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No. 2

SONG TO ERIN.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yea, weep, and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.—*Moore.*

THE O'DONNELLS OF GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMILY YEARS IN IRELAND.

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

COUNTRY PASTIMES—ALL-HALLOWE'EN AT MR.
MAHER'S

Though we have taken a hasty notice of
Father O'Donnell in our opening chapter, we
must now return to him more fully.

The little village of Clerihan, over which
Father O'Donnell presided as priest and law-
giver, was, like most of our Irish villages, a
straggling compound of shops—an apothecary's
establishment, a church, a chapel, and then the
suburbs were garnished with rows of filthy
cabins. Irish landlords take little or no con-
cern about improving the towns and villages
on their estates; and many, through a dogged
spirit of non-interference with their rights, will
not even give leases to the enterprising or

industrious; therefore, the good houses fast
decay, whilst cabins of the most filthy kind
spring into existence.

"Faith, sur, if he ejects us out of this auld, it
is no grent loss! Shure, if we built a better one
we should pay well for it," is the unavailing
answer you will get if you ask why their houses
are in such a wretched state.

Father O'Donnell's house, or cottage, was
situated at the end of the village. A small
lawn extended to the road. It was a comfort-
able thatched house. Shrubs and trees were
nicely arranged in front, whilst the wall
glistened with ivy and woodbine. Its interior
was not less inviting. On one side of the hall,
which ran through the house, was the parlor,
which was contrived a triple debt to pay; for
it answered the purpose of drawing-room,
parlor, and, on pressing occasions, bedroom.
Father O'Donnell's parlor was furnished in a
very respectable style. A nice Turkey carpet
concealed the cracks in the floor, an easy-look-
ing sofa occupied a niche in the side wall,
whilst a sideboard, glistening with glasses and
some real plate, stood opposite the window.
But the seat of honor, in which the good
Father read his breviary, heard the disputes of
the parish and adjudicated on them—in fact,
ruled at once as the Law and the Prophet; and
there enjoyed a doze, was a fine old arm-chair
of ample proportions that occupied a place near
the fire. Now, if we add to this his little dog,
Carlo, which was stretched in the fulness of
enjoyment on the hearthrug, and place Father
O'Donnell in his chair, we have a perfect pic-
ture of the good priest after the labors of the
day.

It is fair that we should take a look at the
kitchen, where Mrs. Hogan, the house-keeper,
is enjoying herself. Mrs. Hogan is seated in a
corner beside a blazing turf fire, with one foot
thrown across the other, her eyes turned up

the chimney watching the lazy curling smoke from the aforesaid fire. She looked a real picture of enjoyment, and no wonder, for the very fins glistened upon the dresser, and the flags were perfectly clean and smooth, and the fitches of bacon hung temptingly over her head.

"So, you expect Mister Frank, ma'am," said Neddy O'Brien, the boy of all work, as he sat at the other side of the fire enjoying its warmth.

"Yes, achom," said Mrs. Hogan, without lowering her eyes.

"Shure I am often wondering, Mrs. Hogan, why he didn't become a priest."

"Well, asthore, as Father O'Donnell says, 'man proposes but God disposes.'"

"True enuff for you, ma'am; oh, its you have the larnin' and scripture; faix though what do you think of myself, but do be thinking that Miss Maher has something to do with it; begorra, ma'am, but I thinks they's courtin'." Neddy held down his head and blushed at the turpitude of his suggestion.

"May be so, achud; who knows; shure its natural; throw tow into the fire and it will burn."

"Thruve for you ma'am, but they say it is not lucky, when one is intended for the church to kick up; but Mrs. Hogan, I do be wondering that so fine a woman as you never married; shure Jack Grace, and you know he has a sang place, often ax's me would you marry; shure I don't know what to say."

"Git out of that now," said Mrs. Hogan, looking evidently well pleased.

"Sorra a word of a lie in it; faix he has me bothered."

"A good sensible man he is, and a sang little place he has. I believe he milks two cows."

"Three, Mrs. Hogan," suggested Neddy.

"And what did you tell him?"

"Faix I said I knew you would, that you had a handsome penny, and that there were many looking for you."

"That's a good boy, Neddy; shure it's a blessing for people to have their own house; you see, Neddy, if anything was to happen the poor old priest, God betune us and harm"—here Mrs. Hogan put the corner of her apron to the corner of her eye, and indulged in a little melancholly reflection; having composed her feelings, she continued—"if anything happened him, I would be badly off."

"That what I does be saying myself, ma'am

in your absence. I wish I had my dinner, for I feel hungry," said Neddy, breaking off with a yawn and stretching his hands.

"That's true, I was forgettin'," said Mrs. Hogan, as she went, and placed plenty of cold meat on the table, and fell at crisping the potatoes for Neddy.

"I will draw the table near the fire," said Neddy.

"Do, avic, and make yourself comfortable."

So he drew down the table, and made himself comfortable, all the time chuckling inwardly at how he "butthered" Mrs. Hogan; for Mrs. Hogan was remarkable for her miserly propensities, in fact for starving every person and thing she could, save and except herself.

"Neddy," said Mrs. Hogan, "maybe you'd like a glass of punch with that."

"If you please, ma'am, shure that's what would wash it down. I wish," and Neddy gave a sly look at her from under his brows, "I wish I had a hoise, and a few acres of land, it's I wouldn't be long without a wife, and that's somebody I know." Here he gave another sly look.

"Who would she be, Neddy?" said Mrs. Hogan, attempting a laugh, or rather a kind of chuckle.

"Faix, I needn't go outside the dure to find the best wife in the parish," and Neddy winked at Mrs. Hogan, as much as to say, you know who I mean.

"Get out, you schemer," said Mrs. Hogan.

"Sorra a word o' lie in it, and that's what I do be telling Jack Grace." Here their *tele-a-tele* was disturbed by a ring from the bell.

Frank had driven over to Father O'Donnell's that evening, accompanied by Uncle Corny.

As Uncle Corny is to be a remarkable personage in our story, it is fit that we should introduce him to our readers.

Corny O'Brien, or as he was more familiarly called, "Uncle Corny," had vegetated among the O'Donnells for the last forty years, and was now superintending the growth and military education of the third generation. Uncle Corny had been something of a Lothario in his youth; but at length he fell head and ears in love with a pretty girl. Aileen was not insensible to his addresses, but, he being a younger brother, with slender means, her father, who was a shrewd old fellow, without a particle of romance in his composition, took a common-sense view of things, and married her to a

wealthy farmer, who, if he had less love, had more wealth, which, according to her father's notion of things, meant more happiness. This Uncle Corny must have been a fine man in his youth; even now, when his form was bent with age, and his hair was grey, as also his moustache, which he almost revered, he was as fine a specimen of an old man, and an old soldier to boot, as you could see. Uncle Corny, as I said, was deeply in love, and being unable to bear up against his affliction, thought he would revenge himself on Aileen, and the world in general, by getting himself knocked off the stage.

He went and enlisted, and, in a fit of remorse, for he yet loved Aileen, he wrote to her not to take it to heart too much if he should be killed. Aileen became a happy mother, and laughed and sung, and never thought of Corny, whilst he, poor man, was putting himself in a fair way of getting his brains knocked out on her account. But the fates were unpropitious, and Corny could not get himself killed unless he got some friendly hand to do the deed; so he returned home after the battle of Waterloo with one arm. Uncle Corny had obtained the rank of sergeant, and felt highly flattered at being called sergeant. After his return he lived with the O'Donnells, to whom he was distantly related, where his chief occupations were smoking his pipe, relating his military adventures, and superintending the military education of the lads of the neighborhood. It would do your heart good to see Uncle Corny sitting on a seat near the door, indolently watching for some one idle enough to listen to his adventures, and complacently smoking his pipe. Even the pipe seemed to enjoy this kind of somnolency, for its smoke whiffed and curled in lazy wreaths around his moustache. He was occasionally visited by another old soldier, called Shaun the Rover. The Rover was a rambling, restless spirit, he was a man of about fifty. Having lost the use of one of his eyes a few years before in India, he was dismissed the service. He travelled about from house to house, where his fund of witticisms and conversational tales gained him a welcome admittance and entertainment.

Uncle Corny occupied his seat earlier than usual when he expected the Rover, for he seemed to know the precise evening on which he would call. As soon as the Rover came near enough, he shouldered his stick, touched his hat, and saluted Uncle Corny in the most approved military style, with "How do you do,

sergent?" Uncle Corny took out his pipe, gave a whiff of smoke, stood up, bowed, and generally replied: "Well, thank you, Delany," for that was Shaun the Rover's name; "well, thank you; but this old stump of mine annoys me betimes;" and then he proudly looked at his arm.

"To win honour and glory we must suffer, sergent," the Rover would reply, as he would take his seat beside Uncle Corny. Thus they would spend the evenings together, fighting their battles over again, and winning renown and glory in the old seat near Mr. O'Donnell's door.

So great was their military mania, that one fine evening, in the absence of Father O'Donnell, they resolved to carry out their movements on a grand scale. They got a few boys from the village, and, having armed them with clubs, they resolved to celebrate the battle of Waterloo by a grand display in the priest's garden. Uncle Corny commanded the English, and took up his position in a small summer-house, as the farm-house of Fer La Hay.

The Rover, with his French troops, commenced an imaginary fire from behind a small hedge. This not dislodging them, the French leaped the hedge, and, with a shout, charged the enemy.

Whether it was that Uncle Corny thought his position not tenable, or that he thought it better to repulse the assailants before they attacked him in his stronghold, like all generals, he kept to himself; anyway, he gave the word to charge. Now, it happened that as they charged across a transverse walk, like many soldiers, they did not well see what they were about; so, in the melee, they upset a hive of bees.

The bees took the war in earnest, and assailed both parties. Never was a more beautiful retreat effected than that of the French and English, with a whole swarm of the enemy attacking them in front and rear.

Hallowe'en happening the evening after Frank's arrival at his uncle's, he promised to spend it at Mr. Maher's, to enjoy the sports and play the usual country tricks.

Mr. Maher was a free, easy, kind man, who yet clung to the good old customs of the country. He was as ready as the youngest of his family to burn nuts, dive for apples, and the like pastimes. Though belonging to that class called "gentlemen farmers," he was not above joining his servants in their innocent amusements. Mr. Maher, or as he was called

by the poor about, the "Masther," was a man, indeed. If you doubt my word, you need only look at the well-thatched rows of stacks and ricks that filled the haggard. There was nothing of the Paddy-go-easy way about Mr. Maher; none of your windows stuffed with rags, nor your gaps with ploughs—not a bit of it; everything bore an appearance of ease and opulence. Mr. Maher's house, too, was altogether new; the parlor was tastefully furnished and carpeted, and a piano lay open near the fire. And the kitchen—but here I must refer to Mrs. Moran, Mr. Maher's house-keeper, for Mr. Maher buried his wife a few years before, and Alice being too young to manage so large an establishment, he very wisely submitted it to the government of the discreet Mrs. Moran. Mrs. Moran vowed "it the was tidiest kitchen in all Ireland." And no wonder, for it was well stocked with tins and chinaware, and pane, and the like, all bearing shining evidence to Mrs. Moran's cleanliness. Then the tempting rows of sides and hams of bacon that hung from the ceiling would make a hungry man's teeth water with delight. Now, having said so much about Mr. Maher's house, it is time that we should say something about Mr. Maher's family, for Mr. Maher's was a notable family. Mr. Maher had, besides our heroine, two sons and a daughter, all younger than Alice; and as Alice was but eighteen they must be young.

As I merely introduce them to my readers for acquaintance sake, we need say no more about them.

As our friends joined the family circle, the sports of the evening had already commenced. The kitchen was swept clean, and the bright peat fire threw its ruddy glow around the room. The Rover and Shemus-a-clough were quietly ensconced beside the fire. As soon as Uncle Corny appeared, the Rover did not forget his a customed salute of "How do you do sergeant? glad to see you;" nor Shemus-a-clough his "Hurroo, Misther Frank; arragh, didn't I do it well at the races—flung you into the saddle while you'd be saying Jack Robinson. Shure if I wasn't there you couldn't win; hurroo!" and he then performed his usual gymnastics. After the usual greetings and welcomes the party collected around the fire. The Rover occupied the one corner, Uncle Corny the other, superintending the sports. Uncle Corny seemed superbly happy when he attracted the attention of Alice Maher. "When a child she would often spend hours on the

old man's knee, with her hands supporting her head and her earnest eyes drinking in his strange words as he related his battles and adventures.

Then a tear would often trickle from the old man's eyes and moisten her little hands; and then she would fondly look into his face and nestle on his strong bosom, and ask, "What ails you, Uncle Corny?"

Who can define the old man's feelings as he shed these tears and pressed that nestling darling. Ah, his good heart was not yet dried up—a balmy softness, like the manna of the desert, came to sweeten its bitterness; for his feelings went back to the time when he poured out the fullness of his gushing love to her aunt—for Uncle Corny's first and only love was Alice's aunt.

As Alice grew up she resembled her aunt; the same mild expression, the same confiding look. Uncle Corny, though an orthodox Catholic, was something of a Pythagorean, for he firmly believed that the spirit of the aunt had passed into the niece. He spent much of his time at Father O'Donnell's, it was thought for no other purpose than to be near Alice Maher.

The servant maids and boys were collected around a large kish or basket of potatoes on the middle of the floor, peeling them for the colcannon. The maids took care to hang the first peel on the key of the kitchen door, for whoever came in first then was sure to be their sweetheart.

As I said before, the sports of the night had commenced. They all laughed immoderately at one young man who, in fishing for the apple, lost his balance and fell into the large vessel of water. He bore his misfortune very good humoredly, dried his neck and dripping hair. After several other games they placed clay, water, and a ring, on three different plates, then blindfolded the person trying his or her fortune. They all laughed or became grave as they laid their hands on the different plates, which betokened death, traveling, or marriage. So much importance do the peasantry attach to these rites, that they influence them very much. Even though free from these superstitious notions, Frank's heart beat heavily as he saw his Alice place her hand on the water; and, on a second trial, on the fatal clay. Alice, too, looked sad, though she tried to smile away her fears. "Alice," said Frank, "let not such a trifle annoy you; you know these things are of no importance."

The large kitchen table was drawn near the glowing fire, and the punch was circulated freely among the elder members, whilst the younger collected closer around the fire, watching the burning of the nuts that were to decide the issue of their love adventures. Frank sat on a small form, with Alice beside him, her hands resting upon his knee, both watching the progress of two nuts which were to represent themselves. There were a good many jokes and witticisms passed on them.

"They are burning smoothly enough," said one.

"Not more than they ought."

This allusion to their love, made Alice and Frank blush.

"I'll knock them down, if you don't hold your tongue," said Alice.

"Oh! you'd like it, Miss Alice," said one, "see how nicely they are kissing."

At length the small nut, which represented Alice, fluttered about, and flew off.

There was a general laugh and titter at this; some said, "she left him there;" others "they knew she'd do it."

"Faith, it was pleasant; ha! I knew you'd do it, ma Colleen Bawn!" said Shemus-a-Clough, rubbing his hands with delight; "that's the way the Fawn jumped over the ditch."

Frank was more than consoled for all this bantering by a soft whisper from Alice, saying:—

"Don't mind them, Frank; sure I couldn't help it; you know I wouldn't do it."

Frank squeezed her hand upon his breast.

Alice looked into his face, with all the love and milk of human kindness she possessed sparkling in her clear blue eyes.

And that look thrilled through Frank's heart, and spoke volumes of love.

The party at the table were getting very noisy. The Rover was fast beating the Sikhs at Chillinwallagh, and Uncle Corny in as hot pursuit of the French at Waterloo.

"War is a glorious profession," said Uncle Corny, warming to the subject; "if you were to see how we chased the French."

"Or the Sikhs at Chullinwallagh," cried the Rover.

"It is a curse," said Mr. Maher.

"How we formed into columns and lines, and charged," said Uncle Corny, not heeding the interruption.

"How we dashed into the streets, and—"

"How we moved down the cuirassiers, although they were covered with steel;" inter-

rupted Uncle Corny. "They came on us, the horses neighing and prancing, the bright steel glistening. 'On your knees,' shouted our general—present—fire.' They dashed at us, but we met them with fixed bayonets; the wounded horses turned and fled, throwing the lines into disorder."

As Uncle Corny was giving this glowing description of the battle, he had mechanically taken up the very attitude, and converted a long pole into a musket. On the other hand, the Rover, all excited, was charging across the table with a sweeping-brush, to the no small danger of bottles and glasses.

"That was as hot work as our own," said the Rover, shouldering his brush.

"Ay you may say that," said Uncle Corny, grounding his pole.

"Many's the poor man it sent unprepared before his God; many's the widow and orphan it left in want; many's the broken-heart it has caused," said Mr. Maher.

"We couldn't help that," said the Rover.

"We should do our duty," said Uncle Corny; "besides it is a glorious thing to be praised."

"As for the praise," said Mr. Maher, "little of it falls to the soldier's lot; his name may appear, with a thousand others, in the *Gazette*, but then that's all that's thought about him; and as to his gains, he has a good chance, if, after getting a broken constitution and a shattered body, he gets a few pence a day pension. Look at our friend here, after endangering his life, he was dismissed with a trifle, and is forced to go about for a living; what's glory, what's honor to him? I want to know would they take the hunger off him? wouldn't a snug cabin and a little garden be better for him?"

"It's true," said the Rover.

"He should get a pension, and he must," said Uncle Corny, with emphasis.

CHAPTER V

A COUNTRY CHAPEL—A CONFESSION OF LOVE.

"First love! thou Eden of the youthful heart!
Of all earth's Joys, the only priceless part."

The little chapel of Clerihan was falling fast into decay. Father O'Donnell was feeding himself with the pious thought of building a new one; still, he calculated the expense, and when he found that it would press so heavily on his parishioners, he relinquished his darling scheme. The chapel was pretty spacious, as it had, in addition to the long house, two side ones, all which had galleries. The roof was

unceiled, except a part over the Sanctuary. This was even cracked and broken, and a wing had fallen off the dove that hung from it; even St. Peter had lost his keys, and was getting grey with age. Here Father O'Donnell inspired his humble hearers with awe and reverence. He was, in truth, a fine specimen of a man and a priest. His flowing vestments added dignity to his person. An observer of Irish manners and customs must be struck with the deep devotion of the Irish peasant to his priest. If we consider that through all the vicissitudes of his wayward life the priest has been his friend, has made himself merry at his wedding, has repined at his troubles, and stood by his sick bed, to cheer and console him, we should not wonder that this love should warm into a kind of adoration.

Father O'Donnell was a fine specimen of the old Irish priest. Simple in his habits and manners, charitable to a fault, he was beloved by the people. He knew every person in his parish, and he also knew how to play upon their whims and foibles, so as to create laughter and tears alternately.

Father O'Donnell belonged to the old school of priests. Prejudiced writers have painted them as rude and ignorant. It is too true, that while a fine was placed on an Irish priest's head, there could not be that attention paid to their education that is in the present liberal enlightened times. Thus schoolmasters and persons of hurried education, but of great zeal and devotion, had to be ordained to supply the great want. Writers are too apt to caricature the priest of the latter part of the past century for those of the previous one.

As I said, Father O'Donnell had a good deal of the old school about him. Though possessing the polish and refinement of the priests of the present day, still, he clung to old customs and habits, and usually at the conclusion of the Mass, gave a lecture on the state of his parish.

His exhortations, which, though homely, were always to the purpose, were received with evident pleasure by the congregation, save and except those at whom they were aimed. After Mass, Father O'Donnell generally retired to the school-house to distribute the alms collected in the poor box, and oftentimes to take his breakfast. The school was a neat comfortable room with a flight of stone steps leading up to it. Frank and Alice had retired there, for Alice was to spend the evening at the priest's house. Father O'Donnell had just done

breakfast, and was bantering Alice about something, when a sturdy beggar poked in her head, which was illuminated with a broad grin.

"Well, Molly," said the priest, "what's the matter?"

"Not much, your holy reverence," said Molly, with a most submissive courtesy; "only, you know, I am in a bad way; I have myself and the two children to support, and nothing in life to give them, but what we get from the neighbors, God reward them!"

"Molly, I thought you were in the poor-house?"

"Oh, the children were, your reverence; but sure they couldn't live in it."

"Why, Molly?"

"They were seeing nothing but the bad, one thing worse than another every day; they couldn't save their souls there at all, at all; Lord keep us from it your reverence, its the sinful place."

Molly's sanctity was so shocked at the depravity of the poorhouse, that she raised her eyes in a pious attitude to the ceiling. Whilst doing so, Peg St. John, another sturdy vagrant, forced her head in the half-open doorway, and made good her claim with, "Don't forget me, your reverence, you know the little girl is on the last legs, and——" Before she had time to proceed, Molly thrust her back, telling her "not to be bothering his reverence; shure one was enuff at a time."

Molly, having given this sage advice, fixed herself firmly in the open space to prevent further intrusion. Peg, indignant at such treatment, kept scolding and remonstrating with her from behind, which Molly answered by sundry back kicks and thrusts.

"I am sure, Molly," said the priest, who did not seem to notice the struggle at the door, "I am sure, Molly, if they satisfied you in eating and drinking, you would not mind religion so much."

"Ah, troth, I would, sir, as you in your sermon—and it is you're able to give the fine one, that makes us cry down tears from our eyes—but, as you say, what's the world to one if they lose their mortal sows?"

"Molly, I didn't think you were so devout; do you say the Rosary often?"

"We says it every day, and twice on Sundays."

"That's oftener than I say it myself; look at Peg how she grins at you, as much as to say, you don't say it once in the fortnight."

Peg had contrived to fix her head in the

opening, and with a corner of her old apron stuck in her mouth, she strove to conceal her laughter at Molly's affected devotion; but when she came to how often she prayed, Peg could contain herself no longer, but burst out into a loud titter, which titter was taken up by at least a dozen women and children that lined the stairs outside. Molly was so enraged, that she rudely shoved the other back, calling her the greatest robber in the village.

"Don't mind a word she says, your reverence," said Peg, "shure I caught her last Monday stealing a bag of praties. As for prayers, och mavrone! sarra one I believe she ever says."

"Oh, you villian," said the other; "shure I I wouldn't steal them but for you put me up to it; you said you got a bag there yourself; the country knows you well, Peg; never fear when they hear that you are out, they'll run to take in their clothes, and to have an eye to you; never fear they will," and Molly, in her indignation, shook her head most violently at the other. Peg looked up with pious indignation at such an assertion, and then in the depth of her humility, exclaimed: "Oh, did anyone ever hear the likes; oh, oh, shure, if his riverence goes to the pawn office, he will get more of the neighbors' clothes there after her than"—Peg was unable to finish, but looked for sympathy to the priest. Molly, seeing no other means of redress for her wounded honor, twined her hand most affectionately in Peg's hair, and applied the other to her countenance.

"Stop there, the two of you, for one moment until I get a catechism, and I will see which of you have your prayers the better. If you don't answer me, maybe it is the whip you'll be getting," exclaimed the priest.

Father O'Donnell shut the door, and gave a wink to Frank, as much as to say, "I have got rid of them." Father O'Donnell was right, for when he came to divide the alms, both Peg and Molly had decamped.

Father O'Donnell, accompanied by Frank and Alice, returned to the cottage. After dinner he went to attend a sick call. On his return home he met the Rover trudging along.

"Ha, Shawn, is this you," said Father O'Donnell.

"Aye, indeed, your reverence," said Shawn, respectfully doffing his caubeen.

"Where are you bound for now, Shawn?"

"I was thinking of going to Glen Cottage;

but as the sergeant and Master Frank are with you, I was thinking of calling to see them."

"Why not, Shawn; sure you know you are welcome, while the poor priest has a bit or sup for you or a bed for you to lie upon."

"I know that, Father O'Donnell; God bless you and give you a long life," and Shawn reverently took off his hat as he mumbled a Pater and Ave for the priest's especial benefit.

"That's a bad hat you have, Shawn," said the priest, remarking its broken state.

"It does for the fine weather well enough—shure it lets in the air."

"True enough; but when the rain comes, what will you do?"

"God is good," said Shawn, sententially.

"Here, Shawn, poor fellow, this will buy a hat for you," and Father O'Donnell handed him two shillings.

Shawn hesitated. "It is too much—besides, I don't like to take it."

"Why so?"

"Maybe it's to drink it, I'd do."

"Drink it! why, that would be a sin; and all the good it would do a poor person."

"That's what I was thinking myself; shure, you can give me an old hat, and that will do as well."

"Very well, Shawn; but why not buy it for the money?"

"It wouldn't have luck, sir," said Shawn, looking down; "it should go to feed the poor."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Father O'Donnell; "it is said so, Shawn, and I believe it's true. All we get belongs to the poor, Shawn, and to the poor we should give it. Money is a great evil, Shawn, when we place our affections upon it. St. Thomas Villanova ordered himself not to be buried in consecrated ground, if there should be a single chink found with him. A priest should never hoard up money, Shawn."

"So I does be always saying," said Shawn; "it would be a shame an' disgrace for them to do so."

"Well, Shawn, let us leave them to God; there are some of them good and bad, like all men."

"The parson over there is a better man than many of them. God pardon me for comparing them," said Shawn.

Now, whether Shawn's dark side of the comparison was cast to the account of the priest's or the parson's I cannot say; I suspect the latter.

"Mr. Smith is a good, charitable man, no doubt, and he shall have his reward. I wish I could say as much of these ranting preachers that are running about the country, sowing strife among Christian people."

"Begor, they ought to be hunted like dogs."

"No, Shawn, no; God will take an account of their doings. Judgment belongs to God."

"Well, you know best," said Shawn.

Still he looked as if it would be a great deal pleasanter to try a bit of rustic persuasion with them.

"Shawn," said the priest, after a short silence.

"Well, sir."

"A hem—ha! Shawn, I want to know how do you live?"

"Very well, sir," said Shawn, pretending to misunderstand the priest; "very well, sir, the people do be very good to me; I never want for anything, glory be to God!"

"It's not that I mean, but do you go to your duty—do you go to confession?"

Shawn held down his head.

"Ay, Shawn, tell me now; you see as a minister of God, it is my duty to look after you."

"Shure, I have no parish, Father O'Donnell; I am here to-day and away to-morrow."

"Oh, oh, you unfortunate man! is that the reason you would run headlong to perdition? is that the reason you would damn your immortal soul? is that the reason you would not go to confession—to the tribunal of penance? Oh, Shawn, I fear for you."

"I believe I am a wretched sinner," said Shawn, very humbly, "but not near so bad as you think."

"How is that?"

"Is what a man never did or never thought of doing a sin?"

"Certainly not, Shawn."

"Well, then, when I found that I belonged to no parish, I thought that nobody had a right to me, so I never went near a priest nor to Mass, nor never thought of doing either. So I'm not as bad as you thought."

Despite Father O'Donnell's honest indignation at Shawn's want of religion, he had to smile at his nice distinction; so we will leave the worthy couple for the present.

After Father O'Donnell left, Alice and Frank walked into the little garden. There was a rustic arbor entwined with honeysuckles and hops in the corner of it. A green bank

extended from it to a little rivulet that ran babbling and sporting along. In this arbor Father O'Donnell was wont to read his breviary on fine evenings, and here now our lovers seated themselves. The little stream babbled on; the merry voices of the lads and lasses of the village, as they passed along to the hurling green, floating on the breeze. A thrush and blackbird, from a thicket near, seemed to endeavor to tire each other out. There was a delicious freshness in the balmy air; it was an evening for lovers to breathe forth their feelings of devotion. Though Frank and Alice loved deeply, though they knew that they were dear to one another, yet they never spoke of love, but their eyes and hearts communed with each other.

"Oh, there are looks and tones that dart,
An instant sunshine to the heart."

They were alone. As they sat side by side, how sweet was the intoxicating draught of love that agitated their young bosoms; you might hear the ticking of their hearts. Her beauty, her wild, natural graces, joined with the unspeakable tenderness of her affection, threw a charm around her that almost hallowed her in the eyes of her young lover. They remained some moments as if enraptured and afraid to break the spell. True love is silent; the heart is too full of a sweet thrilling sensation to find vent in words. It is told by the furtive glance, the suppressed sigh, the soft, low voice, and then, the low, whispering words that tremble on the lips. How sweet is this young love that brings the pearly tear to trickle from the maiden's eye, like dewdrops from the morning flowers—this love that binds young hearts with a mysterious feeling, with some strange fascination, which is beyond the power of the writer's pen to portray. Love seems to be the great inherent principle of our nature. In childhood the lisping tongue breathes its little cares and hopes at a mother's knees. Who can picture a mother's love as she cherishes her firstborn; as she fondles it with enraptured gladness, her very heart throbs with a delight unknown to all save a mother. Thus were Frank and Alice insensibly drinking the delicious poison.

"Alice," said Frank, as he pressed her little head against his bosom. Alice looked into his face; there was a beaming mildness in her eyes, and her rich hair clustered around her face. "Alice, darling, how wildly our hearts are beating; tell me sweet one, is this love?"

Alice hung down her head; a faint weak-

ness came over her, and she nestled on his breast.

"Oh, it is, it is! Alice, our hearts, our eyes, have long been speaking what our lips now utter. Sweet girl, say the blessed words, that you love me.

"Frank," said she, in a trembling voice, "sure you know I do."

"Oh, Alice! Alice, my love, my life, I am happy. I have lived and loved!"

They spent some hours in the arbor settling their little affairs, and gilding the future in pictures more glowing than fairy visions. Who can blame them? We all know how sweet it is to sit beside the girl we love, to look into her softly-beaming eyes, to feel the pressure of that tiny hand, and the throbbing of that fond heart, to feel her warm breath fanning our cheek, and the rich luxuriance of silken hair floating around us. Oh, this is a feeling worth living for, and so thought and felt Frank O'Donnell as Alice Maher clung to him in all the confiding innocence of young love. As he looked upon that sweet girl what visions of future happiness did he not create. How he would labor and toil to win wealth and a name for her; how he would make home a paradise. The future was all bright and sunny to his imagination. Dream on in your love; but, alas! life has too many sad realities for dreamers. There are few of us but have formed similar schemes of happiness for the girl of our heart. To-day, Frank, we build gilded castles of hope to the goddess of fortune; to-morrow, inexorable fate comes and levels them to the ground, burying us, poor mortals, in the ruins. It is truly said that youth is the season of love. It is then our feelings gush forth in the most refined and exalted character. It is then we feel the passion of love in its purest and most delicate state. Our views are free from any of the sordid selfishness of maturer years. All the vivid impressions and associations of youth tend to increase this passion in its holiest and purest form. The energies of the heart are vigorous and fresh; none of the vanities or petty pleasures, or selfishness that afterwards damp the warmth of our feelings, intervenes between the fond youth and the girl he loves.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER O'DONNELL'S DISCOVERY.

Frank and Alice were alone; they spoke little, but their hearts were full. The evening was calm and beautiful, and the sun was sinking fast, shedding its roscate hues o'er the

neighboring hills. It was one of those calm, mellow evenings so rare, and therefore so highly prized at that season of the year. The little stream babbled on, and the lovers from time to time threw fading flowers to float on its rippling current. At length they stood up, and Frank said,

"What a glorious evening Alice; how calm; listen to the joyful laughter of the happy peasants; listen to the warbling of the birds. Oh, Alice love, everything seems in unison with our fond hearts."

"I often think, Frank, when we are happy ourselves, we picture the world bright and beautiful, but when unfortunate, we shadow it with clouds and darkness. I think we draw our images from our own feelings more than from exterior objects."

"It is true, love, to a certain extent; while the heart is full of a delicious feeling, as ours are now, we might indeed be excused in seeing nothing but love and beauty in the world, but when the stern duties of life cross our paths, we will, indeed, find much to make us look upon life as troublesome, and the world no better than it is."

"True, Frank. Do you know, but I often think, will our love remain through life as pure as now?"

"Why not, my love; though we should lose a great deal of the fervor a first passion creates, still, trust me, sweet one, our love will not be the less pure."

"But, Frank, will our parents consent? We are young, too young, perhaps, to settle in life."

"It is true, love, we are young, and our happiness will not be the less by remaining as we are for a few years; we can love each other, we can often see each other; in fact, we could not expect to be happier than we are. We will wait our opportunity. I don't see that our parents can have any objection, as we are equal in circumstances; I know, if any obstacles should occur, that my uncle will do his best for his poor children, as he calls us."

"What a good man he is, Frank; why, I often regret all my tricks; and yet he is so, simple-hearted, I cannot resist the temptation; you know, Frank, I am as playful as a young betimes."

"I know it, my little wife, that you are; he tells me all, and he told me how you defended me about the races."

"Stop now," said she, blushing and smiling; "now don't call me wife yet, don't be too sure

of me, Frank; you know I am, as Father O'Donnell says, 'an arrant baggage,' so you couldn't know when I'd give you the slip."

And she looked with a playful, saucy smile into his face. Frank's answer was a kiss.

"There is more of it; I declare I'll run away from you, you schemer; look the way my hair is tossed."

"I'll settle it, love," and he commenced to braid her golden hair, and then tied it up.

I pity the man who can travel through life and call it a cold, barren journey; and so it is to the splenetic man, who will not cultivate its affections and cheerily collect the sweet fruit it offers. Such travelers mope wearily on without looking to the right or left, to pluck one fair flower or cultivate one sweet sentiment. Their hearts are closed against the purer feelings of our nature; pride, avarice, or vanity button up their hearts and their pockets against love and charity. There are gentle spirits fanned by the wings of love that makes this earth a paradise after all.

Frank's pleasing occupation was, however, interrupted by the appearance of Father O'Donnell, who was now nearing the little avenue. Father O'Donnell seemed to be in earnest conversation with the Rover, as no doubt he was.

"Now, Shawn, I hope you won't forget all I have said to you; this world is nothing but vanity—here to-day, away to-morrow; vanity, vanity."

"Thru for you, sir; the Lord be praised, it is a deceitful world; look at Mr.——, afterating his fine dinner and drinking his punch, fell dead in a fit of plexy, or something they call it."

"Apoplexy, Shawn; it was a sudden death, no doubt, the Lord be praised. Run, Shawn, look at the pigs in the stacks, hunt them out, bad cess to them."

While Shawn was after the pigs, the priest rode leisurely towards the house.

Mrs. Hogan was quietly enjoying herself at the kitchen fire, listening to the feats of the hurlers discussed by Uncle Corny and Neddy O'Brien, who had just returned from the match.

"Arrah hadn't we fine dovarshin?" said Neddy.

"I enjoyed it very much," said Uncle Corny.

"Who was hurling?" inquired Mrs. Hogan.

"The Fethard boys and us, ma'am; my soul, but we gave them the licking."

"Neddy avick, you sthrippid," said Mrs. Hogan, looking at him with an air of some contempt.

Neddy feared that Mrs. Hogan was going to open at him, for she entertained a great disregard for small men, and Neddy, though hardy and mettlesome, still came under her category of small men. Mrs. Hogan had read Jack the giant-killer, the Seven Champions of Christendom, and, as I said before, held small men in superb contempt; so he thought it better, as he said himself, to mollify her.

"Arrah, Mrs. Hogan, why not? shure it isn't the big men cut all the harvest."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Hogan; "dear me I see ye had a fine hurlin' then."

"Sorra bethler you ever laid your two purty eyes upon, Mrs. Hogan," said Neddy, not pretending to notice her allusion to himself.

"And ye say ye bet them, Neddy," and she gave a wink at Uncle Corny.

"Troth an' that we did, too; Jack Grace and I, and a few more of us wor on the sweep; it would do your heart good to see us cutting away with it; begorrvys but Jack is as smart as a hare, and faith I was close enuff to him; and whisper, Mrs. Hogan," and Neddy put his mouth close to her ear, "I have something to tell you in private what Jack said."

Whether it was the whisper, or Neddy's allusion to her purty eyes, or what it was, I cannot say, but Mrs. Hogan smiled and changed her tactics altogether.

"Shure, Neddy, I was only jokin'; I always heard that there wasn't a smarter boy in the three parishes than yourself."

"The legs are purty supple with me, thanks be to God," said Neddy, looking down at his shanks, and then looking up at Mrs. Hogan evidently well pleased with the inspection.

"They are light enuff to carry you, anyway, Neddy."

"They are, Mrs. Hogan; and more betokens, as you said, there isn't a man in the three parishes able to run from me, except a certain Mr. Grace, that does be bothering me about some one."

Here Neddy gave a wink at Mrs. Hogan, and something like the ghost of a blush mantled on Mrs. Hogan's cheek for a moment only; for, then, as if ashamed of itself, it fled.

All this time Uncle Corny was laying the plan of an important battle, with the point of his stick in the ashes, but his grand operations were interrupted by the entrance of the Rover.

"How do you do, Sergeant?" and the Rover

touched his cap; "and you Mrs. Hogan, glad to see you looking so well; faith it's young and fat-looking you are getting. Run, Neddy, and take the priest's horse; shure the pigs have played the dickens with the stacks."

"Bad scran to ye, ye'll never be aisy," said Neddy, reluctantly leaving his warm corner.

"Neddy, you villian," said the priest, as soon as that functionary made his appearance, "I wonder but you could see the pigs in the stacks."

"Bad scran to them, but they are troublesome entirely; shure it's not five minutes since I put thim into the house."

"Well, put them in now again, and hasp the door; that old hog, I think, knows how to open it."

"Faith thin, that she does, your riverence; shure I saw her myself and I after fastening the hasp with my two hands, and she tugging away from the inside at it; ay, faith, to see her catching it in her teeth."

"Catching the hasp in her teeth, Neddy; oh, the old thief!"

A thousand of the most subtle syllogisms or a chapter of the most polished sentences could not say more for Father O'Donnell's easy innocent disposition than these words, "oh, the old thief," all the time forgetting that the door intervened between the pig and the hasp.

When Neddy returned to his corner near the fire, Mrs. Hogan, Uncle Corny and the Rover were in the midst of a very warm engagement.

"My artillery from this mound," said Uncle Corny, laying his cane on a heap of ashes, "would batter down the head of your column."

"What would my sharpshooters and cavalry be doing all the time; you see your left wing is unguarded, so I would silence you in less than no time."

"You see I have left a company here to provide against any surprise if—"

"Begor that's just like us with our party at the hurling," suggested Neddy, from the hob.

"If," continued Uncle Corny, not heeding the interruption, "if you should force my defiles, I have also placed some pieces along the slopes here of Mo'nt St. Jean."

"I would make a furious charge and throw your columns into disorder; then their retreat would be intercepted by the hill," and the Rover ran the poker with which he conducted the engagement along Uncle Corny's lines, thereby disordering them.

"Faith, it's hot work," said Mrs. Hogan, who was intently looking at the battle.

"You may say that," said Uncle Corny, drawing his sleeve across his forehead.

"That's the very way we were teeming hot when we drove in the ball," said Neddy.

There is no knowing how long the battle might have continued had not a pot of potatoes overflowed and deluged the works, and as it was too late to begin them anew, and as Mrs. Hogan hinted that it was time to get the supper, there was a general armistice. While the worthy trio are engaged discussing Mrs. Hogan's smoking potatoes and cold ham, we will try and give our readers a description of that truly national amusement in which Neddy seemed to take such peculiar delight—mean hurling.

It is to be regretted that this fine manly sport should be fast passing away, giving place to the more fashionable game of cricket.

Among all the plays, games, and gymnastics of the ancient Greeks and Romans, there was none that called forth and developed the muscular action of the frame so much as hurling. Many's the Sunday and holiday evening I stole away with my hurly under my arm to join the invigorating game. Alas! for those happy days of boyhood, that morn of sunshine in a stormy cloudy life; alas! for the past, with all its sweet and innocent joys. I then little thought that heavy clouds would darken the noon of life, and shadow its decline.

(To be continued.)

ERIC WALDERTHORN.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

"But I saw him well, there was no mistaking him; it was no less a person than our Roman artist; do you remember? He who followed us out of the Sistine chapel?"

"O, yes!" answered Katrine, "he I called your innamorato; the one we saw afterwards in the gallery, copying that beautiful statue of Canova."

"Well, well, you need not laugh at me, Katrine; you were quite as much struck with him as I was. I am not surprised at it now. Do you not see the likeness?"

"Likeness! to whom, dear Marie?"

"Why, to Ernst—Ernst Waldert Thorn. I knew there was something more than usual which attracted me to him. Depend upon it, he is Eric Waldert Thorn, the brother whom

Ernst is expecting so anxiously from Rome. And he was driving Ernst's grey's, Oscar and Harold."

"Do you you think he knew us?"

"That was not possible, Katrine dear. It must be years since he saw us, and I sat a child of six years old on his knee, and he was a boy of fourteen. How many years ago is that, ten or twelve?"

"Twelve, it must be; of course that makes a wonderful difference between a little girl of six and a woman of eighteen."

"It must be Eric. We will ask the landlady when she comes in again, if she knows him. How surprised he will be when he finds out who we are, and that it is his brother's bride whom he has rescued from such a fearful death."

"We must not let him know who we are, Marie," said Katrine. "Only fancy what his surprise will be when Ernst presents him to us."

"But how can we keep our name from him? He must know it already."

"No, I do not think he does; the people here do not know us. We will give him our mother's name."

"But Fritz and Wilhelm, Katrine?" pleaded Marie.

"O, I will give them their lesson. I must go and see poor Fritz when he comes in; I am afraid he is badly hurt. O, here comes Madame Wirkmann; let us ask her about Eric."

The landlady came in preceding the servants, bringing in the equipage for tea and coffee, and fresh wood and coals for the fire.

"It was a wonderful escape, gracious ladies," said the smiling landlady, in answer to a remark of Katrine's, "and he is a noble gentleman who came to your rescue. But it is just what one would have expected of a Waldertorn. They are all brave; all strong; all handsome. God bless him and his brother, the young Baron of Kronenthal."

"So, this is young Eric Waldertorn?" said Katrine. "We had our suspicions it was he; it was so very likely to be him."

"He is very like the young baron, saving your presence, gracious lady; only he is taller."

"Will you tell him that when he is at leisure, Katrine and Marie von Mellenthin would like to see him, to express their gratitude to him for the great service he has rendered them to-night?"

"Ah, that I will, noble lady—ah, that I will. Beautiful ladies' thanks are due to handsome, noble gentlemen, who risk their lives for them. As soon as he returns, I will let him know your wishes."

"Return!" said Marie. "Is he gone?"

"He is gone to look after his friend, who remained behind to conduct your Grace's sleigh and your wounded servant. He was uneasy about him because of the storm. Ah, how it rages!"

It was true. The storm was raging fearfully. The wind swept up the streets, and howled and raved round the houses. Marie from the window, saw nothing before her but thick darkness, through which the lamps in the streets of Stettin glimmered faintly and flickered to-and-fro in the strong blast; as she stood there vainly striving to pierce the darkness with her eyes, the hail rattled against the window, the fierce sleet cut the glass, the wind raged, the thunder rolled.

Meanwhile Eric rode for life, for death. His heart sank within him when he thought of Carl, exposed to the whole fury of the storm! How it raged in his face! The fierce wind blew into it that fine, sharp-cutting, pointed snow, so well known to those who have been out in a like storm; and hurled at his head frozen branches, which it had snapped off in its fury as it swept past him howling madly. On, on he rode, his gallant horse answering the spur, with fresh bounds, though it was with great difficulty he could keep his feet; and once, when a gust of wind came up fiercer than ever, the poor creature turned completely round; he could not see it. It was well for both horse and rider that their road lay alongside the forest; the tall black skeletons served as a landmark for them in the wild dreary waste of snow before them, though it was no shelter to them, as the storm swept over the wide plain which lay to their left. "Carl! Carl!" shouted Eric; "He never can weather such a storm," he thought; "he has never seen anything like it! Why did I leave him!"

At length he thought he saw something black moving slowly towards him. To his infinite joy and relief, he discovered it to be the sleigh he had come in search of. "Steady there, steady!" he heard, in the native language and deep tones of his friend's voice; "Woho, my brave lads!" as his horses shied at the approach of Eric; and then there was a shout of recognition.

"I knew," said Eric, "you would clear the

sleigh, and bring your company along safe; but I feared you might lose your way and perish this wild night."

"Don't say another word," said Carl. "You had better come into the sleigh and drive: you know the road better than I do, and I want to enjoy my cigar after all my fatigue. These horses are not so fresh as yours were, Eric. I suppose terror, poor brutes, has taken it out of them."

So Eric got into the sleigh, and the manservant who had been thrown out in the first encounter with the wolves, rode his horse back. Carl reclined lazily, and smoked a cigar, in spite of the snow and the raging wind; though it was not quite so bad when their backs were turned to it. Eric, with a heart bounding with joy, and every nerve tingling with emotion, leant towards the horses, and urged them on with voice and hand. They sprang forward as if imbued with his own energy. At the entrance of Stettin they met a party despatched to their help. Right glad they were to return, for it was almost impossible for men on foot to advance against such a storm.

CHAPTER III.

Arrived at the hotel, the bruised servant was led up-stairs, and got into bed. Carl and Eric, ushered by the landlord, found themselves in a room prepared for them, and with cigars and spirits on the table, and slippers by the fire, sat down to enjoy the repose they had well earned.

"Carl," said Eric, between the whiffs of the meerschaum he was smoking, "do you know who the ladies are whom we rescued to-night?"

"No," said Carl, knocking the ashes off his cigar with his finger. "I was just going to ask you." And he leant back in the deep arm chair, and stretched his feet out before the fire.

"I don't suppose you will ever guess. It is she!"

"Who?"

"The lady of the Sistine Chapel!" answered Eric; "my dream—my vision! I knew her at once as she stood there, her golden curls streaming in the wind, and her beautiful blue eyes raised to Heaven. As we came along, I think she recognized me."

"And what is her name?"

"I did not ask her. I must find out to-night."

"Not ask her name," said Carl, raising his eyes in astonishment. "What were you talking about so earnestly, that you forgot to ask her name?"

"Nothing," said Eric. "She said a great deal to me about taking her back, so that I might help you, and wait till you were ready to come back with us."

"Much obliged to her, I am sure, for taking such interest in me. And what did you say in answer to her-proposal?"

"Nothing," said Eric.

"Nothing, Eric—nothing? What were you thinking about so intently, that you could not answer her?"

"I am not sure," said he, looking puzzled.

"Well, this must end in love, I should think, if it is not already begun," said Carl. "She must, out of pure gratitude, love the handsome knight who so gallantly came to her rescue, and is yet so daunted by her eyes that he cannot speak to her."

"I suppose it is fate," said Eric.

"And a very pleasant fate, my dear fellow, to fall in love with a beautiful girl, with the not improbable hope that she may return your affection. But I should like to know the name of your beautiful lady with the golden locks; let us ask the landlord."

"I never thought of that," said Eric.

"Of course not," returned Carl, laughing.

"Who ever heard of a lover doing anything half so matter-of-fact!"

The landlord now came in, followed by a waiter bearing a savoury supper. It seemed as if worthy Herr Wirkmann could not do honour enough to the young man who first rescued the ladies, and then braved the storm to go to the assistance of his friend.

"You seem to know the ladies we were so fortunate as to save from the wolves, best? Can you tell us who they are, and what are their names; and do they live in this neighborhood?" asked Eric, of the hospitable landlord, now busy superintending the placing of the supper on the table.

"Yes, noble sir," answered the host. "I believe they live at Strahlen; they are two sisters, the ladies Marie and Katrine von Mellinthen—at least, so my will told me, for we had not seen them before to-night—and they told my wife their name was Mellinthen, and there are no Mellinthen's live nearer than Strahlen, and that is a good twenty leagues off!"

"Which is Marie?" asked Carl—"the lady with the golden curls?"

"Yes, noble sir; the lady Katrine has darker hair, and darker eyes than her sister. It was she who fainted."

"Marie is a beautiful name, and suits her well," said Carl.

"I believe the ladies would like to see you to-night, noble gentlemen," said the landlord.

"They were very anxious when they heard your excellency had gone back into the storm. The beautiful lady Marie was speechless with terror, and was only pacified when she heard you were returned."

Eric's countenance flushed with strong emotion. Joy beamed from his dark eyes. Carl looked at him, and smiled mischievously.

"I suppose I am not to go?" said Carl. "I dare say the ladies never saw me," he continued with an air of mock despondency.

"O yes, noble sir, but they did! Mademoiselle Marie saw you holding the plunging horses at the risk of your life, and she wants particularly to see the friend for whom the noble Eric Waldertorn risked his life in the storm. She told my wife that she thought he must love and value you like a brother."

Eric and Carl looked at each other and smiled, while their hands met in a friendly grip.

"We have seen some danger and some trouble together, worthy Herr Wirkmann," said Carl, "and that always makes men friends."

"Noble sirs," observed the landlord, "the gracious ladies bade me say they would be glad to see you after your supper; there will be coffee in their apartment if you will do them the honour to partake of it."

Carl and Eric despatched their suppers in all haste, and then following a waiter whom they had summoned, they found themselves in the room where the two ladies were expecting them.

Katrine was kneeling down bathing Schwartz's ear, which had been torn in the affray with the wolf; Marie, kneeling beside her, held him round the neck; their servant, Wilhelm—the man who had been thrown out of the sleigh—stood beside them, holding a bowl containing warm water.

The sisters rose on the entrance of the two young men, and Marie blushing, and looking more lovely than ever with joy beaming in her face, came forward hastily towards Eric, holding out both her hands. Eric took them, and pressed them in his own with a fervour partak-

ing of the twofold nature of his feelings for her,—the spiritual devotion he had borne towards her so long, and the more human passion struggling for mastery in his breast, now when he found his cherished dream a reality. He pressed the offered hand of Katrine, receiving their grateful thanks with a manly embarrassment, presenting at the same time his friend, Carl.

"His name is not Carl, exactly," said Eric "but as he always laughs at me whenever I attempt to pronounce his English name, I have always called him Carl."

"And what is your unpronounceable name?" asked Marie, smiling.

"Charles Tomestone," answered Carl, laughing; "Eric cannot say anything but 'Shurles,' so we have made an arrangement that I am to be Carl for him, and he has further germanized my name, and calls me Carl Tohanson."

"So you are German, after all, you see," said Katrine, "and now that you have killed some wolves and been out in a snow-storm, you are quite naturalized."

"I am so glad you are a German," said Marie; "I like my friends to be German; here is a third who fought in our defence; Schwartz, dear Schwartz!" and she patted the head of the handsome wolf-hound, who, on Eric's entrance, had jumped up to greet him. "See!" she continued, to Eric, "he recognizes you who killed his antagonist."

Eric stooped to pat Schwartz's head, and in so doing touched Marie's hand by accident. Their eyes met, Eric's heart throbbled violently, and when, at Katrine's invitation, he sat down and took the coffee presented to him, his hand shook so much that, had it not been for Carl, he would have dropped the cup on the ground.

"You know we are old acquaintances," said Katrine, laughing, to Eric. "Do you not remember three ladies in the Sistine Chapel, last spring?"

"I recognized you the moment I saw your sister. And my friend Carl, he was with me that morning. But there was another lady with you."

"That was our aunt," said Marie. "It was returning from her house to-night that we were beset by the wolves, when you came so opportunely to our help."

"No wonder that we remarked your countenance in the Sistine Chapel," said Katrine. "You are so like your brother the Baron Ernst."

"Do you know Ernst?" asked Eric, quickly.

The sisters looked at each other and smiled. "Oh, yes; a little."

The two friends sat talking with the sisters till late. They found so many things to talk of; and Schwartz sat before Eric, looking up into his face, switching his great tail on the floor, as if he knew him.

When Carl and Eric met at breakfast the next morning, the snow still fell fast. All travelling was out of the question; there was nothing for it but to wait patiently till it cleared up. Even then Eric acknowledged that it would be a day or two before the snow would be fit for travelling. Fortunately, Carl had materials for painting with him, so Eric sat down and employed himself in making a sketch of the scene with the wolves, of the night before. Carl came and looked over his shoulder.

"That is it," he said; "but don't you think, Eric, it would be as well to ask Mademoiselle Marie to sit for her portrait? It would make the thing more complete. It really is perfect. It is the scene itself. And the dark group of the hounds and the wolf! I think, though, Schwartz would not be quite satisfied with his portrait if he saw it. Let us ask his black seigneurie to favour us with a sitting."

When the sisters heard what Eric was about, they asked to be allowed to see the picture, and Eric was obliged to finish it in their room, where Schwartz, very gravely, sat for his portrait. Carl made a small model of him for Katrine, who received it with a well-pleased smile.

"I will make one life-size, for you, when I return to Rome;" he said, "I feel in a very industrious mood. I will have him struggling with the wolf."

It was not to be supposed that Eric saw so much of Marie with impunity. Whenever their eyes met, a strange spasm passed through his breast, and he could not even speak to her without embarrassment. On the afternoon of the second day, the snow had quite ceased, and the strong easterly wind which still remained promised to harden the snow, so as to make it fit to tread in a few hours. The blacksmith had repaired the sleigh of the two sisters; he had been hard at work in the inn-yard for an hour, and Eric had been sketching him for Marie. It was fixed that they should leave Stettin the next morning. Katrine was gone to see if

Fritz was well enough to accompany them, and had left Marie in their room reading. A knock was heard at the door, and Marie said, "Come in."

The door opened and Eric appeared. When he saw Marie alone in the room, he stood there irresolute; not knowing whether to advance or retreat. As Marie raised her eyes from her book he came forward. "I—I forgot my pencil," he said, "and we are packing up the drawing-materials."

"Is this it?" said Marie, rising and coming forward with it in her hands. "I found it on the table."

Eric did not look at the pencil; he looked at the hand, and from the hand he looked at the face. She held out the pencil, and he took, not the pencil only, but the hand with it. She did not withdraw it; he felt it tremble in his. In another moment his arm was round her waist, and his lips were pressed to her forehead.

"We shall meet sooner than you expect," said Katrine, guiltily, in answer to Carl, who asked them if they were going all the way to Strahlen that day, when he and Eric escorted the sisters to their sleigh next morning. Marie was silent; but, when Eric tucked the warm furs round her, the smile she gave him said something for all that.

CHAPTER IV.

Ernst Walderthorn walked to and fro in the withdrawing-room of Kronenthal. His face was anxious, though he strove to smile, and words of hope were on his lips, which, to judge from his unequal steps and restless eyes, seemed far from his heart.

"You may depend on it, dear mother, that Eric never left Stettin that stormy night. Every one must have seen the storm coming up all the evening. You may rest assured he slept safely under the hospitable roof of the Gelderstern."

"Heaven grant it may be as you say, my son," answered the lady to whom his words were addressed.

The lady of Kronenthal, as she was always called, had not long passed the prime of life. She was about forty-five, and bore her years well, though the traces of deep sorrow were to be seen on her still handsome countenance. The likeness between her and her children was very remarkable, and there could be no doubt as to whence Eric derived his broad forehead and deep intellectual eye. She was tall and

rather slight; and as she rose from her chair and, approaching her eldest son, stood beside him putting her hand upon his arm and looking into his face, he almost started back from her, and from his own thoughts,—the face was so like Eric's.

"Mother! I will have a horse saddled and ride over to Stettin. There is plenty of time before dark."

But before this intention could be executed, sleigh bells were heard in the court below; and Ernst, running down, was seized in the hall by Eric. Warm greetings passed between the brothers: all the warmer for the suspense Ernst had been enduring.

Eric presented Carl, who was heartily welcomed, and the three proceeded upstairs to the mother—overpowered with the joy of hearing her son's voice—who stood trembling at the door. Eric bounded forward and, embracing her, carried her to the sofa, covering her face and hands with kisses.

"Mother, dear mother, I hope you have not been very anxious about me. The storm detained us; we slept at Stettin that night, and had to wait there till the road was passable."

But the mother did not so soon recover from the suspense she had been enduring for the last two days; and now the reaction was so great that she fairly gave way and burst into tears, as Eric knelt before her. So he looked at Carl, and they said nothing about the wolves and the snow-storm.

"Mother," said Eric, "I have brought you something from Rome, which I know will please you. It is to be hung in your oratory. It will come with the rest of my things in the baggage-sleigh this evening. And see, Ernst," he continued, "what I have brought for you, or rather for your bride."

"How beautiful!" said Ernest, as he opened a case, which his brother put into his hands and an exquisite set of antique cameos met his eyes.

"I hope your bride will like them," he said, "and I hope she will approve of her new brother a little; though, I suppose, she likes you so much that she will have no liking to bestow on me."

"Oh, yes, a sister's love, dear Eric; we never had a sister. Some day you will give me one, as I give you one, now."

Eric reddened, and said, "Perhaps."

"There could not have been a nobler pair of brothers," thought Carl, as sitting beside the

lady of Kronenthal, he watched them as they walked arm-in-arm, and up and down the room. There was a great likeness between the two. Eric was a little taller, though both were tall and well made. There was the same frank bearing, the same noble cast of countenance; but there was a look of fire at times in Eric's eyes, which the calm grey eyes of Ernst did not possess. There was in both the same confiding, loving repose on each other's faith. The love that Eric bore his brother amounted almost to devotion; and that of Ernst for him was that of one who had protected, and humoured, and petted him from his infancy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG MEN.

There is no moral object as beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind him, and will beam forth again; the blaze of other's popularity outshines him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation, not without a struggle, for this is not virtue; but he resists and conquers, he bears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him—for that is the trail of virtue—but heals with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin: the atheist—who says not only in his heart, but with his lips, there is no God—controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop of morality. Onward, then, conscientious youth—raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awake in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the river of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. We may be shipwrecked we cannot be delayed, whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness, save the infinite and Eternal.



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FATHER QUAID.

Never so willingly did we make acknowledgment of error—never more readily hasten to undo a wrong—and certainly were never more gratified in the performance of either—than now in stating that the report of Father Quaid's death in our last issue was happily unfounded. In the multitude and magnitude of Ireland's losses in these latter days—the sad grouping of so many deaths into the span of little more than a week of time—she could have ill afforded the addition of Father Quaid's name to the death-roll of her patriots. Mitchel, Martin, Gray—before these, Moore, Maguire and others of her foremost men—had left the nation ranks thinned and the national spirit all but broken by their departure from the field of national labor; and it seemed like a fateful accumulation of agony to find the name of the patriot priest of O'Callaghan's Mills added to the necrology of an already afflicted land. But there is the one relief vouchsafed us that the reported death was unfounded, and that the young priest who in his native Clare, battled side by side with O'Connell in the great struggle for Emancipation—who clung in his mature manhood to the idea of national liberty born of his youthful enthusiasm—who in opposition to Power, ever identified himself with the People—and who carries with him through a green old age all the fire and vigor of his early days of patriotic pride, is still left to Clare—to Ireland—to the cause of Liberty the world over.

Have any of our readers ever listened to the burning words of eloquence poured out by Father Quaid in pulpit and on platform: have they heard flowing from his tongue with all the unctuous richness of the Southern accent, the loving appeal, the earnest adjuration, the fierce denunciation, as time or circumstances warranted the use or application of either—“have they ever stood entranced as in the rich and

warm utterances of the Gaelic language he told of Ireland's wrongs—and encouraged Ireland's hopes?” Perhaps some—“in their own land no more their own”—did not understand the language of that land—and more the shame for them—but it was impossible to misunderstand the import. The reverend orator threw a soul into his speeches which required no comprehension of the words to interpret: we have seen strong men and gentle women alternating in tears and laughter almost without an appreciable dividing line as Father Quaid, from the Hustings in Fnnis, told the story of Ireland's glory and Ireland's sorrow. Next to O'Connell, perhaps he possessed the power of swaying a multitude to his will, and that power has ever been exercised in the cause of the oppressed and against the usurpations of “authority.”

It will be easily understood then what a calamity Ireland has escaped in the happy fact, underecited by our contradiction—Father Quaid is not dead! Though he had been ill for some time, the report of his death appears to have given him new life. It is not often given to men to read their own obituaries; but the notices of Father Quaid published by the Irish and American press, when his death was accepted as a truth, will have an effect at least on the reb. patriot. It will show him that his lifelong devotion to native land was not unappreciated—and that his colors and aspirations were not given for an ungrateful people.

THE IMPENDING WAR.

There is a man in Germany who holds over a million of armed men in the hollow of his right hand. He has but to say the word, he has only to “cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war” and Europe is in a blaze. That man is the Prince Von Bismarck. The saying attributed to Bismarck, “if I were the ruler of France not a shot would be fired in Europe without my permission” is a sufficient index to his ambitious mind, and shows clearly he was always intent on project of great importance. For years past his busy brain has been plotting to make its master a name in history, and Germany supreme in Europe. Up to this he has been entirely successful. Before his time Prussia certainly was one of the five great powers of Europe, now it is the great power for Germany is Prussia, and it is hardly a fallacy to say Prussia is Bismarck. The Chancellor's first step towards the unification of Germany was, in conjunction with Austria, to wrest the duchies from Denmark,

alleging as a reason that some of the Schelswig-Holsteiners spoke German. He then cheated Austria out of her proper share of the spoil, and coolly annexed the whole to Prussia. But it was two years later the Austrian was to feel the full weight of the terrible arm of Bismarck. To-day, be assured, Austria, through the pious King William, that nothing was further from his thoughts than war, to-night the Prussian troops were marched into Hanover, Saxony and the minor states. Then commenced the sharp, deadly, three weeks war which culminated at Sadowa. Bismarck's next move was a war with France. He filled that next country with his spies, had maps and plans of every village, knew the rotten state of her Army, kept his own in readiness, and when all was ripe for action gave France a *casus belli* by intriguing to place a Hohenzollern on the Spanish throne. After eight months tremendous fighting France succumbs and purchases peace by paying a thousand million dollars ceding two fair provinces, and submitting to see the victors bivouac in the streets of Paris.

Though Bismarck is undoubtedly a great man, a profound politician, he is not omniscient. He did not understand what an extraordinary nation France is, an exception to all that ever existed, who, when she is seemingly crushed and lost beyond redemption, rises to the full splendor of the destiny commensurate with the genius of the magnificent French people. It is almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true, France is to-day richer, and Germany poorer, than before the war. Bismarck confesses he made a great mistake in not demanding more territory and exacting an indemnity of five, instead of one thousand million dollars! While Prussia frets and chafes, and is torn with religious dissensions, the "great nation" moves majestically forward, the admiration of the world and the wonder of the philosopher, revenge in her heart, but a calm smile on her lips, stern and inflexible as fate in her resolve that when the proper time arrives she will put forth her gigantic strength to chastise the descendant of the Goth, and once more show the superiority of the Celtic over the Teutonic race. Every day's peace is a gain to France, a loss to Prussia. There is no one knows that fact better than Bismarck; hence his intense desire to precipitate a war before his rival is ready, a war which is inevitable as destiny itself. He, for this purpose, takes every opportunity to provoke her, but she will not be provoked; it seems the fickleness, the irritability and the vanity so characteristic of France, were beaten out of her in 1870-71.

It may be asked what is to prevent him from launching the German army on France at present? Merely this, that the other powers are taking the alarm, and beginning to see Bismarck's ambitious designs. The nations forgetting that they were the descendants of Goths and Vandals, for a long time labored under the agreeable delusion that the Germans were a quiet, God-fearing people, who were not covetous of military power or extension of territory, and merely wanted to be let alone. In this opinion they were encouraged by lager beer drinking German philosophers and pro-Teuton fanatics like Thomas Carlyle. The scales have fallen from their eyes, and now they recognize in the "quiet, educated Prussian," a power that is deadly aggressive in politics, and fanatical in religion. We must presume that Bismarck was feeling the European pulse lately in spreading such alarming reports concerning the intentions of France, and that Europe did not encourage him, in fact Austria, Italy, and perhaps England, would not see France despoiled. The proud Austrian heart forgets Sadowa as little as France does Sedan, and Italy got enough of German occupation. If Russia throws in her lot with Germany, which is not unlikely, the alliance of the two despotic powers would alarm constitutional Europe and oblige it to unite against them in self-defence.

Germany must soon either disarm or fight, she cannot bear the strain on her finances much longer, France's thousand million dollars act on her like the shirt given to Hercules by Dejanaria. Hear what Mr. McCulloch, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, says:

"It is an anomaly, in the financial history of nations, that the conquering nation to which an enormous indemnity has been paid, has been from the beginning of the payment of the installments subject to greater financial disorder and embarrassment than the nation from which the indemnity was exacted."

Perhaps, when the impending struggle is decided, the *parenu* empire will find something better to do than persecuting the Church whose members bore the brunt of the last war, and earned the title of prince for Bismarck, field-marshal for Von Molke, and Kaiser for the saintly William.

STEPHEN J. MEANY ON THE LATE SIR JOHN GRAY.

It was my pride and privilege to be at one time associated with Dr. Gray. In eventful

days—in the days of the Repeal agitation—I was entrusted with the position of chief of the *Freeman's Journal* Reporting Staff—subsequently there were superadded the duties of associate editor—at all times honoured by his personal friendship. I may be permitted to state, of my own knowledge, that O'Connell, whose reading of character was seldom at fault, gave to Dr. Gray his entire confidence, and never faltered in it—that the venerated and venerable Archbishop of Tuam was his trusting friend to the last—that the Catholic hierarchy and clergy of Ireland regarded him with feelings of grateful affection for his Protestant championship of religious liberty, and that the whole nation honoured the Repeal martyr of '44. These are personal attestations to his memory. Look to his labours, which speak for themselves. Foremost amongst the first in the Repeal movement, he won the honour of imprisonment with the Liberator. True, he did not progress with the progression of the National movement, and failed to identify himself with later struggles for Ireland. But may we not reasonably suppose that calmness of judgment rather than inconsistency of principle led to his abstention. At all events, he continued to work for Ireland in Parliament and out of it—not perhaps in the way that some of us would deem sufficient, but still with a certain amount of success which should not be overlooked in the estimate of a useful life. The Church Disestablishment Act was in great part due to his earnestness and eloquence. The Tenant Protection measure—though inadequate to the wants of the nation, was nevertheless, so far as it went, another political achievement to his credit. . . . As an employer I found him ever generous and conciliatory—treating the members of his staff not only professionally as gentlemen, but personally as friends—as a public man the best proof of his worth is the universal regret for his death—priests, people, and press uniting in praiseful tributes to his character. The Dublin papers exhaust eulogy in their estimate of the life-labors of the deceased—notably the *Irishman* and *Nation*, representing the two sections of nationalists at present in Ireland.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

We read of the golden deeds of those noble women whose names are known in the uttermost parts of the earth, and feel proud of them, and do them homage. These high heroic

minds—these self-appointed martyrs—claim our highest respect. But there is another heroism than that which is seen of all the world—a heroism rare among men, common among women—women of whom the world never hears; who, if the world discovered them, would only draw the veil more closely over their faces and their hearts, and entreat to be left alone with God. How many thousand true heroines may exist now of whom we shall never hear! But still they are there. They sow in secret the seed of which we pluck the flower and eat the fruit; and know not that we pass the sower daily in the street—perhaps some humble, ill-dressed woman, earning painfully her own small sustenance. She who nurses a bedridden mother instead of sending her to the workhouse. She who spends her heart and her money on a drunken father, a reckless brother, or the orphans of a kinsman or a friend. She who—but why go on with the long list of great little heroism the commonest, and yet the least remembered of all—namely, the heroism of an average mother? Ah! when I think of this last broad fact, I gather hope again for poor humanity; and this dark world looks bright, this diseased world looks wholesome to me once more—because whatever else it is or is not full of, it is at least full of mothers.

EDUCATION.

BY HIBERNICUS.

The world to-day is divided into two powerful and hostile camps, one of which is as steadfast for non-religious, as the other for religious education. Infidelity, conscious of its power, and maddened by the memory of past defeats, brings all her resources to the contest, unsheaths her sword of power, grapples with, and endeavors to strangle Christianity. On the other hand, Christianity, proudly conscious of her triumphs in the past, pursues her course undauntedly, like a renovating and inexhaustible river which fears not the brawling, impetuous irruption of another less salubrious and sustained. All admit that education is indispensable, that it is the life of society, of law and order, that bereft of it we must eke out an existence little superior to the lower orders of creation. Therefore, if we would not return to barbarism, we must educate; a subject on which all are unanimous. Hence it is clear that, with regard to the necessity of education, there can exist no disagreement between the professors

of Christianity and the so-called scientists or advanced thinkers of the age. The comprehension of the word itself, the matter to be taught and the manner of teaching it, form the ground-work of their discrepancy. To educate, according to the acceptation of the scientists, means simply to develop and perfect the faculties of the human mind, as far as experience, science and the degree of talent received will admit of such perfection. An intellect so elevated, so refined, so competent to promote its own temporal purposes and happiness, to judge between right and wrong, is, in their estimation, the highest and noblest type of that education which every good and useful member of society should possess; and they, in consequence, conclude it should be the most cherished object of the human will. That system of education which is best calculated to accumulate wealth and procure earthly enjoyments, which opens the widest range of pleasures to the human soul, which enlightens and strengthens the mind so as to be able to fathom all the fathomable secrets of nature, to brook no superiority in the intellectual arena, to suffer no master except where community of temporal interest and pre-eminence of temporal power would seem to warrant the sacrifice; such a system, we say, is, in the judgment of advanced thinkers, a pearl of inappreciable value, worthy of any amount of labour and painstaking. This might be conveniently termed the ideality of mental culture, as conceived by scientists, and as we do not now intend to inquire how many out of the million could scale to such an elevation, nor how many it would benefit even though they should, we will immediately proceed to give the Christian, or, what might be appropriately styled, the Catholic view of the word "Education." In the dark days of Catholic ascendancy, when the civilized world acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, such ages forsooth as could exhibit such insignificant characters as an Augustine, a Thomas, and a Bernard, with many other lights of equal calibre, the word education signified not alone the culture of the mind but likewise that of the body and heart. According to the testimony of the benighted sons of those dark ages, fully corroborated and approved by the Catholic Church of those and succeeding epochs, to educate means to supply and nourish the body with wholesome and invigorating food until it becomes robust, full-grown, and perfectly unfolded.

To do so properly, life must be sedulously guarded, not only from the hour of birth, but

even from the moment of conception. Hence, all parents manifestly neglect the duties of their calling who do not endeavor to ward off even the possibility of danger from the noble trust of which God and nature have made them the guardians. It is to the criminal ignorance and neglect of this sublime vocation we must attribute that illimitable, appalling and destructive iniquity of so many premature accouchements; but worse still, those heinous, unnatural, Cain-like and damnable infanticides and feticides of this progressive age. Would it not be interesting to inquire into the chief causes of that horrible and incomprehensible desolation of vitality, those terrible un-God-like and anti-Christian murders which the infernal practices of abortionists and their accomplices have rendered so fearfully prevalent. No doubt they could all be tracked to the too universal religious education of the times. Still, there was a period when the Christian mother prided in the number of her angelical visitors, but gloried still more in raising and directing them how to attain most securely their Alpha and Omega. The women of to-day, on the contrary, consider a numerous family a curse instead of a blessing, a curb on pleasure instead of the most exquisite felicity, an irksome and intolerable incumbrance instead of the most natural, pleasing, and excellent of duties. Farewell, happy days, before reformation, progress and enlightenment taught the scientific method of proportioning the family according to the tastes, prejudices and passions of the parties concerned! But, to return, the most important part of corporal education is that which comprises the whole period of youth, and which, in conformity with their stations in life, demands from all parents, under penalty of violated duty, suitable food, clothing and habitation. Those, of course, will differ as widely as the diverse grades of society, but there is one obligation which devolves on all, independently of class, that is, to procure for their children a congruous profession or trade, whereby they may earn an honest livelihood. Hence originates the necessity of intellectual education, because to fill an office or perform a duty with credit and success, a man must be perfectly grounded in the knowledge connected with it. It is therefore clear that, in proportion to their wealth and standing, parents are bound to develop the mental faculties of their offspring. Hence, it is a necessary duty to nurture and develop the intellect by the choice and application of such food as is deemed entirely innocuous, and, at the same time, conformable, both

in quantity and quality, to the ever-increasing strength of the young mind, which should be led gradually into the mysteries of science, taught to judge between right and wrong with ease and decision; thus enabling it, by facile gradations, to bloom, blossom, and fructify. But the most important part of education is the disclosure of the moral forces of our nature, the instruction of the heart, the affections, the will, the necessity of knowing that all the powers of our being, whether of mind or body, were entrusted for a purpose, and that it was never allowable to employ them to the detriment of that purpose; that, though perfectly admissible to use them for temporal ends, their chief and constant aim should ever be concentrated in eternity. There is nothing truer than that there are different callings in life, and that all are most happy in their own; that men should accustom themselves to certain daily acts and resolutions, to perform their diurnal avocations with assiduity and care, to refrain from prohibited acts, and never willingly to harbor such thoughts as their sense of right and wrong forbids them to entertain. Nor is there anything clearer than that there is a code of morals to be observed, and that the observer is more happy here and more secure beyond the tomb. Can a man, then, who is ignorant of religion, be said to be educated even intellectually? Is not religion a treatise on the moral and supernatural, an exposition of all that is excellent in nature and grace? Is she not an instructress the most perfect and sublime of the manner of living, of the cause, motive and end through, for, and by which we should live, move and direct all our actions? Is not the supernatural above the natural, the Creator above the creature, the science of the knowledge of God above the knowledge of the works of His hands? Is not the moral above the physical or intellectual? and, consequently, is not religion, according to St. Thomas, "The Queen of Sciences." Is man a mere animal destined for no grander or higher terminus than to eat, drink and die? If so, educate him physically, educate him intellectually, and we will then have infidel philosophers, infidel statesmen, infidel poets and orators, but only the civilization of Pagan Greece or Rome. But if he has been invested by the Almighty with a rational and most exalted soul, stamped with His image and likeness, and consequently like Him, immortal, and tending to Him as to His last end and supreme beatification, there are none so daring as to affirm that a moral, spiritual or religious education is not absolutely

requisite. And, as corporal and mental education require the preservation of life, suitable nutriment and the means to obtain a state of subsistence consonant with the condition of each; so the spiritual man requires the education of doctrine, of correction and example. From doctrine there can be no exemption; it is a matter of life and death. There are things which the most ignorant must know, and without which salvation is impossible. Others there are which the necessity of obedience to precept obliges us to know, and nothing, except invincible ignorance, can excuse their ignorers. All agree that without an explicit belief in the existence of a God there can be no salvation in eternity. All equally believe that it is essential to have an explicit, or, at least, an implicit faith in the blessed Trinity, and the Incarnation of the Son of God, in order to be saved. Baptism also, and Penance, for those who have had the misfortune to soil their baptismal robes, is likewise obligatory *necessitate mediæ*. There exists a duty of precept for all without exception to know and believe,—the Apostles Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Precepts of the Church, and the Lord's Prayer. That the knowledge or ignorance of these important truths will be punished or rewarded according to the opportunities, application, and talents of the different individuals, is clear to everyone; but it is fully as clear that the culpable neglect of any of them is inexcusable. What shall we say of correction in the economy of Christian education? Is it not a most important element? Who will deny the existence of much evil in the nature of fallen man? much to combat, correct, improve, destroy, and lead thus apace towards perfection. If St. Paul, though rapt to the third heaven, was, nevertheless, forced to implore God to deliver him "from the body of this death," how much more need have sinful mortals to have their vicious natures corrected, directed, healed and perfected. Experience proves that there are none who do not need reproof; but especially is this true of youth, whose natures, as yet unformed, are as capable as wax to be impressed with habits either of good or evil. But however influential these elements may be in the formation of the soul, there is none more important or successful than good example. You may instruct and correct till dooms-day, but if your life and actions belie your doctrine and reproofs, you might as well think to calm the tempest, or empty the ocean, as to endeavor to impart what you do not practice, or make men better than your-

self. "Words move, but example forces," is an old, but true axiom. Give good example to your household and they are with you: give them bad example and they are with you too. Apply this principle to the school-room, the college, the corporation, the city, the state, and, in general, it is true that men are what their surroundings make them. This is why Catholics demand denominational education. This is why they cannot, do not, dare not send their children to those godless, demoralising and pestiferous public educational establishments of the present day, whose greatest boast is that they are creedless: where everything religious is carefully discarded; where discipline is as decidedly a name as good example is a phantom. This is why Catholics desire to have their children educated in Catholic schools and colleges, surrounded by Catholic usages, breathing a religious and Catholic atmosphere, in order that they may be grounded in its sacred truths both by word and example. That out-cry about home and Sunday-school instruction is, what we ignorant Irishmen call, balderdash. The great majority of parents are incompetent, either through want of time, inclination or ability, to impart to their children the essential elements of a good religious training.

And is it not an insult to the intelligence and immortality of the soul to suppose that a few hours Sunday-school teaching can effect it? Notwithstanding the diversity of their definition, we have seen that all admit the power of education, either to preserve, improve or originate civilization in any acceptation of the term. We must have civilization of some description, whether it consists in the preservation of what the present affords, which recognizes revelation, religion, the head and heart, reason and God as its fundamental principle, or in that which bows before no authority, no power, no light superior to the one which bursts from the sun of man's illuminating and unaided intellectualism. To protect civilization we must prevent crime, to hinder crime we must educate; but what sort of education will ensure success? Crime, reformation, progress, are the watchwords of the hour. Crime is ubiquitous. Like a violent and devastating pestilence, it sweeps over the land, victimizing individuals, families, officials, legislators, the mechanic and the merchant, the ignorant and the learned, master and servant; in fine, no class or condition escapes the contagion. How remedy these evils? Society is not secure. It is drifting like a vessel buffeted by a mountainous and angry ocean,

menaced by every rock and shoal in its billowy bosom, and requiring an agency more than human to rescue it from ruin. But how exterminate the causes, counteract the effects and restore to perfect healthfulness a frame shattered by this debasing, destructive and multiform enormity. Give an education as universal, regenerative, ennobling, and productive of good, as this is of evil results, seems to be the responsive reply thundered from the opposition camps. Hence the question, Does education prevent crime? and if so, what must be its characteristics? A solution must be found; where shall we find it? That it exists not in the camp of the infidels, a few reasons will suffice to show.

For, even allowing that all can explore the mystic regions of science, so as to hoist their ensigns on the pinnacle of perfection, would that be a safeguard against crime? All acknowledge that without education there is nothing but vice and barbarism; but with a merely intellectual culture would the iniquity be less? Would men be superior to what they were nineteen centuries ago? There was then civilization and crime, but would we be better off now with our mental development and rationalism as a moral legislator? Experience teaches that the great mass of mankind never have attained, or never can attain, to that standard of intelligence which scientists say is alone capable of forming good and useful members of society. Therefore they devote the vast majority of mankind to be the inevitable factors of crime. This, of itself, would be sufficient to prove the necessity of another power to oppose the effects of ignorance, partial or entire, and this means Catholics call the religion founded by Jesus Christ nineteen hundred years ago,—a religion which has exerted such, and so salutary an influence on all classes during this lapse of ages. But granting that the scientific unfolding of the mind was easy, perfect and universal, would iniquity, independently of any other adversary, be less rampant and revolting? History says not. The reformatories, hospitals, prisons and penitentiaries answer no. Men of information and culture, unguided by religion, have in all ages contributed more than their quota to the common fund of wickedness. This is not only true, but even rational. Men brought up in a spirit of self-sufficiency, ignorant of their duty to God, to their neighbor and themselves, troubled with no qualms of conscience, heedless either of joys or torments in the future, and taught to place all their happiness

in the riches, pleasures and glory of the present, will not be very scrupulous in their manner of acquiring them. Who, imbued with such principles, would forego such gratifications? It has been said that a good general is better in time of war than a hundred thousand men, and so in the moral order, one intellectual giant, devoid of religion and morality, is more destructive to both than a hundred thousand untutored miscreants. Hence intellectual culture alone fails in its combat with crime, and therefore the real remedy is to be sought not by interpreting the word "Education" merely intellectually, but by receiving it in its fullest acceptation, as understood by the Catholic Church. She alone knows how to produce religious society, to empower and endow it with that magic wand which can convert the most ordinary actions of life into so many stepping-stones conducting to Heaven. For who dare aver that our temporal and eternal interests cannot be equally answered by the faithful performances of the same acts? To be a good citizen of earth, a man must fulfil his obligations, and honorably discharge the duties of his calling; but he who creditably acquires himself in this is, at the same time, best prepared for eternity. Therefore that education which provides for man's best interests here on earth, is also the road that points to Heaven. Hence, to educate by halves is to educate the intellect solely, since education is not to be understood of the body, or the mind, or the heart, but the combination of the three. To accomplish the work to which we are called we must be physically strong; to act the part of citizens of the world our faculties must be cultivated; and to canvass the Kingdom of Heaven our hearts must be formed, strengthened and spiritualized. Taken individually, the chiefest part of education is that which liberates us from the misery entailed on us by Adam; and knowledge alone cannot do this. Therefore, to banish religion from the school-room is to deprive the rising generation of its birth-right, of its first and greatest inheritance, and is, consequently, nothing short of injustice and robbery. If, in sketching the Christian view of education, we have been tempted to single out Catholicity as its principal champion, it is because we are convinced that there is no other institution in the world, no authority no power on earth to resist the ravages, oppose the force, and remedy the evils inflicted by that hydra-headed monstrosity, infidelity, unless that which exists in the unity of two hundred millions of Catholics who are ready to do, dare and

suffer in the cause of "Christian education." Let us then turn from this maelstrom of conflicting and dangerous errors, to that secure haven of order, reason and revelation which pursues its course undisturbed by the fury of the elements and never ceases to impress her own calm, soothing spirit on the hearts of her children; a spirit which values the soul more than the body, *eternity above time, heaven above earth.* To Catholics belongs the great and glorious mission of saving education from the degradation which unbelief would stamp upon it; of rescuing the rising generation from the brink of the abyss which threatens to engulf them; and this they can best effect by sending their children to Catholic schools and colleges, those nurseries of piety and learning with which the country is at present bountifully supplied. Catholicity alone can weather the storm, for she alone unselfishly consecrates her best heads and hearts to the education of youth; she alone never sacrifices the moral for the intellectual, nor *vice versa*; and, consequently, she alone knows how to form youth. Any one at all acquainted with the teaching orders of the Catholic Church, from the learned, penetrating and fearless sons of Loyola who know the world and dare it, know the world and conquer it, to the brother cultivator of the soil belonging to the same community; from the heroic sister of charity, who heeds not the cannon's roar while discharging the celestial ministrations of the good samaritan on the field of death, to those erudite and accomplished ladies of the Sacred Heart, who are the "Jesusists" of the female department; any one so acquainted, we affirm, knows that this is no picture of the imagination, but a down-right stubborn reality. Yes, the Catholic Church, while insisting on the knowledge of God as the first and best of sciences, has never ceased, and never will cease, to be the patroness of the arts, sciences and literature.

CASTLE OF TRIM.

The castle of Trim, a town of Meath, upon the borders of what was once considered "the English Pale," lies at a distance of about twenty-two miles from Dublin, from which place it may be reached with little delay. The castle consists of a triangular walled inclosure, defended by circular flanking towers, and a large and lofty donjon or keep in the centre. The north-eastern side is one hundred and seventy-one yards long, and is defended by four towers, viz., two at the angles, and two

intermediate. The west side is one hundred and sixteen yards long, and was defended by flanking towers at the angles, and a gateway tower in the centre.

The portcullis groove is very perfect, and it seems, from the projecting masonry, that there had been a drawbridge and barbican to the gate. The third side sweeps round at an easy curve to the Boyne; it is one hundred and ninety-two yards long, defended by six flanking towers, including those at the angles and at the gate. The gate tower is circular, and in good preservation, as well as the arches over the ditch, and the barbican beyond it. This gate had also its portcullis, the groove for which, and the recess for its windlass, are perfect. The circumference of the castle wall, then, is four hundred and eighty-six yards, defended by ten flanking towers, at nearly equal distances, including those at the gates. The

was in the custody of Hugh Tyrrell, it was attacked and demolished by Roderick O'Conner, King of Connaught.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER III.

Invasion of Ireland by the Danes.

Q. When did the Danes invade Ireland?

A. In the ninth century.

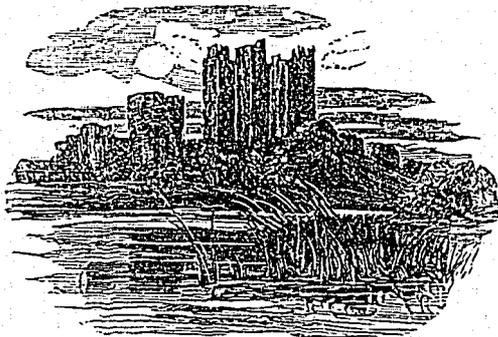
Q. By what name were they known?

A. They were called Eastmen or Ostmen.

Q. Did they succeed in subduing the country?

A. Their success was at first only partial. They soon, however, seized upon towns and villages along the coast, and built castles to strengthen their position.

Q. Did they soon become more powerful?



CASTLE OF TRIM.

donjon is a rectangular building, the plan of which may be thus described: on the middle of each side of sixty-four feet rectangles are constructed, the sides perpendicular to the square being twenty feet, and those parallel to it twenty-four feet, thus a figure of twenty sides is constructed. The thickness of the walls of the large tower is twelve feet, and of the smaller towers from four feet six inches to six feet. The walls were carried up sixty feet above the level of the ground, but on each angle of the large tower square turrets, sixteen feet six inches in height, are built. By this arrangement, a large shower of missiles might have been projected in any direction.

A castle, which there is every reason to believe occupied the site of the present structure, was erected by Walter de Lacy, who had obtained from Henry II. a grant of Meath. During the absence of De Lacy, while the castle

A. Yes; before long they overran the whole island.

Q. Who was the Danish king of Ireland?

A. Turgesius.

Q. How was he enabled to conquer the whole kingdom?

A. By the disputes and divisions of the Irish chiefs themselves. The native princes were too busy quarrelling with each other, to oppose a united and effectual resistance to the conquering Danes.

Q. What useful lesson do we learn from this fact?

A. That Ireland never can be great, prosperous, or happy, so long as her people are divided amongst themselves.

Q. Did Turgesius reign long?

A. No; he was soon cut off by the contrivance of an Irish prince, to whom he had made himself obnoxious.

Q. What followed?

A. The Irish revolted against the Danes; and as they combined together tolerably well, they drove the invaders out of the centre of the country to the coasts; where, however, they still kept possession of the seaports.

Q. Did the Danes ever recover their former power in Ireland?

A. No; in the eleventh century the Irish resolved to make a grand effort for their final expulsion from the island; and a battle was fought on the plains of Clontarf, near Dublin, on Good Friday, 1014, in which the Danes were driven to their ships with great slaughter.

Q. Who was the leader of the Irish army upon that occasion?

A. Brian Boroinhe, king-paramount of Ireland, the greatest and best king that Ireland ever saw.

Q. Did he live to enjoy the fruits of his victory?

A. No; he was slaughtered while at prayer in his tent, by a straggling party of the enemy.

Q. What was the result of Brian Boroinhe's death upon the general interests of the kingdom?

A. In the last degree disastrous. On the death of the monarch, whose skill and wisdom had for many years governed the land in prosperity and peace, the absurd and criminal squabbles of the petty princes were revived, and the country was ravaged with intestine warfare.

Q. Is there any use in recording and dwelling on these disgraceful contentions?

A. Yes; they teach us a useful, though a bitter lesson. The crimes of our forefathers shows us what we should avoid. We see in their miserable domestic quarrels, the true cause why foreign power was able to introduce and to establish its supremacy in Ireland.

Q. Did the unsettled state of the country afford strong encouragement to the English king, Henry II?

A. Of course it did. Several of the Irish princes, and all the Irish prelates, wearied with perpetual civil discord, were not unwilling that the kingdom should be placed under a strong sovereign ruler; and this circumstance gained a welcome for Henry from the heads of the church, and a large number of the temporal rulers of the island.

Q. What circumstance first drew the British invaders to Ireland?

A. Dermot, king of Leinster, having been driven out of his kingdom by O'Rork, prince

of Bressny, and O'Connor, king of Connaught, sought the assistance of Henry II. of England, against his native rivals.

Q. In what year did Dermot thus seek help from Henry?

A. In 1168.

Q. How did Henry receive Dermot's application?

A. He required the Irish king to do homage to him for his possessions; and being then unable to go to Ireland himself, he gave Dermot letters-patent, authorizing any English subjects who might be so inclined to assist Dermot against O'Conner and O'Rorke.

Q. Whose assistance did Dermot procure?

A. That of Richard, earl of Strigul and Pembroke, usually called Strongbow, from his skill in archery.

Q. What reward did Dermot promise Strongbow for his help?

A. He promised to give him his daughter Eva in marriage, and also to bequeath to him the inheritance of his kingdom.

Q. Did Dermot obtain any other help than Strongbow's?

A. Yes; he got the aid of Robert Fitz-Stephen, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, Meyler Fitz-Henry, Maurice de Prendergast, Hervey Montmarisco, and several other knights.

Q. When did the Anglo-Norman invaders first land in Ireland?

A. They landed on the coast of Wexford, in the month of May, 1170.

Q. Was Strongbow among their number?

A. No; he had waited to obtain the express permission of King Henry for his Irish expedition.

Q. Did Henry grant permission to Strongbow to go to Ireland?

A. No; he was jealous of Strongbow, and doubted his allegiance.

Q. What did Strongbow then do?

A. He sailed for Ireland *without* Henry's permission, carrying with him a considerable force, with whose aid he seized Waterford.

Q. What followed?

A. Strongbow married Eva, the daughter of Dermot Mac Murrough, king of Leinster, and on Dermot's death he succeeded to his father-in-law's territory.

Q. In what year did Henry visit Ireland?

A. In 1171. He pardoned Strongbow, and confirmed to him the possession of his territories under the English crown.

Q. Did the Pope sanction Henry the Second in his invasion of Ireland?

A. Yes; Pope Adrian the Fourth had, many years before (about A.D. 1155), been solicited by Henry to sanction the conquest of Ireland; and being himself an Englishman, he readily assented to a scheme that promised to extend the power of his native country.

Q. Did all the Irish submit to King Henry II.?

A. No; the larger portion of them resisted his authority.

Q. Were the English laws extended to the whole of Ireland?

A. No; they were at first granted only to the Norman colonists, to some of the seaport towns, and to a few native septs or clans, who obtained the benefit of them as a matter of favour.

Q. How many clans obtained the benefit of the English laws?

A. Five.

Q. Name them?

A. The O'Neills of Ulster, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Triens of Thomond, the O'Lachlans of Meath, and the Kavanaghs (otherwise Mac Murrroughs) of Leinster.

Q. How long did this exclusion of the great body of the natives, from the benefit of the English law, continue?

A. For several centuries; so late, in fact, as the reign of Elizabeth.

Q. What was the practical effect of this exclusion?

A. To deprive the whole Irish nation (excepting the five tribes already mentioned, the descendants of the colonists, and the inhabitants of the seaports), of all remedy in law for any injury done to them, and even of all power of suing for redress in any court of justice.

Q. Was not an effort made by the natives to expel the Anglo-Norman invaders?

A. Yes; and their hopes were excited by a victory they had gained over Strongbow, the English commander, who was defeated in an engagement near Thurles.

Q. Who was at the head of the new confederacy against the invaders?

A. Roderick O'Conner, king-paramount of Ireland.

Q. Did Roderick succeed?

A. No; his efforts were marred by the old curse of Ireland—the want of unity and combination amongst her inhabitants.

Q. Had the Anglo-Normans any other advantage over the natives, except that which they derived from the dissensions of the latter?

A. Yes; they understood the art of war much better than the Irish. They were clad in

complete suits of steel armour, and were perfect in the management of their chargers; whereas the Irish had but slight defences, and had merely the rude weapons of their forefathers to oppose to the array and discipline of their powerful invaders.

Q. What was thenceforth the condition of Ireland?

A. Most wretched. There was constant warfare between the natives and the settlers, in which the victory was sometimes with the Irish. They were brave and ardent, and often made their enemies (although cased in armour) feel the weight of their rude weapons.

Q. What were the weapons of the Irish warriors?

A. They had a short lance, or javelin, and a steel hatchet, named a "sparthe." They acquired so much skill in the use of this sparthe, that in close combat they often clove through the steel armour of their adversaries with it.

Q. What were the houses of the Irish built of at that period?

A. Of timber and wickerwork, and constructed with such skill, as to excite the admiration of foreigners.

Q. What was the state of religion in Ireland in the twelfth century?

A. Religion of course suffered severely by the licence and havoc resulting from domestic warfare, and its precepts were too often forgotten and neglected by the turbulent factions who divided the country.

Q. What was, at that time, the character of the clergy of Ireland?

A. The ancient historian, Giraldus Cambrensis, although extremely prejudiced against the Irish nation, yet describes the clergy as being most virtuous.

Q. What good qualities does he ascribe to the Irish priesthood?

A. He says they were pre-eminently chaste, temperate in their food, and attentive to their religious duties. He, however, censures the bishops as slothful: an accusation not easily reconciled with the admitted virtues of the priesthood, from whose ranks they had risen to the episcopacy.

Q. Who was Laurence O'Toole?

A. One of the best and greatest prelates who have adorned the Irish church. He was archbishop of Dublin, and afterwards of Armagh.

Q. What was his conduct in reference to the English invasion?

A. He exerted himself to rouse the Irish chiefs and princes to a grand combined effort

to resist the English invaders, and even bore arms himself to encourage his countrymen.

Q. When and where did this prelate die?

A. He died in 1178, at the monastery of Eu, in Normandy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(Written for THE HARP.)

POEM.

The years that roll, my native land, bring no relief to thee,
As thou didst centuries ago, thou weapest by the sea,
And mourn the deeds of ages past and wear the very chain
The Saxon wrapped around thy limbs on Anghrim's vanquished plain.

Since then each generation dreamed the destined task
To drive them forth who tortured thee, who seamed thy brow with cares,
Alas! each generation sank into unhonored graves,
And half thy sons are exiles now; the other half are slaves.

'Tis true insurgent fires were lit and flashed in ninety-eight,
When undisciplined valor strove in vain 'gainst foes and fate;
Yet, by the saints! not all in vain, it shewed a fettered race,
How Wexford peasants rose and shook an empire to its base.

And yet the might of Britain, though it conquers, can-
not tame;
Nor wring from thy fierce spirit a surrender of thy name;
And tho' her flag floats on thy heights, the nations recognize
'Tis there by force, all dripping with the blood of centuries.

The ocean surging round thee is an ever-flowing sign,
Of thy distinct and sovereign right—a nation through all time;
If the living from the sacred trust were willing to recede,
The ghosts of the departed dead would rise to ban the deed.

Our dearest laurels, England, they were grasp'd from yours and you,
As you rejoiced, so we felt sad, o'er bloody Waterloo.
The Victor hearts of Almanza, the vanquished of New Ross,
Are those we cherish; your defeats we deem of little loss.

The tombless Emmett, whom you hanged, we love his very name;
Tone and Fitzgerald's names illumine our brightest page of fame.
The anti-Irish Irishmen you honor, we disown.
Since Westminster's cold Abbey gave them monuments of stone.

You say your Empire would collapse if Ireland cut the tie;
Well let it, 'tis at best a fraud, a blood cemented lie.
When you were naught, in times gone by, we flourished and were strong,
And shall again when you are down, God send it be not long.

I say to thee, Oh native land! thy dawn is drawing nigh
Bright freedom's sun breaks through the clouds and flames along the sky;
The night was long and dreary, but thy faith was strong and fast,
And faith with hope united always triumphs at the last

J. C. F.

PARENTAL DUTY.

Something more is due to children than food, clothing, shelter, social and educational privileges. Right example should illustrate and enforce right precept. Homilies against drunkenness, and prayers for deliverance from temptation, from lips that are redolent of wine will avail but little. What right has any father who ignores the temperance reformation to expect that it will bless his son? What reason has he to hope that his son will escape the blighting curse of inebriety if his own example is such as naturally encourages in the child those indulgences that form the drunkard's appetite? There are temptations enough in the path of youth without addition to their number by parental hands. Parents give to your children not only wise counsels but pure appetites. Upon the latter may depend a life of happiness, of usefulness, and of honor. The drunkard's appetite, however formed, is a terrible legacy to leave to those you love. But if you sanction, at home or abroad, by your own example, the use of intoxicating beverages, this may be the inheritance which you will leave to your children—an inheritance to whose horrors wealth can prove no alleviation, and poverty scarcely an aggravation. Beggary, without this, is infinitely better than princely revenues with it. Neither riches nor learning, nor honorable connections, nor high social position, nor political distinctions, compensate for the wretchedness that such an inheritance must entail upon its possessor. Yet all that is shameful in the life and all that is appalling in the death of the drunkard may be the portion of your son—of your daughter, even—through the influence of parental example. The bare possibility of this should be enough to induce, on the part of the parent, the most rigid abstinence from intoxicating drinks. There is danger, if not to yourself, yet to the more impressive child committed to your care, in indulgence—there can be none in abstinence. Let home be a sanctuary to the young, where safe from the temptations of the out-door world, they can renew and strengthen all virtuous purposes, cherish all noble aspirations, and by the formation of elevated tastes and pure habits, be prepared to live—for thus only in the interior significance of the term, they be prepared to die. Fathers! let no dying son of yours, going down to the predition of the drunkard, reproach you with the depairing accusation.



STEPHEN J. MEANY.

(From a Photograph by McConnell, St. Louis, Mo. Engraved by Walker & Wiseman, Montreal.)

Far dearer the Grave or the Prison
 Gloried by one Patriot's name—
 Than the trophies of all who have risen
 On Liberty's turn to fame—

Moore.

There is now a local interest associated with the portrait and sketch of an Irish patriot which we give in this month's number of *THE HARP*. The settlement of Stephen J. Meany in Montreal, as Editor-in-chief of the first Irish Catholic Daily Paper published on the American Continent, is an event in itself to attract attention; but his life-long association with Irish patriot effort—his participation in every national struggle for freedom in his day—and the fact that he is one of the few now remaining to us who carried with him unimpaired the faith of the prison cell of '48 to the convict dungeons of '66, '67, and '68.—“Twenty Years After!”—render it not inappropriate that his advent to Canada should be marked by a brief record of his career. Professionally, as editor of *THE SUN*, he has won approval and compliment by his writings in, and management of that journal;—and personally he has made many friends by those qualities of head and heart which his biographer so genially ascribes to him. We abridge our sketch from “Fenian Heroes and Martyrs”—written by John Savage, Esq., and published by Donohoe of Boston, in 1868—during Mr. Meany's imprisonment in England.

STEPHEN JOSEPH MEANY.

Birth—Early Writings for the Press—Publishes a Volume of Poems at Sixteen—O'Connell's Reporter—Establishes the *Irish National Magazine*—In the Clubs—On the *Irish Tribune*—Brenan and Meany Test the Right of the Police to Sell the National Journals—Arrested under the Suspension of *Habeas Corpus*, 1848—Released—Journalism—Emigrates to the United States—Editor of the *Toledo Commercial*, Ohio—Centre—At the Third Congress—A Senator—Address to the Parent Trunk of Fenianism—Resolutions at Jones' Wood—Goes to England—Arrested—Tried for Treason—Felony—Fine Speech in the Dock—Exposes Overtures made to him to Betray the Fenians—Sentenced.

The case of Stephen Joseph Meany has attracted peculiar attention, and thrown light upon a public career of devotion to Ireland, which it is gratifying to record. On the National side of Irish politics from boyhood, Meany was up to every progressive movement which, in our day, lifted politics into the domain of patriotism. He does not now suffer for the first time for entering wisely and well into the agitations exposing the misgovernment of his country, or advocating measures to achieve her independence. In 1848, he shared the hopes and penitents of that brilliant band of poets, authors and journalists, whose writings, not less than their aspirations, chivalry and sufferings, were sufficient to make that year an ever-memorable epoch in the annals of Irish intellect and progress.

Stephen Joseph Meany was born at New Hall, near Ennis, County Clare, Ireland, in December, 1825. After preparatory studies, he adopted the profession of reporter and journalist, and became distinguished as a most capable short-hand writer when little more than fifteen years old. A vivacious and romantic intellect naturally found expression in poesy; and the kind reception given to some contributions to the *Clare Journal* and a Dublin weekly, bearing the signatures of "Abelard," "Werner," &c., induced the author to print a volume, which he did in 1842, with the title "Shreds of Fancy." This book, which was dedicated to Sir Michael O'Loughlen, Bart., Master of the Rolls, is in some respects remarkable, as evincing, not only a facility, but a felicity, in diction and versification, of more than usual maturity in one so young. The tender affections, of course, were the main inspiration of the youthful bard; but love of country found expression happily prophetic of the author's patriotic future. About the same time, young Meany published "The Terry Alt; a Tale of 1831," in three volumes, which necessarily

embraced illustrations of the state of the country.

During 1843-4, the era of the monster meetings, when O'Connell convened the people on Tara Hill, at Mullaghmast and Clontarf—bencons and battle-grounds of Irish glory and retribution—and inspired them with feelings never to be gratified by him, Meany was entrusted with the position of chief of the *Freeman's Journal* staff. His tact and facility in reproducing the "Liberator," caused him to be distinguished as "O'Connell's Reporter." The enthusiasm of his nature, not less than his literary leanings, as a matter of course, led the active journalist into the progressive ranks of the Young Ireland party. In 1847 he made a most laudable attempt to establish a first class weekly periodical, in Dublin, of the same character as *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*. This publication, *The Irish National Magazine*, was in every way most creditable, but did not continue probably more than six months.

In 1848, Mr. Meany became an active propagandist in the Confederate Clubs, and soon entered still more prominently on the path of danger.

He became connected with the *Irish Tribune** as associate-editor and contributor, and at once attracted the watchful attention of the authorities. His writings at this crisis were peculiarly forcible in style, and more than usually pointed in suggestiveness. Take the following passage for instance, which is as suitable to-day as in July, '48:

"Free thoughts—free men—free soil for Ireland! These are the sacred rights of Nature. We ask not freedom because we were once free; we trust not to such frail and frivolous auxiliaries. We ask freedom because we have a right to be free. Usages, precedents, authorities and statutes sink into insignificance before this right. We seek our remedies in nature, and throw our parchment chains in the teeth of our oppressors. We ground our claims upon justice, and will not disgrace freedom by investing it with the fantastic honor of a pedigree. So little is plain sense heard in the mysterious nonsense which is the cloak of political fraud, that the Cokes, and Blackstones, and other jurists, speak as if our right to freedom depended on its possession by our ancestors. In the common cases of morality we would blush at such an absurdity. No man would justify murder for its antiquity or stigmatize benevolence for being novel. The genealogist who would emblazon the one as coeval with Cain, or denounce the other as upstart with Howard, would be disclaimed even by the most frantic partisan of aris-

*The stock was issued in shares, and was owned by Kevin O'Doherty, R. D'Hilton Williams, Dr. Bntisell, J. de Courcy Young, Walter T. Molyer, myself and two others. Michael Doherty and Stephen J. Meany, with the proprietors, wrote the paper. * * * J. De C. Young and myself had issued the "Patriot" in April, which the police discontinued, by removing the placards and confiscating the stock in the hands of the vendors. We then projected the "Tribune," and were joined by the parties above named. * * * *The Modern Revolutionary History of Ireland*, pp. 321-4.

ocracy. This Gothic transfer of genealogy to truth and justice is peculiar to politics. The existence of robbery in one age makes its vindication in the next; and the champions of freedom have abandoned the stronghold of right for precedent, which is ever feeble, fluctuating, partial and equivocal. I repeat, it is NOT BECAUSE WE HAVE BEEN FREE, BUT BECAUSE WE HAVE A RIGHT TO BE FREE, THAT WE OUGHT TO DEMAND FREEDOM. Justice and Liberty have neither birth nor race—youth nor age. Let us hear no more then of this ignoble and ignominious pedigree of freedom—let us hear no more of her Saxon, Danish, Norman, or Celtic ancestors—let the immortal daughter of Reason, of Justice, and of God be no longer confounded with the spurious abortions that have usurped her name.

“Primary political truths are few and simple; it is easy to make them understood. A government may be made to be respected, not because it is ancient, not because it has been established by barons or applauded by priests, but because it is useful. Men may easily be induced to maintain rights which it is their interest to perform. This is the ONLY principle of authority that does not violate justice and insult humanity; it is also the only one which can possess stability.

The week following we find Meany reviewing, in a trenchant manner, the political incidents of the day. He deals plainly and boldly with them. “We will not,” he says, “indulge in homilies of moral mysticism, better adapted to the amusement of a people than to their instruction. Such things are not fitted for the time. Men do not leave their hearths and homes and expose themselves, their fortunes and their children to imminent peril, without deep and dreadful cause. Anything like a general or national movement must be the result of long misgovernment.” He implores the people to train, to drill, and to arm! and concludes his timely exhortation with these words, pointing to something more than

“The Tribune’s tongue and poet’s pen!”

“With organization, confidence, strength and arms—with a training and drilling, not only of the animal, but of the intellectual man, with our harvest already ripening in a July sun, with everything in our moral and physical condition to insure success—why, with these things let there be but one simultaneous exclamation.—‘Now!’—One shout of triumph, and then—God be merciful to the rampant ruffianism of English Laws and English Government!”

A circumstance occurred about this period which is illustrative of Meany’s manly sense of justice, as well as of the violent state of lawlessness which the Government was forced to adopt in its conflict with the patriots. Mitchel was right when he said there was nothing the Government dreaded so much as a bold and honest journal. The *Irish Tribune* was quickly followed by the appearance of the *Irish Felon*, so that there were two fearless national journals in the capital, besides the *Nation*, which had

received a healthy impetus by the necessity exhibited in the popularity of its younger rivals. Every possible obstruction was placed in the way of the circulation of the *Tribune* and *Felon*. The news venders were seized by the police and detectives not in uniform, and the papers forcibly taken from them.

On Monday, the 10th July, two days after the arrest of the editors of these journals a large force of police proceeded to Trinity street, where the offices were located, and made a foray on the news venders. The same system having been pursued on the Saturday previous—and to such an extent that private individuals of the highest respectability, as well as the poor venders, were forcibly deprived of the papers they had bought—greatly irritated the gentlemen connected with the papers, and suggested to some of them the necessity of testing the power of the police. The action of the police attracted a large crowd. Meany on the part of the *Tribune*, and Joseph Brennan, on the part of the *Felon*, procured copies of the respective papers, and, exhorting the venders to resist the confiscation of their goods, boldly went into the street and offered the papers for sale. The matter was taking a tangible form, and numbers went forward to purchase, and thus show their antagonism to the illegality being enacted. The police interfered, and demanded the papers. Meany peremptorily refused. The excitement increased; the journalists offering their wares, the police demanding them, the former resisting, and the crowd cheering. The detective police, by their own testimony, were kicked and cuffed and dragged in the excitement, and Meany and Brennan were arrested for assault, and conveyed to the College street station, followed by considerable numbers, who repeatedly and loudly cheered them. The excitement before the Magistrate lost nothing in interest, Brennan defending himself; and it being generally supposed—from the usages of those days—that the gentlemen were about being committed to Newgate, under the “Gagging Act,” for their writings. Brennan’s talent for satire, which he leveled at the “authorities” in the court room, did not benefit him. It was decided not to accept bail, but to send his case for trial; while Meany being legally defended, was set free on his own recognizance.

Both parties had thoroughly aroused the vindictive watchfulness of the Castle officials; and having left Dublin on the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and the consequent scattering of the leaders to the hills, were arrested

together in the west, while seeking some sphere of action to precipitate revolution.

Meany was in the clutches of the Government for about thirteen months; a prisoner in Belfast, Newgate, (Dublin) and Kilmainham jails. The friendship which kindred sympathies suggested between Meany and Brennan in the streets of Dublin, was strengthened in prison, and some poetical illustrations of it have been printed, which have an additional interest, now that Brennan, (one of the brightest intellects of the era,) is no more, and that Meany—re-enacting, as it were, the earlier phases of his life which brought them together—may ponder on the association which brought a "gleam of sunlight" into his cell while tenanting it years ago.

After Mr. Meany's release from prison, which took place in 1849, he became editor of a paper in the South of Ireland, and subsequently followed his profession in England. He was for several years associated with Mr. Whitty, of the *Liverpool Daily Post and Journal*, as chief of the staff of that journal, and was first president of the Liverpool Press Association before leaving the Old Country—a position for which his *bonhomie* and graceful talent in a social sense, as well as his professional experience, well fitted him.

Mr. Meany emigrated to the United States some seven or eight years ago, and proceeding to the West, settled in Ohio, at Toledo, where he became editor and proprietor of the *Commercial*, and subsequently, Centre of the circle of the Fenian Brotherhood of that locality. In the latter capacity he attended the third National Congress of the Brotherhood, held at Philadelphia, October, 1865. On the appointment of two from each State and District to form a Committee on Government, Constitution, and By-laws, Mr. Meany was one of the two selected to represent Ohio; and on the adoption of the new Constitution, creating a Presidency, Senate, and House of Delegates for the Government of the Brotherhood, he was elected a Senator.

When the division in the ranks of the Fenian Brotherhood occurred, he was one of the three Senators who refused to secede. This secession arose on the question of the policy of the "Canadian Raid," as it was termed—Mr. Meany held, with the minority of the Council, that an incursion such as that proposed could not be justified on any ground, and that success would hardly excuse it. It would, he argued, be subjecting a friendly or not antagonistic people to all the horrors of warfare without attaining one step on the right road to that goal for which

the organization had struggled and striven. Well meaning men at the other side thought differently, and the result is known. And when the fourth National Congress assembled in New York, January 2, 1866 and "restored the Fenian organization to its original simple and effective form," Mr. Meany received the thanks of the Brotherhood, and was elected District Centre for Ohio. He almost immediately started on an organizing tour, and returned in time to participate in the great Jones' Wood meeting of the 4th March. Here he presented a suggestive preamble and resolutions, of which the following are a portion:

Whereas, It is now manifest that Ireland, so long held in vassalage by the Government of England, is about to strike determinedly for her freedom and independence; and

Whereas, As we, as American citizens, have a perfect right to assemble and bestow any material aid upon any people desiring to be free; and whereas, during the late unhappy differences between the States of this Union, the Irish people assembled *en masse* in the Rotunda of Dublin, and with one accord sympathized with and expressed the hope of a speedy re-union of the American States; therefore,

Resolved,—1. We, citizens of the United States, native and adopted, hereby tender our heartfelt sympathies to the struggling patriots of Ireland, and assure them that they shall from time to time receive from us encouraging words and the sinews of defence to the very extent of our ability to aid.

2. That the suspension of the writ of *Habeas Corpus* by Parliament and Crown of England is *ipso facto* an acknowledgement of the fact that Ireland is in a state of war, and by all the rules of civilized warfare, entitled to all the rights of belligerent parties.

6. That as England assumes the right by virtue of might to declare war against the Irish people, we citizens of the United States, reiterate our right to extend our sympathies to the cause of Irish nationality, and with the cause of the Irish patriot. Long live the Irish Republic!

Mr. Meany's predilections for journalism and enthusiasm in the Irish cause led him, in July, 1866, to start a journal for the advocacy of the latter in New York. It did not prosper; and after settling his business, Mr. Meany went to England to visit some members of his family.

He was arrested in London, Dec., 1866, conveyed to Mountjoy prison, Dublin, and committed for trial on the charge of Treason-felony. The Commission of Oyer and Terminer was opened on the 13th February, 1867. And Mr. Meany was arraigned on a charge of Treason-felony. He plead not guilty. Mr. O'Loughlin applied for a bill of particulars of the overt acts, which was denied by the Attorney-General. Mr. Meany was found guilty by the jury of making certain speeches in New York. The wretched creature who played the *role* of informer in this case, was a John Devany

who lived in New York for "eighteen or nineteen years;" became a member of the Shields' Circle in October, 1865, and was subsequently Secretary of a Circle, and was sent to Ireland in January, 1867, to give the needful information, by one of the agents of the British Government, who have been watching events in New York and elsewhere for the past few years.

The presiding Judge, Baron Fitzgerald, refused to sentence Mr. Meany, on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction in the case. The points raised by Baron Fitzgerald were subsequently argued before the Court of Error, when six of the Judges gave judgment affirming the verdict of the jury, and five dissented. As a consequence, Meany was brought up for sentence; and on Friday, 21st June, 1867, in answer to the usual question, at the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, he delivered an exceedingly able speech, which, from the peculiarity of the case, and the probability that it will be the basis of some international action, is worthy of careful perusal. It is, moreover, a worthy and able culmination of Meany's efforts in the cause of the country.

[We unwillingly overhold to our next number the report of Meany's speech from the Dock, with other and interesting details of his prison-life and subsequent career. Meanwhile we give from the Dublin *Irishman* of June 29th, 1867, the following estimate of the eloquence which astonished the judges, though it did not influence their judgment.]

"There are few speeches which will live longer in Ireland than those of Emmet and Burke; but an addition has been made to them in that of Stephen J. Meany. It is impossible to convey the force and earnestness of his delivery in language. Meany derived a magnificent *personnel* from the hand of his Creator. Beyond six feet in height, handsome, stalwart, and urbane, there are few who possess his individual gifts. In the dock, at the last moment, when asked why sentence should not be passed upon him, he exhibited those qualifications to the fullest advantage. No one looking on the Irish felon could but feel impressed by his presence even before he spoke; but when he spoke, or rather as he was speaking, there could be no man who could remain unswayed by his oratory or his reasoning. There have been few more impressive speeches than his even to read it. There could be none more impressive to hear. No point in his case passed his notice; no point in his case was left untouched. His language

would have done credit to an orator, and his reasoning would have won the fame of a lawyer. But the speaker was only an Irishman, found guilty of Fenian conspiracy, and neither his eloquence nor his wondrous reasoning could move his judges."

The following is from an *Irishman* leader of the same date on Mr. Meany's arrest, trial, and conviction:

"What are the plain facts, facts at which every man born on the soil of the United States may blush red with shame? They have not to be sought for scattered and sparse about; they are all collected together in the case of Stephen J. Meany.

"Here is a man who is an American citizen by adoption. He is possessed of all the rights which a free citizen of a free State is supposed to possess. Now one of these is a right to act as he pleases in his own country. No foreign Government can ever call him to account for his actions there; it may remonstrate with his Government; it may go to war with his Government, if it so please, on account of his actions, but it cannot seize him and chastize him. It cannot drag him from under its protecting flag, nor try him by its courts for his acts as a free citizen of another country.

Napoleon, indeed, got the Duke d'Enghien into his power and treated him to summary vengeance, but that was acknowledged to be the blackest blot upon his escutcheon, and the one thing which darkened his name for life.

Meany's case is not so very dissimilar in its essential particulars. Meany had had some connection with the Fenian Brotherhood in America, but he had discontinued his connection for some months before he came over to England. He entered England as a free citizen of the Republic—he openly showed himself in London; he did no act in all his sojourning there which anyone could take hold of. Detectives were soon set upon his track; they watched him to and fro; but with all their vigilance, and all their watchfulness, they could bring against him no solitary act which could implicate him—not one act did Stephen J. Meany do since he came within the bounds of the British empire that could be charged against him.

"What then? They seized him for acts done in America, they convicted him for acts done in America, they judged him and they condemned him to 15 years' penal servitude because he acted in the United States as any Republican citizen might act.

"What does all this mean but that the English

flag has been advanced into the American territory—that English authority rules superior in the case of American citizens over the privileges of the people in the Republic of Washington.”

(To be continued.)

PRAISE AND FLATTERY.

There is no one who does not like to receive the approval of others. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, those who are educated, and those who have no education, are sensible of its influence and stimulated by its bestowal. Praise may sometimes be mistaken for flattery, and flattery for praise; but they are as different from each other as the purest diamond from the basest imitation. True praise springs from a candid feeling of admiration of a worthy deed or act of merit. It comes from the heart, and has an existence there before it issues from the lips. It is an honest expression, and generous tribute of pleasure in what is of value. There is no relation in life when honest praise is not of benefit.

On the other hand flattery is a decided harm. Flattery is the expression of what was never felt, a hypocritical attempt at approval, and a base endeavor to accomplish some selfish end. It is easily distinguishable, and is alike degrading to him who stoops to give it and him who bends servily to receive it. Yet, let no one mistake praise for flattery. If the one is despicable, the other is noble and generous. Words of love and approval have brightened and gladdened many a life that would otherwise have been passed in loneliness and discouragement.

Many who have made a mark in this world, would have risen to still higher greatness if words of praise had been bestowed to cheer and strengthen them in their struggle, and not kept back until after they had passed where they were of no benefit. How much better would it be to lavish some of the praise on the living that so often rises to the lip, than to wait until after death, when it is too late to encourage or to inspire to new efforts. A truly generous and high minded man is quick to recognize and willing to acknowledge every real excellence in those with whom he mingles.

There is no telling how much good is lost to mankind by the gloomy spirit that keeps praise and outspoken approval from those who are

truly deserving of it. A father and mother, husband and wife, or brother and sister, do not refrain from expressing their displeasure when felt, whether felt justly or unjustly; but when an effort is made on the part of another to give pleasure, or after some act of filial or fraternal self-sacrifice, or service cheerfully rendered, how seldom are loving thanks or expressions of appreciation bestowed as a reward.

Also employers frequently find fault on many trivial occasions, but scarcely ever heed the daily cases of fidelity and energy that come under their observation. Such indifference often does a great deal toward impairing the fidelity and depressing the energy that might have been strengthened and confirmed by a few timely words of approval. There is no relation in life when honest praise sincerely rendered will not produce rich fruits of happiness by spreading the sunshine of gladness and encouraging new efforts in the performance of duty.

THE LITTLE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

The little things of life have far more effect upon character, reputation, friendship and fortune than the heartless and superficial are apt to imagine. They are few indeed, however rough by nature, who are not touched and softened by kindness and courtesy. A civil word, a friendly remark, a generous, an affable bow of recognition—all have an influence, while surliness, incivility, harshness and ill-temper, naturally enough produce an effect actually the reverse. The American people as a whole are perhaps not remarkable for courtesy. They are so engaged in the bustle of life, in onward movements of commerce and trade, that they have little leisure to cultivate and practice these polished refinements, which are the result of education, of travel, and of enlarged intercourse with society. Nevertheless, we are courteous people, and in the great cities the proprieties of manner and the civilities of form are attended to with a commendable degree of exactness.

Still, we are bound to confess that we are deficient in many of the little courtesies of life—courtesies that are admirably calculated to sweeten the intercourse of society, the intercourse of friendly feeling, and the general communion that takes place from day to day between neighbors and companions. The excuse with many is that they have no time to practice the civilities to which we refer, that they are too much engaged in more important

matters. Thus a friendly visit will not be repaid, a polite note will be left unanswered, a neighborly call will be disregarded, a pleasant smile will be met with a cold look of indifference, and a cordial grasp of the hand will be responded to with reluctance, if not surprize. All this may seem nothing, and yet the effect upon the mind and the heart is chilling and painful.

PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Those parents who believe that they have done all they can for their sons by giving them a liberal school education, make one of the most distressing mistakes that afflicts modern society and business circles. No class of young men in city or country is so deserving of pity as those who have good education, good morals, but no practical knowledge of the solid business affairs of life. They are deserving of pity because they are really worthy of a better position in life than their capabilities will warrant, and because they are not to blame for being entirely unfitted for responsible positions. Thousands of well-educated young men, walk the streets of the cities, even in the flush of prosperous times, who do not know how to earn their livelihood, and go seeking, day after day, such positions as they believe their talents demand, and meet with disappointment at every turn. It is a noteworthy fact that nearly, if not quite all, of the great, good, and substantial business men of our country, have come up from boyhood familiar with the use of the ax, plow, forge or plane; and they are not now, nor have they ever been, ashamed to own that their hands have been hardened with toil. Labor is a great free gift; it is a promoter of health and morality, and hence, of happiness and prosperity.

THE ROCK OF DOON.

Most of us have heard of the Rock of Doon, near the slender village of Kilmacrenan, on the river Gannon, county Donegal. On the Rock of Doon the O'Donnells were wont to be inaugurated chieftains of Tyrconnell—but the allegation has its opponents, among whom must be numbered the Four Masters. Later on we find Sir Cahir O'Doherty fighting his English foes beneath the Rock. O'Sullivan Beare describes the battle with characteristic eloquence and verse. Sir Cahir received a blow from a double headed javelin, and died in two hours. Beare's circumstantial account puts to death a rather

comic story now told in Innuishowen, and which was honored some time ago with print. According to this legend Sir Cahir and Sir Phelim MacDevitt were asleep under the Rock when a Scotchman named Ramsey stabbed Sir Cahir. Sir Phelim awoke and heard the groans of his friend, and raising him in his arms he hurried to the camp. *En route* Sir Cahir cried out that he was dying, implored to be laid down, and commanded his friend when he had died to cut off his head, take it to Dublin, and claim the reward. The first thing, perhaps, to discredit a story like this would be a Scotchman leaving the thing undone, and the second that Sir Cahir should think of blood-money for a friend in his last moments. But the legend was more wonderful still. We were told how Sir Phelim accepted the ghastly commission, and, head in hand, got as far as Swords on his way to the capital. One of the Chichesters staying in that village caught Sir Phelim's design, stole the head during the night, fled to Dublin, and got the reward. The authority of O'Sullivan Beare and a record of an inquisition of James I show conclusively that Sir Cahir was slain in battle; and so the story, like so many other good stories, must be dismissed, like the second power of a lie, as Mr. Caryl would say.

While it is worth while to note this topic it is worth while to note the heroic but appallingly tragic fate which befell Sir Phelim. Soon after the battle of Kilmacrenan—that in which Sir Cahir had fallen—Sir Phelim was betrayed into the hands of the English. The Lord Deputy offered him life, pardon, restoration and honors if he abjured his faith; and all these Sir Phelim scornfully refused. Instantly a gallows was erected, and Sir Phelim ascended the fatal tree. He was pinioned and the bolt was drawn. It swung into the air with a sudden jerk, and the rope snapped, Sir Phelim fell heavily on his feet. The executioner rushed upon him with a hatchet, with the assistance of a couple of soldiers, and literally hacked the unfortunate gentleman to pieces. Amid the cries and horrified exclamations of the crowd, the executioner drove a knife into the breast of his pinioned victim, dragged out his heart, and flung it on a fire. The clan MacDevitt fled from the place and took refuge in the wild glens of Donegal, where their descendants remain to this day.

The barriers of faith and revealed morals, so far from being obstacles, are the ramparts of human governments.

Macstoso.

The Bard of Red Hugh O'Donnell sings—

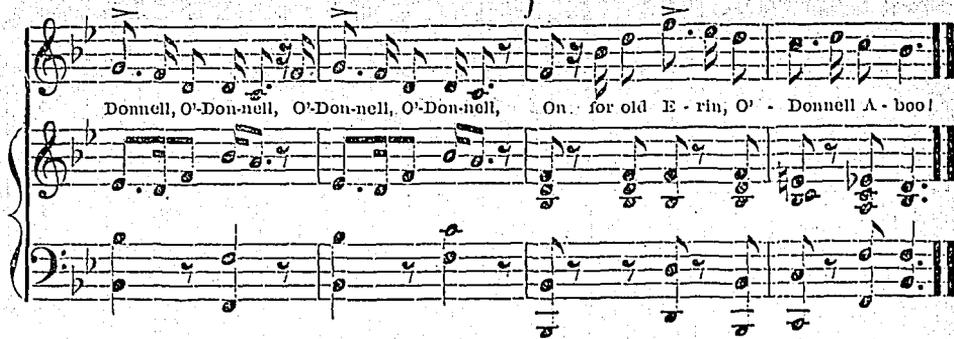
mf 1. Proudly the note of the trumpet is sound-ing, Loud-ly the war-cries n - rise on the gale;

Fleet-ly the steed by Loc Suil - ig* is bound-ing, To join the thick squadrons in Saimcer's green vale.

cres. dim.

On, ev'ry mountaineer, Strangers to flight and fear; Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!

Bonnought and Gallowglass Throng from each mountain pass! On for old Erin, O' - Don-nell A - boo! O' -



2 Princely O'Neil to our aid is advancing,
 With many a chieftain and warrior clan;
 A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing
 'Neath the borders brave from the banks of the Bann;
 Many a heart shall quail
 Under its coat of mail;
 Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
 When on his ear shall ring,
 Born on the breeze's wing,
 Tyrconnell's dread war-cry—O'Donnell Aboo!

3 Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,
 Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,
 The fox in the streets of the city is prowling—
 All, all who would scare them are banish'd or slain!
 Grasp, every stalwart hand,

Hackbut and battle-brand—
 Pay them all back the deep debt so long due!
 Norris and Clifford well
 Can of Tir-Conaill tell—
 Onward to glory—O'Donnell Aboo!

4 Sacred the cause that Clan-Conaill's defending—
 The altars we kneel at and homes of our sires;
 Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—
 Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires!
 On with O'Donnell, then,
 Fight the old fight again,
 Sons of Tir-Conaill all valiant and true!
 Make the false Saxon feel
 Eriu's avenging steel!
 Strike for your country!—O'Donnell Aboo!

Review of Books.

THE MEX OF '48. By Col. James E. McGee.
 Sadlier & Co., Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

The above is the title of a new work from the pen of Col. James McGee. It reviews the agitation carried on by O'Connell for repeal of the Union up to the secession of the Young Ireland party, and gives sketches of the celebrated young men who formed that party, whose names now belong to Irish history, and shed a lustre on those of other lands besides. The book is in fact a history of Ireland from the state trials of 1844 to the collapse of the rising in '48.

It is written in Col. McGee's usual forcible style, and should be in the hands of every Irishman. Price 90 cents.

A STORMY LIFE. By Lady Fullerton.

A stormy life is a historical romance of the fifteenth century, and is intensely dramatic and interesting. The principal actors in it are Margaret of Angou and her husband Henry the Sixth, the great Earl of Warwick, Edward the Fourth and his brothers Gloucester and Clarence, and other celebrated characters who figured prominently in the later part of the War of the Roses.

The style of language of the fifteenth century is preserved throughout, and on the whole the

work is one of the greatest efforts of that great Catholic writer. Price \$1.25.

'TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

Lady Fullerton takes high rank among the novelists of the day, and the work before us, written in her accustomed style, does not derogate from her popularity. The plot of the story consists in the marriage of one of the princesses of the House of Brunswick to Alexis Petrowitz, heir to the imperial throne of Russia, who ill-uses her in the most dreadful manner, and indeed attempts her life by poison. In one of his gusts of brutal passion he strikes her down and leaves her bathed in blood. He goes to one of his country palaces, where, shortly after, he hears news of her death. But the princess does not die, although her funeral takes place with all due solemnity. With the assistance of a friend and a faithful servant she collects what little property she can, such as jewels, &c., and goes to the New World. Here she meets a French gentleman named St. Aubin, who recognized her from having seen her before her marriage to the Russian Grand Duke. His plantation (in Louisiana) adjoins hers, and he manages to be of incalculable service to her. They love each other and marry. The story all through is highly interesting and gracefully written. Price \$1.25.