



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1881.

NO. II.

A FAREWELL.

TEMP. 1691.

My *Maire Bhan!* My *Maire Bhan!*
I've come to say "good bye," love;
To France I sail away, at dawn,
My fortune there to try, love.
The cause is lost, *astore machree*—
All hope has now departed,
And Ireland's gallant chivalrie
Are scutt'ring, broken-hearted.

Ah! pleasant are our Munster vales,
Encrowned in summer sheen, love—
But now, no more the summer gales
Unfold our flag of Green, love;
And say, could we remain and see,
In ruin and dishonour,
Far o'er those valleys waving free
The foeman's bloody banner?

No—sweeter in far lands to roam,
From Lee's wild banks and you, love,
Than live a coward slave at home,
To plighted vows untrue, love;
And better ne'er to clasp thy hand,
Or view these tresses shining,
Than 'mong the ravens of the land
Crouch down, in fetters pining.

Mavrone, 'tis hard to part from thee,
My heart's bright pearl, my own love,
And wand'ring in a far countrie,
To leave you sad and lone, love,
But spring's young flowers will crown the
glen,
And wreath the fairy wildwood,
And Dermidh's feet will pace again
The mountains of his childhood.

Farewell! farewell! *mavourneen bawn*—
Time flies—I must away, love;
'Twill soon be dawn—'twill soon be dawn,
My steed begins to neigh, love
Farewell! preserve thy heart as true,
As *changeless* as you river,
And Dermidh will be true to you,
Afar or near, for ever!

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

"BAYMOUTH OCT. 10.

"MY DEAR MRS. DEXTER.—I write to you in the utmost distress and anxiety in the hope that you may receive this before your departure for the south. I fear Miss Landelle must return immediately instead of accompanying you, as you mentioned she intended to do. Many surprising and most painful things have occurred here during the past three days. In the first place Mrs. Windsor's house has been broken into, and she has been robbed—by whom is not positively known, but rumour through the town says Monsieur Leonce Durand. This is certain, he left Baymouth very early on the morning following the theft, and has not since returned. The police are at present on his track. Mrs. Windsor, tyrannical and unjust as usual, accused Mademoiselle Reine of being accessory to the fact, in language so violent that the poor child was obliged to leave her house for ever. She departed late at night. She was seen at the station in company with Mr. O'Sullivan. Mr. O'Sullivan took two tickets for New York and travelled with her. He has not yet returned to throw light upon the affair, and, as a matter of course, all Baymouth is loudly talking. But even Baymouth, noted for its evil gossip, talks no scandal of Reine's departure with this gentleman. He is one of the exceptionable people who do