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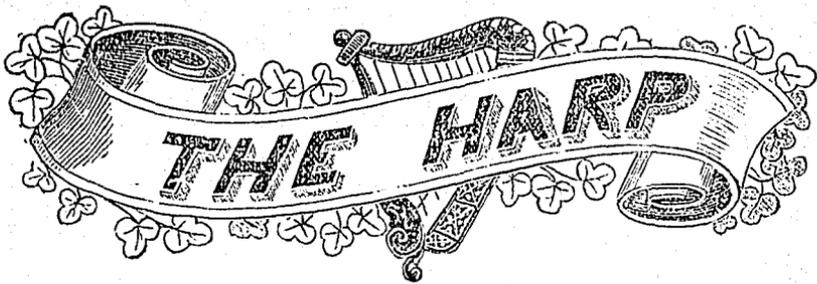
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*A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.*

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

No. 5.

**WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN.**

From dear old Ireland far away  
I've lived for weary years,  
But many a time, by night and day,  
I see it through my tears  
In dreams I often tread again  
Each well-remembered scene,  
Where the mountain streams run brightly  
And the grass grows green.  
Full many an hour of pure delight  
In that dear land I spent;  
Yet, let the time be dark or bright,  
I could not fool content—  
For well I knew a hateful crew  
Of tyrants, false and mean,  
Were lords of dear old Ireland,  
Where the grass grows green.  
So, early to my country's cause  
I gave both hand and heart;  
Whatever the game for freedom was,  
I took a true man's part;  
With voice and vote, and then at last  
With weapons far more keen,  
I strove for dear old Ireland,  
Where the grass grows green.  
I've all my cards and medals still—  
They look as good as new;  
The other things I've kept as well—  
They're bright and perfect, too.  
For something whispers in my ear,  
Though exiled long I've been,  
That I'll die in holy Ireland,  
Where the grass grows green.

**"KILSHEELAN"**

OR,

**THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.**

**A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.**

"The gilded halo hovering round decay,"  
—*JIVROX.—The Gaiour.*

**CHAPTER VIII.**

Not a syllable of the Union! A low murmur of astonishment creeps around. Can the Government have abandoned the battle with victory in their grasp? The ministerialists stare puzzlingly; whispers of consultation pass along the Opposition benches; the innocents of the galleries are struck with blank bewilderment. What can it mean?

An address in reply, full as commonplace as the speech itself, is moved and seconded. Not a syllable of the Union! Is the crisis, then, over?

Every heart beats wildly, as Sir Lawrence Parsons rises calmly from his seat. The stratagem of the Ministers is idle: now or never won.

He moves an amendment which declares anew the shibboleth of the volunteers: that the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland alone are competent to make laws to bind her people."

The battle is now joined fairly: it ranges along the whole border-land of reasons: its thunders affright the calm of deliberation: it is a war of stubborn necessity on the one hand, of passion and despair on the other,

The hours go panting by. War on corruption and centralization! War with all the angels of purity, with all the glories of antiquity, to lead it on! Firey, chivalrous war, that scatters, the craven battalions like chaff, and shakes the strongest towers of corruption. Forward, the old flag flies, ever forward! Panic broods over the unholy host. Victory!—nearly victory!

Back surges the tide. Fortune lies once more with the big battalions. Down in the dust the flag is trampled—it is the ensign of disloyalty! The necessity of Empire rolls back the shattered columns of sentiment: thinner and thinner under the fierce fire of ridicule and slander. The wavering harpies of corruption return; cowards pour in upon the broken ranks. They succumb?

Never! The forlorn hope is out again in the hell fire; fighting to the death!

The shades of evening deepen. The battle is raging still. Night—solemn midnight! And still! the hours are seconds in a nation's death-throes.

Grey morning crawls in and lays her pallid light on pallid cheeks. Still!

A message reaches the Opposition, stirs a new life, one more impulse of victory in their fading hopes.

"Parsons, what's the news?" O'Dwyer Garry asks eagerly.

"Grattan returned for Wicklow last night!"

"But can he be here?"

"He is here!"

And in that sepulchral light, there arises, as if by magic, wasted and spectre-like as the hour, he who 'watched by the cradle of Irish Independence and now comes to follow it to its grave!' Henry Grattan is once more in the House his genius first illustrated! The Genius of the Place comes to wake its last glory,

Victory shines again on the falling cause. The battle flows back: enthusiasm from a flicker bursts into a blaze; lightens along the hostile line; dazzles and consumes!

Ten hours, and the issue still in the scales! Ministers fear to face the simple issue: their dressful minions dread the ordeal of fire. They will vote for an adjournment who hesitate to vote for a Union.

The adjournment is moved, and opposed. The issue comes at last!

To one lobby Gold and Interest beckon; to the other, only faded Principle, melancholy consistency, staring Ruin.

"I am glad to see you here, sir," said Mr Albin Artslade, as in the Ministerial lobby he encountered the honourable member for Tipperary, who had by this time arrayed himself in new hat, smiles, and coat-tails. "I am proud to see you here."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Sackwell, with a pious wink, "I hope I shall always be found at the right side."

In broad day light they pour out again into the Commons' chamber. Squire Bingham is the first to seize O'Dwyer Garv as he re-enters the House, looking calm and proud as ever.

"Beaten!" He starts back from the deep sorrow in those clear eyes, in which a tear stands like a jewel.

"Beaten!" The eloquent silence thrills through every bosom, floats out like a low dirge, and moans through the anxious thousands like a distant ocean.

"Beaten!" That day the Parliament of Ireland was doomed to death; O'Dwyer Garv was doomed to ruin; Sir Albin Artslade was a Pariah no more!

#### CHAPTER IX.

MR. ARTSLADE'S TRIUMPH.

"Gerald, I am sick," said O'Dwyer Garv.

Father and son sat gloomily together in Gerald's modest Chambers in the College, after escaping from the scene of the Parliament's dying throes.

"I feel very sick."

His face was white as death. A film overspread his eyes, and his head sank wearily back on the cushions.

Gerald thought he was dying, so woful a change had come over the strong, proud man. In alarm, he hastened to pour brandy down his throat.

"Father speak to me!" he cried earnestly, clasping a cold clammy hand, "O Heaven! he is dying!"

He was rushing from the room to seek medical aid, when he noticed a slight tremor run through his father's frame. Another draught of brandy forced the slow life again into its channels.

"Eh, Gerald, how is this?" he asked confusedly, as he opened his eyes and stared around. "Why, I have been sick!"

"Only a short attack, father—thank God!"

"Oh! this is unworthy of me!" he exclaimed, springing resolutely to his feet. But the weakness had not left him yet, and he almost fell back into the chair.

"Taste this brandy again, father, and do keep quiet while I run for a doctor"

"Nonsense, boy, there is no need," said the old man, resuming his old calm manner. "It is only the reaction after this excitement: it will be nothing. Last night's scenes were a little too much for me; but I'll practise resignation better in future."

He smiled sadly as he spoke. An image of the lost cause—proud in the midst of ruins!

Nevertheless, Gerald saw in his father's face a conflict between mind and body that frightened him. He insisted on having a doctor's opinion, and a doctor he brought, who, after due inquiry and mystery, could find nothing the matter with O'Dwyer Garv.

Nothing! the oak torn from its roots in the mountain—nothing! though the glory of foliage is fading, and the life withering away in its pores. The crumbling of ruins—nothing! for nobody sees, where Deeny sets his viewless machinery. Nothing, till the world can recall them no more.

He recommended quiet and rest, however.

"Quiet and rest! Yes, I'll have plenty of both at Kilsheelan now," said O'Dwyer Garv.

The tone and look of the speaker made Gerald think of the old churchyard of Killeary and shudder.

"Father," he asked anxiously, "would you wish me to go home with you?"

"I couldn't hear of it, Gerald," was the reply, cheerfully spoken. "Your tutor tells me you're doing wonders, and wonders we'll want, you know, one of these days, if Kilsheelan is to remain in the family."

"It will, father: I know it will."

"I hope so, my boy, I hope so. Even if it does not we shall know how to bear it."

How did he bear it? For when he returned to Kilsheelan, he knew he was virtually its master no longer. The mortgage debts were just falling due, and there was no prospect of meeting them. Mr. Artslade's triumph was assured.

The bright Spring covered the valley with flowers, and the woods with green youth, and painted the hoary Galtees in royal purple. Its life and joy ran to a travesty of the death and bright hovering in the air.

In the Village Parliament it began to be whispered, then talked of, then sighed over in grief's own language, that something was wrong at the Castle. The old huntsman declared with tears in his eyes that the hounds would go out no more. The grooms said the horses were dying in the stables. Never a rifle shot startled the deer. Not a carriage-wheel pressed the grass-grown avenue. At first, some of the old gentry would call at the Castle, and, seeing nobody, would call no more. The place was deserted save by the rooks that crooned in the ivy, and the owls that made dismal concert in the night.

"The Lord betune us an' all harm; the Masther must be sick."

Sick! He did not complain. He had no doctor to attend him. To the servants he was still the same kindly gentle master.

Yet there was that about him that made the tears come to the servants' eyes when they looked at him, and made them walk noiselessly and speak in whispers when he was near.

O'Dwyer Garv was "not the same man" as he used to be; he was only the proud, calm shell of his old self. His days were spent in the great dining-hall of the Castle. It had a singular fascination for him. At first he would pace its great length over and over again, stopping betimes to look out over the valley which lay like a picture beneath the wide bay-windows. One morning he thought he would not walk any more, and had his own arm-chair drawn to the bay-window. There he would sit the live-long day without a murmur. Sometimes he would watch the deer gambolling in the Park, or the children at play in the village; sometimes he would question the old butler as to each particular villager—how much wheat one tenant was putting in—whether another had sold his little cow—how the youngsters of a third were getting over the measles.

"Poor people!" he would say, with a sigh, "I hope they'll be as happy when I'm gone."

Then, as night fell, he would have his chair wheeled over to the great fireplace, and there he would sit musing in the gloomy firelight, watching the shadows, now as they glanced along the ancient fret-work of the roof, now as they played among the empty chairs round the great table like ghosts of the revellers that revelled there no more. Doubtless he peopled the vacancy himself with many an antique phantom. And so the hours travelled till the great hall-clock ushered midnight through the silent house.

One day came in the mail-bag a formal notice from "Mr. Jordan's, London office," reminding O'Dwyer Garv that the period of repayment of the mortgage-debts would expire within fourteen days, and that, if they were not at that date discharged, immediate possession of the Castle and estate would be required.

"So it has come to at last," said the old man, without a quiver in his voice.

At the same time, glancing over his newspaper, his eye fell on the following paragraph under the head of "Fashionable Intelligence":

"His majesty has been graciously pleased to confer the high honour of baronetcy on Mr. Albin Artslade of Ashenfield House, County Tipperary."

"My world is changing sadly," was his only exclamation. "T'won't be so hard after all to leave Kilsheelan—the sooner the better, I'll go to Dublin on Saturday and then—"

He paused, and rested his head wearily on his hand. Then! Out into a world where all he knew were bowed and broken—all he loved, gone? Beggar, who had been prince! Stranger among strangers! To weep at the grave of dead ideas, and shrink from the triumphant path of Novelty, like some unburied ancient!

The Angel of Mercy forbade it. He never left Kilsheelan!

Saturday saw him consigned to bed in utter prostration, and then at last he told them send for Gerald, for he saw a dim country on the horizon, and he knew he was going home. And a cold weight lay on every heart in the valley: its sun was going to rest.

Gerald O'Dwyer was deep in his laborious studies in his College chambers when a noisy altercation on the staircase arrested his attention.

Presently his door was burst open, and, after a final protest from the College servant, a man covered with mud and perspiration rushed into

the room, tottered as if in a last effort, and fell exhausted on the floor.

Gerald needed not his gasping "Masther Gerald," to recognise Tade Ryan!

"Tade, Tade, for God's sake, what's the matter?" cried the young man as he ran to lift him and restore him.

Between fatigue, and breathlessness, and choking grief, the poor fellow could barely articulate:

"The masther!"

"Good Heaven! is he dead?" cried Gerald, pale as death.

"Not dead, sir— not dead—but—"

"Oh! enough, Tade, enough. He has sent for me?"

"He's longin' to get a sighth o' you. 'I'm ridin' since twelve o'clock last night to have you in time. The poor masther!' and the big tears trembled in his eyes.

"God grant I may not be too late!" cried the young man, rushing madly from the room.

He was not too late. But those few months had wrought appalling changes in O'Dwyer Garv. The fire of his eyes was nearly extinguished; his brow and cheeks were seamed deep with wrinkles; and his features shrunken to emaciation. Serene dignity was all that remained of his proud bearing; but that shed a noble lustre around the ruin.

"Gerald," said the old man, "I am glad you have come so soon. I have something to say to you, and I have not long to stay here."

Gerald listened in speechless grief.

"My boy, you will have to leave Kilsheelan—to give up all the old place. I have nothing to leave you but my blessing—"

"Father do not trouble yourself about this," said Gerald. "I can carve my own way in life."

"Still, my boy, you will not be altogether unprovided for. Your mother settled on you the little poptery at Farran. Thank God! I have left *that* unremembered. It will, at any rate keep you above want. But, Gerald, if ever you are able,—if fortune ever should favour you—you will think of my last wish—recover Kilsheelan!"

"Father, it will be the first object of my life," cried Gerald, earnestly.

"And if it should come back to the old race," said the old man, his face lighting up at the thought. "If you should be master here again, Gerald, be wiser than I was, boy—be wiser than I was! Do not love wealth, but do not abuse it."

Choking with tears, the young man could only press the wasted hand that lay in his.

"God bless you, my boy! I know you will be an honor to us yet."

His eyes closed and his features relaxed into a calm repose. Gerald thought he was dying; but he was only in a peaceful slumber.

In the evening he felt so much better that he would insist on being carried to his favourite bay-window—to see how the valley looked. No remonstrance could dissuade him. He was with difficulty transferred to a portable couch, and gently borne to the window.

An expiring sunset poured its light over all the valley, making a mellow, golden haze, high up into which curled the blue smoke from the farmsteads. The grassy uplands, the river, the groves and hills seemed to slumber in the balmy light. There was no stir, no jarring sound; all was peace.

The dying man surveyed every feature of the scene with melancholy satisfaction; then he looked towards the eastern wing where he knew horse and hounds were pining for the old time sport; then a glance round the oaken dining-hall, at its ancient trappings and at its empty chairs. Then again towards the expiring sun.

"Poor Kilsheelan!" he said faintly, yet not painfully. "Gerald—Gerald, you 'll remember?"

He saw the valley no more. His eyes closed softly and opened in another country.

## CHAPTER X.

### GERALD'S LITTLE ENEMY.

Gerald O'Dwyer sat in the shadow of death—that awful presence in which the Future half reveals itself, and the Past shrinks into a mite of nothingness. The pride of Kilsheelan lay shrouded with the dead man, dead as he. Yet Gerald O'Dwyer shed no tears for the pride that was passed away; he wept for the man, not the Lord—for the kind heart that was broken, not the proud spirit that was humbled.

He was almost a mystic in elevated, immaterial thought, and he found no difficulty in mounting to the refined upper atmosphere of sorrow, high above thought of the ruined fortune and sordid troubles he had to face. So infinitely mean a thing is pride at the gateway of eternity! So little does it concern those few happy souls who can look beyond!

The night closed, and Kilsheelan Castle became a fit abode of death. Darkness and Death occupied all the vacant chambers, all the silent corridors, all the gasping staircases,

making the gloom more gloomy and the silence darkly eloquent. Footfalls echoed and echoed till they seemed to die in the mortal atmosphere. The gaunt furniture shaped itself into bony gnomes, that stared at each other and nodded like solemn councillors. The very air seemed to be stagnant in superstitious awe.

By and by, the rain came down in torrents, and a strong wind from the north-east swept the mountain side, making the woods shriek in agony, and chasing the dense rain in broken columns all over the valley. The trees in the Park moaned and quivered; the great mountain behind rumbled; the castle walls seemed to totter like an aged man: the windows rattled, and through every ancient chamber the wind went singing its dirge.

The frightened servants huddled around the turf fire in the kitchen, heard through the raging storm, the low, thrilling wail of the *Banshee*; and as he sat by his father's death-bed, Gerald O'Dwyer could almost credit the superstition, so wild and plaintive a song sang the wind round Kilsheelan.

It was at such a time that a servant came on tiptoe into the room, and whispered in Gerald's ear that there was a woman below who asked to speak to him for a moment.

"A woman! And at such an hour! Who is she? What can she want?"

"I dunno that, sir. She wouldn't take her cloak off for the world, an' her voice isn't a bit like an ould 'oman's. She's very strange intirely, sir," said the servant, with a perceptible shudder.

Perplexed by the extraordinary nature of the visit, Gerald descended to the entrance hall, shrinking in a dark corner of which he found his mysterious visitor.

He was about to speak when the woman caught him gently by the arm, at the same time drawing aside the heavy hood which concealed her face.

"Cressy!" "Gerald!" passed from one to the other in low, startled tones.

In utter bewilderment, Gerald drew the frightened girl into an adjoining room, where she almost fainted away in his arms.

Tenderly he bathed the pale, frightened little face, and pressed the rain out of the bright golden tresses. He had not seen her for above a year, and he found her wonderfully changed from his little playmate—so changed that, but for his amazement at seeing her, he might have felt how deep into his soul were the wakening glances of her pretty blue eyes.

"Cressy, in God's name, what has brought you here at such an hour, and in such a storm?"

"Oh! Gerald, will you forgive me? It was very wrong of me, but indeed I could not help it," and the white face flushed crimson with confusion. "I could not bear to think you were in trouble and alone without coming to tell you how I pity you."

So earnest and artless was her tone, Gerald could not forbear kissing the lips raised trustfully to his, as he used to do in the olden time.

"Dear Cress! But what could have tempted you to choose such an hour?"

She hung her head confusedly.

"I knew papa would not let me go during the day, so I had only to borrow this old cloak from nurse, and when I went to my room for the night, I let myself down into the garden and slipped away down the road."

"But such a frightful night. Were you not afraid?"

"I was afraid—very, very much," said she shuddering. "I thought I would die of fright; but the thought of you dear Gerald, made me brave again. I hope you arn't angry with me, Gerald, are you?"

Angry with her! The words brought him back to instant recollection of his dead father, and of him whose persecution broke his heart. And this was his enemy's daughter! Gerald O'Dwyer had no personal resentment against Mr. Artslade; but he felt there was an impassable barrier between them. On Cressy's own account, he saw how necessary it was to end their intimacy.

It was not without a pang he tore his fond little comforter from his side; but he knew it was his duty.

"Why should I be angry with you, Cressy?" he said gently. "I am always happy when you are with me, and I wish dearly we could still be to one another what we used to be. But you must have heard that in a few days your father will be the owner of Kilsheelan, and I a homeless outcast—"

"Oh, I have heard it all!" she said, crying bitterly. "I know you ought to hate us very much—'twas so cruel—"

"Do not speak that way, dear child," said Gerald gravely. "I am not a bit angry with your father, and least of all with you, Cressy—"

"I know it!" she cried, her light spirit instantly recovering its buoyancy. "I knew you would not blame me, Gerald; but I was so

anxious to hear it from your own lips, and to tell you a great secret!"

"A secret, Cressy!"

"We never will come to live in the Castle," said Cressy, with an almost comical air of mystery about her pretty face.

"How is that, Cressy! It will be your own."

"No: we'll never enter it. I have it planned with nurse; but don't breathe a word of it, for fear he would hear it. She and I are to see ghosts there, and I'll tell papa I would die of fright if I ever entered it. Isn't it grand?" and she clapped her hands with childish glee.

"I'm afraid your papa won't think so," said Gerald with a smile. "But he would be fearfully angry if he knew of this visit of yours. Cressy, it is hard for me to say it to you, but it would be wicked of me if I did not say it—we must not meet any more."

"Oh! Gerald!" and the giddy child, plunged anew in grief, raised her tearful face half appealingly.

Gerald saw how deeply she was affected, and determined all the more that his duty lay in saving her from the consequences of her innocent affection.

"Do not grieve about it, Cressy," he continued, gently but firmly. "In any case I would be leaving this place in a few days—perhaps for ever. You may be a little lonely at first; but you will be rich, and beautiful, and good, and you will have crowds coming to play with you and love you. Believe me, Cressy you will not be long forgetting me."

"Oh! Gerald, I will never, never forget you!" cried the sobbing girl.

Never! Did woman ever estimate the meaning of that word?

It was with difficulty Gerald persuaded her against returning home by herself. To the blank amazement of the servants, he had a horse put to a light carriage, and jumped in himself after the cloaked and muffled stranger.

"The Lord be praised! 'tis a queer night altogether," remarked the shuddering groom, as he rejoined the frightened circle round the fire.

In their drive through the blinding storm Gerald O'Dwyer had time to appreciate the perils which the timid creature at his side overcame in order to see him. He wondered now when every roar of the tempest made her cling to his side, how she had ever dared its worst fury by herself. And the wonder strengthened his satisfaction in thinking he was not too late to check an affection that might

bring a multitude of miseries, if suffered to even deepen a little longer.

Leaving the carriage on the road, Gerald and Cressy stole noiselessly through a copse that led up to Ashenfield garden-gate. Cressy had provided herself with a key, with which she unlocked this, and then the pair traversed the garden cautiously to its furthest end, on which Cressy's bedroom opened.

Just as they reached it, the barking of a large mastiff in the yard filled them both with consternation.

"Go, dear Gerald, go; quick," she whispered in a terrified tone.

"Good-bye, dear Cressy: good-bye," and their lips met passionately in a parting embrace.

Ashenfield House was built in the style of French villas, only one story high. So that Cressy had little trouble in clambering up to her own window, which was but a few feet from the ground, and which she had, of course, left open.

Once safe within, and all the sustaining excitement over, the poor little lover threw herself on her pretty white bed, and cried till she could cry no longer, and, when that period came, did what little lovers sometimes will do—fell sound asleep until morning.

## CHAPTER XI.

### FATHER JOHN.

O'Dwyer Gary was buried as for many generations had been buried his smouldering predecessors in the old vault at Kileary—ushered into their awful company with a last flourish of earthly grandeur's trumpet. His funeral was the funeral of more than his poor clay. It was as if all the historic glory of his house—all the heritage of centuries—were dead with him, and the mourners came to see the last of its vanishing lustre.

Gerald O'Dwyer never before recognized so acutely the charm which primitive generosity had for his father—the fascination which led him gaily to his ruin—as when his eye traversed the huge retinue who carried their allegiance to him to the grave. He could fancy he noted in every stricken face, in the silence even as in the murmurs of men and the wails of women, the hieroglyphs of one sacred tongue which they all spoke—which issuing from pure heart-regions where no sound of a selfish world's war is heard, discoursed of sympathy and chivalry that might be bliss in heaven. There was that proud elevation of heart over brain—of impulse above calculation—which has been a re-

proach to the Celtic race, and justly a reproach—in this world. It was the first time Gerald had observed this character in the patriarchal family of his father's dreams, and, seeing it now in Death's triste colouring, he was Celt enough to share in it intensely—even to dream doubtfully of a happier family in the future.

There they were, however—"the old people," whom O'Dwyer loved—and who, looking into his grave, saw the grave of many a hope and affection to their own. There was the remnant of the old aristocracy, who, in his ruin, read a presage of their coming fate: there were the tenantry from every homestead in the valley lowed and stricken at the news of the fall of Kilsheelan, not so much apprehensive for themselves, as sorrowful that the long reign of peace and happiness should be over; there were the villagers stunned with grief; the shuddering poor for many a mile around, shuddering hopelessly now; the women wailing in their heart-rending tone of despair which the language of their country alone can give words to. And the stately march of the hearse with its proud plumes, under the proud oaks, amid the proud expanse of park consorted so well with the serene dignity of him who would even go to the grave like an O'Dwyer, one could almost fancy his calm face rising up from the coffin victorious over decay to take a last farewell of Kilsheelan.

"Curse it!" muttered Sir Albin Artslade, Baronet, as from his study-window, he watched the solemn cortege darkening the road for miles. "Curse it! He baulks me even in death. Why do I tear my nails over this trumpery show of greatness? I'm baronet, and I'll make the proudest of them flick the dust. And still—Bah! I'd exchange places with the man in that coffin if nobody could hiss 'upstart' in my ears!"

The funeral was over. Gerald O'Dwyer knelt at his father's grave till his only companions in the grave-yard were a few people praying here and there by the graves of their own friends. He shunned sympathy that, in his case, could only be pity, and the mourners, no doubt, appreciating his feeling, dropped off one by one, till he was left alone with his grief.

Yet not alone, for as he turned, heart-sick from the spot, he found his hand grasped in Father O'Meara's kindly embrace.

There are men who will groan, and mumble, and plaster wordy compassion inches thick upon a soul-wound, hand on heart and kerchief at eye, yet whose sympathy pierces not skin-deep. There are others who will say nothing but seize one with the clutch of a savage: yet the contact

thrills every vein and makes the heart jump in an ecstasy.

Father John was one of those last. In his hug, Gerald O'Dwyer conceived a sympathy that soothed him, and a strong heartfulness which expelled misery. He felt he was with a father and a friend.

The O'Dwyer's were Protestants in religion, but of so liberal a cast that their society bloomed oasis-like in the desert of time's intolerance. If Father O'Meara was not a constant and favoured guest at the Castle, it was because he had no relish for its turbulent company: not for lack of invitation.

"My dear boy," cried the priest drawing the young man's arm within his own, "you are not going back to that lonely old Castle. It would be only making bad worse."

Gerald groaned inwardly as he thought where else in this wide world he had to go? But the priest had settled that.

"You are going to stay with me for the present, at any rate," said he.

"Oh! sir, many, many thanks: but—"

"Nonsense, boy, I'll give no excuses," cried Father John cheerily. "I'm old enough to be your grandfather and I insist upon your being dutiful. My little cabin isn't quite a palace, you know, but—"

"Sir, your kindness distresses me."

"But I was just going to say, you aren't an O'Dwyer if you can't take pot luck and be thankful. You'll have the Bishop's own bedroom, and a *cued mille failthe* from my heart, my boy."

Father O'Meara's little thatched cottage lay a short distance from the village, on the verge of the wood; and, though humble enough, was as cozy a spot as ever Irish Amaryllis and Tityrus sighed for. Rose trees and honeysuckle were trained up to the thatch, peeping daintily in at the neatly-curtained windows, and shading the little rustic portico. The strip of garden in front was laid out in substantial beds of potatoes and cabbages, bordered with gooseberry and currant bushes, with an edging of strawberries, and here and there a little cluster of bachelor's buttons and fragrant "gillie-flowers." In the yard there were various eloquent tokens of a generous parishionary: a cheerful chorus of ducks and turkeys and other such gentry; a store of hay that kept the pony in a frame of Christian charity; and a rick of turf that made "Winter" a pleasant word.

Equally snug was the interior. The kitchen

was a marvel of brightness: somehow the candlesticks on the "clevvy" and the big fire in the grate did not look brighter than the hams and fitches and gammons that depended from the rafters; not a bit brighter than the prim old lady who said the rosary, talked gossip, and did the house-keeping for his reverence. Parlour, dining room, and drawing room were rolled into one—a papered and carpeted little snuggerly with a bright fire on the hearth, a fresh nosegay of spring flowers on the table; and in the corner a glass-case of books with a chiffonier that suggested comfortable thoughts of what was inside. As for "the Bishop's room," His Lordship must have some temptation to worldliness every time he reposed there, for the feather-bed was the coziest, the curtains the whitest, and the look-out the most charming the world could make them.

It only wanted a genial host and a sincere welcome to finish the charm of the place; and these fronted Gerald O'Dwyer, plain as sunlight, when after inspecting all those cheerful arrangements, he sat *te-a-tee* with Father John in the parlour.

"Well, Gerald, I hope you won't die of the dumps here?" said the priest, laughingly.

"It's a perfect little paradise, sir," said Gerald, with sincere enthusiasm.

"Not a very hard Purgatory at any rate, thanks to your poor father and the parishioners."

"My father!"

"What! don't you know I never paid him a farthing for this place?"

"I didn't even know it was his."

"Know it now then: he swore he'd never look at me again if I didn't accept a grant of the place *in secula seculorum*."

"Upon my word then, Father John, 'tis well for you I won't be your landlord. I've taken such a fancy to the place, I'd be a perfect tyrant and refuse all terms but immediate possession."

"Ha ha! You are thinking 'tis a fine thing to be a parish priest?"

"I am certainly envying you, sir."

"Then don't, boy," said the priest, walking to the window. "See! perhaps this will cure you. Well, Andy," he cried, addressing an old man who tottered up the garden walk, "the old woman isn't better to-day?"

"*Mo gra gal*, yer reverence, the breath is nearly out of her," said Andy, with tears in his eyes.

"The fayver cum on dhreadful bad afther you left her, an' she's dyin'" for the sighth o'you, the poor sowl, afore she goes."

"Never say die, Andy: she's better than ten

dead yet," said Father John, as he admitted the old man.

"You didn't walk in all the way?"

"Every step of it, yer reverence. I can hardly drag my old legs afther me, I'm so bate out."

"Never mind, Andy: Biddy will get you a fine hot tumbler of punch to put the life in you, and you can ride home on the pony. I'll walk over, myself, in no time."

"Wishu *mo graha shtig*, 'tis I wouldn't doubt yer reverence for the big heart. May all the saints in heaven—"

"Shame, Andy, don't let me hear you cursing," said the priest cheerily. "Go in, and pitch into the punch, 'twill do you more good."

Having resigned the old fellow to Biddy's charge in the kitchen (where that pious female predicted the inevitable beggary of his reverence, if he didn't mend his ways in the punch and pony line,) Father John returned to the parlour to inform Gerald that he had to trudge eight or ten miles across the country to an urgent sick call.

"I'll have the pony coming back," he added, "so I'll be back to dinner at five. Meanwhile, my dear boy, pull down the horse or do something wicked to keep up your spirits; do anything at all but think. Stay, you're in the student line—I have a few old books here that may amuse you,"—and he repaired to the little glass-case to advertise its contents—"Here's 'Semlerus on Tertullian'—of course you don't care for *that*. Here you have 'Morality of St. Augustine,' a Greek Lexicon, 'The tale of u Tub,' 'The Lives of the Saints,' 'Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman,' 'The Psalter of Tara,' 'The—'

"Oh! Sir, quite an embarrassing lot of attractions," said Gerald, with a smile.

"Very well, my boy, choose for yourself—only don't get into polemics and turn Catholic: if you did, we never would hear the end of Jesuitical intrigues. So be a good Protestant and let me see the end of this bottle of Madeira when I come back: I'll warrant it's genuine. And now for the Purgatorial side of my 'little paradise.' Good-bye!"

Gerald O'Dwyer was not sorry to have a few hours in which to arrange his plans at leisure. He had the scheme of a life to project, and his thoughts were still a chaos of grief and uncertainty.

We have said that the priest's cottage lay on the margin of the Wood, which stretched far up the mountain behind it. This was one of Gerald's favourite resorts; and thither the blithe

spring weather now invited him. There was invigoration in the mountain air—in the toil of the ascent, the clambering over rocks and the jumping through the underwood—in the robust youth of the leaves and mosses—and in the sound of the streamlets trickling down to the valley. He felt the inspiration: it changed the fever of his thoughts to vigour.

At a considerable depth in the wood there was a large, circular *curran* or mound with spreading beeches planted in a ring on the top, and a clearing for some distance around, which left the whole valley visible from its summit. Here, on the mossy side of the mound, Gerald found repose. Under its shade of leaves and briars he half forgot the present in thinking of the past, when Cressy Artslade was his companion in this same retreat, and when the flowers, and the play, and two sweet cherry lips filled his cup of pleasures.

Did he miss his little companion? Assuredly: she connected him with times of innocence, which the world had hurried him far away from, yet to which his inmost wishes looked regretfully back. Did he love her? Perhaps he did: perhaps he knew only the calm love of a brother and a playmate, for in his heart there was still an Arcadia. It was a joy to love some one—some one so bright and pure and true—and to be loved in return, just as it was a joy to hear the wood-birds chirping their consolations in his ear, and to see the wide valley lying as sunny before him as when he was a child: why shut out this ray of sunshine with analytical bolts and bars? Why, when Cressy Artslade like his father, and like the Castle, and like the birds, and like the valley, would soon be lost to him forever?

For in one determination he was fixed: to leave, and that at once, the scene of his family's ruin and to shape his life in other moulds than those of bad tradition. Nor did he care to return among his College companions in the character of a reduced gentleman to be slighted in his poverty, or, worse, pitied. With the Union had perished the last virtue of Irish society, that air of venerable unselfishness and chivalry which ennobled even its vices. Nothing remained but on the one side an army of corrupt official despots and upstarts: on the other the low murmuring helpless millions with whom alone he could sympathize: but only sympathize, for were they not wholly lost?

He looked beyond his own unhappy land, and saw the young Republic of France, fresh from its bloody baptism, astonishing Europe with its

proress: through all the revolting horrors of its infancy, there shone a splendid scheme of Manhood, which, changing its first dress of Liberty, robed itself in Glory, and drew to its worship the young enthusiasm of the world. Gerald O'Dwyer was not placed by age or disposition beyond the range of this phrenzy. Though his reason showed him many a patch and many a tinsel fraud in the finery of the Revolution, it was change, adventure, power; and he thirsted for all three. They were the elements of success in his mission: fate might combine them into a force to reverse the present and restore the past. And France began to be the back ground of his plans.

Much more did his thoughts busy themselves in this direction till they slid into dreams, and he was only roused from a deep sleep a few hours after by the sound of voices at the other side of the mound.

He listened and found they were familiar to him: they were the voices of Cressy Artslade, and her sober-souled squire, Charlie Sackwell.

Gerald was quite screened from their view, and after what had past the previous evening between them, he wished above all things to avoid another meeting with Cressy. But it would be hard for him to attempt an escape without attracting their notice. So he waited in silence, perhaps with some vague curiosity to see how far Cressy had forgotten her resolution of eternal fidelity.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ACROSS THE TUMBLERS.

Poor little Cressy! She was sitting utterly disconsolate, though the birds twittered gaily around her and the bees hummed their tunes among the blue-bells and fox glove. There was a great void in her heart which dulled her senses to all the old joys, or tuned them into sad reminders of joys that were no more.

A congenial companion in such a mood was Master Sackwell, who said little and thought less. Indeed, it would be hard to say whether Cressy or the bull-pup held the highest place in his esteem. Certainly Snoozler seemed to him the more amiable character of the two; for, while Cressy teased, Snoozler only rolled his stupid eyes about and basked in the sunshine in as well-bred fashion as a *dilettante*.

"Don't you think the Wood is as lonely as a graveyard to-day without Gerald?" queried the girl, wearily. "I know I do."

"I don't," said Master Sackwell, bluntly.

"Oh! you cruel boy, I say it is lonely. I

wish 'twould rain, and freeze, and do every-thing wicked—I hate to hear the birds chattering so when there's nobody to enjoy them."

"I'm here," suggested Charlie, "and the pup—you like it, Snoozer, don't you?"

Snoozer did, immensely.

"Dear old Gerald!" the girl continued, with tears in her eyes. "I don't think I'll ever come to the Wood again, now that he's going away."

"I'm not going away, Cressy, nor—the pup," whispered Charlie, with some show of sluggish affection that was nearly comical.

"Oh! bother," she cried pettishly. "What are you to Gerald?"

"All right so," said the boy, with perfect composure. "I know what I'll do—Dad is rich now—lashings of money—and we've a big cellar of whiskey and wine and all sorts of things. I'll go, and I'll drink—drink—drink: We'll be roaring drunk, won't we, Snoozer? That's what I'll do, Cressy."

The warm-hearted girl surveyed her droll admirer wonderingly. At first she nearly laughed, but then she caught him round the neck and kissed him affectionately.

"Dear Charlie, you won't do anything so dreadful? There's a darling. But indeed, indeed, Charlie, I am so fond of Gerald, I am nearly dead from pitying him and longing to have him back."

Gerald O'Dwyer could stand it no longer. He felt his cheeks tingling with blood, and there was a strange, choking sensation about his throat. The artless disclosure of love fell not on a soil of coxcombry, but on a deep true heart, to whose wounds it was balm; to whose weariness, hope. He no longer asked himself did he love Cressy Artslade; he felt only that she filled his thoughts deliciously.

He craved one more embrace, one revel in the new light that shone upon them, if only to leave its trail of memory brightening the dark ways he had to travel. But his judgment triumphed over the desire. He stole away noiselessly to the cover of the wood, profiting by the reverie of Cressy and Charlie and the pup, and emerged far down the side of the mountain just as Father John was trotting home from the "sick-call" with a furious appetite for dinner.

The priest's dinners were as good as himself. There was luscious solidity about the ham in its frosted glory, and there was deep meaning in the well-browned turkey—none of your Francetelli gewgaws, but healthy fare for a healthy

appetite, quickened with one of the choicest vintages of Portugal and crowned with the bloom of native hospitality.

Gerald never before saw pleasure so rationally enthroned. Only pure strong hearts can build it such temples, high above the reach of care or pollution: ante-chambers of Happiness, with only Death lying between.

But it was not till the viands were removed and the tumbler placed that Father John blossomed into full satisfaction with himself and the world. In a dark corner of the chiffonnier there was a little keg, which, it is no slander on his reverence to say, never saw the light of a granger's countenance, and which, on being tapped, gave forth a whitish yellow fluid of appetising odour.

Two "stiff" tumblers of the outlawed luxury, with the blinds drawn and the turf-fire blazing completed Gerald's conviction that "the Pope must lead a pleasant life," if an Irish Parish-priest only imitates him at a distance.

"There's that in whiskey-punch," remarked the host, dogmatising comfortably over his tumbler, "which if men were not so often beasts, might be called nobility. It goes straight to the heart while wine dallies on the palate: it is sunshine to man's best sympathies, if there be not too much of it to blast and burn them."

"Between your punch and your philosophy, sir, I find I've emptied my tumbler."

"Fill it again, my boy; temperance is a greater virtue than abstinence any day, I abhor the fellow who will drink himself into Devilry, but, upon my word, I don't think much better of the man that isn't human. But, bother the moralising! I want to have a serious chat with you, Gerald. You won't be ashamed to tell me all your troubles."

A warm pressure of the hand assured him his inmost heart lay open for his reading.

"Your poor father has left you in difficulties, I know; but are things as bad as people say?"

Without reserve Gerald O'Dwyer related the whole story of his ruin. His host was almost speechless with surprise and grief.

"What! Castle, estates and all gone! Gerald, this is a fearful trial, fearful for you and me, for all of us. My boy, you have need of all your courage to face such a misfortune."

"As for myself, sir, it does not terrify me much; but somehow the associations of this place have enslaved me terribly. I feel myself part of a system which it is agony to see taken to pieces. There isn't a blade of grass in this valley I don't feel some sympathy with. Every

urchin in those old cabins has some tie upon my heart."

"Do not be ashamed of it, my boy: it is the grand belief of our race—the human heart alone could rule the world. But, alas! it is only a noble delusion."

"I have often felt it is."

"Believe it. Bah! I have seen the system in full bloom in Kilsheelan, and I have caught some of its infection. For many a long day I have seen rude happiness transport our poor people beyond their wretchedness, and I have rejoiced with them, and yet it was only a transport which blinded them to the inevitable end. If any one could have created a Paradise among human infirmities, your father's great heart would have done it, yet we know——"

"True—that he has only created a Paradise for fools—that it has already tumbled on his own head, and is going to overtake his people. Still I sympathise with his rashness."

"I do, myself, deeply. It was an unhappy heroism. But look at those that called themselves his peers and see how great ideas lose their purity! While he lavished unselfishly, they lavished, too, in pampering their own brutal tastes, and their gains came out of the sweat of the people—out of exactions that made industry penal, and debased loyalty into servile pander. There was something to lose in their caricature of the golden age: but it was a caricature. They idealised selfishly, and barred out reason from their temples."

"I feel you judge them rightly, sir: but they have suffered nobly for their errors."

"They have," said the priest, bowing meekly to the unintentional rebuke of his zeal. "Perhaps I have been uncharitable to them, after all. If I have, Gerald, blame my anxiety to keep you from imitating their follies."

Gerald pressed his hand warmly, and added with a smile:

"You have the best possible ground for confidence on that score, sir: none but princes can have princes' follies."

"Nonsense, boy, you have ten golden years to make yourself a prince. Whether I live for it or no, Kilsheelan will be itself again."

"It will not be my fault, if it is not," said Gerald O'Dwyer, resolutely.

"But there is a 'meantime' to be bridged over—that ugly morsel which sticks in the throat of young resolution. Will you stay in Ireland? My house is your castle as long as there's a thatch on the roof."

"I know it, sir; but I cannot stay in Ireland.

It is a land of puzzles to me, which I have had no time to unravel."

Father O'Meara sighed deeply.

"You are right, perhaps. He who stays in Ireland can only be——"

"A rebel!" broke in O'Dwyer, with unwonted impetuosity.

"A rebel—ay, if he is a man!" cried the priest, his eye kindling responsively. "And dash his brains against a rock. God forbid I should advise you to devote yourself to such a fate."

"No: I don't know what the future may bring; but for the present France will be my home."

"It is the true theatre of manhood, my boy. But, that point settled, there is another. Stay!"

Before Gerald could divine his meaning, he was out of the room. In his own bedroom, in his own double-locked trunk, and in the deepest and shadiest corner thereof, Father John kept a little black box, which he never opened save at Christmas and Easter, and then only to make some mysterious addition to its contents. He wrenched it open now without ceremony, and exposed its treasure to the rude gaze of the world. Thirty golden sovereigns!

Thirty! He counted them again half sorrowfully. They were the hoard of thirty-five years' anxious gathering, with which it was his darling ambition one day to have raised an altar in the little village chapel that would make the world gape in wonder at the restored splendour of religion. Many and many an hour he had dreamed and dreamed the fond design, till he could fancy every glory of the tabernacle, and picture the very candelabra in all their brazen magnificence. How he had seen the little treasure grow from its first metallic morsel! How it multiplied in the slow years! What rapture, every Christmas and Easter as the dream came nearer, always nearer! The hosannas that would sound around his altar were already in his ears.

Thirty golden sovereigns! They would never come again! Never! Thirty-five years more, there would be another parish-priest in Kilsheelan.

Pooh! It was an instant's regret. In the next, he gathered the yellow pieces in his hands and hurried with them to the parlour.

"Gold!" he cried laughingly. "My riches won't shock you; but such as they are, my boy, they're yours with a thousand blessings."

"Father John, I cannot tell you how much I——"

"Not a word, sir, till you put these few sovereigns in your pocket, and let us have as little as possible about gratitude afterwards."

Gerald was completely overcome, but he found opportunity to say :

"I thank you from my heart, sir, indeed I do; but I am not left quite a beggar."

"Don't use those nasty words, my boy, or you'll offend me."

"I ask pardon, sir, sincerely: I know well the spirit of your offer, and would accept it without qualm, if there was need. But happily, there is none: my poor father has left the Farran farm quite unencumbered."

"Phew! why my couple of sovereigns are beggary beside your riches after all, you rascal."

"They're valued all the same, sir, believe me. But I am just reminded—you can serve me in another way, and I make no scruple of asking you to."

"Pity you don't ask a black stranger!"

"I will ask you to take the management of Farran while I am away. It is a small place, but it will at any rate keep me above want, and, if you take it into your hands, I know it won't be less profitable."

"My dear boy, I'll make it grow gold for you, if man can do it. But what's that? Don't you fancy you see a green glare on the curtains?"

"I did—it was like lightning."

"The night is quite clear. See! there it is again!"

"Ay, and brighter! Heavens! 'tis fire!"

Both sprang to the window together. A fierce glow, which the surrounding darkness made fiercer, reflected itself across the valley and in the sky; but where it came from puzzled both of them to discover. It was not from the village, which lay within view and wrapt in the lurid light. It must be somewhere behind the cottage—somewhere on the mountain side—somewhere near the Castle!

*(To be continued.)*

#### A LESSON FOR ALL.

Look most to your spendings. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when there are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads grow bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute; when you mean to save, begin with your mouth;

many things pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will stretch, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER ILLUSTRATED.

BY PIERRE BERNARD.

Our Father—

By right of creation,  
By bountiful provision,  
By gracious adoption;

Who art in heaven—

The throne of thy glory,  
The portion of thy children,  
The temple of thy angels;

Hallowed be thy name—

By the thoughts of our hearts,  
By the words of our lips,  
By the works of our hands;

Thy kingdom come—

Of providence to defend us,  
Of grace to refine us,  
Of glory to crown us;

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—

Toward us without resistance,  
By us without compulsion,  
Universally without exception,  
Eternally without declension;

Give us this day our daily bread—

Of necessity for our bodies,  
Of eternal life for our souls;

And forgive us our trespasses—

Against the commands of thy law,  
Against the grace of thy gospel;

As we forgive them that trespass against us—

By defaming our characters,  
By embezzling our property,  
By abusing our persons;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil—

Of overwhelming afflictions,  
Of worldly enticements,  
Of satan's devices,  
Of error's seductions,  
Of sinful affections;

Amen.

As it is thy purposes,  
So it is thy promises,  
So be it in our prayers,  
So it shall be to thy praise.

The love of one's native country is a sentiment deeply imprinted in the hearts of men. God has made it the principle of great social and public virtues.

## IRISH MUSIC.

'Nought can make the pulses beat, or heart's blood leap along,  
Like the soft and dulcet cadence of some proud old Irish song.'

We need not be ashamed or afraid to compete with any other nation in the musical department. No country is so prolific in exquisite melodies as Ireland. They stand unparalleled, towering above those of any other land.

Who has not heard the "Harp that once," the "Coolin," the "Last rose of Summer," "Garryown," the "Meeting of the waters," the "Ministrel Boy," or other soul-inspiring airs, without a thrill of pleasure, if not of rapture, coming over his spirit and pervading all his faculties with a heartfelt emotion not soon to be forgotten. They rank with the compositions of Mozart, Haydn or Handel, with the fire and measured echoes of German and Italian music. The prefatory symphony of one of the best compositions of Haydn, the German composer, was taken from "Dionta na Greina," an old Irish air. Handel said he would rather be the author of "Aileen Aroon," one of Moore's productions, than the most exquisite of his musical compositions, including, we suppose, his oratorio of "The Messiah," which he wrote under the inspiration of a Dublin audience, by whom he was received with unbounded enthusiasm after he came from London, where he nearly starved for want of patronage. More than the applause of the theatre, the praise of his operas, fantasies and overtures, on which his fame as a composer depended, he preferred to be the author of an Irish melody. It requires musical genius to appreciate a masterpiece. Handel's genius made him love the beauty of the air. It fell with spiritualized, elastic pleasure on the great master's ears. He felt the gem was there, the soul of song that requires no overwrought variations, no meretricious aids to heighten the fine emotions produced on the enraptured spirits by its intrinsic merit.

Ireland has truly earned the title, "Island of Song." In early days her bards were the most honored of men. Favors were bestowed on them, too. They sat at the right hand of the king at the festive board, and the ancient sumptuary law accorded them privileges as were accorded to none others except those of princely rank.

The warrior who had signalized himself by his prowess on the field of battle, who returned crowned with the laurels of victory, who was received with the acclamations of an admiring

people, did homage to the bard, as he alone could make his fame immortal, since the Irish people's great characteristic was a love for song. In latter days, when England, with a tyranny scarcely paralleled in the history of barbarous nations, strove to prevent the Irish race from being educated, they were kept familiar with the history of their bleeding country by the chronicles of the bards. Her sons rushed to battle to the beautiful strains of the harp, and the most valiant in battle were generally the most skilful on the instrument, "that once through Tara's halls its soul of music shed."

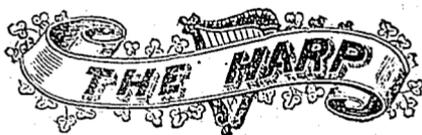
Music was universally cultivated, and it was mainly instrumental in keeping alive a warlike and national spirit in the land.

When England endeavored to subjugate the Irish, knowing the firm hold music had on that unconquered and unconquerable race, she sought to root it out of the land by means of the most horrible in history. Her soldiers burned our churches and records; they did all in their power to wipe out our traditions; with barbaric hate they tore the strings of our loved harp asunder; they silenced the peals of the organ, and banished the choral worship to forest gloom, silent cavern and rocky shore; and the Gregorian, so holy and calculated to raise the soul to heaven, was no longer to be heard within the borders of unhappy Erin. Thus the harp, stringless and silent,

"Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were dead."

There is an inspiration in Irish music. Though moss-covered with age, it still bears the fragrance and beauty of youth. Its strains are unrivalled; coming down through the path of time, it becomes clearer to us as the sun's rays increase in heat while passing through the clouds. To its enlivening and soul-stirring strains, falling on the fiery Irish heart like sparks of electric fire, the Irish soldier has rushed on the foe with a dauntlessness unsurpassed by mortal men in the annals of war.

By the waters of Babylon the Hebrews sat down and wept when they thought of Zion. So by the waters of "strange, but happier lands," wretched with the dazzling gems of liberty, the poor "exiles of Erin" are often thrown into a weeping attitude when they listen to those sweet melodies which remind them of the beautiful isle of the sea. Tears in that case are not unmanly. It is only a tribute paid to the overwhelming emotions caused by the enchanting influences of our nation's music.



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MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

WAR; THE PAPACY; THE CHURCH.—Speculation is rife as to the probability of a European war, at no distant day. The elements of thought on this subject are many, but those most active and potent are, the humiliation of France, consequent upon the late war, and the supposed discomfiture of the Papacy, *face à face* with the Italian Government. It is also considered that Prussia fearing, according to Marshal de Moltke, that her new boundaries require strengthening, and that the hatred of France, and the envy of other nations, render it necessary to consolidate her power, should again enter the field of fight, and deal further heavy blows, both as a protection and a warning. We see less likelihood of trouble arising from this last view than from any other that has been put forth. If the astute Marshal, and his colleagues, ever entertained such a project, we think they have seen cause to abandon it. France has shewn too much vitality to admit of a rash, or wholly unjust attack upon her. She fell, no doubt, in the late war, and great was her fall! but *resurgo resiliens*; she indeed arose again, and with a bound.

In his Budget speech, or annual financial statement, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, a few years ago, Mr. Gladstone said of France that, "because of the immense resources of the country, and the energy and wonderful thriftiness of its people, one need feel less anxiety for its future security and strength than for the stability of any other European Government." Remarkable words, and almost verified to the letter by the manner in which this great country lately met the enormous levies of Prussia. Besides, it is far from being probable that France would be again obliged to go to war without any ally. There are not wanting indications in England, in Parliament and among the people, that the effective and honorable Crimean alliance is still remembered. It being improbable, then, that Prussia intends a war of aggression, are we to anticipate that France

will rashly attempt to reverse the terrible decision at Sedan? Surely not. Far different is the duty which lies before her. First, she is bound humbly to acknowledge that her chastisement was deserved; that her cry "*a Berlin*," was founded in criminal pride, and precipitated her unhappy, and then bewildered Emperor to his ruin. Next she must, in this spirit, and invoking the aid of God, seek to restore a stable, honest, and effective government. It would not grieve us to see a Republic well established in France; our political desires tend in that direction, and as Catholics we feel we are free to cherish them. When Protestantism came it found several Republics in Europe, and but one arbitrary government, Russia, which was not in communion with the Holy See. But, neither in France nor Spain can a Republic take deep root; not that the mass of the people are inimical, or unfit, but that they would not be allowed to control it; bad men of secret, and other societies, which now abound, would be continually in the front, and with that daring and ingenuity which the devil bestows upon his votaries, would unceasingly hold sway. The people of order and religion in those and kindred countries, seem to us to want courage. They yield, and pray, and to the latter we have no objection, but why not put the shoulder to the wheel sometimes.

All things considered, we are of opinion that a limited, or constitutional monarchy, with fair popular representation, from which would flow, of course, a wholesome extent of municipal power, are the best means whereby to secure order, civilization, and healthful temporal progress in those ancient, and once grand Catholic countries; and we are not without hope that such a consummation will not be much longer withheld. We have faith in the Carlists—brave and true men!—and although the French Monarchists, or rather their chief and his immediate confidants, try our patience, and often baffle our calculations, we still hope on, believing that the hand of God is nigh, soon to shape things to His glory, and the good of souls. Much is said just now of a restoration of the Empire, and certainly the partizans of the bold project are active and somewhat skilful; but have they sufficiently calculated the danger involved in the youth and evident want of adequate capacity in him they call Napoleon IV, and the deep hatred of his good Catholic mother entertained by the Protestant world? These, if they do not constitute an insurmountable barrier to the re-entrance to the Tuilleries of the

amiable Prince, would certainly not admit of a prosperous, or a long reign.

Adverting to the Papacy, and the position which it occupies towards the Italian Government, humanly speaking, we must admit it is powerless. What can the Pope do at this moment? What human means are at his command? Bismarck dictates the policy of Italy, has prostrated Austria and sadly crippled France. Russia, brutalized by long and obstinate schism, sees no duty in aiding the Pope. England, though not entirely ignorant that "the secular cannot stand on the secular alone," and that religion is the *lex suprema*, is yet too generally, and too deeply Protestant to admit of even a thought in favor of Rome. Direct interference between the Italian Government and the Pope, in favor of His Holiness, cannot at present be expected from any quarter of the globe; but matters may not be long so. Monarchy restored to France and Spain, Catholic diplomacy would soon revive; Bismarck's difficulties in Prussianizing Germany—at this moment serious enough—would increase; Catholic Austria would assuredly rally to the fight; and bankrupt Italy be brought to grief. All this is the more probable because of the strength and ardour of the Catholic faith, and the increase of Catholic piety, throughout the world. Never has there been an era when the faith shone brighter, and persecution had less of the effect intended.

So far as the *Church* is concerned, Bismarck is already foiled; Catholic Germany scorns him; and the Holy Father not only does not fear him, but dared to tell him that he, and all other Protestants, are, in a certain sense, subject, to the See of St. Peter. Glorious Pontiff! Immortal Church! "By whatever test she is tried triumphant does she come forth. If by the question of *numbers*, her adherents have never been so numerous as at this hour; if of *doctrine*, she is teaching now all that she has ever taught; if of *unity*, a well-known German Protestant observed that her members, of every race and tongue, were 'more absolutely of one mind than at any period since the Council at Nice;' if of authority, no such prodigious example of its undiminished power has, perhaps, ever been witnessed, from the foundation of Christianity, as she has displayed since the Council of the Vatican. Not one of her thousands of Bishops has refused to accept the decree of Infallibility, though encouraged to do so by all the temporal princes, and almost all the organs of public opinion in the world. The handful of dissidents—a few German professors,—have

totally failed to attract followers, although the forces of the world were all on their side, and have only added fresh lustre to the spiritual, by meantly soliciting the favor and protection of the secular authority. The Church which is able to do such things in this nineteenth century, by her own inherent power, and in one of the darkest periods of her political fortunes, is entitled to a respectful hearing, and will receive it from all but fools and fanatics. To men of independent thought, she presents, at this hour, the most astonishing spectacle, the most inexplicable combination of political weakness and spiritual vigor of which human reason has ever been invited to suggest a plausible explanation. It was a saying of Goethe, 'When I see great effects, I am apt to suppose great causes, and it is the part of true philosophy to examine and unfold them.'"

MR. BUTT AND THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.—What Irishman has not read with a gratification bordering on pride, Mr. Butt's letter of July 22nd, to the Marquis of Hartington, wherein he refuses point blank to allow himself to be enrolled as an original member of the new Liberal Club. It is a retort with a vengeance to the insult offered to Ireland, at an early period of the late session, by a majority of the old Reform Club, in rejecting a proposal to admit several new Irish members, because of their disloyal tendencies. It is also a crushing refutation of the charge so persistently urged by a certain class of Irishmen against Mr. Butt and his followers, that they are not Nationalists at heart, but Liberals in disguise.

The noble Marquis will not soon forget the severe, but well merited rebuke which he has just received. It was an impertinence on his part to offer membership to the Home Rulers after the glaring offence which his party had, only a few weeks previously, perpetrated towards them. It may be that in his patriotic eagerness to reconstruct the Liberal party on a firm basis, he forgot the insult, and in that blissful oblivion, tendered the invitation to which Mr. Butt's letter is a very pertinent reply. We fancy that his memory is sharper now than it was then.

But even had there been no insult to resent, Mr. Butt would, with the same firmness, have declined to become a member of the Liberal Club. The fact is that the Home Rulers are a party in themselves, with a Club and "Whips" of their own. In policy they differ more widely from the Liberal party than the latter does from

the Conservative. On some questions they do, it is true, agree with the Liberals, just as the latter, on other questions, agree with the Conservatives. But so wide is the main breach between them and the party of which Mr. Gladstone is, and the Marquis of Hartington will shortly be, the leader, that Mr. Butt declares that he does not understand "the meaning of Liberal opinions and Liberal policy as applied to Ireland," since it was the Marquis of Hartington himself who, under a Liberal administration, presented Ireland with an efficient code of coercion laws. This, supported by the independent line followed by the Home Rulers in Parliament, is, we repeat, a complete answer to the charge that they are mere Irish Liberals, rigged out, for purposes of their own, in the garb of Nationalists.

Another proof, if another were wanting, that the Home Rulers are not, and cannot be, members of the Marquis of Hartington's party, is the presence of the renegade O'Donoghue in the Liberal ranks, where, owing to his glib tongue and hoidenish demeanor, he is a tower of strength. Such a mercenary, and his associates, one and all, honest men like the Home Rulers, are in duty bound to shun. So intense is their dislike of him, and his of them, that Christian forbearance alone prevented two of their number, Mr. Butt and Major O'Gorman, from publicly chastising him on different occasions.

To the fifty-nine brave and determined men, who have succeeded in having themselves recognized in England as a party distinct from both the Conservative and the Liberal; who shun the fellowship of The O'Donoghue, *beau-ideal* of an Irish Liberal, and Ballykilbeg Johnston, *beau-ideal* of an Irish Conservative; who have the confidence of the clergy and people at home, let Irishmen abroad, and particularly in Canada, give a hearty support. Remember that an early dissolution of Parliament is certain. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has intimated that it may take place before the close of 1875. Then another appeal will be made to the Irish people, and, with God's help, and fair play, the fifty-nine Home Rulers will be increased to seventy-five at least. In the mean time let us, on this side of the ocean, be not too eager to censure or blame, but rather let us encourage, by word and deed, so that the inevitable triumph may be earlier and greater.

PARDON others, if you desire to be pardoned yourself.

AMNESTY AND PEACE.—We agree with Archbishop Tache that "the word 'Amnesty'" in speaking of the Red River insurrection, "has already given rise to such an amount of prejudice, and excited such recrimination, that it is rather a delicate subject to enter upon." Our purpose in approaching it, is not to add fuel to the fire of discord which burns so fiercely throughout the land, but, as a *disinterested* party, to draw a few logical conclusions from what we have heard and read for and against the amnesty. We lay particular stress on the word *disinterested*, because the quarrel is betwixt the partizans of Louis Riel on the one side, and the friends of Thomas Scott on the other, and Irish Catholics, as a body, are not numbered in the ranks of either party. Political wire-pullers have tried to coax us into the fray, by raising a religious cry, and telling us that, as Catholics, we should sympathize with the French Canadians and *Métis*. The question *per se* is not of Catholic interest; *per accidens* it is partially, as the Archbishop of St. Boniface and his clergy are prominently connected therewith. But the issue, no matter what it may be, will not, in our humble opinion, interfere with the free exercise of the Catholic religion in Manitoba, and, therefore, we must be excused if we refuse to assume any other than a strictly independent stand.

The Report, just published, of the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the North-West troubles, and to ascertain, if possible, whether an amnesty was really promised by the late Government, or any member thereof, reveals some startling facts. That amnesty was promised, not, indeed, in any written document, but orally and *repeatedly*, the evidence submitted by Archbishop Tache, Father Richot, Mr. Masson, M.P., Donald A. Smith, Major Futvoje, the confidant in State secrets of the late Sir George Cartier, and Sir John A. MacDonald himself, establishes beyond the possibility of a doubt. So strong are the proofs advanced, that the organs of the present Administration, though chiefly hostile to Riel, admit, ungraciously enough, that the country is pledged, through its Ministers, to procure a complete amnesty; and they advise their masters to fulfil the pledge. After a careful perusal of this ponderous Report, we also are satisfied that an amnesty was really promised, and that it cannot be honorably withheld, and we hope that the royal proclamation will not be deferred any longer than necessary.

Another conclusion which we deduce with reluctance and regret is, that Sir John A. Mac-

Donald's conduct, in connection with the question of amnesty was deceitful in the extreme. With his tongue he denounced Riel in Ontario, and "wished to God he could catch the rascal," and with his hand—where was his heart?—he penned a letter to certain parties in Manitoba, begging them to induce that same "rascal" to resign his candidature in Provencher in favor of Sir John's own colleague, Sir George Cartier, and to effect this with ease, he inclosed a check for \$1000, to be handed over to the "rascal," with a hint that more would be forthcoming if required. What consummate duplicity!

Finally, we infer that Louis Riel is, after all, a mercenary. He accepted a bribe, four thousand dollars in all, to withdraw from the field, and thus basely sold his own cause and that of the *Métis*, which he had, only a few days before, placed in the keeping of the electors of Provencher. A patriot would have rejected the gold with scorn. We hope we do not judge the man rashly, and shall be only too happy to make the *amende honorable*, if his friends will explain, to his own credit and our satisfaction, the part he played in the questionable transaction to which we have alluded, a thing which, we fear, is impossible.

We are anxious, for two principal reasons, that this unfortunate dispute should be settled speedily and satisfactorily to all concerned. We would wish to see peace restored to the country at large, and Manitoba inhabited by thrifty settlers. These things cannot be unless the Government will deal promptly, impartially, and sternly, with the disputants, and the latter lay aside their prejudices. If Mr. McKenzie will only turn a deaf ear to the threats of the *Loyal Orange Lodge*, and carry out the engagement of his predecessors in office, the first step will be taken towards a final settlement of the difficulty. The second must be made by the French Canadians themselves. They must abandon their futile attempts to return Riel to Parliament. These exasperate the Orangemen who, after all, have feelings which should not be treated with a too-marked contempt. Be satisfied with the amnesty, and if it be a sacrifice to resign your wish to see your *protege* in the House of Commons, make that sacrifice cheerfully for the common weal. We are confident that if the Government on the one hand, and the friends of Riel on the other, will do as we have indicated, the Orange Lodges will abandon their resentment towards Riel, for it would be useless to preserve it.

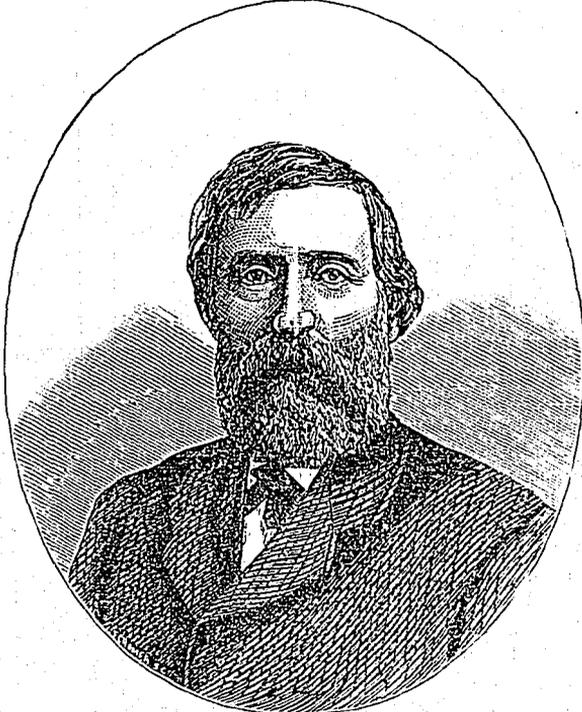
### JOHN MITCHELL.

The history of nations is marked by epochs, in which life seems to burn with unusual intensity, and a new course is given to the current of existence. Of these Ireland has had, perhaps, more than her share, various in character and extent. Not the least remarkable, by the force of vital energy displayed, nor the least tragic, by the painful circumstances which surrounded it, was that period of history of which JOHN MITCHELL survives to speak, himself a prominent actor in the drama. His return to his native land, after the long lapse of a quarter of a century, is in itself a fact of pathetic interest; for exile is a bitter thing at best, and, to those whose thoughts and whose emotions centre on their country, it is the double and abiding pain of loss to head and heart. But that interest receives an unwonted increase from this, that in him we have a visitor from another era, as surely as though he had risen from the dead, or stepped forth in all the vigor of life from the storied canvas of Maclise. The path of Time, like the Roman road, is marked by the tombs of distinguished men, and during the past quarter of a century—the stated lifetime of a generation—Ireland has given of her best. But the vacant spaces where moved her principle men—that void which is in itself an epitaph—cannot more strike the home-returning exile than the change which denotes that an era has passed away. When last he gazed upon this country, it lay prostrate under the ravages of a famine whose effects, as Lord Brougham said, "surpassed anything in the pages of Thucydides, on the canvas of Poussin, in the dismal chant of Dante." The political atmosphere was not less charged with chilling gloom than was the land with desolation. The splendid hopes which the genius of O'Connell had inspired, and which, like a brilliant iris, sprang the Constitution of Gratian toward a future as fair, over-arching an expectant nation, had faded and vanished before the thunderclouds of force and famine that shadowed their despairing faces.

When the first Napoleon, in this Titanic struggle with destiny, having failed in his supreme effort, was hindered from escaping to the great Western Republic, he was taken, on board the *Northumberland*, to that island which was fated to be his prison and his grave. That same year witnessed O'Connell's fatal duel with D'Estèrre and the challenge sent by Peel in answer to his defiance. It witnessed, also, the

birth of that John Mitchell, whose return from the great Western Republic, which Bonaparte sought to reach in vain, follows the fall of the Third Napoleon and his flight from France. The lament for the great conqueror was rung through all the valleys of Ireland, but in the northern province a still more vivid memory bound them to the Republic he had displaced. Belfast had been the shining and burning light of democratic Republicanism. The oil was supplied from the fount of Dissent, and the match from the flames of the Bastille. In that

ponents by a reference to his father's faith. Not far from O'Caahan's Castle of Dungiven, young Mitchell grew up in a sort of intellectual border land, where the newest ideas of France and of America were mingled with old memories which breathed from every ruined fort and spoke in the echoes of every Gaelic glen. If those tended to make him a Republican, these captured his heart from cosmopolitanism, and made him revere a defeated race and adore his native land. The O'Caahans had been vassals to O'Neil, and officiated, with the O'Hagans, in



JOHN MITCHELL.

northern town the Volunteers had sprung to life, there also began the first club of United Irishmen, and thence radiated a warm democratic fervour which long characterized the majority of the men of Ulster. Almost every Presbyterian clergyman was a centre or contributor, for the Regium Donum had not yet been frozen "the genial current of their souls," nor chill salary "repressed their noble rage." The Rev. Mr. Mitchell, like most of his brethren, was a United Irishman, and when, in aftertimes, his son felt bound to protest against O'Connell's denunciation of the Society and the employment of physical force, he thrilled even his op-

the inauguration of the chief, upon the Royal rath. Born on their territory, Mitchell gave the tribute of his intellect, and placed the principle O'Neil upon a pedestal loftier than, when standing on Tullachog, he surveyed his territory from Lough Neagh to Strabane. Whilst his son was still a child, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell left the mountains of Dungiven, and crossed Tyrone to the more fertile soil and busier slopes of Newry. In 1830 Trinity College opened its gates to a new student, whose short life had already witnessed the passing of the Catholic Relief Act, and who this year found the Viceroy in Dublin bent on "tranquillising the old

ascendency," by proclaiming down public meetings and Repeal breakfasts. This did not gravely disturb the northern student's course, for five years later, having completed both his collegiate education and his legal apprenticeship, he married, and soon set up as a solicitor in Newry. O'Connell had made his motion concerning Repeal in Parliament the previous session, with a following of forty-five, but now entered on five years that trial of Whig promises which terminated with the formation of the Loyal National Repeal Association in 1840. Then he visited Belfast, but its soul was possessed of a demon. North of Newry there was no journal which advocated the cause of Repeal, except the *Belfast Vindicator*, then edited by Charles Gavin Duffy, another northern destined to enter with Mitchell into close fellowship, to undergo a voluntary banishment to the Antipodes, and whose second return to Ireland strangely synochrises with that of Mitchell. Having paid a visit to Dublin in 1842, there was a proposal made him by two young but studious barristers, Thomas Davis and John B. Dillon, that he should undertake the ostensible editorship of a projected weekly organ. He consented, and a new enthusiasm, that of literature, sprang up in the land, clothing with living flesh the dry bones of history, giving a new voice to the waves and hills, and attuning to martial music the lovely lyre of Moore. The Protestants were taught to remember their fathers who had striven for legislative independence, the Catholics to welcome and encourage their adhesion. This spirit of national conciliation permeated all classes for a time; and when, after a series of wonderful mass-meetings, the great Tribune was cast into prison, and covered with contumely as the "hoary criminal," there was an indignant rally to his side from all classes and all creeds.

This emotion it was which first called John Mitchell from his native North to an interview with Daniel O'Connell. He came, the bearer of an address from a public meeting of the men of the county Down, one of the most Protestant districts in Ireland. It was a strange meeting. In the midst of the prison garden rose a handsome tent, surmounted by a green flag; within stood the majestic figure of the popular Tribune—the Liberator, as they fondly called him—welcoming with gracious gesture and genial smile the thronging deputations. There was an infinite capacity of thought revealed by his broad brow and deep brain, whilst the mobile features and brilliant eye marked the man apt

at repartee, gifted with might to call a slave to manhood, and yet the greater power of allaying a passionate people's wrath. To him, the more rigid northern with classic features, reserved manner, and satiric humour, presented his address, withdrawing after a cordial greeting. That was their first meeting, and, though hedged by prison walls, the scene was one of triumph. Their last meeting was different in every circumstance.

This visit was a turning-point in Mitchell's life. It drew close the bonds of his acquaintance with Davis until the warm friendship and admiration thus formed new-shaped his existence. The influence of that gifted writer induced him to undertake to edit a volume for the projected "Library of Ireland," and he naturally chose the biography of Hugh O'Neill, whose principality from Linavady to Blackwater was familiar to him. Constant counsel increased their intimacy, and their feelings went together; when, wearied of parades, Davis gave him the "Artillerists' Manual," saying this is what they should begin to study. But suddenly, in 1845, Thomas Davis died. No man more than he seems to have won the affection of his fellows; whether opponents or acquaintances. The great Tribune wept for him amongst the mountain solitudes of Kerry, as for a son. Mitchell in the North mourned him as one mourns an only and dear brother; admired for his genius and loved for his kindness of heart. But the void should be filled in the editorship of the *Nation*, and Mitchell was chosen to succeed his departed friend. If the journal lost in some qualities, it lost nothing in force. Most young writers of the day believed the cloak of Carlyle had fallen upon them, and showed some remnant as proof; but Mitchell was saved from any undue influence by originality of mind, intensity of purpose, and a sarcastic humour which whetted his incisive style.

The consequence of this change soon became manifest. The Ulsterman, born to rights not accorded to all, bred up in the enjoyment of privileges from which the Catholics had long been debarred, had not been trained too cautious reticence and long waiting. When an English writer denounced Ireland he retorted with a denunciation of England. His spirit was as proud, his voice as free, as the best of them, and he felt it intolerable that their reckless vituperation of all things Irish should be passed over in silence. The London Ministerial journal, when thus expounding the wickedness of Irishmen, advocated coercion, and took trouble

to show that the railways then being made would bring every part of the island within a few hours' drive of Dublin, and make its provinces of easy access to troops. Mitchel, through the *Nation*, retorted that rail roads could be made impassible, troops intercepted on them, and that rails could be hammered into pike heads. The government could not understand such a repartee. Duffy was indicted. Mitchel undertook to conduct the defence, and retained the venerable Robert Holmes, who, he knew, would not flinch from the cause of clients whose principles he held. The celebrated declaration of Lord Denman, delivered in reference to the jury-packing on the O'Connell trial, was then ringing in all ears; its influence was respected, and the result was a divided jury.

Mr. Mitchel had soon after occasion to deliver another address to another imprisoned Irishman. The Repeal members had resolved to remain at home in Dublin, and declared that even if a "call of the House" were made, the Sergeant-at-Arms should seek them in Conciliation Hall. They went over, however, to oppose coercion, and the opportunity was taken to name some of them on committees. O'Connell and his son gave way, O'Brien refused, and dissensions arose in consequence of these divided counsels. A warm address was sent by the "Eighty-two Club" to O'Brien, and John Mitchel was appointed one of the deputation. He saw his countryman confined in the cellar, and that cellar, he has said, is the only part of the Houses of Parliament he has ever visited. The Whigs, on their return to office, held our inducements in order to stay the Repeal agitation, and the idea of entertaining any of their proposals led to much warmth of feeling. Mr. John O'Connell asserted his position more vigorously than usual, and then followed the ever-to-be lamented "secession" of the Young Ireland party from Conciliation Hall, after an attack upon their organ which was answered by Mitchel and by Meagher. They formed the "Irish Confederation," and, before a re-union could be effected through the efforts of the clergy, disaster rapidly succeeded disaster, until the final crash came engulfing their brilliant hopes and scattering the banded friends asunder.

Famine had fallen upon the land, with its cloud of horrors unknown to other peoples, undreamt of by the men of this generation. It was not merely that thousands sickened of starvation and walked the land gaunt and ghastly heralds of fast-following death. The

gasps of the dying, the silence of the dead—these were awful and appalling. But what made the scene terrible was the heartless howl over the going down of the Celt, the ruthless ribaldry against the beggary of Irishmen, the harsh theory of a "surplus population" to be exported like chattels, the frightful practice of clearing out the stricken people, and laying waste their homesteads. The one trait wanting to make the picture the "abomination of desolation" was given by the prate of sciolists and the impecility of an administration which wasted invaluable resources before the eyes of the starving. The maladministration in the Crimea by the same officials who then ruled in Ireland seemed her Nemesis. During these days, differences of party were hidden in the gloom of the nation, and Old and Young Ireland laboured cordially and earnestly to serve their country and save her people.

The last meeting between O'Connell and Mitchel was with this purpose. It occurred in the relief committee rooms in Dame-Street. The great Tribune sat, closely muffled, in his chair, and as Mitchel, on taking the seat opposite, bowed profoundly to the *Liberator*, he was answered by a stately inclination. Worn by insidious illness, broken by the burthen of his nation's sorrows, he was, alas! how different from that O'Connell who had stood defiant against an empire's threats, in defence of a fallen race. Nothing remained to him now but to see the Father of his Faith, and to die—to die abroad, his intention unfulfilled, his aspirations blasted, shorn of the sweet society of friends, but strong in the pure purpose of a devoted life, and surrounded by a nation's love and a world's admiration. It was a sad meeting, this the last, between two such men—for though the shadow of the prison walls no longer fell upon them, in their place came the more lurid gloom of Famine and of Death. Looking on each other—one aged, the other in the prime of youth—they must have felt as though they typified the Past and the Future. They were, in truth, representatives of separate things, of different races, and diverse ideas. Royalism and Republicanism looked at each other from their eyes. One, the student of St. Omer's was bound by ties of blood and sympathy with the Irish Brigade, which had served under the White Flag of the Bourbons, and fallen with it. The other—the Ulster student of Trinity—guarded in his father's heritage the ideas of Eighty-Nine, which had over-thrown the Bastille and made Monarchs tremble. They

parted, never to meet again in life. In a few brief months the funeral of O'Connell swept slowly through the Irish capital, vast and awful as though it symbolised the obsequies of a nation. The agonising scenes which he witnessed so wrought upon Mitchel's mind that he revolted utterly against the policy of patience or endurance. He began to be seized by that Berserkerrage to which he soon after gave defiant utterance. For two years famine and its accompanying scourges had tortured the land, and there seemed no immediate prospect of an end. It was even apprehended that greater sufferings were to come. Society was almost reduced to chaos. No ministerial mind rose to a level with the importance of the occasion. The problem was to relieve the peasantry without ruining the gentry. The solution offered set class against class, and wrecked the fortunes of both landlords and tenants. Statesmanship had apparently died out in England, whose Parliament wrangled like a petty corporation, and whose leaders acted like vestrymen set to rule an empire. The principle London papers, instead of seizing the chance of conciliating two countries in the misfortune which had stricken one, gave a loose rein to spiteful recrimination, which would have been childish had it not been ignoble, mischievous, and malignant. The late Lord Derby thought the occasion good for deliberately accusing the Irish clergy of connivance in the "sanguinary crimes of the peasantry," and others improved upon the text, dooming the country to depopulation. Coercion bills were introduced by men who had stigmatised coercion, and respect for public faith was shaken to its base.

The army in Ireland was employed in seizing the crops for rent, as it had been for tithes some years before. The coincidence led Mitchel to advise the peasantry to consider whether they should not repeat the anti-tithe tactics, and organize a general strike against rent, until they had secured a sufficiency of food. These views he suggested in the *Nation*; but finding that Duffy, its proprietor, could not endorse his project of passive resistance, with an occasional conflict, he left the journal in company with his friend Devin Reilly. They advocated this programme orally in club and committee, until Smith O'Brien, hastening to Dublin, introduced certain resolutions into the Confederation disavowing their views, and objecting to the use of such language in the organisation. John Martin presided, and the resolutions were passed after two days' debate, in which all the Young

Ireland chieftains opposed the two friends, with the exception of Eugene O'Reilly, afterwards a Turkish colonel. In consequence of this decision, Mitchel and his adherents, to the number of two hundred, withdrew from the Confederation. Thus the secession from the newspaper, which took place in December, 1847, was followed two months later by the secession from the Confederation, on the 5th of February, 1848. Mitchel resigned his office of Inspector of Clubs in Ulster, where numerous Repeal organisations had been formed amongst both Protestants and Catholics. On the following Saturday appeared the first number of the *United Irishman*. The excitement it caused was extreme, the demand for it enormous; for, as Lord Stanley stated in the House of Lords, copies were eagerly purchased for half-a-crown a-piece.

Nor was the stir unaccountable, for the opening article was in the form of a letter "to the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, Englishman, calling himself her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland." "That Viceroy had not increased his popularity by his employment of a notorious hack, to vituperate the Young Irelanders. The scandal of the quarrel between employer and employed noised the secret far and wide. Mitchel challenged him to open strife. He declared he would mystify him by candid speech, confessed the creed of Ninety-Eight in all things, but rejected secrecy, which gave occasion for spies. He was willing to admit any detective whom the Viceroy should send, provided the man was "sober and honest." In fine, he declared, he would make the Viceroy abandon the pretence of Constitutional form, and pack a jury to try him, or else he would have an acquittal. In either case, he should obtain a triumph, by extirpating the last shred of "constitutional agitation," against which he now resolutely set his face and shot his sharpest shafts. To cap the climax of excitement, before the third number had appeared, news came that the French had dethroned their King, Louis Philippe, and soon the whole Continent of Europe caught the contagion, and the fever-flush of revolution quickened the popular heart, and set every eye a-stare with anticipation. Sicily had risen, Lombardy had risen, the grave Teutons were going wild. The Austrian Kaiser and the Prussian King bowed from their balconies, uncovered before their excited citizens, and none could tell what the end might be.

In Ireland, this intelligence brought the Mitchel party and the Confederation together.

O'Brien, in the middle of March, moved an address to the French Republic, and proposed the organisation of a "National Guard." Meagher supported him, and for the speeches then made they were indicted. The visit to France followed: the Irish tricolor of green, white and orange was decreed, martial clubs were organised, and the talk was of pikes and barricades. It was a time of hot speech, for even the staid Recorder of Dublin had declared defiance to any Government which should mutilate the Bible and was ready to cry, "To your tents, O Israel." The first trial of O'Brien and Meagher (for sedition) resulted in divided juries, and, as the trial of Mitchel approached, several journals openly urged the Government to destroy the Constitution in order to convict. There were rumours of an intention to concede to this plan, and the proceedings were watched with jealous care and sharp suspicion. When it was found that the juries drawn were even more favorable than the former, the two prosecutions entered against him for sedition were dropped, on the 13th of May; but in the evening he was arrested on the charge of having committed the new offence known as "treason-felony."

The expected day had arrived at length. He stood in the dock where Robert Emmet had stood and spoken his memorable speech. His counsel was that patriotic youth's brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, who had never entered that courtsince the day when his relative was borne thence to the scaffold. Almost the first words of his counsel were a comment on the three indictments. "The foreman of the grand jury," he said, "having been asked if the jury had found bills against the prisoner, replied, 'Oh, yes; we find him guilty of sedition.' 'Gentlemen,' said the officer of the court, 'he is not indicted for sedition.' 'Well,' said the foreman, 'we find him guilty of treason.' 'But, gentlemen, again interrupted the officer, 'the charge against Mr. Mitchel is for felony.' 'Oh, no matter,' said the foreman, 'sedition, treason, or felony, it is all the same to us.' 'And so it would be with the Attorney-General, provided only you find him guilty.' A vigorous speech followed, and the stern old Roman rose after the trial to declare himself responsible for every sentiment he had uttered as counsel.

The verdict of guilty, anticipated from the jury, was pronounced amid profound silence, but the severe sentence was followed by murmurs, that were stilled suddenly, as the voice of the prisoner was heard. "The law has done its part," he said, and he his: he had challenged

Lord Clarendon, and had conquered; for he had shown that "her Majesty's Government sustained itself in Ireland by packed juries—by partisan judges—by perjured sheriffs." Baron Lefroy interrupted him. He declared he repented of nothing. "The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Could he not promise one, for two, for three?" he asked, indicting his friends, Reilly, Martin and Meagher. But a cry arose, "Promise for me—and me—and me." Then gazing round, he exclaimed, "For one, for two, for three?—aye, for hundreds!" Amid a scene of intense excitement the judges hastily withdrew, and the prisoner was carried back to his cell.

Then he took leave of his wife and two boys, never, perhaps, to meet them again during the long space of fourteen years. Immediately after he was ordered out, fetters were hastily riveted upon one ankle, and bidding him to take the chain in his hand, they hurried him into the police van. "To the North-wall," was the order, and the clatter of galloping horses rang until a sudden halt was made behind the quay, and the prisoner was conveyed, between two ranks of Carbineers, on board a man-of-war's boat, which took him to the Shearwater, lying with steam up. A sudden splash, a foamy furrow upon the dark river, and the prisoner was gone from the Irish shore, bound for far Bermuda. Anticipations there had been of a rescue; but the leaders dissuaded all from the attempt.

The principal event to which the trial gave rise was a solemn declaration made on the 21st July, before the Commons by Mr. (now Justice) Keogh, to the effect that the jury had been packed, and the trial illegal. "I am prepared to prove," he said, "that in every transaction commencing with the striking of the jury to try John Mitchel (now in Bermuda), from the original selection of the panel down to the trial of the box, there has been a gross violation of the due administration of justice."

In the meantime the climate of the "still vexed Bermoothes" told severely upon Mitchel's health and imperilled his life. When this intelligence became known, his removal to the larger settlement was at length decided on. But there was to be no rigor for him there. The colonists rose against the Neptune and its felon freight, and refused them food or drink, until finally orders reached them, and it set off for Van Dieman's Land, which (putting off its name when it put off its felony) has become Tasmania. On landing, the common convicts

were liberated, in consideration of their sufferings when detained at the Cape, but Mitchel and the political prisoners were not thus treated. The antipodean island received in him, however, no ungrateful guest. It was he whose glowing pen first revealed its mysterious beauties to the outer world—its picturesque mountains and noble lakes, its fair thickets of acacia, the splendours of its honey-suckle trees, the mystic charm of its strange forest, fragrant of gums, and illuminated by the flight of parrots—these found in him a faithful interpreter. They comforted his soul and soothed his vexed heart, so that when the familiar voice of rivers awoke memories of home, they came with peace, not pain. How he escaped, like Meagher, from that British island, and found a refuge, if not a home, beneath the American flag, is a matter of history that has much been discussed. In that escape he was not, however, alone—his friend stands sponsor for him in the British Parliament, where no man has ventured to reproach him. Of John Mitchel's career in the *New World*, the literary part will, perhaps, be of more enduring importance to his country. The most striking incident of his intellectual activity, that which has most prominently brought him before the public in latter days, was his celebrated "Reply to Mr. Froude." Detecting the feeble joints of that zealot's harness, he struck him home with the sharp thrust of intolerable sarcasm. The English enthusiast found, too late, that it had been more prudent had he spoken from London than to expose himself in an open arena where a great people had the gratification of seeing him shiver before Burke's eloquence and shudder in the relentless grasp of Mitchel. John Mitchel was the last of the exiles whom the revolutions of 1848 scattered wide apart. In France, Hungary and Spain, the returned convicts sit in the Parliaments of their respective nations.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century—after the loss of two of his sons in the cause of the side he espoused in the fratricidal struggle which distracted his adopted country—John Mitchel again treads his native land, a prematurely aged, enfeebled man. Whatever the opinions as to the wisdom of his course which individual men may entertain, none can deny to him the respect due to honesty of purpose and fearlessness of heart—none can refuse to him the sympathy and respect due to the great sufferings manfully endured. Mr. Mitchel will be welcomed in Ireland by many who would be far from approving of his policy or sanctioning his counsels. We cannot believe that any man

would now seek to do him harm, or further molest his chequered and troubled but not inglorious career.

#### MR. MITCHELL HENRY, M.P.

Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., of Kylemore Castle, Clifden, Connemara, Ireland, and Stratheden House, Hyde Park, London, is, on many accounts, universally regarded as one of the most notable and important men in the ranks of the Home Rule movement. He is the son of Irish parents, and was born at Ardwick, near Manchester, in 1826.

Not being allowed to devote himself to a political life, as he desired, he turned to science, which had the next attractions for him, and became a consulting surgeon in London, and for fifteen years was surgeon to and lecturer at one of the largest of the London hospitals, the Middlesex. He has published numerous scientific and professional papers and works. In 1862, on the death of his father, he inherited a fortune of probably not less than £1,000,000, and returned to the land of his forefathers, and has since lived in Ireland, in the county Galway. He fought three election contests in England—the first against the Duke of Marlborough's interest in Woodstock, the closest borough in England, where there had not been a public meeting for twenty-five years, and was beaten by twenty-four votes; and twice he has contested Manchester, standing in the Irish interest and in favour of Denominational Education. In 1871 he was returned for the county Galway in succession to Lord Burke.

Although born and educated in England, and not visiting Ireland until he was fifteen years of age, he has often been heard to say that he has not a drop of English blood in his veins, or an English blood relation in the world. His father was Alexander Henry, whose family had been settled in the county Down for 700 years, and his mother a member of the well-known Orange family, the Brushes of the county Down—one of whom was distinguished at the siege of Derry.

Mr. Henry's father and the late Sir William Brown, both northern Irishmen, went to America, and eventually settled, the one in Liverpool, and the other in Manchester, and became the representatives in Parliament of South Lancashire, the largest constituency in England, except the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Mr. Henry's family were amongst the first settlers in America; of whom Patrick Henry,

the orator and patriot, was the most distinguished; and a few names are better known and respected than his great-uncle, Alexander Henry, the philanthropist, of Philadelphia. He has numbers of relatives in America of Irish extraction—the Weirs and Mitchells, as well as the Henrys.

Mr. Henry is married to a daughter of the late George Vaughan, Esq., of Twilly, Dromore, county Down, whose family came over from Wales with Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Dromore, who was chaplain to their ancestor, the first Earl of Carberry, temp. Charles I.

scholar, and a liberal patron of art. His castle at Clifden is one of the fairy-wonders of the west; and he proves himself thoroughly attached to his Connemara home and neighbours.

#### METHOD IN WORK.

Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflection for recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not



MR. MITCHELL HENRY, M.P.

Mr. Henry is a Protestant, and politically his Irish relatives belong to the Orange party. His father, Alexander Henry, M.P., was a thorough Liberal, but his brother is now the Tory M.P. for South-East Lancashire. He is one of the few men of great wealth whom the English oligarchy have been unable to deter from joining, or to induce to desert, the Irish cause. He is a man of proud and resolute spirit, who scorns to acknowledge "English superiority." He is a man of finely cultivated intellect, a ripe

instantly, steadily and regularly dispatched; other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion; pray, mind this—it is one of your weak points, a habit of mind it is that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly, but is left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion.

## A REVIEW OF THE CHURCH.

BY JAMES W. FRAHER, OF LIBERTY, MO.

In entering upon a subject of such a nature, that even the very mention of it has a tendency to fill our souls with passionate emotions, no sooner has it presented itself to our minds than we are enraptured by its ecstasy, and seemingly lost for a time in his contemplation. "A Review of the Church." What thrilling emotions fill the Christian soul with the pronunciation of these words, whether our imaginations transport us back, through the long vista of years, to gaze on the bloody scenes of Roman despotism scenes of cruelty—to revisit the silent and solitary catacombs, made sacred by many holy and refreshing memories as the habitations of the oppressed, or be an eye-witness to the many dreadful persecutions that have been excited by mortal man, to destroy her and thereby falsify the promises of an infinite being. For whether, I repeat, it is our intention to review this, her sorrowful history, tinged as it is by the blood of thousands of victims, or change the key and sing her praises,—display the beauty of her internal character, so basely misrepresented by her enemies, blended with her triumphs and her victories, equally grand and glorious is our theme.

These are the feelings with which we are filled in receiving the history of that grand old edifice, whose antiquity carries us back to those ancient days, when barbarous and inhuman man sheathed the sword in the bosom of helpless innocents, merely to gratify the senseless appetite of an infuriate demon,—when the sainted blood of her martyred children flowed like rain, the greatest crimes of whom seems to have been too great a love for high and noble principles.

The Roman Empire, the once proud mistress of the world, had grown so generally corrupt as not to have retained a single vestige of the original happiness and innocence of man, or the end for which he has been created. She had by her civil dissensions, corruptions, and depravity of manners, paved the way for her own destruction. And soon, yea, very soon it came with a vengeance. Like a mighty torrent, heedless of the course it takes, rushed the barbarous hordes of the North, spreading devastation and ruin in their pathway; and anon amid the crash of thrones, the demoralization of society, the destruction of literature and art, the demolition of institutions of learning was heard the plaintive wail of human misery, so

that Europe, at this period, presented a scene unparalleled in history and groaned for centuries beneath the mighty tread of the barbarian. Throughout the four quarters of the globe, anarchy reigned supreme. All was desolation save (fortunately for us) within the sacred precincts of our holy Church.

For a new order of things had already taken place. An institution, divine and heavenly in her principles, grand and solemn in her ceremonies, sublime and solemn in her liturgy, had been infused unconsciously, as it were, upon earth. Nearly five centuries had elapsed since, in a small division of the earth, unattended by all the comforts that we enjoy, was born her Divine Founder. Thirty-three years of poverty, and suffering closed his mortal life; but he left us not without a hope, inasmuch as he said that he would send the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth, to teach His church all truth and abide with her forever, by that bequeathing to us a legacy, which time cannot deprive us of much less the bitter malice of our enemies. For the truth of this I appeal to history.

Scarcely three hundred years had passed away, when the church underwent an ordeal, the most direful in its effects; the rack, the gibbet, every method of torture, that human ingenuity could invent, the most inhuman heart conceive, was employed to check her growth, so that age, sex, rank, all alike were disregarded in the mighty efforts to strangle her, even in her infancy. But she triumphed—though that victory cost her dear,—though thirty sovereign Pontiffs sealed with their blood the principles that they had nobly belabored to promulgate—though millions of her valiant defenders lay bleeding beneath its folds, yet the cross, the cherished emblem of their principles, was carried gloriously through the crimsoned fields of their blood, and ere long was seen erected on the proudest pinnacles of the once Pagan empire. Nor was this all. Heresy likewise exerted its strength to prevent her divine principles, but found in the gifted minds of each century as staunch defenders as propagators. But a wonderful Providence of God exchanges the scene. A Roman Emperor gazes with solemn awe and admiration on the miracle of a cross in the heavens; he reads its inscription—BY IOVIA VIKI—in this conquer. Quick as thought his active mind comprehends its significance, and adopting it as his imperial banner, he goes forth under the influence of his "Labarum," and conquers in its strength. Thus was the cross which, for three hundred

years, was trampled under foot by Roman tyranny, raised aloft as the victorious banner of Roman freedom. But it was not of long duration. The storm bursts forth anew. A Julian stains the sacred banner by his apostasy, and renews the persecution of the Pagan emperors. Again she triumphed and the reign of the great Theodosius witnesses her complete establishment.

But the centuries immediately preceding the Middle Ages were more particularly distinguished for the great triumph of the church over heresies. Scarcely had she emerged from the gloomy catacombs—scarcely had the wounds which a cruel and tyrannical government had inflicted upon her ceased to flow, when new enemies arose to impede her progress. The Arians, the Macedonians, the Nestorians, the Pelagians and others, all exerted their strength to corrupt the Apostolic principles, but to no purpose; the church ever true to her divine mission, stood boldly forth in their defence and refrained not from hurling the thunder-bolt of excommunication, against the imperial tyrants, that dared espouse the heretical cause. Yes, though throughout all these great and bloody conflicts, she was continually opposed by the great and powerful ones of earth, yet she conquered, supported as she was, is, and will be, by a divine and holy aid. But the time had now come when her power was to be felt and her mission recognized.

The Middle Ages, with all their train of evils, beginning with the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, and ending with the extinction of the same in the East, had now set in. A period which according to the prevalent opinions of our times, was characterized only by debasing superstition and dark grovelling ignorance,—a period when Popish jurisdiction and Romish priest craft alone ruled the destinies of Europe,—a period when the human mind, enslaved and degraded, dragged out a miserable existence under the dreaded yoke of the Romish Church,—a period when literature and art were discouraged and civilization impeded; so ignobly are the truths of history perverted. Were I to ask the question to whom are we indebted for the present state of society? Who, when Europe was in a constant state of anarchy and dissolution, consequent on the barbarian invasion; preserved within her holy sanctuaries that civilization, which, after the storm had subsided she was to scatter broad-cast upon the earth, and of which we are the happy inheritors? Who, when the ruthless hands of the invaders sought to destroy everything in their course,

stretched forth her benevolent arms, grasped the remains of ancient literature and art and saved it from destruction in order to transmit it to us, the reapers of the benefits of her great wisdom and foresight? Who, when imperial despots sought to thrust into her sees, unworthy successors in order to carry out their own base and worldly interests, boldly opposed these unjust claims and maintained her freedom? Who, throughout all the bloody period when the feudal system prevailed, endeavored to check its growth—to appease the animosities flowing from it—to soften the manners of the barbarians and finally wonderful institution! to make them kneel even beneath the benign influence of thy holy standard? To the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church alone, for there was then none other in existence, are we indebted for all these lasting benefits. Nay more; to her that praise-worthy establishment, "the Truce of God," owed its existence—an institution whose real benefits to European society during that period cannot be over-estimated. At her instigation were the crusades undertaken, and under her influence were those noble aspirations of the human mind carried into effect, whose advantages to the world at large requires no rehearsal. In short, throughout all the period in question, whether apart from the world or drawn into worldly affairs in order to check the evil tendencies of the times, her character was irreproachable. On the one hand, founding institutions of learning—encouraging the study of polite literature, and inviting to her sacred cloisters the oppressed of every clime beneath the sun; on the other ameliorating the condition of the enslaved,—combating the pernicious doctrines of the Heresiarch, but more particularly endeavoring by her Christian chivalric institutions, to stem the torrent of human bloodshed—to awaken the mind to the contemplation of nobler impulses and higher resolves. And it was during these ages that flourished, under her pale, some of the most gifted minds that have adorned that or any other period in history. To these are we indebted, not only for the faith we possess, but also for our learning, and for some of the most valuable inventions and discoveries both in science and art. The Church of the Middle Ages could likewise boast of as many brave defenders and propagators, in, as much as, in spite of all human agencies to the contrary, the truth continually gained ground, so that, ere the fall of Constantinople, her principles were taught throughout the greater portion of the eastern continent and

had penetrated even to the bleak and desolate shores of Iceland. This is but a faint picture of the real character of the church of the Middle Ages.

But it is the character of the writers of the present day to condemn, without a hearing, everything that savors of Popery, persons who make no endeavors to know the real facts of history, but seize every pretense available in order to give vent to their horrid blasphemies, persons who but slavishly re-echo the language of mercenary historians hired to vilify the Christian name. I am a Roman Catholic, yet, I dare say, I am as great a lover of true liberty as anyone in existence. I am a Roman Catholic, yet my mind is neither degraded or enslaved, but, on the contrary, is as capable of judging between true liberty and debasing servitude as that of any other person, and yet, I must say, that I can perceive nothing either in her divine principles, or in her history of which I am ashamed. Where, then, is her tyrannical thralldom? Where, then is her mental degradation? No where, save in the misguided minds of a too credulous public. But we must hasten on. The fulness of time was now fast approaching when, according to the verdict of her enemies, and in direct contradiction to the promises of an infallible God, the gates of hell had prevailed against the old established Church; when truth, that immutable truth, which sixteen centuries before, had been revealed to man, and which twelve poor illiterate fishermen had succeeded in establishing upon earth, was to be arranged in a new garb, and yet, wonderful phenomenon, remain the same.

The so-called Religious Reformation of the sixteenth century came with its boasted theories and bold pretensions. The cry, "Religious Liberty" and similar expressions resounded throughout the land. Notwithstanding its glittering golden principles, let us not be too easily led astray by outward appearances or meaningless words, but let us with calm impartiality examine the character of the person or persons chosen, as they say, to reform the Church which under a penalty they were compelled to hear as the pillar and ground of truth, examine the principles which they taught and then judge from three hundred years experience whether in aught they have succeeded in carrying out their boasted pretensions, whether they have given religious freedom to the human mind, or true civilization to the age. I am very far, however, from denying the existence of abuses in the Catholic Church prior to this

so-called reformation. Truth alone makes free, and that there was need of a reformation within instead of a revolution without, all candid persons have avowed. But unholy anger, worldly pride, and unbounded license, everywhere gave fuel to the flame, which Martin Luther had originated, a man who after his condemnation, presented a striking example of the many excesses to which human nature is subjected. By him all those beautiful antique recollections which the Liturgy of our Church brings so forcibly to our minds were effaced because the source from which they were derived was no longer acknowledged; and frail, weak, human judgment was arrayed against the interpretation of an infallible Church. And of the interpretation of the law of God by the human mind as a tribunal in this, the first few years of its existence, we will give a few examples: "When the Scriptures commend a good work be sure to understand they forbid it," and again, "The Ten Commandments are not binding upon Christians." Such was the doctrine of Luther, the great would-be reformer of the 16th century. An immediate disciple of his goes so far as to say that, "He who observes the Ten Commandments belongs to the devil." If, we are to judge of the character of persons by their principles, and they are the characters of those who repudiate the law of God, who say that His commandments are not binding when all mankind bears visible marks in testimony of the violation of one. Were, I ask you, the utterers of such blasphemous and ungodly words ever chosen by Heaven to reform anything? No, they needed reformation themselves. But I deem it unnecessary to proceed further, unnecessary to speak of Luther's numerous inconsistencies, or examine his private character which was even worse, unnecessary to examine the character of his disciples, for they but reiterated his and their own human fallacies, unnecessary to examine the character of King Henry the Eighth, for the bare mention of his name is sufficient. In view then of all these facts, which history and even their own writings testify, could you imagine for one moment, that a reformation authorized by God was to be brought about by such characters? Yet this, indeed, was the character of the great founder himself of Protestantism, a religion of worship without sacrifice, of laws without commissioned legislators, like the unhappy Jews blindfolded by their own pride and obduracy, they thus wander from error to error, embracing as they do, in the words of Balmes, "All the

wide extent which we behold on coming from the gates of the Holy City." Pretending to have granted religious freedom to the human mind, it has really enslaved it. In vain does it struggle against its own inherent nature, in vain does it free itself of all semblance of authority, and by its own power dive into the mysterious depths of the divinity and strive to comprehend its secrets; it enters upon an unknown and unexplored void whose dimensions are equally infinite, and left by the justice of God, to its own perverse inclinations, it thus, finally, falls a victim,—a degraded serf, to its own self-sufficiency. Yet this, indeed, is the Religious Freedom of the human mind. But would you know the real extent of its Religious Freedom? Review the history of the world for the past three hundred years, and behold nation after nation, arising from their blood and ashes to tell the saddened tale. A voice, though low and faint, is borne to our ears; 'tis the voice of an unhappy people, trampled down by traitorous knives from within, and foul oppression from without, truly her's is the story that has blotted the leaves, her's the real picture of which all others are but representations. To the history of this country go, to find all that is horrible to contemplate carried into effect, to behold bigotry in its deadliest form, and cruelty in its most glaring aspect, go there, to read of the heroic deaths of her famine-stricken people, and the artful connivances of traitors, supported by iniquity. But there are tides in the affairs of nations as well as individuals. The virtues of Christianity yet remain. Faith, as proven by centuries of bloodshed, that that holy spark, enkindled by her great Apostle, shall never be extinguished;—Hope, that the greatest dreams of her poet may be ever realized, that the day is not far distant, when she shall take her stand among the nations of the earth, when true liberty shall break the charity of its silence and plucking a quill from the eagle's wing write the epitaph of her slaughtered son. Charity, that England may soon awaken to a full sense of her injustice and cruel policy, and asking, obtain mercy at the bar of offended justice. But while lamenting over a review of our country's bloody struggles, shall we turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of her sisters?

We turn sickened at even the thought of such inhuman barbarity, when lo! the horrors of the French Revolution meet our startled vision. Here witness the germ of that truculent spirit, displaying itself in the condemnation of those very principles, to which society owes its

condition and man his eternal and temporal welfare. The poisonous seed of infidelity had been planted in this beautiful country and seemed to threaten it with destruction, so spontaneous was its growth. Religion was reviled and scoffed at, considered as an ancient system originated in barbarous times, and intended only as an impediment to the progress of the age and the religious freedom of the human mind. But that was only the mild commencement of that bloody period; for soon the storm, which was fast approaching, fell with all its fury upon our holy Church. The destruction of places of worship. The spoliation of religious houses, the sacrilegious profanation of all holy things and the hundreds that fell victims to their ruthless savagery,—these are the liberties with which a religious freedom had treated us, and which we fling back vauntingly in their face, and trace even to its very source. But no sooner have the echoes of these bitter recollections died away, when peal on peal rends the air from every country in which these principles have been promulgated. The religious history of England, Germany, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, Italy and others, all bear ample testimony to the truth of my assertions; and could the millions of its victims arise from their graves, the air would resound with their denunciations against principles, that have been so detrimental to mankind—that have caused streams of human bloodshed, and have been the loss of numberless souls. Eighteen hundred years have but too plainly shown what we are to expect; nor has the present age been an exception to the general rule as facts fully verify. Even in this free and enlightened country, with its constitutional freedom of religious worship, the bitter pangs of persecution have been keenly felt, and could the principles of bigotry, malice, and unchristian charity, of the followers of the liberty-famed reformer be carried out, the United States of America would flow with Catholic blood; and in a country like this, abounding with calumnious literature and slanderous accusations, a persecution even more dire than any she has ever experienced may, at any moment, burst forth with irresistible fury. Spain, Italy and Switzerland have also been the objects of its cruelty in this century, and the latter centuries, together with Germany are even in our own day feeling yet more vividly the effects of its diabolical workings. But this is the nineteenth century. An age when Bismarckian principles are fast gaining adher-

ents, and when misrepresentation without examination, which is the sure proof of ignorance, seems to be the order of the day—when principles have become objects of traffic, and men are bought and sold for filthy lucre—an age when base subterfuges, to which real honor will not stoop, have destroyed all human confidence, and when knaves under the garb of friendship, like the deceitful artifices of the infernal serpent, seek only an opportunity to plunge the dagger into the heart of the innocent—an age when the tear of misery no longer moves the eye of sympathy—when truth is added to, diminished and vanished, in order to carry out personal ends—and finally, to fill the cup of human misery brimming full—an age when the corruption of the world and its influence on the unsettled condition of society foretells the coming of portentous events. But what has been the character of the church for the past three hundred years? Her character, like her divine principles, has never changed, nor never will change. Believing that scandals will come, she is at all times prepared to battle against them. Adopting the broad platform that truth needs no reformation, the sixteenth century saw her, in council assembled, unanimously condemn the doctrine of the revolutionists and uphold the Apostolic traditions, whilst the Protestants could not even show forth the principal mark of the true church, but dividing and subdividing, presents now an amalgamated mass, agreeing in only one particular, the renunciation of all authority or unlimited license as regards belief. Nor have the principles of Protestantism materially retarded the progress of our holy church in these centuries. We have but to look around us to behold, in every country of the known world, her glorious standard proudly battling every obstacle, and proclaiming her doctrine of love and mercy. A friend of liberty, it was reserved for her to set the first example of religious freedom in this free country. Catholic Maryland opened her portals to the oppressed Protestants fleeing from the persecution of their brethren—a friend of literature, science, art and education generally, we have but to note the enlightened minds she has given to the world, and the immense number of her educational establishments. And in thus taking a retrospective glance at her past history, we are filled with holy awe and admiration. Now lying mangled and bleeding at the feet of a few usurpers, then bounding aloft with superhuman efforts to be even embraced and supported by their successors; sometimes suffering from the

unfaithfulness of their own children and the unjust claims of despots, then reappearing from behind the dark cloud, with which they would envelop thee, even more brilliant than before; everywhere misrepresented, calumniated and despised, nevertheless thou shinest by the light of thy own virtues; in all places, and at all times, has thou presented the same immutable beautiful form, so that we are compelled to exclaim: O grand and glorious church! just prototype of thy Divine Founder, in vain do persecutions and rebellions seek to destroy thee, thou wilt yet arise more brilliant than the sun, break the cords with which they would bind thee to earth, and ascend to reign triumphant in heaven. In the words of a celebrated Protestant authority, "thou hast seen the commencement of all the governments, and of all ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that thou art not destined to see the end of them all. Thou wert great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Briton—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And thou mayest still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's!"

#### A WIFE'S POWER.

A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong; but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his heart renews its strength, and goes forth with renewed vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, jealousy and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

Too often we act by caprice and not by reason.

## Selections.

### CASILDA, THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

The Moor Almenon—with whom Don Ferdinand the Great, King of Castile, maintained a cordial friendship—was King of Toledo.

This Moorish king had a beautiful and tender-hearted daughter named Casilda. A Castilian slave had related to the Moorish king's daughter that the Christians loved their God, their parents, their brethren and their wives. This slave had also told the daughter of the Moorish king how the Christians are never left motherless; for when they lose the ones who bore them, there still remains another named Mary, who is an immortal mother.

Years and years passed away, and Casilda grew in body, in beauty and in virtue. Death deprived her of her mother, and then she envied the happiness of the Christian orphans. On the confines of the garden that surrounded the palace of the Moor were a number of dark dungeons, where many Christian captives, hungry and laden with chains, sighed for liberty. It happened one day that Casilda, while walking in the gardens of her father, heard the sighs of these poor captives. Her heart filled with sorrow; the Moorish princess returned to the palace weeping bitterly. At the door of the palace Casilda met her father and kneeling down at his feet, she said:—

“My father and my lord, in the dungeons on the other side of the gardens sigh many captives. Strike off their chains; open for them the doors of their prison, and let them go back to the land of the Christians, where are weeping for them parents, brethren, wives and children.”

In the depths of his heart the Moor blessed his daughter for her goodness, and he loved Casilda as the apple of his eye. The Moor had no other daughter than her. The poor Moor loved Casilda because she was his child; and, moreover, because she was the living image of the cherished spouse whose loss he had mourned for years. But the Moor, before being the father, was a Mohammedan and a king, and therefore he thought himself bound to punish the audacity of his daughter; for to pity the Christian captives and to ask their liberty was a crime that the prophet commanded to be punished with death. He therefore dissembled the gladness of his heart, and said to Casilda, with an angry air and threatening voice:—

“Away, unbeliever away! Thy tongue shall be cut out and thy body given to the

flames, for such punishment merit those who plead for the Christians.”

And he was about to call on the executioners, in order to give up to them his daughter. But Casilda fell again at his feet, asking pardon by the memory of her mother—of the queen whose death Almenon had mourned for years. The poor Moor felt the tears rushing into his eyes, and pressing his daughter to his heart he pardoned her, saying:—

“Refrain, my child, from again petitioning for the Christians, and even from pitying them, for then there will be no mercy for thee. The holy prophet has written: ‘Destroyed shall be the believer who destroyeth not the infidels.’”

The birds sang; the sky was blue; in the golden sunshine the flowers opened, and the gentle morning breeze bore to the Moorish king's palace the perfume from the gardens. Casilda was full of sorrow, and to banish her melancholy thoughts she drew near to her window. The gardens then appeared to her so beautiful that, unable to resist their charm, she descended there to walk away her sadness under the shade of the sweet smelling trees.

It is related that the Angel of Compassion, in the form of a brilliant butterfly, started up at her feet and enchanted her heart and eyes. The butterfly flew away—flew from flower to flower, Casilda following without being able to overtake it, until a strong wall stopped the way. Over this the butterfly disappeared, leaving the child immovable and enraptured at the foot.

Behind this wall Casilda heard mournful lamentations; and then she remembered that there, hungry and laden with chains, sighed the poor Christians, for whom, in Castile, were weeping parents, brethren, wives and lovers; and charity and compassion strengthened her soul and enlightened her understanding.

Casilda returned to the palace, and, taking meats and gold, went back towards the dungeons, following the butterfly, which had again presented itself in her path. The gold was to soften the jailors, and the meats were to nourish the captives. With the gold and meats hidden in the fold of her robe she proceeded on her way, when suddenly, at the turn of an alley of rose bushes, she was met by her father, who had come out into the garden there to dissipate his melancholy.

“What has brought thee here so early, light of mine eyes?” inquired the Moor of his daughter.

The princess blushed as red as the roses which at her side trembled in the morning breezes, and at length replied :

"I came to gaze upon these flowers, to hear the warbling of the birds, to see the sun reflected in these fountains and to breathe the perfumed air."

"And what carriest thou in thy robe?"

In the depth of her heart Casilda called upon the immortal Mother of the Christians, but answered not her father. Then Almenon, noting the hesitation of his daughter, plucked at the robe of the child, and a shower of roses fell from it upon the ground. Pale was the child—pale as the lilies in the garden of the Moorish king, her father. The story relates that there remained scarcely any blood in the veins of Casilda; for every day, thrown out in streams, it reddened the string of snowy pearls which shone between the lips of the princess. Pale was the child, and the Moorish king was dying with grief at the sight of his dying daughter. The science of the physicians of Toledo failed to restore health to the princess; and then Almenon called to his court the most famous doctors of Seville and Cordova. But the science of the latter was equally at powerless as that of the former.

"My kingdom and my treasures will I give to him who saves my daughter!" exclaimed the poor Moor, on seeing Casilda ready to yield her last sigh.

But no one succeeded in gaining his kingdom and his treasures; for the blood continued, thrown out in streams, to redden the snowy pearls which shone between the lips of the princess.

"My daughter is dying!" wrote the King of Toledo to the King of Castile. "If there be in your kingdom any one who can save her, let him come to my court, and I will give him my kingdom, my treasures, and even my daughter herself."

Throughout the kingdoms of Castile and Leon went forth criers, announcing that the Moorish King of Toledo offered to any one who could restore the health of his daughter, his kingdom and his treasures, and even her whose salvation he longed for. And it is related that a physician from Juda presented himself to the King of Castile, offering to bring back health to the Moorish princess.

And such was the wisdom of the words of the man, and such the faith and goodness that shone in his countenance, that the King of Castile hesitated not a moment in giving him let-

ters, assuring Almenon that with them he sent him one who would save the princess Casilda.

Hardly had the physician from Juda touched the forehead of the child when the blood ceased to flow, and the colour of the rose began to appear on the pale cheeks of the patient.

"Take my kingdom!" exclaimed Almenon, overcome with joy and weeping with gratitude.

"My kingdom is not of this world," replied the physician from Juda.

"Take my treasure!" answered the king of Toledo, pointing to his daughter.

And making a sign of acceptance the physician extended his hand to Casilda and said:—

"Away from here; there are purifying waters which must complete the cure of the Mohammedan maiden."

And the next day the Princess Casilda trod upon Christian ground, still accompanied by the physician from Juda.

Casilda and the physician from Juda travelled and travelled through the land of the Christians, until at last they stopped on the bank of a blue-watered lake. The physician took a little water in the hollow of his hand, and pouring it on the forehead of the princess, he exclaimed:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, I baptize thee."

And the princess felt an unspeakable happiness, like to what, in her childhood, the Christian slave had told her the blessed experience in Paradise. And her knee bent and her eyes fixed themselves on the blue vault of heaven above, and about her resounded the most sweet hosannas, which caused her to turn her gaze around.

The physician from Juda was no longer at her side, but, surrounded by brilliant splendours, he was rising towards the blue vault of heaven.

"Who art thou, Lord; who art thou!" exclaimed the princess, astonished and enlightened.

"I am thy spouse; I am he who gave health to the daughter of Jarius, who suffered the evil as thou sufferest. I am He who said: "Who-soever leaveth house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands in my name, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess eternal life."

On the banks of the lake, at present, called after St. Vincent, there is a poor hermitage, where lived alone the daughter of the Moorish King of Toledo, and who is now called St. Casilda.

Whoever extinguishes in a man a feeling of benevolence, kills him partially.

## THE SERPENT OF APPETITE.

It is an old Eastern fable that a certain King once suffered the Evil One to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately there sprang therefrom two serpents, who, furious with hunger, attacked the man, and strove to eat into his brain. The now terrified king strove to tear them away and cast them from him, when he found, to his horror, that they had become a part of himself.

Just so it is with every one who becomes a slave to his appetite. He may yield in what seems a very little thing at first; even when he find himself attacked by the serpent that lurks in the glass, he may fancy he can cast him off. But, alas! he finds the thirst for strong drink has become a part of himself. It would be almost as easy to cut off his right hand. The poor poet Burns said that if a barrel of rum was placed in one corner of the room, and a loaded cannon in another, pointing toward him ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum.

The person who first tempts you to take a glass may appear very friendly. It was not a dart that Satan aimed at the fated king. He only gave him a kiss. But the serpent sprang from it, just as deadly, for all that.

Oh, be careful of letting this serpent of appetite get possession of you, for it will be a miracle of grace, indeed, if you are ever able again to shake him off.

Guard against every sin, however small; let it not gain a hold upon you. Pray to be kept from temptation in every form, and think not that in your own strength you can battle against it.

## IRELAND.

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Here is a German ballad on the sufferings of Ireland, translated by Mary Howitt. Ferdinand Freiligrath is not inspired so much by the beauties of the German Fatherland, as by the sorrow of Erin! Alone in his study, his vision is not purpled with the gorgeous light of a sunset on the Rhine, but with the life blood which English law and landlord tyranny have drawn from the Irish heart,—

The boat swings to a rusty chain;  
The snail, the oar, of use no longer;  
The fisher's boy died yester e'en,  
And now the father faints with hunger.  
Pale Ireland's fish is landlord's fish,  
It gives him costly food and raiment;  
A tattered garb, an empty dish,  
These are the fisher's only payment.

A pastoral sound is on the wind,  
With kine the roads are thronged—oh, pity,  
A ragged peasant crawls beheld,  
And drives them to the seaport city.  
Pale Ireland's herds the landlord claims—  
The food which Paddy's soul desireth—  
That would nerve his children's frames,  
The landlord's export trade requireth.

To him the cattle are a fount  
Of joy and luxury never scanty,  
And each horned head augments the amount  
Which swells for him the horn of plenty.  
In Paris and in London town,  
His gold makes gambling table glitter,  
The while his Irish poor lie down  
And die, like flies in winter-bitter.

Hallo! hallo! the chase is up!  
Paddy, rushed in—he not a dreamer—  
In vain! for there there is no hope,  
The game goes with the earliest steamer;  
For Ireland's game is landlord's game,  
The landlord is a large encroacher—  
God speed the peasant's righteous claim;  
He is too feeble for a poacher!

The landlord cares for ox and hound,  
Their worth a peasant's worth surpasses!  
Instead of draining marshy ground—  
Old Ireland's wild and dear morasses—  
He leaves the land a beggy fen,  
With sedge and useless moss grown over;  
He leaves it for the water hen,  
The rabbit, and the screaming plover.

Yes, 'neath the curse of heaven! of waste  
And wilderness, four million acres!  
To you corrupt, unworn, debased,  
No wakening peals prove slumber breakers.  
Oh, Irish land is landlord's land!  
And, therefore, by the wayside dreary  
The furnished mothers weeping stand,  
And beg for means their babes to bury.

A wailing cry sweeps like a blast  
The length and breadth of Ireland thorough;  
The west wind which my easement passed  
Brought to my mind that wail of sorrow.  
Faint as the dying man's last sigh,  
Came o'er the waves my heart-strings searing  
The cry of woe, the hunger cry,  
The death cry of poor weeping Erin.

Erin! she kneels in stricken grief,  
Pale, agonizing, with wild hair flying,  
And strews the shamrock's withered leaf,  
Upon her children, dead and dying.  
She kneels beside the sea, the streams,  
And by her ancient hill's foundations—  
Her, more than Byron's Rome, beseems  
The title "Niobe of Nations."

## THE MADONA OF EINSIEDELEN.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

In a vast hall, whose walls were adorned with paintings, and around which were stone benches, such as are seen in the old castles of Germany, was seated a party of gentlemen, drinking Rhenish wine from large, old-fashioned goblets. In the midst of the banquet, while an officer named Berthold was uttering some of the most extravagant nonsense, a pilgrim was ushered in. He was going alone and barefooted to visit Our

Lady of the Hermits, when the approach of a violent storm forced him to ask hospitality at the castle.

The host arose from his seat and courteously conducted his new guest to the corner of a vast fire-place, where whole oaks were burning. This duty being accomplished, Berthold, without any respect for the austere presence of the pilgrim, resumed the silly and impious discourse which his entrance had for a moment interrupted, casting from time to time a glance at the stranger to see what effect his words produced on him; but the face of the holy man remained perfectly calm and motionless. The banquet being over, the guests ordered their horses and prepared to go to their several homes.

"The night is dark," said the host to Berthold, who was a relative of his. "You will have to pass through a lonely glen, and something might happen to you. Be advised by me, and stay here to-night."

"Pshaw!" laughed the officer, "I fear neither God nor the devil!"

"Are you quite sure of that?" demanded the pilgrim.

"So sure, honest pilgrim, that I now drink to Lucifer, and beg the favor of his company, if it be convenient, to escort me home to-night."

"And you would deserve it well," cried the host, turning pale.

"We will petition Our Lady for you," said the pilgrim; "you will need her help."

"Oh! pray do not trouble yourself; I can dispense with your prayers," and he bowed ironically to the holy man.

Some minutes after, he was in the stirrups and dashing down the hill on which the castle stands, singing the chorus of a drinking song. The night was far advanced; the moon shone out at times through thick, dark clouds, and flashes of lightning darted at intervals along the horizon. At last the young man reached the dangerous place which was known by the name of "The Devil's Road." It was a deep gorge between two mountains, a wild and gloomy spot where the Alpine goat would scarcely have ventured. At that dead hour, when the deep stillness called forth every superstitious feeling, the young man, becoming somewhat uneasy, placed his hand on his sword; then, ashamed of himself, he began to laugh at his own fears. "I have invited Lucifer to see me home," said he, willing to indulge his pride by an idle boast; "but he is deaf, it seems, or hell is empty."

The thunder rolled in the distance and a flash of lightning illuminated the woods and moun-

tains, showing him two hideous dwarfs at his horse's head.

"Ha!" cried the officer, with a shudder; but quickly resuming his wonted insolence. "Avant, ye fiends!" he cried, proudly waving his sword; "two wretched dwarfs would be a fitting escort for some Alpine cowherd!"

The dwarfs disappeared, and the gallop of two horses, rapidly descending the almost perpendicular face of the mountain, made Berthold turn his head. The horsemen were two knights in black armour, mounted on steeds of the same color. Their eyes shone like blazing coals through the bars of their closed helmets, and streams of fire waved above their heads. The gloomy knights drew up in silence on either side of the terrified officer, snatched the reins from his trembling hands, and the three horses dashed along at lightening speed. Mountain after mountain disappeared; frail bridges spanning cataracts so fearful that even the boldest hunter would scarcely set foot upon them, were crossed with the swiftness of the wind. The region of eternal snow was quickly gained, and the horses, redoubling their fury, made straight for a tremendous gulf, where, far down as the eye could see, rolled a mountain stream, its noise hardly perceptible from the immense height above. Suddenly, from amidst those gloomy waters, reddened at times by subterranean fires, a multitude of hoarse, hollow voices were heard. "Revenge! revenge!" they cried; "give us the seducer, the false friend, the duelist!"

"We bring him," replied the knights, brandishing their swords.

A cold sweat bedewed Berthold's brow, his hair stood on end, and his features were convulsed with terror; for among those accusing voices, there were many that he well knew—voices that pierced his very soul—and remorse began to speak as loudly as fear within.

"Give us the gambler, the slanderer, the blasphemer, the perjured!" cried the voices from the abyss; and Berthold's gloomy companions, with a horrible laugh, answered the voices from below: "We bring him! we bring him!"

"Give us the impious!"

"We bring him!" still answered the black knights, and Berthold well nigh lost his senses.

Already were the three horsemen upon the edge of a steep rock overhanging the dread abyss. Another moment, and all would be over. But suddenly, the two black knights stood still and mute as statues. The light tinkle of a bell

was heard from afar; it was the midnight office ringing in Our Lady's chapel at Einsiedeln.

Berthold understood that Mary's influence had paralysed the fearful power which was dragging him down to hell; and, hastily making the sign of the cross, he fervently recommended himself to the protecting Virgin, who seemed to interpose between him and the punishment which his conscience told him, he so well deserved. The bell ceased ringing, and the young officer felt his heart sink as he saw the knights once more moving on their black coursers. But the voice of repentance had ascended to the stary throne of Mary; and the demons, with a gesture of rage and despair, plunged headlong into the chasm, leaving Berthold alone on the brink.

The moon, just then emerging from a mass of dark clouds, shone brightly down, and the officer discovered, to his great surprise, that he was on the highest ridge of the mountains, and that it would be with great difficulty that he could descend. Invoking once more the aid of Mary, he began the descent, which he accomplished in safety after many hours' labor.

Some days after, to the great amazement of his companions, he went barefooted to Our Lady's chapel at Einsiedeln. Here he made a vow never to drink any other beverage than the pure water from the spring, and by prayers and penance to atone for his many sins.

### THE IRISH DRUMMER BOY.

"Among the regiments terribly decimated at the second battle of Bull Run were those belonging to Sickles' brigade. Held in reserve during the fierce carnage of the earlier part of the day, they had only seen the battalions of stretcher-bearers and trains of ambulances loaded with their groaning burdens. Late in the afternoon came the orders to go to the front. The drum-corps, contrary to custom, accompanied the brigade into the line of fire. Army drummers were generally the lowest of the low, but Tommy Gowan was worthy to be branded as the "wickedest boy in New York." Under twelve years old, he was yet plunged to the eyes in every possible vice. No gentler prophecy was ever made than that he would yet dance in the air at a ropes end. A street Arab, with all the most hideous defects of his clan, even the tenderness that soldiers generally felt for their boyish pets of the drum corps extended not to him. The order was given to dislodge the enemy holding a section of dense woods and

underbrush. The position was very strong and obstructed by all the contrivances of the engineer. Three times the brigade charged up to the jaws of the cannon, and each time was rolled back like paper shrivelled in the fire. Again the officers marshalled them into a line of attack. A deadly storm from the yawning artillery again tore through the bleeding, broken ranks. The last of the color-guard, the fifth man who had appeared the fatal banner within an hour, went down, shot through the heart. It was a critical moment. The officers could hardly make themselves heard in the horrid din. The line wavered and shook, as a wild, impassible panic shot through the hearts that had thrice charged on those appalling woods with such a lavish waste of life. At this moment the drummer-boy Gowan rushed forward, seized the dishonored colors from the earth, and, faced the regiment backed towards the enemy for several rods. The hero's heart, under all the foul rags and tatters that had swathed and buried it out of sight, burst through its bonds under the inspiration of that terrible moment. Shrilly he shrieked, as he waved the ponderous colors over his head, "Fie! Shame on ye boys! would ye desert the old flag?" and the next moment tumbled into a lifeless heap, literally torn in two by a shell. The Irish regiment gave one frantic yell of wrath that stilled the rattling fusillades, and swept on with the impetus of an avalanche. Nothing human could endure before that frenzied onset, and in a moment the Confederates were hurled back in route and confusion. The name of young Gowan is carved in no marble tablet, stamped on no medal of honor, and was mentioned but by one newspaper. Yet in the memory of all who witnessed that transcendent outburst of the divine and heroic through a corrupt and galling crust, it sends a burning thrill through all the nerves at the recurring thought. Victor Hugo could put in the mouth of Cambonne the foulest of words to express his boundless despair and rage when ordered to surrender the shattered fragment of the "Old Guard" at Waterloo; he could make Gavroche die at the barricades of Paris with the gay laugh quivering on his shrunken lips. But he never conceived anything more supremely grand than the death of that Irish drummer-boy."

Thrice up against their battery,  
We rushed to the attack,  
And thrice with fearful slaughter  
Our lines were driven back;  
Once more our Colonel marshalled us,  
And on we rushed again,  
But torn and shattered, back recoiled  
With scarcely half our men.

A cry of terror thrilled the ranks;  
 And wavered the Brigade,  
 Before their rattling guns we stood  
 Pale, panting, and dismayed.  
 The last man of the color-guard  
 His death-shot there was found,  
 And close beside, his battle flag  
 Lay torn upon the ground,  
 Fast flashed the red artillery  
 Our bleeding columns through,  
 And thick and fast to earth they fall,  
 Our gallant men in blue  
 A shuddering thrill an icy chill  
 Through every bosom runs,  
 As faster fell the shot and shell  
 From the Confederate guns.

'Twas then an Irish drummer boy,  
 (Too young for such a scene,)  
 Stepped proudly to the foremost ranks  
 Dressed in his jacket green,  
 And snatched from earth the tattered flag  
 That lay all glory there,  
 Regardless of the hissing shell  
 That hurtled through the air:

Proudly before the foe-man's guns  
 He waved that flag on high,  
 His face lit up, his fearless soul  
 Shone in his flashing eye,  
 The light of Heaven and Martyrdom  
 Beamed on his glowing face,  
 As if at once were centred there,  
 The fire of all his race.

"Shame on you, boys will you desert  
 The old flag to the foe?  
 Come on I who shrink before his guns,  
 Or fear his rebel blow?  
 Charge I for our own old flag again,"  
 With fearless voice he said,  
 A moment more—and in his gore  
 The drummer boy lay dead.

We heard him shout, we saw him fall,  
 The green flag in his hand,  
 We gazed upon his boyish face,  
 So fearless, proud and grand,  
 And from our ranks there burst a yell  
 For blood, revenge, or death,  
 As if the infernal hounds of hell  
 Had leaped upon the earth.

Up against that blazing battery,  
 With fiercely flashing blade,  
 In frantic fury, fiercely sprung  
 Each man of the brigade,  
 No human force, no human power  
 Could turn that shock aside,  
 Deep, deep in blood our blades avenged  
 That little boy who died.

Wrapped in his flag we buried him,  
 And o'er his lonely grave,  
 With saddened hearts, our whole brigade  
 A farewell volley gave,  
 For braver ne'er on field or plain,  
 From Foyle to Fontenoy,  
 Died for the free, more grand than he,  
 That Irish drummer boy.

Wm. COLLINS.

He who shows justice and clarity in his conduct accomplishes the noblest of all works. An upright man is in his own way the greatest of all artists.

### FACE THE MUSIC.

People who are ashamed of their histories and strive to ignore or conceal their past with a glamour of pretence, have made no solid growth or progress. If experience is worth having, that which is dug out with pain and suffering is too valuable to be denied.

Cancel a few of the prominent events of a life, whether the world might consider them worthy or reprehensible, and there is left no chance for logical deductions, or opportunity for satisfactory review of the train of circumstances and influences which produced results of the present, either of inner or external life. Face the music squarely. Look your own acts fairly in the face without finching, or mark yourself a coward.

It is not necessary to publish to the world all that is strictly personal, unless ridicule and frittering of power are desired. But when brought up to the rack by meddlesome gossips,—who always have a few fly leaves of everybody's record written up to suit their own taste and fancy,—do not be agonized because there is a grain of truth spread over a dozen lies, to make them the more tantalizing.

One may find salvation and happiness in that which to another would be rank poison and death.

### MEN AND WOMEN.

Providence has so made the sexes that women, like children, cling to men; lean upon them for protection, care and love, look up to them as though they were their superior in mind and body. They make the sums of their system, and they and their children revolve around them. Women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts want men to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a fool, a liar or libertine. If a man would have a woman do him homage, he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but polite because his heart is full of kindness to all; one who treats her with respect, even deference, because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level if his mind is above hers; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, whether she encourages him or not; and who is always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place as the man at the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy, and industry, will win any woman in the land who is worth winning.

# THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.\*

AIR—THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS.  
With Expression.

"THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD."

1. There is not in this wide world a val - ley so sweet As that  
2. Yet it was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet, † Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and  
pur - est of crys - tal, and bright - est of green: 'Twas not the soft ma - gic of

*lento.* *cres.*  
life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the  
stream - let or hill; Oh! no— it was something more ex - qui - site still:— Oh!

bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!  
no— it was something more exquisite still!

3  
'Twas that friends, the belo'd of my bosom were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4  
Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

\* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.  
† The rivers Avon and Avoca.