

WHY BARNEY MCGUIRE GAVE UP POLITICS.

"Good morrow, Tim!"

"Ah, Barney me boy, is 'bat you? How's the world threaten ye?"

"Purty fairly, thanks be to God; how's yersel Tim?"

"Bravely! bravely! what way's the 'lection goin'?"

"Troth its little call I have to poletics now, Tim; so dont be axin aggravatin' questions."

"Why, I thought, Barney, you was a red hot poletician?"

"I was, Tim, six months ago, but I've sould out, taken the pledge, an become a decent man agin.—Why, Tim, half them poleticians or office seekers is the biggest thieves alive."

"Well, troth, I believe ye, Barney. Its little an Irishman makes be them in the long run."

"Makes is it? He makes ruination an disgrace loss av time, av character, an sometimes loss av sowl."

"But ye dont mane to say all poleticians is alike?"

"Be no manner a manes, Tim. Somes is as vartious an upright min as brethe the breath a life, but its little call poor Irish boys has to the likes a them; the dirty workers wont let them; no, no, they keep appealing to us as Irishmen an not as American citizens, making us a kind av distinct party, just a if we didnt love the country and the institutions as well as the best a them, and thin its the hard work they give us for doing their bidden."

"For all the world, Barney, like knockin a man down an kickin him for fallin."

"Just so; what I say, Tim, is, that an Irish boy has no call to be'mindin their meetins or flattery, its only ladin him astray. If he's got a vote let him make use av it to the best av his thinken, an lave the rest to office seekers; it'll save himself a dale of trouble an his country a dale of disgrace. Lord knows, the sort av Irishmin we sometimes see on 'lection tickets is credit to any country; min without education, breedin or principle, nothin to recomin them but the name, which afther all, is only a thrap to inshure Irish votes for fat office seekers on the same ticket. Only look at Mickey Doolan, the ass he's makin av himself, settin up for assisor; why its not twelve months since he druv coal cart, but thin office seekers, to catch Irish votes, kep puttin him in chairs an on commatees, an callin him esquire, til he's got so big a piece av cloath wouldnt make him a breeches, an so lazy he wouldnt work, barrin ye gave him six hours out av every five to rest himself."

"Well, Barney, take any boy without larnin that's been born an bred in slavery an put him red hot among these poleticians to be flattered an made much of, its enough to turn his head."

"Thru for ye, Tim, but when Irishmen sees themselves made tools an step ladders av, why dont they quit an not lave it in the power av decent min to find fault. Whats all their meddlin for? Sure the biggest place an Irishman ever gets among them is a polis-man, an to get that he must drink, an talk, an fight, an loose his Religion, an without that a man's no more nor a baste. Half these poleticians is Infidles, or Furriers, or Socialites, an the boy that takes up with them is very soon little better."

"Talkin a that, Barney, shure Corney Donovan is on the polis."

"Is it long Corney?"

"Sorra word a lie in it, and small blame to him, when he gets five hundred a year for just patchrollin the block with a star on his bussum like the Juke a Leinster."

"Well, its all mighty fine, Tim, as long as the wages last; but do you think Corney's got a lise av his place, or that he'll be fit for anything whin his time's up. No faix; a mechanic or labourin man, Tim, who idles about for two years, smokin here and meddlin there, an mixen wid bad characters, wont be vullin to tackle hard work agin; he cant do it; his hands is saft an his bones is stiff, an his mind is lazy. So he's nothing left but poletics, an thin may be us a 'will o' the wisp' he l be follin for the rest av his days. Corney's too decent a man for them, ruffins is more useful, and they get redder places, for the labourer is worthy av his hire, as ould Feeney the guager used to say. Just look at me, the state I was left in be that thieren robber, Gammon, the chap that stud for altherman last spring two years, an aftherwards cleared to Calafurney without payin his debts."

"I never hear the rights a that scrape, Barney how was it?"

"Well just walk on a bit an I'll tell ye. Ye see, this tavin villin knew I had influence in the feethery, an was purty well acquainted in the ward; so he kem to me an suthered me to canvass for him at the polls, as he said the run would be tight, an if the others got in no Irishman could live in the country; so he gev me a tin dollar bill to thrate the boys, an a hint that if he succeeded I was a mudo man, and could pick and choose for meself. I worked purty hard all day av election, bawled meself hoarse, got two black eyes an dhrank as much bad licker as ud burn the bowels out av an ostrage—but that's all I got barrin a murthering headache, besides bein out av work for two morital months, an them's the two months Gammon kep me runnin afther him, puttin his finger in my eye about a keeper's place on the Island, bad luck to him; it's undher a keeper he ought to have bin."

"I wonder, ye didn't keep clare av thin afther that."

"Well ye see, Tim, times was gettin slack, an me brains was blown out hearin a parcel av idle bloaters go-therin and talkin av Paddy this an Darby that gettin fine corporation places, where there was great pay an nothin to do; so one afthernoon as I kem up Broad-way, who should I meet but Gammon. Mither McGuire, ses he, puttin out his hand an shakin me as if I was his aunt or foster brother, how are ye! your lookin bravely, ses he; thank ye, says I: the evenins dusty, ses he, wont ye come in and take a dhrink? There's no use in throwing a good offer over one's shoulder, ses I; so in we went to one av the most beautifullest oyster cellars Fiver laid eyes upon; lukin-glass from flure to cornish, an pillars all gilded over with goold. What'll ye take, Mither McGuire, ses he; punch, sur, ses I, as I'm not particular; punch it is, ses he, slappin me on the back; what beken av ye, ses he, this six months? I had a great place intirely for ye, but didn't know where to find ye. Well, Altherman, dear, ses I, whin ye wanted me to help you, it was aisey enough findin me; so with that he began coughin mighty hard, as if the punch was goin agin him; never mind, ses he, p'raps I'll make it all up before long. More power to ye, sur, ses I; the sooner the better; so down we sat and discourses as aisey as possible. Barney, ses he—for we was on the third tumbler an guttin mighty thick—there's some talk av nominatin me for altherman this spring, an I want you on the nominatin commatee, which can be done if your agreeable, ses he. I'm agreeable, ses he. Now to tell the honest truth, Tim, I knew no more what a commatee meant than a cow does av a holiday, more nor it was something big used by poleticians, but I didn't want to let an my ignorance to Gammon; so lukin mighty wise I gave the table a thump, spillin half me punch, and out I kem: Altherman, ses I, the ward knows its juty, and what consarns a man, if he's a man, ses I, is no one's business if he's thure to the commatee, ses I. Oh! oh! ses Gammon, with a consated grin, I see ye'r an ould practitioner: with that I gev a wink, as much as to say 'I'm at it since I was a baby.' Stuck to me, Barney, yer sowl, ses ye, and yer fortune's made. Altherman, dear, ses I, risin my voice and me fist—for the licker was in me—ye know me an—How, yer wisht and make less noise there, ses the chap at the bar. But there's no use goin over all our discourses, Gammon made an ass a me butherin up the Irish, an I made an ass a meself dhrinkin punch till I awoke up next mornin in the station house, before a justice av the paze, who fined me two dollars for bein dhrunk, an five dollars for breaking two decanters an tearing the shirt aff a bar-keeper. From that time till purty near election I loafed about workin one day, and idlin two, muddlin and talkin poletics an nonsense, till I felt as if I couldn't do without it."

"But did they ever put you on the commatee, Barney?"

"Av course they did, an a blessed commatee it was; only listen—first there was two gassoon boys av lawyers—then there was a countryman av ours they called Tim—the heart's blood av a ruffin, a stout, chunky chap with good clothes, an a face that ud make a brass knock-er blush; he kep a poother house in the ward til he chated an abused so many spirit dalers his own grand-mother wouldnt give him credit, so he put Esquire to his name an turned poletician, then there was Pete Wilson, the policy-daler, that robs poor nagers be manes av insurin lottery numbers, Sam Shyster, the mock auctioneer, Bill Stubbs, the boordin-house runner, an' an ould red nose chap they called Pop, who slept all the time when he was dhrinkin, for two nights we ballyragged one another till, to save sp'itin our own heads, we split the ward and mane two tickets, both regular nominations, av cootse."

"Well, did Gammon get in?"

"Not he, faix; some av his dirty work and double dalins got wind the day av election, so that before 12 o'clock it was almost murther to mintion his name near the ballot-box. I knew nothin av it though, bein all th mornin dhrummin up rothers in an omnibus pl. thered over with bills, when Gammon axed me to go down an make a speech for him to rally the boys, as he said some vagabonds was elyin him; so off I set, like a gaum as I was, to Van Pelt's barroom where the polls were held, an gettin on a stool I began. Vothers av the ward, ses I, don't be dhrrawn away be the colloquin av enemies; vote the regular ticket, George Washington Gammon, the poor man's friend—the honest—the ———, I hardly had the words out av me mouth when the stool was whipt from unther me, an I found meself sprawlin in the street. Pitch into him, ses one; murther him, ses another. Its lettin off chape ye are, ses Bully Jackson, making a dhrive at me. An ———, gentlemen, ses I; give a poor boy a chance. An wid that I tuck the measure av Con Duffy's nose wid me fist; tripped up Sam Smith, an knocked out all like O'Dell's front teeth wid me elbow; for five minutes we had as purty a runnin fight as you'd wish to see; but they was too much for me. I declare to ye, if it wasnt for the blessin av Providence an Pat Casey's cellar door that was open—be rasin av which I fell in an bruck two av me ribs; the sorra screed they'd a left av me; but that's not all, six weeks afther, whin I kem from the hospital, what de ye think Gammon told me?"

"Troth I dunna."

"He told me he wished meself an all the bluddy Irish was in ———, that it was a disgrace for any decent man to be consarned wid them, an if I show'd my praty face nigh his door agin, he'd set the dogs at me. From that 'blessed minute' me mind was made up, I swore agin poletics, and now, thanks be to Ged, I'm a inan agin, and mane to keep so."

"Well, dear knows, Barney, but you was hardly thrated. Now, Barney, don't ye think there's a dale a humbug about some av these meetins they be's gettin up for Ireland?"

"Av course there is: half av them sometimes is only to call attention to some chap who is either up or thryin to be up for office—vampires, who makes speeches an thrades upon the wrongs av our poor country. Mind how the vagabonds turn round now an abuse poor Dan. Heaven be his bed this day—a mat, who's memory should be sacred in the breast av every thure Irishman; he raised Ireland to a position which gained her the respect an admiration of the world;—England feared her in the dignity an growin might av her moral strength; she feared what she could not conquer, an what she ultimately should yeald. Who fears or respects her now?—ask 'Young Ireland!' Just before election time, a lot av these political Esquires gets up an Irish meetin, one Esquire takes the chair, another secretary, an another calls the meetin to orther—(be me conscience its a little orther goes a great way with some av them.)—then mither somebody or nobody—the chap lookin for office—is called to make a speech, which he does be puttin himself in a parsperation, tellin how Ireland is the first flower of the say, an that Curran an Grattan was Irishmen, an that Queen Victorice's a Turk an ould Russell's another, an that he himself has Irish blood runnin somewhere in his veins, if he could only find it—and that he hates the British and loves the Irish, an so on till the *omadhamns* thinks he's in earnest, an pays in their money; then the meetin breaks up an Ireland breaks down; an that's all they know about it."

Look at their Hungary meetin the other day; sorra hair half them spouters cared if all Europe, from China to the Black Say was hungry as long as they get Garmin votes. But to end our discourse, Tim, for I see I'm keepin ye—Irishmen would be more respected an better citizens if they'd just vote according to the best av their thinkin, an lave office-seekin and the rest to poleticians who only make jackalls av them, an whin their turns sarved, thrate them accordingly.

VINCENT.

ANSWER A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.—During the month of November, 1843, the writer was travelling in one of the night-trains from Albany to Utica. The weather being very cold, the passengers gathered as closely as possible around the stove. Among the number thus brought into juxtaposition were a clergyman and an atheist, and as the latter was very loquacious, he soon engaged the minister in a controversy touching the relative merits of their respective systems. They soon became much excited, and thus continued to dispute, to the great annoyance of all present,

until long after midnight, although often requested to desist, and though it had been especially urged upon the clergyman that he "was casting pearls before swine."

In answer to an inquiry of the reverend gentleman, as to what would be man's condition after death, the atheist replied, "Man is like a pig; when he dies, that is the end of him!" As the minister was about to reply, a red-faced Irish woman at the end of the car sprang up, the natural red of her face glowing more intensely with passion; and the light of the lamp falling directly upon it, and addressing the clergyman in a voice peculiarly startling and humorous from its impassioned tones and the richness of its brogue, exclaimed, "Arrah, now, will ye not let the baste alone; has he not said he's a pig? and the more you pull his leg, the louder he'll squeal!" The effect upon all was electric, the clergyman was humbled, and apologized for his thoughtlessness and folly. But upon the atheist it was perfectly stunning; he had been "answered according to his folly;" and confounded with his own argument by an illiterate Irish woman. God had evidently used the "foolish to confound the wise," and while he remained in the car he was literally speechless, and he seized the first opportunity and left, although he had paid his passage through to Utica.—*American Messenger.*

The wealth of a man is in the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by.

Reason once debauched is worse than brutishness.

ASSOCIATION

For the Propagation of the Faith,

Established in Halifax 22d January, 1843.

This pious and truly charitable "Institution of the Propagation of the Faith" was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822; it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations:

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.

2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "*St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.*"

The following Indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:

1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution; and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

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THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received through the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 21.