THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLSIC CHRONICLE

THE ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

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Come, raise me up, alannah ! Lift me up a little more,

And let the sunshine touch my bed, and stream upon the floor :

Draw back the curtain farther yet-let enter OV'IT TAY

And make the place look chearful, child, for this is Patrick's DAY.

Once more I bid it welcome-'tis the last for me. I fear.

Pye had a long, long journey, but the end is drawing near;

Thank God, I've seen my share of years, but, somehow, child, ic-day,

thoughts are far away.

You know my old brown chest, asthore, go now and lift the lid,

And bring me what you'll find there, in the bottom corner hid,

A little colored pasteboard cross,-'tis faded, quaint and old,

And yet I prize it dearer far, than if 'twere solid gold.

Long years ago I carried it across the rolling Btà,

And Time, with all its changes, has not stolen it from me,

Just as you read the other day-and I believe it true,

That ev'rywhere we Irish go, God's Cross will follow, too.

And there are twined around it, child, what

you can't understand, Old memories of other days-of youth and na-

tive land : As dry and withered rose leaves speak of sum-

mers past and gone, So life's bright early springtime in this little

cross lives on.

Finned here, upon my shoulder, ah ! but sure you'll never know

How grand I jelt that morning, with my cross

and ribbon green ; God and country bound together-I was prouder

than a queen How light and gay my spirits, as we children

climbed the hill

To seek for four-leaved shamrocks whilst the dew was sparkling sill,

Whilst the blackbird sang his welcome-the primrose showed her face.

And violets were notding from each cosy hiding place.

My little cross! around you, oh how many mem'ries cling!

Old times, old scenes, old faces to my mind this day you bring;

Come, pin it on my shoulder, child, in spite of age and pain.

For Ireland and St. Patrick let me wear it once again.

The weight of y; ars may bend me, but my soul will ever pray,

May God be with the good old land, and bless herhonored Day,

And round the Cross entwining may her Shamrocks e'er be met,

That as she bore the burden she may share the triumph yet.

E.A. SUTTON,

Quebec, March 1, 1881.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

A Tale of the Irish war in the Seventeenth Contary.

CHAPTER I

Manus O'Ouirnin had long followed the profession for seanschle-s combinstion of hard story-teller and historian-and his was long the place of honor at the reasts of the neighboring Irish chieftains. But now his paisied fingers refused to touch the harp-strings as hey had been wont, his shoulders were bent with the weight of nigh a century, and he who had seen generation after, generation pass away lived in daily and almost hourlyexpectation of the summons which was to open to hir. the gates of another world He had had two sons, both of whom were gone before him to the grave; one perishing in the war in Fisnders. the other dying at home.

The latte r had left two children, a son and My heart grows warm and youthful and my a daughter, the daughter being the fair young songstress who now sat by her grand. sire's side.

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Despite the scanachie's great age his sight was almost unimpaired, and he was now poring over an old yellow manusoript. Is was only when the maiden's song ceased that he raised his eyes from the black lines of Celtio oharacters

"Gillamachree," he said, turning to his young companion, "I feel as if I were thirty years younger when I listen to your sweet voice, and the blood runs right warmly through my old veins. You remind me of the hird whose singing raised St. Fursed to the gate of heaven. What would I do at all without you, avourneen?"

He laid his feeble hand caressingly on her head. A dainty, graceful little head it washead crowned with the natural "glory of woman," a wealth of hair that, bound by the simple ribbon of maldenhood, streamed down the owner's back in a mass of glossy brown tresses. She was barely sixteen, a brunette, and singularly handsome. Her beauty was of that sweet, piquant, peculiarly Celtic type that is so racy of the Irish soll. A perfect mbodimentshe looked of fresh young health, gazelle like grace and vigour-and the of It tells me of the first time that I wore it, long | spirit of the seanschie's grandchild was pure as the wholesome air that breathed around

her. A shawl of dark woollen stuff was gracefully draped round her shoulders and fattened on one of them by a silver brooch representing a cluster of intertwined serpents. Old Manus was dressed in his parti-colored costume of Irish bard; and the pair made a quite picturesque little group-a group very suggestive of May and December.

" Now, grandfather mine," she replied, with a light laugh, "I fear you have too high an opinion of me. You praise my singing-you who taught me how to sing, ay, and to play your clairseach, too. You compare me to the bird of St. Fursey. Alas! 'tis not my poor voice can raise your mind to heaven."

"It can, asthore, and so can your face, for your bright eyes make me think of my poor dead Nuala, who is now with the saints-ay, brings her to my memory not as you saw her ms colleen, a withered old vanithee, but a merry, handsome girl like yourself. Ab, wirrasthrue! wirrasthrue!" continued the old man mournfully, "that was a long, long time ago. The old people are all gone, acushia, all gone ;--but l'il soon follow them, and the

gray worn heart shall have rest at last." "Nay, nay, your words are like a wreath of

not here to comfort you?" A fair shapely arm stole round the scanachie's neck, and his grandchild's head rested tenderly on his breast. For some time age and youth remained in mute embrace, the silvery looks of the one mingling with the brown tresses of the other, and silence prevailed life, and future prospects-a story which save for the splash made by a diving cormorant and the distant wall of a horn in the wood.

"Listen, avourneen, listen," said the patriarch at the latter sound, "the hunters are in the wood. There was a time when I could it -- and all that is left for the old man is a tumult, contention, and slaughter of a battle-grave beside his wife inside the walls of field and of the hards and horrors of war,

Fionn I what a hot chase the brute has led us. Well done, my gallant Fischa-a braver dog never breathed !" So saying he patted the head of his hound, whose sharp mussle was red with the gore of

The rejoloing wolthunter was a tall, symmetrical youth of twenty years, with a frank and pleasant countenance and a head covered with dark clustering ourist His dress was a simple brown tunio, girden up a broad leather belt supporting a skian fada-the favourite weapon, sharp and long, of the native Irishand the close fitting Celtio bracca, which displayed his well-shaped nether limbs to advantage.

" You do not hunt often in this direction ?" remarked Kathleen.

" No, I usually take Fischa to the woods almost at the gate of Dromahaire."---

"Ha, Dromahaire that is the place, surely !" exclaimed old Manus, starting from a short reverie, during which his eyes were intently fixed on the features of the new-" Tell me, avio, have I not seen you comer. beneath the roof of Owen O'Bourke ?"

"Possibly, for I am his" dalta, and have often noticed you in his company." " What-you the toster son of the tierns of

Dromahaire and I not to know it! Sit you dows, avic, sit you down for a shanachus with the old man and his grandchild. Perhaps you know who 1 am ?"

"Certainly, father. Who in Breffay has not seen or heard of Manus O'Ouirnin, the famed seanschie of Lough Gill ? The patriarch shook his white locks du.

biously. " People might speak like that of me some ten or twenty years ago, but the still voice and the silent harp are soon forgotten. Well, what matters it to the shan ven voght, who should be thinking of his soul ? Are you an

O'Bourke?" "No, my name is Edmund O'Tracy.

"O'Tracy-'tis not a name we often hear in these parts."

"Our sept is a Northern one," remarked the youth, and ploking up the manuscript which had fallen from the seanachie's hands when the wolf put in his unwelcome appearance, he handed it to the owner, remarking that it was a pity that such a goodly book should lie neglected.

"Yes, yes," acquiesced Manus, " the book is a good one, sure enough; but what is it to the manuscripts and the Leabhar Garr of the O'Cuimins that were burnt in Inismore yonder In the old days ? Ay, in the grand old days, when the spears of Brefiny were strong and sharp to resist an invader, and when the rule of O'Bourke lay from the Dunchladh to the sea. Mayrone! things are changed since, but may heaven ever bless the noble posterity of Feargna !"

"You seem much attached to the Clann O'Bourke."

"Heart and soul I am with the family to whom mine owes lealty. I have seen the proud and generous race in its grandeur, as I see it now in its ruin. Yes, avic, when Brian Oge and his clansmen marched home in triumph from the viciory of the Corrsliabh my harp and chant rang loudest in the hall thorns round my heart. Be cheerful !-- sm I of Dromahsire. Ah, that was a day to remember !"

The old mar, was now set on his favorite theme, and a long discourse ensued between the trio. The seanachie related some of his best legends, and the young hunter told his new acquaintances the tale of his origin, past proved very interesting to Kathleen, in fact more interesting than all her grandsire's wondrous narratives taken together. And as she learned by degrees that the fine manly young fellow before her was soon to seek a soldier's fortune in the army of the King of hunt, fish, ay, or fight, as well as the best; but, Spain, and as her grandsire, speaking from fareer gair, that time is gone-heaven be with experience, painted a thrilling picture of the

THE QUBEN'S SECRET. OHAPTER XLVIII. -Continued.

war march the war

" Thou wouldst hardly call me knave an I met thee beyond the protection of the bench methinks," returned O'Brien. "Ay, and by my halldome, I promised Dame Justice, should I cross thes but half bowshot from the shadow of these walls, to whip thee right roundly for thy foul speeches touching the Queen of Scotland, for the which thou hast become somewhat notorious of late"

"And who art thou, sir ?" demanded the queen, now out to the quick by the young man's undisguised contempt both for her perof Glenfarne, but tols dead sheep-stealer led son and authority. "Who art thou, Sir the pair of us hither after we had started him Saucebox, who dares speak so boldly in our

"Dare 1" repeated O'Brien; "ab, marry, royal lady; I dare but little; I am one, in truth, who never yet dared to play the pander, nor bow the knee before throne or sceptre where the one is usurped and the other pol-Inted. I am, moreover, henchman and sworn servant to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland; and to her enemy and persecutor, Elizabeth Tudor, Queen of England, I need hardly say, Lowe neither love nor allegiance."

"Thou'st a bold man to speak us thus within call of the headsman." said Elizabeth, a cloud of passion overspreading her counte-

nance, "Not so bold as Bantolph, your majesty" ambassador at the Scottish court," replied

O'Brien; for he carrieth himself unabashed before the very impersonation of virtue and

honor." " Ah! and thou-

"Fearless and unawed before--ber majesty of England."

"Mine honored liege and royal mistress." exclaimed Bacon, " can your majesty thus patiently suffer this insolent braggart ?" And the commissioner rose as he spoke, his face flushed with anger, and ordered the sheriff to remove the prisoner ere he had offered further insult to the sovereign.

"Hold !" said Elizsbeth, motion-ing back the aheriff; "hold ! the young springhald hath learnt this insolence from the lips of one whose name we may not utter in this public assembly. Therefore blame him not, Sir Nicholas ; nay, in truth, we know not but we should pardon him, were -----"

O'Brien interrupted her. The bitter allusion to his beloved mistress stung the young courtier to the quick, and he resented it in-

stantly. "Let the base minions,' he exclaimed, who surround thy throne, sus for pardon when they need it; but for me, with such a picture as that before mine eyes," pointing to the group beside him, "thy venceance were more acceptable than thy mercy. If thou art born of woman, and can find it in threly, out and out? Well, upon my conthy heart to send that innocent maiden to the science dungeon or the block, from the arms of a dying parent, then better we forswear humanity, and turn for mercy to the fiends

"Silence!" thundered the tipstaff, spring ing on the table at a signal from the queen and laying hold of O'Brien's collar ; "silence villain, and insult not her sacred majesty."

"Away with him !" commanded Elizabeth no longer able to indulge her morbid predilection with any show of self-respect-" Away with him, away with him to the Tower; we had thoughts of sending him back to his mistress, to show her how readily we could and msgistrates of the land may not be lost nprn them; and that the ambassadors forgive his insults for her sake; but now,and all other honorable gentlemen, here pre-God's death ! - seeing the knave sent from the courts of our royal friends and not only outraged hath ourself, good neighbors, may report favorably of our but spurned our authority, and denled our very queenship before the eyes of our subjects, we shall send but his head, to teach her that if Elizabeth hath a kind heart loving subjects, and pray God to keep ye ever in his good grace and guidance. Fare for her friends, she hath also a strong arm for ye well." ber enemies."

As the officer Isid his hand on the young

bench near the council table, hurried to offer him "assistance ; but the queen pointed to Bir Geoffrey, exclaiming as she did," there abeepakin, wi's lump/o' wit on the tail o't," continued Nell, firing har by a reenly on the queen's pale tabe if or, ou, woman, I has a letter in my splenchin written in guid hraw Italian, cud win me mair favor for the prisoners lies your patient, doctor; see to him ; as for Plimpton; let the jailor carry him back to prison ; there let him tot in his bruises n requital for his butchery at Whinstone Hollow. "

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March 12, 1884

dinus think, Elisabeth Tudor, that am sae

blate as to clap my dependence on a wee bit

of these matters, but not here-not in this

place; in the meantime we stay the sentence

of the court, and, mayhab, may rescind it yet,

in consideration of thy good faith respecting

Nell instantly saw that the queen's object

In the delay was merely to gain time, in order

to mature some plan for securing herself against exposure, and then send the prisoners

to execution. "Na, na, Elizabeth Tudor," she oried, "I ken ye weel; no as minit can I

walt, nor se finger's length can I trust ye irae

my sight ; set the bairns free noo or nover."

" Most gracious sovereign," entreated Lei-

to send her thus to prison, whilst her father's

Elizabeth, at any other time or place, would

"And for my part, most gracious madam,"

with that blunt adroitness for which he was

guilty save the forger of the royal license."

Oecil's example was then followed by the

remaining commissioners, except, indeed, Sir

Nicholas Bacon, who maintained a dogged

silence, and kept biting his nails as he eyed

Melville, and the French and Spinish am-

bassadors tauntingly smiling at him from

" In compliance," said Elizabeth, at last,

the words almost choking her as she uttered

them-" in compliance with the urgent

solicitations and judicial opinions of the

bench, and moreover being moved thereto by

our own natural leaning to the side of mercy,

we pardon the prisoners on the condition

that they, together with the woman called

Nell Gower, now in the presence, instantly quit the Kingdom, and return not to the

same during the period of our natural life.

"Aweel, aweel," said Nell; "an what's to

"It still belongeth to the family," replied

Elizabeth, too happy to extricate herself from

the difficulty on such easy terms. Thus say.

ing, she rose abrupily, and taking Cecil's arm,

quitted the council room, and then hastened

to unbosom her fears, her sorrows, and her

countess, who stood anxiously awaiting her

Nell Gower paused for a moment to look

at the retreating form of Elizabeth, and then

drawing the hood of her old cloak close

round her head, muttered to herself, as she

descended from the table, " Dinna fret, Eliza-

beth, dinna fret, woman ; we'll no bide lang,

I ween, undher the same rooftree wi' sican a

faithful

Guards, set the prisoners free, and see them

forthwith beyond the palace walls."

hopes once more to her

return at the door of the royal boudoir.

become o' Brockton?"

their places under the bench.

than a' the parchment frae here to the borders ; The physician administered to the dying on, ay, mony a plea cud I mak wus I weel minded; een frae the tombatanes, and frae the man some drops from a vial, and replied, in answer to her mejesty, that the patient could hedges, oud I mak a voice ring wad mak ye live butra few minutes longer. jump to free the prisoners."

"Bemove him, then," said the queen; "Bemove him, then," said the queen; "marry, wouldst have him die here in our very presence?" The medicine somewhat revived the knight from the letharg; into which he had sunk the shall speak further the hands of immediately after "joining the hands of the young couple; and opening his eyes, he saw the queen standing on the bench before him. "Baise me a little higher," he muttered speaking to Alice, whose right arm lay pillowing his head, whilst her left hand kept gently stroking back his white looks; a little higher, my child; ah, I see her there; my sight hath come again-I see hat."

"Blience!" commanded the queen ; "doth the dving man speak ?"

"Ay," replied the knight,-" one word before I die; pardon my little Alice-for the sake of-young Prince Henry, and-andand-the olden time."

cester, at length venturing to plead in behalf of the prisoners, "I beseech thee pardon this The Queen shook her head, and drawing maiden, seeing she hath not wittingly viodown her brows in a scowl, turned away her lated the law; and moreover, it seemeth hard eves from the suppliant.

"Then God pardon thee, Elizabeth, as cornse is not yet cold." do; it's hard to forgive thee, but I do it for Christ's sake. And now hear have peremptorily ordered the earl from her me, all ye people;" and for a second presence; but such a step now sulted not her his voice seemed to grow stronger. "I am purpose. In truth she wished to be entreated, soury for my sins-in especial for spending nay, compelled to pardon, that she might my time with foolish insects-and-and usewith the greater show of credit recall the less instruments, and-and-not giving it all orders she had just issued. Hence it was, to God-and the holy fathers; but particuthat she bowed condescendingly to the earl, larly to St. Barnard and St. Thomas. For though she averted her eyes from his face, as the rest, I hate heresy-I do-deny the if to honor and insult him at the same queen's supremacy, and -- and by the grace of God, I die a Catholio." As the knight uttered these words, his eyes turned once to added Cecil, coming to his queen's rescue Alice, then up to heaven, and back he sank lifeless on his daughter's arm. so celebrated, "I see not well how your "Dead?" inquired Elizabeth. majesty could justify the infliction of the usual penalty in this case, where none seems

"Dead, your majesty," responded the phydoian .

"Thea, guards, remove the body to the hospital, and the prisoner to the Tower," she said, rising and preparing to quit the court. "Plaze yer ladyship," said Beddy, who now appeared in irons at the front of the bar, guard-

ed by two pikemen, "if ye'll only let me wake the ould masther, and see him dacently buried, am willin' to die any time in the same company."

But Elizabeth turned away, and motioned towards the door. Beddy stared at her for a moment - "O.

then, had luck to her," he muttered to him-

self at length ; " isn't she the very devil en-

"Hold thy peace, fellow i" said one of the

"Silence, silence, lieges, ye all !" cried the

"My liege and loving subjects," said Eliza-

the usher of the court ; "the queen speaks."

beth, addressing the spectators now ready to disperse, "we have appointed this spe-

cial commission, and presided thereat our

royal self in person, that ye might see how

we mix clemency with justice in the admin.

istration of the laws. And we do trust that

the example we have herein set the judges

doings to their respective sovereigns. And

now I bid ye farewell, my faithful lieges and

"Bide awee, bide awee i" oried a strong,

sentinele, " and march away to prison."

THE BANKS OF LOUGH GILL.

"She's more sweet than the sunset, more bright than the swan, And song like her sweet voice I never heard one !

Would not flow to defend thee, my bonnie Kathleen!"

O'CAROLAN (Dr. Sigerson's Trans.)

It was a beautiful evening in September. The declining sun cast a flood of light on the meliow landscape, glowing on the brown, red, and golden foliage of the wooded hills, and on the bosom of the lovely sheet of water they enclosed-the Killarney of North Connaught-so aptly termed by the ancient Celts, in their truthful and poetlo topography, Loch Gile, " the Bright Lake."

Calm and serene as the blue, unclouded sky that domed it the lake spread out like a wast mirror-a mirror in which nature loved to see herself reflected in her brightest array of bloom and beauty. Every islet that arose from its bosom was a luxuriant grove, and all around the shore stately woods extended over hill and dale. save where broad fields of corn were ripening in the sup, or where pleasant meadows expanded along the banks, with fat and fawored kine ruminating amidst the rich grass. The sunlight gilt the heary walls of Breffny Castle and the venerable ruins on Church Island: and here and there from amidet the trees a thin blue wreath of smoke sscended into the still air from the thatched hut of a brughaidh or farmer-almost the only tokens of human life visible in the landscape.

The vesper voice of Nature sounded sweet and low. Now and then a stray zephyr rustled the branches of the trees, seeming to shake off fiskes of sunlight into the shadowy recesses of the wood. There was an occasional drowsy lowing from the kine to the pastures. a cooing of amatory doves in the depths of the wood, the rustle of a rabbit among the tall grass and fern, the shrick of a skimming Beaguil, or the Dlash of a water-fowl. These and other sounds mingled at intervals with the gentle, dreamy ripple of the wavelets on the shingle; but the hush of eve was growing deeper every moment, and the sounds that broke its silence seemed to add

to its tranquillity. Suddenly a melodious strain floated out over the sunlit water, and the music of a delicious female voice carolling a Celtic rong was borne on the air.

It was a simple, artices song, a quaint old Irish ballad telling of the somowful loves of a certain fair MacDermott and a certain dark O'Bourke, and yet the enchantress Lurline, seated on her morey rock beside the Bhine, could scarce have poured forth a more tender and bewitching melody than this, which seemed like the harmony of silver bells tinkled by music-lowing fairies in some bosky

Gell beside the water. The melody proceeded from beneath the ahade of a magnificent sycamore that grew on the verge of the shore. There on the trunk of a prostrate tree, were scated an old man and a maiden, and it was from the red lips of the latter that the stream of song was flowing. The old man, who wore the high conicat

cap (or fileadh) and flowing robes of an Irisb bard, was a venerable, white-haired, patriareh, with a majesty skin to that of one of the primeval wood that stood at his back, robed the Irish, "but I thank heaven myself and

Creeveles. But don't be downhearted, asthore. Her brother Niall and the good angels of heaven will watch over my darling when her old grandfather is gone. So now, acushla, oheer up, for I would not see a tear in the bright eyes of my girleen. Come,

aroon, sing me that fine old song again !" Again the sweet young voice was raised in ong; but this time the welody was interrupt. ed by a feroclous yell from the wood, and a large wolf emerged from the thicket and came dashing along the shore right in the direction of the singer and her aged companion. Becovering from her fir. t shock of surprise, the maiden sprang to her feet, and threw herself courageously between the seanachie and the threatening danger. On came the fierce animal, through rage or fear rendered blind to the human obstacle in his way, until he almost reached the maiden's feet, when, with another wild yell, he halted, and sank back on his haunches, as if preparing for a spring. It was a moment of painful excitement, that in which Kathleen Ny-Cuimin, paie and frigid as snow, stood confronting the wild creature as it crouched at her feet, with its eyes afiame, its orusl white fangs wickedly displayed, and its shaggy sides, from one of which a stream of blood was istuing, violently panting. Another moment and those gleaming fange would have clashed in that fair young throat, but suddenly a shout rang from the wood, and forth from the underwood bounded a splendid wolf-hound, which with the rapid-Ity of an arrow flew at its natural enemy. In an instant wolf and dog, locked in deadly

grapple, were rolling over and over on the sward ; but the compat was soon ended by a young man who came running from the wood, and who with one plunge of a javelin which he carried in his hand, stretched the huge body of the wolf gaunt and lifeless on the ground.

Still white and trembling, Kathleen resumed her seat. The whole affair had occurred so suddenly that it was only when it had so fortunately terminated that she began to comprehend the great extent of the danger which had threatened her. The girl had good nerves, but it was sometime before she had raised her sinking head to see the hunter whose arrival had been so opportune.

"It was in good time you came, avio," said old Manus, addressing the latter ; "and more power to your arm for giving that fine thrust. Kathleen, slanna machree, it was heaven that saved you from a bloody death-such a death as happened to Blanche de Burgo in the old times when, poor lady! she was killed by a wolf on her wedding morning. Come here, my bouchal, and give me a shake of your hand for that good job you're after doing. Kathleen machree, sure you're forget. ting to give the boy a good word for his brave action.

Seizing the youth's hand the seanachie shook it warmly, while Kathleen grassfully Gill?" and sincerely uttered the "good word" of thanks, accompanying it with a glance of her dark eyes that spoke a world of gratitude. At sight of the bardle fileadh on the sean-

achie's head, the young man doffed his plumed cap and stood in a respectiul attitude in the homage exacting presence of age and beauty.

"I need no thanks, father," he replied, with the (smiliar style of address in vogue among with trailing ivy and heary with moss. | Fischs arrived in such good time. Great | perity is remarkable.

Desdemona could never have been more sincere than she in deciding that "'iwas pltiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."

And ever and anon as the young man encountered the earnest, sympathetic look of her dark eyes he experienced a strange kind of feeling, a feeling which caused him to make innumerable blunders in his tale, and partly confused his senses in a curlous and inexplicable manner, but which was withal most vaguely delightful.

They conversed until the evening was near ite close, and the shadows of the great trees were stretched far over the water.

"The old man must get indoors ere the air grows cooler," said the seanachie at length, rising with difficulty to his fest, "Corne, avio, you will lend him the support of your strong arm as far as his sheeling ?"

As he moved homewards between his two companions he indulged his penchani by the relation of some more traditions, pointing out the site of the great battle in which Boderick MacCathal O'Connor defeated the O'Bourkes three centuries before, and the aenach where King Eogan Bel was buried head downwards in his armour by the Olann Connaill.

It was not far to the homestead of the O'Cuirnins, on reaching which Edmund O'Tracy had a warn Mile-sian greeting accorded him by Kathleen's brother Niall, a tall, strapping young brughaidh ; and he sat down with his entertainers to their evening repast. As soon as the board was cleared the old clairseach (or harp) of Manus was brought forth from its recess to be touched by the white fivgers of Kathleen; and the guest of the evening listened in silent rapiure as the soulmelting strains of the grand old Irish song of Maurice O'Dugan of Benburb, the immortal " Coulin," thrilled through the apartment. and as the face and form, the voice and mien of the singer were impressing themselves on his heart and mind.

It was long after sunset when the hunter quitted the hospitable abode of the O'Ouirnins. The stars had begun to peep out of the blue vault of heaven, and the calm and beau. tiful summer twilight was deepening over the fairy landscape as he crossed the hills with the wiry wolf-dog at his heels. His heart was so full of his adventure, so charged with sweet and tender emotions, that on reaching Dromahaire Castle, his nome, he could not for the life of him avoid detailing the events of the day to an old gilly or servant of the castle. and inquiring of him as to his newly-formed acquaintance.

Beard of Conn! I see how the land lies, ejaculated old Cahir O'Meehan, with a facetions wrinkling of his gray eyebrows ; " arrah gossoon, are you to this without knowing the handsomest colleen of the country side-her that the people call the Wild Bose of Lough

(To be continued.)

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the spring of the year to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor of the whole physical mechanism.

Mennonites in Nebraska cocupy three entire countles, are good farmers and hard failed to express. At this juncture workers, and so economical that their pros-

bone from the socket, causing the sufferer boards crack with the violence of the blow. cense," "Back, they scurvy minion !" he cried, "and straid I shall escape from these guards, in, guice like this ?"

"Ha! the young braggart fears to have his gentle Celtic blood tainted by the officer's touch," said Elizabeth, smiling round at the

archbishop. O'Brien, hearing the taunt, quickly turned upon the speaker, and drawing himself up to his full height, darted at her a look of indignant scorn.

"Ay, woman," he cried, "it may well be gentle, for it comes to me untainted by blot or stain for well nigh four hundred years; and proudly may it bound here this day in presence of the dishonored and polluted blood of the Tudors."

Elizabeth started to her feet. "To the block with him !" she cried ; "God's death ! ye cowardly variets, away with him."

"Hear me!" exclaimed O'Brien, again driving back his assailants. K 1 know full well I have spoken that which Elizabeth Tudor can never forgive; from the moment I entered this palace, I was prepared for death. I orave no mercy, no, I beg no pardon ; bnt I ask some honest gentleman here to do me the poor service to tell Mary Stuart, my beloved queen, that I die in her service, that my only regret is, I cannot shed my blood for her majesty in fair and honorable fight. And now," add-ed he, "one word more to this maiden;" and kneeling down, he took the fair girl's hand and kissed it. "Farewell, Alice," he said; "I once foolishly thought I might one day call thes by a dearer name, but ----"

"Hush, hush, dear Rodger," murmured Alice, interrupting him: "hush, my father speaks to thee; see, his lips move, and his eyes are fixed on thine."

The young Irishman bent his head till his ear touched the lips of the dying recusant.

At that moment the tipstaff again rushed forward, accompanied by two or three of the guards, and attempted to seize his prisoner; but quick as thought Reddy Connor sprang up, fired with anger, and snatching his trusty blackthorn, dealt the officer such a blow on the sconce as laid him at his full length on the table. "Come on, ye dogs!", he cried ;-- " come on, come on! with God's help I can defend my masther yet sgainst a score av sich cowardly Sassenaghs. Come on !' he voolferated, firmly planting himself before the prostrate body of the knight; "come on-I'll die fightin' for my ould church and my ould masther; come on; come on an kill mei if they're all to die,

Reddy Connor'll dle along with them." Whilst the Husty Jellow thus spoke, waving his cudgel before him, and stamping furiously on the table, Sir Geoffrey whispered something to O'Brien, and then, taking the

looking at each alternately-his eyes sheaking the dying benediction which his lips her majesty's physician arrived, and see-

l clear voice from LDS crow Irishman's collar, the latter turned suddenly turned to leave the hall, and the next moand fiercely upon him, and seizing his wrist, ment Nell Gower jumped on the table as twisted it till he almost wrenched the nimbly as a girl of fifteen, and held up a roll of parchment in her hand, "Bide awee; Scots, na betray her to the black Murray; to yell out with pain, and then flung him | haud ye back, haud ye back, Elizabeth Tudor. back against the witness stand, making the and clap yer twa een on this wee bit li-

"Great God " exclaimed the queen, staglay not thy foul hands on me. What ! art gering over and sinking in her chair, "what wouldst thou have woman?"

"The spacwife, the spacwife !" now resounded through the hall, amid ories of "Drag her out | bring out the witch-bring out the child-murderer 1" " Fire the fagot for the beldam on Tower Hill !"

" Ha ! child-murderer !" repeated Nell, " sh ? spier ye wha's bairn they mean, Eliza. beth Tudor ?"

" Devil's mother !" oried the pikeman, laying hold of Nell's hood, and dragging it from off her gray locks ; " I'll throttle thee on the instant

Bat Nell drew her poniard, and forced him to loose his hold, resolved, apparently, to keep off her assailant till the queen had read the document.

" Stab her! shoot her down !-- away with her to Tower Hill ! ' again shouled a hundred voices from all parts of the hall.

"Fire awa'l" exclaimed the dauntless old woman, poising the dagger to plunge it in the first who dared lay hand on her person ; fire awa', hell hounds, fire awa'; ye canna harm me; ough, size, the steel's na tempered, nor the bullet maulded, yet, can dhirl on a Sane o' Nell Gower's."

The queen now motioned the guards to fall back and then, in faitering accents, and with a face as pale as very marble, she addressed the spaswife.

"Who art thou, woman? and what wouldst thou of us?"

"I'm the auld Scotch spaewife, o' Whinstane Hollow," responded Nell, replacing the dagger in her bosom, and staring the queen boldly in the face; "and for servuce rendered, I demand the pardon o' the prisoners, an the body o' Sir Geoffrey Wentworth."

"Demand, woman-we may not "Ay, demand!" repeated Nell; "will ye grant it, or not?"

"Hold, hold," gasped the queen, the fear of instant exposure rendering her almost speechless,

Every eye in the court now turned on Elizabeth, in wonder at the change the words of the spacwife had so suddenly produced. "Yer but ane o' the judges, Elizabeth Tudor," pursued Nell; "sae hand ye roun the parchment to the lave, and if they canna tell the writin', there's and here wha can at the first blink o' his black ee;" and she turned her glance full on the Earl of Leicesters to

Cecil's keen eye followed that glance, and seeing terror depicted in the countenance of the haughty courtier, felt assured he was the counterfeiter of the license. Bight: gladly would be then have impeached the searl for the treason, but fear of implicating her imajesty restrained him.

"Woman," said the queen, endeavoring to speak with some composure, " this parchment affordeth no grounds for pardon, seeing

it cometh not from us," "I received it in guid faith," responded Nell, " and I'll haud him wha gled it to ing Sir Thomas lying stretched on a his bargain, or hang him for treason But

kittlesome lass. But dinns think am done wi'ye, natheless; ou, wough! woman, no, I has a tight grip o' ye' yet, and guid faith, I'll haud it weel, I'll haud it weel; sae tak tent to't ye hairm not the Queen o' for gin ye di, by my saul all gie ye a squeeze ill mak ye skirl mait nor ye een dii sin yer nursery days."

O'Brien and Alice now approached Nell. God bless thee, Nell," said the young Irish. man, taking the old woman's hand in his, and gratefully pressing it in both his own "this is the second time thou'st saved my life, and yet I thank thes more for this dear maiden's -

"Hout! awa' wi' ye, ye daft ailly earl; this is no time for thanks and love speeches, she replied, drawing away her hand; hugh i diel be frae me if ye'd think o' a hate else but claverin an fightin' gin ye wur gaun to the gallis afore sundown,"

"Dear Nell, dear Nell," sobbed Alice, throwing her arms round her old protector's neck, "how shall we over love thee, and thank thee enough for this watchful and tender affection ?"

"Weel, weel, now, guid be aboot us-heard ye ever the like o' this ?" exclaimed the kindhearted old creature, wiping the tears from the fair face of her protegee; "saints preserve us, lassie; canna a body di a guid turn, but ye maun grat yer bonnie een out sic fashion? Whist, whist i and come awa', bairns, come awa'," she oried ; " we maunna bide here, gin we'd cheat the hangman, or flee the dirk, for right weel I ken there's danger still within bow shot o' Hampton," And thus saying, the old woman led the way through the orowdy followed by Bodger and Alice.

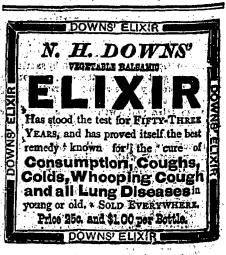
Just as the little party was disappearing through the great entrance door, the space wife turned suddenly round, and looking about her for an instant, exclaimed, "Good gracious! whare's Reddy Connor?

"There," said one of the soldiere, "there he goes, following his master's corpse to the hospital, with his cudgel under his arm."

THE MED.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injure the complexion, induce pimples, sallow skin, etc. Bemove the cause by using Oarter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose.

Archibald Forbes says that the great weakness of the Australian character is the hunger after titles and decorations.



young man's hand, placed it in that of Alice