

Poet's Corner.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"Soldiers, from yonder Pyramids
Two thousand years behold your deeds!"
The red-mouthed orators of war
Make answer, and the battle car
Shakes Pharaoh's dust-heaped coffin lids,
While tawny Egypt bows and bleeds,
And sees her babes hid as of old
Along the river reeds.

Rides retribution like a ghost
To point the Sphinx where Libya bled?
O weep fair maidens of fair France!
A boy, and in his breast a lance,
Lies dead in mail on God's outpost,
And thus to die—die so, alone,
In that same land where he once led
Through legions to a throne!

Dead! Stark dead in the tall, rank grass!
Dead! and lone in the great, dark land!
O mother! not Empress now, mother,
And a nobler name, too, than all other,
The laurel leaf fades from the haud,
O mother that waitest, a mass!
Masses and chants must be said,
And cypress instead.

Dead! Dead in the long, strong grasses!
He died with his sword in his hand.
Who says it? who saw it? God saw it!
And I knew him! St. George! he would draw it
Though they swooped down in masses
Right on him and darkened the land!
Then the seventeen wounds in his breast!
Ah! these witness best.

Fighting alone, single handed,
All heathendom! Falling alone!
Pitiful God! The black creatures,
With fierce, savage, cannibal features,
Cursed from the first and Cain-branded,
Rush on where he lies overthrown:
Strike him dead! Strip the dead!
Then back, as in dread.

Doing the thing he was born to.
What may mortal else than this?
Peasant born or born a lord,
Be a man at plow or sword.
High or low, let no man scorn to
Make his heritage all his;
Or, failing in this noblest aim,
Grandly die the same.

Content you so, for Heaven willed it,
Rear a white tombstone with pride
Where this boy crusader died.
So to mark the utmost limit
Of God's law and man's domain.
Noblest Prince's blood, he spilled it
Generous as heaven's white rain,
And would again.

Bravest, fairest boy! Oh, never
Knew France a knightlier son than thou.
And Paris, changeful, woman Paris,
When she knows what her despair is,
She shall kindlier speak than now;
Naming thee her own forever.
She shall beg thy dust some day
From silent Africa.

Rocky Mountains, June, 1879.

—Harper's Bazaar.

The failures of farmers are becoming alarmingly great in England. In 1870 they numbered 229; in 1875, 354; in 1876, 480; in 1877, 477; in 1878, 815, and in the first half of 1879 no fewer than 611. In addition, the facts are well known that farmers in many counties are now losing their capital, that landlords find great difficulty in reletting at any price, and that the remission of rent has only met a portion of the difficulty.

Catholic women of Rome in very large numbers have signed and published a formal protest against the proposed Italian law which makes the civil marriage obligatory before the ecclesiastical. They solemnly affirm as an imperative duty their unalterable faith in "the doctrine taught by the one true Church of Jesus Christ, namely, that Christian marriage is a sacrament of divine institution, and that, as such, it belongs not to the Civil Power but to the Catholic Church, to whom the Son of God has exclusively confided the administration of his sacraments. They feel profoundly, they say, the gratitude they feel to Jesus Christ for having sanctified the marriage bond with His Divine Grace, for by this means he raised woman to a higher scale in the Kingdom of Grace; while ancient paganism "left her in a position of little else than that of a slave to man; to which state, without the help of God, she will speedily return."

DARK CLOUDS IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, July 3, 1879.

THOSE who can recall the fearful scenes of misery and destitution which prevailed in this country during the years '47 and '48, rendered remarkable by the failure of the potato crop, are not unlikely to witness a period almost as trying. A succession of bad seasons, extravagant rents, which are not only demanded, but wrenched from the unfortunate tenantry at the point of the bayonet, and lowering prices on account of the vast increase in the importation of all edible commodities, have reduced the condition of the farming classes to a state bordering on bankruptcy, while the depression felt by the agricultural community has spread and continues to expand over all grades among the industrial classes. Dark clouds, indeed, hover over the land and in many places they have descended, bringing starvation and positive ruin wherever they have fallen. Factories are closing *in toto*, the banks refuse to advance money except when unexceptionable security is forthcoming, and although some landlords are returning from ten to twenty-five per cent. of the rents the vast majority must have their "pound of flesh," and thus there is every prospect of the country drifting into a state worse than what decimated it in the famine years already alluded to. Misery in its chrysalis condition only has as yet made its hideous appearance in Ulster and Leinster, but the western portion of Munster and the entire province of Connaught have already bowed down under the awful visitation.

From enquiries which I have personally instituted in Mayo and Sligo I can assert that in these counties the farming classes are on the threshold of the workhouse. Unprofitable seasons have, as I have said, led to this; but there is a contributory cause, and this is the system of credit which traders allowed and which made the population anything but thrifty; and now, that dark days have arrived, their energies are paralyzed and efforts in any direction appear unavailing. That districts not as yet included in the scope on which desolation has come must in a short time feel the terrible depression is certain, unless Providence interposes. Within twelve months Leinster farmers have had their rents increased by more than twenty per cent., and with fully thirty per cent. of a decrease in the value of all produce the position can be easily understood. Ireland's oldest duke, the head of the Geraldians, has led the way, and just as the prospects of bad times had become assured his representatives set to work to increase his rent roll, the process being in many cases repeated in the short space of a dozen years. Agreements, commonly called leases, were issued only to make the heel of oppression the more keenly felt, as clauses, rendered legal by an abortive Land Act, were introduced to cripple the tenantry and oust them from any claims which the most stupid enactment in the British statute book contains. Rents are still forthcoming on some places, but in the counties which I have named above, Sligo and Mayo, the landlords, have in many instances not a penny to receive. Their own cruel misrule has turned on themselves, and by impoverishing those by whom they had to live they at last feel the biting of want.

Not a week ago an agent informed me that on the day he appointed for collections of rents he had not received a cent, nor does he see any prospect of payment. Monster meetings occur weekly, at which the people declare that they are willing and would have no difficulty to pay fair terms for their holdings. Of course the landocracy hold aloof, but how long they can afford to do so remains to be seen. In the course of one year 800 ejectments have been served in Mayo alone so that taking the small average of six to each family we would have 4,800 persons in this country alone homeless cast on the wide world, with no other shelter in their own land save that afforded by the unions. On Sunday, the 29th June, I attended a public meeting at Castlebar, which was promoted for the purpose of calling attention to the threatened evictions on the estate of Miss Crean Lynch, and on that occasion a Mr. Daly, in speaking of the state of the district, said he challenged any commissioner from Dublin Castle or elsewhere to find within the walls of many of the people who are to be evicted "a second animal, barring a cat, and in some cases he was aware that there was not sufficient food for the rat watcher without pinching the supply of some member of the family."

But it is useless to pursue this strain. It is patent to every one that the owners of property must either reduce their rents or take the land on their own hands. They are not likely to adopt the latter course, and may err in postponing the former until it becomes too late. The importation of cattle and sheep weigh heavily on prices of beef and mutton, but at the same time if it were not for the supplies from America and Spain meat would be a luxury only within the reach of the moneyed classes. The Irish press is, I think, to blame in not taking more cognizance of the depression which prevails. In this communication I have avoided details, as later on I shall furnish instances of misery than which I do not believe human nature in a civilized and Christianized State ever endured anything more crushing.—New York Herald.

During the heavy storm of Friday afternoon, June 27th, lightning struck St. Patrick's Church, in Chatham Village, N.Y., doing from 600 doles. to 1,000 doles. worth of damage. The fluid first entered the steeple, throwing off the ball at the top, and badly shattering the woodwork. It then scattered, running in various directions, and leaving its marks all over the Church. The altar linens were set on fire, vases were shattered, flowers burned and other mischief done. The most serious damage appears to be, however, the shock to the whole building, which may necessitate extensive repairs. As soon as the shock was over, and the church was seen to be struck, Henry Kelley ran inside, and, with great presence of mind, extinguished the kindling flames on the altar, thus preventing a destructive conflagration. Only a short time before the storm a funeral was held in the church, a large number of friends being in attendance. If the stroke had come then, it seems inevitable that there must have been a great loss of life, as the electric fluid was distributed through the whole church.—Waterloo Catholic Times.