

Ancient and Historic Dublin.

Ptolemy, who flourished in the first half of the second century, on his famous map places Elbana civitas under the same parallel of latitude as the present city of Dublin.

THE DANISH FORT ON THE SITE OF DUBLIN CASTLE.

In 852, when Aulaf (Olaf) the Dane invaded Ireland and subjected all the contending tribes of Danes, he erected a fortress on the triangle of elevated land formed by the confluence of the Dublin with the Liffey, a site now occupied by Dublin Castle.

The Christian faith was preached in this territory, first by Palladius and then by St. Patrick. The stay of Palladius in Ireland was very short, scarcely a year, yet during that brief space he established three Christian communities, Teach-Renan (Tigronny), and Donard in County Wicklow.

EACH TRIBE HAD ITS OWN MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENT.

Soon after his death in 492, the monastic system, which Patrick had himself partly initiated, became the settled form of ecclesiastical organization in Ireland. The number of tribes into which the country was divided, and the fierce inter-tribal jealousy that prevailed at all times, rendered this system the more desirable.

The old church-edifications, which were certainly Celtic, of Patrick, Bridget, Kevin, and Mac-Tail, in this very neighborhood, would point to such a conclusion. Such a tribe would undoubtedly have had its own monastery with its resident bishop.

IRISH BISHOPS IN BELGIUM AND GERMANY.

The first of these Bishops that we meet with is St. Livinus. He traveled into Belgium, where he converted many, and was at length crowned with martyrdom, Nov. 12, 663. To him succeeded Disibod, who being driven out went to Germany, and after forty years' labor, in the neighborhood of Disibodenberg, named after him, died.

The Legend of Inch Abbey, County Down.

(Cahal Bradley, in the Belfast Irish Weekly.) An April morn, and bright and clear the day, As from their cell the monks they wend their way, Inch Abbey hears their holy prayers again.

And yet it seems that all are said in vain For still in flames the churches can be seen, And ruins stand where yesterday had been The temples of a God.

A rolling noise—then everything is still That sound has sent to every heart a thrill; "The tyrant Cromwell comes," the Abbot tells, "Make haste, and from the belfry take the bells, Then cast them deep into the River Quoile,

So that his cursed hands may never soil The sacred silver bells!" They sink the bells and o'er the river pray That they may ever in the water stay.

To toll it e'er a persecutor came, Who sought and strove the Holy Faith to maim, So that the people may prepare to stand Against invaders of their Fatherland, And save their Holy Faith.

The sun has set—a mass of ruins lay The lovely building of that early day Cromwell had done his work—the work of hell! Before his battering rams the Abbey fell, The holy Fathers died as martyrs brave They one and all had fought and died to save Their blessed little home.

A green-clad wall is all that stands to-day To mark the spot where stood the grand Abbey. Close by the ruin is a graveyard fair Where flow'ry fragrance ever fills the air, The bells have tolled from their watery grave, 'Tis said a warning to the Church they gave When Garibaldi rose.

In many a cottage garden in rich profusion grows That sweetest flower of summer, the fair and fragrant rose; I stoop to pick the shamrock, that beautifies the sod, St. Patrick's chosen symbol of the one triune God.

The twilight hour approaches, I see the setting sun, Reflecting crimson glory o'er "queenly Slievnamon," The song of thrush and robin falls sweetly on my ear, And from a neighboring belfry the angelus I hear.

O fair and peaceful haven, where weary souls may rest, And find from care a respite on nature's bounteous breast, Where birds and bees and blossoms to praise the gracious Giver, "Who doeth all things well," —Angelique DeLande.

established himself about the year 700 at Roermond in Holland, where a portion of his relics is preserved under the high altar of the cathedral dedicated to him. St. Gualafer is mentioned as bishop in the eighth century, but of him nothing is known except that he was baptized and instructed his successor, who figures more conspicuously. St. Mumold was certainly Irish born, and is reputed to have been some time Bishop of Dublin. He cherished an ardent desire for martyrdom, and setting out for Rome there received the Pope's blessing. On his return journey he preached at Mechin with great zeal and success.

Having had occasion to rebuke certain public sinners, he met at their hands the longed-for martyrdom. He is the patron of Mechin, whose splendid cathedral is dedicated to him, and his relics are preserved there in a silver shrine. St. Sedulius who died in 785, is given by some writers as "Bishop of Dublin," by others as "Abbot of Dublin." In all probability he filled both offices. In or about 890 there is mention of Cormac, as bishop. Ware could learn nothing about him. D'Alton says he was bishop when Gregory, King of Scotland, besieged and captured Dublin.

Drogheda.

Drogheda is a decadent town. When I was there as a boy there was every indication of prosperity about it. One heard the clatter of scores of hammers riveting the plates on a ship's side, close by the Boyne; the streets were busy thoroughfares, where came to sell their farm produce and take home provisions from the shops, says Father Fitzgerald in the Catholic Press, Sydney, Australia. The quay was a lively scene, as droves of cattle were put on board the steamers for England.

To-day the healthy signs of commercial life are no longer in evidence, but have been replaced by stagnation and one may add semi-desolation. You may walk, drive or cycle down the Drogheda quay to-day and not meet with the slightest obstruction from traffic. You might as well be on the lonely quay of Clonnel or New Ross. Steamers still come and go, but their cargoes are light, and their passenger lists slender.

This grand, commodious waterway is practically deserted, and would be forgotten in history but for the battle of the Boyne, and the magnificent scenic vistas which beautify its upper reaches. As I have mentioned the famous battle I may add that it is worth a tourist's while to take the riverside walk of two or three miles from Drogheda out to the bridge near the obelisk, which has been raised to commemorate the memory of one of William's generals.

The bridge commands a view of the canal and the river, which run parallel to each other at this point, and are in summer overshadowed by trees and bushes, which are mirrored so perfectly in the placid waters that one is sometimes in doubt as to where the meadows end, and the streams begin. Round about and above you are the hills where the rival armies camped, deep glades open up like leafy tunnels and emerge in grassy patches, where daisies and primroses delight at eventime the circling fairy hosts.

You ask the driver to walk his horse amid these scenes, where nature's hand has been so lavish, and where once upon a time the cannon roared, and sabres flashed between the orange and the green. It has been said "when Irishmen lead Irishmen in battle victory crowns the day; but when foreigners lead them the day is lost." The royal coward who fled from the battle of the Boyne is the one who lost the cause, and not the brave men who followed his fortunes, but whom he abandoned when the tide of battle threatened to turn.

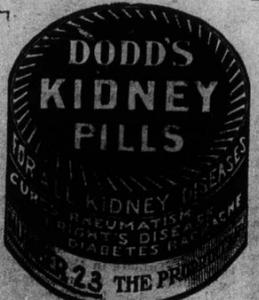
Consul Samuel S. Knabenshue, of Belfast, writes concerning the gathering and preparation of Irish moss for market: The plant called Irish moss (Chondrus crispus) is one of the algae, and is found in abundance on the Atlantic coast of Ireland and on the shores of Brittany, in France. It grows on rocks in the sea, just below low-water mark. It is gathered and spread in the sun to dry, after being washed in fresh water.

When fresh it varies in color from green to dark purplish brown. It is bleached to an extent by exposure to the sun and by watering, after which it is allowed to dry thoroughly and is ready for market. It then is of a light grayish-yellow hue. The product is handled by wholesale druggists. They do not keep stocks on hand, and when an order for the moss is received a sample of the quality required is usually furnished with the order. The size of the plant is the controlling factor in price; the larger the plant the more valuable. Color is also a factor, the lighter colored selling better. The wholesale druggists give an order for the required quantity to men who buy the moss from those who have gathered it.

The moss in Ireland is put up for export in bales, just as it comes from the gatherers, without being subjected to further bleaching or any other process. No information can be obtained here as to a liquid form of the moss, nor is it known as a powder, unless retail druggists may themselves pulverize it for their own purposes. The moss is used to some extent as a food by the people along the coasts where it abounds, and jelly preparations are made from it for the use of invalids. It is sometimes used in cookery in place of prepared gelatin in making desserts, etc. It is used in medicine as a demulcent in coughs, for catarrh and inflammation of the bladder, and in preparing emulsion of cod liver oil. It is also used in textile manufacturing as a stiffening for calico in the printing process.

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My girl hath ringlets rich and rare, By Nature's fingers wove— Loch Carra's swan is not so fair As is her breast of love. And when she moves, in Sunday sheen, Beyond our cottage door, I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen For Brighdin Ban Mo Stor.



ROBERT

has for sale a score of gold mines in Porcupine, on all of which pure gold has been found on the surface. In order to ascertain the real value of these mines, I have decided to form syndicates to make the preliminary investigations, and pay for the engineer's report, soundings, assays etc., of these

GOLD MINES.

These syndicates will be divided in three classes according to the apparent values of the respective mines. No. 1 syndicate will be formed of memberships of \$200.00; No. 2 of \$100.00, and No. 3 of \$50.00; this money is put up to get at the value of the mines. If the investigation turns out to be satisfactory, companies will be formed to exploit them, and the members of the respective syndicates, will get half of the capital stock of the companies for the money they have put in the pool.

Address: ANTOINE ROBERT

Robert's Counting House, 255 Notre Dame St., West Montreal.

Deep in Canadian Woods

(Continued from page 1.)

not believe me, perhaps, yet I am telling the truth. How is it our enterprising medical men have not thought of building a sanitarium in the forests of the Renous? I have been all through the Adirondacks, and have not come across any place more suited for a sanitarium in the forests of the wick forests. Perhaps I may be no judge, but I generally know a tree when I see one, even if a few individuals in the world claim to have a mortgage on common sense. If the New Brunswick government had a little more "get" to them, conditions would be still better in the Northumberland woods, while all Canada would be very thankful in return, I am sure.

The Renous River is teeming with trout and salmon, in the proper season, and the soil around and about is rich enough to offer homes for all the young men of the place, if only they could get a chance, a starting chance, from the gods of the land.

THE CHEF IS MASTER OF HIS ART.

Before I reach a solution stage of my paper, I must tell my readers that a very interesting personage in a Renous camp is the cook. He is a master of his art, and, as a rule, would be entirely competent to hold sway in the kitchen of many a pretentious inn or hotel. The men are given clean and inviting meals, four of them a day; while, if ever I sat down to a meal that could recall the hell-hash in Macbeth, it certainly was not in the woods of New Brunswick. Mr. Gulliver, for instance, and another successful cook, across in the South branch of the river, could teach many a baker how to bake bread.

I had met with trials on entering the woods, but Cracky and myself had to face three feet of snow on the return journey. It was from the very hospitable camp of Mr. George Hayes, a parishioner, I began my way home. There the foreman in charge, Mr. Fintan McCormick, had "held the men up" for me with characteristic willingness, while in return, but after the stories, I agreed to have Cracky form a team together with the favorite horse of the camp. I was proud, all the next day, when Cracky pulled his mate to pieces. Mr. Hayes's camp is thirty-two miles from the priest's house, and, although we set out at seven o'clock in the morning, it was twelve o'clock, midnight, when I reached home, safe and sound, and disposed to give Cracky the rubbin' of his life, with dry and hot straw. Since, I have spent two or three other weeks in the camps as well. It is a pleasure to beg, when you are dealing with the men of the Miramichi.

Brighdin Ban Mo Stor.

(Fair Bridget, My Treasure.) By Edward Walsh.

(The following exquisitely tender song was written by the late highly gifted poet, Edward Walsh, in compliment to his wife, soon after their marriage.) All hail! Holy Mary, our hope and our joy; Smile down, blessed Queen, on the poor Irish boy Who wanders away from his dear beloved home; O Mary! be with me wherever I roam, Be with me, O Mary! Forsake me not, Mary!

From the home of my fathers, in anguish I go, To toil for the dark-livered, cold-hearted foe, Who mocks me, and hates me, and calls me a slave, An alien, a savage—all names but a knave. But blessed be Mary! My sweet, holy Mary! The bodach, he never dare call me a knave.

From my mother's mud sheeling an outcast I fly, With a cloud on my heart and a tear in my eye; Oh! I burn as I think that if Some One would say "Revenge on your tyrant!"—But Mary, I pray, From my soul's depths, O Mary!

To Erin.

Green be thy hills, loved Erin, Blue be thy sky to-day, And joyous the fond heart's beating To the strains of "Saint Patrick's Day."

O dear, twice dear, to thy exile Are the memories sweet but sad, Of its hallowed hours in thy holy Isle, When life in youth was glad.

And though years, times waves storm driven, As drift from the ocean's foam, Have cast me here on a far, far shore, Dear Land! thou art still my home.

And I hear in the church bell's chiming As it thrills the listening air, Thy voice, the voice of a Mother, Calling her children to prayer.

Prayer and praise, and thanksgiving The triple tribute of love, From the grateful sons of a faithful land To our Patron in Heaven above.

And it's oh! that I could be with thee, And it's oh! to tread once more The well-worn path to the Chapel; And pausing beside the door,

Look with the eyes of a lover Upon tree clad hill and dell, On the smooth, green slope to the river And the fields once known so well.

I can see them again a vision That is ever, eye ever near, And the welcoming words of my people My old ears seem to hear.

As they pass before me, the aged With calm and patient face— The strong young men, and the women, The glory of our race,

And the children, God's blessing on them, Rugged, rosy and fair, The innocent pleasure of childhood Unshadowed by clouding care.

All wearing the symbol shamrock— Giving greeting and kindly word, For the Angel of Peace in passing The fountain of joy had stirred.

And I kneel with them, O my Erin, And pray that in measure grand God's peace, and His joy and His blessing Be thine, O long suffering Land.

Wrongs, hunger and toil forgotten, Forgotten the alien's scorn, On the feast of our loved Apostle, The blessed Saint Patrick's morn. —M. A. Fitzgerald.

The Irish Reaper's Harvest Hymn.

"This song, which is sung to the tune of "The Dear Little Shamrock" was written by Mr. John Keegan, who was born in Queen's County in 1809, and died in 1819. He was educated in a hedge school, and contributed to the Dublin Nation."

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And hear me, sweet Mary! For union and peace to old Ireland I pray. The land that I fly from is fertile and fair, And more than I ask or I wish for is there, But I must not taste the good things that I see— "There's nothing but rags and green rushes for me," O mild Virgin Mary! O sweet Mother Mary! Who keeps my rough hands from red murder but thee?

But, sure, in the end our dear freedom we'll gain, And wipe from the green flag each Sassanach stain, And oh! Holy Mary, your blessing we crave! Give hearts to the timid and hands to the brave, And then, Mother Mary! Our own blessed Mary! Light Liberty's flame in the hut of the slave!

Taken literally from a conversation with a young man on his way to reap the harvest in England.



Vol. LIX, M

Na Sponta

Enormo

The day was sunshine counted was frost, too, to color the cheeks happy, so what wind as one st... cessionists pass... there is little or... rick's Church is... different societies... respective halls... soon as the rank... by their bands... music caused the... a little faster th... The church was... to afford seating... great numbers w... sion. As many i... as could be accom... ed in the centr... having the sea... front of the sanc... J. Kavanagh, K.

REV. GERALD Doherty, Pastor of St. Patrick's Society. As the Chancel... the vestry they... patronal hymn... procession formed... and visiting clerg... turn followed by... bishop Bruchesi... Very imposing i... emn passing thro... The color schem... —was effectively... sanctuary, Boston... tistically draped... white lights on the... once of refinement... good taste. On e... trance to the san... alive brass bowls... rocks, white cary... At the throne w... Rev. J. E. Donne... Anthony's, assist... L. Shea, and Rev... deacon and sub-d... Rev. J. McCror... Singleton, deacon... office. The follo... seats in the sanc... thers O'Neill, O.P... C.S.S.I., T. F. H... Condon, C.S.C.,... lege, Polan, R. E... Reid, Pennafort... O.F.M., and other... The uniformed... H. looked remark... ed eclair to the c... Just before the... Gerald McShane, a... few words to His... bishop, expressive... his parishioners'... presence of His G... and then introdu... mond Walsh, O.P... Priory, Dublin, w... lows:

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THE SI

"And I, brethren you, I came not to you, or of wisdom, deal testimony of Chri and my preachi persuasive words but in showing of power that your stand on the wis on the power of I Cor. 2. May it please You Very Reverend Brethren in Ch The festival of with the holiest of our national re