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MY FAITH.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

If 'tis a crime to love the land
Wherein my fathers rest,
Where first my mother's hand
My infant form caressed,
Then doubly dyed in guilt am I,
And traitor to the core,
For deep within my Irish heart
I love my native shore.

I hold it as a precept true,
And strong as gospel light,
And mark it, suffering brothers, you
Who struggle for the right,
That he is a soulless clod,
By earth and heaven banned,
And false to justice, truth and God,
Who's false to motherland.
—*Irish World.*

“KILSHEELAN”

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

“The glided halo hovering round decay.”
—*Byron.*—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER XXXV

MR. JER MURPHY MAKES A MISTAKE.

The unsuspecting victim dashed into the Pass, the bailiff a few yards behind him with his hand on his pistols. Does the bailiff fear there will be murder in the Pass of Cahá?

Now behind the thicket the blunderbus is levelled at the advancing horseman—there is no quiver now in the murderer's nerves—his aim is deadly. Now the baronet is within a few yards of him—now abreast of him—his hand is on the trigger—

Hark! There was a flash—a sharp short report—a smothered cry—and horseman and horse roll together to the ground.

But it was not *Páde Ryan* that fired! His trigger has not fallen—he starts back paralyzed with astonishment—murder has been done; but he is not the murderer

Mr. Jer Murphy flings from him a pistol that has been discharged, and grasping the other, springs from his horse, and rushes towards the murdered man. Rider and horse lie rolling and struggling together by the ditch: but only the horse has been wounded—the rider has only been stunned by the fall—and now disengaging himself from the saddle by a supreme effort, Sir Albin Artslade staggers to his feet.

“Murderer and villain!” he shrieks, rushing with blind fury towards the bailiff.

But Mr Jer Murphy's other pistol is levelled—is fired pitilessly—and ere the report dies away, Sir Albin Artslade totters, reels, falls heavily to the ground. This time the work is done.

The assassin stands for a moment rooted to the spot with the coward's terror; then glances shudderingly around, and catching courage from the utter solitude of the place, grins a hideous grin of triumph.

“Dead as a doore nail!” he exclaims, raising the head of the murdered man, and letting it fall again heavily. “Now for the goold!”

Then for the first time was the mystery of Mr. Jer Murphy's action explained to the stunned watcher behind the thicket, for he saw him spring across with all the miser's lust to where the struggling horse lay, and detach from the saddle the bulky leathern sack and tear it open and gloat upon its heaps of glittering gold. The miserable ruffian, foiled in the attempt to profit by the betrayal of Gerald O'Dwyer, saw his master receive this golden treasure in Clonmel, and into his crafty mind there came a diabolical plan for possessing himself of it. There was a rumor that Sir Albin Artslade's life was to be taken; that was why he was equipped and armed as his escort; if his life were taken, who could ever tell by whom? And now it had been taken, Mr. Jer Murphy would put the treasure where no human eye would ever follow it till he wished,