

THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

Primus ordo sanctissimus; secundus ordo sacerdotum; tertius ordo religiosorum; quaternus ordo militum; quintus ordo laboriosorum; sextus ordo sanctorum; septimus ordo doctissimorum; octavus ordo nobilissimorum; nonus ordo sanctissimorum; decimus ordo sanctissimorum.

ed patriots of the terrible discovery that had been made. When the formal business of the meeting had been concluded, Mansergh stood up to impress on all the necessity for more determined action. In doing so a printed paper dropped from his breast pocket upon the table.

kissed his pale cheek, and the next moment expired upon his breast. A fierce and deep-toned malediction arose from the stifled crowd. It was interrupted by a light and silvery peal of laughter from the lips of Kate Hynes.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

Splendid Demonstration in Charleston, S.C.

INAUGURATION OF "HIBERNIAN PARK."

The Irish-American citizens of Charleston, S.C., have added another leaf to the chapter of successful achievements which already demonstrates their public spirit and enduring love of the old land and the traditions of their race.

The President then introduced the orator of the day, the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, who was received with three hearty cheers, and delivered an able and eloquent address. He said:— The opening of this Hibernian Park, a project which was happily conceived a little over a year ago by a few leading and generous Irish spirits...

of ponderous blows and hard knocks, to fortune and place, and, at last, to public favor. Under the most adverse circumstances and sufferings the most acute, the scattered children of the Emerald Isle, who have become like unto the seed of the earth...

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys and destiny obscure, Nor grandeur view with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor!"

They have emptied their treasures broadcast upon either hand across the wide belt of this vast continent, even from where the heaving Atlantic rolls its billows at our feet upon this eastern shore...

The Irish may with propriety claim that they have something to boast of in American history. One hundred years ago, when the Colonies organized to resist the tyranny of a despotic king, upon the ground that "taxation without representation was tyranny," 200,000 of the population then were Irish by birth and descent...

When the bidding star of civil conflict flitted out from behind the lurid storm clouds of war that had gathered over the land, the Irish, strong in their local attachments and love of home, and true to the spot where their hearthstones were set...

Character to the present was witnessed by the assembled thousands of the people of Charleston. The beauty and chivalry of our city had gathered then, on the spot where the Hibernian Hall now stands, and within its spacious walls. It was the occasion of the dedication of that beautiful temple reared by the munificence of our fathers to the honor and glory of their countrymen...

A great responsibility has been devolved upon the Irish in this country. As much as they have done for humanity in the past, society, ever exacting in its requisitions upon its members, will demand from them further contributions in the future.

into a vortex of corruption, and out of which it will test the fastest virtue and highest statesmanship even yet to rescue and save us from impending dissolution.

It is no doubt true that during the past decade great enormities have been committed under and with the sanction of the prostituted clamors of an infamous party, covered by the protecting eagle of a flag which I have just apostrophized. These that have shocked the civilization of the century and brought the blush of shame to the cheek of every honest American, can neither be palliated nor denied, but they do not follow that we should involve in promiscuous and indiscriminate condemnation the great fabric upon which the institution founded by our fathers have for a century rested.

So auspicious is the day, and so sacred the memories that will in future hover around this spot, that I have been tempted, under the enthusiasm engendered by the occasion, to strike a chord of national pride, and awake the throbs of State love in your bosoms. That which is nearest and dearest to our hearts is always a proper subject for consideration and reflection, and will always bear discussion when large bodies are in motion.

"Far, far from thy valleys, dear Erin, We sat by the firelight at night, And called up the days dead and buried, Bright spite of their sorrows seemed bright, Aye, bright through their tears and their tempests, For memory links them to thee, Thou shrine of our fondest devotion, Our beautiful isle of the sea."

"We've talked of thy long-faded glory, And dreamed of thy ancient renown; We've sighed that thy gold-blazoned banner In darkness and ruin went down! But near in the hope-lighted future We're watching to see it float free, Above thy proud, chain-scoring mountains, Our beautiful isle of the sea!"

The herbs of the field around us lift and bend their leaves in welcome to you. The romantic Ashley and the winding Cooper, which on either side meander in their journey as silent as Faun's dark and gloomy waters, catch the echoes of your rejoicing cheers, as, with the murmuring of the winds rustling through these moss-festooned branches, they are waded over their placid waters far out upon the deep wide sea.

"Here's a tear to those who love us, And a smile to those who hate, And, whatever sky's above us, Here's a heart for every fate."

At the conclusion of the oration, which was frequently interrupted by loud and enthusiastic outbursts of applause, a move was made to the refreshment tables, where justice was quickly done to the good things spread thereon.

The remainder of the day was agreeably spent in dancing, athletic sports of various kinds, target shooting, &c.; and all present enjoyed the festival in the most thorough and joyous manner. On the following day there was a continuation of the festivities, with military rifle matches, cavalry tilting, and other sports, and altogether the opening of Hibernian Park was an event that will be long and agreeably remembered by the Irish people of Charleston.—Abridged from the N. Y. Irish American.

AN EPISODE OF THE IRISH REBELLION, 1798.

Many and terrible are the dark records of Ireland's history of 1798. It was the era of desperate revolution. Smarting under oppression, the people in different nations forgot the slavish maxim of "forbearance," and rose from lethargic indifference for the destruction of tyranny and wrong.

In the "Glen of Araglyn," situated in the southern part of Ireland and overtopped by that majestic range of high land, the "Galtie Mountains," lies the scene of our story. One among the most picturesque among Erin's lovely valleys, where undulating slopes, and spreading mead, and wood and stream intermix in an indescribable variety of beauty; the Glen was indeed a fit home for men who could love and sacrifice everything for Freedom.

Both Mansergh and Uniacke were men of wealth and good social position, and their enrolment in the patriot ranks was hailed with joy by the United Irishmen. They were yeoman it is true, but "disaffection" even then found its way even into the enemy's camp, and taught many a bold heart its duty to Native Land even though it hid beneath a yeoman's jacket.

As the young woman named Hynes, whose family was remarkable for devotion to the National Cause, and who had been among the most earnest of the United Men, attended all visitors at the "public house," alluded to, and was first to detect the diabolical treachery of Mansergh and Uniacke, regarding the consequences of their party to her brothers and her lover, and fearful of its results to the cause, she lost no time in communicating her well-grounded suspicions to those who would fall victims to the pernicious plots of the traitors.