



PRESENT UNIFORM.

part of the city, and was participated in by the roughs *en masse* of both parties. The fighting lasted, off and on, for two months, the peculiar wynds and closes which abound in Belfast rendering that city peculiarly favourable for the prolongation of rioting undetected by the authorities. About twenty rioters were killed and many severely wounded; one policeman and one soldier were also killed.

In the present year of grace the force consists of one inspector-general, one deputy-inspector, two assistant-inspector-generals, and, roughly speaking, about 12,600 persons of other ranks. The grades are—County inspectors, district inspectors, (1st, 2nd and 3rd classes), head-constables, sergeants, and constables. The rates of pay are—County inspectors, £350 to £450 per annum; district inspectors, 1st (maximum), £300 per annum; district inspectors, 2nd, £180 per annum; district inspectors, 3rd, £125 per annum.

In the lower grades the pay varies from that of a head-constable, who receives £104 per annum, to that of the newly joined constable, who receives £54 per annum. As regards pensions, a service of thirty years entitles a man to the maximum retiring allowance of two-thirds of his actual salary; pensions are also granted to widows and orphans. Formerly the same length of service entitled to full pay, but by an Act passed some years ago, this rule was abrogated and the present one substituted, the rights of those serving at the time being of course respected.



PRESENT UNIFORM—MOUNTED DIVISION.

Formerly, the officers of this force were all nominated by the Chief Secretary for Ireland, after undergoing an examination conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners. Now, the Inspector-General nominates alternately with the Chief Secretary, and bestows his patronage on sons of officers in the force, and deserving head-constables. The examinations are still conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, and are of a very searching character. Besides ordinary English routine subjects, a proficiency in Latin or French, as well as the elements of law is required. Promotion is slow in all ranks; but sometimes deserving non-commissioned officers are given posts in the Colonial police forces.

The force consists exclusively of Irishmen, though the first Inspector-General, Sir Duncan Macgregor, hailed from the Land of Cakes; about three-fourths profess the Roman Catholic faith. To enter its ranks a written application is sent to the Inspector-General, backed by as many testimonials to character and ability as can be obtained. Then, should these prove sufficient, the aspirant for thief-catching fame is directed to report himself to some local doctor for

examination. If found medically fit, his name is placed on a list of eligible candidates kept by the Constabulary Office in Dublin, and he must patiently bide his time till called upon to come and report himself at the depot.

Then his service commences. He is kept here for about six months learning his drill, and then is drafted to some station down the country where a vacancy for a policeman exists. No greater transformation can well be imagined than the change from the country rustic, after a couple of months' drill at the depot, to the smart, dapper policeman.

With the liberal pay and pensions above mentioned there is necessarily a very large number of candidates always seeking entrance into the force, and greatly in excess of the vacancies; of late years this has increased to such an extent that the tests for selection have been made more and more difficult. As regards education, they are far in advance of their predecessors, and comprise many youths of good social standing; clerks, National School teachers, and ex-Civil Service students being found among the number. For the information of those people who "dearly love a lord," it may be mentioned that at the present time there is a baronet serving in the force as a non-commissioned officer. Numbers of constabulary pensioners receive good commercial appointments, and many obtain snug berths as messengers in Government departments, keepers in Government parks, etc.

The uniform of the constabulary is dark green. In full-dress, a helmet similar to that worn by regiments of the line is worn, whilst in undress a round forage cap takes its place. The arms used are the short Snider and sword-bayonet, but for ordinary duty a box-wood truncheon alone is carried. A certain number of the force are mounted, but these are used more as messengers than for any other purpose.



AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

There are some detectives attached to the force, composed of men who have made their mark in the ordinary ranks. The band of the Constabulary is certainly one of the best in Great Britain. Were King Solomon alive to-day, he might increase his list of wonders to five, and the fifth would be the marvellous attraction the Constabulary seems to have for the fair sex. So far as their military compeers are concerned, the Royal Irish leave them far behind.

Our engravings represent a parade of a detachment of the force in front of the barracks in Dublin; sketches of the uniforms of the rank and file of fifty years ago and now, with one of an officer (District Inspector Lowndes) of the present day. Many past members of the force are now in Canada, and are invariably found steady and trustworthy; most of those that come here go to Ontario; were it not for the rule here that all civic officials must speak French as well as English, it is probable that a good number could find places here on the police force, for which purpose no better men can be found. When the reign of common sense succeeds that of national prejudice in this city, it is probable we may be able to benefit by their services. The members of the Royal Irish Constabulary combine in a remarkable degree

great physical power to a trained habit of mind by which duty will be done in the face of insult, of attack, and of every circumstance which stands opposed to the carrying out of the law.

NOTE.—The verses entitled "Silent," which appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED 1st August, were written in reference to the widely known *litterateur*, "Pastor Felix," who, on being made aware of the fact, has sent us the following lines. The pathetic suggestiveness, as well as the poetic beauty, of this response will meet with a sympathetic appreciation from the general reader. (G. M.)

## To George Martin.

### A RESPONSE.

And canst thou write him in thy list of friends,  
And for his sake invoke the genial muse,  
Who coldly seems, for strange or selfish ends,  
The sacred rites of friendship to refuse?  
O golden heart! that, if the lip be mute,  
No rancor to its silence will impute,  
That can in simple faith securely rest,  
And, even if it doubt, believe the best.

### II.

But it is happier; for that such may be,  
We pass the slight of the ungentle mind  
To nurse the blessed gift of charity,  
And feel esteem, or pity, for our kind;  
Yea, *love*, itself, when we have come to know  
How even unloveliness is knit to woe;  
And how the wretches whom we but condemn  
Might worthier be had men been kind to them.

### III.

Thy friend is not misdeemed if he forbear  
To thy loved greeting a responsive hail!  
If, shadow'd by disease, or dull'd by care,  
Awhile his cordial spirits seem to fail;  
Nor think'st thou constant sympathies await  
On one whom trifling things can alienate;—  
For who, that knoweth half thy worth, can be  
Cold, or inconstant, or unkind to thee?

### IV.

Alas! that while we smile for others' sake,  
As if the world were stranger to a tear,  
The merry-seeming heart must inly ache,  
Spending its sunlight till the night is drear.  
Oft, like the miner, from the pit's wild strife,  
Turn'd to the bedside of his dying wife,  
Careless of plaudit or of hiss,—we bow;  
Others *may* doubt or scorn,—but, sure, *not thou*!

### V.

Oft silence cometh of the heart of Grace,  
Where lengthen'd solitudes the soul imbue;  
Grudge not a harbour of the desert place,  
Till healing come, and life be tuned anew.  
The vigil of the hill and of the star  
Puts oft to sweet companionship a bar;  
While still at hand the gentle seer may be,  
And lustrous feet enchant the foamy sea.\*

### VI.

I bless the bard who thinks nor wishes ill!  
And should a silence on our future fall,  
Know that a voice is mute, a heart is still,  
If nowhere come an answer to his call;  
Know, if a wing be folded into rest  
'Tis of the crippled bird within its nest,  
That, parted from green meads and heavens blue,  
Keeps not its heart unpained, but keeps it true.

PASTOR FELIX.

\*Matt. 14:25.

The very latest novelty in London society, is the "trumpeting lady," who, like Mrs. Shaw, "la belle siffleuse," is an American importation. Her accomplishment consists in imitating so successfully the notes of a cornet that if one were not looking at her he would swear the sound came from the brass instrument. She produces the notes easily and without contortion, and her entertainment, with piano accompaniment, is said to be very enjoyable as well as unique.