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[For the Harp.]

A SPIRIT KISS.

I met my love in the flushing morn,  
When life was fair as a 'witching dream;  
Her smile, like the day-star, newly-born,  
Lit up my soul with its tender gleam.  
I placed my love in my inmost heart;  
And worshipp'd as oven a devotee—  
And vowed my goddess should never part,  
The light and hope of my soul from me!

Fair as a lily, my beautiful love,—  
With eyes as bright as the dome of heaven—  
Than she, not purer, are those above.  
To whom the smiles of the Throne are given!  
*Oh, dear to the stricken with grief, the hand  
Which soothes the soul's dark agony;  
But dearer than touch or tone, tho' bland  
Of else, was the look of my love to me.*

And often we met, and the holy spell  
She sang o'er my life grew on;  
Not even a cloud upon me fell.  
To hide from my soul my fairest one:  
Yet, spoke I not, for the sacred chain,  
Of violent love, was around me cast;  
And thus I watched with a pleasant pain,  
The hours and days, tho' fleeting fast.

'Twas strange—But unthought of the star-bull  
room,  
Where, dead to earth, my truth she'd learn;  
And in her home beyond the tomb,  
My pure, soul-absorbing love discern.  
For earthly love I little recked,  
Immortal joys I knew were sweeter;  
And oh, in my fancy, I oft-times decked  
My love, when angels, fond, would greet her!

And thus we've met, full many a time,  
And never a word of love 's been spoken;  
Nor shall 'till high in the Mystic Chime,  
I'll give to her, my love's first token!  
What shall it be? Ah, at the Gate,  
My soul, enwrap'd with a holier bliss;  
Shall, reverent, bow to immortal Fate,  
And welcome her with a spirit-kiss!

J. J. G.

"KILSHEELAN"

ON,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."  
—BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER IV.

O'DWYER GARY.

When Gerald reached the dining-hall of Kilsheelan Castle, it presented a fair picture of the state of society in those times.

The dining-hall itself was of lordly height and length, and displayed in its gloomy oak panelling, its massive furniture, and antique

ornaments, the ancient character of the place. Numbers of oil-lamps resting on heavy bronze pans, afforded light enough to bring this sombre grandeur to view.

The dinner was over, and the guests, some forty in number, were already in the boisterous stage of the carouse that invariably followed. Half-barbarous generosity showed itself everywhere. A great haunch of venison, lordly sirloins of beef, hams, turkeys and all the other liberal viands of the dinner, lay still piled on the side tables, whence the servants were about removing them for their own feast. Others of them were engaged brewing great bowls of punch, or uncorking the cob-webbed wine-bottles. The long table round which the guests sat, and indeed the guests that sat around it, seemed to be furnished rather for a deliberate debauch than for rational refreshment. Jolly-faced squires, with very little intelligence and a great deal of good-humour, formed the bulk of the company; one or two London-bred lords, a few military officers, and some Dublin politicians composed the remainder.

O'Dwyer Gary sat at the head of the table, doing the honours with a courtly grace, and yet a genial warmth, that relieved the assembly of much of its coarseness. He was the Irish gentleman, of whom the period produced a few, and only a few—his failings (as has been remarked of somebody else) belonged to the times he lived in; his virtues were all his own. Chivalrous, frank, and generous in all his instincts, he would have made aristocracy a respectable word in any country; in unhappy Ireland he could only give some melancholy tinge of interest to a society decaying of corruption within and without.

He was tall and erect in stature. His large, dark eyes spoke of decision and courage of character, while kindly benevolence was their ordinary expression. Silvery white hair produced by irregularity of living more than by age,