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THE HARP

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. I. MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1874. NO. 4.

(For the HARP.)

THE HARP.

Strike the harp! its sound recalls
Many wrongs which fill my breast,
Many joys which now have perished,
Many friends who are gone to rest;
Many hopes which oft I cherished
For the Island of the blest,
For my dear and bleeding sireland,
For that island in the west.

Strike the harp! its sound recalls
Visions of my boyhood's home,
The old cot where I was born,
Far across the ocean's foam;
Where I rambled o'er the meadows
To the church yard cold and lone:
Oh, what happy thoughts I've woven
In my long loved island home.

Strike the harp! its sound recalls
When I wandered by the sea,
How I longed with boyish fancy
For to see my country free;
For to see the green flag floating,
Throughout the land and on the sea,
While her sons would guard her banner,
Proudly singing, we are free.—R. H. O'DWYER.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

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

CHAPTER VI.

STATESMEN *En Deshabille*.

One wet, stormy evening, a few weeks after Gerald O'Dwyer left Kilsheelan, three gentlemen were loitering over their wine in Lord Castlereagh's elegant mansion in Merrion Square, Dublin.

Tipperary gentry might choose other title than "gentlemen' to describe one of the trio, whose hard red face and easy manners indentified him as Mr. Albin Artslade, of Ashenfield.

His companions were more remarkable in their lives than in their faces.

The younger of the two had a frank, handsome face, and a captivating ease and cordiality of manner, such as we admire in men of fashion of the better sort. No one would have taken him for a statesman, who did not mark how deep and acute his glance was, and how firm the lines of his well-cut features, upon emergency. This was Lord Castlereagh, the Irish Secretary of State.

The Under-Secretary, Mr. Edward Cooke was the third of the group—a bland-faced, commonplace, rather mean-featured man, without much to distinguish him from a country grocer, except a certain crafty, impalpable expression that somehow conveyed the notion of power.

"And so that's how O'Dwyer Gary treated your benevolent offer!" said Lord Castlereagh, laughing heartily over his embassador's rueful account of his reception at Kilsheelan.

"My lord, it was scandalous," said Mr. Artslade, rather nettled at his lordship's merriment. "But a loyal man can expect nothing else in Tipperary."

"So poor Holleston says too," remarked Mr. Cooke, with a sly leer. "Unless pistols be anything else."

"Queer people!" said his lordship, as he drained his glass. "Fancy the Englishman that would knock a man down for offering him a small fortune! We Irish do need education. However, rebels will be rebels, Mr. Artslade: we must make some allowance for their ignorance."

"Oh! certainly, my lord," smiled Mr. Artslade, overflowing with generosity.

The generosity didn't go beyond his mouth: in his heart there was a wound, aching for revenge.

"But we want O'Dwyer," said the Under-Secretary. 'Isn't he in difficulties?'

"Drowned in them."

"Is there no way of reaching him?'

"There is, of chastising him," said Mr. Artslade, grimly. "I am the mortgagee of his whole estates, and by G—"

"I don't like swearing, Mr. Artslade, said Lord Castlereagh, with a smile that was almost a sneer.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said the other, obsequiously. "What I meant to say was that, if he does not vote for your lordship's Union, he and Kilsheelan will part company."

"Very kind of you, Mr. Artslade," rejoined his lordship, with an ambiguous bow. "Sackwell, you say, hasn't been so delicate?"

"He jumped at the notion."

"Ah! What would solace *his* wounded feelings, I wonder? "To suffering country, £10,000;" "Indignation of the Community, ditto;" Sacrifice of honor, *etcetera*, tuppence-ha'penny," Eh?"

"Ha, Ha! He didn't descend to particulars, your lordship," said Mr. Artslade, very ill at ease in this candid style of statesmanship. "His great anxiety was to hear some *reasons* from your lordship for supporting the Union. He seems to be anxious about a Popish rebellion, and about——"

"Yes, yes—of course. Cooke, you'll supply him with some of those reasons he wants—some of those that have worked such miracles of conversion already, you know."

"I hope we aren't too prodigal of "reasons," said the Under-Secretary, significantly.

"Oh! nonsense. Sackwell is an extremely tender soul—he'd die of fright, poor fellow, if he sold his country without reason. We haven't many other friends down your way, Mr. Artslade?"

"No, indeed, my lord," said the gentleman addressed. "Mr. Sackwell and myself are the only supporters of the Union amongst—ah—the upper classes."

Lord Castlereagh coughed a delicate Ahem!

"But they are all bankrupts, aren't they?—any of them worth talking about?"

"With one or two exceptions, my lord," said Mr. Artslade, with emphasis.

"Pooh! they'd easily reconcile themselves to the English connection if it brought clean balance-sheets. But you have been modest enough to forget your own claims, Mr. Artslade."

Mr. Artslade wriggled and grimaced uneasily.

"You have done distinguished service to the State, and the State will not be ungrateful. Cooke, you will arrange this with Mr. Artslade."

"If I might—ah—trouble your lordship, it is not—ah—it is not what I may call money I desire." Thus awkwardly spoke Mr. Artslade.

"Eh?" exclaimed his lordship, in blank amaze.

"I said, my lord, that—ah—money is not any object with me."

"Oh! of course not, Mr. Artslade. Money is no object with any of us—all principle. But in this case we can happily combine exalted principle with reasonable reward. For instance, you'll loose the representation of your worthy city of Fethard. That's a fair subject for compensation."

"'Tisn't that, my lord—'tisn't that," mumbled Mr. Artslade, who was a miserable diplomatist. "If there was any title of honor that would show your sense of my poor services—"

Lord Castlereagh was too polite to laugh, as he had a mind.

"Oh! now I see, Mr. Artslade—something that would lift you above your rebel friends in Tipperary. Well, you see, we can't pitchfork a fellow all at once into the peerage—can we, Cooke?—but if a baronetcy—"

What followed, deponent sayeth not, till Mr. Artslade was gone, and Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Cooke drew their chairs to the fire.

"Precious scoundrel, that," observed his lordship, in manifest allusion to the departed Artslade.

"Rather," drawled the Under-Secretary, sipping his wine reflectively.

"He'd have made a creditable coal-heaver, if the Lord hadn't afflicted him with money. But a baronet! Pshaw! it's enough to make decent people throw up titles and coronets and turn highwaymen."

"Never mind, my lord: bad as he is, he'll have plenty of *peers* in the Irish aristocracy before the Union is carried."

"Pity O'Dwyer didn't shoot the fellow."

"We want his vote, my lord," said Mr. Cooke.

"True, faith: ours isn't the winning side yet."

"Hardly. At the first whisper of it openly, we'll be stunned with patriotic bawling; they even talk of bringing Grattan back to annihilate us."

"Pooh! let them froth. Words were never as eloquent as guineas—especially with patriots. "Mammon and the Empire," is a grand cry—Mammon always first."

"'Twill cost two millions clear to represent that deity."

"What matter? A grateful country will be paymaster. After all, 'tis a small penalty for a land that breeds such rascals."

Lord Castlereagh emptied his glass with the

air of a man whom the topic disgusted; and then burst out with :

"Cooke, I tell you what, they may call you and me what bad names they please, but, if Posterity has an ounce of brains in its head, it will say that we did better for Ireland than ever she did for herself."

The Under-Secretary smiled, as if the opinion of Posterity were not any great trouble to him.

"There are only two classes of logical politicians in Ireland," proceeded his lordship, "the rebels and ourselves. The rebels want to cut our throats—naturally enough, I admit—and we want to muzzle the rebels. Who's to step between us? Is it the high and mighty bedlam called the Irish Parliament? One section sells itself to England at so much per principle: the rest—Grattan would call them "maudlin profligates," if they were on the treasury benches—they drink, gamble, rave, squander, fight duels, do every blessed thing but legislate. Of course, their old parliament is sacred, venerable, and all that; so is their whiskey, and one has about the same influence as the other in ruling Ireland. If they want to have a skull-cracking nation of their own, let them go out with the rebels and try issues decently with the Sassenagh. Else let the country thank its stars it has you and me to change its mummery of government into a substantial one."

"Egad, my lord, you should have made that speech in the House," laughed the Under-Secretary. "I'm beginning to think we should take rank with Tell and Hofer, and fellows of that description."

"The world will do us justice yet," said Lord Castlereagh, "when they know the prices we've had to give for principle. Walpole is right—every man has his price, at least in Ireland."

"You forget O'Dwyer Garv—I wish we knew *his* price."

"Egad, you're right—there are a few fellows like him in Ireland that makes me half in awe of their infernal Parliament. He is the very proudest man I ever met."

"He's an ass," ejaculated Mr. Cooke, sententiouslly."

"So he is, considering that a trifling vote would save him from beggary, and that he won't give it. Still I can't help cursing our necessity and pitying him—'tis such an odd inversion of the order of nature to see our coal-heaving friend—what d'ye call him?—dubbed Baronet, and O'Dwyer Garv set a-picking up his crumbs like a beggar."

"But you overlook this manifest contrast of their merits—the baronet might have been a beggar only for his good sense; the beggar may be a baronet if he isn't an ediot."

"Right as ever Cooke—as pleasant and ingenious a truth as that a black man is whiter than snow. But if baronetcies are flying about in this helter-skelter fashion—what on earth are they going to reserve for us, I wonder? Dukedoms at the least."

"Say rather *whitewash*—if that same. There are better prizes than those of diplomacy."

"What do you mean?"

"We haven't the good fortune to be *patriots* my lord," said Cooke, with a bitter sneer.

"Well, well, I was once a patriot." Lord Castlereagh was thoughtful! "and perhaps—nay, true as God! they were my better days—But nonsense! that fine lunatic from Tipperary has made a fool of me. The necessities of Empire summon us—bah! to fill our glasses! Now, then!"

CHAPTER VII.

GOING TO PARLIAMENT.

Month chased month through the College cloisters and found Gerald O'Dwyer plunging deeper and deeper into the dark avenues of thought, at whose deep extremity lay fortune—that Fortune which was to restore tottering traditions, and save a noble heart from breaking. The law, at that time the most seductive of the professions, carried him enthusiastically to its study; and, though he fretted and stumbled through many of its intricacies, he went on and on, with a strong heart, towards the purpose that shone like a star long beyond the year-mountains, stretching away into his future. Fields of pleasure there were by the way, but he passed them by; siren voices came to his ear, but he minded them not; doubt and discouragements crossed him like unholy spirits, and turned him not; he pressed on as a Crusader, with success for his Jerusalem.

Will he ever be in time to save the house that is tottering every day nearer to its fall?

Alas! the process of destruction is quicker than the approach of rescue! Extravagance still runs riot in Kilsheelan. O'Dwyer Garv must be a broken-hearted pauper, or he must be what his fathers were before him; such pride as his left no middle course. So the revels go on, and the rents are unpaid, and the *regime* of recklessness holds sway, and nobody suspects

that behind all the jolity there is an aching heart and a consuming pain.

Nobody but Mr. Albin Artslade, who hugs *his mortgage*-deeds, and counts the days until his triumph!

And while the fortunes of Kilsheelan are thus hurried to a crisis, the fortunes of Ireland took an equally critical turn. The project of a Union with Great Britain, promoted without scruple by the minions of the Government, discovered an amount of corruption in the Irish Parliament that would have justified its destruction, if the instruments of its fall were not more scandalous still. The first mention of the project evoked a storm of indignation that threatened to overwhelm its proposers: but Lord Castlereagh and his chief knew too well they were dealing with a Parliament which represented only a distracted faction, with whose doings or opinions the mass of the nation had but little sympathy. They deliberately set themselves to purchase a majority, flooding the country with such a system of bare-faced corruption as to stamp the whole transaction with eternal infamy. How they succeeded with the bundle of needy placemen, lawyers and profligates, who formed the bulk of the Irish Commons, all the world knows.

And yet, pitiful as was the degeneracy of the time, it produced examples of romantic virtue which, were fate as merciful to Ireland as Jehovah was to the cities of Segor long ago, must have saved her *nationality* from annihilation. They were of the old aristocracy for the most part: those big-hearted, chivalrous ne'er-do well's, to whom an Irish Parliament was as essential a principle of existence as debts, or fox-hounds, or whiskey-punch, and whom the assembled forces of earth and hell could not induce to budge from the ship, which *sooner or* later, they all knew, must sink. With them Patriotism was rather a sentiment than a reasoning conviction: handed down, like the family portraits, from generation to generation, accepted without much reflection, and guarded with their lives. The whole character of their lives and opinions was that of a forlorn hope—not so much fitted to command success, as to die cheerfully and gallantly where their cause died with them: an army with only the discipline of instinct. Against so unpractical a sentiment, Lord Castlereagh made easy war with all the weapons of stratagem and interest which they despised. Yet there were those among them whose fervid enthusiasm rallied the unpurchased allegiance of the nation around the falling Parliament, and sanctified its death with an interest which in life it little merited. And so much is purity, however eccentric, superior to corruption, however powerful, that against this loose organization of enthusiasm, the Unionists threw their compact columns month after month in vain, trying argument, *perfidy and menace* by turns to conquer the antipathy to the Union, and only forcing it into more uncompromising, if more hopeless bitterness.

But the contest could not last. Lord Castlereagh planned and purchased and bullied and inveigled, till he assured himself of success, and then determined to strike boldly and swiftly once for all against the patriots.

One raw, cold day in January, some nine *months after* Gerald O'Dwyer entered College, the last session of the Parliament of Ireland was opened. Though there was no official intimation that the scheme of a Union, defeated in the previous session, would be revived, some presentimental little bird whispered to the nation that the crisis was come: and in the capital especially, the opening of the session was attended with an excitement that was nearly a fever: for, however fared the rest of the country, Dublin at least was the petted darling of Parliament, beautified by its prodigal votes and enriched by its splendid society. In all the city, in Castle, mansion and cabin alike, the great heart of the community was throbbing wildly for the issue of the day.

The wide area in front of the Parliament House was occupied by troops of all arms, among whom swarmed the excited populace, scrutinizing eagerly each new arrival, in carriage or on foot. Every official suspected was received with a howl of execration, and every member of the opposition saluted with deafening applause. And so they poured along, peers and commoners—ministerialists and patriots—to preside over the fate of a nation.

Suddenly, from the river side, there travelled news, at first murmured indistinctly, then shouted from end to end of the masses. The opposition contingent from Tipperary had arrived. "Tipperary to the rescue!" ran from mouth to mouth, and with a tumultuous movement away rushed the crowds towards the quay.

When they got there they found the Tipperary contingent haranguing fresh crowds that darkened the whole river-front, and truly, a remarkable contingent it was.

In the midst of the people halted a dissipated

looking four-in-hand, on the roof of which the '*contingent*' found standing room. From this dizzy elevation a huge, red-faced, bulky gentleman, in whom a nearer view identifies an old friend, Squire Bingham, was holding forth, with the voice of a Stentor, to the enraptured mob. Apostrophizing the stars with one hand, and sporting a large horse-pistol in the other, with a face ready to burst into a blaze from mere excess of redness, and eyes kindled half with fun, half with passion, he presented to his admiring audience the *beau ideal* of a man that was in earnest. Around him in the carriage were some half dozen of the leading anti-Unionists of Tipperary, among them O'Dwyer Garv, calm and self-possessed as ever, though of too mercurial a temperament not to enter heart and soul into the spirit of the scene; and the patriotic Mr. Sackwell, whose beaming solar system of smiles was getting perpetually out of order by reason of a certain nervousness which nearly turned them into horrid grins, such as betimes the patriot will execute—when he has a *tooth drawn*. The only other remarkable feature of the display was the appearance of two grinning urchins in the back seat, one of whom leathered the big drum, and the other trotted out an excruciating horn, at every break in Mr. Bingham's eloquence.

"Boys," said the squire, "I'm not a member of Parliament—I never robbed or murdered a man that I should be—nor I'm not able to make a speech; but by G—, this is," and he flourished the horse pistol fiercely amid a prolonged rub-dub from the big drum. "That's the boy that'll give 'em rhyme and reason, and call me Davy if I don't make it talk to 'em."

"Me darlin' yez are, ould tub o' guts," murmured a chimney-sweeper, approvingly.

"We didn't come all the way from Tipperary," proceeded the darling tub of guts, "to go back with our fingers in our mouths."

Such a prospect was so dreadful, the crowd fairly roared at the mere mention of it.

"Our people—God bless them! they're a noble people, but they're so *very* volatile," whispered Mr. Sackwell, with the compassionate sigh of a humanitarian.

"Volatile! Who says they're volatile?" cried the orator, just catching the last words, and turning round in a fury. "By all that's—"

"Ordher for a fight, there," cried the bystanders. "Pitch into him, yer honour."

"Oh! upon my honour," protested Mr. Sackwell nervously. "I never meant—my dear friend, I never—I—"

"Oh! it's all right," said the Squire, turning again to his audience. "It's a true friend of the cause that said it—one who never deserted his colors for place or pension."

Whereat there was a grand ovation for Mr. Sackwell, who bowed and smiled excruciatingly while the drum and horn, thinking it was now their turn in all reason, tore into an infernal rendering of "The Volunteer's March."

"Very affecting, that old music!" sighed Mr. Sackwell, burying his emotions in a voluminous silk handkerchief.

"Oh! damn it!" cried the Squire, who had no soul for music. "Stop the band, will you? Stop that infernal row!"

But the band were not to be defrauded of their privileges. The drum thundered away like a park of artillery, and the horn explored every species of squeal on the infernal gamut at its own sweet will, the while the Squire fumed with passion and the mob roared with delight.

At last, in sheer desperation, Mr. Bingham levelled the pistol deliberately at the head of the big drum, just as that interesting functionary stove in the head of his instrument with a last superlative tum-tum.

The music thus brutally strangled, the orator was able to address himself once more to the public.

"Boys," he said, apologetically, "these blackguards have knocked all the ideas out of my head with their 'tantrums.'* Ye can imagine the rest. And now let me introduce to you one of our best champions, Mr. Sackwell—a man who (though it is to his face I say it)"——

The panegyric was rudely interrupted by a whisper from O'Dwyer Garv.

"Where's Sackwell?"

As if struck with a thunderbolt, everybody looked to where Mr. Sackwell was *not*. He was no longer on the coach!

"Gone!" cried the infuriated Squire. "By G—, he has deserted us!"

Just then somebody directed attention to a little old gentleman making for the corner of Anglesea street, and running for the bare life with all the speed a not over agile habit of body allowed him.

"By all the devils, 'tis Sackwell!"

It was, indeed, the honourable member for Tipperary, who, under cover of the big drum accident, had slid quietly down by the back of

*A phrase used in Ireland to denote anything out of the common.

the coach, and escaped to the skirts of the crowd without attracting attention. He had acted the patriots part as long as any sane man could, who had Mrs. Sackwell's vigorous admonitions, the girl's implorations and the tradesmen's petitions ringing in his ears. And thus *came his bold dash for freedom.*

"Leave him alone, the villian, leave him alone boys," cried Squire Bingham, coolly levelling his pistol: then dropping it in chagrin. "Confound that old apple woman! only she's in the way, I'd bring him down like a bird. Never mind, boys, leave him to me."

But a full chase after the deserter was too tempting a prospect for the boys to resist. In a twinkling, some thousands of them were at the fugitive's heels with howls that must have paralysed any man who had not Mrs. Sackwell in his mind's eye. But the M.P. was desperate—so desperate that apple woman, stall and all, went down before him like a shot as he turned into Anglesea street, and made for the Parliament House like a madman. In his agitation he tumbled into a shop window round the corner and left his hat there, but instantly tore away again up the street, his hair nearly standing on end with terror, as the shouts of his pursuers came nearer and nearer. Yelling savagely, yet not without due sense of the fun of the thing, on came the mob, every moment lessening the lead of the flying M.P., till, just as an enormous coal-porter clutched the skirts of his coat, he flung himself into the arms of an officer whose party of soldiers guarded the approach to the Parliament House, utterly exhausted and broken-winded, leaving the tails of his coat to a grateful country as a memento of its prowess.

"Mercy! Mercy! Help! Help!" gasped Mr. Sackwell, embracing the officer affectionately.

"I do believe the man is drunk," said the rough soldier, surveying in amaze the odd figure cut by the M.P., without hat or coat to speak of, his eyebrows raised in terror to the roots of his hair, and his cheeks puffed and swelled into every variety of contortion. "Hands off, old fellow—it's a shame for an old party like you."

And he had almost shaken off his agonizing burden, even into the very midst of the patriotic wolves waiting to devour him, when a voice came from the steps of the Parliament House, and another little old man came running up in hot haste to the officer,

"Stop, stop, Captain, for Heaven's sake. That's one of the King's friends."

So said Mr. Secretary Cooke, who, busily on the watch for the timid and doubtful among the Ministerialists, saw Mr. Sackwell's strait just in time to save him from immolation on the altar of his country.

The crisis was too much for its innocent victim, who fainted plump into the officer's arms, and was, by that tender personage, let drop, unceremoniously, into a convenient heap of soft gutter, to the intense edification of the mob, now much more amused than enraged.

"The *Union* fell to the ground that time, anyhow," grinned a coal-porter, he of the coat-tails.

"'Tis the dirty bargain yez have of him," a mild eyed fishwife remarked in confidence to the soldiers. "We wouldn't sile our fingers wid him, the ould vagabone."

Under Mr. Cooke's supervision, however, a few burly grenadiers made a bundle of him, and in a storm of jeers and horse play (never so tantalizing as from an Irish crowd), bore him into the nearest portico of the Parliament House. The place was thronged with notabilities, laughing and chatting, splendidly dressed women just descended from their carriages, fussy officials, decorated noblemen, solemn statesmen, and all the other components of a great political society. What impression the comic *cortege* of grenadiers with their still more comic burden made in this august assemblage, may be much better imagined than described. The affair was so irresistibly ludicrous that a musty old door-keeper, who had not laughed for half a century before, took heart of grace to go aside and snigger.

Lord Castlereagh darted angrily out of a glittering circle of notables, and whispered in the Under-Secretary's ear:

"What does this mean?"

"One of our friends—Sackwell of Tipperary."

"Drunk?"

"Very likely."

"Confound it, who has done this? Here we're scandalised before the world. Can't you pitch him into the guard house till he gets sober?"

"We can't spare him, my lord," said Mr. Cooke, significantly. "We'll want every man we can muster."

"Then put him under a pump or do something with him, but for God's sake don't let us see him again till we want his vote."

And so Mr. Sackwell went on his inglorious progress, happily unconscious of the interest he was exciting, till, having reached a disused

Committee Room in a quiet corner of the House, the grenadiers administered a few kicks which restored him to a sorrowing world.

"I say, Castlereagh," said a lisping young Marquis. "I suppose this is a usual thing in Ireland?"

"Ha, Ha! an excess of enthusiasm, that's all," laughed his lordship. "We're the finest people in the world when you get over our oddities."

"*When* you do—that is, I suppose, when the sun shines by night."

"See! you're got so far already as to make an excellent bull," cried Lord Castlereagh. "Oh! hang it, here's another of our bore's."

"What! that scurvy individual—I beg your pardon, Castlereagh, perhaps he is a friend of yours?"

"For my sins he is. Hallo! Artslade, my dear fellow, how are you? We are waiting anxiously to see you."

"Thank you, my lord, I'm very well," said Mr. Albin Artslade, shuffling up in the manner of one is walking on red hot iron. "I hope I don't—ah—intrude upon your lordship."

"My dear fellow, quite delighted, I'm sure," bowed his lordship, with a gracious show of teeth. "Ripon will you pilot the ladies to my box while I have a word with my friend. Mr. Artslade, you wish to say to me, my dear sir?—"

"Just only to—ah—to remind your lordship that you were—ah—kind enough to promise, if *we* succeed—ah—that I'm—ah—to be—"

"A baronet, my dear sir; A BARONET," shouted his lordship, turning away in disgust.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNION.

The crowd, in the ardour of pursuing the renegade, forgot all about Squire Bingham and his friends of the four-in-hand, who were left to PURSUE their way in solitary glory to 'Daly's,' at that time the great rendezvous of the opposition. The sudden desertion of Mr. Sackwell threw an unaccountable gloom over the party.

"I always knew what was in Sackwell," said one of them.

"Pity you didn't tell some of your neighbors, then," replied Mr. Bingham dryly. "For damn me! if you did, he wouldn't be after doing this morning's work."

"Think of Mrs. Sackwell, my dear sir," said O'Dwyer Garv, with a smile. "I fancy he'd face your pistol a good deal quicker than her wrath. After all, we're only human nature."

"The poor devil is head-and-ears in debt, too," put in another of the party.

"Which of us isn't, I'd like to know?" cried the Squire, with a boisterous laugh. "Debt is only a figurative expression—a device of the *devil to spoil* our *digestion*. It's only tradesmen and bum-baliffs that don't be in debt: gentlemen always ought to be. Eh, O'Dwyer."

O'Dwyer Garv laughed, half sadly:

"I don't know about the theory," he said, "but I'm afraid the fact won't be disputed."

"Pshaw! that fellow's treachery sickens me," cried the other wearily. "We'll have an enlivenment. Ho, there! Band! Give us "Garryowen," or the "Rogues March," or something that way. Anything so it makes a good noise. My soul! we'll make the Castle rascals stare!"

The drum and horn, nothing loath, discoursed stupendous noise from the back seat; but whether it was 'Garryowen' or the 'Rogues' March,' history will never know. In a moment they had a retinue of urchins who naturally enough mistook the equipage for a travelling menagerie, and gave Mr. Bingham a great ovation under the impression that he was the grand original talking bear.

A quarter of an hour of such pleasant notoriety brought them to Daly's, on the steps of which all the leading men of the Opposition stood gesticulating and conversing eagerly.

"Hollo! Bingham, we heard you a mile off. O'Dwyer, ! welcome, old fellow! Bravo Tipperary!"

Such were the greetings of the newcomers, as they descended from the lumbering old carriages, and, to the ineffable astonishment of the small boys, turned out to be ordinary human beings after all.

"Ponsonby, my dear fellow, how are you?" cried O'Dwyer Garv, as he accosted warmly a tall, handsome, earnest-looking man, with that same air of melancholy nobility about him that characterised all the chief men of his party.

"O'Dwyer, I'm delighted you're come," he whispered gravely. "We wanted you badly."

"How stand the chances?"

Mr. Ponsonby drew him aside, and whispered calmly:

"We're going to see the end to-day, O'Dwyer. We can do no more for poor Ireland."

"Is it so desperate as that?" cried O'Dywer with a start. "Is there *no* chance?"

"None. The English Treasury has been too strong for us. We will die in harness, however," he added, gaily.

"We will!" said O'Dwyer Gary, firmly, as ever, yet with a strange feeling of chillness at his heart. He knew he was going to see the end—not of the Parliament alone.

"But where's your friend, Sackwell? I thought he was to have come with you."

Bingham overheard the inquiry.

"Ponsonby, in mercy don't speak that name again while I am here, unless you have a strait jacket convenient."

"What! Another desertion!"

O'Dwyer shook his head mournfully.

"Ran like a red shank!" cried the Squire, half divided between disgust and amusement at recollection of the escapade.

"Ah! well," said Ponsonby, calmly, "he's not the only rat that's leaving the ship. 'Twill swim without them."

"Or sink?"

"Or sink, as the case may be. How's this they used to put it in Latin, Bingham? *In alteram patrem paratus*, eh?"

Agus forshoy bawse," said the Squire, gloomily. "Never mind. We'll have a bottle to the memory of old times, O'Dwyer, if it be the last. Fill your glasses, there. Here's to the toast of long ago—"The King, Lords and Commons of Ireland!"'

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

. . . .

Noon in the Commons House of Parliament. A gala scene, but dreadfully hushed: as in a sick room, where the spirit of a nation wavers between life and death. And in the awful silence, a dead-watch ticks fastly, painfully under every breast.

It is just before the opening of Parliament. The flower of the country's rank and beauty, thought and talent, is gathered within the solemn chamber. The galleries blaze with jewels and decorations, beautiful women, and men starred, bespangled, and uniformed in all variety. On the Ministerial benches throng the magnates of the Government, some haughty and defiant in their strength, some scanning nervously the ranks of their opponents. Behind them cover the most shameless of the place hunters, while others haunt the lobbies like ghosts afraid to meet the faces of men. In the front of the opposition benches its leaders gather, with calm impressive dignity written on their faces—the genial Sir Laurence Parsons Ponsonby the accomplished gentleman; the amiable Charles Bushe Plunket, with his keen caustic glance—all impressed with that same mournful fatality, that cheerful self-sacrifice which made their cause a romance. Many an empty seat behind them calls up memories which the shrinking cowards in the lobbies will not soon forget; memories of time, glory, of present treachery and eternal shame.

"Hang it!" whispers Lord Castlereagh to his bench-man. "We look wretchedly mean compared with those lunatics over the way."

"Who cares?" says the under-secretary, blandly. "We have the votes."

There is a blare of trumpets, a bustle of gaudy liveries and uniforms, and Lord Cornwallis arrives to break the painful breathlessness of the scene. Then a whisperless period again, while the dull platitudes of the speech from *the throne echo deadly through the chamber of* the Peers.

(To be continued.)

THE PAST.

How delightfully the heart sometimes leaps forth from its latent state, to associate itself with the mind, which, in an instant, travels back with *unaided efforts to* its infant scenes, to imbibe therefrom the unalloyed sweetness and pleasure which are rarely or never to be found upon the stage of its maturity.

> "Oh, give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning.
> Her tears and her sorrows are worth evening's best light."

Who is there among us who has not wished himself a boy again? and why not? how miserable the contrast between manhood and boyhood! With the former, the worldly necessity of self-reliance surrounds him, and he finds himself in the busy mart of competition and excellence, which, in many cases, produce such miserable consequences as a shattered constitution, an indifference towards the course of religion and morality which he ought to pursue. Those misfortunes, and his associations with men, who, from the obnoxious habits which they have contracted of smoking, chewing, drinking intoxicating beverages, together with other vices, very often hurry him to an early, and sometimes a dishonored grave.

How different the recollections of that happy, sunny period of innocent boyhood, when life's first charms stamp themselves upon our memory! Oh, to think of the sweet loving affection with which our mothers have tended us—many of us, perhaps, in long sickness—is indeed nectar to the soul, and balm to manhood's weary heart, even though it only exists in fancy.

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MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1874.

INSULT.—Our esteemed contemporary, the *True Witness*, has anticipated us in denouncing the recent publicatiion in a sheet known as the "Montreal Daily Witness," of an engraving of "Pere Hyacinthe and his child, dedicated to the Rev. Clergy of Canada." It is impossible not to regard this act as a planned and deliberate insult. The marriage of the wretched monk could only be the result of an "express, deliberate, and often meditated violation of his vow of celibacy, made, not to man, but to God, and made prior to all other annulling vows;" and his miserable child, can, therefore,—as has been well said by the same authority,—be only "the embodiment in the flesh of vows broken to God."

Of all this the presiding genius of the "Daily Witness" might not have been conscious; but he yet well knew how hateful to the Catholic Priesthood is the position of *Father* Hyacinthe, and how hurtful must it be to every individual of them to be called upon, in a tone and manner impertinently formal, to regard with attention this picture of accumulated crime. And in order to show that he knew this, that in fact, he acted with *malice aforethought*, he tells us in a number immediately following that of our Catholic contemporary to which we have referred, how surprised he was "on observing the silence of the *True Witness* so long a time after the publication of the likeness of Father Hyacinthe and his boy;" and then exults in what he regards as evidence that "the sharp arrow contained in this likeness has touched to the quick one Roman Catholic Priest."

Many of our readers need not be told that this is no new spirit in the "Daily Witness," that, in truth, of such has it been from the beginning. To "touch to the quick" every member of the Catholic Church, and especially her venerable clergy, has ever been its bad purpose. Not long since an infamous diatribe appeared in its columns, imputing, broadly, to Archbishop Tache "all the troubles of Manitoba, the death of Scott included." "The rebellion in Manitoba," continues this daring scribe, "was too well organized to be the work of *Metis* Riel, or any number of *Metis*,—the Vatican Council came opportunely to remove Archbishop Tache from the focus of flames lit by *himself*."

Again,—referring to the Archbishop's return from Rome: "Sir George Cartier thought that the best general to quell the rebellion was the general who had created the rebellion, and he called upon Archbishop Taché to go and mind his *Metis*."

Amnesty to Riel *being the whitewashing of the Archbishop, no wonder that he should work hard for it*."

Of such is the article in the "Daily Witness" of the 20th June last, headed, "Archbishop Taché and his family."

We have lately heard much of libel suits in our courts of law; but we know of no recent production so fruitful of material for such essays as this atrocious article.

Reverting to the case of Pere Hyacinthe, we observe that the editor of the "Daily Witness" not only attempts to justify the marriage, but, true to his instincts, accuses the Catholic Clergy of "breaking the vow of celibacy in a worse form." We shall not descend to a discussion of the individual cases cited in support of this general charge, for the very obvious reason that no logical result, affecting the principle of clerical celibacy, could, at best, or worst, be arrived at; and convict this false "Witness" as we might, he would still,—as with becoming flippancy he tells us he would,—"go on for ever."

Of course, apocryphal history would be the armory from which his foul weapons would be drawn; but it is satisfactory to know how worthless such authority is daily becoming in the eyes of all honest men.

The London *Times* in reviewing "A book about the clergy," lately written by a Protestant Englishman, observes: "One of the best chapters in Mr. Jeaffreson's book is his defence of the morality of the mediæval clergy. We believe that his argument is sound; and we ought to be glad as Englishmen to take this view of the subject, for it may be assumed as universally true that the morality of the clergy is a fair index of the morality of the age; and the history of England in the middle ages is of itself a sufficient refutation of the sweeping accusations that are sometimes recklessly made against the clergy of the time."

Another Protestant authority, LAING, speaks

thus in his well known book, "Notes of a Traveller":

"It is a vulgar prejudice to suppose that the Catholic clergy of the present times are not as pure and chaste in their lives as the unmarried female sex among ourselves. Instances may occur of a different character, but quite as rarely as among our unmarried females in Britain, of the higher educated classes."

In the same page this writer remarks:

"The Papists who receive the elements as transubstantiated by the consecration, require very naturally and properly that the Priest should be of a sanctified class, removed from human impurity, contamination or sensual lusts, as well as from all worldly affairs, as far as human nature can by human means be.

The Puseyites of the Church of England alone are inconsequent; for if they claim Apostolic succession, and Apostolic reverence and authority for the clerical body, they should lead the *Apostolic life of celibacy*, and repudiate their worldly spouses, interests and objects."

Mr. Laing is right in saying that Catholics "naturally require" of their clergy to be as far removed as possible from all that may tend, however remotely, to contaminate.

O quam mundæ debent esse manus illæ, quam purem os, quam sanctum corpus, quam immaculatum cor sacerdotis, ad quem toties ingreditur Auctor puritatis.—(De Imitatione.)

Equally natural is it, and if possible more binding on us, to protest against an incontinent priest. Even in the ages when the Levitical ministry was limited to a single family, and when concessions were made to "hardness of heart," the sanctity of the altar rebuked the effeminacy of those who offered sacrifices upon it.

"If the law of Moses," said a Pope, addressing a council in 386, "seems to have tolerated luxury in the ministers of religion, tell me why this same law obliged the priests to continue during the whole year of their service in the temple, far from their own houses? Was it not so to separate them from their wives, that the victims offered by them to the Lord should be more agreeable in His eye by reason of their purity who sacrificed them?"

This council, one of the earliest of the christian church, declared any priest who would dare to marry, deprived of every ecclesiastical dignity, and for ever interdicted from approaching the Holy Mysteries. Again and again, from the days of the Apostles, has this declaration gone forth; and the Council of London, in the time of Pascal II, agreeing with the church throughout the world, declared such priests to be "infamous." It will be noticed that Mr. Laing speaks of the life of celibacy as "Apostolical;" and undoubtedly so it is. The question is not, were some of the Apostles married before they received a higher vocation, but how did they live subsequently? Upon this the early Doctors of the church are quite clear, as are, indeed, the words of Scripture itself. Away, then, with the fallen monk, Loysox, his child, and all, and singular, their admirers and abettors, —the unscrupulous editor of the *Daily Witness*, of course, included!

THE UNION.—CATHOLIC HOPES DISAPPOINTED BY PITT & DISCOURAGED BY ADDINGTON.

The views taken respectively by Pitt and Fox on the subject of the Union were as opposite as on most other questions of moment. While Pitt clung to his project of uniting the two kingdoms because it would be more convenient to manipulate one Parliament than two, Fox opposed it on higher and abstract grounds. At a meeting of the Whig club in London, on the 6th of May, 1800, he expressed himself in terms which we quote as matter of history: "It has been invidiously given out, both in this country and in Ireland, that I am rather friendly than adverse to the measure. It is unnecessary to repeat my opinions to such men as are well acquainted with me. I, who opposed the enslaving of America, must be hostile to the enslaving of Ireland. I, who thought it was unpardonable presumption in this country to attempt to legislate for America, will not change my opinions of legislating for Ireland in Great Britain. It is the most arrogant of all pretensions, to pretend that we can legislate for Ireland—that we can understand all her local interests better than herself, and feel a more lively anxiety in promoting them. The sovereignty of the people—that man shall be his own governor—is the fundamental principle of all well-constituted States. It is unnecessary to say more than to compare this principle with the Union, in order to discover the injustice of the measure. Does any one think when the Union takes place, that Ireland will have an equal share in the government? 'Do as you would be done by,' is one of the soundest maxims of policy. Put the question the other way. Suppose England were to surrender up her leg-

islature to unite herself with Ireland, and send one hundred members to the Irish Parliament, to sit there and act as the guardians of the interests of this country. If such a proposition were made what would be the first outcry here against such a surrender of our independence! With such *a sacrifice of our interests, even if* Ireland were to have an equal share in the British legislature, an outcry would be raised. What would the English say if the members for Belfast and Limerick were to have the ruling voice in legislating for them? To undertake to legislature for persons with whose local interests we must be unacquainted, is despotism, not liberty. We cannot have the same feeling, the same views with Ireland; and the attempt to govern for them is the most audacious which the history of mankind records. To pretend that the measure is taken with the consent of the Irish people is but adding mockery to injury. While martial law is proclaimed in Ireland, and the people restrained from meeting to express their sentiments, it is insulting to them to say that the Union is made with their free good-will."

The Catholic Prelates had allowed themselves to listen with expectations too sanguine to the promises, or *quasi* promises held out, of Emancipation as a sequence of the Union. But the bubble soon burst. Pitt found himself utterly unable to bring forward the measure without incurring the angry opposition of several of his colleagues, the Anglican clergy, the English people in general, and the king. All this might have been foreseen. But the situation having been accepted by the Premier and found untenable, it was necessary to cover his retreat in the best way possible. Accordingly a document on the subject was drawn up by Lord Castlereagh and presented to Dr. Troy, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, with the double motive of explaining what seemed to be ministerial treachery and of keeping the Catholics still in a state of loyal expectancy. They were carefully reminded that no distinct pledge had been given to them as regards Emancipation, and that they had not been deceived by Ministers, however they might deceive themselves. They were exhorted to peace and loyalty as the only conditions on which their advocates would continue to support their claims; and as Mr Pitt quitted office because the king would not allow him to promote an Emancipation Bill as Prime Minister, they were taught to believe that he, Lord Cornwallis, and others of his immediate friends and colleagues, would not again "embark in the service of Government, except on the terms of the Catholic privileges being obtained." Thus scarcely six months elapsed after the passing of the Union ere the Catholics of Ireland found themselves as dependent as ever on vague ministerial professions, and apparently farther than ever from acquiring their proper religious and political *status*.

When Pitt quitted office in 1801 he was succeeded by Henry Addington, and the circumstances which shall now be related will show what were *his* sentiments on Emancipation. Mr. Plowden had been engaged by the Ministers to write a History of Ireland which should serve as a defence of the Union, but being an honest man and open to conviction, he found reason to modify many of his views after having visited *Ireland and enquired into the real state of her* affairs. When his History at last appeared, and a copy was placed in the hands of Lord Fitzwilliam (who, it will be recollected, had been so much loved and respected as Viceroy during his short administration in 1795), that nobleman addressed a letter to the author expressing his opinion of the work. "I feel," he said, "the greatest obligation to a writer, who has dared to meet universal prejudice, by tearing away the veil of fictitious story, and exposing facts such as they were. This work has brought before the public this truth, little known and little thought of, that the Irish nation has consisted of two distinct and separate peoples, the English and the native Irish, the conqueror and the conquered; and that this distinction and separation has been systematically and industriously kept up, not by the animosity of the conquered, but by the policy of the conqueror. An exposition of such a system, let us hope, will render it too odious to be persevered in."

Very different were the views of Addington, the Prime Minister, as described in a letter from Mr. Plowden to Grattan, in October, 1803. The history in question gave him, as he told the author, "both displeasure and offence." It was written, he said, under his sanction and countenance, and the writer ought to have rendered it pliant to what he must have known to be his principle and inclination towards Ireland. The commendation of Lord Fitzwilliam was, in his eyes, its strongest condemnation. His own determined opposition to the question of Catholic Emancipation was the tenure by which he had acquired and retained his position; by that he stood; and his mind was made up to it by reason and conscience. He had not read a

line of the book, but he heard that it spoke to the prejudice of Orangemen and of those whom Orangemen looked to for the salvation of the country. Such were the sentiments of the man who enjoyed the entire confidence of the king, and held office by Pitt's sufferance, with Pitt's support, and as Pitt's *locum-tenens*.

(For the HARP.)

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND HIS TIMES.

> Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
> Who blushes at the name?
> When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
> Who hangs his head for shame?

There are many individuals in this world, and among them a sprinkling of Irishmen, who think that it is neither right nor politic to touch upon Ireland's past, who teach that the struggles for liberty of a wronged and persecuted people should be consigned to eternal oblivion, rather than by their recollection offend the ear or hurt the feelings of the very sensitive Englishman of our days. For our part, while opposing the introduction of everything tending, directly or indirectly, to ferment discord in a mixed community like this, we fail to perceive in the lives and characters of the heroes of Ninety-eight, anything more treasonable, anything more censurable, than the bold exploits of William Wallace and of Robert Bruce, whose *memory the loyal Scot may revere* without fear of reproach. We admire the courage, the invincible patriotism of Washington, the Liberator and Father of the American people; and does fear prevent us from paying a like tribute of admiration and honor to the would-be Liberators of our own Fatherland,—that gallant band of Erin's sons, whose names, like so many stars, shed lustre on our history, a lustre which Time has not been able to dim? No! no! We do not fear to speak of Ninety-eight; we do not fear to recount the noble, but unsuccessful, struggles of our *rebel* sires; we do not fear to recall and to perpetuate the name of one of the greatest heroes of modern times—that noble, faithful, though misguided, Irishman, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The Fitzgeralds were of Norman descent, but from the time of their first landing in Ireland with the memorable invasion of 1170, had always expoused the cause of the natives, so that they were known throughout the country as *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." It was this sympathy of his ancestors for the suffering Irish race, inherent in his veins, that led Lord Edward to raise his voice and his arm against English mis-rule in Ireland; but it was not these ancestors—royalists of the old school,—who handed down to him the extreme Republican principles which he labored, with all the energy of youth, to propagate. Of this, more anon.

At the early age of seventeen, in the year 1780, *Lord Edward served as Lieutenant in that* portion of the British army then stationed in America, for the purpose of subduing the justly enraged colonists, whom an obnoxious Stamp Act, and a still more obnoxious soldiery, had forced into open rebellion. With the soldiers—many of them his own countrymen—he soon became a favorite, wanting as he did that haughtiness and repulsiveness which distinguished the officer of that period, and which, even in our own days, are characteristic of the commissioned officer, from the smoothed-faced Ensign upwards to the Commander-in-chief.

Out of battle he associated with his subordinates; in battle, he fought by their side,—always cheering them to the attack, but seldom to victory. Fighting for Liberty, and fighting against Liberty, are two very different things, as Lord Edward soon discovered. He and his well-disciplined men struggled bravely; but they had nothing at stake, save the interest of a country which *was not theirs*,—while the raw *American recruits* were, at every stroke, building up a nation of their own—independent and free. No wonder, then, if Lord Edward soon began to wish for the end of the war. Of the approach of that end there was as yet little sign, for the obstinacy of the English and the cool determination of the colonists increased with every engagement. At last, a severe wound in the thigh relieved him for a time from a duty which had long previously tired and disgusted him; and soon afterwards the cessation of hostilities gave him the long wished-for opportunity to return to the land of his birth. The impulses of his romantic nature, however, allowed him no repose. Through Spain, he first travelled; then, in the dead of winter, through a part of the present Dominion of Canada; and then through Mexico, where, at last, he satiated of adventure, and whence, like a prodigal son, he went back to Ireland.

Soon after his arrival, his father, the Duke of Leinster, possibly with the view of keeping his adventurous son at home, had him elected as a member to the Irish House of Commons.

Fitzgerald took his seat, but the thunderbolt which at that moment burst over Europe,—the storm of the French revolution—re-kindled his martial ardor, and, forsaking Parliament, he hastened to Paris, and there drank of the cup of Republicanism until intoxicated by its contents. In such a state, he became enamored of everything he saw in France. The "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" theories of the *sans-cullottes* demagogues captivated his mind. So carried away was he by an excited imagination, that he overlooked the mob-law and atrocities which, under the cloak of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," were destroying society and sapping the life's-blood of France. In all these horrid scenes of blood-shed and devastation, Lord Edward perceived only the popular will, and so, in January, 1793, he set sail for Ireland, determined that the grand tragedy of Revolution should be repeated, at no distant day, in that unfortunate land. Probably if he had remained a few days longer in France; if he had beheld Louis and the fair Marie Antoinette dragged to the block by a howling, blood-thirsty, rabble; if he had heard the yells, the curses, the blasphemies, of the so-called *people* at that hell-inspired murder, he would have abandoned forever his French principles, and the scheme which was their offspring.

Here, it may not be out of place to remark, that during his stay in Paris he had wedded Pamala, the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Orleans, who very willingly accompanied her husband accross the Channel.

In order to preserve our acquaintance with Lord Edward, we must enter the gallery of the Irish House of Commons, and there, while lending our ear to the spirited debates, study the political situation of the country. The Union had not yet taken place. Ireland was yet a nation with her Lords and Commons,—a Parliament which purported to represent the Irish people, but which had, on more occasions than one, proved itself to be the tool of the English court. The session of 1793 was distinguished by two measures of vital importance, —the Catholic Relief Bill, and the Arms Act. The Catholic Relief Bill, the offspring of a Catholic convention held in Dublin in December 1793, was warmly supported in the Lower House by Grattan, Curran, Ponsonby, and Hutchinson, and became law. It swept away the restraints and limitations of the penal laws; restored to Catholics the right of elective franchise; permitted them, with certain restrains, to carry arms in self-defence; to obtain office in the army and navy, etc., besides bestowing several other rights which are enumerated in our popular histories of Ireland. The other important measure—the Arms Act,—cancelled several privileges accorded by the Catholic Relief Bill. McGee thus writes of this Act:—

"Under the plea of the spread of French principles, and the wide-spread organization of seditious associations—a plea not wanting in evidence—an Arms Act was introduced and carried, prohibiting the importation of arms and gunpowder, and authorizing domiciliary visits, at any hour of the night and day in search of arms. Within a month after the passage of the Bill, bravely but vainly opposed by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the opposition generally, the surviving volunteer corps in Dublin and vicinity, were disbanded, their arms, artillery, and ammunition taken possession of either by force or negotiation, and the very wreck of that once powerful patriot army swept away."

Fitzgerald was no orator, but on this occasion, we are told, his feelings burst forth in the bold language of the soldier. Springing to his feet, just as the vote was about to be taken on the address to the Lord Lieutenant, approving of his violent measures for putting down the Irish volunteers, he recorded his last protest in the following words:—

"Sir, I give my most hearty disapprobation to this address, for I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of the House are the worst enemies the king has.'

Instantly the whole House was thrown into confusion. The national party cheered; their opponents clamoured; cries of "to the bar!" "take down his words!" "treason! treason!" were heard on all sides; the galleries were cleared, and the undaunted soldier was placed at the bar. There, despite threats most awful, he stated that what he had said was true.

To Lord Edward's mind it now seemed impossible to obtain justice from such a Parliament; and he, together with Wolfe Tone, Arthur O'Connor, Addis Emmet, and a number of others, began to advocate the establishment of an Irish Republic after the model of that of France. Grattan and Curran opposed the scheme. Though this difference of opinion created a coolness between the two classes of patriots, it did not prevent them from doing their duty to their common country; for, when they finally failed in introducing a permanent and beneficial reform, they, almost to a man, resigned their seats,—a proceeding which Grattan thus defended before the House:—

"We have offered you our measure—you will reject it; we deprecate your's—you will persevere. Having no hopes left to persuade or to dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we shall trouble you no more, and after this day shall not attend the House of Commons." This secession took place in May, 1797.

So ended Lord Edward's Parliamentary career. Believing more firmly than ever in physical force as the only remedy for Irish wrongs and discontent, he joined the society of "United Irishmen," which had just been re-established as *a military organization* by Wolfe Tone and Napper Tandy. Tone, having been despatched to France to seek assistance in men and arms, Lord Edward was chosen Commander-in-chief. His sound military education he now turned to good account,—drilling men, preparing arms, plotting a revolution which, but for its premature discovery, might have destroyed all English power and influence in our western isle. France promised aid, and a fleet was fitted out and despatched to Ireland, but a violent hurricane scattered the vessels. A second expedition met with a similar fate; and a third, the most promising of all, set sail, through the treachery of some one in command, not for the green coast of expectant Erin, but for the distant shores of Egypt. The Irish leaders, maddened by these disappointments, determined, no matter what the cost, to carry out their programme. But traitors were already at work; the whole plot was revealed to the Government just three days before the time appointed for the rising, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald with the other leading spirits of the organization were lodged in prison. His capture is thus minutely described in one of the *Nation's* poems:—

"But to Murphy's house in Thomas-street the bloodhounds found their way,
He heard their steps approaching—From the bed on which he lay
Up sprang he like a tiger, for their business well he knew,
And, from underneath the pillow, forth a two-edged blade he drew.

"First entered Major Swan, and soon the two-edged blade was dyed,
'Twas pulled between his fingers, and 'twas buried in his side:
Then came Ryan with a cane-sword, at a stroke Lord Edward bled,
Then they closed in deadly grapple, and they fell into the bed.

Ere long the two-edged blade again a bloody sheath had found,
And in struggle fierce they tumbled from the bed unto the ground;
Up stood the brave Fitzgerald, while the wounded men in vain
Clung around him, tried to hold him, and to pull him down again.

"Just then unto the lobby Major Sirr, the coward, came,
He feared the red blade shining like a tongue of waving flame,
He fired his ready pistol from his place without the door,
Then fell Lord Edward wounded on his foes upon the floor.

Although wounded, bleeding and sore, they cruelly dragged Fitzgerald through the streets, and

"They threw him into prison, where he suffered, raved, and died,
With the keeper of a mad-house for attendant at his side,
And his dying thoughts to sweeten, they took care that he shoul' hear
A wretched mortal's struggle on a gibbet creaking near."

The funeral pall is drawn over the patriot's prostrate form. Dust is consigned to dust; the patriot's and the criminal's ashes mingle together. A nation weeps over her fallen son, and swears revenge!

"He is dead to-day in Newgate, on this dreary fourth of June,
But our men are armed and ready, and we'll all avenge him soon;
Or if 'tis ours to perish too, his gallant struggle shows
The way that Irishmen should die, is stretched upon their foes."

The signal fire is enkindled upon Oulart hill; the nation's standard waves defiantly above the Wicklow mountains; the men of Erin respond to Liberty's call, and the wildest enthusiasm prevails throughout the land. The Irish heroes, rushing down from the hills like a mighty torrent, drive the English foemen before them, but alas! discipline and military tactics are not theirs, and so, in the end, they fall.

Can we blame Lord Edward and his associate leaders for the failure of this rising, and its terrible consequences to the people? Can we blame them because they did not follow the calmer counsels of Grattan and Curran? At first sight, there may be room for blame; but when we consider the cruel measures that were daily concocted for the purpose of stamping out our national existence; when we review the hellish atrocities committed by a reckless soldiery; when we behold the horrible sufferings of our sires—their altars levelled and their firesides destroyed,—fathers, husbands, and brothers slaughtered without mercy,—mothers, wives, and sisters violated,—then we cannot blame, we cannot condemn, but, on the contrary, we can defend, aye, and, notwithstanding our moral-force creed, we can, *and we do, applaud* the course pursued by Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the men of Ninety-eight.—M.J.W.

(For the HARP.)

THE APOSTATE;

OR,

IT'S THIRTY YEARS AGO.

:o:

"How art thou changed! We dare not look upon thee."

:o:

CHAPTER III.

The approach of the pilgrim was observed by one of the evangelical servants, who, recollecting Peter's conduct at church, shrewdly *suspected that he was not one of the elect*, and accordingly refused him admittance. A long altercation ensued; but ultimately the judgment of the lackey was confirmed, and the door was closed, the pilgrim remaining without. Filled with indignation at the insult put upon him, Peter had nearly forgotten all the charitable precepts of his religion, when, fortunately, the long-drawn quivering of a Methodistical hymn recalled all his pious notions: he sank upon his knees, and offered up a most fervent prayer for the conversion of the wandering lambs within. So intent was he that he continued praying until her ladyship's lecture had concluded, and an open door ejected the pious converts into the lawn. Amongst these were many persons well known to the pilgrim, the sight of whom filled him at once with sorrow and anger. Carried away with the impetuosity of his zeal, he forgot the purpose of his coming, and began to assail the apostates as they emerged from the great hall. They bore his attack with edifying patience; they returned no answer, and Peter, taking their silence for a tacit acknowledgment of the convincing nature of his philippic, kept walking along with them, till they reached the avenue gate that led into the highroad. Here a crowd of persons were assembled, and who showed by their movements and glances that they bore no friendship for the new-made "saints." A loud noise, something between a hiss and a groan, was emitted on their approach; it became louder as they gained the highroad, and soon after burst forth with deafening fury. An ear-piercing contemptuous laugh followed; and Peter was interrupted, in a pious ejaculation, by the unwelcome obtrusion of a ball of wet clay in his mouth. It was evident he was about to suffer the fate of the robin who was caught in company with the sparrows; but instead of endeavouring to explain away appearances, he set off in pursuit of the urchin who had thrown the clay at him. This confirmed the popular suspicion: the boys cheered, the men laughed; the more mischevious flung every available rubbish upon the pursuer, whilst they screened the fugitive. Baited in this manner the pilgrim became furious, struck at every one who came in his way, and at length sank exhausted upon the ground. An explanation then took place; Peter was carried to the ale-house, and all regretted that during the attack upon him the guilty escaped without having been made sufficiently to feel how unpopular their conduct was with their neighbours. In the warm corner at *the "Harp" Peter forgot his friend, Jerry* O'Brien, until it was too late to visit Gracewell House with any chance of obtaining admittance. A young peasant, however, carried a message to John, but, perhaps, suspecting its truth, the *servant did not choose to deliver it.* The son, however, did not visit his father that night; neither did he make his appearance next morning; and, as the old man continued to get worse, Betsy threw on her stiffly quilted petticoat, *her new gown, beaver hat, and proceeded* to the mansion of the noble landlord. A modest diffident knock, and her innocent, unassuming manner, procured her instant admission. As she inquired for her brother, a tear started in her clear blue eye; but this she hastily removed as she heard the rustling of silk, which indicated the approach of one of the quality. It was my Lady Gracewell; Mr. O'Brien had rode out with my lord, and would not return for some hours; she regretted to hear of the old man's illness; spoke of heavenly bliss; and ended by asking Betsy if she would wish to become a Protestant, as her brother had done. The poor girl replied candidly, but simply, that she would not change her religion for the world, and that she was sure her brother had not done so.

"Oh!" continued she, "do ma'am—I mean my lady, send us my brother, or my father's heart will break; an' I'm sure if we had him once at home he would soon turn Catholic again."

Her ladyship turned up her eyes, ejaculating, "God forbid! Poor mistaken girl, you are duped by your priest—"

"Oh, plase your ladyship's honor," interrupted Betsy, "I'm no scholar, an' am not able to argay wid your honor's ladyship, but the priest is too good to tell us what wasn't true. So, if you wish for the prayers of me an' mine, let me see my brother."

Her ladyship repeated her former assertion, and promised to send a heavenly-gifted doctor to see Betsy's father. The poor girl curtesied

lowly, and slowly retired, with that melancholy expression of submission so common in Ireland.

"I suppose I must go home widout 'im."

In less than an hour the heavenly doctor made his sppearance, in the person of the Rev. Mr. McIntosh, armed, not with medicine for the "carnal creature," but with physic for the soul, in the form of a good thick bible.

Making his way up to the bedside of the sick man, he commenced in a strain of pious cant; but was quickly interrupted by Jerry, who very determinedly assured him his presence was displeasing; at the same time telling Betsy to tell Jem, the thrasher, that he was wanted. The allusion to him of the flail cooled the divine's ardor; and though, on his way out, he encountered the said thrasher, he did not stop to enlighten him by any spiritual conversation, as he was wont on similar occasions. Ten days passed and nothing was heard from John: every one execrated his conduct; and even the paternal affection of Jerry himself was beginning to give way to indignation. At length the baliff arrived, to say that the farm was let, and that Mr. O'Brien and his family must evacuate the place. This message, though in some measure anticipated, did not pain the less, particularly as the old man was in a state which would hardly admit of removal. The neighbouring peasantry poured in from all quarters, with condolence and offers of assistance: and Jerry felt some consolation in popular sympathy.

On the ensuing day, while the stock was removing, Lord Gracewell, accompanied by his baliff, law agent, and John O'Brien, rode into the lawn. The cheek of the Apostate showed no signs of remorse; there was a disdainful look of triumph in his eye; and he talked and laughed loudly and cheerfully with his friends.

"O'Brien!" called out his lordship, in an authorative tone.

"He is ill in bed," was the reply.

"Aye," said the nobleman, "but we must have possession; I want to install my young friend in his place."

"I'll tell him," said Jem, the thrasher, sullenly; and, in about ten minutes, the old man, pale and sickly, feebly made his way out of the house.

"My father," cried John, springing out of the saddle, "why, you are ill!"

"An' that's all you care! Oh! John, an' you're come to turn your ould father to the road?"

"No, no, sir! Stay, stay!"

"Never!" cried Jerry; "thou wretch! may Heaven—"

"Stop, father," cried Betsy, seizing Jerry about the neck; "do not curse him!"

"Well, no!" was the reply, as he crossed the lawn on his way to the highroad.

"Now, Mr. O'Brien," said Lord Gracewell, "we can give you possession; put out the fire, and the cats and the dogs; that will do. Where is the lease until we sign it?"

The lease was produced, signed, sealed, and delivered.

"And now, my lord," said John, "have I got possession?"

His lordship assented.

"And this," he continued, taking up the deed, "is the reward of my apostacy!"

"Apostacy, sir!" repeated Lord Gracewell, drawing himself up to his full attitude.

"Ay, apostacy!" said John, in an ironical tone. "Some you reward with beef; some with bread; some with clothes; but I am, it appears, worthy of a house and lands!"

"I trust that I am not deceived."

"Deceived! To be sure you are! You ought to be deceived! My follies once made me all but criminal; but to your lordship belongs the honor of having made me a hypocrite."

"Vile impostor!" ejaculated Lord Gracewell.

"Be it so," continued John: "and had not your lordship been blinded with fanaticism, you would have seen that every apostate who feeds upon your bounty, is an impostor—hates you!"

"Sir, you may convince me of your own iniquity, but dare not impugn the christianity—the sincerity of those who would swear to the truth of their adopted creed."

"Swear to it! There is, my lord, a species of evidence more worthy of credit than the alligations of men—that of human nature. For what should a Catholic embrace your lordship's creed? Is it even christianity? Have you not here, to-day, in rewarding the son for cruelty—for disobedience towards his father, given us a convincing specimen of your novel religion? My lord, the Catholic peasantry, whom you seek to convert, detest the creed you wish to force upon them: they have known its professors for oppressors, murderers, tithe-eaters; and, in a word, for having been the plagues of Ireland. Their every habit is anti-Protestant."

"Insolent! Treason!" cried his lordship, stamping upon the floor, at the same time biting his lip with rage.

"I beg your lordship's pardon—I was wrong. You were not an oppressor. My father always

found you kind, good, and liberal, until lately. You will excuse me for saving your lordship's credit. I took advantage of your foibles, to secure you from the reproach of having acted tyrannically towards an old tenant. This house and lands shall still be Jerry O'Brien's."

Saying this, he made a low bow; and, just as he raised his head, Matt Casey was about to enter. On seeing who were present he was withdrawing hastily; but John sprang after him, exclaiming:

"I have deceived the senate! Matt, fly and bring back my father!"

"Your father!"

"Yes; he's gone towards the out farm, but this is still his."

"An' are you in earnest?"

"Pooh! Sure I am—fly!"

"An' you're not a Prodesn't, afther all!"

"No—a real true blue!"

"Still a Roman? Huzza!" cried Matt, and "Huzza!" cried those who lingered about the lawn, and who now ran to shake hands with the son of their friend. During the momentary confusion that ensued, his lordship, his bailiff, and his attorney, took an opportunity to depart; and they had not been long gone when Matt Casey returned, with looks that betokened some new calamity.

"What is the matter?" enquired John.

"Your father," replied Matt, "is very bad indeed, down at the 'Harp.'"

Thither John fled: but not in time to receive his parent's forgiveness—his benediction—Jerry had breathed his last.

"It is a just reward!" said the unfortunate young man. "As an atonement for past misdeeds, I sacrificed my religious character in the hope of serving my father; he died, perhaps, cursing me, ignorant of my intentions and motives. My doom is sealed—I can never know happiness more."

Accounts from Ballybeg state, that Lord Gracewell's converts, having by their hypocricy, made him quite ridiculous, he quitted Ireland in religious disgust. The Catholics are now more zealous than ever: a fine stone chapel replaced the mud-built one; and a young curate from Manooth had, by his zeal and preaching, converted the few Protestants about the place, these people having had their eyes opened by the celebrated discussions. Peter the Pilgrim, verging on patriarchial age, is still a favorite; Matt Casey and Betsy have long since become one, living on poor Jerry's farm, which John bestowed upon them before leaving the country. No one knew exactly where he went to; but a report prevailed, that a few weeks previous to his departure, he was married to the Lady Louisa, by a clerical blacksmith at Gretna Green. Others said he was killed in a duel at Paris.

THE END.

ROBERT EMMET.

In all Irish history there is no name which touches the Irish heart like that of Robert Emmet. We read, in that eventful record, of men who laid down their lives for Ireland amid the roar and crash of battle, of others who perished by the headman's axe or the halter of the hangman, of others whose eyes were closed for ever in the gloom of English dungeons, and of many whose hearts broke amid the sorrows of involuntary exile; of men, too, who in the great warfare of mind rendered to the Irish cause services no less memorable and glorious. They are neither forgotten or unhonored. The warrior figure of Hugh O'Neil is a familiar vision to Irishmen; Sarsfield expiring on the foreign battle-field with that infinately noble and pathetic utterance on his lips—"Would that this were for Ireland"—is a cherished remembrance, and the last cry of a patriotic spirit dwells for ever about our hearts. Grattan battling against a corrupt and venal faction, first to win, and then to defend the independence of his country, astonishing friends and foes alike, by the dazzling splendor of his eloquence; and O'Connell on the hill sides pleading for the restoration of Ireland's rights, and rousing his countrymen to a struggle for them, are pictures of which we are proud, memories that will live in song and story while the Irish race has a distinct existence in the world. But in the character of Robert Emmet there was such a rare combination of admirable qualities, and in his history there are so many of the elements of romance, that the man stands before our mental vision as a peculiarly noble and loveable being, with claims upon our sympathies that are absolutely without a parallel. He had youth, talent, social position, a fair share of fortune, and bright prospects for the future on his side when he embarked in the service of a cause that had recently been sunk in defeat and ruin. Courage, genius, enthusiasm were his, high hopes and strong affections, all based upon and sweetened by a nature utterly free from guile. He was an orator and a poet; in the one art he had already achieved

distinction, in the other he was certain to take a high place, if he should make that an object of his ambition. He was a true patriot, true soldier, and true lover. If the story of his political life is one full of melancholy interest, and calculated to waken profound emotions of reverence for his memory, the story of his affections is not less touching. Truly "there's not a line but hath been wept upon." So it is, that of all the heroic men who risked and lost everything for Ireland, none is so frequently remembered, none is thought of so tenderly as Robert Emmet. Poetry has cast a halo of light upon the name of the youthful martyr, and some of the sweetest strains of Irish music are consecrated to his memory.

ROBERT EMMET.

Robert Emmet was born on the 4th of March, 1778. He was the third son of Doctor Robert Emmet, a well known and highly respectable physician of Dublin. Thomas Addis Emmet, the associate of Tone, the Sheareses, and other members of the United Irish organization, was an elder brother of Robert, and his senior by some sixteen years. Just about the period when the United Irishmen were forming themselves into a secret revolutionary society, young Emmet was sent to receive his education in Trinity College. There the bent of the lad's political opinions was soon detected; but among his fellow-students he found many, and amongst them older heads than his own, who not only shared his views, but went beyond

them in the direction of liberal and democratic principles. In the Historical Society—composed of the *alumni* of the college, and on whose books at this time were many names that subsequently became famous—those kindred spirits made for themselves many opportunities of giving expression to their sentiments, and showing that their hearts beat in unison with the great movement for human freedom which was then agitating the world. To their debates Emmet brought the aid of a fine intellect and a fluent utterance, and he soon became the orator of the patriot party.

So great was the effect created by his fervid eloquence and his admirable reasoning, that the heads of the college thought it prudent on several occasions to send one of the ablest of their body to take part in their proceedings, and assist in refuting the argumentation of the young "Jacobin." And to such extremities did matters proceed at last, that Emmet, with several of his political friends, was expelled the college, others less obnoxious to the authorities were subjected to a severe reprimand, and the society thus terrorised and weakened soon ceased to exist. Our national poet, Thomas Moore, the fellow-student and intimate friend of young Emmet, witnessed many of those displays of his abilities, and in his "Life and death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," speaks of him in terms of the highest admiration. "Were I," he says, "to number the men among all I have ever known who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree, pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet." "He was," writes the same authority, "wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth—though how capable he was of the most devoted passion, events afterwards proved." Of his oratory he says, "I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier, or what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence, purer character;" and the appearance of this greatly gifted youth he thus describes: "Simple in all his habits, and with a repose of look and manner indicating but little movement within, it was only when the spring was touched that set his feelings, and through them his intellect in motion, that he at all rose above the level of ordinary men. No two individuals, indeed, could be much more unlike to each other, than was the same youth to himself before rising to speak and after;—the brow that had appeared inanimate and almost drooping, at once elevating itself to all consciousness of power, and the whole countenance and figure of the speaker assuming a change as of one suddenly inspired."

The expulsion of Emmet from the college occurred in the month of February, 1798. On the 12th of the following month his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, was arrested. The manner in which this noble-hearted gentleman took the oath of the United Irish Society in the year 1795 is so remarkable that we cannot omit mention of it here. His services as a lawyer having been engaged in the defence of some persons who stood charged with having sworn in members to the United Irish organization—the crime for which William Orr was subsequently tried and executed—he, in the course of the proceedings, took up the oath and read it with remarkable deliberation and solemnity. Then taking into his hand the prayer book that lay on the table for the swearing of witnesses, and looking to the Bench and around the Court, he said aloud—

"My lords—Here, in the presence of this legal Court, this crowded auditory—in the presence of the Being that sees and witnesses, and directs this judicial tribunal,—here my lords, I, myself, in the presence of God, declare I take this oath."

The terms of the oath at this time were, in fact, perfectly constitutional, having reference simply to attainment of a due representation of the Irish nation in Parliament—still, the oath was that of a society declared to be illegal, and the administration of it had been made a capital offence. The boldness of the advocate in thus administering it to himself in open Court, appeared to paralyse the minds of the judges. They took no notice of the act, and what was even more remarkable, the prisoners, who were convicted, received a lenient sentence.

But to return to Robert Emmet—the events of 1798, as might be supposed, had a powerful effect on the feelings of the enthusiastic young patriot, and he was not free of active participation with the leaders of the movement in Dublin. He was, of course, an object of suspicion to the government, and it appears marvellous that they did not immediately take him into their safe keeping under the provision of the *Habeas Corpus* Suspension Act. Ere long, however, he found that prudence would counsel his concealment, or his disappearance from the country, and he took his departure for the Continent, where he met with a whole host of Irish refugees; and, in 1802, was joined by his brother and others of the political prisoners who

had been released from the confinement to which—in violation of a distinct agreement between them and the government—they had been subjected in Fort George, in Scotland. Their sufferings had not broken their spirit. There was hope still, they thought, for Ireland; great opportunities were about to dawn on that often defeated, but still *unconquerable* nation, and they applied themselves to the task of preparing the Irish people to take advantage of them.

At home the condition of affairs was not such as to discourage them. The people had not lost heart; the fighting spirit was still rife amongst them. The rebellion had been trampled out, but it had been sustained mainly by a county or two, and it had served to show that a general uprising of the people would be sufficient to sweep every vestige of British power from the land. Then they had in their favour the exasperation against the government which was caused by that most infamous transaction, the passage of the Act of Union. But they found their chief encouragement in the imminence of another war between France and England. Once more the United Irishmen put themselves into communication with Buonoparte, the First Consul, and again they received flattering promises of assistance. Robert Emmet obtained an interview with that great man, and learned from him that it was his settled purpose on the breaking out of hostilities, which could not long be deferred, to effect an invasion of England. Full of high hopes, Emmet returned to Dublin in 1802; and as he was now in the very heart of a movement for another insurrection, he took every precaution to avoid discovery. He passed under feigned names, and moved about as little as possible. He gathered together the remnants of the United Irish organization, and with some money of his own, added to considerable sums supplied to him by a Mr. Long, a merchant, residing at No. 4 Crow street, and other sympathisers, he commenced the collection of an armament and military stores for his followers. In the month of May, 1803 the expected war between France and England broke out. This event of course raised still higher his hopes and gave a great stimulus to his exertions. To and fro he went from one to another of the depots which he had established for the manufacture and storage of arms in various part of the city, cheering, directing, and assisting his men at their work. Pikes were got ready by the thousand and ingeniously stowed away until they should be wanted; rockets, hand-grenades and other deadly missiles were carefully prepared; but an accidental explosion, which occured on the 16th of July, in one of these manufactories situate in Patrick Street, was very near leading to the discovery of the entire business, and had the effect of precipitating the outbreak. The government at this time had undoubtedly got on the scene of the movement, and the leaders considered that no time was to be lost in bringing matters to a crisis. Emmet now took up his abode in the Marshalsea Lane depot, snatching his few hours of sleep "on a mattress, surrounded by all the implements of death." There he made a final arrangement of his plans, and communicated his instructions to his subordinates, fixing the 23rd of July as the date for the rising.

The history of that unfortunate attempt need not here be written. Suffice it to say that the arrangements miscarried in nearly every particular. The men in the numbers calculated upon did not assemble at the appointed time or in the appointed places, and the whole force that turned out in Thomas Street for the attack on the Castle did not number a hundred insurgents. They were joined by a riotous and noisy rabble; and their unfortunate leader soon perceived that his following was, as had previously been said of the king's troops "formidable to everyone but the enemy." They had not proceeded far on their way when a carriage in which were Lord Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, his daughter, and his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe, drove into the street. The vehicle was stopped, and the Chief Justice was immediately piked by a man in the crowd whose son he had some time previously condemned to execution. The clergyman also was pulled out of the carriage and put to death. To the lady no violence was offered, and Emmet himself who had heardof the deplorable tragedy, rushing from the head of his party, bore her in his arms to an adjoining house. No attack on the Castle took place; the insurgent party scattered away and melted away even before the appearances of military on the scene, and in little more than an hour from the time of his setting out on his desperate enterprise, Robert Emmet was a defeated and ruined man, a fugitive, with the whole host of British spies and bloodhounds employed to hunt him to the death.

Yet he might have foiled them and got clear out of the country if his personal safety was all on earth he cared for. But in that noble hear

of his there was one passion co-existant with his love of Ireland, and not unworthy of the campanionship, which *forbade his immediate* flight. With all that intensity of affection, of which a nature so pure and so ardent as his was *capable, he loved a being in every way* worthy of him, a lady so gentle and good and fair, that even to a less poetic imagination than his own, she might seem to be a fitting personification of his beloved Erin; and by her he was loved and trusted in return. Who is it that has not heard her name?—who has not mourned over the story of Sarah Curran! In the ruin that had fallen on the hopes and fortunes of the patriotic chief, the happiness of this amiable lady was involved. He would not leave without an interview with her—no! though a thousand deaths should be the penalty. The delay was fatal to his chances of escape. For more than a month he remained in concealment, protected by the fidelity of *friends, many* of whom belonged to the humbler walks of life, and one of whom in particular —the heroic Anne Devlin from whom neither *proffered bribes or cruel tortures could extort a* single hint as to his place of abode—should ever be held in grateful remembrance by Irishmen. At length on the 25th of August, the ill-fated young gentleman was arrested in the house of a Mrs. Palmer, at Harold's Cross. On the 19th of September he was put on his trial in the Court-house, Green Street, charged with high treason. He entered on no defence, beyond making a few remarks in the course of the proceedings with a view to the moral and political justification of his conduct. The jury, without leaving their box, returned a verdict of guilty against him; after which having been asked in due form why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he delivered this memorable speech, every line of which is known and dear to the hearts of the Irish race:—

My Lords—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can altar your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have much to say which interests me more than life, ane which you have labored to destroy. I have that to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from predjudice, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. *I* have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court, constituted and trammelled as this is. I only *wish, and that it is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down* your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffetted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophe, time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established *prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives.* That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries if the orphans, and the tears of the widows it has made."

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying—that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild design].

"I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the Throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patroits who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and

through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to this country, and on an occassion like this. Yes, my lords a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave, to which tyranny consigns him."

[Here he was again interrupted by the Court].

"Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction."

[Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason].

"I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humilation to the purposed ignomy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions: and as a man, to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal: and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or swayed by the purest motives—my country's oppressors, or"———

[Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law].

"My lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from an undeserved reproach, thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordships insult me? Or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lords, that form prescribes that you should ask the question. The form also presents the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before the jury were empanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I insist on the whole of the forms."

[Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the Court desired him to proceed].

"I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France; and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country; and for what end?

Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles *contradiction*? No; *I am no emissary*; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell *my country's independence to France! and* for what? Was it for a change of masters? No, but for my ambition. Oh! my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrifice every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No! my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the *more galling yoke* of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of spledour and a conscious depravitys. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly rivetted despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought their aid—and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, and *allies in peace*. Were *the French* to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach, with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life any more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succours of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance *of France*; but *I wished to prove to France* and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty *of their country. I wished to procure for my* country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which by his example, would be as important as its valour; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; that of a people who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because *France, even as an enemy, could not be* more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country."

[Here he was interrupted by the Court].

"I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor over much; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your *blood-stained hand*."

[Here he was interrupted].

"What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner), has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservior, your lordship might swim in it."

[Here the Judge interfered].

" Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge

me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the plaint minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation *of the Provisional Government* speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humilation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent and repel it? No; God forbid."

Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions.—To which Mr. Emmet replied:—

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatent for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the cannels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is—THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace; and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then* and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written—I have done."

This affecting address was spoken—as we learn from the painstaking and generous biographer of the United Irishmen, Dr. Madden—"in so loud a voice as to be distinctly heard at the outer doors of the Court-house; and yet though he spoke in a loud tone, there was nothing boisterous in his manner; his accents and cadence of voice on the contrary were exquisitely modulated. His action was very remarkable, its greater or lesser vehemence corresponded with the rise and fall of his voice. He is described as moving about the dock, as he warmed in his address, with rapid, but not ungraceful motions, now in front of the railing before the bench, then retiring, as if his body, as well as his mind, were swelling beyond the measure of its chains. His action was not confined to his hands; he seemed to have acquired a swaying motion of the body when he spoke in public, which was peculiar to him, but there was no affectation in it."

At ten o'clock p.m., on the day of his trial, the barbarous sentence of the law—the same that we have so recently heard passed on prisoners standing in that same dock, accused of the same offence against the rulers of this country—was passed on Robert Emmet. Only a few hours were given him in which to withdraw his thoughts from the things of this world and fix them on the next. He was hurried away at midnight, from Newgate to Kilmainham jail, passing through Thomas Street, the scene of his attempted insurrection. Hardly had the prison van driven through, when workmen arrived and commenced the erection of the gibbet from which his body was to be suspended. About the hour of noon on the 20th of September, he mounted the scaffold with a firm and composed demeanour; a minute or two more and the lifeless remains of one of the most gifted of God's creatures hung from the cross-beams—strangled by the enemies of his country—cut off in the bloom of youth, in the prime of his physical and intellectual powers, because he had loved his own land, hated her oppressors, and striven to give freedom to his people. But not yet was English vengeance satisfied. While the body was yet warm it was cut down from the gibbet, the neck placed across a block

on the scaffold, and the head severed from the body. Then the executioner held it up before the horrified and sorrowing crowd that stood outside the lines of soldiery, proclaiming to them—"This is the head of a traitor!" A traitor! It was a false proclamation. No traitor was he, but a true and noble gentleman. No traitor, but a most faithful heart to all that was worthy of love and honour. No traitor, but a martyr of Ireland. The people who stood agonised before his scaffold, tears streaming from their eyes, and their hearts bursting with suppressed emotion, knew that for them and for Ireland he had offered up his young life. And when the deed was finished, and the mutilated body had been taken away, and the armed guards had marched from the fatal spot, old people and young moved up to it to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood of the martyr, that they might then treasure up the relics for ever. Well has his memory been cherished in the Irish heart from that day to the present time.

SELFISHNESS.

Live for some purpose in the world. Always act your part well. Fill up the measure of duty to others. Conduct yourselves so you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, and are forgotten almost as though they had never been. They are, while they live, like some pebble lying unobserved among a million on the shore; and when they die they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea, which just rufles the surface, sinks, and is forgotten, without been missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been the better for their life? Whose tears have they dried up? Whose wants supplied? Whose misery have they healed? Who would unbar the gate of life to re-admit them to existence? or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishnesss is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.

To be wanting in respect to a minister of God is to be wanting in respect to God himself.

AN IRISH HARP.

"Our Irish music pleases you?" said Redmond. "I think your music and your musicians to be wonderful," replied Juliet. As she spoke she raised her eyes slowly to the face of the Irish prince, who looked away and said hastily: "Did you ever hear the story of the wonderful harp of all?" "No," she said; "I should like to hear it." "It belonged to the harper of King Lora," said Redmond. "Lora was a very handsome man, but he had horses ears, which, you know, are not very becoming to a king; so he always wore a cap, even in church, and the barbers who cut his hair once a year, he killed directly afterwards. At last his men seized a widow's son to be his barber, and she went into Lora's presence, and begged him so hard to spare her son that he granted her prayer. The young barber nearly fainted when he saw the horses ears; but he took an oath to keep the king's secret, and came back living to his mother. Of course, the secret made him ill, and he knew he must die if he did not tell it out. He then went into the very middle of a wood, cut a slit in the wood of a large tree, and shouted into it that King Lora had the two ears of a horse. So he recovered. A great festival drew near, when all the harpers were to compete in the halls of Tara. Lora's harper wanted a new harp, and to make the frame he chose the very tree which had received the secret from the barber's lips. And when several other bards had played beautifully, and his turn came, nothing was heard like his music—you would scarcely have listened to Cahal Ban after that; when he played martial airs, all the crowd around nearly had a fight; and when his music was plaintive they melted into tears. At last he stopped. 'Play something more,' said the king. 'Sire,' said the bard, 'my harp is running away with me. It plays, not I, and I am afraid of doing something unconscionable.' 'Go on,' said the king, for even kings are unreasonable at times. So the harper obeyed, and the harp gave a cry of joy, as if its heart danced at the thought of the opportunity Lora had given it; and as soon as the bard's hands touched the strings, it called out to inform the audience that King Lora had the two ears of a horse. You may picture the poor King's horror, and how he stooped down his head, so that his cap fell off, and every one saw the redoubtable ears. Still, the affair did good, for he never killed any more barbers."

Selections.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

(Continued).

The general plan of action against the Anglo-Hanoverian columns was, that after the four cannon should breach it in front, the cavalry, headed by the Maison du Roi, Gendarmerie and Carabiniers should dash in upon it there. The reformed infantry, Brigade du Roi and d'Aubeterre, reinforced, connected their line of attack with the previously unengaged Brigade de la Couronne, were to fall back upon the enemy's left, or Hanoverian flank. The other infantry Brigades de Normandie and des Taisseaux, likewise formed anew after what they had suffered, and drawn in one line with six Irish regiments, were to fall upon the enemy's right, or British flank—the Irish Brigade had the freshest troops, and thus, as it would appear were selected to head this movement, having in consequence (it will be necessary to observe) the Carabiniers nearest to them of the cavalry corps which were to attack in front. Mere firing was to be limited as much as possible to the artillery: the sabres of the horse, and the bayonets of the foot, being ordered to conclude the business. The gallant Lally, now that the Brigade were to act, as "an Irishman all in his glory was there;" and, filled as he was, with every cause for animosity to the English, on national, family, religious and dynastic grounds, he made a speech of corresponding vigor to the soldiers of his regiment:—"March against the enemies of France and yourselves, without firing until you have the points of your bayonets against their bellies." Words, not less, if not more, worthy of remembrance, for their martial energy, than those at Bunker's Hill, of the American General Putnam, to his men, against the same foe:—"Reserve your fire till you see the whites of their eyes!"

The Duke of Cumberland's column, hitherto presenting the appearance of an oblong square, keeping up in front and from both flanks, a terrible fire of musketry as well as of cannon, loaded with cartridge shot, but by this time, so unluckily circumstanced, that it could not make use of its cannon without injury to itself, was now within due range of the four pieces of French artillery, pointed in the best manner to make an opening for cavalry through the van of this as yet impervious and invincible mass, while infantry should assault it on each side. The well-served discharges of the four cannon having raked rapid chasms through the opposing wall of men, Richelieu, like a Bayard on this occasion, at the head of the Maison du Roi, gave the word to charge—

> "Now shall their serried column
> Beneath our sabres reel—
> Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse—
> Through their bosom with the steel!"

The Maison du Roi, Gendarmerie, and Carabiniers galloped down upon the hostile van, unrecovered from the crushing fire of the artillery. The infantry Brigades du Roi and de la Couronne d'Aubeterre marched against the enemies' left flank; while the other reformed infantry Brigades du Normandie and des Vaisseaux, headed by the six fresh regiments of the Irish Brigade, under Lord Clare and Earl of Thomond, advanced against the right flank. In the language of the national ballad:

> "How fierce the look those exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
> The treasur'd wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day,
> The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
> Their plunder'd homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
> Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown—
> Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
> On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
> Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were."

"Soon," adds an English letter from France, "as the English troops beheld the scarlet uniform, and the well known fair complexion of the Irish—soon as they saw the Brigade advancing against them with fixed bayonets, and crying out to one another in English, 'Steady, boys—forward—charge!' too late they began to curse their cruelty, which forced so brave a people from the bosom of their native country to seek their fortunes like wandering Jews, all over the world, and now brought them forward in the field of battle to wrest from them both victory and life."

That portion of the British immediately opposed to the Irish were, though the worse for their morning's work, a choice body of men, containing, among other corps, the 1st battalion of the second (or Coldstream) regiment of Foot Guards, with two pieces of cannon in front; and they had the advantage of being on rising ground, the ascent to which they were to sweep with their musketry; while the Brigade had to ascend and charge the occupants of the eminence without pulling a trigger. As the Irish approached the British, an officer of the Brigade, Anthony McDonough, younger brother

of Nicholas McDonough, Esq., of Birchfield, in the County of Clare, (an offshoot from the old sect of McDonoughs of Sligo) being in advance of his men, was singled out and attacked by a British officer. But the spirit of the gallant Britain was above his strength. McDonough, as the fresher man, soon disabled his adversary in the sword-arm, and making him prisoner sent him to the rear; fortunately for him, as he was so fatigued that in all human probability he must have fallen in the charge or retreat, and it is pleasing to add that these gentlemen afterward became great friends. This rencontre, in the presence of both forces, caused a momentary pause, followed by a tremendous shout from the Brigade at the success of their officer, the effect of which could only be felt by a spectator; and at such a critical juncture, that startling shout and the event of ill-omen to the British with which it was connected, was remarked to have a proportionable influence upon them. The Brigade now being sufficiently near, the British prepared to give them that formidable tempest of bullets which was reserved for the last moment, in order to be discharged with the more deadly effect. "Whether," observes our illustrious military historian, Napier, "from the peculiar construction of the muskets, the physical strength and coolness of the men, or all combined, the English fire is the most destructive known." And by that fire the Irish suffered accordingly. Their brave commander, the Lord Clare and Earl of Thomond, struck by two bullets, most probably owed his life only to the cuirass which he wore, according to the royal army regulation of the previous year; the Colonel and Chevalier de Dillon (third son of the late Lieutenant-General, Count Arthur Dillon, and brother of the two last Lords Viscounts Dillon in Ireland) was slain at the head of the family regiment; and a large number of officers and soldiers were likewise killed and wounded. But this did not arrest the impetuous determination with which their more fortunate comrades pushed forward to the cry, in the old or Gaelic tongue, "Remember Limerick and Saxon perfidy," and "a l'armee blanche," or "with cold steel," to do business more effectually, in Verdome language, as "bouchers de l'armee," or "butchers of the army," like their countryman in the song, represented, in opposition to an English footpad with firearms, relying only on coming to close quarters with his honest stick, and as finally exclaiming to the discomfited knight of the trigger,

"His pistol flashed;
But his head I smashed,
Oh! shillelah, you never missed fire!"

Without any volley in reply to the blaze of shot from a column, the Brigade ran in upon the British with fixed bayonets, thrusting them into their faces! And, although the Carabiniers, in the confusion of the *melee*, and from the similarity of uniform between the Brigade and the British, unluckily charged and even killed some of the Irish, ere the error could be arrested by the cry of "Vive la France! or France forever!" This temporary mistake "among friends" was soon rectified, and avenged in the proper quarter. While the Carabiniers turned their steeds and sabres elsewhere, or from their brother Celts and fellow-soldiers against the common Teutonic foe, down went, or away, along the far slope of the hill went the immediate opponents of the Irish, before their crimsoned and flashing bayonets. Of the twenty cannon belonging to the late formidable allied column, fifteen pieces, with two colors, were among the recorded trophies of the Brigade; the 1st battalion of the 2nd of Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards being specially noticed, as losing a pair of colors and two-horsed guns to the Irish infantry regiment of the exiled Jacobite, and brother-in-law of the late Marshal Duke of Berwick, Lieutenant-General Francis Bulkley. In a word, the enemy, pressed on one side by the irresistible vigor of "la furia Frances," and on the other, where "the wrath of the Gael in its red vengeance found them," was, with great loss, so rapidly broken and driven from the field, that this forces disappeared, as it were by magic!—

"On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!"

"It seemed," to use the words of Louis XV's contemporary biographer, "as if it had been fighting against those enchanted legions which were visible and invisible at pleasure;" "it was," says he, "an affair of seven or eight minutes,"—or, as the French Minister, who was present, affirms of the time in which victory was achieved by this final attack, "in ten minutes the battle was won." Then, we are informed, "the French, astonished to meet with Frenchmen everywhere, at length took breath; they felt the joy of a victory so long disputed." Of the Irish, one of their poets, in a ballad, "The Brigade at Fontenoy, May 11th, 1745;" having noted how

"There were stains to wash away,
There were memories to destroy,
In the best blood of the Briton,
That day at Fontenoy,"

adds—

> "As priz'd as is the blessing
> From an aged father's lips—
> As welcome as the haven
> To the tempest-driven ship—
> As dear to the lover
> The smile of gentle maid—
> Is this day of long-sought vengeance
> To the swords of the Brigade.
>
> "See their shattered forces flying,
> A broken, routed line!—
> See, England, what brave laurels,
> For your brow, to-day we twine!
> Oh! thrice blessed the hour that witness'd
> The Briton turned to flee,
> From the chivalry of Erin
> And France's 'fleur de lis!'
>
> "As we lay beside our camp fires,
> When the sun had passed away,
> And thought upon our brethren,
> That had perished in the fray,
> We pray'd to God to grant us,
> And then we'd die with joy,
> One day upon our own dear land,
> Like this of Fontenoy."

Such was the conduct of the Irish at Fontenoy, where, including of course that of the able and gallant Lally, it is evident, as at Cremona, forty-three years before, what they did to gain the day was of such consequence, that, but for them, it would have been lost.

CATHOLICITY IN NORTH AMERICA.

Two hundred years ago, the Catholics in Canada and the United States numbered two hundred; while in Nova Scotia there were no hopes of gaining any converts at all. One hundred years ago there was only one Bishop north of New Mexico and only 1,000 Catholics in Canada and along the country bordering on the Mississippi. In 1790 was appointed the first Bishop in the United States—Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore. In 1800 there was still only one Bishop in Canada and the United States. In the year 1842 we find the Bishops in Canada increased from one to nine; in the United States from one to sixteen. From 1842 till the present time they have increased in Canada from nine to twenty-six; in the United States from sixteen to sixty-six: clear gain from 1800, just seventy-four years ago, in Canada twenty-five, in the United States sixty-five. Previous to the Revolutionary War there were not forty priests in Canada, and not half so many in the colonies. They have since then increased in population more than one hundred fold. There are more than one thousand Catholics in this country to-day for one Catholic one hundred years ago.

It is a second crime to keep a wicked oath.

THE BISHOP OF PERNAMBUCO; OR THE CROSS OF PIUS IX.

An Episcopal See of Brazil was vacant—the See of Pernambuco. Pius IX. had remarked among the priests at Rome a young ecclesiastic Brazilian, who for some months had lived in the Holy City; he had come to complete his ecclesiastical studies, and to drink at their source the great sacerdotal virtues which are necessary to the missionary; his humility equalled his piety. The young abbe, Rego de Medoiros (such was his name), became the elect of Pius IX; this was not without a contest. The humble priest, frightened at the burden which the Supreme Chief of the Church wished to impose upon his weak shoulders, too weak to support it, supplicated the Holy Father to cast his looks elsewhere. Tears accompanied this filial resistance; but the more the son wished to withdraw, the more the Father insisted, because he saw in this resistance even the sign of the election of Heaven.

This scene, they say, was affecting—such as we read of in the early age of the Church. Pius IX. was naturally carried away; the Holy Father said his decree was irrevocable, that he took upon himself all the responsibility—that he must ordain him.

Some weeks had passed by since this touching episode took place in the private cabinet of the Pope. The new Bishop of Pernambuco was to be consecrated on the 2nd or 3rd Sunday in October. The young prelate, always very modest, did not present himself at the Vatican; Pius IX. had him called. After conversing with him a sufficient long time, the Holy Pontiff, more and more delighted with the choice he had made, interrupted the conversation and asked this question of the future bishop.

"Dear son, you are going to be consecrated in a few days; have you a pastorial cross?"

Upon the bishop answering in the negative, the Holy Father rose and went into his bedchamber. He returned, bringing in his hand a jewel box. The Pope opened it. A cross covered with rubies presented itself to the eyes of M. de Medoiros. As the prelate seemed astonished and surprised at the sight of this rich ornament:

"My son," said the Pope, "do not look upon the material of which the cross is composed; think only upon the thought that I attach to it; it is a thought of courage, of generosity, of sacrifice, and of holy hope in the midst of the difficulties that you will encounter, doubtless, and

of the crosses which await you in your apostolate.

"And," the Holy Father added, "that cross, my son, was borne by Pius IV. It was given me by Pope Gregory XVI. at the moment of my consecration; it has never quitted me *since*."

Upon this avowal of Pius IX., Mgr. Medoiros cried out with a gesture of holy horror, "But, Holy Father, how can I consent to carry an object so precious, an object which Pio Nono has *consecrated*?"

"My son," replied the Pope, "you shall carry it. It is Pius IX. who tells you."

While speaking these words Pius IX. closed the box and presented it to the young perlate. Suddenly the features of the Pontiff, until now beaming, appeared clouded. Re-opening the box, Pius IX raised the cross which it contained to his lips and gazed upon it long and earnestly. In that moment, no doubt, all the remembrances of his long episcopal career came back to the memory of our holy Pontiff, and he made a last effort over himself to separate himself from an object which re-called to him so many remembrances. One word escaped from his lips: it expressed all that was passing within his heart. "Dear little cross! I thought that you would never leave me."

But like a saint accustomed to self-denial in all things, as well as in *great*, Pius IX. *soon* overcame the moment of emotion, and again presented the essket to the bishop with a sweet and fatherly smile.

"It is still a further reason for me, my son, to give you this cross," he *hastened to say*. "Preserve it. Do not forget that it should be a symbol of courage and a mark of consolation in affliction."

Dear readers, all the details of this charming incident were given to us at Rome by Mgr. de Medoiros himself. Eight days after his consecration, he came to the French college where I was and delighted us all by his recital. What emotion filled him, and trembled in his voice, as he related it to us; what tears filled his eyes. Besides, this story is not yet finished, dear readers; here are the last two circumstances. You will acknowledge that the conclusion is worthy of such a charming beginning.

Possessor of such a treasure, Mgr. de Medoiros asked himself what ought he to do with it? Not to wear the cross would be contrary to the will of the Pope, he knew. But after him, what would become of it! Should it become a famly heritage? No; would not the bishop who would succeed him in Pernambuco reclaim it? *Did not Pius IX. intend to honor his successors* as well as himself?

Full of these thoughts the pious bishop the very night following his audience (sleep could not close his eyes), drew up a kind of testament concerning the precious cross. He there said that the cross given by Pius IX. should pass after him to the bishops of Pernambuco, his successors; that they should wear it until such time as Pius IX. would be canonized; that on that day the holy relic could no longer belong to the bishops of Pernambuco; that it should be given to the Madonna of the Cathedral for an ornament.

A few days after his consecration, Mgr. de Medoiros betook himself once more to the Vatican. This time the new bishop came to offer his homage of thanks and devotion to the prince of bishops. Upon his breast flashed the cross of rubies, present of *Gregory XVI. to Pius* IX., and of Pius IX. to the Bishop of Pernambuco; and in his hands might have been seen a little casket. What did that casket contain? A *second* pastoral cross. This one was gleaming with *emeralds*. *The brother* of the bishop had presented it to him, and the bishop did not wish to keep this second treasure; he broght it to Pius IX.

"Most Holy Father," said he to the Pontiff, "*you have given me a most precious gift*. Permit me in my turn to make an offering to the treasury of St. Peter. My brother, who could not have anticipated or foreseen your most benevolent kindness of Your Holiness, has sent me this cross; I have no longer need of it; that which I have received from you, and which I shall always wear, shall suffice me. Is it not just that the new present pass into the exhausted treasury of the Holy Church?"

Pius IX. received the casket and thanked kindly and with emotion the bishop for his generous heart, for his soul so full of gratitude. Then after a moment of silence, giving to his trembling voice a tone of solemnity:

"My son," said he to the bishop, in returning to his hands the jewel box, "you have made your sovereign Pontiff a present; he has accepted that present. But Pius IX. cannot consent that the paternal gift which he has made *you* should deprive you of a brother's gift. Pius IX. gives back this cross; guard it, for it came not only from your brother; it is also your Faher who gives it to you."

Without duty, life is dead and desolate.

COURTESY AT HOME.

Something is wrong in those families where the little courtesies of speech are ignored in the every day home life. True politeness cannot be learned, like a lesson, by one effort, any time in one's life; *it must be inbred.* "Well meaning, but rough," is said of many a man; and too often the beginning of the difficulty lies with the parents in a family. Is it hard for a husband to give a smiling "Thank you" to his wife as she brings his slippers on his evening return home? Is it more difficult for the mother to say, "John, will you shut the door please?" than to use the laconic phrase, "Shut the door!" When Tom knocks over his sister's baby-house, why should not "Excuse me, I didn't mean to," be the instinctive apology?

Many who would not be guilty of discourtesy to a stranger, or to a friend in the world without, lay aside much, if not all their suavity of manner on entering the home circle. The husband and wife dispense with those little graceful attentions which though small, are never unimportant. The children are ordered hither and thither with crusty words; no "Thank you" rewards the little tireless feet that run on countless errands. The dinner is eaten in silence, broken only by fault-finding and reproof from the parents, and ill humor among the children. In the evening the father devotes himself to his newspaper, and the mother to her sewing, interrupting themselves only to give such peremptory orders as "Less noise, children;" "Stop quarrelling;" and finally, "Go to bed!"

In many families there is no positive rudeness among the members, only a lack of those simple affectionate attentions which awaken a spontaneous return; a want of that consideration and gentleness of demeanor which are well-springs of comfort in every household. The well-bred host does not fail to bid his guest "Good night," and "Good morning;" why should not this simple expression of good feeling be always exchanged between parents and children? The kindly morning greeting will often nip in the bud some rising fretfulness; and the pleasant "Good-by" from old and young when leaving the house for office, shop, or school, is a fragrant memory through the day of separation. When the family gather alone round breakfast or dinner table, the same courtesy should prevail as if guests were present. Reproof, complaint, unpleasant discussion and scandal, no less than moody silence, should be banished. Let the conversation be genial, and suited to the little folks as far as possible. Interesting incidents of the day's experiences may be mentioned at the evening meal, thus arousing the social element. If resources fail, sometimes little bits read aloud from the morning or evening paper will kindle the conversation.

No pleasanter sight is there than a family of young folks who are quick to perform little acts of attention toward their elders. The placing of the big arm-chair in a warm place for mamma, running for a footstool for aunty, hunting up papa's spectacles, and scores of little deeds, show unsuppressed and loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling "Thank you, dear," if papa's "Just what I was wanting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit. Little people are imitative creatures, and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So, if when the mother's spool of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act, and quick minds make a note of it. By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, can children be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comfort of the family. The boys, with inward pride in their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls, imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless.

Scolding is never allowable; reproof and criticism from parents must have their time and place, but should never intrude so far upon the social life of the family as to render the home uncomfortable. A serious word in private will generally cure a fault more easily than many public criticisms. In some families a spirit of contradiction and discussion mars the harmony; every statement is, as it were, dissected, and the absolute correctness of every word calculated. It interferes seriously with social freedom when unimportant inaccuracies are watched for, and exposed for the mere sake of exposure. Brothers and sisters also sometimes acquire an almost unconscious habit of teasing each other—half in earnest, half in fun. This is particularly uncomfortable for everybody else, whatever doubtful pleasure the parties themselves may experience.

In the home where true courtesy prevails, it seems to meet you on the very threshold.

You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No rude eyes scan your dress. No angry voices are heard up stairs. No sullen children are sent from the room. No peremptory orders are given to cover the delinquencies of housekeeper or servants. A delightful atmosphere pervades the house—unmistakable, yet indescribable.

STARTING IN LIFE.

The first great lesson a young man should learn is, that he knows nothing. The earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned, the better. A youth growing up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find, and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of other people. But he is compelled to learn his own insignificance; his airs are ridiculed, his blunders exposed, his wishes disregarded, and he is made to cut a verry sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abased, and he feels that he knows nothing.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that, intrinsically, he is of but little value, the next lesson is that the world cares nothing about him. He is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration; neither petted by one sex or envied by the other, he has to take care of himself. He will not be noticed until he becomes noticeable; he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he is some use to society. No recommendations or introductions will give him this; he must do something to be recognized as somebody.

There is plenty of room for men in the world, but there is no room for idlers. Society is not very particular what a man does, so long as he does something useful to prove himself to be a man; but it will not take the matter on trust.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help—a wish to depend, to lean on somebody, and enjoy the fruits of other people's industry. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter, coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. Thus, one of the most painful sights in the world is that of a young man with a strong constitution and a presentable figure standing with his hands in his pockets longing for help. There are positions in which the most independent spirit may gracefully and gratefully accept assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire; but for a man who is able to help himself, to seek help from others is positive proof that he has been unfortunately trained, and that an indolent bias exists in his character. Let us not be misunderstood. We *would not inculcate the pride of personal independence*, which, in its sensitiveness, repels the good office of friends—what we condemn in a young man is the habit of dependence, which makes him anxious to accept as a favor those things which he might readily acquire by his own industrial exertions. A man who willingly receives assistance, especially if he has applied for it, invariably sells himself to his benefactor, unless his man happens to be a man of sense, who is giving absolutely necessary assistance to one whom he knows to be both sensitive and honorable. When a young man has ascertained the fact that he knows nothing, and that the world cares nothing about him, that his success in life must depend on his own exertions, and that he must look to himself, and not to others, for assistance, he is in a fair position for beginning life.

The next lesson is that of patience. A man must learn to wait, as well as to work; and to be content with those means of advancement in life which he may use with integrity and honor. Patience is one of the most difficult lessons to learn. It is natural for the mind to look for immediate results.

Let it then be understood at starting—that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the success which a young man seeks in life, but essential also to that preparation of the mind requisite for the enjoyment of success, and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule, in all time, that unearned success is a curse.

It is the rule, also, that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conversation and enjoyment. So, day by day, and week by week—so month after month, and year after year, work on; and in that process gain strength and symmetry, nerve and knowledge, that when success, bravely and patiently acquired, shall be yours, it shall find you prepared to receive and to keep it. The development of all your mental and moral qualities in the brave battle of life, will amply reward you for the struggle. It will help to make a man of you, and give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.* AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

According to the feeling of each verse.

1. The val-ley lay smil-ing be-fore me, Where late-ly I left her be-hind; Yet I trembled, and
2. I flew to her chamber,—'twas lonely, As if the lov'd tenant lay dead! Ah, would it were

something hung o'er me, That sad - den'd the joy of my mind. I look'd for the
death, and death on - ly! But no— the young false one had fled. And there hung the

lamp, which she told me Should shine when her pilgrim re - turn'd: But tho' darkness be - gan to in -
lute, that could soft-en My ve-ry worst pains in - to bliss, While the hand that had wak'd it so

- fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burn'd.
of - ten, Now throbb'd to my proud ri - val's kiss.

3

There WAS a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to doubt thee IN THOUGHT!
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

4

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonor,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But onward! the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt:
On OUR side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
On THEIRS is the SAXON and GUILT.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested, to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis, (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."