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OH! MY BIRD.

(From the Irish.)

MARY EVA KELLY (Mrs. 1200 O'DOHERTY.)  
Air:—"The Cullinn."

Oh! my bird of the white breast and soft-swelling form,  
Thou canst not cling near me amid the wild storm;  
Thy sweet voice of music would falter and die  
'Neath the darkness and cold of the sad winter sky.  
The bright fluttering plumes thou art used to unfold,  
Mid fair summer flowers and warm skies of gold,  
Would fall 'neath the drenching rain shattered and torn,  
Tho' my fond circling arms should not leave thee forlorn.  
Oh! the place of our rest, was it not calm and fair?  
And now by the spoiler's dark hand 'tis laid bare.  
No more shall we rove in the hazel shades green,  
Where the strawberry buds in their beauty are seen.  
Far from me thou must wander, until the wild spring  
Shall soft-budding blossoms and gentle airs bring;  
Thou canst not be near me—oh, loved as thou art,—  
Tho' thy nest shall be warm in the depths of my heart.

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

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. BUTLER'S ESTABLISHMENT—WILLY SHEA—  
FRANK AT HOME—WILLY'S HISTORY.

Frank was amused by Shemus' conversational powers, as they proceeded in their journey. The mind of the latter seemed a regular fund of stories, songs, and legends; and as Frank's fowling operations were a sinecure, he had the more time to listen to him.

It was evening when they came in sight of Mr. O'Donnell's house, which was appropriately called Glen Cottage.

"Begor, there's the house beyond, and here is Mrs. Butler's sheebreen; will we go in? Maybe any of the boys wud be there."

"And maybe you'd like a glass after your walk, Shemus; so we will go in."

Mrs. Butler's house was rather comfortable of its kind; it was well thatched, and the walls plastered; it had also two glass windows in front. In one of the windows a few leaves of bread, some candles and pipes, displayed themselves most conspicuously; behind these stood a broken glass and a jug, as much as to say you can get something else here besides bread and candles.

In such a sense did the initiated read it, for they knew well that there was some secret chamber or corner in Mrs. Butler's establishment as hard to be made out as the labyrinth of Crete, which was accessible to Mrs. Butler alone; for she presided as priestess over it, and discovered in his hidden womb nothing less than an Irishman's glory—the real pottcen. Mrs. Butler's house had an exterior air of comfort; the interior of it also was clean and orderly. The little kitchen, with an attempt at a counter in one corner, and its rows of pints and tins in another, and its clean mortar floor and white-washed walls, bore strong evidence to Mrs. Butler's taste and cleanliness. The little room inside was equally neat; it had a bed hung with cotton curtains in one corner, and a kind of little closet behind, among the mysteries of which she concealed her "mountain dew." Indeed, I must say, that the excise officers connived at it a good deal, for she was a poor struggling widow, trying to support herself and her only daughter. Mr. O'Donnell, too, for he was her landlord, left her the house and haggard free. So she was, as she said herself, "able to live purty well, glory be to God."

"Arrah, welcome, Mr. Frank; where have you been this week of Sundays? sit down." She ran over and dusted a chair for him, and then placed it near the fire. This was Mrs. Butler's