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THE FARM AND THE CITY—TWO VIEWS.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:

"Oh! if I could fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be."

Amid the city's constant din!
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:

"Oh! could I only trace once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"

"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

"A little, sir," said Mary, looking most coquettishly at Frank, and then tossing back her hair with a shake of her head.

Mary was evidently a coquette; it was in the sparkle of her eye, it was in the toss of her head, it was in her pretty dimpled face, it was in every braid of her auburn hair.

"I fear, Mary, you are a coquette; take care that you don't burn your wings like the moth," said Frank.

"O! sórra fear of that, Míster Frank; I only pay back the boys wid their own coin; they think, wid their palavering, they have 'nothing' to do but coax poor innocent colleens; 'faith, they'll have two dishes to wash wid me, I am thinkin'."

"Take care, Mary, take care; we are often caught when we least expect it; it is time for us to go now, Willy; good-bye,

Mary, and take care of the boys," said Frank, extending his hand with a smile to her, "and you, nurse, good-bye."

"Take care, yourself," said Mary, with a sly wink at him. "I don't know is it devotion takes you to see your uncle so often; ha! ha! ha! I take that."

Frank blushed up.

"Ha! Mary, you are too many for me, I see."

"Don't mind that hethler-akethler, Míster Frank," said Mrs. Cormack.

"I believe you are right, ma'am," said Frank, "so good day."

"Good-day, and God bless ye!" replied Mrs. Cormack.

"Go to Clerihan on Sunday; there does be some one in a front pew there, looking out for Míster Frank," said Mary.

"She is a pretty girl, Frank, and can banter well," said Willy.

"She is," said Frank, with a sigh.

"I think there were some grains of truth in her bantering though," said Willy with a smile; "at least, Frank, you got very red in a minute."

"Hem! maybe so," said Frank; "I didn't turn poet yet though, Willy, and begin to make songs, and call her 'Cathleen dear.'"

It was Willy's turn now to blush.

"Oh! don't change colors that way, man," said Frank; "you see we both have our secrets; and, Willy, my dear fellow," said Frank, taking him by the hand, "if I have judged your secret rightly, I will respect it, and be your friend, too."

"God bless you! Frank, God bless you! it is just like your noble, generous nature. I see there is no use or need to conceal it from you. I love her dearly, Frank; she has been an angel to me: she has rescued me from the grave: she—"

"That will do now, Willy; we all think the woman we love an angel, at least, until we get married, but married men say that there are no such things as human angels at all, and they ought to know best; but she is a noble girl no doubt, Willy. Get on as well as you can, my dear fellow, and you will find a firm