

(FOR THE NEWS.)

GHAROCHAUN.

To the illustrious author of "Britannia," an Irish friend of mine wrote an answer, and being desirous to see it in print, requested me to (*khir* Bearlagh *erh*) English it. It is literally this:—

"O sons of Erin"—Stop! thou foreign fool!
Base, vile disciple of a tyrant school,
Rash innovator, babler of an age,
Clown, dull and useless, loose upon life's stage!
How came it thine to raise thy worthless head!
Slander the living, calumniate the dead,
Blend *Erin's* name (that hallowed name which stood
And still doth stand alone, baptized in martyrs'
blood)
With *Britannia's*—Britain cursed!
Of good the least the best; of all the worst the first.

"If," says the theorist, "gas you will discharge
Into a vacuum,—matters not how large—
The quantity, however small, will fill
The space complete, and gas it will be still.
Take equal volumes unperfumed and thin,
—And let's suppose it poisonous ere put in—
That doth possess a deadly property.
While mild and harmless this is found to be."
Thus bloated Britain, surcharged with sin and crime,
The blood of centuries, condensed by time,
Groans for a vacuum, therein to disgorge
Her putrid surfeit, foul and rotten charge;
That by a process of corruption rarefying
She may prevent her more than monster corpse from
dying.

Strange, that of all earth's nations, pure, elect,
Erin the bursting tyrant should select!
Ah! because there in humble, lowly guise,
The stainless soul, the perfect vacuum lies;
But still more strange that Lancaster of Hull,
Britannia's ass, the bull-calf of John Bull,
Should be the groom, man-mid-wife, or, whatever—
But here I lack the term, I do declare.
No matter: wretch, his name will substitute;
Degenerate viper! less of man than brute,
Thou art the coward, traitor, "lying knave,"
Slandrous in tongue, in soul ignominiously brave,
Perfidious reptile! and must thou, forsooth,
At Editors, Baris, Statesmen, gnash thy venom'd
tooth.
Pity unmoved poor Erin's hapless thrall,
Show orators and poets the cause and ruin of all.

Behold, ye spirits of the mighty dead!
Illustrious Lancaster uplift thy head!
"Neath England's flag of blood-stained red
He stands your fearless foe;
He sees what you have failed to see,
How Ireland might and may be free,
How you have worked her misery
And caused her sorest woe;
And hence his thunderbolts at ye
Are pointed—levelled low.

Ye remnants of that ancient race,
That old unquenchable line!
Begone for shame and hide your face,
Or herd yourselves with swine.
O haste ye, haste! away, away,
Ye rhyming things of Irish clay,
In vain ye pour an idle lay
In foreign lands—
Ye so-called orators, whose fame
Serves but to screen your sin and shame,
Go, let oblivion hide your name:
Great Lancaster is come!

Self-constituted minstrel! unapproved, despised,
Even where thy very sentiments are prized;
Star of the stanza! when thou art "set a-going,"
No doubt thy "hints to statesmen" are worth know-
ing.

Imperial scribe! thy daring I admire:
On bay, write on, soar higher still and higher,
Fire in thy poetry, rapture in thy prose,
The iron's hot before thee, strike it while it glows.
Thy life of fame, thy future will tell,
I can avouch that hast commenced it well!
Ages unborn will yet be blest to find
Thy comprehensive, mighty powers of mind
Treasured, to point mankind what's false and vain,
And waken genius in the plebeian brain.
When Byron, Shakespeare, Milton, Moore and Scott
Are each unknown, are all alike forgot,
When poetsasters of a later time,
Dupes of intrigue, of nonsense, love and rhyme,
Are now no more, thy words will flow
Immense as deep, in torrents smooth and slow:
Pearls of taste, gems of the wondrous skull
Of far and justly famed George Lancaster of Hull.

O mighty minion of trans-Atlantic birth,
Post of thy country, burden of the earth!
Hast thou no shame? is there no feeling left?
Art thou of thought and common-sense bereft?
Dost think because it suits thy wand'ring mind
Ireland's with Britain's name shall stand combined?
And hop'st to draw the Western world's eyes
To what thou would'st have live, and yet dost elegize?
No, dreamer, no. In faith I pity thee,
And much I mourn thy biased phantasy.
Know'st not that Ireland hates to be allied,
And mocks in chains and scorn Britain's pride?
Let persecution fester as it will,
Ireland was free, and is, and shall be still:
Still her bold spirit lives from chains exempt,
And bids to all her foes defiance and contempt.

Blown from her shores by every breath of heaven,
Wide o'er the world her exiled sons are driven;
Driven to drag a life of vengeance and of hate,
And teach a future age their friends' and fathers'
fate.

Alas! for those in Erin who uphold
The dreadful doctrine of their sire's of old:
Men are alike, the peasant and the king;
Man is but man, a weak and worthless thing;
No self-upheld, despotic power own we;
Freemen we are, and such we mean to be.
There is to suffer all that men can bear,
Toil, desolation, horror, and despair.
'Tis of their homes, denied the rights of men,
Branded with evil, infamy, and then
Doomed to the dungeon, there thro' woe and dearth,
To resume their own inhuman earth.

Montreal, July, 1883.

"DUNNOY."

HER REWARD.

Soft was the evening air. The sun was setting
behind the hill. Far and near the exquisite
foliage showed in various tints over hill and dale
in fair Kent. The delicate laurel-trees that met
over the garden-gate, and showed the landscape
through beyond, like the porch to fairyland,
scarcely moved in the evening breeze.
A fine old park was here; fine deer, good old

timber, cattle, and distant homesteads, a fine
old country place and private chapel, lawns and
terraces. Surely, anyone might be happy here?

Nothing could have been more soothing or
more beautiful than that summer evening.

So thought the lovers, as they stood among
the high grass and ferns.

A dainty, high-bred maiden she was, too;
and it would be hard to find a nobler, grander-
looking young man than her companion.

"All that will have passed by then," said he,
tightening his clasp upon her slender, graceful
waist. "All that I ask of you is to wait only a
little. I know I have to redeem my character;
but let me feel that I am doing this for you. I
am content to bear a temporary cross, if you
will promise me my crown."

"Ah, you think so now—you say so now; but
where you are going you will see others, who
will teach you to forget me. Go; and do better
for your own sake. If I broke my promise to
my father, what confidence could you have in
mine to you?"

The young man turned pale.
"Tell me one thing—tell me you still love
me!"

Her upturned glance answered him. He
stooped down till his moustache rested on her
lips. He took her hand, and held it lovingly.

"You love me still?"

"I do."

He folded her closer to his heart; and then,
gently loosening his clasp, he gave her one long,
last kiss, leaped the gate, and was gone.

The maiden looked after him; but her tear-
dimmed eyes could scarcely discern the farewell
wave of his hand.

Her own little hand had to be tightly pressed
over her eyelids before she could perceive him
untie his horse, spring into the saddle, and ride
away, straight as a lance, across fields and over
fences.

Long after, when she looked at those hedges
and fences, she saw in her mind's eye that mag-
nificent physique and his gallant hunter flying
over them again.

"Good-bye, my darling!" she sobbed. "I
have done right. When you come back, you
will find your welcome here!" she said, laying
her small, white, ringed hand on her well-fitting
dress, over where her poor heart was aching and
throbbing; "but I fear our farewell will be a
long one."

More tears, and she retraced her steps.

"Come along, Chrissy!" said her cousin
Bella from the entrance-hall door "it is time
to dress."

And, so saying, her lynx-eye caught sight of
her companion's tear-dimmed eyes, though her
head was still held erect, and her step quick and
firm.

"Soho, madam!" thought Bella to herself;
"you have heard he is ordered away again, *ma-
chere*, away from you, but perhaps not away
from me."

The two girls ascended the staircase together,
and Bella strolled into Chrissy's bed-room and
boudoir, the latter making no remark as she
threw her hat and gloves on the sofa.

"Chrissy," said Bella, "the Carters called
this afternoon while you were out. They were
full of news. Jack is ordered abroad imme-
diately with his regiment. They hope that
will solve the question of his debts and difficul-
ties."

"I hope it will," replied Chrissy, curtly.

"Dear old fellow, how everyone will miss him
about here!"

"What shall you wear to-night?" continued
her tormentor.

"I shall wear my 'Norma' costume to cut out
those little midgets, the Smiths, and I shall
drink one glass of champagne to make my eyes
look bright." And off she ran to don her
"Norma" costume.

There was a grand dinner-party that night.
Chrissy knew that many an eye would scruti-
nize her curiously to see how she bore the news
of her ex-lover's temporary exile.

Jack Carter had been a very popular young
fellow in those parts, and his sayings and doings,
and even his escapades, had been a source of
great interest to every damsel and dowager in the
county; and when it became known that he
really was engaged to the elegant Miss Forbes,
great was the flutter of female hearts and the
cackle of maternal tongues.

Jack loved her right honestly and heartily,
and he was not the sort of man that had long
to sne and plead in vain.

Exceptionally tall and muscular; eyes soft
and black as velvet, but keen and bright, which
could melt or kindle as occasion required; a
high, broad forehead, close curling black hair,
and olive clear complexion; a daring rider, a
good cricketer—in short, a thorough "good
fellow," he was sought far and near in his
county.

An only son and heir-presumptive to a nice
property, he had long been the mark for the
county dames of all ages, castes and classes.

Many an envious eye had been turned on
Chrissy as they strolled or rode side by side in
the beautiful adjacent lanes, at the local fêtes,
or in the ball-room, during their brief engage-
ment, and no eyes more envious than those of
her cousin Bella.

But when they were in the height of their
happiness, when the time for the wedding had
even been fixed, came the thunderbolt.

A letter came one morning to the father of
the bride-elect, giving him a certain name and
address and particulars, &c.

The grim, old-fashioned Squire went to town,
and hailing a cab, drove straight to the address,
and found the statement true.

On his return he summoned his daughter,
and said briefly these words: "The contents of
that letter are true. You will now pledge me
your word that your engagement is ended,
never to be renewed."

Chrissy stood aghast, and then stammered
out, "It shall be ended, if you wish it so! But
will you never forgive him?"

"Never," said the Squire, sternly; "and I
insist on your breaking off all correspondence
with him for ever!"

"I promise!" stammered the girl. But she
was never quite the same again.

Thus stood matters on the night of that grand
dinner-party.

Chrissy was quite competent to hold her own.
She was a good girl and sensible, and she quite
appreciated her position as the Squire's only
daughter; and was not quite ignorant of the
fact that she was very good-looking, and dressed
accordingly.

The party paired off into the dining-room;
the Squire escorting a mountain of green silk
and feathers; the curate fell to Bella's lot;
Chrissy, who headed her father's table, had on
her right-hand side the husband of the green
silk and feathers.

"Very old friends of mine, the Carters," said
the old gentleman to Chrissy, but speaking so
loudly that he could be heard by everyone.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN NIHILISM SEEN FROM WITHIN.

For more than a decade, Russia has been
agitated by a movement whose character and
aims have been a puzzle, while its later methods
have been a horror to the rest of mankind. Now
at last we are in a position to judge of the Nihil-
ist party from the mouths of its friends, and
from disclosures so frank as to leave nothing to
be desired. And these disclosures, without doing
anything to remove the horror which all right-
minded people must feel for a party of assass-
ins, do serve the purpose of showing us
that Nihilists are human beings like ourselves,
that if they have been morally sophisticated it
is by sophisms to whose force we also are not
insensible, and that their temptations are such
as might have befallen us. From being merely
a puzzle and a horror, Nihilism becomes a
warning, if also a horror.

Before taking up any of the details of the
book, we observe that it is unintelligible, as is
all Russian history, unless we bear in mind a
peculiarity of the Slav character upon which its
author insists, but which he was by no means
the first to bring into notice. It is remarked by
Gogol, Turgenieff, and all the close students of
Russian life. We mean the promptness and di-
rectness with which the Slav acts upon every
opinion he entertains. He takes everything seri-
ously and unreservedly; and the instant an
opinion fastens itself in his mind it must be
reproduced in action. He has no detachment
from his own opinions, — no ability to hold
them at arm's length, and to modify their in-
fluence upon him by considerations of conse-
quences. He goes straight as the bird flies
from the premise in theory to the action it
suggests.

It is this very fact that renders the influence
of opinions and drifts of thought in Russia so
interesting a study to the rest of mankind. The
Russian does to-day what the West may be
doing to-morrow. The intellectual and moral
impulses out of which Nihilism grew are, as our
author shows, not Russian, but Western. They
are the pet opinions, the "advanced ideas," of
Europe and America. The difference between
their influence in their native homes and in the
fields to which they have been transplanted is
easily explicable. First of all, they found a field
unoccupied by any other crop. In Russia, there
was no intellectual interest, no intelligent reli-
gious or philosophical interest, no broad social
intercourse, no politics, no art, almost no litera-
ture. In fine, when the ideas of Buckle, Darwin,
Buchner and Moleschott were disseminated
broadcast in prohibited translations, they had
the field all to themselves. They had the largest
opportunity to show what was in them and what
would come out of them. At once they were
elevated to the rank of a popular philosophy, a
popular religion for the educated classes. To be
a man of intelligence was to be an atheist and a
materialist. The forces which counteracted this
tendency in the West were not to be found. The
Church was discredited as a huge engine of su-
perstition which labored not for the enlighten-
ment but the enslavement of the people. Fixed
traditions of belief there were none; schools of
art and literature there were none. All was bare
as a Russian steppe to the new winds of doctrine,
which everywhere scattered the seeds of utter
disbelief in whatever professes to lift human
life to contact with the eternal and the divine.

Russian atheism and materialism have the
Slavic frankness and directness. In the West,
they cloak themselves in conventional com-
pliances. Atheists take cath to get seats in Parli-
ament, send their children to be married in
churches, and permit religious services at their
own grave, if they do not make their peace with
the holy Church at the last moment. For in truth
the Western atheist is seldom thoroughly an
atheist; he always thinks there may be a chance
that priest or pastor is in the right. The vast
intellectual influence exerted by Christianity
has had the effect of creating an atmosphere of
religious instinct. The Western doubter doubts

his doubt. But in Russia Christianity is a cere-
mony, rather than a belief,—a petrification, not
a process. It has not been an educational in-
fluence. It has had an ignorant clergy as well
as an ignorant people. The common people even
despise the parish popes; the educated despise
the less than half-educated monks. Such a
Church was just the enemy that the atheist
would wish every Church to be. It created no
atmosphere; it commanded no respect. Even
in works of charity it did nothing noteworthy.
Its single note is an "orthodoxy" as dead and
lifeless as though the human mind were to move
no further than the Seventh General Council.

In Russia, therefore, the recipients of the new
gospel have the courage of their principles.
They say frankly what they mean; they act
what they say. "Atheism excited people like
a new religion. The zealous went about like
veritable missionaries in search of living souls,
in order to cleanse them from the 'abomination
of Christianity.'" One Nihilist writes of those
days of zeal: "Everyone of us would have gone
to the scaffold, and would have laid down his
life for Moleschott or Darwin."

But the time came when atheism was not
enough. Some end in life is as necessary to a
man who starts from the negations of material-
ism as to other men. Some substitute must be
found to fill the places vacated in the heart by
the expulsion of the idea of God. The dark side
of human existence forced itself upon the atten-
tion of these new religionists, and forced them
to ask what they meant to do about it. They
became Socialists by an inward necessity when
they came to confine the scope of human life to
this earthly existence. If neither Dives nor
Lazarus has a future for the redress of inequali-
ties, then make Dives divide with Lazarus now
and here. To this gospel of equality they were
helped by the spectacle of the Paris Commune
and by the teaching of the International. It also
they preached with the zeal of new converts and
the self-sacrifice of martyrs. From 1872 till
1878, for seven years, the labored after the fash-
ion depicted in some of Turgenieff's novels. But
the Government took alarm. It set in motion
the huge machinery of its bureaucratic despotism.
It arrested, imprisoned, banished, put to death
without mercy, until the propaganda was aban-
doned in despair and some line of action sought
on which the resistance of the Government
might be overcome.

Our author in several places compares these
early Nihilists to the primitive Christians. Here
at least the comparison is most instructive. The
Czar treated the Nihilists no worse than Cesar
treated the Apostles and their earlier successors
in the work of evangelizing the Empire. But
the Christian preachers never for an instant
abandoned their purpose or made an essential
change in their methods. They went on, on
just the lines laid down in their commission,
taking persecution, proscription, imprisonment,
forced labor in the mines, and painful forms of
death, not for seven years, but for seventy times
seven. The difference between the two was that
their faith in God gave them faith in the
triumph of their cause, while it imposed upon
them the strictest limitations as to the means
they must employ. Atheism reduces the limits
of human faith within the bounds of palpable
means and ordinary possibilities. It does not
supply the motives which enable a man to toil
on through years of defeat for a great end. It
is only faith that removes mountains. Atheism
shuts out of the sphere of human effort these im-
possible things which are, after all is said, the
only things in the world worth doing.

In 1878, the propaganda was abandoned for
the policy of terrorism; i. e., of assassination.
What ideas in their judgment had failed to do,
this dynamite must do. The bathos of such a
descent is veiled by the spectacle of courage
displayed by the terrorist party. These men—
these women especially,—took up their terrible
means with as much enthusiasm as they had
shown for their terrible creed. In a certain low
sense, they have succeeded. They have not lifted
the Russian people to any higher social level.
But they have terrified their masters, the base
and national bureaucracy, into something like
attention to the demands for political liberties
as the first step to redress.

But we hope nothing from such means and
such agents. "Non tali auxiliis, nec defensori-
bus istis." Not thus was England and American
liberty won through long ages of suffering, blood
and tears. It was won by men who feared not
the face of man, because they feared the judg-
ments of God.

In Professor Huxley's recent address at the
Fisheries there were some statements absolutely
marvellous. The learned professor spoke of "a
moving mountain of cod over a hundred and
thirty feet high, which, year in, year out, for
two months out of the twelve, moves slowly
westward and eastward past the Norwegian
shores." A few square miles of this cod
Himalaya, say ten, would equal, it seems,
1,200,000,000 of cod fish, that every week, even
if they keep their appetites in check, would
consume exactly 8,400,000,000 herrings.

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do good work
the mechanic must have good health. If long
hours of confinement in close rooms have en-
feebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at
once, and before some organic trouble appears,
take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be
rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight
become clear, and the whole constitution be
built up to a higher working condition.