

## THE REAPER.

THE reaper reaps the yellow grain,  
 At morning, noon and dewy eve;  
 And homeward wends his loaded wain,  
 At morning, noon and dusky eve,  
 The reaper binds within his sheaves  
 The budding flower, with velvet leaves,—  
 The tendriled vine that loved the corn—  
 The young,—young rose, without a thorn.

The reaper cometh while we sleep!  
 O'er ravished fields we wake to weep!  
 The reaper cometh, while our eyes,  
 Gaze o'er the seas or in the skies!  
 He cometh with a step so still  
 No thought obtrudes of wrong or ill.

Who is the reaper? ask the grain  
 That loads his black and dismal wain!  
 Who is the reaper? ask the flower  
 That withers 'neath his baleful power!  
 Who is the reaper? ask the vine.  
 That did the growing corn entwine!  
 He is not Death, for Death is good,  
 Though oft by men misunderstood.

—H. L. SPENCER.

## PROFESSOR O'TOOLE ON MONEY.

(o)

MONEY, SIR," said the Professor emphatically, and closing up his off-eye knowingly—"money is *the one thing* Archie Medez, of Ballymacstuttery—(though fellows that know nothing of his forbears or Irish history, set him down as a Syracusan swell)—money is *the one thing* required to take a rise out of the univarse, an' peg our planet a few stars higher."

Having delivered himself of this opinion as though it were the revelation of an oracle, our Hibernian philosopher unbuttoned the eye whose speculation had been muffled; then "readying his dhudeen," as he himself expressed it, re-filling it, carefully placing the "dottle" on the top, as though within its ashy substance slumbered the true Promethean fire, he applied himself to the business of smoking with such determined energy, that his whiskers dived into two yielding concavities, as his cheeks met and kissed inside.

"Money!" he continued, derisively, between his whiffs—"money!—do any of yez know what money is?—ov course ye'll say 'Yis,' an' then that'll be the *last* lie ye tould; but I'll tell ye what it is. It's everything, an' can do everything, barrin' make an Irishman ov a Saxon, or a cherub out ov what's left of a Cabinet Minister, when the devil has taken his own. Oh, ye may laugh if ye plaze—but it's thrue for all that, as the white-boys sed to the informer, when they sated him comfortably on the still-fire, and basted him wid whisky, till there was nothin' left of him but one boot, an' the goulden guineas melted together, that he got for splittin' on 'em, but which they rammed down his throat aforehand wid the square end of a poker.

"Now, money," continued O'Toole, "is like a parson's text, and may be divided into three heads, tho' what they do with the bodies and tails is a fit subject to be opened and digested at an early opportunity, as the cannibal said to the missionary, when he borrowed his scalp as a sample, an' trussed him up ready for cookin' on the next feast-day. Well, money, as I sed, might be divided into three heads as thus—

READY MONEY,  
 HARMONEY,  
 MATRIMONEY.

"What's the sinews ov war?—Ready Money! What's the product of peace?—Ready Money! 'What's your creed?' sez the Bishop to Mick the miser—'Anan?' sez Mick, for he'd a mighty nice knack ov hearin' nothin' he didn't want to—'What's your religion?'—'Ready Money,' sez Mick, quite cute like; an' faix I think he was nearer the creed ov the millions an' the Bishop, in his answer, than the Bishop or the millions would like to confess.

"Without Ready Money there can be no *Harmony*—but the

chink ov the shiners is melody itself; and here I'll obsarve, as Copper-nosed Corporal Casey did—he wasn't christened Copper-nosed Corporal Casey, ye know, he was christened Teddy—but he was called Copper-nosed Corporal Casey for short. 'Ready money,' sez the Corporal as he listed the yokel with a bad shillin', 'Ready money, if it's good, is *good*, an' if it ain't, you must pass it; that's part ov the whole duty ov man.'

The Professor—his unquestionable claim to the title was not based upon honour achieved, inherited or thrust upon him, but simply from the fact, as he himself confessed, that he "*professed* everything about which he knew nothing, and consequently, as was said of Miss Finigan wid regard to her new crinoline, was the centre of a large circumference"—the Professor had the lead in our little after-dinner quartette, and well he kept it; to talk, or even hint, at the possibility of getting a word, or the echo of it, in edgeways, would be as absurd as to try and bolt a door against a bailiff with a boiled carrot, or keep back a spring tide with an egg-spoon. O'Toole was *all* there, and the merry twinkle of his eloquent eye, as it flashed in unison with the "buttermilk-and-whisky" richness of his brogue—a brogue so thick one might cut it with a knife—induced us to tolerate a pedantry we did not know how to crush, and make a compromise that relieved ourselves of the necessity of talking, while we listened to his absurdities for the sake of his native humour and honest good heart.

"As I've tould you a trifle about the first ov my heads—that is, Ready Money—and glanced at the second, which is *Harmony*, I'll now come to the one with which both the others must be associated, or there'll be 'blood upon shirts, an' wigs on the green!' as Pat O'Dwyer remarked, after a *rookawn* at the Carlow elections, when he contemplated the polis engaged in pickin' up by instalments, an' sortin' in a turf-creel, all that was left ov their sergeant, half a dozen ov their comrades, and the magistrate who read the Riot Act, until a flyin' brickbat tuk a liberty wid his parts o' speech—that one is the subject ov my discourse at the present time o' spakin'—an' it's one nearest the heart ov every faymale woman, as Widdy Kinsella sed ov the money she was to take from the 'Buryin' Club,' aftther she had planted her ould man in the churchyard, as the poet beautifully obsarves,

'Wid his toes turned up to the daisies.'

It is a subject that has a language to be onderstood—a language that any one wid ears of an ornary lenth must onderstand, as Terry Riley sed, when he awoke one fine mornin' in forren parts, an' heerd the fine barrowtone voice ov a donkey serenadin' him undher his windy. 'Glory be to St. Pathrick!' sez Terry. 'there's a Christian language I onderstand at last. Musha, musha!' sez he; 'sure an' I thought since the very childre *parleywood*, the poor ignorant baste might folly their bad example;' but asses—I mane four-footed ones—ain't *all* fools, an' that's more nor I'd like to peril my sowl by swearin', when I'm spakin' o' some wid only half the complement o' legs."

The Professor's assurance that there was "no offence intended to anybody present" might have been kindly meant, but certainly was not complimentary. The dancing devil in his eye was a merry one, nevertheless; and as, figuratively speaking, he had plenty of rope, we patiently awaited the fulfilment of the adage.

One step in the right direction—*i. e.*, towards the fulfilment of the consummation so devoutly to be wished—was evident in the strength, and depth, and body of "pure Dunville" he poured into his tumbler—a draught unbaptized, unsophisticated, uncontaminated with water. He raised the goblet, and looking through it lovingly, broke out into spontaneous song:

Oh, whiskey is nectar!  
 Achilles an' Hector,  
 St. Patrick, O'Connell, and Brian Boru,  
 Minerva an' Vanus,  
 An' Coriolanus,  
 All drank it, and christened the draught  
 "Mountain Dew."

As men it inspires us—  
 As heroes it fires us—  
 As lovers it taches us sootherin' ways—  
 So bending to Beauty  
 Is hardly a duty  
 When Beauty clings round us wid  
 "Do, if you plaze."