

Christmas Morn

(J. William Fischer in The Bee.) O happy morn, so bright and fair, With jeweled star-gleams in thy crown...

O happy morn! The star so bright, That lingers in thy fond embrace, Is smiling on the earth's lone face...

O happy morn! In bated breath, All nature waits with throbbing heart The joyous Dawn, which will impart...

O happy morn! See, now appears The Light to bless a course well run! 'Tis Christ — the new-born King!

Grace O'Malley

At the Cellidh of the Inghinidhe mh Bheann, says United Ireland, Miss Thornton read the following paper:

Grainne Ni Mhaille, the Irish Sea Queen, is a personage about whom is woven a mass of historic and romantic legend...

Grainne's father, Owen O'Malley, was chief of Umallo, now the baronies of Borrischoole and Murrisk; he was descended from Brian, King of Connaught in the Fifth Century...

Good man yet there never was of the O'Malleys who was not a mariner, Of every weather ye are the prophets, a tribe of brotherly affection and friendship...

Sydney, the Lord Deputy, in one of his despatches on the State of Connaught, says:

"O'Malley (who came to him) is an original Irishman, strong in galleys and in seamen."

Grainne was brought up as customary in those times, by foster parents on Claire Island, and there her youth was passed, among a seafaring race whose lives were in a constant war against the storms and perils of the ocean...

When Grainne was eighteen she returned to her home on the mainland, and while there she frequently accompanied her father, who made many expeditions for commercial purpose, and sometimes the fleet was engaged in protecting the landing of cargoes from France or Spain.

Grainne was married to Donal O'Flaherty, surnamed Donal an Chogaidh, or Donal of the Wars, who was chieftain over West Connaught. The O'Flahertys were treated by the settlers in Galway who were trying to establish trade under the protection of the English bastions...

On one occasion, when her brother Owen was chief of his clan, the O'Malleys made a descent on Donegal against the O'Donnells. The former were, however, defeated and Owen, chief of the O'Malley clan slain Grainne, who was with the galleys, carried off the young daughter of O'Donnell, the Lady Nuala as a hostage.

overruled this. The territory of the O'Malleys and even of the rest of Connaught had up to this period remained comparatively free from the destroying forces of the English, who were turning the fair Province of Munster into a desert...

At her husband's death, Grainne was only about twenty-four, and although an affliction so great might well have crushed an ordinary spirit, yet in a character such as hers it only served to bring out more strongly the sterner traits of her nature and almost blight forever its softer side.

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ance, and the banner of the O'Malleys with its motto, "Mighty on Land and Sea," quailed neither to prince nor baron, not even to the standard of the English queen. Grainne reeked little of plundering the latter, for well she knew that what the English had was mostly taken by robbery, and even murder, and therefore she reasoned that it was a good thing for anyone to take it from them.

Seeing how useless force had proved against the Irish chieftainess, Elizabeth, on the advice of Lord Deputy Sydney, resolved to try the effect of an opposite policy, and accordingly invited Grainne to the English Court.

The invitation was accepted, and the Irish sea-queen, dressed in the costume of her country — a yellow bodice and short skirt elaborately embroidered, her hair gathered to the crown and fastened with a bodkin, a crimson mantle thrown over her shoulders and fastened with a brooch — attended by her kernes and gallowglasses, entered the Court of the English queen.

Her motherly instinct was so far prevailed on that she allowed her son, Theobald na Luinge (Theobald of the Ships), born during the voyage from Mayo to Chester, to receive the title of Earl or Lord Viscount Mayo. On her return voyage from England, a story is told of her putting in at Howth for provisions, and finding the gates of the castle closed, the family being at dinner.

The power and influence of Grainne Ni Mhaille were considerable, as the ruins of her places of strength on the mainland are still numerous, and the castles of Clare Island, Kildannit, Carrigahowly and Doona still standing prove to the least observant how strong must have been her sway on land and sea.

"I went thence westwards to the place where MacWilliam was, who met me with his wife, Grainne Ni Mhaille, with all their force, and did swear they would have my life for coming so far into their country, and, especially, his wife would fight with me before she was half a mile near me."

Mhaille, with all their force, and did swear they would have my life for coming so far into their country, and, especially, his wife would fight with me before she was half a mile near me. Grainne was essentially a woman of action, as is seen in the personal supervision of her own fleet.

A SONG OF WINTER.

Sing a song of rapture, Gayly everywhere! Four and twenty thousand Snow-flakes in the air.

Sing a song of sleigh-bells, Ringing loud and clear, While the roughish whirns Follow in the rear!

Sing a song of sleighing— Now the sport's begun! Four and twenty snow-birds Looking at the fun!

Sing a song of sunshine, For the storm is o'er; Gay old earth is laughing At the marble floor.

The Maiming of a Priest

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of The New York Sun:

Sir—The Rev. William J. O'Kelly, a priest of the Catholic Church of this city, who died on Monday of blood-poisoning caused by a wound on the thumb made by a fishhook, was a martyr to his devotion to his priestly office.

An application on the part of Father O'Kelly for a dispensation of this nature, unusual as it might be considered, could be supported by a most distinguished precedent in the case of Father Isaac Jogues, the Jesuit martyr, who was murdered by American Indians in the seventeenth century while prosecuting his missionary work among them.

But in the face of this appalling calamity Father Jogues did not despair. His was a hopeful heart and, handicapped as he was by his wound and the fetters which made him a twice-helpless captive, he still planned future exploratory and missionary victories.

After being dragged from village to village by his captors, he was rescued, more dead than alive, by Aendit Van Curler, the Dutch commander at Fort Orange, who paid, we are told, 100 pieces of gold for his ransom.

When he returned to France, his native land, the fame of his good deeds and the infamy of his treatment by the Indians reached the ears of Pope Urban VIII, who thereupon issued a special dispensation restoring to this priest with mutilated hands the right to say mass.

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