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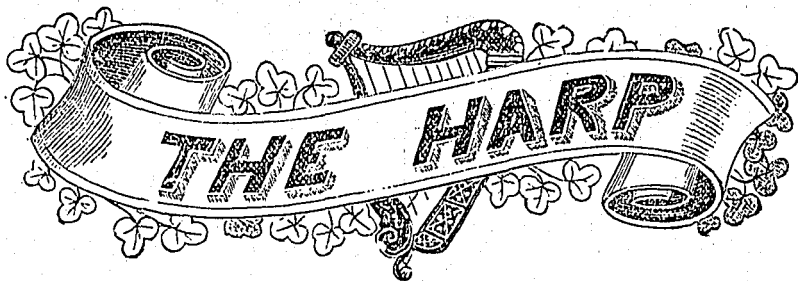
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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

BY FATHER PROUT (FRANCIS MAHONY.)

There's a legend that's told of a gipsy who dwelt
In the land where the pyramids be,
And her robe was embroidered with stars and her belt
With devices right wonderful to see.
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child
On his mother's immaculate breast;
When he fled from his foes—when to Egypt exiled
He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

The Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,
And the future was given to her gaze,
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
On her threshold keeps vigil always.
She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen
In the katyds of the ciswote crown;
But communed with the ghost of the Pharaohs, I ween,
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,
With a mule on a mule, by that road;
And the child on her bosom reclined, and the way
Led them straight to the gipsy's abode.
From their home many a weary path
From their home many a long way—
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

The gipsy came forth from her dwelling and prayed
That the pilgrims would rest there awhile;
She offered her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come many, many a mile—
And she fanned the babe with affection's caress,
And she begged the old man would repose;
"Here the stranger," she said "ever thus free access
And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led
To a seat in her grotto so cool,
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits—and a shed,
With a manger, was found for the mule,
With the wine of the palm tree, with the dates newly
Culled,
All the toils of the road she beguiled;
And with song in a language mysterious she lulled
O'er her bosom the way-faring child.

When the gipsy anon in her Eldon hand
Placed the infant's diminutive palm,
Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned
Of the babe in his slumbers so calm;
Well she note! each hand, each furrow she crossed
O'er the tracings of destiny's line;
"Whence came ye?" she cried in astonishment lost;
"For this child is of lineage divine!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we lived in the land of the Jew;
We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed
In the gore of the children he slew.
We were told to remain till an angel's command
Should appoint us the hour to return;
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gipsy in joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home—
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy—
Blessed hope of the world—should come."
And she kissed both the feet of the infant, and knelt
And adored him at once—then a smile
Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,
THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Cressy Arslade sat alone at one of the win-
dows of Ashenfield drawing-room, weeping
silently. It was her first great grief in life.
The Marchioness of Babbington had just an-
nounced to her the joyful intelligence that she
was soon to have another mamma, which she,
poor child! never having known what it was to
have a mamma at all, took to mean that Ashen-
field was soon to have another mistress—a
lovely, blooming, all-amiable mistress, who
took little Cressy to her heart and covered her
with motherly kisses. Yet little Cressy was
crying, and bitterly. Maybe the mamma of her
dreams did not wear false teeth, or play girlish
tricks in face of the world and swear—yes, she
had heard the Marchioness swear! when the
world was not looking on. Maybe she shudder-
ed to think of her plaguy adorer, the Marquis, as
a brother—nay as one privileged by his mamma
and her mamma to be more than brother; for,
whispered the Marchioness smilingly:

"My darling, I hope papa and I won't be the
only bridal pair in Ashenfield."

Or, maybe this imminent marriage-question,
the dividing-era of woman's history, frightened
her now for the first time with the thought that
she was not and could not be a child any more,
but a rough nasty soldier in the world's war, with
cares and passions and hates—with a strange
mother who smiled and swore—perhaps with a
husband—(well may the tender fairy tremble
now!)—and not one unclouded day, such as the
days were before, till through darkest clouds of
all arrived another childhood. Any or all of

these thoughts, fed by a frightened fancy, made her glad when her mamma-elect took to her *vide-mecum* head-ache (so to speak) and withdrew to her own chamber to nurse it, leaving forlorn little Cressy to cry till she could cry no more, and clasp her little hands, and call all equitable fairies to witness that she was the unhappiest, worst-used and hardest-fated fairy of them all. And, that much settled, to let the liquid blue eyes stray out over the valley, every nook of which told her of childhood, over the village, and the wood, and the mountain—where the children used to play in the summer evenings, where the cowslips grew goldenly in spring, where the sun played on the blue terraces the long sunny days—to the bold ruins of the Castle—farther still, to the clear, earnest face, and the deep dark eyes that seemed ever yet to be looking down on her and chiding her for a baby-coward, whose cowardice was yet a petted darling. Rejoice, Marquis of Babblington—lover that is, brother and perhaps husband that is to be—rejoice thou canst not hear the beating of that little heart, as that same clear earnest face comes in memorial view, and the sad soul-sigh as it vanishes again into the past! Verily, even to thy comprehension, there would have been *eclaircissement!*

The sound of footsteps on the staircase disturbed her meditations. She listened with a startled ear.

"Gracious, if it should be the Marquis! What will he think if he finds me this way?"

A large screen stood beside her, covering a passage to the garden. She had only time to conceal herself behind it, when the door opened and her father entered, followed by Mr. Langton, the valet.

"There is no one here," said the baronet, glancing round the room. "Now what is it you have to say?"

Cressy knew not whether she ought to disclose her presence or no, thinking that their business could not be of any possible interest to her. A moment's hesitation made it too late, and she had only to wait patiently and listen.

"Well, what's this important news you speak about? What are you mumbling about, fellow?" the baronet asked impatiently, seeing that the valet was engaged in a performance of grimaces and wriggles and other dumb show, which indicated some disinclination or obstacle to his speaking.

"You see, Sir Hablin," he explained, with many conciliatory bows and contortions. "I 'aint got my hinformation without—ahem!—

trouble and danger—horful danger, I assure you, Sir Hablin," and Mr. Langton shivered at the recollection.

"Out with it, man, and if it be worth payment, it shall be paid for."

"If you will be pleased to name hany trifling hamount, Sir Hablin—say a 'undred pound—"

"I will name nothing till I see whether you are as great an idiot as I take you for."

Mr. Langton, anxious to vindicate his character for wisdom thus broadly assailed, assumed an air of profound mystery, as coming close to the baronet he whispered in a low tone, not so low but that Cressy heard it plainly:

"Young O'Dwyer, of the Castle!"

"Well,—well,—what of him?" asked the baronet, eagerly.

Another heart beat eagerly, too, straining to catch the answer.

Mr. Langton, sensible of the impression he had created, answered in a stage-whisper of terrible import:

"That he is in Kilsheelan this minute."

Now beat the little heart behind the screen right furiously, and a fever boiled in her veins which made her quiver with a strange excitement.

But Sir Albin Artslade took the announcement more calmly.

"I know that already," he said in a tone of angry disappointment.

"Know that already!" exclaimed the valet in blank dismay.

If the truth must be known, Mr. Langton, having, after a period of hair breath dangers and terrors, made himself certain of Gerald O'Dwyer's place of concealment, thought it would be but the just reward of his own superior courage and industry if he could dissolve partnership with his worthy pal, Mr. Jer Murphy, on the principle of appropriating the undivided profits of the enterprise to himself, leaving to Mr. Murphy such high recompense for his part thereof as the approval of his own conscience and the gratitude of posterity. And with intent to strike this reasonable balance, he had come, as he thought, to give the first of the news and of course have the best of the reward. But now it seemed his worthy partner must have hit on a similar plan for himself, with the considerable advantage of having been the first to execute it.

"I—I didn't himagine as how you knew hall about it," he stammered, in crest-fallen accents, moving sheepishly towards the door. "I suppose Murphy's been and told you hall."

"Confound your tomfoolery, man: what do you mean?" asked the baronet fiercely.

"If you've been and 'eard it hall afore, Sir Halbin—"

"I've heard nothing, fellow."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Langton, with a manner of intense relief. "Hin that case, Sir Halbin, I can hafford you hevery hinformation."

"That is well!" cried the baronet vengefully. "Now, then, be quick and say what you know. In the first place, what brings him here?"

"He's been horganizing the rebels 'ere this month or more—I seen 'im myself a-drilling a small harny—and a drestle sight it was I hassure you, Sir Halbin—I can't hinagine how I ever did get hover it."

"D—your imagination!" cried his master, impatiently. "You're quite sure you saw him?"

"Saw 'im, Sir Halbin! I should rather think so! Hever since, there's a hitching in the calf of my leg, with great respect, sir, that—"

"Enough!" interrupted Sir Halbin, brusquely. "Where is this young fellow to be found?"

"I watched him twice, sir, and hevery time he disappeared somewhere in the hold Castle."

"Then the Castle is his hiding-place?"

"Undoubtedly, sir: some part of the Castle."

"This is very strange!" the baronet thought to himself, uneasily. "Could his stay at the Castle have anything to do with the illness of this caretaker, whoever he is? Could there be any connection between this, and the appearance of that uncommon face I saw the other day—that of the caretaker's daughter—which has been haunting me ever since? Assuredly there is some mystery here—some plot against my peace of mind, if my terrors do not deceive me! It must be seen to immediately, and crushed—ay, crushed ruthlessly! for I will have no spectres haunting me with their infernal tortures. See here, fellow"—turning to the valet, who kept dutiful silence—"think you this Gerald O'Dwyer has any accomplices in Kilsheelan?"

"None as I know, Sir Halbin, unless one—that ilconditioned wagabone, Tade Ryan, who, I take the liberty of hinforming your honor, is the most sanguinary individual I hever seen houtside the Z'logical Gardens."

"You have not seen him with the caretaker, or his daughter?"

Cressy was burning for the reply.

"No," said the valet, "I'av not."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Cressy fervently, for the terrible suspicion was beginning to fasten

on her that perhaps Miss Rose Marton knew more of Gerald O'Dwyer than ever she had disclosed; nay, that perhaps the whole incident of the broken portrait was a well-acted lie.

She could not wait longer now. Gerald was in Kilsheelan, and in danger! And she alone could save him! How her heart jumped at the thought! What a flood of fevered sentiments deluged her brain! One thing only could she determine clearly—Gerald must be saved at once.

The screen behind which she took refuge, concealed a passage to the garden. Stealing noiselessly to the door which opened on this passage, she turned the handle tremulously but softly, and the garden once gained, hurried on, she knew not whither—out through the garden, flying past the amazed Marquis of Babblington, who in vain planted himself in her path—through the village, where the assembled dragoons and the young lady in ringlets at the new public-house stared after her agape with astonishment—never pausing a moment till she burst in upon Tade Ryan, while he sat gloomily over the hearth, with the news that treachery had at last found out his beloved chief.

Tade Ryan would have been astounded, if all relish of misfortune had not worn off from frequent tasting of it. As it was, he could only bless the good angel who thus unwontedly stooped to personal solicitude to save the paltry life of a rebel.

"Tade, you are the only one that can communicate with him," she said, earnestly. "I rely upon you to see him." These few sovereigns are useless to me, and you may want them," and she looked shudderingly around at the desolate walls and pale-faced children, as she almost trust her little purse into his hand.

Ryan repulsed the offer almost rudely.

"I know you name it kindly, Miss," he said, touching his hat coldly. "but av: I can't save the life of an O'Dwyer Garv for his own sake an' for yours, you may be sartin I couldn't save it for all the goold av England."

"I didn't mean to offend you, Tade—indeed I didn't," Miss Arslade said. "See him at once if possible, and tell him that I—no, no, say nothing about me, but tell him that somebody will not forget to pray for him." And, having managed to slip the little golden treasure into poor Kitty's lap, unperceived by her husband, Gerald O'Dwyer's fair guardian angel vanished as she had come.

"Heaven bless her!" the wife exclaimed, fervently.

"Ay, Heaven bless her!" echoed Ryan. "It is the first blessing that crossed my lips for many a day. Pray to God again, wife—I can't pray—to save the last of the O'Dwyer Garvs from these hell-hounds!"

After taking counsel, as in duty bound, with that other notable supporter of law and order, Mr. Sackwell of Monard, who smilingly agreed that something should be done, and that as Mrs. Sackwell and the girls engrossed the best part of his time, Sir Albin Artslade was the man on whom the empire called to do that something: and after dropping in *en route*, and having a quiet chat with the officer of dragoons, Sir Albin Artslade was riding back to Ashenfield in the happiest humor his crabbed organization could produce, when he was intercepted by Mr. Jer. Murphy.

"Plaze yer honor," quoth that respectable person, having made due salaam, "I have a thremengis saycret intirely to tell yer honor—wan that, I make bowld to say, will make yer honor's heart jump for divarshion."

"You needn't trouble yourself, my man: I know it already," said the baronet, curtly. He despised his fetish-worshippers even more than he hated the unworshipping.

"Know it already?" repeated the bailiff, in almost speechless astonishment and disgust. "Perhaps yer honor don't know that young Gerald O'Dwyer is in Kilsheelan?"

"I know it."

"An' that he's the head ladher av all the rebels in Tipperary?"

"I know that, too."

"But may be yer honor hasn't heard where he's to be found?" the bailiff persisted, as a last desperate-venture.

"I know it all, fellow; stand out of the way," caied the baronet, setting spurs to his horse.

The bailiff eyed him for a moment with a look of disappointment and evil rage which, in a fetish-worshipper, seemed not quite dutiful: and muttered a fearful curse between his teeth.

"Sold, by G—!" he exclaimed, in a savage passion. "Could that whey-faced hypocrite, Langton, have played this thrick on me? By the 'tarnal! if I thought so!"—His words went no farther, but his looks spoke murder.

For it seemed, after all, in the roguish profit-and-loss account of this worthy partnership, where two played at roguery, all the profits came out on the side of the whey-faced Englishman, and all the loss on the side of the talented Irishman. A fact for ethnology.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNA NOCHE TRISTE.

It was late that night when Rose Marlon retired to her own little chamber, but not to rest. Old Richard had been worse than usual during the day. His feet and hands would not warm though they were thrust almost into the fire's blaze; and there was a strange dizziness in his head. His daughter had been nursing and cheering him the livelong day, and he insisted she should have rest. For himself, no persuasion could induce him to go to bed; he would stay up awhile in his great arm chair, until he warmed himself; and he sat over the fire which burned low and lonely in the lonely place, bending down over the warmth with his long bony hands supporting his heavy swimming head—thinking confusedly.

He was worse than usual. So Rose Marlon thought, and, though she seemed to gratify his whim by retiring, she could not think of sleep. Poor prison-slower, without repining! There was a little silver crucifix close to her bed, before which she threw herself on her knees, and prayed. She rose more tranquilly, and, having extinguished the light, still feeling no inclination for rest, she betook herself to the window, through which a soft stream of moonlight found its way, setting off the sweet transparent face against the careless masses of ebony hair which framed it, and wrought against the time-worm panellings and mouldings of the chamber a ghostly grammaree? For the veriest outcast, for the worst offering of ignominy or crime, what an intolerable prison-life had been her's—with the companionship of the midnight ghosts in an erie ruin, and a sick old man for all her living world! What a prison life above all for one who wanted but the world's sunlight to flourish among its fairest flowers, and taste its most enchanting pleasures!

It was not in human nature—now that nobody was there to see or hear—nobody to see a soul unrobed of its duteous cheerfulness, taking its own inmost essence—to avoid a sigh and a shudder, looking out over the ghostly midnight panorama of tree and lawn and ruin, in their pale lunar winding sheets, looking up at the starry sky and its mystic hope world, looking back into a home of sickness, and deathliness and omnipresent chills, feeling like a child with longings and loves in a sepulchre of night-thoughts, where the sphere music of the throbbing golden world above comes faintly. For timidly the thought whispered itself—Does the moon shine down everywhere only on haunted

ruins, on sickness, and weary hearts? Is there nothing else in the wide world but loneliness?

But as she gazed, what was the bright red light that shone out of the western tower, and froze her blood with terror? Assuredly her sight did not deceive her: there it was, like a blood-red star, fixed high up among the ivy of the tower. What could it mean? When she looked again it had disappeared.

All the horrid legends of the place recurred to her mind with fearful force. But she had seen this bright red light before, and she watched anxiously, with an unaccountable half-terrified interest, for the sequel she had on those occasions noticed in connection with its appearance. She was not disappointed.

In a few minutes, the figure of a man, wrapped in a long mantle, emerged from one of the entrances to the ruins, and cautiously crossing the courtyard, took up a position in the shelter of a clump of trees directly opposite Rose Marton's chamber. She shuddered in every limb; and yet watched the movements of the strange apparition with a sort of fascination she could not control. There stood the figure, leaning movelessly against a tree, movelessly as a dead man; and though he was too far distant and too much sheltered from the moonlight to be distinctly seen, Rose Marton somehow felt that he was looking towards her—she could almost fancy his eyes fixed on herself, and, though she shuddered and shuddered again in her chilly solitude, she knew by some strange instinct that the cloaked figure was no unearthly visitant, but a man. Who could he be? What was his object? Shudder again, lovely one; thou art a woman and hast reason!

And this marvelous unspoken interview went on—in the still midnight hour, when no sound stirred, but the beating of one, perhaps of more than one anxious heart—and still the cloaked figure moved not—when—

Hark! what dull portentous sound was that? In the next chamber—where old Richard Marton bent over the fire to warm himself and support his heavy head! The dull sound, as of a heavy fall, and now a stifled moan, and a hoarse ominous rumbling on the floor! There was death in the sound.

Rose flew to the door, burst it open. The solitary candle flickered in the socket, and the fire had gone out. But in the imperfect light there was a fearful revelation. A dark form lay on the floor, huddled together in convulsions, now rigid. Heavens! old Richard Marton had fallen from his arm-chair, dead!

The sight paralyzed her—she felt her limbs yield, her brain reel, and she fell panting to the floor, with a shriek that seemed to pierce through all the ruins, making awful echo in the silence of the night.

The first object that met her eyes, as after a few moments, she recovered consciousness, was the figure of a man, assuredly the cloaked figure she had seen motionless among the trees, bending over her anxiously. Seeing her recover, he started and bowed respectfully. Was it a dream, that, as the light flickered on the stranger's face, she beheld the clear-cut features and deep spiritual eyes of the broken portrait—the face that had haunted her lonely hours more than all the Castle ghosts! Assuredly no dream; it was Gerald O'Dwyer himself!

Utterly helpless to reconcile the bewildering thoughts that crowded upon her poor brain, Rose Marton had almost fainted off again, when the stranger whispered reassuringly:

"Do not be afraid, Miss Marton. I cannot now explain all—enough that I heard you cry for help, and took the liberty of casting my poor services at your feet. Be reassured; all may yet be well."

She looked into his face: Truth itself sat there. Then the remembrance of her father's awful fate rushed back upon her.

"Oh! My father! My father!" she cried with passionate energy. "O Heaven, is he dead?"

"Do try to calm yourself," Gerald O'Dwyer urged softly. "He is not dead. He has had a heavy stroke of apoplexy, but it may not be fatal."

"Oh! thank Heaven," she exclaimed, passionately, as she flew to the arm-chair, in which the generous stranger had propped up the patient; having loosened his neckerchief, and rekindled the fire in order to promote warmth in the old man's hands and feet.

What a "ghastly affliction of life" was there! Limbs rigid as in death: the swollen arteries of the neck streaked with unnatural hues: the stiff face, livid; eyes glaring unnaturally, too, and vacantly; pulse raging furiously; life and death, battling hideously, blindly, amid gasps and moans.

The horrified daughter embraced him, called him passionately by his name, clasped his clammy hands—in vain. No intelligence came into the dull eye: no light on the blind life-battle raging there within.

"If you feel sufficiently strong to remain here alone for a while," said the stranger, in a tone of deep sympathy, "I will presently

send an old woman to keep you company while I hasten to Clonmel for a doctor. It is of the utmost importance a doctor should see him immediately."

"Oh! sir, ten thousand thanks!" cried the weeping girl. "It was what I longed to ask you, but feared to trespass further on your goodness."

"You will not fear to be alone?"

"Fear, and my father dying by my side!"

"Then I will go at once. Rely upon it—not a moment shall be lost. Till the doctor comes, keep his head as free as possible and try to warm him."

In a moment he was gone. First flying to the western tower, he aroused old Mrs. Ryan and despatched her to Rose Marton's aid; then, catching a young colt which browsed over the lawn, he mounted him, and, with improvised bridle and no saddle, fled rather than galloped away through the Park, facing for the road by a well known short cut, and then speeding away towards Clonmel in a desperate career which in vain strove to keep pace with the whirl and fire of his brain. Opposite the barrack-gate a dark column of horsemen was forming, among whom the flying stranger dashed startingly, and, never heeding a challenge, without word or look dashed away again on the road to Clonmel, with such velocity they hardly challenged him when he was gone.

Meanwhile, old Mrs. Ryan having made her way with what haste she could to the caretaker's chambers, joined Rose Marton in her distracted vigil. No change for the better; convulsions occasionally, then stark rigidity, only the thick painful breathing, and the pulse beating faster and faster giving any testimony of life. Every minute seemed a weary age in the sick room: every second ticked by the ancient clock on the mantelpiece seemed to echo mournfully through the house, making terrible the silence.

Suddenly there was the trampling of horses' hoofs on the gravel drive outside, and then a loud knocking at the door.

The doctor! Could he have come so soon? Rose fled to the door: unbarred it. Dragoons were dismounting outside: two men in heavy cloaks on the doorstep. Rose started back in dismay. What could it mean?

"Is the caretaker within?"

Thus roughly began one of the men, and as the moonlight fell on his face, Rose Marton knew it was Sir Albin Artslade.

"Oh! sir, he is very sick—dying I'm afraid," Rose answered, weeping.

An incredulous sneer came upon the baronet's face.

"We must see him," he said harshly. "We have heard that Gerald O'Dwyer is concealed in this Castle, and we bring a warrant for his arrest for high treason."

A sudden light flashed upon Rose Marton.

"Heavens! they are looking for *him!*" she reflected, with bitter anguish. "And he will come back and be captured—for my sake!"

Momentary as was the thought, her dismay was not lost upon the baronet, who interpreted it as a further confirmation of his theory.

"Bring us to your grandfather at once, girl!" he exclaimed rudely.

"Sir, you would not be so cruel as to disturb his death-bed—indeed, he is not able to see you. There is no such person here as you describe."

"Nonsense, girl, we must see for ourselves. Captain Bolder come with me: let the men stay outside."

Pushing past the well-nigh distracted girl, the baronet burst open the door of the sick room, and—shrank back appalled at the ghastly sight he saw there.

He would have withdrawn in terror, were it not that his entrance excited a strange violent emotion in the dying man. Suddenly the glassy eyes rolled violently about, and fixed themselves with fearful vehemence on the baronet. Under their unearthly spell, he found himself dragged perforce to his side: he would have fled, but could not.

Rose, who had followed him into the chamber, was in an instant at old Richard's side, watching devouringly his struggling consciousness. Terrible was the struggle—a conflict of all powers of life and death, only to break that grave-like speechlessness that had fastened over him, and *to speak!*

The Baronet clung fascinated to the spot: and saw the livid face writhing, as though it struggled desperately against the iron bars of silence: saw the glassy eyes fixed on himself, felt their glazed lustre piercing to his soul. And he shuddered!

Swinging his stricken arms by a convulsive effort, the dying man pointed to the door and then to the old woman and the dragoon officer. They understood the sign, and left the room. The glassy eyes rolled again on the baronet: a sharp spasm convulsed the old man's frame; and his swollen viens swelled to bursting as with one supernatural effort he wrenched asunder his speechless prison, and uttered the single word:

"Inez!"

Sir Albin Artslade staggered as if he had been shot. Convulsed again frightfully, the glassy eyes turned on Rose; the stricken hand pointed to her; and in supreme struggling the voice once more broke prison:

"Inez' child!"

Then the convulsions ceased: the limbs grew stiff and stark: the glassy eye rested, and the voice broke its prison no more. Old Richard Marton was dead.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT DEFEL GERALD.

For once, Sir Albin Artslade was moved to the heart, as he stood by the dead man's side, with his dying words still ringing in his ears. They were words of significance to Sir Albin Artslade. That was plain from his pallid face and attitude of stupor.

"Inez' child!" Rose Marton had thrown herself passionately on the corpse, trying to call back life from its eternity, forgetting everything but grief and horror. The baronet looked at her with a strange interest. It might be the light of love that shone in his eyes—it might be the thought that he was looking at an angel: that he was within grasp of love and beauty superhuman: that he had only to extend his hand to garner the treasure.

That was for a moment. Then the selfish drove the soft suggestion out: and instead of love there sat pitiless harshness in his looks.

"Inez child!" What would the world say? The Marchioness of Babblington—society—self—forbade the thought. Justice! Justice meant abolition of all his air-castles—complication in straight ways—obstacle where obstacle was there none. Impossible!

The hard face grew harder—the sharp eyes sharper and colder.

"Poor old man, he must have been raving!" So said the baronet, coldly. "Miss—Marton, I am sorry to have intruded upon you at such a time, but it was inevitable. If you will stay here, I shall have orders given to have you suitably accommodated at Ashenfield."

And with that the baronet left the room, the dead man's face following him and his dying words "Inez' child!" ringing still in his ears.

"There must have been some mistake here, Bolder," he said to the dragoon officer who awaited him in surprise. "It was unfortunate, but with our information we could not have helped it. That must have been he whom

some of your men saw riding past the bar-rack."

"Then he has escaped!"

"We shall see," said the baronet, grinding his teeth vengefully.

"The Clommel road he took, was it not?"

"The Clommel road."

"Then have your men to mount immediately and we will follow him!"

"Poor old man, he must have been raving!" Like ice-bolts, the words fell upon Rose Marton's heart, bending in speechless grief over the clay that had been her father. And they set her thinking wildly.

She had been too busy with sorrow to have noticed the agitations those old man's ravings threw Sir Albin Artslade into; but now that she began to think the scene over with more reference to herself, even to her distracted thinking there was food of mystery in it which she had no power to explore. Ravings! Assuredly they were no ravings, but superhuman struggles to break silence—a terribly conscious silence.

"Inez' child!" How the poor lonely heart stormed against these little words to tear their secret out, and reeled back, heart-broken, from the assault: and then wandered around them like a child around some bristling city's ramparts, seeking entrance in vain. They whispered dimly of a mother—her whom Rose Marton never knew—her for whose love and sympathy she yearned ever since she knew how to yearn for anything in smoky, noisy London long ago. But what if that mother's name were better buried with her? if it replaced heart-yearnings with cheek-blushings? Why was it never mentioned, if it wasn't a name of reproach? How the tingling blood crimsoned the snowy face and neck now!

Oh! that the explanation of her life's mystery had not been thus cruelly shorn!—that inexorable fate had not sealed the dead man's lips when speech was most precious! Hush! she remembered now that strange dream of old Richard Marton—the dream of an untold secret, which he kept putting off, putting off, till he found himself on his death-bed, and when he tried to tell the secret, *the words choked him!* What a startling forecast of the event! The dream was a dream no longer—the words *had* choked him.

But the secret did not die with him! So said the dream. It *had* not died with him! Round her neck was suspended the little brass key he had given her that, if anything should happen

—anything sudden—she should know where in the old rosewood eseritoire to find something which would make her a proud little princess, proud as Sir Albin Artslade's heiress herself.

"Thank Heaven!" And now as if ashamed of so much selfishness, the tears again burst forth in torrents, as the face of her dead father—he who alone had known and loved her—met her view: when again the deadly silence of the night was invaded by the clattering of horses' hoofs on the gravel drive.

"Heavens! it is he! I may yet save him!" Rose cried with energy.

She rushed to the door as two horsemen dashed up at full speed. One of them flung himself impatiently off his horse.

"I have brought the doctor," he said hurriedly. "I hope your father is no worse?"

"Alas! sir, he is dead?"

"Dead!"

"He is. I do not know how to thank you for your kindness, sir—I shall never, never forget it—but you are yourself in danger."

Gerald O'Dwyer looked at her in surprise—surprise how she could have learned of his danger—but in delight, to note how deeply his danger affected her.

"Sir Albin Artslade and the dragoons have been here to search for you."

"I know it," said O'Dwyer, calmly. "We had to cross the field just now to avoid them: but I'm afraid they noticed and are pursuing us."

"Oh then I implore of you to fly at once and save yourself."

"And leave you alone with death in this old ruin!—Not if you permit me to stay—"

"But I am not alone, and I *command* you to go—for your sake—for my own." See held out her hand frankly.

He kissed it passionately.

"You will be obeyed, Miss Marton," he cried, and prepared to remount his horse. But at this moment the Park resounded with the galloping of horses and the clanking of swords.

"Hark! they are coming—and from all sides."

"Oh! what will you do? Come with me—quick—and I will conceal you."

"It is too late," said Gerald O'Dwyer, calmly.

"Here they are."

And as he spoke the place swarmed with dragoons, galloping in on all sides, among whom the young rebel was in a moment surrendered and engulfed. Sir Albin Artslade was not there: probably he had enough of the dead man's face for that night.

"Gerald O'Dwyer, you are my prisoner on a

charge of High Treason," said the dragoon officer, courteously. "This is my warrant for your arrest."

O'Dwyer bowed quietly, and turned to Miss Marton:

"I am sorry you should be shocked with this scene," he said. "I have committed no crime to warrant it. May I hope you will not think unkindly of me—even if they do hang me for a rebel?"

She answered only with a flood of tears, and a soft pressure of the hand. That pressure thrilled him like a God-given viaticum.

"Now, sir, I am at your service," he said to the officer, who, during this brief episode, had turned aside considerably. "I suppose it is too much for a suspected rebel to be permitted to ride?"

"Certainly not," was the officer's reply. "One of my men will dismount and give you his horse. Our duty is to guard, not to torture you."

Rose watched the dragoon party with streaming eyes and beating heart till they disappeared. Then, turning back to the desolate house of death, burst into a flood of tears, in which all her combined woes spoke wailingly.

"Kind Heaven!" she exclaimed in utter anguish. "Was not my own misery bitter enough without the thought that another life has been blighted in my service? Can I only live to be a curse to all that love me? But this is very sinful. Should I not rather embrace this night's sorrows as holy warnings that there is no place for me in this horrid world?—that peace and joy come only to convent cloisters on this side of the grave? Lord, thy holy will be done."

The weary frame sank down, in grateful communion with the unwearied and unwearying. And old Mrs. Ryan, who, after arranging the corpse to her satisfaction, came to suggest that if the poor darling did not want to fret her heart out, it was time to close her pretty eyes, found her slumbering peacefully already, with such an expression on her face, that old Mrs. Ryan, preparing a small measure of toddy to support her own afflicted spirit, murmured piously: Glory be to God, the child is takin' wid the angels!"

CHAPTER XXX.

SIR ALBIN ARTSLADE'S HEIRESS.

In the breakfast room at Ashenfield Manor-House next morning, the family party were

*Mr. Samuel Lover has versified prettily this beautiful superstition of the Munster peasantry.

assembled, all but Miss Cressy, who, against all precedent, allowed the white cloth to be set forth, and the toast to be browned, and even the coffee-urn introduced, without making her appearance. A circumstance which led Mrs. Byles, the housekeeper, to conclude that the poor innocent hanged liked no more than herself the prospect of a new housekeeper at Ashenfield.

The Marchioness, all radiant in face and dress, was herself playfully presiding at the Ashenfield table, "just to see whether she had forgotten housekeeping altogether," making a delicate dish of tea for Sir Albin, which, despite his protestations, she would persist in believing to be odiously brewed, and confessing penitently with many a contrite prettiness, that after all she was afraid she could love honor and obey better than she could make tea.

Her fair-haired boy, the Marquis, was doing nothing laboriously. He was smiling all round and making interesting discoveries about the whether. The baronet, last of all, was buried behind his newspaper (so much a family party was it) sharing little the gushing converse of his bride-elect; tolerating it; seeing it disport itself, much like a playful kitten, contentedly, since it did not exact much deep attention: but in his inner self, brooding over gloomy half-hatched projects of vengeance against his eternal foe, the ancient. Not a happy party, one would say, but a satisfied party, under whose outward looks and words, there was working a whole machinery of plots and plans, interlacing all unconsciously; and working merrily—The Marchioness winning a love, the Marquis a sister, who will be more than sister, and the baronet winning—everything—building up novelty bravely to the stars—leveling down antiquity ruthlessly to the dust.

And Miss Cressy! Mamma elect had asked for her three several times with concern, and was about despatching an envoy to her bed-chamber to see if anything was amiss, when the young lady herself put in an appearance.

"Dear Cressy, we were getting alarmed for you!" Mamma-elect cried, girlishly, leaping from her place to embrace her effusively.

"Why, child, you have been weeping!"

"Positively weeping, I declare!" chimed in the Marquis, horror-stricken.

There was no use in denying it. Often as she had bathed her face, and hard as she strove to look as gay as usual, Miss Cressy's eyes were red with weeping—bitter weeping.

She could only blush rosy-red and burst out again a-weeping, as she murmured;

"Oh! it's such cruel news!"

"What news, child?—what news do you speak of?" her father asked harshly, suddenly casting aside the newspaper, the better to stare into her face.

"Why should you ask? You know it. There's poor Rose's father dead, and—"

"And what?"

"Oh! pa, how you frighten me!" and she was not sorry to take refuge in a fresh flood of tears.

"I don't know would she cry like that if I were dead?" the Marquis speculated within himself.

"Poor dear child, she is so tender-hearted!" the Marchioness exclaimed, as she kissed the weeping truant. "I was dreadfully shocked myself to hear of that poor girl's trouble. I was, indeed."

"I did not think you knew Rose Marton, Lady Babblington," Cressy said, with the smallest touch of malice.

"Know her, my dear? The happiest day of my life, I was with her in the ruins. You remember where you met us *that day*, Sir Albin,' and the long eyelashes dropped modestly.

"H'm!" coughed the baronet, gruffly.

"I was awfully shocked, indeed, to hear of the poor thing's trouble. She and you were great friends, Cressy, were you not?"

"Dear friends indeed," said Cressy, by no means sorry to have the conversation turned from another source of grief, which her beating heart told her was more poignant still. "She is the very loveliest creature I ever saw."

"You are unjust to yourself, my little Cressy."

"Nonsense, Lady Babblington, I always feel like a silly child beside Rose Marton. Papa, I have a favor to ask of you. You have never refused me before."

The struggling love-light flickered again limly in the man's murky thoughts, as if 'twere fighting hard for life.

"Well, child?"

"Poor Rose is fatherless—she has no friend on earth."

"Well?"

"Papa, I would give her a home at Ashenfield, till she finds some other, at any rate. I promise you all you will be in love with her as I am. She is the dearest, loveliest, sweetest—"

"Oh! exquisite!" interjected the Marquis, in rapture.

"You may have your wish," said the baronet.

hurriedly. "She can stay at Ashenfield as long as she pleases, and I shall see that good provision is made for her, whatever her decision be."

"Generous as ever!" the Marchioness exclaimed, enthusiastically; who, nevertheless, had little fancy for having a dearest, loveliest and sweetest young girl in her own immediate neighborhood.

"De-light-ful!" observed the Marquis, who was beginning to think it would be jolly to make love to a less refractory beauty than Miss Cressy.

Miss Cressy herself was amazed at her father's ready bounty; amazed all the more that it was the only charity of his life. But she was too delighted with the unexpected success of her offer to think much of this.

"Dear Papa, a thousand thanks! I will go and tell poor Rose at once. She must be so lonely!"

She made a pretence of breakfasting; but she was longing to be in more sympathetic company where her swelling thoughts could speak freely, and in a very short time, with but scanty attention to her toilette, she was flying through the Park, thinking tumultuously of Rose and Gerald, in a whirl of pain and pleasure till she reached the Castle.

In the caretaker's room, she shuddered as her eyes fell upon the shrouded coffin, beside which the old woman still watched. And then she saw Rose Marton sitting by the window, her father's ancient bureau before her: the rosewood escritoire with its secret drawer lying open; and in her hand a roll of manuscript. But in her face the strangest wonder—a something unutterable, whether of surprise, or joy or pain, there was no knowing.

She started up in unwonted excitement as Miss Arslade entered, and throwing her arms around her neck, kissed her again and again vehemently. The girls hung on one another's necks speechlessly, and burst into tears. In both their hearts there were thoughts too deep for words.

"You have heard all," at last sobbed Rose Marton.

"All, darling Rose, all," was the weeping reply. "How have you borne it?—But you are very brave. I should have died, I know, if I were in your place."

"It was a bitter night, dear. Only that God strengthened me, I don't know how I could have borne it. My poor—poor father's cruel death was not enough; but *he*—merciful

Heaven! that he, too, should forfeit his life for my sake."

"Tell me of *him*, dear Rose—oh! tell me of him!"

The elder girl drew back, and looked into the face, flushed with eagerness, of her companion.

"Poor child! she loves him!"

So she thought, and a keen pain went through her. Was it that she had a rival? Perish the ungenerous thought!

She took her gently in her arms as she might a little sister.

"You are not afraid to tell me, dear, what your cheeks already tell? You love Gerald O'Dwyer?"

Cressy hid her burning face in her friend's bosom as she murmured:

"Oh! Rose, he is so good, so true, so noble! I love him—oh! I cannot tell how much! Don't you?"

Rose smiled at the innocent question.

"I don't know: I have only seen him once," she said, quietly. "But I pity him—very, very much."

"But they will not—cannot hang him. Oh! no, they cannot!"

Rose shook her head mournfully.

"Perhaps if Sir Albin Arslade interceded—"

"Oh! that he never will," moaned Cressy, wringing her hands. "He hates the very name of O'Dwyer. I fear even to mention it in his presence. What *can* I do to save him?"

"Trust in God!" said Rose.

"Oh! Rose. I cannot pray—I am so wicked—I have no thought but Gerald. You are good—will you pray for me?"

"Dear, dear Cressy!" and the girls were again enfolded in a sweet embrace.

Then, as if the first object of her visit, for the moment forgotten at the mention of Gerald's name, recurred suddenly to her mind, Miss Arslade started.

"It is very selfish of me to be troubling you with my sorrows, darling Rose—as if your own troubles were not enough for you. Forgive me this once, and I will say no more about myself."

"Nay, talk for ever of yourself, dear, and of *him*, and I will never tire of listening."

"You are too good, Rose—more like an angel, than a bad girl like me, whose heart is all afire with all sorts of wicked thoughts."

"Alas! I am but a very weak mortal indeed," sighed Rose, "with quite as wicked and as worldly thoughts as you can have, I'm afraid."

"Do you ever tell fibs to please silly children? But I have good news for you, Rose, brave news!"

"Good news for me?"

"For you and me—for all of us. You are to come and live at Ashenfield, Rosie, and be my sister. How will you like that?"

Rose Marton's brain swam dizzily; eagerness glowed in her face.

"Then you have heard of it already?" she asked, with extraordinary vehemence.

"Heard what? Does anything ail you, Rose?"

"Nothing," said Rose, in a tone of disappointment. "You said something—something about my being your sister?"

"And so you are to be, dear. My father—"

"Well, well?"

"My father hearing of old Richard Marton's death, knowing that you were fatherless—"

"Yes, poor old Richard Marton is dead," Rose said, slowly; again in a tone of disappointment, which made Miss Artslade look up in wonder to see how unenthusiastically her angel spoke of her father's death.

"He consented willingly," she pursued, "to your coming to Ashenfield to live; so you are to leave those horrid old ruins at once, and come to live always with me. We will ramble together, sleep together, you shall have a garden of your own, ten times as large as yonder little plot of flowers, and plenty of nice books and plenty of nice dresses to make you even lovelier than you are, and you shall have the Marquis to make love to you the livelong day if you don't get tired of him. Won't we be happy sisters?"

There was a shade of melancholy in the calm joy with which Rose Marton gazed upon the picture painted by the "primrose fancies" of her friend.

"Do you forget who I am, Miss Artslade?" she asked calmly.

"An angel of beauty and brightness—who could forget?"

"Your generosity blinds you, Miss Artslade. Could you, good and beautiful as you are, ever accept the nameless daughter of a poor caretaker as a companion, much less as a sister?"

"Dear, dear Rose, you do me a cruel injustice," Cressy cried, earnestly. "Would to Heaven you were really my sister!"

"And if I were?"

There was that in Rose Marton's face which dizzied her young friend's brain.

"In God's name speak, Rose—what do you mean?"

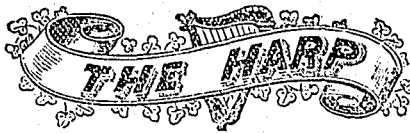
"Cressy, I AM your sister!"

(To be continued.)

DO RIGHT.

If every one of our readers would pause for a moment's consideration, he would discover, if, indeed, he has not discovered it already, in which case we entreat him to examine into the matter, that every act we do, whether good or bad, is accompanied with a natural law peculiar to the act. What of it? We will see. Yonder walks a man. On his countenance are the imprints of sorrow. He has just lost a child by death. He is now on his way to an undertaker's to buy a casket. But before reaching the undertaker's he steps on a piece of orange peel, slips down, breaks a leg, and is thus borne home to his afflicted friends, his errand undone. This man has done an act by sheer accident, yet the consequences are just the same as though he had stepped upon the cause of the accident by cool deliberation. Hence you will see that it makes no difference with the natural law, accompanying each act, whether we act by deliberation, by indiscretion, by carelessness, by accident, or by any means whatsoever. Many a young man to-day does wrong wilfully, because he knows he will be approved by at least the majority of his acquaintances, who, like himself, have not the manly courage to do right, nor even to discountenance the wrong doings of others. This is all wrong, for the reason, as has already been suggested, that each act, whether good or bad, has its law. If we could know how many people there are to-day carrying in their breasts a secret which cannot be divulged only at the severe cost of terrible anguish, I think we would be astonished. Such a secret might be the effect, or law, of an act of youthful indiscretion, which proper training at the right time might have been instrumental in averting. It might be the indulgence of a passion that should have been curbed according to a knowledge of right; it might be in the act of telling a lie for self-interests; it might be one or more acts of a hundred and one we ought never to do. Avoid wrong-doing for its sad and sometimes awful consequences. Do right for its own sake and your own, whereby you will bestow upon yourself the precious contentment of a clear conscience.

—♦—
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MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1875.

THE DEVIL'S PUBLICATION.

The Westminster Review (Quarterly), October, 1874. Art. 7—"American Women: their Health and Education.

The New York Herald (Daily), Jan. 18, 1875.

Under the above heading we do not include the *Review* and the *Journal*, the titles of which we have here quoted, although from the pages of the one, and the columns of the other, stenches of infidelity and immorality are occasionally emitted. We introduce them to our readers for the purpose of showing that it is admitted both in Europe and America, that the devil, as a publisher, is a terrible success on this continent; that the countless works which issue from his press have a vast circulation; and—that the Catholic Church has already taught—that their influence is deadly to society. Parents and guardians, we crave your attention in this matter. There is poison in almost every literary dish served to the youth under your care; and we would have you detect it, and save the rising generation from ruin.

The *Westminster Review*, in the article we have already referred to, quotes from a work entitled "The Education of American Women," by Anna E. Brackett, to show that in the United States: "The booksellers' shelves groan under the weight of the most dissipating and insidious books that can possibly be imagined, and newspapers which ought never to enter any decent house, lie on the table of many a family sitting-room. In our parlors and chambers to day, myriads of little girls are curled up in corners, poring over such reading—stories of complicated modern society—stories whose exciting pages delight in painting the love of the sexes for each other, and its sensual phases. And the mothers do not know what they are

reading; and the children answer, when asked what they read, 'Oh, anything that comes along.'"—p. 232.

Thus the *English Reviewer*. Turning now to the *American Journal*, we find in its issue of the date already given, a report of a lecture delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle by Mr. T. Dewitt Talmage, the well-known Protestant preacher. It is unnecessary to reproduce here the draft of this lecture. Suffice it to say, that the speaker commented very severely on the large and ever increasing demand for books and papers of bad repute, to which he attributed the impurity, now grown bold, which stalks forth even in broad day-light, through the streets of great cities, and entices the young into haunts or hells no longer concealed from the eye of the law. In general we do not agree with the views expounded from Mr. Talmage's pulpit, but in the present instance we dare not disagree. We recognize the truth, and bow before it. It is, unfortunately, also true that in Canada the devil's publications are eagerly read. Parents—few only excepted—exercise no control over the choice their sons and daughters make of books and papers; and, consequently, those which please the animal taste are mostly selected. The effect produced by such reading is damaging to body and soul alike; to the body, as witness the *Westminster Review*:

"A large number of them (American girls) indulge in reading sentimental and sensational novels in which the relations of the sexes, and sexual questions generally, are treated of in a manner especially calculated to create a morbid consciousness of sex, and to develop in a premature unhealthy way, and to an excessive extent, that emotional nature which in truly healthy young women remains latent to a much later period."

This premature "emotional nature" is the root from which springs that evil which is slowly but surely reducing our population, and destroying society—Free Love, with its scientific system of abortion. If we would kill the tree, we must first attack the roots.

But it is the soul—the immortal soul!—which receives the deepest, the cruellest wound, from this "death-dealing arrow," as immoral literature is justly called by the Bishops of Switzerland. These vigilant sentinels, standing on the ramparts of the Church, cry out to the Christian world:

"Ah! here is a death-dealing arrow; it penetrates into our very soul, to weaken and destroy

therein every feeling of modesty, chastity, and Christian delicacy. How then can a Christian father tolerate such a journal in his house? If this paper only brings in a scandal once a week into his family, how dare he keep it? If an impious man, or a seducer, introduced himself into your house, would you not take care to caution your entire family against him? How then, on these grounds, do you allow this silent corrupter to enter your home? Does it not prosecute its evil designs with more assiduity, more secrecy and perseverance? Scandal is scandal, and the responsibility will fall upon whoever becomes guilty of it. Close the door of your dwelling, therefore, against every bad journal, otherwise the decree formerly pronounced by the Apostle will fall upon you in its rigor: 'If any man have not care of his own, and especially of those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' (1 Tim., c.v., v. 8.)"

Christian parents, Christian guardians, THE HARP has sounded the note of warning. Your duty is plain. Know what your children read. Do not let them read what may please most, or "whatever comes along." The devil's publications are ever coming along. They are easily recognized,—if books, by their flashy covers, and sensational titles; if papers, by their immodest illustrations, and other prominent features expressive of obscenity. Above all, do not tolerate in your houses the *Day's Doings*, *Illustrated Police Gazette*, *New Sensation*, or *New York Varieties*. Forbid news-agents to supply them to members of your family. And as the evil is not confined to one Province, and prohibition is the only cure, petition Parliament, during its present session, to prohibit the importation into, and the sale in Canada of the devil's publications. We pledge you our active support in this movement, and we pray God that it may succeed.

IRELAND—MORE COERCION.

Probably before these lines are in the hands of our readers the English Parliament will be again in session, and another year's work will be before our Irish Members of Parliament. We have on previous occasions reviewed their conduct during the past year, and there is therefore no occasion to refer to it now at any length. Suffice it to say, that with very few exceptions, the members elected as representing the people did their work honestly and well. They have again to go to it now, and the motto which they

must have firmly impressed on their minds, and which we are sure they have, is "No Surrender." There is no second thought about the question of their having hard work to go through. It is no easy matter for fifty or sixty men to be continually debating in a House which contains a sweeping majority of English and Scotch members opposed to their wants and wishes. But they have done so up to this, and we are sure they will go this session more determined than ever to do their individual work in a manly, honest, and straightforward way.

The Government knowing the opprobrium of the Irish members last session to the infamous Coercion Act, sent, during the past two months, circulars around to the magistrates of a few counties in Ireland to see were they in favor of the continuance of this infamous code. Knowing well what the opinion of these gentlemen would be, they considered it an admirable plan to get from them a few recommendations that the Act be retained in full operation, the way they could say during this session to Irish members, or any others who may ask to have this infamous Act repealed, "We have the opinion of the Irish magistrates that it is for the benefit of the country that this Act should be kept in force, and as we consider that they should be judges of this question, we have decided to do so." Now, anyone who knows anything about Ireland, knows that this is a mean, low, and audacious plot for the purpose of keeping the Irish people under the greatest oppression imaginable. We say imaginable, because it requires a person to have lived for some time under the iron rod of coercion to know what it means. But we ask, Is it possible for the English Government to be under the impression that any right thinking people cannot a moment see through this sham? Are they under the impression that any one believes the Irish magistracy represent the views of the people? Is it not a well-known fact, visible to any one who has spent some time in Ireland, or who has read any of her history, that the Irish magistrates are merely the tools of the English Government? Who gave them the right of deciding, or even an influential voice in a case of this kind? We emphatically deny that they ever had, or have now, any such right. Taken together they are bitterly against the liberties of the Irish people; they would be overjoyed to see the people bound in chains; they would vote even to have a more stringent act, if that was possible, put in force. There

is no exaggeration in this; any Irishman, or any one who has read Irish history, knows it. Of course there are a few exceptions; some liberal Protestant magistrates, and the majority of Catholic magistrates, are not such bitter enemies of the people. The Government, too, is aware of this. That fact is made plain when some of the Catholic magistrates have written letters to the Irish newspapers, stating they got no information whatever of these meetings in reference to the Coercion Act, being held. The English magistracy of course are quite different from the Irish magistrates. They may be said to represent a great part of the people, as they are of the same race and creed. They are not trained to hate their fellow-countrymen, and are not in the habit of tyrannizing over them, but instead of that, if occasion arose, they would be found defending popular liberty. Their opinion may be safely taken with regard to such laws, but it may also be taken as granted that they would not tolerate such laws in their country. It is far different with Irish magistrates. It is these men who compose the Irish magistracy who have ruined the prosperity of Ireland. They will be found in very few cases having an even Irish name. They are chiefly English and Scotch who went over to Ireland, or at least their ancestors went over, and got possession of land which did not belong to them; which was robbed from the rightful owners. They are men picked out by the authorities of Dublin Castle; men whom the officials of the Castle knew were the sworn enemies of the Irish people. It is an absurdity to think for a moment that these men represent the people in any way whatever, or that their opinions should be taken on any such question. The English Government will see that this dodge is entirely too thin, and will not serve them very much. Mr. D'Israeli, when leader of the Opposition, condemned Mr. Gladstone for not being able to govern Ireland except by coercion. Will Mr. D'Israeli now disgrace himself by continuing those laws?—laws which are not in force in any other civilized country. We hope the Government will see the advisability of taking the opinion of the Irish Home Rule members, who represent the people, and repeal these laws which are a disgrace to the Government. There must be freedom of the Press, and quiet, unoffending people must have liberty to walk out after sunset without going in danger of being arrested by one of the "Royal Irish," and lodged in gaol during "Her Majesty's pleasure." Why was not the opinion of

the several Town Councils or Boards of Guardians in Ireland taken on the question of coercion? These are bodies which may be said to represent in a great manner the opinions of the Irish people. The reason is very plain. The Government knew very well the decision these men would come to. They know that there would be nearly a unanimous demand to have the Coercion Act removed. They did not want that; what they wanted was to secure, by some means, a few recommendations by which they would pretend to justify the continuance of the Act. They could not go to a better quarter to secure these documents than to the Irish magistracy. But now that their scheme is exposed, we trust that the Irish members will be outspoken on the matter when it comes up in the House of Commons. They may be voted down, which in all probability they will, put at any rate they will show to the world the miserable artifices of the English Government to keep Ireland governed with an iron hand. We in Canada enjoying the blessings of self-government, wish them every success during the coming session.

BIOGRAPHY OF MARSH L. MACMAHON.

(Continued.)

Exactly a month after the declaration of war, and after a series of small but important victories, the first fatal blow at Austrian domination in Italy was struck at Magenta. On the 3rd of June MacMahon left Novaro, directing his march to Turbigo, in order there to cross the Tessino. The village was already occupied by the Voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard. Scarcely had the first detachment of his 1st division crossed over, than the general, who had ridden out to reconnoitre the ground in his front, and decide on a position for his troops, perceived an Austrian column marching with the evident intention of occupying the neighbouring heights of Robchetto. Forming the regiment of Tirailleurs Algériens into three battalions, he ordered them to storm the village. The Austrians, strongly posted, received the attack with a well-sustained fire; but the French, with heads down, rushed to close with the bayonet, never firing a shot till they were in the village. In ten minutes the Austrians were in full flight, and were pursued by the victorious Tirailleurs two miles beyond the village. The campaign of MacMahon was thus victoriously opened at Turbigo. At four o'clock the following morning the 2nd Corps

d'Armée was again on foot, marching rapidly upon Magenta. At twelve o'clock the enemy was first felt, and, by MacMahon's orders, the village of Casate was taken with the bayonet. The Emperor's express orders were to march in two columns on Buffalora and Magenta, in order to fall with one on the right wing of the enemy, and with the other to cut off his retreat by Magenta. Buffalora was occupied by 15,000 Austrians, supported at a short distance by 20,000 more. MacMahon was far from being in full strength. Espinasse's division was detained by a stubborn resistance, and the Sardinian division, which was to have formed his reserve, was far in the rear, retarded by the passage of the Tessino. The village of Buffalora, however, fell at the first attack after two in the afternoon.

It was about this time that the Emperor, supposing by the sound of the cannon that MacMahon had turned the enemy's flank, gave the almost fatal order to attack the bridge of Magenta, whilst his reserves under Canrobert were still at a considerable distance. Six times was the bridge taken and lost again by the Imperial Guard before they were forced to abandon the attack. Seeing the French, under the immediate command of the Emperor, hesitate, the Austrian General Gimlay considered the day as won, when fortunately the first division of the reserves coming up somewhat restored the fight. But the battle was already won on the other side of the river, and the thunder of MacMahon's cannon, as his two columns converged on Magenta, announced to the combatants at the bridge that a sanguinary and doubtful day had been converted into a glorious victory.

In order to explain this sudden and decisive attack of the 2nd corps on the key of the Austrian position, it is necessary to go back to the storming of Buffalora. Immediately after the capture of that place, MacMahon perceived, by the sounds that reached his ear, and by the dispositions of the enemy, who was concentrating his forces in order to throw him between the two columns of the French, that the real objective of his attack must be Magenta. Promptly disregarding the instructions he had received, he ordered his right column to converge towards his left, and to march on Magenta by Cascina Nova. This village was taken with the same rapidity as Buffalora, and Espinasse, having driven the Austrians from Marcallo, the two divisions were enabled to execute the movement with that unity of purpose and dash

which almost ensure success. In fact, the Austrians, recognizing the impossibility of maintaining their position, commenced to retreat at seven o'clock. At this moment, MacMahon opened fire on them from forty pieces of artillery in position on the railway parallel to their line of retreat. At the same moment they were vigorously charged by a division of infantry, and at half-past seven the town of Magenta, with 5,000 prisoners and 10,000 stand of arms, were in the possession of the French. Such was the part pledged by MacMahon at Magenta; and it only needs to add the world-known fact that the Emperor saluted him on the field of battle itself as Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France.

When the news of the victory reached the quiet city of Autun, his fellow-townsmen at once opened a subscription to offer a sword of honour to the grandson of the Irish exile who had found a resting place amongst them.

On the morning of the 24th of June the 2nd Corps d'Armée, commanded by the marshal, evacuated Castiglione, and took the direction of Cavriana. The troops marched in single column, in order not to interfere with the movements of the 1st and 4th corps, which marched on the flank of the 2nd corps, but somewhat in the rear. MacMahon thus found himself in a plain, at whose extremity rose the lines of Cavriana, a range of hills on which the Austrian army of occupation had, in anticipation of a future attack, been accustomed to manoeuvre for twenty-five years. It is useless to say that no pains had been spared to render this, the last outwork of the quadrilateral, as strong as possible. At five o'clock in the morning a well-sustained fire was commenced by the sharpshooters of both armies, the 1st corps, under Baragnay d'Hilliers, became engaged with the enemy in the direction of Solferino, and at the same time MacMahon perceived a great movement of Austrian troops, who successively occupied in great force the summits of the whole line of heights between Cavriana and Solferino. The mind of the marshal returned at once to the strategy of Magenta. But how to put it into practice? It was evident that he ought as soon as possible move his corps in the direction whence came the sound of the cannon of Baragnay d'Hilliers. But if he abandoned the valley to march either on Solferino or Cavriana, he would thus allow the enemy to cut the army in two, by descending from the heights and occupying the plain between his corps and the 3rd and 4th corps. Up

to six o'clock he was without news of either of these corps; but at that hour he sent General Lebrun to seek Niel, who was in command of the 4th corps. Lebrun came up with Niel as that gallant Irishman stormed the village of Medole. Niel replied that he would converge towards the corps of the marshal as soon as he had taken Medole, but that it was impossible for him to come to support the marshal before the 3rd corps had come up. Thus, for a time, the 2nd corps was forced to remain in a state of comparative inactivity; but towards half-past eight its commander, seeing that the Austrian forces in his front were so rapidly increasing in numbers, ordered an attack upon the farm of Casa Marino. He was not a moment too soon, for his troops had scarcely time to deploy after the capture of the farm, before a strong Austrian column advanced against him from the Mantua road, preceded by several batteries of artillery, which, taking up position from 1,000 to 1,200 yards in front of the French line, opened a heavy fire upon it. The French artillery, under General Auger, hurried to the front, and for some time the combat was confined to that arm. Soon after, however, two cavalry divisions coming up in his rear, MacMahon ordered them at once to take up position on his right wing. The Horse Artillery, advancing in front of their divisions, opened a flanking fire on the Austrian guns, whilst the cavalry charged several times, on one occasion driving 600 Austrian gunners into the French lines. In the meantime a second Austrian column, composed of two regiments of horse, strove to turn the marshal's left, but were repulsed in three successive charges by the French Chasseurs, who finally drove them in disorder upon the 72d Infantry, who received them in a square and completed their discomfiture.

Not before eleven o'clock was Niel able to send advice that he was at length free to march on Cavriana. About the same time the cavalry of the Imperial Guard was placed by the Emperor at MacMahon's disposition. The marshal did not hesitate a moment, but ordering De la Motterogue to form his division in two lines, he moved at once to the attack of the Austrian positions. The troop of MacMahon rushed to the charge with their accustomed dash, and the village of San Cassiano was taken almost instantaneously. The next obstacle was a strong fort uniting San Cassiano to Cavriana, and defended by a large body of troops. The best mamelon fell before the assault of the

Tirailleurs. One after another the Austrian position fell before the impressive fury of his soldiers, impatient at so many stoppages, and the final attack on the supposed almost impregnable heights of Cavriana crowned the victory.

The world had scarcely read the account of the battle of Solferino, when the telegraph startled it with the unexpected news that the two Emperors had met and that peace had been concluded at Villafranca. The bulk of the French army returned at once to France, and on the 14th of August some 70,000 men, belonging to what had been the Army of Italy, made their triumphal entry into Paris.

It is perhaps as will to remark here that that Ireland could claim a large share in that triumphal display. For, of the five marshals in command, two, Niel and MacMahon, were undoubted scions of the green isle.

Up to the end of the Italian war, as we have seen, the life of MacMahon had been one of continual activity. In fact, the ten years that succeeded this epoch, constitute almost the only period of comparative repose in the career of the marshal. He was not, however, allowed to remain in Paris any considerable time. William III, of Prussia, the now tyrannical Emperor of Germany, was crowned in November, 1861. Napoleon sent MacMahon to Berlin as a special envoy to represent France at the ceremony. The extraordinary pomp and magnificence there displayed by the marshal-duke were for a time the talk of all Europe. The veteran gave the world to understand that he knew what the grandeur of his country required of him in the palace, just as well as he knew what her welfare demanded from him in the field of battle. On his return to France he was placed in command of the 3rd Corps d'Armee, at the head of which he remained till named Governor General of Algeria on the 1st of September, 1864. In the opinion of many in a position to judge accurately, this was nothing more than sending MacMahon into honourable exile. His presence at court and at the council table was unfavourably viewed by more supple courtiers and better ballroom soldiers. The five years of his governor-generalship were chiefly devoted to the organization and better administration of the interior concerns of colony.

We now come to the terrible struggle between France and Germany. MacMahon was, of course, recalled from Algeria on the first declaration of war. Arrived at Strasburg, he

found himself at the head of some 30,000 or 35,000 men, instead of the corps of 150,000 with which he had been ordered to cross the Rhine and carry the war into the enemy's territory. But Germany was ready, and on the 4th of August, 1870, struck the first deadly blow by the utter defeat and route of the division of General Abel Douai at Wissembourg.

MacMahon no sooner heard of the attack on his advanced guard, than he set his whole corps in motion and arrived that night at Reischaffen. He was, however, obliged to retire upon the positions of Frieschwiller, which he calculated upon being able to defend. But he doubted not a moment that he should soon be attacked by the enemy in great force. The morning of the 6th of August came upon MacMahon awaiting the German attack at the head of some 30,000 men, most of his expected reinforcements not having yet come up. With these on the French side were fought the memorable battle known to the French as Reischaffen—to the Germans as Froschwiller. The attack commenced by the German artillery under cover of the woods playing on the French position. This was replied to by MacMahon's artillery, after which the infantry attempted to dislodge the Germans from their position in the woods. Bravely they pressed on across the open ground in front of the forest where their ranks were decimated, and having penetrated into the enemy's position, a terrific hand-to-hand struggle ensued, when, after a momentary success the French were at length driven forth overpowered by immensely superior numbers. Meanwhile MacMahon on his front and centre had not only repulsed but driven back the enemy's first line. The Zouaves who had borne the principal part in the fruitless attack on the woods were again hurled against the foe and with such effect that shortly before four in the afternoon the French army began to congratulate itself on having finally repulsed the enemy. But soon they are deceived, for the summits of the hills in front of the right are instinct with life as mass after mass of the enemy's reinforcements pour down the green slopes. MacMahon now changes his formation, making his right flank the front, and in this way meets the new attack of the enemy, who for a time is checked by the desperate valour of the French. But all is of no avail, and the noble chief has now no alternative but to save the shattered remnant of his army by a hasty retreat. This is a perilous task, for the enemy occupies Woerth and from their positions in the surrounding woods com-

mand the only road which form an exit. Four squadrons of cuirassiers were placed in the van and bore the brunt of the terrific attack. They were almost cut to pieces, but their heroism saved the remains of the French army which succeeded in making good its retreat. Communicating to his troops his own indomitable spirit, MacMahon succeeded afterwards in carrying them safely to Nancy, and thence by a circuitous route to Chalons. This retreat is considered by competent critics the greatest proof of his military capacity ever given by the heroic Marshal. At Chalons he proceeded to reorganise his broken regiments and discipline the raw levies sent to reinforce him. The marshal now saw how unprepared the French had been for this great war. In his judgment the best course at this juncture would have been for his forces to fall back upon Paris, but Palikao and the council of regency insisted upon his attempting to relieve Bazaine who was blocked in Metz. After some indecision it was at length settled that the attempt should be made, and then commenced the march which ended so fatally at Sedan. On the 30th of August the French Vanguard under DeFaily was surprised at Mouzon Beaumont by the Germans under the Prince of Saxony, and driven from their positions with the loss of their tents and camp equipage.

On the following day, the 31st of August, MacMahon resumed the offensive, and drove the Germans back so far that at nightfall there seemed more than a chance of his gaining a glorious victory on the morrow. But whilst the French troops were fatigued by two days incessant fighting, were almost without food, and were already running short of ammunition, the members of their foes were continually being increased by the arrival of fresh troops. The final combat was to be as at Reichshofen, one against three. His line of retreat by Mezieres was still open, and he was about commencing his dispositions to move the army in that direction when a chance shot struck down at one blow the hopes of his troops and the fortune of France. At six o'clock MacMahon, terribly wounded by a shell in the thigh, sank senseless to the ground. He was carried off the field, and the command devolved on General Ducrot, who set himself to put into execution the plan of the wounded marshal, when General Wimpfen produced an order of the Minister of War conferring the supreme command upon him. Meanwhile the German armies completed their crescent of fire around the French,

thrown back in disorder upon Sedan, and some 80,000 men capitulated with their Emperor at their head.

When removed from the field of battle, MacMahon was conveyed to a chateau on Belgian territory, and remained there attended by his wife and a Sister of Charity, until his wound was completely cured. He then joined his compatriots interned in Germany, and only returned to France at the conclusion of peace.

His intention then was to retire into private life, but the 18th of March witnessed the terrible uprising of the Commune in Paris, and MacMahon was called upon to save France from the horrid excesses of a portion of her children. The shattered army rallied at the call of their best beloved chief, and besieged Paris, now in the hands of the Red Republicans. Before the end of May, 1871, the gallant soldier had crushed out the insurrection and restored the capital to herself and to France.

On the recent death of Napoleon III, the Marshal sent a letter of condolence to the Empress Eugenie, and at the Memorial Mass in Paris MacMahon paid the last tribute to the dead Emperor.

It would be unjust not to speak of the wisdom displayed by M. Thiers while he had the reins of Government in his hands. He would, however, have been powerless to stem the tide of anarchy but that he knew he could rely on the support of MacMahon, whose earnest devotion to France all parties admitted.

At last the reign of Thiers as President was but a choice of evils, and several times when there was an open rupture between that astute statesman and the National Assembly, it was only the fear of the country falling into the blood-stained hands of the Commune that prevented the threatened resignation of the veteran President being accepted. At length, however, the time came when the Assembly grew weary of this state of things. The majority felt that some better security was required against internal as well as external foes than was to be found in the diplomacy of M. Thiers. In France's darkest hour she never entirely despaired while she had MacMahon as her star of hope. Accordingly, on him all eyes were now turned at this crisis. After a violent scene in the National Assembly the Government were left in a minority, and Thiers and his Ministry had no option but to tender their resignation, which was accepted, and on the 24th of May, 1873, Marshal MacMahon, in obedience to the voice of the National Assembly, speaking in

the name of France, became President of the Republic!

Lift up your heart, Mother Ireland, and hurl back in the face of your oppressor the foul slander that your children are fit only to be slaves, and not rulers in their own land, for here you see the noble son who glories that he drew his blood from your veins, placed in the proudest position France could bestow upon him! Assuredly must the hope in your heart grow stronger that the race which has given rulers to the proudest states on earth *must* one day rule at home. As France feels confident that, setting aside the question of republics, or kingdoms, or empires, MacMahon will, above all, be true to *her*, so has he gained the love of the land of his fathers, Ireland, whose heart was as constant to him in defeat as in the hour of victory, when she presented him with the sword of honour. Whether the scene may again change to the terrible glories of the battle-field and the hardships of the camp is a secret which time only can reveal, and what the future has in store must be left to the pen of some worthier biographer of the grandson of the exile of Limerick—PATRICK MAURICE DE MACMAHON.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone:
If we have nothing else to do
Then talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried:
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure
Ere others' faults I tell:
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know,
Remember—curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens—"roast at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

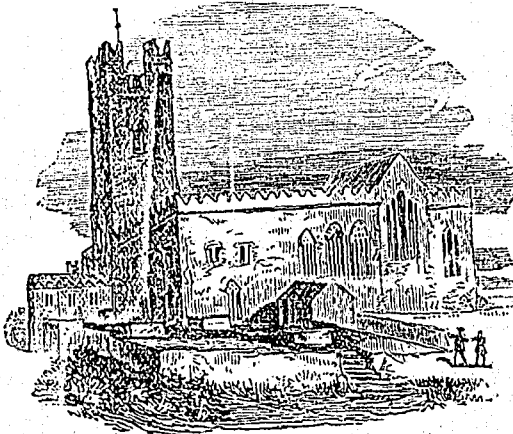
Even to the unjust, an unjust man is horrible.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, LIMERICK.

There is, perhaps, no city so often referred to in Irish history as the city of the "Violated Treaty." Its people have been always noted for nationality and bravery ever since the heroic women hurled the invaders from its walls. It needs no apology therefore to bring before our readers a sketch of St. Mary's Cathedral in Limerick, with a few words about the city itself.

The city is situated in an extensive plain watered by the mighty Shannon, about sixty miles from the Irish Sea, is divided, like all the towns of note in Ireland, into English town and Irish town; but a third division formerly called Newtownpery, but which now is divided into several streets, of which George and Patrick streets, going in one line, are the

population reside. Limerick may be classed among the best cities in Ireland, and it is rapidly improving. Its squares and crescents and its public buildings can compare with any city in the United Kingdom for their elegance and convenience. It is remarkable for the number and splendor of its Catholic churches, convents, &c. The church of the Redemptorist Fathers, a noble edifice at Mount St. Alphonsus, in the most aristocratic part of the city, is visited by strangers from all parts of the world. The good Fathers of this church have established for some years past the Society of the Holy Family, in which over three thousand men are joined. They attend at the church in divisions for devotions and to hear a lecture on every Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings. They also make a retreat at the commencement of each year, and the grandest sights that



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, LIMERICK.

principal, was added to it by the Right Hon. Edmund Sexton Pery, who commenced the work in 1769. The English town stands on the "King's Island," an island formed by the Shannon, which divides about half a mile above the city into two streams, the narrowest of which is named the Abbey River. There is also an extensive and populous suburb on the opposite side of the river, in the county of Clare. The more modern parts are remarkably handsome, the streets being wide and the houses evenly built. In George and Patrick streets the several warehouses are magnificently done up, and could compare with any on the continent. The ancient portion, on the contrary, are narrow and confined, and very dirty. It is of course is owing chiefly to the fact that it is in these districts the poorest portion of the

could possibly be witnessed, is to attend at church in the morning and see them all decorated with the ribbon and medal of the society receiving Holy Communion, and in the evening to see and hear them all, with lighted candles in their hands, renewing their baptismal vows. We are glad to see that during the past year a similar society for females has been established in St. Mary's Parish.

The most remarkable of the ancient structures of Limerick, with the exception of "King John's Castle," is the Cathedral—dedicated to "St. Mary," a large and heavy looking structure, built on the site of the palace of O'Brien, King of Limerick. Its tower is remarkably high; and from the summit there is a magnificent prospect of the various objects of attraction in the immediate neighborhood; it is, indeed, the

only place from which a view can be obtained; for there are no adjacent hills—a circumstance to which the city is considerably indebted for its natural strength. There is a curious and interesting tradition connected with the bells of this Cathedral. The story is prettily told, and we will give it to our readers as well as we can remember it. They were, it is said, brought originally from Italy, where they were manufactured by a young native, who grew justly proud of the successful result of years of anxious toil expended in their production. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of these broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. The convent in which the bells were hung was raised to the earth and the bells carried away. The poor man was constantly weeping, and his heart was nearly withered away in consequence of loosing the bells which he loved so much to hear tolling. He at last determined to set out in search of them, and on arriving in Ireland proceeded up the Shannon towards Limerick. The evening was a beautiful calm one in spring; an evening in which boating in the Shannon is engaged in by many citizens, and which for its pleasantness should be experienced to be imagined. The bells of the noble Cathedral, which overhangs the river, were tolling their sweet melodies; the boatmen were rowing along with scarcely a ripple on the surface of the water except what was caused by their oars, when all of a sudden they looked around and found the poor Italian with folded arms, lying back dead. These bells are not now on the Cathedral, but ones replace them, which, although the cathedral is now the property of the Protestants, the Catholics turn out in large numbers, especially on Christmas eve, to hear their sweet melodies. It is said the bells which were taken from the Italian were thrown into the Shannon, and several old persons in Limerick would tell at this day, that these bells rise to the surface on a Christmas eve, every seventh year, and ring in their usual splendid style. There are several matters of interest to the antiquarian in this Cathedral, and we would advise any of our readers who visit this ancient city not to forget to go and

see for themselves. It is much to be regretted that such a noble edifice was wrested from the Catholics, but thanks to the liberality of good citizens, they have another cathedral now, no less grand, viz: St. John's, which is situated near the "Black Battery." There is soon to be a splendid chime of bells erected on this, and under the care of the Most Rev. Dr. Butler and his Administrator, Father McCoy, there is not the slightest doubt but it will equal in grandeur, if not excel, St. Mary's. The most accurate account of the several matters of interest to the antiquarian in St. Mary's Cathedral, is given by Maurice Lenihan, M. R. I. A. in his "History of Limerick," which has now reached its third edition.

The city has been long unrivalled in Ireland for some peculiar advantages; the world is familiar with the fame of Limerick lasses, Limerick gloves, Limerick fishing-hooks, and Limerick lace. The women of all ranks throughout the city and country are remarkably beautiful in form and feature, but immigration has ruined the city and country by taking away large numbers of the youth of both sexes. Limerick is also remarkable for being at present represented in the English Parliament by Isaac Butt, the father of Home Rule, and it has added another laurel to those already won by changing the name of the *crescent* where the statue of O'Connell is, to *O'Connell Place*. The only thing, and a very important one which requires to be done, is to have the monument to Sarsfield erected, which we hope to hear will be done before long.

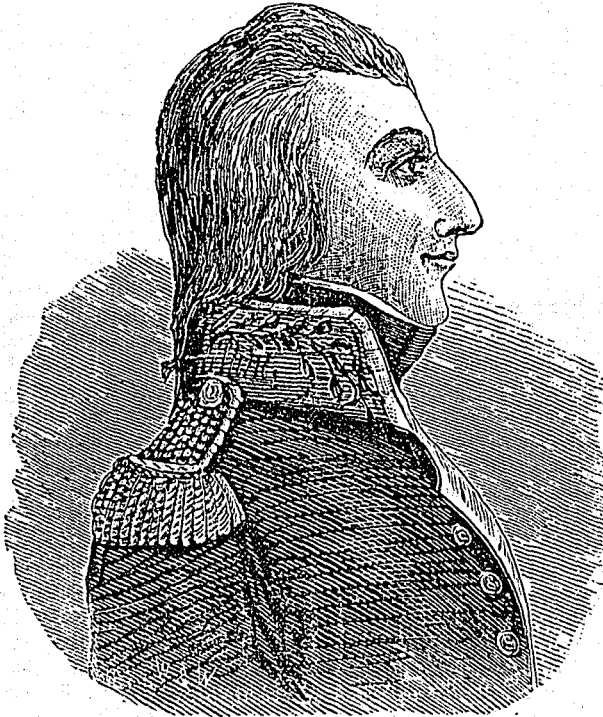
THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

No name is more intimately associated with the national movement of 1798 than that of Theobald Wolfe Tone. He was its main-spring—its leading spirit. Many men connected with it possessed, as he did, brilliant talents, unflinching courage and determination, and an intense devotion to the cause; but the order of his genius raised him above them all, and marked him out from the first as the head and front of the patriot party. He was one of the original founders of the Society of United Irishmen, which was formed in Belfast in the year 1791. In its early days this society was simply a sort of reform association, a legal and constitutional body, having for its chief object the removal of the frightful oppressions by which the Catholic people of Ireland were tortured and disgraced. But in the troubled and portentous condition of

home and foreign politics, the society could not long retain this character. The futility of seeking a redress of the national grievances by parliamentary means was becoming apparent to every understanding; the system of outrage and injustice towards the Catholics, unabating in its severity, continued to exasperate the actual sufferers and to offend all men of humane feelings and enlightened principles; and at the same time the electric influence of the American War of Independence and the French Revolution was operating powerfully in every heart, evoking there the aspiration for Irish freedom,

insurrectionary movement, plotting and planning for the complete overthrow of British power in Ireland. Thenceforward for some time the organization went on rapidly extending, through the province of Ulster in the first instance, and subsequently over the most of the midland and southern counties.

Such was the state of affairs when in the early part of 1794 an emissary from the French Government arrived in Ireland to ascertain to what extent the Irish people were likely to co-operate with France in a war against England. This individual was the Rev. William



THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

and inspiring a belief in its possible attainment. In the midst of such exciting circumstances, the society could not continue to stand on its original basis. In the year 1794 after a debate among the members, followed by the withdrawal of the more moderate or timid among them from its ranks, it assumed the form and character of a secret revolutionary organization; and Tone, Thomas Addis Emmet, Samuel Neilson, Thomas Russell, James Napper Tandy, with a number of other patriotic gentlemen in Belfast, Dublin, and other parts of the country, soon found themselves in the full swing of an

Jackson, an Irish Protestant Clergyman, who had for some years been resident in France, and had become thoroughly imbued with Democratic and Republican principles. Unfortunately he was not one of the most prudent of envoys. He revealed his mission to an acquaintance of his, an English attorney, named Cockayne, who repaid his confidence by betraying his secrets to the government. Cockayne was immediately employed as a spy upon Jackson's further proceedings, in which capacity he accompanied his unsuspecting victim to Ireland and acquired cognisance of most of his negotia-

tions. On the 28th of April, 1794, Jackson was arrested on a charge of high treason. He was brought to speedy trial, was found guilty—but was not sentenced, for on the day on which the law's award was to have been announced to him, he contrived before entering the court to swallow a dose of poison, from the effects of which he expired in the dock. Tone, with whom Jackson was known to have been in confidential communication, was placed by those events in a very critical position; owing however to some influence which had been made with the government on his behalf, he was permitted to exile himself to America. As he had entered into no engagement with the government regarding his future line of conduct, he made his expatriation the means of forwarding, in the most effective manner, the designs he had at heart. He left Dublin for Philadelphia on the 20th of May, 1795. One of his first acts after arriving was to present to the French minister, there resident, a memorial on the state of Ireland. During the remaining months of the year letters from his old friends came pouring in on him, describing the brightening prospects of the cause at home, and urging him to proceed to the French capital and impress upon the Directory the necessity of despatching at once an expedition to ensure the success of the Irish revolutionary movement.

Tone was not the man to disregard such representations. He had at the time a fair prospect of securing a comfortable independence in America, but with the full concurrence of his heroic wife, who had accompanied him across the Atlantic, he sacrificed those chances and resumed the perilous duties of an Irish patriot. On the first of January, 1796, he left New York for Paris to try what he could do as a diplomatist for the cause of Ireland. Arrived at the French capital, he had his business communicated to the Directory through the medium of an Irish gentleman, named Madgett, and also by memorial, representing always that the landing of a force of 20,000 men in Ireland, with a supply of arms for the peasantry, would insure the separation of Ireland from England. Not satisfied with the slow progress he was thus achieving, he went on the 24th of February direct to the Luxembourg Palace, and sought and obtained an interview with the War Minister, the celebrated Carnot, the "organizer of victory." The Minister received him well, listened attentively to his statements, discussed his project with him, and appeared much impressed with the prospects it presented. The

result was that on the 16th of December in the same year, a splendid expedition sailed from Brest for Ireland. It consisted of seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates and fifteen transports, with some smaller craft, and had on board 15,000 troops, with a large supply of arms for the Irish patriots. Tone himself, who had received the rank of Adjutant-General in the French service, was on board one of the vessels. Had this force been disembarked on the shores of Ireland, it is hardly possible to doubt that the separation of this country from England would have been effected. But the expedition was unfortunate from the outset. It was scattered on the voyage during a gale of wind, and the Admiral's vessel, with Hoche the Commander on board, was separated from the others. A portion of the expedition entered the magnificent Bay of Bantry and waited there several days in expectation of being rejoined by the vessel containing the Admiral and Commander; but they waited in vain. Tone vehemently urged that a landing should be effected with the forces then at hand—some 6,500 men—but the officers procrastinated, time was lost, the wind which had been blowing from the East (that is out the harbor) rose to a perfect hurricane, and on the 27th and 28th of the month the vessels cut their cables and made the best of their way for France.

This was a terrible blow to the hopes of the Irish organizer. Rage and sadness filled his heart by turns as the fierce storm blew his vessel out of the bay and across the sea to the land which he had left under such favorable auspices. But yet he did not resign himself to despair. As the patient spider renews her web again and again after it has been torn asunder, so did this indefatigable patriot set to work to repair the misfortune that had occurred, and to build up another project of assistance for his unfortunate country. His perseverance was not unproductive of results. The Batavian, or Dutch Republic, then in alliance with France, took up the project that had failed in the Bay of Bantry. In the month of July, 1797, they had assembled in the Texel an expedition for the invasion of Ireland, nearly, if not quite, as formidable in men and ships as that which had left Brest in the previous year. Tone was on board the flagship, even more joyous and hopeful than he had been on the preceding occasion. But again, as if by some extraordinary fatality, the weather interposed an obstacle to the realization of the design. The vessels were ready for sea, the troops were on board, nothing was

wanted but a slant of wind to enable the fleet to get out. But for five weeks it continued to blow steadily in the adverse direction. The supplies ran low; the patience of the officers, and of the government, became exhausted—the troops were disembarked and the project abandoned! The second failure in a matter of such weight and importance was a heavy blow to the heart of the brave Tone. Elaborate and costly efforts like those which had ended so poorly, he felt could not often be repeated; the drift of the war was cutting out other work for the fleets and armies of France and her allies, and the unwelcome conviction began to settle darkly on his mind that never again would he see such a vision of hope for dear Ireland as that which had shone before him on those two occasions, and vanished in doubt and gloom.

Yet there was no need to despair. Assurances reached Tone every day that the defeat and humiliation of England was a settled resolve of the French government, one which they would never abandon. And for a time everything seemed to favor the notion that a direct stroke at the heart of England was intended. In the latter part of 1797 the Directory ordered the formation of "The Army of England," the command of which was given to General Bonaparte. Tone's heart again beat high with hope, for now matters looked more promising than ever. He was in constant communication with some of the chief officers of the expedition, and in the month of December he had several interviews with Bonaparte himself, which however he could hardly consider of a satisfactory nature. On the 20th of May, 1798, General Bonaparte embarked on board the fleet at Toulon and sailed off—not for Ireland or England, but for Egypt.

On the Irish leaders at home these repeated disappointments fell with terrible effect. The condition of the country was daily growing more critical. The government, now thoroughly roused and alarmed, and persuaded that the time for "vigorous measures" had arrived, was grappling with the conspiracy in all directions. Still those men would, if they could, have got the people to possess their souls in patience and wait for aid from abroad before unfurling the banner of insurrection; for they were constant in the belief that without the presence of a disciplined army on Irish soil to consolidate their strength and direct it, a revolutionary effort of the Irish people could end only in disaster. But the government had reasons of their own for wishing to set an Irish

rebellion afoot at this time, and they took measures to precipitate the rising. The arrest of the delegates at the house of Oliver Bond in Dublin, and the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald contributed to this end; but these things the country might have peaceably endured if no more dreadful trial had been put upon it. What could not be endured was the system of riot and outrage, and murder, to which the unfortunate peasantry were then given over. Words fail to describe its cruelty and its horrors. It was too much for human nature to bear. On the 23rd of May, three days after Bonaparte had sailed from Toulon for Alexandria, the Irish insurrection broke out. The news of the occurrence created the most intense excitement amongst the Irish refugees then in Paris. Tone rushed to and fro to the Directory and to the Generals, pleading for the despatch of some assistance to his struggling countrymen. Various plans were suggested and taken into consideration, but while time was being wasted in this way, the military forces of the British government were rapidly suppressing the insurrection of the unarmed and undisciplined Irish peasantry. In this condition of affairs a gallant but rash and indiscreet French officer, General Humbert, resolved that he would commit the Directory to action by starting at once with a small force for the coast of Ireland. Towards the middle of August, calling together the merchants and magistrates of Rochelle, "he forced them to advance a small sum of money, and all that he wanted on military requisition; and embarking on board a few frigates and transports with 1,000 men, 1,000 spare muskets, 1,000 guineas, and a few pieces of artillery, he compelled the captains to set sail for the most desperate attempt which is, perhaps, recorded in history. Three Irishmen were on board the fleet—Matthew Tone, brother to Theobald, Bartholomew Teeling, and Sullivan, an officer in the French service, who was enthusiastically devoted to the Irish cause, and had rendered much aid to his patriotic countrymen in France. Humbert landed at Killkella, routed with his little handful of men a large force of the royal troops, and held his ground until General Lake, with 20,000 men marched against him. After a resistance sufficient to maintain the honor of the French arms, Humbert's little force surrendered as prisoners of war. The Irish who had joined his standard were shown no mercy. The peasantry were cruelly butchered. Of those who had accompanied him from France, Sullivan, who was able to pass as a French-

man, escaped; Teeling and Matthew Tone were brought in irons to Dublin, tried, and executed. The news of Humbert's expedition, and the temporary success that had attended it created much excitement in France, and stirred up the Directory to attempt something for Ireland more worthy of the fame and power of the French nation, and more in keeping with their repeated promises to the leaders of the Irish movement. But their fleet was at the time greatly reduced, and their resources were in a state of disorganisation. They mustered for the expedition only one sail of the line and eight small frigates, commanded by Commodore Bompard, conveying 5,000 men under the leadership of General Hardy. On board the Admiral's vessel, which was named the *Hoche*, was the heroic Theobald Wolfe Tone. He knew this expedition had no chance of success, but he had all along declared "that if the government sent only a corporal's guard, he felt it his duty to go along with them." The vessels sailed on the 20th of September, 1798; it was not till the 11th of October that they arrived off Lough Swilly—simultaneously with an English squadron that had been on the lookout for them. The English ships were about equal in number to the French, but were of a larger class, and carried a much heavier armament. The French Admiral directed some of his smaller craft to endeavor to escape by means of their light draught of water, and he counselled Tone to transfer himself to that one of them which had the best chance of getting away. The Frenchmen, he observed, would be made prisoners of war, but for the Irish rebel a worse fate was reserved if he should fall into the hands of his enemies. But to this suggestion the noble-hearted Tone declined to accede. "Shall it be said," he replied, "that I fled while the French were fighting the battles of my country?" In a little time the *Hoche* was surrounded by four sail of the line and one frigate, who poured their shot into her upon all sides. During six hours she maintained the unequal combat, fighting "till her masts and rigging were cut away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cockpit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke, and let in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off and she floated a dismantled wreck on the water; her sails and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun from her dismantled batteries to the unabating cannonade of the enemy." During the action Tone commanded one of the batteries. "and

fought with the utmost desperation, as if he was courting death." But, as often has happened in similar cases, death seemed to shun him, and he was reserved for a more tragic fate.

The French officers who survived the action and had been made prisoners of war, were some days subsequently invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in the district in which they had been landed. Tone, who up to that time had escaped recognition, was one of the party, and sat undistinguished among them until Sir George Hill, who had been a fellow student of his in Trinity College, entered the room and accosted him by his name. This was done not inadvertently, but with the intention of betraying him. In a moment he was in the hands of a party of military and police who were in waiting for him in the next room. Seeing that they were about to put him in fetters he complained indignantly of the offering of such an insult to the uniform which he wore, and the rank—that of Chef-de-Brigade—which he bore in the French army. He cast off his regimentals, protesting that they should not be so sullied, and then offering his limbs to the irons exclaimed, "For the cause which I have embraced I feel prouder to wear these chains than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England." He was hurried off to Dublin, and though the ordinary tribunals were sitting at the time, and the military tribunals could have no claim on him, as he had never belonged to the English army, he was put on his trial before a court-martial. This was absolutely an illegal proceeding; but his enemies were impatient for his blood, and would not brook the chances and the delays of the ordinary procedure of law. On the 14th of November, 1798, his trial, if such it might be called, took place in one of the Dublin barracks. He appeared before the Court in his uniform of Chef-de-Brigade. In his bearing there was no trace of excitement. "The firmness and cool serenity of his whole deportment," writes his son, "gave to the awe-struck assembly the measure of his soul." The proceedings of the Court are detailed in the following report, which we copy from the "Life of Tone," by his son, published at Washington, U. S., in 1826.

The members of the Court having been sworn, the Judge Advocate called on the prisoner to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of having acted traitorously and hostilely against the King. Tone replied:—

"I mean not to give the Court any useless trouble, and wish to spare them the idle task

of examining witnesses. I admit all the facts alleged, and only request leave to read an address which I have prepared for this occasion."

Colonel Daly—"I must warn the prisoner that in acknowledging those *facts* he admits, to his prejudice, that he has acted *traitorously* against his Majesty. Is such his intention?"

Tone—"Stripping this charge of the technicality of its terms, it means, I presume, by the word *traitorously*, that I have been found in arms against the soldiers of the King in my native country. I admit this accusation in its most extended sense, and request again to explain to the Court the reasons and motives of my conduct."

The Court then observed they would hear his address, provided he kept himself within the bounds of moderation.

Tone rose, and began in these words:—"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Court Martial, I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me legally of having acted in hostility to the government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Great Britain and Ireland as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that whilst it lasted this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I was determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries. That Ireland was not able of herself to throw off the yoke, I knew. I therefore sought for aid wherever it was to be found. In honorable poverty I rejected offers which, to a man in my circumstances, might be considered highly advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French Republic an ally to rescue three millions of my countrymen from—

The President here interrupted the prisoner, observing that this language was neither relevant to the charge, nor such as ought to be delivered in a public court.

A Member said it seemed calculated only to inflame the minds of a certain description of people (the United Irishmen), many of whom might be present, and that the Court could not suffer it.

The Judge advocate said—"If Mr. Tone meant this paper to be laid before His Excellency in way of *extenuation*, it must have quite a contrary

effect if the foregoing part was suffered to remain." The President wound up by calling on the prisoner to hesitate before proceeding further in the same strain.

Tone then continued—"I believe there is nothing in what remains for me to say which can give any offence; I mean to express my feelings and gratitude towards the Catholic body, in whose cause I was engaged."

President—"That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which you are only to speak. If you have anything to offer in defence or extenuation of the charge the Court will hear you, but they beg that you will confine yourself to that subject."

Tone—"I shall then confine myself to some points relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the Executive Directory, the approbation of my generals, and I will venture to add, the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances, I feel a secret and internal consolation which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this Court to inflict can deprive me of, or weaken in any degree. Under the flag of the French Republic I originally engaged with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose I have encountered the chances of war amongst strangers—for that purpose I repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that Power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life, I have courted poverty, I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored fatherless. After such a sacrifice, in a cause which I have always considered conscientiously—considered as the cause of justice and freedom—it is no great effort at this day to add the sacrifice of my life. But I hear it said that this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg however it may be remembered that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed by fair and open war to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared; but instead of that a system of private assassination has taken place. I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities it seems have been committed

on both sides. I do not less deplore them. I detest them from my heart; and to those who know my character and sentiments I may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. With them I need no justification. In a case like this success is everything. Success in the eyes of the vulgar fixes its merits. Washington succeeded, and Kosciusko failed. After a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy, my fate has been to become a prisoner to the eternal disgrace of those who gave the orders. I was brought here in irons like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others; for me I am indifferent to it. I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication. As to the connection between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it—all that has been imputed to me, words, writings, and actions, I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of the Court, I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty; I shall take care not to be wanting in mine."

The Court having asked if he wished to make any further observation,

Tone said—"I wish to offer a few words relative to one single point—the mode of punishment. In France our *Emigres*, who stand nearly in the same situation in which I now stand before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask that the Court shall adjudge me the death of a soldier, and let me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this indulgence rather in consideration of the uniform I wear—the uniform of a Chef-de-Brigade in the French army—than from any personal regard to myself. In order to evince my claim to this favour, I beg that the Court may take the trouble to peruse my commission and letters of service in the French army. It will appear from these papers that I have not received them as a mask to cover me, but that I have been long and *bona fide* an officer in the French service."

Judge Advocate—"You must feel that the papers you allude to will serve as undeniable proof against you."

Tone—"Oh, I know they will. I have already admitted the facts, and I now admit the papers as full proof of conviction."

[The papers were then examined; they consisted of a brevet of Chef-de-Brigade from the Directory, signed by the Minister of War, of a

letter of service granting to him the rank of Adjutant-General, and of a passport].

General Loftus—"In these papers you are designated as serving in the Army of England."

Tone—"I did serve in that Army when it was commanded by Buonaparte, by Dessaix, and by Kilmaine, who is, as I am, an Irishman. But I have also served elsewhere."

The Court requested if he had anything further to observe?

"He said that nothing more occurred to him, except that the sooner his Excellency's approbation of the sentence was obtained the better."

The sad sequel of those proceedings is soon told. The request of the prisoner to receive a military execution—that is to be shot by a file of soldiers—was refused by the Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, and Tone was sentenced to die "the death of a traitor" within forty-eight hours from the time of his conviction. Overcome by a feeling of pride, and yielding to a weakness which every Christian heart should be able to conquer—he resolved that rather than allow his enemies to have the satisfaction of dangling his body from a gibbet, he would become his own executioner. On the night of the 11th of November he contrived while lying unobserved in his cell to open a vein in his neck with a pen-knife. No intelligence of this fact had reached the public, when on the morning of the 12th the intrepid and eloquent advocate, John Philpot Curran, made a motion in the Court of King's Bench for a writ of *Habeas Corpus* to withdraw the prisoner from the custody of the military authorities and transfer him to the charge of the civil power. The motion was granted immediately, Mr. Curran pleading that if delay were made, the prisoner might be executed before the order of the Court could be presented. A messenger was at once despatched from the Court to the barrack with the writ. He returned to say that the officers in charge of the prisoner would obey only their military superiors. The Chief Justice issued his commands peremptorily:—"Mr. Sheriff, take the body into custody—take the Provost Marshal and Major Sandys into custody—and show the order of the Court to General Craig." The Sheriff sped away, and soon returned with the news that Tone had wounded himself on the previous evening, and could not be removed. The Chief Justice then ordered a rule suspending the execution. For the space of seven days after-

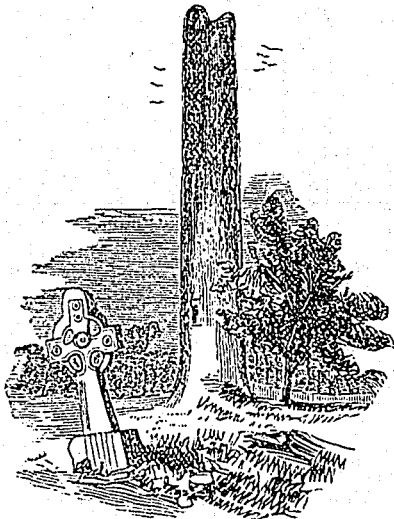
wards did the unfortunate gentleman endure the agonies of approaching death; on the 19th of November, 1798, he expired. No more touching reference to his last moments could be given than the following pathetic and noble words traced by a filial hand, and published in the work from which we have already quoted:—

“Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which flitted before his eyes were those of the grim jailor and his rough attendants, the only sounds

Trinity College, Dublin; in January, 1787, he entered his name as a law student on the books of the Middle Temple, London, and in 1789 he was called to the bar. His mortal remains repose in Bodenstown churchyard, county Kildare whither parties of patriotic young men from the metropolis and the surrounding districts often proceed to lay a green wreath on his grave; his spirit lives, and will live for ever, in the hearts of his countrymen.

THE ROUND TOWER OF KILREE.

Among the most interesting scenery in Ireland are its round towers. It has been over and over discussed what these round towers were actually used for in former times, and we do not intend to enter into any discussion on



THE ROUND TOWER OF KILREE.

which fell on his dying ear the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, complete possession of his faculties to the last. And the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice, and liberty, illumined like a bright halo his later moments and kept up his fortitude to the end. There is no situation under which those feelings will not support the soul of a patriot.”

Tone was born in Dublin on the 20th of June, 1764. His father was a coachmaker, who carried on a thriving business; his grandfather was a comfortable farmer who held land near Naas, county Kildare. The religion of the family was Protestant. In February, 1781, Tone entered

that question here, but simply to place a few illustrations before our readers. Our present illustration is the Round Tower of Kilree in the County of Kilkenny. Kilkenny is in the province of Leinster—an inland county—bounded on the north by the Queen's County; on the south by the county of Waterford, (from which it is divided by the river Suir); on the west by the county of Tipperary; and on the east by the counties of Carlow and Wexford—being separated from nearly the whole of the latter by the Nore:—

“The stubborn Newre, whose waters grey,
By fair Kilkenny and Ross-poult board.”

So it is styled by Spencer, The general aspect

of the county is level, but, the soil being fertile, the prospect is at all times cheering. A short distance north-west of Jerpont is the Round Tower of Kilree: time has deprived it of its conical cap; but its height is little less than one hundred feet; and at four feet above the ground its circumference is fifty feet and a half. Close to it is a very curious stone cross, formed of a single block of freestone, about eight feet high, and ornamented with orbicular figures or rings. Tradition states it to have been erected in memory of Neill Callan, Monarch of Ireland, who is said to have been drowned in the river, since called Awnree, (the King's River,) whilst vainly endeavouring to rescue one of his followers, with whom he perished in the stream. In the immediate vicinity of the round tower is a church, said to have been formerly an abbey, dedicated to St. Gobban. It is only a short distance from the ancient town of Kells, around which the ruins of many churches and castles lie. Some years ago, the theory that the Irish round towers are sepulchral monuments, was discussed, and some proof given in corroboration of the statement. A Mr. O'Dell, the proprietor of Ardmore (in the county of Waterford,) intended to erect floors in the tower there, and explored the interior of the tower down to the foundation. With considerable difficulty he caused to be removed a vast accumulation of small stones, under which were layers of large masses of rock, and, having reached as low down as within a few inches of the external foundation, it was deemed useless and dangerous to proceed any further, and in this opinion some members of the society, who had witnessed what had been done, coincided. In this state of the proceedings, a letter from Sir William Bethune was forwarded to Mr. O'Dell, intimating that further exploration would be desirable, upon which the latter gentleman, at great peril, commenced the task again. He then found another series of large rocks so closely wedged together that it was difficult to introduce any implement between them; after considerable labor, these were also removed, and at length a perfectly smooth floor of mortar was reached, which he feared should be regarded as a *ne plus ultra*; but still persevering, he removed the mortar, underneath which he found a bed of mould, and under this, some feet below the outside foundation, was discovered lying prostrate from S. to W., a human skeleton. The general belief is that they were used as Christian structures, belfries, etc. Petrie, the eminent Irish antiquary, defends the argument that the round

towers are Christian structures, and several valuable letters have been written recently in Ireland on the subject. As we said commencing, however, we are not now going to discuss what they were used for, but simply to give our readers the benefit of the illustration and the sketch.

ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN, ESQ., M.P.,
(EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN "NATION.")

ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN is the second son of Mr. D. Sullivan, of Amiens street, Dublin, and was born in 1830, at Bantry, in the county of Cork, where his family then resided. In the earlier years of his career in life, he designed to adopt the profession of an artist; but, while studying for that purpose in Dublin and London, he became a contributor to the press; and, finding the editorial chair more suited to his tastes than the palette and easel, he soon changed the direction of his future labors. When Chas. Gavan Duffy, in 1855, gave up the management of the Dublin *Nation*, to emigrate to Australia, Mr. Sullivan, in conjunction with Mr. Cashel Hoey, succeeded him in the proprietorship and editorial direction of the *Nation*; and, on the subsequent retirement of Mr. Hoey, Mr. Sullivan remained, and has since continued, sole proprietor and editor of the paper, which, under his direction, has always maintained its position, at the head of the National press of Ireland. He soon after started the *Morning News*; but the heavy expense attendant on the publishing of a first-class National daily paper proved too much for the limited business patronage it was able to command, and after a short and brilliant career it was merged into the *Weekly News*, which proved a more successful enterprise, and has since attained a very large circulation through out Ireland, England and America.

In the year 1857, Mr. Sullivan visited the United States on business, and travelled here for a few months. After his return to Ireland, he published the results of a portion of his observations, in a little work under the title of "Wyoming," in which some interesting details are given of the early struggles of the American Colonists, in which the part taken by the Irish settlers and their immediate descendants is rendered full justice.

In 1862, Mr. Sullivan was elected a member of the Municipal Council of Dublin, and for several years was one of the most efficient and painstaking representatives in that body; but

in 1870, on the occasion of his fourth candidature, he was defeated in the Inns quay Ward by the combination against him of the brokers and liquor dealers, to the latter of which classes he had become obnoxious from his strong advocacy of the cause of total abstinence. So keenly was his loss felt by the National portion of the Council, that no less than three of the elected members volunteered to resign their seats, in order that he might be again returned; but his business affairs demanded all his attention at that period, and, having been honorably released from public duty, he declined to become a candidate again. Among the services rendered by him while in the Council we may

mention in Richmond Jail. On his release a committee was formed to present him with a National Testimonial; but he expressed his disinclination to be the recipient of any compliment pecuniarily valuable; and a sum of over £300, which had been received by the committee, was bestowed by him as an initiatory subscription to a statue of Henry Grattan, in College-green.

Mr. Sullivan is the author of some historical and biographical works of extensive popularity. His "Story of Ireland" is one of the best compendiums of Irish history extant. He is one of the original founders of the now powerful Home Rule movement, in which he takes a leading part, and as a representative of which he was,



ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN, ESQ., M.P.
Editor of the Dublin Nation.

mention his securing of the sites for the O'Connell and O'Brien monuments, and the defeat of the stonkeyish attempt of the English party in the Dublin Corporation to substitute a statue of Prince Albert for one or either of them.

In 1868, Mr. Sullivan was twice prosecuted by the Government on two separate indictments for sedition, arising out of the Manchester executions, and underwent four months' imprison-

ment at the late elections, returned to Parliament from Louth County. In the House of Commons he has already made his mark as a ready and able debater; and even the hostile English press confess that few men in that House have ever conquered so much respect and attention in so short a time, and against such adverse feeling.

Mr. Sullivan takes a very active interest in

all questions of social reform, is a prominent advocate of the temperance movement, and vice-president of the Working Men's Club. He married, in 1861, Frances Genevieve, only surviving daughter of the late John Donovan, Esq., of Camp street, New Orleans, La.

THE HARP.

Of all the instruments that have touched the ear and the heart of mankind since Mercury gave his shell to Apollo, the harp stands foremost. Exquisitely beautiful as is the spirit of its chords when struck by the hand of a master; the glory of its renown lies in associations and memories, tender and sacred, connecting it with the most romantic and poetic ages of the past. When the oppressors of Israel asked for a song from the dark-eyed daughters of their captives, as they sat weeping by the waters of Babylon, they pointed to their harps "hung upon the willows," and their soul refused a song of joy. The national instrument might wail a psalm of sorrow to lighten the weariness of their captivity, and to recall memories of home, but it had no jubilant strains to gladden the heart of a conqueror while "the chosen people" sat in bondage.

But there were exultant strains in the harp when David touched its strings and danced before the ark, or when the feet of Miriam moved obedient to its harmonies. The harp, too, was exultant in the hands of the northern skald, as he celebrated the triumphs of his Jarl, or sounded the praise and majesty of his gods in the halls of Wodin, or on the mountain tops consecrated to Thor. There the white-robed bards sang to the music of the harp, the histories of heroes and races, the glory of religion and the pleasure of the immortal state. The wandering Romans, approaching the shores of Britain, thus beheld the priests and poets of a religion anterior to Christ, piling sacrificial fires and invoking the aid of their deities against the invading Cæsar. In all Northern Europe the harp sounded in banquet hall and camp, at the Druid's altar, and at the head of the embattled host. The harp was historian, enologist and seer.

Kings were harpists of old. The psalmist monarch uttered his rejoicing and sorrow to the music of the harp. The great Alfred, of Britain, found in his harp a ready key to the camp and tent of the conqueror of his country, and while he charmed the ear of the Dane, quaffing the mead, he also espied the weakness of a foe

who, ere another dawn, felt the fair hand of the royal harper victoriously grasping the battle-axe and sword. And the great conqueror Brain Barroilme, a king by might and by right—not heavier were his death-dealing blows on "the field of the Green Banner," "Clontarf," than were his fingers light and wizzard, when he touched that harp which Ireland still treasures among her relics, and which Bochsá claimed to have touched to please the ear of a Saxon King.

Who has not fancied hearing, in some reverie of the soul over the fall of nations, the strains of that mightier harp, viewless, but living and immortal—

The harp that once through Tara's Halls!

Rude or perfected, in all nations the harp has had a home and a welcome. The Hebrew, the Scandinavian, the Cymbrian and the Celt have held it hallowed. Saints, pilgrims and heroes have been solaced by it, and we are taught that ascending to higher glories, the angels of God strike celestial melodies from its strings. It is not strange then, with such a history upon earth, and such a prophesy and faith attached to its future, that the harp has become a chosen and universal, as it is a sacred instrument amongst men.

WOLF TONE'S GRAVE.

In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly around it the winter winds rave—
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruined walls there,
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

Once I lay on the sod that lies over Wolf Tone,
And thought how he perished in prison alone,
His friends unavenged and his country unfreed,
"Oh I bitter," I said, "is the patriot's meed."

For in him was the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life and a governing mind;
A Martyr for Ireland, his Tomb has no stone,
His name so seldom named, and his virtues unknown.
I was woken from my dream by the voice and the tread
Of a band who came into the home of the dead,—
They carried no corpse and they carried no stone,
But they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolf Tone.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
And children, who thought me hard-hearted, for they
On that sanctified sod were forbidden to pray.

But the old man who saw I was mourning, then said,
"We come for to pray where yeag Wolf Tone is laid,
And we're going to raise him a monument, too,
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."

My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his band,
Sweet, sweet 'tis to find that such faith can remain
In the cause and a man so long vanquished and slain.

In Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave;
Far better they salt him the ruin and the gloom,
Till Ireland, a Nation, can build him a Tomb.—DAVIS.

SUPPOSE YOU HAD A DAUGHTER.

Young men are constantly complaining of the opposition which they encounter to their matrimonial schemes from the parents of the fair object of their affections. They are very much in love—so deeply, they generally assure us, that it is impossible for them ever to get over it; but, cruel as it seems, the heart of the obdurate parents will not be moved to any merciful consideration toward them.

When such supposition is blind and unreasoning, our sympathies are entirely with the young men; but on the other hand, there are many cases in which it is not strange that the consent of parents should be withheld.

The best way to come to a proper understanding of this point is to suppose that you had a daughter of your own; to ask yourself what kind of a man you would be willing she should marry; and then to ask yourself if you are just such a man?

What kind of a man would a father be willing that his daughter—the pet of his household—the unwinged angel whom he trembles to see grow, because he feels that every successive day carries her forward toward a marriageable age, when he may be obliged to lose her—what sort of a man is the father of such a child willing to see her married to? Can any human being be too good? Is it possible for any one to fully deserve her? He would fain have some one, no matter how good he may be, superior to himself, for he feels that the darling child of his heart deserves a better. He cannot bear to think that even the “winds of heaven should visit her cheek too roughly.”

Let young men who are impatient at any questioning, and who grow furious at defined opposition, think of these things, and the conduct of fathers and mothers, in very many instances, will seem less unreasonable to them.

Every young man should lay down one rule for himself; to examine his conduct, character, and habits of life, and see to it that no good ground for opposition to him exists in any one of those. As to pecuniary circumstances, poverty is not a crime—not a fault, even in the young—and there is always the hope for an energetic and industrious young man to better his circumstances.

Let every ardent suitor suppose that he had a daughter of his own, and fully consider what kind of a man he would be willing she should marry.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

In our day it is common to speak of gentlemen of position, gentlemen of means, gentlemen of the press, commercial and sporting gentlemen, etc. It was not in this vague sense that James J., who, when his nurse entreated him to make her son a gentleman, replied that he could make him a lord, but that it was out of his power to make him a gentleman. The word does not now bear the interpretation it formerly did. While at one time it expressed the idea which the term *gentilhomme* does in France—where it retains its original significance to designate the members of a caste, distinct and apart—it has, in successive periods, been applied to degrees more widely extended. As now understood, the term is indicative of conduct rather than lineage—of character rather than position—of the qualities that contribute to its formation as much as their manifestation in the life. A gentleman is something unique, apart from any consideration of rank, education, or pursuits. There are many men of plain manners and limited means as thorough gentlemen as any noble in the land. A certain judge, in his charge to the jury in an action wherein it was alleged that the defendant had said to the plaintiff, “Do not speak to me. I am a gentleman. You are a tradesman,” took occasion to observe: “Gentleman is a term which is not confined to any station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, the tradesman who discharges his duties with integrity, and the humblest artisan who fulfills the obligations incumbent upon him with virtue and honor, are alike entitled to the name of gentleman, in preference to the man, however high his station, who indulges in ribald and offensive remarks.” The true gentleman may be unassuming—even bashful—by no means brilliant in conversation—not noted for good dressing or lavish expenditure; but he cannot stoop to a mean thing. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never stubs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man’s face and another behind his back. Papers not meant for his eyes are sacred. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and securities, and notices to trespassers, are not for him. He is a consistent observer of the second great commandment: whatever he judges to be honorable, he practices toward all.

SUNDAY wearies you! But have you then no poor to help, no sick to visit, nor unfortunates to console in their troubles?

Selections.

THE TEST OF TRUE LOVE.

"Bless my heart alive! who'd ha' thought o' seeing you Mr. Avel?"

Miss Hetty Peck had nearly fallen over Harry Avenel in her haste to overtake Mrs. Williams, and find out whether the minister's wife's new dress was real delaine, or only cotton reps, but she stopped abruptly with the sweetest smile she could twist her cottaged countenance into, on such short notice, as she recognised the tall, fine-looking gentleman close to her.

"Good evening, Miss Hetty," said Mr. Avenel, as composedly as if he had not just returned from a year's absence. "I hope I see you well."

"Well, I'm pretty middling," said Miss Hetty, secretly regretting that she had not put on her best bonnet, with the yellow marigold in the front, for that afternoon's promenade—for Miss Hetty had reached the age when the slightest straw on the current leading to matrimony is grasped at with feverish eagerness.

"How are your neighbors the Westlakes? he asked.

"They're well enough," said Miss Hetty, tartly. "Jessie's quite a belle, I'm told. Humph! they must be hard up for belles there, I should think."

Harry Avenel's dark eyes involuntarily softened.

"Has she changed much?"

"Changed! You'd think so if you could see her! More airs and graces than you could shake a stick at—won't speak to none of us Hadlyville folks; and all because they took a little notice of her."

"Where is she staying?"

"At the Everard Hotel, with her Aunt Ardleigh. It's a fine place, I'm told. But," piously added Miss Hetty, "it's a great thing to think we'll all turn to dust and ashes one of these days! And I—but if he hain't shot across the road like a streak of lightning! Humph! if them's Paris manners, give me the homemade article."

Miss Hetty Peck went on her way, much disgusted at the abrupt manner in which her cavalier had deserted her; while Harry Avenel congratulated himself on being just in time to catch the express.

"I will see for myself," he thought, as he sank back among the cushions, watching the sunny sunset landscape that flew like a pano-

rama past him, "if she really has changed—my sweet dove-eyed Jessie; and if she has—but what a fool I am to attach any credence to the gabble of yonder venomous-tongued old maid!"

Yet, for all that, an uneasy feeling stirred down deep in his heart, lest, perchance, Jessie Westlake had lost, in the hot-house atmosphere of city life, the sweet bloom and frankness that constituted her chief charm!

And he smiled to himself as he planned his coming visit to the belle of St. Everard Hotel.

Jessie Westlake sat in the parlours of the fashionable hotel, two or three hours afterwards, merrily exchanging sparkling badinage with the group of admirers, who always surrounded her. She was very fair, in the dress of dark blue silk that she wore, draped with a scarf of black thread lace, and relieved by the glitter of violet hearted sapphires, while the sunny hair that was curled into a heavy braid at the back of her small, well-shaped head, the blue eyes, and the skin like pearls and roses, constituted a picture fair as ever artist's pencils delineated on canvas.

Mrs. Ardleigh, her aunt, sat by in ruby velvet and pearls—a complacent, soft voiced matron, whose end and aim in life was to secure a rich husband for her niece—a lady who worshipped Fashion, and believed only in the creed of Gold?

Just when the merry chat was at its gayest, a waiter glided into the room, with the noiseless step peculiar to the race.

"Gen'lman to see Miss Westlake!"

"Where is his card?" Jessie asked, extending her dimpled hand.

"Didn't leave a card. Gen'lman with big brown umbrella an' books got no shine."

"Some book agent or peddler, I suppose," said Mrs. Ardleigh, with a contortion of her handsome black eyebrows. "Pherhaps I had better see him for you, Jessie—you never had any nerve to resist the importunities of that class of people!"

But even while Jessie Westlake hesitated whether or not she should accede to her aunt's offer, the Gordian knot of uncertainty was solved by the appearance of the visitor himself in the doorway.

It was a tall man, clothed in a cheap, old-fashioned overcoat, ridiculously long and full, a hat correspondingly small, cotton gloves, and a green gingham umbrella.

Mrs. Ardleigh recoiled at the unwonted apparition. Mr. Gustavus Harcourt giggled audibly. Skyes Willoughby put up his eye-

glass, and Fred. Ponsonby stared as if a Magdalen had just dawned upon his vision.

"A grandson of Noah's," said Harcourt; "fresh from the Ark, umbrella and all!"

"Regl' down-east?" said Sykes Willoughby. "Reminds a fellow of our American Cousin!"

"Made a mistake in the place I should suppose," said Fred. Ponsonby. "Old clothes shop round the corner!"

But Jessie, after one glance, sprang eagerly forward.

"Harry? It is Harry Avenel! Oh, Aunt Melinda, it is one of my oldest, dearest friends. When did you return? Why didn't you write to tell me that you were coming?"

And heedless of the light overcoat, the green umbrella, and the cotton gloves, Jessie drew him into the elegant parlour, her speaking face radiant with smiles, her eyes all aglow!

"You are really glad to see me, Jessie?"

"Oh, Harry! I can't tell you how glad!"

And the tears glittered behind the smiles, a rainbow combination that was exceedingly becoming to the bright young face.

Harry Avenel smiled to himself, as he tossed to the waiter, his umbrella, coat, gloves and hat emerging from his outer shell an elegantly dressed gentleman.

Sykes Willoughby opened wide his light blue eyes. Ponsonby involuntarily stepped back—even Mrs. Ardleigh looked amazed at the sudden and complete transformation.

"Avenel, eh?" repeated Mr. Harcourt, as Jessie, justly proud of her handsome and distinguished visitor, performed the ceremony of introduction.

"You're not the gentleman, are you, that I was reading about in the paper—the gentleman that had the big property left him from an old miser in Lancashire.

"I believe I am," said Mr. Avenel, smiling.

"At least so my lawyers telegraphed to me when I was in Paris."

Mrs. Ardleigh's eyes glittered greedily; but Jessie Westlake, innocent and unconscious as a May rose-bud, was thinking of nothing but her happiness in once more beholding Harry Avenel, alive and well.

"Jessie," he whispered ere he went away, "you remember the promise you made me, before I left home?"

She colored, bright as a sea-shell.

"What promise, Harry?"

"That you would one day be my wife!"

"I—I'll think of it, Harry," she said, turning away her tell-tale face.

And the next Miss Hetty Peck knew, she got wedding cards.

As for Harry Avenel, he is quite certain that Jessie Westlake loved him for himself alone.

"For a Cupid that isn't frightened away by a green gingham umbrella, must be a steadfast sprite indeed," he says, laughing.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

To any young man casting the horoscope of his destiny we would say—aim high. Whatever may be the chosen pursuit of life, aspire to the highest and most exalted position. Let not the impelling motive be altogether mercenary, but from a nobler impulse; the desire to rise as high in the scale of intellectual attainment as the most assiduous cultivation of your God-given talents will permit you, and from a laudable ambition not to fall behind your competitors in the generous emulation of the life struggle.

Comparatively few have an adequate appreciation of the importance of system, order and thoroughness in the details of life. They have morality and the love of virtue instilled into them, and are brought up with a wholesome fear of the greater dangers that imperil them, but often these minor affairs are neglected, although the importance of inculcating them cannot be over estimated.

If you are slovenly, without method, incomplete in the management of the trifles of life, as a young man, you will be the same when you arrive at mature years, if you do not reform. It will render you inefficient—impose upon you a subordinate position and the drudgery of life; make you the recipient of a small salary, and render your existence burdensome and weary.

Cultivate personal and moral neatness. It is the perfect formation of your character in which your success in life very much depends.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY BEX BRENT.

"Frank, won't you stay at home with baby and me to-night?" said his little wife, Nellie Foss, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up, with her brown eyes full of loving entreaty, as her young husband was about leaving the house.

"Oh! I won't stay long, Nellie dear; I only want to see Tom Kennard on a little business and will come home early," he replied, as he went out quickly and closed the door.

His wife went sadly into the little sitting-room and resumed her sewing.

Two years before, this young couple had begun life together, and all was fair to view and not a cloud dimmed the bright sky; but shortly the clouds began to gather slowly, and now was heard the rumbling of the approaching storm.

It was the old story, which many wives have learned; the first glass indulged in with no fear of danger, and the gradual strengthening of the grasp of the demon upon the loved husband, which brings him down to the lowest degradation and vice, and the dependent wife and children to most abject misery and poverty.

Frank was a noble young man at heart and loved his wife and child, but the tempter had come behind the mask of friendship, and despite the entreaty of his wife, and warning of friends, the young man was yielding slowly but surely; every day getting further from all that was good and pure in life.

Tom Kennard was a reckless, unprincipled man, and his influence over Frank was nothing less than a curse. He was one of those peculiarly fascinating, agreeable men whom it is so hard to be angry with and to break away from, even when one knows there is danger in their very presence.

Mrs. Foss sat thinking mournfully of her husband, and praying, oh, so earnestly, for heaven to save him, for could there be any other hope?

The bitter tears were still falling when Joe Hardy came in unannounced, and found her.

Joe was a staunch friend of both husband and wife, and before Frank had fallen among evil companions, had been his nearest and most intimate friend. He had done all that man could do, to win Frank from his sin, but without avail.

He needed not to ask the cause of the tears; did he not know of old, the whole miserable story?

How the young mother sat weeping, night after night, as the hours dragged slowly on, waiting for the return of him who had promised so many times to break away from evil associations and the allurements of the fatal cup; how that husband would come reeling home at the midnight or early morning hours, stupefied by drink, and singing foolish and obscene songs; how that husband had, when inflamed by the liquor even raised his hand against the loving wife he had promised, before God and man, to honor and cherish.

Mrs. Foss looked up as the young man entered the room, but her only greeting was a fresh out-burst of grief.

"Has he gone out again?" he asked, compassionately.

"Yes, he said he must see Kennard on some business, but I am afraid of that man; Frank was good and noble until he met him, and he would be so happy if he would let drink alone. I have pleaded with him, and he has promised again and again, but he forgets when he gets away from home with those wicked men," she said, sobbingly.

"It is hard," he replied, "we must try in every way possible, to win him back. I will go down town, and perhaps I may find him and get him to come home with me," saying which he turned and was gone before she could thank him.

As he reached the street he found that a storm was rising fast, the ominous growl of distant thunder coming faintly to his ears, while an occasional flash of lightning threw a blinded glare over the houses and pavements as he hurried along.

"I'll try Holland's first," he muttered, and was soon before that establishment.

Going in he walked boldly up to the bar and asked the man if Mr. Foss was there.

"He was here an hour ago," replied the person addressed. "You won't get him home to-night," he replied with a fiendish grin, "he and 'Tom are on a jolly spree'."

Without a word he turned away and sought another saloon.

The storm was now at its height, the rain beating down fiercely, while the blue lightnings flashed and quivered in the air, and the terrific peals of thunder seemed to shake the very ground. Heedless of all, Joe went back and forth searching in vain for his friend, drenched through and weary and almost despairing.

He visited saloon after saloon, rum shops of all grades, but his search was unsuccessful, and at length he turned toward home thoroughly disheartened.

Suddenly he heard the cry of fire raised and hurrying along he soon reached Holland's saloon, from the doors and windows of which the thick black smoke was pouring in great volumes.

Gathered in front of the building were a group of men, some half tipsy and all looking very much frightened.

The bar tender was among them, and approaching him, Joe asked the cause of the fire.

"Lightning struck," he answered, with a curse; "and there's all that 'old bourbon' and best brandy going to the devil. Foss was just taking a drink when—"

"Was Foss in there?" interrupted Hardy; "where is he now, has he come out?"

"I don't know, he was just going to drink when the lightning struck and knocked him over. Had hard work to get out ourselves without looking after him."

Grasping a rope which lay near, Hardy quickly tied it about his waist and cried,—

"If I don't come back myself pull me out!"

He was rushing through the door when a fireman stopped him, "you can't live in there for a moment," he said.

"But I *must*: let me go," and breaking away he vanished in the smoke.

The crowd outside waited breathlessly and at length grew excited. "You'd better pull that man out if you want to save him, probably suffocated before this," said a bystander.

Just then from the inside of the burning building came the cry "Pull, pull!"

Drawing swiftly but cautiously they soon had the body near the entrance, when a fireman bravely sprang through the flames and in a moment had the motionless form out into the street.

Bruised, burned and blackened the body was yet recognized as *Frank Foss*!

"For Heaven's sake where is Joe Hardy?" was the cry.

Suddenly a loud shout, and from an upper window a form sprang to the ground striking heavily upon his side.

He was quickly raised from the earth and carried to a neighboring store.

It was Joe Hardy, but how changed!

His hair and whiskers burnt entirely off; his garments torn and burned almost from his person, and face and hands burned terribly. No bones were broken by his fall, but he was severely bruised. He was brought to consciousness after a few moments' labor, and sent carefully home.

It seems he found his way into the saloon and stumbled upon the body of his friend, and being unable to carry him out had fastened the rope around his body and gave the signal to pull.

He then in some way, he could not tell how, found his way up stairs and fought his way to the window and sprang out. He recovered completely from his injuries.

As for Frank he was not much injured be-

yond the burns and bruises, and speedily grew well.

It is hardly necessary to say that from that time he had no more to do with Kennard nor frequented the dram shops again.

When he came wholly to himself he remembered that he was raising the glass of liquor to his lips when the bolt from heaven entered the window dashing the cup from his hand, stunning him, and setting the saloon on fire.

Hung upon the wall in his room you may find a picture which represents this scene.

Joe Hardy is gratefully regarded as one of the instruments used in this, his "Salvation as by fire." It was a terrible cure, but it seemed to come from heaven, and was a most effectual one, and happiness reigned in the home where the demon had a foot-hold, but was cast out.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

How hard it is in this world of sin for man to be truly just; just before God, before men and to himself. From the cradle to the tomb, at every step man has to meet and overcome temptation; sense cries out for gratification, and too often, alas! the welfare of others is overlooked if self can be gratified. But it is a delightful sight here or there to see on earth a man who is enabled, either by force of character, as it is sometimes called, or as it should more properly be called, by the grace of God, to rise above self as a rock, against these opposing and selfish forces within him or without, and thus "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly."

Such a one will in every place stand firm against and oppose evil or error. He will seek the good of others as well as his own, and render unto all their just due. While he may resent an insult, he will yet do it in such a way as to shame the person offering it rather than to arouse his anger. He will be ever ready to assist the needy, yet so as to enable such to help themselves, rather than to humble and weaken them. He will be slow to put himself forward or appear ostentatious, and yet will ever be ready to do his duty as a man, not because he will be praised for it, but because it is right. When such a man gives his word for the performance of any deed or act, it can always be relied upon as sure of fulfilment. He will be slow, it may be, to promise, but sure to perform, even though a great sacrifice will often have to be made, because he prizes his character above gain.

When thou givest, give with joy and smiling.

"AVENGING AND BRIGHT."

Boldly.

AIR—CROOGHAN A VENEE.*

1. A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Co-nor's dark

E - rin, On him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! - For ev - 'ry fond
dwelling, † When U - lad's ‡ three champlains lay sleep - ing in gore - By the bil - lows of

eye he hath wa - ken'd a tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade,
war, which so of - ten, high swelling, I have wait - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore.

We swear to reveng them³—no joy shall be tasted, Yes, monarch, tho' sweet are our home recollections,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed, Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted, Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affec-
Till vengeance is wreat'ed on the murderer's head! Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all! [tious,

*The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written CRUACHAN NA FEINE—i. e., the Fenian Mount, or Mount of the Fenian heroes, those brave followers of FIN MAC COOL, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

† The words of this Song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan—(see Vol. I. of THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.) and upon which it appears that the "Darbhula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Emain. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are—"The death of the children of Tournan;" "The death of the children of Lear"—(both regarding Tuatha de Dananns;) and this, "The death of the children of Usnach," which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that, on a previous page of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear, or Lir—"Silent O'Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

‡ O. Nas! vlow that cildid that I here see In the sky! I see over Emain green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red.

(Deirdri's Song.)