

The Sea-Girl Isle.

Come fill up the cup, we'll drink to-night To the land that gave us birth; The sparkling wine with its rosy light Was made for the sons of earth. And oh! if a tear your eyes should dim, When we think of the friends we miss, We'll steal a kiss from the sobriety's rim, And bathe the tears in bliss.

Then fill the cup to the sea-girl Isle, To the dear remembered few Whose lips, perhaps, the moment smile In the homes our childhood knew; For, alas! full many a year has flown Since our parted bosoms met. But affection's chain was round us thrown, And its links are shining yet.

The strings of the harp have murmured long, Sir! in many a lonely way; But there's joy to-night and the tide of song From its innermost fountains shall flow; And memory like an angel's breath From Eden's blissful bowers, Will fill the soul with a holy light, And cover the heart with flowers.

Yes, our country's love embalm the heart, Wherever our bark may sweep, As the leaves of the laurel torn apart, Their share of the fortune keep. Then thus, while every early home, Let this be the first of our joys, Our native isle and our early home, And the land in which we live.

REDPATH'S LETTERS.

What an American saw on a Three Day's Trip to Derry.

LONDONDERRY, August 12, 1881. Londonderry has a history that runs through thirteen centuries. St. Columba built a monastery here as long ago as 549. The English forces made their first entrance in 1606. Two years afterwards a powder magazine exploded accidentally—there was no skimming fund in those days—and it blew up the fort and the town, and blew out the British garrison. But the crimson-coated career came back to roost again in the year 1690. They erected the Fort of Calverly. Their commander, Sir Henry Dowry, received from James I. a charter for the establishment and regulation of the town. In 1608 Sir Robert O'Doherty captured the town and burned it, and put the garrison to the sword. Five years later King James granted most graciously as the manner of Sacred Majesty is) a charter to the Irish Society, which, after various confiscations, restorations, modifications, and renewals, enables the Corporation—that is to say, the City Government—of Londonderry to...

THE GRIEVANCE OF ALLEAGE.

about three miles from Londonderry. It is a hill surrounded by a great circular fort, which English guide-books sneeringly describe as "a pagan ruin." The Irish exultingly depict as the seat of their kings after the fall of Tara. "Here," said Mr. O'Doherty, yesterday, "was the capital of Ireland one thousand years ago, and here for 600 years the O'Neills ruled the country after the destruction of Tara."

THESE OLD IRISH KINGS.

To see our native tongue, "knew their lip," No hostile force could approach them in any direction without exposing their numbers and intentions. A thousand years ago! yet the same fight is kept up—not now between native king and foreign invaders, but between Land League and landlords—the final successors of the kings and invaders.

SHOCKING EXAMPLES.

of the commercial spirit—they have made the most of their prerogatives by letting out their estates to middlemen, as in the case of the London Mercers. Yet as a whole, their character, as landlords on rural properties, on an average, is better than that of the Irish landlords.

THE LEAST MEREFUL TO THEIR TENANTS.

excepting to those persons, in certain cases and districts, who reside among their own "tenants," and who have lived for generations as self-sufficing of the *Terre-à-compte*, of castle. Many of the new landlords are brutal and tyrannical; but not one of them excels in avarice and cupidity as the late Lord Leitrim, or the present Lords Lecan, Sligo, and Lansdowne. The most heartless corporation in all Ireland in its dealings with its tenants is the Corporation of Trinity College, Dublin. Nowhere have I seen such ghastly squalor and such appalling wretchedness as in the hovels of the tenants of Trinity College at Cahirciveen and in the Island of Valencia, in the county Kerry.

What do these guilds do with their tenants?

I asked Mr. O'Doherty, "They spend it for the benefit of the guilds. No one has any claim on it. ONLY THE IRISH SOCIETY that owns the site of Londonderry, as I told you, hold their rights in trust for the people."

HOLY HILL.

A Sacred Shrine in Wisconsin that may Rival the Famous Lourdes.

Holy Hill, Wis., July 26th.—Seven miles southeast of this village lies the tallest hill in Wisconsin. In the geographical and geological reports it is called Laphan's Peak. Its loftiest elevation is not less than 600 feet above the surface of Lake Michigan, and it rears its head proudly above the tops of the surrounding hills, and it can be seen for many miles in any direction, while from its northern slope a splendid view of a great expanse of country may be had. Locally, Laphan's peak is known as St. Mary's Peak, or Holy Hill. The country lying contiguous to Holy Hill is inhabited chiefly by foreign-born farmers, those of Irish, Norwegian, Bohemian, and German extraction being most numerous. It is as though communities of Mecklenburger, Luxemburger, or north of Ireland peasantry had been taken up bodily, transported to Wisconsin, and set down intact and in isolation. They retain the habits, customs, and style of dress of the mother country in a great measure, though the younger generation is from a very force of circumstances, taking on a very thin veneer of Americanism.

DEMANDED THE RACK-RENTS.

executed by the middlemen (who built the houses), but compelled the tenants to keep their promises in repair, and to give up possession on a quarter's notice."

THE OLD TENANTS got no compensation!

"None." "Does not the Ulster custom prevail in this country?" "Yes, in every part of it, and it always has; but the Ulster custom never protected city tenants."

What does the Ulster custom mean here?

I find that it covers entirely different usages in the different parts of Ulster. "The Ulster custom here," replied Mr. O'Doherty, "means simply the right to sell the good will of a farm. It does not mean fair rent nor fixity of tenure. The rents in the County Derry have been constantly rising, and the revolt against landlordism is very strong here. They returned two liberals for this county at the last general election—a thing hitherto unheard of in Derry. It was a DIRECT DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE PROTESTANT FARMERS.

THE LANDLORDS.

The landlord candidates were defeated by an immense majority, although personally they were the most popular men in the county."

What supports Londonderry?

"The city lives chiefly by shirt manufactures and general trade. In the eastern portion of the county the linen trade is flourishing; there are a good many manufactures there. The manufacturers in Ulster have enabled the farmers to say, because not only the children would go and earn money in the factories, but the people would work at this industry in their own houses with hand looms. If it was not for the manufacturers, Ulster would soon be almost as distressed a county as Connaught."

Do all the London Corporations retain their old estates yet?

"No," replied Mr. O'Doherty, "not all of them; some of them have sold their estates within the last century; it has been a misfortune for the tenants, as most of the purchasers have rack-rented them."

What is the general condition of the county Derry?

"Fairly prosperous. Tenant right is quite high. The county is largely managed by English agents and on English principles, but modified by the Irish, or rather, the Ulster custom. Of course with occupier ownership, if every farmer owned his land, and every city householder owned the ground on which his house stands, we should be VERY MUCH MORE PROSPEROUS."

VERY MUCH MORE PROSPEROUS.

Belfast, with security of tenure, is ten times the size of Londonderry, and yet, at the rate of the Union, it had no chance of surpassing or even equalling us. But our insecurity of tenure under the Irish Society has enabled Belfast, with fewer natural advantages to outstrip us. You have seen here how, in the former church grounds, buildings are springing up in Londonderry. The same sudden increase of property would be developed everywhere if the London guilds were disestablished and their estates not sold to capitalists who would become rack-renters and continue the old system, and add to its burdens, but to the actual possessors, or farmers who would till the soil themselves."

WILL THE BILL help this county?

"Not much, as it will only help the already comfortable farmers."

THE LAND BILL.

will not prevent the annual draining of money from the county sent as rent to absentee landlords, and if rents now should be fixed at a reasonable rate, that would be a fair rent to pay a rack-rent in six years. Yet, once fixed by the Land Court, the rent must remain unchanged for fifteen years."

Is there much emigration from Londonderry for the United States.

They carried 7,775 passengers. 35 ships sailed to British North America, with 3,183 passengers. This gives a total of 10,958 emigrants from this port in one year, increase 6,255 over 1879. Last year only 889 emigrants returned, 924 of them from Canada."

LORD DUNRAVEN ON THE LAND BILL.

"The Earl of Dunraven, in protesting against the short time allowed for the consideration of the Irish Land Bill, said 'he was not a strict Sabbatarian, and had even advocated in that house the desirability of enjoying reasonable recreation on the Sunday, but it was impossible that racking about that bill could be considered wholesome recreation for anyone.' And Dunraven, never flitting, still is sitting still is sitting. Over that blessed bill of Billy's, puzzling at it over and over; and his eyes have all the seeming of a child's that had been screaming. And the gas-light over them streaming shows them heavy red and rosy; and his voice from out its pages rises in a muffled roar: "Hang the bill! it is a bore!"

ALMIGHTY FOR HAVING RELIEVED HIS SUFFERINGS.

Marmes does business at 255 Grove street, Milwaukee, and when I went to see him he appeared both to enter into conversation about his experiences, but upon being assured that I was merely a chance tourist, and had no sinister object in view, he talked freely about his cure. Marmes is a tall, heavy-set Frenchman, without any special mark to distinguish him from others of his class. He said he had been a sailor, and was wrecked in a storm on Lake Michigan eleven or twelve years ago. He remained in the water two days, and when rescued off Evanston both legs were frozen. He tried every remedy within his reach, but could derive no benefit and one day, when about to start for a cure near Fond du Lac, he heard of Francois, the hermit, and determined to try the prayer cure. "I had proved from the first day I reached the hill," he said, "Medicine did me no good, and I know that but for the goodness of God I should have always remained a helpless cripple. When I laid my burden upon the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, I felt instantaneous relief, and improved from that moment. Am going to make a pilgrimage to the hill in a few days, and will make a present to the church."

MR. FREYBERGER, an old German woman who has lived near St. Augustin for some years, told me a picture painter from Buffalo by the name of Joseph Heller, who came to Holy Hill two or three years ago. He was badly ruptured, and lived in the old hermit's hut until it was burned down. He was completely cured, and his truss, Mrs. Freyberger says, is in the collection in the seven-by-nine chapel. Mrs. Freyberger also knows of two other men suffering from ruptures who were cured by prayer on Holy Hill, but she forgets their names. She knows, too, of an Irish boy who lived a few miles east of the hill, who came there lame and on crutches, but who, after three days, was permanently cured. He was quite a young boy, and she well remembers seeing him throw away his crutches and run about and play like other boys of his age. This was nine years ago.

MR. J. M. GAUS, an old resident and a Justice of the Peace, proved to be a perfect mine of information on miracles.

Three years ago," he said, "my eight-year-old son was brought here from Fond du Lac. He was so lame he couldn't walk. He remained at the hill three days, and the last day he ran down the hill like any other boy, having regained complete use of his legs."

"I know of another case," he continued. "Several years ago a little deaf and dumb boy came to the hill from away beyond my own town. He was taken to the hill and lived here. Speech was miraculously given to him, and he has enjoyed the use of the organ of speech ever since, in addition to what he hears as well as anybody. Last Pentecost day, a year ago," the old man went on, "I had a young girl brought to the hill, and she was a five-year-old girl to the hill. Her legs were as limber and useless as leather straps. You might have cut them off and the child would have felt no pain. They remained here three days, most of the time being spent on the hill in prayer. Two weeks afterwards I heard that the child was improving, and lately I learned that she had recovered the use of her legs, which are now quite strong. A woman from the same town, by the name of Mrs. Fleish, came to the hill at the same time, and was cured of a bad leg. I have heard of a good many other cases, but these are all I know of my own knowledge excepting Marmes and Francois."

Other cases innumerable are cited by the people who have lived within the shadow of the hill, but a few more will suffice. It is related that a few months ago a mother and two sisters of a dying child came to the hill from away beyond Schlegelville to pray for him. The child was improving, and lately I learned that she had recovered the use of her legs, which are now quite strong. A woman from the same town, by the name of Mrs. Fleish, came to the hill at the same time, and was cured of a bad leg. I have heard of a good many other cases, but these are all I know of my own knowledge excepting Marmes and Francois."

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A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

Catholic World.

"You will hear more Gaelic spoken in Canada in one week than you would hear during a month's sojourn in the Highlands." Such was the astounding assertion made some time ago at a Montreal dinner-table by a Scottish laird, himself of Canadian birth, and an extensive landowner in Ontario as well as in North Britain. And such is indeed the case. Along the shore of Lake St. Francis, and beyond, where the broad blue ribbon of the St. Lawrence is dotted with tiny verdant islets, among which loyal Canadians peep shyly across to the State of New York, dwell a sturdy race of men as truly Highland in heart and speech as when they left their beloved hills a hundred years ago. A nature, if loyal to one attachment, will be loyal to all. These Highlanders in Canada have preserved their faith and have adhered to their language and customs.

TO VISIT THE GARDEN in the home of his adoption you leave Montreal, going by railroad westward for about two hours and a half, and arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glangarry, the home of the *Chlanath nan Gaidh*. Glangarry is the most easterly county of Ontario, and is one of those in which the district of Lanenburg was divided in 1792. It is bounded on the east by County Simcoe, on the north by Prescott, west by county Stormont—also largely peopled with Scotch settlers—and on the south by the St. Lawrence.

THE COUNTY comprises four townships: Charlottetown, Lancaster, Lochiel, and Krynau. These are again subdivided into "concessions," and the concessions into lots. Lancaster, the county town, is in the township of Charlottetown, and lies on the banks of the Riviere-aux-Raisins. It is the outlet for produce from the inland villages, and the place of starting for stage-coaches to different points. The roads here are atrocious, and the coaches "rattle your bones over the stones," while taking you through a country so magnificent that you wonder why the dwellers therein do not mend their ways.

In Charlottetown are also the parishes of St. Raphael's, Martinstown, and Williams-town. The township of Lancaster lies east of Charlottetown, and was called the "sunken township" on account of the first French settlers having considered it too swampy for habitation. Lochiel lies to the north and boasts of quite a rising town, Alexandria, containing seven hundred inhabitants, a high school, and a convent under the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Kenyon is north of Charlottetown, and is, like the others, a county of magnificent agricultural development.

The counties of Stormont and Dundas are, if we except a few Germans, entirely Scotch, but are not Catholic, as is Glangarry. The pioneer settlers were from the valley of the Mohawk, whether many had emigrated from Scotland and from Germany before the Revolution. When the proclamation of peace in 1783 deprived the Scottish soldiers who formed the Royal New York Regiment, under Sir John Johnson, of their occupation, nothing was left for them but to accept the offer of the British Government and settle on lands granted them in Canada West. Loyalty came more natural to the mountain instincts than policy, and they were in those days much more conscientious than practical. Each soldier received a grant of a hundred acres fronting on the river, and two hundred within the county on which he settled. That these people were for the main part Protestant is easily seen by the names which they bestowed on their villages, such as Matilda, Williamstown, Charlotte, and Martinstown, which latter was, we are told, called after Captain Donou's daughter, Maria. There were many Catholics also in Sir John Johnson's regiment, and they probably turned the first sod in what is now Glangarry; but the real influx of Catholic Highlanders did not take place until 1786 and 1802.

Throughout the last century religious persecution prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland, not in actual strife or bloodshed, but in the merciless bigotry and continued obstruction that comes so readily to those "children of this world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The old chieftains had clung to their God and their sovereignty were attained, incorporated in Edinburgh Castle or in the Tower of London, and their sons of tender age, removed from the influence of early associations, were the helpless pupils of the sanctimonious *dominies*, who banished from their young minds every ray of Catholic hope and joy, and sent them back to their country as strangers and sojourners—sometimes as fierce denouncers of the faith in which they were born.

Strong in loyalty and conservative to the heart's core, for years the powerful clan of MacDonald escaped unscathed, descended from the mighty Somersel, the daughter of Argyll, by his marriage with the daughter of Olaf, ancestor of the Royal Norwegian King of the Isles, the branch of *Sol Oin* (the race of Oin) had accepted the faith of St. Columba, the "royal O'Neill," and never wavered from his teachings. For centuries they had lived and died Catholics, and the bones of their chieftains had been "carried to Canada, cut, and buried in sacred storehouses of their predecessors, and guarded by their posterity."

In rugged Inverness, where the mighty houses of Charnaud and Glangarry, divided by Loch Nevis, held watch and ward over the heather-dotted mountains and deep and dangerous arms of the sea; back through the brass of Lochaber to where the McDonnells of Keppoch dwelt under the shadow of Ben Nevis; over the Sound of Sleat, by whose waters MacDonald of that ilk kept his ancestral abode, and westward to the wild rocks of the Hebrides, the clan Donald practised the faith. By dint of much caution, and with great labor, these faithful mountaineers were fed with the sacraments of their church. Priests' heads were then as valuable as those of wolves in the days of Alfred, and if a *seppard* was caught by "the Reformed" was to him, in spite of these dangers, young men escaped to the Continent, and in the Scots' College, Rome, and at Valladolid, in Spain, studied for the priesthood. After their ordination they would return to their beloved hills to brave death and save souls.

JEFFREY, a Father Fitzsimmons.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such cheats and call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever say anything else.—Providence Advertiser.

A Lady Wants to Know

the latest Parisian style of dress and bonnet; a new way to arrange the hair. Millions are expended for artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the faults that emanation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is sold under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, not can be dispensed with. I will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By Druggists.

A Reporter, in describing a railway disaster, says: "This unlooked-for accident came upon the community unawares."

And with a price set upon them dead or alive, sought this remote field for their devoted labors.

Across the rough gray waters of the Gulf of Hebrides, in many a cave and sheltered nook of the island of South Uist, the clanmen, in their belted tartans, assisted at the Holy Feast by the received the Bread of Heaven by the Gaelic, they "ate it with their hands, and standing." For the morning mist rolling off Benbulbin might disclose to them a watchful foe, and the waves of Minch, now trembling in the dawn of day, might, ere the sun shined beyond the mountains' crest, bear on their bosom the boat of the Sassenach spy. If the spy were not well attended and strongly armed it would be worse for him, for meekness and gentleness were Christian characteristics not so only marked in this race, and they acted literally on St. Paul's injunction to be "first pure and then peaceable." Their precept was *Leathid do lamh agus cradhaid do Chaille*—"Quicken thy hand and harden thy blows." An amusing specimen of this spirit is handed down from the prayer of a clanman before the battle of Sheriffmuir: "O Lord, be first pure and then be not with us, be not against us, but leave it among the red-coats and us!"

At last some between these chosen people of God fell, lured by the inducements of the supporters of the Elector of Hanover, as they had persistently called his Britannic majesty. Not content with embracing Calvinism themselves, they endeavored to inculcate their people. One, indeed, tried an untoward application by means of severe blows from his *Bati-bai*—or yellow walking-stick—with which he hoped to induce his tenantry to repair to the Protestant meeting-house. To this day Calvinism is spoken with reverence by the descendants of those people as *Craibhadh bhari*—the religion of the yellow stick. The tyranny of these foes of their own household, combined with the poverty and wretchedness prevailing throughout the Highlands, caused many of the Macdonalds and the Catholic neighbors to turn their thoughts to America, whence came alluring stories of plenty and peace. At home the country had been drained to provide means for the insurrection which they hoped would put their exiled prince on the throne of the Stuarts. The ravages of war had laid their lands waste, the more prosperous Lowlanders and the absentee nobles were lodged in the tenant holdings into sheep-walks, inch by inch their birthright was leaving them, their dress was forbidden, their arms seized, their very language was made contraband; so, facing the difficulty like brave men, they determined to emigrate. In the year 1786 two ships sailed from Scotland to Canada filled with emigrants. The first left early in the season, but sprang a leak and was obliged to put into Belfast for repairs; resuming her voyage, she reached the American coast too late to attempt making Quebec harbor, and therefore landed her passengers at Philadelphia. The emigrants were lodged in a barracks evacuated by the troops after the proclamation of peace, but in the course of the winter a small misfortune befell them: the barracks took fire and burned to the ground, consuming in the flames their worldly all. These poor pilgrims then went through to Lake Champlain, in boats, and were met at the aux-Neix by their friends who had already established themselves in Ontario. Who but Highland hearts would undertake such a journey for friends? At a bad season of the year, over-shy roads, when time was precious and horseflesh valuable, they started in the year 1786 two ships sailed from Scotland to Canada filled with emigrants. The