



A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. 1.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 6.

ERIN.

Bright are thy sky, dear Erin, Thy meadows and fields are green; Tall are thy sweetly mountain,

The daisies deck thy hill-sides, And down in the valleys below. The shamrock blooms in verdure

Fair are the blue-eyed maidens, Who roam by the lee and Suir— Bright as the skies above them—

Away o'er the waste of waters, From the bright and blushing west, All lonely and sad I wander,

God bless thee, my own dear Erin, Thy hills and mountains grand; God bless thee and keep thee ever

"KILSHEELAN"

OR, THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay," —Byron.—The Giaour.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIRE!

Gerald O'Dwyer felt his heart beat strangely at the sight of that terrible glow. 'Fire' is a word of alarm to all men; but he felt somehow it appealed now especially to himself.

"It must be a bonfire on the mountains somewhere," said the priest, doubtfully.

"A bonfire on my father's burial day!"

"No, no, of course it is not. What can it be?"

Gerald made no reply, but rushed from the room under an impulse he could not control. The priest followed him wondering, as he hastened through the little garden and out on the road, whence he could survey the whole side of the mountain.

In an instant the truth flashed upon him.

"My God! the Castle is afire."

He staggered and almost fell as he spoke. All consciousness was in a chaos. He saw as in a dream the bold massive outlines of the Castle rolled in a dense atmosphere of smoke and flame. Within the fiery rim it seemed to glower over the valley through all its flaming eyes, making the night a lurid day, and painting the moonless sky with horror.

Then his strength of resolution re-asserted itself, and he woke to the reality.

"What can have happened? Who has done this? Pshaw! what's the use of idle questions? I must hurry to save it."

He spoke in a half phrenzy. Father O'Meara restrained him gently as he prepared to rush down the road.

"My dear boy, what can you do to save it?"

"Anything—everything."

"But stay! You see it is beyond human power to save it—it is a mass of flames!"

"My God! how they leap! I must be there, sir: it is my duty."

"Gerald, I am an older man than you, and be said by me. It is not your duty."

"How? It is the Castle of my fathers—"

"Theirs no longer!"

"True!"

The thought recalled him at a stroke to re-