

out: 'He's mine! He's mine.' But the Guinness man gave him a father of a paulthogue. 'Don't be makin' a ladder of me,' says he.

When Pudden was rescued, whole and entire, from his perilous situation, a cheer was sent up for the police and the whole crowd wanted to kiss Pudden for his mother, so overjoyed were they at his rescue, when in crawled Buzzembaum through the people's legs, crying out: 'That's the skin of my bear; he sthote it,' and the half-mad foreigner tore out fistfuls of hay and rags in testimony of the fraud. 'That scoundrel sthote it,' says he to the police, gesticulating wildly and blaspheming like a pound o' sulphur. The police were flabbergasted; the multitude was puzzled; Pudden discreetly got lost in the crowd who eventually comprehended the situation, and then they nearly had a fit with laughing. The police turned and silently left; the rabble was writhing with merriment; they felt that Pudden had eclipsed anything they had ever heard in Mountjoy, where the half of them had spent various periods. But they gave Buzzembaum a royal send-home. He took up the skin of his bear, battered head and all, and threw it over his shoulder, from which the head hung and the open mouth and gleaming teeth and red tongue—Nanny's flannel; and one eye missing gave the impression to the following crowd that the bear was alive and was winking at the whole situation. And the crowd, to give vent to their joy fearin' they'd bust, sang with great zest—

'It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long, long way tew gow.'

while the fuming Buzzembaum trudged home beneath his load.

Scratcher and Black Pudden kept up a wireless communication for some time from their hiding places, and when the coast was clear emerged. They indulged in no demonstration of joy—they were too knowing for that; but Scratcher struck his pockets which were filled with coppers, and their jingling produced most exhilarating music. They went by devious routes towards Brodie's lane, where the poor mother, half-distracted at the lateness of the hour, and Nanny in her night apparel and the cat awaited them.

'You needn't pawn me father's coat now, mother,' says Pudden as they displayed their wealth. The poor mother, suspecting robbery, got white. 'It's all right, mother, 'twas got honest.'

Even at the risk of being blackened by Pudden's cork-burnt nose to help his likeness to a bear, she gave him a kiss and said, 'Jimmy, you're me jewel iv a boy'; and with tears in her eyes she took the coat out of the parcel and replaced it in the box. 'Twasn't long till the fragrance of frying sausages ascended in that house in Brodie's lane and filled the nostrils of Buzzembaum, who was glaring down from his back window at the perpetrators of what he deemed the vilest trick in the records of villany. Scratcher came to the kitchen window, put his thumb on his nose and extended his hand in the shape of a fan in the direction of the gesticulating Buzzembaum; nor did Black Pudden, as he nursed the crowing Nanny eating sugarstick, improve Buzzembaum's temper when he looked out and cried in irritating tones: 'Hould that fella.'—T. A. FITZGERALD, O.F.M., in the *Catholic Bulletin*.

#### SYMPATHY.

If there is one person who deserves sympathy it is surely he who suffers from chronic colds. A sudden change in the weather or going out into the night air from a heated room, is quite enough to bring on the trouble. Usually the tendency to catch cold is due to a generally run-down condition, and the treatment should take the form of a tonic like BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER. It is pleasant to take, gives sure results, and is quite harmless; for children and adults you cannot find a better cough or cold remedy. 1/10 a bottle from all chemists and stores, or by post direct. J. BAXTER & CO.—CHRISTCHURCH.

## READINGS IN IRISH HISTORY

BY 'SEANACHIE.'

### ANCIENT IRISH CIVILISATION.

'There was once civilisation in Ireland. We never were very eminent, to be sure, for manufactures in metal, our houses were simple, our palaces rude, our furniture scanty, our foreign trade small. Yet was Ireland civilised. Strange thing! says some one whose ideas of civilisation are identical with carpets and cut-glass, fine masonry, and the steam engine; yet 'tis true. . . . This country of ours is no sandbank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honored in the archives of civilisation, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valor, and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organisations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men were here. If we live influenced by wind and sun and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the past, we are a thriftless and a hopeless People.' Thus wrote that brilliant essayist and poet, Thomas Davis, calling upon each fellow-countryman, as Tennyson invited the English of his day:—

'Love thou thy land, with love far-brought  
From out the storied past and used  
Within the present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.'

Dr. Orestes Brownson, philosopher, essayist, reviewer, writes thus of ancient Irish civilisation:—'If we give any credit to the Irish annals, and the tendency of recent investigations is to confirm them, the Irish, at the epoch of the Roman conquest of Gaul, were a more polished people and had a higher civilisation than the Gallic tribes who were subdued by Caesar and his legions. The Irish had at that time, and had had long before, a rich and peculiar literature, of which numerous fragments still remain; but, if Julius Caesar is to be believed, the Britons and the Continental Kelts had none, and certainly no trace of a literature of any sort have they left behind them. . . . We do not seek to settle the affiliations of the Irish people. They are peculiar, with distinctive features of their own. We do not find their chief characteristics in any other people. They have more resemblance to the ancient Spanish or Iberian race, than to the Gallic tribes conquered by Caesar, and even to the modern Spaniards than to the modern French, which we regard as in their favor, for after the Irish, we count the Spanish race the finest and noblest in the world. . . . They (the Irish) were never an uncivilised, a barbarous, or an idolatrous people: only they were civilised after the Noachic pattern, not after that of Nimrod, and perhaps that of Cain, which alone, in the estimation of the modern world, is civilisation. This easily explains the facility and the thoroughness with which the Irish people received the faith, when preached to them by their great apostle. (Brownson's Works, vol. 13.) Such was ancient Ireland, the long-faded glories of whose pagan past we have but faintly and feebly portrayed. Such a land was our forefathers' land:—

'This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea.'

What manner of men and women were the Pagan Irish? Ancient Irish epic poems and romances are full of references to the wonderful courage, endurance, strength, comeliness, and personal charms of the men and women of pagan times. We have however no contemporary account of the personal appearance of the