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THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

2

"Erimus ordo sanctissimus ; secundus ordo sanc tior i tertius sanctus. Primus sicut sol ardescit secundus sicut luna ; tertius slout stellæ."-See the ancient catalogue of the three classes of Irish saints, as published by Usher and Lanigan.

There lived in Erin's hallowed borders, In days of yore, three saintly. Orders. And first, the simply not a transformer of the stars a flickering ray. The second—house poured a light Moonlike, subdued and calmly bright. The third, or HOLIEST of all, Shone like the sun -or like Saint Paul.

But oh, the state of man's unrest In good 1-the last were first and best. The middle but a term between The purest and the least serene; Less than the greatest-greater far Than those whose emblem is the star. Waning they ran a downward race, With fainter faith and lessening grace, Till, reaching to the stage most lowly, The least and latest were the Holy.

Oh, that they there had staid !- that sin Had, to this swept and garnished inn Returning, found the entrance barred, And Failh still keeping watch and ward! Alas 1-they slept in Ease's bower ; They could not " watch one little hour." The stars their ineffectual light In slumber sealed. The thief by night Entered; and o'er the rich domain Sowed tares among the better grain. Sin flourished ;—poverty and strife Embittered all the charms of life ; And passion, with unbounded sway, Swept sun and moon and stars away.

And yet not ever such, sweet Isle, Shall be thy fate. The stars shall smile Again upon thy valleys green, Again the moon shall beam serene Upon thy mountains; and the bright Celestial sun clothe thee with light, With plenty bless, and warm and cheer. The long-delayed millennial ycar.

Even now the sacred morning dawns. The clouds are fleeting from thy lawns; And, as light thickens in the sky, Lo! Riot and Intemperance fly; And chaste Sobriety imparts Her cup, and Industry his arts. Peace, Love, and Holiness once more Row their sweeet ark towards the shore; And Heaven renews the favouring smile That made thee once the SAINTLY ISLE -Dublin Penny Journal.

AN EPISODE OF THE IRISH REBEL LION, 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. The flame of Rebellion, ignited by the extreme Republicans of France, rapidly spread over Europe. Ireland, ever watchful for such opportunities, caught up the fiery spirit of the time. From Antrim's coast to Youghal's wave-washed shore her true men came together in determined and united council, and in armed might they hugged to their hearts the hope of at length winning back their freedom, and of rescuing their beloved country from the grasp of an unscrupulous oppressor.

sink deep into the heart, memories that inspire us with unquenchable love for our "isle of sorrows," ardent hate for the tyrants who are so liberally eduwill tend to strengthen that love, and to quicken and intensify that hate, it will not have been told in vain. The history of Mansergh and Uniacke has been already imperfectly related.

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. This he hastily snatched up and replaced it in noticeable confusion; not, however, before more than one active eye had discerned on its face the name and the seal of Dub. lin Castle ! From the meeting the informers went direct to the tavern, as was their invariable custom. Cunning wretches as they were, how little they imagined that they were never to leave it in life

again l Straining every nerve, Kate Hynes met the ruffian yeomen with her accustomed smile. After imbibing more freely than usual they aroused all Kate's wakefulness by demanding pen and ink, materials so infrequently required by them that she was now thoroughly convinced of their atrocious purpose. Determined to thwart their impious scheme, Kate waited an opportunity, to discover the culmination of their treachery. Towards mid-night, when the traitors, lay, in stupid and incapable intoxication, she approached them and cautious-ly laying aside the loaded pistold that rested on either side of the table, she proceeded to examine the documents lately written by the traitors.

It was a list on parchment of the names of fifty of United Irishmen in the glen of Araglyn, among them those of her brothers and bethrothed ! Covering this was a paper of advice and approval addressed to the criminal pair, and dated Dublin Castle. It was the same that Mansergh so improvidently dropped at the secret meeting I

The noble girl stood confused; her gentle heart trembled and her brow grew moist with fear. She could not contemplate such an enormity of crime. Fifty families to perish! Fifty men to be handed over by unprincipled wretches to the executioner ! Fifty homesteads to be given to the flames! The impulse of duty triumphed over natural weakness, and leaving the apartment, she firmly secured the door so as to prevent possibility of escape, and conveyed the abstracted document to some prominent members of the council. The List formed overt proof of more even than they required. A meeting was hastily summoned, the List and evidence were submitted, the doubly-perjured traitors received the benefit of every doubt, but the result of their trial was the Doom of Death i

Then came the dreadful sequence. Who were to be the avengers of Liberty ? Lots were cast; and fate appointed the Hynes-Kate's two brothers-to be the instruments of Retribution.

Night had not yet removed her sable manile from the bosom of the glen when the Hynes' reached the house where Mansergh and Uniacke lay recovering consciousness from their customary carouse. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," and truly it did seem to make cowards of the guilty wretches | chant of Augusta, was also present, and was invited | was tyranny," 200,000 of the population then were who were now confronted by the stern and vengeful executioners of instice.

When they saw the proof of their perfidy produced by the brothers, whom they intended to betray, their faces became livid, their limbs trembled, and crouching on their knees, thier lips refused to utter more than a full confession of their crime, and a whining appeal for mercy. "Mercy"! cried the brothers scornfully, "wretches, can such as you dare supplicate for mercy? Mercy is for those who give mercy. Take the mercy you would give !"

A loud report rang through the house and reverherated among the slopes of the lonesome valley. The doom of death was accomplished. The avengers were true to their trust, and the foul traitors had exhausted their treachery in vain.

In vain? It is two days later. Slowly but lovingly the bright beams of morn salute the Glen of with three hearty cheers, and delivered an able and Araglyn. Repose reigns over field and flower. and Except at intervals far apart, when the sunshine save when the mystic music of the skylark mingles of freedom seemed to halo her brow, Ireland's with the murmured melody of the streams, no save when the mystic music of the skylark mingles memories are all tragic. They are memories that sound is heard to disturb the slumber of the vale. In such a scene and 'mid such a calm and holy and that infuse into earnest souls a strong and their rustic chapel. It was Sunday morning. They crown the work with the formal and festal cereknelt upon the rude earthen floor, and from the cate us in the invariable results of dissension and fullness of their simple hearts poured out a thanks- and its objects are now a success, and will hence-conquest. If the recital of this sad episode of '98 giving of humble gratitude to God for his goodness forth be ranked among the institutions of our in averting the calamity which would have annihilated all their hopes of happiness and plunged the peaceful valley into endless gloom. An air of holy and ineffable sweetness seemed to hallow the little lifice as the services were terminating the throne of Heaven for clemency to the unhappy traitors-when, horrible in its unearthly anguish, a wild shrick from without resounded through the silent chapel. The people, never unprepared in those days for the barbarous practices of yeomen and soldiery, rushed forth. And heavens! what a simultaneously and indiscriminately to the flames ! The lurid element crimsoned the horizon for many

diction arose from the stupified crowd. It was inthe patriot brothers hung cold and lifeless from a bough of the solitary oak, she was all unconscious of the last act of the terrible tragedy. The bodies went through the usual savage practice of " quartering," and the "rebels" " beads were sent to grace the gateways of Clonmel gaol

The old oak tree upon which the Hynes' were executed is still pointed out by the peasantry in the "Glen of Araglyn," who say that it has borne neither leaf nor blossom since the bloody deeds were done, and further that the bark on the bough from which the brothers swung has become torn and shrivelled, so that they compare it to the severed stump of Hynes' hand. The writer has often whiled away an hour nigh the tree thus pointed out. -Irishman.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

Splendid Demonstration in Charleston, S.C.

INAUGURATION OF "HIBEBNIAN PARK."

The Irish-American citizens of Charleston, S.C. have added another leaf to the chaplet of successful achievements which already demonstrates their public spirit and enduring love of the old land and the shade of the oaks literally groaned with sandwiches and was flanked on either side by innumerable kegs erected in the centre of the grounds, and by halfpast ten o'clock the inaugural ceremonies began,

The stage was occupied by the officers of the association and the various companies, the distinguished guests already named, and the following clergymen :- Revs. Mr. Vigneront, P. Tuigg and James Gore, Mr. James A. Gray, a prominent merto a seat on the platform, which was decorated with the colors of the "Montgomery Guards," the "Irish Volunteers" and the "Irish Rifle Club,"

As soon as the crowd had assembled around the platform, Mr. B. Callaghan, the President of the Association, said :---

Ladies and gentlemen,-As president of this association the pleasing duty devolves upon me of extending to you all, in behalf of the Hibernian Park Association, an hundred thousand welcomes to Hibernian Park, and coad mille failthe to "Tara's Hall." I will also take this opportunity of returning the sincere thanks of this association for your noble and generous response to the invitation to our opening festival.

The President then introduced the orator of the day, the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, who was received 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 and auspiciously carried forward a short time ago, has at quiet the inhabitants of the glen were assembled in | length been completed, and we have assembled to monies of this day's inauguration. The Association metropolis. The enterprise accomplished dates a new epoch and traces a fresh landmark in the advancing prosperity of the growing Irish element of our city. It furnishes strong and convincing proof f the broad and natriotic n Prayers went up from many an unsullied soul to mated its founders, and establishes their claims to the gratitude of the whole community. Just thirty-five years ago a spectacle similar in 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 thrilling sight was that which met their view ! The stands, and within its spacious walls. It was the beautiful valley was ablaze! The homesteads of occasion of the dedication of that beautiful temple occasion of the dedication of that beautiful temple all who had been suspected of disloyalty were given reared by the munificence of our fathers to the honor and glory of their countrymen, and whose ample facade, supported by its imposing columns, still attracts the eye of the passing stranger, and stands to this day an ornament to our city, and an object of pride to every Irish and Irish-American heart. The tones of congratulation which then went forth, issued from lips noless inspiring than the gifted, the venerated and beloved John England, first Bishop of Charleston. He it was who, with matchless eloquence, recorded the glories of that early triumph of that early enterprise, and the walls of that edifice to this day are hallowed by the associations of his first benediction. At that time the Irish in Charleston scarcely numbered two thousand. Now they and their descendants rise the figure of cight thousand, constituting about a sixth of the entire population of the city. Then their influence was visible and marked, but it arose more from the strength of purpose, force of character, integrity of dealing, and the genius which distinguished, in a large degree, those prominent of their race, than from the numbers of their population. Now they combine the two great primal elements of power, increased numerical strength, with a wider and more general diffusion of intelligence and learning among the masses, united with and adorned by conspicuous talent and shining ability. If we would utilize and fortify these advantages by the constant and steady observances of the rules of industry and sobriety by a refined culture of the better and nobler parts of our nature, and by the encouragement of all measures which tend to the amelioration of the condition of our State, and elevation of our fellow men, the Irish people in America have it within their power to secure for themselves and their children all the fruits and blessings that can result to a people in the enjoyment of free institutions. Remember always that in "union there is strength, or, as the same sentence has been paraphrased by the immortal Washington, "United we stand, divided we fall." 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. They have, by their conduct and example, to life up their brothers of the same race, fallen and degraded by long years of servitude and oppression, to man's true estate, and by works of benevolence to smooth their pathway to prosperity and happiness. The children of Ireland, in countless thousands, have been, for over a century, and now are, pursuing the ocean track of European emigration to this Western world. Exiles from their native land, they come devoid of any of the advantages at home to clothe them with the habiliments to secure easy recognition in the land of the stranger : they are | relaxation of the restraint of law and disintegration

kissed his pais cheek, and the next moment expir-ed upon his breast. A fierce and deep-toned male-and place, and, at last, to public favor. Under the most adverse circumstances and sufferings the most terrupted by a light and silvery, peal of laughter acute, the scattered children of the Emerald Isle, who have become like unto the seed of the earth, under the providence of God, and by the instru-mentality of England's unboly domination, have with the sanction of the prostituted clamors of an traversed the intervening reas to find, at last, a. infamous party, covered by the protection from the lips of Kate Hypes. The pure, the noble, who have become like unto the seed of the earth, the faithful, the heroic Irish maiden was a rawing under the providence of God, and by the instru-maniaa. And when, after a brief time, the bodies of mentality of England's unboly domination, have traversed the intervening reas to find, at last, as manous party, covered by the protecting sells of shelter and refuge from their sorrows and a field of that flag which I have just apostrophised. These reward for their labor under the shade of American violations of constitutional compacts those outrages freedom. And amply bave they repaid America for that have shocked the civilization of the century her hospitality. By their toil and energy they have and brought the bluck of shame to the onesk of the hospitality. By their toil and energy they have felled our forrests and peopled our wildernesses, made our rivers to) run laden to the sea, and our mountain barriers to disappear; they have dug our canals, which are the veins of our country, and laid our railroads, which are the ribs of our territorial domain.

" 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!" Let the mighty of the earth realize for the houor

- of the species that work at last is worship. "Honored by the earnest worker,
 - Blessed the rough, toil-hardened hand, While the glorious hymn of labor
 - Upward floats from wave to land.
 - Toilers, noble is your lot, Work is worship scorn it not."

They have emptied their treasures broadcast upon either hand across the wide belt of this vast continent, even from where the heaving Atlantic traditions of their race. The inauguration of the rolls its billows at our fect upon this eastern shore, handsome and commodious Park of the Hibernian to the far distant Pacific whose foam is amber, and Park Association took place on the 21st of June, whose sand is gold. The aspiring blood of this under the most favorable auspices. The grand old exiled race has rolled like an inundation over this oaks which sheltered the Park from the rays of the hemisphere, mingling its fresh and fertilizing sun were decorated with swings, which afforded streams with the onward current of American naamusement for the ladies and children. Con- tionality; as the Missouri and the Ohio, great venient seats were arranged in various portions of tributaries, roll their floods to swell the great Fathe ground, and everything looked clean and neat, ther of Waters, as it bears upon its bosom the The large hall was neatly whitewashed and bore a tribute of a mighty people, far out upon the wide sign with the inscription "Tara's Hall." On the and open sea. Transplanting themselves upon our building were displayed the Palmetto, United States ever germinating soil, and quickening the veins of and Irish colors. A long table spread beneath the American life, perhaps with a touch of the sweet philanthropy of Oliver Goldsmith-perhaps with an atom from the excelsior brain of a Burke, a ray of lager on ice. The disembarkation occupied but from the genius of their orators and poets, a a few minutes, and the Park was splendidly crowded scintillation of the wit of a Swift or a Sheridan, with the gay throng of pleasure seekers. The military were massed in front of a large platform ald and Tone, O'Dillon and Lord Clare, and imparting a new and glowing tint to earth and sky, air and landscape.

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 Irish by birth and descent, constituting nearly one tenth of the entire population of the thirteen Colonics. By the process of natural development and the steady influx of an unebbing tide of imigration, that fragment has swollen, until now we number within the confines of the United States 14,000,000 of Celtic blood, and their influence is being felt from shore to shore. One hundred years ago the Pennsylvania Line, composed chiefly of Irishmen and Catholics, were complimented by George Washington as comprising the flower and pick of his Continental army; and he, the Father of our Country, gave testimony of his respect and admiration by becoming a member of the St. Patrick's Society of Philadelphia. They gave to the Revolution, out of which sprang the newbern Republic-a Barry and a Montgomery, a Jasper and a Warren, a Carroll and a Clinton, a Rutledge and a Waynenames that will forever gem the American sky. And later on they gave to the country a Jackson, who from behind the cotton bags of New Orleans repelled the whole British host, eight thousand strong, and put the finishing stroke to the war of 1812.

When the boding star of civil conflict flitted out from behind the lurid storm clouds of war that had gathered over the land, the Irisb, strong in their local attachments and love of home, and true to the spot where their hearthstones were set, their family altars had been raised, were found on either side of the line, marshalled in battle's stern array, and whether fighting with the blue or gray, beheath the starry fol of our nations bearing aloft the Southern cross, their valor has been equally tested upon many a hard-fought field. As wildly and madly they rushed into the jaws of death, in their fearless charge and bloody repulse from the heights of Fredericksburgh, with a beroism more constant and commanding, if not so dash ing, they held their posts for long and weary months behind the battered mound of historic old Sumter, sustaining the most remarkable siege recorded in the annals of history. Those salutary impressions which have been stamped upon the history of the country by those of your countrymen have preceded you, it will be left to you to perpetuate and transmit undiminished to a later posterity. While it is your duty to uphold what is valuable and worthy in the traditions of your native land, I would not encourage you to isolate and perpetuate distinctive ness of race, for all clauship or segregation of men here is incompatible with the genius of our Republic, and not in harmony with the development of our popular institutions. The theology of our State is unification, to emerge and gradually mould all other nationalities into one great and common American family. You must become as the Irish emigrant said very facetiously to John Quincy Adams when he was asked how he liked this country: "He liked it so well he intended to become a native." The Irish are perforce, national in their instincts and character. They never have been and never can be sectional in their feelings. Such a temper would be opposed to the law of their situation and being. Their religion is Catholic and universal, and their patriotism as broad as it is national. And how could it be otherwise? The first friendly flag that greeted their vision as sorrowing. ly they looked out upon the West was the flag of the Union in the land of their adoption,-That cnsign which needs but to be seen as it floats at the masthead of an American frigate upon foreign sea, and is visible to the oppressed from a foreign shore, to sound the depths of patriotism and evoke a cheer from every liberty-loving heart. That same banner which, on Lake Champlain, waved over Mc-Donough amid the cheers of victory; which inspired the gallant and wounded Lawrence as he gazed upon its folds for the last time from the gory decks of his vessel; which in Mexico was lifted in triumph upon the heights of Chepultepec, and borne undimmed in its lustre by the heroism of our own Palmetto Regiment, through Cherubusco's deadly fire; and which it is the aspiration of every Irish man to see one day float over a people whose territory and dominion shall extend from the St. Law rence to the Gulf of Darien. These reflections having a national bearing and color are evoked from me in sympathy with the associations of this year, so much in harmony with the scenes and festivities of this hour. We are in the midst of the Centennicl year of American Indepence. A whole nation is preparing to pour out lavishly its gifts of gratitude for the blessings vouchsafed by Allwise Providence in preserving in safety for a century the liberties of America. And we have just cause to be profoundly grateful when when we look back and contemplate the dangers which have beset our career. When we look he-bind us for the past ten years and view the wreck of public morals, the loss of national character, the of the binding forces of society, with licentionsness gave advice in the caim, earnest tone of the control man introduced by the interport motion prove to oppressors scorn, the prove of the chain interport of the control of t

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.

infamous party, covered by the protecting egis of that flag which I have just apostrophised. These every honest American, can neither be palliated nor denied, but it does not follow that we should involve in promiscuous and indiscriminate condemhation the great fabric, upon which the institution founded by our fathers have for a century rested. He who would inveigh against liberty for excesses might as well condemn the air which he breathes because it contains the elements of the tempest and the hurricane. These crimes have been perpetrated against social order, descenting the name of liberty, have doubtless shaken the faith of many serious thinking minds in the stability of the Re. public. But why should we fear ? The philosophy of history teaches us that the actions of men in one decade are often antithesized by a conduct the reverse in the text. The experience of men and nations shows that an era of debauchery and a reign of dissolutness and vice are generally followed by a fever of morality and a paroxysm of reform, and the day will come, and it is not far distant, when those who have profaned the temple-who have erected false gods within its shrine - who have the toil of the husbandman and de. baffled spoiled him of the fruits of his labor-who have robbed the widow and the orphan, and have robbed the whow and the orphan, and by ravage and plunder have made a solitude where there was once smiling plenty, will rue their deeds in sackcloth and ashes and wring their hands in anguish under the avenging rod of Nemesis. Throughout society there are distributed certain reactionary forces which cause to be given a contrary direction to human affairs after periods of long and great depression or of unusual exaltation. It would be folly to measure the fate or course of empires with human life; for life itself is but a perpetual change, and death but a perpetual renovation. Let there be a truce, a permanent truce, to the animosities and prejudices of men and sections. Destroy not the trunk of the Century tree, because for a while its fruit has been bitter and its juice like unto gall, but prune its branches, protect it, and its shade will be a shelter to millions of the free yet unborn. We are in the midst of a mighty reaction. Its current has not been stemmed It has swept on and spread until it has seized the better elements of the community and appalled the wicked everywhere. It behooves us to move in national concert and state unison with the virtuous of all classes, to the end that our whole country may be redeemed from the thraldom of vice, and our State lifted from the slough of despond. The hand of the public robber still clutches the throat of our people, but by a supreme effort we can hurl him down, and with the staves of the lictor chastise him out of and beyond the gates of the temple. "And ring out of the world around us the knell of the reign of wrong.'

So anspicious 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 na-tional pride, and awake the throb 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. These sylvan groves from this day henceforth are to be consecrated to the joys and pleasures of yourslves and your children-these wide-branching and far-shadowing old oaks, resembling the Druid's oak beneath which your Pagan ancestors worshipped long, long before the light of Christianity beamed upon your then benighted country-this climate whose soft and balmy air, sweet as a mother's smile which it is your happiness to breathe-this rich and teaming soll, as truthful as is the love of God, which it is your privilege to cultivate, all these are calculated to bring back memories most dear to your beautiful isle of the sea.

"Far, far from thy valleys, dear Erin We sat by the firelight at night, Ind called up the de

Mansergn and Unlacke were un traitors of '98. They were yeomen in good standing, and it was solely at the instance of the 'authorities" they became members of, or rather spice upon. the United Irishmen.

In the "Glen of Araglyn," situated in the southern part of Ireland and overtopped by that majestic range of highland, the "Gailte Mountains," lies the scene of our story. One among the most picturesque among Erin's lovely valleys, where undulating slope, 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. miles. Situated at the bounds of Cork, Tipperary, and Waterford, it was then what in later times has been everywhere had been so united and so loyal to her cause as they were in the "Glen of Araglyn." Both Mansergh and Uniacke were men of wealth

and good social position, and their enrolment in their God." Scantily armed, but infuriated, the the patrict ranks was hailed with joy by the outraged peasantry made an onslaught on the in-United Irishmen. true, but "disaffection" even then found its way ment they suffered a desperate defeat. Many were even into the enemy's camp, and taught many a killed, the two Hynes' were captured, and several even into the enemy's camp, and taught many a bold heart its duty to Native Land even though it did throb beneath a yeoman's jacket. From the time Mansergh and Uniacke took the oath of alle-Bassiance and fidelity to the National Constitution. Jun none were more carnest than they in labouring for the advancement of the "Cause." Never absent itt infrom secret meetings, they stimulated the bold, "Tencouraged the wavering, and " made" almost every is man, with whom they came in contact. None sur don best filer, sincerity. Their social position soon in cave, them a prominent place of trust in the United foungil, and therefore an opportunity of becoming 1: organingstion. ... Hom they used the information thus c. applied we shall higsently see. 1: organing the development of their nefarious designs

nonse picturesquely situated by the winding waters in of the AfAglynan by min if find the vision of the standard standa the diabolical treachery of Mansergh and Unlacke. Treading the consequences, cf. their perildy to her bothers, and her lover, and fearful of its results to they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they bothers, and her lover, and fearful of its results to they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath the oak tree which stands alone they balt beneath they unlose the manacles the index is got ready to hurl the faithful brothers they obser is got ready to hurl the faithful brothers they of the duplicity, and guilt of the parties accus-they balt alove the spiteful roll of drum and cymbal, a loud shrick's wells out upon the evening air. It is an outburst of pent of agony from the brokenhearted withent further, proof,; and the, noble Irish maiden miswas counselled ton keep. glose and guarded watch eister and widowed mother of the Hynes'

on their future movements. On the evening of the day on which Kate Hynes isi occupied their usual positions ist the secret council with butstretched hands, stood awaiting her emsing chamben of the United. Irishmen, ... Energetic in brace, when a sword out from a saugulnary trooper clothe them with the habiliments to secure easy vividly, recounting their country's wrongs, they severed he right hand from his body, and the brave recognition in the land of the stranger they are gave advice in the calm, sathest to be the oppressor's scorn, the proud

The flames from the living roof-trees attracted the attentions of the now outlawed brothers in their hiding place among the fastnesses in which called a "hot bed of disaffection ;" and it would their hiding place among the fastnesses in which have been well for Motherland if her United Men Araglyn abounds. They thought not a moment of the consequences of detection, but heroically resolved to come down and risk life itself in defence

of "the ashes of their kindred and the altars of their God." Scantily armed, but infuriated, the They were yeoman it is satiate troopers. Inferior in numbers and equipburning for vengeance, proceeded to unite with the forces of Michael Dwyer in Wicklow, or to struggle beneath the rebel banner of Myles Byrne and Father Murphy of Wicklow.

While the hideous fire still smouldered in the Glen of Araglyn"--while the wretched people now homeless and defenceless, without succour and without friends, crouched in terror by the roadside ditches-while the very atmosphere seemed loath some after the cremation of the flesh of man and beast-the savage incondiaries were preparing to complete their inhumanity by adding to the horrors of the day one still more horrible.

The "rack" and "screw" were applied to the thumbs and arms of the captured brothers, to force from them a betrayal of the United Irishmen, but 1061 Kos the development of their netarious designs (nom them a behavior of the united managed and united with the sector of the and "drawn" in extreme torture over rough byways the spot that witnessed the fate of Mansergh and Unjacke. It was not made for such heinous work that gentle slope, with its myriads of tiny cascades splashing amid the sea of wild flowers, which made the air fragrant as it frembled with the delicious music of the brightplumed minstrels of the air.

But see I they come-the cavalcade approachesoutburst of pent of agony from the brokenhearted

Seeing her sons a moment unchained, the feeble old woman rushed from the crowd to receive a last branded them as informers, Mansergh and Uniacke | kiss from her doomed children. The older brother,

ys dead and buried That spite of their sorrows scemed 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 ! Bat near in the hope-lighted future We're watching to see it float free, Above thy proud, chain-scorning mountains, Our beautiful isle of the seal"

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 Feal'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 wafted over their placid waters far out upon the deep wide sea. Here, under our own vine and fig tree, here beneath the harp figurative of that harp which "once thro' Tata's halls its soul of music shed," we may pass our hours of joy and relaxation, in sacred friendship and in sweet communion and brotherhood with our fellow men. Here the banner of England, with its blood-stained cross, the symbol of your nation's heaviest woes, shall never float, but above and around you may your eyes ever behold waving, joined in peace and happy concord, the harp and sunburst with the palmetto of our own native and adopted State, intertwined with various colors and devices, expressive emblems and mottoes, surmounted by the glittering eagle, with wings outspread and talons clutching the trophics of your past victories, and all upheld by a brave and high spirited citizen soldiery. It is your presence, citizen soldiers, which imparts an historic light over the scene, and the pen of the future historian will point its significance in depicting the military pomp and pageantry which has embellished the day's proceedings. With grateful heart do I now receive and welcome you on behalf of the Hibernian Park Association and the sons of Ircland, and in their name do now pledge unto all the brave men who have honored, and the fair women who have graced, the occasion with their presence, the sentiment so genial and bubbling with feeling, and which has been so tenderly expressed by the sweet bard of Erin, Tom Moore:

"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 rifile matches cavalry tilting, and other sports ; and altogether the opening of Hibernian Park was an event that will be long and agreeably remembred by the Irish people of Charles-