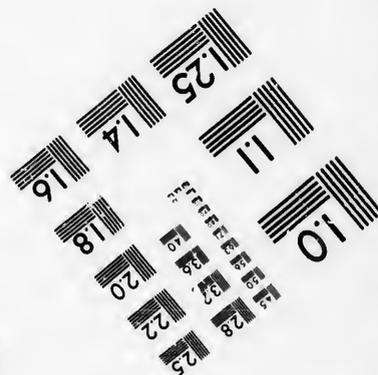
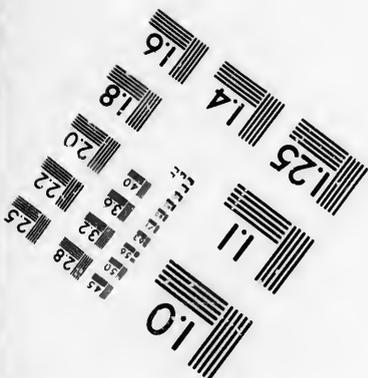
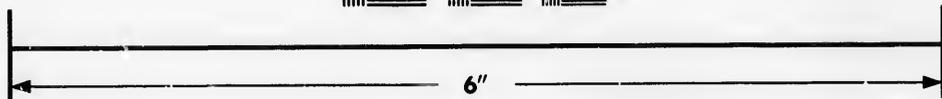
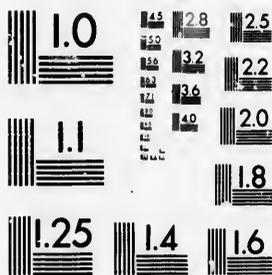


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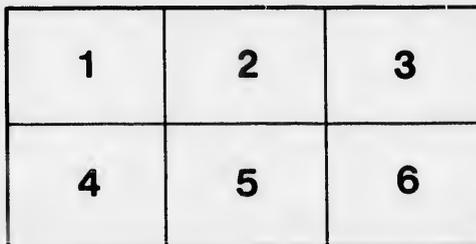
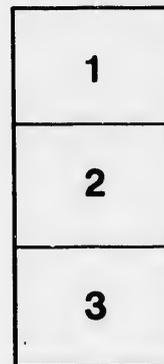
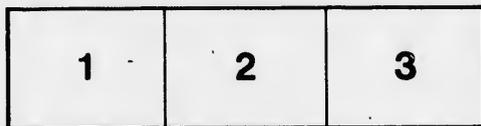
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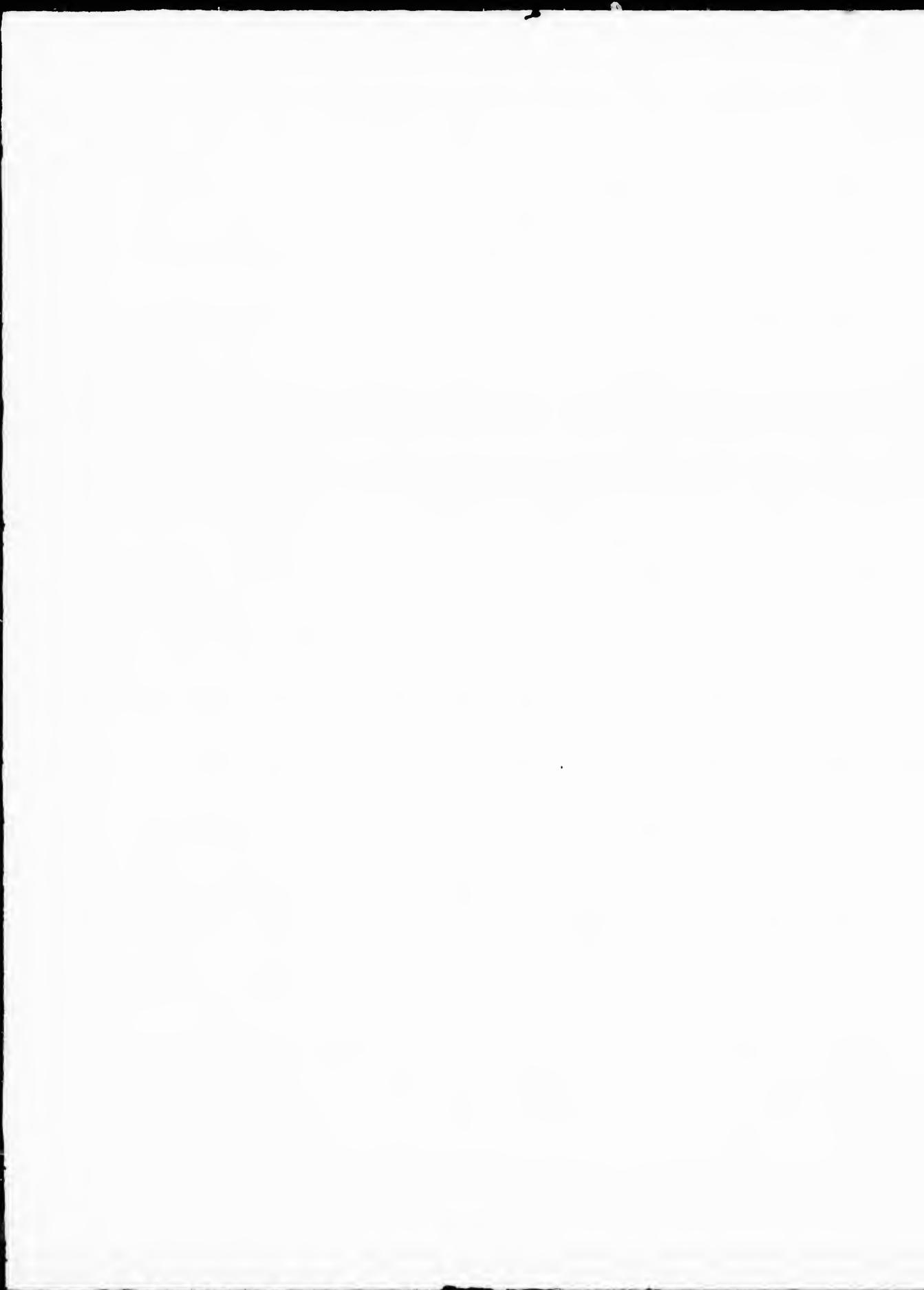
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LETTERS

FROM

BERMUDA.

BY PLACIDIA.

TORONTO:
CATHOLIC REGISTER PRINT.
1895.



LETTERS

FROM

BERMUDA.

BY PLACIDIA.

Lady ... Smith

TORONTO:
CATHOLIC REGISTER PRINT.
1895.





The following Letters, being merely of a private character, were not originally intended for publication; but containing, as they do, much that is useful and instructive, the writer has consented to their appearance in print.



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Letters from Bermuda.



LETTER I.

HAMILTON NOV., 18—.

DEAR H.—We arrived safely at Hamilton, Bermuda, after a rough and stormy passage of four days—though three days is the usual time—so you may conjecture how grievously we both suffered from *mal de mer*.

For two days we had a lively "cross sea," which rendered locomotion very inconvenient, if not impossible. The wind, tearing and blustering through the cordage, etc., added to the din, but did not improve our appetite for dinner. Some boots and valises were having a game of leap-frog on the floor of the state-room, which at times seemed almost perpendicular. The obliging steward told us encouragingly it was "only a gale, a bit of sea on," but

"O what a storm of sea we passed!
High mountain waves, and foaming
showers,
And battling winds, with savage blast."

Twenty-four hours after leaving New York harbor we experienced a decided change of temperature. It had become very warm, and the rolling and shaking of the vessel was, to say the least of it, most unpleasant. We were informed by the captain that we were crossing the Gulf Stream, on the eastern edge of which are situated the Bermuda Islands.

This "River of the Ocean," of which you have often heard, is one of the wonders of the world. It issues from the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, rushes with mighty power through

the channel which divides Florida from the Bahamas, and proceeds northward up the coast of the United States. As we neared Bermuda it became calmer.

"A beam of tranquility smiled in the west,
The storms of the evening pursued us no more;
And the wave, while it welcomed the moment of rest,
Still heaved as remembering the ills that were o'er."

Those of the passengers who could remain on deck observed, when on the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream, large, floating masses of the Gulf weed called *sargassum bacciferum*, which was blown or drifted from the area known to navigators as the Sargossa Sea. It is said that when Christopher Columbus sailed through this region on that memorable voyage which resulted in the discovery of the new world, the appearance on the ocean of these immense masses of seaweed, intermingled with driftwood and vegetable matter, and bearing upon the surface myriads of mollusca, crustace, etc., confirmed his hopes of the proximity of land, and restored courage and confidence to his panic-stricken crew.

Another object which attracted the attention of the passengers were the flying fish, great numbers of which were observed darting from the water under the steamer's bow when she came within about 150 miles of the Islands.

It was the opinion of some ancient writers that birds, like fish, were ori-

ginally produced from the waters; and while looking at these singular fishes one could almost fancy them the connecting link between birds and fish, as the bat is between beast and bird. It is not the case, however. The flying fish has elongated, pectoral fins which, when expanded, enable the fish to rest upon the air. During its course it can fly about 50 or 60 yards while the fins are moist, but when they become dry the fish falls into its natural element, again to renew the motive power.

Perhaps you have never met with Tom Moore's poem "To the Flying Fish," written by him during his American tour in 1803. I shall give an extract from this beautiful poem, which indicates the genuine religious feeling in the heart of our greatest Irish poet:

TO THE FLYING FISH.

When I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white
So gayly to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise
And live amid the glorious skies;
O, it has made me proudly feel
How like thy wings' impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
Within this world's gross element,
But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er.
Like thee, a while, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think
Like thee, again, the soul may sink.

Our vessel being in sight of land we had to wait for a pilot, as it would be quite impossible for any vessel to effect an entrance safely without the aid of one of those useful personages.

The Bermuda pilots, usually mulattoes, are a clever, daring set of fellows, with "eyes like hawk's and nerves of steel," and who, having followed the profession from boyhood, are experts.

The outer reefs which surround Bermuda are extremely dangerous; many a fine vessel has been dashed to pieces against them. These reefs are really a belt of submerged rocks about ten miles from the shore, coated with a sort of stony sea weed of a dark red color called nullipores, etc., twisted serpulae, marine anniledes, inhabiting hard calcareous tubes; also various species of coral, which look like a brown bush until passed through the process of cleaning.

Our vessel entered the "narrows," which is, despite its name, the widest and deep st channel, having a depth of 7 or 8 fathoms at low water. Our pilot took us, sometimes slowly along the shore, again out straight. Then cautiously twisting and turning,

Gently we stole before the whispering wind
That kissed on either side our timid sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal
vales;
Each wooded island shed so soft a green
That the enamoured keel with whispering
play
Through liquid herbage seemed to steal its
way.

Thus, until we reached Hamilton harbor and landed safely.

"Bright rose the morning, every wave was
still,
When the first perfume of a cedar hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling
charms
The fairy harbor woo'd us to its arms."

"Never did we'ry bark more gently glide
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide."

Adieu, PLACIDIA.

LETTER II.

HAMILTON, NOV., 18—.

DEAR FRIEND.—I finished my last letter with our arrival at Bermuda Wharf. The day was love'y, the sun shone brightly on the little sea-girt isle as we bade farewell to our late "home on the rolling deep" and gladly stood at last on terra firma. Our hearts beat high with joyous hopes and bright thoughts of future pleasant days; also with some anxiety about our baggage.

Upon landing we found excellent wharves with galvanized iron roofs, so that all merchandise, freight, baggage, etc., are protected from the weather. The wharves are good, solid-looking masonry, and the whiteness of the roads and buildings present a pleasing aspect to those accustomed to the dusty roads and smoke-hued houses of our cities.

The hotel is a massive and imposing structure, white as snow, glittering in the sun and built on the summit of a high rock. It is reached by a winding road for vehicles, and for pedestrians by wide, smooth steps, cut in the rock. This hotel was built by the municipal authorities for the benefit of the numerous visitors who arrive by every boat, seeking health, rest or recreation. The municipal council lease the hotel at a moderate rental, usually to some enterprising Yankee—for the Americans are really the model hotel-keepers of the world.

The city fathers are not of the Irish Landlord rack-renting type; nor do they extort the last cent of profit from the lessee of the hotel in the time-honored custom of civic authorities. If this liberal-minded course were not pursued it might prove seriously detrimental to the *menage* of that institution. The tea and coffee would probably become weak, the butter strong,

and Artemus Ward's celebrated "Hash" might too often be a prominent item in the bill of fare. This direful and disastrous state of things is as yet carefully averted by a wise city council, and we are still in the full enjoyment of all the delicacies of the season and the dainties of Monsieur "le chef."

G— and I have two pleasant rooms, and from mine especially the view is charming. I look out of my windows at Hamilton Bay. From the great altitude of the hotel I see a tall fringe of green bushes, and beyond that a lovely picture—a sheet of crystal water reposing in calm beauty, reflecting on its bosom the golden rays of the setting sun, a sweet little green islet in the center, and many graceful sloops and pretty boats constantly gliding to and fro. In the back ground there appear to be miniature mountains and rocks, clothed with dark green verdure and studded with snow-white houses peeping out amongst the foliage. It reminds me of a verse in Dryden's Virgil, with which you are no doubt familiar, *The Libyan Shore*. I call it Virgil's idea of a watering place.

"Within a long recess there lies a bay.
An island shades it from the rolling sea
And forms a port secure for ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide
Betwixt two rows of rocks—a sylvan scene
Appears above, and grows forever green."

One evening, enticed by the balmy air (the thermometer stood at 65 degrees) and the beauty of the landscape, G— and I decided to take a stroll. We descended to Front street, which runs parallel with the water; but here, like a *mirage*, all is changed; the Spirit of romance quickly vanishes, and we find the Genius of commerce enthroned and holding undisputed sway. The golden guinea,

that "Sun of old England which never sets," is as devoutly worshipped by the votaries of Plutus here as the almighty dollar in the city of New York.

"Stronger than thunder's winged force,
All powerful gold can speed its course."

The sidewalks are paved with brick, I suppose because the stone of the country is not durable enough. There are a good many handsome dry goods stores, several jewellers', butchers', bakers', druggists' and a great many fancy or variety shops, where sea-shells, coral specimens, walking canes and curiosities are sold. I observed that in nearly all shops *boots* and *perfumery* are for sale—of course with the exception of the butchers' and the grocers' shops.

The evening was so pleasant that we quite forgot the following sound advice of the proverb, viz :

"The dews of the evening most carefully shun
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

As we walked home to the hotel

"That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
With her nocturnal ray shed o'er the scene
A flood of light like day."

The moonlight in Bermuda is so beautiful and bright,
That lawn-tennis can be played in the glow of softened light.

"When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour

Sink in the heart as dew along the flower,
With a pure feeling that absorbs and awes

When nature makes that melancholy pause."

"Now the Queen Moon is on her throne; clustered around are all her starry Fays sparkling in the dark blue depths of Heaven."

"O Moon. The oldest shades 'mongst oldest trees

Feel palpitations when thou lookest in;
Thou dost bless everywhere with silver lip,

Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine

Couched in thy brightness dream of fields divine."

But this is all mere moonshine—I will say good night and conclude with a verse from Scripture :

"The Heavens declared the Glory of God and the firmament showed His handiwork."

Adieu. PLACIDIA.



LETTER III.

HAMILTON, December, 18—.

DEAR H.—Since my last letter we have made several expeditions through Hamilton and vicinity—I should say excursions, as expeditions, strictly speaking, usually refer to war-like enterprises, ours being quite pacific and made with feelings of the utmost good-will to all. The only antagonists we ever meet are wind and weather. They frequently make a fierce attack on unwary travellers. Banning them-

selves together, the wind and rain sweep everything before them; then a conflict ensues, seemingly a struggle for mastery, and, as old Boreas for an instant stops to rest, the flood-gates of Heaven are opened and a deluge is poured down.

In vain the unlucky pedestrian who is "caught out" endeavors to shield himself with his umbrella. The wind turns it inside out and tears it from its lawful owner. The only prudent course

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in a "squall," as they call it, is to hasten to the nearest shelter, whatever that may be, or in less time than it takes to tell it the "unfortunate" will be drenched as completely as if he had been blown into the bay and just crawled out.

One of these squalls occurs about every few weeks; and on the first sign of a storm, if we were on Front street, the shopkeepers invariably offered us seats, and politely invited us to remain until the rain ceased. "*Cela va sans dire.*" As we were captives that was merely a "*facon de parler.*" The little tornado, though fierce, is of short duration; and in about twenty or thirty minutes Nature, like a wilful child, smiles through her tears and soon looks as lovely and serene as usual. Excuse this nonsense. I could have made it much more concise by quoting the words of Holy Scripture: "There appeared a cloud like a man's footprint; the Heavens darkened and there were clouds and wind and a great fall of rain." (I. Kings, xvii.) This verse describes fairly a squall in Bermuda.

We thought it better to visit the public buildings of Hamilton and places in the vicinity before going out of town to explore the other places of interest in the Bermudas.

I will now tell you a little of the geology of these islands. The usual building stone is soft, and it can be sawn into blocks as wood is sawn. It resembles the white stone of France, but is not as durable as the latter. The formation of these lands for the most part is derived from broken-up shells, corals and nullipores, etc, presenting every state from the most friable material to the compact limestone.

The Royal Engineers' quarries contain, however, excellent, hard, durable

stone suitable for foundations, walks, etc.

I should think that an earthquake was the cause of the present state of these islands—perhaps the earthquake of 1801. From soundings taken recently around Bermuda it is proved to be a peak rising abruptly from the abyssal depth of 1,820 fathoms, while at a distance of eighty miles its base rests upon the ocean floor at the great depth of 3,875 fathoms; so that if the formation stood above water it would appear as a mountain over 23,000 feet in height.

It has been proved, in fact, that Bermuda was at one time, if not a mountain, yet elevated greatly above the surface of the water.

Experiments made in 1870 by submarine blastings show that at a depth of 42 feet caves full of stalactites and congealed water resembling cornelian were discovered, and also layers of red earth two feet thick, similar to that forming the common soil of the islands, and mixed with the remains of cedar trees.

It has also been proved that Bermuda was formerly 24 miles by 12, extending to the reefs; though now, with islands and rocky islets (altogether 300 may be counted), the whole lies in a space of 23 miles by 3, and so slightly raised above the ocean surface the highest point of land only reaches 250 feet above the level of the water.

The white stone of Bermuda will not hold water, being porous; and the inhabitants, by using bricks and cement, make excellent cisterns and provide extensive "water-sheds," as they are called, to catch *rain-water*.

"The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Preclusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world."

The water sheds are constructed for the purpose of catching rain-water. I suppose as a water-shed is the highest ground in a country from which rivers or streams descend, the name is suitable to the artificial ones formed in Bermuda. The inhabitants of these islands are obliged absolutely to depend on the rain as a beverage, and for everything in which fresh water is necessary.

"When the blackening clouds in sprinkling showers
Distil from the high summits down, the
rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture
cheered,
The orchards smile; joyous the gardeners
see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heav-
enly dew."

There are no natural wells or lakes in Bermuda. Being thus circumstanced the people have everywhere made large tanks to contain rain-water, which is clear as crystal and most delicious to drink. The roofs of all houses, water sheds, &c., are kept constantly coated with lime. The tanks and cisterns are prepared to preserve water pure and fresh for two or three months in case a drought should occur. A drought is, happily, rare in Bermuda; but if that contingency be not provided for, it would be a serious matter for the Bermudians. They could sing dolefully with the "Ancient Mariner":

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

That might be the very inconvenient situation of the inhabitants—an awkward predicament for the Temperance people. The Teetotallers would have to drink ale or wine, unless they had a stock of Temperance drinks ready for use. They must "Use a

little wine for their often infirmities;" or they might say with the poet:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I'll pledge thee with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

That is a temperance pledge surely.

The following lines express Bermudian sentiments concerning rain:

"When the clouds have poured their rain,
Sweeter smell the flowers;
Brightest shine Heaven's starry train
In Earth's sunless hours."

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the close and narrow lane
How beautiful is the rain!
To the dry grass and drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

Most of the menial labor is performed by the colored people, the majority of whom are mulattoes of every shade, from ebony and walnut to cream color. They are a simple-minded, civil people, usually neatly dressed, and smiling.

"They laugh and sing and dance away the
time.
Gay as the birds and happy as their clime."

The drives about Hamilton are very pleasant. You bowl along those white stone roads, which are smooth and free from dust, over a constant succession of hill and dale, always undulating and always winding. Scenery new and beautiful greets you at every turn. You pass through long avenues of oleander trees thickly interlaced, being planted close together to shield gardens and orchards from the high winds.

Here and there are lovely gardens filled with tropical plants and flowers, and inside stand the handsome white mansions of the owners, surrounded by green verandahs. The latter are

a necessity in this semi-tropical climate.

Occasionally a brilliant blue green color flashes like a jewel as the road turns towards either side, and we get a glimpse of the ocean. It is stated that, with the exception of the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, none can compare with those around Bermuda for color and transparency. One may see below the surface of the water twenty-feet on a calm day. The rocks with their growth of coral are plainly

visible, and seem to those in the boats to be quite near the surface.

"Along the margin many a shining dome
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome
Brightened the wave."

I will conclude with an echo of
Cary's wish :

"Here could I wish, so fate allowed,
No longer toiling through the crowd,
Mine age this calm content to taste,
With ocean breath mine own to waste."

Adieu.

PLACIDIA.

LETTER IV.

HAMILTON, December 18—.

Last week we made an excursion to the Lighthouse—one of the "Lions" of Bermuda. This commanding structure, which possesses one of the most powerful lights to be seen in any part of the world, is situated on the summit of Gibb's Hill, the highest point of land in the western portion of the Bermudas. The light itself stands 362 feet above the sea level. It appears every 54 seconds; and the lens being dioptric and exceedingly powerful, with bright polished mirrors, the flash is a very brilliant one, and can be easily seen 30 miles off.

The tower, which is of cast iron, was constructed in London, and sent out in plates, the last of which was put into place October 9, 1845. The light was first shown May 1, 1846. At the lower portion of the tower stability is given by concrete filled in 22 feet high, where the first floor is. Above this there are seven rooms, 12 feet high, supported by a central revolving column, which is hollow. It serves for the revolving machinery of the light. From centre of light to top of vane is 17 feet. The tower is 134 feet in height, being 24 feet in diameter at

the base and 14 at the top. The cost, exclusive of the light, machinery, etc., was £5,500, about \$27,500, paid by the Imperial Government, on the understanding that the colony would furnish funds for lighting, repairing, etc., which amount to about £500 per annum, inclusive of keepers' salaries.

We went up the steep steps and were admitted to the gallery by the keeper. The finest view of the Bermudas can be obtained from this gallery. It is a bird's eye view of the group; nothing is left out. We looked down from this great elevation at the cluster of islets below, set, as it were, in a plane of azure tinted with emerald. Far away N. E. we see the foaming breakers on sunken rocks, and the North Rock shows its dark pinnacles above the seething waters. Turning to the west the long line of breakers attract the eye, showing how futile must be the efforts of any craft to enter within this fearful boundary without the aid of the dexterous pilot, whose practised eye alone can discern the narrowed channel through the boiling surf. How many noble ships, before this light was shown, struck these outer shoals and sank beneath

the waves. How many poor souls have perished without leaving a record of their fate, history fails to tell. But this we know, that even since the light was established not a winter season passes without one or more total wrecks of sailing or fishing vessels and many narrow escapes from a similar doom.

"To-night there is a storm at sea,
I hear the breakers roar ;
There comes across the grassy lea
The thunder of the shore.
And pity burns within my soul
For those upon the deep ;
Kind Saviour, Christ, do Thou control
The waves and bid them sleep !

Alas ! a schooner on our shore,
By stormy billows tossed,
Went down amid the tempest's roar,
And every soul was lost !
Ah me ! the wind blows loud to-night ;
Christ save poor souls at sea !
Burn brightly every beacon light
Wherever ships may be !"

North, south, east and west the scene is bounded alone by the distant horizon. We note the dangerous coral reefs marked by a fringe of feathery, foamy waves, which surround these reefs, as if caressing the spot they love.

"The world's a sea ; my life's a ship that's manned
With labouring thoughts, and steered by reason's hand "

"Let not the water floods overflow me,
neither let the deeps swallow me up."—
PSALM LXII.

What insignificant beings we are ! How small a place we inhabit on this wild waste of waters ! We are filled with awe, almost with terror, when the rolling seas, unimpeded in their course for hundreds of miles, thunder against the shore and cause the whole building to vibrate from its founda-

tions. "Such thou art ; stupendous ocean, image of Eternity ; over time itself victorious ; what must thy Creator be !"

"Great Ocean, strongest of Creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
Thou rolled the wild, profound, eternal
bass
In Nature's anthem, and made music
such
As pleased the Ear of God."

Type of the Infinite, I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting place, or make
A shore beyond a vision, where they break ;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think ; then rests and then puts forth
again.
Thou holdst me by a spell ; and on thy
beach
I feel all soul ; and thoughts unmeasured
reach,
Far back beyond all date. And oh ! how
old
Thou art to me. For countless years Thou
hast rolled.
Before an ear did hear thee, Thou didst
mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn."

Truly this is one of the fairest and grandest of Nature's scenes. The sight is a sermon in itself. The troubled waters breaking on reefs below seem to portray the turmoil of life, the harassing cares and sorrows of this world ; while the faint, far-off line which melts into the hazy sky and marks the uncertain limit of the distant horizon reminds us of the boundless, endless shore of Eternity.

"Eternity, that boundless race
Which Time himself can never run,
Swift as he flies with an unwearyed pace,
Which, when ten thousand thousand
years are done,
Is still the same and still to be begun."

Adieu. PLACIDIA.

LETTER V.

HAMILTON, December, 18—.

DEAR F.—This is a day like a handsome shrew—beautiful in appearance, fresh and finely tinted, but most vixenish, with its “brazen, burning sun and graceless wind”; so we shall visit the Public Building, and spend the day in the Library, instead of driving about.

There are not many fine buildings in Hamilton. Trinity Church is one of the handsomest, and occupies a commanding site above the lower town. It is Anglican, and is called a *High Church*. I am not alluding to its elevated position, but to its doctrine; and if high means Heavenward, I trust its motto will be “Excelsior” till it arrives at the summit of that Rock on which Christ built His Church, secure against the warfare and the wiles of Satan. Near by, on the same range of hills, stands the Sessions House, in which are the House of Assembly and the Court House. This was built in 1822. Below the hill on which the Session House stands is the Public Building, erected in 1839. In this important building are the Custom House, Colonial Offices, Public Library, Council Chamber, etc. Upstairs there are some cases containing Natural History specimens, curiosities, etc. The old-fashioned Grandfather’s Clock in the hall regulates the Bermudian hours.

And from its station in the hall

This ancient time-piece says to all:

“Forever, never; never, forever.”

The large Barometer denotes the atmospheric variations, usually showing from 60 to 70 degrees in winter.

The area which surrounds the Public Building is tastefully ornamented with trees, plants, flowers and shrubs. A fine cedar tree, now fourteen feet high, was planted by H.R.H. Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh), then serving as

midshipman in the flagship *Nile*, in 1862. This is called “Prince Alfred’s tree.” A majestic granite obelisk, with an inscription on it stating that it was erected in graceful remembrance of Sir William Reid in 1861, is also an attractive object in the grounds. This Governor was the most energetic, active and popular of all the rulers who ever held office in Bermuda. He established the Model Farm, instituted the Public Library, improved Mount Langton, and carried out various other works beneficial to Bermuda. Sir W. Reid also wrote a well known book—“Reid on Storms”—most useful to navigators.

The Public Library is well stocked with excellent works of literature, many of a high class, and also with magazines and many old books, quite curiosities in themselves. I was much entertained with the perusal of some old copies of the *Bermuda Gazette*, the first newspaper published in the islands. It was established in January, 1780. The news, though *slightly stale*, is interesting—advertisements of various sales of coloured men, boys and girls, at auction, an account of a hurricane which uprooted trees and levelled houses; and a description of the earthquake of 1801, the state of the crops; new potatoes for sale in February and March; also tomatoes, strawberries and Loquat plums. The issues of the *Gazette* for the years from 1781 to 1810, however, were of absorbing interest to me. Each one relates, in a succinct manner, the weekly news of the troubles existing in France and in Ireland. The *Gazette*, quoting from an Irish paper concerning a speech which Grattan delivered in the House of Commons, says “the torrent of Grattan’s eloquence completely swept away all ‘Flood-marks,’ without leaving a vestige.”

This jest had reference to the following Parliamentary report :

"The Irish bill of rights having been passed, mainly through the splendid eloquence and masterly efforts of Grattan, Flood made an attempt to achieve what he imagined would be a greater triumph. He declared that the mere repeal of the law (6 Geo. I.) which subjected Ireland to the control of the English Parliament was not enough, and insisted upon an express renoucement of the right of the English Parliament to interfere in any way with the government of Ireland.

"Grattan, having good reasons for it, maintained that his own bill was sufficient, and vigorously opposed that which Flood introduced.

"The two orators, forgetting their old friendship, exchanged speeches full of the bitterest personal invective."

Another issue gives an account of an intended duel between these two fire-eating patriots, Flood and Grattan. After fighting long with pens and tongues, they discarded the use of these bloodless weapons and decided to settle their disputes by the gentlemanly "code of honour" (?) then in fashion—"coffee and pistols for two." A meeting was arranged to take place at Dover. However, through friends of both, the affair was amicably settled. Grattan, who lived till 1826, strongly opposed and bitterly lamented the Act of Union between England and Ireland. Grattan said of himself: "I watched by the cradle of my country's greatness, and I followed its hearse"—alluding to the Act of Union. O'Connell called the Act of Union *the grave of Ireland's prosperity*. Daniel O'Connell had a high opinion of Henry Grattan, the son of the great Irish patriot. He said of him: "He inherits all his father's devotion to Ireland. If you presented a pistol to his head, and if he were persuaded that his own

immediate death would secure the repeal of the Union, he would say, 'In the name of Heaven, fire away.'"

The news from France concerning the revolution of 1792 and '98 is terribly realistic. A reign of terror is indeed established there. Unhappy France! bound, bleeding and crushed beneath the iron heel of a sanguinary and brutal despotism.

Oh! cruel war! Oh! intestine war!

"That owns no Sabbath; war with impious toil.

Unspont, with blood unquated, the fiend
Of vengeance, still rebellious, still pursues
His work of death; nor pauses, nor
relents

For law divine, nor sight of human woe."

Those inhuman rulers, who worshipped the devil under the title of Liberty, in their insensate fury sacrificed alike both innocent and guilty. The oppressed are now the oppressors, and their war cry is "*A bas les Aristocrates.*"

"The mob is a monster with the hands
Of Briareus but the head of Polyphemus;
Strong to execute but blind to perceive."

When Louis Quinze, in a prophetic mood, gave this *mot* to posterity, "The monarchy is very old, but it will last my time—*Après moi le deluge.*" his Majesty doubtless did not dream of the awful deluge of blood by which the iniquities of his royal ancestors for generations back would be visited upon the heads of the innocent, the noble, and the holy ones of France. Thiers' "History of the Revolution" graphically describes the fearful scenes of bloodshed and terror; but never has it appeared so real, so pitiful, as when reading from day to day of those harrowing events, as if they were still in progress.

Reading those old papers of a century ago and musing on these mournful pictures, I felt carried away in spirit back to that bygone period when the mock trial of Louis XVI. was taking

place. Then his condemnation and execution were announced.

"Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears

And slits the thin spun life."

Accounts came of the busy, bloody work of the guillotine, the murder of the Archbishop of Paris and the many holy priests who essayed to check the tide of bloodshed. My heart beat painfully in reading the horrific murder of the unfortunate Princess De Lamballe, which, with all its revolting details, is given to the reader.

"The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of."

What must have been felt in quiet, remote Bermuda at the news of those fearful incidents of the Old World, following so quickly on the heels of the American Revolution in the New World. What saddening thoughts these ancient journals conjure up as we reflect on that terrible period of

trial to France, listening to the voice of the resurrected Past "echoing through the distant corridors of Time."

"Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old Empires sit in sullenness and gloom;
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb."

"But let the dead Past bury its dead."

We must feel grateful to Divine Providence that the period for such fearful tragedies has passed for ever, and that we live in a peaceful country and in peaceful times.

"From hence let fierce contending nations
know
What dire effects from civil discord flow."

I have detained you too long here
amid scenes of sadness.

Adieu.

PLACIDIA.



LETTER VI.

HAMILTON, December, 18—

DEAR F.—We went this week to visit some of the singular caves in Bermuda. I must try to give you a description of Walsingham caves. They are nine miles from Hamilton. We drove as far as we could find the tracks of wheels, and then got out of the vehicle and walked a quarter of a mile in a place remarkable for its rugged and picturesque beauty. It presents a singular and chaotic appearance—broken rocks, caverns and ponds where many fish disport themselves, interspersed with grassy patches and thickets, in which the foliage of the numerous trees is entwined and matted with that of the wild orange and lemon. A climbing jasmine overruns everything, and ferns and mosses

grow out of every cranny and crevice in the rocks. We passed on through verdant glades, where our sable guide pointed out to us the old Calabash Tree, which is called Tom Moore's Calabash Tree, immortalized by being the favorite retreat of that poet while resident on these islands. Its wide-spreading branches afford a pleasant shade to those seated on the rustic bench beneath. It was in allusion to this place that the poet wrote to his friend Joseph Atkinson the verses beginning

"'Twas thus by the shade of a Calabash tree,
With a few who could feel and remember
like me—

The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I
threw
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on
you."

It may have seemed very pleasant to Messrs. Moore and Atkinson to sit by the shade of a Calabash tree, *sans soucis*, enjoying the "feast of reason and the flow of soul;" also perhaps the "flowing bowl;" or they, like

"The crew of the Malacca,
Drank their ale and smoked their 'baoca."

But just imagine yourself seated there, and think of the dire consequences that might ensue if a nice ripe calabash, about 12 or 14 inches in circumference, and heavy in proportion, should fall and strike you on the nasal organ. The Grecian outline of that prominent feature would be utterly destroyed; in fact your dearest friends would scarcely recognize you. Appearances, therefore, being contrary to truth, some sturdy guardian of the peace "drest in a little brief authority," a blue coat with brass buttons, and armed with a policeman's baton, might seize and hold your person "in durance vile," believing firmly that he had captured one of the "Fancy"—Bill Sykes, the notorious "Pet" of Chubb's Lane; or "Bob Stokes, the Dunsford Chicken," after a "mill." With this classical reference to "*ce danger imminent que vous avez echappé*," I will say *Vive la bagatelle*.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Now I must resume my account of Walsingham Caves, or this letter will last out a "night in Russia when nights are longest there." We walked on towards the caves, sometimes in single file, *volens volens*, meeting here and there large boulders or masses of rock, over which, in strange and lovely profusion, creep the tendrils of he wild convolvulus, mingled with varieties of fern and velvet mosses. On through narrow paths in secluded dells, whose damp and shady recesses foster thick coppices of the coffee plant, bearing, amid its green satin

leaves, bright scarlet berries on every branch.

"There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope and holiness and God."

At last by dint of walking slowly, climbing, sliding and carefully picking our steps, we reach the mouth of the first cave. Our "culler pusson" now lights candles and some brush. We have brought with us a quantity of that red powder which is used in tableaux, etc., and soon reach the inside cave, which, when illuminated, presents a scene of almost magic beauty. It recalls those ancient poetic legends which tell of the "crystaled mansions" of the Naiad and the Watersprite. Pendant from the roof of the cave are myriads of stalactites glistening with water and sparkling like diamonds. Cylindrical columns of great beauty are formed by the constant dropping of water; many of them reach the ground and appear to support the roof like pillars of crystal, sparkling and white.

The ground where we stood, and for a short distance inside the cave, is a mass of what is called "stalagmite," the same I think, as the "Cave of the Winds" at Niagara Falls. These Stalactitic Halls are floored with transparent waters, on whose mirrored surface a boat has never yet been launched to explore the unknown regions of darkness beyond our view. We gazed in mingled awe and admiration. I was silently thinking of the weird and beautiful legends of Undine and Sintram, almost expecting to see a Sprite in robes of "silvery sheen" emerge from the misty obscurity which the eye cannot penetrate—

"Waiting for some bright presence to unfold its glory,
In li'ly vesture with silver wings and dimly shining hair."

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No doubt the poet Moore, having visited these places in Bermuda, drew inspiration from the wild beauty of this locality, and thus immortalized its sylvan loveliness in his musical verse :

"And now the fairy pathway seemed
To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dreamed
Of Love's Elysium bloomed around.
O, 'twas a bright bewildering scene
Along the glades of deepening green—
You'd think that Nature lavished there
Her purest wave, her softest air,
To make a Heaven for Love to sigh in
For Bards to sing and Saints to die in."
—MOORE.

Nature is full of poetry, from the high mountains to the sheltered valley, from the bleak promontory to the myrtle grove, from the starlit heavens to the slumbering earth.

"There is in Poetry a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks
to Prose,
Her youngest sister."

Take the sweet poetry of life away
and what remains behind ?

"The world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is
veill'd

And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glories of Immensity."

I shall conclude by asking why you
don't write more often ?

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

"The world agrees that he writes well
who writes with ease."

But Pope says :

"True ease in writing comes from art, not
chance,
As those move easiest who have learned
to dance."

This is "*Vera pro gratis*" (more
true than pleasant).

"He that writes
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends: there's not a
guest,
But will find something wanting or ill
drest."

However, "*Do write and fear not.*"
Adieu. PLACIDIA.



LETTER VII.

HAMILTON, December, 18—.

DEAR — We have since visited Joyce's caves, very much like the Walsingham caves, but much smaller, so I need not describe them. They present the usual appearance of stalactitic halls, floored with transparent waters.

Another pleasant drive we had lately was to Somerset. Having taken our lunch with us we had a picnic in a "cottage by the sea." Through the kindness of the owner, an amiable colored lady, we feasted in her neat parlor, which, as usual here among that *class*, was partitioned off from the other rooms by white cotton

stretched over a wooden frame. We had with our sandwiches delicious tomatoes, and the excellent sauce which the old proverb describes as follows: "Hunger is the best sauce."

Our hostess made many apologies for her home being out of its usual order, as she was house-cleaning and white washing. She informed us that her kitchen was "all in an uproar," and that one had to *climb under* ladders and tables to get at anything required.

We have new potatoes for dinner every day. Tomatoes are here in abundance, also young white turnips and lettuce, etc. There is a kind of

Japanese plum grows here called "Loquats." They are very nice and make good preserves. Strawberries are ripe, but scarce. As my present subject is vegetables I shall mention a person who might fairly be called a *vegetarian*; of course I don't know what his theory on the subject may be. *Entre nous*, this person was not in his first bloom; his brow was "slightly scribbled on by the hand of Time;" in fact he had faded into the *seve* and *yellow leaf*—the *Autumn* of life. He drove a donkey cart full of cabbage and potatoes; he had *carrotty* hair, which was *bushy*—a *turnup* nose of a *cherry* color—a *redish* mouth, cheeks like *beets* and *gooseberry* eyes—he had a *melancholy* expression. It is stated that he tried to raise *pine-apples* from a *pine tree*, but his efforts were *fruitless*.

Now as Hood says :

"This is quite enough
Of such rough tough stuff."

Satis verborum.

However, I am forgetting that Somerset is yet a *terra incognita* to you. The drive thither is delightful, through avenues of oleanders diversified by plantain and other tropical trees towering above them.

We crossed Somerset bridge, which connects the island of Somerset with the main land, and proceeded to climb Wreck Hill, so named from its being the spot from which can be obtained the best view of the western reefs, which have always been considered the most dangerous of all reefs surrounding the Islands before the lighthouse on Gibb's Hill was built.

Here, in days of yore, long before the morning which succeeded a tempestuous night dawned upon the scene, the hardy fishermen and pilots of the neighbourhood would congregate on the lookout for wrecks, which frequently afforded a speedy means of replenishing their household stores, in

times when the luxuries of life were exceedingly scarce in these remote isles, and, I may add, to render assistance, if possible.

"All night the booming minute gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A queenly ship from India's coral strand
Before the raging blast
Had veiled her topsails to the sand
And bowed her noble mast."

Leaving "Wreck Hill" we drove, past lovely gardens filled with rare and bright flowers, into Somerset, where we visited a fine store, a whole block in itself, containing everything, from a needle to an anchor, like Macy's in New York. We next visited Elis Harbour, a little gem of an islet, which is protected by the tongue of land on which "Wreck Hill" stands. As the sun shone on its waters they appeared to be of the lightest emerald tint, resembling an aqua marine stone, surrounded by rocky shores, clothed almost to the water's edge with the evergreen foliage of the scented cedar.

"Close to the wooded bank below
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep."
—MOORE.

We came home by the North Shore road, and got out of our carriage to see the statue and monument erected by Colonel B—— over the grave of a favorite dog, a huge hound. The Colonel is quite a good artist, and has sculptured the dog "excellently well," true to nature and as large as life. The statue is placed on a high, oblong monument, with the fore-paws extended, the head slightly raised, rearing as if after a run and looking for an approving "pat."

Greek characters were inscribed on the pedestal, and in large letters the dog's name—"LUFRA" (Douglas's dog, "the fleetest hound in all the North").

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"Ellen the while, with bursting heart,
Remained in lordly bower apart—
While "Lufra," crouching at her side,
His station claimed with jealous pride."
—LADY OF THE LAKE.

The following inscription on the monument is characteristic of the man, and probably appropriate to the dog; but as I had not the pleasure of Lufra's acquaintance, I cannot offer an opinion on *that* subject :

EPITAPH ON A DOG.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,

Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below ;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been :

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, the foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,

Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,

Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn :
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise :

I never knew but one—and there he lies.

I sympathized with the Colonel about his lost canine friend, for I also am a lover of dogs. "I am a friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures, and never fawn on any that they *love not*." Southey, in "*Roderick*," gives an instance of the faithful love of a dog :

"Theron, the favorite dog of Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, was extremely fond of his royal master. After the dis-crowned King had assumed the disguise of a monk and called himself Father Maccabee, none of his friends knew who he really was. His tutor, his mother, and even Florida, failed to recognize him. Theron knew his master at once, and fawned on him with fondest love and frantic joy. When Roderick saw that his favorite knew him and loved him so well, he threw his arms around the dog and cried, while tears streamed down : 'Theron, thou hast known thy poor, lost master, thou, Theron ; none but thou !' The faithful, loving creature would never leave his master again till it died."

"Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason ; sure 'tis some-
thing more—
'Tis Heaven directs and instinct wise in-
sures

Beyond the short extent of human thought."

I cannot help reflecting on the ex-ample which the conduct of dumb animals affords to Christians. The dog we feed and caress loves his master, and shows his gratitude and affection by obeying him and serving him faithfully, even unto death. God created all creatures for man, and created man solely for Himself. He ardently desires that man should love Him. God *commands* us to love Him. Thou should love the Lord thy God with thy *whole heart*." He must have our *whole* heart—an undivided heart. God even begs of man his heart. "My Son, give me thy heart." (Prov. xxii.)

The Lord, by the mouth of His prophet, complains of the rude per-versity of man in not loving Him : "Hear, O ye heavens ! and give ear, O earth ! I have brought up children and exalted them ; but they have despised Me. The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib ; but Israel hath not known Me, and My people hath not understood." (Isaias i., 3.)

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love !
Whom we that have not seen Thy Face
By faith and faith alone embrace ;
Forgo our vain, impatient sighs,
And in Thy Wisdom make us wise."

Now I shall return to the dumb animals, with which I began this moral essay. I shall ask you to pardon the digression for the sake of the subject. *Revenous a nos chiens*.

From the earliest period, as history leads, us to believe, the dog has been the faithful companion and assistant of man in all parts of the world. The fidelity of the dog and his loving attachment are proverbial. United to these qualities is his self-sacrificing obedience. The sagacity, almost amounting to reason, and unlimited

patience of the dog causes him to be one of the most valuable as well as the most endearing of our domestic animals.

In the mountains of Europe, amongst the eternal, spotless, trackless snows and glaciers, how many thousands of lives have been saved by the Monks of St. Bernard and their well-trained dogs.

One of these intelligent creatures, the famous St. Bernard dog who saved

forty human beings himself, was named "Barry." The stuffed skin of this noble animal is preserved in the Museum at Berne.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Adieu. PLACIDIA.



LETTER VIII.

HAMILTON, January, 18—.

DEAR FRIEND—Christmas has come and gone. I thank you and all at home for the pretty Xmas cards and kindly wishes. I am glad you received those I sent home. Now I wish you all a very happy New Year, and many of them.

"Years following years steal something every day ;
At last they steal us from ourselves away."

Though Christmas was very pleasant here, there is no place like home, at Christmas at least ; so say all the exiles who have celebrated the feast in Bermuda this winter.

"Our home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Christmas is the great feast of the year in Bermuda. The colored people, even more than the whites, take especial care and pride in celebrating it, and keep up their gala time for a whole week afterwards.

That the birth of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the human race, and the mysterious link connecting the transcendent and incomprehensible attributes of Deity with human sympathies and affections, should be considered as the most glorious event that ever happened, and the most worthy of be-

ing reverently and joyously commemorated, is a proposition which must commend itself to the heart and reason of every one of His followers—by those Christians especially who are true followers of Jesus, who aspire to walk in His footsteps, and hope to share in the ineffable benefits which His sufferings and death have secured to mankind.

"Knowing that you were not re-deemed with corruptible things as gold and silver, but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a Lamb unspotted and undefiled." (I Peter, i. 18.)

"Bright and blessed is the time
Sorrow ends and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chime
Ring the Day of Plenty in !
But the happy tide to hell
With a sigh or with a tear ;
Heigho, I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year !"

It is sad to think that these verses express the real sentiments of many at Christmas. This is a utilitarian age, and Mammon is the God of modern times, to which the worldly pay homage. Even the devout have been influenced to some extent by the spirit which would keep religion a thing revered indeed, but yet a thing apart. At Christmastide, however, the heart of mankind seems to pulsate with joy and

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goodwill, and the story of Our Saviour's birth and life takes on a more endearing aspect, diffusing the genial glow of devotion through Christian souls.

The feast of Madona and Child,
Of Mary with Babe on her arm;
Nor frost and snow, nor season mild
Can make or mar its charm.

Dear God ! what a gift is this !
With Jesus our Baby Brother ;
His Father in Heaven our Father is,
And Mary our own sweet Mother !

Praise to Thee, Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
God's Holy Family !
Praise, oh praise, the Sinless Mother ;
Praise to that household's gentle Master be,
And with the Child whom we call Brother,
Weep for joy of that dear earthly Trinity
By which all blessings come, all gifts are
given.

Come Christians all, sweet anthems weaving ;
Come young and old, come gay and grieving ;
Come praise with me, praiseling and believing ;
God's Family, God's Holy Family !

—FABER.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS AT CHRISTMAS.

"O Maiden Mother, in those blessed days,
When bending o'er the cradle whence thy
Child

Looked upward to thine own sweet face and
smiled,
Thy soul delighted on His charms to gaze,
And lost itself in wonder and in praise
That His great love had from the Heavens
beguiled

A God incarnate to this world defiled,
To make atonement for our wicked ways.
Mary, our human race thou hast to such
degree

Ennobled in our Maker's eye, that He
His creature's child hath not disdained to be."

"He who created me rested in my taber-
nacle."
(Eccles. xxiv.)

"Hail, full of Grace, the Lord is with
Thee. Blessed art thou amongst women."

"Thou art a Mother of whom none but
God was worthy to be the Son, because He
made thee for himself. Thou art all fair, O
my Love, and there is not a spot or stain in
thee."
(Cant. i. 7.)

"When the Little Flower bloomed in
Bethlehem at midnight, and the strains of
angelic music flowed in waves of celestial
harmony over the earth, saying, 'Peace on
Earth to men of goodwill;' when Mary
held in her arms her new-born Babe, the
Flower which had blossomed of her virginal
blood, when She adored Him as the Eternal
God, what a holy joy was hers."

"When Mary gazed at that lovely Face
and kissed those sweet Baby lips, with what
love she offers to the Eternal Father that
which is equal to Himself as a propitiation
for her fellow-creatures."

Virgo ante partum,
Virgo in partu,
Virgo post partum,
Ora pro nobis.

The following extract is from a poem
which I found here; it will form a link
in the chain of reflections on this holy
season:

"Turn now, where stood the spotless Vir-
gin: sweet
Her azure eye, and fair her golden ringlets;
But changeful as the hues of infancy
Her face. As on her son, her God, she
gazed,
Fix'd was her look—earnest and breathless;
now
Suffused her glowing cheek; now, changed
to pale;
First, round her lip a smile celestial play'd,
Then, fast, fast rain'd the tears. Who can
interpret?
Perhaps some thought maternal cross'd her
heart,
That mused on days long past, when on her
breast
He helpless lay, and of His infant smile;
Or on those nights of terror, when, from
worse
Than wolves, she hasted with her Babe to
Egypt."

—The Judgment, J. A. Hillhouse.

The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid, the night is still,
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky;
Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of Gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old;

Ring in the thousand years of peace;
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the mind;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer life.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The eager heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land ;
Ring in the CHRIST that is to be.

The churches here are all beautifully decorated with natural flowers and ferns, entwined around pillars and hung in festoons and wreaths. The fonts are embosomed in flowers. The little Catholic Chapel to which we wended our way was also prettily ornamented, especially the Altar and the Shrines, with natural flowers. The little church is very pretty. It is of the white stone of the Island, and built upon a small rock, in which steps are cut leading to the entrance. As Mark Twain said, "There is just enough of whispering breeze, fragrance of flowers, and sense of repose," (*peace*, I should say) "to raise one's thoughts Heavenward." The Chaplain of the Forces attends this church. There being only one Priest (the Catholics are not numerous enough to pay one on the Island) he has to fulfil the duties of Parish Priest not only to Hamilton but St. George Island, on which the Barracks and Forts are. He also attends the Docks where the Royal Navy dwells in Ireland Isle. The Rev. Father can only say two Masses on Sunday, and therefore, each place is, in its turn, left without Mass.

The first time we went to Mass it was to us a novel and pleasing sight. The chapel was nearly full of soldiers and officers in scarlet uniforms, which brightened the scene. Two stalwart young soldiers in snowy surplices served Mass with devout and military precision.

There was a large gong which was sounded at the Sanctus, the Elevation, etc.; deep toned and solemn, it seemed like the boom of a distant cannon. The solemn sound of the gong, and the military Mass, started a train of thought in my mind. The boom of cannon—

"The death shot hissing from afar ;
The shock, the shout, the groan of War."

How sad to think those fine young fellows, full of life and hope, may one day be "food for powder." I felt sorry for them.

"Dost thou know the fate of soldiers ?
They're but Ambition's tools to cut a way
To her unlawful ends ; and when they're
worn,
Hacked, hewn with constant service, thrown
aside
To rust in peace and rot in hospitals."

This is their destiny. I wondered if they ever reflected upon it, especially during the time of the Holy Sacrifice, and offered fervent prayers for mercy in the hour of trial and danger to both soul and body.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
'Tis not the whole of life to live :
Nor all of death to die."

"Spirit of Light and Life ! when the battle
rears
Her fiery brow and her terrific spears ;
When red-mouthed cannon to the clouds up
roar,
And gasping thousands make their beds in
gore ;
While in the bellowing bosom of the air
Roll the dread notes of anguish and despair ;
Unseen THOU walkest upon the smoking
plain
And hearest each prayer of dying 'mongst
the slain."

"We have made a covenant with
death ; and with Hell we are at agree-
ment." (Isaias, xviii.)

"War, and the great in arms shall poets
sing,
Havoc and tears and spoils and triumphing ;
The morning march that flashes glorious in
the sun :

"The feast of vultures when the day is done,
And the strange tale of many slain for one."
Empires and kings, how oft have temples
rung

With impious thankgiving the Almighty's
scorn !

How oft above their altars have been hung
Trophies that caused the good and wise
to mourn.

Triumphant wrong. Battle of Battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow
clung !

Adieu.

PLACIDIA.

LETTER IX.

HAMILTON, January, 18—.

DEAR ———

I heard that this winter in Canada and the United States is extremely cold, very stormy, and much snow has fallen. I suppose this sort of thing describes it: Lashing rains, scourging winds, numbing frosts, glaring snows, narrow-searching fogs—on all those instruments Winter plays his terrible marches and solemn fugues—*Que voulez-vous? Voila!* The climate of America has at least the merit of variety. While our Autumns and Springs display for a short period now and then a decent gentleness of behaviour, which makes the tender allegories of these seasons seem not altogether ironical, the times between them are generally mere brutal exhibitions of unreasonableness temperature. Just after the gentle month of June there comes a rush of tropical savage Powers as relentless as an ancient Saracen invasion. While Autumn is painting all sorts of affectionate remembrances on our hills and valleys, and turning the trees crimson with her kisses, there comes a horde of invaders from about the North Pole as ruthless as Huns or as a tribe of hostile Indians, slaying and scalping all the creations of Summer, like barbarians as they are. Our land is a perfect war-path of contending North and South without sufficient defences of seas and mountains, entirely unprotected and open to both forces.

However, I will defend our American climate, as every country has its faults and none are perfect. Here is an old poem which makes a fair apology for Canada's capricious climate:

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

"What is there saddening in the Autumn leaves?
Have they that 'green and yellow melancholy'

That the sweet poet spake of? Had he seen

Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty of October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge
left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sigh'd.

The moon stays longest for the hunter
now;

The trees cast down their fruitage, and
the blithe

And busy squirrel hoards his Winter store;
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps
along

The bright blue sky above him, and that
bends

Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and
asks,

'What is there saddening in the Autumn
leaves?'

"Season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing Sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the
thatch'd eaves run

To bend with apples the moss cottage trees
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core."

However, the beauty of Autumn is a sad beauty, when Nature, after bringing forth her flowers and fruits, dons her russet robe. The fairest flowers have withered, the last rose of Summer has vanished, the green leaves have changed into red yellow—all is emblematic of decay and death—*Tout passe. Dieu est immuable.*

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they
mean—

Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy Autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Our winters are quite a contrast to those of Bermuda. Only last week we accepted an invitation from Lady — (the Admiral's wife), to a garden party at Admiralty House. Then, "No tears dimmed the sweet looks

that Nature wears." The day was beautiful. Many young ladies, prettily attired in light dresses and straw hats, were playing lawn tennis with the officers. Some of the latter had taken off their jackets. "The sun above was brightly shining," and the thermometer at 70°. We strolled about the grounds, which are the prettiest in Bermuda—a perfect bit of landscape gardening done by the hand of Nature. In some places Art, imitating Nature's handiwork, has beautified and improved the grounds. One spot, enclosed with a light open fence, is planted with every kind of known fern, and is very lovely. There is also a great variety of tall and stately trees, which afford a pleasant shade. Many strange tropical plants and flowers are in a high state of cultivation.

The beauty of Nature sinks deep into one's heart and delights the soul. I felt inclined to say with the poet:

"Linger, O gentle Time; linger, O radiant
grace of bright to-day;
Let not the hour's chime call thee away;
Linger, O! linger still with fond delay."

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all the wondrous world we see—
Its glow by day, its smile by night
Are but reflections caught from Thee,"
MOORE.

The drives around Hamilton are wonderfully beautiful. We sometimes meet with a growth of cedar trees, which abound as the "forest primeval." Our wonder and admiration is excited by the beautiful tropical trees and varieties of plants which meet the eye at every glance. Banana trees, some in blossom (what a marvellous blossom!) papaws, cocoanut trees, coral or ivory trees, bamboo trees, fiddle-wood trees, grape-fruit trees, whose fruit is similar to grapes in appearance but has only a single stone, the Calabash, the broad leaved plantains, the tall, stately cabbage-palm, and the graceful palmetto the Metia Azedarach, Pride of India, the handsomest tree

on the island, and the Loquat plum, which ripens in February. There is also a rose tree to be seen which grows as large as our apple-trees and bears roses which are pink in the morning and become white at night. Tamarinds also grow here.

I must not forget the rocky walls where the road has been excavated, and all the rugged ledges decorated by Nature with maiden-hair fern. In every crevice or cranny where there is a square inch of earth a bunch of this delicate fern is growing.

We saw an Indian-rubber tree in Par la Ville which shaded a space of 70 feet around it; also a splendid mahogany tree and some locust trees, the beans of which St. John ate with wild honey. If I had to eat them I would like a good deal of honey, for the beans are very bitter.

I must tell you about the "Five Sisters;" don't think they are five "old maids." Though they are aged yet they are in the prime of beauty. *Five tall Cabbage-Palms* growing in front of a private residence, are so called, and are classed among the curiosities of the island. This remarkable tree is a native of the West India Islands, and grows on the mountains, where it rears its stately head above the surrounding forest trees. The trunk is quite smooth and round, without either branches or shoots. Just at the top grows a curious bunch of feathery foliage, which, from its slight resemblance to a cabbage, gives the tree the name it bears.

Bermuda is also full of caverns and ponds, inlets and caves.

"Gay watery grottos, that seem like fairy
baths or mimic wells,
Small excavations on the rocky shore
Richly embossed with ferns and choicest
shells,
As if her trinkets Nature chose to hide
Where nought invaded but the flowing tide."

"The course of Nature is the art of God."

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
 There is a rapture in the lonely shore ;
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music its roar ;
 I love not *friends* the less, but *nature* more
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
 conceal.

While walking about in the open air, night insensibly and gradually fell upon us. The richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of Heaven was enchanting. In proportion as they faded away, the Evening Star and several other stars and planets appeared, one after another. till the whole firmament was in a glow. The lovely dark blue of the ether was heightened and enlivened by the fine weather and the season of the year. The Galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. Then the full moon rose in that clouded majesty of which Milton writes, and opened to our eyes a new picture of nature different but quite as beautiful in its softer lights and shades, as that which the sun had before displayed to us.

"Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars beautifully bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seemed like a canopy which love has spread
 To curtain the sleeping world."

While surveying the moon walking in her brightness amongst the constellations, I thought of David's reflections on the same beauties of nature: "When I consider the heavens the work of Thy hands, the moon and stars which Thou hast created, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the Son of man that Thou regard-est him!"

When I consider that infinite host of stars, or to speak philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me with their innumerable sets of planets, or perhaps worlds, and reflect that many others exist which can only

be seen by the aid of powerful telescopes, I could not help thinking on what little, insignificant beings we are amidst the immensity of Almighty God's works. Hughens, a great astronomer of the seventeenth century, in one of his writings states as his belief that there are myriads of stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us from their first creation. Hughens made the first pendulum clock ever made. In 1673 he published the "*Horologium Oscillatorium*," in which are found the first Theorems on Central Forces and Centrifugal Force.

O Man! All nature is but Art unknown
 to thee,
 All chance direction which thou canst not
 see,
 All discord harmony not understood,
 All partial evil, universal good."

But we must consider that the universe is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to move and revolve in; how, then, can our minds set bounds to it. I looked upon myself with a sort of humble fear, a terror of being overlooked in this immensity of nature. But faith teaches us that God is omniscient and omnipresent; and that, in short, as the ancient philosophers believed, God is a Being whose *centre is everywhere* and His circumference, *nowhere*. Faith consolingly teaches us that He cannot be indifferent to any of His creatures; and those who will not feel Him in His love, they will be sure to feel Him in His displeasure—for though infinitely powerful and infinitely merciful, He is infinitely just. "*It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the Living God.*"

A celebrated philosopher and poet, Simonides, being asked by Dionysius the tyrant to tell him what God was, asked a day's time to consider his answer. When the day had expired he desired two days, and afterwards,

instead of giving an answer, he desired still double time. In fact, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity the more he lost himself in the thought instead of finding an end of it. Locke says in his essay on "The Human Understanding," that when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we reflect upon our own souls our idea of knowledge and power of existence and duration of happiness, &c. ; we enlarge every one of these with our idea of infinity, and putting them together form one complex idea of God. The words in Holy Scripture of the Son of Sirach are sublime :

"By His word all things consist. We may speak much and yet come short : wherefore in sum He is all How shall we be able to magnify Him, for He is greater than all His works. The Lord is terrible and very great, and marvellous in His power * * * There are yet greater things hid than these be, for we have seen but a few of His works."

What an awful thing it must be to take the name of this Almighty Being in vain—to use such a tremendous name in frivolous imprecations by curses, or degrade it by solemn perjuries. Sir Isaac Newton always raised his hat or bowed reverently at the name of God ; and Catholics are

obliged to bow most reverently at the Holy Name of Jesus For Holy Scripture says : " At that Name every knee shall bow."

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominion—planets, and central
orbs

Of other systems. * * * Thence higher
soaring

Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to
Him,

The mighty Founder of this wondrous
maze—

The great Creator ! Almighty God !

Though the dread Author of those glorious
works,

Say canst Thou cast on me, poor passing
worm,

One look of kind benevolence ;

Oh ! when reflecting on these truths sublime
How insignificant do all the joys,

The gauds and honors of the world appear !
How vain ambition ! * * * Eternal God ?

Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth ;
Assist me so to live on earth, that I may die
in peace,

And claim a place in Thy high dwelling.

"Father of light and life ! Thou good
Supreme !

O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself ;
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,

From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscientious peace and virtue
pure,

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !"

Que Dieu vous benisse, chere ami.

PLACIDIA.



LETTER X.

HAMILTON, January, 18—.

DEAR — Since I wrote my last we went to see the Island of St. George with a party of ladies from the Hotel. St George was formerly the chief town of the Islands and the residence of the Governor ; the House of Assembly and Public Buildings formerly concentrated here, but it is now occupied by forts and barracks. Moore states in one of his letters that the

Island of St. George is a lovely place. That was in 1804. It is chiefly used as a military station now. Moore says : " Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbor of St. George's Isle. The number of beautiful islets, the clearness of the water and the animated play of the graceful little boats gliding forever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar grove into another, formed

altogether as lovely a miniature of nature's beauties as can well be imagined."

ST. GEORGE'S BAY.

"That little Bay where turning in
From ocean's rude and angry din,

As lovers steal to bliss,
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow back into the deep again,
As though they did not kiss.

And while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
Believe, mon ami, when zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land—
Those leafy isles upon the ocean thrown
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone—
Not all the charm that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbors o'er the western wave
Could wake a dream more soothing or sub-
lime

Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime."

MOORE

We drove over the causeway, which is an excellent, smooth road; it was constructed in 1871. Up to that time the only way of getting to St. George was by boat across the narrow entrance channel called the Reach. During a gale this passage was extremely dangerous; so, to the delight of all classes, this causeway was built. An iron swing bridge was also placed at the other side across the channel. This iron bridge was constructed in England and sent out in pieces. The whole cost of the causeway was \$140,000.

The colored *cocher* who drove our conveyance took us first to view the Parish Church (Episcopal), called St. Peter's, the walls of which are almost covered with handsome marble tablets. It is saddening to read of the great number who died of yellow fever in 1853, cut off in the prime of life. These tablets display fine sculpture, and in some ancient ones the quaint phraseology of former times arrests attention, notably that erected to the good Governor Popple, and also that to the unfortunate Governor Campbell, who succumbed to the fever eight days after his arrival in Bermuda.

On leaving the church we went up the narrow street towards the hill, on

which much of the town is built. The streets are so narrow that two fairly stout persons would almost jostle each other in passing on the side-walk. Those streets were constructed before carriages were known in the Islands. These narrow streets winding up the hill, with their gardens hemmed in by high walls, over which hang different species of cacti, with papaws, bananas and plantains towering above, and the graceful form of the palmetto surmounting the whole, strongly reminded us of a picture of an old Spanish town which we saw in a picture gallery.

We intended to go up to the Signal Station, or Barrack Hill, from which a fine view may be obtained, and afterwards to visit Old Fort, at the entrance of St. George's Harbor, Fort Victoria, Fort Albert, Fort St. Catherine, and also Ordnance Islet, which, standing alone inshore near the landing steps, was formerly a bare, rocky eminence, but is now nearly covered with buildings, entrepôts, magazines, &c., containing a large store of ammunition as well as offices for the Engineering Department. However, on our way up the hill our onward career is checked by the commotion going on among the defenders of our country, who seemed to be much excited, and were actively running up and down hill fully equipped in martial array with swords, guns and bayonets ready for use.

We began to wonder if some foreign power—perhaps the Chinese, who are said to be building up a Navy—or the Russians, tired of bull-dozing the poor Poles, had come over to take Bermuda, hearing of the absence of the *Bellerophon* and others of H. M. S. men of-war, which had left us comparatively unprotected since their departure for the West Indies. After some consideration and discussion this theory was unanimously rejected; so plucking up courage and following in the wake of the gallant red-coats we made in-

quiries of some of their colored admirers, who stood gazing at the scene. We found that it was a sham battle, which would be quite a novel entertainment for us.

Some of our party were rather timid and we all thought it prudent to withdraw beyond the range of any stray shots; so we went "half a league" onward to the top of a hill, where we could safely observe the battle field. We were *entrenched* behind a rock, and from our *ambuscade* we watched the vigorous onslaught made by the attacking forces, and the valiant defence of the besieged in the Fort. Some were on their knees taking aim, others crouching behind a hill, or a rock, firing at the enemy, and still others running along the brow of the rocky ledge.

"The surly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful music of the war."

The officers, waving their swords, urged on their men.

"Forward the Light Brigade.

* * * * *
Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they waved in air.
Forward the Light Brigade,
Charge for the guns, they said.
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke.
Oh! the wild charge they made!
All of us wondered!"

The amiable enemy, who evidently followed the Scriptural maxim, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," harmed them not. *Que voulez vous.*

"Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live."

"Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his savage end;
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet."

"Grim visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front."

The battle being over we descended from our elevated position and met them after their bloodless victory marching triumphantly along, the

band in front gaily playing, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and empty ambulances bringing up the rear.

Watching this sham-battle, I was reminded of the story which has been told of the battle of Monte Rotondo, Nov. 3, 1867, in which 5,000 Papal Zouaves defeated, chased, and dislodged from their intrenchments 12,000 of Garibaldi's banditti in a hand-to-hand fight. It was *sauve qui peut* with the Garibaldians. The French soldiery, always inclined to raillery and punning, baptised the battle, instead of Monte Rotondo, "*Montre ton dos*" (show thy back).

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare's o'er;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare's o'er;
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breakin',
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

As we are amongst warriors this poem may not be out of place after seeing a sham battle. This description of War, or rather of a battle, is enough to make one's flesh creep with horror. It seems quite a contrast to the *sham* battle.

"Oh! the bellowing thunders!
The shudders, the shocks!
When thousands 'gainst thousands
Come clashing like rocks!
When the rain is all scarlet,
The clouds are half fire,
And men's sinews are snapped
Like the threads of a lyre!
When each liver's a hearse,
And each bullet a knell;
When each breath is a curse,
And each bosom a hell!"

A. PROCTOR

We read of "Battle's *magnificently stern array.*"

"But when all's past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
And beasts of the forest, all gathering there—
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay."

" See the
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rear.
le, I was
has been
Rotondo,
000 Papal
and dis-
ments 12,-
n a hand-
e qui peut
e French
o rallery
e battle,
" *Montre*

I fear this letter will be too long if I write any more, so I shall continue my description of St George's Island and the Forts, &c., in my next. I will conclude by asking why don't you write more often? Letters from home are the very sweetest kind of reading.

"Kind messages that pass from land to land;

Kind letters that betray the heart's own history,

In which we feel the pressure of a hand,
And that warm affection which is no
mystery."

What do you think of these names for a signature? Aldelborontiphosco-phornio. Where have you left Chronon-hotonthrologos? said Fadladinida, enquiring for her husband, the King of the Antipodes.

Adieu,

PLACIDIA.



LETTER XI.

HAMILTON, January, 18—.

DEAR H. — As I was writing about the Island of St. George in my last letter I shall continue with the account of our adventures in that place where,

"Beneath the towering brow, and on a bent,
The Temple of Mars stood armipotent.

* * * * *
The whole division that to Mars pertains
All trades of death that deal in steel for
gains."

We next proceeded to the forts, 190 feet above the sea level. After explaining our desires we were taken charge of by an intelligent sergeant of artillery, who acted as our cicerone. He showed us the magazines, cannons, trenches, &c., and seemed quite proud of them. I wonder what he would think of Spenser's denunciation of cannon and the uses of it. Spenser thus would spike the cannon:

"As when the devilish engine wrought
In deepest Hell and framed by furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur
wrought,

And rammed with bullet round ordained
to kill,

Conciveth fire, the Heavens it doth fill
With thundering noise, and all the air
doth choke

That none can breathe, nor see, nor hear at
will

Through smouldry cloud of duskish stink-
ing smoke,
That even the breath him daunts who hath
escap't his stroke,"

The Sergeant told us very feelingly of the sad fate of a young officer highly esteemed and beloved in the regiment, and also related an incident which showed his courage and presence of mind. The promptitude of the officer prevented a terrible explosion, and consequently great loss of life. A leaky barrel of petroleum had rolled down the steps into a powder magazine; and some of the oil from the barrel having accidentally ignited, this young lieutenant, knowing that water would be of no use, with combined prudence and alacrity ordered buckets of sand to be thrown on the blaze, and by this means quickly extinguished it. The sand was plentiful and close at hand. Had it not been for this timely action we should not have the pleasure of visiting these Fortifications of St. George, as they, with most of the little Islet, would be reposing in peace and in pieces at the bottom of the ocean far away from the Bermudas. Some-time afterwards the young lieutenant, who was so beloved by his comrades and very popular amongst the men, was found dead with a bullet in his heart. I can best tell his story in Longfellow's beautiful lines:

"He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth—
He the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call,

Only last night, as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain gaps,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford
Little dreaming of any mishaps,

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of the wood, and a voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and mist and rain
We carried him back, the silent dead,
And laid him, as if asleep, on his bed.

That fatal bullet went speeding forth
Till it reached a town in the distant North—
Till it reached a house in a sunny street—
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat,
Without a murmur, without a cry,
And the neighbors wondered that *she should die.*"

Our artillery man next took us up into the arsenal, and after duly admiring all the arms and munitions of war and the exactitude and neatness with which the pyramids of cannon-balls were arranged, he explained everything to us and showed us how to discharge the guns. "Madam," said he, "you will easily know a shell from a chill-shot by this mark—a ring of white painted around the nose or end of the chill-shot, which is solid, or nearly so. But the shell has only a casing of iron and is filled with powder." After receiving this, and other valuable and useful information concerning the art of war, we climbed up on top of the armory and gazed at the prospect around us. There were British cannon ready to sweep the ocean on every side. Cannon to the right of us, cannon to the left of us, cannon in front of us—like the noble 600, victims of a military blunder—but feeling much more comfortable than did those brave fellows who are immortalized by Tenyson in his soul-stirring verses on the Light Brigade :

"The cannons have their bowels full of
wrath;
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation against the enemy."

But they did not volley and thunder.
They do that sort of thing occasionally, wasting ammunition on an imaginary enemy, when the soldiers are practising the imitation of battle to become skilful and dexterous in defence of their country when required to defend it in earnest.

"In every heart are
Sown the sparks that kindle fiery war:
Occasion needs but fan them and they blaze."

"The morn the marshaling in arms—the
day
Battle's magnificently stern away!
The thunder clouds close over it which when
rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and
pent,
Rider and horse—friend and foe—in one
red burial blent!"

We now bade farewell to our military friend, who had proved such a competent guide, and rewarded him with many thanks and a substantial "tip," wishing him happiness and promotion. I wonder if he is happy, or contented at least, with his monotonous life and daily toil on these lonely Isles.

"Who is the happy warrior, who is he
That every man in arms would wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who hath wrought
Among the plans of real life;
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on his best of friends;
Who, if he rises to stations of command,
Rises by open means;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful, with a singleness of aim."

I trust that my letters are not getting tedious, and that my MSS. are not becoming a *Nemesis* to you.

Adieu. PLACIDIA.

LETTER XII.

HAMILTON, January, 18—.

DEAR — Last week we were at a very pleasant afternoon party at Mount Langton, the Governor's Residence. Government House is a handsome edifice built of white stone, now very large from the numerous additions which have been made to it by its successive occupants. There was some lawn-tennis, a little dancing and a good deal of promenading through the beautiful and extensive grounds. A military band provided music for the company, and ice cream and strawberries, cake, etc., were served on the wide verandahs. Government House is situated on an elevated ridge of land, and commands a fine view of the sea coast all along the north shore of the island from St. George's to Ireland Isle. From the grounds we could see the town of Hamilton, Pembroke Marsh, the waters of the Great Sound, studded with islands of every size, and, by the aid of a marine glass, the hills of Port Royal, with the Lighthouse crowning the summit of the highest, blending softly with the rose-tinted clouds into the blue haze of the distant

The demesne of Government House contains about 70 acres. The garden in which are to be found many interesting specimens of foreign trees, shrubs and plants, stretches out on the southern side of the hill below the house, the descent to which is precipitous, but rendered pleasanter by a series of steps from successive terraces constructed by Governor Reid for the purpose of preventing the surface soil from being swept away by heavy rains. On these terraces are planted trees and shrubs of many varieties, now all growing well. It was here that Lady Turner planted the first weeping-willow ever seen in the island; the species is now very common. Governor Reid planted the India rubber trees

which stand near the steps leading down to the garden. The wumpee and lichen trees were also planted by him. There are a number of large silk cotton trees in the garden. There is also a pretty conservatory, which contains numerous specimens of rare and delicate tropical plants.

Being near Hungary Bay on our way home we drove over to one of the curiosities of Bermuda—the mangrove swamp there. A strange sight it is; the mangroves with their unwholesome leaves and slimy roots, the cradles of young alligators and sharks. These trees grow thickly together, the trunks as tall as oleanders, but the branches turn down and take root in the soil, looking like large serpents twisting and turning up and down. The top branches are covered with leaves. The seeds vegetate amongst the branches, while still adhering to the foot stalk. Moore thus describes it in his fanciful and poetic style:

"They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which howso'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free
And shoot and blossom wide and high,

Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth."

Fortunately the denizens of the Bermudian mangrove swamps are not the dangerous creatures usually found in like localities in the tropics—crocodiles, alligators and serpents. The crocodiles of Egypt usually are thirty feet long and are frightfully ferocious. They are, like alligators, a species of lizard, though Milton writes thus of the crocodile of the East:

"The river-horse, the scaly crocodile,
Amphibious between both sea and land."

The alligator, which is indigenous to America, attains the length of eighteen feet. America is most fruit-

ful in crocodiles and possesses more species than Asia and Africa put together.

Spenser gives us the following pen portrait of a crocodile after dinner taking a siesta :

"Inside the fruitful shore of muddy Nile,
Upon a sunny bank outstretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mighty crocodile
That, crammed with guiltless b'ood and
greedy prey
Of wretched people traveling that way,
Thought all things less than his distainful
pride."

Herodotus, the father of history, says that as the crocodile lives chiefly in the river and amongst rushes it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; and although all birds and beasts avoid it, there is one tiny bird called the Tedula, "The least of thousands which on earth abide," and which goes into the crocodile's mouth and eats the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who takes care not to hurt his tiny friend. Moore also mentions

"The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretched jaws to
come,"

and feed within the mouth of the
"AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSHES."

Herodotus speaks of crocodiles as fighting with dolphins at the mouth of the Nile river, but in those latter days none are ever seen below Mineyeh. A traveller from that place tells the following story of a crocodile hunt : "A prize was offered for the first man who detected a crocodile. After watching for two days at length the cry of Timseach ! timseach ! was heard from half a dozen claimants for the proffered prize. They pointed eagerly to a point of sand on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles ! Our intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance ; and

indeed as I approached them there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and in their winking eyes. Slowly they rose one by one and waddled to the water—all but one ; he lay still till I was within a hundred yards of him ; then slowly rising on his fin like legs he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of contempt that seemed to say he can do no harm, but we may as well have a swim. I took aim at the throat of the supercilious brute. I could hear the thud of the bullet as it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck ; his waddle became a plunge ; the waves closed over him ; as I reached the brink of the shore there was blood upon the water, and he rose for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piastres for the timseach !' shouted I, and half a dozen Arabs plunged into the stream ; but he was gone, alas ! I never saw him again. 'To shoot at crows and crocodiles is powder flung away.' I realized the truth of the adage. It is very difficult to obtain a crocodile by shooting it. The Arabs make an ambush in the sands where they resort, and take aim when within a few yards of them. A sad incident occurred near Kench ; a crocodile watched an old woman who was drawing water, encircled her with his tail, brushed her into the water, then seizing her by the waist, held her under the water as long as she continued to struggle. When lifeless he swam with the body to the opposite bank, where he was seen devouring her as an otter might feed upon a salmon. Perhaps the wretch was shedding tears over her, crocodile tears ! *Crocoditi lachrymæ*. But the long arm of Justice reached the assassin. The Arabs shot him soon afterwards."

"A story should, to please, at least seem
true,
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new."

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Do you think mine has these qualities,

"For some copious stories oftentimes begun,
Ead without audience, and are never done."

The king of the crocodiles is said to reside in Denderah, and the queen some forty miles higher up the river. This *separatio a mensa et thoro* of the royal pair does not appear to have any injurious effect on the interests of the grim community; there was scarcely a sunny bank between those regal residences whereon a crowd of crocodiles was not to be seen, hatching eggs or plots against passengers. The parent crocodile deposits her eggs to the number of from 80 to 100 in the sand, which is a sort of foundling hospital for her race.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

"Men say the times are strange—'tis true,
'Cause many strange things hap to be;
Let it not then seem strange to you

That here one strange thing more you see."

One thing more, and stranger still, I have to tell about crocodiles. Ovid says: "The *entrails* of crocodiles are excellent to take freckles or spots from the face and to whiten the skin." As Pharos, an island in the mouth of the Nile, abounded in crocodiles the poet advises those who are swarthy and freckled to use the "*Pharian Wash*." What an elegant, charming cosmetic! recommended and offered to fashionable beauties in the days of Ovid, who was 43 years old at the birth of Christ. Voila! "*The Pharian Wash, sold by all perfumers, &c.*" "If swarthy to the Pharian Varnish fly."—Ovid, Art of Love, III. (B.C. 2.)

Crocodiles are not an interesting or a pleasing subject, but they are a fact, and we might at some time meet with one (but at a safe distance I trust). If you ever should be chased by a crocodile on land I will give you a "pointer" thereon. Turn round and round in a long circle. In scientific

terms I shall explain why. The *vertebrae* of the neck bear upon each other by means of small false ribs, which render lateral motion difficult. Crocodiles, therefore, change their direction not without trouble, and they may be easily avoided by doubling and escaping while they are in the laborious operation of turning round. They have no *true clavicles*, but their *coracoid apophyses* are attached to the *sternum*, as in all the other Saurians. After this useful and lucid information

If you ever meet a Saurian face to face
Alone in a lonely place

you must remember that he cannot turn quickly, and that is your only chance of escape.

The monotony of Bermuda life is not varied by experiences such as the following, which sometimes occurs in the West Indian Islands, viz.: One of the olive branches of the house crying out, "Papa, there is a crocodile on the lawn," or a rattle-snake coiled up in sissey's bed; or perhaps a centipede crawling up the wall in the summer house.

But here in Bermuda there are no cruel crocodiles and no alarming alligators to seize the too inquisitive explorer by the leg without warning, or boa constrictors to entwine his person with their hideous folds. There are only the harmless crabs which climb the trees. We cannot here gaze upon the playful gambols of the young alligator basking in the sun or playing hide and seek with infant crocodiles, or, in the happy innocence of childhood, learning from a tender mother to catch any rash being or unwary animal which ventures too near their play ground, thus assisting her in providing dinner for the "table d'hôte," at which festive board crocodiles and alligators meet *en famille*. As this last effort of mine to shine in metaphor, with only the weeds of rhetoric from which to cull, has completely exhausted me, I will say

Adieu.

PLACIDIA.

LETTER XIII.

HAMILTON, February, 18—.

DEAR FRIEND.—Last week we went over in a steam-tug, the *Pioneer*, with some ladies from the Hotel to see the dockyards in Ireland Isle. We got a pass and registered our names. Probably the most important position in the Bermudas is Ireland Isle, which, though not much more than a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, contains the dockyard and other establishments connected with the Royal Navy. The Camber, which is a dock sheltered from the usual swell of the ocean by an excellent break water, has proved of great service to many war vessels that continually visit Bermuda. But the principal feature of attraction is "the Great Bermuda Dock," a floating mass of iron, the largest structure of the kind in the world. It was constructed for the purpose of dry-docking Her Majesty's war-vessels in need of repair while on the station, and is so large that vessels of the first class can be taken on with ease, with everything on board. The dock, which is of iron, was built in England, and left that country for Bermuda in June, 1869, being towed across the Atlantic by two powerful men-of-war, with a small one astern to steer by. After a very smooth voyage of twenty-five days, this enormous mass reached its destination and was safely placed in the bed prepared for it, an excavation made to the depth of 54 feet below low water, from which no less than 1,200,000 cubic feet of sand and coral debris was removed.

The Royal Naval Hospital stands on a hill immediately above the dockyard, while beneath, occupying a large space of ground, prettily ornamented by cedar groves and smooth grassy glades, is the Naval Cemetery.

We ascended the steep ladder-like steps to the top deck of the great floating dock. It resembles a gigantic steamboat cut in two parts, opened lengthways down the middle. A vessel was inside undergoing repairs. There are stone steps under the water to get at the bottom of the boat. The water can be drawn off after the manner of a canal and leave the vessel quite dry in the dock. The number of rivets in the dock is 3,000,000. The weight of them is 800 tons. It is divided longitudinally into 8 water-tight compartments and transversely into 6, so that it contains, irrespective of engine-rooms, pump wells, etc., 48 distinct water-tight compartments by which the position of the water required for working the dock may be regulated. There are 8 pumps of 10 horse power each, which will lift 16 tons of water a minute. All the different compartments are worked by valves from the upper deck. There is also a pair of steam shears, 100 feet high, lifting 80 tons. They were lifting the mast of a large vessel while we were there.

We saw some strange looking floating objects called Turret-ships, iron armour-plated. One of them was shaped like a gigantic cheese, the *Scorpion*, 4 guns, 2,751 tons; another, the *Terror*, armour-plated, 8 guns, 1,844 tons, a regular floating battery, and many others of the same ilk.

This day we had the pleasure of seeing a sham sea-fight. While walking about looking at the different vessels anchored there, we observed that the names painted on them were most inappropriate to war-ships—names of gentle feathered creatures, such as Dove, Plover, Bullfinch, &c. While discussing the matter we heard confused noises, sounds of firing off guns; shouts of reef the main sail, port the

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helm, luff—stand at ease, athwart ships, starboard, lee, furl the mizzen sail, Larboard, man the pumps, &c., &c. Then a volley was fired, and the smoke wrapped the vessels as in a mist. While we were yet viewing this specimen of Naval warfare the battle ended, the smoke cleared away, and the unhurt wounded were carried tenderly to the *cock-pit* by their sorrowful messmates amid cheers and shouts from the *Victors*.

Upon enquiry we found that the jolly tars were not daily in the habit of amusing themselves with school-boy freaks and kittenish gambols, but that the Vice Admiral, Sir A—K—, K.O.B., etc., was making a tour of inspection, and the men were going through their naval drill and military exercises. The Vice Admiral soon appeared, a distinguished looking officer in full naval uniform, which is a magnificent dress half covered with gold lace and having heavy gold epaulets. He landed, accompanied by—not “his sisters and his cousins and his aunts,” but by several young midshipmen and his Secretary, Captain F—. The latter gentleman, in passing, recognized and saluted us. He turned back and said he was on duty, in waiting on the Vice Admiral, or he would be most happy to be our guide. He then introduced our party to the Captains and Commanders of the Bullfinch and Plover, who were standing near, having landed with the Vice Admiral, and left us in charge of these naval heroes. We expressed our surprise at the singular names of the war vessels, and one said they were so called because they were *gams* to the last! The officers kindly took us over the Bullfinch, which was as bright and gayly colored as her pretty namesake. They offered us cake and wine in the cabin and showed us all possible attention.

I love the Sailor—his eventful life—
His generous spirit his contempt of danger—

His firmness in the gale, the wreck and strife;
And though a wild and reckless Ocean ranger,
God grant he make that port when life is o'er
Where storms are hushed and billows break no more.

One of the young ladies of our party, a very young lady, caused the officers to smile by innocently asking, among other questions, to which they listened and answered with polite gravity—Did they carry passengers? No. Nor merchandise? No. “Well,” said she “what are they for? What is the use of all these beautiful ships?” This seemed to amuse the naval officers highly. Miss — did not evidently comprehend the necessity of a standing armed Fleet. She did not fully appreciate the Royal Navy by which “*Britannia rules the waves*.”

As Blackstone says in one of his works: “The Royal Navy of England has ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength; the floating bulwark of the Island; an arm moreover from which, however strong and powerful, no danger can be apprehended to liberty, and accordingly it has been assiduously cultivated from the earliest ages.”

But in spite of Blackstone’s learned mandate, perhaps the young maiden, in the innocence of her youthful heart, believed in the sentiment which the poet Longfellow expresses in the following verses:

“Were half the power that fills the world
with terror;
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps
and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals, fleets and
forts.
The warrior’s name would be a name
abhorred,
And every Nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Should wear for ever more the Curse of
Cain.”

“They shall beat their swords into
ploughshares and their spears into pruning

hooks. Nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—Is. ii., 4.

"I love, I dearly love to see
Bright steel gleam through the land ;

'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be
Held in the reaper's tawny hand."

I shall relate the account of our
visit to H. M. S. Bellerophon in my
next epistle. Adieu. PLACIDIA.



LETTER XIV.

HAMILTON, February, 18—.

DEAR FRIEND—As my last visit was to the Docks I must continue with our visit to the Bellerophon as I promised. Though it is quite beyond my power to describe this magnificent war-vessel in the manner she is entitled to, I can only tell something about her size, tonnage and appearance. Commander R—, having obtained the Admiral's permission, sent the flagship's boat for our party to visit the Bellerophon—a very handsome, large boat, cushioned and carpeted—and we set off in state rowed by twelve marines and escorted by two gentlemanly young Middies. On reaching the Bellerophon we went on board, and were conducted over it with much ceremony and politeness. The officers, &c., showed us great attention and explained everything which we enquired about to us.

The Bellerophon is a screw, iron ship, armour-plated, 15 cannon, tonnage, 7,551. The immense number of guns and swords stacked against the walls greatly astonished us, and the artistic manner of arrangement excited our admiration. Everything was bright and glittering, yet a number of men were busily engaged rubbing the brasses, &c., and polishing steel things which seemed already as bright as they could possibly be.

The Bellerophon is a magnificent vessel.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

"Behold a stately ship,
Proud of her gaudy trim, comes this way sailing,

With all her bravery on and tackle trim ;
Sails filled and streamers waving,
Courtad by the winds that hold their play."

"Morn on the waters ! purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flashing of light ;
O'er the glad waves, like a child in the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full on the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward like hope
in the gale."

* * * * *

"'Tis thus with our life as it passes along
Like a vessel at sea amid sunshine and song !
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurled ;

All gladness and glory to wondering eyes,
Yet freighted with sorrow, and chartered with sighs."

Seneca says : " Life is a navigation, a voyage in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age "

" Life is like yon fisher's boat,
Gay she quits the friendly shore ;
On life's ocean thus we float
Till the morn of youth is o'er."

The boundless ocean also may remind us of eternity. I can never see this mass of heaving waters even in a calm without a kind of pleasing wonder and without reverently thinking on the Hand that poured it out into the proper channel.

When sailing upon the ocean in the midst of the illimitable waste of troubled waters one's thoughts naturally

revert to the idea of the Almighty Father, the Great Spirit, Creator of all things, and it convinces us of His existence and presence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The immensity and grandeur of the ocean exemplify clearly the power of the omnipotent Being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

How helpless and insignificant we feel when during a tempest the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains of water. The Psalmist thus describes a storm at sea: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: These see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waters thereof. * * * They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still, * * * and He bringeth them into their desired Haven."

"The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command was still."

There is beauty as well as majesty in the giant waves as they dash their curling crests of snowy foam against the base of some stubborn rock, or rush madly on the pebbly beach, sweeping back with relentless fury every thing within their reach! Every one is gratified, however, when the peaceful calm sets in, gloriously heralded by the keen air and cloudless sky—when the placid bosom of the sea reflects in shades of gold and ultramarine the bright concave hemisphere of sunlit sky overhead. Moore describes it thus:

"How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility."

"By strength of heart the sailor fights
with roaring seas."

"The sea, that home of marvels."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

"The sea! The sea! The open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free:
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round.
It plays with the cloud, it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies."

Apropos of the sea, when it is ill-behaved, I must tell you an amusing episode which was related to us by a lively young midshipman of H. M. S. Leander—a Sunday service on board ship. I will tell it in his own words as nearly as possible: "The order to *rig church* being given, if the weather be fine and sea calm we have a '*sit down church*;' but if the day is windy and rough we have a '*stand up church*.'" The chaplain, whom we dubbed Parson, Padre, or Skypilot, has a portable reading desk. This is rigged to a stanchion, and placed between officers and men. On the Sunday I am speaking of there was a gale, head winds and a sea on, so it was decided to have a stand up church. We were running 10 or 11 knots dead before the wind, with stunsails set on both sides. The blue jackets and marines stood at ease toeing a line with mathematical accuracy, gravely bowing to each other with unmoved faces as the ship rolled slowly upon the heaving surface of the sea. As the rolling increased the bowing continued, but with exaggerated emphasis. The ship would roll heavily to starboard, and the '*joys*,' facing in-board, would assume an acute angle with the deck, as if rehearsing a gymnastic drill, while the opposite line on the port side seemed trying to touch the deck with the back of their heads, while standing at attention. Then the old ship gave a staggering pitch, inclining all the line aft; then rolled over to port with such suddenness that even old sea-dogs almost fell away to leeward. The Commodore, a

man of short stature but unusual bulk, came up the after hatchway and had hardly planted one foot on the slippery deck than his heel shot away from under him by the sudden roll of the ship, and he sat down with all the weight of his 16 stone and with terrific abruptness upon the deck, to the great detriment of his comfort and dignity.

Upon the gale she stooped her side
And bounded o'er the swelling tide
As she were dancing home ;
The merry seamen laughed to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea foam.

George Herbert says: 'He that would learn to pray, let him go to sea.'—(*Inventus mundi.*) The chaplain was a quiet, timid sort of man, and his clerk's *Amenity* of disposition was proverbial. One of the witty ones said the *Padre* was *Piety Parson-ified*; and his good lady's name being Margaret, her's was *Maggiety*! The *Padre* hugged his desk closely for protection, and we got through with the first lesson tolerably, but in the middle of the second lesson the ship gave a sudden terrific roll and our chief engineer started off on his chair on a hand gallop and bore straight down upon the ward room skylight with a velocity far beyond that of a Canadian tobogganer. However, the old ship was now on her mettle, and her counter roll was a master-piece; over and over she went till her port side was up to the skies, and down went the starboard side till the seas bubbled and seethed through the open ports; then she gave a little kick and lay over still farther; that settled the matter; in one terrible rattling crash, the mass of men, blue jackets, marines and boys, went swooping away in an indescribable and chaotic ruin head over heels into the lee scuppers, followed by every thing movable on the ship. *After that we piped down.*"

"Ye gentlefolks of England who live at home in ease ;
Ah ! little do ye think upon the perils of the seas."

We returned on the flagship's boat to the Docks, having passed a pleasant day, and sailed home in the steam tug *Pioneer*. Never shall I forget the enchanting beauty of the evening during that sail home. The lovely sky was reflected in the crystal water, with the shadows falling on it from either side. The trees and bushes were mirrored distinctly, like a lovely picture, in the calm, pellucid wave.

"The sun sets in an opal West whose light
Will soon be o'er and one fair star alight."

When the mind is tranquil and the finer sensibilities of our nature attuned to harmony, they seem to be but chords responding to the magic of the beautiful objects that environ us—the strings of an *Æolian harp*, which vibrate to every passing breeze. The very spirit of beauty seems living and moving around us,

"As music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."

"The Sun, the Father of Light ! The Moon
its Mother mild !"

"The sun had set in glory ; chords of gold
Were fringed with wondrous purple, crimson bars
Reddened the gentle wavelets as they rolled,
Till from heaven's blue glamed out the
silent stars.

Then passed the moon up to her queenly throne,
The waters flashed with gems and glittering ore :

All earth was hushed to stillness save the moan
Of the monotonous waves along the shore."

This majestic roof, fretted with golden fire,
Gold candles fixed in Heaven's air.

O glorious sky with thee all shapes of glory
find their home,
And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome !

By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which
rove

Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,
That Nature's God hath left no spot un-
blessed

With founts of beauty for the eye of love.

Adieu. PLACIDIA.

LETTER XV.

HAMILTON, February, 18—.

DEAR— Since my last letter the weather has not been as fine and pleasant as usual. The thermometer went down to 55 degrees one day, which is most unusual in Bermuda. There has been a good deal of rain also since our visit to the Dockyard. I have therefore been spending more time indoors and devoting my leisure hours to poring over old books and journals in the Public Library indulging my love of reading.

Those ancient tomes have a strong fascination for me. It is delightful to be closeted with memories of the past in the company of sages, poets and philosophers, communing with those great writers long since departed, but whose legacy of beautiful and sublime thoughts will be prized till time itself shall be no more. Nearly all my favorite authors are here, and many others with whom I am becoming well acquainted.

"In that garden of the soul
Where many a figured leaf enrolls,
The total world since life began."

"Books are the storehouses of thought." The thoughts of giant intellects, inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, are treasured in books. In silent converse with the mighty dead, with those grand old masters whose distant footsteps echo through the "Corridors of Time," higher contemplations and more tender feelings come to us, "like instincts unawares." Our souls are lifted above the common, sordid things of earth, refreshed and strengthened.

"Then the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs and
silently steal away."

Pope tells us that :

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian
Spring."

But the poet Pope is not infallible in the world of letters, as Pope Leo XIII. is in the spiritual world; so I venture to differ with the great poet, even though it may be called heresy. But I'll admit that learning is :

"A bunch of grapes sprung up among the
thorns;
When but by *caution*, none the harm can
miss."

"No man is the wiser for his learning;
wit and wisdom are born with a man."

"Learning is the more profound
When in the few solid authors it may be
found;
A few good books digested well will feed
The mind; much cloys, or doth ill humors
breed."

However, I must confess I fully endorse what Mrs. Hale says about books :

"A blessing on the printer's art,
Books are the waters of the heart:
The burning soul, the burdened mind
In books alone companions find."

These are a sailor's words :

"A book's the tow that makes the tether
Which binds the quick and dead together;
A speaking trumpet underground
That turns a silence to a sound."

The above is graphic if not refined.
But here is a self-evident proposition :

"Books should to one of these four ends
conduce
For *wisdom, piety, delight, or use.*
How empty learning and how vain art
But as it mends the life and guides the
heart."

C'est assez.

Of all necessary studies history is the least charming, in fact often the most disagreeable, and Gibbons spoke truly when he said : "History is but a record of the faults and follies of mankind."

In my last letter I gave you a description of the great Bermuda docks and the war ships of Her Majesty. Since then I have found in some old journals certain facts, some singular

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PLACIDIA.

and authentic incidents concerning the Royal Navy and also the Army of England. The substance of my discoveries amounts to this: That at least two-thirds of the British heart and arm in the Navy and also in the Army for nearly two centuries have been and are still composed of Irish Roman Catholics. It seemed strange that young Irishmen should so freely enlist and fight the battles of their country's oppressor; but, as the Duke of Richmond said in Parliament, "*a high-priced loaf and starvation wages were the best recruiting sergeants for His Majesty.*" Wolfe Tone, speaking before Parliament in 1796, said: "Let it not be forgotten that at least, fully two-thirds of the British Seamen are Irish Catholics. On my voyage to America our vessel was boarded by a British frigate whose crew consisted of 220 men, 210 of whom were Irish Catholics." And said Mr. Tone, "*The Army and Navy of England are supported by the MISERY of IRELAND.*"

"Poor Ireland! The Niobe of Nations, there she stands."

Mr. Grattan stated in Parliament (1796) that without the Irish Catholics the British Navy could not keep the sea, "Britain would no longer rule the waves." Transfer the Irish to the French Navy, and where is the British Navy, said he. Mr. Grattan's statements were corroborated by Sir John Cox and Sir Jonah Barrington. As it was then so it is to-day; yet until recently a Catholic Chaplain was forbidden in the forces.

As in the navy so it has been in the army. I wondered to see so many Catholic soldiers in Her Majesty's service in Bermuda. I find on excellent authority that as a rule long before the last century fully two-thirds (on an average) of the British army is composed of Irish Catholics. At the beginning of the century Sir Samuel Auchmuty stated

publicly before a Parliamentary committee: "That three fourths of his command were Irish Catholics, and that the capture of Monte Video in 1807 was due entirely to the Seventh Regiment under Sir Edmund Butler, which was composed altogether of Irish—every man of them was an Irish Catholic—and out of the 4,600 men who attacked that fortress 3,000 were Irish Catholics. Sir Samuel passed a high encomium on the valor and discipline of the Irish soldiers.

"Their swords are thousands, their bosoms are one.

Though the perishing ranks should be strewn in their gore,

Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore.

They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death."

I knew of course that there were many Irish Catholics in the army, but I thought they were greatly outnumbered by the English. However, the Duke of Wellington stated in Parliament that at the battle of Waterloo two out of three parts of the army were Irish, that is Catholic.

At the very time when Irish soldiers were dying by hundreds for the defence of England, when the peninsula of Spain was reeking with their life blood, they were not only refused the consolations of their religion, but were cruelly and inhumanly punished for seeking to obtain them. Even when at time of the American Revolution the penal laws were abrogated to some extent, and Catholics were permitted to breathe their native air in safety, these poor soldiers were deprived of the ordinary rights of citizens. The following is one of many similar instances:

Patrick Spence, a Catholic private in the Dublin Militia, was ordered by the sergeant to attend Protestant service. He refused, and was sent to the

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black hole. He then wrote a respectful expostulation to his commanding officer. For having dared to do this he was tried by court martial and sentenced to receive 999 lashes! The barbarous sentence was in the act of execution when he was offered the choice of exchange into a condemned (convict) regiment, which he gladly accepted.

O'Connell brought another instance of this kind before the Catholic Committee on the 1st December, 1810. The following is an extract of his speech from the *Dublin Evening Post* of that date: "I conceive we are called upon by every social feeling as Catholics and Irishmen to drag the bigoted delinquents, whatever may be their exalted rank in life, not only before an enlightened public, but before a *Court of Criminal Jurisdiction*. The facts, as reported to me, are as follows: A Roman Catholic soldier in the Militia, for no other offence than for attending chapel to discharge those religious duties which he, in common with all mankind, owed to his God, has been sentenced to be TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE! and has actually, like a criminal, a common convict, proceeded so far on his passage into exile as the Isle of Wight.

"Though I have told most bitter truths, I have told them without bitterness; deem not my zeal factious or mis-timed."

I will give you the Duke of Wellington's speech here, as it seems an appropriate place for it. Perhaps you have never read it. The Duke of Wellington, in 1828, addressing the House of Lords in favour of Catholic Emancipation, which measure was then before the House, said: "It is already known to your lordships that more than half the troops entrusted to my command were Irish Catholics; and we must admit that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor no

victory could have been obtained. If, on the eve of a battle, I had thus addressed my Catholic troops: 'You will know that England, our country, either so suspects your loyalty or so detests your religion that she has not thought proper to admit you amongst the ranks or give you the rights of her citizens; if on that account you deem it an act of injustice on her part to require you to shed your blood in her defence you are at liberty to withdraw,' I am quite sure, my lords, they would have spurned the alternative, for the hour of danger and glory is the hour when the Irishman best knows his duty, and is most determined to perform it. But if they had deserted, the remainder of the troops could not have crowned the British arms with victory. Whenever I meet one of the brave Irishmen of my command, and see him degraded below the lowest menial and proclaimed unfit to enter within the pale of the Constitution, I feel almost ashamed of the honors which have been lavished upon me."

Apropos of Lord Wellington's speech there is an anecdote of Shiel the Eloquent, who replied to an unwise onslaught by Lord Lyndhurst against the Irish nation. Shiel asked: "Where was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, when these words were uttered? Breathlessly he should have started up to disclaim them. 'The battles, sieges, fortunes that he passed, ought to have come back upon him.'"

The Iron Duke justly praises the faithful and courageous soldiers who served him in many a scene such as the following:

"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched
 asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the crashing
 blade,
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O Man! with such discordant voices,
 With such accursed instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly
 voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies."
 Adieu. PLACIDIA.

—❖—

CHAPTER XV

HAMILTON, February, 18—.

DEAR — I visit daily the Public Library, give a glance at the barometer and thermometer, and spend a couple of hours reading the old journals and magazines, "tracking the footprints of Time, the tomb-builder through the scenes where, dark, stern, pitiless, he holds his dread career." Having made copious notes from these mouldy records of bygone days I will tell you of some sad and stirring events of the last century—the history of the oppression of Ireland by a sister country, the only parallel to which is Russia's tyranny over Poland. This oft told tale seems so much more touching in those ancient journals. I shall commence with Tom Moore's appointment to Bermuda and residence there.

In 1803 Moore made his tour to America, during which time he composed some exquisite poetry.

In 1804 Moore came to Bermuda, having been appointed Registrar of the Court of Vice-Admiralty. This remote and secluded island was simply a place of exile to the talented author of "Lalla Rookh," the genial and versatile poet who was accustomed to the gay society and the busy world of England's metropolis. After enduring for some months this banishment from his home and country, this separation from a life he held dear, and not finding in lonely Bermuda that "Dolce far niente" which he perhaps expected, the poet procured a deputy to attend to the duties of his office and returned

home. While in Bermuda, alluding to the very slow and inefficient mail service of that period, Moore used to say, with the Cockney accent, that he was an *exile of hearin'* as well as an "exile of Erin."

A noted authoress, writing of Thomas Moore's poetry, says: "His charmed numbers flow on like the free current of a melodious stream, whose associations are with the sunbeams and the shadows, the leafy bough, the song of the forest birds, the dew upon the flowery bank, and all things sweet and genial and delightful, whose influence is around us in our happiest moments, and whose essence is the wealth that lies hoarded in the treasures of nature."—*Mrs. Ellis.*

The following quotation is given to illustrate the justness of this criticism, though I think Moore has written many sweeter verses than this. However, "Lalla Rookh" is undoubtedly his finest poem:

"I saw from the beach, when the morning
 was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously
 on;
 I came where the sun o'er that beach was
 declining,
 The bark was still there but the waters
 were gone."

Moore was decidedly one of the greatest poets of his time, the golden age of poetry. If he had been an Englishman instead of an Irish Catholic what a difference it would have made in his fortunes! If we compare the honors heaped on Tennyson with the treatment accorded Moore we

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PLACIDIA.

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naturally feel astonished, but when we consider the circumstances our wonder ceases. It is in the nature of man to hate those whom he has injured, and "qualis rex, talis grex" (like king, like court). The intolerance of George III. towards Catholics is well known, and it is said that Moore deeply offended the Regent, afterwards George IV., by some of the humorous and satirical poems in which he criticized the faults and follies of that prince. In one of these, the "Insurrection of the Papers," occurs the following amusing verse:

"Methought the Prince, in whiskered state,
Before me at his breakfast ate;
On one side lay unread petitions,
On t'other hints from five physicians;
Here tradesman's bills—official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapors.
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death warrants and the Morning Post."

Several other poems are anything but flattering to the first gentleman of Europe; of these the following is a typical verse:

"Some monarchs take roundabout ways into
note,
While his (the Prince) short cut to fame
is the cut of his coat;
Philip's son thought the world too small
for his soul,
But our Regent's found room in a laced
button-hole."

Tom Moore once said of George IV., when Prince of Wales: "I am sure that the powder in His Royal Highness' hair is much more settlel than anything in his head or in his heart"

Lord Byron also satirized George IV. as "Fum" in "Don Juan," Canto XI.:

"Where's Brummel? Dished. Where's
Long Pole Welleave? Diddled.
Where's Whitbread? Romily? Where's
George the III.?
Where is his will? (That's not so soon
unriddled.)
And where is "FUM" the Fourth, our
"royal bird?"
Gone down, it seems, to Scotland, to be
fiddled
Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard.

'Caw me, Caw thee'—for six months had
been hatching
This scene of royal itch and loyal scratch-
ing."

Fum is a Chinese fabled creature, a combination of a goose, stag and snake, with the beak of a cock, described as a mixture of *folly*, *cowardice*, *malice* and *conceit*. The following epitaph was written on Frederick Louis, the father of George III., who was killed by a cricket ball in 1750:

"He was alive, and is dead
But as it is only Fred,
Why, there's no more to be said."

Lord Byron wrote some of the most stinging political ballads of the day against the Government and its corrupt methods. It took a great deal of bribery to pass the Act of Union. Endeavor was made to buy up the Irish Parliament, money was lavishly paid the poorer members, titles offered the more wealthy and a general promise made that Catholic Emancipation would soon be granted. To so many was the bribery effective that the Irish Parliament divided on the question, standing 105 members for and 106 against the Act. Lord Byron thus assails with caustic irony one of the bribed, Lord Fingall, on whom had been conferred the *Order of St. Patrick*:

"Will thy yard of blue ribbon poor Fingall
recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic
limbs
Or hast it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves who now hail their Betrayed
with hymns."

William Pitt openly advocated bribery, and used to say "Every man has his price."

I will give you some extracts from Moore's verses regarding the Act of Union between England and Ireland, which was passed in 1800, and which is so much vaunted lately by Unionists in connection with the agitation for Irish Home Rule. To explain Moore's bitterness against the Act of Union and the relation it bears

to Home Rule I must enter on a brief disquisition concerning that subject. Perhaps you have forgotten the circumstances attending the passing of the Act of Union, for they seem almost lost sight of at the present day. In my next I shall give you an outline of it.

Moore thus lashes those traitors to their country who accepted bribes :

“Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or burned on Fox's
tongue
Than upstart Whigs produce each market
night
While yet their conscience as their purse
is light.”

* * * * *
“But bees on flowers alighting cease their
hum,
So settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb,
And though most base is he, who 'neath
the shade
Of Freedom's ensign plies corruption's
trade,
Yet, yet, I own so venerably dear,
Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my
ear,

That I enjoy them, though by *traitors* sung,
And reverence Scripture even from Satan's
tongue.”

This is addressed to Pitt :

“Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but near
me now
To see how Spring lights up E in's brow ;
Couldst thou but see what verdure paints
the sod,
Which none but tyrants and their slaves
have trod ;
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and
brave,
That warns the soul of each insulted slave,
Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy
Pittite heart
Would burst to think that such a blooming
part
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's
charms
And filled with social souls and vigorous
arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew
So smooth, so godly—yet so devilish too ;
Who, armed at once with prayer books
and with whips,
Blood on their hands and Scripture on
their lips,
Tyrants by creed and torturers by text,
Make this life Hell in honor of the next.”

Here are a few pasquinades of that period, hundreds of which were published replete with sarcasm :

“And the jingling of the guinea helps the
hurt that Honour feels
And the nations do but murmur, snarling
at each other's heels.”

This points at Union Lord :

“Great families of yesterday we show
And Lords ! whose parents were
The Lord knows who !”

“Unnumbered suppliants crowd Prefer-
ment's gate,
A thirst for wealth and burning to be
great.”

The following verses show how patriotically Moore defied the party in power :

“To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends ;
Like hardy plants, that love the air and
sky,
When out 'twill thrive—but taken in 'twill
die.”

* * * * *
“Thus Pitt began and thus began his apes,
Thus devils, when *first* raised, take pleas-
ing shapes ;
But O, poor Ireland ! if revenge be sweet,
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit,
For withering insult—for the *Union*
thrown
Into thy *bitter cup*, when that alone
Of *slavery's draught* wanting—if for this
Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that Demon's
bliss ;
For sure 'tis more than Hell's revenge to
see
That England trusts the men who've
ruined thee.”

* * * * *
“These hacked and tainted tools, so foully fit
For the *grand artisan of mischief, Pitt*.”

It was Tennyson's happier lot to flourish under the reign of the gentle Royal Lady whose virtues now adorn the British crown—VICTORIA.

“May she rule us long
And leave to us rulers of her blood
As noble, till the latest day !
May children of our children say,
“She wrought her people lasting good,
Her court was pure, her life serene,
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as *Mother, Wife* and *Queen*.”

Vive la Reine. PLACIDIA.

LETTER XVII.

HAMILTON, March 3, 18—.

DEAR — My last letter was concerning the history of Ireland in Thomas Moore's time, and you desire to hear more about that period of suffering, those ages of tears and blood. Do you know what Voltaire says about the qualities which are indispensable to historians? Not that Voltaire is an authority; for I suppose, as he did not believe in God, he did not believe in the truth and honour of mankind. He says: "Quand on écrit l'histoire, on ne doit être d'aucun pays, et il faut se dépouiller de tout esprit de parti." But that is more easily said than done.

I must defer my bit of history till next time I write, as we have been visited by a terrific storm such as sometimes swoops down upon those sea girt isles and holds high carnival there, without "let or hindrance." I must tell you about this storm, and shall use Shakespeare's words, which describe it well:

"I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have riven the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious Ocean swell and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire."

All these months old Winter has been masquerading in the garb of Autumn, aping the mildness of the lamb and the gentleness of the dove; but, as if enraged at his enforced exit, the old tyrant casts off the mask and appears in his true character. "Surly Winter, passing to the north, calls to his ruffian blasts and they obey."

"As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bitter knows his time with bill in-
gulfed

To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste."

And "Spring still lingers in the lap of Winter." *Oh fie! Spring.*

On the 1st of March we had a grand performance by the elements, which kept us awake nearly all night. "The winds that now began to blow with boisterous sweep to swell the brooding terrors of the storm." It was a fearfully stormy night; but though the wind was so fierce, the air was pleasant and not at all cold.

"There is a voice in every viewless wind."
"The wind has a language I would I could learn!
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern;
Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,
And all things grow calm as the sound floats along."

Awake all night listening to the voices of the Tempest I composed a programme, which, when you have read, you may say, as Dryden said of Flecknoe, that

"I, in prose and verse, am owned without dispute,
Through all the realms of nonsense absolute."
Voilà.

GRAND CONCERT BY THE ELEMENTS,

At Hamilton, March 1st, 18—.

Under the patronage of his Majesty King Boreas and his Court, King Neptune and Queen Amphitrite. Proteus and the Sirens Thetys and Calliope taking part.

I must describe it in verse, for "Poetry is the short-hand of thought," and who does not love poetry? George Herbert says:

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

"Well sounding verses are the charms we use
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse;

Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told,
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that Sound as well as Sense persuades."

"Now began thunder, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixt;
Water with fire, in rain reconciled;
Nor slept the winds within their stony caves,
But rushed abroad with stormy blasts."

And this is in the night—Most glorious night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of Thee!
How the lit bay shines like a phosphoric sea,

And the big rain comes dancing on the earth;

And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.—*Byron.*

"When descends on the Atlantic

The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges

Laden with sea-weed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs: from edges

Of sunken ledges,
In some far off bright Azore;

From Bahama, and the dashing
Silver flashing

Surges of San Salvador:

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,

On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered caves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches

All have found repose again."

"Almighty power upon the whirwind rode
And every blast proclaimed aloud
There is, there is a God."

Cornet Solo—original composition by the South Wind.

"Now here, the sighing winds, before unheard,

Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow,

Till all the surface of the deep is stirred,
Like to the panting grief it hides below;
And heaven is covered with a stormy rack
Soiling the waters with its inky black."

Anvil Chorus—extemporized by doors, windows and shutters rattling, performing a castanet dance on an air on the triangle with drum accompaniment.

"Though the winds do rage as winds they would,

And cease Spring tides to raise great flood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good."

Song—"Music of the Spheres," by the Wind and Rain, rendered with spirit and dying away in softly modulated echoes.

"The rain is

Dashing in big drops on the narrow pane
And making mournful music for the mind,
While plays his interlude the wizard wind
I hear the sighing of the frequent rain."

Song of the Cloud—rendered sweetly by Caliope the Siren.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers

From the sea and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet birds every one,

When rocked to sleep on their mother's breast

As she dances about the Sun.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;

I pass through the pores of the Ocean and Shores;

I change, but I cannot die.

CHORUS BY THE ELEMENTS.

There is a tongue in every leaf—

A voice in every rill—

A voice that speaketh everywhere,

In flood and fire; through earth and air,
A tongue that's never still.

SOLO BY THE EAST WIND.

Song—rendered by the melancholy East Wind in soft, sad tones of melody.

"Be still, be still, poor human heart;

What fitful fever shakes thee now?
The earth's most lovely things depart—
And what art thou?

Thy spring than earth's doth sooner fade,
Thy blossoms first with poison fill;

To sorrow born, for suffering made—
Poor heart! be still.

Thou lookest to the clouds—they fleet;

Thou turnest to the waves—they falter;
The flower that decks the shrine, though sweet,
Dies on its altar.

And thou, more changeful than the cloud,
More restless than the wandering rill,

Like that lone flower in silence bowed—
Poor heart, be still."

SONG BY PROTEUS.

There comes the Father of the Tempest forth
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyous rains
obscure,
Drive through the mingling skies with
vapour foul,

Dash on the mountain's brow and shake the
woods

That, grumbling, wave below. The un-
sightly plain
Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
pour flood on flood.

PART II.

Solo—"Murmurs of the Ocean"—by the
Prima Donna of Neptune's Theatre.

"Sleet ! and Hail ! and Thunder !

And ye winds that rave,
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave.

- Winds that like a demon
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling seaman
In his tossing boat."

Song—Quartette—by the Glee Club of Nep-
tune's Court.

"What are the wild waves saying?"

Solo by *Thetys the Siren*.

"On the Summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne ;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'er-flown ?

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free :
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder
When he shouts to the stormy sea !

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And he singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild-bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When he dies in a dream of rain !"

By the Baritone of King Boreas' Vocal Society.

In winter when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old Harper, smote
His thunder harp of pines.

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land ;
And raging weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth as with a hand.

A flashing desolation there,
Flames before thunder's way ;
But thy servants, Lord ! revere
The gentle changes of Thy day.

The Angels draw strength from Thy glance,
Though no one comprehend Thee may ;
The world's unwithered countenance
Is hright as at creation's day.—GOETHE.

Song by Signor Basso of King Boreas' Court.

Through woods and mountains passes
The winds like anthems roll,

Then comes with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm wind from Lahrador—
The wind Euroclydon—
The storm-wind.

Howl ! Howl ! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would that the *sins* thou abhorrest,
O soul ! could thus decay,
And he swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day ;
And the stars from Heaven down cast,
Like red leaves he swept away !
Kyrie eleison ! Christe eleison ! Kyrie eleison !
—LONGFELLOW.

The well-known recitative and air
of Daybreak, beginning "Cock-a-
doodle-doo," with a chorus of innu-
merable tribes of Feathered Songsters,
a solo, then a duet, then the full
chorus, swelled into grand harmony,
ended the entertainment. Amid the
chill and gloom of this laggard Spring
it was cheering to hear their merry
warble.

"The blackbird whistles from the thorny
briar ;
The mellow hull-finch answers from the
grove ;

Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent ; joined to these
Numerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous ; while the love-bird breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole."

After which we welcomed with plea-
sure the advent of the rain-bow :

"That gracious thing made up of tears and
light."

"What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varied hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of Heaven."

"Look upon the rainbow and praise Him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof; it compasses the heavens about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."—(Eccles., chap. xliii.)

"Triumphal arch, that fills the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To tell me what thou art,"

And now comes "Tired nature's
sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

O! thou best comforter of the saddest heart
When fortune's spite assails—come, gentle
Sleep;

Thou knowest in soft forgetfulness to steep
The eyes which sorrow's taught to watch
and weep.

This is enough of poetry and non-sense (not that poetry is nonsense, however). "Fare thee well. May the elements be kind to thee and make thy spirits full of comfort."

I have received your welcome letters—

Those winged postillions that can fly
From the Antarctic to the Arctic sky.

Seneca says in his Epic (4): "It is by the benefit of letters that absent friends are brought together."

"Kind messages that pass from land to land,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand."

As you are so anxious to hear more about Irish Home Rule and the Act of Union, &c., I shall

Record for you this tale of pain,
The history of a modern Cain,
From age to age in tear-stained page.

But as 'Brevity is the soul of wit,'
I will be brief, for

"Brevity is very good
Whether we are, or are not understood."

PLACIDIA.



LETTER XVIII.

HAMILTON, March, 18—.

DEAR—As you have requested me to give you some information concerning the "Act of Union," which Tom Moore wrote so bitterly against, and its connection with the Home Rule measure of the present day; and

"Since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleased to hear, I'll not refuse to tell,"

I will endeavor to give you some information about the state of things at that eventful period. A vieux comptes nouvelles disputes.

Irish Home Rule has been for years prominently before the British Parliament, and will continue to be agitated till that measure of justice is conceded, till the scales fall from the eyes of the hereditary legislators of Great Britain, or till those hereditary legislators are themselves deposed from

their high estate as rulers of that country—cast down from the tyrant might and insolence of power which mocks the name of freedom.

"Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord."

Pope thus warns the Peers:

"If by your father's worth your own you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.

Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;

Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.

What can ennoble *sots*, or *slaves*, or *cowards*?

Alas! NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF ALL THE HOWARDS."

I will commence by reminding you briefly of the fact that for over 200 years millions of English and Irish Roman Catholics were by the Penal Laws of England kept in a state of

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slavery, victims of causeless injustice, aliens in their native land for the crime of worshipping God according to their conscience. From the reign of Elizabeth (1558) to 1778 the cruel Penal Laws were in force against Catholics.

The American War and Declaration of Independence by the United States caused, in 1778, through political exigencies some relaxation of the Penal Code. In 1782 the Independence of the Irish Parliament was asserted, and for nearly 20 years afterwards the progress and improvement of Ireland was rapid beyond example; but indeed there was plenty of room for improvement. This well-being and pecuniary success of Ireland was in England viewed with jealous eyes, and soon selfish legislation checked the tide of prosperity and reduced the country to misery. Driven to desperation the Irish, both Protestants and Catholics, as "United Irishmen," rebelled in 1798, but were put down and severely punished. The Act of Union was then passed in 1800.

"What is Revolution? You enquire
What you might know were but the people
wise,
What your son's sons must know some day
in England.
If the few govern only for the few."

Lord Clare stated in Parliament (1798) of Ireland between the years 1782 and 1798: "No Nation on the globe ever advanced in cultivation, in commerce, in agriculture, in manufactures, as rapidly in the same period."

Though the majority of the Irish House of Commons were men who had no Irish interests whatever, and though Ireland was a Catholic country, the nation was not represented. Not a Catholic could raise his voice in that assembly. The Test Act passed in Charles the Second's time (1673) debarred Catholics from all offices, military and civil, and still continued in force; and as no Catho-

lic could sit in Parliament, most oppressive and insulting laws against them were passed by that Irish Parliament. However, there were many noble, generous souls, Protestants like Grattan, who toiled with unceasing energy to promote their country's welfare; and those patriots thought little of any personal sacrifice which might obtain some increase of liberty, some happier condition of life for their countrymen in the future.

"When a patriot falls, must he fall in the
battle
Where the cannon's loud roar is his only
death rattle?
There's a warfare where none but the mor-
ally brave
Stand nobly and firmly their country to
save.
'Tis the war of opinion where few can be
found
On the mountain of principle guarding
the ground;
With vigilant eyes ever watching the foes
Who are prowling around them and aiming
their blows."

To give you an idea of what a fearful state Ireland was in during the time when, in Parliament, the Act of Union was under discussion, I shall quote Daniel O'Connell's statement before the Repeal Association, April, 1840: "All the time the Act of Union was under discussion the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended; no man could call one hour's liberty his own. Courts-martial had unlimited power, and threatened all with death who dared to resist the spoliation of their birthright."

Many poor creatures were hanged or shot or stabbed (bayoneted) simply for wearing green, whether it was worn on purpose or accidentally.

It is stated that there was more suffering, misery and wrong inflicted on innocent persons in Irish prisons during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act than in twenty years in Paris within the walls of the Bastille.

"O what a wretched country as this was never seen,
For they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his colour can't be seen,
For there is a bloody law against the wearing of the green."

I quote the following resolution to show you the state of public feeling anent the Act of Union. At a public meeting convened for the purpose of protesting against the Union, at the Royal Exchange, Dublin, Jan., 1800, the following resolution was passed. This is one of a series of similar resolutions, all of which indicate the state of public feeling throughout Ireland regarding the Act of Union :

"Resolved—That we are of opinion that the proposed incorporate union of the legislature of Great Britain and Ireland is in fact an extinction of the liberty of this country, which would be reduced to the abject condition of a province surrendered to the mercy of the ministers and legislators of another country, to be bound by their absolute will and taxed at their pleasure by laws in the making of which this country would have no efficient participation whatever ; and that we believe that this deadly attack upon the nation will be the great call of nature, of country and posterity upon Irishmen of all classes and persuasions to every constitutional and legal resistance ; and that we sacredly pledge ourselves to persevere in obedience to that call as long as we have life."

(Signed) J. BRYAN, Secretary.

Here is a historian's statement : "It is easy to understand that the subversion of a resident independent parliament, especially when forced upon the people, would cause intense dissatisfaction. The Act of Union was passed without the usual constitutional appeal to the electors, which precluded the freedom of assent, and prevented the Act of Union from being

a fair compact between nations."—DR. C. COOTES.

Fox, the powerful rival of Pitt, considered the Act of Union illegal, and expressed strong views as to the strength of the people, and stated that the "English Parliament had no moral right to make a Union between the two countries without the sanction of the people "

The following is an extract from a letter of Mr. Fox, who was opposed to Pitt's policy, written on January 19, 1790 : "If it were only for the state of representation in their House of Commons I should object to the Union ; but when you add the state of the country, it is the most monstrous proposition that ever was made. I have a full conviction that it is completely impossible, and if I were to allow myself a leaning to any extreme, it would be that of Federalism."—*Fox's Correspondence, vol. iv.*

Hon. Mr. Gladstone, in a speech on St. Patrick's night in 1887, stated that : "The whole Liberal party of England were strongly opposed to the Parliamentary Union between England and Ireland. Not only those who acted with Mr. Fox, but Mr. Fox, down to the last hour of his life, was a dissentient person towards that most prenture and unhappy plan."

This scheme of Union was assailed bravely by the sarcastic art and nervous oratory of Sheridan, by the chastened and dignified eloquence of Gray, the acuteness of Tierney, and the casuistry of Lawrence.

After the passing of the Act of Union for a couple of years Ireland seemed to be stunned by a heavy and unexpected blow, but when she recovered herself her first act was to protest against the blow and the manner in which the blow was given.

Public meetings were held, and the repeal of the Act of Union was demanded as essential for the country's

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welfare and prosperity. Daniel O'Con-
noll, at one meeting, made this state-
ment in an eloquent speech: "The
Union was a manifest injustice, and it
continues to be unjust to this day; it
was a crime, and must still be crim-
inal, unless it shall be ludicrously
pretended that crime like wine, im-
proves by old age, and that time
mollifies injustice into innocence."

Dublin Post, March 26th, 1808.

This is certainly forcible and em-
phatic language. A voice from the
honored dead, it points out the neces-
sity of Home Rule for Ireland now as
it was then. A very largely attended
mass meeting to advocate Repeal of
the Union was held in 1810 and from
that time a constant organized agita-
tion for the people's rights has been
kept up led by the patriots and lovers
of justice in Ireland, and assisted by
those of other countries who practice
the precept of our Lord: "Do unto
others as you would they should do
unto you."

But those men of high condition
That rule affairs of State,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.

It is now the last decade of the cen-
tury since that Act of Union was
passed which deprived Ireland of the
power of making laws for herself, and
left her helpless at the mercy of a
country alien in religion and in race.
The Irish people have never ceased
their endeavour to obtain an Irish

Parliament—in other words, Home
Rule. But even now a change is at
hand. God grant superior spirits to
guide its course, to steer the Ark of
Human Liberty through the stormy
waves of turbulent bigotry into a haven
of prosperity and peace. The time
shall soon come when the poor Irish
can say, in the words of Solomon:
"For lo, the winter is past, the rain
is over and gone; the flowers appear
on the earth; the time of the singing
of birds has come, and the voice of
the turtle dove is heard in our land."

Ireland shall no longer be the
"Niobe of nations." and, as Gladstone
said, "England shall no longer have
her Poland."

"The shades of the martyrs, looking out
from the Past,
Shall see what they died for accomplished
at last."

"It often falls in course of common life,
That 'Right' long time is overborne of
'Wrong,'

Through avarice, or power, or guile, or
strife,

That weakens her and makes her foes
too strong;

But Justice, though her doom she do pro-
long,

Yet at the last will her own cause right."
—SPENSER.

"Often do the spirits of great events
Stride on before the events
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

"And coming events cast their shadows
before."

Dieu vous garde.

PLACIDIA.

LETTER XIX.

HAMILTON, March, 18—.

DEAR — As I gave you an account of the Act of Union between England and Ireland in my last letter, now I will ask: do you know what Home Rule means? It is simply giving the Irish people the privilege of managing their own affairs. At present an Irish county can't build a railroad without having to go through all the trouble and red-tapeism of having the matter brought before the English Parliament to get the consent of that body. If Cork or Dublin or Belfast wanted to have electricity lighting their streets they would have to get a bill through the English Parliament.

Some years ago the Dublin Improvement Act was passed, which allows more liberty to the Corporation. *En passant*, let us remark that the passing of this Bill entailed a heavy expenditure, but it has removed some of the greatest obstacles to needed improvements. An instance of red-tapeism is the following: The Town Commissioners of Newry promoted a Bill for improving the water supply of their little town. The sum estimated for the carrying out of their scheme was \$105,000; the sum they had to spend in London before they could get their bill passed into law was \$35,000, or one-third of the sum needed to construct the works!

Even now the drainage of Dublin city is very defective. The river Liffey, which runs through the city from east to west, is merely an open sewer, into which all the main sewers pour their foul contents; and the odour is highly detrimental to the health of the city, especially in warm weather. For fully forty years a scheme has been on foot to carry out a main-drainage system for Dublin, but with all the delays and investigations of Government Commissioners

and Local Government Boards, and the obstructions and expense entailed by all these slow processes, the drainage remains still as it was forty years ago.

Now it is evident that Home rule would settle all these grievances. Canada has Home Rule. Our young country had a fight for it; but our neighbour, the American Eagle, warned off the vultures of the "*Family Compact*" who were trying to devour the land by unjust laws, ruinous taxation, etc., and though the rebellion in a military sense was a failure, and though some valuable lives were sacrificed in the struggle for Responsible Government, Canada was victorious at last.

WHAT IS HOME RULE?

If I understand it correctly it is that no power save the masses of Ireland have authority to make laws for the ancient kingdom. It is that the cause which has been sanctified by the martyrdom of Emmet and the blood of the patriots of 1798 is pure, beautiful and holy. It is that the people of Ireland shall have the power to command landlordism—a system villanous in its origin, the result of confiscation and robbery, and anti-christian in spirit—to depart from Ireland forever. It is that an Irish Legislature shall have control and mastership over the constabulary; over the industrial interests, over the railroads, over the education, and over all the internal improvements of the nation.

Australia has Home Rule; so has New Zealand; and in America every State in the Union has Home Rule. The soi-disant Unionists pretend that if Home Rule be conceded the Catholics, being so largely in the majority, might persecute them. But they cannot show any precedent for such a

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hypothesis. When the edict of Nantes was revoked in the eighth month of James the Second's reign, and the rebellious Huguenots were driven from France, where did they go? They went to Ireland and claimed her well-known hospitality; the Catholic King, James the Second, treated them kindly, and established them in Ulster. Concerning this matter I find the following extract from the pen of a noted writer, in a work entitled "Ireland, the Cradle of European Literature," by the Rev. I. B. Findlay, LL.D.:

"Among the settlements made by the Huguenots in Ireland, one was at Lisburn, County Antrim, where they commenced the linen trade, to which they had been brought up. It has ever since been successfully carried on by their descendants in that town and Ulster generally. This flourishing trade is the result of wise forethought on the part of James and his government. In 1685 these Huguenots were given a patent for conducting the linen manufacture according to the customs of their own country, and the Pastor whom they had brought with them received an annual grant of £60. Nicholas de Tacherois Crommelin, Esq., of Carradore Castle, is an immediate descendant of Monsieur Louis Crommelin, to whom the patent was granted by the British Government."

When the German Protestants had to leave the Rhine region they went to Ireland and settled in Limerick.

Really the only objection to Home Rule is the objection of the bigot.

Why should the people of Dublin have to go to the London Parliament to get an Act passed to light their streets or to drain their city? The people are as competent as we in Canada are to transact their own affairs. As I mentioned Landlordism above, from English statistics we learn that 900 landlords own 16,000,000 acres of land in Ireland;

and that \$80,000,000 is annually taken out of the country by those landowners, and most of it spent out of it also. It is not strange that Ireland is poor. If \$80,000,000 were taken out of our young Dominion every year what would Canada be in ten years? Yet statistics, which cannot lie, show that since Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England \$2,150,000,000, or twelve times the national debt of the United States, has been taken out of Ireland. "Now some cold-hearted men ask: What has Ireland to complain of? Not that hundreds of her noblest sons had died upon the scaffold for the stainless cause of their bleeding country. Not that the track of the emigrant ship from the Green Isle to America was strewn with the whitened bones of thousands of victims of English landlordism. Not that the land that rightfully belonged to the Irish people has been four times confiscated. Not that while one century ago one million of her people were engaged in industrial pursuits there are now only 87,000."

In my last letter and in another one I have compared Ireland to Niobe, quoting Lord Byron's words about Pagan Rome. It does not fully apply to Erin, as stony despair has not made her its prey. As you are familiar with the legend I need not repeat it here. I think, however, that the beautiful piece of sculpture which was in the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence in 1841 might be regarded as an illustration of Ireland's sorrows. This superb masterpiece was formerly in the temple of Apollo Sosianus at Rome. The execution of this interesting monument of Greek art is by some attributed to Scopas, while others believe it to be the production of Praxiteles. Pliny says that either of the two was the author of it. This group consists of a series of

figures of both sexes in all the disorder and agony of pain and terror; while the figure of Niobe, of colossal dimensions compared with the other figures, clasping her youngest daughter fondly to her bosom forms the centre. The hapless Niobe, in the most affecting attitude of supplication, with an expression of deep grief, her eyes turned upward, implores the Gods to spare her offspring.

The myth of Niobe is very pretty as explained by Volcker and others in a physical sense. According to these writers, the name Niobe signifies *youth or newness*. She is the daughter of the *Flourishing One* (Tantalus), wife of the Sun (Amphion), and the mother of the *Green One* (Chloris). Niobe, then, is the young, fruitful, verdant Earth, the bride of the Sun, beneath whose fecundating beams she pours forth vegetation with lavish profusion. But the revolution of the year is denoted by Apollo and Diana (other forms of the sun and moon), changing to winter, withers up and destroys her progeny. She weeps and stiffens to stone (the frosts and torrents of winter); but (Chloris) the *Green One* re-

mains, and Spring clothes the earth anew with its verdure.

So may it be with poor Ireland. "Now is the Winter of her discontent." May it soon turn to glorious Summer.

"Erin, O Erin, thus bright through the
tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit
appears.
The nations have fallen and thou art still
young;
Thy sun is but rising when others are
set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morn-
ing hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam
round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin, though in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest
shall fade.

Unchilled by the rain and unwak'd by
the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through Winter's
cold hour,
Till Spring light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the
young flower.
Thus, Erin, O Erin, thy Winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall
blossom at last."—Moore.

PLACIDIA.



LETTER XX.

HAMILTON, March, 18—.

DEAR — As you have requested I will continue with the arguments in favor of Home Rule, and tell you what I have read on that subject. Hon. Mr. Gladstone stated in one of his speeches that England cannot be properly governed on account of Ireland, or rather the "Irish Question." He said: "There are perhaps thirty or forty questions of great public importance, many of them of vast public importance, perfectly ripe for discussion, all of them demanding solution, all of them having large bodies, and

intelligent bodies, of men pushing them forward; and no doubt it is a disagreeable duty to perform, to say or to have performed on you, to be told: It is all nonsense; "Ireland blocks the way."

Mr. Gladstone illustrates his meaning by comparing it to a railway accident which has encumbered the line with a wreck of carriages and goods, perhaps of passengers; then the next train comes up and it cannot move, and half a dozen trains accumulate all together; then the passengers are impatient, and some say: "I cannot wait; you must drive on." The engineer

would, if a sensible man, say: "Are you fool enough not to know that there is but one thing to do, and that is to CLEAR THE LINE." Ireland is the wreck that blocks the way.

Hon. Mr. Gladstone makes mention in a letter in the Nineteenth Century Magazine some years ago of the fact that the House of Lords resisted effectually the efforts of a Conservative Government in 1845 to mitigate those frightful evils and shocking misery disclosed by the Devon Commission of investigating; that three million of Irishmen and their unfortunate families dragged out a miserable existence at the standard of living just barely above starvation point. "Barely" is an expressive word, for the creatures were half clad as well as half fed.

Speaking of American assistance in the period of the famine, Mr. Gladstone says: "May there not seem to be, in the outcry against present American subscriptions, even some taint of ingratitude? When and how did they begin? They began, I believe, certainly they began to attract notice, in and after the Famine of 1847. They were directed to three ends; and what ends? First towards saving the people from death by starvation. Secondly towards saving the people from eviction, and paying the rents of the landlords, at a time when England reprobated indeed the evictions, but did not amend, nay, as we have seen, aggravated the law. And, thirdly, they went to carrying forward a gigantic work of emigration; a mournful remedy indeed for a people who intensely love their soil, but yet a real remedy, so far that it has powerfully served to obviate the recurrence of famine, to slacken the intolerable pressure of the demand for the occupation of land, and to raise the wages of labor and the standard of living above starvation point; above that point at which, according to the report of the

Devon Commission, as interpreted by the Conservative Government of the day, three millions of Irishmen habitually dragged on their equivocal existence in this vale of tears. Surely it is not for us either to exaggerate the evil of subscriptions abroad for the cure of mischiefs at home, or to provoke a hostile review of the causes which first induced America to direct a stream of wealth fed from her own resources upon Ireland.

"Can the Imperial Parliament claim the credit of habitual good intention towards Ireland? Has its intention when good been well informed as well as good? Presuming the intention of Parliament to be always good, and always well informed, does the Imperial Parliament, under the established conditions of its working, offer a satisfactory provision for dealing with the internal affairs of Ireland?"

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"For what period, then, and under what limitations, can we firmly predicate a good intention of England, and latterly of the Imperial Parliament, towards Ireland? Not in the first four of the seven centuries through which the connection has lasted; for in those centuries of cruelty or neglect Mr. O'Connell has demonstrated, not by assertion but by citations from authority, that the policy, so far as there was a policy, was in the main a policy by no means of mere subjugation but actually of extirpation, for the Irish race inhabiting the island. Not for the fifth of the seven centuries; it was the century of confiscations. Not for the sixth down to 1782; it was the century of the penal laws. All these decency forbids us to defend; and we consign them to condemnation, and wash our hands of such proceedings.

"There is no question now about the years following 1782; for they are the years which the Irish bless. But who will dare to assert that the inten-

tion of England and of the Parliament was good even from the Legislative Union onwards? At that period we cast aside the virtual pledges given to the Roman Catholics as ruthlessly as the English of William the Third's time broke the Treaty of Limerick; and, when the Union had fatally weakened the personal ties between landlord and tenant by drawing the peers and gentry of Ireland to London, we broke up by the Act of 1815 the old traditions of the country, transformed the old in the interest of the landlords, and to succeed the centuries of extirpation, of confiscation and of penalty, we ushered in the century of evictions. To the mass of the Irish people it would have been a less terrible and smaller grievance to re enact the penal laws.

"From the time when our representative system was remodelled by the Reform Act, a new spirit, an improved intention, became visible and operative in Irish government. The time of Drummond and the Viceroys over him has still a place in the affectionate recollections of the country.

"In support of the contention that, since the first Reform Act, good intention has in some form prevailed, it may be pointed out that a large party at least in this country have for the most part been ready to extend equal laws and franchises to Ireland; that at times, and especially in the legislation of 1845 and in the Devon Commission, a kindly spirit guided the action of a Conservative Government; and that at a later time great exceptional changes were introduced into Irish laws for Church and land with a real desire to show to Ireland that she could obtain from British justice and intelligence all the good which she could have from a Parliament of her own.

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"But was it with a good intention that the House of Lords resisted effect-

ually the effort of a Conservative Government in 1845 to mitigate the frightful evils disclosed by the Devon Commission?

"It is more material to ask whether this good intention was well informed. Now we cannot affirm that the Parliaments before 1829 were well informed, which suffered the question of Roman Catholic disabilities to fester, until the only choice remaining was between concession and civil war. But after 1829? The Parliament of 1847, which passed the Encumbered Estates Act, had an undoubtedly good intention, the intention of introducing capital into Ireland. But its want of information and care was so gross, that we now look back with astonishment upon a measure which, in a country where the improvements had almost universally been made by the tenants, sold those improvements over their heads to the incoming purchasers, and paid the price to men who had not the smallest moral title to receive it. I go farther and touch what concerns myself. Was the Parliament, or was the Government, of 1880 well informed, when, guided by local officialism, it deemed the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act to be the proper cure for the agrarian disorders of Ireland?

"But in truth the difficulty lies much deeper. We are treating, be it remembered, of the local concerns of Ireland, which, as distinct from Imperial concerns, hold a position quite different from any that belongs to those of Scotland or of Wales.

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"The vast business of this Empire is not worked as are the affairs of a shop, factory, or farm. There, and in human life generally, the day suffices for the work of the day, and the agents for the acts to be done. But in the case before us, no effort has availed to transact the business within the

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time, or to make the agency equal to the work. And all this congestion is further complicated by the primary conditions of party government, which incessantly mix with the merits of of each case a cross discussion, as to the effect it may have in bringing administration to a standstill by overthrowing the Government of the day. Under these circumstances the best government never can do its duty, but only a small part of its duty. Among the particulars of State affairs, the struggle for life is incessant, and ends in the survival of the strongest. Not the strongest in fitness or in merit, but the strongest in the sum of heterogeneous considerations, gathered out of the world-wide relations of the Empire, and the intricate working of Parliamentary forces, which, when taken together, best compound and represent the public interest in dealing with what must be dealt with, and in postponing what only may. In questions organic and constitutional, Ireland has had more than her share. But in that regular provision for the wants of the people which is the business of civilized government, she has had, and can have, little part. Her weakness is aggravated by the fact that the representatives of her people are and while the present methods last must be, almost entirely excluded from that enhanced influence on affairs, which is conferred by official life. Ireland will always be the weakest; and not only the weakest, but the sorest. I speak in this manner as one who has seen what he describes. I affirm that it does and must happen that a Cabinet has to compromise the good of Ireland, in matters strictly her own, for considerations essentially non-Irish. Practical and primary interests of Ireland are set aside or postponed, from special as well as general difficulties: sometimes the necessity of party, sometimes the crotchet of a *clique*, whether

Liberal or Conservative, sometimes the needful contact between the official corps and those who represent the Irish people, sometimes the unpalatable fact that a large proportion of the available time of Parliament has already been consumed in her name: consumed, that is, in a vain attempt to govern her without taking heed of that one Irish want, wish, thought, and aspiration, which lies at the root of every other.

"I submit, then, that the good intention of Parliament towards Ireland, even if undeniable, has often been equivocal, has in essential matters been fatally ill informed; and that the machinery of our Imperial Legislature has been shown by our present experience to be ill adapted for the despatch of purely Irish concerns.

"There are 103 members nominally from Ireland—there are 101 members who represent the people of Ireland, or as to the two members from Dublin University it would be a farce to speak of them as representing Ireland (cheers). Well with that 101, as you know better than I do, 85 are the number who demanded a local government for Ireland. As to what Ireland wishes therefore there is no doubt whatever. The wish is reasonable, gentlemen—in my opinion it is entirely reasonable, and by local government for Ireland, although there is no official or technical definition of it, yet it is perfectly understood what we mean. We mean a real effective government in affairs properly and exclusively Irish, subject to the unquestionable supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. In her demand so defined I believe Ireland entirely concurs, and has not sought to extend her wishes beyond those limits."

These calm, deliberate words of a great statesman point out clearly the vital necessity, as regards England and Ireland, for Home Rule—that is, a

local parliament by which the Irish can manage their own local affairs, as we in Canada do, and as the other British colonies have done successfully

for many years. I will give some other reasons, equally cogent from another point of view, in my next. Adieu. PLACIDIA.



LETTER XXI.

HAMILTON, March, 18—

DEAR — Here are more arguments in favor of Home Rule. A French traveller writes about Ireland as follows. What he says is undeniable :

“ A conquered country subjected to special laws, Ireland is ruled by functionaries who have only one object in view, to please the Central Administration, and to prove to their chiefs that everything is for the best in the best of worlds. The landlords as a body do not live in Ireland, and all they care about is to get as much rent as possible, that they may go and expend it in England, at Paris and Vienna, or lose it at Monaco. They have killed the goose which laid the golden eggs. The farmers, through their Parliamentary representatives, have vainly called upon the Government to come to their assistance in an effectual manner. A slight improvement in their situation was brought about by the Bills of 1870, 1881 and 1885, but the remedy has not been wholly efficacious, for the rents fixed judicially are still too high, as is admitted by the Land Commissioners. It was in order to put an end once for all to this difficulty that Mr. Gladstone elaborated his two measures for the purchase of the land and for granting Home Rule. With the same object Mr. Parnell proposed his Bill allowing the tenants to deposit 50 per cent. of their rent until it was legally decided what amount they should pay. These three measures were rejected and the farmers were compelled to have recourse to that Plan of Campaign, which has

caused so much irritation to the landlords. No one, of course, has the right to take the law into his own hands except for self-defence. The Irish declare that at the present moment, owing to the ill-will of the landlords and the incapacity of the Government, they are simply acting on the defensive (*en etat de legitime defense*).

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“ Either the rents must be reduced or the tenants must become the owners of the soil which they cultivate. The old saying of M. Vautour to his lodger, that a person who cannot pay his rent should have a house of his own, applies with truth to Ireland.

“ Then, the Irish demand the liberty to manage their own affairs, a right which is enjoyed by the English and the Scotch. The latter, it is true, have not a National Parliament, but they have their own civil and criminal laws, a national administration, Scotch Judges, and, above all, the landlords are Scotch, like the farmers and peasants. There is a community of race and religion between the two classes which is wanting in Ireland. Moreover, at Westminster, the Scotch have to some extent a Parliament of their own, for whenever a purely Scotch question is discussed, the English members, *par un sentiment de reserve qui est entre dans les mœurs parlementaires*, carefully abstain from speaking, and confine themselves to voting according to the views of the Scotch majority. On the other hand when any Irish question crops up everybody was his say, and the princi-

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pal anxiety seems to be who shall speak the strongest. In Ireland itself the entire civil and judicial administration is in the hands of the landlords and the English, from the Lord Lieutenant down to the junior resident magistrate. It would almost seem as if the English Government had tried to divide the two classes of which the country is composed, and to excite them against each other. If an Irishman should get into trouble for drinking too much, before whom will he be taken? Before his landlord or the letter's agent. If he is charged with a more serious offence he is tried before a jury of Protestants. The judges themselves belong to the landlord class, and so it is from the top to the bottom of the judicial ladder.

"The same system with regard to public works, to education, and to county administration. The municipal councils only are elected by the people, and what is the consequence? Everywhere they are Nationalist. They are, however, deprived of all real power, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin even is not allowed to give a single order to the police of the town whose reputed administrator he is. In demanding Home Rule the Irish really only demand the right to manage their own affairs. The great objection of the English to Home Rule is that if Ireland obtains autonomy she will use it to bring about a complete separation between the two countries. To that the Irish triumphantly reply that owing to her geographical situation Ireland cannot separate herself from England, that it is essential to the prosperity of Ireland that she shall maintain the most cordial relations with England, that the only available outlet for Irish productions is and always will be England, and that finally the Irish have not that aversion to the English so generally attributed to them, what they detest being the

absurd and cruel government of their country by an administration which has neither sympathy nor community of idea, or interests with the Irish people. 'How should we gain by separation?' ask the Irish. 'We should be obliged to form an army, to create a navy, we who have not sufficient to keep ourselves as it is, and who in population are only the size of London. Is it likely that we should be such fools? We know our own interests, and it is our greatest interest to be on good terms with England. When the day comes that we have our National Government like Canada and the Australian colonies, England will have no more faithful friends than us. England has never had any better servants than the Irish either in the civil administration or the army; no Irish officer in the service of England has ever failed in his duty; no Irish soldier fighting in the ranks of the English army has ever turned his back to the enemy. The English know and recognize this. What other guarantee do they wish us to give?' So speak the Irish, whose loyalty is as proverbial as their honesty; but apart from these sentiments it is clear that they have nothing to gain by separation. Undoubtedly at the present time Ireland, discontented and irritated by the injustice and bad treatment to which she has been subjected, would be a danger to England in the event of war with any power. But Ireland autonomous and free would be to England a loyal and faithful friend. As it has been in the past so it will be in the future. As Lord Aberdeen observed the other day at Glasgow the first act of the Irish Parliament was to vote men and money to England at a time when she was engaged in a Continental war. What better proof could be afforded of the loyal dispositions of Ireland towards England."

Oui, Monsieur; vous avez raison—
c'est la vérité.

In 1867 the incorporation of the Canadian provinces into one Dominion took place. Each of the provinces has its own separate parliament for its own domestic affairs, certain matters of which have to be referred to the Dominion Parliament. What a blessing it would have been for Ireland if this principle had been acted upon when the *Union* was forced upon that country. Another illustration of this matter is that, after the battle of

Sadowa, Austrian statesmen opened their eyes to the necessity of giving to Hungary that free Constitution which has made that country content and prosperous, and a point of strength instead of weakness to the Austrian Confederation. I trust England will profit by these lessons.

"It is the Land that Freeman till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose—
The land where, girt with friends and foes,
A Man may speak the thing he will."

Adieu.

PLACIDIA.

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LETTER XXII.

HAMILTON, March, 18—

DEAR — As you have read so many arguments in favour of Home Rule we will look into the claims of those who object to it, and who call themselves "Ulster Unionists"—those who, with stupid effrontery, presume to dictate to the whole country, stultifying themselves by becoming tools of the "Lords." Ulsterites claim that "their" province is distinguished for education, for sexual purity, for prosperity and wealth. That not one of these statements is well founded is proved, with the help of official statistics, by Mr. J. G. Colclough, in the *Contemporary Review*. As regards the housing of her people, Mr. Colclough shows that Ulster is behind Leinster, and only on a par with Munster with respect to the percentage of first class houses; behind both Leinster and Munster as to second class; while she has a larger proportion of third-class dwellings than the two provinces just named. She is ahead of the other provinces in only the small percentage of the lowest or fourth-class tenements. If all the Irish counties are set down in the order of their first-class house accommodations, it will be found that six

counties outside of Ulster head the list. Upon the whole, it is indisputable that the people of Ulster are less comfortably housed than those of Leinster and Munster.

With a view to ascertain the distribution of agricultural wealth, Mr. Colclough examines the official statistics on which the rates or local taxes are based, and demonstrates that, while the ratable value of Leinster is \$21.70 per head of population, and that of Munster is \$14.87½, the ratable value of Ulster is only \$13.84. If the provinces are disregarded, and the thirty-two counties of Ireland are arranged in the order of their rating per head of population, Meath will be observed to head the list, while Down, the first Ulster county, comes in only the thirteenth place. The valuation of the city of Dublin is a dollar more per head of the population than is that of Belfast. But surely it will be said Ulster must be superior to the other provinces in respect of the incomes derived from trade. This, also, is a misconception of the facts. If we consider the amount of income returned from trade, per head of population, we find it to be in

Leinster \$52 44; in Munster \$84.62½, while in Ulster it is only \$30.58. Thus, as regards incomes from trade, as well as agricultural wealth, the utmost that can be said for Ulster is that it is more prosperous than Connaught. Let us glance now at the diffusion of education. The official returns show that the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is in Leinster 74.6; in Munster 71.7; while in Ulster is 70.7.

These gentlemen and their friends in the north-east corner of Ulster form, Mr. Chamberlain tells us, the educated and intelligent portion of the people of Ireland. The population of Belfast is 42,000 less than that of Dublin, but it shows 700 more "illiterates," strangely. The population of Derry is more than a third less than Limerick. It has nearly twice as many "illiterates." The "loyal minority," we are told, are a people *par excellence*, a people of "quiet and orderly lives." The ratio of illegitimate births in 1885 in Ulster was 4.8 per cent., in Leinster it was only 2.8 per cent., in Munster 2.2 per cent., and in Connaught 0.9 per cent. A further analysis reveals that the blackest county in Ireland is that in which Mr. Chamberlain made his tour, Antrim, 5.8 per cent., then comes Armagh, 5.0 per cent., Londonderry, 4.8 per cent., Down, 4.5 per cent., Tyrone, 4.0 per cent.—the five counties in which the Orange members find their seats. These figures do not prove that the Orangemen are morally a "superior" people. "The proportion of illegitimate children," wrote Sir John Forbes, "coincides almost exactly with the relative proportion of the two religions in each province of Ireland, being large where the Protestant element is large, and small where it is small."

It seems, then, that as a matter of incontrovertible figures, Ulster is neither *richer*, *better educated*, nor *more moral* than the rest of Ireland.

As to the further assertion that Ulster is Protestant and Unionist, a few words will suffice. Of her total population 46 per cent. are Catholics, and in five out of the nine counties Catholics are in the majority.

HERE ARE MORE STATISTICS.

Ulster is generally represented as the wealthiest, the most educated and the province having the most manufactures in Ireland. On account of these supposed facts she is supposed to have a right to be heard before any other part of Ireland. But let us betake ourselves to the dry figures of official returns and see if they bear out this supposition. And first Ulster is not the wealthiest province, though it has the largest population. This is proved by returns concerning the income tax assessment, and also by returns giving the valuation of rateable property in every county and borough constituency, province by province. Both of these returns give Leinster the first place, Munster the second and Ulster the third. Do you want to see how Ulster stands concerning her manufactures? You will find in these returns that the profits arising from all kinds of business, not agricultural, place Leinster first, Ulster second, even when the government establishments in Dublin are deducted being exceptional to that province. Then take a few other statistics. If we inquire which province has the largest number of holdings paying under £6 rental it is Ulster—207,889; Connaught, 128,214; Munster, 105,427, and Leinster, 97,000. Ulster has more than Leinster and Munster put together. Which province has most of the lowest class of dwellings rated at £1 and under? Again it is Ulster—Ulster, 152,499; Connaught, 105,008; Munster, 92,632, and Leinster, 85,040; thereby allotting to Ulster one-third of the worst houses in Ireland. And which has most of the

best class of houses rated at over £12? Ulster is completely distanced by Leinster—Leinster, 18,745; Ulster, 11,950; Munster, 5,698, and Connaught, 2,452. Is Ulster the most educated province? Again it is "no" according to the 1881 census—Leinster, 58.5 per cent. illiterates; Ulster, 53.4; Munster, 53.2, and Connaught, 41.5. The claim of Ulster to be so far ahead of the other provinces falls to the ground. It can easily be proved that from advantages of geographical position the whole of the east of Ireland is in advance of the west. But how would it be possible for an Irish Parliament, with the figures I have given you, to persecute Ulster by imposing taxes on her which would not affect other parts of Ireland as much or more? We must remember, too, that Ulster would not claim a separate voice even on the plea that she was predominantly Protestant—what is termed Loyalist. That can only be said of the northeast corner of Ulster, including three counties or rather more. In the rest of three quarters of Ulster the Roman Catholics are two to one.

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A large number of the popular heroes have all been Protestant, such as Swift, Grattan, Flood, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, John Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, Butt, Parnell and a score of others. Has the municipal vote in Roman Catholic towns shown a tendency to keep Protestants out of office? Again the record says "No." In Catholic Cork you will find often Protestant mayors and Protestant sheriffs selected. Not long ago out of the £2,440 emoluments paid to public officials in Cork £1,840 went to Protestants. Apply the same test to Dublin and you will find that £4,000 goes to Protestant officials out of the total of £8,400 salaries paid to chief officers. There have been fifteen Protestant

mayors in Dublin since 1850, twelve in Waterford since 1845, thirteen in Limerick since 1841. The facts which I have quoted may be dry and stale, but they need repeating for the benefit of the lying P.P.A. bigots.

Now with regard to that corner of Ireland in which Belfast is situated here are statistics of quite an opposite kind which prove that *there*—

NO CATHOLIC NEED APPLY.

A return of the officers employed by the Belfast Corporation, together with their salaries and religious denominations, has been supplied at the instance of the Royal Commission now sitting in Belfast, and is intended to supply specific and authoritative information upon the matter which has only been vaguely ascertained during the riots enquiry. It is an astounding document, astounding in its revelation of the bigoted, intolerant exclusiveness which is practiced by the exclusively Protestant corporation of the town. Could a similar story be told of Dublin or any other Catholic city or town in Ireland we should be thoroughly ashamed of it. The return is divided into twelve municipal departments or sections. In ten of these there is not a single Catholic employed. The two departments into which the proscribed faith has been permitted to enter are the Surveyor's and the Markets'. In the Surveyor's office there are twenty two officials, of whom four are Catholics; in the Markets' Department there is one Catholic. The salaries in the Surveyor's Office range from £600 to £44. One of the Catholics has £130, another £62, while the third and fourth are in receipt of the smallest remuneration. In the Markets' Department there are three officials; the first has a salary of £250, the second £175, and the third £117. It is the £117 man who is the solitary Catholic. In the Accountant's Office the salaries range

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from £450 to £50. No Catholic. In the Cashier's Office, where there are two officials, one having £110 a year and the other £70, and in the ranks of the rate collectors, who are paid a commission on receipts, there is no Catholic. On the Sanitary staff the salaries range from £300 to £52. No Catholic. In the Gas Works the salaries range from £900 to £75. No Catholic. In the Gas Offices, an extensive concern employing twenty-four men, the salaries range from £600 to £70. Still no Catholic. And the

same story is told of Car Inspectors', the Street Inspectors', and the Cemetery and Park Department."

There are frenzied bigots among our so called religious people who tell us that if Ireland becomes free and republican the minority being Protestant will have their religious privileges extinguished and their lives sacrificed. This is the latest and the most villanous pretext ever put forth by the enemies of Home Rule—that Home Rule means Rome Rule,

Adieu. PLACIDIA.



LETTER XXIII.

HAMILTON, March, 18—

DEAR — I have given you many strong reasons for Home Rule, proving from the highest authorities that it should be granted to Ireland. I will now show you that England owes a heavy debt to Ireland—an immense reparation for centuries of misgovernment, oppressions, cruelties, and laws which would have disgraced the administration of a Nero or a Caligula. England could never make sufficient atonement, but Ireland only asks the tardy justice that at last she should be free and independent, as each and all of the States in America are, to make her own laws and enforce them. I will endeavour to prove why I have declared that England owes a great atonement to Ireland and Irish Catholics especially.

It has pleased the English people to ignore the facts of Irish history, at least from 1172, and it has been the practice of English historians in general to falsify the records of Irish history. The English have been graciously pleased to forgive themselves all these

crimes! And the Irish people would forgive them these crimes of their ancestors, if it were not that much of the spirit of the bigotry and persecution of former days still exists. For 440 years England warred with an inoffensive country simply to gain control of it. When Queen Elizabeth reigned in 1558 she introduced means most horrible to conquer the country, treachery, wholesale massacre, and deliberately created famine, for the crops as they grew were every year destroyed. The Protestant historian Morrison says:—"No spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of the towns, in wasted countries, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead of hunger with their mouths all coloured green by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend above ground. They were dead in multitudes and none to bury them.' During these 440 years of internal war, famine, rapine and massacre, during which time the Irish were known as "Irish enemies," another source of discord had arisen—the so-called "Reformation." The native Irish universally and the natives

of English descent generally rejected the new religion established by law.

"A Reformation I would have
As for our griefs a sovereign salve;
That is a cleansing of each wheel
Of state that yet some rust doth feel.

But not this Reformation so
That to reform were to overthrow;
Like watches, by unskilful men,
Disjointed and set ill again."

When Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII. by Anne Boleyn, ascended the throne of England in 1558, she renewed the Act of Supremacy enacted by Henry VIII., the royal Bluebeard making himself head of the Church because the Pope refused to grant him a divorce from his lawful wife, Catharine of Arragon.

Elizabeth began her reign with a systematic, bloody persecution of her Catholic subjects, emulating the cruelties of the Pagan Emperors of Rome against the early Christian martyrs. This was continued relentlessly to the end of her life, bringing scores of noble families to ruin and destroying thousands of valuable lives for refusing to abandon the faith of their forefathers. In 1562 the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England were drawn up in their present form and forced upon the English people, and the other subjects of *Good Queen Bess*. Cardinal Newman, in his lecture on "The present position of Catholics in England," states that England did not apostatize—she was robbed of her faith. The Cardinal thus describes the process:

"Protestantism was established by law in the widest sense of the word; it was forced upon all persons in station or office under sanction of an oath. Catholics were put under crushing laws. Priests for saying Mass were imprisoned for life; if a foreign priest the penalty was death, and to all who harbored or assisted them the same, torture and death. No Catholic could inherit property or

purchase land or keep school, or even send their children abroad to be educated under penalty of loss of life or liberty and property. Catholics could not vote at elections. If a son said he was a Protestant he could take all the property from the family. Elizabeth and her great men and her preachers killed and drove away all the Catholics they could; knocked down the remainder; and then at their leisure proved unanswerably and triumphantly the absurdity of Popery, and the heavenly beauty and perfection of Protestantism. Protestantism being taught everywhere, Protestant principles were taught with it, which are necessarily the very reverse of Catholic principles."

By means of these persecutions—cruel, bloody and persistent—Protestantism at last became the religion of England. In Scotland Presbyterianism was established by law, but all attempts to deprive Ireland of her ancient faith resulted in signal failures.

"True religion, sprang from God above,
Is like her fountain full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of true justice and sure verity."

James I. ascended the throne of England in 1603. He soon began to enforce rigorously the penal laws enacted by Elizabeth—one of which was a fine of £60 sterling a month for not attending Protestant worship. In a short time, by this and other penalties, more than 6,000 gentlemen and ladies were reduced to a state of beggary. One of the heaviest sufferers was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of Northampton. Driven to desperation, half maddened, he formed the desperate design of blowing up the Parliament House with gunpowder. He secured about a dozen accomplices, Guy Fawkes being the principal. This atrocious plot was got up by a few desperate men only. The Catholics as a body publicly disavowed it and proved their innocence fully. Yet

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it was made the pretence for enacting new and severe penal laws against them. This is what is popularly known as the *Gunpowder Plot*.

Here are some of the Penal laws made by the English Government to force the new religion on the English and Irish. Some of them are still on the Statute Books, though a dead letter :

1. No Catholic could settle a jointure on his wife unless she was a Protestant.

2. If the wife of a Catholic declared herself a Protestant by the law, she could force her husband to give her a separate maintenance and also the custody of her children.

3. If a son of a Catholic at any age declared himself a Protestant he became absolutely entitled to the ownership of the estate—peculiar Christianity when the wife and sons are encouraged to rebel against the husband and father—Laws framed by

That canting crew,
So smooth, so godly—yet so devilish too ;
Who, armed at once with prayer-books and
with whips,
Blood on their hands and scripture on their
lips,

Tyrants by creed and torturers by text,
Make this life Hell in honor of the next."
—MOORE.

No Catholic could vote or hold any office or even attain remunerative work.

I will quote Spenser again, as the poet belonged to the age of penal laws :

"What war so cruel, what siege so sore
As that which strong temptation doth apply
Against the Fort of reason evermore,
To bring the soul into captivity."

It is easy to point out, looking backwards, the reason why so many Irish Catholic names are at the present day owned by ultra Protestants. The voice of the serpent and the 80 pieces of silver have done their work well amongst the O'Briens, O'Reillys and McCarthys, &c.

4. Any four Justices of the Peace could without further trial banish a man for life if he refused to attend the Protestant service.

5. Any two Justices of the Peace could call any man over 16 years old before them ; and if he listened to the voice of his conscience, "that oracle of God," and refused to abjure the Catholic religion, they could bestow his property on the next of kin, if a Protestant.

"The conscience, that sole monarchy in
man
Owing allegiance to no earthly prince ;
Made by the edicts of creation free ;
An individual sovereignty, that none
Created might unpunished bind or touch ;
Unbound, save by the Eternal laws of God,
And unamenable to all below."

LETTER XXIV.

HAMILTON, March, 18—

DEAR FRIEND—I have tried to give you an idea of the Penal laws so cruelly enforced in the 16th century, though that infamous code almost surpassed the eloquence of Burke to describe it. "It had," Burke says, "a vicious perfection. It was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well

disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and the debasement of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

This code prevented the accumulation of property and punished industry

as a crime. This code enforced ignorance by statute law and punished as a felony any effort to acquire knowledge, and yet the descendants of the parties who inflicted this "Code" are actually in the habit of reproaching the Irish with wilful ignorance and wilful squalid poverty.

"During the reign of Elizabeth, Grey (the Deputy) used such inhuman, unrelenting brutality, whereupon the Queen was assured that soon there would be but little left for Her Majesty to reign over but ashes and carcasses!" So says Rev. Dr. Leland, Protestant historian, Book IV., Chap. II. This was the consummation of the subjugation of the Irish after 400 years of war, famine &c.

"Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom
flowered
In honor, glory and rule above the rest)
He overwhelped and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted and never
ceased
Till he their wealth, their name and all
oppressed.
Famine and fire he held, and there withal
He razed towns and threw down towers and
all."

It seems strange that the poet Spenser should have suggested this cruel plan for the subjugation of Ireland. He recommended that 20 days be given the Irish to submit; after which time the army marched on Ireland destroying and burning all before them, creating a famine and ensuring pestilence. But let me give the words of the gentle Edmund, the writer of "The Fairie Queen." "The end will (I assure mee) bee very short, for, altho' they should not all bee slaine by the soldiers yet thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad to feed, by this hard restraint they would soone consume themselves and devour one another!" (Spenser's Ireland, page 165.) Hollinshed states, VI., 427: "As they (the army) went, they drove the whole country before them into the

Ventrie. They took all the cattle in the country, 8,000 kine besides horses, garrons, sheep and goats, and all such people as they met were put to the sword and the rest were left to die of famine—for want of victuals." They wasted and foraged the whole country, so that the poor people were driven to devour dogs, horses, carrion, &c. But I will quote Spenser again: "Notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corne and cattel, yet ere one yeare and a half they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynnys they came creeping forth upon their hauds, for their legs would not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death. They spake like ghosts crying out of their graves A most populous and plentiful country suddently left voyde of man or beast or corne. (Spenser's State of Ireland, p. 165.) Sir John Davies said: "The people were brayed as in a mortar with famine, pestilence, pillage and the sword, and submitted themselves at last to the English government."

In 1612 the Statute II., James I., Chap. V., was enacted. The Irish being now subjugated this Statute "abolished all distinctions of race between English and Irish," with the intent, as the statute expressed it, "That there might be an utter oblivion of all differences and discords betwixt them."

When the Penal laws against Catholics were enforced, the Statute was ignored. The distinction of race was lost, Irish and English who were Catholics were obliged thenceforth to endure oppression and spoliation under the name of rebels and malcontents because they would not "deny Christ before men" and abandon the faith of their forefathers, the faith of St. Patrick.

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Thou fair Religion wast designed
 Dutious daughter of the skies,
 To warm and cheer the human mind
 And make men happy, good and wise.
 To point where sits in Love array'd
 Attendent to each suppliant call
 The God of Universal aid—
 The God, the Father of us all."

From 1688 the great principles of Parliamentary power is dated. Public liberty was protected from any possible abuse of the royal Prerogative especially with regard to pecuniary matters. William III. complained that he was king of Holland but only Stadtholder of England.

Ireland, however, did not share in the so-called "Bill of rights," a *misnomer* in one point, as religious intolerance was established by Law and the Sovereign was obliged to swear to maintain the Protestant religion. Religious dissensions were fostered by English rulers for the benefit of English rule. Ireland had no bill of rights; none of those statutes which were considered bulwarks of public liberty were copied into Irish statute books. But the great principles of civil and religious liberty, immortalized in the eloquence of Grattan, were written in latter days in characters of fire on the Irish heart by the burning words of the great O'Connell.

The following are a small part of Catholic grievances of that period: "All Catholics disqualified from voting. Catholic peers could not sit in the House of Lords. A Catholic could not hold office. Catholic priests or Bishops were considered as traitors and banished or hanged, drawn and quartered. Any one harbouring a priest or assisting at Catholic worship were treated in a similar manner or crushed under weights to death, as in the case of Mrs. Clitheroe."

Shortly after the treaty of Limerick, 1695, this law was again enacted that Catholic peers and gentlemen could not sit in Parliament. To their credit

be it said that seven Augliean Bishops and six peers entered a strong protest against this unjust statute. The law was dead against Catholics obtaining land in any way. If a Catholic bought land, or was left it by will, or given it at all, any Protestant could take it from him and enjoy it himself. A Catholic might lease a farm for 81 years and if by labour and industry he improved it so as to yield a profit equal to one-third of the rent, any Protestant might by law evict him and take the land away and use it for the residue of the lease. If a Catholic had a horse worth even £100 (\$500) or more, any Protestant tendering him £5 could take the horse and keep it. If a Catholic, having a valuable horse, concealed it to keep it, he was liable to be imprisoned for three months and to pay a fine three times the value of the horse. If a Catholic taught school he could be banished or hanged as a felon.

It was a crime for a Catholic to have his children taught to read in Ireland, and it was also made penal to seek education abroad. To the parent the penalty was £100 fine; and to the child loss of inheritance, &c. Any reproach on Irish ignorance comes with an ill grace from those whose ancestors did their best to render the Irish people a nation of ignorant *slaves*.

In 1703 it was enacted that no Catholic could be guardian to, or have the custody or tuition of any *orphan* or *child* under the age of 21 years, and that the guardianship, when a Catholic was entitled to it, should be disposed of by the Chancellor to the nearest Protestant relation of the child, or some *other Protestant*, who was required to bring up the child in the Protestant religion. An offence against this law was punished by a fine of £500. Catholics were not permitted to be guardians to their own children until the Act was passed in 1782 which permitted that.

The wise Sully, regarding the ceaseless fermentations of the French, is said to have given this *mot* to posterity: "People do not revolt from fickleness or the mere desire of change; revolts are produced by the impatience of intolerable suffering." The iron hand of despotism, which presumed to point out the way to Heaven and crushed all who did not follow that law-appointed road, weighed heavily upon Ireland for several centuries. Looking back at the establishment of the Anglican Church, which gave the death blow to liberty of conscience; at the *penal* laws, which inflicted such suffering on a helpless people; at the violation of the articles of Mellifont in the reign of James I.; at the cold-blooded atrocities of Cromwell and his puritans, by whom, according to Sir William Petty, over 80,000 Irish men, women and children were shipped to Virginia and the West Indies and sold as slaves to the planters.

I will mention incidentally that those of the poor peasantry who survived the "*process of collecting*" (tearing them from their families, separating husbands from wives, children from parents and plighted lovers parted forever) were embarked in transports to these islands, and in six years out of eighty thousand only *twenty individuals were living!* "Murder most foul as in the best it is."

"If crimes like these hereafter are forgiven, Judas and Cromwell both may go to Heaven.

The latter laid schemes for death, to slaughter turned his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of Art."

Over three hundred priests with their Bishops were executed for exercising their ecclesiastical functions during the five years of the protectorate; and at the robbery and spoliation of the Irish nobility and landed proprietors by "Praise-God bare bones," and his Parliament, we turn with abhorrence from this gloomy record of terrors and fanaticism, bespattered with the blood and tears of the Irish, to behold the annihilation of their transient hopes by the *violation of the treaty of Limerick* in the reign of William III. The blind and furious bigotry which prevailed at this period may be exemplified by the following circumstance:—A few days following the treaty of Limerick—which was signed on Oct. 3rd, 1695—Dopping, Protestant Bishop of Meath, preached before the Lords Justices on the *crime of keeping faith with Papists!*

"What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text."

All Protestant ministers however, were not so devoid of honour and sense as this Dopping. One conscientious minister had the courage to preach a sermon in contradiction to Bishop Dopping; others also pleaded, but in vain.

"'Tis with our judgments, as our watches:
none

Are just alike, yet each believes his own."

Yours, PLACIDIA



LETTER XXV.

HAMILTON, 18—

DEAR — In my last letter on the means used to subdue Ireland we left Munster, the garden of Ireland, in a state of desolation, without "horn or corn or roofree upstanding"—Men, women and children dead, massacred

indiscriminately. Dr. Leland says: "By reason of the continual persecuting of the rebels, who could have no breath or rest to relieve themselves, but were always by one garrison or another pursued, and by reason of the harvest was taken from them, and the

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whole country spoiled and preyed, the poor people, who only lived on their labor and fed by their milch cows, were so distressed that they would follow after their goods and offer themselves to be slain rather than suffer the famine wherewith they were now pinched." (Leland, Book IV.)

Sir Walter Raleigh got 40,000 acres of the Desmond confiscation for services worthy of Nana Sahib. The poet Spenser was also given many acres of forfeited lands as a reward for assistance and advice—"to make an end of the Irish race, sooner than could be otherwise hoped for, that they should not be permitted to till their land or pasture their cattle next season"—and thereupon he felt assured "they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another." How cruel of the gentle Edmund! but then these people were "mere Irish," you know.

"The darkness of this poet's woes has
Eclipsed the glimmering rays of his frail
virtue;

His cruelties, like birds of prey, have plucked
All seeds of nobleness from his false heart."

Now I will relate how Ulster was made Protestant. James I. and his government proclaimed Hugh O'Neill and Tyrconnell traitors, forcing them to fly the country. James confiscated not only their property but six counties in Ulster—in fact the whole population was dispossessed. The fruitful plains of Armagh, the lovely pastoral glen sheltered by the hills of Donegal, the grassy meadow-lands watered by the noble lakes and rivers of Fermanagh passed from the race which had lived on them and owned them since before the Christian era. The alluvial lands were given English and Scotch favorites and partizans. The poor peasants were driven out of the tribal lands to the hills or bogs. The "plantators," says Mr. Froude, got all the land worth having. The barren

mountains and trackless morass were left the natives of Irish blood.

The Rev. George Hill, Presbyterian minister, who wrote a careful history of these matters, states: "That the confiscation, which consisted of the entire counties of Armagh, Tyrone, Donegal, Fermanagh and Cavan, covered about four million of acres. According to Mr. Hill, "the native landlords and tenants were all disposed, the native gentry getting shreds of freehold in the worst and most barren districts of the six counties, and the native tenants being permitted to hold small patches under the military officers or the English church bishops, who got share of the plunder. The counties of Down, Antrim and Monaghan had been previously confiscated, and were not included in this plantation." The remnant of the native race were obliged to wander about with their kine in search of a meagre subsistence on the the barren hills and bogs, &c., pining in misery and discontent. They could not forget that

"The fertile plain, the softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael."

If the unfortunate oppressed, plundered creatures had made some futile efforts "to spoil the spoiler and from the robber rend his prey," we could not blame them. "There are extenuating circumstances in their favor," as a Judge might say.

By enforcing the Penal laws the whole of Ulster was confiscated unjustly. The people robbed of their lands and homes by the laws, the natives were executed on the scaffold or slaughtered with the sword. The miserable remnant was driven to the fastnesses of remote mountains or to the bogs. Scotch adventurers were planted in Ulster and the country given over to them. King James I. also gave only to the Protestants the right to elect representatives to parliament, depriving

ing Catholics of their just right to representation, and greatly enlarged the powers and functions of the COURT OF WARDS founded by Henry VII. James ordered that the children of Catholics and Protestants and Dissenters should be all educated in the Protestant religion, as the law did not permit a Catholic to be guardian to any child, even to his own children. This was a most successful stroke of State policy, a *coup d'etat*, as I will show you.

The Court of Wards spoliated the properties of the Catholic minors and perverted their religion. The famous or infamous Turkish militia (the *Yeni Tscheri* or Janizaries) were *Christian Orphans* trained to be Musulmen by the Sultan. We know how cruel those Janizaries proved themselves towards Christians—tigers in human form. Their ferocity was unparalleled. They had to be disbanded in 1826.

Education, it is well understood, in nine cases out of ten triumphs over natural instincts, and is stronger than inherited tendencies; therefore, the most cruel, remorseless enemies and persecutors of the Catholic Celt were, and are still, those *British Janizaries*—the O'Briens, the McCartlys, the O'Riellys, the Kennedys and so forth—who became more English than the English themselves, all members and partisans of the Established Church. British Janizaries they were indeed. The head of the O'Brien family, created Lord Inchiquin, was renowned for his extraordinary cruelty and hatred of the Irish Catholics. Whitelock states Inchiquin committed great destruction about Dublin and Drogheda, burning and driving away cattle and hanging all he met with.

"Inchiquin marched into the County of Tipperary; and hearing that many priests and gentry about Cashel had retired with some of their goods into the Cathedral of Cashel, he stormed

it, and being entered, put 3,000 of them to the sword, taking the priests from the altar and killing them." (Ludlow's *Memories*, val. i., p. 106.)

Even a Janizary might be ashamed of some acts of this O'Brien, which I have not space to mention; but Whitelock and Ludlow have "damned him to everlasting fame."

But we have Canadian Janizaries amongst us in this nineteenth century, descendants of the cruel O'Brien, the proseletyzed McCartlys, the O'Riellys, Kennedys, Burkes, &c. Knowing full well the effect of Protestant teaching, aided by the falsified histories and mendacious statements of Hume, Milton, and others of later period, concerning the Catholic religion, and history concocted to palliate and excuse the cruelties perpetrated on the unfortunate Irish, those Irish Canadian Janizaries, though not permitted the pleasure of slaughtering Catholics in cold blood, or amusing themselves, as Cromwell's soldiers did, by tossing Irish babes on the points of spears, try to kill their souls, which is worse, for it is written: "Fear not those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul." They persecute the Catholics by every legal means in their power by refusing to them equal rights—the right to educate their children in their own schools and in their own faith, by opposing separate schools. The penal laws refused to Catholics the right to educate their children, except as Protestants. What a resemblance there is here! The spirit of their anti-Catholic forefathers seems to animate these Canadian Janizaries who own Irish Catholic names. History repeats itself. As statesmen, as legislators, as civic dignitaries, mayors, aldermen, &c., their object, like their barbarous ancestors, is not the good of the commonwealth, but warfare with Catholics, persecution of them and calumnies against them.

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The shallow, bigoted, contemptible
souls of those whose watchword is
"Abolish Separate Schools," their
battle cry: "Down with Catholic
hospitals and institutions," with sa-
tanic cunning some of these Canadian
Janisaries of the Sect Pharisee declare
that the giving of SECTARIAN GRANTS is
against their principles! No doubt
of that. The persecuting spirit of
their forefathers has enveloped them
like a mantle, and their principles are
the same as those propounded in the
protest of the Anglican Bishops drawn
up by the noted Archbishop Ussher in
the reign of Charles I. People who
talk of Popish or Romish bigotry ought
to read it. The protest is as follows:

"The Religion of the Papists is super-
stitious and idolatrous, their faith and
doctrines erroneous and heretical, their
church in respect of both Apostolical;
to give them therefore a *toleration*, or
to *consent* that they may freely exercise
their religion, or profess their faith
and doctrine, is a *grievous sin*." (Ed-
inburgh Review, Article, Milton.)

These are the principles of our
modern Canadian Janizaries, which
they would carry out if they only had
the power. They can say with Richard
III.,

"And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends, stolen forth of Holy
Writ,
And seem a Saint when most I play the
Devil."

I have heard that a case in point
has occurred lately in Toronto. A
Penal law was passed by the City
Council; some who, like Burns' Holy
Willie, posed as pillars of the Temple,
but when unmasked were simply bood-
lers and bigots, moved that "no City
patients be sent in future to the *Catho-
lic Hospital*." The boodlers passed the
motion. The Hospital of St. John
the Divine was placed under the ban
because the gentle sisterhood (though

Protestant) are called Nuns, yet these
noble ladies have given their time and
their talents to mitigate suffering,
tending the sick, and soothing the
"various ills which flesh is heir to,"
for the love of Him who has promised
that even "a cup of water given in
His name shall be rewarded."

Boodling and Bigotry are worthy
companions, well matched. One re-
presents swindling and oath-breaking;
the other represents and revives the
by-gone days of persecution and penal
laws in old England and Ireland,
robbing the Catholics of their just
right to the share of the public money
towards which they pay taxes. Bigotry
makes the balls for his friends, the
Boodlers, to fire. Both these parties
are robbers, the only difference being
that boodlers put the money in their
own pocket, and the bigot robs un-
offending people, good citizens, merely
because they are Catholics, yet does
not benefit any one. This nar-
row minded course injures the poor,
who cry to Heaven for help; and their
cry shall be heard. "Vengeance is
mine, saith the Lord, and I will
repay."

"If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue for-
given
When here I swear by my soul's hope of
Heaven
I'd rather take my chance with Socrates for
bliss
Than be the Christian of a Faith like this,
Which builds on Heavenly cant, its earthly
away.
But oh! far other faith, far milder beams
Of Heavenly justice warm the Christ an's
dreams;
His creed is writ on Mercy's page above
By the pure hands of All-atoning Love.
He weeps to see abused Religion twine
Round tyranny's coarse brow her wreath
divine!
And he, while sects and nations raise
To the one God their varying notes of praise,
Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony."

PLACIDIA.

LETTER XXVI.

HAMILTON, 18—

DEAR — I shall now return to Ulster—there, where

“Long wars for slight pretences made
And murder but a glorious trade.”

Edmund Burke says: “Unheard of confiscations were made in the northern parts upon grounds of plots and conspiracies never proved upon the supposed authors. The war of chicane succeeded to the war of arms and hostile statutes, and a regular system of operations was carried on in the Courts of Justice, first under pretence of tenures, and then of titles in the Crown, for the purpose of the total extirpation of the natives in their own soil. This species of subtle ravage was carried to the last excess of oppression and insolence.”

“They bribe the flock, they bribe the son,
To sell the priest, to sell the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.”

At one time the same price was set upon the head of a wolf and that of a priest.

The Rev. Dr. Leland tells how James I. set up titles pretended to be derived from Henry II. to disturb possessions of over 400 years standing. In pursuance of his favorite object, the plantation of Ulster, he, James, had recourse to claims which the old natives rightly deemed unjust. The seizure of the lands of rebels caused little murmuring; but when James pretended to claim, by concessions from Henry II., the ancient property in possession of the old families for centuries, and to invalidate their titles to their ancient domains, great consternation was created amongst all classes. To facilitate matters James I. created a large number of peers, and created forty new boroughs in the poorest villages of Ireland.” (Dr. Leland, vol. i., 7.)

In this manner the parliament was induced to pass a law vesting in the Crown the entire land of six counties, the properties of innocent people as well as the properties of the banished Earls. James immediately set about distributing the lands of the natives. By the laws passed persons of Irish descent were not to be permitted to reside upon the lands at all, nor were any Catholics so permitted; all who occupied the lands were obliged to take the oath of Supremacy. This was called the Plantation of Ulster.” (Leland, Book iv., chap. 8).

This historian tells also of the misery inflicted on the poor Irish in many districts, where the commissioners abused their trust and deprived the wretched natives of those little possessions which the King had reserved for them.

In the manuscripts of Bishop Sterne we find ‘in the small county of Longford twenty five of one Sept were all deprived of their estates without the least compensation, or any means of subsistence assigned to them. Avarice and rapine were rampant.”

Leland states that “the assiduity of the King’s creatures in searching for the titles to lands not yet found to belong to the Crown was most detestable.” (Book iv., chap. 8).

In the records of the House of Commons it is stated: “That jurors who gave their verdict according to their conscience were censured in the Castle chamber in great fines; sometimes pilloried, with loss of ears and bored through the tongue; and sometimes marked on the forehead with a red hot iron, and other infamous punishments.” (Commons Journals, vol. i., p. 307.)

“The dew of justice, which did seldom fall;
And when it dropped, the drops were very small.”

I have in a brief manner shown you how Ulster was made Protestant, and why many people there are now opposed to Home Rule. I will conclude that subject with a short summary taken from the Rev. Dr. Leland of what caused Irish misery: "Extortions and oppressions of the soldiers in various excursions from their quarters for levying the King's rents, or supporting civil power; a rigorous and tyrannical execution of martial law in time of peace; a dangerous and unconstitutional power assumed by the Privy Council in deciding cases determined by common law; their severe treatment of witnesses and jurors in the castle chamber (where fines of £4,000 were imposed on those whose evidence was displeasing to the Crown, and imprisonment till paid); the grievous exactions of the Established Clergy for the occasional duties of their functions; and the severity of the ecclesiastical courts." (Leland's Ireland, Book iv., chap. 8.)

"Far dearer the grave or the prison
Illumed by a patriot's name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame."

"The favorite object of the Irish governors and the English parliament was the utter extermination of all the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland. Their estates and properties were already marked out and allotted to their conquerors; so that they and their posterity were consigned to inevitable ruin." (Leland, Book v., c. 4)

Another Protestant clergyman, Dr. Warner, in his history of the Civil Wars of Ireland, p. 176, corroborates this statement concerning the efforts to extermination of all Irish and all Catholics. Lord Clarendon—chap. i., p. 215—says "the parliament had sworn extermination of the Irish."

The Rev. Dr. Leland gives the following quotation, vol. ii., page 120: "Immediately after the victory of

Knocktaw in Connaught, Lord Gormanstown turned to the Earl of Kildare in the insolence of success and said: 'We have slaughtered our enemies; but, to complete the good deed, we must cut the throats of those Irish of our party.'"

They probably did cut the throats of their Irish comrades.

I refer you to Sir Gavan Duffy's "Bird's-eye View of Irish History" for the confiscations, &c., in this and other parts of Ireland. "*Le roi le veut*" was the law of that period in most cases.

I have quoted Dr. Leland a great deal, because his interests and his prejudices both combined to render him adverse to Irish Catholics; therefore no one can assume that he is partial to them. I am not going to write a history of Ireland for you; but as I commenced this subject with Moore's banishment to Bermuda, and what I learnt from the ancient journals, of that time about the "Act of Union," &c., Repeal and Home Rule, I wished to explain why Ireland is not united on that important matter. I have recommended you to read Sir G. Duffy's history, published in 1882. It has been translated into French—*Histoire d' Irlande a vol d'oiseau*, ("as the crow flies") traduit d' Anglais—and reproduced in the review "*Le Monde Catholique*." This little book can be read through in one afternoon. O'Connell's *Memoirs of Ireland*, dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, is also instructive reading; and I have more to tell about Bermuda; some places of interest yet remain to be described; but as I hope to make you as fervent an advocate of Home Rule as I am myself, I shall say a little more on that subject before returning to the Bermuda scenes of loveliness and peace.

PLACIDIA.

LETTER XXVII.

HAMILTON, &c.

MY DEAR BOY—As you will understand from the penal laws of Ireland that no landed property could have remained in the possession of Catholics, only that individual Protestants were a great deal more honest and just than the laws. Of course as Catholics were in a majority of at least seven to one over Protestants, inter-marriages took place, and circumstances occurred in which Protestants often found it to their interest to hold property for Catholics to prevent its being seized by others. Some valuable property in Kerry was held in this way for several generations.

“The Freeman family of Castlecor (Protestants) were trustees for a large number of Catholic gentry in the County of Cork without interested motives. In Kerry an honorable and kind man, a Protestant named Hugh Falvey, acted as trustee for many Catholic proprietors there. In Dublin there was a Protestant in very humble circumstances who was trustee for several Catholic gentlemen, and who discharged his trust with perfect integrity.” (O’Neill Daunt’s Personal Recollections.)

But the law provided for that also. Clause 10: Any Protestant suspecting any other Protestant of holding property in trust for any Catholic might file a bill against the suspected trustee and take the property from him.

Clause 14: Any Catholic gentleman who became a Protestant could at once take his father’s property from him, &c., &c.

“All are not just because they do no wrong;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not those
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not;
But him whose conscience spurns at secret
fraud,

When he might plunder and defy surprise.
His be the praise, who, looking down with
scorn

On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart and boldly dares
To BE, not to be thought, an *honest* man.”

In a former letter I gave you an anecdote which I found in an ancient Bermuda journal (the Gazette) concerning Grattan and Flood, relating how “the storm of Grattan’s eloquence swept away all *Flood* marks without leaving a vestige.” Here is an anecdote of O’Connell, recorded in an old paper: During the parliamentary career of the Liberator, the following motion was brought up at one time in the House of Commons. Moved by Mr. Thomas Massey (a great bigot) and seconded by Albert Chuseit, that the word *Mass* being too Popish, as part of the word Christmas, shall be discontinued and that the festival shall hereafter be called *Christ tide*, that being a more *Saxon* appellation and more fitting for the *modern* times.”

Daniel O’Connell rose to reply. He said: “I beg leave to call the honorable member’s attention to the fact that his own name is deplorably popish. I would therefore suggest that to be consistent, the honorable gentleman should now and henceforth eliminate from his name ‘*Mass*,’ the syllable that offends him in the word ‘*Christmas*,’ and substitute the *Saxon* ‘*Tide*,’ thus transforming ‘*Thomas Massey*’ into ‘*Thomas Tidey*.’”

Mr. Massey’s motion never reached a vote.

Propos of Daniel O’Connell, he proved a grand exception with regard to the system of bribery of that period, for the office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer was offered to him and also that of Master of the Rolls; but O’Connell refused both firmly stating that Ireland could not spare him. Flood made a mistake fatal to his influence; after an opposition of fifteen years he accepted office with the Executive on which he had so long

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made war. He may have thought to serve his country better by that change, but for seven years the greatest orator of the Anglo-Irish race was tongue-tied and useless. In 1781 he resigned and went again into opposition.

O'Connell used to relate a good story about Mr. Myers, a Catholic gentleman of Roscommon, who owned a large property there. This gentleman was at one time threatened that a "Bill of Discovery" would be filed against him—that is, that one of the enactments of the penal laws would be put in force against Mr. Myers as a Catholic; that he, being a Catholic, could be ejected by a Protestant, who could legally claim his estate. Mr. Myers, fearing to lose his property, posted off to Dublin in haste, visited the Protestant Archbishop, and informed him that he wished to be received into the State Church. After questioning him on the subject, the Archbishop found that Mr. Myers knew nothing about the Protestant religion, and said he must receive some instruction. The Rector of Castlereagh was appointed to be the instructor. The Rector was a great friend and boon companion of Mr. Myers, so they dined together every day for nearly a week, when the spiritual instruction and *spirituous consolation* were pleasantly mixed, and on the appointed day Mr. Myers made his abjuration of Popery in presence of the Archbishop. In order to celebrate the happy event, the Prelate invited Myers and several zealous Protestants to dinner. When the cloth was removed his Grace thus addressed the *convert*: "Mr. Myers, you have this

day been received into the true Protestant church; for this you should thank God. Will you be so kind as to state for the edification of the company the *grounds* upon which you have cast aside Popery and embraced the Church of England."

"Faith, my Lord," replied Myers, "I can easily do that. The grounds of my conversion to the Protestant religion are two thousand five hundred acres of the best grounds in the County Roscommon!"

The Archbishop's answer is not recorded, but he must have felt ashamed of the execrable laws which made such duplicity necessary to prevent a man's being reduced to beggary.

The doctrine of "Toleration" as we hold it, the doctrine of the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, was unknown to Europe in old times. It was a lesson to be taught, taught slowly and to unwilling listeners, but it was taught in the end. Not by personal violence and persecution can the conscience of man be swayed. Not in this way did Christianity come out of the Catacombs. Not in this way did the grain of mustard seed grow and spread out its branches. Not in this way was Christianity made to triumph over the strong old Paganism of the Roman Empire; and when that Empire, which had driven the Popes of of four centuries like "things of evil" underground, fell beneath the greatness of its task, the Throne of the Fisherman stood in the very palace of the Cæsars. That city, watered with the blood of Martyrs, became the world-capital of the Papacy. PLACIDIA.



LETTER XXVIII.

HAMILTON, 18—

DEAR — As we have been visiting some places of interest in these Islands since I wrote last, I must hasten to finish the subject of the Irish troubles connected with the Act of Union passed in the time of Tom Moore, the poet (and which indirectly caused his exile to Bermuda), and the agitation for Home Rule at the present day. I shall endeavor to conclude my episodes of Irish history in the next letter if possible. You have requested me to tell you about the siege of Limerick. D'Arcy McGee's History will give a "full, true and particular account" of the Siege and the Treaty. I need only say a few words on that point of history, but I shall give you some information which is not generally known. Patrick Sarsfield, afterwards Lord Lucan, took the leadership; he was a trained soldier, having served with credit in the English army, and he was also a generous patriot. William III. had got possession of Dublin, and after the battle of the Boyne James II. fled to France. The Irish army, under Sarsfield, stood gallantly at bay; the Irish fought with courage and unswerving loyalty for their lawful King, James II., and maintained themselves for 12 months in Munster and Connaught against the skilled soldiers and Generals, William and Ginkle, till they were able to make an honourable capitulation at Limerick. The Irish foot, ill-armed, ill-clothed and undisciplined, held their ground for a long time against veteran troops selected from half of the armies of Europe. The story told of the 12 months siege is a story of bravery, heroism and devotion, embracing all classes and both sexes of the besieged.

"Honor and Glory were given to cherish, Cherish them, then, though all else should decay ;

Landmarks are these that are never to
perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day."

On the 3rd of October the Treaty of Limerick was signed. The Irish army, 30,000 strong—the Irish nobility, gentry and people capitulated with the army and Crown of Great Britain. They restored the allegiance of the Irish nation to that Crown. Never was there a more useful treaty to England than this, under the circumstances. It was a most deliberate and solemn treaty, *deliberately confirmed by letters-patent from the Crown*. It extinguished a sanguinary civil war. It restored the Irish nation to the dominion of England, and secured that dominion in perpetuity over one of the fairest portions of the globe. By that treaty, on the other hand, the Irish Catholic people stipulated for and obtained the pledge of the faith and honor of the English Crown for the equal protection by law for their properties and liberties with other subjects, and in particular for "the free and unfettered exercise of their religion,"

"Deserving freedom more
Than those her conquerors, who leave be-
hind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove."

But one circumstance of the siege you probably have never heard, an incident which Irish annalists record with great pride, marked the close of the siege "Before the city was actually delivered up the arrival of a long-promised expedition from France with *men, money and arms* was announced but, General Patrick Sarsfield considered his honor and the honor of his race engaged in completing the surrender and *completed it* with a *French fleet* lying in Irish waters." England rejoiced, and Ireland bowed her head in the dust.

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"Hope withering fled and Mercy sighed
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"Alas! for poor Erin—her pride has gone by
And that spirit is broken, which never
would bend,

O'er the ruin her children in secret must
sigh,

For 'tis treason to love her and death to
defend."

When peace was concluded between England and Ireland the bulk of the Irish army withdrew to France with Gen. Sarsfield. William III., who had promised his continental allies to establish *religious liberty* in Ireland and as he had confirmed the articles of surrender with his own hand, struggled for a time to preserve his honor, but at last gave way, and the House of Nassau has another blot on its escutcheon more infamous and dishonoring even than the judicial murder of John de Barneveldt or the massacre of the McDonells of Glencoe by his orders. As soon as the flower of the Irish army went to France William's Parliament took back the estates restored to the Irish owners and reinstated the heirs of the Cromwellian settlers. The parliament of Cromwell's settlers and Government officials in Dublin excluded all Catholic members by requiring from them the oath of abjura-

tion, in direct infringement of one of the articles of surrender, enclosed in the treaty. They then passed a law depriving all Catholics of arms and another stringent statute ordering all "Popish archbishops, bishops, priests, monks, friars, Jesuits and regulars, &c., to depart from the Kingdom on pain of transportation." A large majority then passed a resolution not to keep the conditions of the treaty affecting the Catholics. The more spirited of the Catholic gentry from this time sought foreign service. The bigotry which shamefully repudiated the treaty of Limerick drove one hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen into the armies of France during three generations—brave soldiers who, under Louis le Grand and the first Napoleon, changed the history of the world at Fontenoy and Austerlitz. Hosts of these names of great Irishmen are emblazoned on the walls of Versailles, among "*Les Officiers genereux morts pour la France.*"

"There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave."

Yours. PLACIDIA.



LETTER XXIX.

HAMILTON, 18—.

DEAR — As I finished my last letter with the record of the brave Irish soldiers who died in France, I shall continue that subject to show you that the disastrous policy, which drove hundreds of thousands of gallant Irishmen out of Ireland by repudiating the articles of Limerick, was mainly the cause of America's victory over English arms. The French succours under Gen. Lafayette, which at a critical

moment turned the scale in favour of America, included three regiments of the Irish Brigade. The regiment of Generals Dillon, Walsh and Berwick, "who claimed (Gen. Dillon stated) as they always had done the right to be the first to march against the English." I will relate a bit of it just as Dillon wrote it:

"Extrait au rapport sur les troupes Irlandais au service de la France. Guerre d'Amérique 1779 "*Les troupes Irlandais ont toujours réclamé de marcher les premiers*

contre les Anglais c'est d'après ce principe que le regiment de Dillon demanda et obtint de passer en Amerique au commencement de 1779." Il y fut suivi bientôt après par les deux autres régiments Irlandais, et les détails suivants feront connaître qu'ils ont été de quelque utilité dans cette guerre * *."

Dillon mentions a singular instance where 377 of the men were caught in a small place or trapped as it were and could not get in or out. He says :

"Dant cette circonstance difficile le sang-froid et la resolution du General Walsh qui sut communiquer aux troupes suppléerent au nombre. Il marche aux enemis. Les Irlandais etaient à la tête de la colonne. La surprise fut complète 840 hommes des troupes Anglaises réglées mirent bas les armes et furent fait prisonniers par meires de la moitié de leur nombre."

Courage and resolution supplied the place of numbers, and 840 English were taken prisoners by 377 of the Irish Brigade.

After a time the ominous words were uttered in the English Parliament, "America has been lost through the Irish."

"The Americans ought to remember with gratitude that the Irish materially assisted them in their struggle for independence.

General Dillon's report says : The Irish troupes demanded to be sent to America to fight the English and always demanded to be placed at the head of the column. John Rando'ph said, "I have seen a white crow and I have heard of black swans, but an Irish opponent of American liberty I never either saw or heard of."—*Judge Black of Pennsylvania.*

There are some few singular facts which I forget to mention concerning the means taken to subdue the Irish, or rather to extirpate them. Mr. Prendergast, in his "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," says : "It may seem strange to hear counted out as military weapons, issued from the stores at Waterford, among swords, pikes, powder, shot, bandaliers and

match, eighteen dozen of scythes, with handles and rings, forty reape-hooks and whetstones and rubstones proportioned, but with these the soldiers cut down the growing crop in order to starve the Irish into submission." Mr. Prendergast gives an instance of this ; he cites a passage from the commissioners for Ireland, dated 1st July, 1651 : "Last Monday Colonel Hewson with a large body of men marched into Wicklow to use those scythes, &c., to cut down the corn upon which the enemy is to live in the winter time, and thereby for want of bread and cattle the Tories may be obliged to quit those places." Tories were those who were faithful to their King. Apropos of starvation and fidelity, I will give you two instances : "One single regiment, commanded by Sir William Cole, of which we find the following article recorded by the historian, Borlase, with *particular satisfaction and triumph* : 'Starved and famished, of the vulgar sort (the peasantry) whose goods were seized on by this regiment, seven thousand !' " (*Ireland, Book V., chap. 5 note.*) The poor Irish were used to starvation for Earl Ormond wrote Charles 1. that, "The Irish Catholic soldiers were so loyal and faithful that several of the soldiers had starved by their arms (*at their posts*) and that he could persuade at least one half of his army to starve outright."

I have another curious fact to relate. Our grandfathers often heard when children of the phrase common in Ireland at one time, "*Go to Hell or Connaught*;" it was invented by the Cromwellians. Lord Clarendon relates the origin of the phrase : After Cromwell had got rid of all generals, officers and fighting men by sending away 75,000 at a time to France and Austria and selling their wives and children at £25 per head to slavery in the West Indies with thousands of young

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girls and boys (*Thurloe Correspondence*), there still remained too many to render possible the task of cutting all their throats. The Irish Government, constituted of superior officers of the regicide force, resorted to a different plan. Lord Clarendon says: "They found the utter *extirpation* of the nation (which they had intended) to be in itself very difficult and to carry in itself somewhat of horror, that made some impression upon the stoneness of their own hearts. After so many thousands destroyed by the plague which raged over the Kingdom (produced by *bad food* and *rotting corpses*) by fire, sword and famine, and after so many thousands transported to foreign parts, there still remained such a numerous people that they knew not how to dispose of them, though they were declared to be all forfeited and so as to *have no title to anything*, yet they must remain some where. The Government therefore found this expedient which they called an act of grace:

"No counsel from our cruel wills can win us
But ill once done we bear our guilt within
us."

There was a large tract of land, nearly half of the province of Connaught that was separated from the rest by a long and large river, and which by the plague and many massacres, remained almost desolate and barren. Into this space they required all both gentle and simple of the Irish to retire by such a day under the penalty of *death*; and all who should, after that date be found in any other part of the kingdom, whether man, woman or child, should be *killed* by any one *who saw or met them*. The land within this circuit, the most barren in the kingdom, was, out of the *grace and mercy!* of the conquerers assigned to those of the nation as were enclosed, in such proportions as might with great industry preserve their

lives." (*Clarendon's Life, Vol. ii, p. 116*). Clarendon states also that the Irish gentry were forced to give releases of their former property, of their rights and titles to the lands taken from them on condition of getting any land in this place—(page 176). The parliament declared then that Ireland was pacified. In the words of Tacitus—

"Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."

They had made a solitude, a devastation of a beautiful and fertile land and called it peace. This is the origin of the expression "Go to Hell or to Connaught." "*To Heaven or Connaught*," would be more appropriate; many a soul these blasphemous, cruel wretches sent to Heaven. "Blessed are those who suffer persecution for justice sake for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." (Matt. v.) But the Walhalla of Iceland, or the sixth circle of the city of "Dis," to which those are condemned who do violence to others by force or fraud (*Dante's Inferno*), should be a fitting abode for the fiends who framed such laws. Their poor victims might truly asseverate that, "Hell is empty, and all the devils are here." The 'Curse of Cromwell' was a common expression in Ireland, later in and happier times used in jest.

The victims of this reign of terror, which lasted for generations in Ireland, which could be counted as millions. Those whom "by faith conquered kingdoms and wrought justice." Of whom some had trials in mockeries and stripes moreover in chains and prisons. Others were stoned, cut asunder, racked and put to death with the sword. Others have wandered over the world in hunger, thirst and nakedness; being in want, distressed, afflicted; in deserts, in mountains and caves of the earth."—Hebrews xi.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

PLACIDIA.

LETTER XXX.

HAMILTON, 18—.

MY DEAR BOY—You have asked me to tell you who are the Irish peers in the House of Lords to-day? All the old families having been banished or killed, many of the Lords are the descendants of men who sold their country and their independence for a title. They voted for the Legislative Union between England and Ireland, and Mr. Pitt rewarded their perfidy with a title. Here is a list of some peerages which were created for them expressly at that period: "The peerages of Clanmorris, De Blacquierre, Clonmel, Ennismore, Dufferin, Castlecoote, Rossmore, Cloncurry, Tyrawly, Dunalley, Wallacecourt, Norbury, of bloody fame, and several more date their existence from the Union and to the Union. O'Connell, in his speech before the Corporation of Dublin, stated "that millions were spent in bribes; some got £8,000 for a vote, and no less than twenty peerages, ten *Bishoprics*, one chief justiceship and ten puisne judgeships, were given to men who voted for the Union." Mr. Fox declared, "That the scheme of the Union went upon the false presumption that we could legislate better for the Irish nation than they could for themselves—a principle founded upon the most arrogant despotism and tyranny. * * * There is no maxim more true in philosophy or politics than the great moral doctrine, 'Do as you would be done by.'" "They began," said Mr. Curran with the open and avowed sale of the peerage to any who were rich and shameless enough to be the purchaser." In this way the Irish Parliament extinguished itself under a weight of infamy. One of these members, Hon. Mr. Scott, Lord Chief Justice, created Lord Clonmel before the Union. He was a clever but utterly unscrupulous politician. When ill at one time

a friend said to Curran: "Well, they say Clonmel is really going to die at last." "Do you believe it?" said Curran. "I believe he is scoundrel enough to live or die as suits his convenience." I only mention this Lord Clonmel to show the opportunity afforded by the laws for robbing the Catholics of Ireland, and many in high position took advantage of them, *betraying trust*. Lord Clonmel enriched himself by a gross breach of trust, which, of course, was at that time legal. He defrauded his step-daughter, Miss Roe, of the estate of Brolnaduff. Clonmel, when Mr. Scott, held this property *in trust* for a Roman Catholic who, by the English popery laws, was incapacitated from holding property. Walker's Hibernian Magazine for July, 1797, furnishes the key to this. [Married.] Edward Byrne of Mullinahaack, Esq., to Miss Roe, step daughter to Earl Clonmel and niece to Lord Viscount Llandaff. Miss Roe's large fortune was applied for on her marriage to Lord Clonmel, who refused it, saying: "Miss Roe is a papist, and I shall avail myself of the *laws which I administer* to withhold the money and property. Byrne filed a bill but it was treated with contempt, and that valuable property fell into the Clonmel family. These facts transpired in the legal documents held by Mr. H—, a solicitor, and were written by Lord Clonmel's agent in reference to the Brolnaduff property.

"When men of infamy to grandeur soar
They light a torch to show their shame the more."

I mentioned in a former letter some facts of that period showing the tried fidelity observed by some needy persons in a similar capacity. Moore in his "Memoirs of Captain Rock" mentions the case of a poor *Protestant barber*, who, though his own property did not

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exceed a few pounds in value, actually held in fee the estates of most of the Catholic gentry of the county. He adds that this estimable and honorable man was never known to betray his trust.

Arthur Young, writing previous to the Union at that period, made these sensible observations on the probable effects of that measure: "Going every year to England would surely by degrees make residents of at least eighty owners of the best estates in Ireland. Their children would be educated there, and in time would become mere absentees. Speaking of absentees: There is an old anecdote told of Maria Edgeworth, the authoress, who has written many excellent works upon the Irish people and other topics and many novels worthy of a lasting place in our literature. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, her father, lived in Edgeworthstown, Longford county, for many years. He was a volunteer and also was a member of the last Irish House of Commons. He spoke and voted in opposition to the Union. Mr. Edgeworth was his daughter Maria's teacher and assistant in many works. "Essay on Irish Bulls" was a joint production. One evening when Maria was giving her father his tea, she had forgotten to infuse the heathen herb, and the beverage offered her father was very milk and watery indeed. "Well, Maria," said Mr. Edgeworth, "have you been writing on Irish Bulls to make such a blunder?" "No, papa," answered his witty girl, "it was Irish absenteeism."

Maria Edgeworth mentions Father Mathew's mission of temperance in one of her works. This young priest, whose sweet and patient disposition, homely eloquence and practical benevolence enabled him to win the hearts of the people. Through his means thousands were taking a pledge of total abstinence every week and in a short time there was no county and

no city without its Teetotal Society. Public houses were closed and the quantity of whiskey consumed in Ireland had diminished one half and crime had diminished to even greater proportion. The enrolled Teetotalers were computed to exceed two millions. In the language of Miss Edgeworth "The mission of Father Mathew had succeeded, beyond all the predictions of experience, all examples from the past, and all analogy."

I cautioned you against reading histories which are written and concocted by the enemies of our religion and our race to gain popularity and please the dominant party.

Let me warn you against putting faith in Lord Macaulay's history of England, especially that part relating to the Stuarts. Irish history has been and is still written and falsified by furious partisans and shameless libelers, who are actuated by a desire to gain popularity by palliating or concealing the frightful cruelties committed upon the unfortunate Irish people by their English enemies. Milton, who has written such colossal falsehoods for posterity, was given the position of Latin Secretary of State under Oliver Cromwell's administration in 1649. He was a good Latin scholar; all government correspondence, &c., was then conducted in the Latin language. Milton did not long enjoy his fine position as he became totally blind in 1654; his friends called it a judgment on him. After he became blind he wrote his famous poem *Paradise Lost*. And Hume is also notorious for unvarnished statements and misleading accounts of English and Irish history.

"When fiction rises pleasing to the eye
Men will believe because they love the lie;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her
down."

But gross inventions are more easily disproved by reference to other his-

torians than are the plausible and polished misconstructions of Macaulay's history. I will state one instance only. Concerning Richard Lord Talbot's vice royalty Macaulay states what is simply a monstrous perversion of facts. Richard Talbot had been familiar with scenes of barbarous persecution since his very childhood. He had witnessed the brutal cruelties of Cromwell and his soldiers in Ireland when a boy, and had seen hundreds of innocent men sent to the gallows (merely to get possession of their property) by Lord Shaftesbury, backed by English nobles. But Talbot took no life in return; he only took arms from

men who were using them against his master and gave them to loyalists to help him. *Cela va sans dire.*

Lord Macaulay, who was Cabinet minister under Queen Victoria in 1848, when arms by his order were taken from Munster Catholics and distributed to Ulster Orangemen, treats in his history Tyrconnell's (Talbot's) act as a grave and serious offence. "All depends on *whose ox is gored.*"

An evidence of Lord Macaulay's malignity is the opinion volunteered by him, "That the Irish Catholics suffered nothing *which he would not himself have inflicted.*"

Adieu. PLACIDIA.



LETTER XXXI.

HAMILTON, 18—.

DEAR—I have nearly got to the end of my Anglo Irish episodes. "Conducted by historic truth, we tread the long extent of backward time." I have given you a faint and imperfect outline of the story of the miseries inflicted on Ireland by English rulers—aggression, wholesale devastation, treachery, sacrilege, murder, confiscation and massacre. Palpable injustice of every kind is continued even to the present day in a slightly altered form, which dates from the Union.

Dan O'Connell stated that, according to statistics, at the time of the Union Ireland owed *twenty millions* of funded debt; England owed four hundred and forty-six millions. If the Union were a fair and reasonable treaty the debts of the two countries should continue to bear the same proportions. But what is the consequence of the Union to Ireland? It is that all the land, houses and property, real and personal, of Ireland are now

pledged to the repayment equally with England of eight hundred and forty millions of pounds sterling! But for the Union the national debt of Ireland would have long since been paid off. O'Connell said that if Ireland had her own parliament the popular majority would long ago have carried every measure of salutary and useful reform. If the Union had not been effected Ireland would have long since paid off her national debt and been now almost free from taxation. But that unfortunate country is forced to

"Yearly kneel before her master's doors,
And hawk her wrongs, as beggars do their sores."

I mentioned Arthur Young's opinion that the Union would cause at least eighty of the revenues of the best Irish estates to be spent in England, and that prophecy has been fulfilled. The absenteeism of the Parliament has probably quadrupled the drain of Irish rental. The absentee rental averaged by statistics three millions of pounds

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sterling per annum. One clause of the Union (the 7th article, 5th clause) contains the fiscal agreement or promise, "that all the Irish *surplus revenue* shall be appropriated to *Irish uses exclusively.*" But this was violated by England, and the surplus revenue, averaging £1,000,000 sterling, is annually taken away from Ireland, *and nine-tenths of the soil is owned by absentees.* Thus the wealth of the country, the produce is carried away and the money received for it is taken to pay absentee rents and taxes and to meet other drains, etc.

During the famine of 1846 the strange and anomalous spectacle was seen of ships sailing into Ireland stored with provisions, sent from America, met by a much larger number of ships sailing out of Ireland laden with corn, butter, packed beef and cattle of the country. This famine of 1846 was caused by the potato blight. That crop, the staple food of the mass of the people, was destroyed. The shocking distress and loss of life by starvation can be traced to the terrible drain upon the country by taxation. The country was stripped so bare by the operations of the Union that this failure of the potato crop found them destitute of a reserve fund to fall back upon.

Ireland has had to pay her share of a debt 16½ times greater than her own. Mr. Senior stated that, rated by *ability*, England is the most *lightly taxed* country in Europe, and Ireland the most *heavily taxed*.

The Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, giving evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, stated on oath at this period as follows: "In various parts of Ireland I know land to be let *one hundred per cent* over its fair value. I think generally land is rented twenty or thirty per cent above its value." Another point: "The native peasantry were rented out *bare land* des-

troyed by civil war, and when the tenant had put in good working order the houses they erected, the fences made, the trees planted, etc., became by a special law the property of the landlord, and the rent was raised or the tenant turned out."

Dean Swift, commenting on this method of improving property, in his sarcastic style advised a certain parson whose church was in need of repair, "to give it to the Papists, and when they had repaired it well and handsomely to take it back."

Henry Grattan, who is a competent authority, describes English rule in Ireland in a sentence equally curt and expressive. He said: "It could not be worse if they (the Government) went to HELL for their principles and to BEDLAM for men to administer them."

"A single jail in Alfred's golden reign
Could half the nation's criminals contain!
Fair justice then, without constraint,
adored,
Held high the steady scale, but sheathed
the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries
known;
Blest age! but ah! how different from
our own."

Bishop Berkely's heart was moved by the distress he saw daily in Ireland, and he demanded: "Could any foreigner imagine that in a country from *one port* of which 107,161 barrels of beef, 7,379 barrels of pork and 85,729 firkins of butter are annually exported, half the population are starving?" The gentle Berkely (in his time) speaks of "Landlords who are vultures with iron bowels." Men of this type are still numerous in Ireland at the present day. I told you in my last letter about the peer who defrauded his step-daughter, Miss Roe, who was a Catholic. This Lord Clonmel, Lord Chief Justice, and a thorough partisan of the English interest in Parliament, in a private diary, since published by W.

J. Fitzpatrick in "Ireland Before the Union," has left behind him his opinion of the gentry and of the Government of that period. He declared that "from the restrictions on their trade and the rapaciousness of their unfeeling landlords, they were among the most wretched people on earth." He says: "The Irish Government resembles extremely the state of the Hottentots in Africa. The common Irish divided, depressed, pillaged, abused as they are, are the Hottentots; the English Administration are the Dutch planters; the followers of the Lord Lieutenant are the bush men or spies and swindlers; and the wild beasts, lions, tigers, &c., are the *Irish Satraps* (Landlords)." The houses of the laborers are described as being built like birds' nests, of clay wrought together with sticks and straw, and, like the birds' nests, needing to be renewed once a year at least.

Arthur Young, who thought ill of the absentees, thought still worse of the resident proprietors in general "*The vermin of this Kingdom*," he calls them, "bear very heavily on the poor people, and subject them to more mortifying situations than ever we behold in England."

The French writer, Michelet, says of Ireland: "The sad and patient Judea, who counted her years by her captivities, was not more rudely stricken by Asia; but there is such a virtue in the Celtic genius, such a tenacity of life in this people, that they subsist under such outrages, and preserve their customs, their religion and their language."

No wonder that foreigners, who were, of course, impartial, expressed these sentiments.

I mentioned in one of my letters that Cromwell had driven out by beat of drum the entire Catholic population of three provinces, excepting only a few hinds necessary to hold the plough and herd the flocks of the conqueror. Aged men and women, feeble and sickly persons, many who were protected by general treaties, peers and knights (with their families) who had fought for the King—many who had received personal guarantees for personal services—were driven across the Shannon to find shelter in the bogs of Connaught, and their lands divided among the soldiery. If they returned *hanging without trial* was their doom. "In the Down survey, by order of the Council, Ireland was surveyed, the number of acres taken and divided up amongst the soldiers for arrears of payment, some fertile lands bringing four shillings the acre and some sold for one penny." (Morrice's Life of Orrery.)

The *descendants* of these soldiers, Cromwell's hirelings, are at the present day the *Irish landlords*, whom Bishop Berkely called "vultures with iron bowels," and Lord Clonmel "Irish Satraps, like the lions, tigers, &c., of Africa"—

"Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith
could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics."
—POPE.

Adieu. PLACIDIA.



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LETTER XXXII.

HAMILTON, 18—

DEAR—I warned you about reading certain histories which are compiled by certain authors, some of my reasons for this caution being those of Dryden, who says, "We find but few historians in all ages who have been diligent enough in their search for truth; it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public, by which means a falsehood, once received from a famed writer, becomes *traditional to posterity.*"

"Some write a narrative of wars and feats
Of heroes little known and call the rant
An history."

Tom Moore says on that subject:

"How oft we sigh,
When histories charm, to think that *histories*
lie!

That most are *grave romances* at the best,
And Milton's but more clumsy than the rest.
By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
We fancy Charles was just and Strafford
mild!

Then rights are wrongs, and victories are
defeats,

As French or English pride the tale repeats."

I must now mention another writer *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, who perhaps, through carelessness or ignorance, has given a false colouring to an important fact of Irish History. Coleridge whose name is dear to all cultivated people where the English language is spoken, and whose works are read by eminent men and thoughtful English students, relates the story of the "Peep-o'-Day Boys," but *reverses the circumstances*, and transposes the *dramatis personee*.

I will explain by quoting from Lord Gosford's speech. Lord Gosford, Lieutenant of the County Armagh, called together the grand Panel of the County, and exhorted them to form a committee to repress further outrages from the "Peep-o'-Day Boys" upon peaceful Catholics. The facts are: In 1791 and 1792 the Scotch and Eng-

lish population planted in Ulster by James I. had increased and wanted more land. Some of the native Catholics, who had got the worst part of the land at that period, by their industry had improved and made their farms valuable. It was resolved to get possession of them. Therefore, armed gangs calling themselves "*Peep-o'-Day-Boys*," met together between midnight and morning and gave notice in various districts that the inhabitants "must go to Connaught or to Hell," by an appointed day. If they did not obey this order on the day named, the gang returned, drove out the families, perhaps in bitter cold nights, wrecked their houses and movable property, and the conspirators then divided the lands amongst themselves. There was no redress; the Magistrates were secret members of the gang. Some resistance was made by Catholics, who formed themselves into a rude band called "Defenders," but the same magistrates dealt severely with them for the attempt, and before any effectual check was put on these crimes, it was estimated that six thousand Catholics were robbed, banished, and their property taken from them. Imagine the horrors of this cruel affair. Aged people with tottering limbs, sick persons not able to walk, and mothers with babes a few days or hours born, torn from their homes at midnight and driven away to seek for shelter. Lord Gosford, a Protestant who got his estate by confiscation, yet was a man of justice and humanity. He stated to the assembly that: "It is well known that a persecution accompanied by circumstances of *ferocious cruelty* is now raging in this county. * * * The only crime with which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with is easy of proof—simply a profession of the Catholic faith. A

lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new delinquency. * * * It would be exceedingly painful to detail the horrors of this wicked proscription, which exceeds, in the comparative number of those whom it consigns to ruin, to misery and to death, every example that ancient or modern history can supply. When have we ever heard of such a story of human cruelties as this where more than half the inhabitants of a populous district deprived by one foul blow of the means as well as of the fruits of their industry and driven in the night in the midst of an inclement season to seek shelter for their hapless families. * * * These horrid scenes should awaken indignation in the coldest bosom. The spirit of impartial justice without which law is nothing but an *instrument of tyranny has disappeared* in this county, and the supineness of the Local Magistracy of Armagh has become a scandal in every corner of the Kingdom." In Cole-ridge's essay on his own times, Vol. III., p. 717, this story of the outrages perpetrated in the winters of 1791 and 1792 is related with much pathos, but the *dramatis personæ are transposed*. The unhappy Catholics who were robbed and expelled are described as the "Peep o'-Day Boys," and the Protestant persecutors the "Defenders!" The denouement is also contrary to truth. He says, "The armed bodies of Protestant Defenders soon repelled and suppressed their enemies." As I said before, the Defenders were the Catholics, who naturally tried to save their homes and farms as any but the veriest cowards would, but the Local Magistrates quickly suppressed the band and severely punished the members and all the poor creatures who *presumed to defend themselves*.

"But partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they can-
not reign,

And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon *their fellows prey*."

Froude also gives a fabulous account of the "Peep-o'-Day-Boys," in his work, "English in Ireland."

"Out of the Peep o'-Day-Boys association afterwards sprang the Orange Society. This organization, the *Landlords* of Ulster have used for nearly a century in guarding their class interests; for though the Orange Society was founded ostensibly to retain the Catholics in subjection, it was really to avoid a revolution in which *the estates* got by the sword might be lost by the sword. It is certain that the government encouraged the formation of the Orange Society and fomented the disensions between Protestants and Catholics to open a way for the Union."
—*Gavan Duffy's History of Ireland*.

Then came the rising of the oppressed people and all the horrors of 1798 and 99, with the Act of Union.

"Thrown into Ireland's bitter cup
When that alone of slavery's draught was
wanting,"

Ireland lost all and gained nothing by the Union; every promise was broken, every pledge was violated. Pitt resigned when he found that George III. refused to allow him to redeem his pledge of granting Catholic Emancipation, but afterwards took office with his pledges broken. It took 26 years of agitation to force the concession of Emancipation. Let us not forget that the House of Commons three times during 29 years *passed* an Emancipation Bill, but that bill each of these *three times* was *rejected* by the *House of Lords*. At length, as O'Connell says: "The perpetual enemy of Ireland, the British House of Lords, was defeated." Let us not forget also, that the Bill of Emancipation meant "*Freedom of conscience*." The history of the persecutions, the exactions by tithes and other unjust drains upon the people committed by the established church against Catholics, Presbyterians and Dissenters is one of the blackest in the page of time.

Capt. Thomas Russell, an officer of the British army (afterwards one of

the United Irishmen with Wolfe Tone), resigned the Commission of the Peace because, as he said, he could not endure to sit on a Bench where it was the custom to ascertain a man's *religion* before inquiring into the *crime* with which he was charged. "Justice was lame as well as blind amongst them." The dispute about religion and the practice of it seldom go together—

"It is not hard for one who feels no wrong,
For patient duty to employ his tongue;
Oppression makes men mad, and from their
breasts
All reason and all sense of duty wrests."

In 1827, upon the defeat of the Catholic question in the English House of Parliament, an order was sent to the Pidgeon House to forward 5,000,000 (five million) rounds of ball cartridge to the different garrisons round the country.—(*Freeman's Journal*, March 12, 1827). Moore composed this sarcastic poem (of which I give you a few verses) on the subject. He styles it

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

By John Bull.

"I have found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her;
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing,
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

(Ireland asked for bread and England gave her a stone.)

She asked me for Freedom and Right,
But ill she her wants understood,
Ball cartridges morning and night
Is a dose that will do her more good.
Now blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing 's wanted to make it more pleasant

But being hanged, tortured, and shot,
Much oftener than thou art at present."

I intended this letter to be the last one on the bye-gone days of Irish miseries, but I could not without making this letter too lengthy get those extracts from the dying speech of Robert Emmet, which you asked me to send you, into this. After that next one I shall wind up,

"Hoping to teach you while your lessons
last
To judge the present by the past."

Yours, PLACIDIA.



LETTER XXIII.

HAMILTON, 1^o—.

DEAR—You requested me in your letter of the 19th instant to send you a copy of Emmet's speech, which I found in an old book—an Essay on Elocution, written by Samuel Kirkham. It is too long for my amount of space and time to write the whole of it, so I have only copied extracts bearing strongly upon the question. Amongst the classical authors and orators whose works you study by the light of the midnight lamp—viz.: Herodotus, Demosthenes, Thucidides, Plato, Seneca Pliny, Sallust and Livy, Homer, Ovid, Virgil, and others of a later date—there will scarcely

be found in the College Library or in the *curriculum* such specimens of oratory as Robert Emmet's last speech; but his burning words can never be forgotten by his countrymen till "Time itself shall be no more."

"Upright he stood, with sad and earnest mien,
No measured cadence heard or motion seen;
He, man-like, moved and bore him in discourse,
Ardent and grave and tempering still his force,
While features augured all his tongue alleged
And tones winged home each barbed shaft they edged."

Moore's poem, beginning, "O breathe not his name," was suggested by the

passage in Emmet's dying speech :
 " Let no man write my epitaph till my
 country takes her place amongst the
 nations of the earth."

" O where's the slave so lowly, condemned
 to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst his chains at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly."

Robert Emmet was a young Protestant gentleman of good family. His ardent soul was filled with patriotism, love of his country being a passion with him. Thomas Moore, the poet, and Emmet were intimate friends and associates; they were also students together at the same University. Some of the students, including Emmet and Edward Hudson, were members of the United Irishmen's Society. Moore, then only about 18 years of age, belonged to a Debating Society of which Emmet was the chief orator and ornament. Owing to information gained by the College authorities Lord Clare, Vice Chancellor, held a solemn visitation and examined the students on oath concerning these societies in the College. Amongst others Moore was called before the tribunal and obliged to take the oath. After answering some questions in the negative Tom Moore at last stated " that he entered college to receive the education of a scholar and a gentleman; that he knew not how to compromise these characters by informing against his college companions; that his own speeches in the debating society had been ill-construed, when the worst that could be said of them was, if truth had been spoken, that they were PATRIOTIC; he respectfully begged the Vice Chancellor to put himself in his place and say how he would act under such circumstances." This proved effectual with Lord Clare.

Robert Emmet was indicted for High Treason as one of the leaders of " United Irishmen's Society." This gallant young man was convicted of a

revolutionary attempt, an attempt to redress the wrongs and oppressions of his country basely called a rebellion. Emmet was hanged in 1803, in the 22nd year of his age.

" Rebellion! foul, dishonoring word,
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword
 Of mortal ever lost or gained!
 How many a spirit born to bless
 Hath sunk beneath that withering name
 Whom but a day's, an hour's success
 Hath wafted to eternal fame."

I shall give you some portions of Emmet's speech, as it expresses most eloquently the sentiments of the Irish people at that period :

Mr. Emmet said: " What have I to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me according to law? I have nothing to say that could alter *your predetermination*, nor that would *become me to say* with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide by. * * * I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. * * * The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, but may live in the respect of my country. I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade will have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and of virtue — this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate men who survive me; while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that *perfidious* government which upholds its domination by *blasphemy* of the Most High — which displays its power over men as over the *beasts* of the forest — which sets man upon his

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brother and lifts his hand in the name of God against the throat of his fellow-man who *believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard*—a government which is steel-ed to barbarity by the *eyes of the orphans and the tears of the widows* which it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying that those wicked enthusiasts such as he were not equal to their wild designs.]

I appeal to the Immaculate and Almighty God, I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been through all this peril and through all my purposes governed by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure and the emancipation of my country from the *superinhuman oppression* under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength sufficient to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation which appertains to that knowledge. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and upon an occasion like this. * * * I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! and for what end? A change of masters! Was this the object of my ambitions. And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place amongst the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in

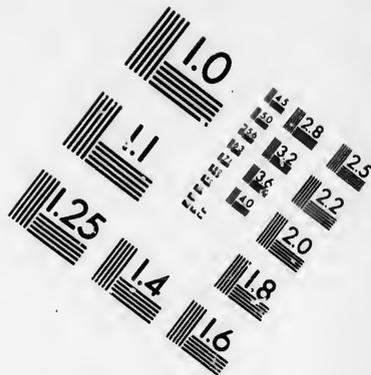
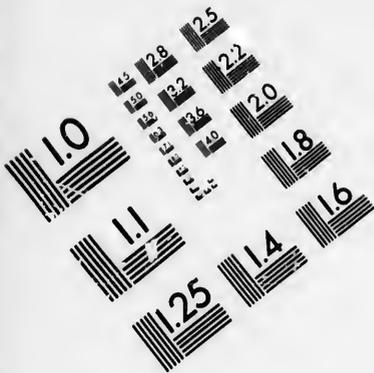
profit, but in the glory of the achievement. * * * Oh, my country, had it been *personal ambition* that influenced me—had it been the soul of my actions—could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my Idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life. No, my Lord; I acted as an *Irishman*, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny and from the more galling yoke of a *domestic faction*, its joint partner and perpetrator in *patricide*, whose rewards are the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendour and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly rivetted despotism, and to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence destined her to fill."

Mr. Emmet was frequently interrupted by the Judge, and I omit, as being too lengthy, most of the points he made against him. One point, however, is so appropriate to Norbury that I insert it here: "I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life—am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? by *you, too*, who, if it were possible to collect all the *innocent blood* that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one *great reservoir*, your lordship might swim in it!"

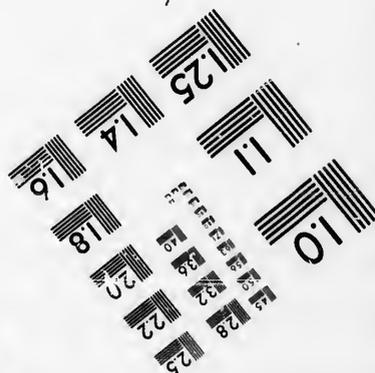
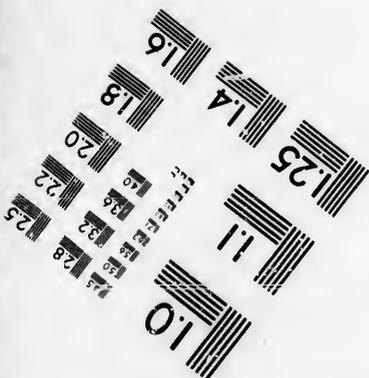
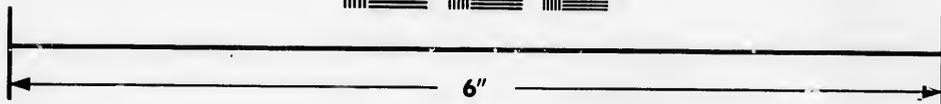
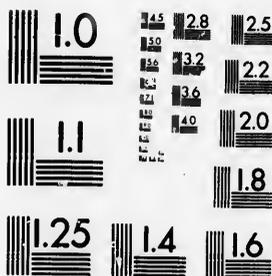
[Here the Judge interrupted.]

"Be yet patient; I am going to my cold grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run. I have one request to make: Let no man write my epitaph. * * * When my country takes her place amongst the nations of the earth, *then*





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and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written. I HAVE DONE."

Lord Norbury was called the "Hanging Judge," Daniel O'Connell used to call his lordship "One of Lord Castlereagh's *unprincipled Janissaries*."

"O Tyburn! could'st thou but reason and dispute,

Could'st thou but *Judge* as well as execute;
How often would'st thou change the felon's doom

And truss some stern Chief Justice in his room."

My next letter will be the last on the subject of Ireland and Home Rule. I shall epitomise the cause and effect of England's policy towards that unfortunate country, and show that "to render humanity fit to be insulted (Burke says), it was fit that it should first be degraded."

Adieu. PLACIDIA.

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LETTER XXXIV.

HAMILTON, 18—

DEAR — As this is my last letter on the Irish question I shall point out the effect which these wars and persecutions have had on that country.

Some persons say that as all these iniquities and crimes are past so long ago, we should "let the dead Past bury its Dead," and forgive and forget, &c., &c. True, but history repeats itself. They are *not all past*. Injustice still exists and *should be remedied*. Yet the persons who give expression to these sentiments are always ready to blame the Irish, and always wondering how it is that Ireland, with such great natural resources and native vigour, is constantly poor and *always discontented*. The answer is that the history of the Past is the master-key to whatever problems are puzzling to us in the state of things at the present day. Sir John Davies relates that, "During four centuries the Irish had no protection for their property nor even for their lives; to beat or wound a *native* was not punishable, or even to kill one was not a felony; but the most wicked and mischievous custom was that called coin and livery. The English soldiers kept in Ireland had no pay, but were ordered to take man's

meat, horse, meat and money from the inhabitants, so that in one night and day the whole year's labour was eaten up by soldiers. The better classes left the place, and those who had to remain became idle and discontented, expecting only misery."

"Chill penury repressed true courage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

The extortions of coin and livery have been succeeded by enormous taxation and absentee rents and the constant drains upon the poor people which I mentioned before.

An eminent Irish lawyer (*John Philpot Curran*) said, speaking of the Criminal Code:

"Open the statute book at the word Ireland, or the word *penalty*, 'tis equal which, for you can trace Ireland through the statute book as you'd follow a wounded man through a crowd by blood!"

The policy of the penal laws was successful indeed and left its mark on Ireland; most of the historical families have disappeared long ago. John Keogh, a Catholic merchant, the founder of the "Catholic Association," at a public meeting in Fishamble street theatre, Dublin, March 25, 1792, made a speech in which he declared, as a plea for Emancipation, "that

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there was no longer any reason to fear a claim to the forfeited estates as the descendants of the ancient possessors had sunk into the *dregs of the people*, were laborers in the fields or porters on the quays of Dublin, or beggars in the streets, *unable to read or write*, prove their legitimacy or trace a pedigree."

It is charged that the Irishman is thrifless and ignorant; and he is generally represented, by the popular jestures of the day, with a face like a baboon or gorilla. Poor Paddy is not free from the faults that slavery and misery engender; living in mud cabins, bare-footed and half-clad, starving on potatoes and salt does not conduce to refinement. The railway commission reports of laborers in Tipperary stated: "They go through the fields and gather the wild weeds and boil them with salt and live on them, *often with out even a potato to eat with them.*"

"The tyrant's load upon you lies—ye writhe within the dust;
Ye fill your mouths with beggar's swill, ye grovel for a crust;
Your Lords have set their blood-stained heels upon your abject heads;
Yet they are kind—they leave you still their ditches for your beds!"

Victor Hugo's novel, "*L'homme qui Rit*," reminds me of Ireland's case. The heir of a noble family, while young, was carried away by force and disfigured, to prevent his identity being discovered. A surgical operation was performed on the unfortunate to make him appear to laugh or grin in a grotesque manner; but the eyes, those mirrors of the soul, silently revealed the depth of sadness in the noble heart. England has taken Ireland by force and by treachery and deformed and disfigured her and her people; England's brand is on her—she is not what she was nor what she ought to be. *L'homme qui Rit*, the man who laughs; it is with Ireland: *L'homme qui pleure*, "The man who weeps."

In the reign of Queen Anne all rights which not before had been taken from the Catholics were swept away by law. They were reduced to a condition closely resembling the bondage or status of the black slaves in the Southern States of America, excluded from all offices, from Parliament and from the franchise. Education was forbidden. Professor Barlow M.A., Professor of History in Trinity College, in a lecture stated the following:

"One statute prohibited any papist from instructing another papist or a *Protestant* from instructing a papist; a third statute provided that no papist should be sent out of Ireland to receive instruction. If these three laws had been lapped by a fourth, ordering for execution every papist who did not provide a first class education for his children, the whole edifice would have been beautifully complete and symmetrical."

Three eminent Catholics were permitted to be heard at the bar of the Commons against these laws; and they, with eloquence of head and heart, portrayed in all its gravity and pathos this frightful injustice to the nation, present and future. They were answered by the prime minister that if they suffered penalties the fault was their own; let them *all conform to the religion of the state* and there would be no penalties!

"Come Premier who doubtest, so mild are thy views
Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;
Who leavest poor Paddy no medium to choose
'Twixt good old Rebellion and new Reformation."
—MOORE.

One more fact on education. The Penal Code had left four millions of Irish who could neither read nor write and nearly a million and a half who could read but not write. (From Parliamentary returns, 1840.)

Burke says:

"While this restraint of foreign and domestic education was part of a horrible and impious system of servitude, the mem-

bers were well fitted to the body. To render men patient under a deprivation of all the rights of human nature everything that could give them a knowledge or feeling of those rights was naturally forbidden. To render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should be degraded." (Edmund Burke's letters on Irish affairs.)

When the religion of the Irish was fiercely repressed and when all Catholic Bishops were banished, and all religious orders, priests, &c., with them, there came from the monasteries established on the continent a succession of priests of Irish blood or birth who were trained as soldiers of Christ. Inspired by the same heroic courage which impelled their brethren to devote their lives to the service of God amongst the hostile Indians of America, "a courage to endure and to obey," they came in disguise to Ireland; they wore the dress and eat the food and suffered the privations and shared the labours of the wretched peasants, to administer the sweet consolations of their holy religion to that persecuted race. Spencer, the poet, writes thus of the "Popish priests" of his time: "They come from Spain, from Rome and Rheims by long toils and dangerous travayling hither, where they know perill of deathe awaiteth them and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw to and minister to those people of the Church of Rome" (*I omit Spenser's invidious comparison against Protestant parsons.*)—*Spenser's Ireland, 254.*

It was a touching spectacle to see a crowd of ragged peasants on bended knees under the dripping roof of a cave, with reverence and devotion offering up the sacrifice of the Mass solemnized by a priest who served God at the constant peril of his life—

"Who made the dark Gethsemane
Of Erin's fate his palace,
And first before all others pressed
To drain her bitter chalice."

The tithes of the established church were a heavy burden on the peasantry. "A return laid before Parliament showed that (11) eleven Anglican bishops in less than fifty years bequeathed to their families an average of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds each (£160,000), and that in two-thirds of the parishes there were no congregations and no school-houses. The parsons were more merciless creditors than even the landed gentry."

"When the Union had lasted 40 years the country laboured under a burthen of paupers, without hope of employment. One million and a half of people were existing mainly on alms, and four millions of people could neither read nor write." (*Parliamentary Reports, 1840.*)

Mr. Gladstone says the Act of Union fatally weakened the personal ties between landlord and tenant by drawing the peers and gentry to London (causing absenteeism); * * and to succeed the centuries of extirpation, confiscation and penalty, we ushered in the century of evictions.

You will agree with me, I feel assured, when you understand the question that these facts plainly point to the utter incompetence of English legislation to secure prosperity or content in Ireland, and the consequent need of a home parliament to take charge of Irish interests. The past and the present alike demonstrate the necessity of Home Rule for Ireland.

"O pallid serfs, whose groans and prayers
have wearied Heaven full long,
Look up! There is a Law above beyond all
legal wrong;

Rise up! The answer to your prayer shall
come tornado-borne,
And ye shall hold your homesteads dear and
ye shall reap the corn."

Amen. (Miss Fanny Parnell.)

It is said that the fact of the number of Jews still practising their ancient faith and preserving their ancient literature is an incontrovertible

proof of revealed religion as opposed to the fallacies of atheists and infidels. Why should not a similar test apply to the Irish Catholics, who have preserved in all its purity and integrity that Faith taught by St. Patrick in 432, and which has been handed down from generation to generation. There were never any heresies amongst the Irish.

In Holy Scripture it is written: "Those who instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars for eternity, and they shall rule over nations." The prayers of St. Patrick for the Isle

of Saints and Martyrs, in which he laboured for over sixty years, have guarded and preserved that faith which "Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair."

O'er all the world no land more true
Than our dear Catholic Ireland;
Through ages of blood to the "Rock" hath
she stood,

Firm and true was that suffering Island.
O! ne'er may the Cross which St. Patrick
placed

On her noble brow decay!
God bless the dear old Emerald Isle,
The gem of the sea! Cushmanabree!

PLACIDIA.



LETTER XXXV.

HAMILTON, March 18—.

DEAR — In my last letter I finished my dissertation on the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland. It is not a pleasant theme. People dislike reading Irish history, just as they shrink from witnessing human suffering. The Irish, however, should study the history of their own country, as it will teach them to understand it *better*, to *love it*, and also teach them how to *defend it*; and those who are not Irish should read Irish history, for they have much to *unlearn*. Many writers of great fame have ignorantly or willfully falsified or grossly misrepresented the history of Ireland and caricatured her people. Prejudice and bigotry also produce false judgments, and we have many men among us at the present day whose sole distinguishing characteristic is animosity to the religion and people of Ireland.

"My friend, in those headlong days,
When bigot zeal her drunken antics plays
So near a precipice that men the while
Look breathless on, and shudder while they
smile
On that vile, canting crew, so godly yet so
devilish too."

In former days the spirit of religious intolerance was rampant and the hydra headed monster bathed itself in blood and caused desolation throughout the land; yet AVARICE, the sin of Judas, was really the mainspring of most of the cruelties and outrages committed against the Irish race.

"The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquest;

The lust of gold unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate Man.

"Oh! cursed lust of gold! where for thy sake

The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;

First *loathed* in this, then *damn'd* in that to come."

"The privilege that rich men have in evil
Is that they go unpunished to the Devil."

In a rough estimate it is stated (as a strong argument in favour of Home Rule) that nearly two hundred million pounds sterling are yearly sent out of Ireland for English manufactures, &c., founded on the ruin of her own. The London Times of June 26, 1845, stated the condition to which incessant plunder had reduced the people. "The facts of Irish destitution are easily

told. The people have not enough to eat. Nature does her duty, the land is fertile and fruitful in an eminent degree. The Irishman is disposed to work industriously. In fact man and Nature together do produce abundantly. The island is full and overflowing with human food. But the famished victim of a mysterious sentence stretches out his hands to the viands which his own industry has placed before his eyes, but they fly from his grasp. A perpetual decree of *sic vos, nos vobis*, condemns him to toil without enjoyment. Social atrophy drains off the vital juices of the nation."

"But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heaven and earth impart,

The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud Oppression in her valley reigns
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains."

Now we shall leave these sad and bitter memories and seek more pleasant thoughts in Bermuda's happier isle—

"This sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balmy, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides."

As Lent is upon us now, and the parties are over, we are industriously occupied in gathering up and collecting curiosities, marine specimens, corals and walking canes; also getting them carefully packed, as I intend to bring a large number home of all these articles, especially the walking canes of orange and dog-wood, lemon and cedar. We have been lately to see the Devil's Hole, a cavernous recess filled with salt water, which has always been one of the sights of Bermuda, as it generally contains a stock of groupers and sundry other fishes plainly visible swimming about as if in an aquarium. Here is found a species of ground shark, from its retired habits very rarely seen,

and lovely angel-fish which disports itself with graceful motion, ascending and descending in the clear waters, as if proud of its splendid livery of blue, green and gold. The angel-fish is the only fish able to live in common with such fish as the ground-shark and groupers, being protected by an armour of sharp spines from the attacks of their fearful and ravenous companions. The groupers are easily recognized, as they crowd together with open mouths in hopes of a feed when the visitor arrives. Strange tales are told of the voracity of these funny monsters, of unfortunate dogs slipping in, and being speedily devoured, and of rash youngsters imprudently pushing the toes of their boots into the water, and having a hard struggle to free themselves from the clasp of the grouper's jaws. This fish-pond has been originally a cavern the roof of which fell in, how long ago no one can tell, but perhaps at the time of the general submergence of the group, which, it is supposed, occurred about 300 years ago.

Mosquitos and ants are here all year round. Of course there are others of the Insecta, such as fleas in May, lightning-bugs in June, etc., but during the winter only the lively mosquito, the industrious ant and the buzzing fly remain. The fly is not very troublesome.

One extremely lively young fly is buzzing round me as I sit writing. I fear it will meet an untimely fate in my cup of tea.

"Busy, curious thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one."

Mosquito curtains are a necessity to protect oneself against the furious attacks of these small winged enemies. But the ants, however, are not to be despised, for though they respect one's person, they confiscate to their own use all kinds of food. A piece of cake left within their reach uncovered is jet black in five minutes with millions of ants making a feast on it. We discovered an excellent remedy which I will tell you: One teaspoonful of *tartar emetic* mixed with a little syrup on a saucer. You can try this *antiquated* recipe if you have an *antipathy* to their *antics*. The wise we see insects evince their disapproval of emetics by resolutely forsaking their

usual haunts wherever this is placed, and also by warning all their sisters and cousins and *Ants* against the disagreeable dose. Pliny says;

"In these beings so minute, and as it were Such non-entities, what wisdom is displayed What power, what unfathomable perfection."

"'Twas the Creator
He sought in every volume open to him,
Even the small leaf that holds an insect's
web
From which ere long a colony shall issue,
with limbs and wings as perfect as the
eagle's."

The Book of Proverbs, iv. Chap., tells us: "Go to the *Ant*, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."
PLACIDIA.

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LETTER XXXIV.

HAMILTON, March, 18—.

DEAR—I have not yet told you of a visitor—a most unwelcome visitor—that usually comes to Bermuda during the month of January or February, and brings in his train a swarm of evils, which, like Pandora with her box, he lets loose upon the island. I allude to the south wind which never fails to generate the warm moist atmosphere, so much disliked by the natives and by northern visitors, begetting a clammy feeling which can be better imagined than described. If this state of weather should continue for two or three days, it would have a visible effect upon every household article that damp heat will spoil. Fresh meat putrefies; cold cooked meats become coated with a vigorous growth of mould; and in fact everything in the larder suffers. Inside the house matters are no better. The mirrors refuse to reflect the features, being coated with vapour. Boots and shoes are covered with green mould, and even articles of clothing suffer

greatly. All, however, soon changes; a sudden coolness is felt; the exclamation, "Oh! here comes the north wind," becomes general, and in a few hours all dampness vanishes and the bracing atmosphere gratifies the feelings of old and young. The housewife hangs out the damp clothes, that would soon mildew if left untouched; the cook looks over the meat and hurries that which will soonest spoil into the oven; while at the stable, the coachman examines the harness, which has suffered like the boots and shoes. In fact almost everything has to be overhauled and renovated after the southerly vapour bath—vegetation is the only thing which benefits by the damp weather. Coughs and cold are prevalent during this season, but mostly among the native Bermudians and mullatos.

However, as the changes of temperature are neither sudden nor extreme, they rarely affect northern constitutions. Fortunately this year we were only afflicted with a few days of this

weather, when our Deliverer, the North Wind, appeared and freed us from our misty, musty, moist misery.

I must not omit a description of the coffee plant in blossom and its peculiarity, which I have obtained from some Cuban friends whom I met here.

The most ravishing of all sights in the flower kingdom is a coffee plantation in full bloom. The snowy blossoms do not steal forth in niggardly, hesitating fashion, but bursting simultaneously from their sheaths. The fields are in a single night covered by a spotless mantle of white. This exhales an indescribable but exquisite fragrance. As the advent of this flowery loveliness is so sudden few persons observe it except those who are watching for it. It is a beauty so ephemeral that eagerly indeed, lest he lose it for ever, must it be drunk into the gazer's soul. It is a fragrance that he who would enjoy must inhale without delay, for alas! within the space of twenty-four hours the snow-white flowers wither, the subtle odour passes away, all that delicate loveliness vanishes, and only a memory is left of that which was yesterday matchless in sweetness and beauty. Now, if it be your heart's desire to see a coffee plantation in full bloom you had better pitch your tent in good time beside the field and resolve to dwell therein, or demand for yourself "A hollow tree, a crust of bread and liberty!" "You must watch and pray, for you know not the day nor the hour for noiseless falls the foot of Time that only treads on flowers," especially coffee flowers. You can moralize thus at leisure:

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest."

And the tender grace of a day that is dead, will never come back to me.

"Like the dew on the mountain
Like the foam on the river

Like the bubble on the fountain
Thou art gone, and forever!"

"Time rolls his ceaseless course,"
though he once stood still for Joshua—
Unfathomable Sea, whose waves are years;
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe,
Are brackish with salt of human tears.
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and

flow
Clasped the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable
shore;

Treacherous in calm and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea?

We are now speaking against time as they say in Parliament, and wasting time, as they do there very often. Dryden says: "I never knew the old gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass bring anything but gray hairs, thin cheeks and loss of teeth."

Apropos of Old Time, some one said lately, that instead of the allegorical figure of Time as an old man with a scythe and hour-glass, he should be represented with all the modern improvements to suit the latest style, "a patent mowing machine and a chronometer!"

"Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

"See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And having swelled a moment there
Thus melts into eternity!"—Moore.

Perhaps Moore was alluding to the Swells of his day, the Dudes of ours, you know.

"Out upon Time! he will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things
before!"

Tempus omnia revelat.

But, Tempus fugit, and I must say
Adieu. PLACIDIA.

LETTER XXXVII.

HAMILTON, April, 18—

The time has arrived for hundreds of excursionists, dressed in pea-jackets and telescopes and accompanied by umbrellas and carpet-bags, to inflict themselves on the quiet denizens of these islands and disturb the calm monotony of Bermuda life. American tourists, equipped in this style, are landed by every steamer—the male creature, of course, wearing the pea-jackets, the feminine “sect” usually arrayed in water-proof cloaks and gauze veils; they are also armed with umbrellas.

March went out with his usual bluster and fuss, as if protesting against his enforced exit.

“The stormy March has gone at last,
With wind and clouds and changing skies;
We heard the rushing of the blast
That through the peaceful valley flies.”

I copied the following extract from a poem. I think you will like the sentiments:

WAITING FOR SPRING.

“Waiting for Spring! The hearts of men
are watching,
Each for some better, brighter, fairer
thing;
Each ear a distant sound most sweet is
catching,
A herald of the beauty of his Spring.

Waiting for Spring! Christians are waiting
ever:
Body and soul, by sin and pain bowed
down,
Look for the time when all these clouds
shall sever,
See high above the cross a flowery crown.”

We have now lovely weather, not much rain, only occasional light showers. When

“The hooded clouds like friars
Tell their beads in drops of rain.”

Everything is blooming and flourishing, geraniums, lilies, roses, &c., abundant, oleanders budding, rose-

trees blossoming; all things indicate the advent of Spring, gentle Spring, in these islands the most beautiful of all seasons. I think Shelley's sweet lines apply to the ideal Spring of Bermuda.

“O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth,
and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best,
and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark
Winter's sadness
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou
sharest?”

The only exciting time in Bermuda is when the mail steamer arrives. Everybody turns out to view and welcome it. Nothing so lively as a real burglary or robbery ever takes place here. They say that about fifteen years ago a house took fire; it has made the people so very careful! There is a legend that a man (colored) was really hanged for some crime within the last century, but that is not fully corroborated. The horses and donkeys never imagine it possible for them to run away, partaking, no doubt, of the phlegmatic temperament of their owners. The weather sometimes becomes obstreperous, and once in fifty years or so the Bermudians are treated to a hurricane; of course that is a serious matter. A tornado is a great blow to any country—an ill wind which blows good to none.

But “revengeons to nos moutons,” that is to our excursionists. A family of ten has just arrived at our boarding house, and “sat upon us,” took immediate possession of the easiest chairs, and the most comfortable sofas. The olive branches thump the venerable piano at regular hours, causing it to utter howls and shrieks expressive of mortal agony. Our friendly invaders have with them an accomplished Swiss governess who speaks several languages; they have

just returned from the continent where they have been several years traveling — “doing” France, Italy, Switzerland, etc. They favor us with varied and interesting reminiscences. A few of the most interesting I shall repeat as I heard them from Madame —, or gleaned from her diary. They were several months in Rome and were greatly impressed by the grandeur and imposing beauty of the Eternal City. Describing their approach to Rome and entrance she writes: “The atmosphere of the Campagna grew golden in the last rays of the setting sun, and a mist of amethyst came and went as we sped towards Rome. There was a hushed solemnity amongst the passengers, no talking, no reading. Each one settled into a calm expectation; every eye turned to that point in the low horizon when the one grand central object in Rome would first appear we sat with hearts uplifted watching for St. Peter’s. We feared that the sun would set and night would come upon us before we should see Rome, but then we did not know how winter twilight lingers in those regions. However, in an instant every hat was raised and every head bent as a salutation; for before us, like a vision, suspended between heaven and earth, was indeed the dome of San Pietro! The vision, for such only it seemed, was in a haze of golden atmosphere and its base faded into blue mist! There was no sign of city or people, and in another instant San Pietro had disappeared like a vision. It was not long until quite another view was presented to us, this time of Rome, not of St. Peter’s, and then through pleasant vineyards and fertile country we steamed into the grand station of the ferro via or *iron way* of Rome.”

“I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits those eyes, waking at once I say,
Whence this excess of joy? What has be-
fallen me?”

And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy
thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring as girt to run a race.”

The wealth and power of Rome in the fifteenth century is best exhibited by a reference to the splendid architectural edifice of St. Peter’s, erected by the piety and munificence of several Popes, and which still remains a lasting monument of the skill of Michael Angelo and other eminent Italian architects. This unrivaled monument of art singularly bears no marks either of age or incongruity, although it was three hundred years in building and over twenty different architects were engaged on it. Begun under Nicholas V. in 1450. Michael Angelo moulded the immense concavity of the dome under Paul III., though he died before it was finished by Fontana in the pontificate of Sixtus V. who reigned 1585.

“The hand that rounded Peter’s dome
And groined the aisles in Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity.”

I will not essay any description of St. Peter’s, so many have seen it, and there are so many descriptions. I will conclude with a few words about its size, &c. A sweeping forest of columns surrounds the outer court with the swell of an amphitheatre, and the circling colonades are aptly inscribed with the metaphoric promise: “There shall be a tabernacle, for a shadow from the heat and for a covert from storm and rain.” This leads to ascending corridors which form an inner court four hundred feet square, and open into either end of the portico of the church under the pious invitation: “Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the House of the God of Jacob.”

To give you an idea of the enormous size of St. Peter’s for example: St. Paul’s in London, Eng., would not

enclose within its vast vacuities, including its turrets and its dome, *one-fourth part* of the cubic square of St. Peter's, the corridors of which would encompass Ludgate Hill.

"What is a church? our honest sexton tells, A tall building with a spire and bells.
What is a church? Let Truth and Reason speak.

They should reply: The faithful pure and meek
From Christian folds, the one selected race
Of all professions and of every place."

A strange incident occurred while our friends were in Rome, which I shall relate in my next.

PLACIDIA.

—♦♦♦—
LETTER XXXVIII.

HAMILTON, April, 18—.

DEAR — "The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." So I will commence with poetry.

"Blest be that gracious power, who taught mankind,
To stamp a lasting image of the mind;
Beasts may convey and tuneful birds may sing

Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring;
But man alone has skill and power to send,
The HEART'S warm dictates to the distant friend;

'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise,
In lands remote and under foreign skies."

The visitors here this season are quite enraptured with Bermuda. Those who came in January and February are much benefitted by the salty air, so fresh and pure, yet so warm. The denizens of that bleak northern land, Nova Scotia, especially rejoice in coming to this pretty group of islets, begirt with white coral shores of sand and crowned with the evergreen-scented cedar. No frost, no snow, but here is perpetual spring during our hard winter months.

Balmy breezes fan the cheek, the radiant sunbeams pour down a genial warmth on the delicate, chilly invalid, and the charms of Nature gratify the eye. The transparent waters of an azure and emerald-tinted sea reflect the plume-like foliage of the graceful

Palmetto and lovely flowers are seen blooming every where.

"Who can paint like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?"

The last time I wrote to you I mentioned a singular incident which our American friends witnessed before leaving Rome.

The party were crossing a street near the Tiber, from which the round Church of St. Theodore was visible in a valley below. This church is built against the rock, which is crowned with foliage. They saw issuing from the door of San Teodoro a procession of male figures, attired in a strange fashion. From the top of the head to the ankles they were covered with a coarse hempen garment with loose sleeves, a girdle of rope round the waist, and a hood which covers head and face, but has holes for the eyes and mouth. They wore sandals of rough make. Each one carried on his shoulder a coarse sack. *Il Sacconi!* said the guide, *il Sacconi!* Look at the *Sacconi*. He said: "This is a religious confraternity of persons in the world, *masked* so that they cannot be known by any one, but amongst them are Cardinals, Bishops and Roman nobles, &c. Every Friday you will see them in the streets begging for the poor. They are called *Sacconi* from the *sacks*

they carry, into which the food and alms given to them are placed. Prince Dell——, who died last week, was one of them. He ordered it specially in his last wishes that the brothers of his confraternity should take him to his last resting place, that no carriages should be at his funeral, which was to be plain and simple. In accordance, then, eight of the Saccoi, bearing upon their shoulders the coffin of the dead Prince covered with the coarse hempen pall of the confraternity, walked in procession with others of the order, carrying lighted torches, and conveyed the body from the beautiful Palazzo Dell—— to its tomb in San Lorenzo. There were no floral crowns or anchors, &c., no pomp or display, but the very spirit of the Cross, faith, mortification and humility were visible in that procession. The Corso was thronged not only by the laity but by priests and religious; tears flowed and prayers were offered for the soul of Prince Dell——, the benefactor of the poor and pious servant of God."

Mrs. —— related with much enthusiasm an account of their journey one day, climbing up to the summit of the Ara Coeli, or ladder of Heaven. They had a magnificent view; for miles around they surveyed ancient Rome.

The Ara Coeli is an almost endless flight of stairs (you would think so when you had climbed half way up). These stairs lead to the Church built upon the site of the ancient Ara.

Where is Pagan Rome?

She lives but in the tale of other times.
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
And her long colonnades, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss revealed, her honored dust."

The next incident which they described was the visit to the Church of San Stefano Rotundo, the largest

round building in the world. Its walls are a complete picture gallery—pictures of the the most famous martyrdoms during the first three ages of the Church; amongst them are designs by Michael Angelo and others by Raphael. The crucifixion of Our Lord, of course, was there and the crucifixion of St. Peter with his head downwards, St. Paul beheaded by a sword, St. Vitales buried alive while his wife was beaten to death, St. Faustus and his companions clothed in the skins of wild beasts and torn to pieces by dogs, St. John the beloved disciple in the cauldron of boiling oil—his disciple St. Ignatius devoured by lions in the Coliseum, and hundreds of others. On the faces of some of the martyrs is a smile of joy—on others a look of patience and heroic fortitude. Some pictures are wonderfully beautiful in mosaic. Upon what was believed to be the spot where St. John the Evangelist's cauldron stood, a chapel was built before the Latin gate under the first Christian emperors. It was rebuilt several times. Tertullian, Eusebius, and St. Jerome and others declare the circumstances attending this martyrdom. After being beaten with clubs and tortured by order of Emperor Domitian, when nearly a century old the beloved disciple was thrown into a bath of boiling oil, but the horror of the spectators was turned to surprise and joy when the snowy head rose above the boiling oil looking youthful and fresh. In truth the martyr came forth from the cauldron with all his wounds and bruises healed and rejuvenated with the vigour of manhood. This prodigy struck even the dull senses of Domitian with awe, and instead of a sentence of death St. John was banished to the Isle of Patmos, where he wrote his apocalypse. The favorite motto of St. John, "*Diligite alter utrum,*" "Love ye one another," is placed in the chapel opposite the altar.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."—(Romans.)

"In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity."

"When constant faith and holy hope shall die,

One lost in certainty and one in joy,
Then thou more happy power, fair Charity!

Triumphant sister! greatest of the three!
Thy office and thy nature, still the same,
Lasting thy lamp and unconsumed thy
flame,
Shall stand before the host of Heaven
unconfeated,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest."

Adieu.

PLACIDIA.

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LETTER XXXIX.

HAMILTON, April, 18—

DEAR — Last week we made an excursion to Port Royal Church, a very old church, about half a mile from the Light house. This church has records which date back to 1699, when the Islands were called Summers' Isles. This Church of the Hills, as it is called, is situated in a retired and lonely spot overlooking the vast, wide ocean. Here we found one of nature's grandest scenes. The boiling surf dashing against the coral reefs below remind one of the cares and troubles of this world. The far off line melting into the hazy gold tinged sky marks the limit of the distant horizon, and as we gaze around us at the limitless expanse of ocean, our thoughts revert to eternity.

"When Day, with farewell beams delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are thine."

Addison, writing on eternity, says:

"Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought,
Through what variety of untried beings,
Through what new scenes and changes must
we pass!

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it."

"Eternity resting on an hour"—
Miserere Domini.

In 1826 this church of Port Royal was repaired. It was solemnly consecrated in April the same year, being dedicated to *St. Anne* by the Bishop (Anglican) of Nova Scotia.

We paid a short visit also to *St. David's Island*, famous for its arrow-root. It overlooks Castle Harbour, and is the southern boundary of it.

There are many little bays and inlets, in which are a great variety of pretty shells and sea weeds. We gathered quite a stock of these. We saw many sea anemones of lovely hue, like living flowers in the clear shallow water, and brightly-colored fishes in schools moving slowly about, some red gold ones, others blue and silver. We had a sail on the azure waters of Castle Harbour, with just sufficient breeze to ripple the waters. The scenery is of a most picturesque character about this harbour. In the silent and meditative hours of evening, under the cerulean star-spangled dome of the firmament and surrounded by nature's loveliest scenes, we raised our hearts and uplifted our minds in admiration and gratitude to Him whose grandeur, goodness and power have placed us in the enjoyment of such beauty and gladness. How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck,
nor stain

Breaks the serene of Heaven.

In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
How beautiful is night!

"In the beginning, O Lord, Thou foundest the Earth, and the Heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou remainest, and they shall grow old as a garment."—*Ps. C. I.*

Our American friends spent the evening with us, and it passed pleasantly listening to their account of their travels; the *Pantheon* was the last subject of interest, and I shall repeat to you part of the description I heard from Mrs. —. The *Pantheon*, this magnificent building of Ancient Rome, was built and finished by Agrippa, 27 years before the birth of Christ, as a Temple for all the gods; hence its name, *Pantheon*. Honorius, the same Christian Emperor who abolished Gladiatorial exhibitions, closed the *Pantheon* as a place of Pagan worship 389 years after the coming of Christ, and in 608 Pope Boniface IV. obtained the consent of Emperor Phocas to take possession of this grand monument of Ancient Rome and devote it to the worship of the True God. This Pope consecrated it under the title of *SANCTA MARIA AD MARTYRES*. The interior diameter of this magnificent building is 144 feet. The elevation of the eye of the cupola measures the same from the pavement. The portico of the *Pantheon* is 110 ft. long and 44 feet deep, and is supported by 16 Corinthian columns of yellow marble, perfect in architectural beauty. Each column is 36 feet long and 5 feet in diameter. The bronze doors are the same doors that Agrippa hung 27

years before the Christian era. This vast rotunda of stone supports a dome nearly as high as the walls. There is a strange fact in the construction of the *Pantheon* which I will relate: *The dome is open at the top*. The pavement is therefore constructed to incline gently towards the centre from all sides so as to drain off the rain dropping through the open dome into the watercourses below. The whole interior walls are covered with precious marble of every variety and color. The frieze is entirely of porphyry. The niches in the walls which Agrippa made for heathen divinities the Church has placed statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph and St. Stephen, the first martyr, and other saints Raphael D'Urbino, the great artist is buried in the *Pantheon* under the altar of the Blessed Virgin. A large, beautiful statue of Our Lady in marble stands upon the altar. This statue was sculptured by Lorenzo Lotti, the intimate friend of Raphael, for this purpose at Raphael's dying request. He who had painted with loving touch so many beautiful pictures of the Madonna wished his last resting-place to be under her altar at her feet.

"Virtue on herself relying,
Every passion hushed to rest,
Loses every pain of dying
In the hope of being blest."

PLACIDIA.



LETTER XC

HAMILTON, April, 18—.

DEAR — This month has been a busy one in Bermuda. Strolling about the country lanes visitors perceive many busy labourers at work, for at this time no idleness is allowed. It

is in this month that the vegetable esculents, which form the chief wealth of the planter, are sent off to the New York market in hopes of gaining the highest prices. Therefore, the planter and his men work from early morn to

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PLACIDIA.

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dewy eve, as his prosperity depends in a great measure upon the proceeds of the farm during this and the next month. It is charming weather. The native birds are beginning to make their nests with much twittering and fuss, feathers and straws. The trees are expanding their fresh, green leaves; flowers are scenting the air with delicious perfume. We notice, especially on warm days, the charming balsamic odour of the cedar trees. Nature has put on her loveliest garb and decked every nook and corner with gems of fresh fern, delicate varieties of mosses and brightly-tinted wild flowers. The visitors will miss the pleasant drives along shady lanes, our pleasant walks along the sandy coral beach, where the clear emerald waters sparkle at our feet, and the lovely scenery.

"Earth, Air and Ocean, glorious three!
O! faithful Nature, dictate of the laws
which govern and support the
Mighty frame of universal being."

We took a stroll by moonlight one evening last week; it was simply delightful. Mr. — and some of his family were with us and talked about Italy's glorious nights. They said that Bermuda compared favourably with that land of sunshine and beauty, in that point at least. The moonlight in Bermuda is truly indescribable. This is the most charming part of the day.

"The mighty moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more bright.
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!
The gracious Mistress of the Main
Hath now an undisturbed reign.
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!

I promised to relate to you the impressions of our friends who visited

the Catacombs of Rome. They expressed their surprise at the extent of this ancient subterranean labyrinth. It is not correct, however, to term the Catacombs a labyrinth, for the general plan of its galleries and passages correspond with the arrangements of the streets above. It is like a subterranean city. Visitors think the Catacombs a labyrinth, as the passages seem to branch out in every direction, and are sometimes very low and dark. There are, in all, about twenty miles of these passages. Mrs. — could hardly describe to us her feelings of awe when she first entered this solemn, silent place. She said "the mind reverts to the past; one feels that they are treading on sacred ground.

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around."

The Catacombs were the scene of the struggles of the early Christians, where they gathered to pray and hear Mass, choosing this place for the concealment it afforded. The Catacombs still contain the tombs and some remains of the martyrs. These tombs, of which there are about 6,000,000, are the most interesting feature of the Catacombs. They are cut out of the rock on either side of the passages. Some of them are beautifully engraved. The Greek character *chr* is on the front of nearly every sepulchre, and the palm leaf, the emblem of martyrdom, is on most of them. The early Christians buried their dead as we do to-day, similar to the Jewish practice of inhumation. Since the forefathers of Christianity took this method in putting away the bodies of the martyrs, it is the proper form of Christian burial, inferred from the Word of God to Adam, "*Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return,*" rejecting the combustion of the Pagan rite, which seems to imply that death ends all. Among

the tombs in the Catacombs there are many larger and more open spaces. These have been chapels and shrines, and some still contain the remains of Christian altars. Some of the spaces are highly ornamented, having pictures of the walls and ceilings of such scenes as Moses striking the Rock, Daniel in the Lion's Den, and the like. St. Peter receiving the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven is cut on the front of many of the sarophagi, and the Good Shepherd, carrying the Lamb on his shoulders, is in many places, both on the ceilings, walls, and also the tombs, where the martyrs of truth or the poor of Christ repose, IN PACE, they tell us, waiting for the judgment day.

Mr. — enquired how it was that so many beautiful frescoes and columns, &c., were defaced and broken. The guide answered that the barbarous Roman emperors who persecuted Christians tried to destroy and desecrate their most venerated sanctuaries—the chapels in which were the bodies of their martyrs. They also threw rubbish of all sorts into the openings above ground. The Pontiffs, therefore, removed the bodies of saintly martyrs to places of greater safety. Diocletian forbade the Christians to assemble in the Catacombs, or even bury in them, so that he might open them to be despoiled. The Christians then, with incredible toil, filled up many of the principal openings to galleries, and filled up tombs and chapels with earth to conceal them and to protect them from sacrilege. In fact they were so well protected that they were almost forgotten. They were closed from the eighth to the nineteenth century, with the exception of the Catacomb of St. Sebastian. In 1854 many discoveries of these closed up Catacombs were made, and now, after lying sealed up, buried, for a thousand years, they are re-opened, and prove that the Catholic

Church is the same to day as it was 1800 years ago. The frescoes, the altars, ornaments and statues, &c., come like a new indisputable proof of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church

Christians continued to be buried in the Catacombs long after the Cæsars had embraced the faith. That place, which had witnessed so much sorrow and triumph, was too dear to be forsaken. But the days of persecution having passed the Church has placed beneath a thousand altars the relics of her heroes, and there is a gallery in the Vatican lined with inscriptions from the Catacombs

Mrs — and her family were much pleased with Italy. They liked the Italians and praised them highly. She wrote in her journal that "the industry and frugality of the Italians are simply amazing. The life of the peasantry is hard, indeed, and if provisions are cheap so is labour, but abstemiousness is habitual, their sobriety is proverbial. It may be said truly that starvation is unknown where the people drink usually water and make a hearty meal on a melon that costs a penny, but it is wonderful that they work hard and live to ninety on such a diet. Many eat meat and drink wine (*vin ordinaire*) only twice a year, at Christmas and Easter. A draught of water for breakfast and a dish of beans with some bread for dinner is infinitely preferable to 'the nether pit' of an Irish famine or an English workhouse." * * * Mrs. — also spoke of the great faith of the Italians, that is, the mass of the people. "The first symptoms of their faith which struck me was a profound resignation to the will of God. 'It is the will of God,' 'God chastises us,' seemed sufficient comfort. But religion has other and surer tests. Italian charity is not mere aims giving, but *love of the poor*, a gentleness and for-

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bearance one rarely finds elsewhere. Travelers complain of the annoyances they endure from Italian beggars, in Rome especially; very few take the trouble of ascertaining that *there is no city* where there is so much done (or rather has been done) for the poor as in the city of Rome."

The mildness of the climate and the fertility of the soil soften the hardships of poverty, and the convent gates are

always open to those who want food. My next letter will be my last, and I will tell you in it about an incident which our American tourists witnessed in Spain.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment just to say:
Do not expect my loving next
To be a sermon *sans* the text.

PLACIDIA.



LETTER XLI.

HAMILTON, April, 18—.

DEAR — Since my last letter we were out paying some farewell visits. We took a carriage and drove round by Paget Sand Hills. This is a wild and lonely spot. The drifting sand has gradually increased its deposits and elevated the land over twelve feet, covering up cedar trees, &c. It has buried three or four small houses (huts). This sand has advanced over cultivated land at least eighty-nine yards in thirty years. It is a singular fact that the desert of Sahara was once an inland sea. "That pathless desert dusk with horrid shades."

At the foot of these hills, along the shore, runs a charming stretch of sandy beach, on which we found, shining like a crystal gem, the "sea-bottle," a transparent globule like a bright, greenish bottle. We brought one home, but it was dried up and spoiled next morning. They hold eight ounces of water. It is a species of sea-weed, probably one of the *Caulerpa*. There were pretty little sea-kittens or cow-pilots, about the size of large frogs, but in form resembling a cat. They are decorated with brilliant stripes of green, yellow and red. We found millions of *rice shells* here, with which flowers, bouquets, and

ornaments, such as earrings, brooches, bracelets, &c., are made by the Bermudians. Also there were great varieties of coral, rose coral, brain coral, branch coral, and sea mushrooms of coral about the shore. We drove home just as the sun was setting in a radiant glow of red gold, while rose-tinted clouds floated away all over the blue dome of heaven.

"Now, in his palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day
Like a tired monarch fanned to rest,
'Mid the cool airs of evening lay;
While round his couch's golden rim,
The gaudy clouds like courtiers crept,
Struggling each other's light to dim
And catch his last smile ere he slept."

I intended this letter to be my last, but I find I must write one more. I quite forgot that in your last letter you requested me to tell you what I learned from our travelled friends concerning the famous *Coliseum*. This wondrous building was commenced in A.D. 72, on the site of Nero's lake and garden. Its form is elliptical, it covers six acres in superficial area. The height of the outward wall is 157 feet. The arena in the centre measures nearly 800 feet in length and 200 in breadth. The seating places are arranged in tiers, beginning at the wall surrounding the arena, and the

last row reaches the outer wall. There are four stories or tiers of seats, which would contain 160,000 spectators. The places for cages of wild beasts were under the arena, out of which they were brought to devour the Christian martyrs. Thousands of the early Christians were put to death in this terrible manner, as we remember with shuddering horror. The gladiatorial contests continued for four centuries, till the Emperor Honorius abolished them. Trojan's games, to celebrate a victory, lasted 123 days, when 10,000 gladiators fought and many of them were killed.

"I see before me now, the gladiator lie.
He leans upon his hand,
His manly brow consents to death,
But conquers agony.

And his drooped head sinks gradually low.
* * * * *

He reek'd not for the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,

There were his barbarians still at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

I shall leave the Coliseum for a moment to ask what of our modern gladiators? Pagan Rome was cruel, but what of the gladiatorial combats where the *prize ring* has superseded the *arena*? Are not prize fights equally revolting? In pugilistic encounters, of course, the *fists* only are used, but I think even the ancient Romans would be astonished to behold in a Christian country in modern times such a spectacle as two fine, strong young men (without any ill-feeling towards one another) standing up to beat, bruise, pummel and pound each other, out of all semblance to humanity, for a sum of money. The newspapers encourage the *sport* (?) by taking pains to chronicle every round of the fight, who drew first blood, who got the first fall, etc. If these contests are contrary to law, the glorifica-

tion or publication of them (*c'est le meme chose*) ought to be contrary to law also. The press, "which is the safety valve of all parties," ought to be the mentor as well as the censor of public morals. "*Verbum sat sapienti.*" Concerning the *Press*.

As I said before, poetry being the *short hand* of thought, I shall express what I wish to say more readily by the following extracts:

"Here should the Press the people's right maintain,
Unmoved by influence, unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law.

But mightiest of the mighty means,
On which the arm of progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his woe enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—
Mightiest of mighty is the Press."

Have you ever read Cowper's apostrophe to the Press:

"By thee, religion, liberty and laws,
Exert their influence and advance their cause,
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of Hell.
Thou fountain, of which drink the good and wise,
Thou ever babbling spring of endless lies,
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee!

* * * * *
Did charity prevail the Press would prove
A vehicle of virtue, truth and love."

Now let us return to the Coliseum, which, with silent but awful utterance, majestic in its ruin, reminds us of the 12,000 enslaved, miserable Jews who built it, and of the countless, martyred Christians who perished in its arena? The venerable Bede tells in one of his works this strange prophecy of the Pilgrims of the eighth century: "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand. When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall. When Rome falls, the world."

The Vatican was the next place visited. It is believed that this palace was built by Constantine the Great on the site of the gardens of Nero; it has been much enlarged since its first erection and its present circumference is over seventy thousand feet; it contains more than 12,000 apartments. The statue of Constantine stands at the foot of the Scala Regia, or great staircase. A painting over the staircase door represents Charlemagne signing the donation of the Vatican.

Mrs. — and her family spoke of the great public works of the ancient pagan emperors—for instance, the reservoir of Sorrento. This *Piscina* has lasted 1700 years, and hundreds of years more will it last. These great aqueducts, which still cross mountains and valleys, bringing pure water to the city, are still untouched by time.

Eighteen hundred years ago the

Cloaca of Rome was a marvel, and it is still a marvel; still it bears to the Tiber the impurities (the sewage) of the great city. One of the marked traits of the ancient Romans is their conception of these great works. They built for eternity, or rather for *all time*. While feeling admiration for the genius and enterprise which designed and erected the wonderful structures of antiquity, can we forget the cost of these gigantic labours? The groans of slaves, the misery of captives, whose blood and tears bathed every stone in that extraordinary architecture of ancient times—the thousands of enslaved Jews, “the children of those who wereslain, who did eat ashes as bread and mingled their drink with weeping.”

The next letter will be decidedly my last, as we shall soon take our passage for home.

PLACIDIA.

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LETTER XLII.

HAMILTON, May, 18—.

MY DEAR BOY—This is my last letter from Bermuda, as we expect to leave for home next week; so I shall take this opportunity of offering you a little wholesome advice, which, I trust, if not very sweet (as wholesome things seldom are), you will not find it bitter, and it may prove some benefit to your inexperience.

“Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
Let careless youths their seeming joys

pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye

The illusive past and dark futurity.”

All, when life is new, commence with feelings warm and prospects high, but time strips our illusions of their hue. You are yet within the boundary line of youth, and have been

up to this time a gay and happy dweller in that cloud land of rosy mist and shapeless castles, where the future shines before the eyes of dreaming youth, vague, glorious and golden, like a landscape by Turner. You have yet to learn “the arduous strife, the eternal laws, to which the triumph of all good is given, high sacrifice and labour without pause.”

If when the fallow years are spent the soil is richer, if haply strength of mind grows out of vague aspirations, and purpose out of hopes, then a rich harvest crowns all.

A youthful life is compared to a river by Tom Moore in his fanciful style.

“Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river thy current runs;
Sheltered safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.

Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flowery shelter round ;
No rude tempest wakes the tide ;
All its path is fairy ground.

But fair river the day will come,
When wooed by whispering groves in vain,
Thou' t leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main ;
And thou sweet youth too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unsheltered sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mixed, alas !
All hope of peace is lost for thee."

He lives long that lives well, and
time misspent is not lived but lost.
Horace tells us : " Govern your pas-
sions, or otherwise they will govern
you." But I say to you,

" Always keep that generous boldness to
defend,
An innocent, or absent friend."

" A task to all men God giveth,
Be the work well done or ill ;
And to every soul that liveth,
A place that no one else can fill."

A noted author of moral essays tells
us : " If you wish success in life make
Perseverance your bosom friend, Ex-
perience your wise counsellor, Caution
your elder brother, and Hope your
guardian angel."—ADDISON.

I will add : Let Wisdom, *Divine
Wisdom*, be your guiding star. " The
fear of the Lord is the beginning of
wisdom." " Remember thy Creator
in the days of thy youth before the
time of affliction come." *Ad majorem
Dei gloriam* is the Christian's motto

Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity
except loving God and serving Him
alone. This is the highest wisdom.
Often remember the prophecy : The
eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is
the ear satisfied with hearing—Eccles.
i. In the world we have truly but
one important interest—that of our
salvation, that is, everything should
be made subservient and ancillary to
that great interest ; for, " What doth
it profit a man to gain the whole
world and lose his own soul."

The mind is a field in which so
sure as a man sows not wheat, so sure
the devil will sow tares. As with
space Nature abhors a vacuum in
minds.

" Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain ;
Weary not through the heat of Summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain,
But wait till the Autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain,

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears."

An educated man stands, as it were,
in the midst of a boundless arsenal and
magazine, filled with all the weapons
and engines which man's skill has
been able to devise, and he works
accordingly with the strength borrowed
from all past ages. How different is
his state who stands on the outside of
that storehouse and feels that its gates
must be stormed or remain for ever
shut against him.—(*Carlyle*.)

But yet—

" Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

Pope says :

" Worth makes the man the want of the
fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

Industry is the true philosopher's
stone which turns all metals to gold.
Education and industry combined will
render one almost impregnable to the
assaults of fortune in the Battle of
Life. There must be a head to con-
trive, a heart to resolve, and a hand
to execute. Trusting that you will
give these remarks a " place on the
table of thy memory," and thus escape

" Those ills the scholar's life assail --
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

" A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,

Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, *upward*, till the goal ye win.
On to the world's great altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

There are many rainbows in your sky;
mine have vanished.

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

"Yet we know whatever good or ill betides
The rolling wheel of Fate, 'tis God who
guides."

Let us leave moralizing and turn to
a brighter subject. Read this song;
if not effective, it is, at least, descrip-
tive:

BERMUDIAN SONG.

If you delight in sylvan ease,
In orange groves and plaintain trees,
With the murmur of the ocean
And the music of the spheres,
And the singing of wild birds,
Sounding sweetly in your ears,

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

In coral caves you hear the sound
Of waters sweet on pebble ground,
Where gentle winds and waters near
Make music for the lonely ear;
Come to my home, which stands beside
A cave where briny wevelets glide.

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

If you delight in Summer scent,
In rose and lilies' merriment,
All glorified with golden gleams,
That steep the soul in heavenly dreams,
Where Spring her earliest visit pays,
And Summer's lingering bloom delays.

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

A world of hedges, rocks and flowers,
Of bushes green and blossom bowers,
Of sparkling waves and sunlit skies,
With heartfelt friendship's dearest ties;
From joys like these how can I roam
And leave my sea-girt island home.

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

A family of tourists have been stay-
ing at the hotel. The young ladies
talk incessantly of Paris. There is a
great contrast between these people
and our American friends. We hear
continually the topics of their conversa-
tion thus:

Mon pere
And ma mere
And monfrere
And ma soeur
All of us out
Have been over the sea,
As far as Patee
On a tour.

Next week we expect to be at home;
"Home, sweet home. There's no place
like home."

HOME.

Oh! what is home? that sweet compani-
on-ship

Of life the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip
Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long-remembered tone,
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee;
The presence of our dearest, and our best,
No matter where we be.

"Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the
bloom

Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume,
For ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms.
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
The blush of its bowers is light to the eye
And their melody balm to the ear,
But the fiery orb of day is too near,
And the snow spirit never comes here.
Farewell, dear Bermuda.
I'll oft' think of these times
And remember with pleasure
Thy valleys of limes."

"Isles of beauty—fare thee well."

Adieu, au revoir.

PLACIDIA.

