

## BIRTHDAY GEMS.

The Story of the Stones, the Months and the Sentiments Connected Therewith.

A modern enthusiast has clothed the old superstition in metrical garb and retold the story of the gems :

By her who in this month is born  
No gems save garnets should be worn;  
They will insure her constancy,  
True friendship and fidelity.

The February born shall find  
Sincerity and peace of mind,  
Freedom from passion and from care  
If they the amethyst will wear.

Who on this world of ours their eyes  
In March first open shall be wise,  
In days of peril firm and brave,  
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

She who from April dates her years  
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears  
For vain repentance flow; this stone,  
Emblem of innocence, is known.

Who first beholds the light of day  
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,  
And wears an emerald all her life,  
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

Who comes with summer to this earth,  
And owes to June her hour of birth,  
With ring of opal on her hand  
Can health, wealth and long life command.

The glowing ruby shall adorn  
Those who in warm July are born;  
Then will they be exempt and free  
From love's doubts and anxiety.

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee  
No conjugal felicity;  
The August born without this stone,  
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

A maiden born, when autumn leaves  
Are rustling in September's breeze,  
A sapphire on her brow should bind—  
'Twill cure diseases of the mind,

October's child is born for woe,  
And life's vicissitudes must know;  
But lay an opal on her breast;  
And hope will lull those words to rest.

Who first comes to this world below  
With drear November's fog and snow  
Should prize the topaz's amber hue,  
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

If cold December gave you birth—  
She month of snow and ice and mirth.  
Places on your hand a turquoise blue—  
Success will bless whate'er you do.

## "THE ANCIENT RACE."

## ANTIQUITY AND EXPANSIVENESS OF THE CELTIC RACE.

An Interesting Historical Sketch that Should be Read by all Irishmen.

The Irish is undoubtedly one of the most ancient, if not the most ancient, nationality in Western Europe; and an eminent writer, not an Irishman, Theband, goes so far as to say that the race preceded that of every nation now on the earth, with the exception of China. However, if we are in point of time behind the Celestials, it is certain we are far ahead of all modern European nations. All these date their origin from various periods between the fifth and twelfth centuries, but not even the most confirmed sceptic can doubt that at the time of the introduction of Christianity, Ireland had reached a very high standard of pagan civilization; that she was governed by institutions similar in nature, but much more perfect, to those Caesar found in Gaul, and that her literature had attained a height of undoubted merit. That all these had long obtained is equally certain, and that the treasures of the Royal Irish Academy prove beyond doubt that real objects of art in gold and precious metals adorned the dwellings of the Irish chiefs ere yet the Latin tribes had gathered on the Alban hills, and while Greece was wrestling with her heroic barbarism.

Apart from internal evidence as to the antiquity of the race, there is very early and very curious mention of Ireland amongst the ancient writers of geography. Strabo, having described the Irish as both cannibals and savages, very naively admits that he knew nothing whatever of the country. Ptolemy knew no other country lying further north and west. Pomponius Mela says that the "Irish grass is so sweet that the cattle quite fill themselves during the early hours of the day, and unless they are stopped they eat till they burst"—a statement from which we might infer that that ancient geographer's powers of swallow were little inferior to his voracious Irish cattle. Solinus, writing somewhat later than Mela, mentions a very curious thing, namely, that Irish children were wont to be fed from the point of the sword. Upon this particular, later writers throw much doubt, but perhaps there was then, as now, a tribe of fire-

eaters in Ulster, which might account for the fact of the sword being used to convey the nutritive embers to the sucking babes. Tacitus speaks of the harbors of Ireland being much more frequented than those of Britain, and tells how his son-in-law, Agricola, in speaking, often said he would be able to conquer and hold Ireland with a single legion. That he never attempted it with all his legions is proof positive that Agricola must have been only chaffing his father-in-law. However, to give them their credit, the Irish didn't wait to be attacked. Like their descendants the world over, they were always on the look-out for a bit of excitement, so when the Romans did not come to the Irish, it follows, as a matter of course, that the Irish went for the Romans; henceforth their dreaded valor secured them ample mention from subsequent writers. Yet though there is a paucity of foreign historical evidence, the researches of antiquaries are every day bringing to light evidence which goes to prove that pre-Christian Ireland enjoyed a material civilization inferior but to that of Greece and Rome.

Every age and every branch of the great Celtic family have been distinguished by one broad characteristic of expansiveness. In early Europe we find them occupying Spain, Gaul and Northern Italy. Little is known of the various immigrations by which they colonized these extensive lands, but later on we became acquainted with their unconquerable valor. Under Brennus we first hear of them bursting the barriers which separated them from the Italian States. One by one the Etruscan cities gave way before his onset; Torquatus, Munlius, and Camillus make no headway against him. Rome itself is taken and sacked; her senators captured in the forum. Again we learn of a great army collected in Pannonia, on the borders of the Danube, erecting their operations against Greece. Thrace and Macedonia were quickly overrun; Thessaly nor Thermopylae could not stay the impetuosity of their attack, and already the shrines of Delphi were within sight of the brave Celtic bands when, we are told, that the gods came to the assistance of their beloved Hellas and threw confusion midst the ranks which mortal arms might not withstand. Nor was this character of expansiveness wanting to their Irish kindred. The Scots were the terror of the Roman Britons—"The ocean sea was foaming with their hostile prow" (Claudian.) The rapidity of their descents and the impetuosity of their attack sorely taxed the energies of the legions. Under Kenneth McAlpine they established themselves in Scotland, beat back the no less redoubtable Picts, and gave a dynasty to Scotland. Dathi, the last of the pagan monarchs, led his warrior bands to the foot of the Alps. Iceland, the Faroe and the Western Isles were early colonized by the Irish, and long ere the Scandinavian Viking steered from the frozen fastnesses of his mountain home, Irish literature and Irish civilization flourished in the twilight fields of Iceland. Yet, though the Celtic were pre-eminently a wandering race, and though a love of adventure was ever their most prominent characteristic, none of the nations which that great family comprises ever possessed a collective navy. Amongst the Gauls the Veneti alone contested with Caesar the supremacy of the seas. During the protracted struggle with the Danes, Ireland never seems to have questioned the invader on the seas. Once, and only, do the Irish records tell of the existence of an Irish fleet, to wit, the celebrated one under Falvey Finn, Admiral of Prince Logan; but even this is disputed, and is considered one of those romances with which Keating, who alone mentions it, loved to inweave his history. Though individual adventure is common amongst the Irish, theirs was not the genius to organize a systematic scheme of plunder. The Irish fought for the sake of fighting—the Norsemen for the plunder. And the reason of this seems to have been that instinctive love of home which ever accompanied them, and which they could never get rid of, but which increased rather in proportion to their distance from their native land. Their tendency to expand was always counteracted and confined by that inconquerable feeling which ever compelled them to their hearts to "Green Erin of streams." Hence their incursions seldom led to permanent settlement. When within the precincts of their narrow island, from some inexplicable causes, they became bluemouldy, possibly from want of a beating, they be-

took themselves to outside lands, and having duly aired themselves (and others) returned, till again compelled to wander forth by an attack of that chronic disease.

Under the divine influence of Christianity pagan expansiveness and pagan love of adventure were converted into the zeal and indomitable ardor which characterized the missionary of Christ. Scarce fifty years since Patrick breathed his last, and Ireland was a missionary nation. With all the impetuosity of her nature she threw herself into this Christian work. Bands of pious missionaries unceasingly left her shores. They have left their mark in almost every land of Europe. Mid the frozen crags of Norway and Iceland, by the fatal shores of Trebbia, in the gorges of the Apennines, and on the plains of Lombardy, neath the summit of Mount Jura, and by the waters of Lake Constance, among the Alemannic tribes by the borders of the Rhine, and in the depths of Saxon forests, the Irish monastery arose, the Irish monk was heard to chant, and the rules of Columbkille and Columbanus were observed. Celtic ardor revived the world; and it seemed as if Celtic genius were to rule it. Her learned men were eagerly sought after in the schools of Europe, and Europe in turn flocked to the Universities Darrow and Armagh.—*Wexford (Ire.) People.*

## IRISH NEWS.

A new Catholic Church is to be built in Clouse Stewartstown.

Captain Hugh Maguire is to succeed himself as Mayor of Wexford.

Alderman Branigan, a Nationalist, has been re-elected Mayor of Drogheda.

At the meeting of the Belfast Corporation on Dec. 1, the Lord Mayor, Sir Daniel Dixon, was re-elected for another term.

The Corporation of Kilkenny, on Dec. 1, chose by a unanimous vote Mr. Cornelius Quinn, a Nationalist, as the next mayor of the city.

James Hill Lonergan, Nationalist Alderman, was unanimously chosen Mayor of Clonmel on Dec. 1. He succeeds Mayor James Byrne.

Bishop McRedmond, of Killaloe, has promoted Father Michael Courtney from the curacy of O'Callaghan's Mills to the pastorate of Kilamena.

At the meeting of the Corporation of Sligo on Dec. 2, Mr. Thomas Scanlon, of Eagle Lodge, was unanimously elected Mayor for the coming year.

The parishioners of Ballinasloe are soon to present a suitable testimonial to the Rev. P. O'Farrell on the occasion of his promotion to the pastorate of Duniry.

Alderman Augustine Roche, Remondite, has been chosen to the Mayoralty of Cork for the coming year, in succession to Mayor Horgan. He defeated Mr. P. F. Dunn, Nationalist, by eight votes.

A fuel famine is threatened in Ballinasloe and the poor people will suffer greatly, in consequence, during the coming winter. The turf of most of the farmers around the town is on the bog and is rain-soaked and unfit for burning.

Miss M. Murphy, daughter of Mr. P. Murphy, of Castletownbere, and niece of Father Jeremiah Harrington, professor in St. Thomas Aquinas' Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., made her solemn profession at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Ann's, Milltown, Dublin, on Nov. 29. She will be known in religion as Mrs. Mary Mathias.

Mr. Patrick Mooney, only son of the late Wm. Mooney, of Clonacasson, Rathangan, was married to Miss Bridget Mary Anderson, youngest daughter of the late Roger Anderson, of Knockdrin, at the parish church, Ballinabrackey, on Nov. 21. The officiating priest was the Rev. G. Duffy, cousin of the bride, who was assisted by the Rev. N. McLaughlin, P.P.

Miss McSherry, in religion Sister Mary Berchmans, sister of the Rev. H. McSherry, of Ardee, and Miss Kate McKenna, in religion Sister Mary Gabriel, daughter of Mr. John McKenna, of Belfast, received the black veil at St. Paul's Convent of Mercy, Belfast, on Dec. 1. Bishop McAlister, of Down and Connor, officiated, and was assisted by the Very Rev. H. Henry, D.D., V.G., and the Rev. Henry Lavery.

Mrs. Gallagher, a tenant, who had been evicted from Lord Dillon's property, and who was prosecuted at the petty sessions

at Ballaghaderin some time ago at the instance of Lord Dillon's bailiff, for trespass, was conveyed to Sligo jail on Dec. 2, in default of the payment of a fine of 10s. inflicted upon her. This is the second term of imprisonment which Mrs. Gallagher shall have undergone for being found on the land from which she was evicted.

Sister Mary John Jennings, of the Convent of Poor Clares, Newry, died on Nov. 28. She had been a religious fifty years. Her funeral took place on Nov. 30, the Solemn Mass of Requiem being celebrated in the convent chapel. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. John Rooney; deacon, the Rev. F. Magennis; subdeacon, the Rev. Thomas B. Rooney; master of ceremonies, the Rev. James Carlin. Bishop McGivern occupied the throne. The remains were interred in the cemetery attached to the convent.

The Corporation of Limerick met on Dec. 1 to elect a mayor for the coming year to succeed the present incumbent, D. F. McNamara. After a stormy session the voting began. Each candidate, Mr. Thomas McMahon Creagan, Nationalist, and Mr. Bryan O'Donnell, Redmondite, received 18 votes. Mayor McNamara, acting on the advice of a lawyer, said that the deciding alderman should throw the deciding vote. Alderman Riordan, the senior member, and who had proposed the name of Mr. O'Donnell, cast his vote for that gentleman. Mr. O'Donnell was thereby declared elected.

Recently, by order of G. L. Taylor, seizures were made on the cattle and goods of two tenants, of Ballintekin, on the estate of Maj. C. R. W. Tottenham, of which he is agent. The victims were Mrs. Maddock and John Nolan, the seizures were for old arrears due. The animals were driven into New Ross, where they were impounded, and a sale called for Nov. 29. There were no bidders at the auction except Daly and his wife. The sale was adjourned to Dec. 1. Again, there was no one to buy. The bailiff, Daly, made an offer of £7 for some of the animals, which was refused, and before evening and tenants succeeded in having their cattle released, on some arrangement being made for the payment of a share of arrears due.

Nov. 28 was fixed for the opening of an eviction campaign in the Kilgeever district, Lord Sligo's Mayo property. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., was on the scene of operations. The first victim selected was Michael Wallace. The party on entering the house were informed by Mrs. Wallace that four of her children were in bed stricken with fever, and that her husband had gone to Louisburgh to procure a medical certificate as to their condition. After some time Mr. Wallace returned with the intelligence that the doctor was not at home. The sheriff's representative seemed undecided how to act, and, after displaying a considerable amount of indecision, at length left without carrying out the eviction, and, to the general surprise, returned to Louisburgh without visiting any other threatened families.

Six points, out of many, where Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are better than other pills:

1. They're the smallest, and easiest to take—little sugar-coated granules that every child takes readily.
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5. Put up in glass—are always fresh.
6. They cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

"Snagg: "Miss Blunder, tells me she is reviving her German again. Scragg: "Well, I don't see how it's possible when she murdered it so horribly."

Not one in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

Ethel: "Do you know, dear, I always make it a point to learn something new every day." Maggie: "Then, dear, you aren't as old as I thought you were."

For headache, toothache, and all other aches, St. Jacobs Oil has no equal.

The Hon. Eclat Jones (orator of the Jay): "Feller citizens, it has been said dat I writes many orations. I denounce de 'cusation as false and slanderous. Feller citizens, I kain't write."