

## THE JAUNTING CAR.

You may pull away, scull away,  
Boat away, flow away,  
Moisten your throat away, smoke your cigar,  
'Tis all boisteration,  
Such slow navigation,  
Compared with the rowl of the Jaunting Car.  
'Tis sporting and spacious,  
'Tis genteel and gracious,  
Likewise efficacious 'gainst hail, rain, and snow;  
To go any way hence,  
From Dublin to Mayence,  
Take the Irish conveyance wherever you go!

Pelides, Tydides,  
The great Alcibi'des,  
Car-borne, each tried his proud foeman in war,  
Likewise noble Hector,  
Troy's valiant protector,  
Of fleet steeds the rector, rode out on a car,  
Cytherea and Rhoea,  
Queen Boadicea,  
And that charmer Medea, when wandering afar—  
Old O'sian's great heroes,  
Singing lillyballers,  
They all of them rattled away on a car.

Long life to car-driving,  
And long be it driving,  
For courting or wiving, in peace, or in war.  
If at elbows you're out, sir,  
And in love are devout, sir,  
Put your coat up the spout, sir, and hire a car.  
To show the girl's faces,  
And set off their graces,  
At reviews and at races, wherever they are;  
And for soft conversation,  
There's no situation  
Comes up to the side of the Jaunting Car.  
By the "Irish Whiskey Drinker," in the  
*Bentley Ballads.*

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Of a personage so celebrated as the National Saint of old Ireland it is scarcely necessary to state that his anniversary is on the 17th day of March, whether the day of his birth or the day of his death it is perhaps difficult to determine, as in the lives of the Saints, the word *birth* is commonly used by biographers to determine both events—"a nativity or natal day" being the day on which a Saint is released from mortality here, and born to eternal life. No matter whether the 17th of March is the day that the Saint came into the world or went out of it, St. Patrick's Day has been long carefully observed by all good and pious Irishmen; not indeed with painful abstinence or melancholy seclusion, but with glorious feasting and jollification.

A fig for St. Denis of France,  
He's a trumpety fellow to brag on;  
A fig for St. George and his lance,  
Which spitted an heathenish dragon;  
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot  
Are a couple of pitiful pipers;  
Both of whom may just travel to pot,  
Compared with that patron of swipers,  
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

The song "St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!" was composed by Dr. Maginn, and according to its facetious author, it is a theological one, as it contains many of the principal acts of the Saint—his coming to Ireland on a stone—his never emptying can, commonly called St. Patrick's pot—his changing a leg of mutton into a salmon in Lent time—and his banishment of the snakes. The song originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, 1821, and is adapted to the tune of "The night before Larry was stretched;" it is too long to give the whole of the verses, but one is so irresistible that we must quote it, as, probably, it is the key-note to part of the jollification of the day—though it may not be in strict accord with the doctrines of Father Mathew.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago  
How the snakes, in a manner most antic,  
He marched to the County Mayo,  
And tumbled them into the Atlantic.  
Hence, not to use water for drink  
The people of Ireland determine:  
With mighty good reason, I think,  
Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin  
And vipers, and such other stuff.

Poets are privileged persons, and due allowance should be made for their historical blunders,—no accurate idea can be gathered from the words of the song as to the manner of the miracle of St. Patrick, when

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue  
He charmed with sweet discourses,  
And dined on them at Killaloe  
In soups and second courses,  
Where blind worms crawling in the grass  
Disgusted all the nation,  
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes  
To a sense of their situation.  
Oh success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
For he's a Saint so clever;  
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
He bothered them for ever.

The purgation of Ireland from noxious animals has been the subject of the old alliteration—"Ubi nulla venena veniunt, nec serpens serpit in herbâ." It is considered among Irishmen the most famous of the Saint's miracles. History or Tradition, or both, inform us that from the top of Croagh Patrick, one of the highest of the Wicklow Hills, the Saint stretched out his hand and blessed the surrounding country; and it is added that it was on this spot he bestowed his curses on all venomous reptiles, so that from thenceforth they should never more infest the Emerald Isle.

If you were to apply a doubt upon the miracle to a Wicklow man his reply, probably, would be:  
"And, sure your honour believes that St. Patrick could asily do all this, and a mighty dale more."  
And if the said Wicklow man was a songster he would immediately give you this distich:

'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preached his sermons,  
That drove the frogs into the bogs, and both'd all the worms.

But to return to the day on which all true-born sons of Erin feel peculiarly happy and are inclined to view everything in a favourable and mellow light.

Merry-making in honour of St. Patrick is by no means confined to Ireland. Wherever Irishmen have penetrated—and where is the quarter of the globe in which they are not to be found?—the fame of St. Patrick cannot be unknown. For instance, it is recorded in the "Annual Register," that "on the 17th March, 1786, His Excellency Count Mahony, Ambas-

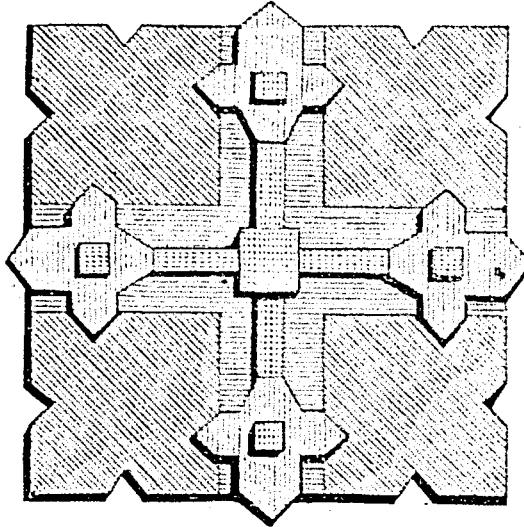
sador from Spain to the Court of Vienna, gave a grand entertainment in honour of St. Patrick to which were invited all persons of condition who were of Irish descent; being himself a descendant of an illustrious family of that kingdom. Among many others present were Count Lacy, President of the Council of War, the Generals O'Donnell, M'Guire, O'Kelly, Browne, Plunkett, and M'Eligot, four chiefs of the Grand Cross, two Governors, several Knights military, six staff officers, four privy counsellors, with the principal officers of State, who, to show their respect to the Irish nation, wore crosses in honour of the day, as did the whole court."

A few words may be permitted upon the subject of the crosses that used to be worn in honour of St. Patrick,—but now discontinued, at least in this country—what Holt calls the "ornaments due to his memory."

Lawrence White, a "lover of the muses and mathematics," as he styles himself on the title-page of a volume of poems, which he published one hundred and thirty-one years ago (1742) in Dublin, describing the progress of a love affair, says:

"He gained the affections of the maid,  
Who dilt with curious work o'boss  
For him a fine St. Patrick's Cross."

It appears from this, that these crosses were made of silk and embroidery—we have annexed a faithful representation of



one of these crosses of one-third the original size, heraldically tricked—(a green ground with a red cross, overlaid with a gold cross with blue finials). The cross of the Saint was worn on the left arm, or attached to the cap or hat; now-a-days this old distinguishing badge formerly used on the anniversary of St. Patrick is substituted by a bunch of shamrock or trefoil, by the size of which an estimate may be formed of the amount of the patriotic zeal of the wearer. The shamrock, however, appears to have been formerly considered only as an apology for any less splendid decoration. When the wearing of the crosses went out we have no positive testimony. In 1780 the Loyal Volunteers of Cork appear to have contented themselves by wearing the shamrock as a national decoration, on the occasion of their public appearance in honour of St. Patrick. Fitzgerald thus chronicles the matter in his "Cork Remembrance," 1780, March 17: "The armed societies of this city paraded on the mall with shamrock cockades, and fired three volleys in honour of the day."

A noble train, most gorgeously array'd,  
To hail St. Patrick, and a new free trade.

A dinner, with a liberal allowance of whisky-punch and patriotic speeches, of course, followed upon this occasion. At this dinner a song by John Shears was sung to the tune of "Ally Croker." We give the opening lines of this popular ballad:

St. Patrick, he is Ireland's saint,  
And we're his volunteers, sir;  
The hearts that treason cannot taint,  
Their fire with joy he hears, sir.

Cherry, a comedian and the author of a popular comedy called "The Soldier's Daughter," has given us a song well known to most Irishmen, "The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland;" we select the following lines:

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,  
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it;  
And the sun of his labour with pleasure did smile,  
And with dew from his eye often wet it.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,  
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;  
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,  
In each climate that they may appear in.

The popular notion respecting the shamrock is, that St. Patrick, by its means, satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland the Trinity in unity, exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration.

The trefoil ornament is still used in all Christian churches, (at least in the Anglican and Roman) as an emblem of the Trinity.

In the transactions of the Royal Academy, Vol. XV., Miss Beaufort remarks, "that it is a curious coincidence, the trefoil plant (*shamrock* and *shamrick* in Arabic) having been held sacred in Iran, and considered emblematical of the Persian Triad."

A facetious essayist in the *Dublin Penny Journal* observes that,

"St. Patrick, when he drove all living things that had venom (save man) from the top of Croagh Patrick, had his foot planted on a shamrock; and if the readers of your journal will go on a pilgrimage to that most beautiful of Irish hills they will see the shamrock still flourishing there, and expanding its fragrant honey-suckles to the western wind"

Irish botanists assert that the *scamer oye* or shamrog is the *trifolium repens*.

It is impossible to pass without noticing the superstition attached to that *lusus nature*, a four-leaved shamrock, which is popularly believed in Ireland, and indeed in Lancashire and other parts of England also, to be a sure omen of wealth, and to endue the lucky finder with supernatural powers. Lover has made this notion the subject of a beautiful ballad, but he is in error when he asserts that a four-leaved shamrock "does not exist," because T. Crofton Crocker asserts that it had been found in his garden.

From the "Irish Hudibras," however, it would seem that the performance of some spells were necessary upon finding one of those magic leaves, to develop its powers.

Tom Moore has associated with this dear little plant that springs from the soil of Ireland a beautiful allegory:

"A type that blends  
Three God-like friends—  
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever."

As for the love-making powers of the Irish, that is, perhaps, too delicate and tender a subject to write about. An Irishman's heart has been compared to a sprig of shillelah in the following song, set to the air of "The Kinnegad Slashers:—"

Oh an Irishman's heart is as stout as Shillelah,  
It beats with delight to chase sorrow and woe;  
When the piper plays up, then it dances so gaily,  
And thumps with a whook for to leather a foe.  
But by beauty lit up, faith, in less than a jiffy,  
So warm is the stuff, it soon blazes and burns;  
Then so wild is each heart of us, lads of the Liffey,  
It dances and beats altogether by turns.  
Then away with dull care, let's be merry and friaky,  
Our motto is this, may it widely extend;  
Give poor Pat but fair freedom, his sweetheart, and whisky,  
And he'll die for old Ireland, his Queen, and his friend.

The Irishman's valour has been tested, and never found wanting, from the days of the entrenchment of New Ross, 1264, mentioned by Holinshed, to the siege of Salamanca in 1812, and more lately the siege of Sebastopol. It has shown itself ever ready and terrible when fighting the foreign enemies of our country.

Should French invaders dare to come,  
In ruffles full of starch, sir;  
A ruffle boat upon our drum,  
Like Patrick's mouth—"tis March, sir.

And then in memory of this day  
Our Saint has made so glorious,  
Each man will seventeen men slay,  
And Ireland make victorious.

And as for Irish wit, it is proverbial. The Bench, the Bar, the Pulpit, the Senate, all attest.

In conclusion, we heartily wish every son and daughter of Erin long life and many happy returns of St. Patrick's Day. Long may the Shamrock,

The plant that blooms for ever,  
With the rose combined,  
And the thistle twined,  
Defy the strength of foes to sever.  
Firm be the triple league they form,  
Despite all change of weather;  
In sunshine, darkness, calm or storm,  
Still may they fondly grow together.

## Dramatic Notes.

Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" has been translated into Spanish.

A new comedy by M. Sardou, "Andréa," is in rehearsal at the Paris Gymnase.

Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" has been reproduced at the London Crystal Palace.

A new tenor Salomon, is about to make his *début* at the French Opera, Paris, in "Guillaume Tell."

Shakespeare's historical plays, translated into German, will be played in chronological order at Berlin this winter.

A Medieval Mystery, bearing the title of "The Mystery of the Holy Childhood," was played in St. Roch's Church, in Paris, on the 2nd ult.

On Saturday last the Holman Opera Troupe closed a most successful season at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. They have now returned to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault are under an engagement with Mr. B. F. Lowell to play the first two weeks in March in the leading cities of New England, beginning at Providence.

Offenbach will commence theatrical management at the Gaité in April next, and he is said to have signed an agreement with Victor Hugo for the exclusive performance of "Marie Tudor."

Verdi's "Don Carlos" is to be revived at the Paris Grand Opera. It was withdrawn during the Empire through the influence of the Empress, whose Catholic zeal was offended at the *auto-da-fé* business.

Madame Marie Sass has obtained a splendid success in "L'Africaine" at Madrid. The receipts were 20,000 francs, and the *prima donna* received bouquets, laurel crowns, valuable presents, and from the Queen a magnificent bracelet.

Capoul was hissed recently at Lyons. He went there with Mile. Marie Roze to give four representations of "Faust," but after such a reception he cancelled the rest of his engagement, desired the manager to distribute to the poor the twelve hundred francs he was to have received for the first evening, and then shook the dust of Lyons from his feet.

NEW ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE, TORONTO.—Messrs. Farron and Baker have had a successful week here, in their special play, "Chris and Lend;" or, "German Life on the Upper Mississippi," the house being well filled every night, especially Saturday, when they took their benefit. There is nothing special in the play, the chief interest lying in the songs and dances by Messrs. Farron and Baker, who are clever artists in that particular line, and on their appearance before the curtain, at the close, loud cries greeted them from the gallery and pit for "another week." This week Mr. Joseph Murphy, the Irish *comedia*, appears in "Hisp."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was but twenty-three years old when he finished his well-known and popular comedy of "The Rivals." It was written at the request of the manager of Covent Garden, and within a period of two months during the year 1771. The comedy failed on its first representation, chiefly from the bad acting of one performer; but this being remedied, it at once met with public favour. "The Rivals" was said to be Sheridan's own history, and Falkland his own experience in love-making. From its lively plot and the exquisite humour of its dialogue, this play, even without the aid of its more famous successor, "The School for Scandal," would have placed Sheridan in the first rank of comic writers. "The School for Scandal" appeared when Sheridan was about twenty-six years old, and was immediately popular. It is singular that during the life of Mr. Sheridan no authorized or correct edition of this play should have been published in England, the author having kept back the manuscript for nineteen years, endeavouring to satisfy himself with the style.

There is some talk of an Ecumenical Council of Presbyterians to be held in London; and one of the denominational organs speculates on the effect of a sitting of a month's duration by 500 or 1,000 representative men from all parts of the world.