

"SWEET AUBURN" AS IT IS TO-DAY.

The site of the "Deserted Village" is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon, about six miles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburns" are springing up around in all directions, it is necessary to mention the poet's name in order to be set on the proper track to "Goldsmith's Auburns," as the Westmeath peasantry call it. . . . At a little distance from the entrance to Lissoy, and at the same side of the road, is the very pool alluded to by Goldsmith, and the noisy geese are now as ever gabbling over it, and on its margin as I passed. It is bordered by a few stunted hawthorn bushes, having upon them a strange impress of old. Over against it is a ruinous cottage, the residence of a "wretched matron" whose tale of her own happier years assuredly merits a sympathetic listener:

She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

The fields near her cottage were, up to a recent period, covered with a deep embowering wood; but all this has been cut away, and now only the discolored stumps remain, as if to heighten the apparent desolateness of the scene. Ascending an incline, which certainly deserves not the name "hill," we come to the cross of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," where the ruins of the alehouse may be seen; also the sycamore on which the signboard of that little inn used to be so invitingly hung in years that are over. Here, too, at the opposite side of the road, grows a later representative of that famous hawthorn bush, which, though no fragment of it now remains where those enviable old people would so often sit and chat, and where those artless loves were told by rustic lovers of long ago, yet bids fair to bloom in fancy's garden for ever. To the right, a little off the road, leading north west, are the hoary roofless walls of the once "busy mill." Most of the wheel has been taken away, doubtless by visitors, each scrap being in some sort as a faded palm branch from one of "the Delphian vales, the Palestines, the Meccas of the mind." The old nether millstone alone is likely to endure for a while beneath the ceaseless agencies of change and decay.—From 'Belgravia.'

PECULIARITIES OF SPEAKERS AND WRITERS.

THE New York 'World' tells a story of a scene during a recent debate in Congress under the operation of the one hour rule, which well illustrates some of the peculiarities of speakers. S. S. Cox had the floor, but consented to yield it to Mr. Cannon on condition that Mr. Cannon would speak with his hands in his pockets, professing to be annoyed with Mr. Cannon's habit of emphasizing his remarks by pointing his forefinger at the person to whom he was replying. The 'World' relates the sequence as follows:—

The hapless Cannon accepted the condition, spoke a few words in the attitude of a schoolboy looking for his lost alley in his pantaloons pockets, forgot himself, pointed a threatening index finger at Cox, and sat down amid the laughter of the House, as quiet as a discharged culverin. The scene was an intensely ridiculous one, and in feigning to be afraid of Cannon's finger, and making him speak with his hands in his pockets, Mr. Cox tested very neatly the force of mere physical habits over mental processes. We wonder if he himself could deliver one of his elaborate pieces of burlesque eloquence, if he were obliged to stand in his tracks during the operation. What would Eugene Hale be able to do in the way of serving the nation by wind and tongue if he had to speak with his coat unbuttoned? Could Frye bend so vigorously to an argument if somebody were to thrust a shingle up under his waistcoat? Would Thurman be so great without his red handkerchief? Could John Sherman contrive to find words to excuse so glibly the financial aberrations of his party if he had not Morton's crutch to play with? And could Geo. Frisbie Hoar express an idea if he were restricted to twenty smiles a minute in the operation?

It is curious how these little tricks of habit influence people; and only very rarely do we see a speaker who is so completely an artist that he has got rid of every awkward personal peculiarity. Demosthenes is said to have cured himself of a propensity to shrug his shoulders by suspending a sword with the point directly over the shoulder most prone to offend. Had John Van Buren adopted the same plan, would his sarcasms have been so effective without that gentle and almost imperceptible lifting of the shoulders with which he so often introduced them? Seward was great on a platform where he had room to parade up and down like a gander, but we are inclined to think that he would have lost all sequence of ideas if mounted on top of a barrel. One man is self possessed and ready when he has his arms crossed on his breast. Another when he has his hands clasped under his coat-tails. Palmerston, unlike Congressman Cannon, was at his best with his hands in his breeches-pockets.

There are men who can talk so long as they can have a hat to hold, while others become boobies without an umbrella or a cane. This man is discreet in his discourse and natural in his carriage so long as he has his watch-chain to handle. The other becomes an idiot if he loses the ring which he is in the habit of twisting around his finger while he speaks. A Roman Senator, accustomed to feel his right arm perfectly free and his left confined to the folds of his toga, would probably fail in explaining his vote if clad in a swallow tailed coat.

Even in writing the same strange power of more physical habit is evinced. One celebrated author could only compose in a close room; the mind of another required open windows and wide prospect. Scott wrote his novels before breakfast. Schiller wrote his plays late at night, with a bottle of wine at his elbow. Pope translated the "Iliad" on scraps of paper. Other men could not write a line unless they had a book to record it. We have heard it said that Milton's muse was voiceless except from the autumnal to the aernal equinox. Some minds only work well when their owners are

walking about, and great men have been known who could not think unless when lying down.

A shrewd observer, watchful of the foibles of those with whom he comes in contact, is often enabled to trip up the mental processes of an opponent by throwing some slight material obstacle in his way. The failure of Cannon, under Cox's whimsical requisition that he should keep his hands in his pockets, is an admirable instance of this, and may hereafter be quoted with Scott's story of one of the tricks of his boyhood. In his class at school he had won his way upward with great rapidity until he reached the second place, but there he stuck. The boy at the head never failed or even faltered in answering a question, and day after day Scott watched for an opportunity to get above him, but no opportunity came. He studied the situation with great anxiety and tested the weakness of his rival's character to no purpose. The boy at the head could not be tempted to relax his vigilant industry. At last Scott noticed a peculiar habit of the lad. When a question was put to him he invariably took hold of one of the buttons in the breast of his jacket and began to finger it. Scott conceived the existence of some subtle connection between this button and his rival's self-possession and readiness, and secretly cut the button off. Next day, when the first question in the lesson was put to the boy at the head of the class, he felt for the re-assuring button, found it missing, got amazed and faltered. His faculties lost touch and tune, and he failed to answer. The young plotter went above him, and watched with complacency the course of his victim as he went down to the foot, losing place after place. Mr. Cannon should study this story of the boy and his button, and lay its lesson to heart.

FESTIVAL OF THE CROWNING OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

BUT surpassing all this, what a spectacle in the evening, when all of a sudden we hear, as if impelled by an immense voice, which contains a hundred thousand others, the shout of which the Pyrenees returns the echo: "Viva Pius IX., Pontiff-King! Hail Mary! Hail the Immaculate Conception!" At each rest of the touching allocution addressed to us by the Rev. Father Roux, these exclamations arise and increase, a shout of universal faith thrown to the world, which will experience its benefits. Then day still declining, from every side, and as by a signal, lights are seen emerging. From above the terrace which borders the crypt one follows with the eyes this movement, the undulation of which is every minute multiplying and quickening. Soon collected together, in front of the grotto, in an immense luminous sheet which quietly rolls its waves, they reappear on every side, clinging to the mountain slopes, following the roads and winding path, continually rising and rising, while fresh lines of pilgrims coming from the church or from the city meet the pilgrims who are going to the church or to the city, marking thus their line of march by endless strings of light.

At the same time fires are lighted on the summit of the mountains. Far off a height detaches itself like an immense Calvary of fire. Lower down the Benedictine convent shows on its frontage a monstrosity of fire, and lower yet the Carmelites' convent appears, with its immense frontage illuminated, in the centre of which is a prodigious star, shedding on all sides its bright light. Towards the city all the buildings which overlook the valley are alike resplendent, and the gaze, resting on the facade, perceives it from its base to the steeple as if entirely in flame. All of a sudden reports resound, and luminous sheaves revolve themselves into myriads of stars, glitter for a second in all the colors of the rainbow, and ascend to the clouds. They are fireworks, which from the sides of the mountain thunder and shine forth their lights in honor of the Virgin. At the exclamations of the crowd, a last detonation is heard; hundreds of stars dart at once into the air, and at the topmost summit is seen appearing in gigantic letters the luminous inscription: "Vive Notre Dame de Lourdes."

Yes, hail our Lady of Lourdes! It is the cry that comes from all hearts when to rest the eyes, after the bright light of the fireworks, they turn on the procession of the pilgrims, which are always moving up and down with their torches, to stop before the grotto, and leave there a last prayer.

Past midnight they are yet there, and the rising dawn must come, if we may so speak, to replace this illumination which does not end.

And it is not all, for at the moment when I am writing it is the second day which begins, with a new affluence of pilgrims who arrived this morning from every part, to assist at the grand ceremony of the coronation. Already the musicians are sounding their trumpets, the bells are pealing forth with all their might, and the procession is moving. Most happy those who in this immense throng will be able to hear the Bishop of Poitiers, who is the orator of this great day. At least will all be able to witness Mgr. the apostolic Nuncio crowning, in the name of his Holiness, the statue of the miraculous Virgin which will be deposited in the basilica. Ah! the festivities of the world are very light and seem to be empty, in spite of all their solemnity, in opposition to these feasts, the majesty of which elevate the soul, and leave in the heart so many and so deep remembrances.—'N. Y. Tablet.'

Those persons who are interested in the care of horses would do well to study the list of useful medicines supplied for the cure of all the diseases to which those quadrupeds are liable, by Mr. Slesinger, V.S. These medicaments have obtained the patronage of a large number of gentlemen well qualified to judge of their valuable properties, and are widely asserted to be inestimable. Amongst their many good qualities may be reckoned that of retaining their strength for years, so that a stock of them may be laid in for service in case of need without fear of their becoming impaired by the elapse of time.