

of the country. But the traitor was doubly rewarded; for Skeffington having first paid him the stipulated price of his treachery, had him hanged over the gate of the castle. May all such wretches meet a like fate! Whether a friend or foe of Ireland act the part of executioner matters little, so they do the work effectively.

After the loss of Maynooth, Lord Thomas, supported by the O'Neils, O'Briens and O'Connor Faly, carried on the war, with varied success, for a considerable time; but his strength was wasted away by degrees. Yet his enemies, finding it impossible to master him in open fight, had recourse to their old game of treachery. They accordingly sent Lord Leonard Grey to him to negotiate terms of peace. He, promising full pardon from the king, induced the confiding Geraldine to accompany him to England, and when he arrived there he had him instantly confined in the tower.

In his new capacity of Lord Deputy, Lord Grey invited Lord Thomas's five uncles, James, Oliver, John, Walter and Richard, to accept his protection, and he remained for some time their friend (?) But at length having invited them to a feast, he had them all treacherously seized and sent prisoners to England, where they were for some time confined in the tower with Lord Thomas. But at length Henry had the whole six executed together at Tyburn.

By this infamous deed Henry hoped to eradicate from Irish soil the Kildare branch of that rebellious tree "which was ever a thorn in the side of the invader." Yet he was disappointed; for Lord Thomas left an infant son, of whose person the malignant tyrant vainly strove to obtain possession. From that proscribed child was descended the brave Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MOTHER'S KISS.

"MOTHER, kiss me—kiss your darling,
Mamma, kiss your little boy,"
Pleaded thus a blooming cherub,
While his bright eyes lit with joy.

Is there one who has not pleaded?
Is there one who has not felt
Its sweet magic, clear and soothing,
Or a heart it would not melt?

Gently down his mother laid him,
On the pillow smooth and soft;
Tears flowed, and still he pleaded—
"Kiss me, mamma,"—pleaded oft.

Poor young heart! 'twas quickly beating—
Longing for the mamma's kiss;
Tender lips how sadly twitching—
Asking silently for this.

Said, "My little son," the mother,
"He has naughty been to-day,
How, my darling, can I kiss thee—
Kiss those lips that naughty say?"

Mother see his heart is aching,
See he presses his fair brow,
See the tears his cheeks bedewing
And the pillow's wetted now,

She relents! her boy she kisses,
Now his troubles all are o'er;
On mamma's breast his head reposes—
He will naughty be no more.

Ere the morrow broke upon him
His young spirit far had fled;
Once again the mother kissed him
But the pleading heart was dead.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

THERE is a charming story of Mr. Hawthorne's, called "The Golden Touch," in which he tells the old mythological tale of King Midas, who received the wondrous power of transmuting every object that he touched into shining gold.

The story teller was reminded of the fable by watching the glorious transformation of the leaves on an October day in the Berkshire Hills. He said King Midas had come over to America, and changed the dusky Autumn, such as it is in other countries, into the burnished beauty that it here puts on.

And each season, as the Indian Summer days come on, and I have the good fortune to be in the country—as I watch the dreamy haze as it spreads over hill and valley, the woods and meadows lighting up with spires of golden-rod and asters of every shade, and the chestnut burs opening to drop their glossy brown treasures, and, above all, each day revealing the gradual work of the Golden Touch on the mountain-sides, and the trees turning to gold from their tip tops to their furthest boughs, mirrored faithfully back from the bosom of the lake which lies in quiet beauty as if in an enchanted sleep—I think first of the pretty story, and then of something which his