FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS."

THE MAGDALENE AT HER MO-THER'S GRAVE.

The night, it is dark, and the churchyard is drear The wail of the wind is the one sound I hear, The night birds sing 'round me, in low, mournful

All nature is dormant-I'm alone, I'm alone-Alone! near the grave of my childhood's best friend, Where my tears with the dew-drops of evening blend:

Alone! while the stars their patient watch keep-I sit by the grave of my mother, and weep. And I rest my white cheek on the cold marble stone

That marks the green spot where she slumbers alone.

And I peer thro' the darkness, till my weary eyes ache. In futile attempts one more look to take

At the form of my Mother! May God grant her rest. Of all in this world, the kindest the best And I clasp the cold grave, in a long, wild embrace Midst the sweet scented flowers, hiding my face And calling on God, from the home of the blest-To bid my poor soul " Rest, weary one rest-Too long to sorrow and sin doomed a slave, Find respite from thy guilt-find quiet in the Grave"

The Grave! 'tis the one only friend to be found By those upon whom the cold world has frowned. Thus musing and weeping, the dark night crept on The dawn will soon rise—and I must begone Perhaps, ere its close, I too may have flown - To the land where sorrow and Sin are unknown Oh call! call me hence, thou Magdalene's God Tis a long, weary road, the path I have trod I've mourned for my guilt, with sorrow and tears-For the sin of an hour, I've languished for years: Prolong not my exile, Great God bid me come To find Mother and Rest, in thy Heavenly Home.

SAINT BERNARD AS NOVICE.

Nobil porto del mondo e di fortuna. Di sacri e dolci studi alta quiete. Silenzi amici, e vaghe chiostre, e liete!

-TASSO.

By J. F. L., D.D.

I.

Carried along by Bernard's enthusiasmefor the cloister, we had quite overlooked a touching episode in the history of his retirement from the world-I mean his bidding farewell to home. Bernard and his brothers, before shutting themselves up in Citeaux, went to Fontaines to embrace their father and to ask his blessing. What a terrible sacrifice Tecelin was called upon to make! "To lose in one day five sons, whose noble qualities had been his delight! to be robbed in his old age of the rightful hopes of his whole life! It was too much for an old man bowed down beneath the weight of years. 'The thought of this farewell,' says an historian, 'convulsed his heart, his eyes closed as he gazed on them, his voice failed him, and he almost lost consciousness." But those were ages of Faith and Tecelin remembering the words of Christ: He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me, checked the emotions of nature, gave them his blessing, and bade them depart in peace. How often has the sacrifice of Abraham been repeated in the Catholic Church! Of the six sons given him by Providence, one only-Nivard, the youngestwas left him, nor did this one stay with him long. As the heroic band of brothers were issuing from the castle-yard, they caught sight of Nivard, who was at play with his companions. Guido, the firstborn of Tecelin, calling the boy, embraced him tenderly, and said, "Good bye, little brother, you are now sole heir of our father's possessions." "How generous of you," replied the child, "to appropriate heaven and leave me earth. No, no, this division is unfair." Returning home, Nivard wept bitterly and was so unhappy that in spite of the efforts of his father, relations and friends, he, too, left the paternal castle and followed his brothers to the monastery; followed in his turn by Tecelin himself who "died full of days in the arms of St. Bernard!"

But while Bernard and his companions, with hymns and canticles are threading their way to Citeaux through trackless forests, let us ask them what they are in quest of, and how it is that their hearts overflow with joy at the thought of leaving

the society of men. Paganism had its anchorets, Timon shunned the human race. Crates, they say, distributed his large fortue among the poor. Demosthenes in the beginning of his career retired into the deepest solitude. I employ these instances not as comparing, but as contrasting them with Bernard's retirement. Our hero and his companions were not Timons. They had no deep-seated grudge against fortune. It was not disappointed ambition nor the

woods Not one of them felt inclined to say : "I am misanthropos, and hate mankind." Why should they? They were rich and noble, high in the favor of their feudal lord-some for deeds of volor achieved, others for deeds of valor

treachery of hollow friends that drove them to the

expected. Moreover, Paganism, the religion of a corrupted heart, can logically produce its Timons, and Protestantism, the religion of an egotistic mind, can breed its Swifts, but can a true Catholic be a misanthrope? A Catholic misanthrope is as patent a contradiction in terms as a square circle. The term Catholic implies a community of thought with all true believers, and of good-feeling with all mankind. It implies the sacrifice of peculiar opinions and selfish desires upon the altars of Faith and Charity. Hence neither "he that believeth not" nor "he that loveth not" can lay claim to Catholicity.

Demosthenes retired from the bustle of the world so did Bernard; but the Pagan orator retired, only to reappear with greater splendor; the Christian monk, in the hope and resolution that his name

should die and be forgotten. Bernard left his home, sold what he possessed and gave it to the poor; this Crates, the philosopher had also done, and many other pagans despised riches," says St. Jerome. But their motives were different. If we are to believe Cicero, the philosophers, in this, as in their other extraordinary actions, were urged on by desire of praise and glory. It is not to be believed that the most cynical of them would have deprived themselves of the conveniences of life, purely for philosophy. They could speculate and philosophize in a palace as

well as in a hovel. In Bernard's age, there was little glory to be gained in embracing a life of solitude and poverty. What was rare and striking among the Pagans had become an every day occurrence in the Church. His motives were higher. He retired into the wilderness to secure the salvation of his soul, to mortify his passions, to commune with heaven. But why did he not stay in the world, he might enlighten the darkness of his fellow-men? Now, in the first place, who knows whether, instead of giving light to others, his own lamp might not have been extinguished? whether, instead of converting others. he himself; might not have been perverted? Our, first care ought to be to save our own souls. And, secondly, it is a mistake which I hope you will not

Though many historians deny if the steen and wished for day. The every two closests of all addresses will be enterly not but one engineers to be a considered to the enterly of the enterly one of the enterly

full into gentle reader to imagine that the prayers and the good works of the monks and hermits are of avail to themselves alone. Although they have left the world, they have not left the Church. She still claims them to be her members, and by an old maxim of philosophy, what benefits any part benefits the whole. The Church is a large and well disciplined army. She has no want of soldiers in the plains, but her chief reliance is upon those whose hands are uplifted on the mountains. Satan understands this well, for his first and fiercest assaults are always directed against the heights on which our monasteries are founded.

ence.

But what a long digression! "In the year 1113, from the Incarnation of our Lord, the fifteenth of the founding of Citeaux, Ber-nard, servant of God, about twenty-two years of age with upwards of thirty companions, Stephen being then Abbot, entered Citeaux, and bowed his neck to the sweet yoke of Christ. And from that day the Lord has showered blessings, and the vineyard of the God of Hosts has yielded abundant fruit, and extended its branches to the sea, and beyond

the sea its off-shoots." The Cistercians adhered strictly to the rule of St. Benedict. They ate little, they slept little and divided their time between prayer, study, and heavy work in the fields and forests. Not a moment was left unemployed. They assembled for prayer seven times each day, and their Hours were hours indeed. Seven hours more were devoted to manual laborthe clearing of the forest or tilling of the soil. Two hours remained for reading. This was the distribu-tion of time, according to the Benedictine Rule, subject to the discretion of the Superior, to whom the monks promised prompt and unreserved obedi-

Bernard's conduct as novice is recorded to have been exemplary. His obedience, humility, recollection were such as to astonish and gladden the aged Abbot. As instances of his utter disregard for external things, we are told that he did not know, at the end of his year's novitiate, whether the ceiling of his cell was flat or vaulted, or that there were more windows than one in the chapel where he had daily prayed.

In his fasts and vigils he allowed his youthful ardor to carry him to an excessive length. His constitution, naturally frail and delicate, demanded a care and indulgence which the zealous novice was not disposed to exercise. In vieing with able bodied men in labor and penances, his health failed his stomach became incurably deranged, and, we may say, he never afterwards enjoyed a day's health until his death.

He, however, persevered in his efforts to comply with the rule, though it needed his spirit and resolution to dig the earth, fell trees, and carry wood while scarce able to stand. He was willing enough but it seems he was not a success as a farmer and forester. The following incident is characteristic:

"When harvest time came all the brothers went out to reap, Bernard among the others. But he was so weak and so unskilful that he was ordered to stand aside. Immensely grieved he fell to praying, and with large tears besought God to show him how to reap. The desire of the simple-hearted religious was accrded, and from that day he was acknowledged the most skilfull reaper of them all.'

It was chiefly at this period of his life that Bernard acquired his unequalled knowledge of the scriptures. "To the present day," says the ancient chronicler, "he will confess to you that if he knows aught of scripture, he owes it to prayer and meditation in the woods and fields, and he is in the habit of saying pleasantly to his friends that he never had any other professor of Sacred Scripture than the oak or the beech tree.

After a year of novitiate Bernard and his companions pronounced with deep emotion the solemn vows which severed all connections between them and the world. - Cutholic Standard.

THE SCENE OF ST. PAUL'S WRECK

THE ROCKY COAST WHERE THE APOSTLE OF THE GEN-TILES WAS STRANDED-MALTA AS IT IS-A VISIT TO THE GROTTO OF CALYPSO.

Charles Warren Stoddard writes from Malta to the San Francisco Chronicle as follows:-

"All day we plowed an ugly sea, slowly plowing our way toward Malta. Sicily lay like a blue cloud in the horizon when I went on deck in the early morning, and like a blue cloud it faded out of the horizon and was seen no more. I knew that Sicily was but sixty miles from Malta, and took hope, though St. Paul had a rough time of it in these waters, and came to shore on the little island in anything but ship shape. Towards twilight, before the sun was fairly down, we were all astir on board. Some one kindly raised the cry of land on our starboard bow, and though it was a poor land to look at, and might have passed for a big turtle asleep on the waters, we accepted it, and began to congratulate ourselves that we would ride at anchor that night, and take breakfast right side up instead of horizontally, as was the case only a few hours be-

" Malta is certainly a very unlovely island. It is quite the fashion to speak lightly of its soil : there is little of it: and to call the water brackish, and to wonder why there are three little islands in the group when one of that sort would be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable soul. The Maltese on board are indignant, and point out its celebrated resorts and speak with enthusiasm of its charming climate. It lies half way between Italy and Africa. It is better than either in many respects, the dwellers on this lonely rock think, which means, in reality, that it is neither the one thing nor the other. As we draw in nearer the shore, a fellow-passenger, who has made his home in Malta for many years, grows jubilant and seizes me by the arm to tell me the old story of St. Paul's wreck. 'There is the very spot,' says he, and many a pic nic have I enjoyed in the

cove under the hill' "Sure enough, there was a certain creck with a shore, and on the cliff above the shore, a colossal statue of the Saint, just distinguishable in the twilight, a great white figure like a ghost, brooding over the fretful sea. It was undoubtedly a favorable season for refreshing one's memory of that notable shipwreck, and in half an hour no fewer than five versons of the wreck were given in as many languages by men who spoke as if they had been eye witnesses of the scene. We recalled how St. Paul was shipped to Italy, how he touched at Sidon, and how Julius courteously entreated Paul, and gave him liberty to go on with his friends and refresh himself.' How afterwards they sailed under Cyprus and over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia, and came to Lysia. How they cruised by Cnidus and Crete, and the Fair Havens, and then the prophetic lips foretold the danger that lay in store. But the old salts of those days had as little coufidence in landsmen as in this, and 'when the south wind blew softly' they loosened sail and bore down under the shores of Crete. It was a bad move, for Euroclydon, a tempestuous wind, caught them, and they could not bear up against it, so 'we let her drive,' saith the Scriptures. For many days neither sun nor stars appeared, and the ship was driven up and down in the raging sea. They lightened that storm bound bark, they undergirded her, with their own hands they threw out the tackling of the ship, and yielded to their fate. Again the Saint was moved to prophecy, and had them this time. "You should have staid at Crete, said he; 'yet fear not, for not a man of you shall be lost, but only the ship. They came to a land which they knew not after fourteen days of unutterable misery. It was

midnight and very cold. They sounded and found

that it was twenty fathoms, and then they threw

The Saint was, after all, the liest seamen of the lot for without him that company would not have got not in one class but in all classes of society, fighting safely to shore. In the morning they got up their was the great pastime in the Ireland of ninety years anchors, made sail and drove their bow right into the sandy beach, and the ship went to pieces, and the saint was the great pastime in the Ireland of ninety years ago. The list of noted duellists includes the names of Lord Chancellor Clare, Lord Chief Justice Clonder one of the two hundred three score and six mel. Baron Metge, Justice Patterson, Lord Chief the complex of the two hundred three score and six mel. Baron Metge, Justice Patterson, Lord Chief teen souls set foot on Malta without stopping to consider the beauty or barrenness of the island at the

"My Maltese friend assures me that the snakes in Malta, and there are plenty of them, are all perfectly harmless, and that this has been the case ever since St. Paul shook the viper from his hand into the fire, on the bank yonder, on the morning after the wreck.

"When I had come to the end of my sojourn in Malts, and was thinking on the chief point of interest on the sixty monotonous miles of coast, my eye chanced to fall upon this paragraph in a small history of the island that lay open before me :- St. Paul's bay is now a watering place, where many of the inhabitants spend the summer months.'

"Half an hour's ride from Saint Paul's watering place is the grotto of Calypso. Could Homer have ever seen it, or was he born blind that he sung of the spot in a strain that ought to increase immigration to Malta?-It is now celebrated for the enormous quantitles of sandwiches and soda water consumed on the premises, and there is not a line of Homer discernible as far as the eye could reach.

"It was after sunset when we steamed into the harbor of Valett and let go our anchor. Half an hour before we had been rolling up and under the low cliffs of the island, and finding it difficult to locus any given object; but now we lay as still as a picture in the deep, xuiet waters, only a stone's hrow from the shore. All above us toward the hills that are literally clothed with fortifications. The city stands on end, with one house beginning where another leaves off, so that you can see noth ing but windows and roofs stretching from the water's edge to the very sky. There are hanging gardens, tier upon tier, that carefully hide all traces of verdure, and you don't know there are green, and lovely gardens until you wander about the town, climbing hither and thither, and suddenly find yourself in one of them. The house windows are mostly pushed out over the narrow streets, like small balconies enclosed in glass, and dark blinds give them a tropical appearance that reminds us that we are not far from the African coast."

TRELAND NINETY YEARS AGO.

Nearly a generation since a little work entitled "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," was published in Dub-lin, and was attributed—we believe accurately—to a distinguished barrister, who afterwards found his way to the Bench, the late Rt. Hon. J. E. Walsh, sometime Master of the Rolls in Ireland. This little book attracted great and natural interest in this country. Written in a very simple and unpretentious style, it was a most graphic and amusing sketch of Irish society in the closing years of the last century, viewed, perhaps, from a too pessimist point of view, but, we repeat, most graphic and amusing. Everybody read the little volume when it first appeared, but it has been long out of print and Messrs. McGlashan and Gill have done a service to a new generation by their just issued reprint of the book (with notes) under the title of "Ireland Ninety Years Ago." We have just concluded the perusal of the new edition, and we must say that our early favorable impression of its merits is more than confirmed. The book contains very little of the politics of the last century, about which we can all discover enough elsewhere; but it does give a most interesting account of the social state of our country some generations ago, and it is especially rich in details of the Dublin of the eighteenth cen tury. We would recommend the libellus as a useful dose for those who are apt to complain of the Dublin of our own times. Let us endeavor, from its pages, to summon up a sketch of what manner of city Dublin was less than a century back, when King George III. was on the throne, when the Irish Parliament still sat in College Green, when gentle-

men wore swords and wigs, and ladies hoops and court patches. To commence with, be it always remembered. that ninety years ago Dublin had no police, and the sole guardians of the peace of the city were certain decrepit and useless old watchmen, appointed under an act which directed that the posts should be hil ed "by honest men and good Protestants." The state of the streets was from every point of view appalling. There were no areas in front of houses, and the spouts projected out either from the roof or half way down the wall so as to pour in torrents over a large space below after every shower. Sewers there were few or none, and refuse of every kind was flung from the doors into the middle of the street. As late as 1811 there was not one covered sewer in the Liberty south of the Coombe, and when, in 1806, the Paving Board commenced a covered sewer in Capel street, it was covered in at the desire of the inhabitants and left unfinished. Even in Sackville street refuse of every kind was as late as 1810 received in pits dug before the houses and covered in, and when one of these was opened and emptied, the appalling stench may be well im-The streets were not alone abominably filthy, but they were miserably narrow. One example will suffice. Near Bridge streets is a wretched purlieu, "Chancery-lane." Ninety years ago Chancery-lane was the Dublin Merrion-square, being one of the most fashionable streets in the city, and the residence of all the leaders of the legal profession. The streets were in such a condition that no one who could belp it ever thought of walking in them, the fashionable method of going from place to place being a sedan chair. The leading streets were miserably lighted; the small streets were scarcely lighted at all. In 1812 things had greatly improved, but even then there were only 26 small oil lamps to light the four sides of Stephen's Green. Ninety years ago the streets swarmed with footpads, who ran riot in the unlit and unpoliced city. Their method of plying their trade was peculiar. The robbers congregated in a dark entry, choosing the shady side of the street if the moon shone. A cord was provided, with a loop on the end of it. The loop was laid down on the pave-ment; the thieves held the end of the rope. Every passenger who went by was watched until one of them put his foot in the loop. The rope was instantly "chucked" by the thieves, and the passer by thus lassoed by the leg. The rope was pulled with might and main, the victim was thrown down and dragged with lightning speed to some entry in the lane where he was robbed of everything he possessed and sometimes murdered. But it was not of thieves alone that passengers in the streets stood in awe. Young gentlemen of fortune and station associated themselves into clubs known as "Hell Fires," "Mohawks," "Hawkabites," "Cherokees," Sweaters," "Pinkindindies," and so on. The object of these creditable associations was to haunt the streets of Dublin, waylay harmless passers-by, prick them with sword-points, and torture and assail them in every possible way. A detailed account is given of the doings of six of these marauders on the night of the 29th of July, 1784. They were all officers of high rank—one was a noble lerd—and they had been dining with the Attorney-General of the day. We have not space to here relate the story at any length, but it must suffice to say that these gentlemen in the course of a few hours stormed and entered a public-house, "pinked"—that is to say, stabbed—the waiter, beat the publican, insulted his wife, had a grand battle with the neighbors, were driven out of the house, returned, aided by some

soldiers, again stormed the house defeated the

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Justice Norbury, Grattan, Curran, Hely Hutchinson, Dr. Duigenan, &c. The people followed the examiness of the present generation, they are allowed to ple of their betters, and for whole days the quays of Dublin were impassable owing to the furious battles waged between the tailors and weavers of the Coombe and the butchers of Ormond-market, on Ormond-quay. That the conflicts were sufficiently sanguinary will appear from the detail. The but-chers were wont to "hough" their captives with their knives, that is to say, to cut the tendons of their legs, thereby rendering the victims incurably lame for life; while the Liberty Boys having on one occasion captured the Ormond-market, dislodged the meat they found their, hooked several captive butchers by the jaws, and retired, leaving the wretches hanging on their own stalls. It is an extraordinary specimen of the spirit of the times that in these desperate battles a select body of the jeunesse doree of Trinity College were wont to make common cause with the Liberty Boys. On one occasion several of the students were captured by the Ormond butchers and it was instantly rumored that they had been hung up in the stalls as an act of retaliation for the fearful ciuelties of their allies. The authorities, at the head of a large body of watchmon, marched to the spot, and there found the Collegians hanging, indeed, to the hooks, but only suspended by the waistbands of their breeches, for the butchers had taken pity on their age and condition. Drinking, gambling, and highway robbery was also among the national pastimes of ninety years ago. The volume before us adds a few to the countless stories which illustrate the conviviality of our ancestors. The devices for making men "drink fair" were legion. If a guest left the room, bits of paper intimating the number of rounds the bottle had gone, were dipped into his glass, and he, on his return, was compelled to swallow a glass for each, under the penalty of so many humners of salt and water. Sometimes the decanters had round bottoms, like sods water flasks, so that "stopping the bottle" was a physical impossibility. Sometimes the guests, as they sat down, put off their shoes, which were taken out of the room, and the empty bottles were broken outside the door, so that no one could pass till the close of an orgie, which often lasted forty-eight hours. Gambling was practiced by all classes the rich dicing away their estates, the poor thronging outside the room in Capel street, where the government lottery was drawn. The roads were haunted with desperate villains, such as Freney, Crotty, and Brennan; and the state of popular education may be shown by the fact that in the hedge-schools the manuals of education were the "Lives of Irish Rogues and Rapparees" and "Laugh and be Fat," a collection of grossly indecent tales. Such is in brief an outline of the picture of Ireland "Ninety Years Ago," presented by the book of that name. Ireland is yet very far from what her sons will make her; but when we look around us, when we notice that duelling hat ceased, drunkenness disappeared in the bitter classes, that gambling is confined to a few, that there are no highway-men and few footpads, that sanitary science has raised its head amongst us, that the streets of the metropolis are well watched and well lit, that the filth and misery of Old Dublin are rapidly disappearing, that the savage old manners only servive in a few outof-the-way places-when we see these things, we are reminded that To-Day is brighter than yesterday, though we are allowed to hope that both may be eclipsed by the radiance of To-Morrow. - Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF IRE-LAND.

The heanties which nature has with hounteous hand, bestowed on Ireland, have been extolled by many pens and many tongues. Tourists have visited the country from England and Scotland, from France, Germany and other parts of the Continent, and all have paid the same tribute of praise to the grandeur of its coast and mountain scenery, and to the tranquil loveliness of its lakes and rivers, of its favor of the defendant, and that gentleman nodded plains and valleys. What one of them has said of often to his attorney, as much as to say, "It's all Wicklow, cannot, with truth be restricted to that right—I have secured the judge." But, as the case county alone:

"There may be seen lakes of Alpine beauty: streams that wind through quiet dells, or roll their sparkling waters down rugged precipices; deep glens and sombre ravines, where the dark mountain shadows make twilight of the summer noon; mountains whose bare and craggy peaks seem to pierce the clouds; romantic woods and picturesque

glades, with fertile, warm and pleasant valleys." These natural advantages are enhanced by the ancient ruins which are scattered far and wide over the island. Linking the present with the glories of the past, those majestic remains stand for the most part in the midst of scenes of great natural beauty, and the additional charms which they impart to such favored spots has been felt and acknowledged even by strangers, unacquainted with their history. Those old ruined piles possess a peculiar attraction for the Irishman who loves the country of his birth. He gazes on the ivy clad remains of once mighty castles, and his mind is carried back to the time when the walls and towers bristled with sword and spear, and the court yard rang with the neigh of steeds and the tramp of armed men, when around those grim fortresses surged the tide of war, and the air was filled with fierce battle cries. He paces the roofless cloisters of farfamed abbey's, like Glendalough and Clonmacnoise, or meditates within the walls of one of their churches; and if it be the evening time, when the shadows deepen, he almost imagines that those hallowed spots, wrapped in gloom are once more peopled with the long robed monks, and that hymns steal softly on his ear. Or he seats himself beneath a lofty tower, and indulges in wandering speculation as to its original use; while, perchance near him gleam the limpid waters of one of the "Holy Wells," of which the poet sang:

The holy wells-the living wells-the cool, the fresh, the pure— A thousand ages rolled away, and still those founts endure :

As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or tyrant trod, The Emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen by God.

The Scripture of Creation holds no fairer type than they-That an immortal spirit can be linked with human

clav. These old ruins, then, are a treasure which every Irishman should prize; and the following item of news relative to them which came by one of the late mails, is calculated to afford pleasure: "At a general meeting of the Royal Irish Academy"-we quote from the Dublin Daily Express-"The President, Dr. Stocks, delivered an inaugural address, in the course of which, after referring to several of the more interesting papers read before the Academy during the last session, he said he sincerely hoped that Sir John Lubbock's Ancient Monument Bill would be passed during the next session of Parliament. No effort should be spared by Irish members in support of the measure. He would strongly urge on the Academy the desirability of recommending a uniform administration and consolidation of funds for the preservation of ancient monuments in Ireland; and that the direction and administration of sheriff and his force, and were only driven off in the this work should be left in the hands of the Trish And now about that wension and dose fried oysters Government. He also desired to draw attention to dev has also arrived sources and by history

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the extremely defective character of the list of ancient Irish monuments now before the Church Temporalities Commissioners, a list which specified only twenty-five monuments. Of the 125 Round Towers, which were noted as in existence at the close of last century, only 75 are now standing. It will be truly a shame if, through the neglect and careless. perish, after having for centuries so nobly resisted the wasting power of Time: The verses of Denis Florence McCarthy, on the "Pillar Towers of Ireland, contain a mute appeal for their preservation, We may be permitted to cite the first two stanzas The Pillar Towers of Ireland, how wondrously

they stand By the lakes and rushing rivers, thro' the valleys of our land :

In mystic file through the isle, they lift their heads sublime, These gray-old pillar temples—these conquerors

of time! Beside these gray old pillars how perishing and weak The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of

the Greek. And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed

Gothic spiresare gone, one by one, but the temple of our

sircs. We earnestly hope that effective measures will

be taken to preserve these relics of Ireland's past greatness. The preservation of her ancient language and literature will be the surest means of keep ing alive the spirit of nationality, and of transmitting from generation to generation, that love of country for which her children have ever been remarkable - Dublin Irish Times.

THE BITER BITTEN. Chief Justice Pyne, who was appointed Chief

Justice of the King's Bench in 1694, had the reputation of being influenced in his judicial capacity by gifts. He had a landed property on the banks of the Blackwater in Munster, called Waterpark, to which he repaired after the fatigues of the Munster Circuit. Being of a bucolic taste, he cultivated good breeds of cattle, and was noted for the value of his stock. The trial of a very important record, in which the claims of a Mr. Wellar were opposed to those of a Mr. Nangle, was fixed for the Cork Assizes. On the day before that on which the Chief Justice was to leave Waterpark for Cork, he received a present of twenty-five splendid heifers from Mr. Wellar, the defendant in the action. The Chief Justice returned a very gracious message to Mr. Wellar by his steward, who came in charge of the cattle. This man was treated with great courtesy. He returned home to his master, well pleased with the urbanity and kindness of Chief Justice Pyne. The judge set forth the next day for Cork. When driving along in his coach and six, passing near Rathcormac where the bridge spans the Bride river, the read was blocked up by a drove of cattle. The Chief Justice looked out, and beheld a prime herd of most valuable shorthorns. He beckoned a man who was driving the cattle to appreach him, and demanded, "Whose beasts are these, my man?" They belong, please your honor to a great gentle. man of those parts, Judge Pyne, your honor," re-plied the countryman. "Indeed," cried the Chief Justice, in much surprise; "and where are you taking them now?" "They are grazing on my master, Mr. Nangle's farm, your honor, and as the assizes are coming on at Cork, my master thought the judge might like to see that he took care of them, so I am taking them to Waterpark to show to the judge." The judge felt the delicacy of Mr. Nangle's mode of giving his present. Putting his hand in his pocket, he presented the herd with a guinea, said he was Judge Pyne, and "that as his master, Mr. Nangle, had taken such good care of his cattle, he, the judge, would take good care of him." At parting he desired the herd to give the animals to his steward at Waterpark, and bade his coachman "drive on," which he did. During the hearing of the action of Nangle v. Wellar, the bearing of the Chief Justice seemed, at first, quite in and it was the province of the Chief Justice to charge the jury, he put the case so strongly for the plaintiff, that, to the dismay of Mr. Wellar, the jury brought in a verdict for Mr. Nangle without leaving the box, and the judge certified for immediate execution. Mr. Nangle and his counsel were, of course, quite satisfied. No exceptions were taken to the judge's charge, and the case was won. When, on his return from the Munster Circuit, the learned judge arrived at Waterpark, his first question was, " Are the cattle all safe?" " Perfectly, my lord," replied the steward. "Where have you put the beasts I received when leaving for the Cork Assizes?" "They are where you left them, my lord' Where I left them—that is impossible!" exclaimed the Chief Justice. "I left them on the road near Rathcormac," The steward was puzzled. He thought the wits of the Chief Justice were not so clear as those of a Chief Justice ought to be. "Con," said Sir Richard Pyne, putting on his hat, "I'll have a look at them myself." The steward led the way across the lawn to the grassy paddock, and there were found within twenty five fine heifers cropping the grass, as happy as it their late master retained his property. "I don't mean those," said the Chief Justice, rather testily. "I want to see those fifty shorthorns which came after I left home." " Bedad, the long and the short of it is, them's all the cattle on the land, except what we bred ourselves, my lord." And so it was; the sagacious Mr. Nangle had so timed the departure of his cattle as to meet the Chief Justice on the road. He had properly drilled his herd, who, with the tect of his country, relished the plot of "doing" the judge, for Mr. Nangle had no great faith in the integrity of that functionary. The judge's coach was no sooner out of sight, than the herdsman turned his cattle and before nightfall they were once more in the familiar fields of Mr. Nangle, where they were reared. The Chief: Justice felt he had been outwitted, but, of course, had no power of showing his disappointment .- " The Munster Circuit" in the Dublin University Magazine.

INFLUENCE OF GREENBACKS.—He looked like a man who might have had fifteen cents last fall, but who had used the last of it weeks ago. When he sat down in the restaurant the waiters paid no heed to him, and he rapped several times before a colored man slid that way.

"I want fried oysters," said the man, as he look-

ed over the bill of fare, "Dey is jist out, fried oysters is," replied the waiter. " Bring me a chicken, then."

"Dere isn't a chicken in de place."

"Got any vension?" inquired the man.

"Not an inch, sah,"

"Any ham and eggs?"

"No, sah." "See here," said the man getting vexed, "I want a square meal. I've got the ducats right here, and I can pay for my dinner, and buy your old cook-shop besides " han davely det au

He lifted a big roll of greenbacks out of his pocket, and shook it at the darkey and continued : Have you's chicken ?"

"Yes, sab, I guess so, sah ; I have de biggest kind o' belief dat since we commenced to talk a chicken has blown right into de kettle an been cooked.

Lalba Ha The Court was irreedneed buts a torge and selland half at the orner end of which simed a through