

St. Patrick's Hymn Before Tarah.

TRANSLATED BY DR. O'DONOVAN FROM THE ORIGINAL IRISH.

The original Irish of this Hymn was published by Dr. Petrie, in vol. xviii. "Translations of the Royal Irish Academy." It is the work of the most ancient dialect of the Irish, the same in which the Breton laws were written. It was printed from the "Liber Hymnorum," preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, a manuscript, which, as Dr. Petrie proves by the authority of Usener and others must be nearly 1500 years old.

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour, I call on the Holy Trinity! Glory to Him who reigneth in power, The God of the elements, Father and Son, And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One, The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah to-day, I call on the Lord, On Christ, the Omnipotent Word, Who came to redeem from Death and Sin Our fallen race.

And I put and I place The virtues that I wish and liveth in His baptism pure and holy, His life of toil, anxiety and mission, His glorious death—His Crucifixion, His Burial, sealed and sealed above, His Resurrection to life and glory, His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high Throne.

And, lastly, in a future dread And terrible coming to judge all men—Both the Living and Dead.....

At Tarah to-day, I put and I place The virtues that I wish in the Seraphim's love, And the virtues and graces Of all the Archangels and Angels above, And in the hope of the Resurrection To everlasting reward and bliss.

And in the trials the prophets foretold, And in the Apostles' faith and teachings, And in the purity ever dwelling Within the hearts of the Saints and their breast, And in the actions bright and excellent Of all good men, the just and the best.....

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour, I place all Heaven with its powers, And the sun with its brightness, And the snow with its whiteness, And the fire with all its fiery powers, And lightning with its rapid wrath, And the winds with their swiftness along their paths.

And the sea with its deepness, And the rocks with their steepness, And the earth with its starkness, All these things, By God's almighty help and grace, Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.

At Tarah to-day, May God be my strength, May the power of God now nerve me! May God the Almighty hear me! May God the Almighty hear me!

May God give me wisdom and grace, May the arm of God protect me! May the wisdom of God direct me! May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the host of God defend me! May the host of God attend me! And ward me, Against the wiles of demons and devils, Against the temptations of the evil, Against the bad passions and wicked will Of the reckless mind and the wretched heart, Against every man who designs me ill, Whether league'd with others or plotting apart!

In this hour of hours, I place all things powers Between myself and every foe, Who threaten my body and soul With danger or with sorrow.

To protect me against the evils that flow From lying soothsayers' incantations, From the gloomy laws of the Gnostic nations, From Heresy's hateful innovations, From Idolatry's rites and invocations, Be those my defenders, My guards against the ban—And spell of smiths, and Druids and women!

In this, against every knowledge that renders The light of Heaven, sends us dim In The spirit and soul of man!

May Christ, I pray, Protect me to-day, Against poison and fire, Against the sword and wounding, That so, in His grace abounding, I may earn the Preacher's hire!

Christ, as a light, illumine and guide me, Christ, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me, Christ, under me! Christ be over me! Christ be beside me, Christ be behind me, Christ, this day, be within and without me! Christ, the lowly and meek, Christ, the All-Powerful, In the heart of whom I speak, In the mouth of each who speaks to me! In all who draw breath, Or see me or hear me!

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour, I call on the Holy Trinity! Glory to Him who reigneth in power, The God of the Elements, Father and Son, And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One, The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord, With Christ the Omnipotent Word, From generation to generation, Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation.

* Properly, "strength," "firmness," from the Anglo-Saxon, "strong," "stiff."

A Good Remedy for Burns.

Accidentally, I recently discovered a remedy for burns which is easily applied and exceedingly prompt in its action. I was called in some haste to a little child, about three weeks ago, who was badly burned about the hands and face from falling on a hot stove. The burns were deep, the pain excessive, and the shock considerable. I sent to the drug store for a mixture of lime water, olive oil, and carbolic acid. While waiting for this I prepared to give the child a hypodermic injection of morphia with which to allay the agony, which was so great that convulsions seemed imminent. While I was getting ready to do this I espied upon the shelf a bottle of pinus canadensis (colorless). Remembering its wonderful soothing influence in acute inflammations, I at once concluded to try it. Taking a corner of a soft handkerchief I rapidly painted the injured parts, when like magic, the pain ceased. You can well imagine my surprise and delight at the result. I directed a camel's hair brush to be purchased, and had the mother make few applications, and the case had no more treatment save a little iodoform ointment later on. Since this I have tried it in several cases, both slight and severe, and with the same delightful results.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. They are mild and pleasant in action, thorough and searching in effect, and, being sugar-coated, are easy to take. These pills never fail to give satisfaction.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

I make these references to Mr. Balfour's character as revealed in his speeches.

FOOD TESTS IN NEW YORK.

OFFICIAL ANALYSIS OF BAKING POWDERS—ADULTERATIONS IN CREAM OF TARTAR.

Under the direction of the New York State Board of Health, thirty-four different kinds of baking powders, embracing all the brands that could be found for sale in the State, were submitted to examination and analysis by Prof. C. F. CHANDLER, a member of the State Board and President of the New York City Board of Health, assisted by Prof. EDWARD G. LOV, the well-known United States Government chemist.

The official report shows that a large number of the powders examined were found to contain alum or lime; many of them to such an extent as to render them seriously objectionable for use in the preparation of human food.

Alum was found in twenty-nine samples. This drug is employed in baking powders to cheapen their cost. The presence of lime is attributed to the impure cream of tartar of commerce used in their manufacture. Such cream of tartar was also analyzed and found to contain lime and other impurities; in some samples to the extent of 93 per cent. of their entire weight.

All the baking powders of the market with the single exception of "Royal" (not including the alum and phosphate powders, which have not the virtue of even an impure cream of tartar), are made from the adulterated cream of tartar of commerce, and consequently contain lime to a corresponding extent.

The only baking powder yet found by chemical analysis to be entirely free from lime and absolutely pure is the "Royal." This perfect purity results from the exclusive use of cream of tartar specially refined and prepared by patent processes which totally remove the tartrate of lime and other impurities. The cost of this chemically pure cream of tartar is much greater than any other, and on account of this greater cost is used in no baking powder but the "Royal."

Prof. Lov, who made the analysis of baking powders for the New York State Board of Health, as well as for the Government, says of the purity and wholesomeness of the "Royal":

"I find the Royal Baking Powder composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphate or other injurious substance. E. G. LOV, Ph. D."

It is highly satisfactory to the housekeepers of this vicinity, where the Royal Baking Powder is in general use, that the investigations by the analysis in Massachusetts, New York, and Ohio, the only States that have thus far taken action upon this important subject, agree in classing it as the purest and most efficient baking powder in the market.

FROM THE IRISH BENCHES.

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

House of Commons, Wednesday. To-day the House broke up for an eight days' Easter recess. Mr. P. had already dispersed to the four winds. Even the excitement of Mr. Goschen's Budget—its penny in the pound of the income tax—were not sufficient to induce a big House to wait together so long as Monday evening. To-day only a handful mustered on the benches on the Tory side—enough to keep a majority for the Government in case of a snap division.

On the benches facing them only the wretched, so to speak, of the Opposition. For all that a notable day's work was done. As a rule the day on which the House adjourns for a recess is almost a dies non. The chief business for which the House meets is to adjourn. To-day however, was a striking exception to the rule. The Government undertook to-day the most important proceeding of the year in Ireland, which they have attempted in Parliament since their Land Bill of last year. They introduced, through the medium of Mr. Balfour, a Bill, the object of which is to deal with the position which is about to arise, when the appointments of the Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act of 1881 are bound by law to lapse. It is a Bill which proposes, in a word, to revolutionize the whole machinery of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act.

Mr. Balfour tried to scheme this measure through without debate at the heel of the evening on Monday, but happily he was foiled in this purpose, and to-day the measure was the subject of a debate of the highest interest for the best part of the afternoon.

Few men so completely reveal their characters in their speeches as Mr. Balfour does. That is not because few men are so candid as he, but because few public men who make speeches have so little of character to reveal. Every speech a man makes upon a subject with which his conduct is intimately bound up must, generally speaking, throw light upon some side or portion of his character. Mr. Balfour cannot speak for longer than half an hour on the Irish question without laying bare the whole foundations upon which his moral and intellectual structure is reared. There is not much to lay bare. It requires no great penetration of vision to pierce these shallows. Morally a coward and a coxcomb, intellectually a dealer in pinhead jewellery—that is a pretty fair description of the limits between which Mr. Balfour's character ranges. You can refer every one of his varied traits to one or other of these base-line qualities. Mendacity, vindictiveness, superciliousness, braggadocio, littleness, brilliancy of surface, covering lack of common sense and real capacity—they are all derivatives or variants of these three, of the cowardice, the coxcomb, and the superficiality. And they are all exhibited in every tolerably long speech Mr. Balfour makes. The speech of Saturday at Stalybridge was a fresh case in point. Indeed, it was a peculiarly strong case in point, for if ever there was time when a Minister should have felt bound to show the very best that was in him, and to vindicate his policy it was on Saturday, when Mr. Balfour delivered his first platform speech since the rejection of Mr. Parnell's Arrears Bill and Mr. William O'Brien's speech in the House of Commons.

But such a proceeding is no accidental solitary instance of Mr. Balfour's conduct. He did worse in Mr. O'Brien's case. While he actually had him under lock and key he uttered a libel about him which has probably not its parallel in political controversy for despicable meanness. He declared that Mr. O'Brien, while pretending to make a desperate struggle for freedom in prison, was in reality playing the part of a cowardly malingering and striving to escape the struggle which he was publicly challenging Mr. Balfour to engage in by secretly "pleading" delicacy and "a weak heart." Could any man but a coward himself make such an accusation against an honourable opponent, and in such circumstances? Would any man, in the position of a statesman, except an utterly mean man, be capable of publicly making such an accusation at all? Would any except a man of the most egregious and stupid vanity rush to such a desperate expedient to cover his own failure? Why, in reality, the paragraph about Mr. Blunt does not state the whole of the case. When Mr. Blunt first made his statement, Mr. Balfour branded it as a "ridiculous lie," and said he believed that Mr. Blunt had never made it; yet though Mr. Blunt personally and through his solicitor made a solemn denial, Mr. Balfour refused to repeat his statement on oath in the presence of witnesses, Mr. Balfour also utterly refused, and even caused extra precautions to be taken to prevent Mr. Blunt from communicating with the outer world from that day till the day he left prison. Where, in the whole course of his life, Mr. Balfour has shown his opponents, or his admirers point to a single magnanimous act of Mr. Balfour's? Where, in all his speeches, can they point to a single sentence breathing a spirit of magnanimity? I think this is an issue on which they might be fairly challenged.

But about revealing his character in his speeches. As to the cowardice (which his policy reveals in every faltering or hysterical stroke), I think that is answered for by his way of replying to Mr. Blunt in his Stalybridge speech, and his accusation against Mr. O'Brien in the presence of witnesses, both above referred to. But I would point out one little matter in connection with this reply to Mr. Blunt. Mr. Balfour says he will deal with this question at fuller length on a future occasion. This is a trick of Mr. Balfour's for shelving an awkward topic while appearing to be quite ready to tackle it. He constantly plays it off in the House of Commons. When somebody interrupts him in a speech by calling out, "What about so-and-so?"—mentioning something Mr. Balfour is evidently shirking—he answers, "I'll come to that by-and-by," and there the matter ends; he glides on to another portion of his speech, and winds up by-and-by without ever having "come to that" at all. I warn you to see if he is not trying to wriggle out of the Blunt statement in a similar manner. But Mr. Balfour is a liar as well as a politician. This is an inherited trait; although it is also a derivative from the larger quality, for all cowards are necessarily liars. His uncle and himself are the Ananias and Sapphira of modern English politics. His uncle gave his name to a peculiarly outrageous form of political thumping, a "Salisbury" is a lie which, on being discovered, is defended by its brazen utterer with a super-subtle special pleading.

An almost unfaulsh sign that a man is addicted to a certain fault is a habit of recklessly imputing the same fault to other people. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour hardly ever open their lips but they give somebody the lie. Mr. Balfour is even more ready at this than his uncle. He has two ways of meeting every charge that is brought against him. He says to his accuser, "you're a liar!" or "you're another!" He either denies the charge point blank and accuses his accuser of falsehood, or if he cannot possibly get out of the thing that way he says his predecessor in office did just as bad. Thus Mr. Blunt's statement is a grotesque and ridiculous falsehood. Other statements are "without the slightest foundation." That he interfered with the liberty of the Press is a wholly untrue statement. "No responsible statement of eminence or position" (mark the limitation) "has dared to bring this charge seriously forward in the House of Commons, where it can be answered." This method of meeting a grave international problem, probably one of the most stupendous that ever faced a British statesman, is truly characteristic of the other phase of Mr. Balfour's character, his superficiality. The reality of his subject always eludes him. He never can grasp it. To wave his hand and parry with a smart phrase some point (generally an unimportant point) in debate, while never touching or even glancing at the great problem he is set to solve, is Mr. Balfour's notion of the whole duty of an Irish Oriel Secretary. The Irish people complain and rise up against a state of misgovernment which is the scandal of Europe, and on which all thinking people in the Three Kingdoms are earnestly pondering. Mr. Balfour answers that complaint by turning upon third parties with sippant tu quoques and brzen denials. His admirers might be challenged fairly here again—to quote a single passage from his speeches to indicate that he had ever risen to his feet, that he had ever been the one to take hold of and realize its greatness. There have been mistaken policies and even wicked policies, which were also great policies, impelled by deep sincerity or imperious will, and carried out with consistency, perseverance, and boldness—the policies of successful, courageous minds, that understood the feel of reality, and did not confound a strong man's task with child's play. Such a mistaken policy is Mr. Foster's. Mr. Balfour's policy is mistaken and vicious. But he views the problem before him in the perspective in which a mouse must view the castle wall amongst whose interstices he is nibbling a hole. But enough of Mr. Balfour's character. He is a fraud like his uncle. He is not clever, but too clever by half, and there is so much paste and pinhead in his intellectual jewellery that he is not above even plagiarising a poor witicism from an evening newspaper, and passing it off as a genuine article of his own.

THE PONSONBY MEETING.

Mr. W. O'Brien at Youghal.

COLLISIONS WITH THE POLICE AND MILITARY.—SEVERAL PERSONS INJURED.

Cork, Sunday Night. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., arrived in Cork last night by the half-past eight train, en route for Youghal, where it was arranged that he should address a meeting of the Ponsonby tenants to-day. He was met at the railway station by the Mayor, a large number of citizens, and a couple of bands, he was escorted, amidst considerable enthusiasm, to the Victoria Hotel, from the window of which he addressed a crowd. After denouncing the merciless system of police terrorism which was still hanging over the Irish people, the hon. gentleman said he had learned that a proclamation had been issued against the peaceful gathering of the Ponsonby tenants on the following day, the object of which was to lay an ambush for the people, and, if they could do it, to produce another Mitchellstown. He did not intend to indulge in any braggadocio, but he would say that he accepted the challenge.

For his part he would go to Youghal and would assert the right of free speech and of free combination, and would not surrender that right. So long as an Irish heart beat either there or in the great land beyond the Atlantic he for one would not desert the Ponsonby tenants. They were to be evicted for arrears which the landlord dared not to take the judgment of the Sub-Commissioners on, because he knew they would be branded as cruel and intolerable rack-renters. There was to be no legislation for arrears. The tenants were to be shut out of the Land Court, and were to be handed over to the mercy of a gang of emergency men and of the Cork Landlord's Association. Mr. Balfour entered into the conspiracy, and attempted to gag their mouths by this proclamation, and to send them to destruction without quarter, simply and solely because he knew that it was these men's struggle under the plan of campaign that had won the Land Act for the tenants of Ireland and had covered his own policy with humiliation and disgrace. On that issue he (Mr. O'Brien) would meet him on the following day at Youghal. When he was leaving London on Friday, a Tory member, to whom he mentioned that he was going to Ireland, warned him that it would be a waste of money to buy a return ticket. That might be so. Probably it was so, and he had not bought a return ticket. Of one thing he had a deep and abiding faith, the heart of the English masses had been touched, and that though he might not be in a position to return for some time to England, that the day was fast coming when the representatives of the Irish people would go over to England no longer to worry the English people with their grievances but to thank them for their victory, and to offer them the gratitude of a happy, free, and contented Irish nation.

Despite the extensive posting of proclamations in various parts of Youghal, Mr. O'Brien left Cork at half past ten this morning, and accompanied by the Mayor of Cork and Mr. Flynn, M. P., drove to Youghal, which was reached as morning broke. Word had been in the meantime conveyed to the Ponsonby tenants, who at five o'clock, the number of whom had assembled in the number of about a hundred, were in the hall of the Victoria Hotel, where they were addressed by Mr. O'Brien. At the time there were about forty police in the town, but they seemed to have been completely ignorant of Mr. O'Brien's presence there, and of the fact that a meeting was in progress. Two of them being attracted by the noise of the tenantry, demanded admission to the hall, but were refused. The meeting passed off without further interference. Resolutions were passed expressing the determination of the tenants not to appear before the Land Court, unless the evicted tenants were also allowed to do so, and protesting against the proclamation of the meeting.

Mr. O'Brien, in the course of his speech, and he was proud of the splendid discipline displayed by the Ponsonby tenants in turning up at that early hour. He would not at that moment display any temper over the outrages that had been offered to the liberties of the people by the proclamation prohibiting the meeting. It was as unjust as it was an outrage upon justice, and so far as he was concerned he did not mean to submit to the destruction of free speech in Youghal without a protest, and he would only stop when he was prevented by the people from going on. He defied Mr. Balfour to meet him before any assembly of unprejudiced Englishmen from end of England and to defend the action of the landlord on that estate, or to defend his own action in suppressing that meeting of the tenants. The Legislature had, owing largely to the struggle of the tenants of Ireland, whose rents were not fixed before the Land Court, had a right to have fair rents fixed. Of this right Mr. Ponsonby had endeavored to deprive them, and Mr. Balfour assisted him by proclaiming their meeting. They had counted the cost in the struggle, and they were prepared to meet Mr. Balfour whenever he liked, and all they asked the English millions and the English masses was to stand by and see fair play. Let them evict—let them clear every farm on the estate, if they dared; let them unroof every house on the estate, let them burn every house they unroofed and knocked the bottom out of landlordism in Ireland.

The meeting having terminated Mr. O'Brien proceeded to Canon Keller's residence, where he remained until midnight. In the meantime a force of nearly one hundred police and the same number of soldiers arrived in the town, and the people from the different surrounding districts also began to pour in. Many of the people were armed with hurleys. The police and military were under the command of Captain Plunkett, and Mr. O'Brien sent a letter to Mr. Redmond stating that he was advised on competent legal authority that the proclamation signed by Mr. Redmond was illegal, and that the meeting had been lawfully convened. He informed him that he

proposed to test the legality of that proclamation by holding the meeting, and requested that any attempt to use force might be in the first instance directed against himself, after which he would counsel the people to offer no resistance.

At half-past two Mr. O'Brien left the residence of Canon Keller, and accompanied by Mr. Omdon, M. P., Mr. Flynn, M. P., the Mayor of Cork, Canon Keller, and several Catholic clergymen, proceeded to the Green Park, at the outskirts of the town, where it was proposed to hold the meeting. He was followed by a large crowd, the bulk of which, at Mr. O'Brien's request, remained about twenty yards behind. The party had not proceeded far when a body of police marched towards them. Mr. O'Brien asked the officer in charge was he to understand that the crowd were prevented from passing? The officer said certainly not, but the bands would not be permitted to play. Mr. O'Brien said that if the officer would draw his men aside, he would engage that the band should not play. The officer immediately took his men on the footpath, and Mr. O'Brien and his friends passing on arrived at the place where it was proposed to hold the meeting. It was found that a company of soldiers were drawn across the entrance with fixed bayonets. Capt. Plunkett, Mr. Redmond, and a number of police inspectors were standing at some distance inside. Mr. O'Brien, addressing the officer in charge, said he would assert the right of free speech to the extent that was prevented by force, and he should persist in entering there and claiming the right of holding a meeting. Mr. Redmond replied that if Mr. O'Brien made an attempt to force his way, he would be prevented at the point of the bayonet. Mr. O'Brien rejoined that he would make no attempt to force his way. If the authorities wished to avoid a disturbance they would either allow him to pass if he had a right to pass, or they would arrest him if he had no right to do so. Unless they proceeded to remove him or allowed him to pass he would attempt to hold the meeting on the road. "Then," exclaimed Captain Plunkett, "you will take the consequences." "Certainly," retorted Mr. O'Brien, "I will take the consequences. I have now pointed out to you how you may avoid a row. If there are further consequences, let them be on your head not on mine."

Mr. O'Brien then got on a side car on the road, and proceeded, amidst a scene of great excitement and enthusiasm, to address the people. He had uttered about half-a-dozen sentences, when a party of police with drawn batons rushed on the crowd, on whom they used their weapons. Some of the people who were struck with hurleys replied, "exclaimed Captain Plunkett, "you will take the consequences." "Certainly," retorted Mr. O'Brien, "I will take the consequences. I have now pointed out to you how you may avoid a row. If there are further consequences, let them be on your head not on mine."

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