

## NASEBY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following resumé of the lecture on the "Poets of Ireland," delivered in aid of the Catholic School Fund:—

The anniversary ball of the H.A.C.B. Society came off according to announcement on the 21st July, and was a brilliant success. It was attended by visitors from St. Bathans and other parts of the country. We have also had a lecture given on the 22nd August, by Mr B. Gordon, Sec. Roman Catholic School Committee, for the benefit of the school. The subject chosen was the "Poets of Ireland"—Goldsmith, Moore, and the Hon. Thomas Darcy McGee. His first was Goldsmith, born at the small village of Pallas, in the County of Longford, his going to school to Thomas Bryne, so literally portrayed in the "Village Schoolmaster," and his subsequent career at the seminaries of Athlone and Edgeworthstown, his entry into Trinity College, Dublin, his departure for Edinburgh and the Continent of Europe to complete his medical studies under the famed Albinus of Leyden; his subsequent wanderings through Europe making his flute his forager, so graphically described by himself in the "Traveller," one of the finest poems in the English language. He next referred to his "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Deserted Village" (once known as the Village of Lissoy in the County of Westmeath). Some passages in the poem cannot be surpassed; its mingled shades of joy, sadness, pathos, and sublimity, form one of the finest pictures in English literature, which will be quoted and admired so long as the English language is known. He next referred to his historical works including his "Animated Nature," and to his beautiful comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," or the "Mistakes of a Night," to his sickness and death, to his burial in the Temple, London, far from that land which he loved so well, far from that native village which he immortalised in verse. Next in rotation came Moore—genial Tom Moore—the poet of song—the ladies' favourite, the admired at the table of the great patrons of art and literature, the songster, *par excellence*, who composed the song, wrote the music to suit, and could sing and play it into the bargain. Go to any capital in Europe from St. Petersburg in the North of Russia, to Palermo in Sicily in the south, from Dublin in Ireland in the West, to Constantinople in Turkey in the East, and you will hear Moore's songs sung in every language. Moore's early talent for rhyming was next described, his likeness to Pope in that respect.

As yet a child and all unknown to fame,

He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,

He next referred to his college life, to his translation of "Anacreon Ode," his juvenile poems, his ode and epistle, his interview with Jeffery, the Scotch reviewer; his "Irish Melodies" his songs in which he leaves Burns and Beranger in the shade, his "Lalla Rookh" which for panoramic verse cannot be excelled. He also referred to his political satire on the Prince Regent and his ministers, the "Fudge Family," the "Holy Alliance," "Biography of Sheridan," "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," and "Life of Lord Byron," and wound up with a high eulogium on Moore's goodness as a son, a husband, a father, and friend. The last, though not the least, Thomas Darcy McGee, born at Carlingford, in the County of Louth, nurtured and reared in the romantic scenery of the Irish coast, his education at Wexford, his immigration to America, his connection with the "Boston Pilot," his return to his native land to edit the "Freeman's Journal," and to assist the great O'Connell in his agitation for Repeal; his subsequent connection with Charles Gavan Duffy, and that immortal band who wrote for the "Nation"; his escape to America, three hundred pounds reward being offered for his arrest. How he again started as a journalist in New York and Boston, his final removal to Canada, his settlement and election to the Canadian Parliament as one of the members for Montreal. He next referred to his abilities as an orator and statesman, to his last speech in the Parliament of the Dominion, and to his untimely and tragic death. McGee was next referred to as being more distinctively Irish and national in his poems than Moore. His poetry is redolent with the purest Irish feeling, his passionate love of country and of his, his strong religious faith, his love of the beautiful and good,—these underlie all his poems. Whether he sings of love or country, peace or war, faith or charity, friendship, or the legends of other days, his tones are still the same, as witness his "Wishing Cap," his parting with his wife by the yellow flowing Foyle, or when he sings of battle as in youthful days, his voice is like a trumpet call. But, he is gone! the noblest "Roman of them all," the orator, the statesman, historian, and poet;—lost to friend and country;—lost to literature and song—far away from that old land that he loved so well!

August 31st.

## HIBERNICUS.

IRISH WOMEN.—Physically, Irish women (says a writer) are probably the finest in the world—I mean taller, better limbed and chested, larger eyed, and with more luxuriant hair, and freer action than any nation I have observed. The Phœnician and Spanish blood which has run hundreds of years in their veins still kindles its dark fire in their eyes, and vivacity of the northern mind and the bright color of the northern skin, these southern qualities mingle in most admirable and superb harmony. The idea we form of Italian and Grecian beauty is never realized in Greece or Italy; but we find it in Ireland, heightened and exceeded. Cheeks and lips of the delicacy and bright tint of carnation, with snowy teeth and eyebrows of jet, are what we should look for on the palette of Apelles, could we recall the painter and re-animate his far-famed models; and these varied charms, united, fall very commonly to the share of the fair Milesian. Modest to a proverb, the Irish woman is as unsuspecting of an impropriety as if it were an impossible thing; and she is as fearless and joyous as a midshipman, and sometimes as noisy. In a ball-room she looks ill-dressed—not because her dress was ill put on, because she dances, not glides, sits down without care, pulls her flowers to pieces, and if her head incommodes her, she will give it a pull or a push. If she is offended, she asks for an explanation. If she does not understand you, she confesses her ignorance. If she wishes to see you next day she tells you how and when. She is the child of nature, and children are not "stylish."

## ENGLISH LEGISLATION ON EDUCATION.

THE following article, clipped from the columns of an Irish paper, the "Tralee Chronicle," sets forth in vivid colors the evils and horrors bred and fostered by a godless and infidel instruction of the masses. The monstrous injustice depicted below is nothing more or less than the disadvantages under which Catholics labor in this supposed land of equality, and much as we deplore the gross illiberality with which the Catholics of Ireland are treated, we regret to acknowledge our own position is not one whit better:—

The Education system of a Nation is one of those complicated social problems which have been convulsing the world for a considerable time, and of which in many countries no satisfactory solution seems forthcoming. Some countries have been making Educational experiments for more than a century, and a fair trial has already been given on the Continent to that fashionable secular system which statesmen have been attempting and are still desirous to impose on Ireland. France, defiled with the blood of her own children, distracted by repeated revolutions and still harrassed by internal strife, can testify to the bitter fruit which she has reaped from godless Education, and to the dreadful ravages made by that monster, Secularism, from which she is now wisely taking refuge, in her return to a truly religious spirit. Though similar causes in similar circumstances produce similar effects, we find many distinguished Englishmen strenuously advocating the adoption of an Educational system which has generated so disastrous results in other countries. If such legislation be good for England and the interests of Protestantism, of which such men consider themselves heroic defenders, let it be so—we shall not dispute the advisability of a course which has no reference to us—but, unfortunately, our country has not the right of self-legislation, and we are at present reduced to the necessity of accepting or rendering abortive measures forced upon us by a legislature in which our country's rights are ignored and her voice is unheard or mocked. There is, we fear, little chance of our having for some time such a solution of the Education Question as will satisfy the just aspirations of the Irish people; and what, we may ask, is the reason that Protestants refuse to concede to us a religious system of Education? We suppose the bug-bear of Papal power is continually frightening them, and in their terror they prefer taking refuge in the temple of the goddess of Reason to exposing themselves to contact with that *dreadful undefined something* which well-paid functionaries and imaginative novelists have taught them to abhor. Let the noisy Birmingham League and British intolerance influence the Educational policy of statesmen, and Great Britain may soon find herself launched into so troubled waters that her treasures and the acquisitions of centuries may be lost in one dreadful tempest. Educate slaves, and they will make an effort to be free; educate men as infidels, and they will endeavour to extirpate Christianity. Let England adopt for herself secular Education, and finally it may benefit us politically; whilst religiously we have often sustained heavier trials than such a crisis can possibly create. We could carefully mark the different stages in the onward progress of English infidelity. We shall first see the scurrilous school of philosophers with satire for their weapons, almost idolized by the unthinking mobs and luxuriating in the bounteous gifts of popularity-seeking aristocrats. Next shall appear growing feelings of discontent, and men will ask one another why some go idly about whilst others labour unceasingly to supply the means of enjoyment to men nothing better than themselves; and finally shall be sought the remedy for every ill, when the mines, having poured forth their hundreds of thousands of dusky occupants, and the factories no longer manifesting national prosperity, the dread torrent of revolution shall sweep over the country, bearing destruction to every institution venerable by time or sanctity. The goddess of Reason shall then raise her head proclaiming her advent in conflagrations nourished by petroleum, and sacrificing human victims at the shrine of her ideal, Liberty. Then, ye bloated aristocracy and bigots of Britain, enjoy the political principles of your own creation, and no longer dread the frightful phantom of Papal aggression. Is England then determined to adopt infidelity rather than allow Catholicism to flourish, all religious sects enjoying equal privileges? England may adopt for herself godless Education with the results we have attempted to depict, but she shall find herself as impotent to impose such a system on us as she has been to pervert us from our Faith or eradicate the sentiments of Nationality from our hearts. It is a standing disgrace to British legislation that the higher Education of more than a fourth of the Empire should be entirely unprovided for, and that the portion whose thirst for learning prompted them in times now happily past to incur the risk of tortures and imprisonment. If we, Catholics, are regarded as subjects of the Crown, let us have our due proportion of the benefits, as we equally experience the inconveniences. Irishmen should make some determined effort to bring about a settlement of this long-debated question; and if on this purely Irish question our country's voice is unheard, all Irishmen might, we think, conscientiously join in the constitutional demand for an Irish Legislature which, free from the demoralising influences of prejudice and bigotry, would, guarding the religious liberty of all our people, confer on Ireland a system of Education which would soon revive her glorious title of "Island of Saints and Scholars."

THE VALUE OF COAL.—An average Atlantic steamer consumes fifty tons of coal in twenty-four hours. Therefore, if five tons are sufficient to feed an ordinary grate in our dwellings during the entire year, the coal consumed on board a steamer in one day would last a small family, burning one fire, ten years. If a load of coal is left out of doors, exposed to the weather, until it is burned up in one grate—say a month—it loses one-third of its heating quality. If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there, and another is placed under a shed, the latter loses about twenty-five per cent. of its heating power, the former about forty-seven per cent. Hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over, and on all sides. The softer the coal the more it loses, because the most volatile and valuable constituents undergo a slow combustion.