

cause it to be discontinued in the Scotch organs, and it will soon fall into desuetude here. The monkey's attribute of imitation belongs largely to some of our great journalists. When Sandy laughs at Ireland they laugh; when Sandy ceases they will cease also. They are really very funny fellows, and it is a pity they should ever lack the enjoyment of a broad grin. What an endless source of merriment they would have could they see themselves as they are seen by others!

Yours, &c.

October 26, 1874.

BELFAST.

PICTURES FROM IRELAND.

We take a few extracts from an article in the 'Catholic World' entitled "A Glimpse of the Green Isle" :—

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

There is little now that is regal about "Cashel of the Kings." It has its ruins, but nothing else. The approaches to the ruins show more of poverty and discomfort than I remember to have seen in any other town in Ireland. There is a majesty about the ruins. The rock on which they stand is about three hundred feet high. There is a lofty round tower in a good state of preservation. The frescoes in one of the halls, said to have been the council chamber, are in a state of wonderful freshness. The floors of some of the apartments in the second story seem as perfect as ever they could have been. The carved stone-work over the porch of one of the entrances—to Cormac's Chapel, I think—is the admiration of connoisseurs. Every foot of this ground awakens a historical remembrance. I see the rude rulers of ancient Ireland assembled in their regal state. The second Henry and Edward Bruce pass before my mind's eye. I see that fierce and unscrupulous nobleman, the eighth of the Geraldine earls of Kildare, and think of his astonishing ideas of right and wrong. When Mormion Harry took him to task for burning the Cathedral of Cashel, he pleaded as his excuse, that when he fired the church he thought the bishop was in it! What a pleasant neighbor Lord Gerald must have been!

HOLY CROSS ABBEY.

About four or five miles from Thurles are the ruins of Holy Cross Abbey. Our ride thither was through a delightful country in all the humid beauty of an Irish spring. The ruins are not extensive. They have been so often and so minutely described that a detailed description is not necessary here. Besides, I am not writing a guide-book. I must mention, however, a stone ballustrade. The principal window is a splendid piece of work. It is in excellent preservation. There are a number of tombs of considerable age in the abbey. Near the principal window is one to which a singular legend is attached. It was related to us by the guardian of the place, an old woman of 80, but hale and hearty, chatty and cheerful—such a pleasant female Old Mortality as the immortal Sir Walter would have loved to study and depict. I have often wondered at the cheerfulness with which the old among the Irish poor bear the burden of lengthened existence. The tomb is of stone, and in its upper surface is a hollow. The old woman told us that it was worn by a rain-drop which for many years fell unceasingly from the roof until the constant dropping wore into the stone the hollow that we saw. The drop began to fall on the commission of some crime, or some offence against the church—she did not recollect which—by "one of the family"—"perhaps some trouble with the priest of the parish." It continued to fall, drip, drip, drip, rain or shine, year in and year out, until the crime was atoned for, or the offences pardoned, or the family sold out and left the country. Then the drop ceased to fall, and has never fallen since. * * *

SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

Certain tourists have claimed for Sackville street the proud pre-eminence of being "the finest thoroughfare in Europe." I do not think the claim well-founded. I do not consider it equal to some of the new boulevards in Paris, or even to some of those in Brussels. It is certainly grand and imposing as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Sackville street, however, presents a lively scene on a fine afternoon. Beautiful women, well-dressed gentlemen, rich toilets, and magnificent equipages may then be seen; the toilets superior to anything to be seen out of Paris, the equipages not to be equalled out of London. Nothing that I have seen on the Continent of Europe can compare with the "turnouts" and "cattle" driven in Dublin. The most beautiful equipage I have noticed, and at the same time the chubst in its elegant simplicity, was that of Earl Spencer, the present viceroy; four dark bays—blood horses—with postillions and out-riders in a dark livery almost black, with white buckskin breeches and topboots. Not a brass button or strip of tawdry gold lace to be seen. Compared with this equipage, the state carriages at Buckingham Palace and Versailles looked like circus wagons.

THE IRISH PEOPLE.

I have already said that the Irish in Ireland are becoming a serious people. I did not meet a single specimen of the Irish joker, indispensable to the tourist in Ireland a quarter of a century ago. If he ever existed as they represented him, the railways have killed him. Now there is no time for display of wit, so called. I think the extinction of the genius "joker" is something to be grateful for. I did not see any evidence of suffering among the laboring classes or any more raggedness than in England, France, or Germany. Artizans are becoming scarce, and can command good wages. It is hard to get agricultural laborers; they can almost get their own terms. Those who may be obtained cannot be kept very long; they work merely to save enough to join their relatives and friends in the Land of the Free.

The traditional costume of the stage Irishman is as rarely seen in Ireland as the short-waisted, long-tailed coat, and striped trousers of the stage Yankee in the United States. I saw but one pair of "knee-breeches" between Cork and Kingstown.

I did not encounter a single shillelah.

Miss Hope Scott, a grand-daughter of Sir Walter, and a Catholic, was married on July 21.

MR VOGEL'S FIRST LEAP IN POLITICAL LIFE.

THE following amusing sketch of Mr Vogel's introduction to public life in New Zealand, is taken from a pamphlet just published in Auckland by Mr W. L. Rees, entitled "The Coming Crisis:"—"Mr Vogel's introduction to the General Assembly was at least romantic. A writ had been issued for the return of a member to the House of Representatives for one of the electoral districts of Otago. Mr Gillies, the father of the late Superintendent of Auckland, being Returning Officer, repaired to the appointed place of nomination to perform his duties. Mr Vogel, as editor of the 'Otago Daily Times,' in lieu of an ordinary reporter, also attended. The time was one in which men were making money rapidly. The Otago Gold Fields were very prosperous. Politics were at a discount: they did not pay. Especially was this the case in reference to the politics of the General Government, for at that time the provinces were everything. When the scene of operations was reached, Mr Gillies began to read the writ to the solitary auditor, Julius Vogel. There was no candidate, no proposer, no public. Suddenly Mr Vogel thought, 'I will be elected!' He went instantly to the adjacent Provincial offices, asked two gentlemen (one of them since dead) to come out and nominate and second him, and with them came back to where Mr Gillies yet stood patiently waiting for the return of the future dictator of New Zealand. One man, attracted by the somewhat remarkable circumstance of an elderly gentleman reading a public announcement to nobody, stood to listen; while Mr Albert Devore, now a solicitor practising in Auckland, on his way to one of the Courts, also attracted by the peculiar appearance, joined him. Then returned Mr Vogel and the two gentlemen. He was duly proposed, seconded, and declared duly elected, and the six people separated. The two gentlemen whose services launched Mr Vogel upon his political career returned to their official toil; little dreaming of the part they had taken in the history of New Zealand. The strange man who stopped, with open mouth, to listen to Mr Gillies reading to nobody, and who himself supplied an auditor, came there for a moment unknown, and then passed away into the unknown from whence he came. Mr Devore is a rising solicitor, and Mr Vogel is Premier of New Zealand."

ARE THE IRISH FIT FOR SELF GOVERNMENT?

ONE of the English writers on the 'New York Times' lately asked this question, and answered it, of course, to please himself. He finds, however, that his is not in England when he belittles Irishmen in New York. The 'New York Herald' of July 30, indignantly says:—

"We pass by, for the moment, the historical fact that at the close of the last century Ireland had what she now seeks; that it was taken from her in 1800, forcibly and corruptly; and that she now asks only a part of that which Irishmen claim as their inalienable right. Independently of this, the inquiry is whether self-government in local matters is or is not a sound and wise rule of political conduct. If it be, why should its application to Ireland, under proper safeguards, be refused by England? Are the people of Ireland unfit for self-legislation? The conduct in the United States of those who came hither does not prove it. With us they take attentive, serious, patient, and intelligent interest in public affairs. Indeed, if we mistake not, the large municipal and city organizations in Ireland show as good government by Irishmen as any people can exhibit. Irish cities are quite as orderly and self-respecting as English cities. Certainly is not for those who insist that negroes are capable of self-legislation to deny it to Irishmen."

The 'New York Commercial Advertiser' of July 30, answers the slander in the following words:—

"The 'Times' has imported another 'distinguished English journalist' to write down 'Ireland and the Irish.' The other day he labored through a column to show that Irishmen are unfit for self-government. This slander against the Irish is a stale and exploded one. It is the old argument of the great grandfathers of monarchy, and the believers in the divine right of kings and other fantasticals. This English defamer of Irishmen would have the readers of the 'Times' believe that Ireland and the internal affairs of that country are guided and controlled by Englishmen. He ignores the fact that local self-government exists in every part of Ireland just as extensively as it does in this country. There is hardly a city or town in Ireland where the people do not elect their Mayor, Aldermen and town officers. The best municipal governments in the world are found in Ireland, simply because the taxpayers and property holders are the political managers. In about every city, Mayor, Aldermen, and Councilmen serve without compensation. Bad as Irishmen are made to appear by English writers, and the offal and scum that come to the political front in this country, you may look in vain to find municipal robbers and swindlers in Ireland. They may break each other's heads, but they are seldom found breaking into the public treasury. We will be told by such defamers of Irishmen, as the 'New York Times' employs, that the Mayor and Aldermen are not Irishmen, they are men of English descent. This is the dodge Englishmen generally resort to when they wish to belittle Irishmen. They have claimed General Washington as an Englishman."

NOVELS.—According to the opinion of Mr Anthony Trollope, novels are usually good and healthful reading. He considers them the sermons of the present day—or at any rate the sermons which are listened to with the most rapt attention. In short, he esteems the novelist a professor with many pupils, who gives on the whole, lessons of honor and usefulness. Mr Trollope's idea of the novelist as a reformer, moralist and teacher, will be apt to astonish some very excellent orthodox people, but it is set on a serious foundation. The influence of the novel grows with every year, and at a rate that is something alarming when it is borne in mind how much of modern fiction is the veriest nonsensical trash, if nothing worse.

Count de Jarnac, the new French Minister to England, is of part Irish descent, his mother being Lady Grace Geraldine Fitzgerald