

My - 1 June 10

# THE SPECTATOR.

Parva Magni Nomini Umbra.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE SESSION.

VOL. III.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, MONTREAL, APRIL 12, 1882.

No. X

## IN MEMORIAM.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

W. J. K.

Paint a lovely country roadside,  
With the giant elms above,  
Forming green and shady archways  
Made by nature's kiss of love;  
And a spring of liquid clearness  
Leaping from its mother's breast,  
Yet *still* clinging to her bosom,  
In her arms still seeking rest.

Here the weary traveller pauses,  
And he lays his burden down,  
As the melting gold of sunset  
Slowly gilds the stately town;  
Here he drinks those cooling waters,  
And the fever, heat and thirst  
In his warm blood leaving, quiver,  
From his veins in freedom burst.

Thus our poet's works will lighten  
All the labors of our lives—  
For the love he bore to mortals  
In his poems yet survives;  
Thus, when weary of our burdens,  
We will find a secret prayer  
In his words, so mildly chastened  
By a meek repose 'mid care.

We will learn to love and cherish  
All his teachings, grand and true;  
For he wrote for man's improvement,—  
Wrote for all, and not for few.  
He was like the glorious day-god,  
Giving light and heat to all,  
Not the single rays reflecting  
Warmth but where they chance to fall.

He but touched the flint of nature,  
And the lightness of his clasp  
Softened all its stony hardness  
Into velvet in his grasp.  
He but thought on gloomy shadows  
And the rays of mental light  
Pierced the hollow tomb of darkness  
And dispelled the clouds of night.

When he swept the strings of patience,  
Music echoed to his song,  
And the breath of smiling virtue  
Bore the holy strains along;  
When he struck the roots of mourning,  
Then the tree of grief fell dead;  
When he wept o'er weeds of sorrow,  
Flowers of hope sprang up instead.

But he's gone! One blow has riven  
Every tie that bound his heart;  
Just a stroke has cleft the life-chorde  
And imprisoned soul apart;  
Yet his works will live forever  
In the ivied towers of fame,  
And the praises of our children  
With our love will blend his name.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

J. J. L.

For centuries the heavy hand of oppression had weighed upon the fair brow of Ireland; a seething hell of bigotry, tyranny and intolerance had scorched her green hills and fertile valleys; unjust laws had robbed her of her commerce, cruel task-masters ground her people in the dust, and the "Isle of Saints," once the light and glory of the Christian world, was plunged in all the gloomy horrors of ignorance and barbarism. All the iniquitous decrees that the ingenuity of blood-thirsty, cruel tyrants could devise were promulgated against that unhappy country, under the horrible mockery of law. Ireland—deprived of her institutions of learning, bereft by treacherous massacre of her ablest sons, her priests hounded to death, her children driven into exile or doomed to the jail, the gibbet and the axe—was a prey on which the English vulture glutted its hate, and as it plucked out her vitals grinned in fiendish derision at the writhings of its victim. But centuries of patient endurance brought the dawn of a better day, and, when the volunteers of '82 demanded and received Home Rule, regenerated Ireland seemed to be on the fair road to prosperity. Her people springing up from the blood and ashes which despotism had flung over them manifested the most astonishing activity; manufactures prospered, commerce flourished, wealth increased, the rich were content, the poor happy, and it seemed as if the clouds that had hung for generations over poor unhappy Ireland were breaking at last, to let in a little of the warm sunshine of freedom that Britain had so long denied to her sister island. Still, Ireland's prosperity assumed proportions too great for England's safety. She could not brook the existence in close proximity of a nation that seemed destined in a few short years to eclipse her own glory: Irish traitors were plied with Saxon gold to perform a deed that English bayonets could never accomplish. Ireland