

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 our eyes should dim,
When we think of the land we miss,
We'll steal a ray from the goblet's brim,
And bathe the tears in bliss.

Then fill the cup to the sea-girl Isle,
To the dear remembered few
Whose lips, perhaps, at this moment smile
In the homes of 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,
With many a lullaby and a lullaby
But there's a joy to-night and the tide of song
From its innermost fountains shall flow;
And memory like an angel's light
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 rose, the torn apart,
Their share of the perfume they keep;
Then thus, while every goblet foams,
Let this be the toast we raise;
Our native Isle and our early homes,
And the land in which we live.

REDDATH'S LETTERS.

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

LONDON, 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 skinning-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 Culmore. Their commander, Sir Henry Donora, 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 MIGHT THE PROSPERITY and levy taxes on the inhabitants of this Irish city to-day. Londonderry, Chester, and Berwick-on-Tweed are the three walled towns of the British Islands. The walls here are well preserved and kept in good repair. Several of the canons that were used in the defenses of Londonderry, during the siege of 1657, are still in their position as at that time. The gates and bastions are in perfect condition. They serve to keep alive ancient hatreds of races and religions, and hence the English Government takes care to conserve them. The public buildings of Londonderry are old structures, and rather handsome; and, like everything in the city, except the working-classes, they give evidence of a substantial prosperity in the past. There are numerous relics of the olden times in the vicinity of Londonderry; but as there are books enough that describe them, I shall not dwell on their life and telling about them. But the American who comes here should not fail to visit

THE GRAVE OF ALLECE, 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." But 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'Neils ruled the country after the destruction of Tara."

The scene from this summit is one of the most charming landscapes in Ireland. The fort commands a magnificent view of mountain, and valley, and bay, and rivers, and loughs. You see three counties, to use our native tongue, "know their place." No hostile force could approach them in any direction without exposing their numbers and intentions. A thousand years ago and 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.

I was taken to see the Grannagh by Mr. James E. O'Doherty, who, as a solicitor, has already made a long fight against the tyranny of landlordism in this county and in Donegal, and by Mr. James Col McCullough, the President of the Irish National Land League of Londonderry. Such notes of the conversation as remain I shall now write out.

All of the county Derry was acquired under James I. by London guilds. Some of these companies have made a few improvements in their agricultural holdings, but most of them have been 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.

This is Mr. O'Doherty's statement, and it confirms what I have heard elsewhere in Ireland—that the change is untrue which asserts that the worst landlords are the purchasers under the Encumbered Estates, and the Disestablishment Acts, and the London Corporations. Everywhere I have found that the "old family" landlords are the most tenacious of their feudal prerogatives, and the LEAST MERCIFUL TO THEIR TENANTS, excepting to those persons, in certain cases and districts, who reside among their own "domains," and who have lived for generations as semi-serfs of the *Tenants*, 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 Londonderry. 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 Calricaven and in the Island of Valencia, in the county Kerry.

"What do these guilds do with their rents?" 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."

"How does the Irish Society spend their money?"

"They seemed to be philanthropic," said Mr. O'Doherty, "but it was a great swindle. They spent their income or nearly all of it in banquets in London and expenses of management, and they do it yet. A large body of them come over here every year and make a grand progress at the expense of this fund, and they have costly banquets in Londonderry and Coleraine. Practically they do nothing for the people, except to give donations to some of the schools. If their revenue belonged to the people of Londonderry, they would give ten times as much for schools, and reduce the taxes of the city one half. Taxes in this city amount to five shillings in the pound on the valuation. The tenants pay the taxes—that is 25 per cent. over and above their rental. In November last a large portion—one-fifth or one-fourth—of the city fell into the hands of the Irish Society by the lapse of long leases, and they not only

DEMANDED THE RACK-RENTS exacted by the middlemen (who built the houses), but compelled the tenants to agree from quarter to quarter 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 elections—a thing hitherto unheard of in Derry. It was

A DIRECT PROSECUTION OF THE PROTESTANT FARMERS

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

"What supports Londonderry?"

"The city lives chiefly by shirt manufacturing and general trade. In the eastern portion of the county the linen trade is flourishing; there are a good many manufacturing towns. The tenants, on the other hand, 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 manufacturing, 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 re-converted 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.

Belfast, with security of tenure, is ten times the size of Londonderry, and yet, at the end 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 Land 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, the tenant would be a fair rent to day 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. 33 ships sailed to British North America, with 3,183 passengers. This is a total of 10,958 emigrants from this port in one year, increase 6,325 over 1879. Last year only 889 emigrants returned, 624 of them from Canada."

JAMES REDDATH.

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 one's brains over the tangled intricacies of that bill could be considered wholesome recreation for anyone."]

Lord Dunraven, never sitting, still is sitting still, still sitting.

Over that blessed bill of Billy's, puzzling at it o'er and o'er;

And his eyes have had all the seeming of a child's that had been screaming.

And the gas-light o'er 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!"

—Punch.

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 Laphen'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 base a splendid view of a great expanse of country may be had. Locally, Laphen'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 Mecklenburg, Luxembourg, 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.

Holy Hill gained its greatest notoriety from the fact of its having been the home of a hermit for a series of years. It was about twenty years ago that the strange being made his appearance in the vicinity of the hill, and he was called the "hermit of Holy Hill."

"The old hermit" was a man of about fifty years of age, and he was called the "hermit of Holy Hill."

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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 the hermit, the hermit, and determined to try the prayer cure. I was 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 a sudden relief, and I improved from that moment. I am going to make a pilgrimage to the hill in a few days, and will make a present to the church."

Mrs. Freyberger, an old German woman who has lived near St. Augustin for eight years, told me a picture of her

from Buffalo by the name of Joseph Hawk, 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 told me 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 the 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, "a boy eight years old 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 son of Matthew Stumers, a farmer who lives near here, was taken to the hill and prayed for. 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 heard of a French boy, named Joseph, who had been brought here from 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 of a French 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 Francis."

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 a Schlegelville to pray for him. The doctors had given him up, and there seemed to be no hope for him. When the mothers left his bedside he was unconscious, and his extremities were cold. The father, who was left to watch at the bedside, afterward made a strange report of what occurred. For hours the patient never moved or showed signs of life. The mark of death was upon his brow, and his features were those of a dead person. The cold extended from the legs and arms over the entire trunk, and the silent watcher thought many times that his boy was dead. Suddenly, when moisture appeared on the little sufferer's forehead, a change came over his whole system. A clasp of death gave place to a gentle perspiration. Consciousness returned, and the pain and delirium which had preceded the last decline passed away. In short, a change for the better had taken place, and the next day, when the trial pilgrims returned, they found the patient on the hill to recovery. They in turn said that the Lord had filled their souls with a perfect calm, and that from the moment their feet touched the consecrated ground of Holy Hill they had experienced a sacred faith in the success of their mission. They truly believed that God had answered their prayers. The name of the boy who is said to have been thus saved by prayer is Rudolph Neumeister or Lunsen.

Four or five years ago, three women, who said they lived on Wells street, near St. Michael's Church, Chicago, visited the hill and remained two weeks praying for a boy relative, who was believed to be fatally afflicted with a dropsical affection of the head. His head was swollen to three times its normal size, and the monstrous deformity was daily growing larger. One day the women received word from home that the boy was subsiding, and three days later information reached them that the patient was well. They attributed the cure to the prayer cure, and the women were placed when their own brother then away in a paroxysm of thanksgiving to the

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