

DUBLIN CHURCHES.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL AND OTHERS.

Steele and Swift—The Spectator—Church Disestablishment—Geraldus Cambresius—The Duchess of Rutland and Other Historical Personages.

The historic churches of Dublin are in the hands of the Anglican Church. By the generosity of Irish brewers they have been well preserved. This may not be consoling news to the temperance party. The Anglican chides small purveyors with one hand while she warmly shakes with the other a Guinness, keeper of the huge vat, whose pipes drain not alone the money, but the blood of the island. Most visitors know of St. Patrick's and Christ Church. The readers of the vaunted book of our fathers, the Spectator, should know the site of another. You may not find it in the guide book, and the cabby's notions of it are hazy, but here is an extract from its mouldy archives.

"It doth appear by the parish register of the parish of St. Bridget, Dublin, that Richard Steele was baptized March the 12th, 1671, which we certify this 22nd day of March, 1722.

WILLIAM BARRY, Minister.

WILLIAM WALKER, } Churchwardens.
JEROME BREDON, }

Steele left Ireland early in life. At the age of 16 we find him matriculated as a member of Christ Church, Oxford. That Steele was a man of genius, and one of the first to give to the English tongue what we nowadays admire so much and speak of, style, the world has long since admitted. Ireland, however, has little to be proud of. He was one of the many that have been Irish by birth, but English by every sentiment of their heart. By "entreaty and intercession" of Swift he had found employment. As was his wont, he quickly forgot his patron. Swift thereupon wrote to him: "There are solecisms in morals as well as in language, and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is past my imagination." Steele would not wince, and was ever so bold as to admit that he was not afraid of the Dean, not a handsome boast in those days. In vain did Jonathan remind him that he had once written of him as that "ingenious gentleman who for a long time did thrice a week divert or instruct the kingdom by his papers," and as one "who hath tried the force and compass of our language with so much success." These two Englishmen born in Ireland then parted, each one nursing his wrath for a future occasion. Steele, narrow, unprincipled, and prejudiced, wrote a travesty on history, with the singular title, "An Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion Throughout the World." In a letter to Lord Finch he says that it "is only an account of some collateral and contemporary circumstances and secret passages, joined to an account of the ceremony of the last inauguration of saints by his Holiness the Pope." The "secret passages" they understood advertising in those days, was pure fiction supplied in any quantity from the pen of Dick Steele. The book is a rarity had you it, as a curiosity, it would bring a handsome sum. Its sale was then poor, and even its thorough going protestantism and anti-papist attacks could not convince the readers that Dick Steele was one of their ilk. Some would say that had Buddha boiled his pot, Dick would have sung his praise. He died and Londoners shook their heads and muttered "another brilliant Irishman gone." He coveted the name of an Englishman, but the living can call names, and the dead may not object. Swift could not let the death unnoticed. It was not his way, so he sang of

Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred Jails,
Withdrew to starve and die in Wales.

Writers of ecclesiastical history dispute as to the date of the founding of Christ Church. That is their privilege to do so. They agree that it became a beany and chapter-house in 1541. "A long time ago" Mickey justly remarks. It is a handsome structure, the length of the nave and choir being 260 feet long, the transept 110 feet while the extreme breadth of either measures 80 feet. There is in this church a monument of some

interest it purports to be that of Strongbow the invader of Ireland. It is safe to say that the freebooter was really buried here, but as to the exact location there is room for doubts. That he should be honored here is a sufficient guarantee of the Church's loyalty to England. Prior to that piece of justice done to the people by Mr. Gladstone, and known as the disestablishment of the Irish Church, there was a peculiar and debasing custom in connection with this tomb. The peasantry who were required to pay tithes to support an alien church were required to do so at the tomb of Strongbow. I am little of a symbolist, but I do profess to see in the act a yearly impressing of the people that Mr. Strongbow conquered Ireland for John Bull, and that that gentleman still retained possession. There is a smaller tomb, but the warden is dumb about it: he knows that you are an American, full of Republican schemes and wicked designs against England. His big frame and the layers of fat that lie close to it, tell that he is well kept. Home Rule he imagines would mean an end to his position, so he daily prays that the Lord might deliver the good from such a calamity, and continue to give him manna in the shape of 100 pounds paid quarterly by Christ Church. This small tomb is that of young Mr. Strongbow. Unless history is an universal jade, the Strongbows were not over endowed with family affection. Their affection may be gleaned from the fact that old Strongbow killed young Strongbow. Why Christ Church was made the fit resting place for a murderer is one of those things that even easy cantering historians balk at. What Strongbow did for the Irish other than annexing the island, and planting the mustard seed of misery, which has since grown to be a great tree, I am at a loss to know. If memory is aright that first of war correspondents and most Munchausen of chroniclers, Geraldus relates that he "learnt them (the Irish) to eat cranes, a species of food which they had previously loathed." May not a generous people rejoice in their first burst of enthusiasm, after finding out that the long legged loathed gaunt bird was indeed juicy and nutritious, fit food, for a king decreed that the bearer of such news, despite his failings, should lie in sacred ground. Poor Lamb could not have known this, else he would have alluded to it in his celebrated dissertation on "Roast Pig." Christ Church is known to students as the place where one of the numerous kingly imposters was crowned. The quickness of the Irish to receive and crown every imposter hailing from England was a weakness that is hard to explain. Why, they should have carried Lambert Simnel to Christ Church, and crown him, I can only explain in the light that a conquered people will do the most maddening things to harry their victors. Lambert, after being made king, was hoisted on the shoulders of Darcy of Hatten and carried through the streets, the wonder of the populace. His kingdom, if he can be said to have had one, quickly vanished. One of the Henrys took him prisoner, had mercy on him, and sent him to be scullion boy. Thus humbled, he bore no love for those that had exalted him.

Christ Church is the resting place of one of the Irish viceroys—the Duke of Rutland. His wife was one of the most celebrated beauties of the time, and was admired in that dissolute age for the devotion that she bore her husband. An old magazine treating of the different amusements of the great ladies mentions the "Duchess of Rutland, her husband." A picture of the Duchess by Sir Joshua, will easily satisfy the curious that the Duchess was really a beautiful woman, and history states that she was in those times an admirable woman. Under her sway many futile attempts were made to satisfy the Irish people. The little court, under her management, attained its highest point of magnificence. Abuses of previous viceroys were stamped out, but the best efforts only showed her how useless to appease the Irish heart by gaudy toys. Before her coming, the receptions at the Castle were marked by scenes of the most frightful rowdiness. Every male guest brought his man-servant along, in order that his death by choking might be made impossible. It was the duty of the servant, when his master succumbing to the influence of Irish toddy, ungracefully tumbled under the table to undo his cravat, and leave him alone in his glory. It was no unusual thing for the ladies to carry off the dishes while their Lords made hoarse music under the tables. These, as a

writer of those times calls slight indiscretions, were in part checked, to appear in the succeeding viceroys' time. A story is often times told of this queen of fashion's jealousy. In her presence the Duke said that the previous day he had accidentally met the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld. This was too much for the Duchess. She never rested until she found the lady, in the person of a Mrs. Dillon, when a glance told her that this lady was not only beautiful but virtuous. "Ashamed of her suspicion" says a society writer, "she frankly told what had brought her, and warmly invited the other to return the visit. This, however, Mrs. Dillon had the good sense and dignity to decline." The death of the Duke was a terrible blow. The Dubliners waked him in royal style. For three nights they smoked and drank over his corpse, and told the most lying tales of his goodness and the quality by his heart. To a supposed sorrowful nation, it was made known that he had died a martyr to duty. I respect that strange compound of mirth and cynicism. Old Barrington, he has a word to say about the Duke, and his words could be applied to Dublin Castle rulers since he penned them in gay Paris. "Duke of Rutland's incessant conveyance deprived Ireland of a viceroy, whose government did nothing, or worse than nothing, for the Irish people. With the aristocracy the Duke was singularly popular, and he was not disliked by any class of the community, but his advisers were profligate and his measures were corrupt." The Duchess returned to England and mourned to the end of her life the death of her husband. English misrule jogged along at the usual rate under Buckingham. Ever thus when one slept, another followed the same old rut. Just as the wardens of Christ Church do. How long shall this continue? I asked as I passed out to the quiet street. There was none to make answer.

WALTER LECKY.

A LEEDS CO. MIRACLE.

A Story Containing a Lesson for Parents.

The Restoration of a Young Girl Whose Condition Finds a Parallel in Thousands of Canadian Homes—Not Through Wilful Neglect, but in Ignorance of the Terrible Consequences.

Brockville Times.

The great frequency with which pale, sallow, listless and enfeebled girls are met with now-a-days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present day are not the healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked lassies their mothers and grandmothers were before them. On all sides one sees girls budding into womanhood, who should be bright of eye, light in step, and joyous in spirits; but, alas, how far from this is their condition. Their complexion is pale, sallow or waxy in appearance, they are victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and often distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken chlorosis or anaemia—or in other words a watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform the functions required of it by nature. When in this condition unless immediate resort is had to those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave are the inevitable result. It was in a condition closely resembling the above that a young lady in Addison, Leeds County, was when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to her rescue, and undoubtedly saved her from premature death. This case was recently brought to the notice of The Times by H. S. Moffatt, general merchant and postmaster at Addison, of which family the young lady in question is a member. Mr. Moffatt had read the numerous articles in The Times regarding what are admitted on all sides to be marvellous cures by the use of the popular remedy above named, after all other remedies had failed, and felt it his duty to make public for the benefit of sufferers, the wonderful restoration to health and strength that had taken place in his own household. The young lady in question is his adopted daughter, and is some 16 years of age, a very critical period in the life of all young women

She had been declining in health for some time, and the family became very much alarmed that serious results would ensue. Medical advice was sought, and everything done for her that could be thought of, but without avail, the treatment did her no good and she gradually grew worse and worse. Her face was pale and almost bloodless, she was oppressed by constant headaches, and her appetite completely failed. When her friends had almost despaired of a cure, some person who had purchased Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Mr. Moffatt's store, and tested their virtues, advised their use in the young lady's case. The advice was acted upon and Mr. Moffatt says the results were marvellous. In a short time after beginning their use a decided improvement was noticed. The color began to return to her cheeks: her appetite was improved, and there was every indication of a marked improvement of the system. After taking a few boxes she was completely cured, and is now as well as ever she was. In his business Mr. Moffatt deals in various kinds of proprietary medicines, but says he has never handled any medicine that has given such universal satisfaction as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The demand is large and is constantly increasing, thus affording the most satisfactory evidence that they are what is claimed for them, a blood builder, nerve tonic and general reconstructor, curing diseases hitherto held to be incurable, and restoring health where all other remedies had failed.

In view of these statements a grave responsibility rests upon parents—upon mothers especially. If your daughters are suffering from any of the troubles indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in life, do not, as you value their lives, delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy that never fails in such cases, and is a certain specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, whether young or old. They act directly upon the blood and nerves and never fail in any case arising from a vitiated condition of the nervous system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Asphalt paint is rapidly coming into favor for ironwork. Its oils are not volatile, as in the case of the various coal-tar products, and it is this permanent character of the material that is the secret of its value.

Australia has begun to ship eggs to the British markets, but as yet the quantity sent is inconsiderable. The eggs are six weeks at least aboard ship between Australia and British ports.

The Australian high-jumping horse record is now six feet six and one-half inches, Spondulix having jumped that height at the Royal Agricultural Show in Melbourne.

An Italian physiologist of repute named Mosso has demonstrated by experiment that thinking causes a rush of blood to the brain, which varies with the nature of the thought.