

Boyle's Couquet.

RULES OF THE ROAD.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

What man would be wise, let him drink of the river
That bears on its waters the record of Time;
A message to him every wave can deliver
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.

Who heeds not experience, trust him not; tell him
The scope of one mind can but trifles achieve;
The weakest who draws from the mind will excel him—
The strength of mankind is the wisdom they leave.

For peace do not hope; to be just you must break it,
Still work for the minute and not for the year.
When honor comes to you be ready to take it;
But reach not to seize it before it is near.

Be silent and safe; 'silence never betrays you.
Be true to your word and your work and your friend.
Put least trust in him who is foremost to praise you;
Nor judge of a day till it draws to the end.

Stand erect in the vale, nor exult on the mountain,
Take gifts with a sigh, most men give to be paid.
"I had" is a heartache; "I have" is a fountain;
You're worth what you saved, not the million you made.

Trust toil, not intent, or your plans will miscarry,
Your wife keep a sweetheart, instead of a tease.
Rule children by reason, not rod; and mind, marry
Your girl when you can, and your boy when you please.

Our stream's not so wide but two arches may span it—
Good neighbor and citizen: these for a code,
And this truth in sight—every man on the planet
Has just as much right as yourself to the road.

—'Pilot.'

THREE IRISH FISHERMEN ADRIFT IN MID-OCEAN.

THE Old Dominion, of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, arrived at New York last week, having on board seventeen men, fourteen of whom are Italians and three natives of Ireland, who have strange stories to tell of the recent storms at sea. The Irishmen have a strange story to relate. One of the three, Michael Moran, a well-built and hearty-looking man, made the following statement:—

"We are fishermen of a little village named Claddagh, near Galway, and but a short distance from where Father Burke resides. We are in the habit of going out to catch fish, which we sell in Galway. In this way we support our families. That young man there (pointing to one of his companions) is Michael Smith, who has been married but a few months. The other man is my father, Patrick Moran. He is eighty-six years old. I am the father of a family of five. We are all most anxious to return to Ireland. I was the captain of a fishing smack, or hooker, named the St. Patrick. Thinking that we might make a good haul of herrings, with Michael Smith, Patrick Moran, and my uncle, John Moran, I set sail in our nine-ton hooker on Monday, the 4th November, and made for Sline Head, about sixty mile from Galway, where we thought the fishing would be good. We had no extra good fortune, and at night foggy weather overtook us.

The wind sprang up, blowing a perfect hurricane. My post was at the helm, where my hands became frozen. On Tuesday night the boat was half filled with water. It is our custom to light turf on setting out, and keep the fire going. The water put it out. Although we had potatoes and fresh fish, we had no means to cook them. We were four days and four nights without eating. In order to break the speed with which we were being driven we lowered a basket filled with stones and endeavored to heave to, but the cable broke on Friday morning. We could not, previous to this, reach any sounding. About this time my uncle, John Moran, aged ninety-six, while we were asleep, towards morning, must have been drowned by the lurching of the ship throwing him into the sea. At any rate we could discover no trace of him.

When 150 miles out we were picked up by a Swedish bark, the Gorgian, Capt. P. Olsen, bound for Hampton Roads. The ice drove the vessel into Norfolk, where we arrived on the 6th inst. I am not a stranger to America, having been here about thirteen years ago. I have served on the Shenandoah. My father was also here twenty-five years ago, being engaged in shad fishing at Fort Lee. We are totally destitute of clothing, and have no means. We intend to see the British Consul to-morrow. We have acquaintances here, but do not know where they live."

"The grace o' God was wid us," said old Patrick Moran, after he had finished telling the story of his thrilling adventure on the hooker St. Patrick. "When I left America five and twenty years ago, sorra one o' me thought it's this way I'd be comin' back again. It's hard tellin' what'll come to a man afore he dies," and the old man shook his head in a "wirra, wirra" way.

As the complete story of the adventure of Moran and his companions has not yet been told, it may be well just here to give it in full, as it fell from the lips of the Galway ancient mariner. The old man was sitting on a low stool near the bright fire of his boarding-house, in Hamilton Street, New York, when the reporter met him. The dreadful ordeal through which he has so recently passed has left

its mark, and old Moran is now, indeed, a wreck. During the four days of exposure off the Irish coast he contracted a severe cold on the lungs, and now he coughs most violently. In being transferred from the hooker to the Swedish bark Gorgian, he was hit against the rail and injured "inside," as his son expresses it.

"The first night we wur out," he began, "the weather was always good, and we set the nets near Sline Head. That was on the fourth of November, and that same night the wind began to blow, and blowed always from the east. We tried to work backagin, but always the wind thrun us out to the west. We let go the mainsail, and she wint afore the wind wid a double reef in her fo'sail. We cudint git sight or sign o' the sun, and we sailin' fortint the wind always to the west. The second night we saw plinty lights, but they was jack-o-lanterns, and kem to draw us out into the ocean. The third day the sea was so high that the water all came aboard the hooker, and we were kilt bailin' her. I had a pan and young Smith had a gallon measure, but we cudint keep her impty. In the night we was all huggin' one another be the way we'd get warm. On the mornin' of the fourth day—God bless the light that brought it—we saw a bark, and they tuck us aboard."

Here the reporter questioned the old man as to what he had eaten during the four days, and the story continued.

"We'd praties and fish, but the fire was put out be the water and we cudint cook thim. I tried a raw one, but shure raw praties is no atin' for a workin' man. We wur famished, and sorra one o' me knows what ud a happined if we didn't meet the bark. You wur axin about me brother, and how he was kilt. We dunno where he wint. We all fell asleep for want of sleep, and when we woke he wasn't aboard the boat. I think he was drowned.—'Pilot.'

HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF ARMENIAN CATHOLICS.

THE 'Missions Catholiques' gives a painful picture of the persecutions inflicted on the Catholics of Armenia by the barbarians, Redifs (reserves) and Bashi-Bazouks. The church at Gorzoul, diocese of Artvin, has been rifled, and the ciborium, with its sacred contents, stolen away. One of the bandits was arrested, and the clergy summoned to prosecute, but they were secretly told that if they obeyed they would be slain, and they knew it was no idle threat. About the same time four or five Catholics were foully murdered for the sake of the money in their pockets. No complaints were made, as it was known that the authorities were either conniving or powerless. At Kars, a rather famous place, the Redifs, to the number of twenty, entered and robbed the priest's house in the middle of the night. To prevent the alarm being given they rolled the curé up in his own bed-clothes, and so roughly that he was nearly smothered. The mudir, or under-governor, of Zeytown, had a Catholic servant, whom he submitted to horrible tortures for some household irregularity. One of these was to drive needles into the fingers between the nails and the flesh. Then the wretched creature was suspended by the feet in the stable, so that his head just grazed the ground, and in this position he was swinging backwards and forwards like a monster pendulum. When the general population heard of the outrage it was indignant, but the mudir denounced the people as having taken up a "Bulgarian attitude" and this ominous expression stifled all remonstrance. At Biredjek, the Redifs did what they liked with the Christians at large, beating the men, grossly insulting the women, and threatening death at the slightest resistance. The clergy sent indictments to the grand vizier, whereupon the governor compelled them to withdraw them on pain of slaughter, and they consented in order to save a fearful massacre, for which the Turks were impatiently waiting. It is openly declared in the bazaars, by the Moslems, that if the third ban of the reserve is called out the men will go, but before setting forth to the front they will murder all the Christians in the province. The same fanatical and alarming language is uttered in various other provinces as well, and terrible is the apprehension. On the 21st of August a band of 250 Redifs, while billeted in the village of Siri-Hamza, appropriated everything they wanted, without payment, and then sallied out into the streets, where they committed the most horrible outrages. Many of their victims died under their abuse. The men of the village had to fly to the mountains to escape massacre, and the governor was either unable or unwilling to do anything.—Indo-European Correspondence.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

A BEAUTIFUL legend of Durham Cathedral is thus related by Reginald of Durham:—

A monk of Durham, keeping nightly vigil in the minster, sat down in the stalls and thought; he raised his eyes; he beheld in the misty distance three forms descend, and with slow steps come from the east toward the choir steps; each had a bishop's habit, each was comely, venerable and glorious to behold; and, as they paused, they sang Alleluia with the verse, with the sweetest strains of melody; then, toward the south, where the great crucifix stands, was heard a choir of many voices singing in their several parts the prose, and it seemed as though clerks in their ministris were serving the bishop celebrant, for there the clear shining of the tapers was brightest, and thence the rich delicious perfume of the incense breathed around. Then the three bishops sang their part, and the choir made answer with chanting wondrous sweet, while one celebrated as becomen a bishop, and then all was done; once more the solemn procession passed on its way, and disappeared like faint images behind the altar; and they say that they who were at that service lie asleep, revered, in that ancient church, Aidan, Cuthbert, Eadbert, and Edelwold.—All the Year Round.