



A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. II.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1875.

No. 3

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

Under the tree the farmer said,
Smiling, and shaking his wise old head :
"Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe ;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay ;
To-night, when the chores have all been done,
We'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun.

Up in the tree a robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head :
"Cherries are ripe! and so, to-day,
We'll gather them while you make the hay ;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no corn to mow."
At night the farmer said : "Here's a trick !
Those roguish robins have had their pick."

THE O'DONNELLS OF GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Sherman's March through the South," "The Irish Brigade and its Campaign," "Sarsfield, or The Last Great Struggle for Ireland," etc. etc.

Now national pastimes are fast dying out ; we seem to get ashamed of everything national. The famine years, no doubt, did away with a great deal of the elasticity and cheerfulness of character of the Irish peasant. They seem now as if doomed to serve but a probation in the land of their birth. They look to other lands as the land of promise where their toil is rewarded with peace and plenty. Despite of all the ties of home, so dear to an Irishman's heart, despite of all fond family associations, despite of his wish to sleep with the bones of his father in the old church yard, still he must move on. God's earth is wide and he must toil and live. Man has cursed his own green fertile land, so he must move on. On, on, to make room for the beasts of the field! Poor peasant, you and

your cabin, and your fond wife, and your little prattling babes are in their way. Move on, I say! Such is the *ukase* that has gone forth from despotic landlords to their serfs! Such is the *ukase* that government has connived at, because the victims were aliens in blood and religion, and had the manliness to tug at the shackles that bound them. Ah! the millions of corpses that rot in pauper graves, that are tossed about by the ocean waves, or that sleep in far off lands, slain by the miasma of some pestilential swamp, will yet rise up in judgment. Well, well, let us draw a veil over this for the present, and as I am shortly going to describe all the horrors of the famine years, let us take a view of the merry green where the youths and maidens are dancing, hurling, playing hide and go seek, and the like pastimes. These arcadian scenes are now fast dying away ; will some kind spirit rise up and revive them ? Will you, good kind old priest, and fear not that you are infringing upon God's law ? Will you, young man of influence and energy, and think not that it detracts from your dignity ? Will you, maiden fair, with the soft beaming eye and light step, join our dance on the green, and listen to the music of the blind fiddler ?

"It's not fashionable."

"Pooh! Who told you so?"

If laughing, gay, and merry hearts are not fashionable; then away with fashion for me, and let me rollick with that gay company of peasants yonder. Well, as I have said, I must describe a hurling match for you ; for our exquisites of the present day dare not venture to one, lest they would injure their dignity or knock the polish from their boots. As I said before, let us take a peep at an Irish hurling. The place selected was generally some broad, level, green field.

Old and young, matrons and maidens, all