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Poetry.

[From Frazer's Magazine.]

THOMAS HOOD.

TWO UNPUBLISHED SONGS BY HIM.

There is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee;
And bowers for the wild b'rd,
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,
And pleasure for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you!

There is Care that will not leave us,
And Pain that will not flee;
But on our heart unaltered
Sits Love 'tween you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,
Yet good it is and true;
It's half the world to me, dear,
It's all the world to you!

"THOSE EYES THAT WERE SO BRIGHT, LOVE."

Those eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine;
But what they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine.
And still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours;
That ripened all my joys, my love,
And tinted all my flowers.

These locks were brown to see, love,
That now are turned to gray;
But the years were spent with me, love,
That stole their hue away.
Thy locks no longer share, love,
Thy golden glow of noon;
But I've seen the war d look fair, my love,
When silvered by the moon.

That brow was fair to see, love,
That looks so shaded now;
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spoil it many brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The glass it had of pure,
Still memory looks and notes, my love,
Where hope admired before.

Miscellaneous.

The Balls and the Telegraph During the Siege of Paris.

M. Charles Boissay has rendered a real service to civilization, and made an agreeable diversion in the black monotonous current of "war literature," by preparing a careful, lively and interesting account of the devices and inventions employed by the scientific defenders of Paris during the great German siege to keep the communications of the beleaguered city with the rest of the world.

No one feature of a siege makes so slight an impression on all the rest of the world, and no one feature of a siege so profoundly affects the people besieged, as the sudden isolation of a great community from all its habitual relations with other communities. To compare great things with small, it is as we may suppose it to have been with Selkirk on his island. Doubtless it was a grief in its way to the friends of Selkirk to lose sight of him. To his creditors it was probably an inconvenience, which with many people is worse than a grief. To Selkirk himself it was the crowning, constant, remediless misery of his situation.

When the Parisians began to be pressed for food they felt this isolation, of course, in a hard material kind of way. But it affected them morally much more from the very outset; and the investment had hardly become complete before the wits of the whole scientific population were set at work to find out means for piercing, overshooting, or under-running the implacable wall of bayonets and spiked-nets drawn about the fair Lutetia by the methodical Von Moltke. It is common, particularly on the other side of the Atlantic, to translate the scornful lines of Juvenal,

"Graeculus esuriens
In coelum, si jussis, abibit,"

by the left-handed compliment paid our own people in the saying that if a half-penny lie on one side of the infernal pit and a Yankee stand on the other, the Yankee will unhesitatingly contrive to get the half-penny. But the difference is that whereas the needy Greek of antiquity "went for" money and for nothing else, the modern Yankee goes not only for money but for the pleasure of conquering a difficulty and exercising his native ingenuity. Had the scientific writers of Paris been wielded by Yankees, we are very sure that the results which M. Boissay has to record would have been far worthier than they actually were of the impulse given and the machinery at command.

Three elements offered the belaguered Parisians avenues of access to the outer world—the air, the earth, and the water. Much has been already published of the efforts made to utilize the air by means of balloons, and we shall confine ourselves to noting what has been less noted or noted at all in the undertakings of the besieged by land and water.

Yet one striking fact M. Boissay mentions in connection with the balloon service which we have nowhere else seen published, and which possibly may contain a germ of practical value in the application of aerostatics to navigation

It was easy enough to send balloons out of Paris. But could balloons be got back to Paris?

Admiral Labrousse and M. Dupuy de Lome, the great naval constructor, thought they might be. And in this wise:

In all the cities surrounding Paris in a circle of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty kilometres, which were lighted by gas, so as to make it possible to use the mirrors by night as well as by day, mirrors were fixed horizontally in the open air so as to reflect the clouds which passed above in the zenith. On these mirrors lines were traced with a diamond exactly bearing in the direction of Paris. The mirrors were set up near a telegraph office in constant connection with the provisional government at Tours. Whenever the clouds should be seen in the mirrors to be moving parallel with the lines traced upon them towards Paris, balloons kept in readiness were to be prepared for departure, despatches at the same moment being telegraphed from Tours. When the angle made by the wind with the Paris-bearing lines should be inconsiderable, the balloon could be easily transported to a point from which the wind would drive it straight to the capital.

Work was beginning on these balloons at Tours and elsewhere when the sudden and fan-like development in all directions of the German invasion put an end to the project, the intended points of departure being all occupied one after another by the hostile forces. In this, as in so many other cases, the French got to the ferry just as the boat had put off. What they themselves call the "wit of the staircase" was never so signally illustrated as by their own performance during the whole of this astounding conflict. They were perpetually thinking in the doorway of the repartee which would have humiliated their enemy had they only thought of it in the drawing-room.

Communication to and from the Capital by land and in the ordinary ways came practically to an end on the 19th of October, 1870, at which time the extent of the territory around Paris occupied by the Germans made it hopeless. During the preceeding month eighty-five pedestrian postmen, variously disguised, had tried their hands, or rather their feet, under the protection of the general post-office, at going and coming with despatches. Of this number onlyeight, or less than one in ten, succeeded in reaching their points of destination. Only three succeeded in reaching their points of destination, and returning with despatches. Four, who were captured, of whom two succeeded after all in getting their despatches through. Two were reported missing, one of whom, named Brare, was shot by the Germans. All the rest were forced to turn back to Paris before reaching their points of destination.

This will sound strangely to those who know how constant a correspondence, both public and private, was kept up between Richmond and the North during our civil war. But it must be remembered that the besiegers and the besieged of Paris spoke different languages, and that the country which the Germans occupied, being highly cultivated, populous, and full of towns, offered them an easier task in the way of surveillance and control than the vast, sparsely settled regions of Northern Virginia presented to our own officers.

When the surface of the earth became impassable Paris tried her burrows. On the 10th of January, 1871, the Director-General of the Postoffice signed an agreement with five persons, who undertook to quit Paris and return to it through the subterranean quarries on the left bank of the Seine. These persons were forced to abandon their attempt, as were also several independent adventurers. One of the latter miserably perished by suffocation in a huge mass of mud which had settled in the Catacombs.

That something of the failure of the official attempts to keep open land communication ought to be attributed to the stupefaction engendered by officialism may perhaps be inferred from the fact that a larger proportion of private than of public messengers succeeded in getting back and forth. One such messenger, named Barthe, made two successful journeys out and home, taking and bringing many thousands of letters. The artifices used by these messengers were as manifold, as dark, and as peculiar as the tricks of the "heathen Chinee."

Despatches were carried in canes, in knife-handles, in the shanks of keys, in penny pieces hollowed out, in watch-chain charms, in coat buttons, in sleeve buttons, in boot soles, in neckties, in little silver sheaths which the bearer in some cases swallowed, and in other cases inserted in incisions made in his own skin. One, supremely ingenious, carried his despatches in three hollow teeth which he had filled with them! Of course such refinements as this could only be attained in an age of photography. The extent to which the art of photography was pressed into the service is one of the most striking features of this scientific fight of Paris for light and air.

M. Bolssay himself, M. Lacoin, and M. Cadloni were the authors of the plan by which photographic correspondence was made accessible to the public. They were ably seconded at Tours by M. Steenackers, M. Baressaud, M. d'Almeida, and others. M. Steenackers conceived the happy notion of causing all letters and despatches to be printed before they were photographed, thus securing clearness and economizing space to such an extent that it became possible to send 240 despatches of 15 words each on a piece of paper 3 centimetres wide and 4 long. These despatches were sent at the rate of half a franc or about 10 cents a word. The government also sent post-office orders in this way up to 300 francs for a charge of three francs per order over and above the usual charge of 1 per cent.

These despatches were eventually printed, at the suggestion of M. d'Almeida, upon thin plates of collodion much lighter than paper. In this way it became possible to send a much greater number by the pigeon expresses—of which we shall presently say a word. The art of microscopic reduction was also called in and worked wonders. By printing the despatches in three columns no fewer than forty-eight printed pages, containing 1,600 telegrams or fifteen words each, were eventually put upon a single sheet of collodion twenty centimetres square! At Paris these despatches were read with a photo-electric microscope, and so transcribed The enlarged image of the photograph was at first projected in a dark chamber by a ray of electric light upon a white board, from which it was read off and copied. Afterwards with the help of the electric light, enlarged photographs of the microscopic photographs were made on glass at first, but finally on paper. These were easily read, copied, and sent to their destinations. In this way it affected them morally much more from the very outset; and the investment had hardly become complete before the wits of the whole scientific population were set at work to find out means for piercing, overshooting, or under-running the implacable wall of bayonets and spiked-nets drawn about the fair Lutetia by the methodical Von Moltke. It is common, particularly on the other side of the Atlantic, to translate the scornful lines of Juvenal,

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New Foundland.

Interior Explorations—A Daring and Perilous Journey.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening *Post*.]

ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND, June 24, 1871.

It is curious to find that the interior of Newfoundland, the largest island of America, is at this day almost unexplored. Travellers have been searching out the mysterious sources of the Nile, and endeavoring to pierce the ice-barrier that guards the open Polar Sea, and solving the problem of centuries—the Northwest Passage; and yet here is an island considerably larger than Ireland, nearly four times the size of Belgium, the most ancient of Britain's forty colonies, lying within easy distance of America and England, and far less is known of its uninhabited interior than that of Africa—its internal lakes, plains, mountain ranges are unmapped, its river courses undetermined. About 146,000 people are sprinkled around its thousand miles of coast, living chiefly by the harvest of the sea; while the interior is left to the deer, wolves and beavers. Scenery the grandest and loveliest may be found within its boundaries. Game, too, for the sportsman, in profusion, together with the charm of gazing at scenes on which human eyes may never have rested before, and of making possible discoveries in natural history, in geology, in botany the importance of which may be very great; and yet no adventurous Bicker presumes to pierce these solitudes and tell us what they contain; no Agassiz, to sketch its natural production; no Livingstone, to open up a new portion of the earth's surface. Beyond all doubt, discoveries of great intestest await the first courageous explorer.

One and only one, white man has ever ventured into the primeval forests and broad savannas of the interior. Almost fifty years ago, in the Autumn of 1822, a courageous traveller named Cormack, attended by a single Micmac Indian, accomplished a journey from the Eastern to the Western shores, through the very centre of the island. Cormack was a Scotchman of good family, intelligent and well educated, engaged in the business of Newfoundland. He was in every way well-fitted for such a perilous enterprise, being possessed of great physical powers, indomitable resolution, and that love of adventure for its own sake, which is essential to constitute the genuine traveller.

Fortunately, too, though not a scientific man, he had a fair acquaintance with at least the elements of geology, botany and natural history. He possessed, too excellent powers of observation, and a conscientious regard for accuracy. This was the man who determined to penetrate the internal wilderness, braving all the dangers and hardships of the journey that he might determine for others what those untrodden wilds contained. It might be supposed that the government of the day would have entered heartily into such an enterprise, and aided the spirited explorer. But for some reason or other they set their faces determinedly against the undertaking, and refused the slightest assistance. Nothing daunted, the daring man determined to cope with the difficulties single-handed. In addition to the gratification of a legitimate curiosity, he had the further hope of discovering the retreat of the red Indians, the aborigines of the country, and opening up friendly communications with them. The record of his extraordinary journey was first published in the proceedings of one of the Scottish philosophical societies, and afterwards reprinted in pamphlet form. It is now rather scarce. A copy is preserved here in one of our public libraries, and from it I have constructed the following brief abstract, which I think possesses a permanent interest.

Cormack commences his narrative by referring briefly to the opposition of the Governor, which deprived him of the services of a European, a volunteer on whom he had counted, but this only made him the more determined to carry out his plan. Being a bachelor, he congratulated himself that no one could be injured by his death, and this, he says, "was a cheering triumph at such a moment." He had fortunately secured the services of a native Indian, a famous hunter, and with this solitary assistant he commenced his journey. His plan was to penetrate as nearas possible to the centre of the island by water, and then at once strike into the trackless forests. Accordingly he proceeded by boat to the head of Trinity Bay, and ascended Hamdom Sound. Having landed his travelling equipments, he dismissed the boat, with the party which had brought him, and prepared to bid farewell to the sights and sounds of civilized life. No human habitation was to be seen; and as the coat slowly disappeared into the gloomy fogs, and the repeated cheers grew faint, and died away in faint echoes, all the difficulties and perils of the hazardous undertaking passed before his imagination and almost staggered his resolution. Here were two human beings, one of them, "a poor Indian, with untutored mind," armed with a couple of fowling pieces and a small supply of powder and shot, carrying only a few pounds of pork and biscuit, two blankets, a tin kettle, and a pocket-compass as their guide, and they were about to plunge into an unknown wilderness, on a journey of three months, where they must depend entirely on their guns for food. What rivers, mountains or forests they had to cross, they knew not. What wolves and beasts of prey, or red Indians, more savage still, they might encounter, they could not conjecture. They might perish miserably of hunger or be devoured by wolves, or set upon, in the darkness of night, by the ferocious red man. It needed stout hearts to confront such perils—but the die was cast. There was no time for indulging sentimental emotions. They turned their faces resolutely westward and struck into the dense forest. Cormack had prudently waited till the beginning of September for the commencement of his journey, as then the wild berries were ripening, and the plague of flies and mosquitoes was not so intolerable as earlier in Summer.

The first forty miles of their journey was through a dense, unbroken pine forest, with here and there a bold, granitic pap projecting above the dark green surface. Owing to the thick underwood, the fallen trees, the brooks that lay in their way, the suffocating heat of the woods, and the torment caused by mosquitoes, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, their rate of advance was only from five to eight miles a day; and the fatigue of boring their way amid such difficulties was very trying. Occasionally they ascended one of the insulated granite paps in order to have a view of the country or to discover a more open track; and Cormack declares that the prospect of "the ocean of undulating forest around, the highlands on the seacoast and the Atlantic Ocean to the northward" was most enchanting. The very thought that it was all his own—that the eye of civilized man never rested on it before—no doubted added much to the charm. The deathlike silence of the forest through which they were forcing their way was almost oppressive, only the light tapping of the wood-pecker, the occasional croak of the raven, or the chattering and fluttering of the jay and titmouse being heard. At night the wild and varied notes of the loon on the lakes were audible, sometimes like the bleating of sheep, and again resembling the lowing of cattle. All night long these nocturnal clamorers were heard from every lake as they swam about in search of food. No game of any kind showed itself in the forest, not even a handful of wild berries could be found; so that but for the small stock of provisions carried by the travellers they must have perished at the very outset of their journey. The dense forest was composed almost entirely of trees of the pine tribe, firs, black and white spruce, predominating, with a few birches and larches, but neither beech, maple, oak nor ash. Countless lakes and marshes lay hidden in these "forests primeval"—the former shining brilliantly with the white and yellow water-lily, the marshes, when dry and elevated, glittering with the brilliant Kalmia Augustifolia, and the Pursh's delicate lilac blossoms. The wet marshes, on the other hand, produced lark's spur, Indian cap, cranberry, marshberry, bog apple, ladies' slipper, white violet, gold thread, and here and there magnificent wild grasses five or six feet in height. On the skirts of the marshes were seen the wild gooseberries and currants, yellow-flowering honeysuckle, Indian or Labrador tea, Indian pear, poplars, birches, and a vast variety of trees and shrubs.

At night, the lonely travellers camped in Indian fashion, kindled their fire, cooked supper and slept in their blankets. After toiling for six days through this immense black belt of forest, the distance traversed being forty miles, the aspect of the country began to change; the trees became larger and stood apart; spacious tracts of rocky ground, entirely clear of wood, were tossed; and at length, to their great joy, they found themselves on the summit of a great granitic ridge. Looking back towards the seacoast, they discovered that under the cover of the forest, they had been uniformly ascending ever since they left the coast at Random Sound, and that now they had reached the summit of the great mountain ridge that served as a barrier between the sea and the interior. The scene, as they gazed towards the sea, was magnificent—the dense black forest spotted with bright yellow marshes and a few glossy lakes in its bosom, stretched away from the mountain ridge to the shores of the Atlantic. All around them partridge-berries, whortleberries and beautiful lichens or reindeer moss loaded the ground. Ptarmigan, or grouse, the indigenous game-bird of the country, rose in coveys in every direction; wild geese and ducks were flying over head in flocks; and the tracks of deer, of immense wolves, of bears, foxes and martens were seen everywhere.

Away to the westward the mysterious, untrodden interior now broke upon them, and their inexpressible delight at all its primeval grandeur. The eye glanced over a vast basin consisting of a succession of northerly and southerly ranges of green plains, marbled with woods and lakes of every form and size, till the view was lost in the undulating horizon of vapor in the far west. What a contrast to the waste, howling wilderness which the imagination had hitherto pictured as the interior of the island! "A new world," says Cormack, "seemed to invite us onward, or rather we claimed the dominion, and were impatient to proceed to take possession." Pursuing their way westward across the island. Obstacles of every kind were dispelled or despised. Primitiveness, Omnipotence, tranquility were stamped upon everything so forcibly that the mind was hurled back thousands of years. Land-berries were ripening; game-birds were fledging, and beasts were emerging to prey upon each other. Everything animate and inanimate, seemed to be our own. We consumed unsparingly our remaining provisions, confident in our power of procuring supplies. There was no will but ours. Thoughts of the aborigines did not alter our determination, yet they made us set forward with a thing that might present itself in a country yet untrodden and before unseen by civilized man. I now adopted, as well for self preservation as for the sake of accomplishing the object of my excursion, the self-dependent mode of life of the Indian, both in spirit and action."

There can be little doubt that these savannas are capable of drainage and culture, of being reclaimed so as to yield abundant green crops. In fact, Cormack's account of the interior of the island shows that it is at present very much what Britain was in the days of the Romans—full of swamps, marshes, forests, bogs and lakes. In the savanna plains the peat is of great depth, the surface moist or wet even in the midst of Summer, but hard underneath; the principal rocks are granite, mica, chlorite and clay-slate. They exhibit evidences of having been once wooded, roots of large trees, with portions of the trunk attached, being seen often occupying the original savanna soil on which they grew. Doubtless the primeval forests have been destroyed by fires, and at least a century is required to reproduce them on the same scale. The proportion of water to land in the savanna country is very great, being at times half and seldom less than one-third. The marbled, glossy surface, as seen from a rising ground, is singularly novel and pleasing. Experience alone could determine whether tillage would reclaim these savannas. But, however this may be, there can be no doubt about the possibility of utilizing these magnificent herds of reindeer, were communication opened between the coast and the plains. If this were done, not only would the wolves might supply the finest food for our fishing population. When taken young, deer become very domestic and tractable. There would, therefore, be no difficulty in rearing vast herds of tame deer, and so converting these vast savannas into a well-cultivated pastoral country, employing qualified herdsmen, who would make themselves familiar with and accompany these herds from pasture to pasture, as is done in Norway and Lapland with the reindeer there, and in Spain with the sheep. Were proper plans adopted for effecting this object, great benefits and comforts now undreamed of would be realized by the people.

On the whole, it is evident from the observations of this courageous traveller that it is a mistake to suppose that the interior of this large island is an irreclaimable wilderness. The other islands of the New World are occupied, men will turn their attention to these grand savannas. The snorting locomotive will yet startle the solitudes, and scare away the reindeer and wolves. Smiling villages will dot the plain.

"I think I hear
The sound of the advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Come the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Is heard within the fold, and flocks are feeding
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone."

Don Piatt as a Drummer.

Don Piatt, in his Washington letter, says: I went out the other day to purchase some furniture for an office, and having selected my articles, I turned to the man and said:

"You advertise in our paper, do you not?"

"No, sir, we never advertise."

I then quietly informed him that I never bought furniture, and moved on to another establishment. You will think I am romancing, but precisely the same conversation occurred at the second store. I tried a third, quite a large establishment, standing on a corner, kept by a Christian (and I propose to advertise him now) of the Mosaic name of Moses—Moses & Sons, at that. They have quite an assortment in the upholstery line, and I suggested advertising to the senior, and received in answer that he occupied a corner, a very conspicuous corner, and had a large sign on it that everybody could read from the street, and with that it was quite unnecessary to go to further expense in the way of advertising. Then I said unto Moses:

"Do you know, my Christian friend, that when a man, possessed of any amount of money, wishes to furnish a house in Washington, he goes to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and even into Boston?"

"Yes," he responded, "I know that."

"Well," said I, "do you know the reason for it?"

"Why, of course, I do," he replied, with some asperity. "These people come here from Boston and other places and are interested in the manufactories at home, and of course won't purchase at Washington."

"My Christian friend," I continued, "you labor under a monstrous delusion. These men do not own any manufactories at home, and if they did, they would not purchase where they have to pay heavily for transportation, if they knew they could escape such taxes by getting their furniture of you. But they don't know that you exist."

"They read the papers, and they see no mention made of Moses, unless it be in a Sunday paper, and the Moses spoken of is a man dead long ago; yet, however, no deader than you are, come to think about it. A man who does not advertise is as dead as Moses. You say you have a sign here. That is not the sign asked for. Few people see, and those who do can't read it. For one man walking idly down the street who reads, there are hundreds who pass by with no time to read signs, or for one man who does notice your abortion in black and white out there, a newspaper would take your business to thousands."

"Why, my Christian friend, immense fortunes have been made by advertising. Did you ever hear of Helmbold's Buchu?" He had never heard of Helmbold's Buchu. He had seen a gentleman by the name of Helmbold driving down the avenue during the carnival with a great quantity of horses, and thought he was a part of the Administration. I gave him up in despair, and yet this is a specimen of the business men at the magnificent Capital of our great country.

Orangeism.

Its Origin and the Victories it Celebrates.

Though the Orangemen espoused the religious principles which placed William of Orange on the British Throne, and derive their name from his title, it was not until more than a century after his death that they became a powerful, organized body; notwithstanding the name of Orangemen existed some time before. The battle of the Diamond in the county of Armagh, which took place in the month of September, 1795, led the Protestants to believe that unless they banded together for mutual support they would become an easy prey to their enemies, who had formed themselves into associations under the names of Defenders and United Irishmen. The first Orange Lodge was formed in the county of Armagh on the 21st of September, 1795. It was merely a society of loyal Protestants, associated and bound together solely for the purpose of maintaining and defending the constitution of Church and State, as established by the revolution of 1688. As other lodges were formed the society received many adherents from the lower classes of Protestants, though the leaders were generally men of intelligence and position, and as they increased in number and strength, confidence took the place of supiineness and despondency in their general bearing. The organization was at that time conducted with so much publicity that the declaration of their principles was published in the newspapers. As is natural in all such cases the new organization was subject to much misrepresentation, and oaths to which it was a stranger were fabricated as the obligations of Orangemen. It professed to be instituted merely for defensive purposes, and was not introduced into counties or districts until after they had become disturbed by their opponents, and was not established in Dublin until the month of January, 1798. There can be little doubt but that the Orange lodges were of considerable service to the government during the memorable rebellion of 1798; in fact, Gen. Knox, who commanded at Dungannon in the Summer of that year, assured the government that the institution of Orange lodges was of infinite use, and that he would rest the safety of the river Bann and Ireland in the fidelity of Orangemen who were enrolled in the yeomanry corps. It is right to mention that the Orange association must not be confounded, as it has often erroneously been, with the disgraceful outrages which occurred in the county of Armagh many years previous between the lowest class of Presbyterians, under the name of Peep of Day Boys, and the Catholics under that of Defenders, for it was not instituted until some years afterwards as a check to the aggressions of the latter. In May, 1797, delegates from the Orange Lodges in Ulster, offered to put at the disposal of General Nugent, then commanding at Lisburn, in the event of an insurrection or invasion, a force of 20,000 men, who at four days' notice would be ready to march under his command to any part of Ireland where their services might be required. The General thanked them for the offer, but trusted that the spirit they manifested would prevent any insurrection. On the 12th of July in the following year the victory gained at Aughrim on that day, in 1691, was celebrated by a general procession of Orangemen at Lurgan, which in numbers consisted of from 12,000 to 20,000, who carried eighty-nine stands of colors and many elegant devices, the whole being conducted in the most peaceful and creditable manner. The procession was reviewed by Generals Lake and Nugent, and on the same day the former reviewed another numerous body of Orangemen near Belfast.

How far the Orange organizations were beneficial to those who were members of them is a matter of doubt. Even Sir Richard Musgrave, a staunch Protestant, and a member of the last Irish Parliament, in his "Memoirs of the Rebellion 2, says: "However useful the Orange institution may be in a country where the members of the Established Church are numerous, it must be allowed it must have been injurious where there were but few, because it served only to excite the vengeance of the Romanists against them; and they could not unite with celerity and in sufficient numbers for the defence." He was also of opinion that it should not be admitted in the British army or militia, because consisting of both Protestants and Catholics, it would be likely to create party zeal and discord. These opinions were given a year or two after the rebellion of '98. It is certainly true that the Orange societies have frequently been the aggressors in the breaches of the peace in Ireland, to which they have been a party; and they have themselves partly to blame for the enactment of the law which renders illegal in Ireland all party processions, the carrying of party colors and the singing of party songs. A notable instance of Orange aggression occurred in Dublin in the year 1822. At the beginning of that year the Marquis of Wellesly, on his arrival in Dublin, invested with the vice-regal position of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Though the Marquis should naturally have won the approval of the Orangemen by his refusal to interfere in preventing their annual celebration, still he was too friendly disposed toward the Catholics to please many of the most bigoted. The Catholic advocate, Mr. Plunkett, was his Attorney-General, while many of the Catholic leaders were cordially welcomed at Dublin Castle. These proofs were sufficient for the secret Orange tribunals which sat upon his conduct, and the result was that when the Marquis of Wellesly attended the performances at the Dublin Theatre, on the night of December 14, he was assailed by an organized mob, one of whom flung a heavy piece of wood and another a quart bottle toward the State box. Three Orangemen, mechanics, were arrested and tried for the offense, but acquitted on a technical defect of evidence; but a general feeling of indignation was excited among all classes in consequence of the outrage, and it is questionable if Orangeism in Dublin ever recovered the disgust occasioned by the dastardly assault.

The annual gala-days of the Orangemen are July the 1st and 12th, one or the other of which they have been accustomed to celebrate. The first is in honor of the victory achieved by William the Third over James the Second, on the banks of the Boyne, on July 1st, 1690, which resulted in the flight of the dethroned monarch to France, and the second in honor of the final and decisive victory gained on July 12, of the following year at Aughrim, near Athlone, when the Irish wing, under the command of the French General St. Ruth, was defeated by the British forces under General Ginkell. An account of each of these conflicts will be found below. As the contest which they decided took more the character of a religious than a political strife, it would have been far better if the feud had been allowed to subside when the military conflict terminated. Instead of this the anniversary of one or the other of these battles has ever since been held in great regard and as a day of rejoicing among the Protestants of Ireland With reference to the policy of these celebrations the Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, who certainly cannot be accused of any leaning towards Catholicism, state in their "Book of Days," in their allusion to this battle of Boyne: "As it gave them (the Protestants) relief from the rule of the Catholic majority, the holding of the day in affectionate remembrance was but natural and allowable. Almost down to our time, however, the celebration has been managed with such strong external demonstrations—armed musters, bannered processions, glaring insignia and insulting party cries—as could not but be felt as grievous by the Catholics, and the consequence has been that the fight begun on the Boyne Water in 1690 has been in some degree renewed every year since. In private life to remind a neighbor periodically some humiliation he once suffered would be accounted the perfection of bad manners. How strange, then, that a set of gallant gentlemen, numbering hundreds of thousands, should be unable to see how impolitic it is to keep up this celebration in the midst of people whose feelings it cannot fail to wound!"

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE—JULY 1, 1690.

Presuming that our readers are acquainted with the history of the revolution which drove James II. from the English throne and placed his son-in-law and daughter upon it, we take up the story when William III., having decided to join the army in Ireland, arrived at Carrickfergus on June 14, 1690, and proceeded to Schomberg's headquarters, at Lisburn. His army consisted of about thirty-six thousand men, variously composed of English, Dutch, Germans and other foreigners. On his approach the Irish army retired to the south bank of the Boyne, which is steep and hilly, and had been fortified with intrenchments. When James joined them there were 10,000 French troops under Lauzun, his whole army amounting to about thirty thousand; and though his force was considerably inferior to that of William, and many of them only raw, undisciplined troops, he was induced by the strength of the position to hazard a battle. On the last day of June the hostile forces confronted each other at the Boyne. "The gentle, legendary river," says McGee, "wreathed in all the glory of its abundant foliage, was startled with the cannonade from its northern bank, which continued through the long Summer's evening and woke the early echoes of the morrow. William, strong in his veteran ranks welcomed the battle.—James, strong in his defensive position and the goodness of his cause, awaited it with confidence." The morrow saw the conflict.

"Twas bright July's first morning clear,
Of unforgotten glory,
That ma le this stream, through ages dear,
Renown'd in song and story.

But brightly as dawned the day the sun had nearly shed its rays on the corpse of William, as, on the previous day, he was discovered while reconnitering with some of his officers, and artillery brought to bear upon him, which killed two of his officers, upon the shoulder, and to his sinking for a moment on his horse's neck. The ball a six-pounder, however, merely tore his coat, grazed his shoulder and drew two or three ounces of blood. Both armies thought he was killed. A shout of exultation rose from the Irish camp, while the news was expressed in the Continent that William was slain, and there was great joy in consequence in Paris, Rome and other Catholic strongholds. A cannonade was kept up on both sides till the evening of that day. On the following morning, in preparation for battle, James drew his forces in two lines, the left being covered by a morass, while in his rear was the village of Dromore, and three miles further on the narrow Pass of Duleck. William ranged his army in three columns of attack. The centre, led by the Duke of Schomberg, was to avoid the swampy ground in his front; the right, under his son, Count Schomberg, was to cross near the Bridge of Slane, while William himself headed the passage of the left between the camp and the town of Drogheda. The battle commenced at the bridge of Slane, between three younges Schomberg and Sir Neil O'Neil, the latter fell mortally wounded, and the river was crossed.—William ordered his centre to advance, under the elder Schomberg, by the ford at Oldbridge, as noon approached, while he moved with the left across the river nearer to Drogheda. Lauzun, with Sarsfield's horse, deading to be outflanked and cut off at the Pass of Duleck, which was the only road of escape toward Dublin, and which was so narrow that two cars could not pass each other, galloped off to retrieve the disaster at the bridge of Slane, five miles higher up the stream, where alone a retreat was now possible. The battle was now transferred from the gunners to the swordsmen and pikemen—from the banks to the fords and borders of the river. William, on the extreme left, (his wing being composed entirely of cavalry) swam his horse across in imminent danger. The whole Irish line was now assailed by Ginkle, who commanded the English army, bombarded and took Athlone. It was a masterpiece of audacity, as a large force of Irish, commanded by St. Ruth, a Frenchman, lay behind the town, while the storming columns had to ford the Shannon, with the water breast high, in order to gain the breach.

St. Ruth now removed his camp about thirty miles from Athlone, on the road to Galway, near to the ruined castle of Aughrim, where he determined to await the approach of the English army. The spot appears to have been chosen with great judgment. His force was drawn up on the slope of a hill, almost surrounded by bog, with some rivers in front, with which a breastwork was formed without difficulty. On July 11 Ginkell had moved the greater part of his army to within four miles of the Irish, there lying between them the morass, through which two narrow causeways led to the Irish position, numbering from 20,000 to 25,000 men, that of Ginkell being about 5,000 less. Ginkell having reconnoitred the Irish position gave orders for the attack on the morrow, when every man should be under arms without beat of drum. Two regiments were left in charge of the camp, the two armies marched with baggage, marched against the enemy soon after six in the morning, but they were delayed till noon by a fog which hung over the valley.

The outposts were then attacked, and the afternoon was far advanced when the two armies confronted each other with only the bog and breastworks between them. It was five before the battle began. The English crossed the bog, sinking deep at every step, to the Irish works, which they found defended with a resolution which extorted from them praise. Again and again they attacked without success, and once were broken and chased across the morass; but they rallied, when their pursuers were forced to retreat. At seven, as the evening was closing in, the advantage was with the Irish, and Ginkell began to meditate a retreat, while St. Ruth prophesied he would drive the enemy before him to the walls of Dublin. Just, however, at this time the cavalry had succeeded in crossing the bog at a spot where two horses could scarcely ride abreast, in doing which they severely suffered from the fire of the enemy. St. Ruth viewed the passage with little concern, until he saw hurdles laid in the quagmire and a broad and safer path prepared. Several squadrons now crossed, and the flank of the Irish army was speedily turned. St. Ruth was hastening to the rescue, when a cannon ball carried off his head. It being thought fatal to let his troops know their loss, his corpse was wrapped in his cloak and carried from the field, so that till after the battle was over neither army was aware of his death—But the crisis of the battle arrived, and there was no one to give directions. Sarsfield, who had command of the reserves, with strict injunctions not to stir without orders, waited for them in vain. The English cavalry charged the Irish flank, while the foot again engaged the breast-works in front which were carried. The Irish being thus overpowered, retreated from enclosure to enclosure, fighting desperately as they fell back, their efforts, however, gradually becoming fainter. At last they broke and fled, when they were pursued, and a horrible carnage ensued, which was only closed by the arrival of a moonless night, and thus closed the last great Irish battle. The loss on both sides was very heavy, probably not less than 12,000 falling in all. Ginkell received the title of Earl of Athlone as a reward for his eminent services. The remains of the Irish army fled towards Limerick, where Ginkell arrived on the 25th of August, and commenced a siege which lasted for six weeks, when