The night mist thickens o'er the town, But heavier mists are falling On the Irish breast bereft of love-For peace and rest long calling ; Alone! Atone! where millions

As it my brain to harrow With golden dreams of thund'ring streams. On the hills of Connenars I The loving hills, The wild eyed hill-

On Corrib's cheek the moonliggt sleeps, The surrach skims full lightly.

O'er Clifden's slopes our mountain girls

Now wander singing lightly.

And I must beer this moke and din. While memory strives to borrow One look of love-one sparkling glance, Of the hills of Connemara!
O soft-faced hills, O brown-tipp'd hills-Brave hills of Connemara !

The hills of Connemara !

God's dearest blessings dwell with them God bless the race they foster; If Ireland's sons were all as true, We never would have loss her. God prosper all my burning hopes— The hopes to crown the morrow, When the stiesms will sing my welcome back. To the hilfs of Connemera t

My native hills,

My childhood's hills—
The hills of Connemara t -Dublin Nation.

Select Literature.

MY LOUISE.

MY LOUISE.

ALOUS STORY.

"She was left, my Louise!

I was poet, poer and pround;
She was realfied, agained years.

"Only four-and twenty, yet I had lost the "freeth feeth of the I think agained years.

"Only four-and twenty, yet I had lost the "freeth feeth. It was poet yearings this accounts for it. I think agained year.

"I find no home the very cannot be the provided for fire, far on paths with others which my feeth and never tronched. I felt that hopes, their discoveries, their surprises, their collapses. And if you had not the path of the path of

smiled slightly, thanked him, and said I would go sometime. I did not believe I should, though.

The spring had come and gone, but it had brought me no inspiration. The stagnant pool of life I lay in was not rippled by the south breezes, and the sunshine only made it warm and flat. The June days that are so golden and sweet in the country, were only harbingers sol exhausting heat in the city. Yet I did not wish to go to the country. I could not see happiness anywhere.

"You like them?" she said, smiling. "So do I! Do you know, Mr. Clyde"—giving me three of the fragrant little bells—"I feel as if it were an affectation to wear flowers. It is sugh an universal custom among the heroines of novels!"

"But, Miss Louise, because they are made to adopt a sweet and beautiful custom, you should not discard it. The heroines of novels are not general-not see happiness anywhere.

She was evidently her father's darling; he looked at her fondly. Her white, soft hand was in mine.

"I will try," she said.

I had been over that scene—the first meeting of a man with the woman he is to love—a hundred times, but I failed to recognize it. Miss Louise was a pretty lady. I looked at her with gloomy, indifferent eyes.

I lived in a kind of a brute apathy for a week. They were all very kind to me, but I did not feel it. I could not have been grateful to save my life, only that I afe and slept.

I began to think what Louise Howe thought of me at last. I began to watch her as she glided about the house, almost always in gray, with something crimson, a coral pin or a rose buil, at her bosom. She came and sai near me sometimes, but I think I bord by, for I could not talk. Yet she listened respectfully to my monosyllables, and smiled sweetly with a gentle smile, that had a touch of gravity pride, it was very strange.

in it. I watched her a great deal. There was such But I saw the wisdom in this experience for my-

in it. I watched her a great deal. There was such a soft cooless about her face—such a pure, sweet repose in her manuer.

There were a few guests at the house when I arrived; it was soon througed. The house became very lively. I was drawn into the whirpool of gaiety—I, with my pale, cold face, and misanthropic heart? I did not make the discovery that I was happy, but I was. I began to live my life, instead of taking it passively. I gave my mind to the triffes of the day and found they satisfied better than theories. No, I did not find it—I felt it.

I was late at breakfast one morning. A party of us had speet the day at an Island at some distance from the shore of a neighboring lake, and I had weried myself at rowing home, and slept late this morning. The party broke into song as we came over the water—the measure of their chorded voices pulsing the still air. From song to song they went; the music rose and fell, and died away and rose agail. A pain crept lute my heart. I did not know why. The scene seemed a pause in the midst of a summer's revelry. Louise Howe did not sing. Yet I knew her voice to be the clearest and sweetest there. She lessed back where she lay among the cushions, her head on her hand, her were she lessed back where she lay among the cushions, her head on her hand, her were she lessed back where she lay among the cushions, her head on her hand, her were she lessed back where she lay among the cushions, her head on her hand, her were the measure to the clearest and sweetest there. She lessed back where she lay among the cushions, her head on her hand, her were manuer and vitalized means that the crust of prejudice had melted from around my heart; it beat tast and humanly again. I could see pleasant places for others, and I believed there were true hearts; it beat tast and humanly again. I could see pleasant places for others, and I believed there were true hearts; it beat tast and humanly again. I could see pleasant places for others, and I believed there were true hearts; it beat tast and hum

him.

I saw in Louise Howe that morning, the first time, a shy timidity. She did not lose her self-possession, but a rose-time kept going and coming in her pure cheeks, and the white lide of her eyes drooped heavily. I noticed it more after West left us. She had finished her meal, but she poured my coffee, and sat chatting with me, and playing with her silver napkin ring. But some one called her at last, and she went out. The breakfast-room was upon the ground floor, and opened into the garden; there were people theretalking.

"Who is he?" said the voice of a gentleman who had arrived the day before. "Miss Howe, I fancy—"
I did not hear the rest.

"Oh, he's an author. Writes well, I'm told; in limited the said said, pressing her hand against be heart, as if it pained her. "But I will not trouble you with my troubles, Mr. Clyde. Which train do you take?"

The troubled sweetness in her eyes, the sad smile one mouth, gave me a wild desperate resolve. I would tell her that I loved her. Perhaps there was a little hope; and if there were not, if might please her to know it, and it gave me no shame to tell what I felt. Her kinduess was excuse enough for that. So I said:

adopt a sweet and beautiful custom, you should not yet I did not wish to go to the country. I could not see happiness anywhere.

But I found out what all this meant when I lost my appetite, and grew pale and weak. I was ill—worn by a nervous disorder. I should not have cared if I had died, but I had a half-opposed, dumb sense that it was my duty to save myself, if I could so I went to Oakly in charry time.

I shall always remember that it was cherry time. Louise Howe came from the Garden at her father's call, wearing, a gray dress of some material, with a twig of cherries, ruby red in green leaves, fastened low on her brow. She was slender and graceful, with smooth, dark hair, and a pure, pale oval face. Her lips were red—as red as the cherries—and made me think of the comparison, "milk and wine," when she smiled it away from her white teeth.

"Did you call me, father?" she said, looking up at him with winning eyes, the color of which I could not tell.

"Yes, Louise. This is our friend, Mr. Clyde; he is sick, and I want you to prescribe for him. Can you cure him in six weeks, do you think?"

She was evidently her father's darling; he looked at her fondly. Her white, soft hand was in mine.

"I will marry no man who is not wealthy, and as well born as myself."

I heard Louise Howe say:

"I will marry no man who is not wealthy, and as well born as myself."

I heard the words as a criminal hears his sentence of dath. My heart gave a wild, frightened bound,

not know what sorrew is."

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midst of a summer's revelry. Louise Howe did not sing. Yet I knew her voice to be the cleared and sweetest there. She lessed back where whe lay among the cushions, her head on her hand, the was a pained, startled Joek in their clear among the cushions, her head on her hand, the was a pained, startled Joek in their clear among the cushions, her head on her hand, the was a pained, startled Joek in their clear among the cushions, her head on her hand, the was a pained, startled Joek in their clear the cushions, her head on her hand, the the was a pained, startled Joek in their clear among the cushions, her head on her hand, the the was a pained, startled Joek in their clear among the cushions, her head on her hand, the the was a pained, startled Joek in their clear the cushions her hand, the cushions her hand, the cushions her white arm.

I could see her eyes, bright and grave, looking far such across the water' her cheek was very pale in the was a pained, startled Joek in their clear the water' her cheek was very pale in the looks of her dark hair. She did not move or speak for a long time, And through the water, under the moonlight, our freight of music and human life came ashore.

When I centered the breakfast-room, there were not last in the white sands.

When I centered the breakfast-room, there were not like in the sands.

When I centered the breakfast-room, there were not like a lite a constant of the sands of the present Season) in was a pained to love some one of the was able; he squandered the large of two persons at the taffie-Louise How not like as it seems."

"Yes, many times, but it is a cowardly wish. It is a doiser to escape from reality to lilusion—from only two persons at the taffie-Louise How not like as it seems."

"Yes, many times, but it is a cowardly wish. It is a doiser to escape from reality to lilusion—from only two persons at the taffie-Louise How not like as it seems."

"Yes, was not like as it seems."

"Hit has been the sweetest summer of my life!"

I hand the white sands.

A FINE CHAN

Orwell Store, Aug. 10, 1864.

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