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THE HARP

OR

A SELECTION OF

TALES, BIOGRAPHIES AND POEMS

— BY —

IRISH AUTHORS

ILLUSTRATED

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.
MONTREAL

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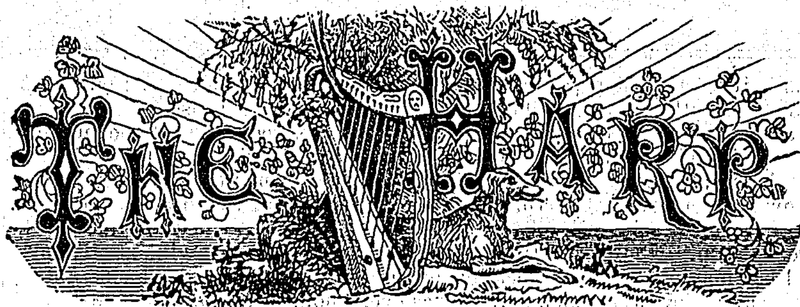

A Magazine of General Literature.

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THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

Hope! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the dawning of the day
Fast sheds its mellow glory,
As the sun's bright golden ray
Puts to blush the timid sky
While each star has shut an eye,
And the tide of morn approaches
In its glory from the east.

Hope! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the little star seeks rest,
As a child, that growing weary,
Nestles to its mother's breast;
All the glories of the night
Lose their soft enchanting light,
For the lord of day approaches
In his chariot from the east.

Hope! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the purpl'd heavens above
Beam upon the dissolution
In Faith and Hope and Love,
As a flash of golden light
Paints with fire each summit height,
And the sky as one great ocean
Fast proclaims the day begun.

Hope! Hope!
The dewy tear-drops,
Wept in night's dark bitter hour,
Cling like rubies and bright diamonds
To each leaf and bud and flower;
So will sorrow in the breast
Change to rubies and be blest;
And the sun of Hope resplendent
Light the hour.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT may interest the reader to know that nearly every one of the characters in the following tale are or have been living and acting men and women; and that the facts of the story are experiences much more than inventions of fancy. Even the strange run over the ice to Chipanucidie and the Indian Queen are pleasant memories, and Dennan, the artillery man, and his history as real as the history of Napoleon the First. The author has taken occasion from time to time, to affix to facts in "The D'Altons" the assurance of his personal knowledge, and however strange the facts may appear, the reader may accept them as genuine. One of the first men in English literature, some time ago, in reading a novel, made up his mind that every incident but one could be admitted as probable; but the "one" was impossible. It turned out that the "impossible" one was the only fact in the story which was not only substantially but literally true! Having said so much we proceed.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING THE READER ACQUAINTED WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE CRAG AND SOME OF THEIR DOINGS.

SOME thirty years ago there existed in the lap of Slieve-na-Mon, and a little

towards its eastern slope, a crag of great boldness of outline, at the foot of which, and along its line for two or three miles, ran "the Glen." "The Glen" was deep and gloomy, and the low hum of a narrow stream flowing on through its centre made the solemnity of the place more solemn. No more fitting place could be imagined for the location of witches and fairy caves; and, indeed, we remember, some sixty years ago, to have stood, not over courageously, at the "Pookah's Hole," where everyone knew that lively quadruped buried himself in the intervals of his night rambles around Europe in the special service of people who belong to the school of occult science.

On the top of the crag before mentioned there stood a mansion of some pretensions. It consisted of three large stories, and was crowned by a massive battlement of stone pillars that made the mansion look somewhat regal. The dwelling was perfectly white; and by some singularity of taste the proprietor had planted, not only the declivity, but also every foot of space up to the hall-door. This made the mansion look like something in a cage, and may be, taking all things into account, the word would be no great misnomer.

Yet the position was very beautiful. Behind, stretching out its widening arms in blue background, was Slieve-na-Mon. Before it the hills of Waterford, and, nearly at its feet, the beautiful town of Carrick, while the Suir, as it flowed on to the sea, almost mirrored the house in passing.

This dwelling place is the property of Mr. Giffard D'Alton; and to honor the respectable proprietor of the place it is christened "D'Alton's of Crag."

Well, in the Summer of 1848, and, sooth to say, at midnight, three men were making their way, from the flat country, up through the Glen, and conversing with great earnestness. They were followed by two others, who were sufficiently near to hear their conversation; and, when they thought fit, to advance and take a part in it. Three of the men were very stalwart, and the two others, though not of the dimensions of their companions, were evidently men able to "account for" any two others at all events—out of Tipperary.

They arrived under D'Alton's of Crag, and there was a pause.

"There, above," said one of the tall men, "is sleepin' now the worst man that ever owned the Crag."

"Faith," answered one of the small men—or rather medium men, "they say he don't *sleep* a wink at all; an, that he goes through his locks an' kays every hour of the twenty-four."

"He has the widows' means an' the orphans' meals; an' he has the curse of the counthry-side," replied the first speaker."

"What of Figaralt?" asked one of the medium men. "Is id rale thrue that he staged?"

"*Gan dhouth air dhewn—gan dhouth*," emphatically answered the man interogated. We presume the learned reader will find out that "*gan dhouth*" means, "We are no longer to question the fact."

"And thin?" demanded the first speaker of all.

"An' thin he broke his oath, an seven good men are in his power. The likes of Figaralt lost the counthry—so they did."

"We must get shut of him, somehow," sententiously declared the smaller man of the company.

"How?"

"Oh, be quiet, Sheamus," answered the sententious man. "Nine of us ought to be able to manage Figaralt an' ould D'Alton, afther—an' whin we all meet at the 'long dance' you'll get the why an' the wherefore. *Succuir! succuir! a bouchil!*" Which as the reader knows is sound philosophy, for it counsels quietness and patience.

"I don't like that Meldon at Kilsheelan," remarked some one.

"Figaralt is always with him, they say," added another.

"He's awful about law an' order," sneered a third. "An' as regular at everything as a clock."

"Who is he?"

"Who knows?" some one answers, and he continued, "Only he's so friendly wud Father Ned Power I'd think he was a spy."

"At anyrate he has plenty of money." one of the five said, one who had not yet spoken—"he has plenty of money—an',—I tell you what—the poor of Kilsheelan loves the ground he walks

on. An', more than that," warming, the speaker said, "more than that he's a fine shot."

The poor loved Mr. Meldon of Kilsheelan, and he was "a fine shot!" That did not end the matter; but it seemed to change the current of thought.

"Pon my sowl," some one remarked, "I'm not half as much afeared of him as I am of the *Chrichawn*. That fellow is everywhere, an' he knows everything, an' he's as sthrong as a bull dog, though hardly five feet in his brogues."

"He's given up life an' sowl to Mr. Meldon," remarked another, "though wance I thought *Chrichawn* would be like a rigiment to us."

"Look afther him," another said, "an' above all, take care to-morrow night he isn't within a mile o' ye. If *Chrichawn* isn't outside Slieve-na-Mon to morrow night he'll know what ye sed, an' the turn of your mouth in sayin' it."

"We'll mind *Chrichawn*," became a chorus.

We must now make the acquaintance of The Crag, and allow the vindicators of liberty and lovers of other men's means to pursue the process of legislation, or rather of judicial awards. Mr. Giffard D'Alton was just sixty-seven, about the middle height, muscular, and handsome for his years. He accumulated money by economy more than by rental; and, he added to his economy an exactness which the farmers who happened to be his tenants felt and feared to a degree. His *tenantry* were not many; and as things were, so much the less suffering and hatred; but, though few, they should be ready, to the *day and* even *to* the hour; and no "hanging gale" lessened the interest of Giffard D'Alton's investments, and no allowances were ever even thought of by his tenants. It was "pay down, or quit."

And Mr. Giffard D'Alton was as wise in his domestic administration as in the government of his estate. He daily measured the coals in the coalhole, and the turf in the rick. He was a man who knew the weight and measure of consumption; and wisely watched the fires made down in the kitchen; and saw no reason for fires in a parlor at all. He had a never-ending supply of clothes of the make of George the Third's time—and tens of thousands of old buttons, newspapers and et-ceteras too numerous to be mentioned. Mr. Giffard D'Alton gave every one to understand that he "was not going to die in the workhouse." And when a bill was to be paid, or money expended for any purpose civic or domestic, every living thing flew from the presence of Mr. D'Alton's declamation—which was generally *weighted with maledictions* upon all vagabonds and robbers and villains—a class of the population comprised entirely of those who asked money from him.

And yet, by a singular contradiction, he was almost extravagant when family distinction was to be derived from outlay, or when the members of his family required what public opinion forces as necessary to the gentry. His son and his daughter, and a nephew whom he had adopted after the son's death at thirty, all were sent to the best places of education—primary, intermediate, and collegiate; and they had their horses—vehicles and habiliments—anything but money. If they dared to seek for pocket-money—money for travel or for charity—then heaven help them and their weakness! He (Mr. Giffard D'Alton) would like to know where money was to be got, or how he could stand their rapacity in such times. And, if unfortunately anyone argued that his rents were paid up, and he did not feel the pressure, then the injured man declared he was "*called a liar—a liar!*" and then came a hundred oaths in a breath, while the honest man's eyes rolled with indignation, and with raised hands he appealed to Heaven and earth as the man most injured in the universe! "Quite clear,—quite clear!—you want to see me in the churchyard!—quite clear!" the poor man cried aloud; and all the world flew away from him at last.

We have spoken of Mr. D'Alton's daughter. It would be hard to find a greater contrast to her father. She was just as mild as he was passionate; and where she could, she was as liberal as he was niggardly; and she partook of the beauty and talents of her mother's side. Her mother's name was Barron, a name known for its respectability in the county of Waterford—and, Amy D'Al-

ton had the aristocratic mien, bearing, and looks of her mother's family. Mrs. D'Alton was a good Roman Catholic. Mr. Giffard D'Alton at one time had become a Catholic; but he found the Church of Rome conflicting so much with his will, and with certain saving ways which he called "principles," that he finally turned to searching the house through and reading newspapers, on a Sunday, and to declaring "all churches equally disagreeable." But returning to Miss D'Alton—to Amy—we must say, that her sweetest employment was to save for the poor, and even to work for them; and the poor people around watched for her coming, as one looks for the approach of a beloved friend.

"Ah, then, God bless you Miss Amy, you're your mother's daughter; and the love of the poor will be a shield in the hand o' your guardian angel."

"Ah! I'm sorry I can do so little, Norry."

"'So little!' shure 'tis the world's wondher how you make out, Miss Amy; an' I'll go bail ye hav'nt much clothes in the box. We know very well where the little dhrops for the chapel an' the station an' the First Communion comes from. Ah the Lord—*she ghlac she sheli in dho chrec so!*"

"What is that, Norry? Something good I'm sure?"

Norry dropt a tear. "I'll tell you then, *acushla*—them words is, 'the Lord has med a home in your heart,' agra; on'y 'tis nicest in our sweet Irish tongue. Isn't it?"

"Well, I do, indeed, think so," the sweet young lady would reply;

"Your coming gives more joy to the poor woman's heart, than all your father's goold, Miss Amy; because I'll tell you Miss Amy, it makes the poor heart feel thrue-love, like the pure love of our guardian angel; an' 'tis a sermon-like for our children an' ourselves! God bless you, Miss Amy;" Thus the poor and Amy lived their life at The Crag.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's nephew, the only son of a deceased sister, whose husband had disappeared within a year of his marriage, and had never been heard of, was named Charles Baring. He was at the time of the events we chronicle just five and twenty years of age—just five years Amy's senior. It was not surprising that the gentle Amy, and Amy's fortune in the Three per Cents very often crossed the mind of Mr. Baring. Indeed they did; and if the large credit in the bank came before his imagination even oftener than the amiable young lady, his cousin, there was reason for the pre-occupation of Mr. Baring.

"Money, honestly, if you can—but money, any-how!" is sometimes an axiom as practical among Christians as the Roman poet declared it in the time of Cæsar Augustus; and Mr. Baring had stronger impulses to that kind of philosophy than almost any young man in Munster—or may be in the land.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as we have been saying, allowed horses and a drag, and even a carriage, and paid tailors' bills, and supplied daily fare. But money! Mr. Giffard D'Alton saw no use of money—no prudent use that his nephew could have of money. His nephew had enough to eat and drink, and he was dressed like a gentleman; "I'll tell you what, sir, if you want money, go and—and earn it. I and my daughter are not going to die in the workhouse for you! No——" Mr. Giffard D'Alton, like all accomplished orators, kept the strongest appeal for the last—the appeal in our blank, on which we fear Sterne's angel has not been mercifully employing himself.

Mr. Baring's ways and means had much of the mysterious about them; and as he rode across the fields or along the road, great numbers of old women were inspired with prophecies that did not burthen Mr. Baring's future career with "much good," as the good dames termed it. And yet the young man appeared to be a sober man, and in address and manners he was easy—indeed, free to *nonchalance*. He was "straight as a whip," they said, and no man bagged more game, or more daringly defied nine-bar gates or twenty-foot rivers. Above the middle height, dark hair, large gray eyes, lips thick but firm, he was an imposing man, but with ever-varying impulses, which he took great care to obey. The wonder was that he had not long and long ago flitted from the eminence called The Crag, or had not been politely or otherwise sent to seek his fortune.

The fact is, Mr. Baring remained at The Crag, in the process of seeking, not one fortune, but two of them. He expected to inherit the property, a thing not to be expected if he ran away, and *he expected to marry his cousin, and,* as we have unkindly intimated, he meant to get Amy's fabulous Three per Cents.—some thirty thousand pounds. But, after all, how was the young man *to live?* That was "the question." Just as much as Hamlet's "To be or not to be."

It was plain that Mr. Baring somehow got the cash. In truth, he gambled a great deal; and as in most such cases, he lost more than he won. And he kept, at a prudent distance from The Crag, a couple of racers, and had his dog-kennel, and hunted with "the leaders in the land." He even flung a five pound note to a poor fellow now and then as an alms, and gave a golden sovereign to the servant who held his horse when he went to make a visit; and taken or found in any mood, he was precisely the creature of the feeling then uppermost, and calculation or caution or real kindness never had a place in his nature.

We are not to suppose that Mr. Baring had not his moments of reflection and bitter memory—he had both. Some times he was in despair, and accused himself of all manner of absurdities and misdemeanors. Sometimes he used to think even of becoming pious; and on such occasions his resolutions were numerous and vehement. Nay, we must go the length of revealing that he swore his book-oath he would "gamble no more;" he "would give up racing;" he would attend no more expensive "evening reunions;" in fact, he was now a "changed man;" he had "sense at last."

Gentle Amy often pondered on the present and prospective condition of The Crag, and it must be said that the reflections were not very pleasant. She did not share her cousin's feelings, or in anyway respond to his views. She had often counselled him—after she had reached an age to give and value advice—and although he at first smiled at her wisdom, he frequently listened, and even promised. But his promises were forgotten soon after they were made, and Amy was aware, by some means or another, that The Crag would be hard bested in a few years, if The Crag were answerable for all Mr. Baring's responsibilities.

Mr. Baring should have money, and *Mr. Baring got it from a friend,* whose name was Timothy Cunneen.

Mr. Cunneen was as saving a man as Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and, indeed, very much admired, that gentleman, and admired his "place." Indeed, he would have admired the heiress, too, only he had married, unfortunately, long ago, and had even "given hostages to the State" that seemed to inherit the father's many virtues.

Timothy Cunneen sits in his office in a bye street of the neighboring town, and it is marvellous to see in what a small room he fits and what little light is necessary to his operations in his profession. Mr. Cunneen wears a very old grey coat—in better days it had been his wife's mantle; but Mr. Cunneen always held that women's cloaks were "as good as new" when they were flung off. But Mr. Cunneen had a respectable cotton-velvet collar put on the neck of the cloak, and the garment was decorated by fine brass buttons, almost new. Over his table he was a picture. Black hair—black as jet—clustered in uncombed curls around his low yellow forehead, and shot over the coat-collar and from the back of the head. His eyes were black, small, and unsteady, and his mouth had the curl of contempt and the thinness of cruelty. The cheeks were cadaverous and long, and the nose would do honor to an Israelite.

That is Mr. Baring's friend. He has lent Mr. Baring many hundreds of pounds, and is not disinclined to lend him more; nor is Mr. Baring disinclined to borrow it.

Mr. Cunneen, or "Tim the Devil," as he is most wickedly called, has a fine, forecasting mind. The heir of The Crag must of course come to the end of his tether—when it would be unwise to entrust him further; but until then it is only business and prudence to give him his own way. Twenty per cent. at first; then forty per cent.; and, then, as many per cent. as two hundred swelled the debit side of the amount against The Crag. But as the account rose higher and higher, Mr. Cunneen's eyes glisten-

ed, and he rubbed his thin hands in ecstacy, and he thought on the happy day when Giffard D'Alton should have gone to his rest and the law of the land would hand The Crag to Mr. Cunneen in repayment of the money he had so honestly lent.

The day before the "long dance," or the day at which our history commenced, or is commencing, was a day of deep importance to Mr. Tim Cunneen and Mr. Charles Baring. On that very day Mr. Baring presented himself at the "office" of the money lender; and his countenance looked like large profit to the bank. His brow was bent and his lips tightly closed, and he coughed that half hard cough of passionate resolution that so often precedes an evil to two parties or to more.

Mr. Baring entered abruptly and sat down on a board-bottom chair which seemed to know him. His head fell down on his chest and his hand closed rigidly, and he gave a groan.

"Mr. Charles," said the money-lender, in as soft voice as ever he had—and that is not saying much indeed, "Mr. Charles you are sick?"

"You lie, I'm not! Don't dare to say I'm sick."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! You're not in good humor, I see."

"Why, again, I say you are a liar! How dare you speak to me in your d——ble hang-dog style; I'm not sick. I'm not out of humor. Ah, well Cunneen, don't mind! I am in a fix. I am worse off than ever I have been, and I want your help more than I have ever wanted help before."

"Ah!" answered Mr. Cunneen, with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"I have lost all I had! I had diabolical luck at play. Lord Thinvawn emptied me out; and the bet won from me by Commerford must be met this week—the day after to-morrow. Confound that mare. I never crossed an animal that has so deceived and disgraced me. To be beaten in a steeplechase by a man like him! like Commerford! . . . . , But, look here, you must stand to me, and even in *more*—aye, in *more!*"

"Well, Mr. Charles, money is scarce, and I fear I may not be able to go much further. You owe nearly a thousand pounds!"

"A thousand pounds!"

"Why, yes. When prepared to pay, you can have all your vouchers in your own hands."

"My vouchers!"

"Yes, Mr Charles, your vouchers!"

"I remember quite well the sums. They amount to six hundred."

"Quite true,—and the moderate interest which I charged you makes up the thousand."

"Moderate interest! Why—seventy-five per cent.—seventy-five!—Never call highway robbery dishonest again. Oh you——"

"Mr. Charles Baring," Cunneen answered very slowly, "If the dealing does not answer you, we can close our accounts whenever you please. I placed in your hands much of the fruit of my honest industry—and, I do not think you are very grateful."

"Honest industry! Gratitude to a Jew—a cheat!—a—"

"Well, well," Tim the Devil replied, "we needn't argufy and call names. You will find some one more honest and more able to lend you money. Good day, sir." The wicked thief said, "Good day," and he made a show of moving through a back door of the "office."

"Stop! stop, Cunneen! Oh! stop! Cunneen! Cunneen, I beg your pardon. You must forgive me! You must help me! or I'm undone!"

The time played for by Cunneen and expected had come.

"Well, sir," demanded the money-lender.

"Well, Cunneen, I must have a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds! a thousand pounds! Where is the security?"

"Why, you know the property to which I have sure claim is worth, ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds."

"But the times are so uncertain, and your uncle may change his mind."

"You know he can't. The property is entailed to male heirs."

"Ah, yes but——"

"Why, Cunneen, Cunneen!"

By sundown the bargain was settled, and Mr. Cunneen had a mortgage on the reversion of The Crag, and the sum he gained by his industry was only six thousand four hundred and sixteen pounds.

Was not that an important day for Mr. Charles Baring and Mr. Timothy Cunneen?

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING WHAT PEOPLE WENT TO THE "LONG DANCE," AND HOW MR. MELDON CROWNED THE "QUEEN OF MAY;" AND, FURTHERMORE REVEALING THE APPARITION AT THE POOKAH'S HOLE.

WE have many "Glins" in Ireland, and they are all very handsome places; but the "Glin" which decorates the toe of Slieve-na-Mon has a combination of beauties which no other appears to possess. "Glin" by the Shannon is snugged away above the Shannon's banks, it can boast of its great old castle and its knight's abode; but the Shannon is so lordly, that "Glin" is dwarfed by its majesty, and seems to hide from its strength. The "Glin" by the Suir makes its own of the calm, gentle river; and with Slieve-na-Mon's protecting shadow behind, and the glowing waters before, and the numberless beautiful dwellings peeping out through wood and brake, and leaning against the green hills, almost all the way along the eastern bank, from Clonmel to Carrick, there is a harmony produced such as might be expected if all the enchanting aggregate had been planned and executed for effect. One would not know how to remove a tree, or a field, or a house away, without injuring the unity of a grand picture.

Well, the "Glin" has an annual fair; and, in the time of which we write, the "Glin" had an annual fight. The "Carravats" and "Shannavests" were in their strength, though not in their youth, and that strength was proved by many a skull smashed irretrievably, and even by families left fatherless or childless by the Crag.

We can well inform our readers what "Shanavest" means, and what "Carravat" means, in the English language. The former means an "old vest," and the latter means a "cravat." There are surmises of antiquarians as to the reasons which bestowed the names of these two garments upon such fiery factions as fought at the "Glin;" but we do not think our readers care to hear them; and, besides, they would delay us too long from the history of the D'Altons of Crag.

Coming along the road from Carrick to-day, is a goodly number of pedestrians of both sexes, and all gaily attired,—the men generally well-draped—some in broad-cloth, and others in bright, clean frieze. The women were very gay, and the ribbons played about their faces—looking as happy and gay as the wearers. Occasionally, a drag, well appointed, or a horseman well-mounted, cantered or trotted on; and even a carriage or two swept by, in the glory of silver harness, bearing ladies in rich driving costumes, who hurried on to something or some place that attracted an expectant and jubilant crowd. As the day grew nearer to noon, the numbers increased; and, in fact, more than one small crowd had at its head a fiddler or a piper, who endeavored to raise popular sensation to the level of the occasion, by playing the "Humors of Glin." He must have been a humorous fellow who lighted upon such a name and such music. The "humors" were various, indeed, and ever-changing. The song in the tent, and the "trick-o'-the-loop," and the last great speech of some great patriot; knocking down the "pins;" and then the hurra—doubled, trebled, quadrupled! and then, the grand row, where many fell by the oak stick, and, not a few by good-fellowship!—all these are not all the "Humors of Glin;" and he must have been a courageous composer who dared the task of embodying them in a tune.

The day was charming. The trees were golden, and the fields of green were spread to make the golden trees look beautiful. The crowds are passing to the extensive park where, so many times, have been enacted the before-mentioned "Humors of Glin."

There is a sudden pause, and a hundred voices cry out, "They come! they come!"

And sure enough, absolutely flashing with the gayest of white and ribbons, sixty or seventy young maidens are seen in long line, with their fine looking partners, tripping on, in rapid pace, in the "needle" run so cheering and so graceful. The leading couple lift up their hands and arms high—to make

the eye of the needle. The last of the line, who is generally of the stronger sex, turns the line at the end, and runs along towards "the eye" formed to receive him; and the whole line follows, gradually shortening the graceful curve, as they pass through the gate or eye, and all voices joyously cry; "Thread! thread! thread! thread!" We fear there are few "high gates" played in this year 1878; and that the simple, hearty, invigorating games and dances died with our fathers and grandfathers, leaving to this generation "the world" and two other things which we will not write.

The hundreds have wound their way into the great park. The "Pickle Herrings" clear the way before the dancers; the merry pipes send forth their peculiar melody and harmony; the "long dance" stretches from end to end of the field; and the crowd politely opens a long, long space, to give the dancers perfect freedom. The joy and excitement seem to have transformed the souls of the crowd as well as of the exhibitors. Cheer after cheer rose as the evolutions of the dance revealed the symmetry of the various figures of men and women, as well as of the dance itself.

A drag gallops into the field by the gate.

"Magnificent!" some one cried, looking at the horse and carriage. "Who is he?" the same man asked of a countryman hard by.

"Who is he? Why, that is Master Charles, from the Crag."

"Oh! Mr. D'Alton's nephew?"

"The very same. See, there's a pause in the dance, an' he is making his way to the Queen of the May."

"Yes, I see her! How beautifully attired, and what a sweet simplicity of look and motion! Will you please say who she may be?"

"She, sir? She is Alice Hayes—she is called the Angel of Slieve-na-Mon. Arrah, look at Master Charley Baring goin' up to speak to her!"

What was the "Queen of the May" like? The "Queen of the May" was about twenty—lithe—fresh—and draped in white. Her hair was fair and her eyes hazel, and there was music in every motion of the "Queen."

Mr. Charles Baring's designs at the Crag, did not interfere with any amount of attentions and professions elsewhere. In affairs of the kind, he was, as in all other affairs, the man of the moment; and, really, characters of that stamp are *far more weak than deliberately false*. Let people avoid such characters when they become known, and not turn upon fate when they have spoiled their own future.

A great cheer, again and again repeated, broke from the gathering! Again and again and again, it rose, as the name of some new arrival rent the air. The name was "Meldon! Meldon! a thousand cheers for Meldon."

The fact was that Mr. Meldon had arrived. He drove a handsome pony-phaeton, and behind him rode a servant—not in livery. He bowed courteously and modestly as he proceeded along the edge of the assemblage, and he, too, seemed making his way towards the "Queen of the May."

"Very popular gentleman," remarked the person who sought information a while ago.

"Very popular!—troth you may say that, an' very good reason. That's the man that has means, only to share 'em; and, betther than the money he gives is the heart he gives the poor."

"What politics has he?"

"Politics is it? His politics is to love the people, an' make the childher go to school, an' take a neighbor out of a hoult, and advise people *to look about* 'em before they thrust strangers, an' not take id that every thing good an' just can be got an' no manes o' getting them. That's Mr. Meldon's politics."

"Is he English or Irish?"

"Well, you see, I think he is English myself, but no wan cares to ax him. Isn't he a fine man?" the respondent continued, a little proudly, as he looked at Mr. Meldon.

"Do you see that sarvint behind him?"

"Yes, an awkward-looking fellow, by the bye. Why, he is as broad as he is long."

"Well, I tell you there is the strongest man in Tipperary. I seen him throw a man of fourteen stone over a five-foot hedge! an' he'd kill a fly a mile off, if you only give him a good rifle."

"He is fond of his master?"

"You may say so! good right he has. Would you ever guess that that sarvint is uncle to the 'Queen of the May?' Deed, then he is. An' more betoken, you'll see Mr. Charles give Mr. Meldon and 'Crichawn' (that's the sarvint's name) a wide berth as they call it. 'Crichawn' would make chayney of two ov 'im."

"Pray what is the meaning of 'Crichawn.'"

"The meaning of 'Crichawn?' The meaning of 'Crichawn' is a small pyatee—a useless thing, unless for the pigs—it's so small. Troth, thin, the name does not fit Tom Hayes one morsel."

Five men passed the speakers in a knot. The strange man started.

"Good-bye, my good fellow," he said; and he moved off and joined the new-comers. "I thank you for all the useful information you have given me," were his last words. "These are friends of mine."

The scene was wonderful all day. The dancers had their "country-dances," and their "moneen jigs," and their hornpipes, and their "reels," and their laugh and joke, the rockets of all merry-making; and two milk-white tents up in a corner had their occupants, and within, as well as without, all was merry, and no one was drunk. The gentlemen and ladies, in the intervals of the dances, came and mingled with the peasantry; and, among them all, no one was more attentive and kind than Mr. Meldon, who had a good word for all and singular, but particularly for the "Queen of the May."

Mr. Meldon was a man of grand physique, though clearly he had reached a few years over the time given to the perfection of widows. He stood full six feet, muscular, graceful, and well dressed. He had a profusion of black hair, and so far as his eyes assimilated him, you might imagine him the father of the "Queen of the May." He wore a ring worth a fortune, and dark spectacles which he rarely removed. He was very correct in his address, and, in manners, dignified and easy. He had arrived in Kilsheelan only eighteen months before, and had purchased a small property on which he lived in great seclusion. He had made himself acquainted with every one, but no one had acquired much knowledge of him. The idea of his being English seems to have had its origin in the fact, that all his letters came from London or from Leeds, and that from time to time he had one or two visitors who evidently came from the sister kingdom. What he was himself, however, "no man cared to ax 'im."

"Now, a moment of culminating interest seems to have arrived. The scattered crowd is concentrating. The "long dance" formed a large and beautiful circle—quite a Tipperary diadem! The "Queen of the May" is standing in the midst, surrounded by seven maidens attired like herself, and singularly attractive. The circle breaks for a moment, and four young men, glowing with healthy excitement, enter, bearing a small mahogony table, on which stood a magnificent crown of flowers of the richest dyes, woven in a circle of golden thread. As soon as the table has been laid on the grass, led in by two fine Tipperary boys—and looking just the man he was, we behold Mr. Meldon. All the neighbors round had asked him to crown the "Queen of the May," and he came that day to lay the glittering prize on the head of Alice Hayes, his nearest neighbor. Such a scene! such cheers, and congratulations, and good wishes, were never heard before by the banks of the Suir, in the midst of which the crowned queen, the "Angel of Slieve-na-Mon," gracefully curtseyed to Mr. Meldon, and as gracefully made her acknowledgments to the people.

There was one among the crowd who scowled and bit his lips, and seemed, at one time going to become dangerous. That was Mr. Charles Baring. In fact, he had placed his hand in his breast somewhat suspiciously and convulsively; but he heaved a sigh, and drew his hand forth again and tried to look indifferent.

The "Crichawn" had tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed out to him seven or eight men, standing apparently in expectation near the hedge; and Mr. Charles Baring turned away to look for his drag, and, perhaps, seek the companions whom the "Crichawn" indicated as awaiting time.

Going home in the evening, Mr. Mel-

don asked the "Crichawn" whether he saw the men near the hedge.

"Faith yes and heard 'em."

"You know them?"

"Well."

"What are they."

"Honest as the sun some of 'em, but going astray. I saw a stranger with 'em to-day."

"So did I," Mr. Meldon said; "that stranger is a policeman."

"Murther!" cried the Crichawn; "an' two of them are widows' children an' the on'y help of the cabin!"

The setting sun made the evening golden and the "Long Dance" glow like itself. The trees were lit up with joy, and the river flowing by shared the ecstacy. The crowd came away from the Glin peacefully and happy, and the "needle" was "threaded" brilliantly towards the direction whence the greater number had come. The "Queen" had an ovation as far as her dwelling; and, nearly at the last, Mr. Meldon and his man took their departure from the place. Three miles or four distant from the Glin, the shadows began to deepen, and, by the time of Mr. Meldon's arrival darkness had fairly set in.

Half-an-hour afterwards, "Crichawn" was mounted on a strong colt, and making his way along the road towards Clonmel, but, somewhere more than midway, he made a sharp turn into a bye-road, narrow, rough, and uneven, and leading in the opposite direction from the road he had been travelling. After being some minutes on this road, the malformed creature showed marvels of horsemanship. He turned the animal towards a high and broad hedge, clearing it easily. He then galloped right into the shadow of "Kilivalla," a wood nearly on the breast of the mountain—dashed down again in a mad gallop—cleared a small river at a bound—and then made for a lonely cabin a good distance off. Arrived here, he dismounted, and raised the latch, when the door yielded and the voice of an old woman cried "Failthe, failthe," which is our Irish welcome.

"Crichawn" however made little delay. He simply led the horse right into the cabin, gave him his corner, for the horse was accustomed to the place; and, then he re-appeared in the darkness and began to resume his journey.

After two or three hours, during which the feats for which he was celebrated came into requisition very frequently, he arrived at the very spot described in the opening lines of this history, and had the awful temerity of going right into the "Pookah's hole." But not only did the rash fellow enter into the Pookah's hole, but he went so far into the same that one would imagine he could never come out again. He knew every corner and crevice, and the hole had corners and crevices enough; and at length, having satisfied himself with so much of his exploit, he deliberately sat down.

He had not been long in this place when hushed voices and echoes of soft footsteps announced that he was not alone.

"Crichawn" thrust his hand into his left breast and drew out a finely-mounted revolver, which he carefully examined.

"Now!" he muttered, "now!" and he examined the instrument by careful touching round and round, for darkness made any other examination impossible.

The new-comers came into the hole—but no great distance. There was little fear of disturbance, at that hour, in that place; and, besides, it must be supposed that one had been left on the watch.

"Crichawn" cautiously approached the visitors, but was perfectly secure from observation. The men sat down in a circle, and, as "Crichawn" had anticipated, they were the same men whom he had seen by the hedge in the Glin great Park, and who finally were joined by the policeman. This gentleman had however, left them; and, singularly enough, the first few words spoken by the conspirators showed they knew who their companion was, and declared their boundless confidence in his love of "the cause."

The most guileless, devoted, and honest people in the world are our poor countrymen; and those qualities give wonderful strength to their trust. They will not calculate difficulties where they think they see "right," and they will not suspect dishonesty when they hear a kind and general companion make professions of devotion. They have been bought and sold many a time; but

they grow in manly knowledge and self-respect. Hope has infancy and maturity; and its objects are not to be anticipated, but patiently waited for. The "hope" of Ireland will, in its own time, be realized, for it lives on a principle which is immortal.

"With all his ears open," as "Crichawn" expressed it, he heard the conversation.

"The masther mentioned all the houses that has arms."

"Yes," was answered.

"He mentioned Dillon's?"

Three answered in the affirmative.

"And Collins's?"

Again an affirmative reply.

"He mentioned," another of the party observed—"he mentioned Meldon's too."

"Oh, yes, I was coming to that. We are on dangerous ground there; "Crichawn" is the divil an' nothin' else. He'd discover us, or faith he'd do somethin' worse may be."

"Howld your tongue!" said a sharp strong voice. "Don't spake to men that way."

"Well, to be shure, how courageous we are!"

"See, now, let wan another pass. You're always sparrin'. We've plenty bisness to mind without you're making us a share."

"We want a great dale of arms," remarked a new voice.

"Ah, hundreds an' thousands; the hour is passing."

"The masther will give five hundred himself."

"Will he?" some one asked.

"Yes," answered the former speaker, "an' money to buy a thousand more."

"How?"

The man who gave the list of houses to be visited for arms then addressed them.

"If ev'ry penny in old Giffard's purse could be got at, the money belongs to the country."

"*Gandhoutha!* was the general reply."

"We must get the counthry's money." the speaker continued.

"Very well," was the answer.

"But," some one remarked, "we never have took money."

"An' *we arn't takin'* id now. Dosn't id all belong to the Captain—isn't id to him 'tis all a comin', every penny; an' is'nt id he will leave the door open, an' give the key of the ould thief's room, an' hasn't he towld us where the goold an' the notes is in heaps there! The owner of id is givin' id *himself*; and givin' all for his counthry."

"Agreed! agreed!" all cried together.

"*Sha asthone!*" murmured the "Crichawn," which is an ironical manner our countrymen have of saying, "*To be sure; why not!*"

"Next Monday night," said the leading man.

"All right."

"Will the masther, the Captain, be there?" some one asked.

"Oh, no," the leading man replied. "He'll be out o' the way, 'cause you know he should be doing something agin' us or he'd be suspected and ruined, an' without him what could we do now, because"—

"Hush!" the man of the shrill voice cried; did ye hear anything?"

"Nonsense, Paudheen."

"By"——sang out the courageous man, "the——!"

Awful to relate, from the back of the cave a volume of fire and brimstone rolled out, half choking the conspirators, and blinding them like lightning.

"Murdher, murdher! the Pookah," cried Paudheen.

Another volume of fire and brimstone.

They pause outside the opening, when another volume, and another, and another, burning, blinding, and suffocating, struck them, this time absolutely blinding the leading man. In the pitch-darkness succeeding, five of the men got sudden blows which knocked them over like ninepins, and one of them had his jaw nearly broken in the fall. People that had no belief in the Pookah—and some to their cost—found that the Pookah's hole was no place to hold Parliamentary sittings to make laws for the country.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING HOW MR. MELDON BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THE QUEEN OF THE MAY—AND ALSO ABOUT THE HAYESES IN THE FAMINE TIME.

WHILE "Crichawn" pursued the *uneven* "tenor of his way" down the mountain-side, he indulged in sundry inward

chuckles regarding the manifestation of the Pookah's wrath, and the unceremonious dispersion of the midnight council. He kept a sharp look-out all around him. however, as he thought it probable some few of the conspirators might follow in his track, if not already ahead of him; but as he pressed steadily forward with the confident air of one who knew every step and turn of the pathless "Glin," he gradually lost any little anxiety he might have had respecting their appearance, and having gained comparatively clear and level ground, his thoughts took a more serious and collected form. From time to time, as the waning moonlight played upon his dark, rugged features, the poor fellow seemed to follow a weary line of sad and bitter memories.

"Traitors all!" he murmured between his set teeth. "Traitors, black traitors, everyone! Oh, 'Mavourneen!'" he continued, "how is it that the few who are true to *you*," —emphasising the pronoun by an angry stamp of his foot on the green sod,—"have been always sould to shame, and sorrow, and death, and the black villains who betray you get full and plinty! How is it too that those who ought to know them best, fall the easiest into their snares! There's Baring," he continued, "that divil's breed! och," and he looked like ejecting a nauseous object from his mouth—and signed himself with the sign of the Cross, as if to ward off the evil spirit conjured by the very name,—"that mean coward gets honest boys to follow his lead—and brave hearts to fall into his murderous net! Ah! Master Charles, Master Charles," went on "Crichawn," "'twas a lucky day I met you in Great Patrick street, so it was. With the help of God and Holy Mary," he added,—"dear Mother Mary, who always watches over her own —many a one will be saved by it."

By this time "Crichawn" had reached a long level plateau, just at the first bend of the great mountain's base, where it declines in a series of gradual and graceful curves till it seems, in a loving clasp, to meet the surface of the verdant valley, nestling in cosy contentment at its feet. Above him towered the mighty crest of Slieve-na-Mon, wreathed in fantastic drapery of silvery mist—now lifting fold after fold, until the snowy veil wore golden fringe and crimson lining in the roseate rays of the rising sun. Before him, at his very feet—far and far away, on left and right, stretched out the fair valley of the Suir, sleeping quietly in the great silence of the Summer dawn. Only the birds were astir and the little silvery streams, that threaded a glistening gleam of light along the hoary mountain's side; and both bird and stream made sweet concert in the morning hymn of nature unto God—for ever and for ever unending and unexchanging—from the first dawn even to the last twilight of gloom. "All ye works of the Lord, praise the Lord!" is the command of inspiration;—and all His works obey and fulfil, save one, and that alone the one of all most perfect.

With the growing light came a greater stir, and the low of cattle, and the curls of blue smoke from many a white chimney, proclaimed that the work of life had begun, and another day had come to bear its message of fate, and leave its mark of weal or woe upon the lives and hearts of men.

Something of the subtle and always mysterious charm of the dawn seemed to attract and subdue the rough, wild, untutored, and yet highly sensitive and poetic sympathies of the poor cripple whom we know as "Crichawn." To all his neighbors far and wide he was known as a great athlete. With a hand as ready to strike as to give, a little queer they say—just "eerie like"—as all malformed creatures are—'twas'nt safe "to cross him, you know; and sure every wan knows that whin the 'good people' (God save us), took wan stringth from a man they always gev 'im another." 'Twas so they explained the otherwise extraordinary contrast between "Crichawn's" stunted, mis-shapen figure and his well known gigantic powers. Few ventured to provoke him; and none cared to dispute with one to whose natural agility tradition had added the unconquerable arm of a fairy spell. "He came of a good ould stock—none better in all the country-side—and he was always good to the poor, so he was—but ———" Why is there a *but* to most people's commendations of their neighbors' perfections?"

"Biddy Martin," the old crones said, "was in a trimble the night 'Crichawn' was born—his mother, God rest her

soul, was so bad entirely—and, the 'Crichawn' himself hadn't a kick in him, and Biddy swears she baptised him straight and right—as ould Father Murphy taught her many a long day; and so when he was took to the priest to be christened, his reverence tould 'em he could'nt repate a holy sacrament—as far as the water wint—but my word to you"—and here the narrator would shake her head, and point her finger at you in awful warning—"my word to you, the water never touched his head at all at all—no not even a dawny-drop, *acushla;* and that's the reason why he's the 'Crichawn' the only one of the Hayeses that was ever a cripple. The same night *agra*—the good people," here the old crone sank her voice to a timorous whisper, and felt in the depths of her long side pockets for her beads, and made the holy sign three times, "that very same night, whin they found the priest didn't christen him—the 'good people' took him clear and clane out of the cradle, *alanna*, and left a "Crichawn" in the fine straight baby's place! Many a one axed his poor mother—God rest her sowl—to throw him on the red fire; and that, when the fairy child was burned to a cinder, her own fair boy would be found in the cradle agin. But she wouldn't hear to it' *agra*. Mary Hayes—God rest her sowl, was a double first-cousin to ould Father Murray;—and by the same token she could spake like a book;—and as for prayers, people said she always kept the chapel key in her pocket; always at her duty, strict and regular. With a gintle way she had, no wan would like to argufy with her for long,—she spoke so low, an' soft and still, for all, in a keen kind of way, that was like an auger boring into one's heart; and so, my dear, when Moll Naughtin, the 'fairy woman' God save us—wanted to put her charms over the little 'Chrichawn,' Mary Hayes got blazing mad, and tould big Moll how 'twas a mother's duty to know that her child was christened, and that what she wanted her to do was a black sin, and tould her to begone and never to darken Pat Hayes's door agin. There was great talk at the time, and ould Father Murray threatened to call 'em from the altar, who'd talk to Moll Naughtin, or take any of her charms, or say that the fairies (God protect us!) could do any one harm; and by degrees the neighbors forgot the whole story. "But;"—and here the emphasis pointed out the moral which the village historian clearly wanted to enforce,—"but that never before or since, was seen one of the Hayeses like 'Crichawn'."

Long years had passed away since "ould Father Murray's time," and Moll Naughtin was as great a tradition as themselves. There were silver locks in the dark clusters of poor "Crichawn's" hair, and the baby boy had passed the line of middle age:—still the aroma of the mystery hung about him, and gave him, as we have said, an influence which had lately grown up into a very powerful authority. We are bound, too, in justice, to add that "Crichawn" never exercised his power unduly or unjustly.

The poor wayfarer stood on the slope of Slieve-na-Mon, drinking into his eager thristing soul full draughts of the glad beauty borne upon every sight, and sound of the glorious Summer dawn. "Crichawn" was endowed with a sense more potent than ever was fairy spell, and he thrilled with a sympathy quite as incomprehensible to himself as to the simple people, who loved him even while they feared. He did not know why the flowers spoke to him as he passed, every petal ringing the silver bell of a sweet, sad melody. He could not explain why the river sang to him in the drowsy noontide, and the great ocean heaved with the grand music of an unending psalm. He hardly realized how many divine pictures he wove out of the glittering moonbeams; and he often wondered why the sighing of the great trees made him start and shiver, as if they cried to him for help and pity. He was half ashamed of the tenderness that made him weep at the sounds of the dear old melodies; and people say the fairies were "talkin' to him," while he lay for hours in the long grass, on a Summer's day, and, watched the light and shade glint and glide over the sides of Slieve-na-Mon. He nursed little children so gently, and kept looking into their clear bright eyes in such a strange cheery fashion, and made way for the *colleens* at fair, or wake, or at the altar rail, with a quaint, stiff reverence that

touched the maidens' hearts more than many compliments would have done—if any; and he could never have told you, because he never stayed to analyse his emotions, what was the spring and essence of his faith and his patriotism, that made all the supernatural for him a bright and living reality—ay, and gave to his love of country a daring and devotion happily not rare amongst Irishmen; but we can solve the mystery; and while the poor "Crichawn" kneels down in the ecstacy of the higher life that for a short while possesses his soul,—we know full well that deep in his dreamy soul there is a ray—dim, it is true, to earthly sight, but still serene and unchanging—it is the light of genius! In feeling, sentiment, and all but the outward signs "Crichawn" is a poet.

While "Crichawn" rests in the holy peace of his morning oblation, it may be useful for the better understanding of our history that we should take the reader into the past, and see something of a period fraught with events of the deepest importance to almost every one of those who have kept us company so far. And to do this is no easy task; for even the highest courage must quail, and the most facile pen hesitate, before the awful memory of Ireland in the famine year—that year of woe and unspeakable desolation which has been so aptly named "The Black '47." Most people know something of its horrors, and many people shrink from even a slight recollection of these days of doom when famine and pestilence stalked naked through the land; and in the homes of plenty and luxury where hunger dare not enter, the red typhus laughed in ghastly triumph, and swept its hundreds of victims to the grave.

It was then in the very carnival time of Death—in the Midsummer of '47—that the clouds of woe lay as a loathsome winding-sheet around the fair valley of the Suir. Home after home grew desolate; and the churchyard, the workhouse, or the emigrant ship had already stilled forever or borne far, far away, some of the truest hearts and strongest arms, and stolen many of its fairest and purest blossoms from the side of Slieve-na Mon. But as yet things had not come to the bitter end with the Hayeses.

Pat Hayes still held on some little show of home comfort under the old roof-tree; and "Crichawn's" strong arm had been mercifully spared to do the farm work, and force out of the parched and blackened soil, a little even for poor little pining Ally, and her dear saintly mother, and also for the poor who now more than ever migrated from place to place, in strange and stricken groups, with skeleton arms outstretched in mute supplication, and staring eyeballs—and parched lips drawn tightly over the hungry teeth—the very wild beast of the famished animal eclipsing in a horrid mockery the image of the soul within. Many a time the wandering outcast sat down by the hospitable hearth of the Hayeses in these sad times; and one of these, while kissing the hand that gave him food, left the deadly fever taint behind him. They had gone through the Spring and the early Summer, having had many a struggle, and some trials, but they had faith, patience, and industry. Pat Hayes was a teetotaller, and his wife a thrifty housekeeper; and where such a combination exists, much may be faced—all can be endured. But there are calamities as unforeseen as gigantic, and the hour of such a calamity had already arrived. The shadow of want and misfortune had, in the June of '47, not only darkened the threshold but had made a dreary havoc in the once happy home of the Hayeses. First the crops grew black in the ground, and the once generous meal of fine flowery potatoes had ceased to be forthcoming for men and animals; and then it made sad inroads on the already lightened purse to have to buy meal and flour, and the unsatisfying Indian corn, for daily bread. Then the cows grew sick, as if infected by the subtle malady in the air, and, so, the milk disappeared, and the firkins could not be filled, and the Cork merchants' advance was no longer available. One by one, the pigs were sold—at half-price—for the want of buyers, and, then, the young stock, and what was left of the once fine bacon. And then came the pawn-tickets, accumulating in sad numbers within the old cracked teapot on the kitchen dresser—and the rest. The fine patchwork quilt, the pride of Mary Hayes's girlhood, with tambour-work in the centre-piece and corners, kept as an heir-

loom for her little Ally, was yielded to necessity and many scalding tears; and then followed the fine blue cloth cloak—Paddy's wedding present—for in these days, women were not yet ashamed of wearing a good garment as long as it would hold, and spent their little savings in fine linen, and quaint china, and, it may be, a bit of fair old silver plate—to make home comfortable, and to treasure as a wedding gift for son and daughter. All this time, however, the work of ruin went on slowly but surely. The dress followed the cloak, and the featherbeds, every one; and—but we shall not pursue the "o'er true tale" further. Most people know how poverty creeps upon the doomed family, and many people, even among our readers, may have felt how bitter is its sting. There is no need to excite the one with vague fears or harrow the other with fearful memories. Suffice it to say, that want, gaunt and horrid want stared Paddy Hayes in the face. Everything available had been pawned and sold, and more than all, and worse than anything that had yet befallen the unfortunate man—the Summer gale was due; and as we know, Mr. Giffard D'Alton was the landlord, and one of his vital principles was to allow "no arrears." Poor Paddy Hayes! No wonder his heart sank and his knees trembled, until he was fain to throw himself down under the old hawthorn tree for very weakness.

Yet we would wrong him to call this fear, for, in truth, it was hunger. For two days he had been fasting, and no wonder the once strong frame of the old man quivered in the throes of that awful and double agony of body and soul. It was not for himself that the heavy heart quailed, or the hot tears coursed rapidly down his sunken cheeks. It was for those he loved better far than life. All honor to our Irish race, and rare honor and sovereign glory it is, that we can boldly challenge the whole history of the most terrible famine with which it has pleased the Almighty ever to afflict a people—and from end to end the record glows red, indeed, with the blood of a martyred people, but without the black stain of ungrateful or unnatural crime!

(To be continued.)

A DAY DREAM. *

SCENE IN THE CO. CARLOW.

I sat upon a gentle hill
One eve alone, where all was still;
Behind—Mount Leinster's dim blue head
Arrested clouds, whose moisture fed
The silver rills that crept along
Its rugged sides, with pensive song;
Thence onward flow thro' bosky dells,
Where Folly says the Banshee dwells.
The scene was lovely, tranquil, sweet
As mortal e'er could wish to meet,
Or—where unseen, might wander near,
Kind Spirits of another sphere.
Luxuriant grass was lately mown,
And o'er its hay the breeze had blown:
Or here and there the meadows swayed
And mid potato blossoms played.
Each simple bud and flower wild
On that delightful landscape smiled:
The daisy, cowslip, pale primrose,
The hawthorn that in beauty blows
In every hedge, so fresh and fair,
And with its fragrance fills the air.
The blue bell and the buttercup,
From which their nectar Fairies sup.
Violet blue and red fox-glove,
And sweet woodbine, the type of love.
The bees were ranging cup and bell
In eager quest of honey cell.
Green pastures spread o'er acres far,
From where I lay to Ballybar;
A many coloured herd was seen
For change to brouse on bushes green
And flocks of fleecy sheep, which raise
Their heads to bleat, then stoop to graze,
Or, run upon the least alarm
Of barking dog—dot many a farm:
And lambs frisked on each little hill,
Where rays of sunshine lingered still.
The milkmaid's laugh, the rustic's voice,
So merry, made the heart rejoice.
The linnet sang his Vesper lays,
The finch poured forth his hymn of praise,
A chorus, which in piping song,
The blackbird and the thrush prolong:
And though unseen—in anthems high,
The lark was warbling from the sky.

In rich expanse, each harvest field
Gave promise of abundant yield;
And far beyond the stooks of corn
Were seen, as blew the hunting horn,
Two red coats, riding thro' the whin,†
A huntsman and his whipper-in,
As they were training out the pack
Of Harrier hounds, white, red and black—
Far off the placid Barrow flowed
Between its sedge-lined banks, and glowed
With those light blue and crimson dyes
That often gild the Irish skies;
Along its course green hills ascend,

* This sketch was written many years ago in Ireland.

† Whin—furze.

That to its wayward windings bend:
And ev'ry stream and crystal fount,
The watery syphons of the mount,
Their clear, collected floods thence lead
The River's gentle tide to feed.

On left—sloped off Clogrennan Hill,
Like varied patchwork made with skill:
Of every shape the fields were seen
From base to top—of every hue
And every shade of brown or green,
As on them grass or heather grew,
Or, yellow with the furze in bloom,
Mixed with the purple of the broom,
And dark the moor—lone haunt of snipe,
And golden, where the grain was ripe;
While flowing in its rocky bed
Was mountain stream, like silver thread;
Near which the grouse and partridge breed—
The woodcock and the plover feed.
The fine demesne with copsewood screens,
Its noble mansion, Sylvan scenes.
Its fertile fields and aged wood,
Its vistas green—and solitude,
A brook there ripples past the rocks,
The covert of the hare and fox:
Mid briers and fern, and raised o'er these,
Red berry-laden rowan trees,—
That grew beside the torrent's bed—
In panoramic view were spread.
Its ancient Castle, whose gray towers
Were girt with ivy and wallflowers,
As if with leaf and festoon wreath
The fading Ruins' wreck to sheathe;
And thus a verdant livery lent
To broken arch and battlement.

And higher up, close by the wood,
A mouldering Abbey dimly stood
Its rents concealed with kindest screen,
A mantle thick of ivy green.
Clodah! a far, secluded spot,
Meet to forget and be forgot—
There oft beneath is mellow soil
The peasant closed his time of toil,
The young and gay—the aged breast
Are lowly laid in peace and rest:
And bones are seen in withered guise
O'er which the heart might moralize.
There some of my ancestors lie
With kith and kindred gathered nigh,
In holy ground, in silent graves,
And over all the green grass waves.

Before me with a fair renown
Reposed my quiet, native town:
Historians from the Celtic take
Its name, "the City on the Lake—"*
Its granite spires and graceful domes,
Its public structures, peaceful homes,
Its well arranged extensive college
The seat of lay and cleric knowledge.
Its Castle, on whose great round towers
The Warder paced at midnight hours,
When camps were pitched before its walls
Which on it poured their cannon balls:
The British massed their troops around,

* *Cahair* a city and *lough*, a lake.

Yet idle each assault was found
But one—when Cromwell's minions, not
By force but guile, an entrance got.
'Twas once upon the fords and town
A guardian spirit looking down.
But now we see its roofless walls,
Its empty courts and silent halls;
Mad undermining overthrew
What fire and sword had failed to do,
And war and siege and shot and shell—
When half its walls and towers fell.

Where'er I turned new features rose,
Each plain and vale fresh scenes disclose,
Wood, mountain, castle, abbey, stream
My thoughts still fed with many a dream;
As I continued thus to gaze
Remembrance flew to other days,
And gloomy retrospections stole
In troubled shapes across my soul:
For on Mount Leinster's mossy side,
Where sheep and goat alone abide,
Once lived an outlawed chieftain bold,
Of whose brave deeds strange tales are told;
He was too proud to bend the knee
To Sasanach or Slavery;
Took of his clan, a chosen few,
To altar, home and country true,
And refuge from the cruel storm
Had sought there, sooner than conform,
Be traitor, sycophant or slave,
Preferred to fill a rebel's grave.

Amid those verdant vales in view,
And o'er those Wicklow mountains blue,
How long had bitter Discord reigned,
With many a deed of vengeance stained;
How oft has hill and valley been
Of internecine war the scene,
When bands of hostile, armed men
Marched through the field and leafy glen:
Distracted was each Patriot's heart,
From friends by death or flight to part;
Moist was the childless mother's eye,
Wild was the caoiner's mournful cry,
As lay beside the lonesome roads,
The victims of Draconic codes,
'Mid blackened walls and on the plain
The corpse of son or brother slain.

And near yon misty Mount Sleive-Bloom,
Enrobed in moss and heath and broom,
The great O'Moore, as chief of Leix,*
Gave laws from rocky Dunamase:
And long he struggled to withstand
Invaders of his native land.
The clan ne'er stooped to foreign yoke,
With pike and *skean* gave thrust for stroke,
With allies leagued for Innisfail,
Or fighting round the English Pale,
To which 'twas vowed they'd never yield
And were the last to leave the field.
It were a long sad tale to tell
The woes that noble race befel.
Whoever bore the hated name
Were chased by Hartpole's men as game,
With bloodhounds, keenly taught to trace

* Pronounced Lace.

The outlaw to his lurking place.
That sept to hill and fastness fled
With each a price upon his head;
By axe or halter some chiefs died,
Some sword in hand, the foe defied,
Until by stratagem, the last
Fell in cold blood at Mullamast—

While musing thus, I fell asleep,
When in a dream I heard one weep,
I thought it was upon the shore,
To which the sea its billows bore,
And turning round, two deep blue eyes
Were bent on me, in mute surprise,
As though I had disturbed a grief
Which only thus could find relief.
The Vision's robe was purely green,
Although uncrowned, she seemed a queen,
Her eyes were bright, but moist with tears,
Though wasted with the woe of years,
Her features showing trace of care,
Her stately step and regal air
And graceful form and sweet fair face,
Would say she was of gentle race.
Her auburn ringlets round her hung,
Her white hand held a harp unstrung,
And from her neck she tore a yoke
Was half cast off, as thus she spoke.

Hark Mortal—see,
Behold in me
The mournful Genius of that day,
When Freedom slept
And patriots wept
To find their cherished hopes decay.

How many bled,
A few have fled
To shun their doom and honors gain,
Rank, wealth beside,
At home denied,
Beneath the flags of France and Spain.

He, whose vile knee
To Tyranny
Is bent, deserves that he should never
Taste Freedom's cup,
But basely sup
The bitter draught of bondage ever.

How much is due
To hearts so true,
That sought in evil times to save
Their native rights,
Through countless fights,
But found instead a martyr's grave.

Those valiant dead
Should have a bed
Where shamrocks green and daisies grow,
Who with the pike
Were wont to strike
By day or night, their country's foe.

And deathless fame
Each leader's name
To future times in tears shall tell,
Who tyrants spurned,
For vengeance burned,
Who boldly fought or bravely fell.

Yet many sleep
In trenches deep,
And at their heads no Cross or stone,
Good spirits blessed
Their place of rest,
Though loss unwept and name unknown.

But yonder see
Bright Liberty
Ascending from our Nation's pyre,
Those bonds that bound
The Isle around
Have caught the purifying fire.

Then all unite
In Celtic might,
Or waste your strength and so remain
A prey to those
Intestine foes
With whom you'll struggle then in vain.

They will despoil
Your fruits of toil,
And rivet on your necks the chain,
To bear the curse
Of woes far worse
Than Anglo-Norman or the Dane.

And ceased the Genius of our Isle,
As with sweet air and languid smile.
She disappeared behind a wave,
To rest within her ocean cave.
Around, the billows calmly broke,
And with their murmurs I awoke.

The sun had sunk to golden rest
Beyond the mountains of the west,
The night was dark, the winds were still,
Save baying dog and rippling rill,
No sound disturbed the silence deep
That settled on the landscape's sleep.—

Montreal. EMIGRANT.

Catholics as Educators.—Catholics compare favorably with others in their efforts to promote the education of the people. The school attendance compared with the population is in Austria as 1 to 10, in Belgium as 1 to 10½, in Catholic Switzerland as 1 to 16, in England as 1 to 17, in Bavaria as 1 to 7. Austria, Bavaria, Belgium and Ireland have proportionately a larger school attendance than England. England and Wales, with a population of 22,712,000, of whom only half were registered, and not half of these attended with sufficient regularity to bring grants to their schools. Ireland, with a population of 5,411,416, had 1,006,546, or nearly half as many as England and Wales, though her population is not a fourth of that of these two countries.

ABOUT EXHIBITIONS.

The first idea of the first International Exhibition (London, A. D. 1851) was conceived by the late Prince Consort, a quiet gentleman, devoted to the Queen, and somewhat of a political philosopher. He was President of the Royal Society of Arts, and under its auspices the great enterprise was launched. It did not advance without opposition. In the House of Commons, one member—a Colonel in the army—declared that he devoutly prayed for some tremendous hailstorm or visitation of lightning to be sent from heaven expressly for the purpose of destroying in advance the building destined for the Exhibition. That man would be a valuable acquisition to-day in Zululand. In the Lords there was nothing added to the "regulation" prayer, which is long and dreary enough, but a petition was presented against the occupation of any part of Hyde Park with the Exhibition building. Public meetings were held at which the scheme was vehemently denounced, by some on sanitary grounds, fearing it would introduce the plague; by others for political resources, dreading a Red or Chartist uprising; and by others—true Britons, who never (hardly ever) *will* be slaves—through pure godliness, declaring that it was an invention of Satan or the Jesuits to celebrate the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy. The project, however, went bravely on. A magnificent Crystal Palace, an object of curiosity and wonder in itself, arose in Hyde Park, and under its vast roof were gathered in brilliant array the richest fruits of the industry of all nations. Millions went to see the great show, including Tories, Whigs, Repealers, Chartists, and even Jesuits, and there was no plague, no upheaval of any kind, and it neither rained fire, nor pitch-forks, nor respectable hail-stones during five calendar months. Prince Albert had reason to be proud of the success of his enterprise, and the Exhibition of 1851 made him forever famous. It was the consort of his royal daughter, His Excellency the Governor General, who suggested the holding of a Dominion Exhibition this year instead of the usual Ontario Provincial. If he ever imagined this scheme would entail him any renown, he has been *grievously* disappointed. The design was unhappy, and it was unsuccessfully executed. Only one word can fittingly describe the Dominion Exhibition of 1879, and that word is *failure*—failure in every point except one. But no blame therefor can be justly attached to the Marquis of Lorne. Indeed, the only successful exhibit during the week was his own appearance with Her Royal Highness, which attracted over twenty thousand spectators who had never before gazed upon Royalty. The responsible parties are the Council of the Agricultural and Arts Association, who hastily adopted a proposal good-naturedly but not seriously made, and the Minister of Agriculture who encouraged it with a grant of money and several hundred gold and silver medals as prizes. The Marquis of Lorne was a stranger to this country and its resources; they were not. They knew perfectly well that an exhibition of the products and works of the Dominion, during this period of general depression, was nothing but a bitter mockery of the thousands of our half-starved mechanics and farm laborers who have emigrated to the States during last twelve month. They knew, besides, it was folly to attempt to give a National or Dominion character to a purely provincial affair, inaugurated by Ontario, directed by Ontario, and for the sole benefit of Ontario, no other province being consulted at its inception or during its progress. They knew —those gentlemen of the Agricultural and Arts Association knew from previous experience—that Ottawa was not the proper place for anything more extensive than a county fair, on account of its isolated position, having no direct railway communication with any of the great manufacturing centres and farm-stock districts. The Exhibition was held notwithstanding, and the display of Florida Water and Lime Juice, imported china and crystal-ware, canned meats and general groceries, ladies' needle-work and school-boys' pencilings was wonderful to behold. Amongst the astonished visitors were the Governors of Maine, Vermont, and Ohio, who came on special invitation to "pause, gaze, and admire." The Governor of Ohio, on his return home, was inter-

viewed by the ever faithful reporter, and asked his impressions of the Exhibition. He said, "he had met the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, and was pleased with them both. The Princess, he thought, was a very charming woman (by the way, he had her photograph in his hand during this conversation), and the Marquis was a nice, pleasant young man, and he had been treated kindly by both." The good, charitable old soul had nothing more to say about it, but he said just enough. Canadians, one and all, owe him a debt of gratitude for not having published the whole truth. The *Marquis of Lorne* as a "promoter" was not as fortunate as his father-in-law in 1851. He has, however, the satisfaction of knowing that Governor Bishop thinks he is a "nice, pleasant young man," and that same is no small comfort to him and credit to his loyal subjects.

O'Grady.

*** Prof. O'Grady will assume control of a new department next month. in which "Home and Foreign Topics" will be discussed.—Editor.

POLONIA'S SOLILOQUY.

The following beautiful soliloquy uttered by Polonia, the daughter of Egerius, King of Ireland, as she is descending the mountain which guards the "dreaded secret" of St. Patrick's purgatory, is from McCarthy's translation of Calderon's St. Patrick's Purgatory :—

To Thee, O Lord, my spirit climbs,
To Thee from every lonely hill
I turn to sacrifice my will
A thousand and a thousand times,
And such my boundless love to Thee,
I wish each will of mine a living soul
could be.

Would that my love I could have shown
By leaving for Thy sake, instead
Of that poor crown that pressed my head,
Some proud imperial crown and throne,
Some empire which the sun surveys
Through all its daily course, and gilds
with constant rays,

This lowly grot 'neath rocks uphurled,
In which I dwell, though poor and small,
A spur of that stupendous wall
The eighth great wonder of the world,
Doth in its little space excel
The grandest palace where a king doth
dwell.

Far better on some natural lawn
To see the morn its gems bestrew,
Or watch its weeping pearls of dew
Within the white arms of the dawn;
Or view before the sun, the stars
Drive o'er the brightening plain their
swiftly fading cars—

Far better in the mighty main
As night comes on and clouds grow gray,
To see the golden coach of day
Drive down amid the waves of Spain—
But be it dark or be it bright,
O Lord, I praise Thy name by day and
night—

Then to endure the inner strife
The specious glare, but real weight
Of pomp, and power, and pride and state,
And all the vanities of life;
How would we shudder could we deem
That life itself, in truth, is but a fleeting
dream.

CHIT-CHAT.

—The late controversy amongst medical men as to the value of alcoholic drinks has led to more practical results than usual. Dr. Alfred Carpenter in a lecture delivered before the Medical Society of London laid it down, that any consumption of alcohol sufficient to furnish the blood with *one part of alcohol* in *five hundred of blood* is dangerous to health. This is bringing the matter down to something definite, and gives us a formula which can be worked out by the aid of a little medical knowledge, backed up with a little arithmetic. But even this is not simple enough. Few topers know how much blood is in them, whilst fewer still know how much alcohol gets into the blood from each glass of whiskey they consume. Any deductions therefore which they may make can only be approximations. The late Mr. Anstie put the thing in a more popular and therefore more useful form, when he laid it down as a rule, that "*the alcohol contained in a couple of glasses of ordinary sherry wine is quite as much as an average man or woman can take daily without injury.*" This effectually knocks the *do-me-good* theory of our topers on the head. The alcohol contained in *two ordinary glasses of sherry*, would not fill a tablespoon, and if this is all that a strong man can drink in a day, *without injury*, the sooner he quits it altogether the better. Dr. Carpenter

endorses this view and adds—the use of stimulants, even if *in a deluted form* to enable one to do more work than could be done without them, is *certainly injurious.* Dyspepsia is the first consequence and acute neuralgia and hysteria are frequently the ultimate consequences, and, what is worse still, are as frequently the consequences transmitted to the offspring.

The sum of the controversy appears to be this—whilst it is *not certain* that alcohol ever does the healthy *any good*, it is not certain, that in *very moderate quantities* it does them *any harm.*

But then remember it must be in *very* moderate quantities.

—Discussing the other day with a certain Jail Chaplain, the probability of death ensuing to a drunkard from a too sudden abstention from drink, he said: "*Let no man persuade you of such folly.* No less than seven thousand drunkards pass through my hands every year—men convicted for drunkeness and in the very act. These men from the time they are in the policeman's hands to the time they are convicted never taste a drop of liquor and yet in no case does our doctor allow whiskey."

—The Persians had a grim method of keeping their judges in order. When a certain Judge had been convicted of corrupt practices, he was put to death, and his skin was stretched over the tribunal at which he had presided—*pour encourager les autres*, you know.

What a pity this wholesome practice could not now-a-days be extended to our members of Parliament! How wonderfully it would clear the political atmosphere!

—In these days of disorganized governments, might we not take a leaf out of the Parian book? So well ordered was the government of Paros in ancient times, that her chief men were often appointed as arbitrators by the rest of "the isles of Greece." When the inhabitants of Miletus found the affairs of their country in such a state as to be beyond their powers of amendment, they applied to the Parians to extricate them from their difficulties. The Parians immediately chose from their number a few of their most prudent and skilful citizens, and sent them to Miletus to examine into the state of affairs, and to report thereon. These, whilst travelling through the country noted carefully the best cultivated farms and finding out the names of the owners recommended *them* as the future governors of the country—"for" said they "he only who can govern his own is able to govern others." If this principle were more frequently acted upon in the appointment of our rulers, we should have fewer failures civil, political and ecclesiastical.

—There are more ways of writing a letter than on rose coloured note paper. Ovid mentions the case of a letter written *on the skin of the messenger's back.*

Messenger beware! for want of a better
I'm using the skin of your back for my letter.
(*Free Translation.*)

But Aulus Gelius gives us perhaps the most curious sample of note paper. When Histiœus wished Aristagoras to revolt, he wrote his commands on the messenger's *skull.* A novel kind of note paper truly! and one which throws our modern drawing-room "cream laid" into the shade. In order to effect his purpose and at the same time to keep the messenger in ignorance of his designs, he chose out one of his servants who happened to have sore eyes, and persuaded him that the only way to cure them was to allow him to shave his head and then to scarify it. The man having consented, he caused the head to be shaved, and under pretence of scarifying it, wrote his letter thereon to Aristagoras. Allowing a certain time for the hair to grow, he despatched the man to Aristagoras enjoining him, if he desired a perfect cure, to prevail upon Aristagoras to again shave his head. This being done Aristagoras discovered written on the man's scalp a peremptory order to revolt.

—An Englishman travelling in the home of French Protestantism ("Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes") in France met a man, who, when asked his religion replied, "I make no shame of my religion—I am a Catholic." "The

phrase," says our Englishman, "is a piece of natural statistic, for it is the *language of one in a minority.*" Had our Englishman chosen he might have drawn a *further* conclusion. It is the language of one who has opposed to him a religion, whose weapon is *ridicule.*

—The Eleventh Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland, (c. 2, 311) gives us some queer peeps into the social condition of Ireland under Elizabeth. Even under the comparatively benign rule of Sir Henry Sidney, few leases or grants of land were given except under such *merciful!* conditions as these:—1. The maintenance of four English horsemen; 2. The sons and principal servants to use the English language, dress and rule as far as possible; 3. Not to claim the Brehon law; 4. Not to maintain any man of Irish blood accustomed to bear arms, born outside the country; 5. To keep open all fords on the land, except fords adjoining an Irish county; 6. To live on the premises; 7. Not to marry or make compaternity with any Irish living outside the counties; 8. No woman having a jointure to marry an Irishman. How thoroughly wasted and desolate the country had become under English rule, we learn from No. 1519, which recites: "The provinces of Mounster and Thomonde are for the greatest parte growen so barren, wasted and desolate, that varie sklender and allmoste no provicion at all may for the presente be had in those countreies for the victuelling of our said garrison." Alas, poor Ireland! H. B.

AT our first setting out in life, when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty, let us beware of the seducing appearances which surround us; and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If we allow any passion, even though it be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, our inward peace will be impaired. But if any, which has the taint of guilt, take only possession of our mind, we may date, from that moment, the ruin of our tranquillity.

HOW IS IT IN IRELAND TO DAY?

S. J. MEANY, IN "THE CELTIC MONTHLY."

The Niobe of nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.

BYRON.

SCATTERED but to be gathered again at a new shrine for a nation's worship! We might indeed take our text or epigraph, from a recent number of the "*Irish Democrat*" newspaper of this city to show how it is with Ireland today. The writer sums up the whole case of the country's hopefulness in the pithy sentence "The people are at the people's work." Led on by determined and disinterested Parliamentary leaders, the constituencies are alive to the necessity of a practical something rather than a sentimental nonentity; and to Charles Stewart Parnell, and his little band of obstructive progressionists, will be the honor and glory of having directed the mind of Ireland into the primary movement for the cure of her miseries. To estimate the present aright, and to give new cheer for exertion in the future, it is necessary to take a cursory review of Ireland's Past.

Ireland may be said to have lived centuries in the last thirty years. Woes and miseries whose name was legion, came upon her, and the spring of her youth departed. She was bowed to earth; her step grew feeble, and her heart heavy; age, premature age—the age which takes its wrinkles from disappointments, and its feebleness from hope deferred—relaxed the sinews of her frame, and froze the blood in her veins, and she sat in sack-cloth and ashes by the grave of her glories: weeping for the days when the sword of an O'Neill parried the blows that were aimed at her life.

These years form an era which is written in famine graves and convict cells, and on the gallows-tree. They are chronicled in blood. These years too were years of comprehensive measures. The most comprehensive measure ever attempted, was the assassination of a whole people. And to accomplish

this the ministerial intellect of a powerful nation was directed. English legislation from the day when Godby proposed the godless scheme of the wholesale transportation of the Irish people, to that on which was introduced amid the cheers of an admiring audience, the very comprehensive plan for a new plantation, or utter extermination of the Celtic race; and thence again to our own time when Gladstone put before the people the mockeries of Church disendowment and Landlord Laws; and Beaconsfield gracelessly gave that sublime sham, the University Act of last session; the Premiers of England had one aim and one darling hope. That hope has been partially realized. The "mere Irish" still surviving have a great mission; to prevent its complete accomplishment.

That the assassination of Ireland by statute law was regularly planned is evident to all. The country while peopled by Celts was found to be a difficulty; for the national spirit of the old race burst forth ever and anon; at one time in the absurdest agitation; at another in formidable because determined resistance. This would not be the case, if her counting houses were filled by London Jews, and her fair fields possessed by Yorkshire bullock-feeders. And so it was resolved that be the holder of power thorough Tory, canting Whig or mongrel Liberal, the Celts should be gotten rid of, buried in the plague pits, or transported in the emigrant ship. And the plague pits were filled and the emigrant ship crowded.

Such indeed was the past and present reaps the sowing of the past. To-day inherits the glory or degradation of yesterday; and Ireland of the present moment is a fair example of what wonders may be achieved by comprehensive measures and ameliorative legislation. Still some are rushing blindly to the emigrant ship as was foreseen and designed by government, others stand in listless apathy waiting for a miracle; the shoneen classes do their best to rob those under them and finding nothing more to steal, close up their shops and fail; the aristocracy agitates against rates, and sells itself for a place or an occasional dinner at the Castle; and strange to say Irish vanity survives the dishonor; and weak as the people are they are as vain as ever.

And is there no hope for Ireland? Will it ever continue the organized misery which it is at present. If we thought so the cause of Ireland should have from us no advocacy save that the emigrant ship should receive the whole Irish people. But there is one hope for Ireland, the hope that her mind will cure her misery.

Though society in Ireland is corrupt, there is still remaining much honest intelligence. The people are not all knaves or wholly fools. There is the nucleus of a nation in the mere Irish who think, for some of them do think; and the object should be to collect the people round it—the individual particles to the flame centre. In the meantime let the cant about Irish division and Irish unfitness for freedom cease.

These divisions will not be lessened by talk; and as for unfitness and that sort of thing they are just as fit for freedom over there in Ireland as we are here on this continent. The Irish are not more divided than other people would be if they had passed through a history the leading events of which are penal laws and famine graves and suspensions of the constitution and such like comprehensive legislation of all kinds. The Irish are as much deserving of liberty as their masters. The Celt disdains a chain as much as the Saxon. Up to this however they have not taken the right course to break their chain, and they failed. Remember the words of the leader—"Fail—fail but never give up."

In 1848, Ireland commenced a struggle for national regeneration, or rather the hopes of five preceding years then culminated in a practical but futile effort. In 1879 she is still a province. In the history of these thirty years there is matter for enquiry, stimulus to exertion but not ground for despair. Though years of labor have passed away, though much has been written and something done the condition of the country has been changed for the worse. She has progressed but it has been the progress of desolation. She has advanced but it has been towards final ruin. The workshop is still empty; the laborer's home—where there is any—is still a wretched hovel—the artizan sits in forced idleness

by his cheerless hearth—the merchant's counting house is deserted, and the landlord demands rent, often in vain, from the impoverished tenant. And yet there are men—well meaning men—who tell us that all this is "prosperity." There are others who admit the evils, but who tell us they are to be borne patiently, and that Ireland's struggles for freedom, for happiness and prosperity must be abandoned!

True the record of the past is bitter and saddening to read. Great and good men have been in exile and in suffering; gentle spirits, yet bold and true withal, fret life away in wearisome inertness; others released from these horrors, can but revisit in thought the land they loved so dearly and so well. But though the good men and true are thus banished, and though the traitor and the tyrant—the erst while patriot and the apostate placeman—live in luxury and sit in high places Ireland should not yet despond.

There is hope for the old Land yet! The men who are gone from her—"dead before the dawn"—taught her not to trust alone to leaders or foremost men, not to look one to another for aid or assistance; but to let her faith, her trust and her hope be accompanied by a manly self reliance.

And besides the lessons which remain in her writings, have they not left a grander and more striking lesson in their brief but noble career. Yes, though the memory of Ireland's past has bitter ingredients—though the blush of shame mantles the cheek as the eye rests on some page of Irish history—yet there are thoughts honorable and gratifying mingled in the retrospect; there are noble acts and heroic deeds, worthy of men, enshrined in that story the recollection of which is glorious even in the depths of Ireland's prostration and the memory of which is proud in the midst of her sorrow.

The pledge that Ireland's patriots gave of Ireland's truth—the promises they made of her fidelity—the hope they cherished of her courage, the trust they had in her perseverance—shall all be vain and fruitless? Shall all their efforts—the songs they sung of Ireland's ancient fame and proud pre-eminence—the words of earnest truth and lightning power which they penned to guide her thoughts and shape her mental energies—the heart-flowing eloquence they poured forth to rouse up to action worthy Irishmen—shall all be fruitless, and shall the purpose of their lives, the spirit of their actions be lost, though they have withdrawn from the scene? Has the seed fallen on stony ground? or shall it still bear fruit for Ireland? Shall their memory still urge to deeds of worth, and cheer Irishmen at home and here in this far land, to struggle for a nation's right? Yes, let it be so. There is no cause for despair. If the soldiers of Irish nationality cannot range under one banner, or acknowledge one commanding leadership, there is no reason why they should occupy hostile camps. Nations with more of the elements of success, with advantages superior, have seen the hopes of independence they had cherished for years, and poured their blood to realize, fade as a dream of the night. But they persevered and at last succeeded. Ireland's progress to nationality lies perhaps through many a struggle, through much of suffering and some failures; but the discomfiture which seems to destroy her hopes, ought but to nerve her to new exertions, ought to teach her what to avoid—and suggest other paths to the same wished for goal.

If she cannot bear disappointment and defeat, if her spirit sink because of one failure or two, or ten, then we have miscalculated her destiny, and a nation's dignity, a nation's wealth, a nation's prosperity, a nation's glory, is not for Ireland!

"Ireland is still the same infernal abyss of disaffection." So saith the London Times.

Thank God! Strongly nourished in the blood and tears of the bravest and the truest of that island race, fondly cherished in the blackest depth of their despair, and grimly maintained in the face of myriad foes, burns one passion, which neither time nor tyranny could wring from the faithful hearts which have clung to it, through good and ill, unchanged. That passion is disaffection to England's government of Ireland.

Among the long list of illustrious individuals who have been born and reared to greatness in that island of sorrow and genius the hearts of the Celtic race

ever turn most lovingly to those who have incarnated that glorious principle. Their names are household words in many a home in Ireland; their toils, their triumphs and their sacrifices, their generosity, devotion and heroism are the theme which light many a heart and tongue with living fire, never to be extinguished. How they lived and loved and died, how they suffered and struggled, how they prayed and panted, and wrought and wrestled for that one great end; how they forfeited all else which make life sweet—love and peace and power and property, personal ease and professional advancement, and girt themselves to grapple with the massive weight of conquering imperialism; how fearlessly they faced the sabre, the dungeon, and the gibbet, and all the terrible scourges which tyranny provides against insurgent slavery. All these things are sadly familiar to us—ineffaceably written on our heart of hearts.

The utterance of a large soul was this: "If you would have a cause eternal train up its youth in defeat. . . . . And great hearts have ever their sympathy with the worsted wrestler."

Little hearts cower in the shadows of defeat; but little hearts only. And amongst our people, thank Heaven, sovereign souls are never few. Memories of a gallant resistance, an unavailing heroism, have a deep and lasting charm for generous minds. An undefinable and intense interest clings to the mouldering walls of some gray old lonely ruin where once abode beauty, and valor and poesy, and hope made revelry, and sunshine brightened where now the shadow falls. But how much deeper is the interest when we look upon the ruins of a nation?

Is it to be marvelled at then that we, looking in memory across the wide waste of waters on that old garden land, prostrate as it is—on that wondrous decadence of noblest strength and divinest genius—on those blighted hopes, whose immortality has been whispered in our dreams, whose influence has permeated our souls thinking of her banished chiefs and baffled aims, is it to be marvelled that we should still cherish "disaffection" to the power that smote us?

This is what the enemy's press calls "disaffection." A modern term for an old feeling. In the days when it was more powerfully manifested than in newspaper articles and platform pronouncements, when there was little use in endeavoring to squelch, with strong sentences, the exhibition of that sensation when the war between the Irish people and the oppressor was not carried on by masked batteries only, when cant and cowardice were less prevalent than at present, they had a shorter and terser name for this feeling. They called it "hatred." Nor did they dare to pretend to feel astonished at its existence in those days. It would be strange, indeed, if they did, while they were laying their plundering hands on all they could sweep from the land, and slaying their victims where and when they were able with their weapons of law and their weapons of steel, and every other weapon which could facilitate their murderous progress and insure their infernal domination. Surely, it is scarcely strange then that disaffection became an ardent feeling in every true heart in Ireland, that it became, alas! their largest inheritance, the greatest legacy bequeathed by the gloomy past. Reared under the blighting shadow of an alien empire, surrounded by the monstrous evils which foreign iniquity had wrought, Irishmen were not long in learning to curse the cause of their sorrows, their sufferings and their disgrace. These stern outcasts of creation, denied the merest, poorest subsistence, barred from the right which manhood all over the wide wide earth enjoyed and exercised—beggars and bondsmen in the fruitful soil once swayed by the regal rule of their fathers, outlaws of the Constitution which pursued them like a curse, pledged vehement vows destined afterwards to be redeemed in their best blood.

This, too, was "disaffection," and criminal judges in the plenitude of their constitutional zeal marked their stern sense of the mightiness of the offence by the condemnation of the culprit. But the subtle spirit was not quenched in blood. Neither famine nor the sword nor the convict gyve could stamp out the feeling. We were told at one time, indeed, by this same London Times that disaffection had vanished from Ireland. We heard to the infinite surprise of some of

us, that the Irish were pacified, Ireland is subdued shouted out the castle hacks in Dublin. But now again comes the truth. *Disaffection is still hot in the heart of Ireland.* Give the occasion, and the evidences present themselves. It is the consequence of Ireland's slavery, the prophecy of her redemption.

It is agreed on all hands that something must be done for Ireland; the *only question in dispute is how to do it.* If we be wise men we will study carefully the means before we adopt them, and like prudent seamen we will place buoys and beacons on the shoals of *former* shipwreck. Calamity has only one legitimate benefit attached to it, to *guard from* the course that led to its infliction.

If Ireland be prostrate, fallen, and degraded, it is neither from the want of spirit *nor* the absence of devotion. To say that Irishmen are apathetic in the cause of country is a lie and a libel. Attest it, Tara, and Mullaghmast, and Ennis. Attest it 1848 with all its proud hopes and disastrous failures. Attest it the convict cells and gallows-trees of the last decade. Attest it, *oh fat placemen* of Ireland, who sold a country you were too base to serve, and bartered the confidence of *your* brethren for the pensions and sinecures of the alien and oppressor. These are the proofs of Ireland's truthful labors; they are also the evidence of her folly; let them be the *guard* and monitor of the future. Hitherto Irish politicians and English statesmen have played their own games; but whoever might win the people were sure to lose. They were soldiers, and got soldiers thanks. When Emancipation was carried a few leading Catholics were borne into Parliament on the shoulders of an excited peasantry, who in their generosity forgot themselves. The forty-shilling freeholders, the poor man's hold on the legislature, were sacrificed that some more rotten patriots might sell themselves at a profit. But what did the people gain by Emancipation? Were rents more light or ejectments more rare? Did manufactures flourish and oppressions fade? No, in truth, the whole nation had fought together, and when victory came the upper classes seized the spoil and appropriated it.

See again the Corporations' Reform Act. Comfortable burghers became Aldermen and Town Councillors, and gold chains were twined round necks that had hardly thought to wear them, and coats of arms were assumed by some who until then had worn coats without arms. But where was the country's gain after all? A second time it had sunk its own interest and benefited a class.

Then came the great message of peace, and a new boon was given to Ireland in the enlargement of Maynooth, the beautifying of the walls, and some trifling increase to the comforts of its professors and pupils. And next there were abortive franchise acts—a sham tenant protective measure and the much belauded disendowment of the church establishment. These are about the total sum of what Ireland has gained by some *seventy years of constitutional agitation.*

And if any man can show one solitary benefit in all that time conferred on the cabin or its cottier occupant, we should cheerfully advise the Irish people to enter on some new agitation of "the peace and perseverance" school, and deposit their farthing a week, their penny a month, their shilling a year, and "four weeks for nothing" at the porch of some new agitation shop.

One feature has marked all the efforts of the Irish people. The have followed leaders who were not of the people, and who uniformly neglected their interests. Look at the Repeal agitation alone. How many men rode into Parliament on public contributions, and skulked to the back benches, there to sit ashamed alike of their country and themselves, and only to be released from oblivion when gazetted to some lucrative appointment. Is this the history of Ireland? and if it be undeniable that it is so, shall it be repeated? Having already became contemptible by stupid confidence in egotistical mountebanks, can Ireland's vice be only cured by the annihilation of the country?

Where is the Celtic race of which we boast—the men whose greatness kept alive the sacred fire of literature, and gave it to the world? Must Ireland, once the home of sages and philosophers, and the nursery of warriors and statesmen, cower and crouch at the heels of a leader or perish? Is independence to be

won by servility? and is the first step to liberty to burn on the brow the brand of the slave? This the Irish people have done. They have been spaniels at the call of some demagogue, and barked or been quiet for his profit or his pleasure. They have debased themselves to the brute, and they are treated accordingly.

This is the history of the past which it should be Ireland's wish to cancel—the error which it is her duty to avoid. An artificial aristocracy, a platform nobility is far more dangerous, jealous and oppressive than the natural excrescence. If the Democracy of Ireland is to be benefited, the benefit must be effected by self-reliance. A nation of six million could never be oppressed but through its own crime or folly.

We of the Irish race have a common country, common wrongs, common hopes and a common enemy; but a divided action; and this is the secret of our distress. That division must be ended so far as possible, or we labor in vain. It has arisen from two causes; a difference about the way we are to work, and a difference about the instruments we are to employ.

Now, the people must do their own work, or it will remain undone, and they are beginning to do it. We have already glanced at the kind of success which attended aristocratic guidance; however advantageous in some respects to a class that success never reached the masses. Popular misery went on increasing and popular degradation was spread wider and wider till it has ended in a fruitful land turned into a graveyard by starvation. This as we have shown, was the end of constitutional agitation, and this the fruit of hard fought elections.

There must be an end of this Fabian policy. We must refuse episodes and digressions; storm no more outworks, but bend our strength at once against the citadel. We should be ready to take associates from all sides—counsel from all sides—brothers and compatriots from all sides—but on one condition; we should only shake hands on the terms proposed by the pious Israelite, that their hearts be as our hearts are, that their faces be turned towards Irish independence unqualified and undelayed.

It is proposed to continue to fight the old fight under a new banner. Political preachers and educational missionaries are at work—for what in God's name? Is it to tell the people they are miserable? The lesson is *already taught*. Who does not shrink with horror from the pictures of the famine year? Strong men dying by the waysides, and infants seeking the breasts of breathless corpses, were impressive monitors of the past; and the wholesale exod of a people flying from tyranny and starvation is an illustration no less suggestive. Half the families of Ireland have had the benefit of such instructors. Is it to tell the people that foreign laws and a plundered independence are the criminal causes? Every fertile valley pregnant with the seeds of wasted life has preached the doctrine and made the repetition impertinent and useless. Is it that the Irish people should begin again the old perennial game of expectancy, and patiently sacrifice a couple millions more of their countrymen? Are there a few more deserving patriots requiring places on the Bench or in the Colonies, and are they to set up an aggregate meeting or two, to frighten Beaconsfield or Gladstone into pensioning off these? Oh, no! There is a new and different campaign for Ireland. The hopes of Ireland are turned to something else than the influx of a few score pretenders to an English Parliament; whether that Parliament sits at St. Stephen's, Westminster, or in the Old House at home in College Green. A new feeling is springing up in the Irish mind. With all our hearts we would accept the present Home Rule movement as the pioneer of, and the aid to, the development of this feeling. To cultivate the feeling in this soil is the task and duty of every Irish patriot—to root out the weeds that would strangle its growth, and to leave Ireland's hope no longer the stepping-stone to place power and corruption for her leaders, but the acurate shadowing of the substance while she has the power, the spirit, and the manhood to realize.

The Home Rule movement in Ireland, has at its head good men, honest men, earnest patriots. The movement itself as a means to an end, should have the cooperation of all lovers of Ireland, on the principle that every wrong redressed is a limb unbound to do battle for the right.

As a finality, which some of its advocates profess it to be, it should be unaccepted as insufficient even if attainable. The principles of the Home Rule Rulers, seem to us to be a multifarious compendium of industrialism and legislation—treason and loyalty. The leaders, with a few exceptions—some of which we *have indicated—blend together with a* pregnant felicity all extremes, and present in their doctrines a union rarely to be met with. They appeal to legislation, and at the same time, affect to despise parliamentary amelioration: they begin with a war-whoop, and end with a dissertation on the golden link of the Crown. They are all things to all men, and at the same time nothing to any. Now candidly, except on a theory of a means to an end, we cannot understand this Protean policy. We could comprehend an exhortation to give up all thoughts of nationality, to sacrifice the dream of independence before the splendors of basket making, or the mysterious brilliancy of lucifer matches—to *surrender the old cry* "*Ireland for the Irish*," in view of a scheme which means Ireland for the English, just as firmly as ever—to yield up all the dreams of nationhood for a higher grand jury system, treating us to wearisome homilies on thorough draining and subsoiling, and the undeveloped *mine of national* prosperity that must be opened up by the extraction of stearine from bog peat: but to be at one and the same time, a given thing and its opposite—an Irish nationalist acknowledging imperial control—is a political jugglery for which we certainly have no stomach.

In regard of Parliamentry elections it is urged that the examples recently set in the return of Home Rule members is a hopeful indication deserving of emulation by all Irish constituences. Doubtless! But what of that. Suppose that the one hundred and three members sent by Ireland to the British Parliament were all Home Rulers of the stamp added to the ranks at Clare, Longford, Ennis, and Limerick, each with the vigor and honesty of a Parnell or a Finnigan, or an O'Gorman Mahen or an O'Connor, Power—of a Lord Francis Conyngham,* or an O'Donnell—where the good? With the tone and temper of British majorities no step in advance could be made to the desired end. We have seen more than once how antagonistic parties in the Senate House forget all their differences, and close up in solid front, when even a motion for en*quiry is to be defeated. But even this* oneness in representation is unattainable. Ireland's electors have been five times over decimated, and according to Mr. Bright, Her Majesty has more soldiers on Irish soil, than Ireland has voters. Her hustings—what are they but *great moral* shambles where *men* are driven to betray their country.

There is a suffrage broader than the franchise—there is a hope for Ireland, brighter than the sinking cesspool of an election—there is a goal more attractive than the second fiddle playing of a Provincial Parliament.

We may indicate these things in another article. Meanwhile we wish, with all heartiness, the new crusade on the *Parnell policy* "*God speed.*"

* The later weeks of the last session of Parliament brought sadness to the Irish National *Parliamentary ranks in the serious illness of* the senior member for Clare—one who had "held the fort" alone during Sir Brian O'Loghlen's strange disregard of the compliment paid him by the electors of that noble county. Lord Francis Conyngham, throwing aside the traditions of his order and the conventionalities of rank, was ever heart and soul in the People's cause, and it is to be hoped that with restored health and vigor he may speedily take his place in the work of Ireland's redemption.

Suicide and Irreligion.—The terrible prevalence of the heinous crime of suicide may well awaken thoughts of sorrow in the Christian heart. From all quarters we hear of suicides committed in every conceivable manner. Notably in the last few years has this terrible crime, once rare with us, become so frequent. The cause is ascribed in a large measure to the prevalent distress, destitution, family troubles and kindred evils, induced by the hard times. The surest safeguard against suicide is religion and a wholesome fear of the future. Suicides are usually irreligious persons, who, having met with misfortune, have not the consolation of religion, or hope of future compensation to sustain them.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE ETHICS OF CULTURE.

(I.)

The embellishment of the exterior is almost the beginning and the end of philosophical morality. This is why it aims at being modest rather than humble; this is how it can be proud at the very time that it is unassuming. To humility indeed it does not even aspire; humility is one of the most difficult of virtues, both to attain and to ascertain. It lies close upon the heart itself, and its tests are exceedingly delicate and subtle. Its counterfeits abound; however, we are little concerned with them here, for, I repeat, it is hardly professed, even by name, in the code of ethics which we are reviewing. As has been often observed, ancient civilization had not the idea, and had no word to express it; or rather, it had the idea, and considered it a defect of mind, not a virtue, so that the word which denoted it conveyed a reproach. As to the modern world, you may gather its ignorance of it by its perversion of the somewhat parallel term "condescension." Humility, or condescension, viewed as a virtue of conduct, may be said to consist, as in other things, so in our placing ourselves in our thoughts on a level with our inferiors. It is not only a voluntary relinquishment of the privileges of our own station, but an actual participation or assumption of the condition of those to whom we stoop. This is true humility, to feel and to behave as if we were low; not to cherish a notion of our importance while we affect a low position. Such was St. Paul's humility, when he called himself "the least of the saints;" such the humility of those many holy men who have considered themselves the greatest of sinners. It is an abdication, as far as their own thoughts are concerned, of those prerogatives or privileges to which others deem them entitled. Now it is not a little instructive to contrast with this idea—with this theological meaning of the word "condescension"—its proper English sense; put them into juxtaposition, and you will at once see the difference between the world's humility and the humility of the Gospel. As the world uses the word, "condescension" is a stooping indeed of the person, but a bending forward unattended with any the slightest effort to leave by a single inch the seat in which it is so firmly established. It is the act of a superior, who protests to himself, while he commits it, that he is superior still, and that he is doing nothing else but an act of grace towards those on whose level, in theory, he is placing himself. And this is the nearest idea which the philosopher can form of the virtue of self-abasement; to do more than this is, to his mind, a meanness, or an hypocrisy, and at once excites his suspicion and disgust. What the world is, such it has ever been; we know the contempt which the educated pagans had for the martyrs and confessors of the Church, and it is shared by the anti-Catholic bodies of this day.

Such are the ethics of Philosophy, when faithfully represented; but an age like this, not pagan, but professedly Christian, cannot venture to reprobate humility in set terms, or to make a boast of pride. Accordingly, it looks out for some expedient by which it may blind itself to the real state of the case. Humility, with its grave and self-denying attributes, it cannot love; but what is more beautiful, what more winning, than modesty? What virtue, at first sight, simulates humility so well? Though what, in fact, is more radically distinct from it? In truth, great as is its charm, modesty is not the deepest or the most religious of virtues. Rather it is the advanced guard or sentinel of the soul militant, and watches continually over its nascent intercourse with the world about it. It goes the round of the senses; it mounts up into the countenance; it protects the eye and ear; it reigns in the voice and gesture. Its province is the outward deportment, as other virtues have relation to matters theological, others to society, and others to the mind itself. And being more superficial than other virtues, it is more easily disjoined from their company; it admits of being associated with principles or qualities naturally foreign to it, and is often made the cloak of feelings

or ends for which it was never given to us. So little is it the necessary index of humility, that it is even compatible with pride. The better for the purpose *of philosophy; humble it cannot be, so* forthwith modesty becomes its humility.

Pride, under such training, instead of running to waste in the education of *the mind,* is turned to account; it gets a new name; it is called self-respect, and ceases to be the disagreeable, uncompanionable quality which it is in itself. Though it be the motive principle of the soul, it seldom comes to view; and when it shows itself, then delicacy and gentleness are its attire, and good sense and sense *of honor* direct its motions. It is no longer a restless agent without definite aim; it has a large field of exertion assigned to it, and it subserves those social interests which it *would naturally trouble.* It is directed into the channel of industry, frugality, honesty, and obedience; and it becomes the very staple of the religion and morality held in honor in a day like *our own.* It becomes the safeguard of chastity, the guarantee of veracity, in high and low; it is the very household god of society, as at present constituted, inspiring neatness and decency in the servant-girl; propriety of carriage and refined manners in her mistress; uprightness, manliness, and generosity in the head of the family. It diffuses a light over town and country; it covers the soil with handsome edifices and smiling gardens; it tills the field, it stocks and embellishes the shop. It is the stimulating principle of providence on the one hand, and of free expenditure on the other; of an honorable ambition, and of elegant enjoyment. It breathes upon the face of the community, and the hollow sepulchre is forthwith beautiful to look upon.

Refined by the civilization which has brought it into activity, this self-respect infuses into the mind an intense horror of exposure, and a keen sensitiveness of notoriety and ridicule. It becomes the enemy of extravagances of any kind; it shrinks from what are called scenes; it has no mercy on the mock-heroic, on pretence or egotism, on verbosity in language, or what is called prosiness in conversation. It detests gross adulation; not that it tends at all to the eradication of the appetite to which the flatterer ministers, but it sees the absurdity of indulging in it, it understands the an*noyance thereby given to others, and if* a tribute must be paid to the wealthy or the powerful, it demands greater subtlety and art in the *preparation.* Thus vanity is changed into a more dangerous self-conceit, as being checked in its natural eruption. It teaches men to suppress their feelings and to control *their tempers, and to mitigate both* the severity and the tone of their judgments. It prefers playful wit and satire in putting down what is objectionable, as a more refined and good-natured, as well *as a more effectual method,* than the expedient which is natural to uneducated minds. It is from this impatience of the tragic and the bombastic that it is now quietly but energetically opposing itself to the unchristian practice of duelling, which it brands as simply out of taste, and as the remnant of a barbarous age; and certainly it seems likely to effect what Religion has aimed at abolishing in vain.

(II.)

HENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This discription is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the ab-

surd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were *one day* to be our *friend*. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find *greater* candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; *it is the embodiment of those* ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

Such are some of the lineaments of the ethical character, which the cultivated intellect will form, apart from religious principle. (" Idea of a University," p. 204.

A good story of Gibbon is told in the last volume of "Moore's Memoirs." The dramatis personæ were Lady Elizabeth Foster, Gibbon, the historian; and an eminent French Physician—the historian and doctor being rivals in courting the lady's favor. Impatient at Gibbon occupying so much of her attention by his conversation, the doctor said crossly to him—"When Lady Foster is made ill by your twaddle I will cure her." On which Gibbon replied. "When Lady Foster is dead from your prescriptions I will immortalize her."

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

OTTAWA CITY.

In all countries wheresoever situated, iced at the pole or burning at the line the first and grandest object is the city of all cities the nation's capital. It may be smaller, it may be uglier, it may be less favorably situated than any other city in the land, still it is the grand centre, the *focus* towards which converge all travellers, all adventurers, all merchants, in a word all people. In every country in the world, and more especially in the European countries, the people go *up* to the capital from all points —come *down* from the capital to all other cities. Even had they to really descend from some fortress city that stands high perched upon a mountain to the capital of the country which, we will suppose, like a small, dirty, unattractive hole in a low land—even then are they going *up* to the capital. This may seem in some way strange to us—but to the people of the old world it would seem still stranger were they to hear us speaking of going *down* to Ottawa, merely because we may by some chance find ourselves higher up the stream than the capital of the country.

However, be it up or down, a trip to Ottawa cannot be a lost trip. We might spend with great advantage a day or two around the capital of our country and although the city is not as large as Montreal or Quebec, or Toronto, although it is younger by far than many of our important towns, yet being the first by its rank and position in the land it should be the first also to attract our attention.

Situated upon a rocky height and surrounded by most beautiful and variegated scenery, Ottawa, the Bytown of other days, the capital of to-day is a most healthy and handsome place. Divided in two equal parts by the Rideau canal which is spanned by three fine bridges —two of which are unsurpassed in the country for strength and elegance of construction; washed on the east by the waters of the Rideau river which wends along until it pitches itself into the broad flood of the Ottawa at the junction of which rivers is seen the beautiful curtain like fall which gives its name to the stream; bounded on the north by the Ottawa itself, which separates the city from Hull on the Lower Canada side and surrounded on the West and South by vast tracts of splendidly cultivated land that stretch far off as the eye can scan; thus situated and environed stands the Capital of Canada.

Pausing a moment on the Parliament hill and glancing around us—upon a fine, calm, bright summer day—we may take in at a glimpse the principal splendors of the surrounding country. Off to the north on the Quebec side of the river extends a grand fertile region rising in alternate terraces of cultivated fields and wooded hills until it is lost to the eye as it seems to join the purple Laurentides which in their turn, becoming bluer and dimmer in the distance, roll away in gigantic undulation until mingling with the clouds upon the azure horizon they are lost in a misty shroud. Westward along the banks of the Grand River the scene is very fine.

"It's upland sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride."

Nearer and nearer from out the green woods and from amongst the wooded island rolls the grand flood of the Ottawa—until its whole strength seems to concentrate in one mighty effort as it leaps headlong into the Big Kettle. Roaring and hissing and tumbling, now dashing over the half-hidden rocks now eddying round the adamantine piers, now;—

"Like a horse unbroken when he first feels the rein,
The maddened river struggles hard and tosses it's tawny mane,
And bursts the curb that binds it—rejoicing to be free—
Whirls on it's mad career—" the ever mighty stream.

Seen from the city, no sight can be grander than the cataract of the Chaudiere. Imprisoned within those artificial walls built by men of commerce and enterprise, the powerful flood seems continually to seek the freedom it enjoyed in years gone by, and the vain efforts of the watery giant, but seem to render more beautiful and more terrible the scene.

Turning towards the south and east beneath us the city extends its elegant proportions. Those wide streets with here and there rows of maple along the side walk—those numberless church spires rising upon all sides,—those majestic bridges spanning the locks and old canal,—those lofty and well built edifices distributed irregularly through the city,—those elegant walks and flowery and grass covered parks that extend far away along the opposite bank of the canal,—those large and grandly constructed public institutions seen at a distance, and above all that mighty and noble pile of buildings beneath the shadow of which we are standing. Here we are upon the very hill where so often met in deadly conflict the wild Indian of the past—where blazed the council fire on the young and daring, on the aged and wise; but—

"The chief of the Chief of the Ottawa now is no more,
Where the council-fire blazed on the height:
To-day towards the heavens sublimely soar
The signals of Canada's might;—
When the evening is still, on the old Barrack-hill,
Towers a structure majestic and grand:
And a bright golden ray from the god-of-the-day—
Gilds the monument spire of the land."

It would be a vain task to now attempt a description of the parliament buildings of Ottawa. The subject is too extensive. It would require a whole essay to do justice to those huge proportions, those elegant carvings, those lofty towers, those gothic windows with their many-hued colors and grotesque and quaint devices—those sculptures rude—as Keats tells us—

"In ponderous stone, devolving the mood
Of ancient Nox;—then skeletons of man,
Of beast, bethemoth and leviathan,
And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw
Of nameless monster."

And for the interior of the grand and most elegant chambers and halls and corridors—where at every step we stop to gaze and contemplate, now a beautiful old painting of some great man of our country, now a marble statue of the good Queen of the tritened empire. Were we to dwell much longer near those numberless objects of admiration we might be tempted to neglect the many other places worthy of notice with which the Capital of our Dominion abounds.

Between the two bridges, the Dufferin and Sappers—stands the new and finely constructed post-office. A very grand situation. Halfway between the Upper and the Lower towns, within a few paces of the principal places of business and the Parliament House, opened on the one side to the passengers along the Dufferin bridge, on the other to those who pass by the Sappers' bridge, commanding a view of the broad avenue that for over a mile stretches off towards the Rideau river, the post office is truly a model.

The City hall is another edifice very worthy of notice. Altho' smaller in proportions it resembles somewhat the grand City hall of Montreal. It is built on a square facing which stands the Union House on the one side, the back of the Russell House on the other and two very handsome churches, one of which is the Baptist Tabernacle on the third. There on the site of the old City hall building, immortalized by the poem of Wm. P. Lett, Esq., this handsome construction "with grandeur marks the scene."

The Catholic Cathedral otherwise known as the old French Church and now a Basilica Minor thanks to the energy and affectionate remembrance of the present bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Duhamel, is a fine old type and now after its many improvements both inside and outside is a fine new type of a beautiful church. From all sides and all places around Ottawa the traveller can ever perceive the two spires of the Catholic Basilica rising high over the surrounding buildings and like the indeces of truth pointing continually to the region of bliss that lies away beyond the blue dome of Nature's grand temple.

Amongst other buildings both public and private the Collegiate Institute and the convent generally known as the Gloucester street convent are wellworthy of a passing notice. And one of the largest and most elegant constructions in the city is the College of Ottawa, our institution, where knowledge and piety and energy seem combined and wherein a first class education is afforded all those who seek learning within its walls. The August number of THE HARP con-

tains a full account of this establishment and its many advantages. We will, therefore, pass on as our space is limited to another old and venerable institution, *one which dates its origin from the very* birth of the city. We refer to the Convent of Notre Dame du Sacré Cœur which is under the direction of the Gray Nuns, otherwise known as the Sisters of Charity. One branch of this congregation is the Novitiate which is better known to the olden inhabitants as the Lower Town Convent on the corner of Sussex and Bolton streets beside the General hospital which is likewise under the care of these good nuns, stands the old convent; a large, well built stone edifice, an ornament and at the same time a treasure for the city. The second branch of this establishment is on Rideau street which is one of the principal and grandest streets in Ottawa. This Rideau street convent is the place where the sisters hold their classes and boarding-school. A very nice building well aired, well constructed, well surrounded, so far as the exterior is concerned. But it is *in the interior alone* that we can know the real worth of the establishment. Here is given by very learned and accomplished ladies, a good and thorough course of instruction. Here are taught painting, music, drawing and above all that universally admired accomplishment, domestic economy. Blending the useful and the pleasant as these good nuns alone can do so well this is in truth one of the most *remarkable* institutions of the city and certainly the one, if any there is, most worthy of notice, both on account of its age and the amount of good which it has ever done both in the capital and throughout the surroundings.

Such are some of the principal places of interest in and around Ottawa. We might dwell much longer upon each and all of those points so briefly marked out and might even show forth numberless other objects of attraction which embellish our capital. But circumstances will not permit. However those who are acquainted with the city can testify to our correctness in all we have said and those who have never seen the capital may perhaps be inspired by the happy idea of making someday or other a pilgrimage there. And if we might be permitted to suggest a date we would advise them to come upon that grand occasion which every year takes place when like the pilgrims of old to Mecca, *from every country in the Dominion* our great ones hasten to meet in the grand Council Hall of the country. Ottawa is advancing in proportion as our country advances and in the not distant future it will doubtlessly be a city of very great importance both from a commercial standpoint and in every other way. May the banner that was planted upon the topmost tower of her Parliament House on the 1st of July 1867 long wave in triumph over this free and glorious land. And may the Nation itself like Beattie's Minstrel, feel,—

"Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace and glory."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from the Nun of Kenmare.

To the Editor of The Harp:

Dear Sir,—Again I am obliged to come with an appeal from the poor in Ireland to the well-off in America, for our harvests have failed, our potatoes are gone, the turf is rotten from the wet, and famine and fever are staring us in the face in every direction. God has made charity the grace by which He will crown His own at the Day of Judgment, and the doing or not doing of works of mercy the test of His favor and reward. I come then to ask every reader of The Harp to do one good work for which he or she will *be perfectly certain* to receive a reward which will not be for a day or a year, but for ever and ever.

I do not care to mix up personal motives with a motive so sublime as the doing of an act the glory of which will last for all eternity, but God is so good that He not only allows us to love one another, but also rewards us for loving one another, so I will venture to appeal to the thousands of readers of my books in America, and will ask them also for the sake of any good they have obtained from these books, and for any love they have *for* the writer of them, to come now to my assistance. Yes, I will venture to appeal to bishops and priests as

well as to seculars in your great land, and I implore of each to send some little help to this forsaken place in Ireland, where we can get no assistance, and have not the means which other Convents have for obtaining help—remember I only ask help to give employment to those who are imploring for work to save them from starvation, and they know I cannot bear to see them suffer without an effort to do something for them. In return I offer them the constant fervent prayers of my devoted sisters in religion who will not cease to pray for every benefactor as long as they live, and in truth, I may say, after their decease,—for this very day some of the Sisters said to me of their own accord, "we will pray for those who help us, not only in this world, but when we go to our Lord," and I know how faithful they will be to their word.

We have had bad typhus fever here for some time, the result, as we are assured by high sanitary authority, of the great distress which prevailed here last winter. Those who know what an epidemic of typhus fever is will understand how we need alms to help the sick, those who are struggling into convalescence, and still more the widow and the orphan. I met this day a case of which, if I give the even simple particulars, they might be almost questioned, yet, I can personally vouch for their absolute accuracy.

Several of the Sisters were sitting to-day working in the community room, as we are not allowed to have the schools open on account of the fever, lest the children should give the infection to each other, when we heard low, wailing moans at the enclosure door. Going out to see what was the matter, we found a comparatively young woman at the enclosure door in an abandonment of grief. Her husband, *Tadg-an-damam**, died last night of the fever, and she was left with seven children, the youngest a baby one fortnight old. Such sorrow and such resignation I have rarely seen. What could I do but put my arms round the poor creature and try to comfort her. One of the Sisters said something about her seven little children, and it was then the beautiful, and, if I may say so, unconscious faith broke out. "Sure, dear, I gave them all to God and His Blessed Mother, when he died last night." Oh, rich faith that abounds in poverty and triumphs in weakness! The woman was dazed with grief. She said very little, but all she did say were words of faith and hope and charity, and prayers for her dead husband. "May the Lord open the gates of heaven to him this day" broke from her again and again. I am afraid I must plead guilty to a strong partiality, for my own people, but if those who had not heard spontaneous prayers for the dead breaking forth from the lips of the poor Irish, once heard them, I think they would forgive me. There is a vivid faith in their petitions and a realization of the glories at the other side of the "gates" which they ask to have opened, that does one's soul good to hear.

We are about to have a winter here of the most unexampled severity and distress. We want to give employment during the winter, the best form of charity, so as to prevent at least a little of the terrible misery which must come. We want to begin to build a Home for homeless girls, and thus a double good may be done, as it will give employment. Will not the little children and the girls of America help us; they might if they set to work with a good will. A dollar collected here and there in cents, would soon come up to a good sum of money. And perhaps God may inspire some one who reads this to send a great many dollars to lay the foundation stone.

I ask the American printers and book-binders who are in good employment to help me. I have just had an appeal from the printers and book-binders in Dublin to give them employment, they tell me they are suffering severely from the hard times and, alas, I know it to be true. They say in their address to me: "knowing that you have largely patronized the Irish printers in the past, we take this liberty of now writing to you in the hope that you will be able to

* *Teig of the two mothers!* I must admit that poor Teig (God rest his soul) had hazy ideas of political economy. He tried to support both his mother and grandmother, as he called both "mother" he obtained this soubriquet, not unnecessary where there are so many O'Sullivans and McCarthys, that a distinguishing name becomes unavoidable.

furnish us with some employment. We *believe* you are generally engaged in literary work of some kind, and we *know* that you take an interest in us and can feel for us in our present need. A great number of our body are out of employment and others only working half-time. Having already benefited from printing and binding many of your well known books, we would be thankful if you could again give us employment. Thanking you for your kindly feeling in keeping the work in this country."

There are 5,000 in this trade in Dublin I *cannot refuse to* help people, above all I cannot bear to see men who are willing and anxious to work, wanting employment.

Many of your honored and learned bishops and priests will know the name of my revered bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, for so many years Vice-President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. He writes to me, "I am delighted to learn that your next work, The Life of Our Blessed Lady, is already far advanced. As there is no good English book on this great subject, your pious zeal will supply a pressing want for English readers. The labor is above your strength, but you are ready, I am sure, to make any sacrifice to promote devotion to the Mother of God."

I want to put this book in the printers hands, but the times are so bad for selling books, I dare not, unless I can get some help. So come to the *rescue good pressmen of America*, and help me to give employment, and to publish this book for the honor of the Mother of God.

I hope soon to receive some hundreds, if not thousands, of letters with help. I am sure every one who reads this will do a little, and I will not fail to make a return of some kind in the shape of some souvenir of old Ireland, suitable to each kind donor.

Yours very gratefully,

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, Co., Kerry, Ireland.

P.S.—I beg also for the love of God that help may be sent *very quickly*. Severe frost has already set in, and I want to get in a store of meal and coal to give out weekly to those who are utterly destitute, through no fault of their own, and who have not even a sod of turf, it is all destroyed by the wet summer.

ABROGATION OF THE ACT OF UNION.

(*Dublin Irishman.*)

THE English Press has issued a kind of manifesto of war against Ireland; and we welcome it warmly. The people who undertake such a task as that will quickly discover that there will be no shrinking on this side of the Channel. The further they go, the plainer they are, the more prompt, frank, and hearty will be the response of the Irish Nation.

The Saxon scribes say that Ireland has too many Representatives in the London Parliament. So say we—far too many. They say a score of them, at least, ought to be struck off, and make no more an appearance within the walls of Westminster. We go as far, and farther—five times as far—and declare that five score and three Irish Representatives should be struck off the London List, and forbidden to cross the threshold of the London Legislature. Move one, move all. There must be no petty maiming here; the blow must fall not on one limb, but on the whole body of the Representation.

England and Wales have "four hundred and ninety-three Representatives." Scotland has "sixty Representatives." Great Britain altogether have five hundred and fifty-three Representatives. To meet these there go from Ireland one hundred and three Representatives —less than one-fifth, between one-fifth and one-sixth, of the number of our opponents! The disproportion is great: it is made vaster by the fact that owing to electoral arts, a considerable proportion of these so-called Irish Representatives are in reality, nominees of England, and Representatives of English Interests.

But *Naboth's* small vineyard was an eyesore to the tyrant, and that *Jezebel* —the London Press—is urging that Ireland should be robbed of her vines in detail. They are not, in truth, very fertile vines; the enforced transplantation cankers and corrupts them. But

they have the name of being Irish, and that is enough to make the robbery desirable.

What our enemies think they could gain by this proposed plunder is somewhat beyond our powers to conceive. Do they fancy that they will maim Ireland, by mutilating the Representation that sits in their alien Parliament? Do they imagine that they will weaken Ireland, by stopping this influx of Irishmen into the British Legislature?

They are egregiously mistaken. Their effort, if successful, would result in hindering an outflow of strength, in stopping a waste of force, in giving back some lost men to Ireland.

The result would be good, but the intention is evil, offensive, and outraging. We have a right to regard it as a purposed act of political plunder, and to resent it as a deliberate act of insulting tyranny.

By that Charter of Robbers—the so-called Act of Union—it was stipulated that Ireland should possess a fixed number of representatives in the conjoined Parliaments. That was, in form, at all events, a Treaty between the Legislatures of the two Nations. To enact it, it was necessary that a majority of the Irish representatives should give their assent. Its provisions cannot be annulled by a mere majority of English or Scotch members—in other words, by a mere majority of the British Parliament.

The contrary may be asserted by the British, and they may even act upon the assertion. That, however, will only put their conduct in conformity with their past, and prove to demonstration before the world that they prefer brute force to justice.

This point has never been properly put: it has always been systematically ignored. Of course we can make allowance for ignorance, and for the weakness of understandings which are imposed upon by words. But we cannot conceive of men omitting to mark and maintain the rights of their country, even that poor remnant which was laid on the parchment of the Union, that it might not seem altogether as black as Erebus.

Our argument is this: Taking the Act of Union for what it is worth, it is a Treaty between two kingdoms. To give it validity it was necessary, on this side, that a majority of the Irish Representatives should assent to all its provisions. Being a Treaty between two Powers, its stipulations cannot be annihilated at the will of one of the high contracting parties. Otherwise a treaty would have no meaning, and be a farce. Hence, if it were required to annul any one of its provisions, it would be absolutely requisite to get the assent of a majority of the Irish Representation.

To assert the contrary is to maintain that those statesmen who engaged in the work of drawing up this professedly solemn Treaty, in preparing its stipulations, and in sanctioning its provisions, were all imbeciles and idiots. If a British majority in the conjoined Parliaments could upset every arrangement, any arrangement was futile. If they had so much as dreamed that it could be thought that a British majority in the united Parliaments could, next day, annihilate every agreement which they had come to, and destroy every stipulation they had inserted, they would not have taken the trouble to draft so elaborate a document. All that would have been required, on this theory, would be a short Act declaring that the Irish representation was henceforth amalgamated with that of Britain.

There are stipulations in the Act of Union. These were made to bind whom? The British Legislature. They cannot, therefore, be annulled by the British members.

The assent of a majority of the Irish members is absolutely required. Whether they sit in College Green or in Westminster, they still form the Irish Representation. Their assent is as much required to the annulment of the stipulations of the Act as was that of their predecessors to the insertion of these stipulations.

One of these stipulations refer to the number of Irish members, and, fixing the Representation, should be jealously guarded by them. The present English proposal to strike off a fifth of the Irish members, and so to mutilate the Irish Representation, should be firmly met, and plainly declared to be a proposal to abrogate the Act of Union.

They should not, we hold, conde-

scend to oppose any measure to this effect in any way whatsoever. That would be altogether unwise and impolitic. That might, perhaps, succeed in hindering it by obstructive tactics; but that would mean that they would hinder their return to College-Green. One course only is clear and honorable. They should embody a statement of their convictions in a formal Manifesto—emphatically declaring that the destruction of this stipulation without their consent is tantamount to an abrogation of the Union—and, when the deed is done, *they should formally retire* from the British Parliament and convoke a Conventional Assembly in the Irish Capital.

It is the misfortune of this country, and, indeed, of most countries so oppressed, that the high lines of statesmanship commands less attention than the more immediate and striking cries of the day. We attribute to this defect the fact that the great question of the international relations between Ireland and England are far less spoken of than the questions of social reforms, which, if urgent, need not be eclipsing.

Of course the orator is tempted to speak that which he believes will interest his audience, to talk education to the clergy, trade to the merchant, land to the farmer—which may each be an excellent topic in its way, and yet be only part of a greater question. This, perhaps, comes of addressing people in sections—for thus a tendency to take merely a class or sectional view is developed. It may be necessary, it may be good to take that view—but it is a grievous fault to take that view only.

The development of the larger view requires a larger platform—Ireland is the audience where the national question is to be discussed, and it would appear that few minds as well as few voices are adapted to so vast an audience. Hence it is that the more easy method is adopted of attending chiefly, if not exclusively, to small fragmentary matters, and evading or deferring the national question.

If it had been otherwise, most assuredly the question of the abrogation of the Act of Union would have been discussed before this. It is a sufficiently important one. Take it for what it professes to be, it is a treaty between two Powers; it could not have come into force without the assent of a majority of the Legislature in Dublin and of that in London. According to the British view, it is the legal force.

The Irish view is altogether different, and rightly so, because the members of that Legislature were elected to make laws in Dublin, not to destroy their law-making assembly. They were commissioned to follow a political life, not to commit political suicide. Their act *in abolishing that which they had no* right to abolish, but which they had been strictly charged to maintain, is therefore plainly null and void. French members would not more clearly go beyond their "mandat." if by a majority they voted the annexation of their Parliament to that of Berlin. They would be guillotined who attempted it. The corrupted Irish members ought to have been executed along with the corruptors. Grattan said only half the truth when he declared:—"There are no good Ministers in Ireland, because there is no axe in Ireland."

But, let us take the British view, and judging Britain by that, let us see how stands the case. Granting, then, that the Act of Union is a legal document, for the sake of argument, does it still exist, and how may it be annulled?

A Treaty of this kind may obviously be ended by the mutual consent of the two high contracting parties. This requires no argument. If America and England had entered into a treaty concerning their international relations they could at any time dissolve their partnership by mutual consent.

But, again, a Treaty of this kind may be annulled by any overt act on either side, amounting to a breach of any stipulation contained in it. A Treaty is like a specimen of the recently invented hardened glass, broken in part the whole of it explodes into powder. It is, of course, incompatible with the very idea of a contract that one party to it may select, at his own wanton will, which clause he will respect and which he will trample on.

Now, any one who takes the trouble to peruse the nefarious document termed the Act of Union will see that it con-

tains numerous stipulations. They were made to *bind*, or they mean nothing. They were made to bind the British Legislators, or their very existence would have been as absurd as useless.

If the British Legislators break any one of these without the formal consent of a majority of the Irish Legislators—the present representatives of the Irish Parliament—then, necessarily, the Act of Union falls asunder, like exploded glass.

We pointed out that this result would happen if, for instance, the hostile English proposal of reducing the number of Irish Representatives were carried into effect, against the protests of the Irish Legislators. It was expressly stipulated, in the so-called Act of Union, that Ireland should have a number of Representatives, fixed at one hundred and five—consequently, that stipulation would be glaringly broken, and the Act rendered void, if the said hostile proposal were carried through the London Parliament by the British Legislators.

This is the high ground that the Irish members should take, and would take if they had thoroughly preserved the traditions of Grattan, and realized perfectly the feeling that they are the Representatives of a Nation. It is pitiable to see that several of them have allowed themselves to be *drawn down* to discuss the details of the proposition, as though it were a clause in an English Reform Act, instead of meeting it as Irish Representatives ought only to meet it. Instead of upholding their dignity as Ambassadors, they descend to the role of clerks in England's antechamber.

It may be said that the English will demur to our position as regards this question. We cannot as yet conceive what pretexts they could possibly allege in the place of reasons, beyond the old statement that Parliament is omnipotent. That, however, would be *misapplied*. Parliament may be omnipotent over its own legislation, to amend or undo it—but, certainly, it cannot alter the clauses of a Treaty without the concurrence of the parties to that Treaty. British Legislators cannot rid themselves of stipulations made to bind British Legislators, unless with the concurrence and distinct consent of the Representatives of those on whose behalf such stipulations were inserted. In this case the formal assent of the Irish Legislators must be obtained.

But we doubt whether there would be such a demur to this proposition of ours as might be supposed. Nay, already the idea that the Act of Union can be broken by a breach of one of its stipulations by the British Parliament has been admitted by the English mind. It is, in fact, too self-evident to be ignored, except, perhaps, by some of our own feeble friends.

The following extract from a letter, inserted prominently in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; concedes and establishes our argument. After mentioning that in "a large mixed company" he heard Englishmen denouncing Ireland, the writer proceeds to prove our position:

> "The speaker went on to say that, in his judgment, both in law and equity, the Union had been repealed by Mr. Gladstone's Government. He put the case in this way: The Irish Church, by the sixth article of the Treaty of Union, was made an essential part of the Union. In destroying the Irish Church, Mr. Gladstone unconsciously destroyed the Union. He said that he should be glad to get those Irishmen (indeed, he used another word than 'men' out of the House of Commons; he said that they had been at the beck of any Minister, for any mischief, who choose to purchase their aid by any job for any measure, however destructive of the kingdom in general and Ireland in particular. He gave as an instance the conduct of the Irish members and their support of Sir Robert Peel's free trade measures in 1846, from which Ireland is now so justly suffering. He observed, in the course of talk, that he saw no need of an Irish House of Commons, even if the Union were repealed—that Ireland would be much better ruled by an English and Scotch Parliament, without any Irish members. I confess that personally I have long held similar opinions without venturing to announce them—as being too unpopular for publicity. But my point is this: nobody had anything to say to the contrary—and that in a mixed company of all sorts of people, except Irish. Now, I would have the Irish ponder this little story, and consider that if the British public is provoked a trifle further it may be sufficiently aggravated to put some deep policy into action now not often publicly avowed."

We need not trouble about the *animus* of the writer. It is all the better that he should be full of animosity towards us. Perhaps it is not altogether

his fault that he is so dense as not to perceive the full drift of his argument, and so feeble-minded as to fancy that what he intends as a threat to deter us must count as a bait to stimulate our people. Since the result of provoking the British public a trifle further may be to make them recognize that the Act of Union not only can be, but has been broken, then provocation of the British public must not fail, until that public be aggravated to a point of acknowledging justice.

As to the talk about the ruling of Ireland by the English and Scotch Parliament merely, it will be time enough to notice it seriously when the deed is dared. The mysterious Englishman quoted may see no need of an Irish Parliament, but, on the other hand, the Irish Nation may see no need of alien tyrants.

"The Life of Our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*, and of His Blessed Mother, translated and adapted from the Original of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, M. A., L.L.D., etc."—Large 4to., to be completed in 38 parts, at 25c. each. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Here is a book for every Catholic family. It is a holy and wholesome thought to teach infant lips to lisp the sacred name of Jesus and Mary, why should not the child's first reading-book, by the fireside, be the life of his Divine Saviour and Blessed Mother. Is there any story more beautiful?—Can any be more captivating than the life of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me?" Can parents read any history more interesting and instructive? And—speaking now of Father Brennan's work in particular, of which 18 parts have been issued—we can only supplement our former notices of the work by adding that it excels anything that has of late years come from the Catholic press, in purity of style, the number, beauty, and richness of its illustrations, quality of paper, and clearness of letter-press, whilst in cheapness it has no rival. We are glad to learn that the publishers are meeting with that success their enterprise so richly merits.

CADUC'S GRAVE.

A Legend of the Upper Ottawa.

BY J. K. F.

About half way between Ottawa City and the town of Pembroke there is in the Ottawa river a great rapid known as the Calumet. To the lumbermen upon the Upper Ottawa this was ever one of the most dangerous of places through which they had to pass with their timber. Speak to the lumberman of other days and even of to-day and before you have conversed a minute with him upon the subject of shanty life he will tell you of the many dangerous passes from the famous *Roche Capitaine* to the yet formidable *Long Sault*. And first and above all other places the great Calumet is the object of his admiration, wonder and sometimes fear. "Once started," he will tell you, "upon a crib of timber at the head of the Calumet there is no hope to return; you must go through to the end—if you strike all is over, if you slide along without hitting against the rock or island you run the risk of being sent to eternity when your crib lands at the foot." Such is the fury of the Calumet rapid that no man, except one, has ever set foot upon the island in the centre of the raging flood.

That man, that exception, and unfortunately for himself that sole exception, is the subject of the story which we record. Many years ago, long before civilization had so strongly established itself in the land, and when the lumber trade was in its infancy, a man of the name of Caduc was engaged in conducting small rafts over the wild and dangerous rapid of the Calumet. One day by some mistake he started alone upon a crib and faced the head of the furious flood. Placing too much confidence in his own skill he allowed himself to be whirled onward until losing all power and management over the frail timber crib he saw at a glance the almost inevitable death. In a wild act of mad despair, as the timber flew past the little wooded island in the centre of the stream, Caduc leaped upon the shore. Had he reflected a moment he would have found it the better plan to face the terrible dangers of the great rapid than

to land upon the lone island. There he was, equally distant from either shore and unable to go ahead or return. To trust himself into the water was certain death. No timber or boat in passing could stop to take him on. No help could be sent him. There upon the lone island he passed the night. The day day dawned but brought with it no consolation. The day passed and another night came on with its horrors and greatest of all the horror of starvation. In fine upon that island Caduc died and unburied his corpse lay by the shore until a wild storm one night lashed the waves of the stream which rising higher than ever carried off the body of the unfortunate man. Even unto this day the Indian and many of the white men dread to pass the night near the Calumet and they say that Caduc's moans are preserved by the winds, and are heard on the shore at night. Others more superstitious declare that he is seen walking the island and beckoning to the raftmen to come and take him.

But to all those who live in that region or who travel along the Ottawa no spot is better known for its wild terrors than the Calumet rapid—no place more famous than the little island now generally known as Caduc's Grave.

ANOMALIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty deer is dear to me,
And a hare with downy hair;
A hart with all my heart I love,
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one take a plane
To shave a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
And tears away all tares—

And Wright in writing "right" may write
It "wright," and still be wrong;
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"
And don't to wright belong.

Beer oftens brings a bier to man—
Coughing a coffin brings;
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as some other things.

The person lies who says he lies
When he is not reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline
They all decline reclining.

A quail don't quail before a storm—
A beau will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all,
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes awhile, then dies;
To dye he's always trying,
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son;
All Deys must have their days,
And every knight should pray each night
To Him who weighs his ways.

'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.

A lass, alas! is sometimes false;
Of faults a maid is made;
Her waist is but a barren waste—
Though stay'd, she is not staid.

The springs spring forward in spring,
And shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
Their leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale—
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

[In entering on this, our Fifth Volume, we intend to make the "Children's Corner," more than ordinarily interesting and instructive. To this end we publish in our present number the first of a series of chapters on the "Earth we Inhabit." These to be followedby papers on the "Wonders of Astronomy," and other kindred subjects. From the clear, simple, and objective manner in which these chapters will be presented to children and the facts deduced and developed therefrom, it is our firm belief, as well as earnest hope,that the "Children's Corner" will have a strong attraction for many who have long since passed the Rubicon of childhood.]

CHAPTER I.

HOW MANY POUNDS THE WHOLE EARTH WEIGHS.

NATURAL philosophers have considered and investigated subjects that often appear to the unscientific man beyond the reach of human intelligence. Among these subjects may be reckoned the question, "How many pounds does the whole earth weigh?"

One would, indeed, believe that this is easy to answer. A person might assign almost any weight, and be perfectly certain that nobody would run after a scale in order to examine whether or not an ounce were wanting. Yet this question is by no means a joke, and the

answer to it is by no means a guess; on the contrary, both are real scientific results. The question in itself is as important a one, as the answer, which we are able to give, is a correct one.

Knowing the size of our globe one would think that there was no difficulty in determining its weight. To do this it would be necessary only to make a little ball of earth that can be accurately weighed; then we could easily calculate how *many times* the earth is larger than this little ball; and by so doing we might tell at one's finger ends, that—if we suppose the little earth-ball to weigh a hundred-weight, the whole globe being so many times larger, must weigh so many hundred-weights. Such a proceeding, however. would be very likely to mislead us. For all depends on the substance the little ball is made of. If made of loose earth it will weigh little; if stones are taken with it, it will weigh more; while if metals were put in it would, according to the metal you take, weigh still more.

If then we wish to determine the weight of our globe by the weight of that little ball, it is first necessary to know of what our globe consists; whether it contains stones, metals, or things entirely unknown; whether empty cavities, or whether, indeed, the whole earth is nothing but an empty sphere on the surface of which we live, and in whose inside there is possibly another world that might be reached by boring through the thick shell. With the exercise of a little thought it will readily be seen that the question, "How much does the Earth weigh?" in reality directs us to the investigation of the character of the earth's contents; this, however, is a question of a scientific nature.

The problem was solved not very long ago. The result obtained was, that the earth weighs 6,069,094,272 billions of tons; that, as a general thing, it consists of a mass a little less heavy than iron; that towards the surface it contains lighter materials; that towards the centre they increase in density; and that, finally, the earth, though containing many cavities near the surface, is itself not a hollow globe.

The way and manner in which they were able to investigate this scientifically we will attempt in our next number to set forth as plainly and briefly as it can possibly be done.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE STAGE, ORIGIN OF VARIOUS POPULAR ANTHEMS, PLAYS, SONGS, &c., &c.

UNDER the above heading we intend during the progress of THE HARP to cater to the wants of our young readers by supplying them with some curious and interesting facts not generally known, but nevertheless worthy of space and worthy of remembrance.

TRAGEDY.

Tragedy, like other acts, was rude and imperfect in its commencement. Among the Greeks, from whom our dramatic entertainments are derived, the origin of this act was no other than the song which was commonly sung at the festival of Bacchus. A goat was the sacrifice offered to that god. After the sacrifice, the priests and all the company attending, sung hymns in honor of Bacchus; and from the name of the victim, a Greek word for goat, joined with the Greek for a song, undoubtedly arose the word *tragedy*.

ORATORIOS.

The *oratorio* commenced with the fathers of the Oratory. In order to draw youth to church they had hymns, psalms, and spiritual songs, or cantatas, sung either in chorus, or by a single voice. These pieces were divided into two parts, the one performed before the sermon, and the other after it. Sacred stories, or events from Scripture, written in verse, and by way of dialogue, were set to music, and the first part being performed, the sermon succeeded, which the people were induced to stay and hear, that they might be present at the second part.

The subjects in early times were the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, Tobit with the Angel, his Father, and his Wife, and similar histories, which by the excellence of the composition, the band of instruments, and the performance, brought the Oratory into great repute, hence this species of musical drama obtained the general appelation of Oratorio.

RELIGIOUS PLAYS.

Appollinarius, who lived in the time of the emperor Julian, wrote religious odes, and turned particular histories and portions of the Old and New Testament into comedies and tragedies after the manner of Menander, Euripides, and Pindar. These were called mysteries, and were the first dramatic performances. The first dramatic representation in Italy was a spiritual comedy performed at Padau, in 1243, and there was a company instituted in Rome in 1264, whose chief employment was to represent the sufferings of Christ in Passion Week. In 1313, Philip the Fair, gave the most sumptuous entertainment at Paris ever remembered in that city. Edward II., and his queen Isabella, crossed over from England with a large retinue of nobility. and partook of the magnificent festivities. The pomp and profusion of the banquetings, the variety of amusements, and the splendor of the costumes were unsurpassed. On the occasion, Religious Plays were represented of the Glory of the Blessed, and at other times with the Torments of the Damned, and various other spectacles.

The Religious Guild, or fraternity of Corpus Christi at York, was obliged annually to perform a Corpus Christi play. But the more eminent performers of mysteries were the Society of Parish Clerks of London. On the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July, 1390, they played Interludes at Skinner's Well, as the usual place of their performance, before King Richard II., his queen, and their court; and at the same place, in 1490, they played the Creation of the World. The first trace of theatrical performance, however, in England, is recorded by Matthew Paris, who wrote about 1240, and relates that Geoffrey, a learned Norman, master of the school of the Abbey of Dunstable, composed the play of St. Catherine, which was acted by his scholars. Geoffrey's performance took place in the year 1110, and he borrowed copes from the sacrist of St. Albans to dress his characters. In the reign of Henry VII., 1487, that king in his castle at Winchester, was entertained on a Sunday while at dinner with the performance of Christ's Descent into Hell; and on the feast of St. Margaret in 1511, the miracle play of the Holy Martyr St. George was acted on a stage in an open field at Bassingborne, in Cambridgeshire, at which were a minstrel and three waits hired from Cambridge, with a property-man and a painter. Thus, it appears, that the earliest dramatic performances were of a religious nature, and that the present drama as will be seen in another article, takes its rise from the 16th century.

My young readers will not fail to observe the moral conveyed by this truly exquisite poetic gem.

THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

The white turkey was dead! The white turkey was dead!
How the news through the barn-yard went flying!
Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys left,
And their case for assistance was crying.
E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail,
As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
And his plainer wife said, "now the old bird is dead,
Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?"
And when evening around them comes dreary and chill,
Who above them will watchfully hover?"
"Two each night I will tuck 'neath my wing," said the Duck,
"Though I've eight of my own I must cover!"
"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms,
In the garden, 'tis tiresome pickin';
I've nothing to spare—for my own I must care."
Said then the Hen with one chicken.
"How I wish," said the Goose, "I could be of some use,
For my heart is with love over-brimming;
The next morning that's fine, they shall go with my nine
Little yellow-backed goslins, out swimming!"
"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in
"And for help they may call upon me too,
Though I've ten of my own that are only half grown,
And a great deal of trouble to see to;
But these poor little things, they are all head and wings,
And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"
"Very hard it may be, but, Oh, don't come to me!"
Said the Hen with one chicken.
"Half my care I suppose, there is nobody knows,
I'm the most overburdened of mothers!
They must learn, little elves! how to scratch for themselves,

And not seek to depend upon others."
She went by with a chuck, and the Goose to
the Duck
Exclaimed with surprise, "Well, I never!"
Said the Duck, "I declare those who have
the least care,
You will find are complaining forever!
And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,
And when troubles your pathway are thick
in,
For some aid in your woe, Oh, beware how
you go
To a Hen with one chicken."

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him:—
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision:—
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision.

HONOR OLD AGE.

Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man as he passes slowly along. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair and changed the round face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with asperations co-equal to any you have felt; aspirations were crushed by disapointment, as yours are destined to be. Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau-ideal of grace; now the hand of Time, that withers the flowers of yesterday, has warped the figure and destroyed that noble carriage. Once, at your age, he had the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain—now wishing to accomplish something worthy in fame; anon, imagining life a dream that the sooner woke from the better. But he has lived the dream nearly through. The time to awake is very near at hand; yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and his hand takes a firm grip of his staff. Bow low your head boy, as you would in your old age be reverenced.

MR. BOSTWICK'S EXPERIMENT.

It occurred to Mr. Bostwick, of West Hill, who is much given to pondering over and investigating matters of this kind, that of all the "heaters" he had yet seen, not one had caught, in a practical manner, at the solution of the problem how to keep more heat in the room than escapes up the chimney. Mr. Bostwick said that a series of hot and cold air pipes was all well enough, and so was a series of drums and air chambers, but after all, simplicity was the thing to be aimed at, and the principle was this: By the time the heat got to the top of the chimney there wasn't much of it left. It got away someway and somewhere on the way up. Now, if you could only keep it in the room, and make it travel a great enough distance before it got to the flue, it would all stay in the room instead of a wretched little per cent. All that you wanted was a sufficient length of pipe, supplied with dampers at regular intervals to retard the progress of the heat, and by the time the smoke got to the chimney, it would be cold as a spare-bed room, and every degree of heat generated in the stove would be disseminated in the room, and a man could winter his family on three cords of wood, keep every window in the house open day and night, and raise celery and early vegetables right along in February.

Mr. Bostwick put his theory into immediate operation. He bought two hundred and eighty-five feet of stovepipe, and everybody thought that he had gone mad. Men who had put up eight feet of stovepipe every year since they had been married came to him with tears in their eyes and begged him to hire a man to put it up, assuring him that it would be money saved. Women came to Mrs. Bostwick and urged her to stay with them, or board at a hotel, while the work was being done, assuring her that it would be all her life was worth to stay in a house where a man was putting up that much stovepipe. Between the two a compromise was effected. Mr. Bostwick hired an orthodox stove-man, in good standing and full fellowship, to come up and help him. Then he had a carpenter cut the necessary holes through the partitions and floors, and

they went to work. They coiled the pipe around the room, protecting the partitions and floors, with earthenware collars where the pipe passed through them, until the house looked like an immense still. Mr. Bostwick put the terminus of the pipe into the flue himself, adjusting the socket and fitting the pipe with as much pomp and ceremony as though he was driving the last spike in the narrow gauge railroad.

"There," he said, "open the windows and look for Summer."

And he lighted the fire in the big wood stove, closed the dampers all along the line, and stood back holding his blackened hands with their outspread fingers away from him, and looked with proud anticipation for the result of his experiment.

Smoke.

It came creeping out of the joints of the pipe, and stealing out of the cracks around the stove door and plate, it curled up around the collars, and wound up the tinted wall paper like so many snakes; dark, heavy, gray smoke: pale, thin, blue smoke; cloudy, white smoke, streaked with black, so greasy that you could fairly smell the creosote; long, wavy folds of mouse-colored smoke. It grew less frequent and smaller in volume as it emerged at points further from the stove, until about 115,000 feet before it reached the flue it ceased to come out of the pipe, and the man said he guessed there was no waste heat escaping up the flue, and Mrs. Bostwick with a horrified look at the wall paper, sat down and wept.

The more they experimented the more smoke they got, until at last Bostwick reluctantly admitted that the distance was too great for the size of the stove. Opening the dampers only had the effect of coaxing the smoke a little further along the pipe, and Mr. Bostwick was compelled, late in the afternoon, to order the pipe in the upper rooms to be taken out. This left him with about 150 feet of pipe down stairs, which he knew would work like a charm. It worked like a creosote factory. The only effect of shortening the pipe was to increase the density of smoke. It came out of seams and joints and places in the stove and pipe where the man said he never knew there was a joint. The children, coughing like freight engines, had been sent over to a neighbor's, where they carried such a smell of smoke that the alarm of fire was raised, and everybody went prowling around in closets, attics, bed-rooms, and halls, hunting for the fire, before the little innocents had been in the house five minutes.

Mrs. Bostwick, between crying over the wall paper and picture frames, and gouging the smoke out of her eyes with her apron, had rubbed and wept her whole face into one great red inflammation and Bostwick was so blind and mad and full of smoke that he felt, looked, and smelt like a hastily extinguished torchlight procession. He took down joint after joint of pipe, but the more he shortened it the worse it got, until at last, in desperation, he tore down the whole thing, threw it out of the window, and fitted the stove back in its place, with the old eight feet of pipe and one elbow, and yelled out to Mrs. Bostwick to bring the children home and get supper. And moodily remarking there was no use trying to do anything with a woman in the house, which appeared to give him a great deal of comfort, he relighted the fire and started it up.

If there had been smoke before, he was at a loss what to call the present manifestation. It came puffing and rolling out of the chimney, out of the pipe, out of the stove, in clouds that you could have hung a hat on, Bostwick could take his oath that the curling columns of blue smoke came out of the figures on the stove legs. He couldn't speak. He had never seen so much smoke in his life. The room was growing as black as Egypt. What did it mean? Bostwick believed that the prince of darkness had got into the pipe. Every time he drew a breath he could feel the smoke curl out of his ears. He felt and felt his way to the nearest window in blank amazement, and tumbling out of it, looked up and beheld the cleanest, purest chimney top he had ever seen in his life, with not a line of smoke within four hundred miles of it.

"Great—," he exclaimed, "somebody wake me up!"

Just then Mrs. Bostwick came weeping out on the side porch, looking around for something, as well as she

could look, with the things she was using for her eyes.

"I believe that precious man of yours," she sobbed, "ran away with my butter jar."

"What jar?" snarled Mr. Bostwick, who was too mad and bewildered to take much interest in household affairs.

"Why, my butter jar," she replied. "I had washed it to send it back to the grocery, and it was sitting out here with his stovepipe things, and he has taken it away with them.

Mr. Bostwick didn't say anything, but he went slowly into the house, put on his buckskin gloves, felt his way to the stove, climbed on a chair and pulled the pipe out of the hole. Then he seized the rim of the collar and pulled Mrs. Bostwick's butter jar, intact, sound as a nut, uncracked, and purified by fumigation. He went out of the house with it. Mrs. Bostwick said, "That's it;" but he heeded her not. He strode out to the front fence. "Where are you going with it," she cried. He never answered her. He opened the gate and went out into the middle of the street, set the butter jar down and held it down with his foot. He pulled off his coat.

"Asahel Bostwick," called his wife "that's my butter jar."

He rolled up his sleeves and clutched the butter jar without a word. He raised it in the air and poised himself to throw it fifteen thousand miles. But his foot slipped on the snow and the jar fell out of his hand, sprained his wrist, and dropped on a stone not sixty feet away, breaking itself. And since that day, no man has dared to talk with Mr. Bostwick about heaters.

A Remark well worth Universal Reflection.—If mourning were altogether out of use, a vast mass of suffering would be prevented from coming into existence.

A Nice Geographer.—Lady Luxborough, in her letters to Shenstone, speaks of a noble lord, who, having maintained that England was bigger than France, had no other way to prove it, but to cut each kingdom out of two maps of different scales, and to weigh them.

FACETIÆ.

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.

When a man's temper gets the best of him it reveals the worst of him.

Why is a ship the politest thing in the world? because she always advances with a bow.

It is one of the curious things of the world that a male hair dresser often dyes an old maid.

An enterprising sign painter says he would pay liberally for the brush that "the signs of the times" are painted with.

Marie Christine has begun the study of the Spanish language. When Alphonso speaks to her she is going to know how to talk back.

Tempora mutantur—Formerly they were foolish virgins, who had no oil; now they are the foolish virgins who are too free with the kerosene.

A recent obituary notice says:—Mr. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married!"

It was a certain Mrs. A. J., of Louisiana who wrote in a Congressman's album:—Let me tell the lies of a nation and I care not who makes its laws.

It seems strange, but it is true. When we spend a dollar on ourselves we soon forget it, but when we give a dime to another we remember it a long time.

Mother (very sweetly) to children who have just had a distribution of candy: "What do children say when they get candy?" Chorus: "More!"

"Will you have some more beans, Johnny?" "No." "No, what?" No beans," says Johnny, solemnly, pretending not to understand what is desired.

A ton of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth $30,000.

"Be ever ready to acknowledge a favour," said a writer. "We are, sir; we are. What troubles us is that on one side we are completely loaded down with readiness, while on the other side opportunity is painfully scarce."

Notable Anniversaries in November.

Date.	day of Week.	
1	Sat	All Saints. Allen, Larkin, O'Brien, Condon and Maguire sentenced to death for the Fenian rescue at Manchester, 1867.
2	Sun	All Souls. State Trials (Repeal) began, 1843.
3	Mon	Edmund Kean born, 1773. John Mitchel born, 1815. Catholic University, Dublin, opened, 1854. The Irish Pontifical Brigade, after service in the recent defence of the Papal territories, arrive at Queenstown, 1860.
4	Tues	St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh. William III. landed, 1688. Peace with France proclaimed in Dublin, 1697.
5	Wed	Capitulation of Ballynakill, 1646. Charles Lucas, M. D., died, 1771. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy sailed from England, 1855.
6	Thurs	Massacre of the entire population (3,000) of Island Magee by the garrison of Carrickfergus, 1641. Death of Owen Roe O'Neill, 1649.
7	Fri	New Custom House, Dublin, opened for business, 1791. O'Connell chosen Lord Mayor of Dublin, 1841.
8	Sat	Hugh Ward died, 1635.
9	Sun	Directions given by the Irish Society, "in order that Derry might not in future be peopled with Irish," that the inhabitants should not keep Irish servants or Irish apprentices, 1615. First meeting of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, at the Eagle Tavern, Eustace Street: Chairman, the Honorable Simeon Butler.
10	Mon	James, last Earl of Desmond, slain. Grand National Convention of Volunteers assembled at the Royal Exchange, 1783. M'Manus' Funeral, in Dublin, 1861.
11	Tues	Killeveny Chapel, Wexford, burned by the Yeomanry, 1798. Capture of James Stephens, Charles J. Kickham, H. Brophy, and Edward Duffy, at Fairfield House, near Dublin, in the year 1865.
12	Wed	Rinuccini arrived in Kilkenny, 1645. Battle of Knocknanoss, 1647.
13	Thurs	Repeal Rent for the week, £1,073 10s 1½d, 1843.
14	Fri	St. Laurence O'Toole, Patron of Dublin, died in the Monastery of Augum (now Eu), France, 1180. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, died, 1832.
15	Sat	Thomas Addis Emmet died in New York, 1827.
16	Sun	Florence Conroy died, 1629. Sentence of penal servitude on W. Halpin, J. Warren, and A. E. Costollo, 1867.
17	Mon	Wolfe Tone died in prison, 1798.
[illegible]	Tues	Banquet of Irish, English, and Scotch in Paris, to celebrate the victories of the Republicans, Lord Edward Fitzgerald present, 1792.
19	Wed	Decree of fraternity and assistance to all peoples passed by the French Convention, 1792.
20	Thurs	Proclamation that all who exercise spiritual jurisdiction under the Pope should on this date quit Ireland, 1678
21	Fri	St. Columbanus died at Bobbio in Italy, 615. Thomas Russell born at Bessborough, in the county Cork, 1767.
22	Sat	Irish Catholic "recusants" summoned to appear before the Lord Deputy in the Star Chamber.
23	Sun	Execution of William P. Allen, Michael O'Brien, and Michael Larkin, for the Fenian rescue at Manchester, 1867.
24	Mon	St. Colman, Patron of Cloyne. Napper Tandy arrested on neutral ground by order of the British Consul, 1798. Escape of James Stephens, Fenian "Head Centre," from Richmond Prison, Dublin, 1865.
25	Tues	O'Donovan Rossa elected member of Parliament for Tipperaay, 1869.
26	Wed	Ireton died, 1651.
27	Thurs	Roderick O'Connor, last King of Ireland, died in the 82d year of his age, 1198. Opening of the Special Commission in Dublin for trial of Fenian prisoners, 1865.
28	Fri	Bedford Asylum for poor children founded by the Duke of Bedford, in Brunswick Street, Dublin, 1806.
29	Sat	Oliver Goldsmith born, 1731.
30	Sun	Dean Swift born, 1667.

Weakness of Old Age.—Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.—*Lord Bacon.*

The Beautiful and Useful.—The useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it; the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth, and many need it.—*Goethe.*