"Sister" To Lord Salisbury.

I.

My lord, we hope your heart is glad,
We've done our best to make it so;
And what a pleasant time we've had,
'Tis only time to let you know.
We've taken every tip we got
From Churchill and from Chamberlain;
We've let the Papists have it hot,
And we shall do the same again.

II.

In Harland's yards the sport began;
We rushed the rebels out pell-mell;
We stoned the rascals, boy and man;
We clubbed and kicked them when they fell.
Of course, as we were ten to one,
It was not very hard to do—
We wished you could have seen the run
As you had given the view halloo!

III.

But there is news more cheering still,
The best you've heard for many a day—
Our Orange girls from every mill
Have chased the Popish girls away.
They beat them off with thumps and thwacks,
They drove them down from floor and stair,
They tore the clothes from off their backs,
They pulled out handfuls of their hair.

IV.

The grandest sight of all was when
Down through the town our heroes dashed,
And mobbies, flung by loyal men,
Through Papists' doors and windows crash'd.
And if we sacked, and fired, or wrecked
A Home Rule publichouse or two,
What else could friends or foes expect
From Orangemen so brave and true.

V.

With all respect, my lord, we think
You would have liked to see our boys,
While swilling down the plundered drink,
Indulge their wild but simple joys;
And hear them, as they staggered home
Triumphant from each merry scene,
Curse Gladstone and the Pope of Rome,
And strive to sing "God Save the Queen!"

VI.

Well, if some Papists' heads we broke,
Of you no mortal can complain;
When you and your dear nephew spoke,
'Twas in an "academic" strain.
When next you wish to start the ball,
And make the nuts and rivets fly,
You will not need to speak at all,
But simply "wink the other eye."

T. D. S.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 1.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

—OR—

The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

'For Heaven's sake, mamma, tell me what you mean.'

'Ah, Jane, what did you mean by talking of America?'

Here voices were heard outside near the front of the house, and Miss Evans hastily pulled down the window-blind. She moved the blind a little aside, and saw the two serving men leading a horse with somebody on his back. When the hall door was opened, and the light shone out upon the group, Miss Evans smiled.

'Come here, mamma.'

Mrs. Evans looked out.

'Tis Mr. Mooney,' says she faintingly.

'And now,' her daughter observed, 'you know I have retired for the night. I need not say how ridiculously you have acted. And now I suppose you will see the necessity of making the best of it.'

'But, Jane, what did you mean by talking of America? Is it possible that you are still thinking of that man? You know——'

But Jane pointed to the group outside, and waved her hand towards the door.

Mrs. Evans walked away with a look suggestive of smelling salts. She was not a strong-minded lady. And Brian Purcell was the one shadowing her path.

'Mr. Mooney,' said Mrs. Evans from the hall door, 'there has been some unfortunate mistake. And now, to let me see that you are not offended, come in.'

Mr. Mooney alighted with great alacrity. The man having hold of his bridle prevented him from dashing away in a figure of eight.

'Sit down, Mr. Mooney,' says the lady of the house.

'Oh! not at all,' says Mr. Mooney. 'I'm sorry my daughter has retired for the night.'

'We had a capital hunt,' observed Mr. Mooney, with his eyes very wide open, and staring at the wall. 'After going four miles, as the crow flies, towards the slate quarries he doubled back to Coolbawn cover, where the earth was open. Everything went off splendidly—the marquis was delighted—except a row between Mr. Grindem and a person of the name of Brian Purcell. Mr.—that is Grindem and I, are capital friends. 'How are you, Mooney?' says he. 'How do you do, Mr.—ahem!—How do you do Grindem?' says I. Capital fellow, Grindem. Stood any amount of brandy.' Here Mr. Mooney fortified himself with a glass of wine, and with desperate resolution said, 'I had the pleasure of seeing—ahem!—Miss Evans there in the morning.'

'Oh! yes: she was there.'

'The three Miss Plunkets were in at the finish. Why does not Miss Evans ride to hounds? Don't tell me she can't do it. For dear me,' exclaims Mr. Mooney, holding out his hand, and staring at the wall, 'there's nothing she can't do.' Mr. Mooney sat bolt upright in his chair, sucking the handle of his hunting whip. He fixed his eyes on the ceiling, as if he could see through it into the room above. 'Mrs. Evans,' says Mr. Mooney, looking through the ceiling, 'I can't stand it.'

'S and what, Mr. Mooney?'

'Particularly now,' continued the young gentleman, 'since my mother is down on me.'

Mrs. Evans looked surprised, but thought it best to let him go on.

'Down on me,' he repeated, 'on account of Miss Baker. Not Miss Baker, you know, but the fat one.'

'Really, Mr. Mooney, I don't understand you.'

'Don't think, Mrs. Evans,' says Mr. Mooney, taking the lady's hand, and looking the reverse of cheerful, 'don't think it was her beauty! No, Mrs. Evans. It was the sublimity of her disposition. The sublimity, Mrs. Evans. And is it not a sad thing, Mrs. Evans'——here Mr. Mooney became lugubrious to a degree—'is it not melancholy, heart-breaking, for a man to have a mother——.' Mr. Mooney is obliged to have recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, but not being able to find it, uses the shirt of his scarlet coat. 'To have a mother, Mrs. Evans, without an atom of sublimity?'

'Really, Mr Mooney——'

'I don't say my mother is not grand, for she is grand. Look at her in her violent velvet, and where will you see a grander woman? But, my dear Mrs. Evans, what is grandeur without sublimity?'

''Pon my word, Mr. Mooney, I must beg——'

'Don't suppose, Mrs. Evans, that I allude to any peculiarities of pronunciation or phraseology, which indeed are common to both my respected parents. No; I refer solely to sublimity. What is a woman without sublimity? And if my mother possessed the smallest particle of sublimity, why talk of the fat one? Is not talking of the fat one utterly incompatible with sublimity?' Mr. Mooney struck the table, and paused for a reply. Taking silence for assent, he continued: 'To be called an *omadhaun*—to be desired to have *sinse*, Tom Mooney—to be contemptuously recommended not to be the first fool of the family.' All this and more I could have borne. But the fat one, my dear Mrs. Evans, the fat one was too much for me.'

'Miss Baker?'

'Not *Miss* Baker, you know. But the fat one.'

'And what did they say about her?'

'Say about her,' exclaims Mr. Mooney with his hair standing on end, 'why, they have the match made, and I must marry the fat one.'

'Oh, yes,' says Mrs. Evans.

Mr. Mooney relieved his feelings by swallowing a second glass of wine, and trying to look through the ceiling.

'It was not her beauty,' he began again, no, it was not her beauty, my dear Mrs. Evans, it was the sublimity of her disposition. And now tell me, you are the mother of that most sublime young lady—you who are not deficient in sublimity yourself, like my importunate parent—tell me, would there be a hope for me, the slightest hope, if I should rebel against parental tyranny.'

'I fear not, Mr. Mooney,' replied Mrs. Evans, her pique against her daughter getting the better of her generalship; 'for I believe my daughter's affections are already engaged.'

'I thought so,' said Mr. Mooney; 'and just what I said to my mother when she proposed the fat one; 'mother,' says I, 'my affections are already engaged. But what can you expect from a mother without sublimity? And now,' said *Mr.* Mooney, standing up and looking at his boots and buckskin breeches, 'fare well, a long fare-well, to all my greatness;' 'Othello's occupation's gone.' But remember, my dear Mrs. Evans, partly out of curiosity and partly to change the subject; 'you said something about a misunderstanding between Mr. Grindem and some person?'

'A misunderstanding,' said *Mr.* Mooney, 'a jolly row, very nearly.'

'How did it occur?'

'Why, you see, Grindem rode round to Thubbermore, thinking the fox would go that way as usual. He was in a jolly passion, and on passing Purcell's house, just as the hounds were drawn off, he accused Purcell of driving away the fox. The fellow paid no attention to him; he was paying a lot of laborers at the time. This set Grindem wild, and he rode up to Purcell, and charged him again with driving the fox away. Purcell said it was untrue, and Grindem raised his whip to strike him. Purcell advanced a step towards him, when a fellow named Dunphy made at Grindem with a spade. In fact, only for Dawson there 'd be open murder. Purcell insisted that Grindem should apologize, and of course he did; for what else could he do surrounded by such a lot of wild savages? Then Tim Croak came up and told the most extraordinary story about the fox, and so the matter ended; but I'm thinking Grindem will meet Purcell for it yet.'

Mrs. Evans held a candle to a bronze timepiece on a sidetable, and remarked that it was near eleven o'clock. *Mr.* Mooney took the hint. 'Good night, Mrs. Evans,' said Mr. Mooney; 'it is all over; 'my lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word;' but do me the justice to remember that it was not her beauty—for what is beauty? No, Mrs. Evans, it was the sublimity of her disposition.' Having said this, with his eyes turned devoutly to the ceiling, Mr. Mooney bowed low and withdrew.

'I really think,' said Mrs Evans to herself, 'that I am troubling myself without cause. Jane is not such a fool as not to have forgotten that girlish attachment long ago. I wish to Heaven she were married.

CHAPTER XIII.

During the foregoing conversation, the young lady, whose sublimity was so often referred to, sat alone in her chamber. She took up the old scrap book again, and commenced to read the school-master's story where she had left off.

'It was necessary to have the name and age of each pupil on the roll. When I wrote down the name of Rose Mulvany, I turned to her to inquire what was her age. I hardly knew why, but I could not ask the question, and put up the book without putting down her age. The next I got two or three 'new scholars,' and when asking their ages I took courage and said, 'And how old are you, Rose?' she looked up and smiling bashfully, replied: 'I believe I'm seventeen and a bit sir, and then bending her head she shook down her wavy auburn hair to hide her blushes. She found out a low seat, and always sat upon it, in order, as I saw, to make herself look small among the other girls. I remarked, too, that she always wore her cloak, for the purpose, as I guessed, of concealing her well-developed figure. All this reserve, however was thrown aside when I was not present. How often did I watch her from the window during play hours, bounding like a wild fawn among the children. All the children loved her; and it was so interesting to see some little creature explaining the lesson to poor Rose, who would take her tiny instructress up in her arms and kiss her as a reward for her trouble. But after a few months Rose Mulvany could read and write pretty well, and, in fact, knew as much as most girls of her age and class. Every day I felt more and more interested in her; but I was pained to observe that she became more reserved, and even appeared to stand almost in awe of me. She would check herself suddenly in the midst of her wildest glee on seeing me approach, and shake down her tresses to hide her face. I used to stand by sometimes and encourage the boys and girls at their games in the play ground; but the moment I appeared, Rose would put on her cloak hastily and steal away.

'After a while I began to call at her father's house on Sunday evenings. How glad the kind old couple were to see me! And Rose, too, was less reserved on these occasions than at school, but she was still very timid. The thought often occurred to me that she disliked me; but I believe now the contrary was the case. It was very foolish in me to torment myself as I did; for, I afterwards remembered, her face always lighted up on seeing me; and while I stayed, though she generally remained silent, she looked perfectly happy. I wished very much that my dear mother should see her, but I was quite afraid lest she should feel prejudiced against her. For I noticed that my mother was quite jealous of every one who she imagined might make too deep an impression on me. I believe she thought no one good enough for me.

'So matters stood, when one day John Mulvany came into the school and handed me a letter to read. I read it, and my heart died within me A relative had paid his daughter's passage to America. Rose had an elder sister, a quiet, good, industrious girl. Her father called Rose, and told her to come home with him. She did not know what was in the letter, but I believe she guessed it, for as she went out she looked at me, and turning round her head, kept her eyes fixed upon me till her father closed the door. I never saw her look directly at me before while I was looking at her.

'One midsummer's day she came with her father and mother to take leave of the scholars. I shall never forget the scene. The children clung to her, most of them crying passionately. Several of the boys were obliged to brush the tears from their eyes as they looked at her. For the first time the poor girl was well dressed; and, surely a creature more radiantly beautiful was never seen. When they had gone, I went mechanically through the business of the day. I locked the school-room as usual, and turned my steps homeward. Before going into my little cottage, I walked for an hour by the river. I asked myself should I declare my affection for her, and ask her to stay and be my wife. But what reason had I to hope that she cared for me? And what would my dear mother think? Was I even sure that Rose's parents would consent? For, with all their respect for me, I thought it quite possible that they would not consider a fit match for their daughter. The school-master is thought so little of in this country. No. I had not the courage to ask Rose Mulvany to be my wife.

'In the evening I went down to the bridge, where the people were assembled round a bonfire. There was a dance, too. The sisters were there, with their arms twined round each other's waists. There was something touchingly sorrowful in their faces. I thought my heart would burst as I looked at Rose. She was so sad, and oh! how lovely! You, Mr. Purcell, were there. A young girl asked you to dance. After dancing with her, you looked round to chose a partner, as is custom. You asked Rose Mulvany to dance. I saw her eyes flash with pleasure All gloom was gone in an instant. Surely the pang I felt at that moment was not caused by jealousy! But I did feel a pang and immediately a gloomy foreboding took possession of my heart. I moved to the side of Rose's sister.

'Mary,' said I, 'take care of Rose.'

'She looked at her sister and then at me. She took my hand and pressed it without speaking. I knew she understood me.

'I accompanied them home. Oh! the grief of that poor father and mother! For awhile it made me forget my own. I bade farewell to Mary, and kissed her. I *could* not do more than take Rose's hand. Her head dropped and her lips parted as I did so. As I let go her cold hand she fell senseless in my arms. Oh, fool, fool! why did I not save her then?

'Mary died of fever on the voyage. Her sister landed in New York. And—oh, my God! how can I write the words? Rose Mulvany, the beautiful, the innocent, the pure, is a lost, polluted thing. My life, since I learned her fate, has been one dream of agony. I have endeavored, but in vain, to tear her from my heart. I know she is lost to me forever. But the thought that she is lost to virtue and to God—leading a life of sin, and dragging souls to hell—is wearing away my life.

'My dear, good mother is gone to rest. I have laid her beside my father. I leave Ireland to-morrow. I go to save Rose Mulvany. If it be God's will that I succeed, you will hear from me. Good-by, my true friend, and may you be happy!'

Jane Evans closed the book.

'And has been happy?' she murmured. She opened the window again, and watched the stars going down. And the gray dawn was creeping up the eastern sky when Jane Evans laid her head upon her pillow.

CHAPTER XIV.

The 'jolly row—very nearly,' of which *Mr.* Mooney informed Mrs. Evans, was very near being an unpleasant affair. When Brian Purcell was cool enough to review the events of the day dispassionately, he congratulated himself upon having escaped the necessity of laying violent hands on Mr Oliver Grindem. Brian Purcell disliked a quarrel, and kept out of the way of being insulted as much as possible. He did so because he could not help feeling that in the present state of society an interchange of violent language or violent blows with no matter whom, or for what cause had something disreputable about it. It is so easy for any one to call any one else a scoundrel and tell him he lied. And then it requires no great heroism to give a man a blackeye or lay a cane across his shoulders, when the affair must end in a roll in the gutter and a bloody nose, or in being bound over to keep the peace towards all her Majesty's subjects. Brian dreaded an insult, too, from Mr. Oliver Grindem, because he felt he *should* have satisfaction. And what satisfaction could he have that would not leave a sting behind it almost as sharp as an unavenged insult? The remedy would be almost as bad as the disease. Brian's grand-uncle did horsewhip Mr. Oliver Grindem's father during an election. But that was sixty years ago, and his grand-uncle immediately called upon Frank O'Ryan, of Kilnemanagh, when the following short but pithy conversation took place:—

'I'm after horse-whipping Grindem.'

'Very good.'

'Have you everything in order?'

'All right.'

'Of course, if he sends a friend, I'll refer him to you.'

'Very well; I'll stay at home for the evening to prevent disappointment.'

'Good morning. And let it be as early as possible, as I must go out to get voters from the mountain.'

Brian did not regret these fire eating times. But he could not help thinking that, as a rule, insulting a man now-a-days was more or less a cowardly proceeding. Therefore, giving or receiving an affront was a thing which he wished to keep clear of. But when he remembered *Mr.* Oliver Grindem's ashy face while he uttered the necessary apology, with white lips and glaring eyes, Brian felt that he had a deadly enemy.

'I'm not in his power, thank Heaven,' he thought. 'I am independent of him.'

Yet it was the very independence which made the landlord hate him. His grandfather had given him a large sum of money for a lease, renewable forever, of Coolbawn; and the idea that there was one tenant on his own property whom he could not get rid of or make tremble before him, was gall and wormwood to Mr Oliver Grindem. Brian's father, however, had no lease, and as his landlord was head and ears in debt, he felt a vague sort of alarm, lest by some unlucky chance his enemy should get possession of the estate of which Ballycorrig formed a part.

'If it does,' he thought, 'there will be no mercy for us and my poor father's heart will be broken. However'—we are almost tempted to suppress the vulgar adage with which Mr Brian Purcell dismissed the unpleasant subject—'however, 'tis time enough to bid the devil good morrow when you meet him.'

The fire blazed pleasantly and the blaze was reflected all round the old-fashioned mahogany furniture. Here we are again tempted to suppress something, for we dearly wish that this young man should stand well with our readers. Mr. Brian Purcell took an ordinary tobacco-pipe from the chimney-piece, and having lighted it, began to smoke. Moreover, at his elbow was a drinking glass (commonly called a tumbler), with an amber-colored mixture in it that smoked too. And now, having made a clean breast of it, we can proceed with our story with a clear conscience.

That half hour on Knockclough Hill was fruitful of sweet and bitter fancies. He foolishly twisted his neck into a very grotesque and painful position for the purpose of looking at his left shoulder. However, she was so preoccupied with the hunt, might she not have rested her hand on his shoulder inadvertently? Of course she might. But then, when she looked round at one time, he found that her eyes, instead of following hounds and huntsmen, were bent upon him with a dreamy sort of look, as if she was trying to remember something.

'Bah!' exclaimed *Mr.* Brian Purcell, putting his pipe to his lips. But the pipe had gone out, and its bowl was quite cold, so that he must have been brooding deeply for some minutes at least. He had recourse to the pipe for the purpose of driving away a thought which kept hovering round and round him, coming nearer and nearer, as if it would nestle in his bosom. The thought was—that Jane Evans loved him still A thought which, we warn our gentleman, is not to be frightened away with a 'bah.'

Time has so far healed the old wound that he tries to persuade himself that the pain which it used to give him a few years ago was not real,—was nothing more than a dream.

'Yet, why should I deny it?' he said to himself. 'I did suffer. But I have proved that time and an ordinary share of strength of mind can cure the worst cases of this kind. However,' said Brian Purcell after another pause, 'I begin to fear that a relapse is possible.'

We know what would render a relapse impossible in his case, and we have some hopes that he will try it. But he certainly has not tried it yet—that is, so far as he knows.

We know a little maiden with such a true heart.

The mastiff in the yard had been growling uneasily for some time back, and now he bays a deep-mouthed warning, his master thinks, to some intruder. Brian goes to the window, and sees a light moving through the glen towards the river. He watches it listlessly, under the impression that some persons are out for the purpose of spearing salmon. He remarks that the light becomes stationary at a certain angle of the river, near which he knows are the ruins of an old house. He goes out to quiet the watch-dog, and after walking round the house to see that all is right, returns to the parlor. On going to the window to close the shutters, he observes with some surprise that the light is still in the same place. 'I thought,' said Brian to himself, 'that it was Matt Hazlitt and Tim Croak looking for a salmon.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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North Wiltshire....	6 48	3 50	
Hunter River....	6 58	4 05	
Bradalbane....	7 23	4 40	
Emerald Junction....	7 30	4 55	
Freetown....	7 40	5 08	
Kensington	7 52	5 28	
Summerside ....ar	8 15	6 00	
Summerside ....dp	8 30		P M 1 40
Miscouche	8 45		2 02
Wellington	9 05		2 28
Port Hill....	9 35		3 17
O'Leary....	10 30		4 42
Bloomfield	10 47		5 08
Alberton....	11 14		6 00
Tignish....ar	11 55		6 55
			P M
Emerald Junction..dp			5 15
Cape Traverse.....ar			6 05

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Expr's	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp	12 25	6 00	
Alberton....	1 05	7 05	
Bloomfield....	1 30	7 44	
O'Leary....	1 46	8 09	
Port Hill....	2 37	9 35	
Wellington....	3 07	10 17	
Miscouche	3 25	10 44	
Summerside ....ar	3 40	11 05	
Summerside ....dp	4 05		A. M. 6 15
Kensington....	4 29		6 46
Freetown	4 45		7 10
Emerald Junction....	4 55		7 30
Bradalbane....	5 01		7 39
Hunter River....	5 24		8 15
North Wiltshire....	5 34		8 30
Royalty Junction....	6 06		9 19
Charlottetown.....ar	6 20		9 40
			A. M.
Cape Traverse....dp			6 25
Emerald Junc....ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS	Expr's	Accom
	P M.	A. M.
Charlottetown.....dp	3 00	6 30
Royalty Junction....	3 15	6 50
Bedford....	3 40	7 28
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	4 03	8 05
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	4 10	8 20
Morell....	4 38	9 00
St. Peter's....	5 00	9 20
Bear River....	5 22	10 14
Souris.....ar	6 05	10 55
	P. M.	A. M.
Mount Stewart Junc....dp	4 10	8 25
Cardigan....	5 03	9 28
Georgetown.....ar	5 20	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Expr's	Accom
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris.....dp	6 15	1 15
Bear River....	6 48	1 58
St. Peter's....	7 20	2 45
Morell....	7 42	3 15
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	8 10	3 55
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	8 15	4 05
Bedford....	8 40	4 40
Royalty Junction....	9 05	5 15
Charlottetown.....ar	9 20	5 35
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown.....dp	7 00	2 15
Cardigan....	7 17	2 37
Mount Stewart Junc....ar	8 10	3 45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. All trains run daily, Sundays excepted

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent

Railway Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1893.—6i

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