A GIRL WORTH CULTIVATING.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

She's not a beauty, as beauties go,
With a graceful tangle of golden hair,
Eyes like sapphires, a brow of snow,
And cheeks like the petals of roses rare;
But the light that shines from her sweet young face
Flows straight from the Angels' dwelling place.

She does not lie on a lounge all day,
With a box of candy and Zola's "last,"—
Soiling her soul in so vile a way,
That the very demons stand aghast;
But she reads the books of her fellow-men,
And aids the weak with tongue and pen.

She does not go to a "dance" at night,
And whirl in the arms of a stranger lad;
Nor travel the streets in broad daylight,
With a puppy to share her promenade.
For her days and her nights are sown with seeds
Of ennobling thoughts, and words, and deeds.

The poor rejoice when they hear her name!
The babes, at her voice, like flow'rets bloom;
She is eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame,
And a star-like presence in hours of gloom;
For she follows the first of the golden laws:
"Forget thyself in thy Master's cause!"

Happy the man who shall bring her home
To rule his hearth as his cherished wife!
He shall gather the honey with the comb,
And taste of its sweetness all his life;
And the children she bears him in her breast,
Shall rise, one day, to call her blessed!

—*The Bouquet.*

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school-house play-ground that sheltered you and me,
But none were left to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay,
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, some twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our pen-knives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro;
Its music just the same, Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas then so high we could scarcely reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as she died, whose name you cut, some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago.

SHAN VAN VOCHT,

—A STORY OF THE—

UNITED IRISHMEN.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. [CONTINUED]

Tone, under other circumstances, would have been more or less embarrassed at the distinguished company in which he found himself—generals, ministers of state, foreign ambassadors naval officers of high rank, all in glittering uniforms and with their insignia of rank. Here was an eastern ambassador with quaint fez and bournose, and diamond star sparkling on his breast. There a distinguished general who had clutched honor, position and renown from the ranks by desperate valor, as his empty sleeve well attested. Standing at the fire-place, in deep conversation with the Russian ambassador, was one whose name and fame were European, but whose ending was to be so ignoble and terrible—the general who carried his army safely in their famous retreat through the Black Forest—Moreau. And many others, then undistinguished, but who were afterwards to fill Europe with their fame and their deeds of prowess.

But a passing glance at some of the more prominent and renowned was all that Tone was vouchsafed. Personal matters were pressing at his heart and absorbed his whole thought. What project was on foot? Was there really a determination to send sufficient aid to Ireland? and, if so, when, from where, and how!

Whilst those questions were revolving themselves in his head the door leading from the ante-chamber was flung open and a herald cried:

'Citizen Tone!'

The animated conversation at once ceased, and for a moment Tone, so filled was he with his own thoughts doubted the name that was called.

'Citizen Tone!' the herald calls again.

Tone presented himself as the other fell back.

The herald beckoned him back.

Passing the door, which closed after him, Tone opened the inner antechamber, and thence into a richly furnished room, where, under the soft light of a chandelier, sat at a round table, covered with maps and papers, two gentlemen—one in uniform, the other not.

The latter was Carnot, who with warm courtesy stood up to welcome his visitor.

'You see I have not forgotten you Citizen Tone,' he said, pointing to a map of Ireland that lay on the table 'We have been discussing Irish matters, and we want your assistance and opinion.'

He paused. Tone bowed.

'This is general Hardy.'

Tone saluted the general. He had never met him before, but was well acquainted with his name.

'It is right to tell you, Citizen Tone, that there sails this day for the Irish coast, an expedition under General Humbert, whom you met with me last time. He is an able and energetic officer. The expedition is a small one, and the general sails for the western coast.'

'The western coast!' repeated Tone disappointedly.

'Yes; I should indeed have asked for your advice previously, but that the business here is so multifarious, and I was unfortunately unacquainted until this evening with your address The reason it was dispatched there is this—I find from recent reports that have reached us from Ireland via Hamburg, that it is along the eastern coast"—laying his finger on the maritime counties of Leinster—'that the war of insurrection rages, Further I find that the insurgents are being severely pressed. To make a diversion in their favor by causing the withdrawal of the royal troops and to excite revolt in a district which seems quiescent at present, I have directed them to land there'—pointing to Killala Bay—'where there seems to be a capacious harbor and good anchorage. What do you think of the project?'

'I think it is ably designed,' said Tone, much struck with the reasoning.

'I am glad to have your approbation.'

'But,' said Tone, hesitating, 'but it is a very small force—small to send on such an important mission.'

'I anticipated that observation. General Humbert brings with him but an advance guard. More could not be done in the extreme haste. General hardy is under orders to sail as soon as ever he can from Brest with three thousand men, and effect a further lodgment on the northern shores—somewhere here,' pointing to Lough Swilley. And General Kilmaine is to mobolize a further corps, as soon as may be, of some ten thousand men to effect a landing on the eastern coast as near the metropolis as possible. What think you now?'

'I think you have assured the independence of Ireland,' said Tone, whilst his heart beat rapidly and exultantly at this magnificent intelligence.

'If there be staying power in your nation they shall get sufficient help.'

'If there be,' thought Tone, with a choking feeling in his throat as the dread possibility occurred to him of the revolt being crushed out before even the first of these detachments could arrive.

'By the way, there is a young naval officer recently escaped from England. Do you know him?'

'Citizen Eugene Lefebre.'

'Yes; he is a good officer I am told, and knows much about Ireland. Do you know where he is to be found.'

'I have only just parted from him.'

'Very good. Tell him to report at once to Admiral Bompart, who will command the fleet. It will sail from Brest or from Camaret. Meantime—I suppose you would wish to go to?'

'Go,' said Tone, earnestly. 'For two years I have been longing, yearning for the day to come.'

'I see!' said Carnot, smiling. 'You Irishmen are all so enthusiastic! You will, in that case, place yourself under General Hardy's orders. You will have your present rank. This expedition will sail as soon as ready. Report to General Hardy in the morning. Good-bye! I am sorry I cannot discuss the matter further with you, but there is a large number of people waiting for audience. Once more—good-bye, and success to the Irish cause.'

'Well, Citizen Tone—for I suppose Carnot has imbued you with thoroughly republican notions by this time, if you did not possess them before,' said Eugene, on his return, 'What news? What says the brain-carrier of the French nation?'

'The news is capital,' said Tone, paring the end of a cigar, as he prepared himself for a long smoke and chat in the highest of good humor.'

'I am glad to hear it. We have had such a recurrence of calamitous information that a rift in the clouds is most opportune. The expedition has sailed?'

'It has.'

'Where for?'

'The Irish coast.'

'And with what intention? What does he think it will do?'

'Keep the insurrection alive until a large force sails.'

'Right. Citizen Carnot—though my family is under but scant obligation to him—is a right vigorous worker for all that.'

'Do you know him, then?'

'I might say he knows me anonymously.'

'A rather indistinct knowledge, is it not?'

'I don't know that I could express the acquaintance more aptly. But that is of no consequence at present for——'

'On the contrary, it is of consequence.'

'Ah, how?'

'He made inquiries about you.'

'He did—eh?' exclaimed Eugene, suddenly.

'Yes.'

'What did he say?'

'That you were a capable officer, knew Ireland well, and requested you to report at once to Bompart—who is to be admiral of the next fleet.'

'Oh, that is all—is it?'

'That's all. The information seemed to alarm you.'

'Why, so it did, Tone. It is only the recurrence of an old sensation'

'It is the first time I knew you were subject to alarms.'

'Why, my good friend, when one has lived for months—indeed I might say for years—with the dread of the guillotine on him, he is apt to be readily startled I remember a time when a call, 'Midshipman Lefebre is wanted on deck,' seemed to be a forerunner of a journey to the Place de la Greve, and an introduction to Dr. Guillotine.'

'You were not an *aristocrat*—were you?' asked Tone chaffingly, as he threw himself into an arm chair and lit his cigar.

'I dare say they would readily impeach me as one then—rightly or wrongly And so I am to report to Bompart?'

'Yes. Do you know him?'

'Perfectly. I sailed with him to the Indies, where he knocked to pieces the English fleet, with two line-of-battle ships and two frigates I remember the battle as if it were a thing of yesterday. So I ought. We ran out a broken mast from our vessel, La Vengeur, to the British 74, and our fellows raced like wild cats along it in their bare feet, and boarded and captured the Englishman. I wish you saw the scene on that deck when, in the middle of the smoke that canopied the ships, our men leaped in. I fancy tougher work was never set to Frenchmen. It was cut and thrust of cutlass at close quarters, and I wager you more men died in that quarter of an hour's fight than ever died in the same size of space before or since. Yes, Bompart is not likely to pull down his colors without just and sufficient cause.'

'Were you one of the boarders, Eugene?' asked MacNevin, whose interest had been aroused by the speaker's words.

'I was second on the mast, and first to leap on board. De Fournieux, a brother middy, was first to race along the mast—they guillotined his father, a naval captain, in Paris, a few days before, but the poor lad never heard of it—and, a bullet striking him, he fell, before I could grasp him, between the two vessels. This mark will serve as remembrance of it (he pointed to the cicatrice on his temple), for an Englishman's cutlass left it there on that occasion.'

'What experience of the world and of life you sailors must have!' was the admiring comment of MacNevin.

'It was no pleasant experience, I assure you. With the very atmosphere of France saturated with suspicion of treachery, with every French mind electrical with dread of betrayal, it was no joke to lose a battle or a ship. Courtmartials made short work of defeated admirals, and every man, gentle or simple, on board was bound to do whatever lay in him to win victory. I tell you men valued their lives at little moment in these days. But we have been rambling away from the subject. When am I to report?'

'In the morning.'

'But Bompart is in the Bay of Camaret.'

'You will have to travel thither without delay.'

'Well, thank heaven I am on active duty once more. Continued idleness here were nearly as bad as being on board the British hulks. And now, having heard this joyful news, I think I shall retire. I shall sleep more soundly to-night than I have done for a long time; the murmurs of the sea on the Irish coast will be in my ears.'

'I wish it were really and actually in mine,' said Tone 'It is odd that whilst everything was uncertain and changeful, I was strong in hope, but now that everything looks promising I begin to feel chokeful of unrest and uncertainty.'

'The result of too much anxiety, dear Tone. It is a feeling you should banish. When men have done their best they should leave the rest to Providence. It is not in man to control the future.'

'Shall we see you again?' asked MacNevin, as Eugene prepared to depart.

'I fancy not. I have some calls to make and some little business to transact in the morning, and the diligence starts early.'

'We shall see you at Camaret, then.'

'And the sooner the better. I wager you Bompart loses no time if Hardy does not. What a beautiful moonlight night—how bright and silver-like the moonbeams fall on the carpet! Good-bye.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE STORM.

Without delay Tone reported himself to Hardy.

Thenceforward his time was fully taken up in aiding his chief in the details of the expedition acting constantly as the general's secretary. It was only then he began to see some of the difficulties in connection with the fitting out of an armed force of the kind.

So many things had to be arranged, so many matters to be provided for There was the selection of the regiments best fitted for irregular warfare, such as that in Ireland might chance to be; the gathering together of these from the different divisions with which they were brigaded through France; the selection of suitable artillery; the packing up of cannon balls and powder and fire-arms and bullets; the storing away of thousands of muskets, and carbines, and spears, and swords; the selection of horses and accoutrements and the proper storing of them—in a word, the embarkation of three thousand men. The number might look small on paper, but before they were ready the impatient Irishman had full time to see what responsibilities attached to the proper carriage and provisioning of even that number closely packed for some weeks on board a limited number of ships, and in the face of an enemy vigilant and all powerful at sea.

With superhuman energy he worked both night and day to hurry the expedition. His heart lay with the gallant men in Wexford and elsewhere making an unavailing struggle against overwhelming forces No matter likely to affect the expedition's welfare or success was left untouched or unattended to; and it was with a heart delighted and joyous, but with a body weary and worn, that on the evening of the 19th September, 1798, he dined for the last time with his wife and children and MacNevin, previous to his departure the next day for Camaret, where the fleet was gathered.

The evening, nathless the sorrow of separation in the morning, was full of pleasure, and all were bright with hope and promise.

'You will wait for Kilmaine, MacNevin,' he said, as they separated at a late hour. 'He holds nine thousand men in reserve to start with as soon as possible after news of our successful landing reaches him.'

'I should much rather go now.'

'I am sure you would, but Hardy wishes it. And I, too. The Directory will need some one to consult, and there is no one here so reliable as you.'

'In that case,' said MacNevin, disappointedly. 'I suppose I must; but I do so with great reluctance. I am thirsting to see Ireland again. I am longing to see the green flag at last unfurled on her hill.'

'You will see it in good time, and all the surer that it will lie in your power to hasten Kilmaine's force. You will be the good genius at his elbow to hurry him on. Carnot has given you a commission in his brigade, and attached you as aide-de-camp to his staff.'

'I am obliged to him, but, as far as that is concerned, where Ireland's cause is at stake, I should as freely fight in the ranks. It is not my own honor I look to, but my country's freedom. It has been the solitary star that shone on my life—the one bright hope that beckoned me on.'

'Unless the fates are more than usually unpropitious the hour has struck when her freedom cometh,' said Tone enthusiastically, as he parted from his friend. 'The sound of French cannon on Irish hills will ring the knell of tyranny, and the flash of the guns will kindle the light of freedom never to be quenched again in her valleys.'

'Heaven send it,' said MacNevin; and they parted.

September 18, 1798 Bompart sailed from the Bay of Camaret. The fleet consisted of one first-class line-of-battle ship, the Hoche—so named at Tone's special desire in honor of the dead hero who had so strongly testified his admiration for Ireland and his unaccomplished desire to aid in recovering her freedom—and eight frigates. A reconnaissance by Carlo in his swift sailing pinnace had shown that for some reason—probably because they had gone to the coast of Spain to watch the Spanish fleet—the English vessels were nowhere to be seen.

The day was beautifully fine as the nine men-of-war spread their sails above the water, attended by an immense crowd of transports. Not a cloud broke the clear arch of summer sky, and, save where the favorable breeze disturbed the surface of the water, the azure above was reflected in the brightening sea beneath.

Taking a long sweep to the westward, the admiral sought to avoid coming in contact with the British fleet.

In this he was successful, but he met a fiercer foe.

For some days the fleet sailed on in splendid order, a magnificent sight to behold.

'If this weather lasts, Eugene,' said Tone to his friend, who had been appointed captain of the commander's vessel, 'we shall see the headlands of Ulster shortly.'

'Look yonder, Tone. Do you see that sunset?'

He pointed to the west, where, on the far edge of the distant horizon, there rose above the rim of the Atlantic a black mass of clouds, the edges of which were turned into fiery redness by the beams of the sinking sun, and so made the centre to look of pitch blackness.

It was a wierd sight to see, and so Tone thought.

'Have you ever seen the like of that before, Tone?'

'I don't think I have. It is very remarkable.'

'It is something more than remarkable. It is dangerous.'

'Indications of a storm?'

'I never saw such a sunset as that,' said Eugene gravely, 'but one, and that was in the East Indies. I shall long remember it.'

'Preceding a storm?'

'Preceding such a storm as rarely sweeps the surface of the sea. When it was over, the Orient, a 74 man-of-war, had foundered with all hands, and the Fundroyant was high and dry ashore—a complete wreck.'

'I hope there is no occasion to dread anything of the kind now,' said Tone anxiously.

'I hope so, but I doubt it. What think you, admiral?'—to Bompart, who had joined them.

'That is an ill-looking sky,' said the admiral quietly. 'It means mischief.'

'Just what I have been thinking.'

'It is spreading even now.

Tone glanced westward. The cloud did indeed seem to be spreading, like a funeral pall, its intense blackness over a larger portion of the sky

'Eugene, I think it were wiser to signal the fleet to sail in more extended order. Abundance of sea-room will be wanting to-night.'

'I quite agree with you, Admiral There is a storm, and a dangerous one, imminent.

Orders were immediately given from the flagship for the fleet to sail more widely. The order was immediately obeyed. Most of the captains had already anticipated the movement.

It was surprising—surprising to Eugene even, who had long experience of the sea and storm—to see how rapidly the night fell, how swiftly the dark sky flung its forbidding hue over the water.

'Look, Tone! look yonder! There goes the beginning of heaven's artillery.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle

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FOR SALE at a Bargain, the Freehold Farm of 100 acres, situate at Hazel Green, Lot 52, in King's County, the property of John R. McDonald, now of Boston, Mass. A considerable portion of the property is under cultivation, and the balance covered with wood.

For particulars apply to Messrs. McNeill & McDonald, Barristers, Charlottetown, Attorneys for John R. MacDonald.

Ch'town, Sept. 17, 1890.—tf

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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HEAD

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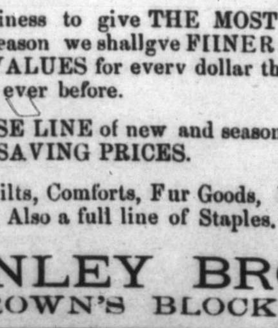

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