

"Oh! bother the dining hall," cried Gerald angrily, "Nothing but oaths and whiskey-punch for the rest of the evening. However, I must be off. I'll tell no tales," he added, with a smile to his rosy partner; and then to the rest. "My father would choke at his first tumbler, if he didn't think ye were as merry as pickpockets. I'll tell him I'm leaving ye in Tade Ryan's hands."

"Tell him we'll be all on our bare knees sayin' Rosaries from this till mornin', Master Gerald—the same as ye'll be yeerselves."

(To be continued.)

O'NEILL'S DEFIANCE.

The following we clip from a late issue of the *Irish World*. It is an old and patriotic poem, supposed to be the answer of Hugh O'Neill when Queen Elizabeth proffered him the Earldom of Tyrone:

Go, tell your surly Saxon queen

I value not her might;

My arm is strong, my sword is keen,

To strike for Ireland's right.

Go, say I serve not as she wills,

Her bribes shall not prevail,

I'll proudly tread my native hills,

My name is The O'Neill!

My Niall's race for ages trod

These hills and mountains blue,

They lived, and loved, and worshiped God

As freemen still should do.

And though their graves are round us now,

Their souls still watch our weal,

And, by their souls, no hawk shall bow.

The glorious Clan O'Neill!

I'll hunt the wolf and chase the roe

From mountain pass to plain,

Nor food, nor fen, nor fence, nor foe

Shall dare to check my rein!

These glens are mine, these wildwoods all,

From Maghera to the Pale,

And here I'll rule, and here I'll fall,

As should the chief O'Neill.

For Ireland's rights my sword I'll draw,

Even should I draw alone,

And while I live no tyrant's law

Intimidates Tyrone.

I'll be no earl nor Saxon lord,

I spurn their base entail,

I'll tread my own, my native sward,

My title—The O'Neill!

Then hie ye back to England's queen,

And tell her this from me;

My own loved land, my Isle of Green,

Shall from her chains be free,

Go, say the Red Hand fears not death,

No despot makes it quail;

Go, say that on his mountain heath

Defiant stands O'Neill!

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy, in Coleman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a *style* in them when I saw her last."

THE HARP.



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MONTREAL, JUNE, 1874.

We tender our polite acknowledgments to the editor of the *Boston Pilot* for his notice of the *HARP*, a magazine which we are willing to believe he has seen, but has not read, otherwise, as an honest man, he would not have said, "there is not a gleam of ability in its management." We do not claim to have yet reached a high order of ability, but there is at this moment evidence on our desk, consisting both of private letters and public notices, that our first number is far from being below the average of early efforts in periodical literature. Some critic has told our Boston friend that the poetry of the *HARP* is not excellent; but we should like to hear his opinion of the song anent FATHER O'FLYNN, to be found on the seventh page of the last *Pilot*, copied from a high-toned Protestant paper, the *London Spectator*. To our taste, the spirit, &c., of this composition is execrable; and we doubt whether outside the early novels of Lever,—where priests are held up as hard-drinkers at officers' mess-tables,—anything more anti-Catholic and insulting could be selected.

We may observe that we were warned that the *Pilot* would be uncivil, our friend founding his prognostic upon long observation of the spirit of that noted sheet.

HOME RULE.—We promised to resume our consideration of this question, and have been requested to do so in the present number by not a few who have expressed themselves well pleased with the general features of our last article. It is not necessary to say more as to Ireland's right to legislate for herself; indeed, we have often felt as if too much were being said on what is self-evident, admitted to be so even by the English party. They have not, as far as we have seen, denied Ireland's inherent claim to self-government. This is not the doctrine upon which they have acted. It is rather that infamous one of the CARLYLE-FROUDE school, that "Rights are nothing without power, and for practical purposes power is