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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
When the storms of winter blow;

Fair are the blue-eyed maidens,
Who roam by the lee and Suir—
Bright as the skies above them—
As their native water's pure;

Away o'er the waste of waters,
From the bright and blushing west,
All lonely and sad I wander,
With sorrow and care oppressed;

God bless thee, my own dear Erin,
Thy hills and mountains grand;
God bless thee and keep thee ever
A free and happy land.

"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. A fore-
boding he could not account for crept into his
mind, a cold, icy-cold foreboding, as the glow
grew fiercer and the darkness darker.

"It must be a bonfire on the mountains some-
where," 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 wonderingly, 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. There was an awful
calm: the village cabins lay like paralysed men:
the woods shuddered in every tree; the dark
mountain-ridge presided like a solemn high-
priest over the holocaust. All things seemed
to look on in awe as the fiery sacrifice went for-
ward.

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-

flection. What interest had he in Kilsheelan Castle now? What were these flames doing but saving it from pollution by a stranger? Effacing what could only be a monument of disgrace? Accomplishing an honourable climax of destruction? Bravo, flames! higher and fiercer! The shades of the dead applaud you grimly from Kileary! Why should he assist to preserve Kilsheelan for Sir Albin Artslade—he whose father's heart was broken, whose life poisoned, whose house doomed? Why help to repair the revenge of events?

Ah! But—

“But what will be said of me? No sign of me while Kilsheelan burns to the ground! Oh, impossible! What could they think?”

“That is exactly what I would impress on you. They will think and say—”

“What?”

“That you have done this yourself!”

“I!”

“My dear lad, do not enrage yourself. It is what a heartless world will say, who only reflect you have motives for revenge.”

“Then I will certainly go. It is only a justice to myself.”

“And expose yourself to the insults of a man who will not believe you.”

“Not believe me!” This with bitter scorn.

“Gerald, you do not know the world. They will think that the loss of Kilsheelan killed your father and beggared you—that it was slipping away into the hands of another—that you were absent when this fire took place—they will think of everything, in fine, but that you have a noble heart. How could you clear away suspicion of this kind? Sir Albin Artslade would ask himself: Who else could have done it? and he would sneer at your explanations.”

The priest's counsel was beginning to have the victory. Humiliate himself before Sir Albin Artslade! Have doubts thrown on his honour, and contempt on his vindication of it! Yet the character of skulking incendiary pleased him less!

“I have no explanation to make—that would be a stigma on my honour—but it is cowardice to avoid an empty suspicion.”

“Nay, it is prudence betimes. Remember you have only ten years to win back Kilsheelan. Sir Albin Artslade is powerful, and may be vindictive: once get yourself in his power, and who knows what troubles for you he may found on this accusation? There are wicked men whose perjury might support it: your best years might be wasted in fighting with suspicions

which would be suspicions still. Trust me it is your duty not to expose yourself to such chances.”

“Now, sir, you convince me. My first duty is not to myself—It is to save Kilsheelan.”

“What interest have you in what they say or think of you? You are going to leave Ireland and their opinions won't follow you. Truth need not always be a prancing cavalier. Beside, when you are gone, I will say all you could say for yourself to those whose opinion most concerns you—the fond old people.”

Gerald wrung his hand heartily.

“You are right, sir. Let them think as they please—I will not put my success in peril.”

“That's right, my lad. And see! what can man do to staunch those flames.”

“Nothing—nothing!” Gerald O'Dwyer sighed gloomily, as his eye traversed the fearful scene.

The flames made holiday grandly in the Castle. They rolled up fiery columns of smoke into the sky; they leaped through the windows, clasped the turrets round with fire, struggled over the massive battlements, bounded high into the heavens to proclaim their victory: the while the valley lay spell-bound at the sight, and the air seethed with a sort of vague unrest. One wing alone, the uninhabited western wing, escaped the fire: in every other part of the building only the stout old walls gave resistance.

With a curious fascination, Gerald followed the flames as they engulfed now one, now another of the dear associations of his youth. Now they were in the great central hall swallowing up all the ancestral trophies: anon in the dining-hall, feeding ravenously on the old paneling O'Dwyer Garv loved so well, gathering chairs, tables, every ancient relic, into their fiery maw: sweeping through the high corridors, exploring, seizing and devouring, as though they would efface every symbol of what had been.

Now he could see the terrified villagers collected around their cabin doors, looking helplessly up where the Castle lay in its last agony. He even thought he could see figures moving about in the immediate circle of the fire—doubtless Sir Albin Artslade was among them, cursing the strange chance that deprived him of triumph even in its first fruition.

Suddenly there was a crash: the roof had fallen in, dragging the floors and all the heavy woodwork into the furnace. The flames roared jubilantly, and sprang high into the air, licking the black skeleton walls as if in horrid wantonness. The sacrifice was nearly consummated.

So absorbed were they both in the fate of the Castle, they did not notice the form of a man gliding cautiously up the road under shelter of the hedges, until he reached a shady recess within a yard or two of where Gerald O'Dwyer was rooted, and cast searching, half-timid glances at the young man's face, revealed as it was in the weird light of the conflagration.

"How could this have happened?" at last, exclaimed the priest. "It may have been an accident."

"An accident!" repeated Gerald O'Dwyer, mechanically. He stopped and started violently. He felt his coat pulled lightly from behind.

He turned in amazement. A man stood half-crouching behind him, who whispered in a frightened tone:

"Masther Gerald!"

A glance at the shrinking stranger, now in full light of the flames, made Gerald start again.

"Tade Ryan!"

"Hush, Masther Gerald, hush, for the love o' heaven!" the newcomer whispered.

There was something in his broken voice and frightened face that immediately told Gerald there was something wrong.

"Tade, why are you here? Why do you look that way?"

"The ould Castle, sir—the burnin'—the burnin'!"

"Well, well, Tade, we must bear it," said the young man, his heart deeply moved at the man's strong emotion. "See! I am bearing it cheerfully myself."

"'Tisn't that, sir—'tisn't that," Ryan murmured tremulously, "but—but—Holy Vargin! I'm afeared to say it."

"Tade you used not to be a coward."

"No more I iver was afeared o' man till now. 'Tis of you, Masther Gerald, I'm afeared."

"What do you mean?"

"The ould place, sir—you thought 'twas be accident the fire cam."

"Ha!"

"It was *not* an accident."

"Not an accident!"

There was absolute cringing terror in the man's voice as he went on:

"I know you'll niver forgive me, sir, but I heerd that Kilsheelan was goin' over to the stranger—that they were robbin' you an' robbin' us all o' the ould place, an' me blood biled to think nothin' could save it. 'Betther have it burned to a cinder, sez I, than a mane upstart should iver glory in it—"

"Heavens! 'Then it was you—"

"Masther Gerald, it was!" he cried vehemently. "There 'tis out now, an' whatever you say I'm able to bear it."

In his first impulse of indignation the young man cried angrily:

"This is a frightful crime. How can you dare ask my pardon for it?"

"I don't axe it any more sir," said the man, drawing himself up sternly, all his terror changed to rock-like firmness. "If you're displeased wid me, I'll suffer like a man for what I done. You may take me to the sojers this minnit an' I won't rise a finger to get free. Only I thought, perhaps, you mightn't think it any grate crime affther all to keep the black stranger out o' Kilsheelan."

Two opposite feelings were struggling in Gerald O'Dwyer's breast—clear, decided repugnance, as to the crime: deep personal and ancestral emotion, as to the motives of the criminal. The spectacle of criminal loyalty is rarely without commiseration.

A moment's reflection, and he wrung warmly the rough hand that had given Kilsheelan to the flames.

"Forgive me, Tade," he cried, impulsively. "I know it was a mistaken love for me and my house that prompted you to this. As far as I am concerned, your confession is a confidence, and I will not betray it. With your own conscience you must settle the rest, for I have no power to pardon you."

"*Mo lair!* 'tis Father John has the power to do that," cried Ryan, his old humour returning with the favour of his young lord, "an' sorra a piance from this to the hour o' my death I'll gridge, so owld Arshlade is on the cowl'd side of the Castle."

Gerald turned to the priest, who was an asfounded witness of the latter part of the disclosure:

"It may be all for the best. Who knows? Many a bad tradition is buried in those fiery ruins: better ones may replace them."

CHAPTER XIV.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

Three years! They are bubbles in an ocean—spots in eternity. Yet the joys and woes, the pregnant histories of those atomy days, and hours, and minutes.

Three years since we last saw the Tipperary mountain-side, when the breath of the destroying angel passed over the Castle and left it a charred and blackened phantom. A pen-

stroke, and, for us, the years are gone : yet was a monstrous history indeed the fruit of their slow travail in Kilsheelan !

We revisit the village of a calm summer evening, and are first apprised that the years have not been unproductive by finding that three-fourths of the vulgar hovels we used to know long ago have been pushed out of the world to make room for some half-a-dozen brand-new stone-cottages, with real slates on the roofs, positive brick chimneys to leave out the smoke, and never a *caubeen* in the windows. We stumble across a fresh wonder in the person of a gorgeous German dragoon, in moustache and sabre, who is making elephantine love to the girl of the bright-lighted, red-green-and-yellow-bottled whisky shop, which has dimmed the glories of the *shebeen house* round the corner ; and pursuing our investigations, we find said gorgeous dragoon has a local habitation at the far end of the village, where, in a live barrack-yard, we come on a score or more reproductions of his moustache and sabre.

Nobody sits outside the cottage-doors enjoying the *dolce far niente* as they used to do in the summer evenings long ago. The urchins do not roll in the gutter and make the woods ring with their glee : the few that are without doors at all are strangers to us, precious children with clean faces and straight features, who play as other children say their lessons, with the paternal rod for ever suspended, Damocles-wise, over their little heads.

None of the old people ! Not here ; in the civilized street ; but yonder group of hovels, still clinging desparately together in their misery, may give some account of them. Ha ! that should be Mat Hannigan's forge : only such a wreck ! A sooty piece of canvas serves to cover a wide rent in the roof ; the walls are settling into all manner of bulges and fissures ; the door is patched and pieced beyond numbering ; and the windows are windows no longer, if they ever have been.

It is within this dingy temple of decay, away from the sun, circling round the smouldering forge-fire, we discern dimly the villagers we use to know. Many a face has disappeared from the assembly ; many a grim care has set its mark on those that remain. The same picture : only night has closed over it. They huddle together, as if in common fear ; and, though there is no cold in the summer air, none especially in the close and heated forge, they shiver betimes, and speak in whispers, and scan every dark corner of the forge, as if a prying enemy

turked in the decrepit ploughshares and wheel-bands. The very children—red-cheeked, ragged dirty cherubs—have to make the dung-hill in the back-yard their melancholy play-ground—there is no longer a Common for their barbarous pleasure, but, where it used to be, a high-fenced field where the process-server feeds his cows.

Peep closer into the assembly of the elders. The blacksmith sits on the anvil still with as small show of emotion as ever ; and, for all we know, the years have been minutes, only that they have thickened the congealed forge dust on his iron cap, and blackened the *dudheen* till they could blacken it no blacker, and dug deeper trenches in the granite face.

His pretty daughter is there, too, with a little treasure at her besom that lightens her share of the prevailing misery, as only a mother's love can : and where the little treasure is, there, of course, Tade Ryan is also, much of the old fiery spirit tamed by care's inexorable scourge, much of it also sobered into the anxiety of the husband and the father.

Divers other eminent of the ancients are in the gloomy company. The knowledgeable woman squats in philosophic reverie on the warmest corner of the hob, her long, bony arms supporting her chin, and a short black pipe stuck pensively betwix her teeth. The blind fiddler, who has forgotten everything but his prayers, tells his beads shiveringly, with his bare feet poked literally into the red cinders, as if even the agony were a relief. The fiddle-bag still clings mechanically to his back : but the dust is eating into the fiddle's soul, and its strings are rotting fast as neglect can rot them. Even " the oldest inhabitant " has lived, God knows how, to see his world turned upside down, and a strange one grow out of its ruins—one where, for him, the daily round of existence is—want, cold, and sorrow—sorrow, cold, and want.

We miss a few from the circle—the old gentleman who used to sell the candy-balls is gone to the land, *par excellence*, of candy-balls ; and Mr. Jer Murphy, erstwhile boot-maker, doctrinaire, and generally great man has exchanged the last and the revolution for one of those pretty white cottages we have been admiring, where, in Christian reconciliation to property and society, he rejoices in the style and title of rent-warner on the estates of the great Sir Albin Artslade.

Their talk is of the eternal theme—" The good old times "—so true is it (of the Irish race, at least) despite Dante's words, that the

real or fancied happiness of the past helps most to make present misery endurable.

"God be wid ould times!" so for the fiftieth time this evening, said the oldest inhabitant, shaking his old head wistfully at the remnant of the fire.

"Amin!" said the fiddler, piously.

The blacksmith only raised his eyes abstractedly in token that it was a sentiment he would like to make a speech on, but where was the use?

"They sez," observed the knowledgeable woman, puffing out the words spasmodically among the tobacco smoke, and gazing resolutely into space. "They sez the people at the grate house are comin' home shortly." (The "grate house" used to be called Ashenfield three years ago)—"Judy Carthy that doos the scrubbin' up at the Lodge, she fowlt me there's a sighth o' the quality comin'."

"Why, thin," ejaculated the oldest inhabitant, thinking that a safe and eminently politic commentary on the news.

"Troth, its gospel. The people in the fine houses beyant are to have all sorts o' rejicin', an' a mighty grand triumphant arch, as they cull it, over at the new public-house. There's to be lachins o' drink, be all accounts, an' a shillin' a day for ivery angfishore that can cry "long life to the masher."

"Faddha!" grunted the blacksmith, with a gesture of unspeakable disgust.

"Sorra the lie in it," put in the fiddler, mildly. "Shure they offered me three an' six pence to play 'em into the village, an' 'tisn't but I wanted it sorely or even a pinny o' the money; but I'd sooner make smithereens o' the ould instrument than give a blasht of it for their divarshun."

"Mavrone! the spirit isn't wantin' av 'twas any use for us. They're gettin' to be grate people entirely, be all accounts—nothin' less than a real Markis or something that way, they sez, is comin' to marry the young lady.

A thin, wretched-looking woman started to her feet at the declaration, and after glancing nervously round in the dark corners of the forge, whispered fiercely in Irish:

"Why, then, may the widow's curse be their best blessing on the honeymoon!"

"Lave'em to God, mi'ham; lave'em to God," said the oldest inhabitant, shuddering.

"So I am lavin'em to God—"

"Only puttin' in a reminder," whispered Ryan, slyly.

"A moss, 'twas you was sore tried be 'em,

Molly!" said the knowledgeable woman, removing the pipe from her mouth to eject a deep groan of commiseration.

The woman's eyes glared vengefully.

"Our cabin wasn't grand enough, *morya!* They should pull it down to build fine houses for furriners, an' me an' my four little orphans thrun out to starve be the roadside! 'Tis the quare world av they don't yet a downfall soon and suddint."

"But sure you aren't goin' to blame the young lady, Molly, that niver—"

"Niver retched a hand to me poor orphans you mane, whin they wor cowl'd an' hungry. Shure for the mather o' that, they'd be in their graves to night only for Miss Rose, up at the Castle—a hundrid thousand blessin's down on her head to-night!"

"Amin!" was echoed fervently on all sides.

"Begor she'd remind you o' them that wor in the Castle long ago, God be wid 'em, 'twas they had the big hearts!"

A sad silence fell upon them all at mention of the ruined house. Every eye turned in woful sympathy to where the blackened walls of the Castle still rose in silent protest over the dominion that owned their sway no more.

"M'agraval, how the ould stock is baten down!" cried the knowledgeable woman, laying down her pipe in sheer despair of the naughty world. "The Heavens be their bed to-night! Sorra the evil eye iver-lighted on Kilsheelan till they were gone."

"Why, thin," said the old gentleman, scratching his head as if in a desperate attempt to unravel his head. "I wondher is the young masher alive at all, at all?"

"Avoo, but he was the darlin' child, poor Masher Gerald! The angels guard him, wherever he is!"

"They sez he went out wid Dony to the wars afther the poor masher died, an' Father John got word he was a grate sojer intirely out in furrin parts."

"Me darlin' child! I never doubted him! Arrah, thin, I wondher will we iver see his face in the ould place agin!"

"You will, thin, as shure as there's a sky over you!" cried Tade Ryan, with a certain air of mysterious assurance that made them all look up at him eagerly. And then, as if he regretted what he had said, he added in some confusion: "At laste I think he won't forget the ould people whin he's a grate man agin."

"Alanna 'tis no use to be hopin. Shure we're hopin' and hopin' till the heart is burnin

out av us," cried the widow, plaintively. "I wish we wor all lyin' at rest in the ould grave yard : shure 'twould be the blessed exchance!"

"It would, indeed," said the old man, solemnly. "It would be the cowld world that wouldn't be better than this."

"Take care it won't be wus, thin," said Tade Ryan, gloomily. "We have the ould cabins over us yet as bad as they are, an' be all accounts we won't have 'em long."

The blacksmith rose melodramatically, and lifting his cap high in one hand, flung it vehemently to the ground, exclaiming :

"I allus sed so—there's nothin' for it but the pikie afther all!"

And having delivered himself of this emphatic dogma, he relapsed into impenetrable silence.

Tade's eyes gleamed brightly at the declaration : a half desponding sigh of assent came from the rest.

"Hush, hush!" cried the knowledgeable woman, with a doubtful survey of the forge. "Tis dangerous to let the shtones thimselves hear ye spakin' these times. How do ye know but Jur Murphy, the villin, may be havin' his ear to the kay-hole this minnit, thyrin' to earn his dirty goold be hangin' an' murderin' us?"

"Wisha thank God, there's no kay-hole to have his ear to," laughed Ryan. "Howsimever, if we stay discdoorsin' all our troubles, we'll be shure to plot thrayson, so the sooner we separate the better for all of us. Who's goin' to give Jacky the fiddler a bed an' a sup to-night? *Mo lair!* there was a time when you wouldn't be wantin' a bed in the three parishes, nor a warm tumbler into the bargain, Jacky."

The old fiddler smiled feebly, and for the fifty-first time that evening, "God be wid the ould times?" went the round of the company.

"Niver mind! We have the heart still, av we had only the manes—bad luck to 'em for dirty manes! Kitty an' I will give you a shake down in the shraw, Jacky,—'tisn't as good as I'd like it, but 'tis what we all have to put up wid those days."

"Heaven's blessin's on ye all!" said the blind man fervently.

Tade turned to his little wife and put his arm round her neck :

"Kitty, you'll lade Jacky down to the cabin an' give him what's left o' the pratices?"

"I will to be shure, asthore, but aren't you comin' home wid us?" and the rosy lips pouted reproachfully.

"I can't, girsha, I can't," said he resolutely.

"Oh! Tade, this is the third night that you left baby an' me alone be ourselves, an' I niver closed me eyes till I heard your foot at the step o' the doore in the morning."

"Kitty, I towlt you before I couldn't help it. You needn't be a bit lonely or onaisy."

"But I am, asthore. Can't you tell me what keeps you out? Shure you ought to have no saycrets wid me."

Tade kissed the anxious face tenderly.

"Some time or other you'll know, me darlin'," he cried, with a dash of enthusiasm in his tones. "But indeed, the saycret isn't my own to tell you."

"God send it isn't the public-house has anythin' to do wid it, for that's the last av all?"

"Kitty, it isn't : there now for you."

"Nor the painted hussy inside the counther?"

"You silly little crayture!" and for further answer Tade only hugged the jealous sceptic to his heart and kissed the baby, who crowded like a whole poultry-yard in its father's strong embrace.

"Yo won't be *very* long any way, Tade?" pleaded the young wife tenderly. "You know how lonely I'll be till you come home. Though I don't know why you're afeard to thrust me wid yer saycret—I that 'ud die for you."

"Mavourneen, you'll know it all afore long. There, now, Jacky is hungry an' waitin' for yer company. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE WESTERN WING.

All the neighbours dropped off one by one to their wretched homes until Tade Ryan and his worthy father-in-law were left alone together in the forge.

Tade lingered about the forge, fiddling with the sledge-hammer, while the blacksmith was engaged in shutting-up shop—an operation of the utmost nicety, which consisted in bolstering up the shivering old door with a most intricate machinery of car wheels, stones and bars, as if such a property needed all the force of locks and and bolts to baffle the world's cupidity! A little crib near the bellows formed Mat's nightly retreat, and thither he was plodding in his own *al fresco* way, after a successful fortification of the doorway, when, in the most unexpected manner possible, he stumble across Tade Ryan; and then it *did* occur to him, after stopping a moment or two for deliberation, to ask :

"Why aren't you at home?"

Tade nodded to the door, and whispered :

"There's no wan to hear us, is there?"

"No. Why do you axe?"

Tade caught the blacksmith's arm mysteriously, and lowered his voice till it was nearly inaudible.

"Hush! I want to spake to you. I heerd you sayin' jist now there's nothin' for it but the pike—"

"Well, an' what o' that?"

"We'll soon have a thrial at the pike agin, plaze God!"

Tade stood out from the blacksmith exultantly to mark the effect of his words. He was astonished to find them received with a stony stare. Ideas had a long way to travel into Mat Hannigan's brain, and till they were arrived there and fully ensconced, he never made sign of their presence. This new idea was like a fuse that burned slowly and noiselessly in, but once at its destination exploded a magazine.

Suddenly the iron cap was raised again and flung mercilessly to the ground: his eyes glared till they threatened to burn the shaggy eyelashes away, and seizing the young man's hand in the clutch of a vice, he roared:

"Say that word agin, mavourneen, say that word agin!"

Tade did say it again, and again, without cooling the blacksmith's ardour to have it repeated, or suggesting to him that it called for any other demonstration than that of squeezing his hand into a jelly.

"Sure you don't want me to be shoutin' it into yer ears till ivery mother's sowl in Kilsheelan knows it better than the A B C!" he at last expostulated mildly.

"Howld yer whisht, man, you worn't as long waitin' for that news as I was. Hurroo! Give us fair play and pike-heads and then the gallows may come as soon as it likes, jist av we can only say we didn't give in without a fight afther all."

"For the matter o' that, shure, it's better to put yer back to the wall and die like a man than to see ivery crathur around you dyin' be slow torture. 'Tis a hot corner o' Purgatory I wouldn't exchange into for wan."

"Inagh! 'twould be the blessed day for all av us we wor kilt root an' branch, av the owld people are niver to have their turn agin. Begor the brute bastes are born gintlemin compared wid the likes av us."

"The divil a much advantage we have o' em, anyhow, barrin' impty stomachs an' small share to put in 'em. 'Twon't be so long, plaze God. We only wanted a ladher, an' be the

powers o' Moll Kelly! we've got wan in airmest at last."

"To the owld boy I pitch yer ladders—little we iver got from'em but thrayson an' roguery. Gives us pikes in our hands an' sorra the ladher we'll want to tell us what to do wid 'em."

"Ay, but we'll have a ladher that'll make all the cowld wather in Tipperary bile into rebellion."

His eyes searched the dark places of the forge narrowly once more: then, putting his mouth to the ear of the blacksmith, he whispered something which made his listener's rough face bloom into a plain of joy, like a daisy-plot on an iron mountain.

"What! He here, did you say! He here!" and he seemed ready for all Tade's cautious gestures, to ask him to "Say that word again!" when a new impulse seizing him, he screeched "Whillilew!" with the whoop of a savage and cut a caper three feet in the air. Then, as if ashamed of having been betrayed into the unusual excitement, he bestowed a penitential thump on his forehead, and relapsed into his granite shell.

"'Tis many a long day since I med sitch an omadhawn o' meself," he said contemplatively; "but, be all the Evangelists! it's grate news intirely."

"Talk aisy, av you don't want us all to be slaughtered afore our time. It's a tunderin' saycret, an' I wouldn't ha' brathed it in the cinther o' me own sowl only knowin' 'tis as safe wid you as wid the dead in their graves."

The blacksmith put his big hand over his mouth in token that it was a sepulchre inviolable.

"My hand to you, anything that goes in there niver comes out till it's wanted. Begor, thin, talkin' o' saycrets just reminds me—there's a saycret I kep for many a long day an' glad I am the day is cum to let it out."

"Is it about—"

"Hush! There's a side o' the owld castle left sthandin' still; the people that's livin' there don't know half its quare corners—"

"What the divil do you mane? You don't know—"

"There's an owld undergroud passage from the mews into the castle cellars that hasn't been travellid 'ithin the mimory o' man—"

Tade Ryan looked really alarmed.

"Holy Vargin, I thought nobody knew that passage but meself an'—him!"

"An' I thought I was the only livin' sowl

that knew it. Well, I have a treasure there—"

"Musha, but that's quare—I have a treasure there, too—wan I wouldn't give for my life."

"What! it isn't there *he's* stayin' me darlin' child?"

"Cum along wid me, an I'll tell you. That's jist why I spoke to you at all—he wants to see you himself."

"Me darlin'! he does?"

"Lave off yer cross-questioning, an' cum along."

"Cum!"

The doorway having been once more artistically reduced to pieces, the two men noiselessly left the forge, and crept along towards the mountain in the shadow of the little cabins, pausing now and again to reconnoitre, whenever a stir broke in upon the stillness. They had little need of precaution, however: it was close to midnight, and the village was slumbering in its heavy trouble. The lonely bark of a benighted cur-dog, and the samely tramp of a sentinel under the arch of the barrack-yard, were the only signs of life, except their own cautious movements.

Having traversed the village in safety, they plunged in to a fir-grove which bordered the mountain-road, and, ascending higher, hid themselves in the depths of the wood, whose crackling branches sent alarm into the colonies of rooks. The blacksmith continued to make amends for his spell of talkativeness by a dead silence, and not a word passed between them till, after a toilsome journey through the wood, they came out on the broad green uplands that used to be Kilsheelan Park, now an unkempt wilderness of sheep farms.

A deep copse ran from where they halted on the edge of the wood to the rear of the castle. As they crept into its shade, they came in view of the castle itself, communing, like a gaunt skeleton with the night, its black arms and staring windows full of a woful eloquence. The western wing facing them, was more naturally desolate: its escape from the flames only exposed the crumbling of its long-neglected wall. One little corner of it alone was inhabited: a few of the better-preserved rooms, where an old man and his daughter lived as caretakers of the ruins. These people had come to Kilsheelan shortly before, unknowing and unknown, and their solitary lives were in good keeping with the nature of their office. The few little chambers they occupied were mere specks in the world of mouldering ruins around: all beside were abandoned hopelessly to decay.

As he glared at this western wing for a moment, the blacksmith descried a speck of bright red light, looking a little bigger than a star, which issued from a fissure in the extreme western tower.

"Mother o' Moses!" he exclaimed, piously.

"What's that?"

"The light beyant is it! What should it be but a light?"

"But there isn't a Christian to put it there—the old man lives away in the other corner."

"Begor, I suppose it's the ghosts that's havin' a night's jollification there."

The blacksmith looked very serious.

"Whether you're jokn' or no, they sez there are some quare goin's on in that same place iver since O'Dwyer Garv died. Shure it bangs Bannagher how a human craythur can live there at all. There's Judy Leary no lather than last week saw"—

"Let'em see lashins o' red devils there av they like—so much the better for us. That's our signal."

Tade led the way to the back of the castle, and, over an unhinged gate, into the courtyard, all grass-grown now, and littered with a few broken carriage-wheels, horse-troughs and water-barrels. The aspect of the place was desolate beyond expression, and was not much enlivened by the lonely dirge of an owl from his refuge high up among the blasted ivy leaves. As if he knew the place well, Ryan made for the deserted mews, which lay in the destroyed portion of the castle, and, after passing a few stables, gutted and roofless, halted suddenly in one.

"Be me sowl! it's the place!" cried the blacksmith. "Howiver did you find it out?"

"'Tis a'qual—we done it," said Tade, as, in a dark corner of the stable, he cleared away a heap of rubbish, and by the aid of an iron ring lifted a large stone slab, beneath which a dark cavity extended deep into the solid rock which formed the foundation of the castle. From another niche in the wall, he produced a dark lantern, having lighted which he prepared to descend into the abyss. The blacksmith followed him down a steep stair hewn in the rock, which brought them to a rude cavern, that hardly gave them standing room. The light disclosed a further passage at one end of the cave, so narrow and oppressed with rocky jugs that it required some fortitude to believe it led anywhere but to Tartarus. Creeping on all-fours, however, the two men insinuated themselves into its gloomy way, and after a minute's

choking and struggling, emerged into the castle cellars—a vast range of semi-subterranean chambers, many of them unvisited for centuries by their owners, and more useful in the wars of the old times than in the housekeeping of the new, which extended along the whole length of the castle. An occasional breath of air, through narrow port-holes in the rock, just saved the atmosphere from deadliness, but left it reeking with the must of ages and with the damp humours exhaled from the limestone floor—a fit home for the troops of rats which scampered away hideously at the first glimpse of light in their foul dominions.

They were brave men, both, but they shuddered many a time and shook under an unknown dread, in their passage through the inky caverns. It required little of the imagination that was theirs in abundance to picture a hell in every reeking chamber.

In one of them, Mat Hannigan caught his companion's arm, and whispered :

"Here's the treasure I was tellin' you about. Will we onairth it?"

"Wait till we onairth *my* treasure fust," was the reply, and Tade Ryan pushed on sturdily through several other cellars until they came to a stone staircase, which at last enlarged them from the dungeons.

Mat Hannigan was first apprised of his return to earth by finding himself in a large stone corridor, through which a strong breeze blew from mouldering windows and ancient port-holes. They were in the western wing of the Castle, in the basement corridor.

"We must turn off the light, or somebody will notice it," said Tade, carefully veiling the lantern till the barest glimmer was visible.

The moon just risen supplied a ghostly substitute to light their way. Moonbeams struggled in through the gloomy openings and laid their sickly forms on the floor, turning into every variety of weirdness the carved figures over the doors, and over the crumbling relics of furniture; and combining with the close smell and the cold air to give flesh and blood to all imagination.

"The Lord betune us an' all harum!" and sundry such prayerful exclamations passed Mat Hannigan's lips, as he followed his brisk guide through a perfect maze of corridors, stair-cases and chambers, all filled with the overpowering odours of age-long decay. It was the lowest and gloomiest, as it was the oldest, part of the Castle. The moths and mice were its only tenants for generations: the old furniture was

mummy, the stairs creaked, slime covered the walls, damp and discomfort had it all to themselves.

Three storeys high, they ascended in this fashion, Tade picking his way with ease through the oppressive gloom. At last he turned into a narrow spiral flight of steps, which led in profound darkness to a little iron door. Here Tade knocked, in way of signal three times with his knuckles. After a few moments delay a heavy bolt was withdrawn, and a lock started, and then the door swung open and left the visitors in the presence of Gerald O'Dwyer Garv!

The three years since we saw him last left their marks on him. A deep brown supplanted the clear colour on his cheeks; the lines of his mouth under their shelter of moustache were firmer and more closely set; and the frank boyish gaiety that used to be the expression of his face gave place to a deep spiritual earnestness that made his eyes seem unfathomably clear. The boy, physically and morally, had grown into the man: the fruit ripened: the morning grown into noon.

The chamber was a small square one immediately under the roof of the western tower. The tapestry on the walls (it was a lady's boudoir long centuries before) had utterly perished; but some few articles of faded luxury remained, and were comfortably arranged, a merry little fire in the corner sending a cheery glow over all. The crevices in the walls and the two narrow windows were carefully stuffed, to prevent the reflection of the light outside, and a trap-door in the roof did duty at once as ventilator and chimney. The only other conspicuous objects in the room were a pair of loaded pistol on the table, and an old woman who bent over the fire. This latter was Tade's mother and Gerald O'Dwyer's old nurse, Biddy Ryan, who officiated as housekeeper in this strange retreat, and was now rocking herself professionally over a brewing of *meadher* in a pot of appetising fragrance.

"Hallo, Tade, come at last!" the young lord cried, gaily. "Kitty will never forgive me for robbing her of your company another night. Hallo! what's this? A stranger! Mat Hannigan, as I'm a sinner!"

The blacksmith staggered forward into the light. His greeting was a strange one. He pinioned Gerald's two hands in a grip of agony, and shook them ten several times without word or comment: only the light that fell on his eyes disclosed two blinding tears there.

"Masther Gerald! Masther Gerald! Masther

Gerald!" so far he got in three efforts to say what was choking him, but each time he had to give up helplessly and leave the tears that crept down his cheeks to explain themselves.

"So you've told him all, Tade," said O'Dwyer, never releasing his hands though the blood was ready to spout from them.

"I'vey mortal bit, sir, an' we worn't mistaken in him nayther."

"What! he isn't in love with starvation?"

"Sorra a bigger rebbil in Tipperary. Eh, Mat?"

Mat's eyes twinkled knowingly through the tears.

"The pike! *Mo graha*, the pike!" he cried, rubbing his hands in glee, as though the weapon were some long-lost darling he was on the point of having restored to his bosom.

O'Dwyer watched the warlike phrenzy with enthusiasm.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. "How can such men be slaves?"

"Because they haven't a pike nor a gun in their hand," said Ryan, bitterly. "Shure 'tisn't in the power o' men to pull down a shtone-wall wid their bare fingers."

"But look here, Mat—they used to say long ago that you were not idle in the Rebellion—they say you made pikes enough in your day to equip a regiment."

Mat drew his big palm modestly across his forehead, and smiled contentedly.

"Not so much, sir—not so much; but I did my share," he added fiercely, "an' a bitthar thral it was; we niver got the chance, o' usin' sitch as we had."

"They weren't seized, I hope?"

"Saized! I'd like to see the man 'ud saze 'em 'dout puttin' a bullet in my heart fush! No, sir, I med 'em when poor Tone was comin' home, an' they're to the fore still for the man that'll use 'em as well as he would."

"And so that's the treasure you have hid in the cellar a-b'low, you ould robber-o'-the-dead?"

"Betther nor a hat o' blood-money, any way. Three hundred av'em—as purty blades as iver a Sassenach's blood blackened. Only give 'em the chance, an', my hand to you! Mat Hannigan's steel will live in history."

"They'll have the chance, then, Mat, and that before you're six months' older."

The blacksmith raised the iron cap piously.

"God sind it, howsimiver the rest goes!" he exclaimed with a fervour.

"But now for your other mission, Tade—you have seen Father John?"

"Amossa! didn't I? and wasn't it the purtiest confession he iver heard?"

"Well, what did he say when you told him?"

"My sowl! 'wasn't what he said, but I niver see his eye blaze so wicked afore—I thought he'd have broken my bones for pure gladness."

"What! he is glad that I am here!"

"Wild is the word sir—wild wid joy. He'd come over himself this blessed night to see you, only I was afraid his rev'rence 'ud make *bruss* of his new hat comin' through thim onruly cellars."

"Then he will let me see him?"

"His heart will be bustin' out of him till he lays his eyes on you. There isn't the laste danger in life he says—to-morrow evenin' afther dark you can slip down be the wood, an' he'll have a roarin' tumbler o' punch waitin' for you."

"Tade, you'll make a famous diplomatist."

"I don't know about that, Sir (though av 'twas only to make the star d'rop into me hat, I might make that same for *your* sake, Masther Gerald) but as far as bein' a good rebbil and knowin' somethin' about a tumbler o' punch too, I hope I'll niver be out o' me reckonin'."

"In the punch line your good mother hasn't forgotten you, Tade—there's something good in the kettle, I'll be bound."

"Ay, ay, Tade," croaked the old lady, casting an affectionate glance on her foster-child; as she proceeded to mix the materials of a few homely measures of punch. "He hasn't been forgottin' you, gosoon—the ould people niver *did* forget us!"

"God bless'em!" cried Ryan, "they niver did, an' be me sowl it's *vice-versa*, as Jur Murphy used to say *whin he was dacent*, your health, Masther Gerald, we'll have our own agin!"

"Hoo-raw!" echoed Hannigan enthusiastically.

"Fill it agin, mother—it's the only taste o' nourishment I had this day. Upon my conscience I'm jist in the timper, for joy an' hunger to swally a dale boord, av' 'twas only dacently disguised."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

Next evening we revisit Father O'Meara's

* An epithet on playful rally among the Southern peasantry.

snug parlour, and find the two roaring tumblers of punch foretold by Tade Ryan, with Gerald O'Dwyer to set one of them at rest, and the other in the safe custody of his reverence. "Snug, parlour," we have said. It was snug—three years ago. The rawest tyro in house-keeping would remark that the carpet has disappeared, leaving the naked boards exposed in all indecency: that the chintz window curtains are invisible, too; that the bright fire-steels have surrendered to a vulgar kitchen-tongs; that the little keg, (or its little successor) has no longer the glorious shelter of the chiffonnier to hide it from the gauger; and that where the bright mahogany ought to be there is something charitably veiled by a ragged table-cloth—that, in short, the tumblers of punch are the sole representatives of prosperity. Push closer the scrutiny, and we discover Father John's black bronceloth (it is assuredly the same) disguised in yellowish green, polished in places to a melancholy gloss, in others preserving its unity by a marvellous thread-system. Yet closer, and we see wrinkles and furrows, which joy never dug.

The pastor's purgatory was in full blast those grievous years. With the misery of his flock came his own, and while their woes made his heart bleed, every day brought him nearer to their wretched level. The pony fell an early victim to the change—his price was flung into the breach where starvation was entering—every glory of the little household was devoted one after another to the same fate—the bishop's bed-room itself to resign its snowey counterpane—the thirty pounds melted without a qualm into the mouths of the starving people. Every feeble arm was tried against the sea of troubles, and still it rolled on unchecked leaving the pastor no thought but how to sooth sorrow thick as ocean-drops, how to sooth breaking hearts,—how to fill empty stomachs.

Over and over again his worthy housekeeper sandwiched her rosaries with dire warnings that he would be starving himself one of those days, and that all his benevolence would not put a two-penny loaf in the larder. Over and over again she proposed to audacious beggars the problem where on earth people could be getting money with no Easter dues to talk of and hardly a sod left in the rick of turf: and great was her mortification to find this irrefragable logic demolished by a ridiculous plea of hunger to "his reverence." And so it came round that "snug" was a misnomer applied to

Father O'Meara's parlour, and Biddy's wisdom was triumphantly vindicated.

Yet the good priest's sadness was after all only reflected from his people's, his pain was for them: in his own heart he was buoyant and fearless, with the same cheery life in his eyes, the same simple kindness, the same human heart. Such men have a life beyond circumstance.

"Gerald," he said, after they had fully discussed the changes in Kilsheelan, "I'm sick of rehearsing our own miseries: tell us yours, if it was only to change the venue."

"I'm afraid, sir, my tale won't be a much pleasanter one than your own."

"Let's have another tumbler, then, and we'll face it. I'm dying to know what you've been doing those three years, and how soon we may expect Kilsheelan to be itself again."

The young man sighed deeply.

"We are Irish and hopeful," he said gloomily, "or I should easily assure you on that point—never!"

"But, being Irish, you should say—Never say die! It's a national failing, if we can't conquer ill-fortune, not to let ill-fortune conquer us—we make a truce and live amicably. There are times when we would be lonely without something to cry over."

"There's little chance of our being afflicted that way," said Gerald, with a smile. "However, if you have no objection to hearing a doleful tale, I have no objection to tell it."

"You haven't come home a millionaire?"

"No, indeed."

"You haven't turned Atheist?"

"I hope not."

"Nor brought home a wooden leg?"

"Not even that."

"There, now, you see you haven't come in for a single one of the great misfortunes of the age, after all. Tell me of all the other mischances in Christendom now, and I'll still say you ought to bless your stars."

O'Dwyer laughed.

"Well, then, if my story is to have no other merit, it will be brief. The night the flames seized Kilsheelan, I was on my way to Dublin. My first object was to see that my father's copies of the deeds to—Sir Albin Arslade, were not lost in the fire. As I anticipated they were in the custody of my father's law agents, Messrs. Sivel and Lawton. As it chanced, while I was making the inquiry, Lord Atholston, my mother's brother, came into the office to make inquiries about his own mortgages with

my poor father of whose death he had only just heard. He immediately recognized me, having been a frequent guest at the Castle long ago. I believe he always had a liking for me as a child: but his reception of me then was beyond all precedent, kind and commiserate. He is a prosperous old bachelor, rich as a Jew, and dissipates only in politics—he conceits himself a pillar of the Tory party, and, though the Ministry have rather slighted his pretensions, I believe he is really a considerable politician. At my rate, he has a good heart. He insisted on my accompanying him to his hotel (he was in Ireland only on official business) and, though I gave him little notion of the ruin of our estates, he had learned enough previously of my poor father's embarrassments to induce him to offer me his assistance wherever and however I might require it."

"And you?" broke in the priest. "Most likely you stood on your dignity, and told him to go to the devil."

"Indeed, I did not sir," said Gerald, with a smile. "I felt his kindness deeply, and half promised to pay him a visit in his old manor-house in Northumberland. It was only that evening I learned he was a childless old bachelor."

"In the name of mercy, what of that?"

"Simply that I was not born for a legacy-hunter. I might have liked the old nobleman for himself; but his gold—pslaw! it made him at once hideous in my sight. I could never have humoured a whim of his after without cursing myself for a hypocrite, and my very need of his money made the hunt after it more repulsive."

St. Patrick! "what an Irish idea!"

"Besides, on reflection, I knew the suspicious destruction of the Castle must soon come to his ears, and how on earth could I appear to him other than as a criminal adventurer? No explanation could be convincing against the damning coincidences that accused me; valuable time would be lost; and if, after all, Lord Atholston's kind hearth established my victory, how much nearer would I be to the prim duty of my life? Kilsheelan, restored by charity to a pauper, had better not be restored at all."

Father O'Meara stared open-mouthed at the speaker.

"I believe there is something in noble birth after all," he said half in soliloquy.

"The issue was at all events," the young man continued, "that I left Dublin that very night. I know I treated the old nobleman

unkindly, for I never in any way communicated an apology for my abrupt flight to him: but there was no other course open to me, if I would avoid impossible explanations or inevitable deception. A few days after, I was bound for France in a little smuggler. Once there I found myself in an atmosphere of fever that suited well my own adventurous temper. All France was in arms. Torrents of glorious ardour rolled their victories all over Europe. States changed their fortunes every day: all society was convulsed: great reputations were the growth of an hour; the soldier might be anything—yesterday, unknown: to-day, a marshal: perhaps to-morrow, a prince. It was the grand chance of enterprise and valour. I plunged readily into the spirit of the time, and was a soldier from the first day I set foot in France. I thirsted for glory, for distinction, of course—is there an atom in all creation will not warm in a furnace?—I was a Republican, too, and our conquests were for the Republic—but all motives of this kind were secondary to the one great object—by means of fame to win fortune: by means of fortune, Kilsheelan.

"I was drafted into a foreign legion bound for the Italian wars, composed chiefly of Italian refugees and Polish patriots. Fortune favoured us in a captain, whose very name was victory. Napoleon Bonaparte,—the world knows him now—came fresh from his romantic exploits in Africa to trample the proudest armies of Europe in the dust. Our march on Italy was one long jubilee. With him for our captain nobody doubted: all was confident and glorious anticipation. I suppose you read how our army crossed the Alps. I remember it myself only as a confused dream: I was but an atom in a great body that moved only to be victorious.

"There was little bravery in my recklessness, but at all events it turned out well, for before we had half crossed Mount St. Bernard, I was captain of my company.

"It was not till we began to descend into Piedmont that the Austrian troops really gave fight: but in those treacherous defiles we had many a fierce struggle for victory, and as our legion was in the very front of the vanguard we had considerably more than our share of the fighting. One morning as we advanced to seize a pass that would bring the army at once on the Austrian flank and turn one of their most dangerous positions, we were suddenly assailed at a turn in the defile by a raking fire from a little castle perched above a beautiful valley,

which, from its position, practically barred the way to the pass by preventing our guns from unlimbering in the hollow for an attack upon the main positions of the enemy. It was contemptible enough of itself; but, as, in its eyrie pitched as it were in a cleft of the mountain on our flank, it was practically safe from our guns, an irritating pause in our march upon the pass was the consequence of its persistent fire. The guns of the Castle were directed so steadily that no sooner did we pass the turn in the defile than we were in a perfect hell-fire, with a good stretch of valley between us and the pass, and no chance of silencing it with artillery. It was immediately evident the castle must be taken: but how? was the perplexing question. From our position there was no chance of shelling it, and an escalade must be attempted without supports, up a very steep approach with a merciless fire from the defenders to be faced, and possibly a large force behind stone walls against a necessarily small party utterly without protection.

(To be continued.)

ECONOMY.

One of the hardest lessons in life for young people to learn is to practise economy. It is a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first thousand dollars than the next ten thousand. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of his most solemn duties to lay up sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are or may be dependent on him in days of sickness or misfortune. Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be attained and held sacred in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and young woman to ruin and misfortune.

Cultivate, then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day for future necessities: avoid all unnecessary and foolish expenditures. Spend your time only in such a manner as shall bring you profit and enjoyment, and your money only for such things as you actually need for your comfort and happiness, and you will prosper in your lives, your business, and you will win and retain the respect and honour of all worthy and substantial people.

There is nothing which draws man nearer to the Divinity than to do good.

ORANGE, GREEN AND GRAY.

Addressed to the *Clan-na-Gael Guards*,

BY JOHN F. FINERTY.

What ranks are those that proudly march
Beneath the Summer sun?
Have they, with victor pride, return'd
From some brave battle won?
And why those graceful colors three,
That shine in their array?
For seldom, sure, are blent as one
The Orange, Green, and Gray,

Not yet have battle-breezes fanned
The plumage on their crests,
But well we know that gallant hearts
Are beating in their breasts;
And oh! what deeds for Irish land
Would not those ranks essay,
Could they but range, on Irish ground,
Their Orange, Green and Gray!

Too long, alas! our fathers' feuds
Lit heroes and factious flames;
While Ireland wept, they madly fought
For "William," or for "James."
To-day we spurn each bigot vile
That fosters English sway;
True Irish all, we'll stand or fall
'Neath Orange, Green, and Gray.

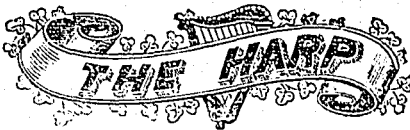
Young comrades of the Clan-na-Gael!
God bless the flag you guard!
May never treason, faction, guile,
Your glorious march retard!
The cause of twice three hundred years
Is yours to guide to-day;
May Ireland hail, in battle line,
Your Orange, Green, and Gray!

The radiant star of Liberty,
That long forsook our sky,
Is struggling thro' the mists of fate—
The promis'd dawn is nigh;
That gloom which veils its holy light
Our swords must sweep away,
Ere Ireland's heart shall swell with pride
For Orange, Green, and Gray.

Then, health unto this proud young land,
The hope of us and ours;
May brighter beam her starry flag,
And grander spread her pow'rs!
But, while we drink the new laud's fame,
Here's to the old to-day!
May Freedom's breath speed to her shores
The Orange, Green, and Gray!

There is no shame in being poor; but there is a great shame for him who borrows, if he owes and will not make up his mind to pay back.

If some one by your side should fall and ship-wrecked be,
Oh! triumph not, nor smile, nor his misfortune mock;
For who can tell if you will escape successfully,
The tempest and the rock?



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CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—Professor Goldwin Smith has lately spoken at great length, in Toronto, on the question of education, and much appears in his lecture that is interesting, much, also, that challenges criticism. We had intended to write at some length in reply to his statements in reference to education in Catholic countries, and the general influence of the Catholic religion upon the world of letters. So ably, however, has the learned gentleman been replied to by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto that it is scarcely necessary to offer further, at present, in the way of refutation. But, having at hand the valued testimony of Samuel Laing, in his "Notes of a Traveller," on the state of education, Protestant and Catholic, in Europe, we venture to submit it. Mr. Smith spoke of Protestant countries as the "educators" *par excellence*. Mr. Laing, a Scotch Presbyterian, speaks thus :

"In Catholic Germany, in France, Italy, and even Spain, the education of the common people in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, manners, and morals, is at least as generally diffused, and as faithfully promoted by the clerical body, as in Scotland. It is by their own advance, and not by keeping back the advance of the people, that the popish priesthood of the present day seek to keep ahead of the intellectual progress of the community in Catholic lands; and they might, perhaps, retort on our Presbyterian clergy, and ask if they, too, are in their countries at the head of the intellectual movement of the age? Education is in reality not only not repressed, but is encouraged by the popish church, and is a mighty instrument in its hands, and ably used. In every street in Rome, for instance, there are, at short distances, public primary schools for the education of the children of the lower and middle classes in the neighbourhood. Rome, with a population of 158,678 souls, has 372 public primary schools with 482 teachers, and 14,099 children attend-

ing them. Has Edinburgh so many public schools for the instruction of those classes? I doubt it. Berlin, with a population about double that of Rome, has only 264 schools. Rome has also her university, with an average attendance of 660 students; and the Papal States, with a population of 2½ millions, contain seven universities. Prussia, with a population of 14 millions, has but seven. These are amusing statistical facts—and instructive as well as amusing—when we remember the boasting and glorying carried on a few years back, and even to this day, about the Prussian educational system for the people, and the establishment of governmental schools, and enforcing by police regulation the school attendance of the children of the lower classes.

"The statistical fact, that Rome has above a hundred schools more than Berlin, for a population little more than half of that of Berlin, puts to flight a world of humbug about systems of national education carried on by governments, and their moral effects on society. It is asked, what is taught to the people of Rome by all these schools?—precisely what is taught at Berlin,—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, languages, religious doctrine."—(*Notes of a Traveller on the social and political state of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy and other parts of Europe during the present century.*)

The learned Professor, of course, singled out Spain for special censure; yet we see that Mr. Laing does not except but specially includes that country in his good account of Catholic education, and we know that the Office of Public Instruction at Madrid, just before the fall of Isabella's throne, published some interesting official returns relative to the libraries and schools in the kingdom. According to these documents the national libraries in Spain contained 1,166,595 volumes, thus divided:—Library of Madrid, 300,000; Central University, 300,000; Barcelona, 136,000; Salamanca, 55,000; Palma and Majorca, 35,000; Mahon, 11,000. The archives at Simancas consisted of 70,278 packages of manuscripts, of various sizes, and those at Alcalá de Henares of 35,160. There were at that period 10 universities in Spain for general instruction, 11 for fine arts, 1 for music, 2 for manufactures, 1 for diplomacy, 5 for commerce, 17 for navigation; 27,000 infant or free schools, and 77 institutions for training teachers. The amount giving by government for public instruction for the year 1868-69 was 23,000,000 reals, to which the communes throughout the kingdom added 110,000,000 reals.

It may be proper for us to state here what invariably presents itself to our mind in connection with the question of education as popularly understood, viz., that without sound, that is, dogmatic religion as a basis, it may be characterized as soul-destroying. Upon some future occasion this may be our *thesis*; to-day we present the words of Mr. Laing in reference to Sweden,—one of the countries honored by the praise of Professor Smith.

"Sweden with a population almost entirely agricultural, and with national education, is in a more demoralized state than any country in Europe,—stands, in short, at the very bottom of the scale of European morality."

Scotland is also much praised for its education: its morality is next to, if not below that of Sweden.

OUR COLLEGES.—Last month our Colleges set their machinery again in motion, after the usual summer vacation. All of them opened with a fair attendance of students, most of them with an efficient staff of professors, but few, very few, with a really good programme of studies. This last we regret, because as Catholic education occupies a foremost place in our thoughts, so a wish for its advancement holds the innermost corner of our heart. The success of the Church militant, and the glory, in point of numbers, of the Church triumphant, depend chiefly on the way we form the child, "the father of the man." For, to use the words of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, "such is the condition of our fallen nature, that if a bad habit of mind or body be contracted in youth that habit will return constantly, and in old age will assume even youthful force. If one be educated in false principles, in false history, and in false ethics, the whole man is distorted. If a child be educated a Protestant, it will probably remain so; if an Atheist, it will retain its tenets." This explains why the Church protests so vigorously against godless schools, and why her enemies, the world over, persist in establishing them, and compelling Catholics by *legal process* to support what they abhor as the most powerful instrument of the devil. Too much attention, then, cannot be paid to the course of studies pursued in Catholic Colleges, and houses of higher education, which yearly send forth young men to take a prominent position in society; which prepare candidates for the priesthood; and, owing to the want of a Catholic normal school, discipline teachers for the separate schools.

We have said that, in very few Catholic Colleges, the course of studies is as good or useful as it should be. In order to state our case briefly and clearly, we will take up in succession each of the three parts of man, which, particularly in the golden days of youth, demand a careful training,—the soul, the intelligence, and the body, beginning with the most important, the soul.

First, as to the soul, or spiritual man. In the prospectus of every Catholic College, it is stated, with particular stress, that the morals of the students are carefully attended to, that discipline is rigorously enforced, and that certain offences against morality are causes of expulsion. Then, twice a week or oftener, an hour or more is devoted to religious instruction. There is a Mass every morning, at which all are obliged to assist. Morning and evening devotions are performed in common, and every exercise begins and ends with a short prayer. All this is excellent, but by no means sufficient. The students are not, at least in most institutions, instructed in the duties of the particular state of life which they intend respectively to embrace. They are taught the truths of religion; they are made acquainted with points of controversy; they are incited to the practice of virtue; they are warned against committing those sins which every man, no matter what his position, is prone to commit; and here the religious part of their education abruptly ends. Just what they require most to know is altogether omitted; and to this omission can be traced back half the dishonesty that obtains in the world. To illustrate this, let us take the instance of a young man, whose aim is to become a doctor in medicine. He is now laying in a sufficient store of classics, mathematics, and other branches of science. In a year or two he will enter a Medical College, which is, of course, conducted by Protestants. There he will become versed in the Esculapian art; in due time he will obtain a diploma, and begin to practice. Now, we ask, what knowledge can that young man have of the duties of his profession, beyond that of the mere natural ones he has acquired in the school of medicine? Is he aware, for instance, that to procure, or to assist, directly or indirectly, in procuring an abortion, is a *grievous sin*, and not simply an offence against the law of the land? Is he aware that to overcharge a patient is a dishonest act, which he cannot defend by pointing to a brother practitioner, and saying, "he does the same?" and that he is bound in conscience to restore the sum

overcharged? Is he aware that culpable ignorance or negligence in administering remedies, and performing operations, is a matter to be revealed in confession? Is he aware that he is in duty bound to give timely warning of the approach of death, so that the minister of religion may prepare the patient for the next world? The odds are ten to one that he knows nothing of these obligations. His late professors, good Protestants, easy-going men, either ignored them altogether, or treated them as so many "relics of the middle ages;" and the Catholic College, in which he made his preparatory studies, did not include them in its course of religious instruction,—hence his ignorance, hence the difficulties innumerable of the poor Pastor, who has to dissipate this ignorance. What we have said of the doctor, may be applied in slightly different words, to the lawyer, the merchant, etc. Our Colleges should try to remedy this.

Now, how fares the intellectual man, or, what food is provided for the intelligence? Well, there is too much Latin and Greek served up, and not sufficient English and French. Boys yet in their tenth year, before they can speak plainly in their mother tongue, take up the dead languages. It is true that the late John Stuart Mill could write the Latin while yet his age was expressed with a digit, but, thank God! every young lad is not a rising John Stuart Mill. May no Catholic College ever produce such an *intellectual monster*! Not only do boys, when too young, attack the classics; they are also kept working at them too many years by far. Of course, if a lad begins in his tenth year, he cannot finish until he is eighteen or nineteen at least, for his intelligence will not even begin to mature before that; and this is the reason why, in some Colleges six years, in others eight, and in others again ten, are allotted to the classical course. During these long years, the student cultivates an extensive acquaintance with Sallust, Livy, Ovid, Virgil, Homer, Sophocles, Juvenal, Cicero, Demosthenes, and a host of other authors whose works teem with *moral maxims*. During an association, so long and so intimate, with such distinguished characters, he will naturally feel ashamed to bestow even a passing thought on such common-place things as the orthography and syntax of a language used every day by ordinary mortals, as, *e. g.*, the English or French; and, in all probability, *vulgar* fractions will be treated with like contempt. Why wonder, then, if we occasionally meet a young man who has *gone through*

a classical course, who can point out the beautiful passages in Horace, and recite the philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero, but who cannot read or write English without *murdering* the language; and who, if asked a question in simple English, will give it up as a difficult problem. A case like this is, unfortunately, too often met with. The writer knows it, because, for too many years he was just such a *case* himself, and the only consolation he had in the midst of this darkness consisted in the conviction that he was only a unit in a legion of groopers. If the Directors of Colleges could perceive even half the evil consequences of driving a *child* into the classics, and keeping him there a *decennary*, they would not think twice before making a reform which has been long needed, and which, we sincerely trust, these few remarks of ours, written in a spirit of friendship, will not retard. Before we pass to the next point, permit us to say that we never could understand why, in almost every Catholic College, there is a rule strictly prohibiting students to read the publications of the Catholic press, such as monthlies and weekly papers. Why destroy a taste for the Catholic literature of the day? Why not permit the student to *read* during leisure or recreation hours, which, in wet weather, are devoted to the *billiard-table*, etc?

Finally, we turn to the physical man. No one can accuse our Colleges of pandering to the flesh; and if citizens as frugal as the Spartans of old are not trained within their walls, no blame should be attached to them. This is well. The appetites of the flesh should be kept in subjection. But, at the same time, extremes should be avoided; in keeping down the flesh, we should not injure the physical man. It is charged against Catholic Colleges, that, as compared with institutions conducted by *seculars*, they furnish more than a fair proportion of *consumptives*. This is, we think, a gross exaggeration. It cannot, however, be denied, that the food served up at College tables could be better and yet be frugal. Of course it cannot be meliorated without raising the fees. To this parents and guardians of good sense will not object; and the sooner the change takes place the better, for complaints are many, and *ugly* talk not scarce. On the importance of physical exercise, there is no need to insist; we are glad to perceive that in College circulars and prospectuses, liberal provisions are made for the development of the muscles. *Mens sana in corpore sana*.

We have done with this subject. To the

cause of Catholic education, we are *ul'ra-loyal*. What we have written was prompted by that desire which, as we have already said, occupies the innermost corner of our heart, the desire that Catholic education will succeed, even beyond expectation, in its glorious mission.

WHY IS A COERCION BILL NOW IN FORCE IN IRELAND?—The question heading this article is one which we are sure would be a very difficult one for any conscientious man to answer. It is only the officials of the English Government that would try to manufacture any answer that could be given to it. We can safely say that never was such a wrong inflicted on any nation under the sun, as to have at this moment a code in force in Ireland such as the Coercion Bill is. Any member of the force of the Irish Constabulary can break into a house, day or night, without a warrant of any kind, but simply if he has suspicion of any wrong going on. When quiet unoffending people are sleeping in their beds, and no intention or idea of doing anything wrong, it is a monstrous thing to say a simple policeman can break in the door, rush into the room where some young girls are sleeping, and actually go to their beds to search for some imaginary victim. This is not mere hearsay, we have known it to be the case, and have known young virtuous girls to hide their heads for the purpose of evading the policeman's gaze. If a young man for any purpose takes a walk after sunset—which is generally the only time the greater number of young men have to do so—he is liable to be arrested by one of these majestic policemen, and without any trial whatever, lodged in jail “during Her Majesty's pleasure.” It may be said this law is not enforced, but we can easily show that, on the contrary, it has been enforced; and one young man named Casey has been imprisoned for nearly two years *without ever being tried*! In England, where we every day read of murders, and every description of beastly crime unknown to any other civilized community, we never hear of the idea of a Coercion Bill being introduced—where there is more crime committed in one week than in Ireland for more than a year; in fact there is never such beastly brutality carried on in Ireland as it is reported in the English papers takes place in London and in every other part of England. It is very little matter to Ireland whether a Tory or Liberal Government is in power, as they are all “chip of the one block.” When Mr. Disraeli was in opposition, he condemned the govern-

ment of Mr. Gladstone for not being able to govern Ireland except by coercion; but when he himself got into power, he took very good care that he did not repeal it, but when cornered by Lord Robert Montague, as well as we recollect, he declined to make any answer, except that he was in the “Opposition” at the time he condemned Mr. Gladstone. We have read that Mr. Disraeli is to visit Ireland before the present year is over, but what good will come from this “honor” we have yet to see.

We cannot better show the entire absence of crime in Ireland at present than to give a few extracts from the charges of the several judges on circuit to the juries who attended at the summer assizes. Mr. Baron Dowse, formerly Attorney-General, and who has strong Orange proclivities, says to the grand jury of Waterford:

“Gentlemen, I am happy to congratulate you that there is no bill to go before you, a circumstance which should not be mentioned without an expression of high approval. In answer” (he continued) “to the reckless calumnies as to the crimes of this country, I think I may say that in one English county there is more crime than in the whole of Ireland!”

In the South again, Baron Deasy, addressing the Grand Jury of Kerry, at Tralee, remarked:

“I am glad to find, on my return to your country, after an interval of twelve months, that it is in its normal condition of tranquility. Your business will be very light. The bills sent up to you are very few, and not of a serious nature. The County Inspectors confirm the favourable state of your country; and I may say, as far as the official documents are concerned, that I can congratulate you on the condition of your country.”

In the North, Judge Keough, who would not do so if he could by any means do otherwise, thus addresses the Grand Jury at Carrickfergus:

“It is now, I believe, six years since a single prisoner was returned for trial charged with any offence in the district which you represent. There is, I understand, one prisoner for trial at the present assizes, but the charge against him, although it is one involving the death of a fellow-creature, really involves no moral turpitude. The circumstances, as I have been informed, are these—that the driver of a car carelessly left his horse unattended. It ran away, and, in doing so, ran over a person who was killed. This is the only offence charged against any of the community of Carrickfergus.”

In the North again, Judge Fitzgerald summed up the happy experience of his colleagues and himself in these remarkable words:

"My learned colleague and myself, to whom have been intrusted the execution of the Queen's commission for the North-East Circuit, have now arrived at the last assize town upon that circuit, and I am happy to inform you that every county through which we have passed has the same features, namely, a nearly total absence of crime, and a prevalence of peace and good order. With regard to your own country, I have now before me the official reports, and I may tell you that Antrim has, since the last assizes, been remarkable for the absence of any crime of magnitude, or anything at all to excite alarm for the public safety. There has been no agrarian crime, or crime of any kind that would strike at the foundation of society. I may say that here life and property are secure, the law is observed, and everything indicates the prevalence of prosperity and peace."

After these testimonials to the peace and entire absence of crime in Ireland at present, we fail to see how any Government can attempt to justify the continuance of the most stringent Coercion Code ever known in any country, when even the faction fighters, through the influence of the Catholic clergy, have agreed to bury their feuds for ever. But the English Government never require any reason for such things; all they want to know is what their paid informers and followers, such as the detestable O'Donoghue, will tell them. But we have confidence that the Irish Home Rule members, if they work with proper energy in the ensuing session will be able to get these laws blotted out of the Statute book; at any rate we are proud to be able to show forth to every nation that even if these laws are continued, there is not the slightest justification for them in the shape of crime of any description of agrarian or any other nature in Ireland.

THE HOME RULE MOVEMENT.—The several meetings which have been held in the North of Ireland in favor of Home Rule are, we perceive, only the commencement of a series throughout the whole of that country. We find that at the last meeting of the Limerick and Clare Farmers' Club it was decided to hold a meeting in Limerick at an early day, in which the people of the city and country will take part, and Mr. Butt and other distinguished orators and Members of Parliament will attend. It is also decided by the Mallow Farmers' Club to have

a County Cork meeting held at that town, and in the West a great number of meetings are to be at once held, which will be thoroughly representative of the feelings of the people of that district on the great question of the day. Perhaps yet some Government officials would be barefaced enough to say that the Irish people were really not serious when they demanded self-government. As Mr. Disraeli will be "honoring" Ireland with his presence, we would suggest that he would stand by and listen to the emphatic expression of the feelings of the people at some of these meetings. He would then be in a better position to denounce it as "veiled rebellion" or the contrary. We believe he will not do this, but after his visit to Ireland, and getting all the information possible, he will carry on the same "Plundering and Blundering" as ever.

THE MEMORY OF THE FRIENDS THAT ARE GONE!

—It had been, we believe, fully determined before the death of Mr. J. H. Foley, R. A., the great Irish sculptor, that the Statue of Daniel O'Connell, which he had in hands, should be unveiled on the centenary of O'Connell's birthday, which takes place in August next. It has since been rumoured that in consequence of the death of the artist it could not be finished at that time, but we are glad to see by later accounts that very little remains to be done to the monument on which the great and much to be lamented Irish sculptor displayed his genius. There should be no time lost by those who have this testimonial to Ireland's liberator in hands, in deciding who is to be the artist engaged in finishing the work which Mr. Foley was to have made his masterpiece. The design at least has been laid by Mr. Foley, and it is asserted that the conception of the distinguished sculptor has been fully expressed, consequently all that remains to be finished of this anxiously expected monument may be safely committed to other hands. Mr. Hogan, a young sculptor of great promise, who did his work admirably in the execution of a monument to Ireland's greatest musical genius, Carolan, ought to be the most fitting substitute for Mr. Foley. Nothing should be left undone to have the statue ready by this time, as any further delay will cause a great disappointment to Irishmen all over the globe who have the matter so much at heart. We hope that a demonstration worthy of the occasion will take place, and that this, the most requisite landmark of Ireland's history, will be erected in the Irish metropolis, where the great

Liberator spent so much of his time and did so much for his country.

There is another of Ireland's truest sons as yet without any kind of monument being erected to his memory, although some money was subscribed for the purpose some years ago—we allude to Patrick Sarsfield, the hero of the city of the "Violated Treaty." It is nothing short of a national disgrace to have it to say that this has been left so long in oblivion without any practical work being done. It was taken up a few times by the City Fathers of Limerick, but they never decided on finishing the project. We now see that they are intended to erect it in a new "People's Park," which is in course of construction in that city. There is one thing certain that the *people* themselves should leave the matter no longer in abeyance, as we believe there is only a very small sum required, which we have not the slightest doubt would be at once got by giving a bazaar or something of that kind for the purpose, or otherwise opening a subscription list. It is a stain on our countrymen that they are till this day without having these monuments we are after alluding to erected in their proper places before this, and we hope before this time next year it will be a thing of the past.

(For the HARP.)

THE GEMS OF IRELAND.

THE MEN THAT ARE GONE.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HENRY GRATTAN.

At this time, when things in reference to Ireland are going curiously and remarkably on; when the "men of '48," Mitchel and Duffy, have returned to the old sod; when that splendid orator, Isaac Butt, is hard and earnestly working for the cause of his country, notwithstanding the efforts of another '48 man to break it up; when a phalanx of true men are after returning to their abodes after spending a term of hard work in the English House of Commons, it may not be out of place or uninteresting to place before our readers a few words about one of Ireland's truest sons,—HENRY GRATTAN. Amongst the truest of Ireland's sons were a good many Protestants, of which Grattan was most prominent; and now when Ireland is once more struggling for legislative independence, it is a most opportune time to give a few items with reference to this patriot who has an everlasting claim on the love, the gratitude, and the veneration of his countrymen.

He was born in Dublin, in 1746; and, like most children, was constantly told a number of ghost stories by his nurse; and the defiant spirit which he afterwards showed, burst prominently forward even at that time; as he protected himself from the influence exercised on several occasions by the narration of such tales, by going nightly to a graveyard near his father's house, where he used to sit on the gravestones while the perspiration "streamed down his face."

The first school to which he was sent was to a Mr. Ball, in Great-ship street, Dublin. He was not very long there when a *fracas* took place between himself and his master, in consequence of Grattan's father, who was a good classical scholar, having taught the boy to translate a certain passage in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* differently from the translation adopted by the schoolmaster. Ball taxed his pupil with stupidity, and wanted him to make a most abject apology, and Grattan was so indignant at his insolence, that he insisted on leaving the school. His father then placed him at the academy of Mr. Young, in Abbey street, where men well and honorably known in Irish history had received their education. He entered Trinity College in 1763, where he formed the acquaintance of Foster, afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons; Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare; and several other celebrities. He also at this place had a most intimate friend in the person of a young officer named Broome, with whom he kept up a constant epistolary correspondence; and some of his letters display a gloomy temperament which could not have been suspected by those who only knew Grattan in his public career.

In 1767 he went to London for the purpose of pursuing his legal studies, and was entered of the Middle Temple. He regularly attended in the Houses of Parliament, and the political ideas of which he was possessed were strengthened by hearing the great speakers who were then in the House. He was living for a short time in a country residence near Windsor Forest, and instead of finding repose in sleep, he would be nightly prowling around the garden of his landlady, addressing himself to "Mr. Speaker," etc. The proprietress thinking he was crazy, forgave him whatever rent he owed, on condition of his leaving the house. He would often, when no person was near, address a tree in soliloquy, and in that manner he early prepared himself for that assembly which he was destined in later life to adorn. From

the earliest period of his existence, he resolved to assert, even by arms, if driven to them, the liberties of Ireland. Grattan's predominant passion was his patriotism. He was much impressed by a speech made by Mr. George Grenville, at the commencement of the dispute with America, in which that gentleman defended the right of England to tax America, and extended his doctrine to Ireland; and Grattan was known to say that that speech filled his mind with a horror of the doctrine it advocated, and that he believed it was owing to it he afterwards became so very active in his opposition to the principles of British government in Ireland.

He loved Ireland with a devotion passionate, yet regulated and intelligent. He early saw that Irish prosperity and Irish constitutional freedom were impracticable, so long as the productive energies of the great bulk of the people were cramped, or rather neutralised, by the legal fetters that made them mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. A Protestant himself, he spurned the baseness of the bigots who desired to monopolise for Protestants all the privileges of citizenship. By his patriotic politics he incurred the displeasure of his father, who was colleague with the celebrated Charles Lucas in the representation of Dublin, and who marked his anger by bequeathing away from his son the family mansion of the Grattans. In those days the county of Kilkenny was renowned, as it has been at much later periods, for the extensive hospitality and social amusements of the principal inhabitants. Amateur theatricals were frequently practised. Grattan had connexions in Kilkenny; entered with spirit into the histrionic exhibitions of the joyous coteries whose refinement and brilliancy yet linger in the local traditions; and among whom a prominent character was Henry Flood, whose career, long continuing in friendly connexion with Grattan, and afterwards diverging into embittered rivalry, is inseparably connected with the great public transactions of the time. Grattan and Flood read poetry and acted plays together. Flood was fourteen years older than his friend; over whom his talents, his fascinating manners, his extensive information, and, above all, his services in asserting our legislative independence, necessarily gave him great influence. He had been representative in Parliament for Kilkenny since 1759, and had greatly distinguished himself by creating a powerful opposition in the House, and eliciting from the country a large display of public opinion in

favor of the course he adopted. He effectively promoted the Octennial Act of 1768, by which the duration of each parliament was limited to eight years, instead of continuing, as had been previously the case, for the life of the reigning sovereign. But, while Flood was on most points in accordance with Grattan, there was one vital matter on which their principles were totally at variance. Flood, while strenuously asserting the independence of the Irish legislature, opposed every political concession to the Catholics. He was willing to relieve them from all restrictions as to property or industrial employment. But he would not remove one single link of the purely political chain; he would not suffer them to vote at parliamentary elections. Grattan, with a larger heart, and greater sagacity, conceived that the permanency of the Irish constitution was fatally imperilled by excluding the great majority of the people from full participation in its benefits. The result has justified his prescient wisdom. In 1775 the brother of Lord Charlemont, Major Caulfield, was drowned on the passage from England. His death caused a vacancy in the borough of Charlemont, which the noble patron filled up by nominating Grattan, who took his seat on the 11th December in that year.

Further on, the agitation for free-trade, backed by the volunteer army, resulted in success. But the speeches of Grattan, and of the patriots who worked with him in Parliament, produced a strong conviction throughout Ireland that the acquisitions they had gained were insecure so long as the British legislature considered itself entitled to any species of authority in Irish concerns.

Early in the session of 1770, Grattan gave notice that he would move for a Declaration of Irish Rights. "This measure," says his son, "alarmed the Castle, and every effort was made to stop the growth of popular feeling. The government proceeded to canvass against the Declaration of Rights and the repeal of Poyning's Law." But the government canvassed in vain. Grand juries, county meetings, meetings of volunteer corps, passed numberless resolutions affirming that no power on earth was entitled to make laws for Ireland save only the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. Grattan, previously to bringing on his resolution in the House of Commons, retired to the residence of his uncle, Colonel Marley, at Celbridge Abbey, to meditate on his approaching motion. He has himself given us the following account of his patriotic resolutions: "I grew convinced that

I was right; arguments, unanswerable, came to my mind, and what I then prepared confirmed me in my determination to persevere; a great spirit arose among the people, and the speech which I delivered afterwards in the House communicated its fire and impelled them on; the country caught the flames, and it rapidly extended. I was supported by eighteen counties, by the grand jury addresses, and the resolutions of the Volunteers. I stood upon that ground, and was determined never to yield. I brought on the question on the 19th of April, 1780. That was a great day for Ireland; that day gave her liberty." The speech Grattan delivered on that day was a triumphant vindication of his country's rights. Here is an extract:—

"I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in iron; and I do see that the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and, though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and, though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ that conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him. I shall move you: 'That the King's most excellent Majesty and the Lords and Commons of Ireland are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland.'

This is what the Irish people are now unanimously looking for, and it shows the spirit which lived in Grattan is still alive; and no one, no matter how prejudiced, can say that it is not the unanimous wish of the Irish people that they should have their own Parliament. The same thing was said that time to Grattan as is now said to Bult: that the movement was only "veiled rebellion."

After a long course of events, the rebellion of '98 having been quashed, etc., and Grattan having suffered from severe illness, we come to 1800. The friends of Ireland were necessarily anxious that Grattan should re-enter Parliament. It chanced that a vacancy in the borough of Wicklow occurred just in time to enable the patron of the borough, Mr. Tighe, to have Grattan returned at the opening of the session. A stormy debate had occupied the day and night, when at seven o'clock in the morning of the 15th of January, 1800, Grattan, emaciated and feeble from his long illness, entered the House of Commons supported by two trusty

friends, Mr. Arthur Moor and Mr. W. B. Ponsonby. His reappearance at that awful crisis of his country's fate excited the strongest emotion in the House and galleries. A cheer broke forth, prolonged and vehement; friends crowded round him; but their delight at his return to the scene of his old glories was qualified by the deep anxiety with which they regarded his evident physical exhaustion. Being unable to stand, he obtained permission to address the House sitting; and in the course of a speech of two hours, he dissected the ministerial project, exposing the sophistry of its advocates, and demonstrating its fatal tendency, with the vigorous logic and impassioned eloquence that had characterised his most effective parliamentary efforts. During the session he frequently spoke against the ministerial scheme. On the 14th of February, Mr. Corry taunted him with his absence from Ireland during the previous year. Grattan, in his answer, took occasion to refer to the monstrous crimes committed by the agents of the administration: "I could not join the rebel—I could not join the government—I could not join torture—I could not join half-hanging—I could not join free quarter—I could take part with neither. I was therefore absent from a scene where I could not be active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety." He also said, "The treason of the Minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the Minister."

In the beginning of 1820 his health gave way, and his physical weakness, increased by old age, rendered it apparent that his time on earth must be short. His anxiety to get to London to move the Catholic question in Parliament induced him to disregard the advice of his physicians, who assured him that he ought to avoid all mental and bodily exertion; and that if he persisted in undertaking the journey, the responsibility would be his own. His weakness was so great that the leading Catholics implored him to abandon the intention of going to plead their cause in London. He said, "Nothing but physical impossibility shall prevent me, as I consider that my last breath belongs to my country." He also said that, if unable to speak for the Catholics, he could pray for them. He had always a profound sense of religion. He was free from sanctimonious pretension, or the cant of piety; but he only gave expression to his life-long sentiments when he said, in his last illness, "I can do nothing of myself. I prostrate myself, with all my sins, at the foot

of the cross, and I trust to the mercy of my Redeemer." He persisted in going to London, where he hoped to utter his last public words in the cause of Catholic Emancipation. But the journey realised the fears of the physicians. He reached London on the 31st of May, 1820, and died there on the 4th of June. He expressed the strongest wish that his body should be buried in the graveyard of Moyanna, in the Queen's County; and it was only when he was unable to utter scarcely a sentence that he gave consent to the request of the Duke of Sussex, and some other English friends, to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Before the close of the present year his statue, which is executed by an able Irish artist, will be erected in College Green, facing that grand old house whose walls so often echoed with his magnificent eloquence; that grand old building now occupied by the Bank of Ireland, which amongst all the banks, refuse to subscribe for any patriotic or Catholic object. We hope that they will soon have to move their office to another quarter, and that Ireland's sons will again show forth to the world their eloquence in discussing laws for their own country. A crisis cannot be very far distant, and the work which the gallant band of Irishmen have got through during the past session of the English Parliament, in opposing coercion and gaining other important victories, show that gold cannot buy them; nor an office satisfy them no more than it could Grattan.

With the never-failing pens of Mitchel and Duffy to work in literature, and the eloquence of Butt, we hope soon to see that grand old country what she ought to be—

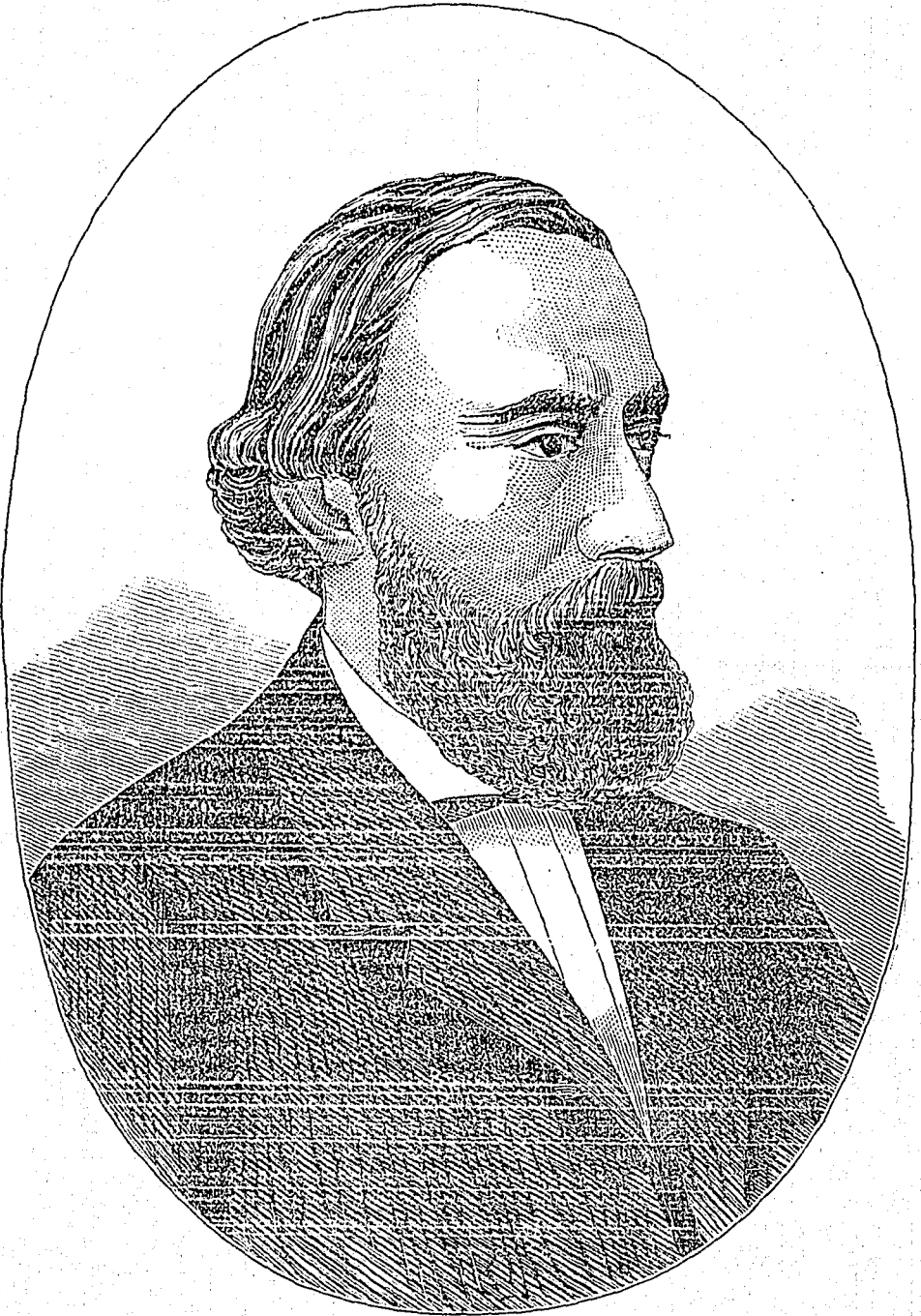
"Great glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

They are coming back to Ireland, those men of '48. Only the other day the foot of John Mitchel pressed the Irish earth; to-day we welcome the return of Charles Gavan Duffy. With all the rich effusion of the Irish heart their country bids both the exiles a *cead mille failte*. Time has dealt hardly with that brilliant band of poets, orators, and wits who formed the Young Ireland party, and wreathed the Irish national cause with an evergreen chaplet of eloquence and song. The chivalrous heart of O'Brien has ceased to beat. The waters of a great American river have closed over all that was mortal of the fiery Meagher. The remains

of Terence Bellew M'Manus have been borne through the sorrowing cities of Eire. More fortunate than his brethren, the harp of Davis was hushed for ever while hope was still high and the future bright and glowing. But of all the noble band there were none more gifted, none more famous, than the two men who within a few days have returned from the exile of many years. They have returned under circumstances widely divergent. John Mitchel has come back broken in health and borne down by many calamities. In the Western World he attached himself with characteristic passion to the Southern cause. He shared in its disasters, in its overthrow, in its ruin. To him domestic misfortune followed in the footsteps of public calamity. Like Burke, he has lived in an inverted order. He has known the supreme trial of seeing those who should be the props of his old age go down before him to the grave. Sorrow and Time have bent the once erect frame, and marked with their iron hands the manly countenance. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy for the second time returns to Ireland, after a career in the Austral World singular in its brilliance and success. He has shone in Antipodean Senates, and achieved greatness under the gentle Southern skies. He has ruled as Prime Minister one of the greatest colonies that have sprung from the loins of Britain. He has been at once the honored of the people and the Crown. Affluence, title, rank—all that human ambition could desire—are his. Since the Irish shore first faded from his sight, he has drunk to the dregs the cup of gratified ambition and worldly success. Strange is the contrast been the fate of the two men, and generous Ireland, if she receives with hearty welcome her illustrious and fortunate son, turns with a warm and tender feeling to him who has come back weary with the buffetings of fortune to seek health and repose in the hills and valleys of his birth.

Charles Gavan Duffy was born in the county of Monaghan nearly sixty years ago, of respectable Catholic parents, of the mercantile class. Who at that period could have envied the humiliating position of an Irish Catholic, whether in the capital or in the southern counties of Ireland? Only one person—the persecuted Catholic of Ulster. Elsewhere there was community in suffering, the partial repose accorded to acknowledged might and a social existence; in Ulster the nearest neighbour was, perhaps, a bitter foe, and life, at times, no better than a perpetual vigil. The Catholic soldier, invited to fight unto death against the



SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

French, was forbidden to fulfil the precepts of his faith, disgraced if he attended mass, or, like Patrick Spence, condemned to the dungeon and the lash for not following the service of another Church. If the uniform gave no security, the civilian garb was not likely to avail. The Duke of Richmond did, indeed, make a viceregal tour in the South, and, desirous of winning over the wealthier Catholics, did direct that no Orange symbols should be displayed before him, to the great indignation and disgust of the Tandon yeomen, who cast down their arms rather than obey; but in the North their brethren had it all their own way, being neither deterred by any agent of authority nor dissuaded by any sentiment of humanity. At Omagh three hundred yeomen fell upon fifty of the King's County Militia, because there was a green stripe on their uniform cap; they were ingloriously defeated, but had their revenge in the successful indictment of Corporal Hogan. They were happier still at Mountrath and at Bailieborough, where they shot down the parish priests, wrecked their chapels, and slashed at every Catholic they met. Those joyous peasants who, with their children, wives, or sweethearts, danced around the bonfire at Corrinshiga on a fair June evening in 1808, had a sudden and fearful surprise when they saw its flame reflected from the yeomen's guns, and heard the reiterated command, "Present, fire." One was killed, many were wounded, but no man was brought to justice for the crime. The magistrates of Newry, with that generous love of justice which so often has signalized the Irish Protestant, strove earnestly, and entreated the Government of the day to issue a proclamation and reward. Their application was rejected.

Thus were the Catholics of Ulster situated when, in the town of Monaghan, Charles Gavan Duffy was born. The shadow of the penal code fell over his cradle and darkened his early youth. More fortunate, however, than many, he was the native of a county where Catholics were comparatively numerous, and therefore comparatively secure. There, also, were many of his name. When, towards the close of the penal days, the existence of Catholic priests came to be legalized in Ireland, and it was directed that each should obtain two fifty-pound freeholders as sureties, it appears that one-third of the clergy of the diocese of Clogher found the required bailsmen amongst the Duffys. Nevertheless, though supported by Cavan and Louth, Monaghan was too closely beset by hostile neighbours and too much oppressed by domestic

foes not to have known the bitterness of supporting men of the old race, and Faith spoke low; they grew up, as Archbishop Hughes has said, with bowed necks. But they were not altogether bent in abject submission to servitude; the heart beat warmly beneath a cold exterior; a studied reticence veiled ambitious thoughts; the brow bowed down served to hide the flashing glance which might have unduly alarmed a tyrant. Trained to endurance, forced to resistance, the new generation grew up with pained hearts, but ready, resolute, and expectant minds.

What were their schools? Those who dwell in the rural parts had to seek education by the hedgerows, which gave shade and shelter to some wandering philomath. In the winter days, he abided in the farmhouses, not less essential because men remembered the time when such as he would have been hanged, drawn and quartered for teaching the alphabet. In the towns, the garret or the shanty held the school; what more could be expected even in Monaghan, where young Duffy was shown the barn in a backyard into which Catholics silently shrank on Sunday and holyday to hear Divine service? The youth who desired to pursue his studies further was compelled to resort to the Protestant school, where, too often, his feelings were irritated by the reckless offspring of the Ascendancy, taught to regard him as a serf anxious to be a rebel. It is related of one—perhaps of the subject of this memoir—that on reading in class how the Spartans treated their helots, he was forced by the tumult of his heart to withdraw so like he esteemed the case to that of his country. Then came the wondrous Muse of Moore, touching with magic wand the rock of history, laying open to his astonished gaze the concealed but brilliant treasures of the past, and calling back to vivid life the sleeping champions of his native land. Then first he learned that he had not only a country to serve, but a nation to be proud of.

Another power soon shook the land, in the eloquence of O'Connell and of Shiel. The Celtic Samson strove with the bands that bound him, and with strong vehemence tore them from his bleeding limbs. The victory exasperated the petty despots of the North, who, turning to vent their wrath on their serfs, found them free. This increased their fury. In those days young Duffy dreamed, amongst the green hills, of assisting in the work for Faith and Fatherland; and finally bade farewell to Monaghan. The Press had for him that irresistible attrac-

tion which it has possessed for so many men of genius; and Duffy made his first entrance into public life as a reporter in the now extinct *Dublin Morning Register*. While connected with the *Register* young Duffy made for himself a name not alone for marked ability, but for sturdy independence, which was afterwards one of his marked characteristics. After a brief time spent on the *Register*, he was invited to Belfast to conduct the *Vindicator* newspaper. Belfast and Ulster soon discerned that, in the paper which he directed, there was a force of thought and expression which was not limited to questions of sect or province, but extended to the consideration of a country's welfare. There the young editor must have first beheld the *Emancipator*, coming now for another purpose into the cloudland of the North, where the storm his first work had raised burst against him. "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson." The year following, at Newry, Mr. Duffy welcomed another *Regenerator* in the person of Father Mathew, who, unshaken by fear of injury, came, and, with a more than human power allayed the tempest, harmonised the warring elements, and accomplished his God-given mission. His very presence seemed a benediction. Blessing all men, without respect of parties, as children of one Father, he won a greeting from the hostile land and a blessing from cursing lips. He was the true Liberator of Ulster, for he taught the Protestant to esteem a priest, the Catholic to forgive a foe, and both the brotherhood of man.

In 1842 Duffy came to Dublin for a brief visit. The young provincial editor, rapidly rising into note, met in the metropolis other men as young, as ardent, and as brilliant as himself. One of these was a lawyer, just called, with a great passion for archeology. His name was Thomas Davis. Another was John B. Dillon, whose loss we have years since mourned. A notable idea was started by one of the friends. It was acted on at once, and, in a few days afterwards, a new weekly paper, with Charles Gavan Duffy as its editor, appeared in Dublin. The name of that newspaper was the *Nation*. It rose at once into enormous circulation and popularity, and Charles Gavan Duffy became one of the most famous men in Ireland. He flung himself heart and soul into the cause of Repeal, and the Government, on a memorable occasion, paid a signal tribute to his services. In 1843, together with Dr., now Sir John, Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*, and Mr. Barrett, of the *Pilot*, he had the honor to be included in the same indictment

with the great Tribune, and to share his imprisonment in Richmond Bridewell. Of the nine who underwent that "hundred days' captivity," but three—Duffy, Gray, and Ray—survive. The Liberator and his son, Fathers Tyrell and Tierman, Barrett and "honest Tom Steele," are gone. The prose of the long State trial was diversified by some ringing poems extracted from the new journal. This element had been given it, not by poetic southerners, as an English writer might fancy, but by the Ulster editor, who having begun the attempt in Belfast, had now set his heart upon it. It was fine. The voice of Moore's muse fading away in melodious music, now thrilling, now plaintive, like Killarney echoes, had ceased. The spirit of song awoke again; the "pulse of the bards" once more throbbled high with the vigour of new life. Poems of all kinds abounded. In March, 1843, some of the *Nation* poems were gathered into a small book; in the autumn of 1844, another followed. Some of the finest poems were from Duffy's pen. His famous ballad, "The Rising of the North," excited the most passionate interest, not alone in this country, but in England, and was honoured with an article of the *Times*, in which its tendencies were denounced and its genius lauded to the skies. The marvellous success which attended their appearance encouraged the Young Ireland party to publish a quarto edition, with music, which became immediately popular wherever the English language was spoken. In the summer of the same year appeared another volume of verse, "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," an excellent collection, to which was prefixed an admirable introduction by Mr. Duffy, dealing with the question of the popular poetry of the country. In December he edited a selection of the Essays of Thomas Davis, whose labour had done so much to create a new spirit and a new literature in the land, and whose early death smote with sorrow the hearts of all men. The works named formed part of a series projected by Mr. Duffy for the higher education of the country. The learning and intellect of Davis had given it a potent impulse, and the devotedness of other able writers made it possible and crowned it with success. These publications must always be cited as one of the principal permanent results of the stir and bustle of their times.

In the meantime, while the bards and writers of the *Nation* were gaining for that journal a world-wide reputation, the drama of Irish poli-

tics was being enacted. In the bosom of the Repeal Association two parties grew up. One was the party of Young Ireland, whose organ was the *Nation*, whose leaders were Meagher and Mitchel, Duffy and O'Brien. The other, the party of Old Ireland, rallied round the majestic figure of O'Connell. On the 28th of July, 1846, took place that famous secession which excited as much interest at the time as any of the scenes of the French Revolution. The "peace resolutions" were introduced, and at the close of a great debate, in which the Lord Mayor, O'Brien, John O'Connell, Devin Reilly, Tom Steele, and John Mitchel took part, Meagher rose to address the assembly, and delivered his celebrated sword speech—

"Abhor the sword (he said), stigmatise the sword? No, my lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and through these cragged passes struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionists of Innsbruck! Abhor the sword, stigmatise the sword? No, my lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic and in the quivering of its crimsoned light the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic, prosperous, limitless, and invincible. Abhor the sword, stigmatise the sword? No, my lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium, scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps, and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt."

Meagher concluded, amidst a scene of wild excitement, by declaring that he had learned the right of a nation to govern itself on the ramparts of Antwerp. He was interrupted. A tumultuous discussion followed, and, in the result, he left the hall for ever, accompanied by Mitchel, O'Brien, Reilly, and Duffy.

Duffy now flung himself into the thick of "the party of action," and for two years maintained a wonderful contest with the Government, bursting over and over again through the legal toils with which its officials sought to surround him, and, by the ability of Sir Colman O'Loghlen and Mr. John O'Hagan, quashing indictment after indictment.

In 1846, he was again indicted for an article which had appeared in his paper, but, the jury, having disagreed, he was enlarged. Less ardent than Mr. Mitchel, who, regarding the Coercion and Poor Law Acts as so much hostile strategy, desired to preach resistance at the close of 1847, Mr. Duffy was more sanguine. This difference

led to a separation. Mitchel started the *United Irishman*, was tried for sedition, convicted, and sent to Bermuda. The arrest and banishment of John Mitchel, however, instead of intimidating others, aroused them to more vehement efforts. The illegality of his trial became a watch-word, and "Remember Mitchel," succeeded to the "Remember Orr," of a former period. It drew forth the sympathies of the old Irishlanders, inspired the confederates, and called into vigorous being the Protestant Repeal Association. The Irish League was formed, with the hope of re-uniting Old and Young Ireland. New clubs sprung up in all the cities, and the *Nation* counselled arming and drilling, with a view to a defensive war. Duffy and his paper were the life and soul of the Nationalist movement. His articles were the key-notes of the Young Ireland. "Ireland's necessity," he wrote, "demands the desperate remedy of revolution;" and thousands will remember the excitement caused by the articles in which the questions, "What, if we fail?" and "What if we don't fail?" were put and answered. Two months after the trial of John Mitchel, on the same day as John Martin, Charles Gavan Duffy was arrested on a charge of "felony," or "treason-felony." The detectives, with about a dozen policemen, next proceeded to the *Nation* office, which they searched; they carried off some papers, and demanded possession, which was refused. They had no warrant, and the paper survived. As the prisoner was taken to Newgate, the people swelled and surged around, and would have rescued him, had not he and Mr. McGee dissuaded them. From Newgate Prison Mr. Duffy sent an article warning the clubs that their organization was the next point of attack, and that they should defend it by force of arms. "No fairer ground of national quarrel can ever arise," he wrote. The next number contained an article entitled *Causa Belli*, in which he declared that "the long-pending war with England has already commenced. We have been formally summoned to surrender at discretion." The next and last number, which was seized, contained two articles, one "Jacta Alca est," the production of a distinguished lady, who avowed it on his trial; the other, the "Tocsin of War," whose name proclaims its purport. As the party had been vituperated as "Communists," "Socialists," "Atheists," and so forth, it was thought right to meet these calumnies by an array of testimony, upon the trial of Mr. Duffy. A number of eminent witnesses did, in consequence, come

forward to declare those statements iniquitous. Twice the juries disagreed, and twice Mr. Duffy was sent back to prison, where he remained for several months. At length, when peril seemed past, and it became apparent that his health was breaking down, he was enlarged.

The *Nation* re-appeared on September 1, 1849, and the editor, not recanting any of his past doctrines, adapted his views to changed circumstances. The development of industrial resources engaged his attention. "The Irish Alliance" was formed, and the Land Question which had always been cared for, soon came to the front. The Encumbered Estates' Court had been established simultaneously with the new *Nation*, and there grew up plans for making an Irish plantation by means of an Irish proprietary. The Conference held in Dublin, in 1852, between northern and southern Tenant-Leaguers, gave great hopes of a happier future, and these seemed confirmed by the foundation of an Independent Opposition party in Parliament. How those expectations were destroyed by the bankruptcy of Sadleir and the defection of his associates is a fact too recent to require note. Mr. Duffy, at last, despairing of his country under such circumstances, resigned his post as representative in 1855, saying, "I have determined to retire from the office to which your favour has elected me, and, until better times arise, from all share and responsibility in the public affairs of Ireland. The Irish party is reduced to a handful; the popular organisation is deserted by those who created it. Till all those things be changed there appears to me to be no more hope for Ireland than of a corpse on a dissecting table. Quitting public life, I will, at the same time, quit my country. I cannot look in calm inaction at her ruin."

Mr. Duffy, on leaving Ireland, became a resident in the colony of Victoria. His career there has been one of extraordinary brilliancy. A born leader of men, he, from the hour of his appearance in the Victoria Parliament, was one of the chiefs of that assembly. Twice he ruled the great colony of Victoria as Prime Minister. His *regime* was on both occasions subjected to those attacks which are one of the conditions of party politics. But even his foes acknowledge the magnitude of his services, while observers in England have not hesitated to pronounce him the first great statesman of Australian history. A short time since his last Administration succumbed to the attacks of adversaries, but he was consoled by the sympathy of the best and ablest men in Australia. Her Majesty re-

cognized his labors and services by conferring on him the rank of a Knight of the Order of SS. Michael and George. He also enjoys a pension of £2,000 a-year as an ex-Minister. In a word, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has vindicated under Australian suns the singular capacity for Government innate in the Irish heart. When in '66 Mr. Duffy, after a period of ten years, revisited these countries he met in London a Canadian Minister in the person of his former colleague, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Welcomed in Dublin by a public banquet, at which presided his friend, John B. Dillon, and in Monaghan by another, at which the bishop presided, he could review a fair past, but saw little change in the questions he had urged. The schools of Monaghan had grown into a college, the chapel into a cathedral, the thirty-ninth edition of the "Ballad Poetry" was rededicated to a Catholic Lord Chancellor; but the Land question, to which he had devoted so many years, which in Australia he had so successfully settled in a few, had nothing advanced. Returning home once more, after an absence almost as long, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy will find the Church Establishment a thing of the past, and a stride made towards the settlement of the Land question. He will also find that under a new name and altered circumstances the good old cause of Irish Liberty is still afoot. In the days of his boyhood the people of Ireland marched on to the watchword of Repeal. To-day Home Rule has taken its place, but though the names differ, the principle is the same. The altered aspect of affairs must give him pleasure, for, if report speaks true, neither time, nor fame, nor rank, nor honors have weaned by a hair's breadth from its devotion to Ireland the loyal heart of Charles Gavan Duffy.—*Dublin Freeman*.

SIR JOHN GRAY, M. P.

There are few men of our time who have for so long a period filled so prominent a position and played so active a part in Irish politics as Sir John Gray. His career began forty-three years ago in the Repeal Association, and it was gratifying to see him, in the same cause, in the front rank of the Home Rule Conference. Sir John Gray was born in the town of Claremorris more than half a century ago. At an early age he became a medical student, and even before he won his full diploma as an M.D., the bent of his tastes and inclinations were clearly towards literature and the press. Indeed, like some of the most honored and eminent men of the age,

some of whom have sat and others of whom still sit on the bench and "the wool-sack," he was connected with the press while working towards his profession. Early in the Repeal agitation some of the young spirits in the cause were not quite satisfied with the way in which the existing daily papers were delivering fire on the great question; and one fine morning a salvo in the *Freeman's Journal* made it clear some new metal had been brought into position. The paper had been purchased by "the young fellows," Dr. Gray being the chief. Thenceforward he played a leading part as daily jour-

1851-2. In 1866 he undertook the lead in Parliament of the agitation which culminated in the disestablishment of the Irish Church; and his speeches and writings on the Home Rule question show that he is not without the faith that the close of his life will see the triumph of the great national movement in which he first raised voice and drew pen.

It is, however, on his career and achievements as a civic leader that his strongest title to public praise and fame will ever rest. To him the city of Dublin owes more than to any other man in its history; for to his untiring ability,



SIR JOHN GRAY, M.P.

nalist of the movement, and was indicted and imprisoned by the Government along with O'Connell and the other Repeal martyrs. There are few successful men who cannot say that to a good wife they owe most of their public success. Dr. Gray, on the very eve of his public career, and at a very early age, married a lady to whose rare judgment and sound sense as well as devoted affection he, in great part, owes his present position. He took a leading part with Duffy, Lucas, and Moore, in establishing and guiding the great Tenant-Right movement of

skill, and energy it owes the inestimable blessings of having one of the chief sources of health brought abundantly within the reach of rich and poor—the Vartny Water Supply.

Sir John Gray has sat in Parliament for Kilkenny city since 1865.

ZOZIMUS.

It is the lot of every city and town to have a "character" who is either the object of pity, being a simpleton or deformed, or is possessed of some peculiar habit, eccentricity, or genius, if it

might be so called, which causes amusement to those who come in contact with him. Dublin has afforded a great many of the latter class, among which may be mentioned "Cantering Jack," who followed the mail coach; "Owney," "Father," and last though not least, our old friend "Zozimus," who generally took up his position in the neighbourhood of Carlisle and Essex-bridges.

I have lately read in an old Dublin newspaper of proceedings in the Henry-street Police-Office, where Zozimus was brought up on the charge "of obstruction and annoyance," caused by singing some of his patriotic songs to a large and admiring crowd of persons in that classic vicinity known as Cole's-lane market, and as his answer to the charge contains a fair specimen of his eloquence and wit, I thought I could not do better than send you a copy of the report *in extenso* :—

"Magistrate—What have you got to say to this charge?"

"Zozimus—Yer worship, I love my country. She's dear to my heart, and am I to be prevented from writing songs in her honour, as Tommy Moore, Walter Scott, ay, and Homer have done for theirs, or of singing them after the manner of the ancient bards, save that I haven't a harp to accompany my aspirations.

"Magistrate—But you are not to collect crowds around you so as to obstruct the public pathway, and prevent the people from passing.

"Zozimus—That which I sing is in praise of my native land, and the highways shall resound with the voice of patriotism. The Repeal cry is gone forth like "the wings of the morning" (to borrow a metaphor from an author I admire); the magic of the sound has penetrated into every hovel, and the people come forth in their might. The mighty leader, great in his power, and secure in the justice of his cause, has proclaimed the triumph of freedom, and the nation has responded to his call. Why then should I be idle? 'To him that much is given much will be required.' And as a portion of the poetic genius of my country has descended upon my shoulders, ragged and wretched as the garment which covers them, yet the cloth of the prophet has not aroused more prophetic sentiments than I entertain that my country should be a free country. It is true I can't see; but I can warble that which raises the hearth of my countrymen; and if crowds therefore gather round me how can I help it! Homer sung the glories of his country in the public highways; and we are informed

that dramatic representations were performed in the street, the stage being nothing more than a dust cart (laughter). Ah! gentlemen (aside—good Christians, are their worships listening to me!)—if my productions contain anything that is treasonable or disloyal punish me, but first hear before you judge." And he repeated the following:—

Though my coat is all torn, my muse is yet young,
Though the cold drops of winter my body may wet,
Yet, Lord Edgburgh's speech has not tied up my
[tongue,
And I'll sing for and shout out for liberty yet.

The eagle of liberty flaps round our Isle,
And brave Conmemora's sons hail the bright day;
The lasses of Linerick lend their fair smile,
And lead us to battle—hurrah, boys, hurrah.

The thistle of Scotia may flourish in pride;
But can they forget the dark day of Glencoe?
The rose of proud England may bloom by its side,
And boast o'er the glory of famed Waterloo.

But the meek little shamrock of Erin's fair land
Is fifty times fairer than any of those,
And the temperance movement, so morally grand,
Will lead us to glory without any blows!

Then hurrah for Repeal, for rivers and streams
Can turn all the wheels of the mills in the world,
Our thoughts thro' each day, and at night our sweet
(dreams,
Shall be for Repeal and its bright flag unfurled.

Oh, Erin, the land of bog, mountain, and glen,
Arise in thy might, like a lion at bay,
For we're eight millions of stout sober men,
To Repeal the cursed Union—hurrah, boys, hurrah!

The magistrates dismissed poor Zozimus, but cautioned him not to obstruct the public pathways in future or he should be punished.

It will be seen by the eloquent address of our friend Zozimus, given above, that he was a man of no mean abilities, though occupying the lowest grade in the social scale; and I am inclined to think that if short sketches of the lives of some of our humble "celebrities" were placed before your readers, they would be most favourably received.

PATRICK M'CONNICK.

S. X. K., Dublin, 1874.

One of Disraeli's admirers, in speaking about him to John Bright, said; "You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished, as he is a self-made man." "I know he is," retorted Mr. Bright, "and he adores his maker."

The head of the family is about to eat an apple. Mother—"Say, father, give us a piece." Daughter—"O, father, give me a piece." Son—"O, father, I want a piece." Niece—"Won't you please give me a piece, too?" Father (disgusted)—"Here, the rest of you take the apple and give me a piece."

Selections.

THE FAR-FAMED ISLANDS OF ARRAN.

There is scarcely any part of Ireland in which the lover of the bold and picturesque traits of natural scenery, or the admirer of the architectural beauties of former ages, can spend a day more pleasantly than among the rugged heights and moss covered ruins of the far-famed Islands of Arran. There, scattered in wild profusion on every side are scenes of surpassing interest. Stupendous cliffs rearing their massive heads over the bosom of the deep; loud echoing ravines opening their capacious mouths in terrific grandeur; yawning precipices striking the beholder with mute astonishment; and last, but by no means least, the ivy covered ruins, which speak silently, yet eloquently of the days when the fame of Ireland's sanctity penetrated to the ends of the earth, are objects well calculated to charm the eye and fire the hearts of the beholder with enthusiasm.

Arranmore, the largest and most picturesque of the group, is abruptly terminated on the southwestern side by a succession of magnificent cliffs, from whose summits the mighty Atlantic is seen rolling its crested waves towards the shore. These stupendous cliffs present a scene of awful solemnity. Some of them start up in a vertical line from the water's edge, to an immense height, while others exhibit a variety of fantastically shaped domes, caves and excavations of all kinds, formed by the combined action of wind and wave. The power of the ocean is here shown to advantage. Immense masses of rock have been separated from the mainland and are seen scattered on the beach, in some places, and in other parts the waves have undermined the limestone cliffs into curious domes and arches that always seem on the point of falling.

It is a scene of great interest to watch the workings of the angry elements from the brink of one of these precipices. See how majestically the huge billows roll along, gaining fresh strength as they advance, casting silvery spray in all directions, dancing with fury amidst the masses of rock which retard their progress, and at length dash with tremendous force against the cliffs which stand as bulwarks to repel the invasion of the ocean, rush headlong into the surrounding caves, and immediately a report like the discharge of distant artillery is heard echoing from cliff to cliff. Myriads of sea birds inhabit these cliffs and are continuously seen

perched on the interstices; or performing aerial evolutions in the vicinity. The birds are caught by the inhabitants for the sake of their feathers. The manner of descending to the crevices in which they have their habitations, seems to be a dangerous operation, and yet it is comparatively safe and easy to persons accustomed to it. The person about to descend fastens a rope around his waist, and is lowered over the edge of the cliff by his companions. This human rock-bird now strikes his foot against the cliff and is swung out in the atmosphere, where he hangs like the pendulum of a clock. The vibrations of the rope brings him close to the rock once more, and expose him to the danger of being dashed to pieces, but this is avoided by again striking with his pedal extremity. This swing-swung process is continued until he reaches the base of the precipice, where he appears no larger than his own head, and his movement reminds one of the Lilliputians in Gulliver's Travels.

The Glassing Rocks, situated at the eastern extremity of the island, may be classed among the great national wonders of Ireland. They consist of a series of curiously shaped rocks here and there intermingled with several fantastically formed excavations. Tourists from all parts of Ireland and a few from foreign countries have here inscribed their names.

In the vicinity of the Glassing Rocks are several openings, whose echoes when properly awakened resound from rock to rock sometimes loud and boisterous, then gradually growing fainter and fainter, until, after a pause, they suddenly die away in the distance. The "Worm Hole" is another natural curiosity, and according to a tradition of the inhabitants was formerly the habitation of some sea monster. It is in the form of a quadrangular swimming bath, cut in the solid rock, and supplied with water from the Atlantic by means of passages undermined by the action of the waves.

Close at hand is Dun Aengus, built on the edge of a precipice sixty fathoms in depth. This fort commands a splendid view of the ocean stretching out into space until it becomes lost in the horizon. A view of the supposed site of the Enchanted Isle can be obtained here.

"From the Isles of Arran and the Western continent, often appears visible that enchanted Island called O'Brazil, or in Irish, Beg-ara, or the Lesser Arran, set down in cards of navigation. Whether it be real and firm land kept

hidden by the special ordinance of God, as the terrestrial Paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds, appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgment can find out." So says O'Maherty, the author of *Ogygia*, who died in 1718. Tom Moore has immortalized it in the following:

"That Eden, where the immortal brave,
Dwell in a land serene,
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,
At sunset oft are seen."

FROUDE'S TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The following is an extract taken from an address delivered by Mr. Froude in England, and reported in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. Most remarkable is it how frequently the most bitter enemies of God's Church are compelled, as it were, to come forward and give evidence in her favor:

"Never in all history, in ancient or modern times, that the world knew of, had mankind known out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, so beautiful as the Catholic Church once was. In these, our times, well regulated selfishness was the recognized rule of action—every one was expected to look out for themselves, and to take care of his own interests. At the time he spoke of, the Church ruled the State with the authority of a conscience, and self-interest as a motive of action was only named to be abhorred. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness—these were the qualifications before which the free-born races of Europe had been contented to bow, and in no order of men were such qualities to be found as they were six hundred years ago, in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They call themselves the successors of the Apostles; they claimed in their Master's name universal spiritual authority; but they made good their pretensions by the holiness of their lives. They were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fullness of reverence kings and nobles bent before a power which was nearer to God than their own. Over prince and subject—chieftain and serf—a body of unarmed and defenceless men reigned supreme by the influence of sanctity. He did not pretend that the clergy were perfect; they were very far from being perfect at the best of times; and the European nations were never completely submissive to them; it would not have been well if they had been. The business of human creatures in this planet was not summed up in

the most excellent of priestly catechisms; the world and its concerns continued to interest men, though priests insisted on their nothingness. They could not prevent kings from quarreling with each other: they could not hinder disputed successions, and civil feuds, wars and political conspiracies; what they did was to shelter the weak from the strong. In the eyes of the clergy, the serf and his lord stood on the common level of sinful humanity. Into their ranks high birth was no passport. They were, for the most part, children of the people, and the son of the artisan and peasant rose to the mitre, and the triple crown, just as now-a-days the rail-splitter and the tailor became President of the Republic of the West. The monasteries of the Catholic Church are another vast feature of the middle ages, when they were inhabited by fraternities of men who desired to devote themselves to goodness, and who, in order to do so, took vows of poverty, that they might not be entangled with the pursuit of money, and of chastity, that they might not be distracted with the cares of a family. Their days were spent in hard bodily labor, in study or visiting the sick; at night they were on the stone floors of their chapels, holding up their withered hands to heaven, interceding for the poor souls suffering in purgatory. The system spread to the farthest limits of Christendom. The religious houses became places of refuge, where men of noble birth, kings and queens and emperors and warriors and statesmen, retired to lay down their splendid cares and end their days in peace. Those with whom the world had dealt hardly and those whom it had surfeited with its unsatisfying pleasure, those who were disappointed with earth, and those who were filled with passionate aspirations after heaven, alike found a haven, of rest in the quiet cloisters. Gradually lands came to them, and wealth, and social dignity—all gratefully extended to men who deserved well of their fellows; while no landlords were more popular than they, for the sanctity of the monks sheltered their dependents, as well as themselves."

BROWNSON ON THE IRISH RACE.

Dr. O. A. Brownson, in reviewing Father Thebaud's work on "The Irish Race in the Past and Present," says:—

"We are far from pretending that the Irish in our country are faultless; indeed they have many faults very shocking to American respectability, and to our Puritan scribes and phari-

sees; but their chief real faults are of American associations, and do not belong to the race as we find it in Ireland, or in any other country. They come from their attempt to imitate Americans, whose civilization is really antagonistic to their own, and from their natural gaiety, full flow of animal spirits, and great physical vigor, which our puritan civilization seeks to repress, and but only forces to break out in the shape of vice or crime. No people are so free from crime against person and property and from vice and immorality as the Irish in Ireland, anywhere under the British flag, except always offences of a political nature, almost the only offences one hears of in Ireland. Even here the Irish and their descendants are by all odds, and under every point of view, the purest, the best and the most trust-worthy portion of the American people. The great body of them are chaste, industrious, ardently attached to their religion, and liberal in their contributions often out of their very necessities for their support. Drunkenness, do you say? Drunkenness there certainly is among them, but less than there was, perhaps less than there is among the pharisaic yet respectable Americans. There are what are called low Irish. But the low Irish never fall as low as the lower classes of any other nation. Go where they are huddled together in wretched tenement houses, damp cellars, and unventilated garrets, in narrow alleys and blind courts, in the pestilence breeding parts of our cities. You will find there poverty and dirt enough to frighten a Yankee half to death, but you will also find there a patience and resignation, a loving trust in God, a cleanness of heart, a purity of life and conversation, that give the lie to that puritan notion, that vice or crime and poverty go together. It was there we first learned that divine lesson to respect poverty, and to honor the poor, or the meaning of our Lord when he said, "Blessed are the poor." Such heroic virtue daily and hourly practiced there I have not found elsewhere. Even the most depraved Irishman is capable of sincere penitence, of grand expiation; seldom does an Irish criminal await the last penalty of the law without opening his heart to the inflowing graces of our Lord, and consoling us with his really edifying death. It may also be added that the law, in its administration, punishes as criminals among the Irish many more innocent than guilty persons. Your greatest criminals are not Irish, but Americans, Englishmen, or Germans, though sometimes assuming Irish names.!

THE RESCUED BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE CUMMERAGHS.

There is not in all Ireland a range of mountains grander, more savage, and at the same time more abounding in the elements of the picturesque, than the Cumberaghs—that gigantic tier of summits, which, beginning in abrupt bluffs and swells beside the "lovely sweet banks of the Suir," stretch southward through the county Waterford, and slope downward to the very seaboard beside Dungarvan. The wild territory embraced in this range is an unknown land to the tourist. Yet here nature can be contemplated in all its grandeur, and the traveler who ventures to explore those wild scenes, when he returns to his comfortable hotel in one of the adjacent towns, will scarcely fail to express his satisfaction at what he has witnessed. Commencing at the romantic valley of Glenpatrick, near Clonmel, should he make a circuit round the entire range, he will meet about a dozen lakes or tarns, some of considerable extent, and each with a name suggestive of its own peculiar characteristic. Over these solitary lakes the mighty crags rise in perpendicular ridges, in many cases to the height of several hundred yards, and throw their black shadows upon the still and lifeless water beneath. Nothing can be grander than to stand upon the desert shore strewn with its naked boulders, and gaze up to the stony pinnacles overhead, where the hawk whistles shrilly as he prepares to dart upon his prey, and the grey eagle expands his strong pinions and floats majestically upward through the blue, silent, summer sky.

The wanderer who wishes to obtain a true idea of solitude has only to ascend to the highest point of one of those giant summits and look around him. There nature seems entirely dead. No sound will break upon his ears on a calm day, save the drowsy hum of the mountain bee, rising like the low tone of a fairy trumpet in the distance, and dying away again over the golden moss or purple heather, only to render the solitude more silent than before. But a calm day is of very rare occurrence in those elevated spots. When the wind is strong, wild and indefinite impressions of vastness, awe and loneliness will crowd through the tourist's brain, as he sits upon some fragment of rock looking at the black volumes of cloud flying before the gathering storm, and listening to the blast booming amid the fissured crags, and

whirling and bounding from the sharp edge of the ridge down upon the lowland moors and deserted valleys.

This region is rich in legendary lore and tradition. The enchanted prince of O'Donoghue is said to hold state beneath the blue waters of Killarney; the great earl, Garret of Desmond, abides with his spell-bound knights and barons in a cave beside the sunny waters of Lough Gur, amid the broad champaign of Limerick; and according to the same popular belief, O'Brien of the silken bridle has made his home in a vast pinnacled crag that rises like some ancient and barbaric castle at the entrance of Coum Airach, a savage, rugged, solitary and basin-shaped valley, containing three small tarns or lakes, and appearing as if it had been scooped out by the hand of some Titan of old from the breast of Moneyvolla, or the Boggy Summit, one of the most elevated mountains of the great Cumberagh range. Many a strange tale is told of this enchanted prince. The peasantry still firmly believe that on certain nights he rides down the mountains at the head of his mailed warriors, as if to make a progress through his principality; and, not content with this, many of them will tell you that they have had actual ocular demonstrations of the reality of these nocturnal pageantries.

"What's the name of that rock?" said I one day to a young peasant girl whom I met by the shore of the Glydach, a stream that has its source amid the steep Cumberagh valleys. I pointed to the huge crag at the entrance of Coum Airach.

"Sure, sir," she answered, "I thought every one knew that. That's the palace of O'Brien, the fairy prince of the Cumberaghs."

"Is he ever seen in these parts?" I asked again.

"Wisha, faith, he is, sir," she replied; "and I have good reason to know, for I seen him myself, wid all his men, last November eve!"

"That's more than I thought any one in the whole county could say. Where did you see him?"

"I'll tell you how it was, sir," she resumed. "Myself and Nancy Power, our servant girl, went down to the ford, beyant there, late that night, to bring home a can of water. I was just going to raise the can upon Nancy's head, when we both heard a sound upon the lonesome road that lades down from the mountains to the ford. It was for all the world like the tinkling of bells. You may be sure we got afeard the

minnit we heard it, and both of us ran into the grove beside the ford to see what would happen. We waited there for some time, till the tinkling and jingling became louder and louder; and at last what did we see coming down the road in the moonlight but a long string of horsemen, like an army, with the most beautiful young man in the world riding in front of them, his sword in his hand, and a mighty lot intirely of darling blue feathers waving on the steel cap he wore on his head. The horsemen that followed had also their swords drawn, and every man of them—the young gentleman and all—wore blue cloaks, on dher which, as they passed the ford, we could see their bright steel jackets glittering in the moonlight. Their bridles and trappings were all jingling and ringing wid grandeur as they came down and began to cross the stream. Nancy and I were shivering wid fear as we looked out upon them, but they spoke never a word, and they looked neither to the right nor to the left but passed on till they were all across the ford. They then wound up the bridle-path to the mountains, towards Coum Airach, and when they reached the mouth of that valley we lost sight of them altogether. I suppose they shut themselves up in the palace till next November eve!"

There are, however, stranger tales even than the above connected with O'Brien's fairy palace. Many and many a year ago, as the story-tellers have it, there lived at the foot of the Cumberagh mountains a rich farmer named Dunlevie, who had one daughter. Mary Dunlevie was a very beautiful girl—just as good as she was handsome—and as she was known to have a good fortune, her hand was sought in marriage by many of the richest young farmers in the barony. But it was hard work to please her in a husband. At last, however, a wooer came in the person of Tom Power of Glenora, who pleased both father and daughter. The match was soon made, the wedding day came on, and they were married. Tom Power was the happiest man in the county, and on the day of the "hauling home"—in other words, the day of the removal of the bride to her husband's dwelling—there never was such a "let out," as the peasantry call it, in the pleasant valley of Glenora.

Three days after the "hauling home" Mary disappeared mysteriously from her husband's house. None knew whither she had gone, or what had befallen her. Search was made throughout the whole county, and her distracted husband went even across the Suir to search

for her through the fertile plains of Tipperary, but still no trace of her could be found. At last poor Tom in his despair paid a visit to a celebrated fairy man, or herb doctor, who lived in Glenpatrick and asked him for his tidings of his missing bride.

"If you came to me before," said the fairy man, "you'd have but little trouble in finding her; but now I fear it is too late."

"Why is it too late?" asked Tom. "Just tell me where she is—you'll be paid well for it—for if I once knew, no mortal man would keep me from bringing her back!"

"Alas!" answered the spae-man, "she is at present in no mortal hands. Tom Power," he added solemnly, "your wife is at this moment in O'Brien's palace, nursing the young fairy prince that was born the other day. It is now the first of March; you'll have to wait, I fear, till May eve before you'll get a chance of bringing her back. Meantime, take this little purse. It is full of the dust of a certain kind of blossom that has great power. If you can throw that dust upon your wife's head, she will be restored to you; so you had better watch near the palace as often as you can. You may see her even before May eve if you watch well. But," added the spae-man, "it will be impossible for you to see the fairy palace without my help. When you go up to the mountains, take the path that leads by Lough Mora, and never show a faint heart at what may happen you on your way."

May eve came, and in its dim twilight Tom took the path the wise man told him of to the mountains. As he reached the shore of Lough Mora, a boundary ditch between two estates stretched before him. He climbed the fence and gave a bound to reach the green turf on the other side, but instead of reaching the ground he alighted upon the back of a huge black horse which seemed as if it had arisen from the solid earth beneath. And now, by the glaring eyes of the animal, and the thundering sound of its hoofs, Tom knew that he was on the back of the Phooka, or phantom horse of Lough Mora. Remembering the parting advice of the old spae-man, he kept up his heart, stooped forward, clutched the long flying mane of the phantom steed, and thus holding on, prepared himself for the terrible run that he knew was before him. Away darted the Phooka, now rushing quick as lightning up the hills and across the giant crags, or plunging through lake and torrent, till, after what appeared almost an age to his rider, he stopped suddenly, reared on his fore legs, and pitched poor Tom into a dark,

damp hollow, in what seemed to him the midst of a wide and unknown forest. With a loud neigh of triumph he then disappeared.

Tom sprang to his feet, shook himself, and finding himself unhurt, looked around him. Above him still towered the savage crests of the mountains, with their yawning valleys between. Up to one of these latter, which Tom recognized but too well, he saw a bright and noble road leading through the sloping forest, and down this a withered little atomy of a man with a cocked hat and a beautiful set of bagpipes under his arm, was walking at a stately and leisurely pace. Tom waited in wonder till the little man had reached where he was standing.

"A happy May eve to you, Tom Power," said the little fellow as he came, with a dignified and polite bow.

"The same to you, sir," returned Tom. "May I ask you where that road leads to?"

"Why, you onadhlawn!" answered the little atomy, much hurt, "oughtn't you know by this that it leads to the palace of O'Brien of the silken bridle? Howsomdever, come on. I'll lead the way, and the devil may care who pays the piper!"

With that he put his instrument in order and marched up the bright road, Tom following.

"What tune do you like?" asked he, suddenly turning around.

"The wind that shakes the barley," answered Tom, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Tis a lucky tune!" rejoined the atomy; and with that he struck it up with a joyousness that made Tom feel as if he could fight all the fairy princes in the world for the sake of his lost wife.

"Now," said the little piper, as he finished the tune, "I'd play you up the tidiest *moneen* you ever heard in your life, only I haven't time. Look up; there is the palace afore your eyes. One you know bid me tell you to stand in the porch and wait till the company comes out upon the lawn. You'll see your wife coming out with them. A word is as good as a sermon. You have the purse of Lusmore dust in your pocket. All I can say is, use it when you see your wife." With that he struck up "The cricket's rambles through the hob" on his instrument, and marched straight back again down the road, on which he soon disappeared.

The fairy palace was now blazing in all its splendor before Tom's astonished eyes. He ran over to the grand porch, and concealing himself behind a tall pillar, stood waiting for the revelers within to make their appearance. He

had not long to wait, for in a few moments a splendid train of lords and ladies began to make their exit from the palace, in order to have a moonlight dance upon the green lawn outside. Tom's heart bounded as he at last saw his wife with a baby prince in her arms, walking out in the midst of the procession. He had emptied the contents of the purse into his hand, and now waited cautiously till his wife came opposite to where he stood. Then, in an instant, he cast the whole handful of Lusmore dust upon her head. The moment he did so, a wild and angry yell burst through the hollow chambers of the palace, the fairy babe was snatched away, the bright throng disappeared, and Tom Power and his wife found themselves standing alone, clasped in each other's arms, at the foot of the mighty rock that guards the entrance to Conn Airach.

There was joy once more in Glenora, and it need not be said that Tom Power did not forget his promise to the successful speciman.

THE NAME OF MARY.

How venerable is the name of Mary. Truly it is an inspiration to all pious thoughts, sweet as the odors of the cedars of Lebanon, fair as the lily, lovely as the rose, meek and humble as the lowly violet, bright as the stars that encircle her brow.

All virtues, and all memories of virtues, are enshrined around it. Chastity, poverty, humility, obedience, charity, these are the bright attributes of Mary, and these the memories that encircle her name. Truly she was the sea star, the star of hope, which rose over the troubled waters of bitterness and crime, and soothed their billows to a sudden calm. All the nations of the earth were pagans, the bright days of the religion of Juda had vanished forever. The days of her patriarchs, of her prophets, of her judges, and of her kings, had passed away. The glory was about to depart from Jerusalem, the sceptre of her power had already been wrested from the princes of her people. The Roman cohorts were in her streets, the Roman Eagles flew over her towers, a Roman delegate was on her throne, and Roman power controlled her councils. The forms of religion were still preserved, but the spirit was no longer there. The priest still lay prostrate before the Holy of Holies, the temple still echoed to Jehova's name; but the heart slept on in cold indifference; the body was bent in prayer but the spirit was bowed yet lower—it groveled in

the very dust of the sordid interest of human nature, debased and fallen.

Such was the world when Mary came—the morning star which was to usher in the True Sun of the spiritual world. As the storm-beaten mariners of ancient days hailed, with shouts of delight, the rising of the star which was to be their only guide over the waste of waters, so we may hail the name of Mary, as the only beacon to our true haven of safety, at the foot of the Cross. Oh! let it sink deeply into our souls; let it linger in our hearts, and about our lips. Let us call on it when we rejoice, as when we mourn; in the sunshine of security, as in the gloom of distress and danger. It will be to us as a most sweet refreshment in the hour of need, as a light in the darkness of this world, as a certain assurance of safety and rest, a shield around our hearts, and an armor of proof against the attacks of our foe.

We will think of Mary, and the virtues, amid which that name is enshrined, will crowd to our memories, and perhaps bloom in our hearts. We will speak of Mary, and the devil shall fly from before our footsteps. We will pray to Mary, who on earth denied Him nothing,—will He, in Heaven, deny her aught? On earth He called her "Mother,"—his head was pillowed on that sinless bosom. Will He deny the wish, the sighs of that heart? Her tears often fell on His infant brow, her lips were often pressed upon His infant cheek. Will He refuse the prayer of those lips?—those lips which belonged to her who shared in all His thoughts, and wept with more than a mother's love, o'er all His woes. Where is the child who could refuse aught to its parent? Where the son who could deny aught to his mother? And "Father of Heaven," that Mother, Mary; that Son, the "Saviour of the World."

Do what you can to relieve, be liberal and beneficent; still, the riches in the universe do not equal the value of these two virtues, nor the reward which they will receive.

RECEIVE a poor man at your table, and you will receive Jesus Christ himself.

CHARITY is a new species of commerce in which one enriches one's self by giving.

GIVE alms, that God may be your debtor rather than your judge. God pays back publicly that which is lent to him in secret.

ONE does good to one's self when one does it to others.

THE SHAMROCK.

AIR—ALLEY BROKER.

In Moderate Time.

1. Thro' E-rlin's Isle, To sport awhile, As Love and Valor wan-der'd, With wit, the sprite, whose quiver bright A
 2. Says Valor, "See! They spring for me, Those leaty gems of morning!" Says Love, "No, no, For Ma: they grow, My

thousand arrows squan-der'd, Where'er they pass A triple grass* Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-ling, As
 fragrant path a - dorn - ing!" But Wit perceives The triple leaves, And cries, "Oh! do not sev - er A

soft - ly green As emeralds, seen Thro' purest chrystal gleam - ling. Oh, the Sham - rock! The
 type that blends Three godlike friends, Love, Valor, Wit, for - ev - er!" Oh, the Sham - rock! The

green In-mor-tal Shamrock! Cho - sen leaf of Bard and Chief, Old E - rin's na-tive Sham - rock!
 green In-mor-tal Shamrock! Cho - sen leaf of Bard and Chief, Old E - rin's na-tive Sham - rock!

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child "standing upon tip-toes," and a trefoil or three-colored grass in her hand."