

The Funeral of Hope.

The following beautiful lines were written by the late Richard Ligon, Esq., of Danville, Va., a gentleman of genius, a fine scholar, and a lawyer of distinction. The lines speak of the sad experience of the author.]

FROM AN IRISH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

Mrs. Lucy C. Lilly in Catholic World.

From England to Ireland is a far greater journey than the mere crossing of the water which lies between Holyhead and Kingstown. Leaving the calm, prosperous, well-ordered, and matter-of-fact country of John Bull one summer's day, we found ourselves transported with an astonishing sense of change, distance, novelty—all that constitutes the difference between nations—into an Irish seaport town, gay, bright, and home-like, where poverty looks picturesque, and the whole country, if it suggests want, at the same time speaks of good-humor and kindness. Kingstown is all the fashion in the summer time; "His Grace" of Marlborough had just arrived, stopping a few hours on his way to Dublin, and the pretty town whence George IV. sailed long ago after his famous visit wore an air of viceregal festivity.

gers descend, extending a friendly greeting and a slow hand to some. "Is it yourself back again, ma'am?" we hear her exclaim as a comfortable, smiling, middle-aged woman descends, with market baskets on either arm.

The evening lights broke up in a splendor of reds and purples, fading into that wonderful pale gray twilight which in Ireland lingers until the stars are all visible in the sky; not a touch of gloom was in the dusk when we reached C—, and throughout the long carriage-drive which followed there lingered this after-glow of day, broken here and there by that singular atmospheric phenomenon for which the country is famous—the mirage—a token of warm weather, we were told, giving to the wide, irregular country, with its chance animation and otherwise unbroken stillness, a weird, puzzling effect.

From C— to B—, our destination, is a drive of thirteen Irish miles (about seventeen miles in English or American measure) passing through the town of —, evidently a prosperous place, with hilly, well-built streets and the usual characteristics of every Irish town or village, the outskirts paths leading to whitewashed cabins, the shaded country roads, and a surrounding peacefulness in the landscape.

Thursday.

"This is fair day at B— C—!" "Fair day?" echoes an American voice. "How I should like to see a real Irish fair!" "It is not at all what it used to be in the good old times," said our host; "still it might amuse you."

Country-house visiting here in Ireland has a peculiar fascination for us as Americans; there is much merely in the system which is novel and interesting. The luxuries and comforts which usually belong only to town-houses in America are regularly expected in an Irish or English country-house, and the household management is quite perfect. Mistresses and maid, master and servant, are on such admirable terms of self-control and discipline that year after year the household can go on calculating to a nicety its resources, and feeling confident there will be none of those outbreaks which disorganize the ménage of so many American homes.

The house is full of guests, and they combine various elements very pleasantly. One of the number is a well-known author and traveller, who has just returned from a solitary journey of exploration across Asia and India, almost as hazardous and eventful as the African travels of Stanley, but tinged with the splendors of an Oriental coloring; and of this he gives us delightful bits of description and incident as we sit over our afternoon tea or late dinner.

There is also a little English lady, who is soon to set sail for India, that unknown land to Americans, but possessing so intimate and personal an interest to most British households. Besides these and the American visitors, an Oxford professor is expected to complete the group, which brings together the most varied but harmonious elements, while a frank hospitality and art of entertaining are combined in our hosts and hostesses with everything that is cultured, earnest, and original.

The day's routine begins with a charmingly informal breakfast at nine o'clock, which drifts on for a couple of hours, family and guests coming in irregularly; letters and newspapers are read and discussed, and plans for the day are developed. Then comes a morning of individual occupations; our hosts, being both county magistrates, have various duties outside the estate; our hostesses have household to set into working order for the day; the guests amuse themselves with the new books which are sent regularly from Dublin, or with letter-writing, walking, or gossip. Luncheon reassembles the party at two o'clock, and the afternoon is devoted to riding, driving, croquet, or lawn tennis; six o'clock finding us, without change of costume, in the drawing-room for tea. Dinner is preceded by the dressing-bell at a quarter to seven, which disperses the tea party; riding-hats and knickerbockers vanish; half an hour later a finely dressed company assembles in the drawing-room, the procession is formed and files out in solemn state, and the dinner, that concentration of foreign etiquette and brilliancy, begins. As in England, the ladies retire before the gentlemen, when a dainty silver punch service is carried into the dining-room; and tea and coffee are served in the drawing-room at half-past nine.

Friday.

"This is fair day at B— C—!" "Fair day?" echoes an American voice. "How I should like to see a real Irish fair!" "It is not at all what it used to be in the good old times," said our host; "still it might amuse you."

This was at breakfast this morning, and we were at once exhilarated by the prospect of beholding a scene of fascinating revelry and trade which we had known only in novels and in Mr. Boucicault's plays. We set out about mid-day, the ladies in a phaeton, the gentlemen on foot. The shaded road led us in a few minutes to the outskirts of the village, where a novel scene opened before us as we turned up the hill to the market-place: there lay a broad, open space, the village green; on one side a blacksmith's forge, a dissembling chapel, and the public pound, on the other a cluster of abandoned, roofless cabins standing at the head of the village street; a large marquee tent labelled "Refreshments, by P. Moriarty," stood in the centre of the green, and seemed to be the initial point from which radiated and revolved the countless elements that made up the fair.

"When any villager has been in America and returned," said P., "he always carries a lofty air, and does not like to take off his hat to the gentry."

"They don't like his bad manners, as a general thing, for I think they feel that this outward show of respect neither exalts us nor degrades them; it is only a custom approved by their forefathers, and rather pleasing than otherwise."

By this time we had passed the common and were in the village street, where a curious crowd had assembled in broken groups, each one bent upon admiring, watching, or erecting the temporary booths for the fair. There was an air of suspended excitement while the work progressed, but an hour later the fair was in full motion; voices laughing, talking, disputing, gossiping, railing, and chaffing filled the air; the booths were full of wares; an excited Cheap John standing up in his wagon, with a varied collection of garments and household belongings at his feet, harangued an eager group of girls and women gathered about him. At another point a farmer was loudly praising his black-coated pigs, which, uncomfortable behind their prison bars, rubbed each other's sides and grunted unhappily; men and women were buying and selling butter and eggs; a fine cow was being led up and down before three men in top-boots, corduroys, and gay-colored neckcloths, while at small stalls, above a queer assortment of crockery, lines of variegated handkerchiefs and hosiery were strung to attract the stronger sex, who passed approving comments as they sauntered by. In the midst of the babel of voices the "Cheap-John's" rose loudest: "Sure is it this fine bit of prett'y'll be leaving, miss? Take another look at it wid thim soft eyes of yours." This to a pretty girl whose face was eagerly lifted in the sunshine while the vender danced a gay calico before her. The girl wore a cloak which fell back from her shoulders, while a scarlet

handkerchief was tied becomingly over her head. "Ye'll not know yerself in it, me dear," John goes on in a softer tone, while a flood of rosy color comes into the girl's face. "Ah! be aisy now," as she is moving ably away, her mother lingering with some evident desire to criticize further. John sees her vacillation. "Ah! now, woman dear, is it deprive her of her rights ye would? Four shillins, and ye have it. Garryowen! Garryowen!" he cries out, breaking into a shriller note and vigorously slapping his leg, on which the calico is draped. "Garryowen! Come on! Buy, buy!" A timid brown hand is slipped up; a maternal voice says deprecatingly, "Ah! thim, Katie, ye put everything on yer back," as Katie, still rosy red but pleased, pays her four shillings and takes the roll of print. Directly she is the centre of an eager, clamorous group, the women all criticizing and admiring or deploring the purchase.

"Ah! now, Katie Brian, is it no sense at all ye have left in ye, girl?" "It'll not take the wather, surr," cries one woman, jerking up her hand disdainfully at John, who stands his ground: "Stand the wather, woman alive! Sure the soap never was made that could take the color off it. Garryowen, Garryowen!" he goes on in a shrill crescendo, and new purchasers come up. One of the last articles we see disposed of is a coat as deplorable in hue as Joseph's, and sadly tattered and threadbare, which a cow-boy purchased for "tuppence-halfpenny" amid shouts of derision from the bystanders.

Among the calicoes we noticed calicoes and sheetings, all remarkably high-priced; unbleached muslins of rather poor quality and going for eight cents the yard, and a striped print, worth in America about six cents, being sold for ten, as John called Heaven to witness, "at a distasteful bargain."

"Oh! yes, there are often fights," said J—, "but the constables are doubly vigilant on fair days, and order is tolerably well kept."

"The Royal Irish Constabulary are government police stationed in every Irish town or village, where we could see them leisurely patrolling the streets and lanes—fine-looking men in neat black uniform and helmet, armed with musket as well as baton. Their barracks is in the village street, a two-storied building of unpretensions, whitewashed exterior, but bearing the royal arms and various government placards; one of these offered a reward of £1,000 for information leading to the arrest of Lord Leitrim's murderers."

"No Irish cabin ever gives up a fugitive; no matter how poor the shelter may be, it is freely given, and no reward offered has any effect."

The constables appeared to be on excellent terms with the people, and seemed to be looked upon rather in the light of protectors than otherwise.

"But where are the factions we read about in the newspapers?" said the lady from America.

"Oh! they exist," answers our host, and forthwith goes on to tell us of two famous factions, known as "the Threes" and "the Fours," which originated at a fair. It appears a certain man sold a cow, asserting her age to be three years; the buyer declared it was four; and at once each side had constituents. The rival parties fought that day, and the next fair day, and so on, as time passed the factions growing in numbers and in bitterness. While we were in Ireland a trial for murder went on in Dublin, in which it appeared that "Three" had killed a "Four" on no other provocation than the rage of party spirit. In the trial an amusing witness was examined.

"Teddy, were you present at the fair?" asked the lawyer.

"I was, your honor, and saw the fight; it was a rare good one; they had sticks and stones, and everything that was handy to crack skulls."

"Which side did you take?" "I like the 'Threes' best, your honor." "Did the prisoner have a stone in his hand?" "He did not, your honor; Murphy had nothing in his hand but his fist."

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed disdainfully: "Sure it was not a decent fight at all; only a few shillelaha were raised!" The fair went on with varied scenes until a late hour, when, I doubt not, had we waited, we might have seen something like the "trail of a coat;" but we drove off about sunset, leaving the ground still occupied by a busy throng, while far up the country road stretched a motley line of farmers and rustics, in cars or on foot, donkeys laden with baskets, cows, goats and swine, toiling homewards after their day's outing at the fair.

table stood invitingly spread. The member of Clan Keppoch had come in, cloaked in silk and fur, and held her hands joyfully out to the blaze, while one after another of the party gathered about, and the mingled fascination of tea-time and firelight held us captive. What hour in the American calendar can compare with this in an English or Irish country-house?

At this hour what topic may not be discussed, what rash opinions and vague theories sent forth? A delicious sense of irresponsibility seems to come over us with the twilight; all faculties are pleasantly suspended, awaiting the touch of exhilaration which belongs to dinner-time, and idle speculations or poetic sentiment of which, an hour later, we might feel ashamed, all seem part of the moment. This afternoon, while we sipped our tea, our friend from India gave us stories of Kurd and Arab, of Eastern cities and of the desert plain; the young lady of Keppoch entertained us with her recent journey in the Tyrol, and in the inconsequent fashion belonging to tea-time, we drifted off to the old and ever new subject of Ireland's patriots; of the thrilling, agonizing, ennobling time when the "Young Ireland" crusade was preached. Our hostess is always eloquent on themes like this, and I suppose she felt in the gloaming a sort of protective power, for no one could see her face while she repeated in quiet undertone those immortal lines—

"Who fears to speak of '88,
Who blushes at the name?"

Is there not a never-dying passion in these words? One is carried swiftly back to those dead days of heroism and struggle; one can see the prison walls transfused and made holy by the lives they held captive. Talking of this in Ireland seemed a sort of consecration of the spirit and feeling in which we Irish Americans were educated, and when the dressing-bell dispersed our party we went upstairs with some strange vibrations in our hearts. Was our earnest, eloquent little hostess an incendiary? I know the spirit roused by her recitation in the firelight lasted late on in the evening; for after dinner a restless member of the party was asked to sing, and somehow no song seemed fitting but "The Wearing of the Green," and, not satisfied with the rebellious verses, a refrain had to be added:

"And the green shall be worn,
And the orange shall be torn,
And the green fields of Ireland
Shall flourish once again."

The gentlemen were still in the dining-room when this was sung, but they came in laughing and remonstrating. "How do you dare to sing that here?" exclaimed our host in mock horror. But the Irish American rebel who had been singing looked at our hostess and felt a thrill of new patriotism within her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HEARTLESS LANDLORDISM.

HOW IT STILL LIVES IN IRELAND. In a letter addressed to the Chairman of the Tipperary Board of Guardians, and read at a recent meeting of that body, Father O'Donnell, C. C., gives a graphic and thrilling narrative of some of the eviction of Mrs. Mary Ryan and her family from a farm in Carrigrohilly, county Limerick, on the estate of Major Richard Hare, formerly of Alderston. The rev. gentleman has been summoned to attend at the bedside of Mrs. Ryan the discharge of his clerical functions. She is about ninety years of age, and an invalid.

Father O'Donnell reached the place the bailiffs were there, with a number of policemen and the representative of the agent, and the work of eviction was proceeding. The rev. gentleman says: "I found the poor old invalid lying on her bed, a perfect skeleton, extremely weak, and suffering, she alleged, from the effects of a fall. On the hearth there was scarcely as much fire as would light the candle which I required in the discharge of my priestly functions. I administered the Sacrament of the Dying to the poor patient, and gave her such consolation as I felt capable. My ministrations were constantly interrupted by the crash of the falling timber in all directions."

"At last it came to the removal of the poor old woman herself, and after some little filtering, and despite the strongest protest of the rev. gentleman, the bed containing the nonagenarian was deposited outside the door in the yard. Father O'Donnell concludes—

"It was extremely distressing. The poor creature, with a look of inexpressible anguish and with tears falling from her eyes, put her wasted hand to cover her head from the biting northeast wind, blowing at the time. The little children flocked round their grandmother's bed, bewildered and crying loudly. Alas! it was truly pitiable. It was a scene I shall never forget, and I trust in God the like of which I shall never again witness. Those evicted are apparently without any visible means of subsistence, and must apply to your board for assistance. I am confident your board will extend to them the fullest justice which, in their case, the law allows."

We are happy to say that the Board responded by allowing Daniel Ryan (son of the old woman), his wife and ten children £2 per week for a month, and the old creature herself 15s per week for a month. A relieving officer said the old woman is located in a neighbor's house, and has good nourishment and the attendance of a nurse.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

MOTHERS TO BLAME.

The plain fact of the case is that the American mother of the poorer classes is more careless of her duty than the mother of any other nation. The daughter of a decent French tradesman or artisan would never be allowed to go to balls unprotected or clandestinely to pick up chance acquaintances in the street. On the other hand it is only within a few years that the young girl of the gentler class in America has been properly protected from insult and scandal by the constant presence of her mother or some one wiser in the world's ways than herself. No matter how poor a girl is, the moral atmosphere about her may be as pure as if she were reared in a palace; provided her mother wills it. She may not be able to give her daughter money, or even education, but she can give her a sense of honor as high as Lucretia's. To do this she will not turn her loose on the street to carry on flirtations with married men, or send her unprotected to balls where she remains at home satisfied that the "young folks should have their fun." This is plain talk; it should be read to mothers who think that it is true, and know, too, how much they are to blame that it is true.

ENGLISH INTRIGUES.

CONSTITUTIONAL EFFORTS MADE TO PETER II. BISHOPS.

The Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J., delivered recently in New York a most able and interesting lecture on "Ireland's Rome," in which he forcibly set out the close relations that have ever existed between the Irish Church and the Holy See. We would gladly transfer all this discourse to our pages had we space at our disposal. As it is, we give up to about a third of it, the conclusion, which lucidly exposes, on the one side, some of the basest intrigues of record, and on the other the unshakable constancy of a people whose fidelity to faith and country is without a parallel in history: THE FIRST RELAXATION OF THE PENAL LAWS.

You know what was the history of our land. I will not go through it, in cloak and ren, for it would be a long and painful subject. But at last, after some three hundred years of penal laws, you saw the crown from the castle of Buncrana Hill, this country south of freedom and liberty were waived over to Irish hands. And Grattan rose in the Irish Parliament and secured for a time the independence of Ireland 1782. That independence was eminently guaranteed, and 80,000 soldiers for Ireland, pledged to fight for Ireland, garrisoned the whole of the land against all foreign foes. It was, in fact, a green oasis in the desert of Irish history. It was a bright period for Ireland's years of prosperity such as Ireland had not enjoyed for centuries. Commerce of Ireland grew. Her quays filled with foreign vessels. Dublin came one of the most beautiful cities of the world. And all this was done in a few years of Ireland's independence. England found it necessary to make concessions. Remember that at this time the Catholics had no power in Ireland, that the Irish were the weakness of Great Britain. No Catholic could enter Parliament, or be elected up to that time, or take up arms and fight for Ireland. A new spirit dawned when liberty began to breathe in Ireland, and the Parliament would have made concessions to Catholics. They would have given the united Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, in one great effort to secure the full independence of Ireland. The English Government, determined to ruin the liberties of Ireland, began coquetting with the Catholics. They held out offers to those who were giving them freedom, emancipation, if they would only vote for the destruction of the legislative independence of Ireland. Unfortunately, the rebellion of 1798 proved unsuccessful. Never had a more successful cause to rise than the people in '98, for the atrocities had given by the young men were so horrid that the savages in this land never penetrated worse on the early colonists of America. Lord Cornwallis himself, had been the leader of the English troops in this country against Washington.

In his return, having been made Viceroy of Ireland, declared that he was sick of the soil of the evil corruption of Dublin Castle, and the horrible intrigues which existed there in order to destroy the people. They succeeded. They succeeded too well. They gouged the people to madness. They gave the priests to the degradation. And in the end of Wicklow several of the priests not knowing how to save the people from the worst, put themselves at the head of their little troops. Several of them died on the field of battle. It is not what we might in common hear, but that the Catholics had no power in Ireland, that the Irish were the weakness of Great Britain. No Catholic could enter Parliament, or be elected up to that time, or take up arms and fight for Ireland. A new spirit dawned when liberty began to breathe in Ireland, and the Parliament would have made concessions to Catholics. They would have given the united Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, in one great effort to secure the full independence of Ireland. The English Government, determined to ruin the liberties of Ireland, began coquetting with the Catholics. They held out offers to those who were giving them freedom, emancipation, if they would only vote for the destruction of the legislative independence of Ireland. Unfortunately, the rebellion of 1798 proved unsuccessful. Never had a more successful cause to rise than the people in '98, for the atrocities had given by the young men were so horrid that the savages in this land never penetrated worse on the early colonists of America. Lord Cornwallis himself, had been the leader of the English troops in this country against Washington.

Then it was that at last the Government, having no longer any other recourse, gave the full independence of Ireland to the Catholics. It was a noble and often promised. Yet in that very year it was an Irish Catholic, Daniel O'Connell, a young man then of only twenty-five, who stood in a hall in Dublin, and declared that the Catholics would no longer give up their liberties. He was the first to stand up against the British Government. He was the first to demand the full independence of Ireland. He was the first to demand that the Catholics be granted the same privileges that the Protestants had. He was the first to demand that the Catholics be allowed to enter Parliament, and to be elected up to that time. However, efforts were made by O'Connell and his friends of Ireland.

THE CELEBRATED "VETO" CONTROVERSY. But here is a sad story that it is that you should know, and it will go on around us to this day, and serve to enable you to understand the intrigues that you may hear through the public press—English never wanted to grant full emancipation. When forced by Grattan and Plunket and other Irish Protestants to that the Catholics had their claims could no longer be ignored, they minded, if possible, to neutralize claims by insisting on the right of the Irish Bishops; that is, they claimed no priest could be appointed in Ireland unless he were approved by the English Government, so that the English Government should be able to give his loyalty beyond all doubt. They insisted that this was the only condition on which they would emancipate the Catholics. Names like Grattan and Plunket and others, who were not Catholics themselves, did not know the full extent of the evil that would come upon Ireland if that claim of the veto was granted. But what was a manure was the leading Catholic nobles of Ireland were willing to grant to the crown this right of veto, for they saw to see their chains broken. They got back into the places of power and honor. They longed to become