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WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN.

From dear old Ireland far away
I've lived for weary years,
But many a time, by night and day,
I see it through my tears
In dreams I often tread again
Each well-remembered scene,
Where the mountain streams run brightly
And the grass grows green.
Full many an hour of pure delight
In that dear land I spent;
Yet, let the time be dark or bright,
I could not fool content—
For well I knew a hateful crew
Of tyrants, false and mean,
Were lords of dear old Ireland,
Where the grass grows green.
So, early to my country's cause
I gave both hand and heart;
Whatever the game for freedom was,
I took a true man's part;
With voice and vote, and then at last
With weapons far more keen,
I strove for dear old Ireland,
Where the grass grows green.
I've all my cards and medals still—
They look as good as new;
The other things I've kept as well—
They're bright and perfect, too.
For something whispers in my ear,
Though exiled long I've been,
That I'll die in holy Ireland,
Where the grass grows green.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,
THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay,"
—IYRAX.—*The Gaiour.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Not a syllable of the Union! A low murmur of astonishment creeps around. Can the Government have abandoned the battle with victory in their grasp? The ministerialists stare puzzlingly; whispers of consultation pass along the Opposition benches; the innocents of the galleries are struck with blank bewilderment. What can it mean?

An address in reply, full as commonplace as the speech itself, is moved and seconded. Not a syllable of the Union! Is the crisis, then, over?

Every heart beats wildly, as Sir Lawrence Parsons rises calmly from his seat. The stratagem of the Ministers is idle: now or never won.

He moves an amendment which declares anew the shibboleth of the volunteers: that the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland alone are competent to make laws to bind her people."

The battle is now joined fairly: it ranges along the whole border-land of reasons: its thunders affright the calm of deliberation: it is a war of stubborn necessity on the one hand, of passion and despair on the other,

The hours go panting by. War on corruption and centralization! War with all the angels of purity, with all the glories of antiquity, to lead it on! Firey, chivalrous war, that scatters, the craven battalions like chaff, and shakes the strongest towers of corruption. Forward, the old flag flies, ever forward! Panic broods over the unholy host. Victory!—nearly victory!

Back surges the tide. Fortune lies once more with the big battalions. Down in the dust the flag is trampled—it is the ensign of disloyalty! The necessity of Empire rolls back the shattered columns of sentiment: thinner and thinner under the fierce fire of ridicule and slander. The wavering harpies of corruption return; cowards pour in upon the broken ranks. They succumb?

Never! The forlorn hope is out again in the hell fire; fighting to the death!

The shades of evening deepen. The battle is raging still. Night—solemn midnight! And still! the hours are seconds in a nation's death-throes.

Grey morning crawls in and lays her pallid light on pallid cheeks. Still!

A message reaches the Opposition, stirs a new life, one more impulse of victory in their fading hopes.

"Parsons, what's the news?" O'Dwyer Garry asks eagerly.

"Grattan returned for Wicklow last night!"

"But can he be here?"

"He is here!"