

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

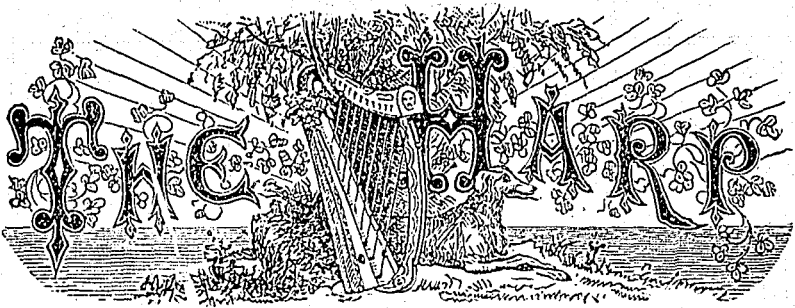
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

GILLIES & CALLAHAN, }
Publishers.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1878.

{ Terms in Advance :
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY ;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE"
"IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Two days have passed since the stormy interview we described in our last, and the sisters had nought to do but wait patiently for news of the army. Rumours of a great battle having taken place reached them several times; peasants coming in declared they had heard the news from others, but Eveleen and Mary paid little heed to these vague declarations. On the evening of the second day their solitude was agreeably broken in upon. In the afternoon, descending the winding hill that leads into the valley, a traveller might be seen. He wore the common peasant costume of the period, and slung over his back was a bag of carpenter's tools. Apparently he was one of those travelling workmen, who went from house to house offering to do any repairs that might be wanting since his last visit. As he descended into the valley, and wound his way slowly with the step of one sorely tired, he formed no unapt representation of the carpenter Saint more dear to God than any other mortal man.

His hair was almost white, and his face so gentle and refined, that it was difficult to believe him an artisan.

Clearly it was not so believed by the inhabitants of the gray house; he set foot in the courtyard just as Mary Fitzgerald happened to enter it to remonstrate with Terence, one of the *gosssoons*, who had allowed a crowd of young chickens to stray into the courtyard where they ran instant danger of being frightened to death, if not eaten up by the large watch dogs. Mary, with her dress looped up, and her little sachel containing corn for her chickens on her arm, formed a pretty picture. Her eyes rested on the old carpenter, at first with only the passing curiosity a stranger excites; then a quick glance of recognition flashed into her face. She ran towards him, and with eager hands began to loose the bag of tools.

"Father, dear father, welcome, what joy to see you, how tired you look, come in, come in, a thousand thousand welcomes"

Father Egan smiled brightly as he followed her. The hard life of a Catholic priest obliged to travel in all sorts of disguises, and in the midst of all sorts of peril, was often cheered by welcomes such as these. When at last the dangerous and weary journey was over, and he drew near a dwelling place of the faithful, he knew how hearts would bound and light up at the sight of his face, the sound of his voice. Eveleen came running into the parlour into which Mary led her guest, and both girls fell on their knees for the priest's blessing.

The visit of Father Egan gave them especial delight. He had been for many years at the Franciscan monas-

tery at Louvain, and knew them both as children. He had well known and esteemed their lost mother, he had been with her in her last hours, but had been obliged to leave the valley shortly after her death. Very eagerly the sisters tried to minister to his comfort; it was, however, but little that the mortified Religious would suffer them to do for him; scanty and poor was the refreshment he would take, a few hours' rest in a hard wooden chair was all he said he needed, and there he reposed, while the sisters seated on low stools sat at his feet, might have recalled another scene, when two still happier sisters sat listening at the feet of their Divine Master. Rumours of a great victory had also reached the priest's ears, but he had not been travelling in a northern direction, and so could not give any reliable information.

"And you were in Drogheda, father," questioned Eveleen with a wistful look.

"Yes! my child, I had time to pass some hours there, and I went to the convent and saw mother Abbess, and I think I have good news for you."

"She *will* take me," said Eveleen, clasping her hands.

"She will," answered Father Egan, with a smile; "we had a long conference over the matter, weighing well whether your health were strong enough for the rule. I told her you would not hear of any other title than a child of our holy mother, S. Clare."

"True, father, said Eveleen, clasping her hands, while the tears started into her eyes, "she is my mother; the one dream of my life has been to be numbered among those who can lay claim to her sweet ever-living benediction."

"Well," pursued the monk, "so said I to the good Abbess, and then we discussed whether it would not be better for you to return to Flanders or to Spain, and there carry out your pious design; either at Gravelines or Madrid you could be received without doubt, and your knowledge of French or Spanish would enable you to follow the rule exactly; but I told her you were a devoted child of Erin, for her you wanted to pray and labor; you did not fear the risk."

"No! Father," said Eveleen eagerly, "no more than did Mother Magdalene

herself; why did she return from her beloved Convent at Gravelines when she was professed; why did her courage not fail in all the troubles in Dublin? Why did she undertake to found a Convent in Drogheda, was it not all, Father, because her heart burned for her poor country, because she and other nuns desired to see Convents arise once more on Irish soil; and my heart, my Father, burns too with the same desire. Let me labor, let me suffer, let me pray for my own Erin, so desolate, so cruelly oppressed."

"God strengthen you, child," said the priest, as he listened to her impassioned words. "God grant those prayers and sacrifices may be availing, for our woes are indeed heavy."

"Hush!" said Mary, springing to her feet; "what sound is that?"

A confused hum was heard in the distance, it swelled louder and louder in a shout of triumph. Cheers rent the air; in an instant the great court-yard was peopled; caps were thrown into the air, while boys of all sizes and ages were jumping and leaping about. "Och, the noble Owen. Och, the Red Hand! The glorious O'Neill."

"What is it?" exclaimed Mary, as she stood on the threshold, and gazed eagerly at the excited throng.

But she could get no intelligible answer. Shouts of "Victory, victory, a great victory!" filled the air, and no mortal in the excited crowd could be prevailed upon to stand still for an instant to tell the news, but it was evidently more than a mere rumor that had now reached the valley.

At last there was a lull; and Father Egan could get a hearing. And when Terence, breathless from shouting, and covered with dust, was dragged into the foreground, he proclaimed that, having been on an exploring expedition in search of news, he had encountered a little band of soldiers returning from the battle, who told him a great victory had been won by the troops of Owen Roe, that a prisoner of great importance had been taken, and that Sir Luke Fitzgerald, accompanied by Captain Henry O'Neill, were close behind on their way to the valley. This last piece of information deepened the roses on Mary's cheeks, and sent her with a

beating heart and overflowing eyes into her own room. The sudden loosing of the long strain was more than she could bear; so often in the silent, sleepless nights she had pictured him lying cold and still on the battle-field; so often she had tried to steel herself for the sacrifice of her young hopes and visions, and now! he was safe—he was well—he was returning to her side, a victor, and it was her hand that should twine the laurels round his brow; her own noble Henry, her hero.

It was impossible that the tired and heavily-laden soldiers could have followed so quickly on the steps of Terence, who leapt about the hills like a deer, and rushed through brushwood, bogs, and other impediments, with the speed of a wild-cat.

But somebody had come; there were sounds of welcome in the house, and trampling of horses' feet in the courtyard. Yes, there was a burst of silvery laughter, and a cry of "May, May, come down; it is Bride."

Mary flung open her door, and ran down stairs. In the narrow hall stood Eveleen, and by her side a joyous young creature who bore the name of Brigid O'Sullivan, but who was generally called Bride.

"Yes, here I am, Mistress May," cried she, giving her a hug; "if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must come to the mountain; an' seest thou, my good friend, that you and Eveleen are as immovable as a mountain, and I as determined as Mahomet. If you think that you are going to bury yourselves here all your lives, I assure you 'tis a great mistake. I have come to pay you a visit, and then back you must go with me to Drogheda, where, though 'tis not over-lively, there are at least three people to speak to."

"Oh!" said Mary, mischievously; "you will find Eveleen, at all events, quite ready to go to Drogheda."

"Oh, yes; I know all about that," rejoined Bride; "and I am not going to allow that, Eveleen. In fact, I have told Mother Abbess so, and said, that if she were in want of subjects, I would offer her *myself*."

As she uttered the last word in a tone of assumed gravity, both her companions burst into a merry laugh, and even

Father Egan, who was sitting still contemplating the group, could not help joining. Nothing certainly could be more unlike the idea of a nun than Bride.

She was the very picture of careless glee. She was radiant with beauty, with youth, with health; sickness had never laid its subduing hand upon her, sorrow had never shadowed her young life. Her nature was too buoyant, too sanguine to be depressed even by the woes of her country. An ardent Catholic, a loyal Irishwoman, she firmly believed victory was at hand, and a bright future opening before her country. And so fair Bride sang and carolled through the day, the spoilt child of her doting parents, the joy and sunshine of her home and friends. She laughed at Eveleen's wish, although in her heart she revered her intensely. To be a Nun while life was bright before one, seemed to her quite equivalent to mounting at once to the martyr's pile; the still small voice, which draws away the heart with unutterable longing from the joys of earth, had never spoken to her soul. She laughed at Mary, blushing and trembling for the weal or woe of brave Captain Henry O'Neill. Bride had many a suitor, but she recked little of them; when they—

"Vowed she was wondrous fair,
The sound of her silver laughter
Showed love had not been there."

Ah, fair Bride, as thou standest on that bright summer day at the window of that peaceful dwelling-house, with one white arm thrown round Mary's neck, while thy bright eyes gaze lovingly into Eveleen's face, does no foreshadowing of thy fate come before thy spirit!

Dost thou indeed dream of a long, bright future, and a peaceful ending. Is there no presentiment of that dread day, when all thy winsome beauty shall not avail thee, when thou shalt cry for mercy, and hearts harder than stone shall be deaf to the tones of thy pleading voice?

No, Bride, the future is hidden from thee, and thou art dreaming and singing on like the little bird who answers thee from the neighboring tree, little recking that in an instant a careless shot may stretch him bleeding and quivering on the ground.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Before evening fell, Terence's story was found to be perfectly true. A small troop of soldiers, tired and dust-stained, but flushed with triumph, rode into the valley, headed by Sir Luke Fitzgerald and Henry O'Neill.

Wild and vociferous was the welcome they received. The soldiers were well fêted by the servants, and the officers warmly welcomed by the ladies and Father Egan. Eveleen and Mary by turns were clasped in their father's arms, while Bride paid all sorts of compliments to Captain O'Neill, to which he replied in the same merry strain; but his eyes wandered rather wistfully towards his Mary, as if he had many a secret he desired to pour into her ear. Before long Mary and himself had contrived to make their escape to the garden, and there, no doubt, pacing beneath the trees, while the full summer moon, in all her radiance, flooded the landscape with golden light. Mary had a full and particular account of the battle of Ben-burb.

Be that as it may, Eveleen, Bride and Father Egan gathered eagerly round Sir Luke and listened with rapt attention to every detail he could give of this great victory.

"'Twas indeed a glorious sight," said Sir Luke. "The morning of the battle not a man in our army but drew near to Shrift—from our general himself to the meanest runner in the camp. We had crossed the Blackwater and encamped beneath the Ben, from which the place takes its name, and on the summit of which stands the ruined castle."

"A mighty stronghold once," observed Father Egan.

"You say truth," replied Sir Luke. "Would that it were in its ancient strength, and filled with a goodly garrison of our army.—Well, to continue. In the earliest dawn of June 5th, we were all astir, and after our shrift were finished, an altar was erected in sight of all the men, at which Father Fitzsymons said Mass. The O'Neill and all his officers, and crowds of the soldiers took the Body of the Lord; and when Mass was ended, the good Father spoke unto us a few words—brief, but with deep import—and then, all kneeling humbly on our

knees, he imparted unto us, by virtue of the power which he had received from our very honored and most reverend Lord, the Nuncio, the apostolic blessing."

"Oh!" said Eveleen, clasping her hands, "what a scene! what a moment! Was ever army, on the eve of battle, more visibly blessed by God before?"

"What next?" demanded Bride, breathlessly; "did you rush upon the foe?"

"Not so quick, so quick, fair Brigid," said Sir Luke, smiling. "First and foremost 'twas for the foe to rush upon us. We were waiting for him. But before all, after the priest had done, the O'Neill went forth to speak to the army."

"Oh! tell us what he said," burst in both girls together.

"'Twas a fine sight," exclaimed the old soldier, his weather-beaten face lighting up as he recalled the scene. Up rose the men after the priest's blessing; they stood all in their ranks like one man. In the midst, but raised above us all, stood the O'Neill, bare-headed, his helmet held by Henry, who stood on his right; and in his clear voice, which everyone could hear distinctly, he spoke thus:

"Behold army of God, the enemies of your country! Fight valiantly against them to-day; for it is they who have deprived you of your chiefs, of your children, of your subsistence, spiritual and temporal; who have torn from you your lands and made you wandering fugitives."

"Such a shout as answered him these old ears of mine never may hope to hear again.

"Surely; then, they rushed forward?" cried Bride. "Why, after that, I could not have been still an instant."

"If you were a soldier in the O'Neill's army, Mistress Bride," said Sir Luke, "you would have to stand still or move forward as your chief bade you."

"Marvellous is it," continued he, turning to Father Egan, "to see the power O'Neill hath obtained over our wild fellows: You know, Father; that though our men can never be outdone in bravery, they have lacked that order and discipline which these beggarly Puritans possess in full. But, these four years, since the O'Neill hath been at the head

of the Ulster forces, have positively worked marvels. You know in what terror, even among the Irish themselves in the other provinces, our Ulster *creaghts* are held; and verily, when not kept in check by a master hand, men have need to quake when a body of them, armed with weapons, sweep down upon their prey with their furious velocity—their all but resistless and enormous strength.”

“But, in the hands of the O'Neill they are like unto the stones in the hands of David; he flings them whither he pleases with unerring aim.”

“He is the first general of the age, without a doubt,” answered Father Egan, “a consummate master of the art of war.”

“Oh! do tell us more about the battle,” burst in Bride; “and tell us about the O'Neill afterwards. I want to know if you began directly after the Mass and the speech of the O'Neill.”

“Was Monroe's army in sight, Father?” said Eveleen gently.

“Yes,” answered her father, “and hardly had the chief finished speaking when the *foe* advanced. Richard O'Farrell headed the regiment sent to oppose them, and for a time blocked them up in a narrow defile. But he was driven back, and the Scots were upon us.”

“And then,” said Bride, “you rushed on them.”

“If you had been there, Mistress Impatient,” said Sir Luke, “you would have deemed it the chief's intention not to give battle at all to the *foe*. Never did the wonderful discipline in which he keeps his army more visibly appear. For hours the main body did nothing.”

“In the name of the Saints, why?” exclaimed Bride; while Father Egan and Eveleen, with earnest ears, were drinking in every word.

“Because, child, the sun was not only burning hot with all the fury that a June noontide can give forth, but its glare full in our faces would have dazzled our men too much. Wait till I describe to you our exact position. We were between two small hills, the Black-water on our right, a bog on our left, a wood at our rear, and brushwood in large quantities in front. As the *foe* advanced into the brushwood, up sprang, as if by magic, parties of our men—

small parties of musketeers only, but so skillfully disposed and hidden, that the enemy deemed them our real army, and instead of disregarding them, as O'Neill would have done, had he been leading the assault, they stopped to fight with them.

Then went forth parties of skirmishers who harrassed the enemy as he approached. In this way this incomparable general gained the time he desired until the sun had declined in the heavens. Nor was this all; he had information that George Munroe with reinforcements would come up in the course of the day. Already was the enemy our superior in point of numbers and arms, but had Colonel George effected the junction our general might have retreated.

Colonel Bernard MacMahon and Patrick McNeny who were sent to intercept him, did their chief's behest right well, and when as the sun was getting low, the news reached our chief that George Munroe's path was barred—he was ready for action.

“And was the elder Munroe in expectancy of his brother yet?” demanded Father Egan.

“He was,” returned Sir Luke, “and the chief sent some of our men in such a direction that Monroe deemed them his relief. Finding his mistake he endeavored to retire, but—ah! then the O'Neill charged!” cried Bride, her eyes flashing as she started from her seat. “I would I were a man to have been there.”

“Our army charged,” said Sir Luke, “the Scots fought well, but they could not resist the valor of our men. Their ranks were broken; soon all was confusion amongst them. They fled to the river, and I assure you such masses fell into the water that 'twere possible to have crossed dry foot over the bodies.”

Eveleen hid her face in her hands, Bride turned pale, and Father Egan smote his breast.

“All was confusion,” continued Sir Luke; “the enemy fled as if all Ireland were at their heels. Munroe himself left sword, and cloak, and hat behind him.”

“Have you not brought them home as relics?” said Bride, who had recovered her merriment. Eveleen's face was still hidden, and

the tears dropped through her closed fingers. Even the great victory could not steel her tender heart to the horrors of war.

"But who is the prisoner that we heard was taken?" said Father Egan.

"No less a person," returned Sir Luke, "than my Lord Viscount Montgomery of Ards."

"The arch-traitor?" rejoined the priest.

"The same. The O'Neill hath conveyed him up to the strong castle of Cloghoughter, and there he can do no more mischief."

"The king will thank us for this," said Bride, "it will rid him of an arch-rebel."

"Who can tell what mood Charles will be in?" replied Sir Luke. "He changes like a weather-cock. So the battle ended; seventy only of our men were killed—God rest their souls!—and two hundred wounded; while three thousand Scots were left on the field."

"A great and glorious victory, truly!" said Father Egan; "Glory be to God!"

"Where is the O'Neill now, Father?" said Eveleen.

"He is at Cloghoughter at this moment, I suppose. He hath sent off the standards to our reverend lord the Nuncio, at Limerick, and purposes, he says coming hither to await his answer. And now I think Mary and Henry must have said all that they can possibly want to tell each other, and craving your blessing, Father, I would fain rest my weary limbs awhile."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Late though it was when the party separated for the night there was still another conference to be held.

The house grew quiet, footsteps died away, doors were shut for the last time, the tired travellers and servants were soon asleep, merry Bride's restless little head was at last still on her pillow, but Eveleen and Mary kept vigil, and the historian shall use his precious privilege and peep into the privacy of a "maiden's bower." What a contrast to the "own room" of two young modern ladies was this simple chamber of the highly born damsels of our story, for noble blood flowed in the veins of Eva and Mary,

and they had been delicately nurtured and brought up in refinement; their education far exceeded the general run of young ladies now-a-days.

They were both good Latin scholars, they spoke Spanish, French and English perfectly, as well as their own native Irish. They were well acquainted with other branches of knowledge, and were withal skilled needlewomen and adepts in all the housewifery arts, which are now beneath the notice of learned or unlearned young ladies.

Their sleeping chamber was spotlessly clean and neat, but simple in all its appointments; neither mirror, nor toilet-table, nor ward-robe, had a place in it; scents and cosmetics were unknown mysteries to the noble girls. The principal ornament in their room was their large crucifix, and near it a wooden image of Our Lady, decked from head to foot with the fairest summer flowers; quaint old prints of S. Francis and S. Clare, the special objects of Eveleen's devotion, hung on each side, and a little lamp was quivering before a tiny silver box, in which was enclosed a relic of that fair and noble maiden of Assisi, whose footsteps Eveleen so ardently desired to follow. Before their Mother's image the sisters knelt to say their evening prayers, and the golden moonlightstreamed in at the window, and lit up each fair head with a celestial halo; and when their prayers were finished the sisters went to bed, not to sleep, but to talk.

It was when the room was dark, when even the moon's rays were partly shut out, that Mary could nestle into her sister's arms and pour out her heart.

"Eva, what think you Henry wants me to do? it has startled me so, he wants me to let our marriage take place at once; before you go to Drogheda, my darling."

"That seems sudden," answered Eva, "but I know he has some reason on his side; Henry is not selfish."

"Oh, no, no!" said Mary, "he has never been so, and when he began to plead, and I answered him with tears, can I be wed when the grass is hardly green over her grave? then, Eva, he spoke so gravely, so solemnly, and yet with such deep love for me, that I knew not what to answer him."

"He is a noble soul," said Eva, but tell me, dearest, what he told you?"

"He spoke of the times, Eveleen; he said our lives are in our hands, those of women as well as men, that for my own safety sake he wanted me to be his wife, and that ours would be no gay and littersome bridal, but one such as must often have been solemnized in the Roman Catacombs, while bride and bridegroom were ready for the fiery pyre, or the victor's sword. That now our dear mother was gone, our home was broken up, that you were about to enter religion, our father and Gerald at their posts, his mind would be torn with continual anguish about me, and mine about him; letters are hardly ever safe, and communication most difficult."

"'Tis all true," murmured Eveleen; well darling?"

"And then"—But here Mary laid her face on Eveleen's shoulder and began to sob. Eveleen pressed her closer to her heart.

"I can guess partly what came next, my May, but after all every soldier's wife must face that."

"Yes, dear, I know it," faltered Mary, "only I am so foolish, such a weak coward; I tremble at the thought of losing him in whom my heart is too much wrapped up. Well, Eva, he went on to say how likely it was he should be wounded; and then who could tend him in his hour of need but his wife?"

"That is true, love, and in fine, my sweet May, I trow you consented?"

"No, Eva, not quite! I wept, and he, ever unselfish and thoughtful for me, would not press it; I said I would ask you and he answered, 'Yes, let us ask Eveleen, you speak to her first, love, and on the morrow, I will crave speech with her.' Eva, is it, can it be right, so soon after our loss, when the funeral wail has scarce died away from our house?"

"My dearest, think of what that dear voice would say if it could now speak to us, think of her parting words! Would she be pleased that any custom or form of this world should stand in the way of our duty? you know she brought you to Ireland that you might fulfil your troth plight, long since given to Henry; if God had spared her to us, she would have had your marriage take place with-

out delay, I believe she would wish it, aye, does wish it now! Why should we speak as if she were not living now, living a truer life than ours, amidst the shadows and conflicts of this miserable earth, watching over her children: with more tender care, with more enlightened vigilance than she ever did on earth, for hath she not ere now been satisfied with deep draughts of that Divine tenderness, to which all the wealth of a mother's love is but a shadow. May, my darling, she will bless your bridal from her home above. If I were in your place I should love to be wed at the Altar that rises above her grave, and hear the nuptial Benediction from the lips of him who blessed her marriage also, and who further blessed her parting soul as it winged its flight to that dear land where earthly blessings melt away in everlasting fruition."

"My heart is at rest now, Eveleen. I will go forward fearlessly, and try to be what she so wished me to become."

"And Gerald, too, May. When near Henry you will surely be near him too, and he will need comfort and help many a time; for all the din of battle and the excitement of the camp does not drive the soreness out of his heart, poor fellow."

"I have a scheme in my head about Gerald," said Mary; "he will be here anon, with the O'Neill. You know he hath never as yet seen Bride. I want him and her to wed."

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" replied Eveleen, laughing; "really we must hush now, and go to sleep. If you are going to make matches for Bride, we shall never have done till morning's dawn. If she could only hear you how wrathful she would be!"

"I fear Gerald hath little chance of luring that bright bird into his nest. Happy the man who wins that royal heart of hers; but she hath disdained so many that were worthy, 'tis useless to speculate where and when she will fix her choice."

"Now, Mary, your cause is ended, as the advocates say. To sleep, to sleep, my love, or Henry will chide me well if the roses are missing from your cheek in the morn."

* * * * *

The ensuing morning, however, Mary's

roses were deeper than ever. The household was up betimes, and Mass was said in the ruined church. A far larger crowd than could have been contained within its ruined walls were gathered in its vicinity. I said that the valley was a lonely spot, and I said truly: From whence, then, did they come springing as if from the earth, from far and near, from hidden nooks, from holes and corners, most travelling long miles to reach the spot barefoot and in rags, fasting and weary, old men and little children, weak women and careless-hearted boys; they came over hill and dale in the grey dawn of the Sunday morning to the spot always hallowed as a place of pilgrimage, in the faint hope of hearing a Mass (for most of them knew nothing of Father Egan's arrival), or at least telling their beads beside the sculptured cross, praying for the dead who lay in those green graves, obeying the silent behest of the inscription on one of the stone crosses: "A prayer for Muiredach, by whom was made this cross." At least seven centuries had run their course, and Muiredach's prayer was daily granted. Great was the joy of the people when they found a priest was there, that Mass would be said, a sermon preached, and those who desired it shriven.

Mass was said at an early hour; but late into the afternoon Father Egan was confessing and communicating the people. What recked they of the long fast? It was their daily portion. They were athirst for the bread of life, as another crowd were once before them in a desert place, and touched with an outflowing from that Divine Heart who had compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat. The little group, at the gray house were busy all day in ministering, as best they might, to the most pressing wants of their numerous and famished guests. However, they managed to have time for sundry private conferences. Henry and Eveleen discoursed together, and Sir Luke and Mary had a long and earnest conversation. Then, when at last Father Egan was free, his counsel was sought by first one and then another, and at last it was decided that Mary's wedding should take place the day after the expected arrival of the

O'Neill, and that immediately after the ceremony the whole party should set out for Drogheda, to leave Eveleen at her convent, and then to separate for their various paths in life.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A few days went quietly by, and the simple preparations for the great change in the life of the two sisters were easily completed. No trousseau or crowd of wedding presents graced this bridal of the daughter of the noble line of the Geraldines.

News was received of the approach of the O'Neill; and the valley was peopled with an eager crowd, whose shouts of joy made the hills give back their echoes when the victorious general rode through their midst, bowing and smiling graciously to all. He was accompanied by Gerald Fitzgerald, the only son of Sir Luke, a young and gallant officer of his own army. His stay was to be brief, and he was delighted to hear of the arrangements made during his absence, and only awaiting his arrival to be carried out.

"I am expecting tidings from my Lord Nuncio," said he, when the little party gathered around him in eager converse, "and I imagine his wish will be that I advance towards Leinster."

In the presence of O'Neill, Mistress Bride was more subdued than her wont; and it was with some diffidence that she looked up at him, and said, "My lord, may I say somewhat that may seem over-bold?"

"Say on, child," replied the chief, looking down on her with that winning, half-melancholy smile that lent such a charm to his face.

"I misdoubt Colonel Preston," said Bride; "that is, not I only—for what is a maiden's opinion worth?—but my father misdoubts him, so do many of the best and truest friends of our cause."

O'Neill's face was grave and sad. He did not answer.

Henry burst in, "Father, you know what I think on the subject."

"And as for me," said Gerald, "I hate the sight of him."

"So much for the judgment of our youth, dear friend and chief," observed Sir Luke. "Father Egan and I have

slower tongues, but, in truth, we are of the same mind as they; and now, O'Neill, that you have gained this brilliant victory, which hath struck dismay into our enemies, and placed a mighty power in your hands, we beseech thee to go forward. Do not leave Ulster. Assume the rank that so well belongs to you, as King, or at least, Prince, of Ulster; dictate terms to Charles which he cannot disregard; and tell the Supreme Council, and, with all respect, the Lord Nuncio himself, that you have a right to rule what you have won."

lative to the death. Is it, that Preston is untrue? I credit it not; calumny is easy spread. He is a brave general. He hath no overmuch love for me, 'tis true; but, what reck I of that? I am not a stripling who must be fed on sweetmeats. Life is full of these jars and turns. If the Council and my Lord Nuncio appoint him to office over me, I am ready to follow. I came hither for my country, not for myself; for my country I am ready to do, to die, to suffer, little reck I by what means. Is it not so, Eveleen, my child?" as he turned



THE MARRIAGE OF MARY AND HENRY.

"Never," said O'Neill, as he started to his feet, "never. Ah! my leal friend, do not again vex my soul with words like these; God forefend that I should dream of personal renown, or set a crown upon my brow by the might of my own arm, and not by the consent of my countrymen. Fitzgerald, I am a soldier to the core; and a soldier's first and last duty is to obey. At the express wish of the Holy Father I have come hither; I will obey his represen-

with a smile to Eveleen, whose eyes were full of tears. Remember you not how Father Fitzsymons did discourse to us at Brussels, and thou, for fear I should forget it, wert for ever repeating it in mine ear? Would the soldier who went forth to fight the battles of his King and Captain, seek himself and his own glory? Eveleen, I trow not."

Eveleen did not answer; she only gazed at her friend with eyes more eloquent than lips.

No one spoke, and a loud knock at the door in an instant after interrupted them. A messenger had arrived with despatches for the O'Neill. He drew to the window to read them, and the party sat waiting in silence till he should speak again.

He folded up the letters with a smile.

"The standards reached my Lord safely at Limerick," he said, "and were carried in procession through the town to the Cathedral, and a solemn *Te Deum* chanted."

"Glory be to God," burst from his hearers, as they rose to their feet.

"And, as I thought, my Lord bids me proceed without delay to meet him. He will convoke a national synod to meet at Waterford with all dispatch. So to-morrow I must set forth again," ended he; and turning with an arch smile to Henry, he said, "Henry, your leave of absence is nearly up."

This announcement dispersed the party; the ladies at once disappeared. Sir Luke muttered in Father Egan's ear, "You'll live to see the end of this, Father; they do not know how to use him. He is the greatest man amongst them all. If he had the rule, Ireland from end to end should be free in twelve months from this."

"Hush, my friend," said the priest, gently; "his noble words anon struck shame into my breast. He is in the right. Knowest thou not the words of Holy Writ, 'the obedient man shall speak of victory.'"

* * * * *

It was the lovely dawn of a day in midsummer. Soft and balmy was the air, bright the sunshine, on the day that rose for Mary Fitzgerald's bridal. No wedding music woke the echoes, but the little birds carolled their sweetest song as the fair bride, in her long white robe, and covered with a snowy veil, stood before the ruined altar for the solemn rite.

Beside her were Eveleen and Bide. She clung to her father's arm as he led her up the grass-grown aisle and placed her by the side of her noble bridegroom.

A fair couple to behold, as the people who were there in crowds averred. The fine form, the open, generous face of the bridegroom, the delicate loveliness of the bride, won praise loud and deep.

Into the giddiest wedding through the

words of Holy Church sound with solemn import. How much more in the days of which we write? Yes, in sickness and in health, for weal or for woe, to share together peril, exile, death, did Mary and Henry pledge themselves.

The Sacrament is completed; the ring is on her hand; and now the Nuptial Mass commences; they pray on, hand in hand, heart knit close to heart. The soft breeze waves the bride's hair, and seems to breathe low warnings.

As Mary rose from her knees, supremely happy, the words that echoed in her soul were, "the fashion of this world passeth away."

The wedding breakfast, the last meal which all the party should ever share together in this world, was a marvel of culinary skill on the part of Bride and her handmaidens. Eveleen had not been suffered to have a hand in it.

"Henry ought to have had a sonnet of Lord Surrey by heart, Mary," observed the O'Neill, "to recite on the proud day when he hath wedded a 'fair Geraldine.' How run the lines, Henry? Shame on thee that my memory serves me better than thine!—

"Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Her beauty of kind, her virtues from above;
Happy is he that can attain her love."

Mary blushed beautifully at the compliment, and her hand stole into that of her husband. "Ah! my lord," she said, "would that all the Geraldines were on the right side!"

"Dost thou think, O'Neill," enquired Father Egan, "that there is any hope of our gaining Kildare?"

"I fear not," answered the chief; "our last endeavors proved fruitless. Much, of course, depends on the turning of affairs in England. Kildare is true to the King; at least, he doth not disgrace his blood by herding with these cropped-eared, psalm-singing hypocrites of the Parliament. And if they gain the upperhand, which I misdoubt much they will, all the King's adherents will be glad to seek our aid."

Sir Luke, on whose brow, since the night before, a settled cloud had gathered, muttered in Bride's ear, "Yes, if we have any aid left to give to them, and do not waste our victories by submitting to the absurd orders of a set of men who

know no more about war than I do how to fashion thy wimple."

"Gerald," said the O'Neill, whose quick ear caught the import of Sir Luke's words, "you must redeem the glory of the Geraldines in the Irish army."

Gerald, sitting on the other side of Bride, was apparently quite absorbed in attending to the wants of the fair and capricious damsel. At his chief's call he started to his feet and exclaimed:

The Geraldines, the Geraldines!
 'Tis nigh a thousand years,
 Since 'mid the Tuscan Vineyards,
 Bright flashed their battle spears;
 When Capet seized the crown of France,
 Their iron shields were known;
 And their sabre dint struck terror
 On the banks of the Garonne.
 But never since, nor thence till now,
 Has falsehood or disgrace,
 Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume,
 Or mantle in his face.

Evelcen and Mary turned a tearful, and loving glance on their darling brother.

"God grant you may prove the words true my Gerald," said the chief affectionately, and in no doubting tone, "and now I think we must to horse, time wears on, a parting cup friends, a speedy meeting again, if so God wills, and freedom for Erin."

"Amen," responded all, in tones of gravity seldom heard at a wedding feast, and showing well how deeply their hearts were engaged in the cause: then came farewells. The chief and his body-guard were the first to depart, but Gerald had leave to go with his father, and escort Evelcen to her Convent.

When, however, the wedding party set forth, Henry O'Neill of course guarding his bride, Gerald seemed to look upon it as his exclusive and imperative duty to control the vagaries of the steed that bore mistress Bride.

Into her sympathetic ear he poured his hatred of Preston, his fears of future treachery; but did not fail to paint in glowing colors, the happy future in store for Ireland at the end of the war. Bride listened with an attention very unwonted for her, and Mary confided to Henry her prospects for Bride and Gerald, and her belief that her calculations were not far wrong; and so the little party journeyed on.

(To be continued.)

TO THE IRISH AT HOME.

Oh, stay at home in your beauteous land,
 Nor tempt the gloom and danger,
 The storm-king's wrath, or faithless hand
 Of the cold, unfeeling stranger.

Why fly from an isle so matchless fair?
 A land of song and story!
 When the dust of millions is mingling there
 That shine in immortal glory?

'Mong the emerald hills of your island green,
 There are homes to the heart endearing,
 Where beauty crowns each charming scene,
 In your own long suffering Erin.

And Heaven flings down her golden light
 O'er the graves of the martyr'd tra-
 men,
 Who bravely died for the cause of right,
 Bequeathing that cause to you-men.

Can you leave for ever the fairy dells,
 Bright vales and towering mountains,
 The magic lakes, and holy wells,
 Green bowers and gushing fountains?

Can you tear your hearts from the sacred
 isle,
 Where the patriot dead are sleeping,
 From "a clime more sweet than a mother's
 smile."
 Whose future is in your keeping?

Is there no love left in your big hearts now,
 That you fly from her in sorrow?
 With the ban of slavery on her brow,
 Nor wait for the coming morrow?

When freedom's gleam, like the morning's
 beam,
 Shall to light and right restore her,
 Dispelling the night of her dismal dream,
 As the sunburst rises o'er her.

Cling on to her breast, as the ivy clings,
 To the shades of her faded splendor;
 Like the bubbling brooks, and crystal
 springs,
 That flow round her heart so tender.

As your fathers clung, 'mid worse than
 death,
 Through long years of desolation,
 Cling ye to her cause, and her spotless
 faith,
 Despite hell's worst temptation!

He who pretends to great sensibility towards men, and yet has no feeling for the high objects of religion, no heart to admire and adore the great Father of the universe, has reason to distrust the truth and delicacy of his sensibility.

Man, in his highest earthly glory, is but a reed floating on the stream of time, and forced to follow every new direction of the current.

"ENGLAND'S GREATEST QUEEN."

"England's greatest Queen" was undoubtedly a *terragant*. The blood of the Tudors ran in her veins and Tudor blood ran hot and heavy. Even her panegyrists acknowledge that Elizabeth Tudor swore like a trooper; and many a gentle maid of honor felt the full force of the same Elizabeth's most royal arm on the slightest pretext. We have evidence of the one in the records of her interview with the Master of Gray and Sir Robert Melville; and of the other in the celebrated scandal letter extant in Murdin's State Papers, and which was so unjustly charged to the gentle Mary Queen of Scots.

The perfidious Gray had been sent by his royal master—Scotland's King and Mary's son,—together with Sir Robert Melville to ask mercy for the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose only crime was her right of succession to the throne of England. Elizabeth's answer to the cry for mercy uttered by a loving son for a beloved and much injured mother, *was an oath*. When in order to propitiate her, Gray further proposed that the unfortunate Mary should give up her right of succession to the English throne, so that the hopes of the Catholics might be cut off, Elizabeth's answer *bristled with oaths*. The Master of Gray has himself described the interview; and certainly, short though it is, it affords us a sample of right royal swearing. Elizabeth pretended not to understand the import of the proposition, when Leicester explained, that it simply meant, that the King of Scots should be put in his mother's place. "Is that so?" exclaimed "England's greatest Queen" with a loud voice and terrible oath, "Get rid of one and have a worse in her place. By God's passion! that were to cut my own throat." And a little later she added "no! by God! he shall never be in that place." This undoubtedly was right royal swearing and after the most approved Tudor fashion. But Elizabeth had learnt it from her royal father, and had proved only too apt a scholar.

The scandal letter in the State papers shews conclusively the weight and strength of the royal arm. This cele-

brated letter which doubtless (clumsily though it was concocted) was the proximate cause of Mary's death accuses Elizabeth—of having broken the finger of one of her waiting maids and of afterwards trying to make her courtiers believe that it was done by the fall of a chandelier and—of having cut another of her attendants across the hand with a knife. These royal "pleasantries" must have been truly edifying to the young ladies of gentle blood and tender years whose profit or misfortune it was to be maids of honor to the Tudor Queen.

As this celebrated letter gives us an insight into Elizabeth's character in more ways than one, and as it refers to one of Elizabeth's most dastardly acts, it will be well to look at it more closely. That Elizabeth would never have allowed her cousin to be put to death if she had been left to the promptings of her better feelings, is, we think, certain. But Elizabeth had passions which were easily aroused and which when aroused were ungovernable. Beyond this, she had around her courtiers more unprincipled than the most untamed savages. To these men, as well as to Elizabeth, the gentle Queen of Scots was an object of the most anxious alarm. They knew well the Tudor lion that lurked ever in the royal breast of their irritable and jealous mistress. This lion they knew *when and how* to arouse, what wonder then, that this celebrated and terribly insidious letter appeared on the scenes just at the opportune moment. It is written in French, but not in Mary's well known hand, nor does any copy exist in her hand-writing. It details with provoking minuteness a variety of scandals, which would appear to have been in circulation against Queen Elizabeth in her own court—just such things in fact as few women would forgive another for repeating. How insidiously the letter was devised may be seen from the fact that the scandals contained in it, are affirmed to have been repeated to the captive Queen by the Countess of Shrewsbury. This woman was a malignant gossip and *intriguante*, and during the life of her first husband had been one of Elizabeth's bed-chamber women, of all positions the most likely wherein to obtain possession of the

scandals she is supposed to detail. Her hatred for the Queen of Scots—her husband's royal charge—the feelings of distrust with which the Queen of Scots regarded her, were both well known to Elizabeth. All these things gave plausibility to the idea wished to be conveyed, that the unfortunate Queen in a moment of irritation or distrust had sought by inditing this letter to destroy her great enemy's credit with the English Queen.

That Mary ever departed so far from the character of a christian gentlewoman as to commit to paper the things contained in this document, no one familiar with the pure and delicate style of her authentic letters will for a moment believe, nor was Mary so deplorably ignorant as not to be aware that the retailer of scandal is invariably more an object of dislike even than the originator. And yet every sentence of the letter was artfully devised for the evident purpose of irritating Elizabeth ostensibly against lady Shrewsbury but in reality against Mary herself, who would never have had the folly to inform her too jealous rival "that lady Shrewsbury had by a book of divination" (Elizabeth was well known to be excessively superstitious) "in her possession predicted that Elizabeth would very 'soon be cut off by a violent death and Mary would succeed to the throne.'" Such information as this was only furnishing Elizabeth with a more cogent excuse for putting her rival to death without delay. The letter as a whole will not bear insertion; it contains very offensive observations on Elizabeth's person, constitution and conduct, which observations are there affirmed to have been made by lady Shrewsbury, together with a repetition of much indelicate gossip touching her majesty's intimacy with Simier the plenipotentiary of Francis duke of Anjou, with Anjou himself and with *Hatton*, whilst the notorious amours of Elizabeth with Leicester are no where alluded to. This omission of the amours of Leicester and the promise given to those of *Hatton*, Leicester's personal rival, go far to clear Mary from the disgrace of having written this letter, and as far to fix the guilt on Leicester or some of his party. Leicester was justly regarded by Mary Queen

of Scots as one of her bitterest enemies. He is always mentioned as such in her letters to her friends, and if this notorious letter had been penned by her she would scarcely have omitted his name. On the other hand Elizabeth's well known vanity and self love are skillfully and only too deeply wounded by the information that *Hatton* "had been at times so thoroughly ashamed of the public demonstrations of her majesty's fondness, that he was constrained to retire." Could woman's (and such a woman's) vanity have been more deeply lacerated? Allusion is also made to a love quarrel between "the virgin Queen" and *Hatton* about certain gold buttons on his dress on which occasion he departed out of her presence in a fit of anger; that she sent Killigrew after him in great haste and bestowed a buffet on her messenger because he came back without him, and that she pensioned another gentleman with three hundred a year for bringing her news of *Hatton's* return; that when the said *Hatton* might have contracted an illustrious marriage he dared not for fear of offending her; and for the same cause the earl of Oxford was afraid of appearing on good terms with his own wife; that lady Shrewsbury had advised her (the Queen of Scots) laughing excessively at the same time, to place her son on the list of her majesty's lovers, for she was so vain and had such a high opinion of her own beauty that she fancied herself into some heavenly goddess and if she took it into her head might easily be persuaded to entertain the youthful king of Scots as one of her suitors; that no flattery was too absurd for her to receive, for those about her were accustomed to tell her, "that they could not look full upon her because her face was resplendent as the sun" and that the countess of Shrewsbury declared that she and lady Lennox never dared look at each other for fear of bursting out laughing when in Elizabeth's presence because of her affectation, adding that nothing in the world would induce her daughter Talbot to hold any office near her majesty's person for fear she should, in one of her *furtes* treat her as she had done her cousin Scudamore whose finger she had broken and then tried to make her courtiers believe that it was done.

by the fall of a chandelier; that she had cut another of her attendants across the hand with a knife, and that her ladies were accustomed to mimic and "take the Queen off" for the amusement of their waiting-women; and above all that lady Shrewsbury had asserted that the Queen's illness proceeded from an attempt to heal the disease in her leg, with many other remarks equally vexatious.

That this letter is the work of some human fiend, is too evident. If it is to be taken as a true picture of "England's virgin Queen" it can only be concluded, that though her reign was glorious her morals were abominable. What wonder if after this letter and the self-humiliation it must have inflicted, "England's greatest Queen" was led to listen to the insidious whisper of the Master of Gray, "Mortua non mordet." "A dead woman cannot bite."

Modern philosophy with the inimitable Darwin maintains, that the "evolved man" has brought with him from his beasthood the passions of the various animals through which he has passed, which is only a return to the old error of metempsychosis. If it were true, it would account for the tiger traits in Elizabeth's disposition. When we consider that previous to Mary's death the Duke of Guise had offered to give up his sons as hostages for the security of Queen Elizabeth against any further plots from the Catholic party provided Mary were spared; and when we remember her joke *immediately* after her signing of the death warrant, as recorded by Davison, one of the shrewd custodians of the unfortunate Mary—that he should forthwith go and tell Mr. Secretary Walsingham, being then sick in his house in London, because the grief thereof would go near to kill him outright," we cannot but conclude that she, whom men call "good Queen Bess" had lurking within her that which belonged (whether by evolution or involution) to the atmosphere of the jungle.

The idea of ridding herself of her royal captive by private murder appears to have taken a powerful hold of Elizabeth's mind for the last eight days of Mary's life. That she had even provided herself with agents (one of whom, Wingfield, she mentioned by name)

"who were ready to undertake the deed" is certain from her own admission. But the "niceness" as she expressed it "of those precious fellows," Paulet and Drury, who had the custody of Mary's person, frustrated her design. However Elizabeth might lament that "amongst the thousands who professed to be attached to her as a sovereign, not one would spare her the painful task of dipping her hands in the blood of a sister queen" — however she might complain to Davison of Sir Amias Paulet and others "that might have eased her of this burden"—neither Drury nor Paulet felt inclined to ease their royal mistress of her burden that she might in her turn ease them of their lives, in order to shift the blame, in the eyes of her subjects and posterity, from royal to ignoble shoulders.

How plainly and earnestly Elizabeth urged the private murder of her unfortunate victim, may be learnt from a private official letter written by the two secretaries Walsingham and Davison to Mary's keepers—Paulet and Drury. It begins:

"After our hearty commendations, we find by a speech lately made by Her Majesty that she does note in you both, a lack of that care and zeal for her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not in all this time (of yourselves without other provocation) found out some way of *shortening the life of the Scot's Queen, &c.*" And again—

"And therefore she taketh it most unkindly that men professing that love towards her that you do, should in a kind of sort, by lack of discharging your duties cast the burden upon her, knowing as you do her indisposition to shed blood especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near her in blood, as that queen (the queen of Scots) is."

This letter reveals a disgraceful state of things. "England's greatest queen" wishes her rival's death, nor is she particular how it is compassed; it may be by sword or fire or poison, it may be after due warning and after earnest prayer, or it may be when unsuspected and when the victim is least prepared to meet her God. She notes in those who might have done all or any of those things ("of themselves without provocation"), "a lack of that *care and zeal*

for her service that she looketh for at their hands." Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury who do not believe in murder unless it be official, and who doubtless have some slight regard for keeping their heads upon their shoulders, are slothful and wicked servants. Where is the zealous cup of poison? or the eager but stealthy dagger? or if needs be, the incendiary torch sacrificing a noble castle rather than that an innocent woman's life should not be shortened? Why wait for royal warrants? or even for hints? Why not, *of themselves*, do that which she wishes done, but would not for one moment that the world should be able to say she did? You know, Sir Amias, her right royal "indisposition to shed blood;" and yet how royally but secretly withal she would rejoice if it was shed. Why not then spare her the pain and give her the pleasure? Oh, most slack and pusillanimous of castellans! why not, *of yourselves*, without any promptings from the gentle Elizabeth—why not, *of yourselves*, become the zealous tools of royal villainy by devising some way of shortening the life of Scotland's queen? You might get a halter, but would gain an altar.

But the gentle Elizabeth reckoned without her host. If Leicester counselled his royal mistress to "send the apothecary not the executioner. Let things be done with *decency*." (Alas, what decency!) Sir Amias Paulet was not going to be *the apothecary*. His refusal is couched in the language of a noble and much injured man.

Sir Amias Paulet to Secretary Walsingham:—

"Sir,—Your letters of yesterday, coming to my hands this present day, at five past meridian, I would not fail, according to your direction to return my answer with all possible speed, which I shall deliver to you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy as living to see this unhappy day, in which I am required by direction of my most Gracious Sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth." (What do you think of that Queen Bess?)
 "My goods and my life are at her Majesty's disposition and I am ready to lose them next morrow, if it shall please her acknowledging that I do

"hold them as of her mere and most gracious favour, and do not desire to enjoy them but with her Highness' good liking. But God forbid I should make shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity as to shed blood without law or warrant."

Whatever Elizabeth might be, Sir Amias Paulet was evidently a Christian and an honorable man. H. B.

MORAL INFLUENCE.—The influence of a good example is far-reaching; for our experience and conflicts with the world lead us at times to indulge misanthropic sentiments, and charge all men with selfish and impure motives. The play of pride, prejudice and passion, and the eagerness manifested by the great majority of men to advance their own interests, often at the expense of others, and in violation of the golden rule, cause us to look with suspicion on the best intents of others. Arrogance, hypocrisy, treachery and violence, every day outrage, till we are almost disposed to distrust human nature, and become discouraged. But amid all that is sad and disheartening in this busy, noisy world, now and then there is presented to us a life of such uniform virtue, that we recognize in it a character that brings hope for the perfect development and ultimate regeneration of our race. Such characters are precious, and such examples should be held up to the world for its admiration and imitation; they should be snatched from oblivion and treasured in the hearts and thoughts of all who are in process of forming habits and maturing character.

LOVELINESS.—What constitutes true loveliness? Not the polished brow, the gaudy dress, nor the show and parade of fashionable life. A woman may have all the outward marks of beauty, and yet not possess a lovely character. It is the benevolent disposition, the kind acts, and the Christian deportment. It is in the heart, where meekness, truth, affection, humility are found, where we look for loveliness; nor do we look in vain. The woman who can soothe the aching heart, smooth the wrinkled brow, alleviate the anguish of the mind, and pour the balm of consolation in the wounded breast, possesses, in an eminent degree, true loveliness of character.

THE FUTURE OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

The history of the Irish people is, without doubt or exception, the strangest and saddest narrative of human suffering and of national woe that is written on the page of time.

It is a history which records how a generous and a noble people were enslaved by cruel and unjust laws; how for centuries they were cast down by a persecution unexampled in the annals of mankind: how their free-born natures, from generation to generation, spurned the yoke which oppressed them: and lastly how they are now winning back their independence, and taking their place once more among the free and enlightened nations of the world. Such is the history of Ireland, which, even though largely made up of persecutions, of proscriptions, of massacres, is, nevertheless, destitute neither of interest nor importance. For if it records the unsuccessful struggles, the blighted hopes, the misfortunes of a people, it also records their virtues, patriotism and their magnanimity. No people have passed through such an ordeal of suffering, or have borne up with greater energy and fortitude against the misery, the misfortune and the oppression, which, through all ages of their history, seem to have been their sad and only inheritance. But, notwithstanding the heavy hand which has hitherto oppressed them, their faith and their traditions remain unbroken, and their social and national characteristics are unimpaired. Other nations and peoples in evil days, either through their own wickedness or through persecution, have forgotten, have forfeited everything venerable, holy and worthy of remembrance in their history—their religion, their identity, their traditions, and their glory have all undergone a change, or have totally perished; but the faith, the life, the hopes, the aspirations of the Irish people have ever been the same. They are as unchangeable, as indestructible, as immortal as the race. No people have such love for freedom and for country, such vitality, such physical hardihood, such persistence and force of character, such reverence for past traditions and associations. It was these char-

acteristics that sustained them in the ordeal through which they have passed. The Poles for example, dark and gloomy as their history has been, have not suffered so much for their country as the Irish; and yet their lovely land, the home of so many saints and warriors, has been torn asunder, and their nationality cast to the winds. The Gaels of Scotland and the Saxons of England, when the first wave of religious persecution broke against them fell away from the faith which Augustine and Columba first planted on their shores. But Ireland, unlike Poland, still belongs to her children. Irish nationality is neither dead nor dormant: but, having survived the cruellest laws ever enacted by human malice, it is at this hour more active, more powerful, more elastic than at any former period. Unlike the Saxon also and the Gael, who have trampled and still trample upon the religion of their forefathers, it is the glory and happiness of the Irish people to enjoy the blessings of a faith from which they have never fallen away.

It may be said of the Irish that no people are so ancient and so young: they are old in their faith, in their civilisation, in their misfortunes; they are young in their hopes of a happy future. The Irish are ever hopeful, ever sanguine, ever on the watch for happier times; no disappointments, no misfortunes, can crush the power of hope within them. Throughout the long and dreary desert of their history hope pictured to their fancy visions of sunny lands that awaited them in the distance. But for hope which never forsook them even when all else had departed, they might have perished in the wilderness. But now the desert, which during so many long ages was the scene of their bondage, is crossed, and already they have caught one faint though real glimpse of the Land of Promise, no longer are their hopes the vain creation of a distorted fancy; they are hopes which the aspect of the times has called into existence, and which are sooner or later to be fulfilled. And as their country, so long overshadowed and eclipsed by the greatness of other nations, is now looming out from the gloom of ages, the question naturally arises;

what will be the destiny of the Irish people? Their career has been so immediately linked with misfortunes in the past that, were it not for the success crowning the labors, mental and material, of the Irish race all the world over, as well as the bright prospects opening upon those whose lot is cast in the "old country," it would indeed be difficult to anticipate a happier state of things in the future. But events of almost daily occurrence convince us that the long night of their bondage is fast passing away. Already the morning has come; it is still in the gray of the dawn, but it is fast brightening into a glorious noon.

Two hundred years ago, when the Irish, instead of winning for themselves distinction abroad, were writhing under heartless persecution at home, few would have ventured to anticipate for the great old people the great destiny which now awaits them in every nation of the earth. But the fact is now patent to all. Their power, growing into strength every day, is felt and recognised. Spread over the vast continents of America and Australia, over the British colonies, in Asia and Africa, they are to be found fighting manfully and successfully the great battle of life, winning wealth and distinction for themselves and glory for their native land. In literature and science, in arts and arms, in statesmanship and eloquence, in all those serious industries which form the great occupation of mankind—agriculture, manufactures and commerce—they have few superiors. Besides the large numbers of them who have attained to eminence at the bar, in the senate, and in literature there are millions of exiled Irishmen scattered over the vast plains of America who, by their industry are, under Heaven, destined to become the dominant power in the New World. In the British colonies, scattered over the globe, they are, in like manner, taking possession of the soil, whence they cannot be exterminated by a legalised system of oppression. It is their own. They hold it by no uncertain tenure. They enjoy all the advantages of proprietorship. They enjoy too the fruits of their industry. And these advantages it were idle for them to expect in Ireland. Under such circum-

stances as these, so different from those under which their fathers were compelled to drag out their existence, the Irish people live and prosper. They have every incentive which could be supplied by nature and circumstances to stimulate their industry. For their great physical strength and hardihood and power of endurance they are famed all the world over. They possess, as we have just remarked, every facility and advantage necessary to the proper management of the soil. Added to these is the motive and by no means an insignificant one, of the remembrance of their past grievances in Ireland, which will, doubtless, so influence their industry, as to prevent the recurrence of similar misfortunes.

In Ireland, also, the old people have cast off their chains, and have entered upon their young career with hope and confidence in the future. The penal laws have gone their way, and religious ascendancy has gone, and the Anglican Establishment has gone; all have faded away from the face of Ireland like vapour in the noonday sun. They know that they are not forgotten, that something has been done to mitigate their grievances, and that they may yet live and prosper in the dear old land. And they are also aware that without Home Rule Ireland never can be—

"The first flower of the earth
And first gem of the sea."

Yet they look forward with the hope that ere long will dawn upon them a new era in the history of their country, as bright as the past has been sad and gloomy.

The great work which is the crowning glory of Irish existence, for which they deserve the grateful and lasting remembrance of posterity, is the powerful aid they have rendered in christian times to religion, humanity and civilization. The children of Aaron were not more the Levites of the Old Law than are the children of Erin the Levites of the New. To preserve inviolate the message handed down to them from Apostolic times, they abandoned everything that humanity holds dear—country, friends and the inducements which the world holds out to learning and genius; nay, more, they were subjected to every species of persecution, which, as we

have already said, had no parallel in the annals of human wickedness and tyranny. But notwithstanding the penal chains that enslaved them for centuries, the divine commission entrusted to them has been nobly fulfilled. The sacred fire over which they were appointed to watch, they have never suffered to be extinguished; no sooner was it kindled in Ireland by St. Patrick, than they carried the sacred flame into every country in Europe. When Columbus discovered a continent on the other side of the Atlantic, they bore the same holy fire to the shores of the New World. Since then, they have penetrated the country to its remotest depths, and made its mountains, its deserts and forests resound with the tidings of Redemption; everywhere they have erected the Cross on the ruins of idolatry and superstition. And this work they are still carrying on quietly, steadfastly and triumphantly, animated with a hope in the Power that directs them that no earthly adversities can overcome.

When we consider what they have suffered for, and what they have done to disseminate the blessings of religion, we cannot but think that they are the people specially chosen by Providence to preach His gospel to the nations of the earth. Active and energetic, zealous and eloquent, passionately attached to the ancient faith, and inured in its behalf to the most intolerable cruelties, the Irish people are well fitted by nature and circumstances to carry on the great work of evangelisation in the future with as glorious results as in the past. May their future be all their sanguine natures can desire!

M. W. C.

Upper Wakefield.

Every degree of guilt, incurred by yielding to temptation, tends to debase the mind, and to weaken the generous and benevolent principles of human nature.

Were we to survey the chambers of sickness and distress, we should often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and sensuality, and with the children of vicious indolence and sloth.

PIUS THE GOOD.

AIR—"O'DONNELL ABOO!"

BY REV. T. A. BUTLER, AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH
ON THE PRAIRIES."

Lift up your voices in glad jubilation,
Children of earth, wheresoever ye dwell!
Send the glad summons from nation to nation,
Over the ocean with thunderous swell!
Down from the mountains' height,
Up from the valleys bright,
Out where the forests for ages have stood—
Send forth the gladsome sound
All this great globe around—
Honor and glory to Pius the Good!

Ring out the bells in a million of steeples,
Strike the great organs in numberless
shrines—
O! for an angel to marshal the peoples,
And 'circle the globe with their glittering
lines!
Princes and Kings of earth,
Maidens of royal birth,
Peasants who boast not nobility's blood—
All, all in Faith allied,
Spread the great paean wide—
Honor and glory to Pius the Good!

Like the wild waves of the boisterous Ocean
Roll'd the great troubles that Pius has
known!—
Like a great rock 'midst the billows' com-
motion
Stood he, unchang'd and undaunted, alone!
Tempests might roll and roar,
Rush from each savage shore,
Darken the face of the silvery flood,
But 'neath Jehovah's smile
Stood our great Pope the while—
Honor and glory to Pius the Good!

Father of nations! though tyrants oppress
thee
Brightly the snow on thy forehead appears!
Hundreds of millions of subjects will bless
thee,
Millions will love thee in joy and in tears,
Soft be thy setting sun—
Blest when thy work is done—
Honor'd and lov'd where thy Kingdom has
stood.
Over the nation's breast,
North, South, and East and West,
Honor and glory to Pius the Good!

From our eagerness to grasp, we strangle and destroy pleasure.

A temperate spirit, and moderate expectations, are excellent safeguards of the mind, in this uncertain and changing state.

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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

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

(Continued).

There is another matter, too, of equal importance, which is taking deeper root among the landocracy of Ireland—I refer to the principle of amalgamating small farms. This appears now to be the favourite panacea for Ireland's grievances. A notion has gone abroad that small farms are injurious to the material wealth of the country. This, to a certain extent, might be true of a great commercial country like England, but, if persisted in, will prove the ruin Ireland.

The landlords unthinkingly follow the advice and example of political economists, without reflecting how far this will benefit the country at large. The poet was wiser than these writers when he asserted—

"Where wealth accumulates, men decay."

Large farms are unfavorable to the increase of population; but increase of population is favorable to the growth of liberty, intelligence, and prosperity.

In England it has been found that the poor have increased in misery as farms have increased in size. If this be true of a commercial country like England, how much more so must it be of an agricultural one like Ireland.

The smaller the farms, the more food must be raised, and consequently the more employment given. The humble agriculturist of a few acres—if he be but protected by law—might be as happy and independent as the man with hundreds.

The increase of farms tend to convert arable land into pasture, and thereby diminish the means of employment and the increase of wholesome food, for be it known that the complement of land required to grow corn for six or eight men would not grow animal food for one man.

The quantity and quality of food has great influence on the increase of the peasantry and their physical development.

This accounts for the appearance and comparative independence of the Irish peasant previous to the famine years.

Until the failure of the potatoe crop, a wholesome and nutritious food was easily procured; population naturally increased, and a certain prosperity reigned among the peasantry, despite the many cruel evictions and extortions practised by the landlords.

I say to you, landlords of Ireland, if you favor the increase of farms, you are ruining your country, you are ruining the peasantry—debaring him from any right or enjoyment in the soil which gave him birth. Are there no philanthropists among you to come forth in defence of the poor man's rights? It is not in human nature to seek misery. We all strive for happiness; yet the Irish peasant, the most laborious and patient under God's sun, pines in misery in his own native soil—a soil teeming with abundance, fruitful as God's Eden. His existence, indeed, is miserable. He meets no love, no sympathy from those bound to protect him. Suckled and nursed amidst filth and poverty, embrowned with the constant smoke that reeks around his chimneyless cabin, covered over with rags, and fed sparingly, and often with unwholesome food, he still grows to manhood, strong, stalworth, and impulsive. What would he be if he were nurtured and reared as he should be? But no, he is looked upon as an incumbrance in the land which he loves so dearly. Better for him, poor fellow! that he had no existence at all than to live on to see his life one bitter strife of unrequited toil, with hope and energy crushed in his breast—his wife, with love and joy torn from her heart, droop and pine, and his babes, born to their father's inheritance of strife and misery, more objects of sufferance; for the will of the landlord or agent may hurl them from their wretched home to a more wretched fate still, namely, to die beside some ditch, or to prolong this miserable life amidst the moral leprosy and contagion of a poorhouse.

Landlords of Ireland, will you do

nothing for the poor? Aristocracy of Ireland, will you do nothing for them? Think of their patience, their virtues, their wants, and their fruitful toils—think of all these—think how the love and tenderness of their lives are chilled and overborne by a system of neglect and exclusiveness. I was going to say oppression—that is fast exterminating the hapless peasantry. Landlords! encourage small farms; give the poor man his little garden to till; give him an interest in the soil that will give him wholesome remunerative employment for his wife and children; make him feel that he is a man, that you and the laws are his protectors, that he can safely enjoy all these domestic hopes, enjoyments, and gushing affections that enoble our nature. Do all this, and you not only render a moral benefit to society at large, but you make your fellow-creature happy and independent, thereby discharging your duty both to God and man. Leave aside all sectarian feelings, look upon the peasant as an unfortunate brother, reach to him the hand of friendship and fellowship, and, believe me, he will repay you with gratitude and esteem.

We beg our readers to accompany us to a select little party given by the amiable Mrs. Thrifty, mistress of the—poorhouse.

Mrs. Thrifty was a plump, tidy, good-looking little woman. She always had a smile on her pouting lips for her superiors in office, though the poor devils under her charge asserted that to them she was the essence of vinegar. She was particularly gracious to the master of the house, who was a good-looking young man of about thirty, who had replaced her dear husband, who was master before him, but who had taken it into his head to take too much spiritual comfort, and to make his exit from the scene of his useful labors. Some say that Mrs. Thrifty did not bestow all her gracious smiles upon him, that she treated him to more of the acid than the honey of matrimony, and that in order to kill care he killed himself. Mrs. Thrifty fretted and fumed a good deal after his death. She was continually crying and bemoaning the good man for a time. Perhaps her conscience smote her. However, she

became wonderfully reconciled to her fate after the appointment of the new master.

A bright fire blazed in Mrs. Thrifty's comfortable little room; the round table glistened with glasses and decanters, and four wax candles burned brightly. Mrs. Thrifty sat at the fire in an easy-chair; she continually smoothed down her nice lace collar and her new bombazine; she then cast a wistful look at the door, as if anxiously expecting some one. A pretty little child of about two years old twaddled about. The child fell upon the carpet and began to cry. "Hold your tongue, or I'll throw you into the fire," said she, rudely snatching up the child. "Hush, pet, darling, love, don't cry; that's it; there's a lump of sugar," said she in soothing tones, but loud enough to reach the ears of Mr. Tomkins, the master, whom she heard opening the door.

"Ah! Mrs. Thrifty," said Mr. Tomkins, "what ails the poor dear?"

"She just got a fall, Mr. Tomkins. Pray, sit down. It's nothing, for it was only upon the carpet; but then I'm so alarmed lest anything should happen to this only pledge of affection left by my dear, dear husband." Here Mrs. Thrifty put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"What a loving, affectionate body she is," thought Mr. Tomkins.

"Poor pet—that's it; be quiet now. There's a darling. Mix a glass of punch, Mr. Tomkins."

Mr. Tomkins did so, and mixed one for Mrs. Thrifty, too.

"Ah, I won't take it Tomkins; it sickens me."

"Do, please, ma'am, for me. It is the first I have ever asked you;" and Mr. Tomkins pushed his chair over near the widow, I suppose to urge her.

Mrs. Thrifty at length consented.

"Do you know, Mr. Tomkins," said the widow, "I don't know, have I acted prudently in asking a few friends here to-night? for my dear man is dead no more than six months; but then you and I were so long under the same roof, discharging similar duties, that I thought it too bad without inviting you to a cup of tea. Fill another glass, Mr. Tomkins. Besides, it is so lonely to be alone, without any one to speak to only this dear little pet," and she fell to kiss-

ing the slumbering child. "Only for her I couldn't live at all."

"It is, indeed, too bad," said Mr. Tomkins, tossing off his punch, and edging his chair nearer to the widow. "I am often tempted to spend an evening with you in this nice quiet room. Isn't it comfortable?" and Mr. Tomkins looked, evidently well pleased, about the cheerful room. "I'll tell you what, Mrs. Thrifty, it would be agreeable to spend an evening here, and we such near neighbors, only the voice of slander, the voice of slander, Mrs. Thrifty."

Mr. Tomkins was waxing eloquent, for he had emptied his third glass.

"The people are very talkative, Mr. Tomkins; but who'd mind their talk, who'd mind their talk? Mustn't people live and enjoy themselves, Mr. Tomkins?"

"That's true ma'am," said Mr. Tomkins, and he gave something that resounded like a kiss to Mrs. Thrifty, which made her blush and toss her head.

"Oh, fie, Mr. Tomkins, don't do that again; see, you have awakened the child. Hush, my darling; sleep now, pet."

"Isn't it lovely," said Mr. Tomkins, running his hand through the silken hair of the child.

"Ah! no, Mr. Tomkins it's not fashionable, you know—it's rude."

"What, curly hair not fashionable? Why, I never saw anything so beautiful."

"Ah! but I meant—no matter. It is indeed lovely. Are you fond of children?"

"Passionately, passionately, ma'am. I'd give the world to be the father of that lovely child, to have her nestle confidently in my breast, to have her little silken head resting against my bosom, to have her call me father, to have her prattling about me like a little cherub. Ah! Mrs. Thrifty, that, indeed, would be living in love and happiness."

"Stop, stop," said she, "there is some one coming." In fact Mrs. Thrifty's guests were assembling.

Mrs. Thrifty's guests were highly pleased with everything. They were delighted; so much so, indeed, that they did not quit until about twelve o'clock. They were all gone, except Mr. Tomkins, who seemed as if bent on

saying something, for he had one arm around Mrs. Thrifty's waist, and the other resting upon the table.

"Who's there?" said Mrs. Thrifty, as a rap came to the door.

"I ma'am; I want to see you."

"Come in then. Well what do you want?"

"Nothing, ma'am, only that Nelly Sullivan's son is dying, and she's making such an uproar to get to him, and he says 'he'd die asy if he saw her.'"

"Well did any one ever hear the like," said Mrs. Thrifty, raising her eyes in surprise, "to think that I could go and admit her now and let the men's ward too? it is provoking."

"It's scandalous!" said Mr. Tomkins, sympathetically.

"Well, ma'am, what'll I do?" said the nurse, hesitatingly.

"Go about your business, and if she persist, let her be locked up. Why, there are so many dying now, if we were to mind them we couldn't get a moment's sleep."

"Why don't you go?"

"Please, sir, there is another man dying, and he's calling for the priest."

"Priest, now, indeed. What a nice hour it would be to rattle up a priest. Let him hold till morning if he likes."

"I'm sure the priest would come if sent for; I'd go myself, sir."

"Do as you're bid, woman; and, mind you, to-morrow will be board day. Let the stirabout be made thick and strong."

"Yes, sir. Can't we do anything for them, sir?"

"You have got your answer, woman; go about your business."

"How will we stand them? Aren't they a pest?" said Mrs. Thrifty, as she emptied a glass of wine to compose her nerves.

"They are provoking; they are sure to take it into their heads to die at night, as if to vex people," said Mr. Tomkins, as if the poor wretches had a choice of dying when they liked; and Mr. Tomkins drank off a glass of punch to keep Mrs. Thrifty company.

As I am about to take leave of Mr. Tomkins and Mrs. Thrifty, I might as well state that Mr. Tomkins, in his warmth of feeling and deep admiration of the child, popped the question, which Mrs. Thrifty, after some bashful objec-

tions, accepted, to the great joy of Mr. Tomkins, who swore he was the happiest man in Christendom, but had sufficient time to regret his rashness afterwards.

The following day was board day. Lord Clearall was in the chair, and Mr. Ellis sat beside him. There was a good sprinkling of guardians, most of whom seemed there for no other earthly purpose but to nod an assent to everything Lord Clearall said and did. The clerk read the minutes; the deaths for the week were sixty-three.

"I declare," whispered Lord Clearall to Mr. Ellis, "that's a grand thing. At that rate the house will be soon empty, and the rates down to a trifle."

"True, my lord, true," replied Mr. Ellis.

"How do you provide coffins Mr. Tomkins?" said his lordship.

"Can't get them, my lord. We had to get a hinged bottom put to a strong coffin, and drop them into the grave."

"Well, there's a saving in that. Now for the clerk's estimate of the rates."

"Here it is my lord," said the clerk.

"Ah! by this I see that the rate on my property is twelve shillings in the pound, and we are after paying four. How is this?"

"Why, my lord the influx of poor, from your division is very large: within the last fortnight it has been over a hundred; and you know the rate is struck according to the number in the house."

"It is enormous," said Mr. Ellis.

"It's confiscation. See, it's but one shilling upon the earl's property," said Lord Clearall, flinging down the sheet.

"It is the fruit of your evictions," thought many a guardian there, but had not the courage to express it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FRANK BIDS FAREWELL TO THE OLD HOUSE AND HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE—A SCENE—NELLY SULLIVAN GIVES HER BENEDICTION TO MR. ELLIS—THE SEPARATION—THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

After the eviction of their family, Frank made his sister acquainted with his resolution of going to America. Though she keenly felt the separation, still, she saw that there was no other

course open for him, and, like a noble girl that she was, she sacrificed her own feelings to his interest. She could not bear to see him, the educated, high-minded youth, become a laborer in a land where there was no reward of toil; it was better that he should go.

Mary Cahill accompanied the O'Donnells to their poor home; she vowed that she'd never leave them, and to their remonstrances that they couldn't give her hire, she indignantly replied that she did not want it. She even refused to marry James Cormack until the O'Donnells would be somehow settled in the world.

"Do you think, James," said she to him, "that I would leave the old gentleman that was always so kind to me, and the dear young lady, in trouble. No, James, if I'm worth havin' you must wait for me."

Frank had made his little preparations. He engaged a steerage passage in a ship bound from Cork, in order to leave all the means he could to his father and sister. A few days before his departure he went to visit the old house. It looked desolate indeed; the gates and doors were all torn away, and that home, that so often resounded with mirth and festive greeting—that home of his childhood, where himself and his sisters often played, where he often nestled in love upon his father and mother's knees, where he hoped to spend his manhood and his declining years in peace—was now one heap of ruins.

He wept like a child on the spot where his mother died. He went from house to house taking leave of each as he would with an old familiar friend. He then went to his mother's grave.

"O mother! mother!" he passionately exclaimed, as he stood over her grave, "I am going to leave you forever, forever; and who will mind your grave? Perhaps it may be desecrated like those around me. O mother! I wish I were with you, for my heart is full of grief, and my life of bitterness. Good, kind mother, look down upon me with pity and watch over your unfortunate child! O mother! mother!" and in his wild paroxysm of grief he threw himself upon the grave, and wept bitter tears. He remained thus half-unconscious for some time, until roused by a voice behind.

"Please sthand up, Mистер Frank," said the voice. "Shure there is people have leave to weep as well as you."

"Who are you?"

"Musha, then you ought to know me; but people are so changed they don't know one another at all, at all."

"Oh! is this Mrs. Sullivan? Poor woman! what has brought you here?"

"Oh! not much. Shure it is no difference about the poor. The Lord be praised, we are kicked and buffeted about like dogs. Do you know, Mистер Frank, but I often think is there a God at all to allow the poor to be trampled on?"

"Don't say that, don't say that. See all the Lord Himself suffered, and did not murmur."

"That's true, sir: but then misery—and God knows we have enough of it—makes persons beside themselves; but come and I'll show you what brought me here."

Frank followed her to the end of the old abbey, and there he saw an old tattered cloak thrown over some object. Frank stood beside her while she stooped down and raised up the covering, revealing the ghastly features of a corpse.

Frank stepped back and shuddered.

"No wonder that you should start, Mистер Frank; no wonder at all, for my bouchal-bawn is much changed. Oh! och! mavrone! they kilt, they kilt him. They would not let his mother that suckled him near him to close his eyes or hear his dying prayer! and they feasting and eating all the time. So, alanna, you were the darling boy; but they murthured you, and they'd throw you in a hole like a dog. Oh! they would, they would, the savages; but I stole him away to lay him in holy ground," and she knelt at the head of the corpse and swayed her body to and fro.

"God, help us!" said Frank, covering his eyes with his hands.

"O God, help us! Asthore machree, shure you're in heaven; but they kilt you. They hunted us out of the cabin, and then refused us work since we wouldn't sell our souls. But you are in heaven, alanna; they can't touch you now."

"I had better get a spade to make a grave for him," said Frank, leaning his hand upon her shoulder.

"Do, and God bless you! But sthoph, I'll send the gaffers for one."

Two emaciated, wretched-looking children soon returned tottering under the weight of a spade and shovel. Frank stripped off and dug a grave, and then helped the mother to lay the body in it. Frank commenced to shovel in the earth.

"Leave these big stones aside, Mистер Frank: they might hurt him: and let me settle the cloak about him, for fear of his eyes. Shure, after bringing him seven miles upon my back, the laste I'd bury him tinderly."

Frank closed up and nicely sodded the grave, and while the widow was shedding bitter tears over her only son, he went over to take leave of his mother's grave,

"Farewell, mother!" said he; "farewell, and watch over me and protect me."

"Well," said he to Mrs. Sullivan, on his return, "where do you mean to go now?"

"I am shure I dunna where—any place at all. God's will be done."

"Come with me then."

Frank took them to his old home. There was a small out-house, with the door on, and the roof partly up. He lit a fire in a corner, and drew some of the dry thatch and made a bed; he then brought in a bundle of sticks.

"That's all I can do now, ma'am," said Frank; "and here is a shilling; I have no more about me; so go and get something to eat."

"God bless you! I hadn't a bit since morning."

The children crouched around the fire, and the mother went to the next village, a distance of two miles or more, for bread.

The day was sharp and cold, and the evening set in with sleet and snow, as Nelly Sullivan proceeded upon her errand. On her return, her way lay partly by Mr. Ellis's. As she was passing through a grove, near the house, which was a kind of pleasure-ground, and especially reserved for the family, Mr. Ellis crossed her path.

"How dare you come this way?" said he, shaking her by the shoulder.

"Ha! ha! ha!" she exclaimed; "how dare I indeed. How dare I tres-

pass on Mr. Ellis's land; that came here a pauper himself; that evicted half the country, and sent them to die in the poor-house, or the ditch-side; that murdered Mrs. O'Donnell. Ha! ha! ha! that's not bad."

"Woman, begone!" shouted Mr. Ellis, foaming with rage, "or I'll let this dog tear you to pieces," and he pointed to a large mastiff that was near him.

"Och! mavroue, that's little to what you could do. Shure you tossed me out of my cabin, because I wouldn't send my children to Mr. Sly's school. Och! what a minister he is. Faith, it's he that's tacin' Miss Lizzie nicely. The devil take the whole lot of ye; ye have brought ruin and misery and starvation upon us. Shure it is only to day I buried my darling boy; that ye murdered."

"Wretch," said Mr. Ellis, "be off!" and he shoved her violently; she fell, and in his rage he raised his foot to kick her.

"That's it, do it," she exclaimed, as she threw herself upon her knees. May the curse of the widow and orphan follow you! may the blood of the murdered cry to heaven for vengeance! may your death be sudden, without one to pity you or close your eyes! may you die with curses upon your lips! and may the dogs lick up your blood! may

"Stop, you old beldame, your d—d croaking," said Mr. Ellis, furious with passion.

"You have shown little mercy to man; may God show you as little. May the curse—"

"Well, this might stop you," and he struck her with his clenched fist.

The blood flowed from her nose and mouth, and she fell insensible. When she recovered she was alone, and the darkness of the night was setting in.

"I'm cowl'd and dry," said she; "if I could get some water," and the poor creature crept to a stream near her.

After drinking some, she tried to eat a morsel of the bread she was carrying to her orphans. The snow and sleet were falling fast, and she crept under the shelter of a tree.

"It's very cowl'd—cowl'd, so it is, and I'm getting so weak, and my eyes are gettin' dim," and she wrapped her fat-

tered garments around her and fell into a kind of stupor. It commenced snowing and freezing by times, and so intense was the cold, and so weak was she from fatigue and hunger, that she never awoke from that stupor. Some days afterwards her body was discovered in a crouching position by Mr. Ellis himself. If he had conscience at all, how must he have felt then?

The children remained at the fire wondering what was keeping "mammy."

"Mary," said the youngest, "I'm so weak I can't see; I don't know what's keeping mammy," and she began to cry.

"Don't cry," said the other, "but come near me," and they crouched together and clasped their arms around their necks, and shortly fell asleep. The dry thatch around them shortly took fire, their clothes lit up, and they awoke screaming with pain and terror. Their cries and shrieks were drowned by the hissing flames, for the bed and roof were now all on fire. The cabin shortly fell in, burying them in its ruins; even their charred remains could scarcely be recognised.

Frank having finished his little arrangements, went to pay a parting visit to his uncle and to Alice. The old man seemed bewildered; at one time imploring him not to leave him; again, advising him to go. Frank feared his parting with Alice more than any other. Though he resolved to appear calm, still it was not easy for him to school himself into a resigned kind of indifference, when the heart was overflowing, when he was to part from one he loved so well, perhaps forever. It was a soft, calm evening for the season—one of those evenings that seem to herald in the spring. As Frank, thoughtful and gloomy enough, approached Mr. Maher's, he passed by the little summer-house where they spent many a happy hour together. There, in that old trysting spot, sat Alice; she looked pale, and her eyes were red from weeping. They were alone, and Frank was seated beside her, clasping her little hand in his own. Though their hearts were full, they were silent. She rested her head upon his bosom; her breath and her silky hair fanned his cheek; their hearts beat and throbbed in unison, and

"Alice, love!" said he, "how wildly your little heart throbs."

"Does it, Frank, does it? Oh! I'm sure it does."

"Yes, love. Will it beat this way for me when I'm far away?"

She looked softly into his face, as much as to say, "Do you doubt it?"

"Oh! it will, it will, love. Alice do you know that, next to my God, I love you. Sweet girl, I could almost adore you. Oh! life, indeed, would be so burdensome to me now; that I fear I would be reckless of it, indeed, were I not cheered with the hope of one day clasping you to my bosom, my own darling wife. For you'll toil and win wealth and fame—all, all for you; for, oh! your love will be a powerful talisman to cheer me through life's battle. Yes, while supported by it, I must win—I must succeed."

Alice sobbed and looked into his face, and her peachy cheek pressed against his.

"Ah! Alice! Alice!" said he again, "how can I leave you?"

"Frank, I don't know. Couldn't you stay? Wouldn't we be happy together anyway?"

"It can't be, it can't be, Alice. Oh, let me be a man again. Oh, love, I would almost as soon lose the chance of heaven as lose the hope of one day calling you mine; and yet I must go, for I could not bring you into poverty or a struggle with the world. No, I'll go and win wealth; and if I live, in five years I will return. Be faithful, Alice. Let not any false rumors shake your confidence in me; for if I were to return and find you the bride of another, oh! what would wealth or fame be to me then? No, I would seek a grave in some foreign land."

"Frank," said she, mildly, "do you doubt my love? If not your bride, I will be the bride of heaven."

"God bless you. You know love is suspicious. We fear to part with a costly gem when once we possess it."

"Well, well," said she, trying to smile, "I promise you will find the gem as pure as when you parted with it. Now let us go in. You must see my father, and I and my brother will go over as far as your uncle's with you."

There is no need of describing to our

Irish readers Frank's separation from his family, for there are few but have met with such bereavements. To his dear sister he promised to write regularly; and to send her money if he could. Nothing affected him so much as the childish imbecility of his father. As he kissed him and wept in his arms, the old man said—

"Where are you going, Frank? Won't you come back soon, and bring your mother. Sure Mr. Ellis won't turn us out of the house."

"I'm going away, father, for good."

"Are you? God bless you, boy! but come back soon, and mind bring your mother; it's time for her to come home."

Frank and his fellow-passengers were carried down on a steamer from Cork to where the ship lay at anchor in the bay. The scene on board the emigrant ship was new to him. Every one was busily engaged hauling on board his luggage or stowing it away in some safe corner. The cabin passengers sauntered about with their hands stuffed in their pockets and with an air of no small consequence. The young were fast making acquaintances with the fair belles that accompanied them, and were—or what amounts to the same thing—affected to be smitten with their laughing eyes and ruby lips. Some of the deck passengers were keeping watch over their bundles, that looked, with their winding sheets around them, as if waiting for interment; whilst others that had no earthly goods to trouble them, were sauntering about listlessly watching the scene.

Here sat a poor old man, with his wife and three or four children around him—the latest victims of Irish landlordism. In another place a crazed mother is giving her blessing and parting advice to her only son or daughter. Here is a man with an oak stick in his hand and a small box of earth with a few shamrocks in it, taken from behind the old house at home. He closely presses them under his arm as a mother would her affrighted child. Huddled in groups were poor infirm men, with their hearts too scared to cry, and weeping women and wondering children. They all look fondly towards that land that they loved so well—that land

that gave them birth, but denied them bread.

I tell you what, you can read the history of Ireland's wrongs in the stern necessity that urges on her children, and the deep love that binds them to the soil in the groups that throng the deck of an emigrant ship. Indeed, it is Ireland in miniature.

The steamer that brought down the passengers, and their friends now leaves. What a parting! There is weeping, and sobs, and wild cries of agony. Promises are made never to be fulfilled, hopes entertained never to be realized. Fond parents are torn from their children. Friends shed mutual tears in each other's embrace; they know they part to meet no more, except beyond the grave. Lovers are separated. The steamer now moves off, hats and handkerchiefs wave, friends leaning over the side of the departing vessel converse for the last time. At last their views are lost in the distance, and parents, children, and friends part to meet no more on earth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PLOT THICKENS—THE ELOPEMENT—
THE CORMACKS ENTRAPPED,—MURDER
OF MR. ELLIS—ARREST OF THE COR-
MACKS—THE TRIAL.

Mr. Ellis and Hugh Pembert were alone in the office.

"So this young hot-headed O'Donnell has left the country? That's an ease, anyway," said Mr. Ellis.

"I dinna ken that makes things the safer. You see, people canna stop speaking; but I'm na going to tell all they say."

"Why, Hugh, what are they saying?"

"Weel, it's na concern of mine. I often told you that you dinna look to your ain family. Why, maun, it's on every one's tongue that Mr. Sly is fond of Lizzie. I'm telling you so this good spell, but you dinna believe me. Now, it's as well get them married at once."

"Can it be that he thus presumes up on my friendship to steal the affections of my child? No, it cannot be, and if even so, Hugh, she might meet a worse match. I don't want riches; I have enough."

"Weel, as you like, sir. But you dinna ken that he is no minister at all, but a Bible-reader, and Mr. Steen is his own brother."

"Impossible, Hugh, impossible! If I thought so, I'd hunt him out of the house. No doubt, himself and Lizzie have been thrown at me this time back. Any letters?" This was addressed to a servant with the post-bag.

"Yes, sir."

After reading one letter, his brows knit together and a dark scowl crossed his face.

"Read that," said he, flinging the letter to Hugh. Hugh read:—

Priority, March 1st.

"Dear Sir,

"I have reason to believe that Mr. Sly, who is, I fear, bringing your name into disrepute by his uncharitable interference with the rights of his poor fellow-Christians, is not a minister; he's merely a Bible-reader, and was expelled from C—— on account of some acts not consistent with the calling of an expounder of the word of God. It is currently reported that he's about forming an alliance with your family. As a Christian minister, I mention this that you may make all due inquiries about him. Begging that you'll keep this communication private,

I am, dear sir,

"C. SMITH."

"Weel," said Hugh, handing back the letter, "just as I said."

"Damnation! but he shall leave my house this instant."

Mr. Ellis arose in a boiling passion and passed to the drawing-room, where Mr. Sly and Lizzie were seated together enjoying a pleasant chat.

"Viper! wretch!" shouted Mr. Ellis, shaking his hand at Mr. Sly, "have you come into my house to rob me of my child; but no—be off at once!"

I will not detail the stormy scene that ensued. Despite of Lizzie's tears and entreaties, Mr. Sly got but that day to make arrangements for his departure.

Lizzie was beside herself. How could she part from her dear, gentle Mr. Sly? She went to Hugh, who was her confidant of late. She told him that Mr. Sly wanted her to elope. Hugh encouraged her, telling her that her father would relent after a few days;

and as she was an only child, he could not part with her. In fact he took such an interest in her, that he made all the arrangements for their elopement.

Next morning, when Mr. Ellis was apprised of Lizzie's elopement, he stormed and raved; for notwithstanding all his wickedness, he was deeply attached to her.

He upbraided himself with his precipitancy, and ordered his car to follow them to Dublin, for he learned that they had taken the train from the next town for Dublin.

Hugh Pembert now saw all his plans crowned with success. He knew that Lizzie and Mr. Sly were gone direct to Scotland, for so it was concocted. If Mr. Ellis were out of the way, he was in possession of his large property, and who could dispute his right? He would take good care that Lizzie would not. Nelly Cormack had been expelled from Mr. Ellis's, and was living with some charitable neighbors. The Cormacks were often heard to vow revenge upon Mr. Ellis for the eviction of the O'Donnells and the seduction of their sister; everything combined to throw the murder upon them.

Blinded as he was by his avarice, he shuddered at the crime of shedding his uncle's blood; it was a frightful deed; but then, property was at stake; now was his time or never; no, he couldn't recede. Since his uncle's departure he drank deeply, as if to smother his conscience with deep potations.

On the fourth day, he got a letter from his uncle, saying that he would return the next day; to have the car meet him, for he would go home by the evening train; that he got no account of the fugitives. Each time he read this letter he drank off a glass of spirits, until his eyes glared and his brain reeled.

He rang the bell.

"Tell Burkem to come up to me," said he to the servant.

"Weel, Burkem," said he, as the latter made his appearance, "read that, maun."

"I see," said Mr. Burkem, coolly returning the letter.

"Weel, maun, what do you say?"

"Whatever you like, Mr. Hugh."

"I dinna, maun, to say anything;

but here's twenty pounds," and he flung him the note.

"I understand," said Burkem, putting the money into his pocket. "These fools the Cormacks got a loan of my long gun to shoot rabbits; they might want it for some other business; however, I'll watch them."

"Do, do. Ye canna say I told you to do anything. Na, na! Here, drink," and he shoved the glass towards him.

Burkem drank off the liquor.

"That's a maun," said the other, filling out a tumbler full of the raw liquid and drinking it off.

"That'll do, Burkem, that'll do. Go. I wish the devil had him. If the job were done, I'll manage him," muttered Hugh, as Burkem closed the door after him.

"Ha, ha, ha! I'll have my revenge upon the Cormacks, and I'll keep a screw upon Hugh, and make him fork out for the job. Not a bad beginning this," said he, looking at the twenty-pound note.

In the evening, Mr. Burkem went over to Mrs. Cormack's, for he had managed to keep upon friendly terms with them; not only that, but to be looked upon as a benefactor; for when Nelly Cormack was driven from Mr. Ellis's, he got her comfortable lodgings, and supplied her with money, for she indignantly refused taking any from Mr. Ellis.

Had the Cormacks known that Burkem was the agent of Mr. Ellis, in giving money to Nelly, and that he paid himself well for his trouble, they would not have esteemed him so highly. Mr. Ellis had some love for her, and now that she was discarded by her friends, he did not wish that she would want.

"God save all here," said Burkem as he entered the cottage.

"God save you kindly, Mr. Burkem; take a seat; and what news have you?" said Mrs. Cormack, placing a seat before him.

"Musha! not much, ma'am. Sorra a tidings the master got of Lizzie or that other sly chap. I know he was never any great things; he was always putting the master up to badness. Mr. Hugh didn't like him at all either."

"Sorra a loss he is but for the colleen, God help her. I fear she has made a

thorny bed for herself; and they say she wasn't the worst, iv let alone."

"True for you, ma'am. The worst of them would be better but for bad advisers."

"That's true for you, Mr. Burkem. But tell me," and she whispered into his ear, though there was no one present but a little girl, for the two Cormacks were out—"tell me, when did you see Nelly?" and the poor mother rubbed her eyes.

"Only a few days ago, ma'am. She's brave and strong; and do you know, now as Miss Lizzie is gone, for she was the worst against her, I think the master will marry her."

"Whist; God send it."

"Not a lie in it. Says he to me the other morning before he went, 'Burkem, I know sorrow and trouble now, and I will try and recompense any one I have caused them to.' Faix, ma'am, I shouldn't be surprised if you all got back your places again."

"God send it! God send it!" said Mrs. Cormack, piously raising her eyes towards heaven.

"Where are the boys, ma'am?" said he, after a pause.

"I think they went over in the evening to see poor Mr. O'Donnell. He's very ill since since Frank went."

Burkem knit his brows, and a dark cloud passed over his face.

"Will you tell them, ma'am, that I have good news for them. Mr. Pembert sent them word that he would increase their wages to one-and-sixpence or give them the herding of Croaghbeo, with a good living if they choose. I think, as I always tell them, there is no use in keeping in enmity. I'm sure they'll find Mr. Ellis changed, if they return to his employment. He's resolved to make them comfortable, for he told me so."

"I think so, Mr. Burkem, God bless you for the good news, for indeed our means are out; and sure it could do no good to the O'Donnells now to have us starve. The poor people, they were good and kind. Heaven knows, I couldn't cry more for my own child than I did for mather Frank when he came to take his lave of me."

"No wonder, ma'am. But tell the boys not to fail meeting me at Ned

Short's to-morrow night, as I want to go there: and tell James to bring the old gun I gave him to shoot rabbits; Mr. Hugh was looking for it. I'll give it back again when I show it."

"I will, Mr. Burkem."

"Good-night, ma'am, and don't forget."

"Never fear, Mr. Burkem."

"Ha, ha, ha!" thought Burkem, "I have thrown out the bait for them now. I know the poor devils are in want, and will take it. I'm too many for them. Blood for blood! Ha, ha!"

(To be Continued.)

A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While He values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then:
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest hinds are men—
Men by honour, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills:
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to Him all famed distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right.
God, whose world-heard voice is singing,
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles
As the pebbles in the sea.

LENDING A CONGREGATION.

When I was young, priest and minister was hand and glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Patt Joyce, the Lord be good to him! lent Mr. Carson a congregation.

"Eh! what, Antony," said the Colonel. "A congregation appears rather an extraordinary article to borrow."

"Well, said the otter-killer, it's true. I was there myself, and I'll tell you the story. It was in the time of Bishop Beresford, that beautiful old man—many a half-crown he gave me, for I often used to bring game and fish to the palace from the master's father. He was the handsomest gentleman I ever laid my eyes on; and, oeh, hone! it was he that knew how to live like a bishop. He never went a step without four long-tailed black horses to his carriage, and two mounted grooms behind him. His own body-man told me, one time I went with a haunch of red deer and a bitter to the palace, that never less than twenty sate down in the parlor, and, in troth, there was double that in the hall, for nobody came or went without being well taken care of.

Well, it came into old Lord Peter's (grandfather to the late Marquis of Sligo) head that he would build a church, and settle a colony of *north-men* away in the west. Faith, he managed the one easy enough; but it failed him to do the other, for the devil an inch the *north-men* would come; for, says they, "Hell and Connaught's bad enough, but what is either to Connemara?"

Well, the minister came down, and a nice little man he was, one Mr. Carson. Father Patt Flynn had the parish then, and faith, in course of time the two became as thick as inkle-weavers.

Every thing went on beautiful, for the two clergy lived together. Father Patt Flynn minded his chapel and the flock, and Mr. Carson said prayers of a Sunday, too, though sorrow a soul he had to listen to him but the clerk: but sure that was no fault of his.

Well, I mind it as well as yesterday, for I killed that very morning two otters at Loughnamukey, and the smallest of them was better to me than a pound note. It was late when I got down

from the hills, and I went to Father Patt's as usual, and who should I meet at the door but the priest himself. "Antony," says he "*cead sealteagh*, have ye any thing with you, for the wallet seems full?" "I have," says I, "your reverence;" and I pulls out two pair of graziers (young rabbits), and a brace of three-pound trouts, fresh from the sea, that I caught that morning in Dhulough. In these days I carried a ferret, besides the trap and fishing-rod, and it went hard, if I missed the otters, but I would net rabbits, or kill a dish of trout. "Upon my conscience," says the priest, "ye never were more welcome, Antony. The minister and myself will dine off the trouts and rabbits, for they forgot to kill a sheep for us till an hour ago; and you know, Antony, except the shoulder, there's no part of the mutton could be touched, so I was rather bothered about the dinner."

"Well, in the evening, I was brought into the parlor, and there were their reverences as *cur cuddioch* (comfortable) as you please. Father Patt gave me a tumbler of *rale* stiff punch, and the devil a better warrant to make the same was within the province of Connaught. We were just as comfortable as we could be, when a *currier* (courier) stops at the door with a letter, which he said was for Mr. Carson. Well, when the minister opens it, he got as pale as a sheet, and I thought he would have fainted. Father Patt crossed himself. "Arrah, Dick," says he, "the Lord stand between you and evil if there is any thing wrong?"—"I'm ruined," says he; "for some *bad member* has wrote to the Bishop, and told him that I have no congregation, because you and I are so intimate, and he's coming down to-morrow with the *Dane*, to see the state of things. Oeh, hone! says, he "I'm fairly ruined."—"And is that all that's frettin' ye?" says the priest. "Arrah, dear Dick!"—for they called each other by their *cristen* names—"is that all? If it's a congregation ye want, ye shall have a decent one to-morrow, and lave that to me;—and now, we'll take our drink, and not matter the bishop a fig."

Well, next day, sure enough, down came the Bishop, and a great retinue along with him; and there was Mr. Carson ready to receive him. "I hear,"

says the Bishop, mighty stately, "that you have no congregation." "In faith, your Holiness," says he, "you'll soon be able to tell that," and in he walks him to the church, and there were sitting three score well-dressed men and women, and all of them as devout as if they were going to be anointed; for that blessed morning, Father Patt whipped mass over before you had time to bless yourself, and the clanciest of the flock was before the Bishop in the Church, and ready for his Holiness. To see that all behaved properly, Father Patt hardly put off the vestments, till he slipped on a *cota more* (a great-coat), and there he sat like any other of the congregation. I was near the Bishop's reverence; he was seated in an arm-chair belonging to the priest. Come here, Mr. Carson," says he "some enemy of your's," says the sweet old gentleman, "wanted to injure you with me. But I am now fully satisfied." And turning to the Dane, "By this hook!" says he "I didn't see a clancier congregation this month of Sundays!"

NAPOLEON I. ON RUSSIA.

Now that the Turko-Russian war is raging and all eyes are turned to Constantinople, the bone of contention of Europe, it may be of interest to quote an opinion given by Napoleon, at St. Helena, in 1817, to his surgeon, Barry O'Meara. The following extract may be found in the second volume, fifty-first and fifty-second pages, of a work written by Mr. O'Meara, entitled "Napoleon in Exile," and published in Boston in 1823;—"In the course of a few years," added he, "Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practised towards me was to gain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The Powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it would be very easy for

Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering upon the Austrian dominions, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England may ever be allied with sincerity will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance will not avail. France, England, and Prussia united cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and heaven knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of 70,000 good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and 100,000 *cannails*, Cossacks and others, and England loses India. Above all other Powers, Russia is most to be feared, especially by you. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she has the means of raising as many as she pleases. In bravery, the French and English soldiers are the only ones to be compared to them. All this I foresaw. I see into futurity further than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians by re-establishing the Kingdom of Poland and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king; but your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be praised, and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed."

MORAL CRUTCHES.

Nothing amuses me more than to see people "trying," to read books in which they take not the slightest interest. Perhaps a friend has liked the book, or it is the fashion to read it, or one does not like to own one hasn't read it, or from any other equally foolish reason for a yawning persistence in "trying." I used to be so once, but I've got bravely over any amount of eyebrow elevation, which results from my frankly saying, that I saw nothing in such and such a book, or that it was too finely spun for my already bewildered head, or that I felt no interest in the subject treated of, and probably never should.

Why, I would like to know, should people "try" to read books that they

don't like, any more than to eat certain kinds of food, which, though good for others, are to them unpalatable? And why should they not, if pressed to partake, say as frankly in one case as in the other, I didn't relish it, or it is too light or too heavy for my mental stomach? Nor do I see why people should feel either afraid or ashamed, as they seemed to do, to differ from others with regard to a popular author, or a very much admired picture or statue; or even to say, with regard to these last, I am really no judge of these things in the way of art. I can only say that some have a story to tell me, and some of them are to me dumb and silent. In the latter case it may be my fault; and though it be rank heresy to say so, it may be just possibly the artist's; but, meantime, I can't force a liking at the bidding of any connoisseur, self-elected or the contrary.

Now isn't that better than to clasp your hands in rapture to order, or frown depreciatingly because others do? I think so, even though they who do both accuse you of "eccentricity" or "oddy" in consequence.

Besides, one may even do a worse thing than to be "odd." One may be untrue to one's self, or a mere echo of others, which is to me the alpha and omega of disgustingness. Heaven save us from colorless characters, what else soever it inflicts upon us people; who don't know what they think till they ask somebody. I'd rather put out my feelers, and crudely blunder twenty times a day, than never to make a move without somebody at my elbow to prop me up.

"Trying" to admire things! it is like loving; it is all over with you, take my word for it, when you have to "try" do it. Either you are destitute of capacity, or there is nothing in the object to draw love out. I should modestly add—at least that is my unassisted opinion.

The chief misfortunes that befall us in life, can be traced to some vices or follies which we have committed.

Our ignorance of what is to come, and of what is really good or evil, should correct anxiety about worldly success.

LIGHT!

Lo! thro' a vast city that ages long
Under the mantle of darkness lay,
Soundeth a trumpet clear and strong!
Echoing near and far away.
And the dark city's inmates start
Suddenly, and with thrilling heart,
At that loud call;
And watch the hursting day beams dart
Along the eastern wall.

Hark to the trumpet, how it soars,
Sweet and glad as a marriage bell;
Hark to the trumpet, how it soars,
Dreadful and sad as a voice from hell.
And men spring up at the musical tone,
With joyful melodies of their own—
And men arise
To answer with deep, helpless groan
Its dismal, threatening cries.

Oh, fly forever, ye shadows of night,
Our king approaches with all His court.
He walketh with piercing and dazzling light
Where clouds for ages have made their port.
What doth he discover, what doth the light
show?
A murderer striking, the merciless blow,
The victims blood
Quivering on the green earth below.
Where they as brothers stood.

What doth the light show? In a vicious den
It gleams like a sword of revenge, and dis-
plays
One who had shrank from the eyes of men,
To follow in dark, deceitful ways.
Wretch! no hand can cover thy face,
Stand forth in the shame of the black dis-
-grace,
Eternal light
Will show thee forth, in that secret place,
To all creation's sight.

What doth the light show? The tyrant's
yoke,
And the breaking heart of the burdened
one;
Faces pale, as 'neath lightning stroke,
And faces glad, as 'neath rising sun.
The aged sinner, haggard and wild,
The wondering face of an innocent child;
Fear, pain and joy
Garments spotless and garments soiled.
Displayed to every eye.

A beautiful maid the light doth show
With vesture white as an angel's wing.
Love and joy on her radiant brow
As she kisses the hand of the smiling King.
But His eyes are red with an awful flame,
As He looks on one in who fear and shame
Shrinks, lost, away
Pursued by all men's scorn and blame,
On that sad, pitiless day.

And now the vast city is searched around,
 And the King in His glory sits apart!
 With His few servants faithful found,
 And they are close to His loving heart.
 Fair, smiling angels their bright robes bring,
 And jewelled garlands around them fling.—
 Grand music, sweet
 With countless mingling voices sing,
 At the Redeemer's feet.

And what of those in the judgment left,
 The liar, the drunkard, the murderer;
 Alas, of all hope and peace bereft,
 We cannot look on this mad despair.
 Weep, oh! city. Over thy crimes.
 Watch, oh! slumbering city, the times
 The hour is near
 And thou shalt hear the trumpet chimes
 With sudden thrilling fear.

D. C. Deane

Lowe, P. Q.

THE CHURCH OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

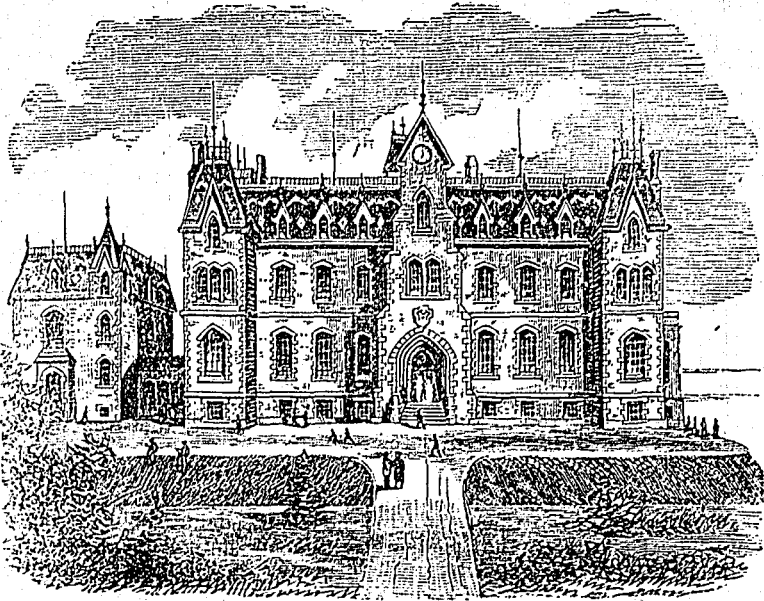
An excellent story is told by Father Damen, the Jesuit missionary, of an incident that occurred to him during his missionary labors. While giving a mission once in Indiana, he invited any Protestant who chose to visit him after the instructions and question him as they pleased. Accordingly one day a stalwart Indiana farmer called on Father Damen for the purpose of putting a few questions to him. The Father asked him was he a Protestant. "Well, yes." "To what denomination did he belong?" "Well, to no denomination at all." "Then what is your religion?" "Well, I belong to the Church of the Twelve Apostles." Father Damen immediately rose and shook hands with him. "Excellent," said he, "excellent. My dear sir, I am happy to make your acquaintance. I belong to the Church of the Twelve Apostles also. Stick to that. It is a most excellent religion. But, come now, let us understand each other. Who are your twelve apostles?" "Well," said the visitor, "they are twelve Indiana farmers, and I am one of them. You see we were dissatisfied with our minister. He didn't teach what we wanted him to. So we sent him about his business, and set up a church of our own. There were twelve of us, so we called ourselves the twelve apostles. We bought a building, where we go every Sunday to meeting, and have

prayers and preaching, and so on, quite regular."

Some time after, Father Damen happened to be in the same place, and he inquired of the pastor, "What has become of the Church of the Twelve Apostles?" The pastor took him over to the window, and pointed out a small building some short distance off with a sign over the door. "There, there is your Church of the Twelve Apostles." On the sign was written: "Wines and Cigars. Good Entertainment for Man or Beast." The Church of the Apostles had proved a failure; so the twelve apostles had turned it into a wine-shop.

ANCIENT PLACES OF PILGRIMAGE.—

The chiftains of the ancient Irish, amidst all their feuds among themselves and their sanguinary conflicts of centuries with foreign foes, were still a religious race and imbued with a great love of literature; and their kings, princes and chiefs founded and amply endowed a vast number of ecclesiastical and literary establishments, abbeys, colleges and great schools, as those of Armagh, Downpatrick, Bangor, Derry, Donegal, Clogher, Clones, Devenish, Fenagh, Boyle, Cong, Mayo, Clonsfert, Louth, Monasterboycce, Mellifont, Slane, Kells, Ardbraccan, Trim, Clonard, Clonmacnois, Rahau, Fore, Kildare, Clonenagh, Tallaght, Glendalough, Leighlin, Ferns, Lismore, Cashel, Holycross, Ross, Roscrea, Iniscathy, Arran of the Saints, and others. Of these famous seats of piety and learning among the ancient Irish, many venerable ruins still remain; but of many more, even their very ruins have disappeared, destroyed by the hand of time, or the still more destructive violence of fanaticism and war. The most-celebrated places of pilgrimage in Ireland were: Louth, Derry, Armagh, Downpatrick and Derry, Columbkille in Ulster; Croagh Patrick mountain in Mayo; Arran of the Saints off the coast of Galway; the seven churches of St. Kieran at Clonmacnois, and of St. Kevin at Glendalough; St. Bridget of Kildare, and Holycross in Tipperary. Many of the Irish Kings and Princes are recorded to have gone on pilgrimages to the abbey founded by their countryman, St. Coumbkille at Iona, in the Hebrides. —Notes to Connellan's Four Masters.



THE CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY.

The above is a wood cut illustration of the leading School under the charge of the Catholic Commissioners of Montreal and a few words accompanying it will give our readers, especially those residing out of the City, an idea of the Character of this building, and of its internal appointments. The grounds cover an area of 150,132 ft, bounded by Ontario and St. Catherine streets on the north and south, and by St. Urbain and St. George streets on the east and west. The building cost \$73,160; and it includes the Commercial and polytechnic schools and the Principal's residence. The grounds are beautifully laid out, the leading entrance in St. Catherine street opening upon an avenue—fringed with an evergreen cedar hedge and flower beds; and the drive immediately in front of the building encircling plots of flowers and shrubbery.

The institution is under the management of a Principal and he is assisted by an able staff of fourteen teachers, under whose instruction the pupils both in the polytechnic and ordinary scholastic departments, are making rapid

and substantial improvement. Museums of objects in natural history, instruments and apparatus for the study of Mechanics, Chemistry and other sciences have been supplied, so that the teachers have all the advantages which modern appliances afford for imparting of instruction to those whose good fortune it is to be scholars in this excellent institution. The school will accommodate, without overcrowding, six hundred scholars.

HOW THE CONFSSIONAL WORKS!

What a venerable institution is the Catholic church, how noble and how powerful over the soul of men! Let us instance that power: But a few days ago a conscience-stricken man went to the confessional. He knelt down at the knees of a poor priest. Wealth was not the possession of that priest. He was poor in worldly goods, but he was the ambassador of God who loved the poor. The conscience-stricken man told the priest he was rich, but his riches were

the result of plunder in secret, plunder that no living eye detected, or that no living man knew as being done, plunder from the State and not from the person or the individual. "I desire absolution," said the penitent. "Go," said the priest, "ascertain how much is the amount of your ill-gotten and accursed gains, in order that you may restore them, for in my person and by my lips, the Holy Ghost declares that pardon you shall not get, either here or hereafter, unless you pay to the last farthing." The man arose, he went away. He spent days in ascertaining his indebtedness. He returned with *five millions and five hundred thousand and seven dollars*, and laid it at the feet of the priest. "Give this, father," he said, "to the proper authorities to restore to the treasury which I have robbed; and the priest took it, and gave the money to comptroller Kelly, and the penitent was forgiven. *Five millions and five hundred thousand dollars!* Is not this a miracle of Catholicity alone. Did barren Protestantism ever produce fruit like this? Never!—*N. Y. Sun.*

NEW ENGLAND BECOMING NEW IRELAND.

This is how the Manchester (N. H.) *Mirror* bewails the advance of Catholicity and the decadence of the Puritan element in the New England States:—

"Our own observation teaches us that the land of Puritans is passing into the hands of the Catholics by processes more rapid than it is pleasant to admit. A few years ago our foreign and Catholic population was confined mainly to our cities, and one might rive a week without finding a follower of the Pope owning a farm. Now any of us can point to school districts peopled most entirely by them. In the country, as in the city, they are clannish, and when one buys and settles upon a farm others follow, and in a few years they possess the whole neighbourhood; and thus one by one the old homesteads, the nurseries of New England ideas and the cradles of New England sons, are slipping from the grasp of the Yandeers. We have said this is not a pleasant fact to contemplate, for while the settlement upon our land of a Catholic family brings to us much-needed bone and sinew, and often industry, frugality and perseverance, it is an almost unerring sign that the days of the Yankee community in that neighborhood are numbered. For some reason the Catholic and the New Eng-

land Protestant do not make pleasant neighbours. They do not fraternize, and from the start there is a marked line between them, and in the end one folds his tents and departs to seek more congenial neighbours. As we have seen, it is generally the Catholic who stays and the Protestant who goes. This natural antagonism is not so much the result of their religious beliefs as of their general characters and ways of living, which are vastly different."

An Exchange remarks as follows on the above wail:—

We have heard it asserted, several times, by Catholics, and by social-scientists generally supposed to have no religious proclivities, that the population of New England was fast undergoing a radical change; that the old Puritan stock was either dying out or moving to the far West, and their places were being rapidly filled with Irish Catholics and their descendants. We have now those important statements more than confirmed by the *Mirror*, an unwilling witness to the truth of what is becoming daily more apparent—the extinction of Puritanism in the cradle and hot-bed of its fanaticism. With rare poetic justice, this admission, this fact which it is "not pleasant to contemplate," comes to us from the very State which, since its formation up to the present time, in face of the equitable spirit of American institutions and the tolerant laws of other members of the Union, has denied Catholics the rights of citizenship, and declared in its constitution that they are unworthy to hold any office of honor, trust or emolument in the commonwealth. No wonder, then, that the *Mirror*, speaking for its own State, says the Catholic population do not fraternize with those who have so long persecuted and banned them; nor would it be surprising if the next generation, when Catholics will undoubtedly be in the majority, should turn round and substitute in the restrictive clause in the constitution of New Hampshire the word "Protestant" for that of "Catholic."

There can be little doubt that with the departure of the Puritans will vanish, also, not only from the East, but from this continent, what has been called New England ideas. Those who have been in the great West know well that the Yankee there is a different sort of

person from what he was in "Boston," or Hartford or Providence. His contracted views of social life become expanded; his ideas, or rather notions, of religious duties assume a more correct or less bigoted form; and that self-conceit—the strength and weakness of the descendants of the Pilgrims—is rudely brushed away by contact with the people of many superior races and nations. The traditions of his fathers seem to him bordering on childishness, and the intense hatred of everything Catholic, which he imbibed in his infancy, becomes very much modified, if not altogether dissipated, by the experience of cosmopolitan life. In other words, after a few years' residence west of the Mississippi, he becomes a very diluted disciple of Cotton Mather, and his children grow up so that they cannot be distinguished from those of their neighbors.

Still, the disappearance of that protestant exotic, Puritanism, cannot be viewed without some regret. With all their fanaticism, egotism and ferocity, the old settlers of New England had some good qualities, which, if they did not make them lovable, made them respectable. They plundered and massacred the Indians, cut off the ears of Quakers, and persecuted unrelentingly all who differed with them, it is true; but between themselves they were an honest, truthful, and even a moral people. They were also religious according to the light afforded them, and what they believed necessary to salvation and the temporal good of the community, they conscientiously observed. We speak, of course, of the Puritans of past generations, not of this; for one potent cause of their present decay is the immoral pestilence which, engendered in the public schools of to-day, has carried havoc and destruction, physically, morally and mentally, among the descendants of the old sturdy stock. All traces of the red man have vanished from the Eastern States; the white race who built its towns and cities and cultivated its farms for two hundred and fifty years is now destined to be lost in the great maelstrom of American life, and New England, so long the bulwark of exclusive Protestantism is fast becoming in fact, if not in name, the her-

itage of the once despised Irish Catholics.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PAPACY.

In these days of materialism, when money-getting is the science most studied by man, it is refreshing to glance at the past, and behold the antiquity of the Church of God. Protestantism is an infant when compared with the ages that have passed since our Saviour said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church;" and Catholics should feel a new courage infused into their faith when they learn that no less than two hundred and fifty-seven Popes have represented the Vicar of Christ on earth since the days of St. Peter. How worthy of the sacred position which they hold are these holy men, may be discovered when we learn that eighty-two of them are venerated as saints of God, and no less than thirty-three of them have sealed their faith by shedding their blood as martyrs. The nativity of the Popes proves the Catholicity of the Church, as only one hundred and four were natives of Rome; one hundred and three were born in other portions of Italy; fifteen were born in France; nine were born in Greece; seven were Germans; five were from Asia; three were born in Africa; three were of Spanish origin; two were Dalmatians, and the residue were natives of Jerusalem, Thracia, Flanders, Portugal, and England. Hence we behold the universality of the Church in the representative of our Holy Faith, in the See of St. Peter. Here we behold the natives of different lands, all holding the same Christian doctrines, elevated to the highest honor that can be conferred on man—that of representing the Church of Christ on earth. How insignificant the sects look when we ponder on these facts!

The Popes who reigned longest were St. Peter, who held the Pontifical See 25 years 2 months and 7 days; Sylvester I., 23 years 10 months and 27 days; Hadrian I., 23 years 10 months and 17 days; Pius VI., 24 years 8 months and 14 days, and he would have lived much longer only for the barbarous cruelty practised against him by the French;

Pius IX., who celebrated his thirty-second year in the Pontifical chair last June. Eleven other Pontiffs reigned more than twenty each; thirty Pontiffs reigned less than one year, and nine less than one month. The most favorite name for Pontiffs to adopt has been that of John (which means the Grace of God), there being in all twenty-three of that name, the last of whom was raised to the immortal dignity in 1410. The name of Peter, borne by the proto-Pontiff, has never been adopted by his successors, as they desired to exhibit their humility in thus according to him the honor of standing alone as the representative of his own name.

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE INFIDEL.

Some years ago a well-known clergyman delivered a series of discourses against atheism in a town some of the citizens of which were known to be infidels. A few days afterward he took passage on a steamer ascending the Mississippi, and found on board several of the citizens of that town, among whom was a noted infidel. So soon as this man discovered the clergyman he commenced his blasphemies; and when he perceived him reading at one of the tables, he proposed to his companions to go with him to the other side of the table and listen to some stories he had to tell about religion and religious men, which he said would annoy the old preacher.

Quite a number, prompted by curiosity gathered around him to hear his vulgar stories and anecdotes, all of which were pointed against the bible and its ministers.

The preacher did not raise his eyes from the book he was reading nor appear to be in the least trouble by the presence of the rabble. At length the infidel walked up to him, and, rudely slapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Old fellow, what do you think of these things?"

The clergyman calmly pointed toward the land, and said;

"Do you see that beautiful landscape, spread out in such quiet loveliness before you?"

"Yes."

"It has a variety of flowers, plants and shrubs, that are calculated to fill the beholder with delight."

"Ycs."

"Well, if you were to send out a dove, it would pass over that scene, and see in it all that was beautiful and lovely, and delight itself in gazing at and admiring it; but if you were to send out a buzzard over precisely the same scene, it would see in it nothing to fix its attention, unless it could find some rotten carcass that would be loathsome to all other animals. It would alight and gloat upon that with exquisite pleasure."

"Do you mean to compare me to a buzzard, sir?" said the infidel, coloring deeply.

"I made no allusions to you, sir," said the clergyman very quietly.

The infidel walked off in confusion, and went by the name of the "buzzard" during the remainder of the passage.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

(Continued.)

A. That the number of persons in Ireland out of work and in distress during thirty weeks in the year, could not be computed at less than 585,000; nor the number of persons dependent on them at less than 1,800,000; being in the whole 2,385,000. This vast mass of pauperism was mainly caused by the spoliation of the country.

Q. What does capital consist of?

A. Capital consists of the savings from income.

Q. Why do not the savings from Irish income settle down into adequate national capital?

A. Because England sweeps off for her own use so large an amount of those savings in the various ways I have enumerated.

Q. Then the famine of 1846 and the succeeding years was immensely aggravated; by the Union?

A. It was more than aggravated; we may say, it was created by the Union.

Q. Surely the Union did not cause the potato-blight?

A. Of course not. But only for the Union the potato-blight would.

caused a famine; because the retention at home of Irish national capital would, under a free Irish Constitution, have diffused an amount of our own wealth among our own people that would have enabled them, not indeed to escape severe distress, but to prevent that distress from reaching the extent of famine.

Q. How many persons died of that famine?

A. The carnage was enormous, but its exact amount cannot be stated with precision. The contemporary journals were full of the most horrifying details; whole families found dead in their cabins; corpses, too numerous to be always coffined, rooted up by pigs from the shallow earth in which the famishing survivors had interred them—these, and such like terrible events, were of daily occurrence.

Q. While the famine thus laid waste human life in Ireland, was the produce of the country, excepting the potato crop, sufficient to feed all the inhabitants?

A. The preceding harvest had been very abundant, and would have furnished most ample provision for double the number of the Irish population.

Q. How then came the famine, if there was food enough in Ireland to supply all the people?

A. What I have already said explains the cause. It was because the agricultural produce was, as usual, sold to pay the multiform tribute extorted by England.

Q. Did the government make any attempts to alleviate the horrors of the famine?

A. The government passed certain acts that purported to grant relief; among these were the Labour-Rate Act; this was an Act enforcing an additional poor-rate from the ordinary rate-payers, to be applied to the execution of such public works as the government might choose to sanction. The Treasury was to advance money for the works, to be repaid in ten years by the Labour-Rate.

Q. Were there other government measures of relief?

A. Yes; including a grant of £50,000, for giving work in some districts that were so utterly beggared, that no repayment by rates could be expected.

Q. Were there other measures?

A. Yes; for advancing money to landlords and tenants, to drain fence, and otherwise improve their lands; the advances to be repaid in 22 years by annual instalments of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, which included interest and sinking fund.

Q. Did private individuals subscribe to relief-funds?

A. Most munificently; both in England, America, and other countries. The Sultan of Turkey subscribed £1,000. The contributions from America were particularly generous.

Q. What was done with the money thus collected?

A. It was appropriated to the purchase of food; but so mismanaged in the distribution by officials, that the benevolent intentions of the contributors were but partially realised.

Q. What strange and anomalous sight was then presented?

A. The spectacle of ships sailing into Ireland stored with provisions, met by a much larger number of ships sailing out of Ireland, laden with the corn, butter, packed beef, and cattle of the country.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Reign of Queen Victoria, continued.

Q. In what year did O'Connell die?

A. He died at Genoa, when en route to Rome, in May 1847, being then in his 72nd year.

Q. What was, at that time, the state of public feeling in Ireland?

A. Discontent was inevitable. Disaffection extensively existed; not to the Queen, but to the Legislative Union.

Q. Who were the leaders that acquired popular influence after the death of O'Connell?

A. Their chief was William Smith O'Brien, member of Parliament for the county of Limerick. With him were associated John Martin, a Presbyterian landed proprietor in the county Down; Charles Gavan Duffy, founder of the *Nation* newspaper; Meagher of Waterford; Mitchel the biographer of Hugh O'Neill, and author of an admirable History of Ireland; Doheny; McManus; O'Donohoe; Dillon; (afterwards M. P. for Tipperary), and others.

Q. What was their policy?

A. To fight for the liberation of Ireland from the devastating influences that were wasting the people off the face of the earth.

Q. Was that policy a wise one?

A. Not under the circumstances of the country at that time, paralyzed by a famine that had then continued for more than three years.

Q. How does Mr. Mitchel, who was himself one of O'Brien's confederates, describe the condition of the people whom it was attempted to excite to insurrection?

A. In the following words: "Bands of exterminated peasants, trooping to the already too full poor-houses; straggling columns of hunted wretches, with their old people, wives and little ones, wending their way to Cork or Waterford, to take shipping for America; the people not yet ejected frightened and desponding, with no interest in the lands they tilled, no property in the house above their heads, *no food, no arms*, with the slavish habits bred by long ages of oppression ground into their souls, and that momentary proud flash of passionate hope kindled by O'Connell's agitation, long since dimmed and darkened by bitter hunger and hardship."

Q. What could impel O'Brien and his fellow leaders to stimulate a people so destitute of every material or moral element of success, to resist the military power of the English government?

A. The ancient proverb says that oppression makes a wise man mad; and O'Brien and his confederates were driven to madness by the horrible condition of their country. It is only by such a supposition that we can account for their conduct. Certainly cool judgment was absent from men who could encourage peasants who had *no food*, and *no arms*, to rise against a vast military force abundantly furnished with all the munitions of war.

Q. Were any of O'Brien's confederates armed?

A. There were clubs established in several towns, and the members of those clubs were partially armed; but their want of efficient leaders and of discipline necessarily left them without any chance of a successful rising. The ru-

ral population were in general, as Mr. Mitchel says, unarmed.

Q. What was Smith O'Brien's personal character?

A. He was brave, gentle, virtuous, affectionate, and scrupulously faithful to his word.

Q. When did his ill-starred rising take place?

A. In 1848, at Ballinacorney. In truth the transaction cannot be called a rising; having merely being a summons to a Captain Trant and his party of forty-five policemen to surrender a strong stone house in which they had entrenched themselves. They refused to surrender, and were shortly relieved by sixty additional police. O'Brien, ill-supported by the few hungry followers who attended him, desisted from the attempt, and was soon after arrested at Thurles and committed to prison.

Q. What other leaders were at the same time imprisoned?

A. Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue. All were severally tried before a special commission held at Clonmel, and all received sentence of death, which was afterwards commuted into banishment.

Q. Did the potato-blight continue during the following years?

A. Yes; the blight affected that crop with varying severity for several years.

Q. Did the blight continue until 1853?

A. It did.

Q. What measures for Ireland did the English parliament enact that year?

A. It passed new taxes at the instance of Mr. Gladstone, who added about 52 per cent to the previous amount of our taxation.

Q. What were the new taxes imposed by Mr. Gladstone?

A. The income-tax, increased spirit-duties, and the succession-tax.

Q. What did the people of Ireland think of the new imposts?

A. That they were most unjust and most oppressive. But men who could properly appreciate the true character and policy of English legislation for Ireland did not feel surprised that increased taxation should follow closely on the heels of famine.

Q. What effect on the Irish population had the increase thus given to the money-drain from Ireland?

A. It potently combined with other causes to drive the people into exile. By withdrawing larger masses of money than ever from the country, the means of employing and supporting the people at home were still farther reduced. They were therefore compelled to emigrate in greater multitudes than before.

Q. Was the expulsion of the Irish people considered a desirable object by the English?

A. It had always been so, and was so still. We have seen that in the 16th and 17th centuries the Irish were thinned out by massacre and by the deliberate destruction of their food. In modern days they are thinned out by the wholesale abstraction of the national wealth which their hands have created; a system which, by depriving them of the natural and legitimate fund for their industry, renders their native country incapable of supporting them.

Q. What is the sole effectual remedy for those monstrous wrongs?

A. The restoration to Ireland of her native parliament, on the basis of a free popular constituency. A resident Irish legislature, freely chosen, is the only body competent to develop the resources of Ireland for the benefit of her own inhabitants, and to protect the national wealth from being carried out of the country by our powerful and unscrupulous neighbour.

Q. On what plea do English statesmen justify the inordinate abstraction of Irish money?

A. On the political incorporation of the two countries by the Union. This Union, they say, has made Irish and English "one nation;" and, as they are thus identified with each other, there is no more injustice in spending Irish money in England, than in spending Yorkshire money in Sussex or Cumberland.

Q. What is the plain meaning of such a plea as this?

A. It means that having robbed Ireland of her parliament, they are thereby entitled to rob her of her money.

Q. What do you infer from such a plea?

A. Clearly that Ireland requires political distinctness to protect her interests, since the obliteration of that dis-

tinctness is used as a pretext for confiscating huge masses of her public revenue and private income.

Q. What were the Corn Laws?

A. Laws imposing duties on corn imported from foreign countries into Great Britain and Ireland.

Q. Were they advantageous to England?

A. They were abhorred by the manufacturing classes in England, whose bread was rendered dearer by the tax. They were upheld by the landlord interest, both in Great Britain and Ireland, as being calculated to secure high rents by keeping up the price of corn.

Q. Were they advantageous in any way to Ireland?

A. To this extent they were advantageous, that as almost the sole industry of Ireland was agricultural, the high price of agricultural produce brought more money into Irish circulation than could be expected if the market value of corn should fall.

Q. Were the Corn Laws repealed during the continuance of the Irish famine?

A. Yes; and one of the arguments for repealing them was, to give "cheap bread to the Irish."

Q. How did the repeal of those laws affect Ireland?

A. They lowered the price of corn, and thereby threw 1,105,609 acres of arable land out of cultivation, as the price of the grain no longer repaid the cultivators. The labourers, whose occupation was gone, followed the myriads of emigrants who had crossed the Atlantic.

Q. Were the Corn Laws just in principle?

A. No: it cannot be right to tax what ought to be the ordinary food of man. Under a domestic parliament, the abolition of the Corn duty would not have injured the Irish population. As the matter stood, however, that measure operated to lower the price of one of the chief articles that Ireland had to sell; a loss the impoverished country could ill bear.

Q. To what extent have all the concurrent causes of which we have spoken, thinned out the Irish nation?

A. A parliamentary return, obtained by Sir Joseph M'Kenna when member

for Youghal, shows a diminution of the Irish people between 1846 and 1861, amounting to 2,397,630 souls. The emigration has been going briskly on from 1861 to the present year, 1870; and it is estimated that the decrease now exceeds 3,000,000.

Q. What was the population of Ireland in 1841?

A. By the census of that year it was 8,195,597.

Q. To what had it fallen in 1861?

A. The census of 1861, makes it 5,798,967.

Q. When did Smith O'Brien die?

A. In 1864. He had returned from exile, eight years previously. His death occurred in Wales; his remains were conveyed to the family burial-place at Rathronan, county Limerick.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Reign of Queen Victoria, continued.

Q. Was the torpor that several years of potato-blight occasioned in the country, disturbed by any political movement?

A. Yes. In May, 1856. Mr. Miall, member of parliament for Rochdale in England, moved for a committee to enquire into the position and revenues of the Established Protestant Church in Ireland, with a view to the impartial disendowment of all the churches in this country.

Q. Was his motion successful?

A. No; he was in a minority of 93 in a house of 312. There were 26 pairs.

Q. What effect did Mr. Miall's motion produce in Ireland?

A. Some gentlemen held a public meeting at Clonakilty, in the county Cork on the 15th of August, 1856, and passed resolutions in support of Mr. Miall's motion. That motion originated in the discontent of the English Dissenters at being obliged to contribute to the support of the English State Church from which they, or their predecessors' had seceded. And as it would have been impossible to shake the English Establishment until the Irish State Church should have first been overthrown, they prudently commenced by attacking the latter.

Q. How was their movement supported in Ireland?

A. The gentleman who was chiefly concerned in drawing up the Clonakilty resolutions, commenced a correspondence with some of the Catholic prelates, especially the Archbishop of Cashel, and obtained their concurrence; and by communicating with the prelates (chiefly through his grace of Cashel) on the one side, and with the English Liberation Society on the other, he secured an effective combination of the Irish Catholics and the English Voluntaries.

Q. What further progress did the cause of disestablishment make?

A. In December 1864 was inaugurated "The National Association of Ireland," which held its first meeting in the Dublin Rotundo on the 29th of that month. A large number of the Catholic bishops were present. The objects of the Association were, Disestablishment and Disendowment of the State Church; Security of Tenure for the Irish Tenantry; and Freedom of Education for the Catholics.

Q. At whose instance was the new association founded?

A. At that of the late John Blake Dillon, barrister. He was aided by many confederates: prominently by Alderman Mac Swiney, then Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was chairman of the inaugural meeting, and who has effectively supported the association ever since.

Q. Did the association accelerate the success of the Disestablishment?

A. Yes. It promoted petitions to parliament for that object; and by acting in harmony with the Liberation Society it gave great and constantly increasing strength to the movement for Religious Equality.

Q. What were the parliamentary stages of the struggle?

A. The vast impulse communicated to the cause by the powerful agitation of the English Voluntaries necessarily told upon the representative body. Mr. Bernal Osborne made a brilliant speech against the State Church; the speeches of Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Hadfield displayed full knowledge of the question. The simple fact of seizing the old Roman Catholic endowments of the na-

tion for the exclusive use of a small Protestant minority, bade defiance to every effort to palliate its blended absurdity and dishonesty.

Q. Was the question brought before the English House of Commons in 1867;

A. Yes; by Sir John Gray, the member for Kilkenny. His motion, which he prefaced by an able speech, was defeated by a majority of only twelve; namely, 195 votes against 183. There were 53 pairs.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Take a small piece of butter and a little beeswax, dissolve by putting them in a gallipot on the hob, and mix well together; spread on a small piece of linen, and bind round the chilblain. This is a most excellent remedy, and will cure the worst chilblains in one or two applications.

SAVOY CAKE IN A MOULD.—Take ten eggs, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, some grated lemon peel, and half a gill of orange-flour water; separate and whisk up the whites of the eggs; stir the yolks and sugar well together, and mix the whites with them; then stir the flour in gently, and put all in a buttered mould, well papered round the outside, in a moderate oven for one hour and a quarter. Put some finely-sifted sugar all over it after being buttered. Try the cake with a knife. If it comes out quite dry, the cake is done; if the least sticky, it wants more baking.

TO MAKE TOUGH BEEF TENDER.—To those who have worn down their teeth masticating poor, old, tough cow beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut your steaks the day before using into slices about two inches thick, rub them over with a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thicknesses, and cook to liking. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

BEEFSTEAK AND OYSTER PIE.—Beat the steak gently with a rolling pin, and season it with pepper and salt. Have

ready a deep dish, lined with not too rich a pastry. Put in the meat with layers of oysters; then the oyster liquor with a little mace, and a teaspoonful of catsup; cover with the top crust, and bake. Veal will do as well as beef.

FOR THE HAIR.—A teaspoonful of powdered borax and a teaspoonful of spirits of hartshorn, dissolved in a quart of soft water, and applied to the head with a soft sponge, and then rubbed dry with a towel, is an excellent wash for cleansing the scalp. Once a week is enough to use it. If there is any vitality left in the hair follicles or roots, the following is said to be an excellent wash for restoring the hair:—Scald black tea, two ounces, with a gallon of boiling water: then strain, and add three ounces of glycerine, half an ounce of tincture of cantharides, and one quart of bay rum. This may be perfumed to suit the taste, and should be well rubbed into the hair, after a warm glow has been produced on the scalp by the brush. The following is a very good pomatum;—One pound of castor oil and four ounces of white wax are melted together; then stir in while cooling two and a half drachms of oil of lavender, and ten or twelve drops of essence of royle.

ROAST LEG OF PORK.—Make a sage and onion stuffing; choose a small, tender leg of pork, and score the skin in squares with a sharp knife. Cut an opening in the knuckle, loosen the skin, and fill with sage and onion stuffing. Spread the whole leg with a thin coating of sweet butter, and put it before a clear fire, not too near. Baste well while cooking, and when nearly done, draw a little nearer the fire to brown. Thicken the dripping with a little flour, add boiling water, season with salt and pepper, boil up at once, and serve in a gravy tureen.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and quarter four large apples; boil them tender with the rind of a lemon, in so little water, that when done none may remain; beat them quite fine in a mortar; add the crumb of a small roll, four ounces of butter melted, the yolks of five and whites of three eggs, juice of half a lemon, and sugar to taste; beat all together, and lay in a dish with paste to turn out.

F A C T I Æ.

THE VARIETY OF DISEASES.—“Disease is very various,” said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from the street door in conversation with Dr. Bolus. “The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Hare has got two buckles on her lungs. It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The disease is so various. One day we hear of people dying with hermitage of the lungs; another day of the brown creatures. Here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and then about tonsors of the throat. Here we hear of neurology in the head, there of embargo. On one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sacrophagus, and another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don’t know how to subscribe for any disease nowadays. New names old new nostrils take the place of the old, and I may as well throw my old herb-bag away.” Fifteen minutes afterwards Isaac had the herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar-window in trying to hit it before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn’t mean exactly what she said.

A CALIFORNIA TRIAL.—A fellow named Donks was lately tried at Xuba City, for entering a miner’s tent, and seizing a bag of gold dust, valued at eighty-four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night specified he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off. Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away. “I rushed after him at once,” continued the witness, “but when I cotched him I didn’t find Bill’s bag; but it was found afterwards where he had thrown it.”—“How far did he get in when he took the dust?” inquired the counsel.—“Well, he was stoopin’ over about half in, I should say,” replied the witness.—“May it please your honour,” interposed the counsel, “the indictment isn’t sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is

on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time, with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening, through which he protruded himself about half-way, and, stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honour, can a man enter a house, when only one-half of his body is in, and the other half out?”—“I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved,” replied the judge. The jury brought in a verdict of “Guilty,” as to the one-half of his body from the waist up, and “Not guilty,” as to the other half. The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years’ imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner’s option to have the not guilty half cut off or take it along with him.

POLICEMAN:—“Now, then, move on. There’s nothing the matter here.”—Sarcastic Boy: “Of course there isn’t. If there was, you wouldn’t be here!”

WARNED IN TIME.—The other day a husband reading the premonitory symptoms of insanity were a wild look, flushed face, thick speech, &c, and he handed it to his wife, and remarked, “Mary, if ever I come home looking that way, you’ll know what to do.—“Yes, darling,” she softly replied, as she laid the paper down; “I’ll have an emetic and a club waiting for you.”

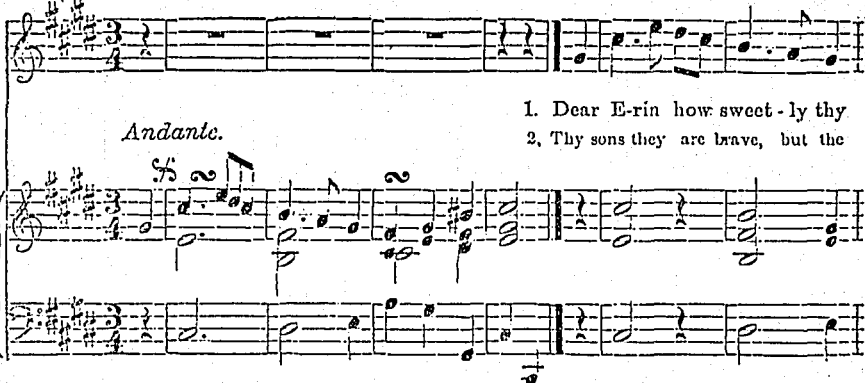
A system of condensed gardening for ladies—Make your beds in the morning; sew buttons on your husband’s shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper on your face; carefully root up all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

A New York Journal advertises for two compositors “who don’t get drunk,” and adds that “the editor does all the ‘getting drunk’ necessary to support the dignity of the establishment, and can swear ‘a few’ if occasion should call; as, however, the institution is in want neither of profanity or undue exhilaration, all applicants will govern themselves accordingly—the steadiest man getting the best job.”

CUSHLAMACHREE.

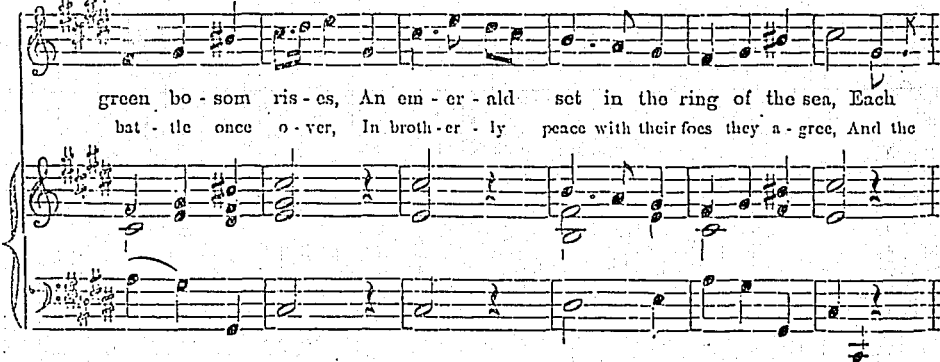
T. COOKE.

E. STADLER.

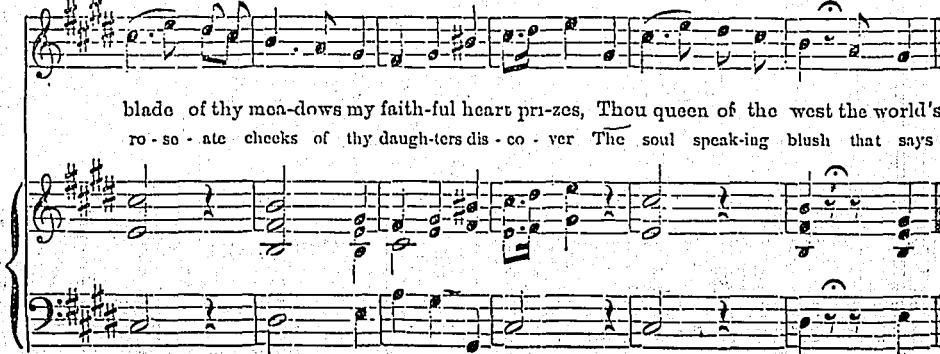


Andante.

1. Dear E-rin how sweet - ly thy
2. Thy sons they are brave, but the



green bo - som ris - es, An em - er - ald set in the ring of the sea, Each
bat - tle once o - ver, In broth - er - ly peace with their foes they a - gree, And the



blade of thy mea-dows my faith-ful heart pri-zes, Thou queen of the west the world's
ro - so - ate cheeks of thy daugh-ters dis - co - ver The soul speak-ing blush that says

Cush - la - ma - chree. Thy gates o - pen.
Cush - la - ma - chree. Then - hour - ish - for -

wide to the poor and the stran-ger, There smiles hos-pi-tal-i-ty.
ev-er, my dear na-tive E-rin, While sad-ly i-wan-der-an

hear-ty and free, Thy friend-ship is seen in the mo-ment of
ex-ile from thee, And firm as thy moun-tains, no in-ju-ry

dan-ger, And the wand-'rer is wel-com'd with Cush-la-ma-chree.
fear-ing, May Hea-ven de-fend its own Cush-la-ma-chree.