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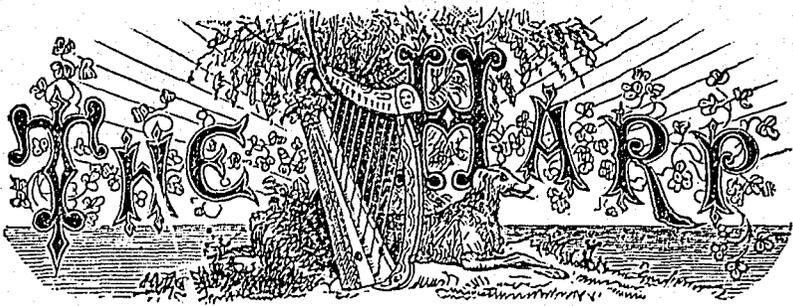
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EVELEEN'S VICTORY ;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE,"
"IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

It was a lovely morning in June, and the bright sunshine lit up with its rays a fair landscape. The scenery was not magnificent, it was only one of those valleys with green meadows and rich foliage, which may often be found beneath Irish skies. Apparently the valley contained but one habitation, but if a minute observation had been made a cabin here and there could have been discovered hidden in a thicket or underneath the shade of an overhanging bank, for in the sad days of which I write the Irish peasantry were forced to make their dwelling places hiding places also. But the principal house in the valley could not be concealed, although it was sheltered by large elm trees. It was a long, low house of gray stone, with a thatched roof; behind it were the out-houses belonging to a large farm, in the front a sort of court-yard, and at one side a flower-garden, bearing marks of careful cultivation, and through which ran a little stream, babbling as it went along to the wild flowers which decked its banks in rich abundance. It was a quiet, peaceful-looking place in itself, but at the moment at which my tale opens it presented a busy and stirring scene. The valley was half filled with horse-soldiers evidently about to

start upon an expedition. The neighing of the horses, the clanging of swords and spurs, the confused hum of voices filled the air. At the door of the gray stone house, however, was a group upon whom many eyes were fixed. A crowd of barefooted damsels, and of wild-looking *gossosons*, who had been running about hither and thither, bidding the soldiers farewell and imagining that they were some how or other helping in the bustle of departure, were now standing still riveted to the spot by the scene. At the door stood a splendid Spanish charger of roan colour, and as he raised his stately head when his rider sprang into the saddle, he looked as if he knew well that he was destined to bear to deeds of high enterprise a princely born rider. It was, indeed, a noble form which bestrode the horse.

Tall, and finely proportioned, with an eagle eye, dark hair just tinged with grey, and worn longer than usual, a high and massive brow, a mouth which spoke of mingled firmness and sweetness—his bearing and whole expression that of one born to command. Such was the chieftain on whom the hopes of Ireland were then fondly set. Such was the noble Owen Roe O'Neill, the heir to the earldom of Tyrone, who had returned from Flanders to Ireland to set his country free or perish in the attempt. Hanging over his horse's mane was a fair girl of about eighteen, a winsome creature to behold. The rich glow of her cheeks, the sparkle of her true Irish hazel eyes, the clustering auburn curls which fell from beneath

her little coil, made a lovely picture. She was trying, as she leant on Fidolis, as she had long since named the charger, to hide the tears that came welling to her eyes, and still the sobs that made her slight form tremble.

"Ah, then, my brave Eveleen," said the chief, as another young girl stepped from the threshold and came toward him, bearing in her hand his sword, which she had prayed him to let her buckle on; "there is my foolish Mary crying. I shall tell her," and he bent low and whispered so that only Eveleen and Mary could hear him. "She is not fit to be a soldier's wife." Shall I tell Henry so when I meet him by the Blackwater, and bid him tear a certain lady's glove from his helmet, for she needs no true knight any longer?"

Mary's fair head was bent lower still, but a deep pink glow was mantling her slender throat.

"And now, Eveleen, buckle on my sword," continued O'Neill. "Ah, my good blade, thou art of Spanish make, 'tis true, but the hand that bears thee is an Irish one, and will wield thee for Ireland well."

"Dear and noble chief," said Eveleen, as she kissed his hand, and then looked up with reverence into his face.

She was about a year older than her sister, and though there was a strong resemblance between them they were not cast in the same mould.

Eveleen was a graceful, fragile-looking creature, with a pure clear complexion into which any passing emotion would speedily call up a rosy glow. Her pale brown eyes were large and soft, her hair was just tinged with gold, and a little drawn back from her face, and there was an expression of such unearthly purity and peace on the fair mouth and high white brow that an artist would have loved to paint her as the "blessed among women."

The clear sound of a bugle rent the air; a hasty firewell, and the general rode forward to take his place with his troops. Proudly waved the banner of the "Red Hand," while cries rent the air as the troops defiled past, followed by the general and some officers of his staff.

"Long live Owen Ruadh! long live the O'Neill! long live the King of Ulster!"

Hand in hand the sisters stood while the long line of soldiers could be seen winding in and out of the thick trees; then, as they reached a turn in the valley, they were gradually lost to sight.

The sisters stood till the last sound of the bugle died on the air, the distant trampling had ceased, all was still. Then Eveleen and Mary passed within doors, and going to the foot of the crucifix poured out earnest prayers for the success of the army, and then they went to their daily tasks and to bear that burden which is so often a woman's lot, to watch and to wait while those she loves are far distant in peril and in strife.

Eveleen and Mary were the daughters of Sir Luke Fitzgerald, an old and faithful friend of Owen Roe O'Neill. The two girls, indeed, looked on the chief as a sort of second father. Unable, as almost all the Irish Catholics were, to procure any sort of fitting education for their children at home, Lady Fitzgerald had lived for many years with her three children at Louvain, and there contracted the closest intimacy with the wife and family of Owen Roe. The ties that bound the two families together had been drawn closer still by the betrothal of Mary Fitzgerald to Henry O'Neill, the eldest son of the chief, and already a gallant officer in his father's army.

About a year before our story opens, Lady Fitzgerald's health had failed, and that strange longing which so often comes upon an invalid fell upon her; a longing once more to see her native land. Her eyes ached at the sight of the dull old streets of Louvain and the flat landscape of the surrounding country. She pined for her own green Erin, for the fair hills and dales of her southern home. Her husband and son were both in the Irish army, and the sick mother longed to be near her dear ones. So she and her daughters set sail for Ireland, and after a long and stormy passage landed at Drogheda. Lady Fitzgerald was so weakened by her voyage that for a long time she could not go further, but remained under the hospitable roof of a friend in Drogheda. As soon as she grew a little better she was moved to a country house belonging to the same friend a

few miles from the town, and there the sands of her life speedily ran out, and a few weeks only before our story commences she had passed from her troubled exile to eternal rest.

Owen Roe, on hearing of the sorrow, had come with his son to pay a visit of condolence to the desolate girls, but sudden news of the advance of Monroe's army had obliged him to take a hasty departure. Henry had preceded him by a few hours, and the troops were to march with all haste in the direction of the Blackwater.

pleasant half audible sounds which breaks the silence of a summer day in the country.

The sisters might have seemed to have been left in too unprotected a position for those wild times, but they were surrounded by a faithful band of servants and peasants, who would scent the first approach of danger, and who knew well how to hide them in places unknown and unaccessible to the enemy.

Eveleen had brought her work with her, but it had fallen on her lap, and she had sunk into a reverie, while Mary,



^a True knight, true Christian, true prince was he; he lived for Erin, for Erin died;
Had Charles proved true and the Faith set free, O'Neill had triumph'd at Charles's side."—*Aubrey de Vere.*

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

About two days after the departure of the chief the two sisters were seated beside the little stream, which, as we have said, ran through the flower-garden. It was sunset, and the sky was covered with clouds of every radiant hue. The bustle and noise which so lately prevailed in the valley had quite passed away. There was no sound to be heard save the twittering of the birds, the lowing of a cow, and some other of those

in an absent manner, was plucking the daisies from the grass and flinging them into the water.

A sudden noise startled them; Mary sprang to her feet.

"Some one has arrived, Eveleen," she cried, "there will be news; stay you here, dearest, till I return," and she flew towards the house.

A look of sorrowful care crossed Eveleen's features when she was left alone, then she raised her eyes to the clear sky above her, and her lips moved in

prayer. In a few minutes Mary was by her side.

"Eva, it is Roger MacDonnell; he bears news from the army; they have crossed the ford at Benburb, and are encamped beneath the ruins of the castle, and they expect to give battle to the foe with all despatch."

"And what doth Roger here?" said Eveleen, flushing crimson as she spoke; "bears he a token from our father?"

"None," said Mary, gravely, "but he has ridden in hot haste, is urgent to see you, and then he says he shall with a swift steed regain the army ere to-morrow's dawn."

"To see me?" Eveleen rose to her feet. "Stay with me, Mary, I cannot be left alone."

"I will not be far off, darling," said her sister tenderly, "but I think you must let him speak to you this once; no doubt he hath heard from Henry what you are purposing to do, and will have his last word. I shall go and call him. Poor fellow!" muttered Mary to herself as she walked away.

"I pity him from my very heart. who can help loving her? The only wonder to me is how Henry could even think of me after seeing her. He says," and an arch smile played about her mouth, "that she was too good for him, and he likes a giddy wife best."

Meanwhile, Eveleen walked from the side of the little brook and took up her position under a thickly spreading tree. Her hands clasped each other tightly. There was a slight compression of the lips, as if she were nerving herself for some encounter. She was not left long to wait. An eager rushing step over the turf, and a young man, finely made, but dusty and travel-stained, stood before her, exclaiming eagerly, "Eveleen! this vile news is not true!" his glowing black eyes gazed into her face. "It cannot, it shall not be," continued he impetuously, without waiting for an answer. "Eveleen, you know how long, how wildly I have loved you, and you cannot, you shall not, enter: n accursed convent and be dead to me."

Eveleen's sweet face grew pale and stern; she was silent.

"Forgive me, Eva," continued Roger, speaking in a softer tone; "I have done

ill thus to speak of a holy place, but it has made the very blood boil in my veins to hear thy fate spoken of. The mere thought of losing you drives me mad!"

"I have given you no cause," said Eveleen in a calm, low voice, "to use such language to me; by no word or look of mine have I ever misled you as to my determination. From my childhood I have had but one hope, and I have but waited for my father's consent to accomplish it."

"Listen, Eveleen," replied he, "you have at least one strong love in your heart; it is for Ireland. You sigh and weep over her sufferings, her struggles, and her woes. Will you then, by this mad act, estrange me from the cause. "Think, you" and his face grew dark with passion "think you that I will lose you tamely, think you that I will slink away from your feet like a beaten hound. I tell you, no; dash these hopes of mine to the ground, and I sell my sword and the weight of my name to King or Parliament, I care not which, and I will fight no longer in the ranks of the Irish army."

Eveleen was very pale, but she showed no other sign of outward emotion. Her eyes had been fixed on the ground, but when Roger had finished his last sentence she raised them up, and the soft eyes were full of as much scorn as her gentle nature was capable of.

"Would you, then," she said, "barter Ireland for your own desires? Shame on you, Roger. Ill fare the woman who should lean on your faith or trust to your honour. Ireland will not perish for lack of such arms as yours. Did I, indeed, credit your words, or deem them spoken save in the heat of your passion, I should mourn that a Mac Donnell could fall so low."

She stepped forward as if to pass to the house. Roger barred her path. His face was white with rage; he spoke from behind his clenched teeth.

"Do you suppose that every nunnery will not soon be rooted from the soil in Ireland?"

The colour came back to Eveleen's cheek, and a smile quivered on her lips.

"The kinswoman of the O'Neill deems her country saved," she said,

"and if Heaven wills it not, you know, Donna Irena de Brito will give safe harbor to as many Irish nuns as shall choose to go to Lisbon, or we could easily find refuge at Louvain. I am content to cast in my lot with those who have already chosen the Cross, be it that it leads to exile or death."

Again she moved, but he prevented her.

"Eva, once more; the last time. Be my wife, and life, strength, and brain, yea, to the last drop of my blood shall be poured out for Ireland! I will guard the O'Neill as the apple of my eye. No power of man shall harm him while I am by his side. Give me but one hope that when the good cause triumphs and Ireland is free, you will be my wife, and not all the annals of our house can record more than I will do for our land. Eva, give me one hope?"

"Oh, Roger," she answered, "do not so dishonour your name as to strive to win me by such means. Is the love of Ireland dead within you, have her bleeding wounds, her bitter wrongs no power to move your heart? If not, little reck I of the fancied power of a selfish passion. Such is not the creed I have learnt in noble Spain, or Flanders, nor amidst the men who follow Owen Roe. For *him*," her voice shook, "for him, I say, I fear not, Heaven will guard that precious head, will bless his cause, and bring victory to his arms. Farewell, Roger, we shall meet no more on earth. Forget this wild passion, be a man, be a Christian, be true to your better impulses, and win a hero's crown."

"Farewell, Eveleen," he answered, "you have made your choice, you have scorned my deepest love, now let us see whether you shall scorn my vengeance."

He strode away and dashed into the house; Mary was standing on the threshold. She caught him by the arm. He shook her impatiently off, and the words of sympathy which were on tender hearted Mary's lips were driven back by his furious aspect. He rushed on to the courtyard where a fresh horse was waiting for him by his orders, sprang on its back, scattered some money among the stable-men, who were in waiting, and rode away as if, as Mike, one of the grooms, explained it, "He had the evil one at his heels."

Mary, after watching his departure, hastened to her sister.

Eveleen had sunk on the ground exhausted by the long conflict, and was weeping.

"It was so dreadful, Mary," she sobbed, "it was so awful to see a soul giving itself up to evil and vowing vengeance on me through treachery to our holy cause."

"Oh, heed him not, darling," returned her sister, soothingly; "men mean not half their wild words in choler. 'Tis like the moaning of the storm wind, terrible to listen to, but which passes away with the morning light."

"A MacDonnell prove untrue to Ireland! God forfend. Pret not yourself, dear one; I confess I pity him. Eveleen, you think not of poor me, but at the thought of losing you *my* heart is sore enough."

Eveleen was drying her tears and recovering her composure.

"My own sister," she said, "it will be strange to be parted, we who have never been absent one from another for a day, nor had many a thought which the other did not know; but life is opening before us now, my Mary; sorrow has begun to cast its shadow over us, and we can no longer linger in the peaceful shade of home, but must be up and doing. You, as Henry's wife; I, as the unworthy spouse of Christ."

"Eva," answered Mary, "before the night falls should we not have time to go and pray by her grave, or are you too worn out?"

"Oh, no," said Eveleen, rising, "it will comfort me to go thither with you, Mary."

And gathering their long black cloaks around them, and drawing the hoods over their heads, they passed from the garden into an adjoining meadow. The instant they emerged from the shade of the trees, a round tower, nearly perfect, was seen standing out against the clear blue sky. The sisters bent their steps towards it, and after passing through another field reached the ancient building, and found themselves on a spot of remarkable interest. Within a very small area there was a mass of ruins. Two churches had existed there, but one wholly, the other partially unroofed, and both were rapidly falling into de-

cay; grass and brushwood growing in the aisles, and ivy beginning to twine itself on the broken arches. Within and around the churches were graves, some of ancient date, some more recent, some marked by headstones or crosses, some without any token of the sleeper underneath. Conspicuous among the graves rose three stone crosses of different sizes, the two largest of which were richly sculptured. One was twenty-seven-feet high, and consisted of three large stones put together, the shaft, the cross, and the top. The second cross was fifteen feet high, and even more elaborately ornamented than the other. The third was more simple. At the foot of these crosses the sisters paused to say a prayer, and then made their way into the largest of the two churches. There, at the altar's foot was a newly made grave, over which the grass was just beginning to grow, and round which flowers had been planted. Beside it the two girls fell on their knees. Eva clasped her hands in prayer, but Mary bent forward, and throwing herself on the sod, wailed out in anguish, "Oh! mother, mother, come back to us?" But the wind whistled through the broken arches, the birds carolled from the trees, and there was no answer from the world of spirits. Eva drew Mary into her arms, laid the little head upon her breast, and comforted her, and when she was calmer she whispered in her ear, "Afflicted in few things, in many they shall be well rewarded, because God hath tried them and found them worthy of Himself. God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Mary's sobs gradually died away, and lifting her face from her sister's bosom she said, "Let us pray now, Eva," and then, side by side and hand in hand, the sisters told their beads, and by the ruined altar, and by their mother's grave, they appealed for help to Her, who, in an especial manner, is the mother of the orphan.

Their prayers over, they lingered some time on the spot which was very dear to them. They carefully swept away the dust that daily gathered upon the altar, and then at last they bent their steps homeward.

(To be Continued.)

NEW YEAR'S ODE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE YEARS 1877 and 1878.

(*Seventy-seven retiring—enter Seventy-eight.*)

1878—Good seventy-seven one moment prithee stay;

I'm seventy-eight, your brother—New Year's Day.

1877—What's that to me? I cannot stay I remember

I am the thirty-first of old December!

Besides, its owing all to you that I

Am thus obliged to go, retire, and die.

It is, upon my word, beyond all reason

To slide one's life off in the jolly season!

Am I, who've sweated all the dog days through,

To lose my Christmas ale and pudding too?

I, who have toil'd through all the year, to die

Just as we get to brandy and mince pie?

Could I have thought that this would be my fate,

Hang me if ever I'd have lived so late!

I would have put some lightning to my head,

And fashionably thundered myself dead,

When sirius 'gan his fiery bolts to pelt,

Hung in the Zodiac, or Orion's belt!

Of Acheron's black waters drank a cup,

Or in an earthquake swallowed myself up!

Instead of which, through twelve long month's I've run,

And circ'd vulgarly around the sun,

Suckled shivering milk in January's lap,

And fed on February's snowy pap!

The storm's of March, insipid April showers,

And pestering May with her pretty flowers!

The dust of June, the dog days of July,

August, dull tale of oak, and wheat and rye!

September shooting, and October ale;

November gloom, thick fog and cutting hail!

All these I've borne, yet now the villains grudge

A merry Christmas! and I'm forced to budge.

Oh! New Year's Day if I advice might give,

Die now, my child, nor condescend to live.

1878—Thank you, December; but I wish to try

A little pudding, and your Christmas pie!

If these are eatable, I feel, in truth,

Some little symptoms of a liquorish tooth!

Besides that pap you talk of, and those showers.

Dog days, and dust, and Maia's pretty flowers,

Wheat, oats, and rye, ale, shooting, and cold sky,

I come to see them once before I die!

Just have a glimpse of that disgusting place,

And peep upon them with a double face.

1877—Joy to your double face, then peep away,

Live till you meet another New Year's Day!

But let me tell you, ere the clock strikes one;

And my three hundred and sixty-five days gone,

It will be worth your while, I think, to mind

These little puppets that you call mankind.
I'll show them up, just as I found them here,
By lifting up the curtain of the passing year—
Show you the crafty natures of the men;
The wars, the stripes, that naught on earth
can stem.

1878—Nay, nay, my brother, show me more
of these;

I'll find them out myself, sir—if you please
You go out grumbling; I come in with cheers,
And shouts, e'en now, are wringing in my
ears.

I'll meet you, if you like, twelve months
from now—
That is, if you'll just tell me where and how.

1877—Aye, there's the rub! I don't know
where I'm going—
Above, below—indeed, there is no knowing.

1878—Well, find a means to tell me where
you are—
Send telegram by MERCURY, or a shooting
star.

I'll quick be with you, then we'll notes com-
pare
Which one of happiness has had the greatest
share—

That is, throughout our twelvemonths reign
on earth,

For which the bells are ringing in my birth.
So now be off; I'm ready for my fling—

Hark, how the glasses rattle! merry voices
ring!

You grimly exit LEFT; I enter nimbly RIGHT.
You, a shambling, poor old man; I, a laughing
sprite.

(TO THE WORLD.)

Ah, ah! my friends, I'm glad to meet you
here;

I know I'm welcome, for I'm bright New
Year.

I hope to give you joy and happiness on
earth;

And now my friends, I'll join you in your
mirth.

LORD BROUGHAM ON GOOD BREEDING.

The same observations which were
made on the arts are applicable to a
certain refinement of manners, which is
common to all highly civilized states,
but which, perhaps, arises in despotic
countries at an earlier stage of society.
This refinement is in itself of little merit
or value, if, indeed, it is not rather to
be accounted a defect. Its chief char-
acteristic is luxurious indulgences of
various kinds, and a politeness which
consists so much in suppression of the
natural feelings that it is nearly akin
to falsehood. Never to say anything

that may give pain, unless where our
duty requires it, is a rule of sound
morals as well as good manners. But
never to say anything which those pe-
son may dislike, nay, from which they
may dissent, is the rule of refined and
courtly breeding. Absolute command
of countenance and figure, calm, placid
deportment, unbroken ease, sustained
dignity, habitual smiles, indiscriminate
respect, nay, the semblance of esteem or
even love for anything that approaches,
and the taking a ready interest in what-
ever concerns every one, but showing
none at all in what regards ourselves
merely—these are the constituents of
highly-refined and courtly manners;
and these imply such an unnatural sup-
pression of feelings, such an habitual
restraint upon the emotions of every
kind, such a false position of the mind
at all times, as is most easily learnt
under the sway and the dread of a des-
potic prince or his provincial represen-
tative. Accordingly the manners of the
orientals are known to be polite in an
extravagant degree; while there is a
want of polish in the subjects of free
states which has made the roughness of
a republican almost proverbial.

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go
straight on, and mind them not. If
they block up your path, walk around
them, and do your duty regardless of
their spite. A man who has no enemies
is seldom good for anything; he is
made of that kind of material which is
so easily worked, that every one has a
hand in it. A sterling character—one
who thinks for himself, and speaks what
he thinks—is always sure to have ene-
mies. They are necessary to him as
fresh air; they keep him alive and ac-
tive. A celebrated character, who was
surrounded with enemies, used to re-
mark—"They are sparks which, if you
do not blow, will go out of themselves."
Let this be your feeling while endeavor-
ing to live down the scandal of those
who are bitter against you. If you stop
to dispute, you do but as they desire,
and open the way for more abuse. Let
the poor fellows talk; there will be a
reaction if you perform but your duty,
and hundreds who were once alienated
from you will flock to you and acknow-
ledge their error.

PRUSSIAN PERSECUTION OF THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The suppression of the endowments granted by the State to the bishops and other dignitaries of the Catholic Church in Germany is one of the events in the persecution inaugurated by Prince Bismarck, and it may therefore be worth while to point out what engagements had previously been made with the Holy See by the King of Prussia and the former sovereigns whose states have reverted to the Emperor William. The bull *De salute animarum*, of July 16, 1821, the publication of which was authorised by a royal decree issued on the 23rd of August following, and which regulates the ecclesiastical affairs of the kingdom, stipulates, among other things, that "endowments for the bishops shall be provided out of the State forests; but as these forests are heavily mortgaged, and as the mortgages will not be cleared off until 1833, the endowments will not be available until that period. In the meanwhile the Treasury shall furnish the necessary funds, and if the mortgages are not paid off by 1833 the King of Prussia undertakes to give crown lands for the endowment of the churches." By the terms of this concordat the prelates were to be paid as follows:—The Archbishops of Cologne, Gnesen, and Posen, 12,000 thalers (£1,800) each; the Bishops of Treves, Munster, Paderborn, and Culm, 8,000 thalers (£1,200) each; and the Bishop of Breslau, 12,000 thalers (£1,800), exclusive of the glebe attached to his bishopric in Prussia and to the revenues accruing from the Austrian part of his diocese. As the Archbishops of Prague and Olmutz were to retain the jurisdiction which they exercised in certain parts of the Prussian dominions, suitable subsidies were to be granted them out of the funds of the State.

The chapter of Cologne was to consist of a provost and dean, the canons, four honorary canons, and eight vicars or prebendaries. The provost and dean were to receive 2,000 thalers (£300) each, the ten titular canons from 800 to 1,200 thalers (£120 to £180) each; each honorary canon was to have 100 thalers

(£15), and each prebendary 200 thalers (£30). The chapter of Gnesen was composed of a provost and six canons, but at Posen the chapter was similar to that of Cologne, except that there were only eight titular canons instead of ten, and in both places the pay was on the same scale as at Cologne. The chapters of Munster and Breslau—each with their provost, dean, ten titular canons, four honorary canons, eight prebendaries, among them being a professor of the Munster University, the priest of Sainte-Edwige Church at Berlin, and the dean of the ancient county of Glatz—had endowments much the same as those granted to the archiepiscopal chapters; while the chapters of Treves, Paderborn, and Culm, which had only six prebendaries each, received rather less. The collegiate chapter of Aix-la-Chapelle was also accorded a yearly grant out of the funds of the State.

The King of Prussia further undertook, by the terms of this same act, which contains several allusions to his friendly intentions and his promises to treat the Catholics with favour, to confirm the seminaries in the property which they held at that time, and to furnish them with capital for fresh endowments. The bishops were to be provided with a residence in the chief city of their diocese, and, whenever practicable, with a country house. The cathedrals were to retain the revenues which they had hitherto held, and, if necessary, they were to be assisted out of the Royal treasury. A sufficient endowment was also to be assigned to the bishops *in partibus*, who might assist archbishops and bishops in the exercise of their functions in those dioceses which were so large that one prelate could not thoroughly supervise them—as, for instance, that of Breslau, which not only extends into Austria, but comprises, within the limits of Prussia, Berlin, Potsdam, Spandau, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Atralsud, and Stettin. The king also undertook to pay certain fixed sums for the vicars-general, for providing retreats for aged and infirm priests.

The amount of the endowments for the bishoprics of Mayence, Fulda, and Limburg, and for the archbishopric of Fribourg, is fixed by the bull of Pope

Pius VII., *Provida solersque*, dated August 16, 1821, the stipulations contained in which were made by agreement with the governments which the King of Prussia has partially taken the place of, and were confirmed by Pope Leo XII. in the Consistory held on the 27th of May, 1827. It was arranged in this Concordat that the archbishopric of Fribourg should have possession of the domain of Linz and other revenues producing in all a sum of 75,364 florins (about £6,450). Of this sum the archbishop, residing in the ancient palace of the States of Brisgau, was to receive 13,400 florins; the dean 4,000; the head canon, 2,300; the other five canons, 1,800 each; the six prebendaries, 900 each; the diocesan seminary, 25,000; the cathedral fabric, 5,264; and the chancellery of the archbishop, 3,000; while 8,000 florins were to be applied to the ecclesiastical foundations. To the revenues of the church of Mayence were to be added an annual grant of 20,000 florins, secured upon the revenues of the town. Of this sum, 8,000 florins were for the bishop, 2,500 for his vicar-general, 1,800 for each of the canons, and 800 for the prebendaries. The bishop was to remain in possession of the episcopal palace, and ten houses were assigned for the canons. The cathedral fabric was to receive 3,535 florins, and the seminary established in the convent of the Augustines 5,700. The bishopric of Fulda was allotted a revenue of 26,370 florins, and that of Limburg an almost similar income. The endowment of the bishoprics of Hildesheim and Osnabruck, in the former kingdom of Hanover, was settled by the Bull *Immensa Romanorum pontificum sollicitudo*, dated, March 26, 1824. The bishop was in each case to receive 4,000 thalers; the dean of the chapter, 1,500; the head canon, 1,400; the other canons, 1,000 and 800; and the prebendaries, 400. Suitable residences were also assigned to these dignitaries, and large grants were made to the seminaries.

These subsidies and the special funds administered by the state and paid over to the dioceses, to the institutions attached to them, and to the priests, have been withdrawn in the archbishoprics of Cologne, Gnesen, and Posen; in the

bishoprics of Culm, Breslau, Hildesheim, Osnabruck, Ermeland, Paderborn, Munster, Treves, and Fulda; as also in the Prussian parts of the archbishoprics of Prague, Olmutz, and Fribourg, and of the bishopric of Mayence, because the bishops refuse to conform to the iniquitous laws of the State. The foregoing figures, derived from an official source, are significant as showing the power which the Prussian government can and do exercise in its oppression of the Catholic Church in Germany.

THIS IRISH WIFE OF MINE.

I met her first in green Tyrone,
Now thirty years ago;
And though no gold was hers, she had
More than it could bestow:
Her beauty needed not the aid
Of silks and jewels fine,
No high-born lady could outvie
This Irish wife of mine.

'Twas not her flowing raven hair,
Nor dark eye blooming bright,
Her beauteous cheek, nor graceful form,
That gave my heart delight:
But 'twas that Virtue in her mind
Had raised her holiest shrine,
To guide aright, o'er life's rough path,
This Irish wife of mine.

Sure as the Sunday morning came,
The neighbours saw her pass,
With sober mien, though lithesome step,
Along the road to Mass:
The truths our good old priest taught there,
Inspired by power divine,
Have still a holy influence o'er
This Irish wife of mine.

Though I have look'd on stately dames,
With lands and wealth untold,
I'd rather toil for her, than have
The lady and her gold;
For while she shared my griefs and wants
She never did repine:
She's more than wealth—she's life to me,
This Irish wife of mine.

Before the altar, dow'rd with love,
She gave to me her hand,
To dwell in exiled poverty
Far from her native land:
And though misfortune often came,
Sent by a hand Divine,
She bore it nobly for my sake—
This Irish wife of mine.

J. C.

The veil which covers from our sight the events of succeeding years, is a veil woven by the hand of mercy.

WATER AS A BEVERAGE.

No one can exist without consuming a certain quantity of water, which is the essential basis of all drinks. It has long been calculated that the body of a man weighing eleven stone contains sixty-eight pounds of solid matter and eighty-eight pounds of water, and that he loses in various ways about six pounds of water in twenty-four hours, and this loss of water must be supplied in his food and drink. In the ordinary physiological processes nothing passes out of it, without the intervention, in some way or other, of water as a solvent. It will thus be seen that water plays a most important part to animal life and nutrition.

It is also the agent by which the body is cleansed inwardly as well as outwardly, and it is as necessary, though not quite so obvious, that the interior of our bodies should be washed and made clean as the exterior. In the processes of nutrition—in the physical and chemical changes upon which life depends—effete waste products are constantly being discharged into the blood from the tissues of the body, and these have to be got rid of, for, if they are permitted to accumulate in the blood, the body becomes poisoned by them, and life is destroyed as certainly as if a large dose of prussic acid or opium were introduced from without. Men do, indeed, frequently die, poisoned by toxic agents which they manufacture within their own organisms.

One of the uses of water, taken into the body as a beverage, is to dissolve these effete products of the work of the organism, and so to convey them out of the body through the action of the secreting organs. Water is readily absorbed into the blood, and is rapidly discharged from it. In its rapid course through the body, it washes, so to speak, the circulating fluid, and carries away, through the channels of excretion, substances the retention of which in the blood would prove in the highest degree harmful. It may readily be imagined that pure, unadulterated water performs this function better than any modification of it which we may drink as beverage. It is, however, quite true

that some slightly mineralized waters pass through the organism with even greater rapidity than pure water, on account of the stimulating action the most of them exercise on certain of the excretory organs.

Mild alkaline water may also, under certain circumstances, prove more cleansing than pure water, on account of their greater solvent action on some substances. The quantity of water we need in the form of beverage depends greatly on the nature of the other substances we consume as food. With a dietary composed largely of succulent vegetables and fruit, very little of any kind of beverage is required. Much also depends on the manner in which our solid food is cooked—whether, in the case of animal food, the natural juices of the flesh are retained in it or not; much, too, will depend on those atmospheric and other conditions which determine the amount of fluid lost by evaporation from the surface of the body.

The sensation of thirst is the natural warning that the blood wants water. I may here remark, incidentally, that it is not a wise custom to take excessive quantities of any fluid, even simple water, with our food, for by so doing we dilute too much the digestive juices, and so retard their solvent action on the solid we have consumed. A draught of fluid, however, toward the end of digestion is often useful in promoting the solution and absorption of the residuum of this process, or in aiding its propulsion along the digestive tube. Hence the custom of taking tea a few hours after dinner, or seltzer or soda-water a little before bedtime.

WHAT WE SEE.

In passing through life we scan the horizon and see only those things that bound the vision of our interests and selfishness. As we walk down the streets on a morning the boot-black sees only our feet, the barber our face, and the tailor looks to the probabilities of our wanting a new suit, while our hatter, scorning all lower things, looks to the style of our covering, whether it be Gothic, Mansard, Italian,

Villa or flat. It is that business like vision of things that actuated the tailor, while standing over the verge of Niagara's foam and spray, when all others were lost in the grandeur of their admiration and silent in the august presence of Nature, to exclaim, "Zounds, what a place to sponge a coat!" and nature wastes her lavish profusion of flowers and leaves, her purling streams and rural scenes alike upon us. We see none of them. A soap boiler, who scents the breeze afar, has a dim vision for all else, but an eye keen as a telescope for the very oil that steams offensive in the sun. What does a rag-picker see? Nothing but the material of his vocation. We poise our telescope on a parallel with our business and interest and all else is out of our range. All forms, colors, and constructions are subservient to this selfish view, and then our very temperament in life wears spectacles of stained glass; to a jealous man everything looks green; to a bilious one everything looks yellow, and, to a disappointed individual, things look very blue. Everything is golden in a lover's eyes, and he sees nothing but gay butterflies on the wing, and to the mourner the shadows of night seem ever gathering. The sailor sees a speck on the horizon, from his lookout, that is only a blank to us, while, to his tidy house-wife, the quid he throws on her carpet seems large as an ox, but he never sees them. Now what does all this signify? It signifies that man, of all creatures, is the most adaptable to circumstances, that he can school his taste and desires to any position in life, that he is adequate to all demands and emergencies; and thus far the trait is a desirable accomplishment, but variety is the spice and prolongation of life, and a man's joys will be as varied as the visions he takes. If he can see a green field it is a sweet relief to the eye; a rippling stream is as refreshing to his nature as it is cooling to the pebbles over which it runs, a flower by day, and a star by night, is better far than a vision of dust forever.

The value of any possession, is to be chiefly estimated, by the relief which it can bring us, in the time of our greatest need.

PAY AS YOU GO.

The credit system is one of the most pernicious evils which afflict a community. It is detrimental alike to the interests of the buyer and seller. Bad debts have devoured the fortunes of thousands of once prosperous merchants and left them hopelessly in bankruptcy; and large debts have turned thousands from mansions into hovels, and clothed with rags backs which have worn broad-cloth and camel's hair. A system which thus impoverishes all classes, must of course result in the general depression of trade and the universal injury of a people. An establishment which has sold goods for uncertain promises until the sheriff can no longer resist the pressing invitation to take what is left, is never reckoned in its insolvency as a part of the wealth of a community, and a store whose shelves are loaded with merchandise, but is among a people whose extravagance, engendered and fostered by the credit system, has plunged them into bankruptcy, will never add much to the prosperity of itself or its neighborhood.

There is never any remarkable business activity in a poor-house, and most of people have always considered that this lack of enterprise in such a place is because it is a poor house. Money is a necessary motive power in trade. But the credit system has a direct tendency to eat up both money and merchandise. It has probably not escaped the notice of the observing that there is in every community a class of merchants who strenuously advocate a credit in preference to a cash system. This at first sight looks remarkably strange; but on second thought it appears in entirely a different light. These men are not generally over-conscientious, and they very truthfully argue that a man or woman will buy more, and will pay better prices under the credit system than if they were obliged to pay cash. And here is where the difficulty lies; people contract debts without knowing it, and if they pay them they bankrupt themselves, and when they do not they bankrupt the trader. In any event, the system has a tendency to make everybody poorer.

CATHOLICISM IN THE UNITED STATES

The Methodists and Baptists are the most formidable opponents of Catholicism in the States of America; but their organization differs widely from that of the Congregationalists and Episcopalians. The influence of the laity among them is less felt; their ministers are not so subservient to their flocks; they are even less given to theological studies and method in their preaching. They avail themselves of popular arts, address themselves to the masses, manifest unquestionable zeal, and attach to themselves immense multitudes by means of a few prominent points of faith, and a centralized and binding system. This is especially true of the Methodists, who number six or seven millions, including their several branches. The conference is a body exercising real power, and their plan of forming the members into classes under appointed teachers, is found to answer the purpose of consolidating the community. All is made to depend on a superior hierarchy, to which is subject the nomination of bishops, as the chief pastors call themselves, members of conference, itinerant and sedentary preachers, and even the class teachers. The itinerant preachers have more influence than the local, being more directly dependent on the conference. This organization is so complete that it insures the success of Methodism over every other form of Protestantism, and builds up its adherents in strongly fortified opposition to the Catholic religion. Not but they have many principles and doctrines in common; but in spite of this partial and underlying agreement, they are of course hostile to one another.

The Methodists have on some occasions organized a successful crusade against drunkenness, which at one time agitated half the Union. Indeed, it is among Methodists and Catholics that the temperance movements have spread most widely and taken most effect. Still, we cannot regard them with entire confidence, though we recognize drunkenness as the great cause of poverty, misery and crime. But we doubt whether the extreme of totalism will do

good in the long run. It is evidently irrational in itself, since the vine and the hop are as much the gifts of God as the potato or the sugar cane; and it is well-known to medical men that many who abstain entirely from fermented liquors destroy their digestion by immoderate use of tea.

The Methodists are not very scrupulous in the means they employ. If they have succeeded better than others in giving the blacks some sort of religion, it is by indulging those disorderly excesses which seem to be peculiar to the race. They have also of late years made themselves the missionaries of Radicalism, thus using party politics as a means of advancing a religious movement. Both Methodists and Baptists avail themselves largely of Revivals and Camp Meetings in the open air. The revival has reference to a supposed special effusion of Divine grace, creating a revival of faith in the soul.

The idea in itself is just, and it lies at the base of Catholic Missions and Retreats, which, being free from the extravagances of these Protestant open-air meetings, are productive of so much lasting good. The Methodists rely too much on external circumstances, and endeavor to force on conversations and revivals by a pre-arranged machinery of preaching, prayers and "anxious meetings." The gloomy doctrine of predestination holds a prominent place in Baptist discourses, and among them and the Methodists persons are often detained several hours under the hands of the ministers, who undertake to excite remorse and repentance in these "anxious meetings." There are to be heard, especially among the women, cries, weeping, convulsions, and manifestations of a character purely extra-natural, and not unlike those which were sometimes observed among the Jansenists and the Canisards of the Cevennes, who took arms after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Such revivals often spread like an epidemic, and they have been known to infect the entire population of a district, frequently resulting in madness and suicide. Protestant writers admit the many evils with which they are attended; but this does not prevent their continuance, as they are found highly advantageous to the inter-

osts and advancement of the principal sects. The camp meetings are revivals pushed to extremes. They had their origin in a land of vast and wild forests, where it was necessary from time to time to congregate together in particular spots the pioneers scattered through the woods. The breath of the Divine Spirit is felt in sacred dances above all things, calling to mind the dances of dervishes and ancient orgies. The camp meetings have many features in common with the annual fair and the popular *fete*. Grave disorders accompany them. Many of those present fall sick, and some die on the spot, while every passion is let loose in the midst of these agonizing conflicts against sin and fear of death.

The pure and well-regulated excitement proceeding from Catholic missionaries contrast very favorably with these dangerous stimulants; but it is generally through personal, private, home and domestic influences that converts are made to the Catholic religion. Example and reasoning together seem necessary to convince the froward and ignorant of its sublime truths; and when Protestants of any school have the happiness of knowing intimately Catholics whose conversation is irreproachable, and whose attachment to their faith is intelligent and free from narrowness and bitterness, the results are often of the best. In the States of the Union as elsewhere, zeal may exist, without knowledge, and the mild spirit of the Gospel is poisoned by fanaticism. But the Catholic body in general is remarkable for the purity of its morals and the moderation of its principles and modes of action. Hence is its peculiarly fitted to grapple with the hydra-headed error around it, and to impress the minds even of Unitarians and sceptics, of whom large numbers exist in the Union. Besides the strictly religious orders, many secular societies among Catholics attract the attention of the public by their charitable and useful aspect. The Catholic Protocory is among the number, and it is observed that in such institutions a much less portion of the income goes to pay the persons employed than in similar Protestant establishments. The Catholic priests, too, have a decided advantage

in their being devoted exclusively to a clerical life, whereas the Protestant ministers of the different sects—men often of a very low class—adopt and abandon at will their ministerial calling and see in it nothing incompatible with worldly business. Catholic women, also, have too just a sense of their duties to God and to society, to allow of their joining the foolish cry for female political rights. They have no desire to influence elections, and still less to be elected; and, if they had no positive teaching on the subject, their instincts alone would guide them into safe opinions and a prudent course of action when such objects are pursued.

COLONEL DALTON'S VOW.

BY DR. J. C. WATERS.

It was a wild place, that, and even to this day, when railroads cross like network over Ireland, it is strangely wild and lonely still; but in the year before the rebellion of '98 the spot was unknown to any stranger.

Now, indeed, a stray tourist, anxious to peer into the out-of-the-way places of Connemara, meeting a more than ordinary intelligent guide, will bring him to the striking solitude of the *Glowa a Smugglera*, or the Smuggler's Glen. It is truly a romantic place. A belt of old woodland still surrounds it, and a growth of underwood, thick and bushy, prevents the visitor of easy access; but once on the beach, a sight is presented to his eyes worth going many a long mile to see.

Great cliffs rise up in giant height, straight as a wall at either end of an amphitheatre of beach, where the waves fall as soft as snow flakes, even when the storm is high on the great sea without stretching unbrokenly to America. The tall large and hardy mountain ash belt it in the intervening space, and a stream that teems down a natural cascade, a river of silver sheen. The guide, usually a barefooted Connemara peasant lad, ruddy of face, with eyes that sparkle with intelligence, a very ragged garb, a smile of the most winning character, and a ready word for joke or pathos, will tell you all the legends of the weird

glen. He will show you the great caves in the cliffs, where the keenest eyes could mark no entrance; where, within their ample recesses, the sea marauders used to store their cargoes after a successful run.

The hero of the legends of the Gloun a Smugglera in the last century was one Shawn O'Halloran. Shawn had little respect for any one and less for the officers of King George than for others even. He was rough of speech and warm of heart, a lion in a conflict, and so true to his word that no one ever knew him to break an engagement or a spoken resolve. So skilful was he that he could not be detected in his smuggling operations, although the king's cutters lay in wait at all quarters for the rakish-looking craft he commanded, and once ashore he baffled all capture. He was known to be wealthy, and many a poor cottager, many a poor fisherman, many a hard pressed tenant, got aid and assistance from Shawn Dhuiv O'Halloran, whilst the poor, humble, pious priest, who ministered to the wants of his impoverished congregation in that wild region, wanted for nothing that Shawn could give him.

Black Shawn had one spot of real tenderness in his heart. He had an only child, an orphan daughter, straight and lithe as a sapling, with a face that an artist might take for Hebe, and a figure wavy with the lines of beauty. An old "follower" of Shawn's "people," Mary Lynch, who nursed the father on her knee, was now the guardian of the daughter, and faithfully she discharged her trust. In John O'Halloran's flying visits to his home, he noticed that his daughter grew fairer and sweeter every day, and gave promise of a blooming womanhood. The old pastor did not neglect her education, for he taught her more even than book learning. He was one of those whom the Penal Laws had forced to seek learning in a foreign land, and under the skies of Italy, in the very heart of Rome, his youth and early manhood had been trained. He had all the graces of that Continental culture from which springs that perfect manner which, whether they came from the bourses in the colleges of Belgium, the arcades of the St. Sulpice in Paris, or the Irish College by the Roman

Tiber, so pre-eminently distinguished the priests of the last century. Under his tutelage Maggie O'Halloran became well read and refined, and Father Laverty, kind old man, was proud of his beautiful pupil.

It was the practice of the priest to go over to John O'Halloran's house in the evenings from his own humble domicile, and sit there for the intervening hours until the moment of repose, whiling away the time with stories of the sunny land of the vine. It was thus, on a chilly evening in October 1797, that the little household group was gathered at the cheery fire that blazed and flickered on the hearth, whilst the rain and sleet pelted hard against the window panes. The sea was not so far away, but that the great gusts of wind bore its thunders from the foot of the cliff walls of coast, as the waves dashed against them, to the ears of the group within the cozy homestead.

"I would not wonder if my father came home to-night sir," said Maggie O'Halloran.

"Nor I either, Maggie," said the priest. "Where is he running the cargo from, and what is it?"

"Wines and silks from Bordeaux; and I wish he would give it up, Father," she replied appealingly.

"I wish he would, too, Margaret," thoughtfully responded the priest. "Not, indeed, that I think it any harm to deceive the foreign Government that robbed our people and refused them any education, that made the youth, who consecrated himself to God, seek the learning that was to fit him for the mission, like a mendicant almost, from the stranger. It was like begging at the gates of the foreigner for what Ireland could give us, and would give us at home, if she had her way, or her own."

The aged priest stopped, and the fire of bygone emotions gleamed redly in his bright eye.

"Yes, indeed, Maggie, my child, no one would more earnestly counsel obedience to the laws than I would, where they were the just government of the country; but, in Ireland, it is the will of the foreign tyrant that grinds us into dust, it is the promulgation of the edicts of the oppressor, and the alien, and the

thrice-cursed Saxon. But there is an end to come of it all!"—here he spoke excitedly, and raised his face towards heaven. "In God's good time, some one will be raised up, as Moses arose in the land of Egypt, as Joshua in the land of Canaan, as David, the shepherd, in Judea, and he will arise to smite them from the country of Patrick, and Con of the Hundred Battles, and Brian, the hero of Clontarf. Oh! that time will come. May it come soon."

The old priest stopped, and bent his pale face on the fire; the girl was silent, and Mary Lynch looked at the venerable patriot with enthusiastic admiration. All were still, and as if absorbed in thought, when a loud knocking resounded from the front door through the house. All three started.

"It is my father," said Maggie, as she rose and bounded to the door.

She opened it, and outside stood two men. One stood out in the darkness, the other was full at the doorway, a trunk beside him. The girl looked in amazement:

"Why, Pat Cahill," she said to the man standing at the trunk, a fine, stout, square-shouldered young fellow, "I thought it was my father!"

The young man took his sou'wester off as she addressed him. He was clad in sailor garb, but it was easy to know he was an Irishman by that untaught courtesy which led him to respect a woman. He spoke:

"Your father has gone round to Wicklow, Miss Maggie, and the cargo is safely landed; but he sent me with this little bit of a note to you, and this gentleman is to stop in the house till he comes. He was a student for the priesthood in Belgium and his health got bad. Here is the note, miss."

She took it and read it over. In a rough but bold and characteristic hand those words were written:

"MY DEAR CHILD: You will receive the gentleman that brings this with every kindness you could give myself. Let him have my room and my bed, and tell everyone he is from Belgium, everyone, I mean, who has the right to ask you, and would have been ordained only for his health. I will be with you as soon as possible.—Your loving father,

"JOHN O'HALLORAN."

"Carry in the gentleman's trunk, Pat Cahill," she said. "You are welcome, sir. My father is anxious about you. At least, we can offer you a good fire and a hearty welcome."

The stranger entered and bowed, whilst Pat Cahill carried in his trunk to the parlour. Maggie O'Halloran closed the door. The newcomer awaited with manly courtesy until she preceded him.

Father Laverty and the old house-keeper turned around as the stranger entered. The old priest spoke:

"Why, Pat Cahill, is that you?"

"In troth it is, your reverence," said Pat, leaving down the trunk.

The other then attracted Father Laverty's attention. He looked inquiringly towards him. Maggie O'Halloran saw his glance:

"Father Laverty," she said, introducing the priest to the stranger; and then, with a woman's tact, she paused a moment, then went on: "I beg your pardon, sir, my father did not mention your name in his letter."

"Ah," said the other, "I will be glad to correct the mistake. (He spoke with a slightly foreign accent.) My name is Gustave Marie D'Alton."

"An Irish name," said Father Laverty; "but I presume you are French." The old priest sat down. "You must be tired—take a chair, sir."

The young stranger sat. He wore a clerical garb, which became him well. With the firmness of a man in every line of his countenance, it was as soft and gentle in every lineament as if it were a boy's. Deep, dark-blue eyes that looked out from beneath brows whose tracery was as delicate as those of a girl, light brown hair, a soft smile, and the easy courtesy of a gentleman, constituted the *tout ensemble* of the late arrival. In answer to the good priest, he replied:

"Yes, M. le cure; but I can speak English."

"I would rather you would speak French, for it seems like my mother tongue."

A glow of enthusiasm spread over the face of the listener, and at once he began to speak in French. The priest drew his chair close to him. He became animated, too, and answered the stranger with rapidity, pausing between his

replies, and speaking earnestly. He hung upon the statements made by the stranger, and as the latter became warmed up, the priest was still more excited. His features expressed the most intense anxiety; they became transfigured. He stood up and raised his hands. The women gazed in wonderment, and Pat Cahill seemed awe-stricken. The Frenchman went on, his eyes flashing, and at last the priest interrupted him.

"May God in heaven bless you. I will go home and rest more calmly than I ever did for many a long year." He spoke in English. "Go on, go on, my brave young soldier; go on in the name of faith and Ireland, and may God and His blessed Mother be your guide and keeper."

The old priest placed his hand on the young man's head and stooped, kissing him on the cheek.

"Give me my hat, Maggie O'Halloran," he said. "I am like a boy getting loose for the holidays."

It was one month afterwards when John O'Halloran stood on the beach at the Smuggler's Glen. His daughter Maggie was with him, and near were two men standing and talking earnestly. They approached O'Halloran and his daughter.

"Well, Colonel," said one of them, as he shook the hand of the other, who was the same that Father Lavery had blessed—the clerical student—"well, Colonel, you will now make yourself acquainted with the country, and about June next all will be ready for work."

"My lord," said the other, "I trust to be in front with you."

"Where a good man is wanted, you shall be detailed," was the reply. "You will have a special message from me, and for me, from time to time. Now, O'Halloran, hey for Wicklow."

There was a hurried clasp of hands, a kiss between father and daughter. And, pushing out in the little punt which lay by the beach, Shawn Dhuv O'Halloran and the stranger sped over the waves toward a white-sailed craft in the offing, whilst Maggie O'Halloran and the young Frenchman walked towards their home.

"That gentleman called you 'colonel,'" said Maggie, dubiously.

"Yes, and colonel I am," replied the

other. "Colonel in the French army, and adjutant-General of the Irish Army of Liberation; and that is——" he lowered his voice and whispered into her ear.

"What!" she said, with a start; "that the great son of the Duke of Leinster—Lord Edward Fitzgerald?"

"Yes," he replied, "and the First President of the Irish Republic."

On that night Maggie O'Halloran and Gustave Marie D'Alton were plighted lovers.

Months rolled over. D'Alton was still at the cottage, going away occasionally for a few weeks at a time and returning. No one knew whether he went or when he returned, but towards June he was remarked by Maggie to be looking weary, fatigued, and his manner was nervous and absorbed. He was accustomed then to go down to the smuggler's glen and look across the waves as if he watched for some sail far in the offing. His seemed the sickness of hope delayed. One evening, after one of those temporary absences, he fainted as he was speaking to his betrothed wife. Colonel D'Alton was carried, weak as a child, to his bed, by the two women. He had caught typhus fever.

He lay there for weary months, weak and unconscious. The summer went by and the autumn, the summer of '98, and the people were under the hoof of the tyrant, hopelessly down. Winter passed; and it was a soft spring night in '99, as out from the smuggler's bay a smart cutter sped, with sails catching the breeze. A group of three were at the taffrail, one of them pale, but with the hues of health on his cheek still. That was Colonel D'Alton, the other was Maggie O'Halloran once, but now Maggie D'Alton, and the third was Shawn Dhuv O'Halloran.

In the shadows of the shore there were two figures. One waved a handkerchief, which seemed like a ray of clear moonlight.

"And this is the way I leave Ireland," said the Colonel. "Fitzgerald dead, the people conquered, and I myself stealing away, with broken health, like a thief in the night. No matter," he

added, almost savagely, "I shall strike a blow at England yet."

Maggie D'Alton was weeping. Shaun Dhuv's eyes were lurid with fire, as he let his hand fall heavily on his shoulder.

"If you don't"—he spoke hoarsely—"may your wife never love you, or my blessing not be on your head."

In sixteen years afterwards, on the dread field of Waterloo, it was General Count D'Alton who led the charge where Picton fell, and forced the Duke of Wellington to cry out, "Night or Blucher."

He kept his vow faithfully.

THE IRISHMAN AND MR. DUNDAS.

George the Third was by no means a popular monarch. Amiability seems to have been no part of his character—and, as a sovereign, nothing less than the all-powerful restraints of the British Constitution (alike omnipotent in its demands upon king and people) would have kept the last but one of the "Georges" from being a tyrant. Such, indeed, he was "in the grain"—and such the people of England (ever jealous of their liberties during his protracted reign over them) did not fail to discover. For that matter, on more than one occasion, when his majesty *condescended* to show himself in the streets of London to his "loyal subjects," the latter had made *such* condescension the occasion of the most brutal demonstrations. A good story—and, we believe, a true one—is told, as bearing upon an occasion such as we have mentioned—(the monarch's escape from all harm will, perhaps, justify the epithet *good*)—the story is as follows: There was much popular dissatisfaction abroad, in consequence of certain high-handed measures resolved upon by the king and his "heaven-born minister." The former was imprudent enough to show himself in one of the popular thoroughfares; and, as he rode along, was attacked in his carriage, by a ferocious mob. An Irish gentleman witnessing the outrage, and disgusted at the cowardly nature of the attack, prompted, not so much by loyalty, as the sequel will disclose, as by a manly and chivalrous feeling, rescued the poor

monarch, who, in consequence, reached his palace in safety. He had had presence of mind enough, however, to notice and feel grateful to his deliverer and preserver, and ordered the right honorable Mr. Dundas to lose no time in procuring an interview with the gallant and noble fellow who had so promptly exposed his own life in his majesty's behalf. Mr. Dundas experienced considerable trouble in finding out the whereabouts of the recipient (that was to be) of his majesty's bounty. At length he was found, and ordered to call without delay at the minister's office. The Irish gentleman called, and, with a somewhat sarcastic smile on his face, as we can well imagine, introduced himself to Mr. Dundas. The latter, big with patronage and importance, asked the Irishman what he (Dundas) "*could do for him*," in the way of recompense for having saved the king's life? "Mr. Dundas" (enquired the Irishman) "*can you make a Scotchman of me?*" "Mon' mon!" replied Dundas, "*ye lack prudence*"—"ye lack prudence"—and the interview was at an end.

THE BEST FRIEND.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we would gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

A GOOD RULE.—A man, who became very rich, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. After this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.

A LOVE ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY.

Of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, the sixth earl of Desmond, is related a romantic, yet authentic story, known to many Irish readers. While on a hunting expedition in some of the lonely and picturesque glens in North Kerry, he was benighted on his homeward way. Weary and thirsting, he urged his steed forward through the tangled wood. At length, through the gloom he discerned close by an humble cottage, which proved to be the dwelling of one of his own retainers or clansmen, named MacCormick. Lord Thomas rode to the door, halted, and asked for a drink. His summons was attended to and his request supplied by Catherine, the daughter of the cottager, a young girl whose simple grace and exquisite beauty struck the young earl with astonishment—and with warmer feelings too. He dismounted and rested a while in the cottage, and became quite charmed with the daughter of its humble host. He bade her farewell, resolving to seek that cottage soon again. Often subsequently his horse bore him thither; for Lord Thomas loved Catherine MacCormick, and loved her purely and honourably. Not, perhaps, without certain misgivings as to the results did he resolve to make her his wife; yet never did he waver in that resolve. In due time he led the beautiful cottage girl to the altar, and brought her home his wife.

His worst fears were quickly realised. His kindred and clansmen all rose against him for his *messalliance*, which, according to their code forfeited for him lands and title! In vain he pleaded. An ambitious uncle, James, eventually seventh earl, led the movement against him, and, claiming for himself the title and estates thus "forfeited," was clamorous and uncompassionate. Lord Thomas at the last nobly declared that even on the penalty thus inexorably decreed against him, he in no wise repented of his marriage, and that he would give up lands and titles rather than part his peasant wife. Relinquishing everything, he bade an eternal adieu to Ireland, and sailed

with his young wife for France, where he died at Rouen in 1420. This romantic episode of authentic history furnished our national melodist with the following verses:—

"By the Peal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whispered o'er me,
As the threshold I crossed,
There was ruin before me;
If I loved, I was lost.

"Love came and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again!
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure
If poured out by thee!

"You, who call it dishonor
To bow to love's flame
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?"

"No: man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the graces,
Ranks next to divine!"

—*The Story of Ireland.*

A MISTAKE OFTEN MADE.—Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double-dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

HOW THE INSURANCE AGENT WAS SOLD.

The other day a well-dressed stranger, carrying a hand valise, called into a life insurance office and inquired if the agent was in. The agent came forward, rubbing his hands, and the stranger asked:

"Do you take life insurance risks here?"

"Ye s'ir, glad to see you s'ir—sit down, s'ir," replied the agent.

"What do you think of life insurance, anyway?" inquired the stranger as he sat down and took off his hat.

"It's a national blessing, s'ir,—an institution which is looked upon with sovereign favor by every enlightened man and woman in America."

"That's what I've always thought," answered the man. "Does your company pay its losses promptly?"

"Yes, s'ir—yes, s'ir. If you were insured with me, and you should die this very night, I'd hand your wife a check within a week."

"Couldn't ask for anything better than that."

"No, s'ir—no s'ir. The motto of our company is: 'Prompt pay and honorable dealing.'"

"How much will a \$5,000 policy cost?" inquired the stranger after a long pause.

"You are—let's see—say thirty-five. A policy on you would cost you \$110 the first year."

"That's reasonable enough."

"Yes, that's what we call low, but our's is a strong company, does a safe business, and invests only in first-class securities. If you are thinking of taking out a policy let me tell you that our's is the best and the safest, and even the agents of rival companies will admit the truth of what I say."

"And when I die my wife will get her money without any trouble?"

"I'll guarantee that my dear s'ir."

"And I'll get a dividend every year?"

"Yes, this is a mutual company, and part of the profits come back to the policy-holders."

"And it won't cost me but \$110 for a policy of \$5,000."

"That's the figure, and it's as low as you can get safe insurance anywhere."

Let me write you a policy. You would never regret it."

"Then's the blanks, I s'pose?" said the stranger pointing to the desk.

"Yes," replied the agent as he hauled one up to him and took up his pen. "What do you say—shall I fill out an application?"

"No, I guess I won't take any to-day," replied the stranger as he unlocked his valise, "but if you want something that will take that wart off your nose inside a week, I've got it right here! It's good for corns, bunions, the toothache, earache, sprains—!"

He was placing his little bottle on the table when the agent reached over and took him by the shoulder, and hoarsely whispered to him:

"Mister man, if you don't want to become a corpse you won't be two minutes getting out of here!" And he wasn't.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

It is as natural for most children to ask questions continually as it is for them to eat. Indeed they seem perpetually hungry in mind and body; instead of diminishing their appetite for physical and intellectual food the effort should be to increase it to its utmost healthful limit. When a child eats heartily, has perfect digestion, and sleeps well, we consider him in good physical condition, and accept his eager calls for food as evidence of his bodily soundness. In the same way his constant calls for information, and his curiosity to find out these things, are as sure signs of mental health as the other of physical. We housekeepers accept the necessity of providing three meals a day, and as there is no use in complaining about it, the sensible ones among us make no complaint, but do the best we can with resources at command. In like manner those who have children feel, or should feel, the necessity of supplying them continually with knowledge as they supply them with food.

The manner in which this is done varies indefinitely. Some parents will patiently, day after day, and year after year, answer word by word, so far as they can, the innumerable and various questionings of their children. This is

a tax that no one who has not paid can adequately appreciate. We think there is a better way than this, better for the child, and better for the parent. When Sir William Jones, the eminent Oriental scholar, was a boy, and perpetually asking questions of his mother, her reply to him was, "Read and you will know." But she took care to place such books as would lead him to explore for himself fresh fields of knowledge. So great is the number of juvenile books and magazines that the intelligent parent can much more readily than could Sir William's mother put within her child's reach the answer to a great many of his questions, and thus teach him to feed himself.

It is well to keep the intellectual appetite keen in order that the digestion be vigorous and complete, and to this end hunger is beneficial. If there is any particular direction in which it is desirable that the love for knowledge should be fostered, a little management will secure the end desired. As a special privilege the mother of a large family permits her children the occasional use of an astronomical globe and the atlas of the heavens, keeping these most of the time carefully put away. Curiosity to know about the stars is thus continually whetted, and their questionings become more and more intelligent as their interest in the subject grows deeper. The principle of a stated number of meals a day is as applicable to the mental as to the physical stomach. Hunger is the best sauce for any appetite, and when one is fed it is desirable that the food he eats should stay by him till the meal time comes again. So a child can by careful management be so occupied with his books, or his toys that his questionings will be intermitted for a season, and his mother given a resting spell. But any other way of quenching his curiosity is hurtful.

That the temper, the sentiments, the morality, and, in general, the whole conduct and character of men, are influenced by the example and disposition of the persons with whom they associate, is a reflection which has long since passed into a proverb, and been ranked among the standing maxims of human wisdom, in all ages of the world.

JOKES ON AND BY PHYSICIANS.

Numberless have been the jokes against physicians and the art of healing; one of the best, because unintentional, was made by a French lady, whom we may call Madame X., and who was in the habit of consulting her physician, Dr. Z., daily, between the hours of two and three. The Doctor was a witty and charming man, and they talked of every subject under heaven. One day, however the Doctor came and was denied admittance. He thought there must be some mistake, and ordered the servant to announce him again. This time the lady sent down a very polite message, informing the Doctor that "she was grieved beyond measure at being obliged to deny herself the pleasure of his company, but she was very ill." Doctors, themselves, however, have said the hardest things of their craft. Radcliffe used to threaten his brethren of the faculty "that he would leave the whole mystery of physic behind him, written on a half-sheet of paper." The medical men of the day revenged themselves for his contempt by denying him any knowledge of physic. In the same way, Nelson was said by one or two enemies he had made, or, rather, who had made themselves, to possess no knowledge of navigation. Dr. Radcliffe, by the way, had an extremely objectionable habit—namely, that of leaving his bills unsettled. In his day each Londoner had to pave the street in front of his own door—at all events, the parish would not pave it for him. A certain pavior, who had been employed by the Doctor, after long and fruitless attempts to get paid, caught him just getting out of his carriage at his own door in Bloomsbury square, and set upon him. "Why, you rascal," said Radcliffe, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," quoth the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "You dog, you," said the Doctor; "are you a wit? You must then be poor, so come in"—and he paid him. Talleyrand, less good-natured, jested with his creditors and

did not pay them. Avarice and a want of punctuality in paying bills are not often combined, your miser being in mortal dread of writs of law courts; but Radcliffe is reported to have been close-fisted as well as inexact in his accounts. Probably both the one tendency and the other have been exaggerated by his detractors; but there is a whimsical anecdote in reference to one of the Doctor's supposed failings which will bear repetition. Attending an intimate friend during a dangerous illness, he declared, in an unusual strain of generosity, that he would receive no fee. At last, when the cure was complete and the physician was taking his leave, "I have put every day's fee," said the patient, "in this purse, my dear Doctor; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." The Doctor eyed the purse, counted the days of his attendance in a moment, and then, extending his hand by a kind of professional mechanical motion, replied, "Well, I can hold out no longer; single I could have refused the guineas, but altogether they are irresistible." That was not a bad joke on the medical profession which was made by a clergyman in the time of Cromwell who was deprived of his living for non-conformity. This parson, a harmless man enough, went about saying to his friends "that if he were deprived it should cost a hundred men their lives." Summoned before a magistrate, he thus interpreted his words: "Should I lose my benefice, I am resolved to practice physic, and then I may, if I get patients, kill a hundred men."

WHAT CHILDREN DO FOR US.

We hear a great deal about what parents do for their children, and the duty and obedience which they owe them in consequence; but it is useful to us at times to look at the other side of the question and see what children do for their parents, and not for their parents alone but for the world at large.

Take the cases of unmarried men and women, or of married men and women who have no children, and we shall see what an utterly joyless world this is to them—how destitute of all the saving

influences which follow in the train of a new-born child.

It is true that they do not always know it; true that they sometimes congratulate themselves upon the freedom which the absence of responsibility gives to them. But what does this freedom do for them? If they do not use it in caring for those who have none to care for them it simply incloses them in a wall of selfishness. It allows them to indulge their own whims and fancies to their own destruction, and deprives them at the last of all the consolations which spring from participation in family life and a consciousness of duty well performed.

Children are really all there is in life worth living for. There are many other things which are pleasant in it, there are many things which seem necessary as a relief from the absorbing care which the rearing of a family of children brings, but none present sufficient motive for continued effort or sacrifice; and if it were not for children, therefore, much of our stimulus to exertion would be taken away and the most imperative work of the world remain unperformed.

Because the father supplies the food, because the mother prepares it in a manner suitable for the growth of their bodies, we consider all the obligation is on one side. But to how many hungry hearts has the love of a little child been nourishment and consolation and support. How many would have fallen by indifference or through temptation if the necessities of a little child had not withheld them.

People who avoid children for the sake of getting rid of responsibility find in time that they have missed the pleasures only, not the cares, and but a few of the pains. Association with our fellows entails certain burdens and obligations upon all of us, and if we have not voluntarily assumed any of our own we shall find them thrust upon us and be obliged to carry the weight without the happiness of a strong incentive in the nearest and dearest of earthly ties.

Childless men and women very often console themselves with the reflection that children are as likely to turn out ill as well; that time and strength and money are frequently wasted upon them, and, therefore, might as well be saved or

put to other use. But physical science is beginning to show us that cause and effect act as directly in the production of the human species as in any other phenomena of nature and that care and cultivation bestowed upon naturally good qualities produce as fine results among men and women as upon a fruit farm.

If this were not the case, however, if the results were dependant upon chance, men and women ought still to accept the duty of rearing children for their own sakes.

The woman knows nothing of the possibilities of her own womanhood, the man of his manhood, until they are discovered in the strength of the love, the efforts, the sacrifice (not felt as such) which are exercised and made for little children.

Is there any pride equal to that which the father feels in the growing daughter? Is there any love equal to that which the mother knows when little hands clasp her and a soft cheek lays its velvet against her own?

Friends may grow cold, ambition may be disappointed, slanderous tongues may poison your good name, and though all are felt more or less, yet home and the love and confidence of children are a sure and certain refuge, a harbor from the storm, inexpressibly comforting and consoling to the weary and abused man, the heartsore and neglected woman.

But it is not for their simple faith and trust alone that we should value children. They deserve cultivation; they abundantly require care and kindness, attention and the forbearance which it is necessary to exercise toward their immaturity and want of judgment. Our leisure, at least more of it, should be given to them. We should take pains to find out what they think that we may guide them aright and teach them to avoid the shoals and quicksands upon which we perhaps have been stranded.

The desire of improvement, discovers a liberal mind, it is connected with many accomplishments, and many virtues.

Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners: and, by a constant train of human attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of a common misery.

A CUNNING SOLDIER.

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking incognito through the camp, and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off, a grenadier of the Guard, who was roasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"I should like a roast potato above all things" said the emperor to the marshal; "Ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A grenadier stepped forward, and said "They are mine."

"Will you sell one?" inquired Berthier.

"I have only five," said the grenadier, "and that's hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two Napoleons if you will give me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the grenadier; "I shall be killed perhaps to-morrow, and I do not want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the emperor, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let's see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going up close to the grenadier, he asked him to sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot," answered the grenadier; "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you may set your price," said Napoleon. "Come, I am hungry, and I haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself," repeated the grenadier; "besides all that, do you think I do not know you in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I then?"

"Bah!" said the grenadier. "The little corporal, as they call you. Am I right?"

"Well," said Napoleon, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No," said the grenadier; "but if you would have me come and dine with

you when we get back to Paris, you sup with me to-night."

"Done!" said Napoleon; on the word of a little corporal—on the word of an emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier. "Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones; the rest I'll eat myself."

The emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking:

"The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager."

Two months afterwards, Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the palace of the Tuileries, and was just sitting down to dine, when word was brought to him that a grenadier was without, trying to force the guard at the door, saying he had been invited by the emperor.

"Let him come in," said his majesty. The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the emperor:

"Do you remember once having supped with me off my roast potatoes?"

"Oh, is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the emperor; and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustan, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms, and said:

A grenadier of the Guards does not eat with lacqueys. Your majesty told me I should dine with you—that was the bargain; and, trusting to your word, I have come hither."

"True, true," said the emperor; "lay a cover near me. Lay aside your arms, mon ami, and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and, turning to the emperor, presented arms.

"A more private," said he, "ought not to dine at the table of his emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon; "I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Lieutenant in my company of Guards."

"Thank you," heartily returned the soldier. Vive l'Empereur? he shouted, and then withdrew.

True happiness is of a retired nature; an enemy to pomp and noise.

DIARMID BAWN AND THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BY D. HOLLAND.

I.

Old Diarmid sat beside the fire, and his fingers were extended to catch the warming cheering blaze.

"It's cold weather, boys," he said, "and my fingers seem almost to freeze when they touch the holes or the keys."

"Cold, indeed, Diarmid dhial," said the landlady, as she warmed a drink and put it on the corner of the table beside the blind minstrel. "But drink that, a-rick: it will warm the cockles of your heart."

"Ha!" said Diarmid, with a sigh of satisfaction, after he had taken a good strong and honest pull of the foaming ale. "That is good indeed ma'am; and 'tis yourself that knows how to make an honest brew."

The old piper leant back, and looked blind as he was, as if the world went pleasantly with him.

"Diarmid," said the parish clerk who sat in the far corner, where the reek of the turf-heap went up the broad chimney, "I wish, if ye're in the mood the night, ye'd tell us that story about the father o' the great M'Diarmids."

Diarmid oft he Pipes, as he was familiarly called, took another drink, and the vessel was emptied.

"Troth," he said, "it's a queer old story; and, if ye like it, neighbours, I don't mind telling it?"

"Good for you, Diarmid," was the general cry. "Go on, old man fire away."

And, by some mysterious means, when Diarmid touched the jug at his right hand side again, he found it smooth, warm and full. At which, it must be recorded, he did not seem in the least astonished.

There was eager expectation on every face, as the audience drew nearer to the blind old piper, and the fire at the same time.

"And how is it, Diarmid?"

The blind old piper took a draught of the warm ale, paused, wiped his lips with the sleeve of his coat, and this was blind Diarmid's story.

II.

He was a brave bright boy; and I'm not ashamed to say it, though the blood of his race flows in my own veins.

And he was loved by the sweetest girl on all Irish ground.

More was the pity, everyone said; for while Aibhlin was as beautiful as a May morning, and as sweet to the eye as the white blossom of the hawthorn, the young chief, whom they called Diarmid Bawn (for he was fair and handsome, and straight as the poplar), was something of a rake it must be confessed, and had a roving fancy.

And that same roving fancy led him into the one great trouble of his life, as you shall see in the sequel.

Now, there was a bitter quarrel between the McDiarmids and O'Kirawauns, which had lasted for generations.

How it began is not told. But as all such quarrels spring from the most trifling causes, doubtless this was no exception to the general rule.

But that as it may, the young Diarmid had many a tough fight with his powerful rivals, in which he often got worsted.

One day, after a terrible struggle, in which many lives were lost on both sides, he was defeated and driven to the very gates of his own castle; and the O'Kirawaun retired with a great spoil of cattle and sheep.

Diarmid was rambling in his own woods, full of sorrow for the loss of his brave clansmen, and breathing vows of vengeance for his defeat.

In this mood he came to a grassy spot, from the centre of which rose a high, broad green mound, on the level top of which grew three or four alder trees. This mound surrounded by what must at one time have been a broad trench, or moat, though, in the course of ages, it had greatly filled in, and its bottom and sides were now covered with the thick green herbage.

It was a tradition among the people—and I have no doubt, a true one—that the mound was an enchanted fort, built by the Tuatha de Danaan of old, who occupied the country before the Milesians came and conquered them, and who were very learned men, and mighty magicians entirely.

They said this and other places of the

kind were the dwelling of the "good people"—as they called them through fear—meaning, Lord between us and harm!—the fairies, leprechauns, clurichauns, phookas, and the rest, that roamed freely all over Ireland in the old Pagan days, committing all sorts of pranks and devilries, but who fled in terror into the old forts of the Tuatha de Danaan when St. Patrick came.

III.

Now it was said that the queen of all the fairies in this particular fort was the daughter of a Tuatha de Danaan King, who was the greatest magician of his time, and who had given the young princess immortal life in this world. For this profane meddling with the laws of God, the great Saint doomed her not to live in the sun-light amongst the green fields and flowers, but to dwell down in the fort and rule over the fairies there—who, they say, are angels driven from heaven, who did not side with God against the rebellious spirits, but looked coldly on during the fight.

But this queen whose name was Cleena, and her fairy subjects, have the power of coming to upper earth occasionally, when they work mischief—but only bad Christians and those of hardened hearts; for they have no power over the good. Strange sounds and wild, unearthly music, were frequently heard by the trembling passers-by; and those who professed to have seen her said the Fairy Queen was the most beautiful creature the eye ever beheld.

It was beside this fort that Diarmid Bawn was walking, his breast torn by sad and bitter emotions, when there broke on his startled and astonished ear the most ravishing strains of music—wild, wierd, and sorrowful. It seemed as if the spirits of air, in harmony with his own present mood, were performing a dirge over his slaughtered clansmen.

Then he heard, as if it came faintly from afar off, the harmony of countless voices exquisitely blended.

The young chief looked around him in bewilderment for the source of this unearthly music, but no living thing was any where visible, barring the startled deer that dashed away through the greenwood. Then his gaze fell

upon the green mound, and he started and grew pale.

"It comes from the enchanted fort," he whispered. "It is this mysterious Tuatha de Danaan, Queen Cleena, and her fairy subjects."

"It is Cleena and her fairies," said a harsh, grating voice behind him.

He was standing on the edge of a brook that trickled through the glade, his back turned to the stream, and his gaze fixed on the mound.

He now turned quickly round, and beheld at the other side of the brook a woman of most forbidding aspect.

She was old and withered; and her form was enveloped in a loose dark mantle, the hood of which partly concealed her long grey hair. Her face was pallid and haggard, with a malignant, mocking expression; and there was a wild fire in her deep-set eyes.

She was seated on the turf, with her knees almost touching her chin, her long skinny hands clasping the top of a stout staff, and her sharp-pointed chin resting on her hands.

Diarmid Bawn recoiled from this repulsive object. She saw the gesture, and laughed scornfully, bitterly.

"You needn't fear me," said the hag, and her accompanying laugh was hideous. "Unseemly as I look, I am the friend of the Clanna-Maolruana; and it, is in my power, if I choose, to show Diarmid Bawn the way to defeat his foes, and win great honour and fame as well as sweet revenge."

And the laugh she gave now made the young chief's blood run cold. But he instantly flung off the unwonted feeling and boldly said, with kindling eye and flushing cheek.

"Woman, Diarmid Bawn, Chief of the Clanna-Maolruana fears neither man nor fiend," you see that was the name of the clan then; it was afterwards from that it called itself MacDiarmid. "But if you can help me to victory and vengeance, no reward you ask me, within my reach, will be too great to grant."

"Victory and vengeance you shall have, then," replied the hag, with a hoarse chuckle. "And 'tis mine to procure them for you. When you have satiated your ambition and your enmity to the foe, it will be time to demand the reward."

"Speak then. The means you hint at?"

"They lie in yon fort," said the old hag, pointing to the green mound, "in the care of Cleena, the Fairy Queen."

"But what mortal can enter there?" asked the chief.

"None," said the woman; "not even I, though the magic blood of the old Tuatha de Danaan enchanters flows through my veins."

"Then, woman," said Diarmid Bawn, clapping his hand on the hilt of his skian, "you have dared to mock at me."

"Bah!" she answered with a malignant sneer, "I told you I could not go in: but did I tell you I could not summon the inmates forth? Listen, chief of Moalruana. In yonder enchanted fort hangs, on the crystal wall of the queen's own bower, the magic battle-axe of her father, the great Tuatha de Danaan king. When the young princess, after her father's death, was doomed by your great Saint (as you call him) to dwell in that fort and rule over its fairy inmates, she took that battle-axe with her, lest it should fall into the hands of the beggarly breast-beating disciples of the Galilean. No Christians has ever seen it, except when it flashed with the fire of battle and came crash upon their heads. Whoever possesses that battle-axe becomes invincible in the fight; and victory ever alights upon his crest."

"Get me the weapon," cried the eager chief, with an eye of fire. "I will sacrifice everything for its possession."

"It shall be yours," replied the hag. "For you will do deadly work with it. For I see in your breast, not the weak heart of a Christian, but the fierce, implacable heart, such as burned in the bosoms of the olden heroic children of the mighty fire-god Baal. Behold!"

As she spoke, she suddenly rose to a majestic height. She flung back her cloak. Her form distended. Her aged face lit up with the flush of youth, and she waved her staff seven times in the air. A strange light flickered round her; and she seemed transfigured.

"Come forward, Queen; you are needed here," she said in a strange deep musical voice, unlike her former harsh and grating tone.

Even as she spoke, Diarmid Bawn heard a strange murmuring in the air behind. It was nearly the darkness of night now; but a great blaze of light filled the scene around, except where the strange old hag had sunk back into her former position in the shadow; and, in the centre of that light, in front of the mound, the young chieftain beheld a lady of transcendent beauty, clad in a robe of translucent white, her girdle fastened by a golden brooch, studded with brightest gems, and a golden diadem, topped with a diamond star, encircling her queenly brow. Strange diminutive beings surrounded her.

At the sight of such more than earthly beauty, Diarmid Bawn involuntarily knelt on the turf and held forward his clasped hands. The voluptuous fire of her eyes burned into his brain and heart.

"Mortal," said this being of unearthly loveliness, in a voice of ravishing melody, "What want you here?"

"Speak to her. Quick," hissed the hag.

"Lady," he said, "I have suffered great wrong. I seek vengeance. I hear that you hold in your palace a battle-axe, whose possessor in battle becomes invincible. Give me that weapon for a term I pray you; and I am henceforth your sworn slave forever."

The woman of more than earthly beauty smiled; and Diarmid's soul seemed to faint away in a delicious swoon under the power of that smile. She turned and waved her hand to her attendant fairies; and, with a murmur of discontent, they disappeared—the young chief knew not whither.

He bowed his head before the beam of those entrancing eyes; and, when he looked up again at the sound of her voice, he saw her standing in the middle of the stream—standing on its surface with sandalled foot, as if it were the solid turf beyond.

Lovely little fays were fluttering at her feet and dipping in the pellucid waters; and some, of apparently sterner mould, were clinging to a brilliantly shining axe, which she held in her right hand, as though they would tear it from her again.

"Here, Diarmid of the fair hair and the dark heart," she said, "I give you

this to use it against your foes. Through my father's magic powers, it has been gifted by the Spirits of Air, and Earth, and Fire with invincibility. This in your hand, no foe can stand before you. But ere you get it, you must now by the Fire-god himself, swear that after you have conquered your foes, you will come to me here a year and a day from hence."

"Most lovely being!" the infatuated prince answered, taking the profane and blasphemous oath, "I swear it. Nay, I will come hither every day, if you will only glad me with the sunlight of your glorious presence."

Poor, loving, trustful Aibhlin!

The Fairy Queen smiled; and he tried in vain to catch the hand that placed the magic battle-axe in his own. But she eluded his grasp; and the next moment the beautiful vision and her fairy attendants had vanished. The trees cast their shadows on the turf. The green mound grew dark in the gathering night. All looked desolate around. And the heart of the young chief was stricken with a strange fear.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked horrible unearthly voice close by. "Scion of an accursed race—son of the man who murdered the husband and seven noble sons of Griana of the Spells! you are pledged to the foul fiend—doomed! doomed! doomed!"

Diarmid Bawn, overcome by the wild and preternatural excitement of the hour, uttered a cry of horror, and fell prostrate on the turf. When he came to, the calm, pale moonlight was shining down on tree and mound and grassy plain; and its rays were brightly reflected in the bosom of the little stream. His right hand still clasped the magic battle-axe, and from its broad polished blade a strange light was shining.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as he rose to his feet and turned homewards; "with this in my grasp, I feel I can defy men and demons alike."

The young chief of the Clanna Maolruana went forth to battle again; and as he led on his clansmen to fight, their baffled foes reeled back in defeat and rout. The magic battle-axe seemed to smite them like the lightning-bolt.

But the whole character of the young chief seemed changed. The brave, gal-

lant, yet gentle youth had become a dark, passionate, and unscrupulous warrior, who spared none in his wrath, warrior, peasant, prince or priest. Not the castle and granaries of his foes alone, not even the peasants shieling, flamed to his torch, but the rifled shrine, the hermit's cell, and the lordly abbey alike. And the curse of the Church went forth against the man of blood and fire.

IV.

And, all this time, the lovely, gentle Aibhlin loved the dark and sanguinary warrior, even as deeply as she had loved the fair and handsome youth who had won the first and only love of her young virgin heart; but with a sadder and more pitying love.

Night and day she prayed for him at the shrines of the God whose holy places he had outraged and desolated; prayed with hope and confidence in Heaven's mercy; for the prayers of the pure and just are never without avail.

The power that overshadowed him she guessed at—nay, she knew it; for often, in the hours of his greatest victories (when a warrior's heart might be content with his fame), she heard him murmur the name of "Cleena," and more than once she tracked him to the fairy fort, where he would lie on the turf and sigh by the hour. Yea, even once, when she found him weeping on the bank of the little brook in the green-wood, she heard him murmur:

"A year and a day! Ah! sweet queen, how long?"

She started and trembled. She knew the whole frightful truth now, and her heart sunk in her tender bosom. Long and eager was the interview she held that day with a certain holy hermit skilled in dealing with the sorceries of witches, and combating the wiles of evil spirits.

Hurrying away, she held some precious object to her bosom, and as she kissed it, the maiden smiled.

"I will save him now," she softly said.

V.

More bloody fights and sacrilegious victories; and the victor, satiated in his

ambition and his revenge, was the most wretched, discontented, and unhappy man in all fair Ireland.

Away from the feast of victory—away from his rejoicing clansmen he stole; and down the glade he wandered to the little murmuring stream beside the old green mound. But he did not know of the slender form, shrouded in a dark, hooded robe, that was following swiftly, but silently, after him. He held the magic battle-axe in his hand, as he stood where the silvery moonlight was reflected in the clear waters; and the sheen of the steel blade was now blood-red.

"Accursed weapon!" he said, looking at it. "You have won for me the victory and revenge I thirsted for. But with them you have brought me nought but misery, remorse, despair, and the loss of the sweetest, loveliest, purest woman man ever loved. Would I dare to pray to Heaven!"

Even as he spoke, the axe dropped from his hand and sank in the moonlight water.

At that instant the thunder broke forth, the lightning rent the sky, and the solid earth seemed shaken to its centre. Shrieks, shouts, and a rush as of a thousand wings ran through the night air. Pale blue lights flashed from the old grassy mound; and Cleena, Queen of the Fairies, stood before Diarmid, surrounded by her subjects, not bright and glowing in queenly loveliness, but dark and stern, with the frown of a demon on her face.

"Chief of the Clanna Maolruana," she said with a baleful smile, "I have kept my word; and now I see you have faithfully come to keep yours. Come with me; the year and the day are out."

As she spoke, she glided across the water and held out her hand; but as the chief shrunk back, the slender form in the dark robe glided silently between both.

"Not yet, foul sorceress," said a soft and gentle voice. "By Diarmid's last wish, as your accursed weapon sank into the stream, Heaven has still a greater power over him than your master."

As she spoke, she held up a small crucifix, in the upper limb of which was inserted a small scrap of wood. As the moonlight fell full upon it, the fairy

queen uttered a loud, piercing shriek, which was echoed by countless tiny fairies, and the sorceress and her attendants vanished, whilst a fearful piercing voice from the trees beyond the stream rang out on the midnight air.

"Lost! lost! The God of the Christians has won."

Diarmid Bawn had fallen senseless to the ground. When he came to, the sweet face of one he loved in his stainless youth was bending over him; his sweet, peerless, and ever faithful Aibhlin.

"Troth, boy's," said Diarmid, as he emptied the measure of mulled ale, "I have no more to tell you, except that Diarmid went on a pilgrimage to Lough Dearg, made his peace with Heaven, married the beautiful Aibhlin, and proved the best prince in Ireland ever after. And now I'll give you a blast on the pipes."

THE END

ABOUT FOOLS!

(Continued from our last.)

In discussing the "whereabouts" of the Fools' Paradise, if we do not know where *it was*, we at least know where *it was not*; which is something. If Tangiers and Sinope equally claim it for their own, certainly that city described by Antiphanes, wherein all words uttered in winter froze in the air to be thawed out in the spring, can have little claim. That would hardly be a Fools' Paradise, where the summer's sun brought out in a few hours like the bees the whole winter's talk of a city; for even a fool would not wish to hear all his poor jokes and idle sayings repeated, as it were, by an echo, months after they had been uttered. Your poor jokes, like your poor tobacco, are afraid of the morrow.

And yet this same city of the frozen talk has in sooth stronger claims to be a Fools' Paradise, than at first sight would appear. England's greatest queen banished her jesters when they said anything distasteful. The Roman Emperor Gallienus burnt all his in a batch for a similar offence. With such masters abroad, the city of frozen talk must in-

deed have been a Paradise. A dangerous joke uttered in winter would not receive its punishment before spring at the earliest. In ordinary districts slips of the tongue have seldom that much time given them for the mending.

It may appear ungentle in Gallienus and our own Elizabeth to have punished their jesters, because for sooth, their wit had too much point in it. But then the Olympians, many years before them, had set no better example. Vulcan's broken leg is a *standing* proof of how little even the Immortals relished wit, that had too much *truth* in it.

But reproving wit was not always rewarded with a halter. Will Somers was sometime court fool to Harry the Uxorious. In his younger days, Will had been servant to a Northamptonshire gentleman named Richard Fermor or Fernor. This gentleman, a papist, hearing that a priest was in prison for denying Hal's improvised popedom, was guilty of the unpardonable crime of sending him two clean shirts and eightpence. For this act of a good Samaritan the Fermor estates were confiscated, and Richard Fermor, gentleman, found himself reduced to beggary or starvation. Such were the ideas of religious equality under the glorious awakening. But King Hal, *albeit* a King, was mortal, and like all other non-Olympians had at last to give up the ghost. When he was about to shuffle off his mortal coil, (and such a coil it was) Will Somers appeared at the Monarch's bed-side, not unmindful of his former master. As the hour of dissolution approached some of the wise heads about the King suggested timidly that his majesty should repent of his sins. "Yes! indeed," said Will, "that were in sooth a good joke—but I know a better." "What is that?" asked the dying monarch. "*That your majesty should make reparation for them.*" This answer, if we may believe certain honourable historians, caused the remains of the Fermor estates to be restored to the Fermor family. It was a good joke in more ways than one, and Will Somers deserves well of his country, and the Fermor family, for having dared to utter it. Hal's epitaph should have been that of another fool, *Ille jacet* (Hal. VIII)—harmless for once."

We have another of these Fools' ser-

mons with an equally happy result on record. A certain rich man, as became his estate, hired a fool. On installing him in his office his master delivered to him the usual Fool's staff, admonishing him never to give it up except to a greater fool than himself. In due course of time our rich man, like our merry monarch, fell sick, and like our merry monarch, was about to give up the ghost. The fool overhearing the doctor's answer to enquiries, that "he would soon go hence," hastened to the sick man's bed to ask master mine! they say you are going away—is it for long? "Yes!" said the sick man, "I go—never to return." "But I see no preparations either in the house or in the stables," returned the fool. "No, indeed!" answered the dying man, mournfully, "that is true—no preparations." "Then here master mine," said the jester, "I prithee take you my club; for if you are setting out on so long a journey, and are making no preparations, you must needs be a greater fool than I, and richly deserving of my staff. This eternal truth thus pointedly put, brought the rich man to a proper sense of the situation, and caused him to put his house in order for the great journey. Many a longer sermon and with greater pretensions withal, has had a less happy result.

Whilst on the subject of Fools Sermons (no disrespect to long ones, gentle reader) we cannot omit one which comes from the East. Bahalul had been for some time court jester or something of the kind to the most puissant and renowned Haroun Al-Raschid of the court of the Caliphs. At the suggestion of his royal and not to be thwarted master, Bahalul consented to take to himself a wife. Scarcely was the nuptial ceremony over, when our jester of the court of the Caliph suddenly assumed a look of utter bewilderment, and as suddenly and unexpectedly took to his heels, crying out that he never in all his life heard such a noise. For months Bahalul was no where to be found, until at length, when his disconsolate spouse had procured a divorce, Bahalul again made his appearance at court.

"So!" exclaimed the Caliph with a puzzled look.

"Exactly!" said the jester, "you would

have done the same thing yourself if you had been in my place. The noise scared me away beyond the hills,"

"The noise! what noise!" asked the Caliph.

"Why, the noise of a thousand voices;" replied Bahalul.

"Explain yourself," said the Caliph.

"Most willingly:" answered Bahalul. "Know then most puissant Caliph, that no sooner was the marriage ceremony over, than I heard such a racket I was nearly deafened. A thousand voices on all sides and at once cried out "rent! taxes! doctor's bills! sons! daughter! schooling! music! dancing! sherbet dress! silks! satins! muslins! slippers! pinmoney! more money! debt! Bahalul has drowned himself in the Caliph's bath! until at length," added the jester, "terrified at the solemn warning, and not wishing to profane your highness' bath, I fled away until the danger should be over, and—here I am, owing nobody, and disinclined to drown myself."

This same Haroun seems to have taken a certain sly pleasure in playing the fool, with Bahalul. One day in Bahalul's presence, he called out to his major-domo to bring him a list of all the fools in Bagdad. "That were not so easy," said Bahalul, "and would take time, but if your greatness would be content with a list of the wise men, you could have it in a second."

On another occasion, the Caliph with all due solemnity, presented Bahalul with the Governorship of all the foxes, apes and asses in the Calaphate. "This is too great an honor," said the fool with a profound salaam, "nor would it be loyal in me to take away all your highness' subjects."

Some days later, Bahalul was found by the guards seated on the Caliph's throne, imitating the Caliph's manners. Whether he was practicing for his own Calaphaté of the asses, is not recorded. The dutiful guards however, terror stricken at beholding the Caliph's fool sitting on the Caliph's throne of cushions seized the impious rascal and proceeded to bastinado him to their heart's content. The Caliph hearing his cries entered the to enquire the reason of the outcry. "Uncle," said Bahalul "I am not crying on my own account, but on yours."

I have been Caliph, only for a few moments, and see what I have suffered. You are Caliph all day long, what must you then suffer?"

If the redoubtable Alexander spared the city of Lampsacus, out of consideration of the wit of a philosopher fool, an equally direful conqueror from the far east spared Neapolis out of consideration for the wit of a fool philosopher. It happened in this wise.

When Timour Leng was approaching the city, the inhabitants prepared to defend themselves with vigour. Nasur ad Deen Chodsela however who had been in the service of the first Bajazet dissuaded them from doing so, telling them to make him their ambassador and leave the rest to him. The people though doubtful of his plans, still yielded to his importunities. Before proceeding on his expedition our ambassador bethought him that he must at least approach the conqueror with some kind of present. He resolved that it should be fruit, but was divided in mind as to figs or quinces. "I will consult my wife" said Nasur; and he did so. The lady was in favour of quinces. Nasur thereupon took figs. When he reached the tent of the haughty conqueror and had announced himself with all due solemnity as the ambassador of the beleaguered city, he presented as an offering of homage his trumpety basket of figs. Tamerlane in a rage ordered the figs to be flung at the head of the presumptuous ambassador. The courtiers accordingly pelted away with right good will, and each time a soft fig struck the imperturbable Nasur, he resignedly exclaimed, "Now, the Great Allah be praised! The Prophet be thanked! How grateful I ought to be!"

"What! fellow! how is this?" said Timour: "we pelt you with figs and you rejoice; and the more we pelt you, the more you rejoice."

"Exactly;" said Nasur. "My wife told me to bring quinces, and I brought figs. Have I not reason to thank the Prophet? Your soft figs indeed hurt, but quinces would have beaten out my brains." The conqueror laughed heartily and gave orders that for the sake of one fool's folly, all the other fool's should be sought out in the city and spared. "Then the whole city is safe!" said

Nasur and started off with alacrity to announce the news.

Wither emboldened by his success as ambassador, or thankful for the favour conferred this same Nasur brought the great Turk a basket of gherkins for his supper. The warrior ordered his major-domo to reward him with ten gold pieces. Again when the season of full grown cucumbers had come round, Nasur set out to the palace with a basketful. But the major-domo remembering the former high recompense would not allow him to pass until he had promised him half the reward. "Half!" exclaimed Nasur; "that were too little for so good a gentleman. Thou shalt have three quarters at least;" and he passed into the presence chamber. Timour who was seated on the throne of cushions, seeing him approach exclaimed what! another present? How much do you expect for this? If it please your greatness, said Nasur, I would wish a hundred stripes. A hundred striped my man. Nay; that were indeed a sorry return for so beautiful a basket of cucumbers. But said Nasur I will receive nothing else. "Give them me I pray." Well! by the Prophet's head! if thou wilt have them, thou shalt. Let him receive a hundred stripes.

Folding his arms and inclining his head, Nasur received the stripes, patiently and unflinchingly until he came to the 25th stroke. Then he cried out to the belabouring official "stop."

Nay! said Timour since thou wouldst have thy hundred stripes, thou shalt. I am one that gives full pay.—Strike away.

"Stay; most puissant and wise warrior," exclaimed Nasur, "I have got all my own. To be honest with you the rest are not mine."

How is that? asked the now bewildered Tamerlane.

I will tell thee, said Nasur. As I entered the palace, thy major-domo made me promise him half the reward. Thinking half too little for so great and good a gentleman, I promised him at least three quarters. Give him therefore his own. Though I am poor, I am honest; and would not defraud the gentleman of anything.

The major-domo received his seventy-five stripes and Nasur went home re-

joining. The sound of the major-domo's cries was balm Gilead to his wounded back.

Having spoken of fool's sermons the natural transition is to fool's judgments.

When that best of great men, Sir Thomas More was tried for life his sapient judges, as they could no otherwise condemn him, declared, that *silence was treason*. It was a fools judgment though an effective one withal, since it effected its object, and deprived England's most shining light of his life.

Count Patkul may have deserved to be broken on the wheel; but when Charles the XII in the death warrant described himself as "most merciful" he was only exercising the office of Court Fool in making the rest of Europe smile over a very serious subject. Patkul thought what mercy!

And now, gentle reader, I must take my leave, lest you suffer ere long from a surfeit. When the Brahmin had eaten too many comfits, he was advised, so say the eastern annals, to try a drink of water. "Nay quoth our Brahmin" "if there had been room for water, I would have taken more comfits." Now if you like not the water, I can give you no more comfits. Rest therefore and be thankful. But above all despise not *the fools*. The great Aztic Montezuma thought there was more to be learnt from *them* than from the wise men, since they at least dared to tell the truth. And if in this treatise "On Fools" I have betimes been dull, be assured there was a design in it. When I could not make you laugh, I might at least set you asleep. Both are good for digestion.

H. B.

Innocence confers ease and freedom on the mind; and leaves it open to every pleasing sensation.

Moderate and simple pleasures, relish high with the temperate; In the midst of his studied refinements, the voluptuary languishes.

That gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart; and, let me add, nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

Shame on the lips that utter it—shame on
the hands that write,
Shame on the page that publisheth such
slander to the light;
I feel my blood with lightning speed through
all my veins fast fly
At the old taunt, for ever new—

No Irish need apply!

Are not our hands as stout and strong, our
hearts as warm and true
As theirs who fling this mock at us to cheat,
us of our due?
While 'neath our feet God's earth stands firm,
and 'bove us hangs His sky;
Where there is honour to be won

The Irish need apply!

Oh! have not glorious things been done by,
Irish hearts and hands?
Are not her deeds emblazoned far o'er many
seas and lands?
There may be tears on Ireland's cheek, but
still her heart beats high;
And where there's valour to be shown—

The Irish need apply!

Wherever noble thoughts are nurs'd and
noble words are said—
Wherever patient faith endures where hope
itself seems dead—
Wherever honest industry to win its gaol
will try—
Wherever manly toil prevails—

The Irish need apply!

Wherever woman's love is pure as is un-
sullied snow—
Wherever woman's cheek at tales of injury
will glow—
Wherever pitying tears are shed, and breathed
is feeling's sigh—
Wherever kindness is sought—

The Irish need apply!

If there is aught of tenderness, if there is
aught of worth—
If there's a trace of Heaven left upon our sin-
stained earth—
If there are noble, steadfast hearts that un-
complaining die,
To tread like them life's thorny road,

The Irish need apply!

'Till on Killarney's waters blue the soft stars
cease to shine—
'Till round the parent oak no more the ivy
loves to twine—
'Till Nephin topples from his place, and
Shannon's stream runs dry,
For all that's great, and good, and pure—

The Irish will apply!

A. L. H.

HINTS FOR GIRLS.—Somebody gives the following advice to girls. It is worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism:

"Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gew-gaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their places, and so are the ribbons, frills and tassels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter—and awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blankets are necessary to domestic happiness.

"Life has its relations as well as fancies; but you make all its decorations, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and, of course, good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you? If you should trap and marry an industrious young man, and deceive him, he would be unhappy as long as he lives. So render yourselves worth catching, and you need no shrewd mother or brother to recommend you, and help you to find a market."

LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters: 1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Carus's Life of Simeon.*

They who have nothing to give, can often afford relief to others, by imparting what they feel.

Moral and religious instruction, derives its efficacy, not so much from what men are taught to know, as from what they are brought to feel.

THE CANADIAN "ST. PETER'S"

Montreal is already noted for the number of large and elegant churches which tower up in its midst, and there is now in course of erection a Cathedral unequalled on the Continent, for size and imposing appearance.

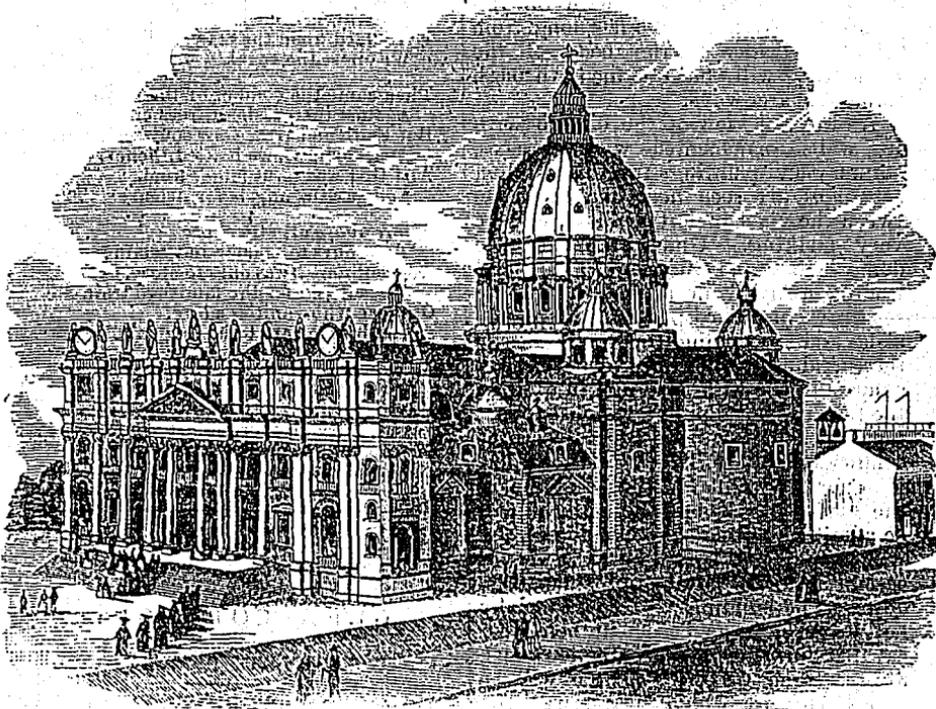
In 1852, the old Cathedral and Episcopal Palace which for so long had stood on St. Denis street, were destroyed by fire. Shortly after, a parish church was built on the old site in the East End, and the Bishop removed to new and roomy quarters in the large and plain looking brick mansion on Palace street. A few years later, by the purchase of a portion of the estate of the late Jacob DeWitt, and a section of ground from the *Fabrique* of the Parish of Notre Dame, used as a cemetery, Mgr. Bourget had under control a large block of land in an elevated position, situated in the West End, adjoining his palace, and very suitable for the erection of a giant cathedral. He shaped his plans accordingly, and the Catholics in his diocese, gradually becoming wealthy, afforded him an opportunity to indulge in the glorious project of building an edifice in keeping with the dignity of the Commercial Metropolis of the Dominion—the Rome of America.

The subject was broached to his clergy, and by them imparted to the public. Subscriptions were called for; contributions from high and low flowed in; religious enthusiasm was awakened, and in 1859 the cash result was so gratifying that definite operations were commenced. Monseigneur Bourget interviewed architects, looked at various plans of church edifices, had estimates prepared; but after deliberation, he concluded the imitate to grand but simple architecture of St. Peter's at Rome, and build its counterpart in the New World. M. Victor Bourgeau, a well known and skillful Canadian architect, was commissioned to prepare the plans for the new building; and after a voyage to Europe, for the purpose of studying old St. Peter's in detail, he returned, and in company with M. Aleibinde Leprohon, drew out his plans accordingly.

The cathedral is being erected in the

form of a cross, 300 feet in length from the grand entrance to the back of the nave, while its breadth—or length of the transept—is 225 feet. The length of the building will be further increased by a portico 30 feet in width. The average height of the walls will be 30 feet. Those to support the roof of the nave will have to go 42 feet higher, with an additional elevation of 66 feet under the great dome. Thus the extreme height of the masonry from the floor will be 138 feet. The roof, which is to be of galvanized iron, will not be

copy on a smaller scale of the mighty dome of St. Peter's; and when complete will be 250 feet in height—46 feet higher than the towers of the French Church in the Place d'Armes. On the outside, the foot of the dome will be strengthened by 16 pairs of Corinthian pillars, twenty-five feet in height, and surmounted by pilasters. The space between the former is to be filled by large windows richly ornamented. Above these pillars the dome will curve gracefully up to its apex, from which a grand *lanterne* will arise, surrounded on a



THE CANADIAN "ST. PETER'S."

modelled after that of St. Peter's, for though at Rome the climate admits of a flat roof, it is otherwise in Canada:

The large dome will be the handsomest part of the Cathedral, and will be erected over the transept, supported on four gigantic pillars of oblong form, and 36 feet in thickness. As the dome will be 70 feet in diameter at its commencement, and its summit 210 feet from the spectators on the floor of the church, some idea may be had of its vast proportions. It will be an exact

smaller scale by ornamented pillars. Above this again will be placed a huge gilt ball, and pointing towards the heavens from its summit will be seen a glittering cross, 13 feet long.

A splendid view of Montreal will be obtained from the ball, such as visitors get from the top of the dome of St. Paul's in London. It may here be stated that the dome of the Montreal cathedral is to be constructed of stone, which is not often attempted in works of such magnitude. Four smaller domes equi-

distant from the major one will surround it, and be fully as large as those surmounting Bonsecour market and the Hotel Dieu.

A magnificent portico of the composite style of architecture is to be erected in front of the church. It will be 210 feet long, 30 feet wide, and will from its delicate carving, being surmounted by two huge clocks, and a group of statues of the Apostles chiselled by eminent sculptors, present a favorable contrast to the unadorned and unheaven church walls. From the portico five huge entrances will communicate with the vestibule, an apartment 200 feet long, from which entrance to the body of the cathedral, will be obtained through numerous archways.

An interior view of the church with its walls ornamented with frescoes, statuary and paintings from the Italian school of art, seen here and there between the vista of lofty pillars, will be very striking. Under the immense dome will stand the high altar, and leading away from around it will be seen rows of arched pillars dividing the aisles and supporting the roof. Beside the grand altar there are to be twenty chapels in the cathedral, and in each of the four immense pillars which support the dome, there will be room for three commodious altars. The foot of each pillar is to form a vault for the reception of the bodies of bishops, &c. Light will be admitted through the five domes, and will be increased by six large lanterned casements, and a number of small windows. The building will be heated by hot water, a large basement being excavated for the extensive boilers, fuel, &c., required therefor. There will be no colonnade by which to approach the edifice, as at St. Peter's, Rome; but the grounds are to be ornamented with fountains, &c.

Luxury, pride, and vanity, have frequently as much influence in corrupting the sentiments of the great, as ignorance, bigotry, and prejudice, have in misleading the opinions of the multitude.

The corrupted temper, and the guilty passions of the bad, frustrate the effect of every advantage which the world confers on them.

OUR PRESTHOOD.

In Commemoration of Ordination at the Grand Seminary,
Montreal, Dec. 22nd, 1877.

I.

From many lands, yet one we are
In Sacerdotal Brotherhood;
From year to year we sought the Star
That cheers the journey of the good:
We saw it in the skies afar—
The will of God in glory stood.

Then answered every heart the call
That came from Him—a starry ray;
Sin wrapt the world as in a pall,
In Heaven alone seemed truest day;
Eyes fixed upon the Star of all,
We chose the royal, narrow way.

Then came the conflict of the mind
Against the pass-ion-throes of sense;
But Faith and Grace our souls inclined,
And, fortified, we battled thence,
And God was to us father-kind,
And gave us angels for defense.

A lore above all other lore
'Twas ours to ponder and retain;
And holiness 'twas ours to store,
For self and for the furnished train
Of those who vanities adore,
And blinded are to lasting gain.

AS ONE, in Charity we're drest,
Devoted to the Crucified;
May God enroll us with the blest;
And, Mary Mother, 'midst the tide
Of varied duty, pray our rest
Eternal may be, thee beside!

WILLIAM J. McCLURE.

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"
"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"
"Sarsfield: or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI—(Continued.)

"It is a melancholy sight indeed," said Father O'Donnell, turning away.

Piank was phrenzied. He ran over and seized Mr. Ellis's horse. "Look, look," said he, pointing to the group. "You have murdered her. You robbed us first, and now you have murdered her. But I'll have revenge! Yes, her blood is crying to Heaven for venge!"

ance, and vengeance will it have. Murderer and robber, you shall do like the beast of the field. God, I call upon you for vengeance!"

"Seize him," said Mr. Ellis, trembling with fear.

"They dare not, they dare not!" shouted Frank; and the people took up stones and sticks, and rushed around him.

"Can we make no defence?" said Uncle Corny, leaning his hand gently upon Frank's shoulder; "if not, let us march." He then turned around, talking to some neighbors, who were asking him to their houses. This was set down at a large discount as so much treason.

"Look at the old croppy trying to stir them up," said one of the bulliffs to Mr. Ellis.

Frank let go the bridle of Mr. Ellis's horse, and fell back to the crowd.

"I see him, I see him! I'm d—d but I'm a magistrate to no purpose if I leave him his pension!" And Mr. Ellis kept his word.

The people were intensely excited. Some stones were flung at Mr. Ellis; the soldiers and police had collected around him, with their guns loaded and bayonets screwed.

Shemus-a-Clough wept and shouted for a time beside Mrs. O'Donnell. He then jumped up and rushed through the crowd, and hit Mr. Ellis with a stone that sent him reeling from his horse. A wild shout ran through the crowd, and they rushed at the military.

"Ready, present—" shouted their officer.

"Stop, stop, for God's sake, stop!" said Father O'Donnell, throwing himself between them, "Are you Christians at all? Here, in the face of death, you're going to shed each other's blood!" and he pointed to the corpse. "Oh! you savages! But God help you! it's hard to blame you. But leave them to God—to God, who will judge them according to their doings. I'd rather be the poorest man here than that guilty man," and he pointed to Mr. Ellis, who, foaming with rage and covered with blood, had remounted his horse. "So, thank God, that though you are poor, your souls are not black like his; and now go home in peace."

Most of the people went away, except

the immediate friends, who remained to carry the body somewhere, for none of Lord Clearall's tenants dare shelter it.

The Rev. Mr. Smith chanced to be driving by at the time; he left his car upon the road, and went in. After Father O'Donnell told him how things stood—

"My God! my God!" said he, "how man abuses his power."

Father O'Donnell told him that they could not get a house to convey the body to, so great was their dread of the landlord.

"It's fortunate that I have come this way," said Mr. Smith. "I have a snug farm-house a few miles off; let Mr. O'Donnell's family remove there, and I'll see that this decent woman shall get proper burial. They can occupy the house as long as it suits their convenience. Nor shall they want, either. But they had better remove this furniture. Will one of you," said he to some men near, "run over to my farm and tell the men to bring over the cars to remove this furniture?"

"Yes, your riverence, and God bless you!"

"Stop!" said Mr. Ellis, who overheard the order. "That furniture is mine; I wanted it with the other effects, so don't touch it at your peril!"

Father O'Donnell and Mr. Smith looked at each other.

"I thought, Mr. Ellis, that you got more than your rent then, besides this little furniture," said the minister.

"No, Mr. Smith; it's no business of yours; all this was fairly auctioned, so it is my property."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ellis; it is business of mine; it is the duty of every Christian man to try and protect a poor honest man from scoundrelism and tyranny," and Mr. Smith walked away.

The body was carefully removed, followed by the mourning relatives and a crowd of people; Father O'Donnell and Mr. Smith also accompanying them.

Irish wakes and funerals are very much alike in general, so we need not describe them. This, indeed, was a peculiarly sad one, on account of Mrs. O'Donnell's tragic death, and the former high standing of the family.

Father O'Donnell read the funeral service outside the little gate of the

churchyard. Mr. Ellis carried his hostility so far as to prevent him from reading it inside, moreover, as the church was on Lord Clearrall's property.

Mr. Sly offered to read the service, but would have been torn in pieces but for Father O'Donnell.

The people now left for their homes. The little church was silent; but one returned to weep over that newly covered grave. Frank knelt and prayed by times. Kate would be there too, but she was not able to rise from her bed, poor girl.

"O mother! mother!" said Frank, in the depth of his anguish; "mother! you have left lonely, breaking hearts after you; but, then, I should not weep for you, for you are happy with your God; but for us, want and affliction are our portion. Better, mother, to sleep beside you in that cold grave, than live on a worthless life! Oh! what is life to me! Once, I hoped that it would be a life of joy and happiness; but no, no, it is to be one of dark bitterness. I have no object to live for; no occupation to call forth my energies. Death, indeed, would be a blessing now. Men boast that the laws of England protect the poor and weak from the rich and strong. How little do they know of these laws. Like the fabled fruit, they are fair without and foul within. A tyrant landlord and agent, under protection of these boasted laws, have robbed us of our property, have murdered you, my dear, fond mother! and yet they live, and are respected and feared. O God! O God! how long will this continue? Was not the land intended for the support of man? Have not we, therefore, an inherent right to the soil, and are we to be thus crushed and trampled and hunted from it? O mother! I'll have revenge upon your murderers, and then I'll fly the country. Yes, Ellis, the murderer of my mother, shall die by my hand! but, Alice! Alice! girl of my heart! how can I leave you?"

In his excitement his eyes glared, he clenched his hands, and ground his teeth, and spoke in a hurried, audible manner.

The ruins of an old abbey stood near the grave.

After Alice Maher had left the church-

yard, she missed Frank, and while her father and Father O'Donnell were in earnest conversation, she returned, knowing that she would find him at the grave.

Seeing Frank speaking to himself in an excited manner, she stood to listen, and overheard his wild soliloquy. She went over and gently laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Who's this?" said he, rudely flinging the hand from him and turning round. "O Alice!" said he, gently taking her hand, "forgive my rudeness; I was in a strange mood."

"I forgive and pity you, Frank; but I must tell you that I overheard you. Frank, could you think of being a murderer without horror?"

"Yet, Alice, he has murdered her," and he pointed to the grave.

"Even so, Frank. Vengeance belongs to God, and He will deal with every one according to his works. Leave him to God; He is just."

"Alice, love! if you were a man you'd feel as I do. The very reptile will recoil upon the foot that crushes it; and can I, a man, see my means plundered from me, my mother murdered, and yet calmly look on? Look at my poor father, Alice. See what a wreck he is! He was beloved and admired, and now he's a poor paralytic. Look at my fine, noble sister, once the pride of the parish.—the toast of many a festive scene, and now! and now! she's a pauper, dependent upon the charity of others. Think of my darling mother, Alice. Was she not murdered, dragged from her warm bed to die upon the cold ground, with the home of her early joys and affections knocked in ruins, beside her? And myself, Alice! Oh! I had hopes and yearnings of enjoying peace, and love, and happiness in that old home. I thought, Alice, love! that there, with you, my own sweet wife, nestling upon my bosom, after the toils and anxiety of the day, or cheering me through the world's strife, I could, indeed, be happy—happy as mortal man could be. Often, Alice, have I pictured to myself a happy home, hallowed by all the gushing warmth of loving hearts, all the holy influence of domestic bliss—a home made cheerful by your loving, greeting smiles. Often

have I imagined ourselves seated by our own fireside, fostering our little plots and plans of life, until my heart expanded with joy and happiness. But, oh! all this, this was but a dream! I, who long so much for domestic repose—I, who have a heart so susceptible of love and all the finer feelings of man's nature—must wander an outcast upon the world. And can it be a sin to murder him who has caused all this ruin and misery?"

Frank placed his head between his hands and wept. Alice gently took his hand from his face and said—

"You must promise me, Frank, to give up this horrid thought. You know I love you; love you! oh, yes, next to my God, I love you!"

Frank pressed her hand.

"And think, Frank, how I would feel if you, whom I love so dearly, were branded with a murderer's shame. O my God! I would not survive it. You, who are so noble and generous, to pollute your hands and soul! If it were so, I would soon sleep in my grave. Promise me now—here, upon your mother's grave I ask it, and her pure spirit is looking down from heaven upon us—here," and she knelt upon the grave—"here I ask of you that you'll not be guilty of the blood of Mr. Ellis or Lord Clearall; that you'll not injure them, but leave them to God, who will bring them to an account in His own wise time; here, do kneel beside me—that's it; now promise me," and she looked up into his face with such pure sweetness that one might fancy her an angel pleading for erring man.

Though Frank knelt beside her, he kept his hands pressed over his face.

"Speak, Frank; say you do."

"O Alice! don't ask me; I can't do it."

"Can't do it! Go from me! You're not the noble, generous youth you were at all. Oh! have I given my heart to a murderer?—to one who could bear to see me pine and sink into an early grave; O God! help me, and soften his callous heart."

Alice burst into tears. Frank looked on for a time; his heart was full; at length tears came from his eyes, and he wept.

"Frank! Frank! say you'll do it. I

know you will, for now you weep. Oh! those blessed tears!"

"Yes, Alice, love. Here on my mother's grave, before Heaven, I promise you I'll leave them to God. May He have mercy upon them."

"O Frank! thank God!" and her little head rested upon his bosom.

"That will do, Frank. Let us be going now."

"Come, love;" and they left the churchyard.

"Alice," said Frank, as they walked along, "I must tell you."

"What, Frank?"

"You know, love, I can do nothing here; I'm young and strong; I love enterprise; many are making wealth in California in a few years; I intend going there, and return home again, I trust, a wealthy man."

"O Frank! what will I do?"

"Under present circumstances I would not ask your father's consent, even if he were willing to give it, which he's not. I could not think of marrying you, my own sweet love, to bring you into a struggle with the world. Now, we are young; let us remain single for five years; be true to me as I will be to you, and, believe me, I will return with boundless wealth to claim my darling wife."

"But, Frank, if you should fail, or—"

"Stop, Alice, I cannot fail. Cheered by the hope of your love, I will strive, and toil, and grow rich. If riches are to be gained at all, I must win them for my own sweet one. Alice, I know that I must make riches to get you. I love you deeply, wildly, and this love will strengthen my arm in the strife."

"Oh, cursed riches! cannot we be happy without them, Frank?"

"No, Alice, no. But here is your father and my uncle."

Alice looked fondly on him, and whispered—

"Come to see me soon, Frank?"

"Yes, love."

"Where have you been, Alice?" said Mr. Maher, looking rather displeased as he saw her leaning upon Frank's arm.

"She was with me at my mother's grave, sir," said Frank. "I am just telling her that I have resolved on going to America to try my fortune."

"Going to America! Frank," said Father O'Donnell. "No, boy. What would your father do, and Alice, and I, poor old man that I am, now to lose my fine boy? No, Frank, don't go," and the old man put his handkerchief to his eyes.

"It is hard enough, no doubt," said Mr. Maher, evidently well pleased at the matter; "but, after all, what can the boy do here? Many a man made a fortune there in a little time. If you want money, Frank, I'll help you."

"No, sir," said Frank, proudly, "I have enough."

"Well, perhaps you're right, perhaps you're right. But what will I do? Won't you try and keep him, Alice?"

This appeal was too much for Alice.

"There now, there now, don't cry, child, and he won't go; though maybe it's better. Let him go, Alice, let him go."

"Uncle," said Frank, firmly, "I have resolved upon going; I cannot be a pauper here; and you, Mr. Maher, I have one request to ask of you—that is, you know that this darling girl and I love one another; I could not think of asking her now, even if I thought I would get your consent; but do not ask her to marry until I return. I will return with wealth, or never return. If living and rich, I'll be back in five years. She and I are pledged for that time. If I don't return with wealth, she's free."

"Do promise them, promise them. Sure they are fond of one another, God bless them. He'll be rich yet. Promise them," said Father O'Donnell.

"Give me your hand Frank," said Mr. Maher. "I do promise; and if you return with wealth, there is not a young man in the country I'd sooner give her to; but then, in your present circumstances, it would be your ruin to marry. I have a good many sons, Frank, so I could not give her a farm, and, you know, the money soon goes."

"God bless you! God bless you!" said Frank, grasping him by the hand; "you are right; but I'll win wealth for her sake, for I could die to gain her."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE POOR LAWS—HOW THE POOR ARE TREATED—A HUMAN BOARD—THE FRUIT OF EVICTIONS.

I intended to devote some chapters to the working and management of the poor laws in Ireland, and also to the sophistry of political economists, who assert that Ireland is rapidly increasing in material wealth; but as my work is extending beyond the limits I had prescribed, I must confine myself to a few remarks.

In the first place, I fearlessly assert that the poor laws have destroyed the happiness and independence of the very poor for whose benefit they were created.

Since the introduction of poor rates, pauperism has increased, and poverty become more predominant.

The law has provided the indigent against absolute starvation. This protection destroys every principle of energy in the sinking man's heart; it also checks the unforced sympathies of our nature, which, at all times, have been found a surer protection against misery than any legal enactments.

The best legal enactments for providing for the maintenance of the poor seem somehow to clash against the wise dispensation of Providence; for even a casual observer must see that the best safeguards against extreme poverty lie in that charitable feeling planted by the hand of Nature in our bosoms. The poor laws close up the many fountains of charity, and fling over the poor to the merciless protection of paid officials, whose hearts become steeled to misery, and whose only study is to please their superiors, and to make the most they possibly can of their own situations. They possess not one feeling of sympathy for the poor wretches thrown on their care. They stand to each other in grim hostility—the one party thankless and dissatisfied, and claiming as their due what the others niggardly administer. In fact, the system has transformed the whole nature of charity. It has closed up those sacred fountains which are the poor man's best protection—namely, the kindness of friends and relatives, the sympathy and charity of the wealthy, and these acts of mutual help and kindness which the poor render each other, and which are of more importance than a casual observer could conceive. Again, the laws are an encouragement to vice; they support the unfortunate and her

offspring; they take in the forsaken mother and her children, whom the husband and father would never desert, only that he knew he was thereby affording them legal protection. On the whole, it gives a respectable maintenance to pampered officials, who consume over a third of the rates levied for the ostensible purpose of maintaining the poor, but in reality to maintain blundering officials in princely lazarus-houses. We see what good is effected in towns by pious communities. We see foundling hospitals, penitentiaries, reformatories, and houses of orphanage all admirably conducted by the pious zeal of some humble religious, and supported by voluntary charity. Had these at their command the princely revenues that are extorted from the people for the maintenance of poorhouses, what would they not effect. It would be for the good of society at large that poorhouses were abolished altogether; that these abodes of wretchedness were converted to some useful purpose, and leave the poor to that fountain of human sympathy which God has planted in our nature, and from which flows those of charity that amalgamate the various classes of society, and that afford a more abundant, or, at least, a more effective and generous tide of charity to relieve the wants of the suffering poor.

(Conclusion in our next).

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

(Continued.)

Q. What effect did the free Constitution of 1782 produce on the Irish Woollen Trade?

A. The most invigorating effect. The Trade, which had languished out a feeble existence, thenceforth experienced an important and extensive revival. "In 1800," says Mr. Ray, "there were in Dublin, ninety-one master-manufacturers in the Woollen Trade; and these ninety-one master-employers kept 1,122 looms busy in the making of broadcloths, druggots, and cassimeres; and the total number of hands employed in all branches were 4,938."

Q. What were the numbers in 1840?

A. The number of master-manufacturers in Dublin had then fallen from ninety-one to twelve, and the aggregate number of persons employed by them in all branches from 4,938 to 682.

Q. Does Mr. Ray trace similar decay through various other parts of Ireland?

A. He does.

Q. What does he say of the Cotton Trade?

A. He gives detailed evidences of its decay, and quotes from the Report of the Hand-Loom Commissioners (1839), the following passages: "In the early part of the present century, the Cotton Trade extended itself through several parts of Ireland, and was carried on to a considerable extent in Dublin, Drogheda, Collon, Stratford, Mountmellick, Limerick, and Bandon. Belfast, however, was the centre to which capital and skill were attracted.

For all practical purposes, the Cotton Manufacture may almost be considered as extinct in other parts of Ireland."

Q. Can you state the amount to which Ireland suffered by the decay of her domestic manufactures?

A. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to ascertain the exact amount; but it is probably much under the mark to average at £1,000,000 yearly, the money sent out of Ireland for English manufactures that had found an Irish market on the ruin of our own.

Q. What would those conjoint drains from Ireland have reached, on the above estimates, at the time of the famine?

A. Two hundred and thirty millions sterling.

Q. Are there any other modes in which England has managed to abstract our money?

A. Yes; several. There is a large amount of Irish money absorbed in London in the parliamentary expenses of passing Irish railway bills and other bills of private companies; in appeals from Ireland to the English House of Lords; in the commercial profits of banks and insurance companies which have offices and agencies in Ireland, but which are governed by an English directorate; in the interest on loans; in the London expenses of Irish law-students at the English inns of court, &c. All these different items of pecuni-

ary drain, continued year after year, amount to an aggregate sum of incalculable magnitude.

Q. How did this gigantic abstraction of Irish money act on the condition of people.

A. I cannot better describe the condition to which incessant plunder had reduced our people, than by quoting the following words from an article in the *Times* newspaper, 26th June, 1845: "The facts of Irish destitution," said the *Times* of that date, "are ridiculously simple. They are almost too common-place to be told. The people have not enough to eat. They are suffering a real, though an artificial famine. Nature does her duty. The land is fruitful enough. Nor can it fairly be said that man is wanting. The Irishman is disposed to work. In fact man and nature together do produce abundantly. The island is full and overflowing with human food. But something ever interposes between the hungry mouth and the ample banquet. The famished victim of a mysterious sentence stretches out his hands to the viands which his own industry has placed before his eyes, but no sooner are they touched than they fly. A perpetual decree of *sic vos non vobis* condemns him to toil without enjoyment. Social atrophy drains off the vital juices of the nation."

Q. Was that description of the condition of our people written before the potato-blight appeared?

A. Yes? in the month of June preceding that calamity.

Q. What remarks do you make upon it?

A. I observe, firstly, that it shows the hideous evil of being governed by another country. Our wealth is carried off to aggrandize the dominant nation, leaving the vast mass of its producers in a state of "real though artificial famine." In no self-governed country is such a thing possible as a famishing people in the midst of overflowing abundance produced by their own labour.

Q. Is it not said to be a great advantage to Ireland to possess the rich markets of England for her cattle, corn, and butter?

A. It would be an advantage to pos-

sess the English market for our produce, if England allowed us to retain its price. But the produce is taken, and then the money we receive for it is taken also, to pay absentee rents and absentee taxes; and to meet the various other drains already mentioned. That species of traffic in which the purchaser carries off not only the goods but also a large portion of their price, cannot be esteemed beneficial to the seller.

Q. What other remark is suggested by the *Times* description of the state to which our people had been reduced in 1845?

A. That a people so thoroughly impoverished were destitute of the power of self defence against the visitation of the potato blight. Ireland could not accumulate national capital when vast masses of her national income were perpetually carried off by England; and accordingly the blight, of which the severity would have been greatly mitigated by home-rule and its resulting wealth, produced a terrible and desolating famine among the people whom the Union had plundered and prostrated.

Q. What said the Irish Poor Inquiry Commissioners in 1836?

(To be continued.)

Whatever purifies, fortifies also the heart.

Patience, by preserving composure within, resists the impression which trouble makes from without.

LIVING TOGETHER.—We have seen, on a printed slip, a set of pithy maxims on the "Art of Living Together." We do not know who wrote them, but they are full of good-sense, and might well be laid to heart by everyone who is called to live in constant companionship with another, whether as husband and wife, college chums, or partners in business. We quote:

"Avoid having stock subjects of dispute."

"Do not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason."

"If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live."

"Let not familiarity swallow up all courtesy."

FACETIÆ.

A SHARP RETORT.—A Frenchman, who had bravely filled a place in the ranks during the war with Prussia, recently sought employment from a well-known General of his own nationality. The private soldier had been unfortunate enough to have his nose carried away in action by a bullet, and his appearance was so singular that his superior officer shouted with laughter upon beholding him. "Where the deuce, my good fellow, did you lose your nose?" said the elder. "I lost it General," replied the private, "in the same battle where you lost your head."

HOW THE DEVIL WAS SOLD.—It is related of a man who sold himself to the Devil on condition that his Satanic majesty would always supply him with money, the bargain being that when the Devil failed to furnish the cash the contract was void. For many years all went on smoothly but the man becoming tired of the bargain set himself to devise means to break it, but without avail, for no matter how extravagantly he spent money it was always ready for him, until at last he consulted a wise man who told him to start a daily paper, he did so and the consequence was that the demand for money becoming too frequent, the Devil told him to go and be hanged, he'd have nothing more to do with him, as it was utterly impossible for him to provide all the money wanted to run such an institution. In this way the bargain was broken.

THIS LEGEND IS FOR THE FACULTY.—About the middle of the 14th century all the physicians in Madrid were suddenly alarmed by the intrusion of the ghosts of their patients. Their doors were so besieged by the spectres of the dead, that there was no entrance for the living. It was observed that a single *medico* of no reputation, and living very obscurely, was incommoded with only one of these unearthly visitors. All Madrid flocked incontinently to the fortunate practitioner, who, accordingly, pocketed fees by the bushel. He continued to reap a plentiful harvest till his brethren promulgated the unfortunate discovery that the aforesaid single ghost

was, when alive, the only patient that ever consulted him.

A SCOTCH MINISTER, in preaching a sermon against intemperance, a vice very prevalent in his parish, used the following language:—"Whatever ye do, do it in moderation, and aboon a' be moderate in dram-drinking. When ye got up, indeed, ye may tak' a dram, and anither just before breakfast, and, perhaps anither after; but dinna be always dram-drinking. If ye are out in the morning, ye may just brace yersel' wi' anither dram, and tak' anither in the forenoon, but dinna be always dram-dramming. Naeboddy can scruple for ane just before dinner; and when the desert is brought in, and after it's ta'en awa', and perhaps ane, or it may be twa, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep you frae drowsing and snoozling; but dinna be always drinking. Afore tea, and after tea, and between tea and supper, is no more than right and gude; but let me caution ye, brethren, not to be always dram-dramming. Just when you're gaun to bed, and when you're ready to pop into't, and perhaps when ye wake in the night, to tak' a dram or twa is no more than a Christian may lawfully do; but, brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I've mentioned, or maybe ye may pass the bounds of moderation."

A learned lady, the other evening, astonished the company by asking for the "loan of a diminutive argentine truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations." She wanted—a thimble.

A Writer advises young women to look favourably upon those engaged in agricultural pursuits, assigning as one reason that their "Mother Eve married a gardener." He forgot to add that in consequence of the match the gardener lost his situation.

The lady who tapped her husband gently with her fan at a party, and said, "Love! it's growing late—I think we had better be going home," is the same one who, after getting home, shook the rolling-pin under his nose, and said, "You old scoundrel, you! If you ever look at that mean, calico-faced, mackerel-eyed thing that you looked at to-night, I'll be the death of you!"

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

Words by E. F. D.

Music by C. T. LOCKWOOD.

Cantabile.

1. I am thinking now of home, among my native hills, And though far thro' distant lands I

room, The memories of the past my heart with longing fills, To

see the darling lit-tle ones at home. Ah! now their

forms I seem to see, Far o'er the rolling ocean's foam, And

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

hear their voices ringing in merry childish glee, Oh, I long to see the little ones at home.

AIR.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

The lit - tle ones at home, the lit - tle ones at home, I

The lit - le ones at home, the lit - le ones at home, I

long to see the lit - tle ones lit home, And hear their voices ringing in
 (Last time) Soon shall I hear your voices, in

long to see the lit - tle ones at home; And hear their voices ringing in
 (Last time) Soon shall I hear your voices in

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.-

merry childish glee, Oh, I long to see the lit - tle ones at home.
merry childish glee, Oh, I long to see the lit - tle ones at home.

merry childish glee, Oh, I long to see the lit - tle ones at home.
merry childish glee, Oh, I long to see the lit - tle ones at home.

The moon looks mildly down, the same as oft before,
 And bathes the earth in floods of mellow light,
 But its beams are not so bright upon this lonely shore,
 As they seemed at home one year ago to-night,
 Sadly my heart still turns to thee,
 Wherever I may chance to roam,
 I hear your voices ringing in merry childish glee,
 Oh, I long to see the little ones at home:

CHORUS—The little ones at home, &c.

May guardian angels still, their vigils o'er thee keep,
 May heaven's choicest blessings on thee rest,
 Till I am safely home across the stormy deep,
 And meet again with those I love the best.
 Soon; soon your faces I shall see,
 Never, nevermore from thee to roam,
 Soon shall I hear your voices, in merry childish glee,
 Proclaim the joyous welcome, welcome home.

CHORUS—The little ones at home, &c.