

[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

LINES

WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF THE SHAMROCKS' VICTORY.

Well done brave, noble, gallant lads, long may you wear the crown,  
And may its lustre ever shed love, honor and renown  
Upon thy pure and honored name when the dear old flag's unfurled,  
Emblazoned with its green and gold, proud champions of the world.

What shouts of praise that day burst forth upon the battle field;  
Loud rang the cry when victory perched the trophy on your shield;  
The maddening crowd grew wild with joy, shook hands and clasped each other,  
While proud aloft they bore on high each dear old Shamrock brother.

The scoffers, let them sneer and scoff, oh! what disgraceful play,  
The lie we cast back in their teeth, for well you proved that day  
How you can act the manly part; but bitter hate and spleen,  
Would not allow their praise you lads, because you wear the green.

Your honored name shall crush their hate among the brave and true,  
And o'er this bright and happy land fresh laurels gain for you.  
What honors on the nation's game your science and your powers,  
And on the land that gave it birth, this Canada of ours.

On many a well-fought battle field your sires bled before,  
To fight the wrongs which tyranny had flung round Erin's shore;  
But though they're dead and past away they're spirit still is seen,  
Engraven in each noble heart that loves to wear the green.

Long may the trophy dwell with you my dear old Irish boys,  
And many's the time we'll think of you amidst our social joys,  
And when the toast is past around we'll join and shout hurrah,  
Here's to our dear old Shamrock Club,—  
S'hantha dal go Bragh.

J. DODD.

Montreal, Oct., 1892.

"THE FOUR COURTS."

SOME CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES

Celebrities of the Place—Curran, O'Connell, Sheil, Phillips, Butt., Dillon, Hon. Sam. Walker and "The MacDermott."

I had reached the Cathedral door when I beheld Mickey, full of smiles, leaning against the porch. "So your done with the Dain." "Done, Mickey," said I. "You took notice of that piece of black slate with the letters on it. I'm tould that tells all about him, it must be mighty interestin' readin'." I translated the Latin inscription. When I had finished, Mickey looked serious, and answered me that he should have as much lettering over his grave as the Dean. "So, your ready, sor." "Ready," I responded, as I seated myself on the car. "I'll get on the other side of you and tell you a story of the Dean." "All right. Drive to the Four Courts." The story promised became two. You may not admire it, and deem it nonsense. "Pray, sir, how much of your daily mouth-grinding is sense?" The telling delighted Mickey, while the hearing of them made me laugh. In this wearisome empiric age let us be thankful for nonsense—that can delight two human beings at the same time. With an apology that he could not tell them, as he used to do, he cleared his throat, bent over the "well," and began. "The Dain was a queer man, full of whims, his head was a little touchy, but wan any he met his match. His butler was bringing a goose on the table. The butler was half starved, and pulled one of the legs off. When he put it on the table, begorra boys the Dain was as mad as a halter. Ye scoundrel ye, says he, where's the other leg. It's a new bred says the butler, that's just come to Ireland. I'll make ye prove it, says the Dain. Troth that ill be aisy, says the butler. That was well and good, so the Dain and his butler were driving out by Blackrock. They came to a pool of water and saw a flock of geese, after coming out all standing on one foot. Yir Reverence, that's the breed, says the butler. Whist says the Dain, and with they all dropped the other leg. Ye scoundrel, says the Dain. Ah! says the butler, if yer Reverence had said whist to the one in the plate, it would have dropped the other leg too." The other story is more practical and contains a piece of philosophy hard to gainsay. A rich merchant dying in Dublin, left a legacy to a charitable institution, provided that some minister of the gospel should preach at his funeral. As he had lived an infidel the ministers very naturally refused

their services. At length a deputation awaited on the great Dean. He consented on one condition, that no offense should be taken either with the brevity or sentiments of the discourse. On the day of the interment a vast concourse of people surrounded the grave from mere curiosity to hear the Dean. According to Mickey he spoke thus:

This man's name is Davidson  
"Davidson,  
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
If God does not take you the Devil must."

"The Four Courts, for I'll stop at the Angel until ye come out." This is an imposing structure, erected between 1786 and 1800 at a cost £202,000. It occupies the site of a once famous Dominican convent that of St. Saviour. Here is dispensed law to the nation. When a thing is settled in the Four Courts as the peasantry had it. "That settles it." Few Courts of Justice possess its fame for good or evil. Here scintillated the passionate bursts of Irish oratory as often to condemn liberty as to save it.

What mighty names does not the Four Courts make, to pass before the mind? The wit of Curran, the lash of O'Connell, the grace of Sheil, the metaphors of Phillips, the power of Butt, the business of Keogh. Other figures pass more near the Irish heart. A Duffly with a parchment marked Freedom or Death, the classic features of Dillon with their fine scowl of defiance, the savage leer of Lalor, the frankness of Mitchell and the boyishness of Meagher. It might be said that within those walls at one time or another was all the goodness and business of Ireland housed. Here the brilliant hopes of young minds were blighted and visious of their country in the morning of her new birth turned into solitary cells, or penal chimneys. Here many a noble heart was wounded by an arrow from the quiver of a countryman. Such is the Four Courts. Let us enter in. To an American it is not wanting in the comic element, so much prevailing in European institutions. Divided into courts for the quicker transaction of the numerous divisions of the law, it bears but little resemblance to our own less intricate system. The first thing meets one's eyes is three or four aged individuals dressed as if they meant to play in some Christmas pantomime. You rub your eyes; am I dreaming? No sir, you are really awake. You are not viewing copies of the old masters, neither are you in the company of mediaeval gentlemen suddenly awaking like "good old Rip Van Winkle." These gentlemen, by the grace of God, by the leave of Her Majesty, and by the unlimited gift of the gab, are dispensers of the law and teachers to Israel. There is nothing spiritual about them, like you and me, beefeaters and mongers of gossip. In a few hours they will drink their bottle of port and toast Her Majesty, blessing the day that their gowns changed to ermine. The prisoner lonely stands in the pen, briefless barristers who cultivate law on a little oatmeal with their craniums a mass of curly shavings, lean their heads on their impoverished hands or pretend to take vast notes, while the common country folk in their homely frieze sit in wondering admiration. The three Old Masters with folded arms resting on a huge oaken bench, look studiously wise, as they partly shut their eyes, barristers crane their necks, country people wink at each other, for the Hon. Sam. Walker is up. His argument is jerky, nervous, far-fetched, reminding one of the first attempts of Mary Anne to drum "Marching Through Georgia" from the piano. He is considered, however, a coming man, one on whom Gladstone has an eye. He goes down and Hugh Rorke, something else MacDermott, commonly called The MacDermott comes up. He pays his respects to the Hon. Sam, calls him a lawyer, a man whose genius premeates the whole island, and winds up by sadly confessing that the Hon. Samuel knows nothing of the law that he attempts to propound. In this respect, law over the world is alike. In truth, is it not the business of one lawyer to make another a liar. It takes all sorts of men to make a world. I would not willingly see lawyers left out of it. If MacDermott and Walker are to be considered as orators, then we have no conception of that word in the States. Orators they are not in the sense of Brougham. Genuine oratory will give no time for even the dull to sleep, but even witty barristers doted while these two gentlemen were on their legs. That they are brilliant lawyers is evident from the fact, that they will help Mr. Gladstone in his policy of peace and good will. In this great work will

the prayers of a nation be theirs, while the most dyspeptic of strangers will find time to cheer them in rhyme:

Let faith and love and joy increase,  
An' reason rule and wrangling cease,  
Good Saints, we pray thee?

To the Irish people might not this same stranger give a word of advice, bidding them to cease their foolish quarrels, to bid farewell to religious intolerance, and paltry motives, to fuse themselves into a nation that has a grievance and will hold it up until the scab has disappeared. When the physician comes give him time and follow his prescriptions. Be not led by every quack who opens his pack, and shows you a medicine that will cure in a week. Quacks have been your curse. Wait for the man of science, who has made himself familiar with your case, and when he comes remember

"When you've got a willing steed,  
Use it meek and mildly;  
Soon the best will slack his speed  
If you spur him wildly."

To settle the knotty points suggested by the wisdom of such lawyers as Walker and MacDermott, one of the Old Masters deliberately wiped his nose, shook his head, bowed to his colleagues, and in a kind of falsetto delivered himself of a monologue. This was Chief Baron Dowse, famous for making the bench a kind of Conservative mill for grinding that party's stale platitudes. The career of this man fitfully illustrates the "stuff" that judges are made of in Ireland. Dowse began life as a Liberal, a defender of the people, a hater of tyrants, a social regenerator, and a thousand other politician brands as easily put on as cast off. To be a judge, it is necessary that the applicant has had a seat in the House of Commons. The first aim then of the rising barrister is to secure one of these prizes. Dowse defended brilliantly Irish State's prisoners, and made a record. With this record he moved and won an Irish constituency. Like the Heathen Chinese he only held part of his cards in hand while making promises; the telling one he wisely hid in his sleeve. When the proper time came Dowse, M.P., let the trumps slide gracefully into his hands, and said, Gentlemen, Euchre. The Castle looked on, laughed at the way he had fooled the people, took him to her heart, petted him, and, clothing him in ermine, sent him forth to give law to the men he had so cruelly hoodwinked. Of course they vowed that they would never return to St. Stephen's another barrister. Such promises were forgotten in a short time, and some glib young lawyer with a carload of promises taken in to their household to play the old game. Whiteside in defense of O'Connell laid it down as a principal that a "community of sentiment on political subjects is not criminal." For as he justly remarked. "The object is to accomplish a given end—to concentrate opinion, and strengthen that opinion—to bring it to bear on a particular subject, and by means of that concentration obtain, perhaps, benefits and blessings that would not otherwise be accomplished." A few years later he condemned men for mouthing such a treasonable opinion. Keogh began his political life with the usual promises to snare the unwary Irish-peasant. In order to do so the more surely he posed as the champion of the Catholics and signed all his promises with that memorable phrase so help me God. How quickly he sold them, how basely he betrayed them, and how shamefully he mocked their dearest interests makes a sad page in the history of a brutalized race. Sheil the light and air, with a tongue full of pretty conceits and dazzling fancy would join the Repeal movement if it declared "for separation." He was proud to end his days in a "dignified position of minister to the petty court of Florence." These are the men that deck Irish-benches. Judged by any moral code they are a despicable set. They are the blatant preachers of Irish defiance to English rule. From them the peasantry learn that the noblest duty is to serve their country. Woe to the poor peasant that is brought before them for the expression of such a doctrine, his eyes will never rest again on his little home. His heart-stricken wife and poor children may mourn him as dead. As an American I appeal to my justice-loving countrymen, can such men administer law? Can such men impartially charge a jury? And then an Irish jury the most ignorant to be met with. To be an Irish Juror one quality is indispensable, and that is contempt for the peasantry. I had a horror, reading of Irish crime. When I saw the farce that justice plays there, I could willingly add

my personal testimony, to that of the many travellers that Ireland's peasantry are as Newman had it, a race of Sir Galahads in his hundrum world. Baron Dowse furnished his monologue. The MacDermott and Mr. Walker complimented each other, briefless barristers stole away to garrets and Blackstone. Dowse O'Brien, better known as "Payler the Snob" and the third Old Master to eat mutton and drink port, the country folk remained to pay the reckoning. I said a fervent prayer for Home Rule and joined smiling Mickey. "It's growing dusk, sir, and Betsy's hungry and minds it a trifle." Drive to Morrissey's and away went Betsy.

WALTER LECKY.

The Testimonials

Published on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and as worthy your confidence, as if they came from your best and most trusted neighbor. They state only the simple facts in regard to what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, always within truth and reason.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's PILLS. Unequaled as a dinner pill.

He (humbly, after being accepted)—I know I am not worthy of you! Tell me, my beautiful darling, what you saw in such a plain sort of fellow to— Do you know I was dreadfully afraid you were going to refuse me!

She—I did intend to; but you know my weakness. I never could resist a bargain—and when you proposed you did look so awfully cheap! How could I let you go?

LITTLE BEGINNINGS.—The steam which raised the lid of the kettle led a philosophic mind to utilize it for man's benefit. No one dreamed that he should now be dragged along by it at the rate of sixty miles an hour. When Perry Davis made a preparation for the medicinal use of his family over fifty years ago, neither he nor any man imagined that it would now be sold in every land, and prove to be the PAIN-KILLER of the world. The new big bottle, old price 25c.

Mr. Lurker—"Excuse me, Miss Snapper, but I have long sought this opportunity to—" Miss Snapper—"Never mind the preamble, Mr. Lurker. Run right in and ask pa. He's been expecting this would come for the last two years."—Boston Courier.

The great success and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer restores grey hair to its natural color, and, from its balsamic properties strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each.

Bridges—"These self-made women are just as uncomfortable as self-made men." Brooks—"In what respect?" Bridges—"Well, take my wife, for instance. I was tickled to death when she made her own trousseau, but she's broken my heart since by constantly reminding me of it."—Brooklyn Life.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," so they all say, and their husbands say so too!

"I'm so sorry to have missed New York in the season," said the English visitor. "I presume I've missed a great deal." "Well, I don't know," said the young woman. "You are here in the watermelon season; and, after all, the watermelon is more American than our society."—Harper's Bazar.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Rheumatism, Neuralgia.—It is sometimes difficult to determine which of these diseases is afflicting the sufferer, but this ignorance will not matter if Holloway's remedies be used. They alleviate and cure all muscular and nervous pains. In hereditary rheumatism, after bathing the affected parts with warm salt water, Holloway's Ointment should be well rubbed upon the spot, that it may penetrate and exert its soothing and regulating properties on the deeper vessels and nerves which are unduly excited, and cause both the pain and swelling. Holloway's treatment has the merit of removing the disease without debilitating the constitution, which was the inevitable result of the bleeding, mercury, and colchicum practice formerly adopted in these complaints.

Making Progress—Drawing-Teacher (despondently)—"That thing you have drawn looks more like a cow than it does like a horse." Fair Pupil (brightly)—"Why, of course, Professor, it is a cow."—Tit Bits.

"Satisfactory Results."

So says Dr. Carlett, an old and honored practitioner in Belleville, Ont., who writes:—"For Wasting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

The devil lives in the same house with the man who is always boasting about how moral he is.