speranza," she was old and gray, but, the fire of genius and patriotism still blazed in her Italian eyes—she is half Italian. "Tell me" said she "are

Ireland's sons and daughters sleeping or have they become degenerate? Tell me, are there none to follow in the footsteps of Davis, Duffy, or Williams, of "Mary," "Eva," or "Speranza," and sing your land to Freedom?"

I met another Irish lady in London whose worth and services—and I blush to say it—seem to be forgotten by the Irish people. I refer to Miss Elizabeth Owens Blackburne Casey, a lady who brightened the pages of our Irish and Irish-American Journals, some twenty years ago with the rarest gems of song and story. She is the author of several volumes of poetry and about a score of novels, the poorest of which is infinitely superior to anything ever Justin M'Carthy penned. At present she is living in a London garret, in indigent circumstances. Often 'tis the lot of the child of genius, to be trampled on and scorned while living, then almost deified when dead. Poor "Nolly" Goldsmith died of hunger and a broken heart: to-day his statue meets your gaze everywhere you go in the English speaking world. I suppose Miss Casey will share the same fate. Ireland will let her die in a London garret, and then send over some of her wealthy sons to unveil a costly monument to perpetuate her memory and preach a funeral panegyric over her bier. My Countrymen! hang your heads and blush for shame.

JOSEPH DEVLIN, '95.

