

THE HARP

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(For the HARP.)

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Strike the harp! its sound recalls
Many wrongs which fill my breast,
Many joys which now have perished,
Many friends who are gone to rest,
Many hopes which oft I cherished
For the Island of the blest,
For my dear and bleeding streland,
For that island in the west.

Strike the harp! its sound recalls
Visions of my boyhood's home,
The old cot where I was born,
Far across the ocean's foam;
Where I rambled o'er the meadows
To the church yard cold and lone:
Oh, what happy thoughts I've woven
In my long loved island home.

Strike the harp! its sound recalls
When I wandered by the sea,
How I longed with boyish fancy
For to see my country free;
For to see the green flag floating,
Throughout the land and on the sea,
While her sons would guard her banner,
Proudly singing, we are free.—R. H. O'Dwyer.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay,"
—*Evans*.—*The Glaiou*.

CHAPTER VI.

STATESMEN *En Deshabille*.

One wet, stormy evening, a few weeks after Gerald O'Dwyer left Kilsheelan, three gentlemen were loitering over their wine in Lord Castlereagh's elegant mansion in Merrion Square, Dublin.

Tipperary gentry might choose other title than "gentlemen" to describe one of the trio, whose hard red face and easy manners identified him as Mr. Albin Artslade, of Ashenfield.

His companions were more remarkable in their lives than in their faces.

The younger of the two had a frank, handsome face, and a captivating ease and cordiality

of manner, such as we admire in men of fashion of the better sort. No one would have taken him for a statesman, who did not mark how deep and acute his glance was, and how firm the lines of his well-cut features, upon emergency. This was Lord Castlereagh, the Irish Secretary of State.

The Under-Secretary, Mr. Edward Cooke was the third of the group—a bland-faced, commonplace, rather mean-featured man, without much to distinguish him from a country grocer, except a certain crafty, impalpable expression that somehow conveyed the notion of power.

"And so that's how O'Dwyer Garv treated your benevolent offer!" said Lord Castlereagh, laughing heartily over his ambassador's rueful account of his reception at Kilsheelan.

"My lord, it was scandalous," said Mr. Artslade, rather nettled at his lordship's merriment. "But a loyal man can expect nothing else in Tipperary."

"So poor Holleston says too," remarked Mr. Cooke, with a sly leer. "Unless pistols be anything else."

"Queer people!" said his lordship, as he drained his glass. "Fancy the Englishman that would knock a man down for offering him a small fortune! We Irish do need education. However, rebels will be rebels, Mr. Artslade: we must make some allowance for their ignorance."

"Oh! certainly, my lord," smiled Mr. Artslade, overflowing with generosity.

The generosity didn't go beyond his mouth: in his heart there was a wound, aching for revenge.

"But we want O'Dwyer," said the Under-Secretary. "Isn't he in difficulties?"

"Drowned in them."

"Is there no way of reaching him?"

"There is, of chastising him," said Mr. Artslade, grimly. "I am the mortgagee of his whole estates, and by G—"