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NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

A Spirit from the skies
Came into our trodden land;
It glowed in roscate dyes,
And around its brow a band
Was bound like a sun stream in the west;
And as its accents broke
O'er the land our men awoke,
And each felt the stranger's yoke
On his breast.

And first a flush of shame
Spread along their manly brows,
And next, in God's dread name,
They swore and sealed their vows,
That Ireland a free state should be;
And from the mountains thence,
And from each glade and glen,
Gray spirits taught the men
To be free.

There was candor in the land,
And loud voices in the air;
And the poet waved his wand,
And the peasant's arm was bare,
And religion smiled on Valor as her child;
But, alas! alas! a blight
Came o'er us in a night
And now our stricken plight
Drives me wild.

But wherefore should I weep,
When work is to be done?
Wherefore dreaming lie asleep
In the quick'ning morning sun?
Since yesterday is gone and passed away
I will seek the holy road
That our martyr saints was trod;
And along it bear my load
As I may.

I will bear me as a man
As an Irish man, in sooth—
No barrier, wile, or ban,
Shall stay me from the truth;
I will have it, or perish in the chase,
That I loved my own isle well,
My bones at least shall tell,
And on what quest I fell
In that place.

But if God grant me life
To see the struggle out—
The end of inward strife
And the fall of foes without,
I will die without a murmur or a tear;
For in that holy hour
You'd not miss me from your dower
Of love, and hope, and power,
Ere I, my dear!

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."
—Byron.—*The Giour.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE SHADOW.

On the morning of the day on which young Mr. Sackwell and the Marquis of Babblington elected to shoot duck instead of shooting one another, Tade Ryan sat, bending gloomily over the dying fire, in his little cabin, with his scanty breakfast of potatoes and sour milk untouched beside him, his pretty wife, Kitty, watching him anxiously at the other side of the table, and his chubby-checked son and heir (Tadeen; *anglice*, Tade, junior, three years old) striving in vain to excite attention by pulling papa's hair.

The scene was wholly anguishing—even baby's obstreperous crowings and pranks made melancholy-out-of-place, like a fanfare in some dead catacomb, mocking extinguished life with life's joy. The little cabin pictured a long struggle, that was always losing, inching back stubbornly to where loss was final—back to the great precipice over whose brink terrene enemies follow not. Even now, when the end was near, it made its bravest show, enheartened by a woman's courage, which, shrinking from misfortune afar off, is ever its worst foe at close quarters. But its best was pitiful.

Holding together on props, like an old man on crutches, the wretched walls and roof seemed ready at any moment to fall down, and die, weary of the unequal fight with wind and weather, grown aged and decrepit in misery. And had they buried all within in the fall, there had been small share of human happiness extinct—how many an ache and pang laid eternally to rest! Yet the place was not without its comfort, rather shadow of comfort, and a

whisper that the love-spark flickered dimly in the ashes of a life; waiting to be fanned ablaze, or for ever stifled. For in such places and in such hearts lie the real wonders of Romance—the real grandeur of Humanity!

For example, though a deal table, a broken chair, and a wretched pallet, with a picture of St. Patrick, a cracked iron pot and a cracked earthen pitcher formed the whole inventory of furniture—the rest had gone over board one by one in the year-tempests to keep the ship afloat—yet they were set forth with a triumphant neatness, which after all dwarfs the victories of your Alexanders and all your other eminent rascallions to whom, Kitty Hannigan would have seemed as a dust-atom soiling their shoe-buckles. And the three weary children, bare-covered in tatters, speaking starvation through their hungry eyes, yet with a stamp of care and love on their wretchedness—were they not in truth *monumenta are perennius*, raised in Almighty memory, to a mother's glory? And the scanty potatoes and sour milk, which she hungered to devour and did not—who will weigh against the sacrifice the glory of a Thermopylae, the heroes of the world's Prytaneum!

But Kitty knew little of this, her grandeur, which only vanity will illuminate—only knowing an eternal instinct, which bade her lose herself to events and be no longer woman, only wife and mother—only thinking, as she watched her husband's gloomy trance that something worse than usual was wrong which left the little breakfast untasted.

"Tade," she at last ventured to remonstrate, "what's the matter with you at all, achora? There's the praties gettin' as cowl'd as a stone, an' the childher dyin' to get a bit."

"Da, I'm very hungry," plaintively suggested Tadeen, climbing upon his father's knee to attract his notice.

"Tade, the poor craythurs didn't brake their blessed fast since yesterday mornin'," the wife went on to urge softly, "an' 'tisn't their own father 'ud keep 'em hungry, whin he could help it."

"Let 'em ate—who's keepin' 'em?" cried the father gruffly, raising a face that was livid with despair, and starting up so suddenly as to upset the little creature clinging to his knees, whom, however, the permission to have at the potatoes appeased wonderfully soon.

"Are'n't you goin' to have any bruckisht, ashore?" asked the wife with great concern, winding her arms tenderly around his neck. "It might be better, but shure 'tis well to

have that same in pace an' comfort—may God make us thankful! Take a few little mouthfuls, Tade, av 'twas only to oblige me."

"No, I won't," he answered, roughly.

"Shure, what's the use o' frettin' yer heart out? There's the handful av oats outside there waitin' all the mornin' to have you retch a hand to 'em."

"Ay, save 'em for a-tyrant to gobble 'em up like the rest! I'd rather burn 'em!" he cried, savagely; then starting to his feet in a paroxysm of passion, he exclaimed, as he strode hastily to the door: "I will end in murder, I tell you!"

"Hush, Tade darlin', don't say that," cried his wife, alarmed at his terrible looks. "For my sake, Tade, av you iver cared for me—for the childher's—"

"D—the childher, let me pass, I say!"

The little urchins shrank behind their mother at sight of Ryan's fearful passion. She held her ground unflinchingly.

"Tade, you do not mane that," she said, in sorrowful reproach. "'Twas the first word in anger iver passed betune us, acushla, an' lave it be the last. We wor happy together wanst, Tade."

He paused and looked down on the true loving face raised to his—the one spot of sunshine in his world—and the roused devil of his nature shrank from the apparition.

"Kitty, I didn't mane to say anything hard to you or the childher, but the sowl is burnin' out o' me wid throuble an' divelment. What can I do whin I see you wearin' yerself away like a galley-slave, an' the gorsoons cryin' wid impty bellies, an I—I can do nothin' but curse myself an' ivery wan else."

"Tade, you aren't the same man at all lately. It can't be any good business that keeps you out o' yer bed till the grey o' the mornin', an' that laves you hardly able to do a sthroke o' work for yer own."

"Girl, I towlt you that was no business o' yours. If iver there's to be a bright day for us agin 'twill come o' that same night walkin', an' if no good does come of it—the world has done its worst for us already."

"Don't say that, ashore, while God laves us health and strength, an' the owld roof over us as bad as it is."

"Kitty, we won't have the owld roof itself over us long," he said slowly.

"Holy Vargin, there isn't any new trouble, is there?" She was deadly pale.

"New trouble! I'd like to know what else

we have to expect but trouble till they murder us outright—or we murder them," he added, fiercely.

The wife shuddered, for she knew they were no meaningless words.

"Don't talk o' murder," she cried, crossing herself piously. "Anything but that. But what's the matter now?"

"Mavrone; need you axe? That tunderin' villin, Murphy, is at the bottom av it as usual—he towlt me yesterday he'd see the grass growin' in the little cabin afore we wor six months' owlder, an' he manes it, the black hearted thraither. I know he manes it!"

His wife raised her eyes to Heaven in silent submission.

"God help us! they're the bitther times for the owld stock; But shure what's the use o' lyin' down to die, av 'twas only to spite 'em? Tade, be yerself agin, man alive—'tis new wid you to be afraid o' mane turncoats an lick-plates! Let 'em do their worst, there's a good God above that won't forget us in His own good time!"

"*Mo chree lannu!* you're a brave little wife!" cried Ryan, folding her in his strong embrace with a vehemence that recalled his first love-clasp at the dance on the Common long ago; all despair struck dead before such indomitable hope.

"There now, asthore, ate a bit o' bruckhisht—*for my sake.*"

"For your sake, I will," but as he spoke he started at the sounds of horse's hoofs coming down the road outside. "It's no use, Kitty—here's Sir Albin Artslade, an' 'tis alsy to know what brings him."

It was indeed the baronet who rode up to the cabin, bestriding his horse with the air of one to whom equestrian dignity was an awkward necessity, but with that cold hard look in his face that disdained all show of pity, and spoke only of hatred and of the insolence of power. By his side, like a pale shadow of the great man's greatness, sinking self totally in his greater self, on a steed that was a shadow of the great man's steed, Mr. Duncan McLaren rode—a sensible Scotchman who, without being specially bad himself, thought the least that was his due; by commandment human or divine, was to leave his master be as he chose. He was a practical man and made real improvements: if he had been free to follow his own notions he would have moulded native industry into his improvements; and perhaps fused effectually Saxon steadiness with Celtic impulse. But a

man of Mr. McLaren's intelligence was not long in discovering that the darling object of his master (and probably the tenure of his office) admitted no truce with the natives, but degradation where it might be galling enough, and, where that failed, extirpation without parley.

And so the worthy steward, under protest to his conscience, worked his master's will, shrewdly concluding that if his scruples carried him too far, there were many Mr. Duncan McLaren's north of the Tweed, or south of it, for the matter of that, would cheerfully do bad things in a much worse spirit than himself. If moralists don't think the theory perfect, let them put the peccadillo on the one side and the stewardship on the other, and unless they be lunatics (as many lunatics moralists there be) they must admit Mr. McLaren was a wise man, if he was not also a good one.

Mr. Jer. Murphy, the bailiff, made a trio of visitors to Tade Ryan's poor hovel; slinking at a respectable distance behind his superlative and comparative betters; with befitting sleekness and awe in his demeanour, and swaddled in fur cap, muffler and shroud, like frieze-coat enough to equip the heavy villain of any tragic monstrosity on record: nor indeed was the character quite foreign to his own, whose function was to do all wickedness which required vileness in the execution; Irishmen being in all time best wasted by Irishmen, and his degradation being of a depth that made his Irishism tolerable even to Sir Albin.

Poor Ryan saw them halt opposite the cabin, and tottered to the door to meet them in a mood of half-stupefied despair, for he knew their mission well. He had been the butt of the new people's wrath for many a day, so the penalty of his stubborn attachment to the old people and the old notions, and his part in the affray which ended the festivities of Sir Albin Artslade's welcome-home had marked him, he knew, as a victim they must needs be rid of. He struggled to muster a smile with which to meet "his honor," but he only mustered a frown.

Who will not cling to the straw upon a sea of troubles?—with wife, and children, and home ready to be swallowed up? He essayed—God knows with what a pang!—to doff his hat to the insolent stranger, and he did!—doffed it cringingly!

The baronet never noticed the salutation: never changed his cold stare: God-like, unheeding adoration more than Godly: but turning to his obsequious steward, whose adoration was

more fragrant—more smelling of myrr and frankincense—said coldly :

"This man's holding disgraces the estate."

Ryan listened in dumb despair. His wife was ready to swoon with terror, only the children that clung to her skirts and the baby nestling in her bosom made swooning an impossible luxury.

"Awcel, Sir Albin," said the steward, as spiritlessly as possible, "these folk *are* uncommonly dirty, an' lazy—above a', lazy."

"An' av I may make so bowld, yer honor," edged in the bailiff, sidling up near his great master, "this same man is wan o' the wusht ka-rack-theres in the barony."

Ryan eyed the speaker for a moment like a tiger ready for a spring; but the sight of his family sobered him.

"Yer honor," he pleaded, with as much humility as he could gather, "I'm payin' five times what I used to pay for the little bit o' land, an' av I was to work from day-light to dark I could barely squeeze the rint an' a beggar's made o' vittles out av it, not to mind ornamin'tin' the owld cabin, that's dacant enough already, God knows, for the wretches that's in it. Yer honour, I paid you yer rint, when it cem out o' my heart's blood."

Still no sign from the baronet, who turned again coldly to the steward.

"Could anything be done with this fellow's patch of land?"

Mr. M'Laren scratched his head deliberately.

"I dunno it'll iver turn to mickle guid, Sir Albin," was his reply. "At the best it's but puir soil, nu' these Irish bodies are the vera de'il—savin' your worship—for exhausting it. But there's a guid mon frae our country, one Donald Ross, is sair distrest for a lectle bit o' pasture ground, an' if you pleased to throw these couple o' fields in wi' his holding, I doot na you wad hae a safe tenant an' a safe rent."

"I will," broke in the baronet, impatiently, "give this man a month to rid the estate of his presence. We'll have none such lazy louts on Ashenfield." The great man spoke with vulgar *vengefulness*—a *vengefulness* all the smaller for the contrast between avenger and victim. Not dirt alone was Tade Ryan's crime.

The peasant heard his doom stolidly. His agonizing wife sank on her knees in an attitude of utter misery.

"Oh! have mercy, yer honor—have some mercy!" she cried. "You are a father yerself—oh! think what you would feel av yer star-

vin' childher wor dhriven out av the only spot they had on dher Heaven, to die by the roadside! Have mercy, as you expect mercy yerself!"

"My good woman, you are mad!" said the baronet.

"I may well be mad, yer honor—'twould be the blessed exchange for me to be mad or dead."

"M'Laren, come on!" and the great man's horse, carcoling, almost trampled the kneeling suppliant.

With a fierce cry, Ryan leaped to the horse's head, and chucked the bridle with such violence, the animal plunged and reared in terror.

"Stop a minnit," he thundered wildly, desperately. "I can't have the handful av oats saved in a month—do you want to rob me o' that, too?"

"Of everything that can make you insolent," cried the baronet, in furious rage. "Leave go the reins, fellow!"

"Lave go the reins, you impiddent varmint!" and Ryan's hand was struck down from the bridle by a blow of the bailiff's iron-loaded whip.

A demon flashed in the peasant's eye for a moment; but, with a plunge that nearly upset him, the great man's horse was away and Tade Ryan turned with nigh-broken heart to his cabin—his no more—to catch his starving wife in his arms as she swooned at last.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROMANTIC MARCHIONESS.

Sir Albin Artslade went on his way as lightly as if he had not trodden out the hope of five young lives: indeed as if that same stamping out were only a poor holocaust on the altar of his greatness. He went lightly but not happily.

The power of riches was, after all, the only weapon with which he sought to conquer happiness, not to woo it; which, fast as he followed, retired faster and faster, till now, on the high pinnacle of rank and power, with the strong sun and the strong storms of eminence beating in his face, Happiness seemed still afar off beyond heights he could not climb, in clouds there was no reaching: and on his great peak he stood, tearing his hair and rankling his heart, insatiate and insatiable, looking towards the Happiness that looked back mockery on his exalted wretchedness.

Yet he would conquer all that riches could conquer: he would buy honors though there

was no honor in them : he would rifle society of its prizes, its golden ash-fruited prizes, wring plaudits from the lips, though there were curses and sneers in the hearts; he would go on—on restlessly—hating and hated—again like a small Baal—dreaded idol; hated god—on to wide-reaching devastation of the recusants, to loud-sounding cymbals of the prone-hearted herd, to revenge on all his world, if not to victory. He had the courage of Happiness, wanting the simple goodness without which the thing named Happiness is fire-material without fire.

How those busy ambitions tortured him! How would one glimpse of that tempestuous furnace of a heart of his have made Tade Ryan's undilated poverty look bright in contrast; how would it have reconciled him to the empty stomach hard by the clean heart!—and strangled the murderous thoughts that were entering there, and hailed and embraced and thrice welcomed the holy crowds of sorrows which were gathering at every avenue of his thoughts and hopes!

But now that his projects of revenge were nearly all accomplished—now that all the old people were gone out in sorrow, dead or crushed hopelessly—now that every trace of original meanness was effaced, save the Balshazzar characters writ in his own heart, which nothing could efface—now that he had created for himself a little world in which he was worshipped as a God, and all remembrance save of his greatness blotted out—Sir Albin Artslade had leisure for other thoughts, chief of which was this—that all fruit of his life's labours must die with him. He had no son who would be Sir Albin Artslade when he had passed away : the name, the triumph, all would be covered up in the grave, if he had no son to transmit their fame.

If! And this "If!" led him into a train of thought which had several times before flashed across his mind, but only vaguely : now in somewhat distinct and settled shape—thought which carried him back to distant dreams and passions—distorted visions of love—which he could barely remember, so pitchy dark a period covered the years ever since with their tangled unceasing ambitions. Not that a ray of softness reached him now; but misty speculations of interest and necessity which pleased him.

In this frame of mind Sir Albin Artslade had ridden on, and half unconsciously allowed his horse to stray through the avenue of old Kilsheelan Park (now a purposely neglected sheep-

walk, with grass-grown drive and unkempt underwood to remind the victor eternally of his victory); when, as the baronet and his henchmen approached the old Castle, two female figures emerged from the ruins; the one older, more richly-dressed and bedizened than the other, but each in her way a pleasant picture.

What freak of fate was it, chiming in with his thoughts, that thus threw in Sir Albin Artslade's way his amiable guest, the Marchioness of Babblington? For he immediately recognized her in one of the figures; and to his mind she had never looked so lovely and amiable before. Tricked out in a gauzy summer costume, with the shapeliness of her bust well displayed, her languishing dark eyes radiantly bright, and the ravages of time concealed under many a beautifying touch, the Marchioness wanted no single grace or beauty that a man considerably above middle age would look for.

And above all she was so natural! So natural, that she started quite girlishly at sight of the approaching horsemen, and gave a bewitching little cry of surprise and delight on finding one of them to be Sir Albin.

"Oh! Sir Albin, this is, indeed, a pleasant surprise," she cried, with the same girlish impulsiveness, as she advanced to meet the baronet. "I hope you won't be shocked to find me wandering alone so far from home—you see I have already domesticated myself," she added, in pretty confusion. "I am for ever thinking myself at home here."

"I thought you were unwell, Lady Babblington," said the baronet, gallantly dismounting, and pressing the snowy-white little hand delicately entrusted to his.

"I was just a little fatigued—you know we played whist to an unconscionably late hour last night, Sir Albin—we're such an admirable match? But I wore it off," she went on hurriedly, as if in her innocence she had made her last remark rather too pointed. "The morning was so fresh and lovely, it quite cheated me into a long walk, and Miss Artslade and Adolphus were away amusing one another, as children will, I thought, for the adventure of the thing—I'm unpardonably fond of adventure!—I would explore those old ruins for myself, and surprise you all at dinner with my discoveries. Wasn't it romantic?"

"It must have been dull, I think," observed the baronet, dryly.

"By no means, Sir Albin. This dear child"—turning to her young companion, who had modestly retired a few yards off—"has been a

charming *cicerone*: indeed, she can tell romances as prettily as 'Clarissa' herself, and interests me a great deal more. When you surprised us so agreeably, she was in the most exciting part of the history—how a fine old house went to wreck and ruin—how the last of their line—such a glorious boy! as she describes him—was driven out upon the world a friendless pauper—I assure you we nearly wept together over his fate, it was so sad and noble—didn't we, Miss Marton?"

"You forget it was all a romance, my lady," said her companion, her sweet face red as scarlet, notwithstanding her affected quietude. "And now, if you please, I will say good-bye. My father will be calling for me."

The Marchioness extended her hand with real frankness.

"Good-bye, my dear child," she said, "and if you think better of my offer—if you will exchange this old place for one where there's plenty of joy in store for youth and beauty—"

"My lady, I cannot think better of it. But I thank you deeply," and kissing the Marchioness's hand gracefully, the light figure vanished like a sunbeam.

"What a sweet child!"

The Marchioness turned smilingly to Sir Albin Arislade for endorsement of the opinion, and was not a little startled to find his gaze rivetted on the spot where her young friend had disappeared, with a strange, troubled fascination which nearly frightened her.

"Who is that girl?" he asked, half unconsciously, as if wrestling with memories, dim and shadowy, but troublesome—which some spell had awakened from their long sleep in conscience's land.

Her ladyship made malicious note of his interest.

"The caretaker's daughter, I believe," she said, quietly. "Rose Marton, she told me, is her name. She is a surprising child for a caretaker's daughter."

"Who is this caretaker?" asked the baronet, abruptly, of Mr. Duncan M'Laren, who was all this time dawdling about inoffensively.

"An auld body from London, Sir Albin," was the reply. "Puir mon! he's for ever laid up wi' the rheumatics, an' gangs not e'en to kirk o' Sabbaths."

"From London?"

"Ay, Sir Albin—he an' his dochter—that winsome lassie ye hae jist seen—live up there alone in that ould rookery those two years fully."

"That girl is his daughter, then?"

"Bless us! yes, sir—"

"Pooh! of course she is!" the baronet cried, in audible soliloquy. "M'Laren, I will not want you further to-day. Murphy, take charge of my horse. I will return on foot; that is"—he added, with a stiff bow to the Marchioness,—"if you will not reject my escort."

"Never was the condition more unnecessary, Sir Albin," said the Marchioness, softly, with a languishing sweetness in her voice which was not wholly lost on her companion, thick as was the casing of his emotional nature.

They turned together into a little woody glade, through which there was a shorter passage towards Ashenfield, and found that its cool umbrage gave a grateful shelter from the sun's rays, which came softly through the arching branches, and into the grassy nooks which opened on every side of them.

Lady Babbington was in celestial temper—celestial even for one who never fell below the amiable in society's parameter—and chatted on celestially on celestial things. But the baronet was not yet rid of those troublesome ghost-memories Rose Marton's sweet face had awakened, and ever and anon he found himself wrestling with them strangely.

"It's curious!" he exclaimed once, quite abstractedly. "It cannot be, and yet that girl's face reminds me strangely of one I knew years—long years ago."

"Ah! I said her ladyship, softly, intimating in this way that she was a listener, yet knowing not what part she was expected to take in a conversation of which she knew nothing.

"The very eyes—and hair—everything the same!" he went on: so absorbed in his thoughts, he seemed to forget quite that he was not alone.

"Doubtless, some sweet siren was in your thoughts," suggested the Marchioness, playfully. "An' Sir Albin?"

"Pshaw! this is childish!" cried the baronet, half-fiercely, as if he were crushing down some thought that would spring up again: then, to the Marchioness: "you will excuse me, Lady Babbington—it was only a passing thought of one I betrouched some ago in London."

"You men always do befriend pretty girls," said the Marchioness, roguishly, not without a woman's curiosity to know more of the cause of Sir Albin's unwonted agitation. "She must be uncommonly pretty, if the caretaker's daughter reminds you of her so strongly."

"She was pretty," said the baronet gloomily.

"Was? The poor thing died, then?"

"Oh, yes—I believe so," the baronet replied, hurriedly. "She was only a strolling player, and—and I lost sight of her. But haven't we taken a ridiculous interest in her?"

"Not at all, Sir Albin, anything that concerns you can never be without interest for me," and the dark eyes melted in tenderness as they sought the baronet's, and, resting there for a moment, seemed to swoon of passionate love.

"You are very kind."

"Ah! Sir Albin," and the dark eyes were going again on their mission of tenderness, when a startled cry of "What's that?" from the baronet, made her cling closer to his side.

In one of the little shady nooks before them, almost environed by clustering shrubs and creepers, was stretched a young man, so deeply buried in the book he was reading, that he never noticed their approach; but, immediately that he saw them, starting up, he dashed through the underwood, and in a moment was lost to sight in the deep grove which extended thence up the mountain side.

With a cry of alarm, the Marchioness fainted away in the baronet's arms.

Sir Albin Artslade had caught only one glimpse of the stranger's face; but it was enough to assure him he had been face to face with Gerald O'Dwyer; and without quite knowing why, a strange tigerish rage took possession of him.

"Heavens! what a day of surprises!" he cried, savagely. "It was not enough *she* should come out of her grave to mock me, but this accursed beggar must cross my path again! It was he, beyond doubt: but what can he want here? To redeem the mortgages, could it be? Impossible? The fool burned his own title-deeds when he burned the Castle; and mine—they are where he can never challenge them. The Government have warned me of some Popish rebellion brewing somewhere hereabouts. Could this young madcap be at the bottom of it? By G—, I have it! The Government talk of French officers organizing the country—and *he* was a French officer—so they told me. Ha, ha! the rascal has trapped himself famously. To hang like a dog before his front gate—what a glorious end of the O'Dwyers of Kilsheelan?"

From which charitable reflection, he was recalled, by a low sigh, to the knowledge that the Marchioness of Babblington lay fainting in his arms.

His first impulse was to let drop his burden,

and trust to woman's recuperative power to do the remainder. But kindlier counsels triumphed. The thoughts which the above related incidents disturbed came on him now again with triple force. Here in his arms, clinging to him with unnecessary fervour, was a woman of noble birth—one whose name was a key to the best society in London—who plainly looked on him with partiality, if with no very ardent love. A fine woman too—for, though the bloom on her cheeks looked unnatural enough now, her broad, heaving bosom, and queenly head pillowed trustingly on his shoulder, covered many a fault.

Sir Albin Artslade was not softened in the least, but reconciled to a necessity.

He laid the fainting form somewhat tenderly on a grassy bank, while he fetched from a neighboring rill a little cold water with which he sprinkled her forehead.

"Faugh!" He shrugged his shoulders in disgust, as the moisture raised a clammy powder on the skin. But, mastering the sensation with an ugly grin, as though a medicine-dose, he bent down, with sundry unloverlike grimaces, and kissed the sleeping beauty's lips.

Whereat, on the instant, the languishing dark eyes opened, all beaming with tenderness, and a voice which was not very reproachful, exclaimed:

"Oh! Sir Albin!"

That night, the Marquis of Babblington made his way, dispirited and trembling, to his mother's chamber, where he found that excellent lady beaming with triumph, which Adolphus, with the recollection of the arbour scene still freshly horrible, could ill sympathise with.

"Dolph, you have not succeeded?" The Marchioness asked, quickly, noting his *Miserere* face.

"N-not exactly, ma—"

"No matter, boy—I have?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

FATHER JOHN UNDERTAKES A JOURNEY.

We return once more to Father O'Meara's cottage, in the little kitchen of which we discover the good priest holding *levée* with the assembled misery of his parish—a ragged, famished gathering of widows, orphans, cripples, and miscellaneous starvelings, united in hungry brotherhood, among whom the priest's good, cheery face shone as an invigorating sun.

One by one he was dismissing them, with such poor spoils as were still left him to des-

poil himself of, all the while casting uneasy thief-like glances towards the door, as if he expected to be discovered in his work of robbery.

"Fair play, now, Judy—fair play is a jewel," he cried, good humouredly, to one old hag who was helping herself liberally out of a heap of potatoes in the corner. "You won't lave me a potato to bless myself with."

"Wisha, yer riv'rence, 'tis I wouldn't lave you 'idout a goold crown, not to talk o' a handful o' praties if the times were what they used to be; but that poor *gorsoon* o' mine, is goin' hard o' the decline, and sorra the taste o' food he had this blessed day."

"There, there, be off with yourself, Judy; and don't let Biddy see you for your life, or we'd all come in for snacks. They didn't leave you the little pig, Mrs. Malone, did they?"

"They didn't lave me the straw that was on dher, yer riv'rence, the murderin' thieves," said a bitter-faced old woman, who carried a blind boy at her side.

"Cheer up, Mrs. Malone, God punishes those whom He loves."

"Begor, then, yer riv'rence, He must be mighty fond o' me, an' He dosen't care a button for the ould' tyrant in the great house, beyant."

"You're a dreadful old sinner, Mrs. Malone—I never will get any good of you. There's a sip'penny bit for the snuff, and now be off if you don't want me to curse you with bell, book and candle light for a hardened old heretic."

"Oh! the Lord save us, your riv'rence—I'll go this minnit an' say a Pather-an-Av."

"Well, Jerry, old man—The old story I suppose—nothing in the pot, eh?"

"Not exactly, yer riv'rence: but, wid respects to you, there isn't a shired o' the ould breeches together," and the speaker pointed to his diaphonous shadowy nether garment as eloquent testimony that he did not exaggerate.

"Why, you robber-of-the-dead, you don't think I keep a tailor's shop on the premises?"

"Begor, I wouldn't be widout the ould breeches if you did, yer riv'rence."

"What on earth will Biddy say to all this? But, wait there a moment, Jerry;" and the priest hurried out of the room, returning in a few moments with something made up in a bundle, which he thrust into the old man's arms: "Now run like a Redshank, or I won't answer for the consequences."

The old man was making off as fast as eighty

years and a lame leg would permit, when a shrill female voice in the passage brought him to a standstill with—

"What's that you have there?"

"Murder-and-Trish, 'tis Biddy!" cried Father John, with considerable trepidation. "Now for a scene."

And while he spoke, the severe form of the priest's housekeeper appeared at the kitchen door, lugging after her poor Jerry, whom she obliged ignominiously to disgorge the bundle on the floor.

"The Lord give me patience! his own Sunday pants!"

It was too much for the worthy housekeeper, who for some moments looked from the pants to Jerry, and from Jerry to the mob of chartered plunderers, and from them again to Father John, in speechless indignation. It was with a mighty sense of relief she at last found words to exclaim, with scathing emphasis:

"Father John, I'm ashamed of you, sir!—I'm ashamed of you!"

Father John looked and felt as if he was ashamed of himself, and preserved meek silence till, the flood-gates of Biddy's wrath at length being loosened, she burst forth in an indignant torrent of reproach.

"Father O'Meara," she exclaimed loftily, "is there an atom of brains left in yer head? or do you take me for a born idiot?"

Father John intimated mildly that he had the very highest opinion of her sanity.

"Then, Father O'Meara, I beg lave to tell you respectfully this—that av you're goin' to lave nothing here but the four walls, an' av you have any fancy for livin' on air an well-wather, well and good; but—wid all respect, I say it, sir—I'm not goin' to join you."

"Nonsense, Biddy—never say die while there's a shot in the locker."

"A shot in the locker, indeed!" repeated the housekeeper, scornfully. "I'd like to know what yer riverence manes by a shot in the locker whin you don't know from wan day to another whether you'll have a bit to put into yer mouth, or a coat to put on yer back, by dint of robbin' an' plunderin' yerself for every dirty *sprissann* that says he's hungry. Get out wud ye, this minnit, ye mane ragamuffins," she cried, turning fiercely on the furnished crowd of beggars, "I believe yed ate the flesh down off his bones, av ye thought 'twould fill yer bellies. Off wid ye, this minnit, ye thievin' rogues, av ye don't want the kittle o' bilin' wather 'to follow ye!"

In a twinkling, the kitchen was cleared, cripples, widows, orphans and all flying helter skelter from the enraged housekeeper who, now that the victory was won, began to think she might possibly have been uncharitable, and, to atone for any such contingency, cast some supplicatory prayers and looks towards Heaven, and, in contrite soliloquy, exclaimed,

"Oh! then, may the Lord forgive you, Father John, for all your sins!"

"Amen, Biddy," said the priest, with a smile. "Say a rosary for me, like a good soul, and then perhaps you'll be able to raise a few tumblers of punch."

Whereupon he left the kitchen in full possession of the conqueror, who, as he turned his back, followed him with a look of affectionate reverence, and then, raising her eyes to Heaven, remarked mentally:

"Well, glory be to God!—'tis himself has the big heart, after all!"

"You must be sick of waiting, Gerald," cried Father John, as he burst into the little parlor, where Gerald O'Dwyer, looking paler and sadder than usual, was awaiting him. "I was just making myself acquainted with a little of my neighbors' miseries. If I were to bid good-morrow to all the miseries, I meet now-a-days, I would infallibly die of the dumps. I hope I have not kept you too long."

"By no means, sir; my news is of a kind I am in no hurry to tell."

"Bad news! Then 'twill keep till we've had a tumbler of punch, which will be all the sweeter, that I believe 'tis the last drop in the bottle."

And the last drop having, under the influence of Biddy's blessings and hot water, swelled into two steaming tumblers-full, Father John announced himself ready to hear the worst news that transpired since the fall of Adam, were it the *culbute generale* (or eternal smash) itself.

"You haven't heard of the affair in Dublin yesterday?" asked O'Dwyer.

"In Dublin—how could I? Now that I think of it, my *Evening Post* was due this morning, and hasn't turned up yet."

"In all likelihood the mails were stopped—our insurrection has exploded!"

"Exploded?"

"Ay, and vanished," said O'Dwyer, bitterly.

"Gerald, this is dreadful news—let me hear the worst of it." The priest almost trembled as he spoke.

"It is soon told, sir. An envoy from Dublin

reached me this morning before dawn to warn me I must fly for my life, if I've no fancy for hanging—that all is over with the insurrection?"

"But you speak in riddles still to me. Has there, then, been an insurrection?"

"The hazy ghost of an insurrection—yes. I'm almost ashamed to tell the story as it has been told to me. News came from France that the Irish invasion project was finally given up—that Napoleon was too much occupied with Germany to think of Ireland any more, and that, even if he had the best wishes in the world, his hands were hopelessly tied, for his fleets are swept like chaff by the English. Disgust, desertion, and treason made short work of the Irish organization—Heaven help us! we are always fond enough to hope without cause and to despair without necessity! It had been better, perhaps, to let our darling project die, hard as we worked to put the life in it; but it seems our failure must always be tragic. A few of the Dublin Directory, hearing they were betrayed, and that there was a plot for their capture, thought to die like soldiers, and—failed, of course. Yesterday they raised an isolated tumult in the streets of the capital, which they thought would blaze into revolution. Of course they were wrong—all men are who think that naked right can struggle long in a den of thieves. They are expiating their fine error to-day—the best and bravest of them lie in prison, waiting to be hanged, or are flying—God-knows where. Father John, I am sick of it. What a sorry end of all our hopes!"

A tear started to the priest's eye as he listened, and they clasped one another's hands in dumb sorrow.

"God help poor Ireland!—the old, old tale!" was all he could say.

They were silent awhile—each occupied with the same solemn thoughts.

"But are you not losing time yourself, my boy?" at length asked Father John, the tear still trembling in his eye. "There are always plenty of traitors to the lost cause. You may not be safe this moment! I know too well what follows failure in Ireland. The scent of rebel blood makes very demons of our masters."

"I know it, sir," said O'Dwyer, calmly.

And, in his inmost heart, looking Death in the face, the sight had few terrors for him—few which did not look small beside the lingering tortures of Life. Young as he was, he felt like an old man who looks back over a life (it seem-

ed an age long) of aimlessness and failure—the prospects to which he was born, vanished like distant dreams—the hope of his life farther than ever from attainment—every joy and ambition and struggle of his withered by the pitiless Destiny that seemed to attend him. And now that the end appeared nigh with its Peace and Rest, he almost longed to meet it.

Almost! There was still one link which attached his heart to the world. There was one spot in his Heart which was still Paradise—flowering into youth's undying hope, filled with a delicious presence: whither from the realities of his lonely life, he could retire and sleep on asphodel, dreaming a sweet dream. Though he scarcely admitted it to himself, much less breathed it to the world, he loved Rose Marton, with all the chivalry and fervor of his nature. Perhaps his long hours of solitary thought gave bridle to his imagination: it had become a marvellous enjoyment to him to hover around her unseen: to see her in the garden like a beautiful fairy, to see her in the moonlight on the western battlements like a celestial spirit, better still to think of her as the woman in that peevish old man's home. He did not know her, and scarcely hoped ever to know her: he knew his love was an illusion, but it was an unselfish one which yet, in the patience of this buried beauty, brought balm to his own ill-fated soul. As long as the world held her it was not all a desert. Yet what a dreary hopeless waste it was all round, bounded only by God's Heaven—with Kilsheelan mourning in its ruins, with strangers on every side, with the old people and the old times and all familiar things and faces fading painfully away, and now with the Revolution, which was to repair all, vanishing in absurd delusion—with the gibbet frowning blackly in the issue!

"I don't know whether I owe so much to Life that I should take much trouble to shelter it, sir," he said, smiling sadly, "but at all events, I have no immediate ground for fear. I will remain at the Castle for a while."

"My dear boy, it is madness," said the priest, earnestly. "The game is hopeless now, if it is ever was hopeful. Surely you do not still think of sending our starving peasants to the slaughter?"

"I never dreamed of that, sir, and now less than ever; though, God knows! if suicide were not a crime, their best friends would tell them a soldier's death was nobler than a dog's."

"But the soldier's death is not the death of a sheep in a slaughter-house."

"You are right, sir; our poor people cannot even die. But there are a thousand other reasons why I must remain. In the first place, I am safe enough in the old Castle."

"Remember Sir Albin Artslade has seen you; he is not likely to be your friend."

"It was unfortunate he should have caught me napping. But it was a moment's work—he could never have recognized in me the beardless boy he knew three years ago. Even if he did, he might search the Castle ten times over without unearthing me: there are crannies in the place one could hardly explore in a lifetime."

"Sir Albin Artslade is a shrewd man, Gerald," said the priest, gravely, "and cruel one. Be sure, if he has seen you, he knows you, and will not rest till he knows more. As a magistrate, too, in the confidence of the government, he will assuredly get notice of your presence here."

"Be it so: I will remain. Remember I am commissioned from France, and cannot desert my post on a vague suspicion of danger, till I hear something more terrible than that a street barricade was demolished. All may not yet be lost for Ireland."

The priest shook his head. "For our day all is lost!" he said sadly.

"At any rate there is one other reason: perhaps I should rather say craze (and it is perhaps the strongest of all), which will not allow me leave Kilsheelan."

The priest had only to look into the flushed face and ardent eyes of his young friend to know what the craze was. By a movement of sympathy, they clasped one another's hands, and knew there was no secret between them.

"Ah! Gerald, I was beginning to think you would not be long up at the castle in the character of anchorite!"

"Upon my honour, sir, you mistake—I have never exchanged a word with Miss Rose Marton, and never hope to."

"Pooh! boy, you need not blush like a baby—our worthy friend Adam lost Paradise for less cause. I am quite proud of my pretty penitent, if it was only for the conquest. Hist! That was like the sound of a horn, wasn't it? Ay, there 'tis again! It's the mail-car!"

And presently with a loud fanfare from the driver, the lumbering old mail-coach waddled up the Kilkenny Road, surrounded with an eager crowd, to whom the driver was, with an air of vast importance, communicating exciting news of "the rising," garnished with fanciful

pictures of his own marvellous adventures with the rebels.

Mistress Biddy having intercepted the coach, and having given the driver to understand, with considerable bitterness, that it was "no *raumeshe* about himself or his rebbils," she wanted, but "his riv'rence's *Evenin' Post*," returned with it to the parlor where Father John eagerly tore open the newspaper.

There sure enough, with all due emphasis and details, an account stared them in the face of the *emute* in Dublin the day before, with its speedy suppression, and the sorry calendar of victims it had given to the out-raged majesty of the law.

"But stop! What is this?" cried the priest, starting in amazement, and rubbing his eyes as another paragraph attracted his attention.

"Why surely my eyes are not—No, faith, it's there in black and white! No mistake about it."

"Good news surely, sir, by your looks? The French!—can they have landed?"

"Better still, my boy, for present purposes—your uncle, Lord Atholston, has been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland!" cried the priest, pushing across the newspaper to Gerald, who read:—

"The London packet, which has just arrived at Howth, brings the authentic announcement that the Earl of Atholston, the eminent Tory statesman and orator, of Atholston Manor, Northumberland, and connected by marriage with an ancient Irish family, has been appointed to succeed Lord Augustus Blank in the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland. The appointment will be hailed with universal satisfaction in this country where the fame of his lordship's great ability and generous sympathy for Ireland has preceded him. Lord Atholston was to have left London last night for his post, owing to the disturbed state of the country, and is therefore expected to arrive in Dublin to-morrow."

"Glorious news! isn't it?" cried the priest impatiently.

"Poor old man I am glad of it for his sake," said Gerald, quietly. "It was an old ambition of his to do justice to Ireland, and I do believe, if one good heart could do it, it were done."

"You seem to take it very coolly," said the priest, rather damped in his enthusiastic joy over the news.

"Far from it, sir, indeed: if I had no other reason, Lord Atholston's kindness and fondness for me would have given me good cause to rejoice in his advancement."

"But can't you see any better reason, my boy? Why, it's clear as light to any but a moon-sick enthusiast. You know how he would have befriended you before but for your—pardon me, my boy!—perverse folly. He is all-powerful now—one word of his will transform

you from a hunted outlaw into the happy lord of Kilsheelan."

"What! Turn vulgar apostate! Join the mob of traitors to poor Ireland! Father John you were the last man on earth I should have looked to for this advice."

"My boy you judge me hastily."

"If I do, sir, I will be happy to ask your pardon."

"Gerald O'Dwyer, one may be too sensitive, and forget there is a word called "discretion" with a grand meaning to it. You have done enough, Heaven knows! for honor and principle—do something now for reason and duty—the duty you owe your father, your people and yourself. If one glimpse of hope remained for Ireland in rebellion, I would be a rebel: but not one glimpse remains."

Gerald shook his head in mournful assent.

"Surely you can promise no principle that is worth calling a principle by accepting inexorable necessity—no more than you do by breathing the air which our masters breathe also. Why cast away a life devoted to a great duty in wrestling with Destiny? Surely, Heaven has sent you this prospect of rescue and triumph. You have nothing to betray in consenting to live. If you will not think of yourself, think of your poor father—think what his memory bids you do—think of the helpless people that cry out to you to save them! From what you know yourself, indeed from what the world says of your uncle, I feel persuaded you have only to ask, in order to obtain a full pardon for your part in this unhappy business. Who knows but with that pardon may come the recovery of your prize-money—the recovery of Kilsheelan! Think over it, my boy, and then think of your fate if you devote yourself to certain ruin in a hopeless cause."

For some moments Gerald O'Dwyer bent his head in painful thought; looked the dazzling temptation straight in the face, and—spurned it.

"No, Father O'Meara, it is impossible," he said, sadly but firmly. "I bargained with revolution in its hey-day, and I will suffer with it to the bitter end."

"Gerald, this is childish."

"As the world thinks—it is—so it may be madness to die for fidelity when traitors raise the gibbet—unhappily my perverse conscience makes me child and madman."

The priest shook his head, sadly: he saw how feeble his persuasion was against such irrational heroism as this.

"No, Father John," continued the soldier, more gaily. "I thank you deeply for your advice, but I cannot take it. Even if I could turn slave, and sue for pardon, because I have done what conscience bids me do, how should I expect Lord Atholston, who is above all things a man of honor, to have any feeling but one of contempt for the wretch who could not even be a staunch rebel? And, were his generosity—nay his credulity—more than human, how should I challenge it, with the burning of Kilsheelan still laid to my charge, and no prospect of refuting it—and my flight from him before rising up against me to accuse me as a coward and an imposter? I hope I will be ready to challenge the world's verdict whenever the world's verdict interests me: but I will not certainly commence by throwing myself on the mercy of the court. Talk of it no more, Father John: it is impossible."

Father John talked of it no more; but that night, after Gerald O'Dwyer had left for his retreat in the old castle, the good priest who, for all his young friend's obstinacy, was in excellent humor, announced to his amiable housekeeper that he was going to Dublin the next morning, and would most likely be a few days from home.

"To Dublin, Father John!" exclaimed Biddy, with some such horror as she would have heard him announce he was about to attempt the North East Passage. "To Dublin? To Dublin!" she repeated, as if trying to realise the full effect of the news. "I respectfully hope yer riv'rence hasn't taken lave o' yer sinses?"

"I hope not, indeed, Biddy," said the priest, good humouredly, "and I think you'll be saying, too, that I have my wits about me when I bring you a canister of snuff as big as your head."

"'Tis you're the good warrant cartinly to do that same, yer riv'rence," observed the housekeeper, with an emollient grin: but with a severe protest against 'sitch gallivanting through the country' still in the back ground.

"I'll want you to rub up my big coat, you know, Biddy"—

"Big coat, indeed!" said Biddy, with scorching sarcasm. "It's a wonder you don't axe for the snow that fell last Christmas."

"Why so, Biddy, the big-coat isn't gone, surely?"

"Perhaps, yer riv'rence is plazed to forget that the only big-coat you iver had, at laste in my time, yer riv'rence was, *onshuch* enough—I humbly axe yer pardon, but there's no other

word for it—*onshuch* enough to cut up for blankets for the Killys—the thievin' vagabones! blankets they wanted!" and the housekeeper's scorn failed in words to express itself.

"Never mind, Biddy," said the priest, complacently. "Good blankets it made for the Killys."

"Many a comfortable journey yer riv'rence med wid the same big-coat," suggested Biddy, maliciously.

"For variety sake, now we'll make a journey *without* it," said Father John.

(To be continued.)

USE OF SILENCE.

A pity that so few people understand the full effect of well-timed silence! How eloquent it is in reality! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment, and awe may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your lady-love's affection? The fair one confirms her lover's fondest hopes by compliant and an assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion which you may deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a fop? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Again, how much domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which, by mutual aggravation has, perhaps, terminated in bloodshed, had it been checked in the commencement by a judicious silence! Those persons only who have experienced them are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall never answer a word. A soft answer turns away wrath; but sometimes erring humanity cannot give this soft answer in moments of irritation; in such cases, there stands the fortress of silence, with doors wide open, as refuge for the fired spirit until calmer moments come. Think of this seriously, you who glory in having "the last word."

We should only take trouble in doing our duty, and leave everything else in the hands of God.



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REPLY TO MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone's third, and indeed, only serious charge against the Catholic Church is, as every reader is aware:

"That no one can now become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another."

He calls upon us, Catholics, to disprove this charge, or failing in this, to throw off the pretended yoke, and boldly assert our absolute freedom.

How shall we meet Mr. Gladstone?

Simply thus:

The Church claims authority over faith and morals, over the intellect and the conscience, in spirituals and temporals.

Here we would mark two things as distinct from one another: (1), the *claim* of the Church, and (2), the *authority claimed*. To deny the first would be anti-Catholic or Protestant; to deny the second, anti-Christian or Infidel, as we will presently show.

Which does Mr. Gladstone deny? the claim, or the authority claimed?

His third charge, taken alone or without context, is an explicit attack on, and an implicit denial of, the claim *only*; but, taken with context, that is to say, with the general composition of his essay, it rejects the authority in the abstract, and proclaims the absolute freedom of man and the temporal order. Or, in other words, the principle on which he objects to the Church is that the mind and the state are free, and that any authority over either is unjust. Therefore, he objects to a superior authority, let who will claim it, or let it be vested where or in whom it may.

"But," says Dr. Brownson in his admirable essay on Authority and Liberty (April, 1849), "this is obviously unchristian. If we suppose Christianity at all, we must suppose it as an

external revelation, a definite and authoritative religion, given by the Supreme Law giver to all men as the Supreme Law, binding upon the whole man, against which no one has the right to think, speak, or act, and to which every one is bound to conform in thought, word and deed. All this is implied in the very conception of Christianity, and must be admitted if we admit the Christian religion at all."

The authority objected to by Mr. Gladstone is, therefore, included in the fundamental conception of the Christian religion; and, in objecting to it as a spiritual despotism, he objects to Christianity itself as a spiritual despotism.

Therefore, Mr. Gladstone's order of thought is not Christian!

If it were, "he could not"—again we quote the learned Doctor—"object to authority in itself; he would feel himself obliged to assert and vindicate it somewhere for some one; and if he objected to the Church at all, he would do so, not because of the authority, but because it is not rightfully hers, but another's—which would be a legitimate objection, and conclusive, if sustained, as of course it cannot be."

And thus, as the veteran champion of the Church's rights, Dr. Brownson met Mr. Nourse and others in 1849, we meet Mr. Gladstone in 1875. The most conclusive answer we can give to his essay on the "Vatican Decrees," is that the order of thought throughout is not Christian. And so long as he will continue to boast of his mental, moral, and civil freedom, so long must we, and all Christians, look upon him as an unbeliever in a Revealed Law. But when Mr. Gladstone will have laid aside this "proud boast" of absolute freedom, and admitted an external Revelation and a Supreme Law, then will we, Catholics, reply to his charge in another way, by establishing from sacred Scripture and tradition the claim of the Church to be the Divinely commissioned teacher and guardian of that Law.

The letters written on this subject in an anti-Catholic sense by Lords Acton and Camoys, Mr. Petre and others, calling themselves Catholic laymen, do not affect our argument in the least. These gentlemen no longer belong to the body of the Church; for the moment they, in their madness, rejected the dogma of Papal Infallibility, they were, like poisonous weeds, cut down and thrown over the garden wall. With them, as with Mr. Gladstone, a higher authority than the state is objectionable *in itself*, and not simply because vested in the Church. They claim for themselves freedom from authority,

mental, moral, and civil freedom, and let them enjoy it. Blood and iron will tell before long in England as well as in Germany; and Lords Acton and Camoys may live to hear the toiling, half-starved masses of England proclaim, in tones too loud to be mistaken, *their* freedom also.

IRISH EVICTIONS—THE CROWBAR BRIGADE STILL AT WORK.

On looking over our Irish exchanges we find that the crowbar brigade, who have so long been the ruin of the Irish people, have not yet ceased their infamous work. It would not be a pleasing anticipation for a family in this country to think that while snow was on the ground, and the temperature fifteen or sixteen degrees below zero, they would have to leave their house and place—the home they have lived in for years—with no place to go to, or a place to cover their heads, unless some kind friend lent them a helping hand. Happily, we in this country know nothing of evictions; but Irish-Canadians—viz., native-born Irishmen who have remained for any time in the old land—know too well what an Irish eviction is. If you were in Ireland and go to the Kingsbridge terminus, at Dublin; go to the railway terminus at Cork or Limerick; go to any country railway station, and you will see piles of boxes laid up with bedding, &c., and all marked "New York," "Boston," "Montreal," "Toronto," &c. If you meet one of the fathers of the families who are about to seek a livelihood in a strange land, and ask him why is he leaving home, or could he not as well live at home as he could in the United States or Canada, he would tell you that he had a comfortable home; that he had a home and a farm—the latter, which, perhaps, was a barren waste when he got it, was now a rich and fertile one—but just at the time that he could obtain an independence out of the proceeds of his farm, his lease expired, and he was served with a "notice to quit." The landlord, perhaps, as is usually the case, resided in England. He had a tyrannical agent placed over the property, and as soon as the lease expired the agent required the farm of this honest, industrious man for some "friend" of his, or otherwise he wanted to make it a grazing farm, to place a quantity of dry stock there to fatten and make food for such men as his "boss" who resided in England. The poor industrious farmer offered to pay an increased rent, offered to do anything that lay in his power if the farm was left him;

but no, the agent's heart was hard as a stone, he would not listen to such a proposal; he wanted the farm and he should get it. After a sufficient time elapsed after the service of the "notice," the sheriff, agent, and a posse of police arrived at the farmer's house and demanded possession. That day the farmer, his wife and children—his good, obedient, hard-working sons, and modest, fair, and graceful daughters—who never, until this occasion, knew what trouble was, had to turn out. They had to leave that home in which they lived for years; they had to leave that home they loved so well—that home in which the happiest moments of their youth passed away, and in which every stone in the wall was dear to them. What were they, then, to do? They had no friends; or, if they had relatives or friends, they had enough to do for themselves, and probably did not know but that it would come to their turn in a short time to meet the same fate of these unhappy people. They had nothing to do, but to scrape up as much money as would pay their passage to this country. That is the account the farmer would give to the inquirer at the railway station. Any one who has spent a little time in Ireland knows well the truth of this statement. Mr. Butt, M. P., speaking at the Kilmallock Home Rule meeting, describes the scene at a railway station. "I will tell you," he said, "how I came to think upon the land question. It was here one morning I was passing along the railway. I was devoting myself to my profession. I saw one of those scenes which no man of feeling has ever looked upon without having his heart stirred by deep emotions. I saw emigrants coming to the train; and, as the train stopped, there was that wild cry of distress and sorrow, the plaintiveness of which is unknown except in the Irish voice. I saw an old man coming to the train with his gray hairs streaming down, leaving behind him the country to which he had given the toils of seventy years. I saw the mother coming to the train, and in an agony throwing her arms around the son from whom she was about to part forever. I saw persons taking away small articles of furniture, that told how poor they were, and that they were taking away with them their little all. Then, as the train moved away and the officials came forward to press back that sorrowing crowd from under the wheels of the engine, then there arose a mingled cry of agony and prayer, of blessing and sorrow, that touched my heart. I looked around a plain of unsur-

passable fruitfulness from which these people were going—a plain that was able to sustain three times its population”—(A voice—Curs. upon the Saxon). Mr. Butt continued: “I looked around again, and I saw two glorious old ruins of Ireland’s ancient glory, that told me Ireland had not always been poor and oppressed. I asked myself how was this? Has God given me intellect? Has God given me power? And am I to see this going on and not turn my thoughts to see if I cannot do something for the land that is so sorely tried? I was, then, in Kilmallock, and within sight of these old ruins, I made a solemn vow to God that if I could, by any exertion or by any sacrifice—aye, even of life—redress that wrong, and keep this people—this great and noble people—at home, my life would be well devoted if I was able to advance that cause.” There was a Land Act given to the Irish people while Mr. Gladstone was in power, and the followers of that now notorious anti-Catholic and “friend” of Garibaldi said that it was the greatest boon the Irish people ever obtained from the English Government. But Mr. Butt and every man of common sense saw through it at once, and saw that instead of being a protection to the tenant it was simply a license to evict. The farmer, when served with a notice to quit by the landlord, will put in a claim for “compensation,” for disturbance and other little things. But the landlord will put in a “set-off” against that, and very seldom the farmer obtains more than a few pounds, which would not pay more than his own passage to this country. This was the great boon. This was one of the messages of peace which Gladstone sent to Ireland. We see that, in Louth, “Mr. R. C. Henry’s bailiff” and a civil-bill officer (process server) lately visited the tenants on the Killeurley and Rathnestin estates, and demanded, on behalf of the Earl of Dartry, “quiet and peaceable possession of their holdings.” They were accompanied by an escort, consisting of five members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The tenants, it is unnecessary to say, did not comply with the courteous invitation of Mr. Henry. They unanimously refused to give up possession, and if Mr. Henry perseveres in carrying out his threat of wholesale eviction, he will find that the accomplishment of such a task is not quite as easy as he appears to imagine.” So much for Louth. In Clare, a correspondent writing from Ennis says: “It is stated, upon good authority, that a certain land agent in Clare, who has recently

purchased a fee-simple property in the neighborhood of Ennis, contemplates a wholesale eviction of the tenants therefrom. He lately visited the lands, and demanded from the tenants the quiet and peaceable possession of their holdings, but they unanimously refused to comply with his invitation. There are eight occupiers, whose families number about forty persons altogether. They are solvent and improving tenants, and the only excuse for the harsh and unreasonable proceeding is, that the purchaser, who appears to have a peculiar proclivity, wants to get the land for experimental farming.” There it is. Experimental farming. It is for such purposes as this that the Irish people are driven from their homes. If the landlords continue these evictions, we have not the slightest doubt but there will be some bad work, as the people will be driven to desperation. They ought to remember well what took place at Ballycohey, near Tipperary, some years ago, on the day when Scully thought to evict a number of tenants. Notwithstanding the force of police, one policeman was shot dead, as also Scully’s bailiff; several policemen were severely wounded, as well as Scully himself. Not one of those who fired from the inside of the houses were injured, or ever known, and through the assistance of the late Mr. Moore, of Moorsfort, member for Tipperary county, whose son is now member for Clonmel, the tenants are still occupying their homes. They must know that every man who comes out here who was forced to leave his farm in Ireland, comes out with a feeling in his heart of bitter hatred against the Government which allows such a state of things to exist. If a man gets on well here he may, in the course of time, not think much of it; but if a man fares badly here, and wishes, as Father Murphy so ably described at St. Bridget’s Church a few Sundays ago, wishes that he never left the old land where even hunger would be more pleasant, and if he were to lay down to die, he would escape the biting Canadian frost, this man would everlastingly curse the landlord who was the cause of turning him out of his home, and the Government which allowed such a state of things to exist. This is a serious matter, and it deserves the consideration of the English Government, as the Irish people can never be contented until they have some protection against the infamous Crowbar Brigade.

We have received the following communication from William O’Brien, Esq., of the Cork

Daily Herald, in regard to the authorship of that intensely interesting story, "Kilsheelan," now appearing in THE HARP :

DAILY "HERALD" OFFICE, CORK, }
 IRELAND, NOV. 14, 1874. }

To the Editor of THE HARP :

SIR—I perceive an impression has got abroad in some strange way, that the story, "Kilsheelan," at present appearing in THE HARP, was written by Mr Charles J. Kickham. However flattering the mistake may be to my story (and I wish sincerely there was anything in the matter or style to justify it), I hope you will allow me to inform all whom it may concern that "Kilsheelan," which was first published anonymously in the *Cork Weekly Herald*, was written by me, and that I alone am responsible for its faults or merits.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

[FOR THE HARP.]

THOUGHTS ON THE USE OF TIME.

Time is man's capital—his legacy from Heaven—his birthright—a fortune from his Creator, which he enjoys the moment he sees light. It is man's mortal life, and is given to him for his use and benefit. But it is limited. It is property which he holds by lease, and the duration of the lease is uncertain. Man is only, then, a tenant-at-will. The Great Owner and Lessor of Time may break the lease in one or twenty, or less or more years, and without warning. How insecure is our treasure! But oh! how precious, although so insecure! By the proper use of time, man secures the happiness of eternity.

By one moment of time, he may win, for ever, happiness and bliss, such as the Almighty Eternal God, prompted by the great mercy of a boundless love, has conceived in the greatness and grandeur of His infinite imagination, and worked out by His magnificent, harmonious and sublime omnipotence.

Such is the use of a moment of time. We are given years, and we prize them not; we trifle them away, day by day, and they are lost for ever. We squander the capital with which we should make treasures to be laid up in the safes of Heaven; and we find ourselves at the end of life poorer than the day we were born. We scatter and destroy the seed with which we should sow our garden, and when the harvest comes, the garden is overgrown with tares. We destroy the property we hold by lease during its duration, and at its end must pay the damage

We burn in the blaze of pleasure the wings by which we were to fly from earth to heaven, and then, fluttering with fear over the gulf of eternity, we fall into its unfathomable depths. We scuttle the bark which is to bear us to a haven of safety, and then we sink with it below the surface of the sea of time. We are given life, but, like barren fig trees, we bear no fruit, and are at last cut down by the scythe of Time!

Were we to reflect sometimes on this subject, would we not become impressed with the greatness of the gift we have received, and having once comprehended its value, would we not be awakened to the necessity of employing it well?

The first use of time is to prepare us for the eternal future beyond the tomb. This is the end of our existence. It should receive our first care, and constitute the prime duty of our lives. But there are other duties springing therefrom and conducing thereto—duties which are intimately connected, yea, go hand in hand with our duties to our Creator—and they are: duties to society, to humanity, to the world.

There is plenty of work to be done for the benefit of our fellow-man. It is to this use of time, to this employment of our lives, I would direct a few thoughts—crude, but honest; unpolished, but sincere. They will at least repay one a few moments of earnest reflection.

We find ourselves in this world in transit. We have not here a lasting city. We, who are not materialists, but whose reason is enlightened by Christian faith—we look for one to come. We are placed here to prepare and suit ourselves for the enjoyment of our eternal home, by acquiring habits of worship towards God and benevolence towards man. I do not think I am venturing on the exclusive ground of religious teachers; these are simply matters of fact upon which we all should think, and they lead to a regulation of living which we are all bound to follow if there never was a clergyman in the world.

We are all, then, equally situated for, and equally capable of attaining, the object of our existence, although we may have to travel in different ways. We all have different qualities of mind and of power.

None of us are quite alike in brilliancy of intellect, depth of thought, soundness of judgment, ability of creating, skill of constructing, capacity for governing, nor in our inclinations to good or evil.

The organization of the universe is an accurate, complete and harmonious work, and as every planet has its destined orbit and its destined use, so it is with the classification of man on earth; he has his sphere of usefulness, his position to fill, to which he is adapted by his organization, and by which he may help the progress of the world. And, although in ourselves we are very insignificant, and would, perhaps, be little missed if we did make our exit from the stage of life, still, when acting altogether, each his own particular part, we make a grand, harmonious system, and, I believe, insignificant as we may be, the world would clog in its moral revolutions, no matter how imperceptibly, if we were absent and our places not filled.

It behooves us, then, if we would be useful to society and to ourselves, to seek out and choose that particular vocation for which our tastes and talents adapt us. When once it is chosen, we should pursue it arduously and constantly, with fortitude and heroism. We should hesitate before no difficulty, but conquer all. We should not stop to remove rugged hills from our path, but climb them and march on. We shall meet with obstacles, no doubt, in the pursuit of our duty towards man and the proper employment of our lives. Nature will oppose us. Society itself may not relish our efforts for its welfare—may frown us down. Even those to whom we look most for aid may withhold from us their influences, and leave us to plod our way alone. What of that? Our duty is none the less positive. Time flies, and we must freight it with good works. So we must be industrious and labor. Let us go to Nature's school and learn a lesson. She teaches us to be always doing. What would be the consequences if she were to hesitate in her never-ceasing revolutions? What a complication of disorder and disaster!

For us one of the uses of time should be the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, and for the sake of spreading it among others. It is knowledge that exalts our pleasures and guides our tastes; the emulation and cultivation of knowledge is one of the most commendable and most productive uses to which we could allot our time. If we would study ourselves we might find that there are, perhaps, some hidden treasures in our minds which require but thought, a little work, and a little care, to bring them forth for the benefit of society.

If we look around us we see examples of

what others have become by a good use of time. We see examples of struggles made and battles fought for duty and the right. In the words of the great American poet:

"The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."

How many great works have been the result of time well employed? The civilization of the world is due to a good use of time. What would we know of science, if our great inventors, discoverers, scientific thinkers, explorers and skilled mechanics had squandered their time? What would we know of mines, of electricity, of steam, of machinery, if their discoverers had lost their time and made no use of their talents, but lived in the pursuit of pleasure, instead of toiling, and studying, and seeking, and experimenting, and reasoning out those grand scientific problems?

How many days and nights they puzzled their brains and labored in search of that knowledge which has proved so useful to the world! And how many great works are not yet conceived, and how many scientific problems not yet solved, which will be discovered and revealed by heroic men who employ their lives. There are men now thinking silent and lone, in their closets whose names shall, hereafter, fill the world—men who will prove benefactors of the world and deserve its fame—men who will fulfill their mission and gain their crown.

We should strive to join their ranks, be our place however humble, and our works however small. Great works are made up of small parts; atoms compose the world; we shall improve and gather to us as we go along.

Time well spent has given us all the good there is in the world. Every gem of thought, every operation of science, every beautiful inspiration of literature, every conception of art, every proposition and demonstration of philosophy, all the knowledge of the age, is the result of time employed; and, oh! if the millions of golden, precious hours which have been wasted had been valued and used, to what an exalted state of enlightenment and refinement would the world have attained in this 19th century.

There are some who act as if they thought time was given them only to make money. How often have we heard the motto, "Time is money," uttered by men who believed themselves wise.

Thus, they pursue pleasure, in the shape of a golden god, all their lives, and they hoard up riches in their coffers for the use of a future on which they reckon, but which may never come. How unceasingly they work to build up colossal fortunes! At night as well at day their thoughts are bent upon their schemes. What pains they take, what plans they form, what intrigues use, to seduce the golden pieces into their purse. And how they prize and guard them, scorning and sending away empty-handed the poor beggar who solicits, for mercy's sake, an alms, fearful lest they might not have enough to last out their lives, as if they were immortal.

If such men think they are employing their time for its end, they are miserably mistaken. The sentence of Him who came to teach man his duty is against them. But those rich men, whose ceaseless, honest toil has been rewarded by fortune; who have been loaned the goods of this earth in return for industry—should they, realizing the duties of their lives, dispense generously and freely around them to their needy brothers the stores of which they have been made the keepers; if, like Peabodys, and Girards, and Bertholets, they make themselves immortal in the hearts of generations by a benevolent use of riches, then may we say they have done their duty and lived useful lives.

Perhaps, if we bring these thoughts home, we may feel remorse and have cause to reproach ourselves for being listless and inactive. We may find that we have lost many precious days which will never return; 1 f talents dormant and thoughts in embryo, and disregarded our duty.

Let us make a change and turn over a new page in our life's diary. Let us make the effort at once, remembering with the poet Young, that "procrastination is the thief of time;" and let us not "leave to the mercies of a moment the vast concerns of an eternal scene."

ARCANUM.

FRANCE TO IRELAND.

The following extract from Michelet's history of France, is a very tender and pathetic tribute to the children of Erin, over whose sad destiny the eloquent and poetic author appears to mourn with all the sincerity of his heart. Ireland and France! There seems to be an inseparable bond of unity—at least in soul, between these two countries, and justly, too, as we are descended from the same grand old Celtic line.

Read the sweet and touching language of this brilliant French historinn :

" Singular fate of the Celtic world! Of its two great divisions one, although less unfortunate, is perishing, wearing away, or at all events losing its language, costume and character—allude to the Highlanders of Scotland, the people of Wales, Cornwall and Brittany. Here we find the serious and moral element of the race which seems dying of sadness, and soon to be extinguished. The other filled with inexhaustibleness of life, multiplies and increases despite of everything; it will be felt that I speak of Ireland.

" Ireland! poor elder child of the Celtic race so far from France, her sister, who cannot stretch out her hand to protect across the waves—isle of saints, the emerald of the sea—all fertile Ireland whose men grow like grass, to the terror of England, in whose ear is daily shouted—'they are another million'—land of poets, of bold thinkers, of John Erigena, of Berkeley, of Toland, of Moore, of O'Connell—land of brilliant speech and lightning sword, which, in the senility of the world, still preserves the power of poetry. The English may laugh when they hear in some obscure corners of their towns, the Irish widow improvising the coronal over the corpse of her husband; *plura: a V Irlandaise* (to weep Irish) is with them a by-word of scorn. Weep, poor Ireland, and may France weep as well, as she beholds at Paris, over the gate of the Asylum which receives your sons, the harp which asks for succor. Let us weep at our inability to give back the blood which they shed for us. In vain, in less than two centuries, have 400,000 Irish fought in our armies. We must witness the sufferings of Ireland without uttering a word. In like manner have we long neglected and forgotten our ancient allies, the Scotch, and the Scotch mountaineer will soon have disappeared from the face of the earth. The Highlands are daily being unpeopled. The conversion of small holdings into large farms, which ruined Rome, have destroyed Scotland. Estates may be found ninety-six miles long in extent, others twenty miles long and three broad, so that the Highlands will soon only exist in history and Walle Scott. When the tartan and claymore are seen passing, the inhabitants of Edinburgh run to their doors to gaze on the unusual sight. The Highlander expatriates himself and disappears, and the bagpipe awakens the mountains with but one air :

" ' We return, we return, we return no more.' "

BIOGRAPHY OF MARSHAL MACMAHON.

BY W. J. ASHTON.

There is but little need of an apology for placing before Irish and Catholic readers this short

In April 1808 the cannon's voice told France of the birth of a prince, afterwards Napoleon III; on the 13th of July, in the quiet chateau of Sully, another infant was born, and received in baptism the significant names of Mary Edmund Patrick Maurice de MacMahon. To-day,



MARSHAL MACMAHON.

account of the life of the bravest of his age. If any were needed, it would be sufficient for an Irishman to point to his name, for a Catholic to signal his steady religious principles and his unswerving sense of duty, their natural consequence

the Prince occupies the grave of an exile, whilst Patrick Maurice de MacMahon guarantees the reign of order in France"—the very best commentary that could be made on the lives of the two men.

There is no need of any great research into

the origin of the family of MacMahon; the very name is sufficient to guarantee faith and country. Moreri does not hesitate to class them amongst the most ancient and noble of Irish families, and he regards them as one of the most illustrious houses of Europe. By reason of their descent from the heroic Brian Boru, they had a claim to the title of "illustrious." When the Anglo-Saxon invasion took place, the MacMahons, then Princes of Thomond, opposed the foreigner with all their power and influence; but, alas! the old story of treason comes in here, and the gallant defenders of Ireland's freedom found themselves, in common with their undaunted comrades, despoiled of their principalities, and stripped of their lands, on which the rapacious foreigner laid his blood-stained hands, under the protection of that old weapon of tyranny and usurpation — CONFISCATION. In 1691 — date for ever accursed in the history of Ireland and England — Limerick opened her valiant gates on faith of the usurper's pledged word. Amongst the remnant of Ireland's most glorious army that scorned to live in a land enslaved, but chose rather to follow the immortal Sarsfield to another land that always loved Ireland well, was found the remnant of the clan of MacMahon, the shattered remains of the once princely house of Thomond. But in France, as on the green soil of Erin, the gallant blood of the hero of Clontarf would force its way. In 1749 Louis XV conferred on the family letters of naturalization, as a testimony to the high services they had rendered to the country of their exile. Again, in 1750, the Council of State issued letters of nobility to John Baptist de MacMahon, born in Limerick, and son of Patrick de MacMahon and Margaret O'Sullivan. Thus the grand old device—"Sic nos sic sacra tuemur" ("We defend our religion as we do our lives") — took amongst the escutcheons of the proud Burgundians the place denied it at home.

The first Count de MacMahon, Maurice Francis, son of the above-mentioned John Baptist, married at Brussels, in 1792, Miss Riquet de Caranam. From this union sprung a goodly stock of seventeen children. The infant born on the 13th of July, 1808, in that quiet chateau of Sully, was the sixteenth in order of birth—today he is almost the greatest of his race.

The father of young Maurice Patrick, Lieutenant-General de MacMahon, was an intimate friend of the much-regretted Charles X; his uncle, the Marquis de MacMahon, was a field-marshal.

As a matter of course, the future marshal of France, when it became necessary to replace the moral and religious lessons he received from his mother by the sterner studies of a school, was placed in a seminary directed by ecclesiastics. From thence he passed in due course, to a similar institution at Versailles. Finally, on the 24th November, 1825, after passing a most brilliant preliminary examination, he entered the military school of St. Cyr. Already, at the age of 17, he had given proofs of that devotion to labor, of that talent, of that kind and sympathetic character, which, united to his strict observance of discipline, marked him out almost from infancy as one destined to be a leader amongst men.

Here commences the public life of Maurice Patrick de MacMahon, but, before commencing that wonderful recital of courage and success, of failure and patriotism, we must remark that, from the day of his entry into St. Cyr to this present hour, the young cadet never owed a favor, never obtained a step by the influence of his family. Every grade, every star, every medal, he won by his own undeniable merit. Behold a son that Ireland has good reason to be proud of!

At the conclusion of his military education, MacMahon passed fourth in the final examination, thus obtaining the right to a staff nomination. He was, in fact, named to a sous-lieutenancy, on the 1st of Oct., 1827. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the 4th Regiment of Hussars, in which his elder brother was already a captain. But he did not remain long there, for when the expedition to Algiers was determined on, he exchanged with a staff officer attached to the 20th Regiment of the Line, and sailed for Africa. Once given the opportunity, he soon distinguished himself; and Lieutenant MacMahon was before long marked for honors and promotion. On the 18th November, 1830, being then but 22 years of age, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the hands of General Clauzel, for the bravery he had displayed in first mounting the Little Atlas at the passage of the Mouzaia. A year afterwards he received his appointment as lieutenant in the 8th Cuirassiers.

On the conclusion of the African campaign, Lieut. MacMahon returned to France. However, he was not destined to remain long inactive. In 1832 we find him once again in the field, this time as aide-de-camp of General Allard at the siege of Antwerp. This campaign added to the honors which had already fallen

thickly on our young soldier. The epaulettes of Captain and the Cross of the Order of Leopold were the well-merited rewards of his bravery and steady devotion to the calls of duty. In 1833, having been nominated to a captaincy on the staff, MacMahon chose the 1st Cuirassier as the regiment to which he should be attached. Thus we once more find him in Africa. And this time the soldier developed into the hero. Passing over the various minor actions in which Maurice Patrick de MacMahon distinguished himself as foremost amongst the brave, we come to the siege of Constantine. In 1836 General Clauzel had failed in his attempts to conquer the city, although it had been ceded to the French in 1830, and the murderous siege of 1837 cost the life of the brave General Damrémont. Nothing daunted by their terrible losses, the French prepared for another assault. After a terrible hand-to-hand conflict, Captain MacMahon, though wounded by a splinter from a shell, succeeded in mounting the breach, and in planting the French flag above its ruins. The rosette of an officer in the Legion of Honor was the reward of his gallantry.

It is worthy of remark that never before had the rosette of officer in the great military order of France been conferred on so young a captain.

Here again Ireland can take to herself the consolation that the devotion and gallantry of her sons above all others is recognised throughout the whole world except—at home!

Already the courage and cool determination of this worthy son of the green old island had passed into a proverb amongst his companions-in-arms.

His ride to Blidah is now a tradition of the French army. This is how it came about:—A division of the French army found itself opposed by a numerous army of Arabs, and the general in command wished to communicate with the troops stationed at Blidah, a town some miles in the rear of the Arab army opposed to him. In this strait he called for the young staff-officer MacMahon and, confiding to him the necessary despatches, added, "Take with you a squadron of Chasseurs as an escort."

MacMahon replied:—"That is far too much to pass unseen, and far too little to conquer in case of attack—I will go alone." And he did so!

The Arabs, seeing the solitary horseman thus braving them, took up the pursuit with their usual energy. Their savage cries and imprecations resounded on all sides; but calmly and steadily the young officer pressed his steed on-

wards. At first it seemed as though he were doomed to fail. The steady pace of his charger seemed no match for the fiery Arab steeds, which gained ground every instant. Yet the rider blenched not! On he rode without once turning in his saddle to regard his numerous foes.

Suddenly the scene changes! The boiling waters of an impetuous torrent career in anger right in front of the fugitive and his pursuers. Oh, how the savage Arabs shout in their joy! But neither the angry words, the steep cliffs, nor the savage cries of his enemies can daunt that solitary horseman. Without a tremor, without a moment's hesitation, he pursues his perilous way. He nears the torrent's brink—the reins are gathered tight—the spurs stuck deep into the bleeding flanks—the whip descends—and the gallant steed, responding to the high-souled courage of his rider, bounds over the raging waters. Such courage never fails; nor did it in this instance. MacMahon and his gallant steed alighted safely on the opposite bank, and, untouched by the angry, but aimless fire of his enemies, thus baulked of their prey, pursued their way in peace to Blidah.

In 1838 MacMahon was recalled to France, and was placed successively on the staff at Fontainebleau, in the 21st Military Division, and at Paris. Such an official style of life, however, was not at all to his taste, consequently, in 1839, whilst attached to the staff of General d'Houquetot as aide-de-camp, he solicited and obtained from the Minister of War permission to return to Africa. He was appointed *chef d'escadron* on the staff of General Changarnier. But he did not remain long in this position. The formation of the light infantry (*Chasseurs à-pied*), called afterwards *Chasseurs d'Orléans* or *de Vincennes*, had already occupied the attention of the military authorities of France. Ever desirous of rendering the most efficacious services in his power, MacMahon resigned his place on the staff, and took the command of the 10th battalion of the new infantry. In this position his powers of organization were fully developed and produced unexpected results. It seemed as though he had the great gift of imparting his own fiery spirit and steady courage to the troops, under his command; and it is chiefly owing to him, that the French light infantry became in after years so justly renowned throughout Europe. During this campaign, the bravery, often considered as bordering on rashness, displayed by the future marshal

of France, was such as even to astound his fellow-officers and companions-in-arms. One instance will suffice. Such was his cool courage and his extraordinary valor at the battle of Oliviers, near Bab-Thayer; that the Arabs ever afterwards spoke of him as the *Invulnerable*, and the *God of Battle*.

At the early age of thirty-four MacMahon received his brevet as lieutenant-colonel in the Foreign Legion. In this corps he continued the series of exploits which had already made his career so remarkable. He greatly contributed to the final pacification of the province of Constantine, distinguishing himself particularly by his energy in pursuing the active tribe of Kabyles. Leaving the province of Constantine, the theatre of action was gradually removed to Oran, and here his nomination as colonel of the 41st Regiment of the Line found him again in the field. This was the 24th of April, 1845. But MacMahon was in no humor to quit Africa; there was too much fighting to be done, and too much honor to be gained. Finally, in order to avoid the necessity of returning to France, he exchanged into the 9th Regiment of the Line.

It was at this epoch that Abd-el-Kaeder had organized his heroic resistance to the further progress of the French. Colonel MacMahon took part in every one of the bloody conflicts that ensued. He was ever to be found in the ranks of the enemy. Vainly did his own soldiers perform prodigies of valor in order to thrust themselves, as a shield, between their chief and their barbarous enemies; he was still always in advance, scattering terror and dismay in the Arab ranks. Such conduct could not pass unnoticed, and in 1848 he was named General of Brigade. Shortly afterwards the government of Tlemcen was confided to him. This was a position of great trust and extreme difficulty—Tlemcen being an ancient capital situated on the confines of the Empire of Morocco. But General MacMahon soon proved that those who had thus advanced him had not mistaken their man. The old Irish blood asserted itself in that capacity for organising and administering, the possession of which is nowhere contested to Irishmen except in their own country. By a severity always tempered with justice, he acquired the respect and esteem both of the colonists and of the indigenous Arabs. Some tribes inhabiting the Empire of Morocco had long signalled themselves by their insolent incursions into the French territory. MacMahon took the field against them, and reduced them to a state of complete impo-

tence. As a recompense for such brilliant services, he was transferred successively to the governments of Oran and of Constantine; whilst about the same time he received the cordon of Commander in the Legion of Honor, which promotion was shortly afterwards followed by his nomination as Grand Cross. He next crushed the several Arab insurrections, set himself with great success to encourage the development of agricultural pursuits, and inaugurated a vast number of institutions calculated to guarantee the security of life and property in the colony.

His nomination as general of Division, in 1852, coincided with the great Kabyle war. In this campaign the talents and extraordinary activity and courage of MacMahon were again shown forth beyond the possibility of dispute. He pursued the savage Kabyles into their most remote fastnesses, and chased them from all their strongholds.

We now approach the period at which the name and fame of MacMahon forced itself on the attention of Europe; when Ireland learned, without surprise, but with much joy, that now, as heretofore, the bravest and the best of French soldiers owned her as his mother, and drew his blood from the noblest of her sons.

At the commencement of the Crimea war, MacMahon was to be found commanding a division in the north of France. In August, 1854, he received orders to proceed to the Crimea, and take command of a division of infantry in the distinguished corps of General Bosquet. To the two divisions under the command of MacMahon and Bonquet—called the Corps of Observation—was confided the task of occupying and guarding the positions commanding the valley of Balaclava and the Tchernays, uniting with the British by its left at Inkermann. In the earlier battles, such as Balaclava and Inkermann, we do not find the name of MacMahon as a combatant; a fact to be explained probably by his division taking a large share of the onerous duty in the trenches.

But the time at length came when Napoleon III, tired of the protracted length of the siege, sent that other worthy son of old Ireland, the late Marshal Niel, to report the best method of taking the stubborn town. Niel reported, "Take the Malakoff, and Sebastopol is yours." "Take the Malakoff" was the order given by the Emperor of France to his generals; and "Take the Malakoff, and hold it" was the order given to MacMahon. He took it, held it, and Sebastopol fell.

It was the evening of the 7th September, 1855, when the future marshal was summoned into the presence of Pelissier, Niel and Bosquet. The plan of the following day's work was detailed to him. The quiet serenity with which MacMahon received his orders somewhat disconcerted Niel and Bosquet, who, together with Pelissier, thought that he scarcely realised the difficulties he was to encounter on the morrow. However, they were somewhat reassured by his heroic reply to the Commander-in-chief—"I will take the Malakoff or never leave it living."

At noon on the following day the signal for the assault was given. In an instant MacMahon's division, led by the 1st Zouave, with their general himself at their head, crossed the 30 metres of blood-stained ground that separated them from the fort. The Russians, recovering from their first emotion of surprise, offered a brave and obstinate resistance. But it was of no avail. Nothing could resist MacMahon at the head of his favorite troops, and but a few minutes had elapsed when, amidst the enthusiastic acclamation of the allied armies, who witnessed the assault from the surrounding heights, the French flag was planted on the highest point of the Malakoff. But the Russians were by no means willing to give up the key to their city so easily. Sending forward large masses of reserves they essayed five times to drive out their tenacious foes. For a long time MacMahon was left to support these terrible attacks without assistance, as the division appointed for his support was delayed in its advance. The gallant general, however, nothing daunted, took up his position in the most exposed place, and thence directed the movements of his division. It was during this time that Pelissier, stupefied by the daring of MacMahon, sent him several times orders to take care of his life, and seek some shelter from the storm of bullets and balls that were falling around him. At length the general, wearied by these repeated importunities, replied somewhat angrily to the aide-de-camp: "Don't trouble me—I am surely master of my own skin."

At three o'clock the success of the assault was so complete, and MacMahon's hold of the fort so strong, that he sent a note to Pelissier announcing the fact in the following laconic style—"I am in the Malakoff, and I am sure of stopping there." This result, however, had not been attained without terrific fighting. The last attack of the Russians was most formidable. Advancing in massive columns, and supported by a smart

artillery fire, they would have crushed the French by the weight of their numbers. MacMahon saw the decisive moment was come. He would not wait, the attack, but forming his brave fellows, and placing himself at their head, he met the Russians half-way; and such was the fury of his charge that the affair was settled almost instantaneously. The Malakoff was indisputably in the power of the allies.

Many and interesting are the anecdotes current as to the bearing of MacMahon and his troops on that memorable day. I shall here only repeat one of them, which has come to me from a personal source, and which I have every reason to believe to be true. Some time after the conclusion of the Crimea war, the general was returning to Algeria. He was, of course, on board a French ship of war, and one day an officer felt himself impelled to ask him, if it were true that, during the fighting at the Malakoff, he had replied to the orders sent him, to retreat, "I am here, and I intend to stop here!" The general, somewhat confused, answered, with a shrug of the shoulders: "Oh, on such occasions a man scarcely knows what one says." The story is a simple one, but quite sufficient to put in a strong light both the bravery and modesty of this worthy descendant of Ireland's heroes.

MacMahon was now entrusted with the supreme command of the Army of Reserve, numbering over 80,000 men. Returning to France after the war, he was nominated a Senator; but was not long condemned to breathe the uncongenial atmosphere of the senatorial chamber, for shortly afterwards Marshal Randon recalled him to Algeria. It is needless to say that he responded to the appeal with the utmost alacrity. The Kabyles were once more in the field pursuing their hopeless design of overthrowing the power of their European invaders and rulers; the command of the expedition against them was, as a matter of course, given to MacMahon. The campaign was as successful in its result as its duration was short. By a series of skillful manoeuvres, the French commander shut up the Africans in their fastnesses, cut off their retreat, and forced them to surrender at discretion. Their submission was complete, and the whole district of the Jurjam, which had never previously been subdued, accepted the rule of France.

We can scarcely conceive a more difficult task for a successful soldier, who has spent almost his whole life in the camp and the field, than to undertake to transform the mili-

tary government of a conquered country or province into the more durable and more equitable form of a civil administration. Yet this task was both undertaken and performed by MacMahon for Algeria; and it was in the main owing to his admirable tact, to his firm but conciliatory policy, that the change was rendered possible, and that the powers of the military were lessened or transferred to the civil administration without diminishing, in the slightest degree, the prestige of the army in the eyes either of the colonists or the Arabs.

When Napoleon had resolved upon the war against Austria, General MacMahon, recalled from Algiers, was appointed to the command of the 2nd Corps d'Armée, which, with the 1st Corps, under the command of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, formed the right wing of the French Army of Italy.

(To be continued.)

NO THANKS TO YOU.

Alr.—"Paddies Evermore."

You say our land grows rich and strong;
You say she pines no more—
That wealth and comfort dwell among
Her homes from shore to shore.
Ye masters vile, who rule our isle,
Your words are partly true;
But then we say, as well we may,
No thanks for that to you.

You kept black ruin while you might
Upon our stricken land;
Our sorrowing people's westward flight
To you was sweet and grand.
That scourge is passed—it ceased at last—
To God our praise is due—
But Englishmen we say again,
No thanks for that to you.

And now through all our island's space,
On plain and vale and hill,
The old undaunted Irish race
Have root and holding still;
Their hopes are bright their spirits light,
Their hearts are brave and true—
Ye plundering knaves who'd keep us slaves,
No thanks for that to you.

No lapse of time, as on it rolls,
Shall make those hopes decay;
The light that cheered our fathers' souls
Shines full on us to-day.
The end they sought, and strove, and fought
To gain is now in view;
But hear our words, ye foreign lords,
No thanks for that to you.

Yes, we shall see this land of ours
What it was meant to be,
With all its honors, rights, and powers,
A nation proud and free;
Its woes shall cease, its joys increase,
Its fame shine forth anew—
But, Englishmen we say again,
No thanks for that to you.

B. D. S.

MR. RONAYNE, M. P.

No man among the Home Rule members of Parliament holds a higher place in the trust and confidence of the National Party than Mr. Joseph P. Ronayne, M. P. for Cork city. He is a man who, so far from having sought public honours, has been almost forcibly pulled into Parliamentary life, astonished, no doubt, to find how wide and universal was the appreciation of a genuine worth and sterling honesty that had never been paraded. Mr. Ronayne was born about the year 1822. His father was a merchant in the city of Cork, and he belongs to one of the oldest and most respected families in the South of Ireland. He was educated to the profession of Civil Engineer. When quite a young man in his profession he sought the office of Borough Engineer, but failed to receive it in the city that later on was destined to seek him out and confer upon him the highest trust it could bestow. About the same time he published a pamphlet on the engineering problem of a supply of water to Cork city. The ability displayed in this brochure attracted the notice of a company who were about to construct waterworks for the city of San Francisco. They offered him the position of engineer to the scheme, and he accepted it, and sailed for California.

On the completion of this undertaking he returned to Ireland, and was entrusted with the construction of the Cork and Queenstown Railway, and subsequently of the Cork and Macroom Railway. He is at present engaged constructing the Southern Railway of Ireland (Clonmel to Thurles), besides several other engineering works.

He took a bold and decided, though unostentatious, part in the '48 movement; but he took no active part in politics subsequently until the year 1867, when he, as it were, under the compulsion of the exigencies of the time, published some exceedingly able letters against the brutality of the "reign of terror" which the Government had inaugurated in Ireland. When the Land Act was passing through Parliament he published letters examining, analyzing, and criticising the measure, at the request of the Cork Farmers' Club, and it is a remarkable fact that every prediction he then published as to delusions and failures of the bill has been verified by the experience of its working.

On the lamented death of the gifted and gallant-hearted John Francis Maguire, the

people of Cork, with acclamation, called on Mr. Ronayne to take the vacant place. He at first declined to present himself as a candidate, but the desire of the electors was not to be denied. It was the first election under the ballot in a large city constituency, and the result was awaited with the keenest anxiety, as it would tell whether a thriving commercial community, a wealthy and important community, would, under cover of the ballot, endorse or reject the faith of Irish nationality. Great was the exultation all over Ireland when it was found that Mr. Ronayne had been returned

CATECHISM OF IRISH HISTORY.

(Continued.)

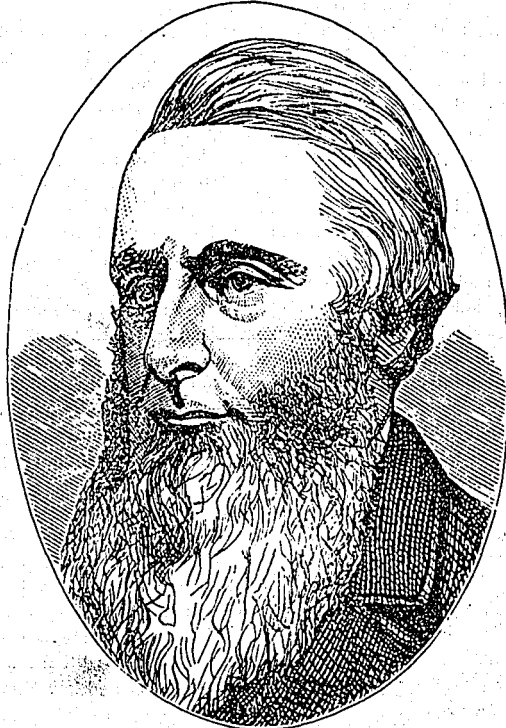
Q. Who sought to wrest the English crown from James?

A. In 1688, the usurper, William of Orange, landed in England, and King James fled to France.

Q. Did William of Orange try to make terms with the Irish Catholics?

A. Yes, but in loyalty they welcomed back James in 1689.

Q. How did King James act in Ireland?



MR. RONAYNE, M.P.

by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Ronayne is not an oratorical speaker, but he is a man of marvellous acuteness of perception and great force of thought; and there is a stamp of honesty and earnestness about his every word and act that gives to his speeches a weight and influence which no mere oratory could command.

Mr. Ronayne is married, and his beautiful country seat, Rin-Ronain, near Queenstown, is one of the most charming spots on the lovely estuary of "the River Lee."

A. He presided at an Irish Parliament, which upheld liberty of conscience, and perfect religious equality, restoring the estates seized by Cromwellians.

Q. What were the King's next movements?

A. He besieged Derry without success, and then marched against the Orange general Schomberg, who with a large army had invested Carrickfergus, and, after making fair terms with the gullant garrison, broke his pledges and let his soldiers plunder and outrage the inhabitants.

Q. Did the king attack Schomberg?

A. No, he delayed decisive action till William of Orange landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690, and joined his army at the river Boyne.

Q. When was the great battle of the Boyne fought?

A. On July 11, 1690. On the previous day William, who personally encouraged his troops, was nearly killed by a shot from the Irish guns, but planting his cannon on the heights he kept up a deadly fire on the Irish lines. King James, by his cowardice and want of decision, counteracted the skill of his officers and bravery of the Irish army, watching the contest from the hill of Donore. Both armies fought bravely, but the Irish, overwhelmed by numbers, and dispirited by the flight of the King, had to give way at last, and thousands of the soldiers and peasantry were massacred by the Eniskilleners after the fight.

Q. Whither did James fly?

A. First to Dublin and afterwards to France, where he died.

Q. How did William follow up his victory?

A. He ordered the estates of all the Jacobite leaders to be confiscated, laid siege to Athlone without success, and then besieged Limerick in 1690, having laid the country waste on all sides.

Q. How did the people of Limerick defend their city?

A. Citizens and soldiers, and even the women, fought most bravely; and after losing 200 men, William retreated and had to return to England.

Q. What city did his general next besiege?

A. Cork was taken and sacked, and Athlone was again attacked, and, after a heroic defence, entered by General Ginckle.

Q. Who commanded the Irish?

A. General St. Ruth, a Frenchman, and the gallant Patrick Sarsfield.

Q. Where did they make the next stand?

A. At Aughrim, in Galway, where, on July 12th, 1691, the Irish fought a great battle with Ginckle's superior forces. St. Ruth's troops were victorious on the right wing and centre, but the general himself being shot, and the left wing turned, the Irish yielded, and were massacred in great numbers.

Q. What followed this sad defeat?

A. The city of Galway had to yield, but Limerick again besieged held bravely out, until the memorable treaty was concluded on October 3rd, 1691.

Q. What did the "Treaty of Limerick," promise?

A. Religious and civil liberty for the Catholics, amnesty for those who had taken up arms, and free passage to France for the Irish soldiers who declined to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary.

Q. Did many Irish cross to France?

A. Over 1200 exiles formed the brave "Irish Brigade" which gained such victories for the French at Fontenoy and elsewhere, over their old enemies.

Q. Was the Treaty of Limerick kept by the English?

A. No, every article was violated, the Catholics were persecuted worse than ever, and commerce and manufactures suppressed.

Q. What infamous laws were enforced in the reign of Queen Anne?

A. The Penal Laws, which debarred Catholics from acquiring lands or civil offices, from owning a single horse, and from educating their children or practising their faith.

Q. How was Protestantism sought to be established?

A. Grants of forty pounds a year were held out to induce priests to abjure the faith, Catholic children by conforming to Protestantism were to be rewarded out of the parental estates, and Protestant colonies were imported into various parts of the country.

Q. Who was the next most memorable political events?

A. The Americans asserted their independence in 1776. A volunteer Irish army was raised in 1778, to resist a threatened French invasion. The Irish parliament under Grattan and Flood carried free trade in 1779, and in 1780 the Dublin Volunteers demanded perfect independence for the Irish Parliament.

Q. What occurred in 1782?

A. The declaration of rights demanded by the Volunteers was acknowledged by the Irish Parliament, urged by the patriot Grattan; some of the penal laws were relaxed, and Irish industry and manufactures encouraged.

Q. When did Catholics receive the franchise?

A. In 1793, but soon after they were again persecuted for their faith.

Q. Who were the "United Irishmen?"

A. A brave band of Catholics and Protestants, leagued to secure Irish rights.

Q. When did the Orange fanatics and the government incite the people to rebellion?

A. In 1798, thousands who had been secret

y armed, arose in Dublin, Wexford, Kildare, Down, Antrim, and other places, and later on in the west of Ireland.

Q. Who was the Irish leader?

A. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who, with the Brothers Sheares, was arrested just before the rising, and all three suffered death.

Q. Had French aid been promised by Napoleon Bonaparte?

A. Yes, but it came too late to be of assistance, and in the mean time the Irish in desperation made a successful stand in Wexford and other places.

Q. When were the insurgents finally subdued?

A. At Vinegar Hill, where the English troops and yeoman outnumbered the ill-armed Irish, drove them from their position, and afterwards committed horrible massacres and outrages at Wexford.

Q. When was the Act of Union between England and Ireland first proposed?

A. In 1799, but it was then rejected by the Irish Parliament.

Q. Who were its promoters?

A. Mr. Pitt the English Premier, and Lord Castlereagh, the Irish viceroy.

Q. How did they at last effect the great national disaster?

A. By bribes of peccages, and promises of money and place, the infamous measure was at last carried, in spite of the eloquence of Grattan, Plunkett, and other patriots, in the year 1800, and the Act of Union came into operation in 1801.

Q. When was the next attempt at rebellion?

A. The abortive rising in 1803, for which the noble patriot, Robert Emmett, suffered on the scaffold.

Q. What great man was next prominent in Irish history?

A. The illustrious Daniel O'Connell.

Q. What was his life's noblest work?

A. The completion of Catholic Emancipation.

Q. Briefly describe O'Connell's chief labours.

A. Born in 1775, he was called to the Irish bar in 1798, joined in the Catholic agitations at the time of the Union, led the Catholic Association in 1813, was elected for Clare in 1828, and by dint of powerful organization, undaunted courage, and unrivalled eloquence, obliged the English parliament to concede Catholic Emancipation in 1829. This great work achieved, he agitated for the repeal of the Union, holding

vast meetings in 1843, when he was imprisoned for alleged sedition. He was released in 1844, pleaded for a subsidy for the famine-stricken Irish people, in January, 1847, and proceeding towards Rome, died at Genoa of a broken heart, May 15th, the same year. He bequeathed his heart to Rome, and his body was conveyed to Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin.

Q. In what year was the Repeal Association founded?

A. In 1840, and it gained great strength. In 1843 troops were poured into Ireland. Repeal meetings prohibited, the movement denounced in the Queen's speech from the throne, and O'Connell and other leaders imprisoned.

Q. In what year did the potato blight occur?

A. In 1845, and the following year the people were destroyed in thousands by famine and the fever plague.

Q. Did the tide of emigration to America then set in?

A. Yes, and it has continued until the present day.

Q. How many millions of people has Ireland lost through the famine, the fever, and Emigration.

A. About five millions within the last 25 years!

Q. What movement progressed after O'Connell's death in 1847?

A. The prospect of gaining repeal by parliamentary agitation being considered hopeless, the "Young Irelanders" were aroused by the sad condition of the country, and attempted a rising in 1848.

Q. Who were the leaders?

A. William Smith O'Brien, M.P. for Limerick, John Mitchell, John Marton (all three being Protestants) Gavan Duffy, Meagher, MacManus and others. Some were sentenced to death but reprieved, and afterwards transported; others barely escaped.

Q. What other political movement gained ground afterwards?

A. A society called in America "The Fenian Brotherhood" and in Ireland "The Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood," developed principally in the United States, but with many thousand adherents on this side of the Atlantic, brought about a rising in 1867, which was almost immediately suppressed.

Q. What became of the leaders?

A. James Stephens, regarded as the chief, having been arrested before the rising, escaped from prison to America. Others were tried and transported for long periods.

Q. Did the action of the organization extend to England?

A. Yes; there was a plot to seize Chester Castle, which however was frustrated by hired informers. After this, two of the leaders, Col. Kelly and Capt. Deasy, were arrested in Manchester, but rescued from a prison van in open day by a body of their adherents. In the attack, a policeman was shot, and three young men, named Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, were executed in consequence.

Q. What was one result of Fenianism?

A. Mr. Gladstone, the English Premier, has admitted that "the intensity of Fenianism" was one of the causes that prompted him to introduce the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, passed in 1869, and the Irish Land Bill, which became law in 1870.

Q. What is the object of the latest Irish agitation?

A. To secure "Home Rule" or a native Parliament to legislate on purely Irish matters, while leaving to the Imperial Parliament the settlement of all Imperial questions, not affecting the internal government of Ireland.

Q. Are the Irish people in favor of Home Rule?

A. Yes; for whether under the name of "Repeal of the Union," or "Home Rule," they have ardently supported any movement having for its object the attainment of self-government for Ireland, as was shown in the election to Parliament of such men as Martin, Butt, Smyth, Blennerhassett, and Captain Nolan.

Q. Was Captain Nolan unseated for Galway?

A. Yes, by the iniquitous decision of Judge Keogh, whose slanders on the illustrious John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, and others of the bishops and clergy, roused the indignation of the Irish people, and made them more determined than ever to struggle on for the ultimate triumph of faith and fatherland.

THE END.

HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES.

Amongst the many distinguished Irishmen who acted prominent parts in the stormy events of 1798, and whose names come down to us hallowed by the sufferings and sacrifices inseparable in those dark days from the lot of an Irish patriot, there are few whose fate excited more sympathy, more loved in life, more honored in death than the brothers John and Henry Sheares. Even in the days of Emmet and

Wolfe Tone, of Russell and Fitzgerald, when men of education, talent, and social standing were not few in the national ranks, the Sheares were hailed as valuable accessions to the cause, and were recognised by the United Irishmen as *Heaven-destined leaders for the people*. It is a touching story the history of their patriotic exertions, their betrayal, trial and execution, but it is by studying such scenes in our history that Irishmen can learn to estimate the sacrifices which were made in bygone days for Ireland, and attach a proper value to the memory of the patriots who made them.

Henry and John Sheares were sons of John Sheares, a banker in Cork, and who sat in the Irish Parliament for the borough of Clonokilly. The father appears to have been a kindly-disposed liberal-minded man, and numerous stories are told of his unostentatious charity and benevolence. Henry, the elder of the two sons, was born in 1753, and was educated in Trinity College, Dublin. After leaving college he purchased a commission in the 51st Regiment of foot, but the duties of a military officer were ill suited to his temperament and disposition, and the young soldier soon resigned his commission to pursue the more congenial occupation of law student. He was called to the bar in 1790, and his brother John, his junior by three years, who had adopted the same profession, obtained the rank of barrister-at-law, two years previously. The brothers differed from each other widely in character and disposition; Henry was gentle in manners, modest and unassuming, but firmly attached to his principles, and unswerving in his fidelity to the cause which he adopted; John was bold, impetuous, and energetic, ready to plan and to dare, fertile of resources, quick of resolve, and prompt of execution. To John the elder brother looked up for guidance and example, and his gentle nature was ever ruled by the more fiery and impulsive spirit of his younger brother. On the death of the father Henry Sheares came in for property to the value of £1,200 per annum, which his rather improvident habits soon diminished by one-half. Both brothers however obtained large practice at their profession, and continued in affluent circumstances up to the day of their arrest.

In 1792 the two brothers visited Paris, and this excursion seems to have formed the turning point of their lives and fortunes. The French Revolution was in full swing, and in the society of Roland Brissot and other Republican leaders, the young Irishmen imbibed the love of freedom and impatience of tyranny and oppression which

they clung to so faithfully, and which distinguished them so remarkably during the remainder of their lives. On returning to Ireland in January, 1793, the Brothers joined the ranks of the United Irishmen. John at once became a prominent member of the society, and his signature appears to several of the spirited and eloquent addresses by which the Dublin branch sought from time to time to arouse the ardour and stimulate the exertions of their compatriots. The society of United Irishmen looked for nothing more at this period than a thorough measure of parliamentary reform, household suffrage being the leading feature in their programme; but when the tyranny of the government drove the leaguers into more violent and dangerous courses, when Republican government and separation from England were inscribed on the banners of the society instead of the electoral reform, and when the selfish and the wavering had shrunk aside, the Sheares still remained true to the United Irishmen, and seemed to grow more zealous and energetic in the cause of their country according as the mists of perplexity and danger gathered round it.

To follow out the history of the Sheares connection with the United Irishmen would be foreign to our intention and to the scope of this work. The limits of our space oblige us to pass over the ground at a rapid pace, and we shall dismiss the period of the Sheares' lives comprised in the years between 1793 and 1798, by saying that during that period, while practising their profession with success, they devoted themselves with all the earnestness of their nature to the furtherance of the objects of the United Irishmen. In March 1798 the affairs of the organization became critical; the arrest of the Directory at Oliver Bond's deprived the party of its best and most trusted leaders, besides placing in the hands of the government a mass of information relative to the plans and resources of the conspirators. To fill the gap thus caused, John Sheares was soon appointed a member of the Directory, and he threw himself into the work with all the ardour and energy of his nature. The fortunes of the society had assumed a desperate phase when John Sheares became its ruling spirit. Tone was in France, O'Conner was in England, Russell, Emmet, and Fitzgerald were in prison. But Sheares was not disheartened; he directed all his efforts towards bringing about the insurrection for which his countrymen had so long been preparing, and the 23rd of May, 1798, was

fixed on by him for the outbreak. He was after visiting Wexford and Kildare and making arrangements in those counties for the rising, and was on the verge of starting for Cork on a similar mission, when the hand of treachery cut short his career, and the gates of Kilmainham prison opened to receive him.

Amongst all the human monsters who filled the ranks of the government informers in that dark and troubled period, not one appears to merit a deeper measure of infamy than Captain Warnesford Armstrong, the entrapper and betrayer of the Sheares. Having obtained an introduction to John, he represented himself as a zealous and hard-working member of the organization, and soon wormed himself completely into the confidence of his victims. He paid daily visits to the house of the Sheares in Baggot-street, chatted with their families and fondled the children of Henry Sheares upon his knee. We have it on his own testimony that each interview with the men whose confidence he was sharing was followed by a visit to the Castle. We need not go through the sickening details of this vile story of treachery and fraud. On the 21st of May the Sheares were arrested and lodged in prison, and on the 12th of the following month Armstrong appeared against them in the witness-box. The trial was continued through the night, Tober, of infamous memory, who had been created Attorney-General expressly for the occasion, refusing Curran's request for an adjournment; and it was eight o'clock in the morning of the 13th when the jury, who had been but seventeen minutes absent, returned into court with a verdict of guilty against both prisoners.

After a few hours adjournment the Court re-assembled to pass sentence. It was then that John Sheares, speaking in a firm tone, addressed the Court as follows:—

"My Lords, I wish to offer a few words before sentence is pronounced, because there is a weight pressing on my heart much greater than that of the sentence which is to come from the Court. There has been, my lords, a weight pressing on my mind from the first moment I heard the indictment read upon which I was tried: but that weight has been more peculiarly pressing upon my heart when I found the accusation in the indictment enforced and supported upon the trial. That weight would be left insupportable if it were not for this opportunity of discharging it; I shall feel it to be insupportable since a verdict of my country has stamped that evidence as well-founded. Do not think,

my lords, that I am about to make a declaration against the verdict of the jury or the persons concerned with the trial, I am only about to call to your recollection a part of the charge at which my soul shudders, and if I had no opportunity of renouncing it before your lordships and this auditory, no courage would be sufficient to support me. The accusation of which I speak, while I linger here yet a minute, is that of holding out to the people of Ireland a direction to give no quarter to the troops fighting for its defence! My lords, let me say thus, that if there be any acquaintances in this crowded court—I do not say my intimate friends, but acquaintances—who do not know what I say is truth, I shall be reputed the wretch which I am not; I say if any acquaintance of mine can believe that I could utter a recommendation of giving no quarter to a yielding and unoffending foe, it is not the death which I am about to suffer that I deserve—no punishment could be adequate to such a crime. My lords, I can not only acquit my soul of such an intention, but I declare, in the presence of that God before whom I must shortly appear, that the favorite doctrine of my heart was *that no human being should suffer death but when absolute necessity required it.* My lords, I feel a consolation in making this declaration, which nothing else could afford me, because it is not only a justification of myself, but where I am scaling my life with that breath which cannot be suspected of falsehood, what I say may make some impression upon the minds of men not holding the same doctrine. I declare to God, I know no crime but assassination which can eclipse or equal that of which I am accused. I discern no shade of guilt between that and taking away the life of a foe, by putting a bayonet to his heart when he is yielding and surrendering. I do request my country to believe that of me—I am sure God will think that of me. Now, my lords, I have no favor to ask of the Court; my country has decided I am guilty, and the law says that I shall suffer; it sees that I am ready to suffer. But, my lords, I have a favor to request of the Court that does not relate to myself. My lords, I have a brother whom I have even loved dearer than myself, but it is not from any affection for him alone that I am induced to make the request. He is a man, and therefore, I would hope prepared to die if he stood as I do—though I do not stand unconnected; but he stands more dearly connected. In short, my lords, to spare your feelings and I my own, I do not pray that I should not die, but that the husband, the father,

the son, all comprised in one person, holding these relations dearer in life to him than any other man I know, for such a man I do not pray a pardon, for that is not in the power of the Court, but I pray a respite for such time as the Court in its humanity and discretion shall think proper. You have heard, my lords, that his private affairs require arrangement. When I address myself to your lordships, it is with the knowledge you will have of all the sons of our aged mother being gone. Two have perished in the service of the King—one very recently. I only request that disposing of me with what swiftness either the public mind or justice requires, a respite may be given to my brother, and the family acquire strength to bear it all. That is all I wish; I shall remember it to my last breath, and I shall offer up my prayers for you to that Being who has endued us all with the sensibility to feel. That is all I ask. I have nothing more to say."

It was four o'clock, p.m., when the judge proceeded to pass sentence, and the very morning following was appointed for the double execution. At mid-day on Saturday, July 14th, the hapless men were removed to the room adjoining the place of execution, where they exchanged a last embrace. They were then pinned, the black caps put over their brows, and holding each other by the hand, they tottered out on the platform. The elder brother was somewhat moved by the terrors of his situation, but the younger bore his fate with unflinching firmness. They were launched together into eternity, the same moment saw them dangling lifeless corpses before the prison walls. They had lived in affectionate unity, inspired by the same motives, laboring for the same cause, and death did not dissolve the tie.

The mutilated bodies of the Sheares—for the disgusting offices of the hangman were not completed until the heads of the "traitors" had been severed from their bodies—were interred on the night of the execution in the vaults of St. Michan's Church, where they still repose. Beside them moulder the remains of William Jackson and Oliver Bond. Time with a pitying hand seems to spare their frames from the ravages of decay; the coffins which enshrouded them have crumbled to dust, but the remains of these martyrs of patriotism are almost untouched by the process of corruption. In those dim vaults they sleep after their stormy and tragic career, but the spirit that inspired them lives on and the effect of their labors are plainly discernible in the events occurring around us to-day.

Selections.

JEALOUSY'S BLUNDER.

Mrs. Arnold Breckenridge heard her husband's step in the hall, and giving her baby to the nurse, hastened to leave the nursery, and over the stairs to meet him.

"Who do you suppose called to-day! You'd never guess!" exclaimed the pretty witching wife, putting her rosy, exquisite lips up for a kiss.

But Mr. Breckenridge was "out of sorts" that evening, and pretending not to see the sweet little mouth waiting for a kiss, he replied, coldly:

"You talk with the usual good sense of your sex, Mrs. Breckenridge; first asking me to guess who has been here to-day, and in the same breath assuring me that I *couldn't* guess right."

Mrs. Breckenridge's sweet face took on the shadow of sadness that it sometimes wore of late, and sighed, as she replied:

"Never mind, Arnold, it is only my childish manner of speaking, and I thought you would be so surprised when I should tell you——"

"That Allynn Blake had been here!" said the husband, interrupting her, with cutting severity in his tone.

"How could you guess that it was Allynn?" she exclaimed.

"I didn't guess, I judged. The devil had let me severely alone for a few weeks past, and you know 'there is always a calm before a storm,' so I judged that the calm I have had could precede only the greatest suffering I could endure, and that is to have Allynn Blake cross my path again! You seem unusually cheerful to-night, and really, I haven't seen you looking so much like your old self since the baby was born. Did you enjoy the society of your old lover?"

Mrs. Breckenridge made no reply.

Her voice was lost in tears, and she went slowly up the richly carpeted stairs, to her own chamber, where the tears flowed freely.

But she was ready to go down to dinner, when she was summoned, and the keen eyes of her watchful husband failed to detect any traces of the storm of sorrow that had swept her heart.

She was sweetly sad during the remainder of the evening, and Mr. Breckenridge once or twice, lifting his eyes suddenly to her face, found her beautiful ones fixed upon him in mournful tenderness.

He knew that Alice loved him, but he had been terribly jealous of Allynn Blake, before they were married; and, having heard that he had returned that day from California, where he had been ever since Alice and Arnold were married, the jealous demon was aroused within his heart, and he determined to exercise his authority for once, and forbid Alice to see Allynn, should he call.

With such thoughts in his heart, it is no wonder that he was annoyed and angry when Alice met him in the hall with face, bright and blooming, asking him to "guess who had been there."

Allynn Blake did call at the Breckenridge mansion that day, but Mrs. Breckenridge was out shopping, for the first time since little Freddie was born, and she did not see him at all. But her heart was too sad to allow her to enter into any explanations at this time, and the jealous husband was left to his torturing fears and conjectures.

"Did Allynn Blake allude to the past, when he was here to-day?" asked Mr. Breckenridge, the next morning at the breakfast table.

"No sir; not in my presence," was the quiet reply, and the man went away to his office.

After breakfast, Alice Breckenridge went up to the nursery, and, with her own dainty hands, put chubby little Freddie into his bath.

After which she dressed him, and went into the library for a frolic with the little darling, where she could be just as extravagant and unreasonable in her words and actions of endearment as her loving, mother-heart desired to be.

Since Arnold Breckenridge had so cruelly misunderstood her pure, womanly nature, her affections had seemed to cling more and more to the beautiful child of their love; and this morning of all others, it seemed to the gentle, young wife as if Freddie was *all* she had that was truly her own.

The blinds were down in the library, and as the morning was warm, and the summer sun shining brightly outside, Alice preferred the shadow to the sunshine, and did not raise the blinds.

An hour with baby in the library improved her spirits, and she left the room with him in her arms, and her face lightened up with the joy in her heart.

"Mamma will carry her treasure-pet up to his own little throne, and he shall be a king there, and everybody in the house shall be his slaves, so they shall! And den mamma mus'

come back to de library and pick up papa's books and things that we have had to play with," murmured the happy mother, as she left the library with the baby in her arms.

To her astonishment, she met her husband in the hall, and thinking of the state in which she had left the books and other things in his neatly-kept library, she blushed and seemed greatly confused.

"Don't go in there, please, Arnold; come up stairs with me first," she said, as he walked rapidly towards the library door.

But Mr. Breckenridge had his own doubts, and because he believed that Allyn Blake would repeat his call that morning, he had left the office at that unusual hour, and returned to his home in order to quiet or confirm his fears.

Unheeding the remonstrance of his wife, he went directly to the library, and she went up the stairs with the baby.

Half an hour later Mr. Breckenridge called at the door of the nursery.

His wife shivered as with an ague chill when she saw his white, set face, and heard his low, cruel, even voice, saying:

"Come into your chamber a moment; I wish to speak with you."

She followed him, and he locked the door after they were within the chamber.

Upon the carpet, before the little table, where her writing-desk was lying open, a folded paper lay. She sprang forward to secure it, but her husband was before her, and held the paper up triumphantly. "More proofs at every step!" he groaned, opening the note and reading aloud: "Sweet darling—meet me in the library at ten o'clock this morning. I have something to say to you that I must no longer delay. After that, we must hasten our departure. Believe me ever your devoted lover. A. B."

"Wretched, guilty woman! Fortunate for the innocent child in yonder nursery that I returned so unexpectedly this morning. Go to your lover, false, perjured woman! You are no longer wife of mine. Go! He awaits you in the library."

In spite of her agony of terror and dread, Mrs. Breckenridge laughed.

"The note! the note! Arnold. Give it to me, and don't make me laugh at you," she exclaimed, still laughing unrestrainedly.

"Never!" he cried, holding it aloft. "By this token the world shall know that Arnold Breckenridge was justified in casting from his

bosom the vile creature that fled from his honourable love and protection to the guilty arms of a former lover. I came home unexpectedly, to find you embarrassed and confused. You beg of me not to enter the library. Ah! you know too well that your lover may be expected at any moment. I enter the forbidden room, and in five minutes a familiar step is heard, and Allyn Blake enters the library. He looks cautiously around in the semi-gloom, as if expecting his sweetheart to rush from some hiding place to his arms, and I step boldly forward. He sees me. But, with the cool effrontery of guilt, extends his hand, exclaiming: 'How are you, old fellow? I saw you enter the house and leave the hall door open, and, wishing to surprise you, I followed, and, without summoning a servant, entered.'

"The coolness of the villain staggered me, and I scarcely remembered what I said to him, until the thought struck me to take you into his presence. In your own chamber I find his note, appointing a meeting in the library at ten o'clock this morning, and at ten o'clock he came!"

Still Mrs. Breckenridge laughed, and said:

"Give me the note, Arnold; don't you recognize your own handwriting? Do try and remember, love. You wrote it when we were at Aunt Mary's in the country. I went there to spend the summer, and you followed me, to make love. Aunt Mary forbade any love-making when I was under her care, and declared that I should not see you again in her house. Then you wrote that note, and sent it to me by the housemaid. I had already promised to go home under your escort, and you wished to hasten our departure. Do you remember, darling?"

Mr. Breckenridge unfolded the note and examined it.

"Gods!" he exclaimed, "what a fool I have been! But how came that note here, at this particular time?"

Mrs. Breckenridge came to his side, and placed her hand upon his shoulders, sighing: "You were so cruel to me last night, that I said to my heart, 'He never loved me! But I could not, dared not, believe that; and in my own chamber I sought all the little love-token I have cherished so sacredly, and read again all those sweet, passionate love-letters, written by you in the beautiful, dead long-ago. This note I must have dropped where you found it.' Her head dropped against his shoulder now, and the tears fell fast,

"But your evident unwillingness for me to enter the library?"

"I had been in there playing with Freddie, and we had piled up your books and tumbled everything about, and I knew confusion annoyed you," she replied; adding: "I have not seen Allyn Blake since we were married! I was not at home when he called yesterday, Arnold."

"Alice, can you forgive me for the cruel words I have spoken?" he asked, folding his arms about her. And for all answer she only clung more closely to him, sobbing as if her heart would break. That was the last day of unhappiness in the life of the Breckenridges, for the lesson was remembered by both.

"MYLES THE SLASHER."

Maolmorn O'Reilly was descended from a long line of chiefs who, with but few exceptions, bravely battled for the cause of Irish liberty. He lived in troublous times, when he who could give and take the most knocks was generally considered to be the better man, and when thews and sinews were held in as much estimation as brains and genius. O'Reilly, however, was gifted with both brains and genius. He was one of the strongest and bravest men in Owen Roe's Irish army, and was called "Myles the Slasher," on account of his surpassing strength and bravery. His brother, Phillip, was chief of the Clan-Rielly, and was married to Rose, the sister of Owen Roe O'Neill. Myles was a younger son, and not likely to ever bear the wand of chieftancy in Cavan. But little cared he for that. Place him at the head of his troop of cavalry with the English in sight, and that was enough for him. Deeds of his prowess and bravery are told by the people of Leitrim and Cavan, where the inhabitants retain vivid traditions of him to this day. He was a bold and skillful leader, and served under Phelim O'Neill in 1611, and under Owen Roe at Benburb. When leading a charge it was invariably his custom, if he could possibly accomplish it, of riding into the midst of the enemy's ranks and hacking and slashing around him with his ponderous sabre, until he cut his way out or defeated the enemy. At Benburb he made a desperate onslaught upon Munroe's Scottish cavalry, cutting every one down at a blow who opposed his way, and driving the remnant of them in rout and utter disaster from the field. Stoutly the Caledonian troopers met him, but they fell before his gigantic strength

and fiery valor. As the sun set on the Blackwater, the scattered ranks of the Scots went down, their General fled from the field, leaving behind him three thousand of his best troops on the sward of Benburb. The Slasher followed him all that night, and hundreds of Munroe's soldiers were slaughtered in the pursuit.

The Irish make the best cavalry in the world, and foremost among them have always been the O'Reilly's of Cavan. From the days of the great Fenian chief Finn down to the charge at Benburb, the Clan Reilly had always given their quota of horsemen to the Irish army. The soldiers of Bagnal and Essex could never withstand the charge of the Ulster troopers when led on by Hugh of Dungannon; and, long afterwards, at the Boyne, Hamilton hurled his regiment of dragoons against twice its number of veteran troops, and arrested the conquering William in his course.

But the most dashing trooper of them all, the boldest and bravest rider that ever sat in saddle or spurred to death with a shout of defiance ringing on his lips, was "Myles the Slasher." A perfect giant in height and strength, comely and fair to look upon, a tried and trusted leader, an ardent patriot and a daring soldier, he was idolized by his men and hated and feared by his enemies. Many a rugged mountaineer who had followed the flag of Munroe from Benlomon, and many a moss-trooper who had raided on the borders of Berwick and Carlisle, met his death at the hands of the Slasher. In battle he was terrible; helmet and skull were shattered by one blow from his powerful arm, and but few in the English army dared meet him single-handed and alone in combat. From the time he was able to handle a sword until his death he fought for the flag of his country and the freedom of his race, and his death was as glorious as his deeds had been: patriotic and brave. Being encamped at Granard, in the country Longford, with Lord Castlehaven, the commander of the army of Confederate Catholics, he was ordered to proceed with a chosen detachment of horse to defend the bridge of Finea against the Scots, then bearing down upon the main army with a superior force. Myles took up his station on the bridge, and the enemy, confident of success, dashed forward. But they never gained the center. The foremost files went down before the sabers of the Irish, and their leader fell, struck down by the hand of Myles himself.

Charge after charge was made by the Scots, their General hurling dark masses of his troops

against that small and devoted band of horse-men. One by one they fell, until the gallant O'Reilly was left with but a mere handful to defend the bridge. His horse had been shot under him, and he now fought on foot. The Scots, maddened by repulse and the death of so many comrades, rushed forward with fearful impetuosity, determined to sweep all before them. Nothing remained for the Irish but retreat or death. It was impossible for scarcely three score of men to withstand the shock of a thousand fierce and savage grenadiers. The bridge must be yielded at last. The bold Slasher was equal to the emergency. Placing himself in the very center of the bridge and grasping his terrible weapon in his hand, he waited the assault. On they came, and for fully twenty minutes the Slasher held the bridge, and all that came within his reach went down. More than twenty hireling Scotchmen perished by his hand alone, and three times that number fell before the sword of his gallant comrades. At length he fell, covered with a hundred wounds, and, as he closed his eyes in death, he could hear the tramp of Castlehaven's troops as they rushed to his rescue. They came too late to save him, but he had saved the bridge, and he died content. His body was discovered on the following day, and conveyed to the monastery of Cavan, where it was interred in the tomb of his ancestors.

Tradition adds that shortly before his death he had encountered a Scotch officer of gigantic frame and strength, who laid open the Slasher's cheek with the stroke of his sword, but that the Slasher held the sword blade between his teeth, as firmly as if held by a blacksmith's vice, until he cut down the Scotchman with his own sword.

BROKEN PROMISES.

Reader, never break your promises? And to this end, never make a promise that you are not sure you can fulfil. You may think it a trifling matter to make an appointment with a friend or agree to do a certain thing, and then fail to "come to time;" but it is assuredly not a small affair. If you get in the habit of neglecting to make good your promises, how long do you think will your friends and acquaintances retain confidence in you? The nearest and dearest of them will in time learn to doubt you, and will put but little faith in your words. And there is a way of half meeting one's obligations, which might be called

"bending" a promise, which is also a very bad practice, and should be carefully avoided.

For instance, you agree to meet a person at a certain time; but, instead of being punctual, you put in an appearance several minutes, perhaps an hour, after time; or you promise to do something for a friend, and only partially perform the duty. You may not exactly have broken your promise, but you have certainly bent it, which is almost, if not quite, as bad. Keep your promises to the letter; be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

BE A MAN.

What a noble thing it is to be a man! The world is full of counterfeits. It is a grand thing to stand upright in defence of truth and principle. When persecution comes, some hide their faces until the storm passes by, others can be bought for a mess of pottage. From such turn away. Stand by a friend. Show thyself a man. Do not run away when danger threatens to overwhelm him or you.

Think for yourself. Read books and read men's faces. Remember the eye is the window of the soul. Use your eyes and hold your tongue, when men court favors.

Select some calling to make it honorable. When you have spoused a cause maintain it at all hazards. Make up your mind to succeed by honorable means and good will; brush the difficulties away one at a time.

If opposition comes, meet it manfully. If success crowns your efforts, bear it quietly. Hasten not into a quarrel, but when you are compelled to accept an alternation, stand up and show yourself a full grown man. Do your own thinking, keep your own secrets; worship no man for his wealth, or illustrious lineage. Fine fathers do not always make fine birds.

Do not live for yourself alone. The world needs reformers as much to-day as ever. If you have a new idea endeavor to develop it into words and deeds. Be sober; be honest; be true. Policy men are dangerous. They will sell you for money, or popularity—don't trust them. Wear but one face, and let that be an honest one.

We are all more or less echoes, and we repeat, in spite of ourselves, the virtues, the faults, the movements, and the characters of those who are constantly with us.

"LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE."

AIR—NORA CREINA.

With lightness and expression.

espress.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line.

The second system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has a rest for the first two measures, followed by the lyrics: "I. Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

The third system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics: "no one knows for whom it beam-eth; Right and left the arrows fly, But what they aim at,". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

The fourth system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics: "no one dreameth. Sweeter 'tis to gaze up-on My No-ra's lid that sel - dom ri - ses;". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

The fifth system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics: "Few its looks, but ev - ry one, Like un - ex - pect - ed light, sur - pri - ses. Oh, my No - ra". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

"LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE." Concluded.

Crei - na dear! My gentle, bash - ful No - ra Crei-na! Beauty lies In ma - ny eyes, But

Love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na!

2 Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving ev'ry beauty free
To shuk or swell as heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress, is loveliness—
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

3 Lesbia hath a wit refuld
But, when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber have I pass'd—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wh, though bright, hath no such light,
As warms your eyes my Nora Creina!

Poetry.

THE FLAG THAT FLOATS ABOVE US.

BY WM. COLLINS.

The slave may bend in abject fear,
And hug the chains that bind him,
The coward run his base career,
Nor light of freedom find him;
But while above us floats that flag,
Of green and orange blended,
No tyrant knave its folds shall drag,
While our stout arms defend it.

We ask for naught but what's our own,
From friend or foreign foeman,
We're one in love, in blood or bone,
And yield or bend to no man;
We fight the fight our fathers fought,
Beneath the same old standard,
They nobly died as brave men ought,
While leading freedom's vanguard.

Gaze on our standard as it flies,
By freemen's hands supported,
A prouder yet more heavenly skies,
Or fairer never floated;
It waved o'er Brian and O'Neil,
O'er Sarsfield, Tone, and Emmet,
It oft has braved the foeman's steel,
And freemen's blood be-gem it.

No hireling, servile, slaves are we,
To bend with meek submission
To England's grinding tyranny,
Or despots here ambition,
But for our own, our suffering land
Or foreign foes defying,
We'll strike while we can raise a hand,
And keep that banner flying.

A living rampart round it throng,
Ten thousand hands are ready
To strike a blow for Motherland,
Calm, patient, firm and steady;
Then shout it out to foe or friend,
To those who hate or love us,
While life remains we will defend
The flag that floats above us.

—Irish National Magazine.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

There is no heart, however free and lightsome,
But hath its bitterness;
No earthly hopes, however bright and blithsome,
But ring of emptiness.

The world is full of suffering and sorrow,
Of anguish and despair;
Its brightest promises are of to-morrow,
Its mockerics everywhere.

Our weary hearts, with slow and sad pulsation,
Beat to the march of years.
Their days are given to toll without cessation,
Their gloomy night to tears.

But let us wait in patience and submission
The will of our great King—
Remember this—all through our earthly mission,
Perfect through suffering.

Then cease, O foolish heart! cease thy repining;
The Master's hand above
Is only purifying and refining—
The alchemist is love.

Those tears and thrills of woe—these great afflictions
Are but the chastening rod;
And they shall prove the heavenly benedictions,
The mercies of our God.

What seemeth now a dark and dreary vision
Unto our tear dimmed eyes,
Shall burst in glory into scenes elysian,
A blooming paradise.

Then cease, O foolish heart! cease thy repining;
Hope! lift thy drooping wings:
The plan is one of God's all-wise designing—
Perfect through suffering.