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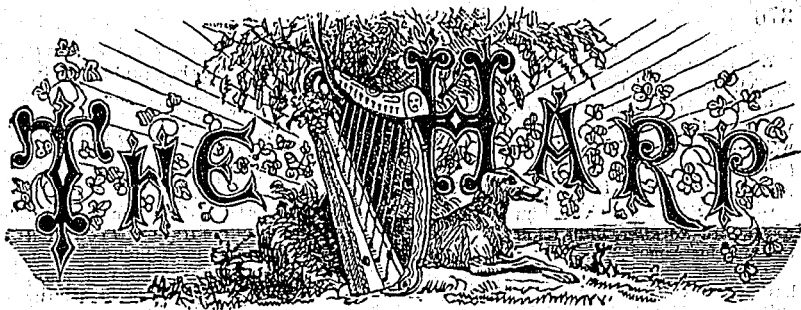
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A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

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No. 12.

THE O'DONNELLS
OF
GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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

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

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

AN AGENT PROMISES TO BE A FRIEND—
BURKEM BEGINS TO APPEAR IN HIS TRUE
COLORS—HIS LOVE ADVANCES, AND THEIR
WARM RECEPTION.

Next morning, after breakfast, Frank proceeded to Mr. Ellis's residence. In answer to the bell, Nelly Cormack came to the hall-door.

"Arrah, Mistor Frank, is this you?" said she; "shure you're welcome, walk in, sir."

"I'd scarcely know you, Nelly," said Frank, as he shook her hand; "you're getting to be such a fine girl."

Nelly blushed.

"You needn't blush so, Nelly. I am sure they are very kind to you here."

"Indeed they are, sir. Won't you come in?"

"Yes, Nelly, I want to see Mr. Ellis. Where is he?"

"He's in the office; I'll tell him that you are here?"

"Do, Nelly."

Nelly tripped into the office, and shortly returned with orders for Frank to step in. Mr. Ellis was sitting at a writing-desk; beside him was Hugh Pembert. As soon as Frank entered, Mr. Ellis raised his head, and said:

"Good morning, Mr. O'Donnell."

"Good morning, sir," said Frank, respectfully.

"Well, Mr. O'Donnell, what can I do for you?"

Frank stated his case fairly and clearly,

and told him how his father sent him to him for protection.

"I understand, Mr. O'Donnell, that you want me to make a seizure upon all your stock and effects, and to sell them for rent."

"Yes, sir, in order to protect us from pressing and, I must say, unjust debtors; though there is only a half-year's rent due, the running gale will enable you to do so."

"Exactly so, Mr. O'Donnell. Well, I'll make the seizure this day, and send over Burkem and a few others as keepers. You know we must do these things openly to deter others from proceeding."

Frank bowed, and left the room.

"The fools," said Mr. Ellis, as he heard the hall-door close after him.

"They have a nice place there, sir," said Mr. Pembert; "it's a pity to have it going to rack as it is."

"It won't be long so, Hugh; I often wished to have them in my power, but now I have them. Hurry with that account; we must drive over there."

As Frank returned home he called to see his old nurse, Mrs. Cormack. She was at her usual occupation of knitting, and was seated near the door, with her spectacles jauntingly fixed upon her nose.

"Good-day, ma'am," said Frank, as he entered the cottage.

"Oh, Mistor Frank, is this you, and how are you and all at home? Shure it's a month of Sundays since I seen you. How is that little darling, Bessy? I'm tould sho's not well. Shure I've threat'ened, I dunna how long, to go see you."

"Why, Mrs. Cormack, you seem to forget us altogether. We are all well at home, except Bessy; she, I hope, however, is improving. You seem to be very comfortable here, ma'am, and he cast his eyes around the comfortable cottage."

"We have no reason to complain, the Lord be praised; the boys have good wages, and Nelly is a favorite with the mather. She's housekeeper there. She brings me many a present of tay and sugar to sthir my ould heart."

"I saw her to-day, and I scarcely knew her, she looked so fine."

"She is, thanks be to God; and then we had a letter from Ned. He is doing well in Amerikee. Shure, he sent me tin pounds—sorra a lie in it—and said he'd pay all our passages if we'd go."

"Poor Ned, I recollect him well. He was a hard-working, industrious boy, just the man for America."

"He was, God bless him! Here is the letter; maybe you'd read it," and she pulled a crumpled piece of paper from her pocket.

Seeing Frank hesitate about reading it, she exclaimed—

"Arrah do, Mistor Frank; shure it gladdens my ould heart to hear it; it is like as if the poor boy wor speaking to me himself."

Frank unfolded the dirty scroll, and read:

"Phillydelphia, Dec. 20, 1847.

"Dear Mother,—

"I rite these few lines hoping to find you and Nelly, and Jem and John, and all the nabors in good health, as this layes me at present, thanks be to God for all his mercies—"

"The poor boy, isn't it the beautiful letter?, said Mrs. Cormack.

"Dear mother, I have good employment in a shore, and I am saving, every half-penny I'm not sphindin' to send ye, because I hear that ye have frightful times at home. I—"

"Mostha, faith then he heard the truth."

"I send you tin pounds, and if ye come out here I'll pay yer passage, for it's a fine country for any one able and willin' to work. I have a dollar and a half a day, and I am able to spare four dollars a week. Rite at once, dear mother, and, let me know if ye'd come out. We could all do very well together; besides, we would be so happy. Do you know I does be often thinking of the boys and girls at home. How are they all?"

"Faix there's many of them, dead wid the hunger! It's well for the poor boy to be where he is, Mistor Frank."

"That's true, ma'am."

"I would wish to see sweet Tipprary agin. I have the blackthorn stick Ned Casey gave me, and the hazel one too; they say it kills serpents. I also have the scraugh I took from the field behind the house, and every time I looks at it I thinks of the poor ould home. I do be lonely sometimes, but there is no use in fretting. I saw several blacks. They are ugly looking things, with big noses and eyes, and they as black as my shoe, and they have woolly heads."

"Och, the brutes! to have wool like sheep. Couldn't they have hair like dacent Christians?"

"I suppose so, Mistor Frank. Shure they are not to blame; they'd be like

other dacent people if they could help it.

"Very likely, ma'am."

"Go on, Mistor Frank."

"They frightened me very much until I became used to them—"

"No wonder; I'm sure I'd lose my life if I saw them."

"So, dear mother, when you get this rite at once, tellin' me if ye will come out to me. I will send ye more money as soon as I have it. I will never let you want, dear mother. Give my love to all the nabors, and to all my school-fellows. What pleasant times we used to have, when going to Mr. Quirk, playin', and ramblin', and stealin' crabs, though he often payed us for it. Tell Paddy Nolan that I met his brother. He is doing well. Give my love to—"

"There is a whole lot of names here, ma'am; it is too long to read them."

"That'll do, don't mind them; He is the good son, God bless him," and Mrs. Cormack wiped the tears of affection from her eyes.

"Will ye go out to him?"

"Not at present, Mistor Frank. We are doing very well, and I'm too ould now to cross the say; though I'd go if I thought I'd live to see him."

"I am glad that you have good news, anyway; that's more than I can say. Times have changed very much with us, Mrs. Cormack."

"I am sorry to hear so."

"It's a fact; Mr. Ellis is going to seize upon our stock to-day."

Mrs. Cormack let her stocking drop, and looked horrified.

"Oh, och, mavrone, Mistor Frank, is it come to that? I'm blessed if one of my children works another day under his roof, the dirty spalpeen, to seize yere cows, oh, oh."

"It is for our good Mr. Ellis is doing it, ma'am, to protect us from others. Don't do anything rash, Mrs. Cormack."

"No, alanna. Here, Mistor Frank," and she pulled an old purse from her pocket, and after untying about twenty knots, she drew forth the check.

"Here, take this, I don't want it, and it might serve ye. I would give my heart's blood, not to say this rag, to serve your darling mother, and the dear young ladies."

"No, no, ma'am, thank you; your money would be no use to us. It is a great sum for you, so keep it."

"No, Mistor Frank, you must take it, just to keep it for me."

"I do not want it now, Mrs. Cormack; if I do, I will call for it."

Frank left the cottage, and Mrs. Cormack felt highly displeas'd; since he would not take the money! On his return home, he found Mr. Ellis and Hugh Pembert taking a regular inventory of the stock and effects; they then made their seizure, and left Burkem in charge. Ned

Burkem, with his usual obsequiousness, did his utmost to make himself agreeable to every one in Mr. O'Donnell's employment, particularly to Mary Cahill. To her, he was all attention; he assisted her in her household duties, stood with the cows while milking, and did several other little offices. Though Mary did not love him, still it was something to be courted by a rising man like Ned Burkem—a man that stood so high in the estimation of both landlord and agent. Mary, like most of her sex, had a good mixture of pardonable vanity in her composition, though she did not encourage his addresses, still she did not wholly reject them. It is true, Burkem loved her, if one of his low, cunning nature could entertain such a hallowed feeling as love. There are natures that cannot understand or appreciate love in its holiest and purest sense, and yet are governed by a blind passion that drives them to desperation.

As Mary was returning from town, one evening, about nightfall, Burkem met her a few fields from the house. He crossed her path as if he were on his way to Mr. O'Donnell's, whilst in reality he was watching for her coming fully two hours.

"And is it now you're coming home, Mary. I wonder you're not lonesome."

"Not a bit, Ned. I'm sure no one would hurt a thackeen like me; besides, the neighbors aren't bad."

"That's thrue, Mary, alanna; shure no one would hurt a purty colleen like you."

"More of your blarney, Ned."

"Sorra a blarney, Mary. But go easy; I'm as tired a dog; we had such dancing at Mrs. Butler's last night, I'm not able to sthir a foot."

"Now, who were in it?"

"Oh! not many. John and James Cormack were there, and Hanna Russell. Faix, I'm thinking that James Cormack and Hanna are pulling a cord; I never saw two greater in my life; they couldn't sthir from one another at all."

Mary changed colors, for Hanna was a noted belle, and a rival of hers. Though it was dusk, yet he knew from her eager, flurried manner that his words had taken effect, so he continued—

"Mrs. Butler tould me that they have the match all settled. John Cormack is thinking of going to America to join his brother, so they'll have the house to themselves."

Mary walked on in silence.

"Don't you think it is well for them?"

"Faix, I'm sure I can't say; I suppose it is; but then it doesn't concern me," said Mary, with a sigh, rather too deep for an unconcerned person.

"No, but then people say that you had a liking for him, and that she got inside you, and people don't like to be filted in that way."

"It's hard to sthop people's mouths; but sure we must bear it," she replied.

"The way to silence them would be to take the sthirt of them; that would show people that you had no hankering for him."

"I wish them luck, Ned; but never a bit if I mean to hurry myself on their account."

"You needn't, Mary, for you can easily get as good and better, any day. To say the least of him, he was a palavering sleeveen to be trying to coax any girl, and he going to be married to another."

"Faix," said she, with a forced laugh, "I don't care that about Lim," and she snapped her fingers. "That I may never meet a greater loss."

"I know one, Mary, that loves you dearer than his own life, that dreames about you day and night, that would give his heart's blood for you, and that is double as good a match as James Cormack, and that would one day make you a lady if you'd marry him."

"And pray, who is going to make this lady of me?" said she.

He pushed near her, and placed his arm around her waist.

"It's I, Mary, I love you Mary; you know I have twenty pounds a-year; I'm promised a farm by the master; I will make you happy. Oh, Mary, say you'll be my wife! do love, and sure we'll be happy as the day's long."

She paused; the supposed faithlessness of her old lover rose up in judgment against him, yet she loved him, and a woman cannot tear the sweet pleasure of love so easily from her bosom, to make room for a new one. It is true, she often heard Burkem spoken of as a cunning, deceitful man; yet, she always found him kind and soft-spoken; besides he told her how he oftentimes interfered for the poor tenants; all this made some impression upon her.

"Well, Mary, what do you say?" said he.

"I don't know, Ned; we'll speak about it another time."

"Why not now? Will you have James Cormack laugh at you, when he marries Hanna Russell; besides, Mary, it is pleasant to have your own house and cows, and to have servants, instead of being one yourself."

"It is, indeed."

"Would you like riches, Mary?"

"Faith, I'm sure I would," said she, with a smile; "who is it that don't?"

"True, Mary, they are everything; look at Mr. Ellis; he came here a poor steward; no one knew him—look at him now, what a great man he is, stuck up with my lord in every hand's turn."

"It is a fine thing to be rich, no doubt," said Mary.

"It is, Mary, for I'll tell you, but don't tell anybody."

"Never fear."

"Well, Mr. Ellis intends turning out the tenants, and I'm promised a farm, my

choice of them you see; so if you like the ould place where you are, I'm sure we'd get it."

"What," said she, with surprise, "Mr. O'Donnell's place you mean?"

"Yes, wouldn't the people stare at us then; we could keep our car and drive about; sure after a time, we'd be rouling in riches, like Mr. Ellis.

Mary Cahill was silent; she was trying to take in the depth of his villany; believing James Cormack faithless, and knowing Burkem to be, in a worldly sense, a much better match, and seeing how deeply he was devoted to her, we cannot blame her if she hesitated as to what answer she would give to his appeal.

The only objection she had to him was, that he was the servant of a tyrant; she heard always that he used his influence for the good of the tenant; still, after all, with that keen instinctive perception, natural to women, she could never bring herself to love him; perhaps, this was because she loved another; but now he had forsaken her, would she be wise in rejecting the offer of so good a match.

Such were the thoughts that ran through her mind, until Burkem laid open his scheme for becoming rich. He, with the narrow-minded sordidness of low cunning natures, thought, as she expressed such a desire for wealth, to dazzle her with projects beyond her wildest conception. He did not see any harm in occupying the O'Donnell's place, provided they were once ejected; but when Mary understood him, she turned upon him a look of withering scorn.

"Ned," said she, "do you think I'd live in the house from which my benefactors were hurled forth to work or starve? Do you think that I'd live in the house from which any poor family was driven to have their curses ringing in my ear: no, no, I'd starve first. I thought you were a friend to the family, but now I see what you are, you are as bad as the rest of them; you only want the power to be as big a villain; so take your hands off me."

"Hear me, Mary, shure I didn't mean

"Hould your tongue, and take ov me."

"But Mary, if they were ejected some one would have it; shure we might as well have it as a stranger, but if you wish we could get some other place."

"Take ov me, I say."

"Mary, Mary, forgive me: oh, if you knew what it is to love, to feel this burning passion, to feel one's heart, as if it were in a furnace, to feel this torture; no, I cannot leave you; you must be mine."

"Must!" said she, with emphasis, as she strove to extricate herself from his grasp. "No, man, take ov me, I say. I'll never love you, I'll hate you, if you don't let me go."

"Mary, don't say that, say you'll love me."

"Never, man, never; I see your baseness now."

"Then, Mary," he exclaimed, "listen to me. Here is a prayer book, swear that you will be my wife."

"No, no, not now, perhaps some other time."

"Now or never," said he. "Here is a prayer book, and he placed it in her hand. "Swear, or you'll rue it; we're alone."

"No, no, I can't perjure myself, God help me!"

"You won't do it, then?"

"No, never, I call upon a just God to assist me."

"You must swear!" exclaimed he, seizing her by the arm.

"I cannot, and will not!" answered she, much alarmed. "For the love of God, let me go?"

"You must swear to be mine," returned he; but at the same moment a blow of a stick resounded upon his head and laid him senseless on the ground.

"Take that, devil, that you are," said the well-known voice of James Cormack.

"Oh, James, save me for the love of God."

"I will, Mary, my darling, I will—thank God, I was in time." He raised her up and pressed her to him.

"Sthop, James, sthop—that's not fair; you know you are to be married to Hanna Russell, so let me go, but see me home."

"Mary, who toild you that?"

"That fellow," she whispered, and pointed to Burkem, who was wiping the blood from his brow.

"The lying scoundrel, I didn't spake to her these three months. No, Mary, if you refuse being my wife, I'll never marry; you know I love you. When I went to Mr. O'Donnell's this evening, I heard you were in town, and missing Burkem, I thought it would be, no harm to come to meet you, so, thank God, I was in time."

"The devil is in it," muttered Burkem, as he looked on with envy, like the serpent in the garden; "if I don't have sweet revenge for this, my name isn't Burkem."

"What are you saying, you double-distilled villain you; do you want more of this? said Cormack, going over to him and whirling his stick.

"Don't, James, let us pass him; he could harm us," whispered Mary.

"Deuce take him, and all the harm he can do. He's not worth minding, the dirty spalpeen."

"Forgive me, James," said Burkem, reaching his hand. "Shure my love for Mary there blinded me. I desaryed what I got. I thought to blacken your name with her to make her marry me; but shure it was no use. You know what it is to be in love, James, so you will forgive me what I did; and you, Mary, won't you forgive me?"

"Indeed, I will," said she, after a pause.

"I'm sure I'm not the man to keep in

a grudge for a man that axes my pardon," said James Cormack, "and God bless you, and make you happy; but don't mention a word of what happened to anybody, if you forgive me."

"No fear, Ned,"

As he left them, he felt the hot blood trickling down his face; he wiped it off, and gave a kind of chuckle, and muttered—

"Devil take me if that don't be the dearest blow you ever struck. My name isn't Ned Burkem, if I don't bring you to the gallows for that, and make that proud thing kneel to me for mercy. I must be his best friend, though; I must get him into my power, until I crush him like the serpent. Ha, ha! whose turn will it be then, I wonder. No matter—ha, ha, ha! you'll rue it! James Cormack. May God—but no, I won't curse; I'll leave him until my time comes. Curse this blood—but I'll have blood for it," and he muttered and cursed as he went along.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LOVERS' INTERVIEW—THE POLITICAL MEETING—THE GAUGER TRIKED.

The O'Donnells' affairs were every day becoming more discouraging. Though throwing themselves for protection upon the agent, still, so little faith had they in him, that they did not feel secure, and heartily wished that the day of sale was over.

Mr. O'Donnell moved listlessly about the house and place; his grey hair streaming about his head, and his once portly form stooped. Strong minds yield to adversity sooner than weak ones. When unable to resist it, they are too proud to bear the world's frown, and that very moral strength that gained them wealth and respect, in their prosperity, now helps to drag them to ruin.

Little Bessy was becoming weaker every day, and it was evident to the most unpractised that consumption was fast doing its work. The dry cough, and the hectic flush that mantled on her velvet cheek, seemed to number her days.

Mrs. O'Donnell and Kate were continually engaged with their domestic duties, and their attendance upon Bessy. Frank was the only one upon whom devolved the painful duty of trying to make the most of their shattered fortunes. Even Uncle Corny became apathetic, for if he went abroad, nothing but want, and wailing, and death, met his gaze; so he preferred to remain at home. It is true that Shemus-a-Clough kept him company, for with that instinct of poor, half-witted creatures, he found that he could not live roving about as usual, and as there was always plenty to eat and drink, and a welcome at Mr. O'Donnell's, he now stopped there the most of his time; besides, he said

that something was to happen then, and no one would be there to protect them; if he went—

James Cormack spent most of his time at Mr. O'Donnell's, for since Burkem became a resident in the house, and since his attack upon Mary Cahill, he thought it prudent to keep an eye upon him. Burkem took care to worm himself into his favor again. He expressed the greatest sorrow for his past conduct, and thereby disarmed Cormack's suspicions.

I should have said that Uncle Corny tended and cared Bessy; he sang and read for her, and amused her with tales of his campaigns. It was cheering to see the fine old soldier with that delicate, frail child upon his knee, eagerly listening to his adventures, and then she would look anxiously into his face and ask him—

"If you were killed, Uncle Corny, what would you do?"

"Why, I don't know, pet; I suppose they'd bury me somewhere."

"It's not that I mean, Uncle Corny; but sure you couldn't be prepared to die and you fighting? You know we should work out our salvation with fear and trembling."

"Oh, as to the fear and trembling, my dear little puss, I had enough of it on the battle-field; but anything about my salvation, I fear, never give me any trouble."

"Why, wouldn't you like to go to heaven, Uncle Corny?"

"To be sure I would; but you know, we hadn't time to think of such things then. Soldiers seem born for fighting and nothing else. When you'd hear the guns and cannons roaring around you, and see dead men upon every side of you, you'd be thinking how you could fight best, or perhaps how you could escape."

"Oh, it is dreadful," said she, shuddering.

"It is, but it's glorious, after all, to kill your enemies."

"Doesn't our Saviour tell us to love our enemies? Besides, perhaps, that poor man you'd be after killing might have left a wife and children to lament his loss, or perhaps to starve. Think how I would feel if anything happened dear papa, and sure some one is left to feel after every one that's killed." Oh, it's dreadful for people to be killing one another that way.

"Well, I believe it's wrong, after all," said Uncle Corny.

It is strange, what influence a child's simple arguments will often have upon the strongest man; I have known them to succeed where the most philosophical arguments failed. This is, because, there is a homely, innocence, and purity in their remarks that touches the heart.

Frank often visited his uncle, apparently for advice, but in reality to meet Alice. Father O'Donnell felt flattered at being thus treated as the family oracle.

The lovers had to meet furtively of late; for, though Mr. Maher had not forbidden Frank his house, still there was a coldness in his manner that impressed him with the belief that a change of circumstances had produced a coldness on his part. Besides, he told his daughter that she should not encourage the young man to be neglecting his business.

Mrs. Hogan was Alice's adviser. She sympathized with the young lovers, and warmly entered into all their little plans. Alice loved Frank with all the true devotion of an honest, generous heart. They went to school together, they plucked flowers, and roamed the fields together in search of birds' nests, and now, when their hearts were united, was fortune to separate them?

After one of these passionate love meetings with Alice, he was returning home. His uncle's car had come a part of the way with him, and then, with his gun upon his shoulder, he set out to make a short way through the country.

Alice had told him, with tears in her eyes, that her father had ordered her not to meet him again. Their interview was a sad one.

"Frank, love," said she, after relating all to him, "what am I to do? I cannot disobey my father, and yet, Frank, I will miss you so much that I would rather be dead than not see you."

Frank held his hands, to his face and groaned.

"Don't fret, Frank," said she.

"O Alice! Alice! I could bear the loss of wealth well, for I'm young and strong, and there is a wide field of enterprise in other lands; but to lose you, to lose you is losing all that binds me to life; and my poor father, and mother, and my darling sisters. O Alice! O Alice! but aor you I could smile at the world; frown at the loss of fortune; I could scorn all!"

"Frank! Frank! don't fret so; let what will come we will not be separated. No! God never made two honest, loving hearts to make them unhappy. Don't fret, Frank!" and she gently pulled his hands from his face.

"O Alice," said he, "there are times when I picture the future radiant with sunshine; you my own sweet wife; our home bowered by love, and all the domestic virtues. And now, such a fair, bright dream, to be but a dream. Indeed, oh! it's enough to drive me mad! I have read of men who, unable to bear the loss of so much happiness, penetrated the dark mysteries of the future, sooner than live a worthless, hated life."

Alice looked up and shuddered.

"Only that I have hope in the future, only that I have your love to sustain me, only that I have domestic ties that bind me to life, I fear I should become one of these."

"O Frank! Frank! don't say so, or my heart will break. Let us part now, Frank and not meet too soon, unless you have very particular business with me, as I do not wish to disobey my father. When you want to see me, you can send Shemus to Mrs. Moran, or to me."

"Be it so, love; I suppose if your father ordered you to marry some one else you could not disobey?"

"Frank!" said she, "I did not expect this from you, after all my promises of devotion. You know my father has hitherto encouraged our love. Now, when my young heart is yours, if he ordered me to wed another, I would be justified in refusing him. No, Frank, if I'm not yours, I'll never be the wife of another."

"Alice, forgive my unjust doubts; you know the unfortunate are always suspicious."

It was after this interview that we met Frank returning home. His heart was full of a deep love, and yet the uncertainty of the future oppressed him. He did not for a moment doubt Alice's love, yet he knew that if he lost his property he would not get her father's consent. He had little faith in Mr. Ellis; for, in order to put him upon his guard, Mary Cahill told him what Burkem had said. Though he looked upon this as an idle boast, still he knew so much of Mr. Ellis's unprincipled character that he did not altogether disregard it.

As Frank was passing by Mrs. Butler's he heard the sounds of mirth inside.

Mrs. Butler's establishment had undergone a great change for the worse. The ruddy horseman had fallen from his perch; the windows were all broken and stuffed with rags; even Mrs. Butler herself had lost her bloom, and now looked thin and faded. The times were telling upon her, and, to use her own words, "she wasn't herself at all." She managed to keep a few gallons and a drop of beer somewhere for the boys whenever they called, which was seldom indeed.

Frank stood at the door listening to the Rover, who had just commenced a song.

The Rover was something of a poet, and a great politician. He wrote most of the rough political ballads for the boys. He had a strong, sonorous voice, so that he did full justice to his doggerel verses.

"Well done!" said Frank, opening the door and walking in as the Rover finished his song. "Where have you been this time back?"

"Not far, Mr. Frank. How is every inch of you, sir?"

"Very well, though I can't say times are going on well with us."

"I'm sorry to hear so; for it was you kept the good, plentiful house, full of lashins and lavin's; but we'll have a change soon, Mr. Frank. Our day is coming, believe me. That was a great meeting the clubs had in Dublin. It won't go

like '98 with them this time, I'm thinking; Shure the ould prophesy is nearly out; shure the hills are levelled and the hollows are filled up, and cars are walking on the roads without horses, and the people are dyin' of hunger in the midst of plenty."

"Begor, that's all thrue enuff," said one.

"It is," said the Rover; "and shure it is said that it is an O'Brien that's to hunt the Saxons, as well as it was one that routed the Danes at Clontarf."

"Who knows but it's Smith O'Brien? The Lord be praised!" said another, rubbing his hands with glee.

"I hope so, I hope so; but, Mr. Frank, sure you ought to be one of us," said the Rover; "it's not for an O'Donnell to remain idle when there is work to be done for his country."

"That's true," said Burkem, who was of the party. "It's not in their blood, Shure they were always foremost."

"Ay, and will be now, please God," said the Rover. "We are going to get up a club, and we'll make a president of you, Mr. Frank. Will you join us?"

"Not now; I've too much to attend to, though my heart is with you, and, if need be, my arm too; but, then, no matter—we'll speak over it another time. Haven't you any story to tell us?" said he to the rover, to change the conversation; for, from what he heard about Burkem, he had no confidence in him.

"Sorra! a one," Mr. Frank, only the country is in a blaze."

"Do tell us how you tricked the gauger," said another.

"Well, I will," said the Rover; and after a few preparatory yells and haws, he commenced—

"I was, one evening, taking a small dhrop here with Mrs. Butler, when a strange man came in. God save all here! says he: 'God save you kindly? says I. 'It's a cowlid evenin', says he. 'Begor it is,' says I; 'would you have a dhrop?'

'Wid pleasure,' says he. After drinkin' he went off; and faith he was no other than the rogue of a gauger in disguise. Myself was summoned. Oeh, martyrone, says Mrs. Butler, 'you'll ruin me, Shaun; if you swear upon me! What can I do, ma'am?' says I. 'Oh! I don't know; but you'll bugar me from house and home.'

'Well, I won't swear on you,' says I. 'Wont you, Shaun, ma'anna?' 'No, ma'am.'

'Thinks be to God, I'm safe, if you don't, Shaun.' 'Is it my oath you want? Show me the prayer-Book,' and I took and kissed the book. 'Now, Mrs. Butler, I take my oath upon this that I won't swear upon you.' 'Thanks be to God,' said Mrs. Butler. 'So, when I was called up, the fellow swore that I'd threatened him.'

'Well, what have you to say?' says the magistrate to me, when I was sworn. I looked at the fellow as if I'd never seen

him, and then says, 'Upon my solemn oath, if I swore that I drank with this fellow at Mrs. Butler's, I'd perjure myself.' 'You must have mistaken your man,' said the magistrate to him; 'dismiss the case.' 'So, you see, I kept my oath, and saved her.'

"Begad you did; but won't you come up, Shaun?" said Frank rising to leave.

"Begor, I believe I might as well, sir."

As they went along, the Rover gave Frank a full account of the organization through the country.

"I did not think it was so extensive," said Frank; "but you ought to be more cautious before that Burkem; I have reason to know that he's nothing good."

"I always thought so much about him myself; but then, as it is all a public business, we needn't fear him," said the Rover.

"We do not mean to take up our reader's time with that ebullition that ended in the partial outbreak of '48. It was an unexpected result to the great thing promised by that national party that had with it the feelings of the majority of the people. We do not mean to analyze the past; but this we say, that never was a country riper for revolution, and never were the feelings of an aggrieved people more warm in its behalf, and yet it failed miserably."

The two great parties, that gave unanimous expression to a nation's will differed among themselves; they quarreled as to the means of liberating a willing people. Division, that bané of Ireland, entered their ranks; they quarreled and fell, and lost their strength in their own disunion. The people lost hope and confidence; and many who might be useful fell listlessly back into retirement.

While the peasant sees the laws protect the landlord as he despoils him of the fruits of his industry, of his once happy homestead, as he drives him to penniless pauper upon the world; he cannot reverence or respect the laws; nor can he look upon the nation that affords such protection to his oppressors but with abhorrence.

A nation's esteem and love are to be gained by equitable and just laws, and not by oppressive ones, that protect the rich and despoil the poor. A rich man's wealth gives him power, so the laws should protect the poor man from every abuse of that power.

Such is not the case in Ireland; and, therefore, while the laws afford protection to the oppressive landlord, disaffection will exist, and plots and secret societies and revolutions will be the result.

Frank was young, generous, and enthusiastic; he possessed a good deal of family pride, and loved to dwell upon the days when the O'Donnells were princes in the land. It is no wonder therefore that the warmly entered into the Rover's views.

"What's Shemus doin'?" said the Rover, pointing over the ditch.

"What's Shemus doin'?" said the Rover, pointing over the ditch.

Shemus was busily engaged pulling something black from a tree.

"What are you doing there, Shemus?"

"Sorra much, Masther Frank. It's only Bully; I let him down to rest himself."

"What was he doing?"

"Why, you know, he's always huntin' me about, so I hung him up by the nick. Begor, it was fine fun, to see him flappin' his wings this way;" and Shemus would his arms about, in imitation of Bully, which was no other than a fine venerable turkey-cock, so called on account of his bellicose nature. "That's the way he went on, flappin' about. Begor, it was fine fun; sorra a doubt but it was he that had the work ov it; faith it was pleasant to see him exercise himself. Now he's rested enuff. It's worth your while to come to see him; you never had sich fun; begor, it's pleasant."

"Not for Bully, I think," said Frank, as he took the bird. "He's dead; you killed him, you villain."

"Never mind him, Masther Frank. Now, may be he'll let me alone. Killed? arah, who asked him to do it? Sure it was his own fault, bad cess to him."

(To be continued.)

WITHOUT A BLEMISH.

"Marian, do you suppose any one lives who has not an imperfection; and is not that imperfection a blemish?"

"No one is absolutely perfect, Alfred; and even if he were so happy as to have but one imperfection, if this imperfection is not well taken care of, it becomes an actual blemish. But why do you ask such a serious question?"

"I took the Life of King Alfred, from the library this week, thinking I should like to know something about all the great Alfreds in the world. The first thing I came across in the preface, was, that Alfred's character was without a blemish."

"And you, Alfred, perverse fellow that you are, immediately concluded that Alfred had a blemish?"

"Yes, sister, just like every other mortal; unless sanctified, like St. John Baptist, before his birth."

"It is one thing to have an imperfection, or even a blemish, and another to keep that imperfection. If I have read history aright; (and one who reads Lingard's history is pretty sure to do so), Alfred had not only one imperfection, but several. Like many sons of good mothers, Alfred was a good boy and a good youth; and when he first took his seat on the throne of England he was as good a king as one so young knows how to be. But after a while, the holy lessons of his mother, Osburga, were forgotten by Alfred in the excitement of a court life. I suppose he was flattered like all kings; like

all persons in high places, and he became selfish. He was selfish in loving his own pleasure better than virtuous self-denial. He was selfish in desiring riches for himself rather than prosperity for his people. He was selfish in turning away his ear from the cry of the needy and the oppressed, and listening to the flattery of his courtiers."

"This is not a very pleasing picture of my Alfred the Great, Marian! I was willing to have you tell me of some small imperfection, but I do not care about having all the romance stripped from my hero."

"Ah, this is the way the world talks, Alfred! But let us see what happened. Alfred was sitting quite at his ease on his throne of Wessex. What had he to fear? He would have laughed if anyone had warned him of coming danger. He did laugh, no doubt, when his holy kinsman, St. Neot, reproved him for his selfishness, so unworthy of a Christian king. But, for all that, the storm came. Gothrun, one of the Danish chiefs who had been driven from Alfred's dominions, kept a keen watch upon the young king. On the very first day of the year 878, Gothrun sent to all his veterans to meet him, on horseback, at a certain place. On the 6th of January, the Feast of the Epiphany, the pagan Gothrun was in possession of Chippenham, the villa of the Christian king Alfred, on the left bank of the river Avon. It is supposed that Alfred was actually at Chippenham when the alarm was given, but managed to escape without falling into the hands of the enemy. But wherever he was hidden, he saw himself surrounded by heathen barbarians and almost without attendants."

"Not a very pleasant position for my Alfred the Great."

"Not very pleasant, but exactly the one to give our selfish young king a chance to think about the life he had been leading. This is one of the blessings of a good Christian training in one's youth. He had forgotten the precepts of his pious mother, Queen Osburga, while sitting securely on his throne. But when he found himself a wanderer, hiding from a pagan enemy, he remembered, with shame, the selfishness of his prosperity, and acknowledged, as any Christian would, that he had brought all these woes upon himself. Instead of doing rash things, as he was inclined to do at first, he listened humbly to his old thanes or lords. Finally, he dismissed them altogether from attending upon him; and, alone and on foot, found an island in the midst of a morass in Somersetshire. It was to this island, afterwards called Ethelinge, or Prince's Island, that all who remained faithful to Alfred at last found their way. During this retreat, alone and on

foot, in a miserable island in the midst of a swamp, our young king was obliged to pass himself off for one of those poor people whom he had despised. One day, towards evening, he came to the cottage, or hut, of a swine herd. Hungry and weary, he asked for food and a night's lodging of the mistress of the hut. He was allowed to come in; and perhaps something in the voice or look, or manner, of the hungry stranger, touched her womanly heart. But, then, everybody must be useful; and as he sat by the blazing logs in the chimney corner, she bade him watch the cakes she was baking for supper in the ashes. The good peasant woman bustled about, and spread her table, and made a place for the stranger; but when she came to her cakes on the hearth they were 'burned!' 'And this is the way, you worthless vagabond, that you watch the cakes for your own supper as well as mine?' screamed the woman. Do you think our young king dared to fly into a grand passion and tell her who she was scolding? No indeed; but picking up the cakes from the hot ashes as fast as he could, he set them on the table with such a good will to repair his mischief, that the woman forgave him. 'Never mind, my good youth; they might be worse; and perhaps you have not been used to minding hearth-cakes. Sit down, and satisfy your hunger.' You see, our young king was growing wise. By the time he had lived on his island long enough to be well punished for all his wrong doing, his thanes were ready to join him. Odun, one of his bravest lords, won a great victory; actually captured the mysterious standard of the Raven, or 'Reitan.'

"But why was it called mysterious?"

"The Danes said that it was woven, in one noontide, by the three daughters of Ragnar. They always watched the bird or raven on the standard, when they went to battle. If it seemed to flap its wings, they expected victory, but if it hung motionless in the air they were sure of defeat."

"And Odun captured their Raven?"

"Yes, and from this time the Anglo-Saxons took heart. Gothrun himself fell into the hands of Alfred. A few weeks after Alfred was restored to his throne, he stood sponsor for Gothrun, who, from the time of his baptism, kept his word with Alfred, as a Christian should."

"And Alfred kept his word with Gothrun, I hope, Marian."

"Oh yes; and not only with Gothrun; but with all his own people and with God himself. From that time, we may indeed say that the character of Alfred was without a blemish."

"I like the ending of the story—"

"The history, if you please, Alfred!"

"I like the ending of the history, then, Marian. I am inclined to think it is better to tell things just as they are, than to try to gloss them over, and call our heroes perfect when they are not. I should have been very much pleased to have heard that Alfred was always great, though not quite perfect; but there is one good thing about our Church, Marian, now, as well as in King Alfred's time, repentance is counted a virtue."

"Yes, Alfred; the next best to innocence."

Three Things.

The following lines are from the album of a literary gentleman of this city:

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity, and gracefulness.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, and affection.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—Frankness, freedom, and beauty.

Three things to wish for—Health, friends, and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity, and sippant jesting.

Three things to pray for—Faith, peace, and purity of heart.

Three things to contend for—Honor, country, and friends.

Three things to govern—Temper, tongue, and conduct.

Three things to think about—Life, death and eternity.

JOY BRINGERS.—Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness, which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day.

How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul, so they shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand, with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves; and which they long for, enjoy, and appreciate.

What O'clock.

Reader, does it ever occur to you to find out, if you can, the origin of the clock on your mantle-piece, or the watch in your pocket—when the first clock or watch was made, and to whom the credit of making it is due? Whether you ever had such a thought or not, you will probably find the following glance at the clock-question somewhat interesting, and at any rate you will admit that though clocks are generally second-hand affairs, their consideration is always timely, and that questions concerning them are worthy of minute study.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT CLOCKS.

The invention of clocks is claimed for many different people and eras, from the Chinese, 2,000 years before Christ, down to the Germans of eight centuries ago. One of the earliest allusions to them occurs in a French poem of 1305:

“And then he made his clocks strike
In his halls and in his chambers,
With wheels very subtly contrived
With a continuing movement.”

Their first general use was in monasteries during the eleventh century. Before their introduction the sacristan sat up to watch the stars, that he might waken the monks at the hours of prayer. Dante, writing in 1309, mentions the striking of one, and likens to its movements the “sweet accord and harmony” of a circling dance of rejoicing spirits in Paradise. Chaucer (1388) refers to “a clock or any abbey orloge.” And Froissart, of the same era, after describing minutely the mechanism of the clock, adds:

“Therefore I hold him very valiant and wise

Who first found the use of it:

That by his sense did begin and make
A thing so noble and of such great profit.”

For many centuries public clocks upon churches and market houses usually had an automaton which stepped out of the face to strike the hour, and then disappeared. The Strasburg Cathedral contained the great wonder of the Middle Ages. It was a combination of an astronomical and a terrestrial clock, with a perpetual almanac, and had moving figures of a golden clock, children, men, angels, and the Virgin Mary;

“And we saw St. Peter clasp his hands,
And the cock crow hoarsely to all the lands;

And the twelve Apostles came and so,
And the Solemn Christ pass sadly and slow.”

We read in Hyperion of a “Coulentz clock in the form of a gigantic human

head, whose jaws open and smite together at each striking, as if to cry with the brazen head of Friar Bacon. “Time is, Time is past.” The East India Company once presented to the Emperor of China two clocks in the form of chariots, their golden cases studded with diamonds, rubies and pearls. Upon each sat a lady with a bird upon her finger. By a secret motion its wings fluttered, and the chariot moved in any direction, in seeming obedience to an automaton boy pushing from behind.

Horace Walpole owned an exquisite little clock, presented to Anna Boleyn by Henry VIII. After Walpole's death, Queen Victoria bought it at auction for £110, and it still runs at Windsor Castle. A cathedral clock in Somersetshire, set up in 1335, kept time for 500 years before the works wore out. In the time of William III, a sentinel of the palace was condemned to death for sleeping on duty. The soldier insisted that at midnight—the hour of his alleged dereliction—he heard the enormous clock of St. Paul's Cathedral (2½ miles distant, as the bird flies) strike 13. Investigation proving that it did strike 13 on that night, the King pardoned him.

Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, produced an instrument which excelled all others in ingenuity. On it were seated a negro, a shepherd and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This wonderful machine was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it.

“The gentleness of my dog,” said Droz, “is his least merit. If your Majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity.”

The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, barking so loud that the king's dog, which was in the room, began to bark also. At this the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft hastily left the room. Having desired the Minister of Marine (the only one who ventured to remain) to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the minister did so, but obtained no reply. Droz then observed that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the question was repeated in French, when the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy the firmness of the minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being.

To others, clocks have been good for instruction, for admonition, and for reproof. All literature is full of them. A story is preserved of a shopkeeper who recommended one as made by “Thomas Fugit.” That was his translation of the wholesome old warning, “tempus fugit,” painted upon the dial.

The following atrocity bears the ever-welcome label. "Thomas Hood, his mark."

"A mechanic his labor will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—

Will continue to work, though it strikes
as!"

In "The Belfry at Bruges," Longfellow catches his favorite echo—that of the mediæval ages:

"Then most musical and solemn, bringing
back the olden times.

With their strange, unearthly music,
rang the melancholy chimes."

The clock in the English Parliament House is the largest one in the world. The four dials of this clock are twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, but it only strikes for seven and a half, thus indicating any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding up of the striking mechanism takes two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels of cast-iron; the hour bell is eight feet high, and nine feet in diameter, weighing nearly fifteen tons, and the hammer alone weighs more than four hundred pounds. This clock strikes the quarter-hours, and by its strokes the shorthand reporters in the Parliament chambers regulate their labors. At every stroke a new reporter takes the place of the old one, whilst the first retires to write out the notes he has taken during the previous fifteen minutes.

Chimes originated with the Dutch. There is a poetic saying that at child born while they are sounding will have power to see spirits. The chimes of Old Trinity moved Edmund Keau to tears; and thousands of New Yorkers gather at midnight on the 31st of every December to hear them "Ring out the old, ring in the new."

The Modern Drama.

The shifts to which some of our modern writers for the stage are put by the exigencies of their trade are somewhat amusingly illustrated in the following account of an interview with one of these brilliant knights of the pen. The interview is supposed to have taken place in a saloon where actors, critics and third-rate dramatists were in the habit of meeting. We should think that if the play here described were produced on the stage it would cause something of a sensation:—

A DRAMA OF DISEASES.

Drawing a manuscript from his pocket, tied up with a cigar ribbon, he placed it on the table.

"I am not going to read it to you; therefore no reason for your disturbed looks. All I intend to do is to give you a slight analysis of the piece. In the third act, where the hero has epilepsy, the heroine tic-doloreaux, and the rival the lock-jaw, just where the whole interest culminates, what do you think this wretched manager has the insufferable impudence to write me about it? I will read it to you:

Your words shows undoubted merit, and has some powerful effects, only, you will permit me to remark, disease forms too prominent a portion of the plot. It is true the public have a decided inclination for this kind of subject, only your production is more suited for the recreation of a water-cure or a hospital than the establishment I have the honor of conducting. Very respectfully, &c.,—

"He has no objection to gouty characters?" "I asked, quite interested, "You might substitute that."

"Impossible. I know the public taste. Gout is perfectly used up. It is not an American disease. In twenty-five years from now it will have passed away—it will be driven out by dyspepsia. I thought of dyspepsia, but its characteristics are not marked enough for the drama. Spinal meningitis might have done, but it is too rare. You see I have studied up these matters. The sick drama, like the sick romance, wants novel subjects. Women coughing themselves to death on the stage are no longer attractive. An audience has been known, instead of oranges, to throw at the performers bottles of cough mixtures or to recommend lozenges, or a foot-bath, which is embarrassing. Why, the whole action—denouement and all—depends upon my hero having fits. Those Englishmen, Reade and Collins, both do it, and Bulzac did it, and Sue did it; and are these fellows to have the monopoly of fits and lunar caustic? On the stage I make my leading character pass through all the transformations of color. See what a chance for an intelligent actor to carry the house by his make-up alone. First the hero becomes a delicate lilac, then gradually increases with every act until he gets to be real Prussian blue. In the last scene he assumes his natural tint. Clever that, isn't it? The heroine loves the cerulean hero, but he is impoverished. I have made him dead-broke by means of an earthquake. Such a scene as that earthquake is! Everything on the stage tumbles down together, and there is an eruption in the distance."

"And where is the scene laid?" "I inquired.

"Every act follows the other in the most natural of sequences. I have studied the unities. The curtain rises in New York, the second act is in Cairo, the third in California—that is the earthquake and volcanic and—"

"But they have no volcanoes there," I ventured to remark.

"Not now, but they are sure to have one there before long. The grandness and lavishness of America would not be satisfied without that slight addition to our natural phenomena. If there ain't one yet, it is the only license I have taken. The fourth act is in Japan, and the last in Wall street. Ingenious, is it not?"

"But the denouement. How do you manage to stitch all these flying leaves together?"

That is where I have put all my strength, and called on my reserves. The hero rescues the girl from the volcano, when they are clutched with the approaching jaws of the earthquake. By a superhuman effort he extricates her, and has her safe by the footlights, when bang! goes the earthquake, with showers of cinders, and a big stone falls plump on Alfred's—that is my hero's name—head, whence fits in the most natural way. Now comes in the nitrate of silver to cure him. Charles Reade would have given a thousand pounds for an idea like that! Earthquake having swallowed up all Alfred's possessions, the obdurate father refuses his daughter's hand to her savior. What does Alfred do? He keeps on getting fits and taking nitrate of silver. Suddenly he thinks, when in despair, that he has within himself the riches of the world. He puts himself under a regular course of treatment, and has all the silver soaked out of him—in fact, he yields untold ingots of solid silver, and the scene closes with his marriage effected and he as bright in the face as a pink.

"Is the reduction carried out on the stage?" I asked, more and more interested.

"Certainly. Science has its claims, and should be made popular through the medium of the drama. The whole process is exhibited to the sound of melodramatic music. If ever there was a piece that had every element of success in it, it is here," and he took up the manuscript and stood it upright against the castors.

I was silent. Perhaps I thought, some manager might make a fortune in it.

"I know what you are thinking of. I discern that fine criticism in you which I am so anxious to meet with."

I shook my head, quite owl-like.

"The question you are asking yourself is this: Must the hero be cured and the silver extracted from him by the allopathic treatment. I know you are revolving that in your mind."

I confessed to him that although I had not thought of it, that might be a point.

"Yes, quite a nice one. You see, as a dramatic author, I am bound to meet public taste, and audiences, not managers, are wonderfully sensitive on just these subtle shades. You see homoeopathy introduced on the stage, from the minute character of its doses, would hardly be appreciable.

The other method, being more heroic, might suit better?"

"You have read Moliere, I suppose?" I asked, "and how funny his doctors are."

"Yes, certainly! but my doctor surpasses any of his. Now that I have given you the plot of my play, to think that this manager should repress it! I tell you I only want an effort on the part of just a few people like me to have a theatre of our own, where we can, like Alexandre Dumas, produce our own plays; in six months we should have every other establishment at our feet."

The Leaders of Dublin Society.

Starting with the self-evident proposition that London is the most superb city in the three kingdoms, Edinburgh the most scientific, we come to a full stop when we try to particularise for what Dublin is especially noted. Ask an average Englishman what the Irish capital is celebrated for and the chances are ten to one that he will promptly reply: "Stout and whiskey." He is right, too. These commodities take the lead, and we find their manufacturers chiefest among the leaders of Dublin Society as it is at present. And well they have won their position: the traders are the great power now, but they make a mistake in not accepting their lot as tradespeople; they foolishly try to buy their way into noble families; they look upon themselves as the aristocracy, when, in reality, there is not such a thing in Dublin. That is the great point in which the Dublin people fail. They will cling to the shadow of an aristocracy with the faintest suspicion of its substance being there. Before the Union, Dublin had a House of Lords, and every lord had a residence in Dublin. But when the Parliament was annihilated the lords gradually sold off their houses and disappeared. Rank, splendour, and fashion vanished; and now, not a single nobleman has a residence in Dublin. It is melancholy to walk through the streets of the Irish capital, and to see the fate of all these magnificent mansions of the Irish nobles—Leinster House given up to cattle shows; Mornington House, the Mendicity Institution; Powerscourt House, a draper's; Tyrone House, the National Schools; the mansion of the Lords Talbot, a training school for female teachers; Lord Leath's an hospital; Lord Castlereagh's—where the Union was decided upon and signed—a public office; Charlemont House given up to census clerks—but it would be endless to go through the catalogue, enough has been adduced to prove the accuracy of the statement that Dublin does not now possess an aristocracy. When the nobles abrogated their position, there was, however, a haughty and magnificent Established Church left to Dublin, for the crowd to

honour. The Bishops of it were princes in their way, well born and wealthy; but their influence gradually declined from various causes, and with the fall of the Establishment that also fell; and now they are but mere mortal clay, without prestige, title, or wealth. The next race that led Dublin Society was formed of Members of Parliament. They were once proud and powerful—men of birth and position; magnates who held the destiny of the country in their hands. They kept up good establishments in Dublin and in the provinces, and only visited London during the session. But their hour of doom struck also, when Reform changed the world and the Emancipation Bill passed. Then the old haughty and exclusive county families found themselves pushed from their stools by the newly-arisen Roman Catholic interest, which, after 1829, sprang up with such irresistible force, and also by the awakened ambition of the merchants and traders. The result of this was that the old-established gentry consequently ceased to do battle for their position as leaders of Dublin Society. They lurked in the provinces; they came but seldom to grace the Vice-regal Halls; they subsided into mere utility; became bovine, fattened cattle, and competed for bullocks. They have no longer any splendid mansions in Dublin; hotels and lodgings are sufficient for the flying visits of the once proud and powerful landed gentry of Ireland. When the nobles, the Princes of the Church, and the landed gentry faded away from the summits of Dublin Society, the learned professions took an eminent position as leaders and centres of culture and brilliancy. Those were the bright young days of Sir Philip Crampton, Wilde, and their compeers, for the medical profession holds a most distinguished place in Dublin Society, and is honoured throughout Europe for its learning, intellect, and culture, and for the hospitality with which its leading members receive and welcome all the learned and eminent foreigners who visit Dublin. But the lead of the learned professions is rapidly coming to an end. The cost of living is quadrupled, but the fees are not increased; they remain exactly the same as they were fifty years ago. Consequently, the learned professions must resign, and give place to the only class in the community that possess wealth—the merchants and traders; the true leaders of modern Dublin Society. They have money—and money means power, honour, glory, patronage, and support of art, of all the things that no class in Dublin has where-withal to support. Therefore they are the magnates of the hour—resident magnates too, for a time, until they get into Parliament, when their ambition is to sink their trade, anglicise their name, affect an English accent, and go to live in London in a grand West End house. Then poor Dublin is only tolerated now and again when

the London season ends. We see, then, how, step by step, grade after grade, one succeeds the other. All that once was splendid and aristocratic in Dublin Society has disappeared. Traditions of former style and grandeur still remain, but they are only traditions; how, for instance, Lord Manners, when Lord Chancellor, used to walk to church on Sundays followed by his twenty servants, two and two, in gorgeous liveries—a sight to be remembered! And the newspapers of the last century describe how, on Royal birthdays, there was first a morning reception at the Castle, at which the ladies appeared splendidly dressed; afterwards a dinner; and the next night a ball, when her Excellency appeared in a robe in cloth of gold held up by pages. But then the Lord Lieutenant of that day was a king—he had power and kept up his state, and opened Parliament as a sovereign. Now, alas! his vocation is gone; he has not even the semblance of power; he merely inspects fat cattle, and opens nothing more important than a rink! It would be far wiser for Dublin to abolish this sham court, and to make the Lord Mayor the head of Dublin Society, with a seven years' tenure of office, a fitting income, and a new and magnificent Mayoralty. Consider how much money is expended in paying a parcel of useless Castle officials, who look down upon the merchants and traders when they come to the Castle; indeed, lately, one of these well paid idlers remarked superciliously that he has been seven years in Dublin, and that he thanked God he had never set his foot in a Dublin drawingroom. A Lord Lieutenant in Dublin is an anomaly, for he is supposed to be the head of the aristocracy, and there is no aristocracy there. The Lord Mayor is the true head of Dublin Society, and the citizens would do well to give up their vain pinings after the rank which has deserted them and accept their position. In the place of the list of noble names to be found at the head of Dublin Society in days of yore, we have now a different array of names—not a whit less noble in their way; they include those of a brewer, a distiller, a draper, a silk-mercer, a chandler, a printer, a cattle salesmaster, and a tobacconist. They are the leaders, because they have the money, and money is power; and, instead of hanging on to the skirt of a sham court, if they would combine—make the Liffey their Arno, Cork-hill their Acropolis, and uphold the dignity of their citizenship—there is wit and there is genius enough among them to make the Irish capital a modern city of the Medici; literature and arts would get a chance of flourishing, and the traditional glories of the past be fully compensated for by the good sense and dignity displayed by the traders—the present leaders of Dublin Society.

Recommend THE HARP to your friends.

APPEARANCES.—When a man begins to go down hill, he is apt to betray the fact by his exterior appearance; he wears a long face, allows his clothes to look shabby, and acts like one bereft of hope or prospects. Now this is very poor policy; the sympathy and assistance of friends is not gained by wearing a dirty shirt; and unless a man acts as though he had confidence in himself, he must not expect to inspire it in others. And so with the external appearance of everything. Neatness of appearance does not end with a man's credit, but often enhances the value of articles which he may have for sale. This is especially true upon the farm, and we will venture to say that a farmer who attends to the exterior of things in general, such as clean stables and animals, clean yards and buildings, and fences in good repair, will obtain five to ten per cent. more for the products of his farm than one who neglects such simple matters. If any one doubts the effect of external appearance upon value in market or elsewhere, let him try sending butter to market in an old weather-beaten firkin, no matter how good the butter or clean the vessel may be inside. If this does not satisfy, try some stained or dirty eggs, or half plucked poultry. Producing a good article is one thing, but selling it to advantage is quite another, and the good salesman generally makes the most money of the two. The importance of a fair exterior can hardly be overestimated. This principle is potent in any branch of trade, and in every grade of society; therefore, it is too important to be overlooked or passed unheeded.

THE MEMORY.—There is no department of the human mind whose workings are more remarkable and interesting than those of the Memory.

The particles of matter which compose our bodies are continually decaying, passing away and being replaced by new, so that our bodies undergo an entire change during every seven years of our lives, but our minds, our souls, are identically the same to-day that they were when they began to exist, only, of course, their faculties have been (or should have been) continually developing—and that faculty of the mind which enables us to maintain this identity, and link our present selves with ourselves in the past is the Memory.

The Memory has justly been called the "store-house, of the mind," and what a vast store-house it is.

In it is stored a record of every transaction of our lives; in its depths are hidden the sorrows which constitute the clouds, and the joys which have made the sunshine of our experiences; there are laid up the hopes, the aspirations, the longings, and ambitions of our lives, the disappointments and bitterness we have suffered. There, too, is faithfully inscribed

every solemn vow and promise made of our strongest words to be, perhaps, lightly broken. In its treasury of jewels we have cherished the fond words and looks and tones of loved ones, the meanings, the partings, the welcomes and the "good-byes;" the seasons of pleasant communion with kindred souls, and the hours of weary watching over the couch of suffering. And in some of its pages we find the deep red record of real or fancied wrongs, which burned their impress there.

In its gallery are carefully daguerrotyp-ed the faces of all with whom we have ever mingled, the places we have visited, the scenes we have witnessed, from our earliest lives.

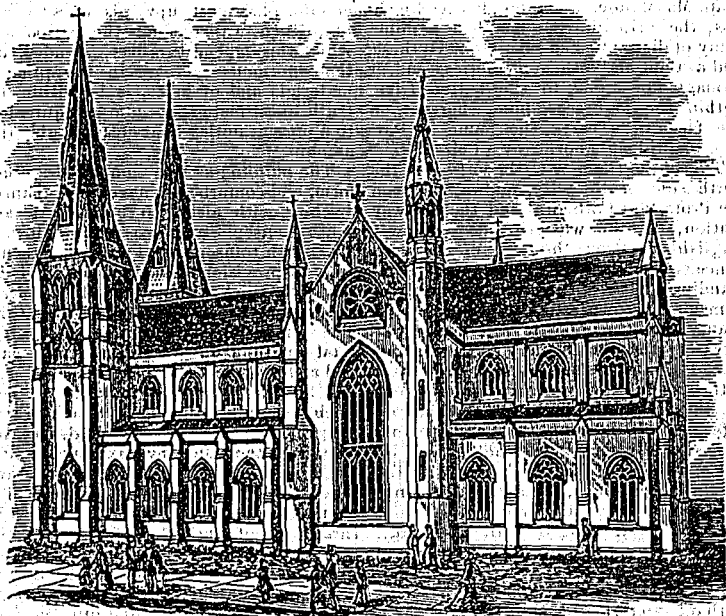
Not one of the many things committed to this great receptacle of the mind is ever lost, not a word obliterated, nor a feature effaced. Things may become hidden there, for the time beyond our power to recall; buried, perhaps, beneath the accumulation of the dust and rubbish of years, but they are not lost. They lie there asleep, ready to awaken and come forth with all their former freshness, at some unexpected moment. It may be some strain of music, some look, or word, or tone, that will bid them awake, but such awakening is inevitable.

There will no doubt be a time when the whole vast collection in this store-house will be in array before our mental vision, and we shall read, as it were, the book of our life. Nay, we shall be compelled to read it, whether we will or not. This sudden quickening and opening of the memory has been, frequently demonstrated, in the case of persons who were about drowning, or have fallen from a great height expecting to be dashed to pieces, but who have lived to tell of the sensations they experienced while thus on the confines of two worlds.

DISRESPECT AT HOME.—One of the dangers of the house life is this habit of disrespect—that which is bred by familiarity. People who are all beauty and sunshine for a crowd of strangers, for whom they have not the faintest affection, are all ugliness and gloom for their own, by whose love they live. The present little prettiness of dress and personal adornment, which mark the desire to please, are put on only for the admiration of those whose admiration goes for nothing while the house; companions are treated only to the ragged gowns and thread-bare coats, the touzled hair and stubby beard, which, if marking the ease and comfort of the "sans fagon" of home, mark also the indifference and disrespect which do so much damage to the sweetness and delicacy of daily life. And what is true of the dress is true still of the manners and tempers of home, in both of which we find too often that want of respect which seems to run side by side with affection

and the custom of familiarity. It is a regrettable habit under any of its conditions, but never more so than when it invades the home and endangers still more that which is already too much endangered by other things. Parents and up-bringers do not pay enough attention to this in the young. They allow habits of disrespect to be formed—rude, rough, insolent, impatient—and salve over the sore with the

stereotyped excuse, "They mean nothing by it," which if we look at aright is worse than no excuse at all; for if they really mean nothing by it, and their disrespect is not what it seems to be, the result of strong anger, uncontrollable temper, but it is merely a habit, then it ought to be conquered without loss of time, being merely a manner that hurt all parties alike.



ARMAGH CATHEDRAL.

The Catholic Cathedral of Armagh, which was dedicated with such impressive ceremonies on the 24th of August, 1873, is one of those edifices which may truly be called national, from the historical associations with which they are inseparably linked.

The city of Armagh itself is one of the most ancient in Ireland. It was famous as a seat of learning twelve hundred years ago, and we are told that in the seventh century, and for some time subsequently, from three to four thousand students received instruction in its schools. It is one of the few cities that the ancient geographer Ptolemy mentions in his notice of Ireland. In old Irish manuscripts it is always written "Ardmacha," and is supposed to mean the height or hill of Macha. There seems to be strong evidence that in former times Armagh was a much more populous city than it is at present, for it is frequently alluded to in Irish annals as being the chief seat of learning, wealth, and population in Ireland. In the very extraordinary poem of the Northumbrian

Saxon, King Alfred, called his "Itinerary," a composition of the seventh century, and translated by Dr. O'Donovan, it is called "Ardmacha, the splendid."

The great school of Armagh is said to have had at one time about seven thousand students, and no one was permitted to profess theology in Ireland, unless he had made his studies in this early university. The very names of the streets, Irish, Scotch and English, perpetuate the location of the respective nationalities of the students eleven to twelve centuries ago. In fact, English street, in which the new Cathedral stands, is the "Trian Sasanagh" of the period of the great school, where Saxon students resided. The church, founded by St. Patrick in 445, was destroyed by Turgesius in 836, while, in the Danish incursions, the city and the Cathedral were several times sacked, burned, and demolished. The reputation of Ireland for learning, and the leading part she took in evangelizing Europe, and extending the culture of letters and science, secured for Armagh, as her Pri-

matial See, a foremost place in the councils of Christendom. At the Council of Lyons, Albertus Arnachanus signed his name, and took precedence before all the bishops of France, Italy, and Spain; so that Ireland ranked, in fact, as an Empire. Six of the Primates of Armagh have been canonized, and, whether we consider St. Patrick and Benignus, in the early period, St. Malachy in the twelfth century, or, in more modern times, Oliver Plunket, Primate MacMahon, or the last few Archbishops, the Primatial See has had a noble array of distinguished bishops. All these, and a thousand other memories, endear Armagh not alone to the native Irish, within the four seas, but, wherever, on the face of the earth, the name of Patrick or Bridget is borne by a Celt.

The site of the new Cathedral is on the north side of the city, midway between the Protestant Cathedral and the Railway Station, on the western side of Lower English street, on the face of the eminence called Bannbrook Hill, and commanding a view of the city and county of Armagh, unsurpassed in breadth and beauty. On the opposite side is the Observatory and the Deanery; below, about three furlongs distant, is the Protestant Cathedral, in its way an architectural gem; the various public buildings and the College; while handsome seats and spacious demesnes diversify the whole scene for miles around. "Emania," hoar with the lore of Pagan times, the seat of the kings of Ulster for seven hundred years, lies to the south-west, while Beal-an-ath-Buidhe, the "Mouth of the Yellow Ford," and Benburb, on the Blackwater, only a few miles distant, recall some of the most brilliant victories of the Irish arms, in the struggles of the seventeenth century. It was here that St. Patrick received and Christianized, with the help of three kings, three saints or bishops, and three bards or historians, the ancient Pagan or Brehon Code of Ireland, known as the "Seanchus Mor," and recently collected and published.

There are not less than fifty-four steps leading to the main entrance of the new Catholic Cathedral; but a near inspection of the building will more than repay the labor of climbing up to it. It is considered one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in Ireland. It is immensely large, capable of accommodating four or five thousand people. Seen from the town it looks a beautiful, airy structure, and does not appear of very remarkable size. It is so admirably proportioned and classically designed that its great size is not revealed at a distance; but on approaching closer one is struck with its gigantic dimensions; and it is so solidly built that it seems strong enough to last as long as the hill on which it stands.

The foundation-stone of the Cathedral was laid on St. Patrick's Day, 1840, by

the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, then Primate. The erection of this magnificent temple has, therefore, extended over a period of thirty-three years, during the Primacy of five Archbishops—Doctors Crolly, Cullen, Dixon, Kieran, and McGettigan. The vastness of the undertaking, and the appearance of the famine soon after the work was commenced, are sufficient apart from local difficulties, to account for the protracted completion of the building. Its erection has cost upwards of \$300,000; but, when we consider the period over which this expenditure has extended, and the enormous increase in the price of materials and of labor, it is within the truth to estimate that sum as equivalent to a present outlay of at least double that amount.

The building as now completed is cruciform, and comprises a nave and chancel, or choir, with aisles to both north and south transepts, and two western towers. The south transept is, at present, screened off, as a provisional sacristy, but it is intended to erect suitable and ample sacristies, and a chapter house, at a future time. The dimensions within the walls are—total length, 210 feet; width across nave and aisles, 72 feet; across transepts, 112, and height from floor to ridge 91 feet. Each tower and spire rises to a height of 210 feet. The nave is separated, on each side, from the aisles, by six bays of clustered shafts, with moulded capitals and bases, and deeply moulded arches. The chancel is separated from its aisles by three bays of similar shafts and arches. Over these arches are the triforia, consisting of marble shafts, with moulded tracery filling up the arches. Above the triforia rises the clerestory, containing, in each bay, three light traceried windows. The principal entrance to the Cathedral is by a finely wrought and richly-moulded doorway, in the west end of the nave, and also, by smaller doorways of similar character, in the towers. Another doorway, in keeping with the foregoing, is in the north end of the transept, while a door in the east end of the south transept admits to the provisional sacristy. Over the west door of the nave is a series of moulded and canopied niches, to be hereafter filled with statues of saints. Rising above the niches, is an elaborate seven-traceried window, while the west gable terminates in a florited cross. The towers rise in grades, until they terminate in the bell-stages, containing two double light mullioned and traceried openings on each face. From these stages rise the graceful broach spires, with tiers of lucerns and alternate faces, each lucern terminated with a gilt cross, till the entire is surmounted with beautifully-wrought iron gilt crosses.

Deligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR THOUGHTS.

A multitude of cases occur in which we are no less accountable for what we think, than for what we do. As first, when the introduction of any train of thought depends upon ourselves, and is our voluntary act, by turning our attention towards such objects, awakening such passions, or engaging in such employments, as we know must give a peculiar determination to our thoughts. Next, when thoughts, by whatever accident they may have been originally suggested, are indulged with deliberation and complacency. Though the mind has been passive in their reception, and therefore, free from blame; yet, if it be active in their continuance, the guilt becomes its own. They may have intruded at first, like unbidden guests; but if, when entered, they are made welcome, and kindly entertained, the case is the same as if they had been invited from the beginning.

If we are thus accountable to God for thoughts either voluntarily introduced, or deliberately indulged, we are no less so, in the last place, for those which find admittance into our hearts from supine negligence, from total relaxation of attention, from allowing our imagination to rove with entire license, "like the eyes of a fool, towards the ends of the earth."

Our minds are, in this case, thrown open to folly and vanity. They are prostituted to every evil thing which pleases to take possession. The consequences must all be charged to our account, and in vain we plead excuse from human infirmity. Hence it appears, that the great object at which we are to aim in governing our thoughts, is, to take the most effectual

measures for preventing the introduction of such as are sinful; and for hastening their expulsion, if they shall have introduced themselves without consent of the will. But when we descend into our breasts, and examine how far we have studied to keep this object in view, who can tell "how oft he hath offended?" In no article of religion or morals are men more culpably remiss, than in the unrestrained influence they give to fancy; and that too, for the most part, without remorse. Since the time that reason began to exert her powers, thought, during our waking hours, has been active in every breast, without a moment's suspension or pause.

The current of ideas has been always flowing. The wheels of the spiritual engine have circulated with perpetual motion. Let us ask, what has been the fruit of this incessant activity, with the greater part of mankind? Of the innumerable hours that have been employed in thought, how few are marked with any permanent or useful effect? How many have either passed away in idle dreams, or have been abandoned to anxious, discontented musings, to unsocial and malignant passions, or to irregular and criminal desires?

Had we the power to lay open that storehouse of iniquity which the hearts of too many conceal; could we draw out and read to them a list of all the imaginations they have devised, and all the passions they have indulged in secret, what a picture of men should we present to themselves! What crimes would they appear to have perpetrated in secrecy, which to their most intimate companions they durst not reveal!

Even when men imagine their thoughts to be innocently employed, they too commonly suffer them to run out into extravagant imaginations, and chimerical plans of what they would wish to attain, or choose to be, if they could frame the course of things according to their desire. Though such employment of fancy come not under the same description with those which are plainly criminal, yet, wholly unblamable they seldom are. Besides the waste of time which they occasion, and the misapplication which they indicate of those intellectual powers that were given

to us for much nobler purposes, such romantic speculations lead us always into the neighborhood of forbidden regions. They place us on dangerous ground. They are, for the most part, connected with some one bad passion; and they always nourish a giddy and frivolous turn of thought. They unfit the mind for applying with vigor to rational pursuits, or for acquiescing in sober plans of conduct. From that ideal world in which it allows itself to dwell, it returns to the commerce of men, unbent and relaxed, sickly and tainted, averse to discharging the duties, and sometimes disqualified even for relishing the pleasures of ordinary life.

(Written for THE HARR.)

DR. FAUSTUS, AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth of England was a great Queen; so at least Mr. Frodoe says, and that after all is something; but then she was envious as a decayed beauty, jealous as a dishonest spouse, and cruel as a cat. However, her fame, such as it was, had penetrated into Germany, even to the cell of the world-renowned magician Doctor Faustus, which indeed was perhaps not to be wondered at, seeing that it doubtless came there with the devil. Anxious to ascertain for himself, whether history had belied this great Queen as much in her good qualities, as it has been reticent of her bad ones, Faustus set out for England. How he journeyed thither is not known; whether on a broomstick or bats' wings, or honestly by coach-and-four, history recordeth not, albeit it has recorded less important things. As the roads in those days were bad in Germany; as Dutch horses are proverbially slow and fat; and as time with magicians must be doubly precious, seeing there is so much uncertainty about their future, the probabilities are, Faustus used a broomstick. "Lightning Expresses" were not in vogue in those days. Arrived in England Elizabeth soon learned of his presence. As in order to induce the Sultan

* Dr. Lee, another of Elizabeth's pet necromancers, travelled with three coaches-and-four, and had a guard of soldiers sent to protect him.

† Stowe tells us that Queen Elizabeth would wear none but silk stockings, (i. e. when she could get them from Spain.) But then Stowe, though a historian, had been a tailor.

Amurath III. to help her to crush out the Papists, the Queen had just proposed to turn Turk; it is not to be wondered at, if she summoned forthwith to her august presence the devil's headman. Between a Mahommedan and a magician there is not much to choose; the eshad of the prophet and the cabala of the magician are cater-cousins. The Queen was delighted with the Doctor, in which her taste was not singular, as he was already much admired—by the devil. The Doctor, on his part, found her better than he expected, although it was easy to see that she thought very much too much of herself. Of wit he found she had a fair share, of beauty much less, of vanity enough, and to spare for twenty Queens. As it would not have been either polite or politic to have alluded to the two latter facts, he kept them to himself.

One day, after having given an audience to some Christian ambassadors, the Queen sent for the devil's. The Doctor was drawing a horoscope for one of the Queen's maids; when he received the summons, but hastened to attend. Meanwhile, the great Queen having dressed that day with extraordinary splendour, was engaged "pour passer le temps," in surveying her charms in the various mirrors of her boudoir. It was a satisfactory recreation, for her silks were of the richest, her satins of the softest, and her lillies and roses, the very best gold could buy—the lillies a little too China-white, her roses a little too rouge; but this is a matter of taste, and the great Queen who had paid for them, being evidently satisfied, we historians, who did not pay for them, have no reason to grumble. "England's greatest Queen" had just assumed an attitude, when the Doctor entered. Faustus was the most adroit of courtiers that could have been found even in those high days of diplomacy, always excepting Cranmer, who had changed his coat oftener than he changed his shirt. Albeit there may be many reasons why a courtier should not be a conjuror, there are none why a conjuror should not be a courtier. Faustus was both in one, and as he knew well, even in Germany, the Queen's amiable foible as to her imaginary beauty, he took care by arts known to many others than conjurors to improve the occasion. He was wonderstruck; he was thunderstruck; he was struck all of a heap, and took care to let it be noticed. It won him a ruby ring of great value. The Queen, flattered by the Doctor's well simulated bedazzlement, drew a magnificent ring from her finger, which the Doctor drew on his.

"I am jassable then?" said the Queen. On this the Doctor wished himself at the devil (his ordinary resting place,) if he or anyone else had ever seen her equal.

"Oh! Faustus? wicked man! you flatter," said the Queen. "If the beauties of other days could only appear—

"I dare the proof. Say but the word, incomparable Queen, and they come!"

The Doctor, of course, never expected the Queen would accept the proof; but whether her inordinate vanity led her to expect that her charms would be sure to be victorious, or whether she really wished to try the necromancer's power, of which she appears to have been extraordinarily credulous, she begged earnestly, that the beauties should be immediately summoned.

Faustus requested her majesty to pass into a little gallery, near the apartment, while he went for his book, his ring, his large black mantle, and his large black cat. There was a door at each end of the gallery, and it was decided, that the beauties should come in at one and go out of the other, so that the Queen might have a full view of them. Only two of her courtiers were admitted to this scene—the Earl of Essex and Sir Philip Sidney. Her majesty was seated in the middle of the gallery with the Earl and the Knight standing respectively and respectfully behind her. The magician, on his return, duly surrounded them with a magic circle, tracing another with great cabalistic lore around himself and his cat. The beauties were to pass in review between them. When this was finished Faustus warned the Queen not to speak a word whilst they should be on the stage, and above all, not to appear frightened. This latter advice was needless, as the Queen feared neither angel nor devil, if indeed she believed in either. "And now," inquired the Doctor "which is the *belle* your majesty would first wish to see?"

"We will commence," said the Queen, "with Helen."

The magician, with an ever changing countenance, exclaimed, "Sit still!"

Sidney's heart beat fast. Essex turned pale. The Queen, thanks to her chalk and rouge, did not evince the slightest emotion.

After certain incantations, and contortions, the lovely Helen made her appearance. She was duly dressed 'a la Grecque,'—her hair ornamented with pearls; a superb *agrette* upon her brow. She passed slowly onwards, paused a moment before the Queen, as though to be able to recognize her when they should next meet, and then vanished through the opposite door.

Scarcely had she vanished before the Queen exclaimed, "What! is that thing Helen? I don't pretend to be a beauty, (which was a lie for her), but I would not exchange faces!"

"I told your majesty how it would be," said the enchanter, remembering the ruby ring, "and yet there she is, just as she was in her palmist days. About the same age as your majesty."

"She has fine eyes," observed Essex.

"Yes! large and lustrous!" said Sidney.

"Betel-nut, perhaps!" suggested the Queen, who knew her own love for ex-

tant. The black cat gave a purr of approval.

"But, after all," said Essex, "What do they say?"

"Nothing," replied Sidney, "they are sadly wanting in expression."

The Queen, who, as we have said, was that day extravagantly rouged, asked if they did not think Helen's complexion *too* China white.

"China?" exclaimed Essex. "*Delf*, absolute *delf*." Here the Earl was more polite than accurate. Though a good courtier, being a bachelor, he would have made an indifferent tire woman. Or, perhaps, he wished the Queen to believe that he was totally ignorant of her pearl powder and rouge.

"And as for her dress," said the Queen, surveying herself in one of the mirrors, "she is a regular *dossey*!"

"Oh! as for the dress," said Essex, "it is well enough; which is more than can be said of the wearer."

"And then her Grecian nose, (the Queen's was Roman.) What think you of that, Sir Philip?" asked her majesty.

"As your majesty does," returned the adroit courtier, "But her eye has expression."

"Just now," thought Faustus, "he said they had none."

This liberal critique on the fair Helen, having ended, the Queen asked to see Matilda, of Flanders, William the Conqueror's Queen.

The magician's face again appeared; as in the throes of a mortal agony; the eyes of the black cat shot fire. Essex and Sir Philip, having seen the quiet comportment of the Trojan Queen, who, when, in the flesh, had so much trouble to the world, took heart-o'-grace, and awaited Matilda, without blenching.

At length a guazy figure appeared at the door, which became more defined as it advanced into the gallery, until Matilda of Flanders stood full in the presence of Elizabeth. Her costume was singularly dignified and becoming; dictated as it was by that refined taste, which declined, alas! so sadly after the taking of Constantinople. As a Grecian statue she would have been faultless. Her robe simply gathered round the throat, a flowing veil falling from the back of the head on the shoulders, was confined by an elegant circlet of gems. The face was beautiful and delicate; her (own) hair fell in waving tresses round her throat; with one hand she confined her drapery and held a book; in the other she extended her sceptre towards the Queen with singular grace and dignity. After pausing before the Queen for a few moments and casting a glance

* A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered, with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster farthingale and bushel of pearls, are the peculiarities by which everyone recognises at once the portraits of England's greatest Queen.

of pity not-unmixed with contempt upon her obsequious courtiers, who felt its import, she passed out.

"What! is that fright, Matilda the great conqueror's Queen!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "No wonder she comes from Flanders."

"Is she not a vixen?" exclaimed Essex, who was still smarting from her glance.

"A little minx," said Sydney. "She required a conqueror for a husband."

"Sirs," said Elizabeth, the light of the old Tudor fire flashing in her eyes, "you forget she was Queen of England. It is not for such as you to speak thus disrespectfully of royalty."

The Earl and the Knight, thus reproved, exchanged significant glances behind her majesty's chair. Sydney understood, that the subject of a husband was a forbidden one in the presence of the *virgin* Queen, and resolved to try to mend his manners accordingly.

"She had at least beautiful hands," he suggested; "worthy to work that glorious tapestry," which is still preserved in the Cathedral of Bayeux.

"Fit work for a needlewoman," pouted the Queen, who hated work; and especially ornamental work done by a beautiful woman, and who, however she might disapprove of a too liberal critique on royalty from her courtiers, felt no great quams of conscience for her own.

"She was at least an obedient spouse," said Essex, who, smarting under the Queen's reproof, meant mischief.

Here Faustus, seeing the storm arising, interposed, asking, "Whom he should summon next?"

"Berengaria of Navarre, wife of the lion-hearted King," said Elizabeth, diverted from her rising anger by the adroit necromancer.

Again the black cat's eyes shot fire—again the magician's face was contorted; again he uttered his approved cabala; and again an apparition appeared at the furthest door. It was Berengaria of Navarre, habited as Richard's bride. Her tresses were flowing over her shoulders; her hair parted a *la vierge* on her brow; a transparent veil open on each side like mantillas of her native Spain, hung down her back; confined by a regal diadem of unusual splendour, studded with several bands of gems, surmounted by "fleurs de lis." Altogether, she presented an appearance every way worthy of the spouse of so great a King. Slowly she advanced towards the Queen; and with so ineffable a grace that Elizabeth's envy knew no bounds, and when, as she passed the gentle Berengaria, cast a look of reproach, first at Elizabeth, and then towards Essex, who knew and felt its full import. England's greatest Queen, forgetting herself in her rage, stepped out of her circle to strike the upbraiding beauty, exclaiming, "You fright."

No sooner had the words passed her lips

than a clap of thunder shook the whole palace; the black cat yelled cabalistic words in a hoarse human voice—a black sulphurous cloud filled the whole gallery; bats and screech-owls appeared to flit about the apartment; small fantastic lightnings played left and right from the spot where the lovely Berengaria had last been seen.

When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician slowly picking himself up from the ground, his cap here, his wig there, his once large flowing robe torn to tatters, whilst the big black cat was rubbing itself with arched back against his legs, and purring lustily as if to assure him; that though somewhat discomposed, he was not quite gone to the devil yet. Nor did the rest of the company come off unscathed. Essex's eyebrow were scorched to their roots; Sir Sidney's left moustache was now inventa; whilst the Queen's china, white and rouge, were so mixed with black as to make a very decided *drab*. Next morning by daylight, Doctor Faustus sat in his library in his beloved Fatherland, with a ruby ring upon his finger, looking very tumbled and tossed, but decidedly a wiser if a sadder man.

Written for THE HARP.

PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

When the present number reaches our readers the Pilgrimage to Rome will long since have ceased to be a subject of conversation. All that can be told of the Pious Journey will have been said, and the interest which it awakened will have been transferred to some more novel theme. Nor do we give the present report, as a piece of news, we simply introduce it into the pages of THE HARP, that it may serve as a memorial to recall, in years from now, the pious Pilgrimage undertaken by a few of our Catholic fellow-citizens.—We give a detailed account of the journey, that so noble an enterprise may not be forgotten. In a long time from now, when the grave will have closed over the Pilgrims and their friends, a chance reader of THE HARP will know that in the annals of Catholicity the year 1877 was one of glorious triumph for the Church militant, and of ineffable consolation to the grand Old Man who, from his prison in Rome, so ably guides his flock. As all are aware in June last the Catholic World celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Episcopate of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. From all parts of the world, devout Catholics came to lay the homage of their filial love and unswerving fidelity at the feet of the Pontiff. To Montreal, the Rome of America, is due the credit of being the promoters of the Canadian Pilgrimage. Mr. M. C. Mullarkey, the energetic President of the St. Patrick's National Association, took the matter in hand at

an early date, and whatever success has attended the trip of the Irish Canadian contingent is mostly owing to his unceasing effort to obtain it. Thursday, April 19th, was the day fixed for the departure of the Pilgrims, and from an early hour, the city was astir. Mass was sung at 8 o'clock in St. Patrick's Church, by His Lordship Bishop Fabre, and the edifice was crowded almost to "overflowing." The beloved Pastor spoke a few touching words of Farewell at the conclusion of the service, and the congregation dispersed to meet again at three o'clock in the Bonaventure Depot. The scene here was one long to be remembered. Each Pilgrim wore a small white badge with an image of the Sacred Heart, and the words "Heart of Jesus, Protect Pius the Ninth, inscribed around it. Headed by the venerable Father Dowd, they passed through the Depot and boarded the cars. Immediately the train was crowded. Old and young were eager for a last word from their "Sogarth aroon," and each left happy, for Father Dowd, with his usual urbanity, had kindly replied to every one who came to bid him "God Speed." But the whistle sounded, and amidst tears and good wishes the "Pilgrim train" moved slowly out of the station. The Pastor and Rev. F. Callaghan with uncovered heads responded gracefully to the last good-bye of the assembled thousands. The band struck up the "Wearing of the Green," and the last one saw of our departing friends was the well-known figure of Mr. Bernard Tansy; who, from the platform of the "Pullman," was energetically waving the "Honored Flag of Green." After a pleasant trip the Pilgrims and the friends who accompanied them, arrived safe in New York. Here they were met by a Committee of seven, who, in the name of the New York Catholics, tendered them a hearty welcome to their city. On arriving at the St. Nicholas Hotel, where rooms had been prepared for the travellers, a grand reception was held. Clergymen of all denominations, visitors from all parts of New York and from neighboring cities, personally offered to the Pilgrims their warmest wishes for success and "safe home." Next morning, grand Mass was celebrated by his eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, and after a farewell sermon by Vicar General Quinn, the Cardinal advanced to the Communion rails, and in a brief but most pathetic discourse gave his blessing to the kneeling congregation. The scene at this moment was grand in the extreme. Through the stained windows of the Cathedral a struggling sun-beam stole quietly in and rested on the brilliantly decorated altar. The majestic figure of Bishop McCloskey, his rich Pontifical robes, his noble mien as he lifted his eyes to Heaven, and with outstretched hands invoked God's fullest blessings on the kneeling congregation,

all formed a picture of grandeur and magnificence never found outside the wall of a Catholic church. At twelve, sharp, the good ship "City of Brussels" was moored in the wharf, and boarded by the pilgrims, their friends accompanying them in boats as far as "Standy Hook." We will not attempt to describe the last farewells, on the sincerity with which each one wished the other "Good bye and Heaven bless you". Long after the quiet calm of the bay told that already the steamer with its precious cargo, was far out of sight lonely friends waited on shore, vainly looking for a last glimpse of the departing "City of Brussels."

Rules had been made for the disposal of time while on board, and during the prolonged trip, they were followed minutely. Mass at 7.30 every morning, in the improvised chapel which, by the way, was called "St. Patrick's," in the course of the day the Pilgrims reassembled for beads, and at 8 p. m. for evening prayer. The hours mean time were pleasantly, but soberly, whiled away, each contributing to the amusement of the other. We will not dwell on the anxiety which pervaded the Dominion when week after week passed away, and no news came of the ship's safe arrival; but we will here pay a graceful tribute to the Christian charity manifested by our Protestant brethren for the welfare of the absent ones. From the Pulpit of St. George's, St. Andrew's, as well as from the altars of St. Patrick's and St. Ann's, arose prayers, heartfelt, true and sincere for the safety of the Catholic friends. Heaven heard the petition, for after thirty days sailing, with a broken shaft, the long-looked for steamer weighed anchor at Liverpool, to the intense joy of thousands of anxious expectant friends. London was soon reached, where amongst the gentlemen composing the reception committee, many had the pleasure of renewing old acquaintance with the gifted member for Mayo, Mr. O'Connor Power. Leaving London, a quick journey brought our friends to Calais, from whence they proceeded direct to Lourdes. Here a halt was made, Mass offered in thanksgiving, in the "Chapel at the Grotto," and after leaving offerings at the shrine, the party left Lourdes for Marseilles which was reached on June 8th. A procession took place here, after which a final farewell was paid to "Sunny France," and our Pilgrims turned their steps towards Genoa, passing on their way south to Nice, Pisa, and in the eastern distance, the historical St. Elba. Finally, Rome, dear immortal Rome, was reached on the 13th of June, at 1.30 p. m. We will leave to the reader the task of picturing out Canadian Pilgrims, stepping on Roman ground on truly Catholic soil. For, not even the unhallowed steps of Garibaldi and his impious hordes, can make us forget that this same Rome, once saw in its

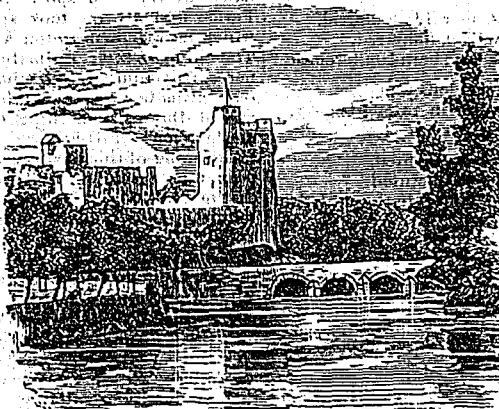
streets the forms of Catholic Martyrs, virgins and matrons. Truly the hour of landing must have been one of sweet, holy consolation. The fatigues incidental to travelling must have been forgotten in the happy attainment of the soul's most ardent wish of seeing Rome. We regret not having space to give extracts from a short series of letters which appeared in the "True Witness." The writer fully describes the trip, and to him we are indebted for the outline of this report. As we have said, Rome was reached on Wednesday, the 13th, and during the following days the many points of interest in the City were visited. The church of St. Paul's erected on the spot where the two apostles of Rome met after a long separation, the prison called "Mamertine," where so many martyrs were confined, the altar where St. Bernard said his first Mass, St. Mary Magiore, the church of the Holy Cross, the Holy Stairs which tradition tells us are those taken from Pilate's house, and which our Saviour descended after his scourging. The original steps are covered, first in marble, then in wood, and finally, on Thursday the pilgrims visited the magnificent St. Peter's. We admit at once our inability to describe this wonderful work of man's genius and Catholic piety. Its grand beauty defies description. Some one has said, "See Venice and die," it would be no poorer taste to prefer seeing Rome; instead, did that city possess no other work than St. Peter's, and the Vatican.

The Holy Father had named eleven as the hour in which he would give audience to the Irish Canadian Pilgrims, and punctually at that hour they were assembled in the Basilica. We can not refrain from giving the words of a Pilgrim to describe this scene. "The Pope appeared at 12.45 p. m., and we presented the address; Father Dowd delivering it, and after he finished it he kissed the Holy Father's ring followed by some few of the other Pilgrims. It would be impossible to describe in words the magnificence of the scene. The grand Basilica of St. Peter's, the venerable figure of the aged Pontiff and ourselves, pilgrims from the other world coming over 5000 miles to pay homage to our spiritual Chief, all made a sight worthy of being treasured up in memory as long as any of us should breathe." Rome was left on the 16th for Florence, the City of the Medici, after a tour of inspection, the party sailed for Venice. Here much pleasure was experienced by the Canadians in sailing around in Gondolac. Byron's house was visited, and the allegorical Bridge of Sighs, St. Mark's Church, and on the 19th the beautiful ocean bound city was left behind. Turin was the next stopping place, and its handsome Cathedral duly admired. But a short delay was made here, and on the 21st Paris was reached, noisy, bustling,

fashionable Paris. It would take a month to see all the Parisian sights, so but a hurried visit was paid to almost every point of interest in the City. Pere la Chaise demanded their first attention, and among the many noble names one reads on the tombstones there, few recall nobler deeds than the unlettered slab that marks the resting place of "Marshal Ney." The Hotel des Invalides was next seen where rests the ashes of Napoleon. The Tuileries, Jardins des Plantes, and other noted places received due attention until the 24th, when London was reached. The stay here was short, for after Rome had been seen each pilgrim longed for a glimpse of Erin's dear old shores; and a hearty cheer from all on board went up, when the steamer was known to be gliding on the far famed waters of the "Bay of Dublin." God bless the lovely land, we have often wondered what charms lie in everything pertaining to her. We, of Irish descent, love her songs, her stories, her poets and martyrs, even a stranger from the Emerald Isle is not indifferent to us. It is little wonder then that after years of absence, the pleasure of being "Home again" for no where else is home, should amount almost to frantic enthusiasm. Dublin was visited; Dublin where every thing spoke of "What Ireland was what it still might be if it was allowed. Dublin where still reigns the echoes of eloquence from the lips of a Grattan, Curran, Flood, Ponsonby, Plunkett and thousands of others; then the Four Courts, Trinity College, Custom House, the old Parliament Houses, now desecrated by being made a "Bank." Surely Dublin is a "Monumental City." Alas, that the monuments but tell tales of "departed glory of better days gone by." We fear we are partial in dwelling on Dublin when other capitals were merely mentioned, so we will leave the dear old city and proceed to Cork from whence we have been told some of the bachelor Pilgrims took a trip to the "Blarney Stone." "Much good may it do them." A trip up the "Shannon, across the Plains of Boyle, thence to Ballymean. Many of the Pilgrims being near their birth place, they had the pleasure of revisiting many an old haunt. The party here dispersed, to meet in Sligo on the 12th. A round trip was organized and after a pleasant journey Dublin was reached in the evening of the 17th. On the 23rd a trip to Wicklow was taken, and here one may see some of the finest scenery in the world. Next came Killarney, the far-famed lovely lake, then (a round way sure enough) to Limerick junction, Thules, Portalling, and Dundalk in the County Louth. It had been understood that on the 1st of August a general meeting of the Montreal Pilgrims would take place in Cork, accordingly our friends re-assembled there, and on the 3rd of August

embarked on board the "City of Chester" for home again. We will allow "a pilgrim" to speak—"Hundreds of friends, came as far as Queenstown to wish us God speed and bon-voyage across the Atlantic. The parting from friends, was cordial, yet a little melancholy. Fathers Sheehy and Dowling sang "Home sweet Home." Handkerchiefs waved, a hearty cheer went up, and amidst prayers and good wishes, the good ship City of Chester, sailed majestically and very soon left the shore of Green Erin looming misty but beautiful on our weather-bow." New York was reached after a pleasant trip, and our Pilgrims, with their loved Pastor at their head, was greeted by representatives of the National Societies in Montreal. No delay was made, in that city, and after an absence of four months and some odd days, our friends Home again. The splendid triumphal procession which met them, needs no words of ours to recall it to our reader's memory.

Never before was so truly sincere a demonstration seen in the streets of Montreal. Thousands lined every place where the cortege passed, fireworks and illuminations were the order of the day; in a word it was a heart whole Irish welcome tendered by Catholics to the Pastor of their church. A pleasant epilogue to the pilgrimage was the presentation of an address accompanied by an oil painting of himself, to the Rev. Father Dowd by the officers and members of the St. Patrick's National Association. The venerable recipient responded in a most appropriate manner. Thus ended the Pilgrimage, but for long time yet, the many souvenirs it awakened in the minds of every Catholic in the world, will live bright and verdant when, probably, the "grand Old Man," in whose honor it was held, will have left his earthly prison, for his immortal home in Heaven.



CAHIR CASTLE.

Cahir Castle stands on the Suir near the town of Cahir, which in former times it protected. It is said to occupy the site of a structure of the remotest antiquity, one of the old earthen forts or duns which are so common in Ireland.

The castle, which is of considerable extent, but irregular outlines, consists of a great square keep, surrounded by extensive outworks, forming an outer and inner bailliou, these outworks being flanked by seven towers, four of which are circular, and three of larger size square. Cahir Castle has often been mentioned in Irish history. It was besieged and taken by the Earl of Essex in 1599, and again by Cromwell in 1650.

LADIES ON HORSEBACK.—Riding on horseback is a useful as well as graceful means of exercise too much neglected by young ladies. A canter for a few miles is a most admirable prompter of female beauty and

health. The cheeks, the eyes, lips, and every feature of the fair questrian, when she dismounts, possess the fresh and sparkling grace which is one of the most important requisites in feminine loveliness, and which can be imparted only by the purity of the blood and its brisk and equal circulation, which are produced by temperature and exercise. The pale, sickly languid countenance of that lady whose hours of leisure have been passed without occupation within her chamber, or in listlessly lounging upon a sofa or couch, may present attractions to such as have selected their standard of beauty from among the victims of a round of fashionable dissipation; but every man of sense and genuine taste will prefer the ruddy glow of health, the active, agile step, and exuberant gaiety of her who is accustomed to spend some time every day in active exercise, on foot or on horseback, in the open air.

DIES IRÆ.

Day of fury, when earth dying,
Melts to ashes, justifying
David's Sybil's prophesying!

Then, weird horrors round him falling,
Man, distraught, hell's doom forestalling,
Shall behold the judge appalling.

At the dreadful trumpet's sounding
Through sepulchral realms astounding
Hosts shall rise, God's throne surrounding.

Nature, Death, aghast, affrighted,
Then will view from depths benighted,
Myriad life-flames re-ignited.

Wide unclasped, the Book of Ages
Fears shall wake no hope assuages,
All the world's doom on its pages.

When the Judge hath ta'en His station,
Hidden sins in full relation
Shall be seen with consternation.

Where, 'mid woes, so wild, so horrid,
Aid for me, this wretch abhorred,
Steeped in crimes, with brand on forehead?

King of dread stupendous glory,
Thorn-crowned, robed in raiments gory.
Close in bliss, my life's sad story!

Gentle Jesus, Christ appointed,
With all-saving blood anointed,
Bear me where Thy Cross hath pointed!

Saviour, make thy act no seeming,
Wrought with pangs, 'mid rage blaspheming
Countless swarms from wrath redeeming.

Judge inexorable, hear me;
Or, on that fierce day, I fear me,
Even thy mercy scarce can clear me.

All my secret sins bewailing,
Dumb with shame at their unveiling,
Make, O God, my cries prevailing!

Thou, Who Mary of the garden,
And the dying thief didst pardon,
Grant even me Hope's heavenly guerdon!

Worthless though my prayers, benignly
Save me by Thy grace divinely,
Stretched 'mid purging fires supinely.

Shepherd, 'midst the flock enfold me.
Nor with horned herd behold me,
Having on thy right enrolled me.

When the damned down pit infernal,
Have been hurled to flames eternal,
Lift me, Lord, to joys supernal.

Weeping, prostrate, suppliant, mourning,
All my heart to ashes turning,
Snatch me from the final burning.

On that day of tears and anguish,
When its crowning torments languish,

Saints on wings of glory bearing
From the groans of the despairing,

Sweetest Jesus, Lord of splendor,
Bid my soul to Thee surrender.

The Heroines of Jemappes.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Count Felix de Fernig was the representative of an ancient family in the southeast of France, who inherited sufficient to support the rank of a country gentleman, and maintain in comfort, if not in luxury, a household consisting of himself, a son, and two daughters, together with a considerable body of servants and retainers. The storm of the Revolution of '89, when it burst over the kingdom, found this family among the happiest and most united in the country. They seldom visited the capital, and when they did, their stay was never of more than a few weeks' duration. They found rural enjoyment and amusement perfectly suited to their taste, and they seldom cared to change them for others less congenial. The ladies were constant in their attendance at the field sports in which M. de Fernig and his son took special delight, which insured them to toil and endurance. The circle of their intimate society was necessarily limited, but among their closest intimates was a neighboring family named Duprez, consisting of father and mother, son and daughter. At the time of the opening of this narrative Achille Duprez was, according to local gossip, the destined husband of Felicite, the Count de Fernig's eldest daughter; and the same authority had it that Pauline Duprez was to become Viscountess de Fernig, and, in the course of time, Countess of that ilk. Village small talk had not yet found a husband for Theophile, the Count's youngest daughter; but as she was only fifteen and the family lived most happily and comfortably together, there was plenty of time to match her suitably. Even match-making gossip was in no hurry to dispose of the fair hand of the lovely Theophile.

The happiness which this united family enjoyed was interrupted by the outbreak of the great Revolution. M. de Fernig had never taken any active part in politics; but though a noble, and as such, naturally disposed to side with the Court party, yet he was one of those sensible, moderate men, who saw and admitted the existence of long-standing political abuses, and recognized the necessity of ample reforms. When, however, the Revolution began to exhibit symptoms of those excesses that subsequently deluged the soil of France with the best blood of her people, M. de Fernig began to regret even the passive countenance he had afforded the great political movement, and felt half inclined to swell with his family the tide of emigration then setting out in possible directions. When he saw those moderate Constitutionalists, the Girondists, superseded in the direction of public opinion by such men as Robespierre, Marat, Hebert, Danton, St. Just, etc., he thought that his

country, no longer afforded shelter, or security to her well-disposed citizens, and he had his mind made up to go over to England or go somewhere else, when the advance of the Austrians upon the country aroused his patriotic ardor, and determined him to remain where his services might be useful in repelling the invader. Young de Fernig held a lieutenant's commission in the army, and the father himself had served in his youth; so the military instincts of the family had no small share in leading to the conclusion just stated; and it had been decided that the male members of the household should risk the hazards of the impending war, while the females were to remain in the seclusion of home away from the dangers and hardships of campaigns.

But those arrangements were not of long duration. The Fernigs, father and son, together with Achille Duprez, departed to join the army under the command-in-chief of Dumouriez; and the campaign had not been many weeks old when two novel recruits were added to the force. These were uniform of staff officers; but under the casques of the cavaliers appeared two female faces of remarkable loveliness. "Their modesty, their blushes, and their grace," says the historian of their exploits, "under the uniform of officers of the staff, formed a contrast to the masculine figures of the warriors who surrounded them." We need scarcely say they were the Mesdemoiselles de Fernig, who had resolved upon sharing the fortunes in the field of their father and brother. They were, in the words of Lamartine—it will be seen that we are not treating of imaginary personages—"two young girls whose tenderness for their father and passion for their country, had torn them from the shelter of their sex and age and thrown them, into camp. Their filial love had left them no other asylum."

After the departure of their relatives for the army, they found their home a solitude; added to which was the feeling of filial tenderness which burned within them, and would have rendered an elysium miserable, their father being absent from it, so they decided upon the extraordinary step which we have seen them take. Their application to the Convention was promptly responded to; and the Government not only recommended them to the Commander-in-Chief, but cited their names as an example to France, and sent them horses and arms of honor, in the name of the country.

Dumouriez was well disposed to pay cordial attention to the recommendation of the authorities, and the objects of Government patronage well merited the confidence of the executive, and the friendship of the general. Among the heroism displayed on the field of Jemappes, that of those simple country girls was the most

conspicuous, and laudable. There they fought, triumphed, and, with true feminine tenderness, saved the lives of their wounded enemies, after having conquered them. "Tass," says their poetic eulogist, "never invented in Clorinda more heroism, more of the marvellous, and more love, than the Republic was compelled to admire in the exploits and in the destiny of those two heroines of liberty."

The young girls were, with their father and brother, always personally attached to the Commander-in-Chief, and they continued to wear the dress, the arms, and to perform the functions of staff orderly officers. Their courage, intrepidity, and devotion to the service endeared them to the General, who pointed them out as models for the imitation of his soldiers. They had fought valiantly at Valmy, and looked forward to the campaign of Jemappes with the ardor of the heroines of antiquity. On the day of Jemappes, where the Austrians had a foretaste of these numerous dire-reverses that had their term at Leipsic, the services of the heroic sisters were conspicuous upon a field of patriotic and victorious heroes. Felicite, the elder, followed the young Duc de Chartres (afterwards Louis Philippe, destined to experience so many startling vicissitudes between that triumphant day and the day of his death, in his third or fourth exile, at Clermont), on horseback, and did not quit him during the battle. The second, the beautiful Theophile, prepared herself to carry to old General Ferrand the orders of the General-in-Chief, and to march with him to the assault of the redoubts on the left wing, which he commanded.

"Dumouriez," says Lamartine, "showed these two charming heroines to his soldiers as models of patriotism, and minded the army of those marvellous aspirations, those genii protectors of the people, at the head of armies on the day of battle. Liberty, like religion, was worthy of having her miracles also."

It is not necessary to give in this place a description of the great battle of Jemappes, or to enlarge upon the political results that followed the victory. It is sufficient to say that the Austrians were routed out of Belgium, which became a French province; that the victory, inflamed Dumouriez with the desire of restoring the fallen monarchy at Paris; that Danton intrigued for the elevation to the throne of the Duke of Orleans, who, by his counsel, hung on the heels of the victorious army, to whose triumphs and glory his two sons, DeChartres and DeMontpensier, then little more than a child, considerably contributed; that the Ultra or Red Republicans finally triumphed over moderation and mercy; and that such of the nobles of the land, or those suspected of sympathizing with them in any way, or on any account, as escaped the guillotine, had to fly the country, and seek refuge in a

oreign land the preservation of a precarious existence.

Local Gossip had for once been in error in depositing of the affections of the Fernig heroines. The fact is, that during the campaigns of Argonne and Jemappes, Felicite de Fernig preserved her heart intact for her country, and as she often hoped, for her charming queen, and their two lovely children; for the sighs of the Temple captives were re-echoed in many a gallant breast besides those of the Fernigs in the French army. Not so, however, with Theophile. Young Duprez, as well as the Fernig family, held rank on the General's staff, and the love which he had borne Theophile from her early childhood, unknown to the gossips, her family, and all save herself, who had an instinctive inkling of it from the beginning, manifested itself in the special care which the young squire took of the lovely girl during the war, and the special solicitude which he evinced for her safety upon all occasions of danger. Of course he was not long in learning that his love was not misplaced; and he had the additional gratification of finding that the family of Theophile, Felicite included, approved of their gallant young neighbor, who, when the French entered Brussels, was looked upon by all their mutual acquaintances as the accepted husband of the Count de Fernig's youngest daughter.

The Austrians, though defeated at Jemappes, and compelled to evacuate Mons and Brussels in succession, were not dispersed and broken, thanks to the courage and gallantry of the Hungarian grenadiers; and their retreat before the advancing French was not only slow and orderly, but Dumouriez found it necessary to detach some of his generals occasionally to expedite the retreat of the enemy.

In one of these encounters between the advanced guard of the French and the rearguard of the Austrians, Felicite Fernig, who bore the orders of Dumouriez to the head of his columns, found herself accompanied with only a handful of French hussars, surrounded by a detachment of the enemy's hulans. Avoiding with difficulty the sabers around her, she turned her bridle with a group of hussars to join the column, when she perceived a young officer of the Belgium volunteers, who had been thrown from his horse by a shot, defending himself with his saber against the hulans, who sought to slay him. Although this young officer was unknown to her, Felicite rushed to his succor, killed with two pistolshots two of the hulans, put the others to flight, dismounted from her horse, relieved the wounded man, confided him to her hussars, accompanied him herself to the military hospital, and returned to rejoin her general, after she had seen him properly cared for. This young officer's name was Vanderwalen. Left in the hospitals of Brussels after the separ-

ture of the French army, he forgot his wounds, but could never forget the heroine he had met with on the field of carnage. The countenance of that female, in the dress of a comrade in arms, precipitating herself into the melee to rescue him from death, and leaning afterwards over his blood-stained bed in the military hospital, tenaciously kept place in his remembrance.

As we have already said, and it is well known to those who have studied the great drama, or rather tragedy, of the French Revolution, the most distinguished and valuable services to the nation did not protect those who rendered them with their blood from the fury of the terrorists, whose excesses covered with infamy the Revolutionary Government. But we have little to do in this place with the misdoings of Robespierre and his minions, except so far as they affect the fortunes of the heroic personages of this little story.

"When," says the historian, "Dumouriez had fled to the enemy's land (he deserted in disgust and chagrin to the Austrians), and the army had lost all traces of the two young Amazons, whom it had drawn into its misfortunes and exile, Vanderwalen quitted the military service, and traveled through Germany in search of her to whom he owed his life. Long did he traverse in vain the principal towns of the north, without being able to obtain the slightest indication of the family of Fernig. He discovered them at last, refugees in the heart of Denmark. His gratitude ripened into love for the young girl, who had resumed the dress, the graces, and the modesty of their sex. He espoused and brought her home to his own country. Theophile, her sister and companion in glory, followed Felicite to Brussels. She cultivated the arts—was a musician and poetess, like Vittoria Colonna. She left poems stamped with masculine heroism, feminine sensibility, and worthy of accompanying her name to immortality.

These two sisters, inseparable in life and in the death, as upon the field of battle, repose under the same cypress, in a foreign land. Where are their names upon the marble monuments of our triumphal arches? Where are their pictures at Versailles? Where are their statues upon our frontiers, bedewed with their blood? Where, he might ask, with no better result, are their deeds chronicled in the page of history, except his own? Thiers, the historian of the Revolution, might have afforded them a niche in his elaborate annals of the revolutionary era, but their names do not occur once in his ponderous work.

But our heroines did not go down to the grave before having witnessed the recovery of their native land from the horrors of the Reign of Terror. Theophile after having been married to young Du-

prez, continued to reside with her sister, in Belgium, during the wars of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, in which the husbands of both were prominent actors, winning honors and rewards, till the crowning carnage of Waterloo overwhelmed them; and they fell fighting the battle of that great soldier, whose star they had believed, especially after Quatre Bras and Ligny, to be once more in the ascendant. In this battle also fell young de Fernig; but the Count survived the slaughter of the disastrous day, which, however, proved the term of his military career. He retired to live with his daughters, and to exchange sorrows and condolence with them upon their mutual irreparable losses. Theophile found, in the cultivation and indulgence of her elevating tastes, some refuge from sorrow; and Felicite derived comfort for the present and hope for the future from her care of an only son, who was recently a high official in the Belgian Government

The Wonders of Vibration.

Not long ago a lady was singing in a room where a chandelier with many glass shades was hanging. The lady's voice was loud and strong, and, as she continued her song, her voice shattered one of the glass shades to fragments.

Perhaps that sounds like a strange story to the reader, but voices do and always have done curious things. There was once an innkeeper who added to his earnings by letting his guests see him break drinking-cups with his voice. In the Talmud, the Jews' ancient book of laws, there is something said about the reparation that should be made when an article is broken by the voice of any domestic animal. We are told that on the wild mountain roads of Switzerland, the mulceteers tie up the bells of their mules, lest the tinkling should start an avalanche. A dog can play the pianoforte so far as to make certain strings vibrate by his bark; and, after all, vibration of the strings is what makes all the music of the pianoforte.

Vibration is a moving to and fro as we see the pendulum of a clock do. All things have a certain vibration, though it cannot always be seen; some things have a number of vibrations, in their different parts. And when two things vibrate in time with each other, and are near each other, though it is only air that connects them, the moving of one is affected by that of the other. The lady's voice broke the shade because they vibrated in time with each other, and the motion of that voice so increased the motion of the glass as to loosen its particles and make it fall apart. When two clocks with pendulums that have the same range of vibration, are in the same room, and the clock doors are open, if the pendulum of one is

set in motion, the pendulum of the other will move too. This is the principle; every time the pendulum of the first clock vibrates, it sends a puff of air in the direction of the pendulum of the second clock; and these puffs, continued regularly, set the pendulum of the second clock a-going. When two pianos are in the same room, if the strings of the one are struck, not only will they vibrate, but also the corresponding strings of the other piano, provided that the forte pedal of the second piano has been depressed. And if you whistle a note into a piano or violin, the strings of the instrument in unison with that note, will audibly take it up. A strong gust of wind will uproot a majestic tree when it comes just in time with the tree's own swing or vibration.

The first iron bridge ever built was that at Colebrook Dale, in England. While it was building a fiddler came along, and exclaimed, "I can fiddle that bridge down!" The workmen, a little alarmed, bade him fiddle away to his heart's content. Whereupon the musician tried one note after another upon his instrument until he hit upon one in tune with the movement of the bridge, and then the structure began to quiver so perceptibly that the labourers begged him to cease and let them alone.

It is usual for a band of soldiers, when they come to a bridge, to stop the music and walk over in broken file. Terrible calamities have occurred where this precaution was not taken, as at Angiers, in France, where a suspension-bridge broke in under a body of soldiers marching over in file, and two hundred and eighty lives were lost. Robert Stephenson said there was not so much danger when a bridge was crowded with men or cattle, or when cavalry were on it, as when soldiers passed over keeping step. Indeed if it were possible to make a mouse walk back and forth continuously over a bridge, keeping time with the vibration of the bridge, the mouse would eventually destroy the bridge.

When Galileo discovered that by blowing with his mouth upon a pendulum each time it moved away from him, he could greatly augment its velocity, he arrived at the important fact that a slight impulse, if regularly repeated, may become of great consequence. On the same principle, a heavy bell that a strong man can scarcely move by one pull with all his might, can be set in violent motion by a mere boy, if the lad gives regular pulls at the rope, because each pull slightly increases the bell's vibration. So in swinging a child, if a push is given every time the child comes back, he will keep going higher and higher until he finally goes over the tree, but break the sameness of the motion by giving a push before the swing has come half way back, you will break the swing.

Put a tuning-fork in connection with another tuning-fork of the same pitch, and its strength is increased. The same effect is produced by holding a tuning-fork over the mouth of a bottle, if you apply one that vibrates in time with the air in the bottle. The sound, called the song of the sea, that is heard when a shell is held to the ear, is the vibration of the air in the shell. The music of the mighty organ is caused by the vibration of air in the pipes. Sound is the sensation we experience from vibrations that reach the ear. These vibrations are constantly passing through the air, but other matter may convey them. When a tree is felled, if a person slightly scratches with a pen-knife on one end of the tree, another person, with his ear pressed at the other end can distinctly hear the sound, which in this instance is conveyed through the tree itself.

But what of the statement that two sounds can create a silence? At first thought, as some one has suggested, it seems as absurd as to say that two loaves can make no bread. But when we reflect that sound comes from vibration of the air, we can believe that when two vibrations of opposite systems unite, they sometimes increase sound; and, sometimes, just destroy each other, so making silence. It is with sounds or vibrations of the air, exactly as in the case of the waves of the sea. One wave may join another in such a manner as to ride triumphantly on its crest; or it may just fill up the other's trough, and so stop the motion of both. At one point on the coast of Ireland there is no tide, because the waves of the Irish Sea and the Atlantic Ocean unite in the latter way.

It has been found that the Davy Lamp, invented for colliers to take into the mines is not always a safety lamp, for a very loud noise, like that of a blast in a coal mine, may cause such an increase of vibration that the flame and the outside gas will meet.

At Manchester, in Massachusetts, there is a wonderful singing beach; for, owing to some peculiarity of form, the vibration of the sand on this beach is keenly musical.

There is also on the Peninsula of Mt. Sinai a hill called Gibel Nakus, or Mountain of the Bell, where musical tone are distinctly heard, and have excited much curiosity; and have given rise to various speculations concerning origin. Some years ago a Lieutenant Newbold, of the Madras army, visited this curious hill. Setting off from Wadi Tor, after two hours' riding, and a short walk of half an hour, he reached the place, which he described as a bell-shaped hill, from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet in height. On its western side, which faces the Red Sea, is a slope of about eighty feet, covered with a very fine quartzose sand, varying in depth from

five or six inches to as many feet, according to the form of the sandstone rock, which it covers. This is the spot from which the mysterious sounds issue. Not the slightest noise was heard; but the Arab guide, desiring them to wait still at the bottom of the slope, began to ascend the slope, sinking to his knees at every step. The travellers soon heard a faint sound, resembling the lower string of a violoncello slightly touched; and being disappointed at the result, determined to ascend themselves, in spite of the intense heat of the sun, and the extreme fineness of the sand. On reaching the summit, they sat down to observe the effect. The particles of sand, set in motion, agitated not only those below them; but, though in a less degree, those all around them, like the surface of water disturbed by a stone. In about two minutes they heard a rushing sound, and then the musical tone above alluded to, which gradually increased to that of a deep, mellow church bell, so loud that it recalled the rumbling of distant thunder. This occurred when the whole surface was in motion, and the effect upon themselves, the travellers compared to what they supposed might be felt by persons seated upon some enormous stringed instrument, while a bow was slowly drawn over the chords. They descended while the sound was at his height; and soon after it began to lessen with the motion of the sand, until, at the end of a quarter of an hour, all was perfectly still again.

THE BRAIN.—During sleep, almost all the organs rest. The heart, popularly supposed to be in perpetual motion, is at rest six hours out of the twenty-four, the respiratory organs eight, and the other organs more or less. The brain alone is constantly employed during wakefulness, and for its sleep was formed and made needful to its preservation. It is true that sleep does not give the brain a total recess from labor; imagination and memory are often vividly active during sleep, whole histories being imagined in a night; but enough rest is obtained for the renovation of the brain, and that which has been torn down during wakefulness is to a certain extent rebuilt. Sleep is a most wonderful power—often stronger than the will; as in the case of the sleeping soldier—and more mighty than pain, as when sick persons and tortured prisoners sleep in the midst of their suffering. No torture, it is said, has been found equal to the prevention of sleep. The amount of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habit. Big brains and persons who perform much brain labor need a large amount of sleep. Children need more sleep than grown people because construction is more active than decay in their brains.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

A. Chiefly of the, sons of Cromwellian adventurers, and other supporters of what was called "The Protestant interest." There were a very small number of Catholics yet in the House.

Q. How did the parliament violate the treaty of Limerick?

A. By an act disabling the Catholics from educating their children, or being guardians of their own or other people's children; also by an act disarming the Catholics; and by another act to expel all Catholic prelates and priests from the kingdom. They also passed laws to prevent the intermarriages of Protestants with Catholics; and to prevent Catholics from being attorneys or gamekeepers.

Q. What address did the English parliament present to William in 1693, on the subject of Ireland?

A. An address praying him to discourage the woollen manufacture of Ireland.

Q. What was William's answer?

A. "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture of Ireland, and to encourage the linen manufacture therein."

Q. Did William keep his promise to discourage our woollen trade?

A. He did.

Q. Did he keep his promise to encourage our linen trade?

A. He did not.

Q. In what year did William die?

A. In 1701. He was succeeded by his cousin and sister-in-law, Anne Stuart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Reign of Queen Anne.

Q. What enactments were passed against the Catholics in the reign of Anne?

A. The code, generally, known as the Penal laws.

Q. What were the penalties inflicted by the code?

A. The Catholics were thereby rendered incapable of acquiring landed property in fee, or by lease for any term longer than thirty-one years; and even for that limited term they were not permitted to possess an interest in their land greater than one-third the amount of the rent, on pain of forfeiting the entire to the first Protestant who should discover the extent of such interest.

Q. State some other enactment of the code?

A. If the child of a Papist possessing an estate, should conform to Protestantism, the parent was debarred from disposing of his property by sale, mortgage, or will; and the Court of Chancery was empowered to order an annuity out of the estates for the use of such conforming child.

Q. What other penal laws were passed?

A. Catholics were declared incapable of inheriting the estates of their Protestant relations. The estate of a Catholic who had not a Protestant heir, was to be divided in a gavel among all his children. All men were to be qualified for office, or as voters at elections, by taking the oath of abjuration; and by receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as administered in the Established Protestant Church. A Catholic possessing a horse, no matter of what value, was compelled to surrender the horse to any Protestant on payment of five pounds.

Q. What measure did the English parliament usurp the power of enacting against the Irish Catholics in 1703?

A. "When," says Mr. Prendergast, in his "Cromwellian settlement," "the lands forfeited for the war of 1690 came to be sold at Crichester House in 1703, the Irish were declared by the English parliament incapable of purchasing at the auction, or of taking a lease of more than two acres." Mr. Prendergast adds in a note, "It was when the estate was made the property of the first Protestant Discoverer; that animosity was put into this law."

Discoverers then became like hounds upon the scent after lands secretly purchased by the Irish."

Q. How did the government convert the Catholic owners of such estates to the Protestant religion?

A. By robbing them of their property if they refused to conform. Mr. Prendergast, speaking of the law that gave the estate to the Protestant Discoverer, says, "Gentlemen fearing to lose their lands now found it necessary to conform. Between 1703 and 1709 there were only 36 conformers in Ireland. In the next ten years (that is, after the Discovery Act) the conformists were 150."

Q. Was there a more specific violation of the Treaty of Limerick, than the scandalous enactments you have mentioned?

A. Yes; the parliament enacted a law which, expressly, and by name, deprived the Catholics of Galway and Limerick of the protection guaranteed to them by that treaty.

Q. Was a bribe held out to Catholic priests to become Protestants?

A. Yes; a grant of forty pounds per annum was made to every "Popish" priest who should embrace the established religion.

Q. What was the object of the Irish Protestant parliament in their shameless infraction of the Treaty of Limerick, and their violent and ferocious enactments against their Catholic fellow-countrymen?

A. They were haunted by incessant fears that the Catholics would try to recover the estates which had been wrested from them by every variety of flagitious crime; and they therefore laboured to depress and weaken the objects of their terror to the utmost.

Q. Were there any instances of Protestant good faith in that dark and dreary period?

A. Yes; many instances in private life. Eminent Catholics, who dreaded "Protestant discoverers," often made over their properties in trust to friendly Protestants, even in the humblest ranks, in order to evade the operation of the demon law; and in scarcely any case did the Protestants who were thus confided in, abuse the trust which the Catholic proprietors reposed in them. It is said that one poor Protestant barber had half the Catholic estates of a southern county in trust.

Q. Was there, in this reign, a rumour of an attempt by the son of James the Second to recover the crown of these kingdoms?

A. Yes; in 1708.

Q. What effect had that rumour on the affairs of the Irish Catholics?

Q. It served as a pretext to the Protestant authorities to arrest forty-one of the principal Catholic nobility and gentry.

Q. How did the Irish Catholics at that time feel disposed towards James the Second's family?

A. They regarded them with aversion and disgust; for they had a bitter experience of their tyrannical disposition, treachery, falsehood, and base ingratitude to those who had fought and bled in their cause, and lost their all in their service.

Q. Did the Irish parliament, in the reign of Anne, show a single spark of national feeling?

A. Yes; in 1709 a money bill was thrown out, because the English privy council had presumed to alter it.

Q. What do we learn from this fact?

A. That since the pressure of their own interests could sometimes impel even a parliament so anti-national as was that assembly, to the performance of a patriotic act, the residence of an Irish legislature harmonizing with the Irish people, and truly representing their wishes and interests, would be the best possible safeguard and promoter of the nation's prosperity.

Q. When did Queen Anne die?

A. In August, 1714.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Reign of George the First.

Q. Whilst the Irish parliament was employed in the enactment of restrictive laws against the Catholics, what advantage was taken by the English legislature of the national weakness thus created?

A. In the sixth year of George the First, the English parliament enacted a law, declaring itself possessed of full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people of the kingdom of Ireland. The English parliament also deprived the Irish House of Lords of its final jurisdiction in cases of appeal.

Q. Was not this a gross usurpation of power?

A. Of course it was; but Ireland, from the divisions between her inhabitants, was just then too weak to resist it.

Q. Was the Irish parliament during this reign engaged in imposing new penalties on the Catholics?

A. Yes; such was the insatiation of its bigotry, a bill was actually passed by both Houses, which decreed a personal penalty on every Catholic ecclesiastic, of so revoltingly indecent a nature that it cannot be explicitly mentioned.

Q. Did that bill pass into a law?

A. No; Sir Robert Walpole, the English prime minister, being pressed on the subject by French influences, successfully exerted himself to procure its defeat in the English privy council.

Q. Who was Dean Swift?

A. An Irish Protestant of distinguished abilities. He combined both Protestants and Catholics in powerful opposition to a government scheme for empowering a man named Wood to coin copper money for Ireland. His "Drapier's Letters," which were written on this subject, obtained deserved celebrity at the time; and the spirit of resistance which he aroused succeeded in defeating the object of the government.

Q. What was Dean Swift's doctrine on the subject of allegiance?

A. He said that he owed allegiance to the King, not as King of England but as King of Ireland.

Q. When did George the First die?

A. In 1727.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Reign of George the Second.

Q. What steps did the Catholics take on the accession of George the Second?

A. The nobility and gentry determined to present a loyal address to him.

Q. Was their address presented?

A. No; it was suppressed by the influence of Boulter, the Protestant primate, because he deemed it inconsistent with law that there should be any recognition of the existence of the Irish Catholics as a body in the state.

Q. Did the Irish House of Commons protect the nation's purse in this reign?

A. Yes; in 1731 the government tried to get a grant of the supplies for twenty-one years; but the iniquitous effort was foiled by the Commons.

Q. What was the Adjustment Act?

A. An act passed in 1735, by which all pasture lands were exempted from tithes, or modus for tithe; and the Protestant clergy were only permitted to claim the tithe of tillage and meadow.

Q. Who was lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1745?

A. The celebrated earl of Chesterfield.

Q. Was he a judicious viceroy?

A. Yes; he discouraged informers against "Papists," and conciliated the people of Ireland by mitigating the severities of the existing laws, so far as a mild administration could mitigate them.

Q. Were there not, however, two new penal laws passed during his viceroyalty?

A. Yes; one of these laws dissolved all marriages between Protestants and Papists; the other inflicted the penalty of death on every Catholic priest who should marry two Protestants, or a Protestant and Papist.

Q. In what year did Chesterfield leave Ireland?

A. In 1747.

Q. Who then acquired a leading power in the Irish government?

A. The Protestant prime, Dr. Stone; who, like his predecessor, Boulter, was an Englishman.

Q. What was Stone's policy?

A. He converted his house into a brothel to win the support of the younger members of parliament to his measures by pandering to their vices?

Q. What event occurred in 1759?

A. Carrickfergus was seized by a small French force under the command of Thurot; who, however, soon retired, when he found that he was not sustained by the Catholic inhabitants.

Q. What important legislative measures was contemplated in that year?

A. Ministers projected a legislative union between Ireland and England.

Q. Did this scheme succeed?

A. No; it was abandoned for the time. The people of Dublin were indignant at the design. They rushed into the House of Lords, and compelled such members of both house as they met, to take an oath that they never would consent to the destruction of the Irish parliament.

Q. In what year did George the Second die?

A. In 1760.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Reign of George the Third.

Q. What change occurred in the constitution of the Irish parliament in the earlier part of the reign of George the Third?

A. The members of the House of Commons had previously sat for life; but in 1768, they shortened the duration of each parliament to eight years.

Q. Who was at that time lord lieutenant?

A. Lord Townshend.

Q. What dispute arose between the court and the House of Commons?

A. A money bill had been prepared in England, and was submitted to the House of Commons by the Irish minister; but the Commons threw out the bill, because it had not originated with themselves.

Q. Did Lord Townshend protest against the rejection of the bill by the Commons?

A. He did; but the House refused to enter his protest on their journals.

Q. In what year did the American colonies revolt from England?

A. In 1776.

Q. What effect had the assertion of American independence on the Irish people?

A. It stimulated them, by example, to assert the freedom of their trade, and the independence of their parliament.

Q. Did it furnish them with any facilities for this purpose?

A. Yes; by embarrassing England, which was then engaged in a war against the American states, and could not spare troops to overawe the Irish. For the period of England's difficulty and distress has ever been the period the most favourable to Irish freedom. England's extremity has always been Ireland's opportunity.

Q. Who were the Irish Volunteers?

A. They were an army of citizen-soldiers, who rose up to defend their country, which, in 1778, was threatened with a French invasion.

Q. Where did the enrolment of this citizen-army originate?

A. In Belfast. The people of that town had requested the government to send them a garrison.

Q. What was the answer of the government?

A. That they could not spare them more than half a troop of dismounted cavalry, and half a company of invalids.

Q. When the Belfast Volunteers formed themselves into a corps for the national defence, was their example speedily followed by the other towns throughout the kingdom?

A. Yes; so speedily, that within a few months the volunteer army of Ireland amounted to 42,000 strong.

Q. What were the proceedings of the Irish Parliament?

A. When the house of Parliament found themselves sustained by so powerful an army, they unanimously voted an address to the viceroy, declaring that the nation could only be preserved from ruin, by a free trade; they also voted resolutions of thanks to the different volunteer companies for their spirited patriotism.

Q. In what year was free trade carried by the Irish legislature?

A. In 1779.

Q. What was the celebrated resolution of the Dublin Volunteers, presided over by the duke of Leinster, in 1780?

A. "Resolved—That the king, lords, and commons of Ireland only, were competent to make laws binding the subjects of this realm; and that they would not obey, nor give operation to, any laws since only those enacted by the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, whose rights and privileges, jointly and severally, they were determined to support with their lives and fortunes."

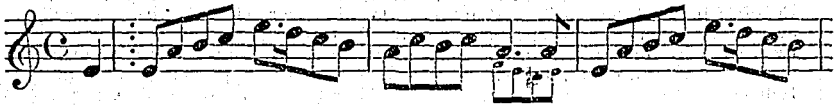
(To be continued.)

"YOU'LL MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE."

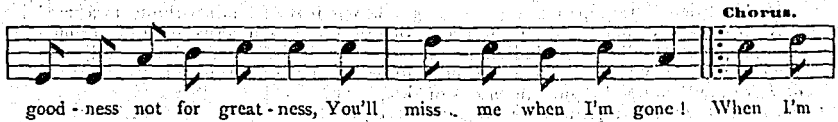
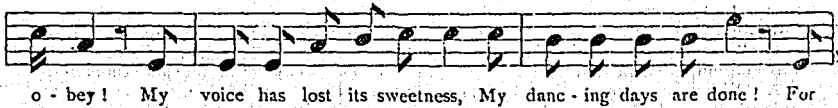
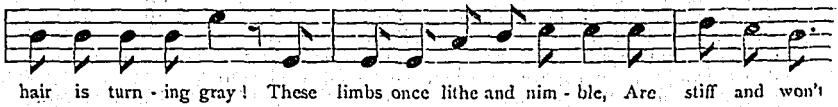
Arranged by ALFRED B. SEDGWICK.

Words and Music by W. H. DELEHANTY.

Andante. Symph.



I'm grow-ing old and fee-ble, My



Dolce. Symph.



What will you do without me,
When winter time comes on,
Who'll fold their arms about thee,
As I have often done?
Who'll mingle in your sadness,
When my last sand is run,
Who'll share your every gladness,
When I to heaven have flown?—CHORUS.

Who'll fence that little yard in,
Where we have sat for hours,
Who'll tend the little garden,
Who'll nurse the tender flowers?
Our children now are married,
They've left us all alone,
And when I'm dead and buried,
You'll miss me when I'm gone.—CHORUS.