

Poet's Corner.

LONGFELLOW.

The minstrel's voice is songless now,
Death's stamp is on that honor'd brow;
No dirge for him, no sigh nor tear—
We'll shout above the poet's bier—
Excelsior!

He swept his harp-strings clear and strong
'Til trees became alive with song,
And every trembling leaflet stirred
To music at his magic word—
Excelsior!

He touched a chord, and on the scene
Appeared the fair Evangeline
In Norman cap and kirtle blue,
Acadie's virgin pure and true—
Excelsior!

He peopled Strasburg's lofty spire
With spirits from the realms of fire,
Then put a soul in every bell
To triumph o'er the powers of hell—
Excelsior!

Across the harp his fingers ran,
And Plymouth's martial Puritan
Stepp'd into life, and madly strove
With Alden in the game of love—
Excelsior!

He struck out, as he passed along,
From sledge and anvil sparks of song,
Until the forge, 'neath chestnut tree,
Was filled with manly minstrelsy—
Excelsior!

He gathered from the Northland plains
Old echoes wild of Indian strains;
He beautified the songs of yore,
Then gave them to the woods once more—
Excelsior!

He gave new music to each rill,
He clothed the prairie and the hill
With rich romance; each forest pine
Shook with new melody divine—
Excelsior!

A grand old bard, with spotless page,
An honour to his land and age,
Full ripe for Heav'n, has passed away;
And Nature sings above his clay—
Excelsior!

THOMAS BRACKEN.

Morning Herald.

THE CORPSE OF AN INNOCENT WOMAN.

As a newspaper correspondent I had occasion to visit the old capitol prison at Washington, in February, 1869, to witness the exhumation and rendition to their respective friends of the remains of the conspirators in the Lincoln assassination. President Johnson was about to go out of office, and he issued an order permitting Christian burial to the bodies of five persons implicated in the death of Lincoln—Booth, Mrs. Surratt, Atzerodt, Payne, and Harold. They had been buried in ammunition boxes of common pine wood, six feet long, two feet wide, and two feet deep. When the lid was lifted from Booth's coffin the face was perfect, with the exception of a small hole about the size of a dime in each cheek. His hair was in as good condition as if he had just come out of a barber-shop. In taking out the body to place it in a handsome rosewood coffin supplied by his mother, Mrs. Booth, of Baltimore, the head dropped off from the body. No: so with Mrs. Surratt. Her face and form were perfect, and she looked like one in a happy dreamless sleep. Her head adhered to the body in the process of transfer. Payne's body was greatly wasted, but Atzerodt's was the worst of all; for when the army-blanket that covered the remains was lifted up it revealed a shapeless mass of blackened bones and ashes, with a bald and separate skull in the corner.

Talking of the Lincoln assassination, I remember asking Andrew Johnson one day when we were travelling through East Tennessee, at the time when he was running for Congressman-at-large against Horace Maynard and Frank Choatham, why it was he did not pardon Mrs. Surratt. He was in a communicative mood, and he said: "The true history of the case has never been told. It was represented in the papers that I refused to see Annie Surratt (the daughter of Mrs. Surratt) when she came to the White House, the morning of the execution, asking for the pardon of her mother. The fact is that I never knew it was Miss Surratt, because a man named Muzzy, who had general charge of the White House, came to me and said that there was a crazy woman down stairs and wanted to get in to see me, and she wouldn't give her name, but was crying and tearing her hair, and exhibiting all the evidences of insanity."—Exchange.

Correspondence.

We are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

AN APPEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Z. TABLET.

SIR,—Kindly permit me, through the medium of your valuable journal, to inform my Catholic fellow-countrymen and women that, having at the request of Sister Mary Francis Clare (Nun of Kenmare) opened a subscription list in aid of the founding of a Convent at Knock, in commemoration of the visit of the Mother of God, I respectfully solicit their assistance in favour of this most devout and holy work.

Catholic fellow-countrymen and women, I appeal to you to render your assistance in accomplishing the noble aim of our admirable countrywoman, who has done so much for our holy faith, and for the amelioration of the wrongs of our persecuted country. You are called on to contribute what you can spare in honour of our Blessed Lady and Ireland, and, I am sure, you will not hesitate in affording proof of your great veneration and love for both by nobly responding, one and all, to this appeal.—I am, &c.,

PATRICK NOLAN.

Ngapara, March 20.

P.S.—Intending subscribers will please address:—

Patrick Nolan,

Ngapara P. O., Otago.

THE IRISH NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE following letter has been received by Mr. Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*, from his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel:—

"The Palace, Thurles, January 28.

"My Dear Mr. Gray,—Allow me to congratulate you very heartily, and with you the universally-esteemed Lord Mayor of Dublin and certain other good and patriotic men, on the success of your efforts to have an Exhibition of Irish Arts and Industries held in Dublin this year. The project has at last taken a practical shape, and can hardly fail now to be a great success.

"Under existing circumstances in Ireland, with 500 of our most valued countrymen in gaol, though not convicted of any offence, and while the liberty of every Irish citizen may, without exaggeration, be said to depend on the estimate formed of him by policemen and other such formidable potentates, it would, in my humble opinion, have been mean-spirited and unbecoming in a high degree on the part of the promoters of the Exhibition to have sought for, or even accepted, any patronage except that of the Irish people. Indeed, it is very much to be regretted that the vexatious question of State patronage had ever been raised; but it is, at the same time, fortunate that it has been finally set at rest, and settled withal in a manner completely in harmony with the popular sentiment.

"I shall have much pleasure in subscribing for 50 shares in the proposed Limited Liability Company, and take this opportunity of recommending it to the country at large, but in a special manner to the patriotic priests and people of the county of Tipperary.—I remain, my dear Mr. Gray, your very faithful servant,

"T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel.

GRATTAN, PARNELL, AND THE ENGLISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

THE attorney-General (Sir Henry James) has been making a speech at Burton-on-Trent; and, while condemning the leaders of the Irish party, he has managed to prove the truth of a statement of Mr. Parnell's. In the speech—which sent him to jail—delivered at Wexford on the 9th of October last year Mr. Parnell said: "In the opinion of an English statement, no man is good in Ireland until he is dead and buried, and unable to strike a blow for Ireland. Perhaps the day may come when I may get a good word from English statesmen as being a moderate man—after I am dead and buried."

Speaking on Saturday, Jan. 21st, the attorney general said: If ever there was a time when Ireland might have looked for the sympathy of a Minister whose instincts would carry him far in favour of any legitimate national movement, as well as that of a Parliament and a people, I say that it is now (loud cheers). And yet that sympathy has been more than warped; it has been repelled (cheers). It is not unnatural that our minds should turn back to the consideration of those men who have before now struggled to redress Irish grievances. For nearly fifty years Henry Grattan did his part in fighting the battle of the Irish nation. He lived in troubled times for Ireland. He had to deal with grievances, some of them now redressed. He had to complain of penal laws, Catholic disabilities, the Church of a minority, all of which have passed away (cheers). He fought for and gained Parliamentary independence for his country. He had the sorrow of seeing her corruptly deprived of it. As he sadly, yet proudly, boasted, he "had sat by its cradle, he followed its hearse" (cheers). He lived in times of rebellion, and yet he was ever loyal to the English crown. He came to the English Parliament, and English Liberals welcomed and aided him, and when the time came that his work was done, the noblest and the foremost, mingled with the humblest, gathered to bear him to the tomb beneath our abbey's roof, and there they laid him by the side of Chatham, of Fox, and of Pitt, for, Irishman, Irish patriot as he was, he had ever been loyal to his Sovereign, and no enemy of the English people (loud and continued cheering). See, too, the effect of this antagonistic policy upon the English Liberals. There are some—not many—