I'll sing to-night of a fairy land, in the lap of occan set,
And of all the lands I've travelled o'er 'lls the loveliest I've met,
Where the willows weep, and the loses sleep,
and hainly breezes blow,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land,
where heautiful rivers flow;

But oh! alas, how can I sing? 'tis an exile breathes the strain,
And that dear old land of my youthful love, I must never see again;
And the very joy that fills my breast, must ever change to wor.
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where beautiful rivers flow.

But l'Il sing of the loneity old churchyard, where our forefathers' bones are laid.
Where the cloister stands, those rulns grand, that our tyrant loss have made;
And i'll strike the harp with a mourniful touch, that dear old lind that sweet old land, where beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of his

And I'll sing of Eton and Geraldine, proud Edward true and blest,
They won the crown, the martyr's crown, and
they sleep in shade and rest;
In heavely mold their names are rolled—they
died in manhood's glow,
For that dear old hand, that sweet old land,
where beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Ireland's ancient days, when her sires were kingly men.
Who led the chase, and manly race, through forest, field and glen
Wasse only word was the shining sword, whose pen the patriot's blow.
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where beautiful rivers flow.

ERIN'S BEAUTIES.

-REV. A. RYAN.

A VISIT TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

Portrush-Dunluco Castle-A Banslico's Baunt-An Extraordinary Physical Phenmonia-Surrounded by

Raging Ocean. to arush is a little town full of wind ine its shores are white with tumbling foam. The casual observer will discover

und spray. The sea lashes the headlands amout it, and the low, sharp reefs that | nothing more entertaining than the nu-The mins of Dunlace Castle grown a persints and photographers, and the admiration of all lovers of the truly picturesque. contails preservation, is said to be the control of a "Banshee"; but the place, though clean-swept, was vacant when I tooke finto it. Fortunately, the mourn-structure, the said to be the control of a "Banshee"; but the place, they set foot on the solid earth after a hard structure. if wall that foretells death or sorrow to a maily was silent, or drowned in the

ROAR OF THE WAVES tion wash the rocky foundations of the pastie. The basaltic rocks, that have beworld-famous since the opening of the Eighteenth Century, line the northern coast of the County Autrim for four has or more. They vary somewhat in dash formation, though the honeycomb pottern predominates. In one spot only even you walk over the tops of the seme one has taken pains to ascertain; portion to the entire mass, of which ninety-nine out of every hundred have either five six, or seven sides. Each column is formed of several pieces, with their contractions of the entire sides of the entire contractions of the entire mass, or under the entire m together; these sections rest one upon the other, and can be lifted away without by those who have had the good fortune

One beautifully formed stone, with as smooth and regular as a shallow bowl was forwarded to a church, where, we are informed, it is now used in its natural state as a baptismal font. When your feet are slipping over the irregular surface of the causeway—no two of the columns are exactly of the same height, that you are continually going up or down stairs, as it were,—you naturally wonder how the colessal honeycomb turned to stone; and that it stands where it does, on the bleak north coast, with the angry sea gnawing at it forever and a day. The fiction is that the Irish giant day. The fiction is that the risk same Fin McCoole, now happily deceased, had a dispute with his colossal rival in Scotland. They used to sit on their respective shores and call each other bad names. By and by Fin got leave of one of the Irish kings-good luck to him!-to build a highway over to Scotland. When the road was finished the Calcdonian giant came over to light Fin on his own ground; but Fin got the better of him, of course. They feasted for a season, and the Scotchman concluded to stop in ireland and marry an Irish girl-who that has seen the Emerald Isle in her percannal beauty is not seized with the same desire? The causeway between the two shores being no longer of service fell into disuse, and was

ULTIMATELY WASHED AWAY,

Fragments are still visible at the Island binty earth, one-quarter iron, and one-quarter clay and lime. They are of Plu-Stoddard in Are Maria. tonic origin, formed by a perfect fusion of the ingredients into one mass, which

—but this is a matter of detail, that we will wave for the present. You can take boat on the beach near the Causeway a beach that is loud with the effluvia of burnt kelp,—and with four lusty oars-men breast the waves of the wild Atlantic. Surely the top of Ireland is a long way out from the mainland! The spray dashes over you in thin but damp sheets, suitable only for summer wear; the whole island seems to be bobbing up and them piled together against the distant style:
sky. The scene is sublimely beautiful. "Sometimes it lieth in a pat allusion

LAUGH IN THE TEETH

McCoole or his Scotch rival,

of the winds, and make a charge on one of the two great caves, where the sea ebbs and flows with the boistcrousness And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of his lonely grave—

of his early doom in his youthful bloom, and his spirits more than brave;

Abi oh! how blest and calm his rest, though his grave be cold and low, in that dear old land, that sweet old land, where beautiful rivers flow.

of that interior is so sudden that I feel I am east into outer, or inner, darkness. Good San Antonio, preserve us! He does: the very wave that swept us in triumphantly among a thousand clustering columns that line that vast cathedral of the winds and waves, dragged us back, by the skin of our teeth, into the midst of the open sea. Three grand amphi-theatres open to the sea, backed by its wall of pillars sixty feet in height, delighted me; also the "chimney-tops"— three isolated columns on a promontory, that were once mistaken by the Spanish Armada for the towers of Dunluce Castle, down the coast; and one of the "chim-neys" was carried away by a ball, after which a couple of the ships went to pieces on the rocks below-which served them right. While we balanced on the waves, just out of reach of the breakers,

THE WINDS MOANED among the organ-pipes that line one of the open caves. What symphonies have been played upon the invisible stops of that weird instrument! What chorus of wintry gales, through which broke the wild shrick of the storm bird and the despairing cries of some mariners wrest-ling with watery death! Ah, Rubenstein, there was your orchestra, and your tem-postuous melodies, and your lyrical tragedies, in one fearful act, and never a soul to witness the appaling splendor, nothing more entertaining than the number of the station when the train comes in from Belfast. From Portrush you hasten by ear over the moors to the Ghant's Causeway, about seven miles distant. Sometimes the road drops into when the sea is still, and the white sails groun and down the world there is music. same times the road drops into indiows out of sight of the sea; but for a great part of the way it hugs the cliffs overhanging the beautiful beach, where the search while I was thinking of this, four carsmen panset in security is grand in the extreme.

The ruins of Dunluce Castle grown a personal real form of their toil and kindly the real real forms of their toil and kindly the real real forms of their toil and kindly the real real forms of their toil and kindly the real real forms of their toil and kindly the real real forms of their toil and kindly the real real forms of their toil and kindly the real real forms of their toil and kindly the real real forms of their toil and kindly the real real forms of the real forms o showed me four boxes of specimens—rock-crystals, sparkling pebbles, chaice-devid with the mainland by a single narrow bridge. It is the haunt of sea- turned to shore, where we swung for full five minutes before we hit the right sort of a roller to take us in. I know the after of all lovers of the truly pictures no.

time of the low vaulted chambers, in
the of the low vaulted chambers, in
the of the preservation, is said to be the
Columbus and the Filgrim Fathers when

Pardon me! I forget that Ireland was discovered long before my time. I am in the land of the fertive Orangeman, but I am not going to say anything about it. I might if I chose, but for that very reason I don't choose to. I have tried to count the churches, chape's, meeting houses, ebenezers and lecture halls, and failed; and there are sects almost as numerous. We know how the blood has stained these streets. As for tanaticism, the two ends of it lap over in Belfast: but they never have been, and they never can be, tied in a love-knot, be it never so loose a one. Belfast is a The result one triangular pillar in the winds eschertion; there are but three maying nine sides each; those having four or eight sides hear but a small proportion to the entire mass of which profits the country about it please me to exercise. He winds explicitly the consented to do so. Accordingly, a large, lefty trotter was led to the door and the Williams Mfg., Co., Art Work

NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

fracturing the stones in any part. The to gaze thereon. Ireland, owing to the different sections of a pillar vary in length oppression of a foreign power, is so lone-from one to four or more feet. Many of these sections have been shipped abroad as enriesities, and the guide assured me any considerable size, you wonder how that half a dozen had gone to America. They manage to keep it up. There is one beautifully formed stone, with plenty of land there, most of it rich and niellow; but it lies idle, simply because there is no one to work it; or, worse, those who have remained at home and are willing to work, can not afford to undertake it: they haven't a penny to bless themselves with. And if they had, who would get the profit on the investment? Certainly not the poor fellow who gave his last copper for the sake of a home and a peat fire and a pot of po-tators. Ah, me! the poverty and the helplessness that darken the meagre lives of the Irish peasant! The hen, if there be a hen, hys eggs when she can afford to make shells and till them; the cow, it there be a cow, looks out into the barnyard, and

LOWS PLAINTIVELY for she too is under-ted. You find fragmentary, unpublished pages of Lever, Carleton, Banim, Maxwell, Griffin, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and a score of other novelists, in any cottage you enter; but for the unbounded good-humor of her children, Ireland would indeed be a sorrowful spot. As it is, I am bound to believe that there is not another people on the face of the globe with enough of the face of the globe with enough of the milk of human kindness, and the love of God and country, to endure what this people has endured, patiently yet proudly, through ages of misrule. Another race would have been absorbed or exterminated long ago. Their beautiful faith is at once their consolation and their glory,—that faith which horn in the Irish breast, has faith which, born in the Irish breast, has Gate, better known as Fingal's Cave, are to this hour the glory of Staffa, off the Scottish coast. The truth of the matter is almost as surprising: the columns are is almost as surprising: the columns are common and undying hope have pre-composed chemically of about one-half served the people of Ireland, and will preserve them even unto the end .- C.W.

of the ingredients into one mass, which in cooling has crystallized into regular forms. As for myself, I could as soon believe that they were cut like biscuits

Dr. T. A. Slocum's

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had forms. As for myself, I could as soon believe that they were cut like biscuits

WHAT WIT IS.

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No one has ever told us exactly what wit is. Dr. Isaac Barrow, a famous English divine, and a man of brilliant wit himself, has given the best definition suitable only for summer wear; the whole island seems to be bobbing up and it consisteth in one hardly 'knows down like a huge cork—a thousand of what.'" He says in his old-fashioned

The boatmen, who are evidently amphibious descendants of the importal Fin cation of a trivial saying, or in forging an opposite tale. Sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is taken as a sometime in the sound in the sound is the sound in the sound in the sound in the sound is the sound in the sound times it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, a tart irony, a lusty times an anected simplicity, and sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being; sometimes it arises from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wrouthing of the strange is sometimes. sometimes from a crafty wrestling of obvious matter to the purpose. Isn't this excellent? Study this clause

and find a witticism to match it. I have not given the entire definition, but just enough to stimulate some one to look it up for himself. And here are a few offhand illustrations that come to me as I

An eminent Scotch elergyman happened to dine with some learned lawyers of the Edinburgh bar. He appropriated to himself a large dish of cresses, upon which he fed voraciously. Erskine wishing to admonish him for his discourtesy, remarked:

"Doctor, you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar in his degradation." Just as this pat allusion was causing

roars of laughter from the legal lights, the reverend vegetable eater retorted: "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? Doubtless because I am eating among the

brutes. The "sly question" is often extremely effective. Sheridan, who was always distressed for money, was one day backing his face with a dull razor, when he turned to his eldest son and said: "Tom, if you open any more oysters

with my razor I'll cut you off with a shilling." " Very well, father," said Tom, " but

where will you get the shilling? At a dinner party in England the host introduces to the favorable notice of the company, amid murmurs of admiration,

a splendid truffled peasant.

"Isn't it a beauty." he says, "Dr. So-and-80 gave it to me; killed it himself." "Aw-what was he treating it for,'

said one of the guests.
"A short answer" is quite as good when unpremeditated. "I could write like Shakespeare if I had a mind to," said Wordsworth to

Lamb. "Yes, if you had a mind to," was Elia's quick reply. Do you see anything rididulous in this wig," said a pompons little judge to

"Nothing but the head," was the

reply.
The "quirkish reason" is nearly allied to these. And Abbe Boileau being asked why he always wrote in Latin, took a pinch of snull and answered gravely.

"Why, for fear the Bishops should read Sheridan gave rather a shrewd intima-

tion to a spinster who insisted upon accompanying him in a walk after a sum-

"It has cleared up ecough for one, madam, but not enough for two." The "lasty hyperbole" suggests one

incident in the life of the elder Adams.
Having grown corpulent in his old age rode down the avenue to the street at a smart trot, then wheeled and returned.
Being asked if he did not intend to ride
T. Costen & Son, Gold-headed any further, he replied:
"No! I would as soon ride Mount Ara-

rat in an earth quake."
Diogenes indulged in a "tart irony" when, observing over the door of a school room this inscription: "Let no deceiver room this inscription: Let no decenver enter here," he quietly asked: "How does the teacher go in?"

Almost ail of Dr. Johnson's witteisms

ome under the head of "presumptuous bluntness." One of his rough repartees has been

put in rhyme by Peter Pindar. In Lincolnshire a lady showed our friend A gratto that she wished him to commend, Quoth she: "How cool in summer this abode!" "Yes, madam," answered Johnson, "for a tond!"

For a "startling metaphor" take Sydney Smith's, when he saw a little girl

stoop down and stroke the shell of a "Why are you doing that, Belle?" he

asked. To please the turtle." "My child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean

and chapter."

I will give one instance of the everready wit of Dr. Barrow himself. Meeting the Earl of Rochester one day, the witty peer exclaimed: "Doctor, I am yours to the shoe-tic." To which the clergyman replied: "My lord, I am yours to the ground." The peer continued: "Doctor, I am yours to the center." "My lord," retorted the doctor, "Lan yours to the Antipodes." Deter-I am yours to the Antipodes." Determined not to be outdone by a parson, his lordship said, "doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell." On which Barrow turned on his heel and said, "And there, my lord, I leave you." True wit, combined with reproof.

I hope, in reading this brief illustra-tion of a long definition, you may not be reminded of Douglas Jerrold's retort to a would-be wit, who, having fired off all his stale jokes with no effect ex-

claimed:

"Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing."

"Don't I?" said Jerrold. "Only try me with one."—Home Journal.

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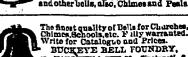
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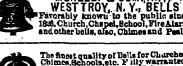
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