

energy to recover their losses and advance to further gains. Let us do likewise. There are over five millions of people still in Ireland, notwithstanding the exodus. If one-fifth of these contributed the sum of one shilling a year to the League, the Home Rule income would be £50,000 per annum; an amount that would enable the League to diffuse their principles by innumerable meetings, publications and addresses, and by all other constitutional means that from time to time might be expedient. The prize in view is of incalculable value. It is no less than whether we Irish shall possess and enjoy the great national blessings which God has bestowed upon our country, or remain in tributary servitude to a neighboring nation. What we claim is our own—our own most emphatically—and if a parliamentary defeat, or a score of parliamentary defeats, could damp our courage or turn us aside from the pursuit of our just rights, we should prove ourselves unworthy of the acquisition. It took fifty-one years to obtain Emancipation; and is not Emancipation well worth the time it required to obtain it? Our cause has the inherent strength of truth and justice. We have men who can support it well in parliamentary debate. Majorities are there against us; but in the fluctuations of parliamentary parties it must often happen that the opposing Whig and Tory forces will be so nearly even as to make the Irish Home Rule representatives absolutely masters of the situation; and believe me that if they act on each such recurring occasion on a concerted policy, they can render it exceedingly inconvenient for the Government to refuse our most righteous demand. All depends upon the fidelity and perseverance of the Irish people and of their representatives. Old as I am, I hope before I die to see our triumph. Under our restored domestic legislature every element of national prosperity will be rendered productive by the ennobling, invigorating consciousness that we are masters of our own household and arbiters of our destiny; and by the sense that it is we ourselves, and not another nation, that will reap and retain the fruits of our own industry.

AN EPISODE OF '98.

BY J. A. H.

'Twas a warm day, that of the 9th of August, in the ever-memorable year of the Irish Insurrection. Groups of the hardy peasants of Mayo might be seen on all sides; some busily

engaged in cutting down the rich golden corn; others rigorously putting into effect the olden precept, "make hay while the sun shines." Here is a party of the hilarious natives puffing and stopping about washing the prolific, long-wooled sheep, at but an indifferent dam; there, under the cool shade of that cluster of towering elms, squat a number of youngsters, laughing and cracking jokes, as befitting their light hearts and unthinking age. Such, briefly, was the situation of affairs as witnessed by a pair of mounted and heavily-armed dragoons, as they gained the summit of a short but steep hill on the road from Swinford to Foxford, and at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the former. I may note the fact that, in those days, Foxford was one of the principal military stations in Mayo, whereas Swinford could not boast even a slated house, nor a soldier of any description.

At the sight of such an unusual spectacle (from the effects of the cause already mentioned), the sun-broiled corncutters dropped their shining hooks; the haymakers rested on their rakes; the sheep-washers made for the banks of the refreshing stream, and stood, arms akimbo, gazing at the soldiers; the squatters got on their legs and proceeded to discuss the question of the unexpected visit, in which we may presume they found themselves "as much at sea" as their elders, the general question being: "What business has the sojers comin' this way?" The sequel solves the problem. In the midst of their conjectures they suddenly became passive—almost breathless—as they witnessed the following scene:—

Barely had the horsemen halted when they observed a man coming towards them on the left. They made signs to him to approach. The man complied, in no way deterred by the scowling glances of the soldiers.

"I guess," said a corporal, "this be Swinford, my rebel Papist?"

"Yes, it is," quietly answered the peasant.

"Do you know a Papist traitor named O'Keaveny—Pat O'Keaveny?"

"In troth, then, I do, as well as I know meself," was the answer.

"Then tell us where we may fall in with the traitor dog," spoke the corporal.

"Ah, then, good people, may I make so bold as to ask ye what ye want wid the decent man?" questioned the seemingly unaffected peasant.

"Decent man!" thundered the corporal.

"Decent man, do you call him? Eh, Gibbs,