



A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. 1.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1875.

No. 11.

MEN OF ERIN.

BY J. RYAN.

Men of Erin! men of Erin!
Sons and brothers, O, arise!
Start ye from your slavish station,
Fling your banners to the skies,
Flash your weapons to the sunlight,
Fiercely rush to meet the foe,
Never yield ye nature's birthright,
Though your blood in streams should flow!

Look around—behold the nations
That were bound in slavery;
Mark you well how they in triumph
Gain'd the pathway of the free!
Have you not hands as strong and brave,
And hearts as loud and true?
Then, Oh! why not in might arise
And win back your freedom too?

O! trust in God and in the cause
Of glorious Liberty.
And in your own right hands and blades,
If your wish is to be free—
Arise like men who are resolv'd
To die or to have their right,
And with high heaven's aid you'll be
Victorious in the fight!

You cannot fall, you must not fall!
Though your tyrant foe be strong,
For clid in the true arms of right divine
You'll smite the fiends of wrong.
Like the shepherd youth on Judah's plain
Smote the giant Philistine,
So shall you smite the Saxon foe
When arrayed in battle line.

Then up from your couch of slav'ry
With rifle and sword in hand,
And strike with all your power and might
For your own dear motherland!
Charge, as you charged at Pontenoy
Or at Clontarf's bloody fray;
And sweep from Erin's smirch'd breast,
The accurs'd Sassenagh!

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."
—ВЪЮН.—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT THE LITTLE BRASS KEY UNLOCKED.

"Cressy, I AM your sister!"

Bewilderment spoke in the fair face: dazed, she could only look into Rose Marton's for solution of the mystery. It was no jest; levity sat not there, but a ravenous love eager to devour the sweet little sister that the cold, cold world had at last presented to her.

"Rose, you are in earnest? You could not be so cruel as to mock me. I am stunned, and know not what to say or think."

"I too, am still stunned. My brain swims, I half fancy it must be a dream."

"What?—what, Rose? In pity tell me?"

Rose seemed to be thinking abstractedly.

"Perhaps, after all, it is some cruel deceit. How—how will anybody believe it when *he*, my father—O heaven! when *he* will not acknowledge it?"

"Rose, Rose, what *are* you thinking of? Tell me, darling, oh! tell me quickly!" And the fair white arms were wound tenderly around Rose Marton's snowy neck; the glowing, golden hair mixed with the raven black; the peachy cheeks resting on one another; the bright blue eyes drinking love in the deep violet depths of other eyes: making such a picture as must have bewitched Da Vinci: incomparable sisterhood!

"You must know, sweet Cressy. Come and I will tell you all."

And taking her to the open escritoire she told her wondering listener of old Richard Marton's dream, and of the little brass key he gave her that the secret might not die with him which was to make her as proud as Sir Albin Artslade's heiress: and how, when the dream came to pass and the secret choked old Richard Marton, she was moved to try what the little brass key unlocked; and how in the secret drawer she came upon a roll of manuscript which, though it was only a roll of manuscript, made her as proud as Sir Albin Artslade's heiress, as the old man predicted.

The writing was close and cramped, as the writing of a sick old man must be, and studded with many a blot and break as if it had been composed piecemeal. Now Rose remembered how he would sit at the bureau often in the days when his maladies were most threatening, and would write away painfully on some task which never seemed to have an ending: looking