



GRAND ROUNDS.

“*Quis Separabit?*”

ADDRESS BY THE EDITOR.

Free on the clear breeze, float out the loosened colors, in acknowledgement of the Royal Presence, as the Queen reviews regiment after regiment of her gallant soldiers. Cavalry, with burnished helmets and flashing swords, pace by, in grand display; and the steady tramp of the infantry, and the heavy roll of the artillery, pass the saluting point, in firm succession. And as the different regiments fling out their bannered glory in the Royal salute, it may be observed that four regiments bear the same device. They are:

The Fourth, Royal Irish Dragoons.

The Fifth, Royal Irish Lancers.

The Eighty-sixth, Royal County Down

The Eighty-eighth, Connaught Rangers.

On the colors of these four, we see the Harp and Crown, with two words traced beneath:—

“*Quis separabit?*”

Who shall separate?

In olden times, no Irish festival was complete in its arrangements, without the presence of some well skilled poet, who could accompany his burning improvisations, with the melting music of his harp. In a gathering of chiefs, no compliments were more delicately

given, or more proudly received, than those which flowed in music from the fervid lips and inspired fingers of the minstrel; no slight was more deeply felt, than the bitter one of being unnoticed by the bard.

The person of the minstrel was as sacred as that of the herald; and in the stormiest times of political fury, the harp was an aegis of safety to him who wisely bore it.

Minstrels were the historians of their times, and the culminating curse pronounced on an unworthy man was, that in future days he might be not only “unwept,” but “unsung.”

The harper's voice and hand urged men into the rush of the battle, or calmed their wildest passions back to peace. As the wizard-hand swept the thrilling chords, hearts were charmed to love, or stirred to hate.

So could no device be more delicate in its tenderness, or more Spartan-like in its laconic devotion than the deep loyalty of that bright emblazoning on the colors of our Irish regiments:—

The Harp and Crown.

“*Quis separabit?*”

Who shall separate our warm hearts and ready hands from the service of our Queen?

Who shall dare to hope that he can part the minstrel from his Sovereign?

And as each prismatic color has its complementary shade, as each major