

appearance, in his very clothes, and recalling how they scrambled for a place from whence to obtain a view of him, whom after narratives have convinced them was no great thing to see.

Notwithstanding this, we shall have it all over again, a rushing to and fro of households, newspapers filled to repletion with done-to-death details of ceremonies and receptions that are the same all over the world; sickly speechifying of Corporations and public bodies, and vapidity all a bubble. We trust, however, that due precautions will be taken this time to prevent the soulless farce from being turned into a cruel tragedy. We should be sorry again to see a peaceable gentleman receive a severe hurt, and still more sorry were a people grown frantic, so that they are compared to heathen votaries gashing themselves in honour of their idols, again in their undiscerning fury to sacrifice an unfortunate maniac, who, after the manner of those suffering from his affliction, had been provoked to attempt the life of a prominent personage.

We are not prejudiced against the Prince of Wales; to the rumours which circulate to his discredit we attach but little importance. It is true he comes of a suspicious race. The Georges, his fore-runners, were probably, taken all in all, as contemptible a line of individuals as ever breathed. They were, with one exception, only distinguished from one another by slight variations of brutality. The first was hardly human; the second was sensual, and harsh, an unnatural father and son, and a faithless husband; the fourth was grossest of the gross. The third alone was an exception, yet even he shone only by comparison, for although moral, he was pig-headed, unfeeling, and bigoted. But since their times the Court has been purified. Her Majesty the Queen was educated under the care of a most wise and estimable lady, the late Duchess of Kent, her mother, and, although the generosity of her nature, and the effects of her training may have been in some degree cramped by the influence of the rationalist philosopher, whom some men style "Albert the Good," she has ever continued to afford an admirable example of uprightness and benevolence in her high position.

We, therefore, hope the best with reference to his Royal Highness, our future king; nor have we seen any just reason, as yet, for supposing him to be of habits different from those in vogue amongst men of rank and fortune at the present day. He seems, it is true, of no very distinguished merit; his talents are not remarkably brilliant, nor, apart from his exalted condition, is there anything to mark him out from the crowd. The accidents of descent and birth have pitch-forked him into an elevated place to which otherwise he never could have attained, even were the throne open to ability, and surrounding circumstances will enable him to perform satisfactorily the duties required of him, as any man of ordinary understanding might do; but we no more believe him to be at present a Prince Hal than we expect that he will hereafter develop into a King Henry V. There is no reason in the world then, why his Royal Highness should not be received with all due deference in any part of the dominions of the Queen, his mother, which it may seem; good to him to visit.

What we object to is the senseless uproar that is sure to attend upon his progress. The divinity of kingship has long since departed, or proved altogether a myth; all appearance of devotion at its shrine must accordingly of necessity be a sham, and every sham is utterly contemptible. It is, therefore, to us a season of humiliation, when we are called upon to witness a general bowing down of the community at the feet of that, which each one of them in his heart believes to be an idol of clay. For this reason we trust that, while the visit of the Prince of Wales to these colonies may be attended with satisfaction to his Royal Highness, it may also be of short duration, so that we may be spared the prolonged contemplation of a world foaming up in a froth of emptiness.

In our illustration, by the side of the Prince's portrait, will be found that of his fair and amiable wife.

AN OLD ZOUAVE OF THE EMPIRE.

A CASE of uttering seditious cries, which created a good deal of amusement, has just been decided by the Paris police-court. A man named Tissier was charged with bawling out "Vive l'Empereur!" in the Church of St. Roch, during Divine service. *President*—On the occasion in question, you cried out, "Vive l'Empereur!" *Prisoner*—Well, the fact is that having remained up all night with some friends I was not sure of where I was, but hearing singing, I supposed myself at the Opera. (Laughter.) *President*—Don't take up the time of the Court with such ridiculous explanations. Even if you had been at the Opera, do you suppose that you would have been entitled to cry out "Vive l'Empereur?" *Prisoner*—I do not know. My companions said to me "Call out 'Vive l'Empereur!'—this is his birthday," and I did so. I have been in prison already some days for that; how long should I be kept there if I had broken into a jeweller's shop? *President*—You tried to strangle yourself on the bars of your cell. *Prisoner*—Yes, with vexation at having been arrested for such a small affair. I am an old Zouave, wounded in Africa, at Inkermann, and at Magenta. The Emperor made me an allowance out of his private purse; but now the Republic has come, and I am kicked about like a pair of old shoes. I wrote to Marshal McMahon, who promised not to forget me; but I have not received anything for all that. *President*—All that has nothing to do with the case. *Prisoner*—I know that very well; but what can you expect? The liquor made me quite forget that we were under a Republic. (Loud laughter.) The Court ordered Tissier to be imprisoned for eight days and fined sixteen francs.

Some very unpleasant disclosures have been made in England as to bribes received by English journalists, and by at least one member of Parliament, from the Nacval Nôzim of Bengal, to advance his claims in the newspapers. The subsidies varied from £25 to £500 and £600, and in the case of Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, to £1000.

Poets' Gonna.

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY.

BY LADY WILDE.—("SPERANZA.")

THE following powerful and beautiful poem appeared a few years ago in the *Pilot*. We, *Pilot*, republish it by request of several of our readers:—

"No man hath hired us"—strong hands drooping,
Listless falling in idleness down;
Men in the silent market-place grouping
Round Christ's cross of silent stone.
"No man hath hired us"—pale hands twining,
Stalwart forms bowed down to sue.
"The red dawn is passed, the noon is shining,
But no man hath given us work to do."
Then a voice pealed down from the heights of Heaven:
Men, it said, of the Irish soil!
I gave you a land as a Garden of Eden,
Where you and your sons should till and toil;
I set your throne by the glorious waters,
Where ocean flung round you her mighty bands,
That your sails, like those of your Tyrian fathers,
Might sweep the shores of a hundred lands.
Power I gave to the hands of your leaders,
Wisdom I gave to the lips of the wise,
And your children grew as the stately cedars,
That shadowed the streams of Paradise.
What have ye done with my land of beauty?
Has the spoiler bereft her of robe and crown,
Have my people failed in a people's duty,
Has the wild boar trampled my vineyard down?
True they answered, faint in replying—
Our vines are rent by the wild boar's tusks;
The corn on our golden slopes is lying,
But our children feed on the remnant husks.
Our strong men lavish their blood for others;
Our prophets and wise men are heard no more;
Our young men give a last kiss to their mothers,
Then sail away for a foreign shore.
From wooded valleys and mountain gorges,
Emerald meadow and purple glen,
Across the foam of our wild sea surges,
They flee away like exiled men.
Yet, the chant we hear of the new evangel,
Rising like incense from earth's green sod;
We—we alone, before worshipping angels,
Idly stand in the Garden of God.
Then the Lord came down from the heights of Heaven,
Came down that garden fair to view,
Where the weary men waited from morn till even,
For some one to give them work to do.
Ye have sinned, He said, and the angel lustre
Darkened slowly as summer clouds may;
Weeds are growing where fruit should cluster,
Yet, ye stand idle all the day.
Have ye trod in the furrows, and worked as truly
As men who knew they should reap as they sow?
Have ye flung in the seed, and watched it duly,
Day and night, lest the tares should grow?
Have ye tended the vine my hand hath planted,
Pruned and guided its tendrils fair;
Ready with life-blood, if it were wanted,
To strengthen the fruit its branches bear?
Have ye striven in earnest, working solely
To guard my flock in their native fold?
Are your hands as pure, and your hearts as holy,
As the saints who walk in the City of Gold?
Go! work in my vineyard, let none deceive ye,
Each for himself his work must do;
And whatever is right shall my angels give ye,
The work and the workman shall have their due.—
Who knoweth the times of the new dispensations?
Go on in faith, and the light will come;
The last may yet be first amongst nations,
Wait till the end for the final doom.
The last may be first! Shall our country's glory
Ever flash light on the path we have trod?
Who knows?—who knows?—for our future story
Lies hid in the great sealed Book of God.

Whilst a funeral procession was proceeding to Kilbenny churchyard, near Mitchelstown, on the 25th ult., the people were alarmed by a mounted soldier dashing through in full uniform with sword drawn. There were various conjectures as to what could be up. But the processionists were not recovered from the shock when three more flew past with similar speed. On the first man approaching the town he was met by the head-constable, who was reading a telegram he just had from Cahir barracks to arrest him. He opened his arms before the wild cavalier to stop the horse, but it was only by bending towards the ground that the head-constable escaped from being headless from a cut of the sword which our hero aimed at him. He galloped on through the town, frightening dogs, children, and people. Shortly after arrived the other three, who were in pursuit. They came up with him near Fermoy. He had fled from the parade ground at Cahir,