

savoury messes she took so much pleasure to prepare, was too much for his imagination. He would toss the flowers in the air, and then fling up his feather-cap, and shout, his wild senseless joy.

Time passed on, and I left that part of the world, never to return to it but as a visiter; and modern improvement decreed that the old rookery should be uprooted. This was sorrowful news to poor Jack Purcel, who first prayed against such a course, and then preached against it, long and loudly. Of course, the poor *natural's* remonstrances were made in vain, but the dispersing of the colony, and the noise of the woodman's axe had such an effect upon him, that like a turbulent child, he was locked up until all was over. Jack managed to make his escape at the moment the last tree was felled—the very tree which he used to call “King Crow's Palace.” Mounting upon the pier beneath which he had so often sheltered, he looked upon the felled timber—the half uprooted stumps—the crushed and mutilated boughs, with an expression of the most intense anguish. It was evening, and the poor rooks hovered like a pall about their once loved home.

“Hear me, birdeens!” exclaimed Jack Purcel, with his usual extravagant action, “Hear me—the time isn't far off, when he who has turned the black bands from their ould castles, will have no more call to the land he now stands on, than you have to what you hang over at this minute, nor so much—you'll be the best off then, birds of the air—he can't hinder ye from that—you'll be as free of the air as ever, when he won't have a foot of land to call his own.”

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The estate very soon changed masters, and the poor people talk of Jack Purcel's prophecy to this day. There is a proverb also current amongst them, when speaking of people being very much attached, they say, “As fond of each other as Jack Purcel and the Crows.”



LET us hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done, or a wise one spoken, in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

As lofty trees call down refreshing showers, but also attract the lightning which destroys them, so *mortals*, who aspire to rise above the common level, must gather tempests about their heads.

For The Amaranth.

SONG OF THE IRISH MOURNER.

LIGHT of the widow's heart! art thou then dead?

And is then thy spirit from earth ever fled?—
And shall we then see thee and hear thee no more,

All radiant in beauty and life as before?

My own blue eye'd darling, oh why didst thou die,

E'er the tear drop of sorrow had dimmed thy bright eye?—

E'er they cheek's blooming hue felt one touch of decay,

Or thy long golden ringlets were mingled with grey?

Why, star of our pathway—why didst thou depart?—

Why leave us to weep for the pulse of the heart?

Oh, darkened for ever is life's sunny hour,
When robbed of its brightest and loveliest flower!

Around thy low bier sacred incense is flinging,
And soft on the air are the silver bells ringing,
For the peace of thy soul is the holy mass said,
And on thy fair forehead the blessed cross laid.

Soft soft be thy slumbers, our Lady receive thee,
And shining in glory forever thy soul be;

To the climes of the blessed, my own grama-chree,

May blessings attend thee, sweet cushla ma-chree.

EMILY.



EVER is represented as having been a perfect beauty and there can be no doubt that she was one of the loveliest works of God's creation—but then in her day, corsets had not been invented, and nature was not tortured. She had no steel or whalebone to compress her waist into a span, nor bustle of cotton or bran to deform her shape. Let the girls of the present day throw these instruments of torture aside, or be moderate in their use, take early exercise and inhale the invigorating morning air, and the tint of the rose will be substituted for the wanness of the lilly, and health and cheerfulness take the place of feebleness and ennui.

THAT man, who, to the utmost of his power, augments the great mass of public or individual happiness, will, under every institution, and in spite of all opposition, be the happiest of all men himself.