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FAITHLESS.

BY H. B.

I wonder if it seems as long
To you; three years have passed; or more,
Since, loath to speak the final word,
We parted at the vine-wreathed door.

The graceful gesture of your hand,
Your wistful eyes, I see them yet,
And hear from out those pleading lips,
The whispered mandate, "Don't forget."

Ah, was it that your faith in me
Was weak, or that my thoughts you read,
And guessed the plot my brain conceived,
Black as the heavens overhead?

Fast fell the rain, the pallid moon
Was hidden by the tempest's rack;
"Adieu!" you cried; "now, don't forget
To bring our best umbrella back!"

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

By D. P. CUNNINGHAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"

"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"

"Barfild; or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"By my sowl, Mary, but I'll sober you
before we lave the flure, for all that."

"Faiks, avourneen, you may do your
best; you never seen the day that you
could beat a Cahill on the flure," and Mary
strengthened her boast by a fresh display
of agility.

"Arrah! Mary, alanna, is that it; sure
you know the Cormack blood never gave
in," and James, too, would improve his
speed in heel and toe, and snap his fingers,
as if in defiance.

"Success, Mary! he's slagging a ban
choir! Lay to it, James; bravo! whist!"

"I'll hould a gallon on Mary."

"Done! said another; a gallon out of
James."

"No, boys no," said James Cormack;
"I think the collech has enough of it; as

for myself, avourneen machree! I have too
much, so let us stop," and he took Mary
by the hand.

"Ha, ha!" said Mary, with an arch
smile, "I knew that my feet were too light
for you, James."

"Strike up the 'Fox-hunter's Jig,'"
said Shemus-a-Clough.

Shemus commenced dancing it by him-
self, keeping time to the music with his
feet and club.

"Success, Shemus. Dhoul a better.
Arrah! that's the music; you'd think it is
the how, how, wow of the bounds you'd
hear," said Shemus, all the time keeping
his huge feet moving.

"Musha! isn't it pleasant; faith it would
nearly make me jump through the windy;
there it is again, how, bow, wow, tallyho,
barkaway; here Dido, ho Juno, tallyho,
tallyho, in the mornin'!" and Shemus
finished his capers amid roars of laughter.

Reader, have you ever seen an Irish
dance? It is none of your stately draw-
ing-room affairs, where you lead your
partner with slow and measured step
through the mazes of a full set; no such
thing. There they are, four, or perhaps
eight couples, twisting, turning, cap-
ring, snapping their fingers, hitting their hams
with their heels, in the full buoyancy of
spirits.

"Musha! I think ye have enuff of it
now for a shart; arn't ye better sit down
and have a dhrink," said Mrs. Butler.

"I think so too, ma'am," said the
Rover.

So they all sat down around a large
table with their girls by their sides, and
Mrs. Butler's flowing cans of ale and
porter before them, to each and all of
which they did ample justice.

After a time a voluble flow of soft
nonsense, snatches of songs, and sundry
hip, hip, hurrah! gave forcible proofs of the
strength of Mrs. Butler's drink, and also
to the very decent manner in which the
saint was treated. Shemus-a-Clough's
voice rose like a little tempest above the
rest, as he mingled snatches of his favorite
hunting songs with others in honor of the
saint—