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SONG TO ERIN.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yea, weep, and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.—*Moore.*

THE O'DONNELLS OF GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMILY YEARS IN IRELAND.

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Irish Brigade and its Campaigns," "Sarsfield, or
The Last Great Struggle for Ireland," etc. etc.

CHAPTER IV.

COUNTRY PASTIMES—ALL-HALLOWE'EN AT MR.
MAHER'S

Though we have taken a hasty notice of
Father O'Donnell in our opening chapter, we
must now return to him more fully.

The little village of Clerihan, over which
Father O'Donnell presided as priest and law-
giver, was, like most of our Irish villages, a
straggling compound of shops—an apothecary's
establishment, a church, a chapel, and then the
suburbs were garnished with rows of filthy
cabins. Irish landlords take little or no con-
cern about improving the towns and villages
on their estates; and many, through a dogged
spirit of non-interference with their rights, will
not even give leases to the enterprising or

industrious; therefore, the good houses fast
decay, whilst cabins of the most filthy kind
spring into existence.

"Faith, sur, if he ejects us out of this auld, it
is no grent loss! Shure, if we built a better one
we should pay well for it," is the unavailing
answer you will get if you ask why their houses
are in such a wretched state.

Father O'Donnell's house, or cottage, was
situated at the end of the village. A small
lawn extended to the road. It was a comfort-
able thatched house. Shrubs and trees were
nicely arranged in front, whilst the wall
glistened with ivy and woodbine. Its interior
was not less inviting. On one side of the hall,
which ran through the house, was the parlor,
which was contrived a triple debt to pay; for
it answered the purpose of drawing-room,
parlor, and, on pressing occasions, bedroom.
Father O'Donnell's parlor was furnished in a
very respectable style. A nice Turkey carpet
concealed the cracks in the floor, an easy-look-
ing sofa occupied a niche in the side wall,
whilst a sideboard, glistening with glasses and
some real plate, stood opposite the window.
But the seat of honor, in which the good
Father read his breviary, heard the disputes of
the parish and adjudicated on them—in fact,
ruled at once as the Law and the Prophet; and
there enjoyed a doze, was a fine old arm-chair
of ample proportions that occupied a place near
the fire. Now, if we add to this his little dog,
Carlo, which was stretched in the fulness of
enjoyment on the hearthrug, and place Father
O'Donnell in his chair, we have a perfect pic-
ture of the good priest after the labors of the
day.

It is fair that we should take a look at the
kitchen, where Mrs. Hogan, the house-keeper,
is enjoying herself. Mrs. Hogan is seated in a
corner beside a blazing turf fire, with one foot
thrown across the other, her eyes turned up