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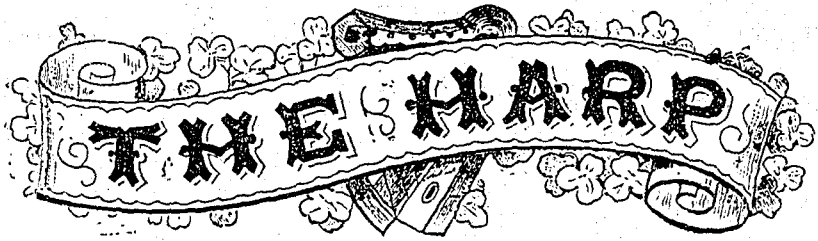
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No. 3.

[For the Harp.]

A SPIRIT KISS.

I met my love in the flushing morn,  
When life was fair as a 'witching dream;  
Her smile, like the day-star, newly-born,  
Lit up my soul with its tender gleam.  
I placed my love in my inmost heart;  
And worshipp'd as oven a devotee—  
And vowed my goddess should never part,  
The light and hope of my soul from me!

Fair as a lily, my beautiful love,—  
With eyes as blue as the dome of heaven—  
Than she, not purer, are those above.  
To whom the smiles of the Throne are given!  
*Oh, dear to the stricken with grief, the hand*  
*Which soothes the soul's dark agony;*  
*But dearer than touch or tone, tho' bland*  
*Of else, was the look of my love to me.*

And often we met, and the holy spell  
She sang o'er my life grew on;  
Not even a cloud upon me fell.  
To hide from my soul my fairest one:  
Yet, spoke I not, for the sacred chain,  
Of violent love, was around me cast;  
And thus I watched with a pleasant pain,  
The hours and days, tho' fleeting fast.

'Twas strange—But unthought of the star-bull  
room,  
Where, dead to earth, my truth she'd learn;  
And in her home beyond the tomb,  
My pure, soul-absorbing love discern.  
For earthly love I little recked,  
Immortal joys I knew were sweeter;  
And oh, in my fancy, I oft-times decked  
My love, when angels, fond, would greet her!

And thus we've met, full many a time,  
And never a word of love 's been spoken;  
Nor shall 'till high in the Mystic Chime,  
I'll give to her, my love's first token!  
What shall it be? Ah, at the Gate,  
My soul, enwrap'd with a holier bliss;  
Shall, reverent, bow to immortal Fate,  
And welcome her with a spirit-kiss!

J. J. G.

"KILSHEELAN"

ON,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

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

CHAPTER IV.

O'DWYER GARY.

When Gerald reached the dining-hall of Kilsheelan Castle, it presented a fair picture of the state of society in those times.

The dining-hall itself was of lordly height and length, and displayed in its gloomy oak panelling, its massive furniture, and antique

ornaments, the ancient character of the place. Numbers of oil-lamps resting on heavy bronze pans, afforded light enough to bring this sombre grandeur to view.

The dinner was over, and the guests, some forty in number, were already in the boisterous stage of the carouse that invariably followed. Half-barbarous generosity showed itself everywhere. A great haunch of venison, lordly sirloins of beef, hams, turkeys and all the other liberal viands of the dinner, lay still piled on the side tables, whence the servants were about removing them for their own feast. Others of them were engaged brewing great bowls of punch, or uncorking the cob-webbed wine-bottles. The long table round which the guests sat, and indeed the guests that sat around it, seemed to be furnished rather for a deliberate debauch than for rational refreshment. Jolly-faced squires, with very little intelligence and a great deal of good-humour, formed the bulk of the company; one or two London-bred lords, a few military officers, and some Dublin politicians composed the remainder.

O'Dwyer Gary sat at the head of the table, doing the honours with a courtly grace, and yet a genial warmth, that relieved the assembly of much of its coarseness. He was the Irish gentleman, of whom the period produced a few, and only a few—his failings (as has been remarked of somebody else) belonged to the times he lived in; his virtues were all his own. Chivalrous, frank, and generous in all his instincts, he would have made aristocracy a respectable word in any country; in unhappy Ireland he could only give some melancholy tinge of interest to a society decaying of corruption within and without.

He was tall and erect in stature. His large, dark eyes spoke of decision and courage of character, while kindly benevolence was their ordinary expression. Silvery-white hair produced by irregularity of living more than by age,

completed the air of venerable nobility that attended his presence.

"Where on earth have you been, Gerald?" asked O'Dwyer Gary, as the truant entered the hall, his cheeks still red with the excitement of the dance. "Our friends have been toasting your health, and the response was *in nubibus*."

"Let them take it as spoken, sir, and I'm sure they'll like it all the better," laughed Gerald. "I've been down at the village—they have glorious fun there. As tired as I was, I got through a jig in great style."

"Astonishing the energy of the young generation," remarked Squire Thornton. "Tisn't enough for them to risk their necks all day across a country, but they must risk their hearts in the evening with the girls. I hope you got over the jig as safe as you got over the stonewall to-day, Gerald? 'Twas a capital jump!—capital!"

"So somebody thought who rode round to the gap," laughed another. "Of course it it wasn't you, Thornton—some fellow that stole your fair face for the occasion."

"Faith, then, you'd better take care nobody saddles the theft upon you," retorted the squire. "You were the only one seen in my company."

"'Twill take an ocean of punch to keep your wits from turning into pistol shots, gentlemen," said the host, good humouredly. "Your tumbler is more ornamental than useful, Thornton. Mr. Crashington, the Irish whiskey isn't as bad as the Irish rebels, I hope?"

"O! de—li—cious!" lisped the Hon. Mr. Crashington, one of the young London exotics above-mentioned, "Only a trifle—a—heady, don't you think?"

"Tisn't over courteous to strangers, I must admit," said O'Dwyer Gary, with a laugh. "But it improves on acquaintance."

"'Pon my soul then, another shake-hands with it would put me under the table," said an English colonel, of dragoons.

"There it is, you see" put in Squire Bingham, a huge, red-faced man, who was duellist and drunkard almost by profession. "You never can understand us Irish."

"I confess I can't understand five tumblers of your whiskey-punch," laughed the Colonel, good humouredly.

"And ye talk of a Union!" cried the Squire, in great disgust. "Most likely the first law ye'd make for us would be one to declare whiskey-punch 'heady,' and make its manufacture High Treason."

"Oh! pon my honaw, I didn't mean anything—aw—personal," said the Hon. Mr. Crashington, who was getting alarmed at the storm his words were raising.

"Faith if you did, sir," rejoined the Squire, "the whiskey will be able to avenge itself."

"By the bye, talking of the Union," said a country gentleman, anxious to change the topic, "they say Castlereagh hasn't given up the notion."

"Given it up!" said one of the Dublin politicians, a lawyer of some eminence. "They say in town the Union's as good as carried."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Sackwell, who, amongst his equals, was more butt than idol, and whose part in their conversation was usually confined to smiles and interjections.

"Nonsense! there's not an independent man in Ireland that doesn't execerate it."

"A great many of them don't execerate money, though," said the lawyer, quietly. "When it comes to be a choice between the two, the Union may seem to be the lesser evil."

"But the people, my dear sir! We'd have a rebellion as sure as sunrise."

"All the pleasanter for the unionists; they'd even be glad to supply ropes for the people to hang themselves."

"But there's not a word of it in Parliament."

"My dear sir, it's not in the light of day the Union will be carried."

"They'll hardly try their infernal gold with our public men, at any rate."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Sackwell, finishing his tumbler of claret with the air of a Cincinnati."

"Don't be too sure of that, either," said O'Dwyer Gary, with just a shadow of pain on his countenance. "'Tisn't an hour ago since I myself had the honour of a visit from one of Lord Castlereagh's friends."

"You're joking, surely."

"Not a bit, I assure you. He offered me the cheering alternative of £20,000 and a baronetcy with the Union, or beggar without it."

"By George!" cried the English colonel, vehemently. "If I were an Irishman, I think I'd have got hanged long ago."

O'Dwyer Gary lost none of his composure as he proceeded.

"But you wouldn't guess who the ambassador was? I'll hold no secrets in so base a business."

For all his smiles, Mr. Sackwell so trembled that he upset his tumbler, and brought the eyes of the whole company upon him.

"It wasn't Sackwell?" cried Squire Bingham, fiercely.

"It was our illustrious neighbour, Mr. Artslude."

The squires fairly jumped from their seats in indignant astonishment.

"Of course you challenged the scoundrel, O'Dwyer?" asked Mr. Bingham, his eyes dancing in prospect of a fray.

O'Dwyer Garv smiled with quiet pride.

"Him!—scarcely. I told him if his employers meant to insult me, they might have come themselves to receive chastisement."

"By Jove! he must have smarted!"

"I think I've heard the last of the baronetcy and the twenty thousand, at any rate," said their host, laughingly. "Masses, that sherry must be abominable—you've hardly tasted it. Don't let the miseries of your country spoil your appetite, old fellow."

The little old gentleman addressed, who was already in his third bottle, chattered something pious about moderation, and dived into a fourth.

"Sackwell, I owe you an apology for even suspecting you," cried Squire Bingham, cordially.

"My dear sir, your suspicion is only an incident of public life," replied Sackwell, putting on the full smiling power of his highly gesticmatic countenance to hide an uneasiness he could not quite smother.

"Nobody is above suspicion these times," said the Squire. "Perhaps I wasn't telling ye about the attempt on my own virtue?"

Most of them thought they had heard of it some dozen times before, but that did not hinder the Squire from proceeding:

"'Twas last month Castlereagh button-holed me in a quiet corner of the Coffee-Room, and, after nearly wringing my hand off, he says:

"'They say you're the best shot in Tipperary, Bingham.'

"'They flatter me, my lord,' says I.

"'I believe you're a loyal subject, Bingham,' says he.

"'I believe I am, my lord,' says I.

"'And I believe you're—ah—slightly in difficulties, Bingham?' says he.

"'I'm very sure I am, my lord,' says I.

"'Well, you see,' he went on, in the ghost of a whisper, "those "patriots" are apt to be troublesome, now that we're going to take their trumpet-ery parliament away from them. Some of them will, most likely, show fight and—and loyal men must show fight, too—you understand me?"

"'Perfectly, my lord,' says I.

"'That's well,' said my lord rubbing his hands in glee. 'One of our couriers—Captain Holleston—will be down your way next week. If you rifle his portmanteau, we won't transport you.'

"'I'll be on the look-out for him, never fear, my lord,' says I.

"'Next week came and so did the courier. I had a few fellows to dinner when he called,'

"'You're Captain Holleston?"

"'I am, sir. Mr. Bingham, I presume?"

"'The same, sir,' says I. 'This is Mr. Downey, Captain Holleston—he'll be happy to act as your second. You can have your choice of those pistols, and I suppose you don't object to settling it across the table?'

"'Poor devil! I never saw such a picture of astonishment and horror. For a moment or two I thought he'd fall; but it seemed to strike him suddenly that he had fallen on a nest of highwaymen, for with cries of 'Murder!' he rushed to the door, fled to his horse, and galloped like mad across the country, shouting 'Murder!' and 'Thieves!' like a maniac. I didn't send a bullet after the poor wretch; I was nearly dead with laughing at his scare."

"'Did he ever learn the truth?' asked the Colonel.

"'He did, faith, and vowed all sorts of vengeance; but Lord Castlereagh plainly thought the less said about it the better, for I never heard since from the captain. So there ended my official communication with the Ministry."

His hearers laughed heartily for the fiftieth time over the Squire's story.

"'If everybody did as I did,' said Mr. Bingham replenishing his tumbler, "we'd hear no more of the Union."

"'A forcible view, certainly,' said the Dublin Lawyer, "but I hope it need not come to that. The Government are still in a small minority, and it's no very bright augury of their chances that they have to fall back on Mr. Artslude as an instrument. Clearly there's not a gentleman in Tipperary on their side."

Mr. Sackwell felt miserably guilty.

"'If there was,' cried Squire Bingham. "By G—! he and I would have a score to settle!"

Mr. Sackwell was within a hair's breadth of upsetting another tumbler.

"'I'm not much of a politician,' said the Colonel, "but I can't see for the life of me why you object to the Union. Anybody but school girls would think a union with a rich neighbour rather a jolly thing."

"'And I,' ventured the Hon. Mr. Crashington,

"I cannot imagine how a fellow with tin in his pocket, can mope his life away without seeing the world. 'Twould bore me to death, I know."

"Very Irish and absurd of us, I suppose," said O'Dwyer Garv, with a smile. "But just reverse the case, and see how you'd feel. What would you say if we proposed to take over your aristocracy and their revenues and transfer them to Dublin?—what if we were kind enough to extinguish your manufactures, appropriate your industry, and pay our debts with your money? if we debauched your public men with the revenues of the State—if we organized rebellion of class against class—and then swept all semblance of nationhood to our own side of the Channel? I'm afraid, Colonel, the fine dream of a United Kingdom would hardly reconcile you to our benevolence."

"I suppose you understand your own affairs better than I do," rejoined the Colonel, good humouredly; "but you don't seem to be a bit too prosperous, now that you are left to yourselves."

"Left to ourselves," cried Squire Thornton. "If you call a fellow left to himself that's throttled by highwaymen, then we're mighty independent, for we are only knocked on the head whenever we try to get up. We were left to ourselves for a while—when we had to be—and, upon my soul, prosperity nearly grew on the hedges."

"They were good old times!" observed Mr. Sackwell, with a profound sigh.

"So they were, old fellow," cried one of the juniors. "No mistake about our patriotism *then*. We didn't don the uniform of the "Monard Fencibles" for nothing. We had the very fiercest motto in the service. What's this it was, Seckwell?"

"'Pon my word, I don't remember," said Mr. Sackwell, with a feeble smile. The subject was a sore one.

"Oh! 'Death or Glory,' to be sure. By the bye, Mrs. Sackwell never loved that "Death or Glory" in the Volunteer line. Eh, Sackwell?"

A roar of laughter greeted this allusion to an ugly episode of Mr. Sackwell's campaigning as Colonel of the Monard Fencibles. His corps commanded one of the avenues to the Rotunda, on the opening day of the celebrated Convention, and, mounted on a white horse, the Colonel was awaiting grimly the signal of revolution, then momentarily expected, when his amiable lady arrived on the scene, after driving pell-mell in the post-chaise from Tipperary. In the course of a minute, the gallant Colonel

was dislodged from his horse, and his wife was haranguing the regiment on the iniquity of "a father of six children" hunting after "Death or Glory." He resisted with desperate valor—so said the general officer's despatch, communicating the disaster—but at last, after some dangerous demonstrations in word or deed, he was bundled into the post-chaise and the horses' heads turned for Tipperary, leaving the Monard Fencibles to find Death or Glory without their commander.

"Come, now, that isn't fair to Sackwell," said the host. "He was one of the first to take the Dungannon oath, and I'm sure he'll be the last to break it."

"Indeed, I hope so!" said Mr. Sackwell, meekly.

"Hurrah for it—the Dungannon oath!" cried Squire Bingham. "Here's to the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, and the d——'s choicest blessings to the man that says 'boo!' to 'm."

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" Mr. Sackwell thought 'twould choke him, but it didn't.

## CHAPTER V.

### A REVELATION.

It was midnight before Gerald O'Dwyer escaped from the revelry of the banquet-hall to the grateful quiet of his own apartment. He heard the guests depart one by one, heard their boisterous farewell, the shouts of drunken coachmen, and the clatter of horse's hoofs; and then silence fell on the old place, and the servants' footsteps died away through the sounding corridors.

Gerald was about to undress himself when a tap came to the door, succeeded by the entrance of his father, who looked graver and more sad than Gerald ever recollected to have seen him since his mother's death.

The unusual hour of visit, and his father's haggard looks alarmed the youth, who cried anxiously:

"You don't look well father: I hope there's nothing wrong?"

"Nothing, my boy, nothing. I'm a little weary after our night's merriment, that's all. I am glad I have found you up: I want to have a quiet chat with you."

Gerald placed a chair for his father, wondering much what was to come.

"You are going to leave home to-morrow for Trinity College. I am not going to read you a lecture about what your conduct there should be—no son of mine, I know, will discredit the

name of "Irish gentleman"—but I would implore you earnestly to lose no chance of cultivating your talents."

"I hope, sir, there is no need for the advice."

"There is, my boy, great need. Time was when talents were but an ornament of the O'Dwyers; I fear they will have to do more for you and me."

Gerald knew no answer to this melancholy reflection, whose drift he totally failed to see. He only listened in silence for the explanation.

"Gerald," his father proceeded, "it is time you should know some things which are hard to hear. You have been living in the belief that you were heir to a princely fortune—everything around you assured you of rank and wealth. In mistaken mercy to you, I have kept up the delusion until now. I cannot do so longer."

"Father, what can you mean?" cried the youth, in an agony of suspense and doubt.

"Gerald, your inheritance, I deeply fear, will be poverty and ruin."

The old man bowed his head in pain.

"Ruin!" cried his son, utterly stupefied.

"Aye, ruin—ruin; that is, unless you can avert it."

"I, father?"

"I know I am speaking in riddles to you, my boy: but listen, I will interpret them for you. When my father died, I succeeded to a property, princely in extent, but eaten into, right, left and centre by incumbrances of all sorts. I succeeded, also to the traditions of our family—traditions that proscribed economy, and left me little scruple in supporting the pride of those who went before me. Generosity—no doubt, wilful and wasteful extravagance—became the passion of my life. I believe my whole thought was that everybody around me should be happy in the good style; but—I feel it now—the ambition was a selfish one, for it left no thought of those who were to come after me. Nay, it was a crime to you, my brave boy, and to our house."

"Father, you wrong yourself, cruelly," cried the warm-hearted youth. "You have made our name the symbol of everything noble and generous. I had rather succeed worthily to that than to a miser's millions."

A tear of melancholy satisfaction glittered in O'Dwyer Garv's eye, as he silently pressed his son's hand.

"No, no, Gerald," he went on; "old notions are not likely to leave my head now while I live, but let not those who come after me mistake wanton contempt of money for a virtue—men live

in the world not in their own Utopias. At any rate, I indulged my passion, as you know, and the end was that, from mortgage to mortgage, it went on till every acre of Kilsheelan was loaded with incumbrances."

"The whole of it!"

"Lands, park, Castle, everything," said O'Dwyer Garv, calmly, "I might have repaid them—for the mortgages did not cover nearly the value of the property—but rents were in arrear, or weren't paid at all, and I could not bear to disturb the poor creatures, who seemed to me a sort of joint tenants with myself. I did not care, so long as money was to be had for the writing, and, though I found many things distasteful in Tipperary society, I upheld the station of O'Dwyer Garv in all extremities. I was first brought to reason by the loss of the Ashenfield estate—that which introduced Mr. Arslade amongst us. I examined my affairs seriously, and I found—ruin!"

"But all is not lost yet, sir. It will not be hard to pay the interest on those debts till I get the chance of wiping off the principle."

"Unhappily, there is the difficulty. My creditor is not only a creditor but an enemy. My mortgages were executed to a London money-lender, calling himself Jordan. I have discovered that this Jordan and our friend Mr. Arslade are one and the same person."

Gerald was dumb with amazement.

"You heard me say that this man called on me to-day and made an insulting proposition to buy my vote for the Union. He proposed beggary as an alternative if I refused. I hardly gave the scoundrel time for explanation, but he did contrive to assure me how real his threat was, by informing me that he was the Mr. Jordan to whom my whole estates are bartered."

"Good Heavens! and you offended him mortally!"

"Offended! If he were a gentleman, I should have slain him," cried O'Dwyer Garv fiercely. "He little knows what stuff an Irish gentleman is made of, if he thinks threats will shelter his insults. However," he continued, more calmly, "after what passed to day, I see clearly, the strict letter of the law must now be the only mediator between us."

"And its decision?"

"I can see but one—the forfeiture of the estates, if the mortgage-debts are not discharged."

"But they may be discharged, father," cried Gerald, enthusiastically. "I am young and have the world before me. A few years may bring me success and fortune."

"Gerald, that is why I have opened this subject to you to-night. There are golden rewards for genius nowadays. I would have you seek them in all manly earnestness. It is not for my own sake," he went on hurriedly. "I am old, and not likely to live long; and, whatever befalls, I hope I can bear it like an O'Dwyer. But I could reconcile myself to anything if I could think that I would not be the last of our race in Kilsheelan. I am almost a child in my affection for this old place, and it would be the sorest trial of all to leave it in the hands of strangers. You, my boy, may have the glory of restoring what I have destroyed.

"Pshaw! father, some time or other we will laugh over all this."

"I hope so," said G'Dwyer gravely, smiling sadly. "Those mortgage-debts are, as I have told you, almost ridiculously small compared with the value of the land. I have not much notion of their amount, but I'm sure ten thousand pounds would more than cover them all. There are secondary mortgages to a large amount also, but these are, fortunately, out of Mr. Artslade's reach—they were executed to my brother-in-law, Lord Atholston, who isn't likely to be troublesome."

"Why the amount is almost nothing after all," said Gerald.

"True; it could be raised without much difficulty only for those secondary charges. But unfortunately I believe this Mr. Artslade's debts fall due early next year—"

"Ah!"

"And I see no chance of averting present disaster, at least. However, I have made it an express condition in all those deeds that the estates should be redeemable within ten years after they are forfeited—I did you that justice, at any rate—so that, even though I may not be alive to see it, you have ten long years to win your restoration to Kilsheelan."

"If will and energy can do it, father, it will be done," cried the youth impulsively. "I would ask for no higher purpose in life."

The old man wrung his hand warmly.

"You have relieved me of a great sorrow, my boy. And now," he went on, with more of his old self, "now that we have looked the dark side of the picture full in the face, we aren't going to believe it's all dark. There are a thousand accidents between us and ruin. We have the old place and the old people still about us, and please God, we mean to have them. I don't want you either, Gerald, to make yourself bookworm and recluse in Trinity; don't let the

dust of the schools make you forget you're O'Dwyer of Kilsheelan. What I have told you to-night must be grievous news to you; but it is better you should know it now."

"Believe me, sir, it has not dismayed me," said Gerald.

"I believe it, boy, you would not be worthy of your race if you were frightened by shadows."

The little clock on the mantelpiece chimed two.

"Gracious! how the night has flown. We should have been abed long ago. Good-night, my boy; don't let the ghost of Mr. Artslade disturb your slumbers."

But Gerald O'Dwyer had little thought of slumber that night. His room was in a turret at the angle of the western wing of the Castle. This wing was the oldest and most dilapidated part of the building. Its gloomy chambers were long ago abandoned to dust and moths, and such of their ancient furniture as remained was a mere shadow of the long-forgotten past. The flat roof of this deserted pile, protected by high battlements, was a favourite promenade with Gerald in his thoughtful moods, and thither he now repaired to set his troubled thoughts in order.

The night was one of those pure dewy ones in which the spring-flowers are born by the myriad. The moon sailed high up in the blue-and-silver firmament. A few white clouds slept on the horizon. A hush was over all the woods and fields and in the slumbering village. The moonlight lay like a spell over them all, sealing the voices of night. Even the mind labored flaggingly, as if ashamed to be awake.

It was a royal valley that lay spread like a giant picture far below Gerald O'Dwyer. Northward, it melted away in luxuriance far in the plains of Limerick; to the south, the Stuir flowed down to the Waterford hills among lordly borders of meadow and wood and mountain.

Here was to be his inheritance—his no longer! All his little youthful fairyland—his haunts in the Park and the Wood—his consecrated corners in the old Castle—the run with the hounds—the ramble with Cressy—all the sport of the village—all his elements of happiness were in peril—deadly peril—of slipping from him forever—away to a bitter stranger, who might blacken every bright spot and rub out all memory of old times.

And his father! He, too, was to have the pillars of his life shattered. He was to be dashed down from his venerable dignity—to have the sword of his fathers, as it were, broken in his

hands. Associations, woven in long years round his heart, were to be torn from him in age. He was to be driven from his own door who never sent outcast from it unhappy.

'Tshaw! the thought was dismissed as soon as formed. O'Dwyer Garv without Kilsheelan!—Kilsheelan without O'Dwyer Garv! Never!

It was a youth who reasoned thus sanguinely. Why not? The task set him by his father was the first inspiration of manhood—that magic dream, "dreamt once and never again," where doubt enters not—that splendid Nihilism which disembodies all obstacle. Those few short hours had shaped the purpose of his life; the years were already belted with any airy road to success.

Ten thousand pounds, and ten years to win them! He would scarcely have thought the conquest of Hercules, a difficult matter in the time, if it set all things to rights in Kilsheelan.

In meditations like this, the hours went by till the light in the eastern sky and the crowing of the cocks in the village announced morning.

He returned to his room and bathed his head and neck plentifully with cold water, and, it being then six o'clock, prepared for a run in the fresh morning air to rid himself of the night's weariness.

"The primroses I promised Cressy!" he suddenly remembered, as he crossed the Park. "Ought I, after what has passed?"

He paused for a moment hesitatingly.

"Pooh! Cressy is a child," he said, "and too good a one to be quarrelled with. Poor little Cressy, I'll miss her ever so much! Yes, she shall have the primroses."

So he set off through the dewy fields for the Wood, and plucked there a rich bouquet of golden blossoms, which he left at Ashenfield House for Miss Cressy, while Miss Cressy herself was still buried in sleep-land. Returning to the Castle, he took a short cut through Widow Ryan's little holding, and was not a little surprised to find her hopeful son, Tade, working away like a trooper in the ploughed field.

"Why, Tade, I never suspected you before of industry?" said the youth laughingly.

"I niver did offend much that way, Masther Gerald," said Tade wiping his brows; "but I'm a new man since last night—oh! be the powers o' Moll Kelly I am!"

"Why, what's up, Tade? You haven't been making it all right with Father John, have you?"

"I haven't Masther Gerald, but I won't be so," he cried with a chuckle. "Didn't you hear the news?"

"None since I saw you kissing Kitty in the corner last night, you rogue."

"Keep yer mind to yerself, Masther Gerald—'tis a mighty saeret entirely, an' shure divil a wan ought to know it afore yerself, me darlin' child. What wud you say if Kitty an' I wor on Father John's list this Shrove?"

"I'd say that I'll dance at your wedding, Tade, and wish you all sorts of good luck."

"Well, 'tis as thrue as Gospel, sir. We settled it last night at the dance, an' ould Mat is quite convenient\* to the match; so, plaze God, this Shrove we'll be axin' you down to the weddin', Masther Gerald."

"And so you're turning good boy and mindin' the farm at last, Tade! You're beginning well at any rate."

"Oh! begor, lave that to me, Masther Gerald. I'd work the shin-bones down off o' me for the same Kitty. My hand to you, av the little spot o' land can grow good guineas, I'm the bye that'll knock 'em out av it."

And, as if to show how true his boast was, he drove the spade with such force that it shivered in the ground. When Gerald left him, he was still delving away as if the guineas were following every spadestroke.

Yet, when Gerald had finished a hasty breakfast, and bid a cheerful good-bye to the servants, he found the ubiquitous Tade Ryan as active about the post-chaise and the luggage as he was a while ago about the guineas, and his honest face was one of the last Gerald saw, as amid the cheers and blessings of the villagers, the old chaise rambled away from Kilsheelan.

\*Satisfied.

(To be continued.)

### NEVER MIND.

What's the use of always frothing  
At the trials we shall find  
Ever strewn along our pathway?  
Travel on and never mind.

Travel onward, working, hoping,  
Cast no lingering look behind  
At the trials once encountered;  
Look ahead and never mind.

And if those who might befrend you,  
Whom the ties of nature bind,  
Should refuse to do their duty,  
Look to Heaven and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken  
When the feelings are unkind;  
Take them for their real value,  
Pass them on and never mind.

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,  
Enemies may be combined;  
If your trust in God is steadfast,  
He will help you never mind.



# THE HARP.

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

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MONTREAL, JULY, 1874.

We wish our friends would send us the addresses of such of their acquaintances as would be likely to be pleased with THE HARP. Specimen copies will be sent to them gratuitously, as we are confident that by this means we can greatly extend the circulation. THE HARP contains such a variety of reading matter that every person will be certain to find in it something of especial interest. By speaking to their friends of THE HARP, our subscribers may do us a grateful service, and will do much towards the success of a Magazine which only requires a fair opportunity to win admirers in every section of the Dominion.

**NEW BRUNSWICK.—CATHOLIC EDUCATION.**—Our Catholic brethren of this Province are being sorely tried in the interests of religious education for their children. It is known to our readers that the common school system of New Brunswick, unlike that of either Quebec or Ontario, does not admit of what is known as Separate Schools, those in which distinct doctrinal teaching, in favor of either Catholic or Protestant, is enforced. After a long and arduous struggle this right was secured to the Catholics of Upper Canada; and it was at once, and even without reluctance, ceded to the Protestants of Lower Canada by the overwhelming majority who held the control of her school system. In the Act of the Imperial Parliament constituting the Dominion of Canada (31 Vic., cap. 3) special provision is made in favor of these rights,—by which they are maintained intact. Hence, the Catholics of New Brunswick appealed, some time since, to the Dominion Government to advise the Governor-General to disallow the School Act of their Province, as contrary, in its non-sectarian (so called) features, to the Confederation Act.

Unfortunately, however, the provision in the latter law is, as we have said, "special," referring only to the then existing right of separate school education in two Provinces; and although it was admitted that the *spirit* of the Dominion

Charter was in their favor, the intention of the letter was too plain to admit of the interference solicited. Steps were then taken to refer the question to the law officers of the Crown in England, and in due time a reply came from that quarter confirmatory of the view of our Dominion Executive. viz.: that the measure complained of fell, strictly, within the power of the local legislature, and was not subject to Dominion control. We perceive that the question is about to come before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the shape of an appeal from the Courts of New Brunswick by Catholic taxpayers; but we apprehend that this will only result in a still stronger adverse decision, but one that will shew the Catholics of New Brunswick, once for all, that the battle must be fought at home; and that they must either obtain a Separate School Act from their local legislature, or so arouse the Catholic feeling of the Dominion at large as to lead, in time, to such an amendment of the Act of Confederation as will extend to *all* the Provinces the protection now enjoyed by the minorities of Quebec and Ontario.

As regards a change in public opinion in New Brunswick, itself, we are sorry to see by the result of a general election which has just taken place, that it is remote indeed. The question at the Polls was the school law, and notwithstanding the evident fairness of the Catholic claims and the large sympathy which has been manifested in their favor throughout the Dominion, an overwhelming majority has declared in favor of the Government and their narrow school policy.

The following from the *St. John Freeman* will best shew our readers how unjust has been this decision; and how deep must be the resolve and earnest the efforts of Catholics to repel such an assault upon rights to them so important, nay, so sacred.

**"WHAT CATHOLICS ASK.**—We once more state briefly what Catholics ask and what they do not ask. They ask that the money they pay as school taxes be devoted to the support of schools in which their children, in addition to secular instruction, equal in all respects to that given in other schools, shall receive a religious education. They do not ask that the money of Protestants should be used in the support of their schools. They do not ask that Protestants should adopt any other school system for their children than that which they themselves prefer. They do not ask that any Protestant liberty should be impaired, or that any Protestant right should be infringed upon. They do not seek to bring Protestants under the Power of Pope or Prelate. They do ask for fair play, and even-handed justice; for this and only this. They do not ask that the present system be maintained or abolished. They are willing to accept justice under the present system, or such justice as may be conferred by a repeal of the existing law. The Par-

lament and people of the Dominion, the Parliament and people of Great Britain, common sense and justice and truth, all declare that their claims are fair and reasonable, fraught with danger to the rights and liberties of none."

We have intimated that it may become a necessity for the Catholics of New Brunswick to appeal to the sympathy of their co-religionists throughout the Dominion in a future effort for a change in the Confederation Act by which justice would be secured to them; and we are happy to add that not only may that sympathy be relied upon, but that assistance would assuredly be rendered by a large proportion of our Protestant population. Already has this feeling been, incidentally, manifested in the House of Commons; and the following extract from a recent able article in the *Montreal Gazette* on "The New Brunswick Elections," is further significant and valuable evidence to the same effect:

"Free schools, which mean simply a system of non-sectarian schools to which all are compelled to contribute, as against a partially denominational system, was the question which rallied the electors to the polls. We have so frequently discussed the general question that it is not necessary to enter upon it here. But we cannot but express our regret at the result which has been arrived at. It is a very grave question whether the whole subject of State Schools will not some day have to be fought over as was the question of State Church in times past. The arguments by which in former years in this country, and at this moment in England the system of a State religion was sustained are, in many respects, analogous to those by which State Schools are sustained to-day; and this is specially true when the element of religious and conscientious conviction obtrudes itself into controversy.

"The Catholics of New Brunswick are opposed to a non-sectarian undenominational system of education. They hold that religion and education must go hand in hand, and they hold this as an article of faith as strongly as they hold any other article which has relation to ordinary worldly influences upon the eternal salvation of their children. To compel them, therefore, to support a system to which they are conscientiously, upon religious grounds, opposed, is so much a violation of the rights of conscience as was the old state church system which taxed all for the benefit of a particular church establishment. That has always seemed to us so elementary a proposition that we have been at a loss to conceive how any liberal could oppose it, and yet it is under the standard of liberalism that the opponents of it have been rallied to the polls in New Brunswick. The effect of the elections will be simply to perpetuate a discussion which cannot be otherwise than prejudicial to the best interest of the Province and of the Dominion; and the question may arise how for any individual province may be permitted, contrary to what was manifestly the spirit of the British American Act, to so act towards a religious minority as to create a disturbing element in the general politics of Canada.

"We had hoped that an election would have resulted differently, that the spirit of true liberalism, as opposed to the wretched counterfeit that too often passes under that name, would have induced wiser councils to prevail. We have been mistaken in the meantime, but it is only in the meantime. No religious minority, strong in its convictions of right, and complaining of oppression at the hands of the majority, ever yet failed of ultimate success. The experience of Ontario shows that

a strict guardianship of the rights of minorities is in no way opposed to the success of a general common school system; and that experience will yet have its influence with the better judgment of the people of New Brunswick, and will induce the adoption there of those modifications of the law which in our Western Province have made all parties satisfied with its operations and submissive to its edicts."

We have italicised certain words in the above which appear to us to almost invite a Dominion movement as against New Brunswick illiberality.

PRUSSIAN PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH.—The sufferings of Catholics under the drunken tyrant Bismarck not only continues, but increases. The appetite for outraging the conscience, and trampling upon the civil rights of his Catholic fellow-subjects, like that animal appetite which so notoriously holds sway over him, grows with what it feeds upon, and day by day do we hear of such further legislation, and such further executive proceedings, as plainly tend towards the severance from their Sees of all the German Bishops, and their ultimate banishment from the land.

And there is nothing in human history so strangely unjustifiable, so difficult to account for by the ordinary rules of cause and effect,—as this said persecution. True, the German Emperor is advised to write to Earl Russell that "it is incumbent on me to be the leader of my people in a struggle maintained through centuries past by German Emperors in earlier days," &c.

Now if this has always been so, "How is it," says the *London Spectator* (Protestant), "that Prussia not only tolerated, but was on the best possible terms with this same Church till only the other day, and that an extension of power, which certainly added more non-Catholics than Catholics to the German sceptre, should have changed so radically the situation? It has been said repeatedly, and by the King himself, that the treason of Catholics caused the peace to be broken and compelled the Government to accept the challenge. How then was it that not one Prussian Catholic has ever been prosecuted for treason? How was it that the Bavarian Catholics were among the first to offer the Imperial Crown to King William in 1870,—those Catholics, it might have been added, who in the deadly war with the French not only did not faint or shrink, but who were prominent for their fidelity and bravery.

The *London Times* is equally puzzled with other people to explain, or understand, the motives of the Prince de Bismarck, and frankly

writes—"It can only be said of legislation of this kind that it is entirely beyond our experience, and that we can but watch with perplexed interest so novel an experiment."

The English journals which most cordially approve this legislation, are the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but the former is rebuked by the statement of its own correspondent from Berlin, who writes that "no specific crime on the part of the Catholics can be named, because there is none;" and that "the movement against the Church was governed by considerations with which the conduct of the Church herself had nothing whatever to do." Surely this admission deserves to be noted, and remembered. It is the opinion of the *Spectator*, concurred in, we observe, by the *Dublin Review*, that the whole proceeding on the part of Bismarck is, as the Berlin writer indicates, a mere state trick,—*"to draw Germans politically together."*

"There must be internal and domestic questions," says this close observer, "for Germans to discuss freely, and on which a party of movement could support the Government, or there would be other and more dangerous questions raised, on which the Government would be compelled to break with the party of movement. The Roman Catholic question is just one of this kind. And on it, therefore, Prince de Bismarck has gradually taken the same kind of aggressive ground as, on military questions, he has taken with regard to the danger of invasion from France." This is a "policy" with a vengeance. But, looking at it in the coldest light, has not the game been overplayed? The German Catholics would not be Germans, would not be men, if their patience had not its limits. Bismarck boasts of being hated throughout Europe, and Marshal de Moltke sees a foe to Prussia in every nation. What if the arch-schemer is not intent upon creating a host of *internal foes*,—the most to be dreaded of all!

It is satisfactory to notice the extent of sympathy which Protestants have manifested in favor of the Catholics of Germany in the struggle. Not long since a Priest was a candidate for Parliamentary election in Munich, and the entire body of Protestant clergymen in the city voted for him, against the Government candidate; and the following from a recent number of the *Toronto Globe* is also pleasing proof of a correct course of thought in Protestant Scotland:

"The Moderator of the Free Church Assembly for the present year is Dr. Stewart, of Leg-

horn. He has long occupied the position of Presbyterian minister in a thoroughly Roman Catholic country, and has made himself fully acquainted with both the political and politico-ecclesiastical questions of the day. It is not to be supposed that he has the least sympathy with Roman Catholicism. At the same time, he cannot approve of the Falek laws of Germany, which are at present causing so much stir, and securing for their author so much sympathy and approbation in Britain. In his closing address to the Free Church Assembly, Dr. Stewart discussed the question at considerable length. He said:—

"England (through one or two influential meetings in London) has expressed to the Emperor her high admiration of the course which his Government is pursuing; but the descendants of the Scottish Covenanters cannot look upon the matter exactly in the same light. Strongly as we condemn the doctrines of Rome, we recognize the right of its members to freedom of conscience—and the same right to independence within the *spiritual domain* which we claim for ourselves, and as that has to a certain extent been interfered with, I doubt whether any Free Churchman in Scotland, or anyone who rightly understands the doctrine of the spiritual independence of the Church, can bestow unqualified approbation on the policy of the Prussian Government."

THE HOME RULE QUESTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—FIRST DEBATE AND DIVISION.—It appears that Doctor Butt's motion was discussed in the Imperial Parliament on the night of the 2nd instant, and, of course, negatived by a large majority. The division was, 61 yeas and 458 nays.

There was, evidently, what is known as "a call of the House," in order that the first defeat should, if possible, be a crushing one. But such has certainly not been the result as regards Irish resolves and hopes. The vote of 61, although apparently small, and really so as compared with the opposition force of the hour, yet bids Irishmen to work on and hope on. Such a determined body of Home Rulers may at any moment work destruction to an English Minister, or exact terms of the highest value to their country. British party divisions, such as will bring to Doctor Butt his "opportunity," cannot be far off.

We notice that THE O'DONAGHER distinguished himself by proving that the Home Rulers were right in opposing his last election for Tralee.

He seems to have led the opposition to the Doctor's motion, or is it that the English press accords him that honor in return for his secession? He should be rewarded still further by the appointment of Governor to the *Gold Coast*, where Mr. Pope Hennessy lately performed gubernatorial duty. *No doubt some such fate awaits him.*

We anticipate much pleasure from reading the debate, able and exhaustive as we are sure it is; and we hope to re-publish, at least its salient points, in our next number.

### BE KIND TO YOUR WIFE.

These suggestions are to him who has a wife. It is presumed that you have severe trials and perplexities in your intercourse with the world, but carry to your home a cheerful, unclouded brow. Your wife may also have many trials, which for her, are quite as hard to bear. A kind word and a tender look, will do much in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You confront your grievances in the world, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but the wife, shut in from these healthful influences, loses her spirits and elasticity. Bear with her. She has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your kindness will deprive of their anguish. Observe affectionately her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not pass these all by as matters of course, and omit to observe what you may consider duty to you. Be sure and not treat with indifference a heart, which, if watered by kindness, would not cease, to the latest day of your existence, to throb with constant and sincere affection. In many things, yield your wishes to hers. She may have preferences as strong as yours, and it may be as trying to yield her claim, as it is for you. If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you selfish, and that you care only for yourself; with such feelings, she cannot truly love. Be manly, so that your wife can look upon you as acting truly, and that she can confide in you as a true man.

It can be truly said, that there is nothing like a true and faithful wife. By the divine assistance, our happiness or misery in this life depends upon her. Is she desponding, your own sanguine spirit catches the infection. Is she full of life and energy, her smiles will cheer you in the darkest hour, and enable you to accomplish what you at first considered impossible. Our success in this world, as well as our happiness, depends chiefly upon her whom we have married.

(FOR THE HARP.)

## THE APOSTATE;

OR,

IT'S THIRTY YEARS AGO.

—:0:—  
"How art thou changed! We dare not look upon thee."  
—:0:—

### CHAPTER II.

In former times, there existed in Ireland a class of farmers, not exactly middlemen, but who were, nevertheless, a kind of landlords. They generally rented half, or the whole, of a townland, and underlet, perhaps, a score of acres in small proportions to cotters and others. The progress of luxury was then confined to the neighbourhood of towns; it was unknown to these primeval yeomen, who always dressed in their domestic frieze, knitted stockings, and felt hat. If they possessed a more expensive wardrobe, it was seldom exhibited; and then they looked stiff and formal, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of resigning these gala garments to the oaken box in the loft, to be resumed only in case of a journey to the landlord's house, in Stephen's Green, or perhaps on the marriage of a son or daughter. Their mode of living was as simple as their dress; they never went to market for the purpose of buying; and yet their houses abounded with abundance; all who entered feasted, and that the condition of their tenants was not very uncomfortable, may be collected from the fact, that milk was never sold—it was given away, in rural districts, until within the last fifty or sixty years. The progress of improvement, or rather the increase of the prices of farm produce, not long since, interfered with this mode of life, and quickly put to flight those independent habits which made this class of men virtuous and useful. The under-tenants were soon turned to the road, the farmer kept his race-horse, his daughter spent three weeks at a boarding-school, and his son refused to work alongside his father's laborers. Still this alienation was far from universal; many stubbornly adhered to the manners of their fathers; and, amongst others, Jeremiah O'Brien, the venerable father of the apostate. He was one of those worthy characters who form a kind of moral "green spot in the desert of life:" simple in his habits, and primeval in his manners, he was beloved by all, and deserved their esteem. Kind and tender-hearted, he was the general friend and adviser; and, though looked up to by others as a kind of rustic Solomon, it was observed that he exhibited no great wisdom in the management of

his own affairs, or in the guidance of his family. This, however, arose from his love of tranquillity, and his mistaken estimate of the goodness of others. He took no note of the progress of events; he committed his affairs to the care of dishonest servants, and, though frequently apprised of their conduct, he took little notice—he had still abundance. There was one thing, however, which embittered his declining years; he had but two children,—a son and a daughter. Betsy was good and beautiful; but John was, to use Jerry's own expression, "his father's darling;" upon him was lavished more than a parent's fondness; his mother doated upon her "manly boy," and did, if possible, outstrip Jerry's affection. For years this met, as it deserved, an ample return; the youth grew up in obedience and beauty, showed a surprising capacity, and, that such talents might be properly employed, John was educated for the church. At first, his application was intense: he acquired Latin and Greek with uncommon facility; but, alas! the praise which his diligence excited, and the parental rewards which it elicited, had an effect very opposite from that contemplated by the bestowers of both. It served only to relax John's industry—he indulged in idleness—he could play, and at any time overtake his less intellectual schoolfellows. There were other traits early manifested in his character, which promised a disposition very unfavorable to that sober piety which ought to distinguish a clergyman. John was fond of pleasure; he rode to funerals and patterns; went to hurlings and dances; and even could occasionally enter into the more vulgar amusements of the country. This did not escape the notice of his parents; but the boy was young and foolish; he would grow more steady; they still supplied him with money; and, when qualified, they secured his admission into Maroon College. Here his talents early attracted notice from the different professors, and the esteem and kindness which these excited caused them to overlook some parts of his conduct not quite so creditable. He was remonstrated with once, twice, thrice, on the fourth time he was expelled. The disgrace was felt by the parents as a severe blow; it was keenly felt by John himself, but it did not reform him; it had a contrary effect; for his pride was hurt; he quitted his father's house—went no one knew where; and, after a year's absence, returned in rags, with a constitution prematurely shattered. Still his religious sentiments were unaltered; he was still a Catholic, and, on one occasion,

acquired a great popularity, by defeating an itinerant preacher, in a discussion at a public meeting held by some religious people at Ballybeg; for, at this time, the various societies who had taken Paddy's morals into consideration, had transmitted agents to this remote part of the country. This popular achievement brought John into additional favor; many had hopes of his returning to the path of duty, and all looked up to him for advocacy, when Lord Gracewell opened his religious campaign. They were not disappointed—he more than realized their expectations, and was considered by the Rev. Mr. McIntosh, and his noble patron, as one of those stumbling blocks which the "Evil One" now and then thrust into the way of the devout. Enraged at John's opposition, Lord Gracewell remonstrated with Jerry, who was his tenant, and held out some fair promises, in case of the farmer and his family should embrace the more profitable creed of Protestants. Jerry's lease had been suffered to expire two years since, but he felt no anxiety; the O'Briens had lived there under the Gracewells for centuries, and of course would not now be dispossessed. To his landlord's proposal, the good man gave a blunt and decided negative. Lady Gracewell and her daughter came to remonstrate, talked a great deal, and prettily, about the abominations of Popery, but all to no purpose; the O'Briens were inflexible, and received, with a heavy heart, notice to quit immediately the home of their fathers, which now became a house of mourning. The law must be obeyed; Jerry was not a man to offer opposition, and accordingly he began to collect his worldly substance together, preparatory to emigrating to a cold and cheerless out-farm at some miles distance. In this emergency, Betsy, like a guardian angel, cheered the affliction of her parents, and Mat Casey, her rustic beau, seemed more attractive than ever. As the time of departure approached, the O'Briens felt, more acutely than ever, the forlornness of their condition. They dreaded taking a lingering, long farewell; and on the last Sunday which Jerry had to spend in the home of his fathers, had strolled into the garden. A few beehives sent forth their accustomed hum,—the trees looked redolent of health and beauty—the flowers, planted by his daughter, sent forth their odors—and all looked still and charming. The poor old man could not help casting back a retrospective glance: here he had gamboled in joy and innocence when a child; here he had sported boisterously when a boy; and here he felt a parent's glad-

ness on witnessing the sports of his children when a man. A tear involuntarily started into his eye—he wiped it off; but another and another succeeded. But still he was even unsubdued: religion came to his aid—he resigned himself to his God—and, as if for the purpose of imploring strength to bear patiently his growing misfortunes, he fell upon his knees, raised his eyes and hands to heaven, but before he could utter a prayer, the strange figure who had interrupted the ceremony that morning at church, dropped, as if from the clouds, on his knees before him, and commenced obtestating heaven in a most vociferous manner.

“Sweet Saviour of the world,” continued the stranger, “extend Thy grace to this poor man, to bear, like a Catholic, this new misfortune”—

At the words “new misfortune,” Jerry dropped his hands from their attitude of supplication, and, turning round, asked,

“Pether, what new misfortune?”

“Och, avudustrue,” replied Peter, “a sorrowful one—but all must be borne for the love o’ Jim who made us, though this is severer nor any that come yet, a-vich.”

“I wish you’d tell us what it is,” said Jerry, impatiently, “for, troth, Pether ashore, I wanted no additional grievance.”

“Oh, thin, ’tis well I know that,” returned Peter, “an’ sorrow a bit o’ me, but I feel ’or you, Jerry O’Brien, like a father; and why, but I wud, seein’ ’tis often I’ve slept in your barn, an’ eaten out o’ your *skeengh*, but what signifies all the dross o’ this world, if we loose our own poor souls? Ballybeg is a fine place, to be sure, an’ so is this garden; an’ though there was always lishens gallore for the wandherer an’ the stranger—but what is all that to sellin’ one’s self to the divil?”

“To the divil, Pether!”

“Ay, to the divil! Oh, John O’Brien, John O’Brien! what have you done?”

“In the name o’ God, what has he done?”

“God,” replied Peter, “had nothin’ to do wid ’it—he’s turned Prodest’n.”

“Turned Prodest’n! Oh! no, Pether, he would an’t do that, any how.”

“Oh! God help you, poor man. God pitty you, this blessed an’ holy day, for ’tis a sad dishgrace to the O’Briens—an’ the lord be praised, ’tis a bad name for openin’ a pew door.”

“Pether, Pether, what do you main?”

“Man’n enough, Jerry O’Brien; John has read his recantation, ony an hour ago, down there in the chhrch, afore a thousand people.”

Peter was here interrupted by a suppressed

groan from Jerry, who, after a fruitless attempt to arise, sank down upon the ground, apparently lifeless. Peter immediately raised him up; but, finding no indication of returning animation; he laid him again carefully down, and hurried into the house for assistance. In a moment, Betsy and her mother had Jerry in their arms; and in a short time he recovered sufficiently to pronounce the name of his son.

“I wonder where he is,” said Betsy; “I did not see him at chapel to-day.”

Peter gave a groan, and said, “I know where he is; I’ll find him,” and away he hurried, while the affrighted mother and daughter helped the old man into his room. They easily persuaded him to rest upon his bed, but, alas! he could not find repose; the idea of his son’s apostacy filled his soul with anguish, and while he pressed against his bursting heart with both hands, he kept constantly repeating, “John, you’ve kilt me at last.”

In the meantime Peter Caulfield, or, as he was more generally called, Peter the Pilgrim, was making his way by the shortest route for Gracewell House.

Peter belonged to a class of persons, once very numerous in Ireland—men whom it would be unjust to pronounce either fools or knaves, though their conduct very frequently indicated no small share of folly and roguery. The piety, humanity, and simplicity of the Irish peasantry exposed them much to the arts of the designing. Beggary has long since been reduced to a science in Ireland. But the most successful, in begging contributions, were those who concealed their designs behind the garb of sanctity.

Pilgrims were of course numerous; they pretend to practice the utmost austerity, and to imitate the self-denial of those holy men of whose sanctity sceptics dare not doubt. These people fared well among a peasantry remarkable for their piety and veneration for everything pertaining to religion; and it must be confessed that the pilgrim seldom gave scandal, except in the crowd of cities. Still there were many really sincere, who mortified themselves from the purest and holiest motives; whose example was edifying, and whose conduct seemed only to illustrate their professions. Peter did not exactly belong to these; neither was he a hypocrite: to a most ardent zeal for religion, he added a great desire of being a model of perfection; and, though neither very learned nor very wise, he was by no means ignorant of the tenets of his religion, and would rather have died than abandon the creed he professed.

Such was the man who now, with hurried steps, approached the stately and venerable mansion of my Lord Gracewell, busily adjusting, in his own mind, the mode and manner after which he should execute the commission he had imposed upon himself. John O'Brien he was determined to overwhelm with reproaches; and, if he happened to encounter the evangelical nobleman, he was resolved, in his own language, "not to leave him a leg to stand upon."

"I shall," ejaculated Peter, as he entered the avenue, "tell him his own, an' what he came from. I'll ax 'im where was his religion afore Luther was born, or Harry the Eight married his own daughter? I'll ax 'im—"

But here he was interrupted by "Morrow, Pether."

"Morrow kinely," said the pilgrim, without lifting his head from the bent attitude of deep meditation in which he was engaged. Recalled to himself by the untimely salutation, he raised his eyes, but they no sooner met those of the interlocutor, than he gave a wild scream, and jumped back with as much apparent dread as if he had unexpectedly encountered a lion in his path.

"Musha, what ails you, Pether?" asked the first speaker.

"Avaunt!" cried Peter, in a most contemptuous manner, "thou reprobate—thou apostate—to disgrace your religion and country. Paddy Roach! Paddy Roach! I disown you."

"Oh, musha! be angry now, Pether agra; an sure you ought to know I'd be the last man in the world to do the same; ony the bit o' ground, an' the poor ould hovel, was at stake, sorrow a bit o' myself would go to their church, an dhrink their dhrop o' wine; and troth, betune ourselves, Pether, they didn't give me as much as 'ud physic a snipe;—so you see, Pether, I'm a good Cath'lic yet—an' I'll die a Cath'lic too, though I now go to Church, just to keep me from the road, an' the little ones from having to beg from house to house for a mouthful o' vittals."

"Then," said Peter, solemnly, "you're the greater sinner, an' your punishment will be proportioned to your hypocrisy. Had you believed your ould religion to be wrong, you'd have some chance of salvation; but as you don't believe the Sassenach's religion to be—"

"Musha faith," interrupted Paddy, "myself know nothin' at all about it, ony that the ministers are fine big blaggards of rogues, for takin' our grain o' oats, an' our few praties, for tithe;

an' sure ent all the Prodest'n's Orangemen, who are shootin' an' murderin' us every day in the week, an' all for nothin', an' the not a one of the great Sassenach gentlemen about the country are the people for sayin' ill you done it. An' as for their church, I never set my fut in sich a place afore—"

"An' niver may agin," ejaculated Peter.

"The pews," continued Paddy, "are for all the world like so many docks in which they put the prisoners afore they're tried; an' as for their prayers, 'twas all bog Latin to poor Paddy. I niver heerd sich gibberish in all my life; an' the bible they give me, I can make nather head nor tail of. The Songs o' Solimin are the quarest songs I ever read; there isn't a rhyme in 'em from beginnin' to end, an' besides, the names an' words are cramped that, troth an' faith, I can't read it at all."

"Oh, Paddy," said Peter, "think o' your poor soul—think the ground might open an' swallow you up, an' thin what would you have to say for yourself?"

"Why," replied Paddy, scratching his head with his left hand, while the right kept swinging his *caubeen* from side to side, like the pendulum of a clock, "why, that Lady Gracewell promised not to turn me out o' the cabin, an' to give me books an' clothes for Molly, an' the childher, if I turned Prodest'n, an' that I did turn Prodest'n, but ony for a wee bit, for had I lived a little longer, I'd have turned back agin; you know, Pether:

"That betune the sterrin' and the ground,  
For nancy I cried, an' marcy I found."

This drew from Peter a very eloquent and opposite dissertation upon the sin of presumption. He had just got as far as the important text, "He that denies me before men," &c., when a liveried servant came to announce that his lady was about to read prayers in the great hall.

"Will you go?" said Peter, looking hard at the convert.

"Why," answered Paddy, somewhat puzzled, "I v'n't got the gownd for Molly yet, nor the lease of the little place, so I'll just go this once;" and, so saying, he walked up the avenue in that lazy manner which indicated that his devotion was not particularly warm.

Peter, left alone, soon recollected that he had a commission to execute, and, blaming himself internally for having neglected to apprise John O'Brien much sooner of his father's illness, ran with all possible speed towards Gracewell House.

(To be continued.)

## LIVE LIKE LOVERS.

Married people should treat each other like lovers all their lives—then they would be happy. Bickering and quarreling would soon break off love affairs: consequently, lovers indulge in such only to a very limited extent. But some people—men and women both—when they have once got married think they may do just as they please, and it will make no difference. They make a great mistake. It causes all the difference in the world. Women should grow more devoted and men more fond after marriage if they have the slightest idea of being happy as

## MR. MARTIN, M.P.

We take the following biographical sketch from "Speeches from the Dock":—

"John Martin was born at Loughorne, in the lordship of Newry, county Down, on the 8th of September, 1812; being the eldest son of Samuel Martin and Jane Harshaw, both natives of that neighbourhood, and members of Presbyterian families settled there for many generations. About the time of his birth, his father purchased the fee-simple of the large farm which he had previously rented, and two of his uncles having made similar investments, the family became



MR. JOHN MARTIN, M.P.

wives and husbands. It is losing sight of this fundamental truth which leads to hundreds of misdeeds. Yet, many a man will scold his wife, who would never think of breathing a harsh word to his sweetheart; and many a wife will be grum and morose on her husband's return, who had only smiles and words of cheer for him when he was her suitor. How can such people expect to be happy?

UNWELCOME news is always soon enough heard.

proprietors of the townland on which they lived. Mr. Samuel Martin, who died in 1834, divided his attention between the management of the linen business—a branch of industry in which the family had partly occupied themselves for some generations—and the care of his land. His family consisted of nine children, of whom John Martin—the subject of our sketch—was the second born. The principles of his family, if they could not be said to possess the hue of nationality, were at least liberal and tolerant.



In '93, the Martins of Loughorne were stern opponents of the United Irishmen; but in '82, his father and uncles were enrolled amongst the Volunteers, and the Act of Union was opposed by them as a national calamity. It was from his good mother, however, a lady of refined taste and remarkable mental culture, that young John derived his inclination for literary pursuits, and learned the maxims of justice and equality that swayed him through life. He speedily discarded the prejudices against Catholic Emancipation which were not altogether unknown amongst his family, and which even found some favour with himself in the unreflecting days of boyhood. The natural tendency of his mind, however, was as true to the principles of justice as the needle to the pole, and the quiet rebuke that one day fell from his uncle—'What! John, would you not give your Catholic fellow-countrymen the same rights that you enjoy yourself?' having set him a-thinking for the first time on the subject, he soon formed opinions more in consonance with liberality and fair play.

"When about twelve years of age, young Martin was sent to the school of Dr. Henderson, at Newry, where he first became acquainted with John Mitchel, then attending the same seminary as a day scholar. We next find John Martin an extern student of Trinity College, and a year after the death of his father he took his degree in Arts. He was now twenty years old, and up to this time had suffered much from a constitutional affection, being subject from infancy to fits of spasmodic asthma. Strange to say, the disease, which troubled him at frequently recurring intervals at home, seldom attacked him when away from Loughorne, and, partly for the purpose of escaping it, he took up his residence in Dublin, in 1833, and devoted himself to the study of medicine. He never meditated earning his living by the profession, but he longed for the opportunity of assuaging the sufferings of the afflicted poor. The air of the dissecting-room, however, was too much for Martin's delicate nervous organization; the kindly encouragement of his fellow-students failed to induce him to breathe its fetid atmosphere a second time, and he was forced to content himself with a theoretical knowledge of the profession. By diligent study and with the assistance of lectures, anatomical plates, &c., he managed to conquer the difficulty; and he had obtained nearly all the certificates necessary for taking out a medical degree, when he was recalled in 1835 to Loughorne, by the death of his uncle John, whose house and lands he inherited.

"In 1839 Mr. Martin sailed from Bristol to New York, and travelled thence to the extreme west of Upper Canada to visit a relative who had settled there. On that occasion he was absent from Ireland nearly twelve months, and during his stay in America he made some tours in Canada and the Northern States, visiting the Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Pittsburg, and Cleveland. In 1841 he made a brief continental tour, and visited the chief points of attraction along the Rhine. During this time Mr. Martin's political ideas became developed and expanded, and though, like Smith O'Brien, he at first withheld his sympathies from the Repeal agitation, in a short time he became impressed with the justice of the national demand for independence. His retiring disposition kept him from appearing very prominently before the public; but the value of his adhesion to the Repeal Association was felt to be great by those who knew his uprightness, his disinterestedness, and his ability.

On the seizure of his devoted friend John Mitchel, and the suppression of his paper, John Martin, with a boldness that startled many people, stepped into the breach, and launched *The Irish Felon*. Of course Lord Clarendon came down on that journal too, and soon John Martin lay in a Newgate dungeon:—

"On Tuesday, August 15th, John Martin's trial commenced in Green-street courthouse, the indictment being for treason-felony. 'Several of his tenantry,' writes the special correspondent of the *London Morning Herald*, 'came up to town to be present at his trial, and, as they hoped at his escape, for they could not bring themselves to believe that a man so amiable, so gentle, and so pious, as they had long known him, could be'—this is the Englishman's way of putting it—'an inciter to bloodshed. It is really melancholly,' added the writer, 'to hear the poor people of Loughorne speak of their benefactor. He was ever ready to administer medicine and advice gratuitously to his poor neighbours and all who sought his assistance; and, according to the reports I have received, he did an incalculable amount of good in his way. As a landlord, he was beloved by his tenantry for his kindness and liberality, while from his suavity of manner and excellent qualities he was a great favourite with the gentry around him.' At eight o'clock, p.m., on Thursday, August 17th, the jury came into the court with a verdict of guilty against the prisoner, recommending him to mercy on the grounds that the letter on which he was con-

victed was written from the prison, and penned under exciting circumstances."

Next day he was sentenced to transportation for ten years beyond the seas:—

"A short time after Mr. John Martin's conviction, he and Kevin Izod O'Doherty were shipped off to Van Diemen's Land on board the *Elphinstone*, where they arrived in the month of November, 1849. O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue had arrived at the same destination a few days before. Mr. Martin resided in the district assigned to him until the year 1854, when a pardon, on the condition of their not returning to Ireland or Great Britain, was granted to himself, O'Brien, and O'Doherty, the only political prisoners in the country at that time. Mr. Martin has seen many who once were loud and earnest in their professions of patriotism lose heart and grow cold in the service of their country, but he does not weary of the good work. Patiently and zealously he still continues to labour in the national cause; his mission is not ended yet; and, with a constancy which lapse of years and change of scene have not affected, he still clings to the hope of Ireland's regeneration, and with voice and pen supports the principles of patriotism for which he suffered."

In 1868 Mr. Martin married the youngest sister of Mr. John Mitchel; and in the same year he and Mrs. Martin sailed for New York on a visit to their friends in the United States and Canada. It was during Mr. Martin's absence the memorable Longford election took place; an event which, painful as it was in the suffering and sacrifice and conflict which it involved, must ever be credited with the glory and the honour of preparing the way for the great national movement now so proudly powerful throughout the land. It was the one event in our century that incontestably and all-sufficiently proved that the union in political action between priests and people in Ireland was not, as had often been calumniously asserted against the latter, the blind subjection of serfs, but the exercise of free will and the homage of well-grounded trust and affection, a trust that had been given because it was justly deserved, but that would be firmly though respectfully withheld if ever it was sought to be misused. Had an Irish Catholic constituency consented to turn aside from a man like John Martin for a hair-brained little fool like Mr. Reginald Greville, without a political idea in his head, merely because a secret council of Catholic clergymen with regrettable un wisdom decided to give away

the county to the latter, no Protestant minority could ever be expected to trust their lives or liberties to such slaves and ingrates, the worst prejudices against Catholics would be hopelessly intensified, and the rightful and just influence of the Catholic clergy—(an influence almost invariably used with true wisdom, with noble courage, and with unselfish devotion)—would be cruelly misunderstood and hatefully misrepresented. Happily, this injury to country and religion was averted by the gallant stand made by the "immortal six hundred" of Longford, who, if they did not win the seat, saved the honor of Irish Catholics, and taught to all whom it might concern a lesson the salutary effects of which will never disappear from Irish politics.

In December, 1869, a vacancy having occurred in Meath, Mr. Martin at the last moment consented to be in nomination. Before there was an idea of Mr. Martin's canditure, the most of the Catholic clergy had pledged themselves to the Hon. Mr. Plunkett, son of Lord Fingal, a gentleman with many claims on his Catholic neighbours and friends. But, unlike their reverend brethren of Longford, the Meath clergy; while they held honorably by their own pledges' made no quarrel with their people who preferred John Martin, and, after a sharp contest, he, the Protestant patriot, was triumphantly returned over a highly respected Catholic local gentleman, of merely "Liberal" politics, by probably the most Catholic constituency in Ireland.

### DON'T BE CRITICAL.

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and it will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault finding, continual criticism of the speech of this one, and the conduct of that one, the dress of the one and the opinions of the other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you. And if it is known that you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.

There is no worse enemy than a bad book..

## MR. ALFRED WEBB.

There are happily many instances in which men who labor in silence, and who desire to be unseen and unrecognized in their good endeavours, are nevertheless, almost instinctively, as it were, appreciated by the public. Such a man in the Home Rule movement is Mr. Alfred Webb, the silent worker, who "does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame."

Mr. Webb, who belongs to a much-respected Quaker family, was born in Dublin in 1834. He is the son of a father who has certainly left to

house, and regarded with great awe by the children, was a dried mummy-like head. The face bore a look of anguish—there were rope marks round the throat. It was the head of John Sheares, that had been abstracted by a relative from St. Michan's vaults, in a boyish freak, as a memorial of 1793. (It was afterwards restored at the request of Dr. Madden.) Intensely interested in the Repeal agitation and in the affairs of 1848, with a fellow-apprentice he surreptitiously wrote and printed a small "Life of John Mitchel." A residence of some years in Australia, and close application to business, dis-



MR. ALFRED WEBB.

his children the heritage of an honored name and a pious and revered memory—the late Mr. Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, who throughout a long and useful life was in the van of every benevolent and philanthropic movement of the day. His son, Mr. Alfred Webb, Honorary Treasurer of the Home Government Association, very early in life acquired a taste for Irish history and antiquities from poring over the pictures of the *Irish Penny Magazine*. One circumstance impressed his young imagination very strongly: preserved as a sacred relic in the

tracted his mind from Irish affairs. His first introduction to public life was in connection with the movement for opening Glasnevin Gardens to the public on Sunday. The devotion of the Fenians to their convictions impelled him again to take a lively interest in the affairs of his country, and on the formation of the Home Government Association he entered with enthusiasm into what he believed would be a settlement of the Irish Question, alike practicable and honourable to Ireland. His tastes are literary, and he has no leanings for public

life. Though a strong teetotaler, and interested in other public questions, he feels that Home Rule should take precedence and engage the first energies of all Irishmen. He has occasionally contributed papers to the Dublin Statistical Society.

### Selections.

#### THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

The allied forces assembled at Brussels, in April, 1745, under the "Bloody Duke of Cumberland." British, Germans, and Hanoverians, &c., they numbered about 53,000. The French, commanded by Marshal de Saxe, numbered 40,000 at the fight—some 24,000 were engaged in siege work.

The whole of the Irish were with the fighting portion, to wit—the cavalry regiment of Fitz-James, and the infantry regiments of Clare, Dillon, Bulkley, Roth, Berwick, and Lally. They were put forward, "for," said an able French minister, "the Irish are excellent troops, especially when they march against the English and Hanoverians." The Irish infantry, forming the Brigades, were under O'Brien, Earl of Thomond.

The "allie" approached to raise the siege of Tournai—the French drew upon the north side of the Scheldt to oppose them.

May 11th, after a severe fire of artillery from both sides, from about five to nine o'clock in the morning, the allies prepared to bring the contest to a decision. Brigadier-General Richard Ingoldsby, on their right, was to assault the redoubt on the edge of the wood of Barry, or Vezon. The Dutch General, Prince de Waldeck, with their left, was to break in from Fontenoy to Antoin. The Duke of Cumberland, with the Anglo-German troops, was to attack in the centre. On their right Ingoldsby could not be gotten to obey his orders, having, in the words of a contemporary, "smelt too long at the physick to have any inclination to swallow it"—for which he was subsequently tried by court-martial, and expelled from the service. On their left, Waldeck, though aided with two English battalions, found such a line of volcanoes opened by the French batteries from Fontenoy to Antoin and the southern bank of the Scheldt, that his Dutch, after some efforts to advance, showed no greater taste for this "hot work" than Ingoldsby did for the "physick" of the redoubt. But in the centre matters proceeded very differently. The Duke

of Cumberland, whose bravery that day merited the highest eulogium, at the head of a column of 12,000 or 15,000 British and Hanoverian infantry, accompanied by twenty pieces of cannon, notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, and the destructive cross fire from the guns of the village of Fontenoy, and the redoubt unassaulted by Ingoldsby, forced his way beyond both into the French centre. "There was one dreadful hour," alleges the Marquis d'Assenson, a looker on with Louis XV., "in which we expected nothing less than a renewal of the affair at Dettingen, our Frenchmen being awed by the steadiness of the English and by their rolling fire, which is really infernal, and, I confess to you, is enough to stupefy the most unconcerned spectators. Then it was that we began to despair of our cause." And no wonder "they began to despair!" Of their infantry, battalion after battalion of the Regiments des Gardes Francaises, Gardes Suisses, d'Aubeterre, du Roi, de Hainault, des Vaisseaux, de Normandie, &c., of their cavalry, squadron after squadron, including those of the Gardes du Corps, Gendarmierie, Carabaniens, Regiment de Fitz-James, &c., gave way, shattered by the musketry or smashed by the cannon of that moving citadel of gallant men, from whose ranks, as having penetrated above three hundred paces beyond the redoubt and village in spite of all that had yet crossed their path, the shouts of anticipated victory resounded over the plain. But by this time, though its depths seemed undiminished, the column had suffered much; it looked as if astonished at finding itself in the middle of the French, and without cavalry; it appeared motionless, as if without farther orders, yet maintaining a fierce countenance, as so far master of the field of battle. Like a noble bull, faced by none with impunity, and wounded only at a distance by those still venturing to wound, there it stood in the midst of a hostile amphitheatre, triumphant, and bellowing defiance, though weakened by past exertions and loss of blood. Had the Dutch now burst through the redoubts from Fontenoy to Antoin, in support of the Anglo-German column, the French would have been not only beaten, but ruined, since there would certainly have been no escape for the mass of their army, and, perhaps, no retreat even for the King and the Dauphin. An attempt, indeed, to penetrate that part of the French line, in spite of the murderous artillery fire from its redoubts, and from a flanking battery of six guns or upwards on the other side of the Scheldt,

was made at this alarming juncture with much firmness by the Dutch infantry in column, similarly aided by their cavalry, while from Tournay a sally was also directed by its still numerous Dutch garrison (originally 9,000 strong) against the French investing force of 27 battalions and 17 squadrons, or about 18,000 men, under Lieutenant-General the Marquis de Breze. "When we picture to ourselves," exclaims my French authority, "the animosity, the blows, the cries, the reciprocal menaces of above 100,000 combatants, armed for mutual destruction, between Tournay and Fontenoy, the flashes and reports of 100,000 muskets, and of 200 pieces of cannon, the terrible thunder of which was a thousand and a thousand times reverberated along the Escaur, or Scheldt, as well as by all the forests about it, we may well conceive that never has the air of the sea been agitated by a more horrible tempest than that from Tournay to the field of Fontenoy." This attack of the Dutch from Fontenoy to Antoin, and the sally of the garrison from Tournay, were both fortunately repulsed; but the Duke of Cumberland was still triumphant.

Meanwhile, the Duke de Richelieu, having proceeded to reconnoitre the formidable column, met with Colonel Lally, "impatient that the devotion of the Irish Brigade was not turned to account," and who, with due presence of mind to perceive, unlike others, that the unchecked progress of the column since it had gotten beyond the artillery of the redoubt and village into the midst of the French, was greatly owing to its employment of twenty pieces of cannon, as well as musketry against musketry alone, made such a suggestion on that point to Richelieu, as contributed, a second time, to the gaining of the day. This battle, "so celebrated," says the learned historian, Michelet, "was lost without remedy, if the Irishman, Lally, had not proposed to break their column with four pieces of cannon." As "an adroit courtier," continues Michelet, thus honorably exposing his own countryman's dishonesty, "the Duke appropriated to himself the idea and the glory of its success." Hurrying away with such a useful hint he came to where Louis XV. was stationed with the Dauphin, the Marshal de Saxe, &c., and the four cannon referred to, that were at hand in reserve for a retreat. "A rather tumultuous council," writes Voltaire, "was going on around the King, who was pressed, on the part of the General, and for the sake of France, not to expose himself further. The Duke de Richelieu, Lieutenant-General,

and acting in the rank of Aide-de-Camp to the King, arrived at this moment. It was after reconnoitering the columns near Fontenoy, having thus galloped about in every direction without being wounded he appeared before them, out of breath, sword in hand, and covered with dust. 'What news do you bring?' said the Marshal to him; what is your opinion?' 'My news,' replied the Duke de Richelieu, 'is, that the battle is gained if we will it; and my opinion is that four cannon should be immediately advanced against the front of the column; while this artillery will stagger it, the Maison du Roi and the other troops will surround it; we must fall upon it as foragers.' This is, as elsewhere explained, "like chasseurs, with the hand lowered, and the arm shortened, pell-mell, masters, footmen, officers, cavalry and infantry, all together." Louis at once approved of the counsel of his favorite, Richelieu; and twenty officers of distinction were detached to make the corresponding arrangements. The Duke de Pequigni, to whom the use for the cannon was explained, hastened them forward, crying out: "No retreat, the King orders that these four pieces of cannon should gain the victory." Richelieu himself set off at full speed to bring up the Maison du Roi, and others advanced with the several corps of Gendarmerie, Chevaux, Legers, Grenadiers à Cheval, Mousquataries. The Marshal de Saxe likewise departed to take general measures for the final effort to recover the day. Amidst the prevalent hopelessness of success, he had sent three several orders for withdrawing the troops at Antoin to Calonne; to secure at all events the retreat of the King and the Dauphin there. These repeated orders, only suspended on the personal responsibility of the officers of Antoin, would, if acted on, have rendered Fontenoy another Crecy in the military annals of France, by opening such an inlet for the Dutch to cooperate with the successful British and Hanoverians, as had certainly been found elsewhere, but for the fortunate foresight and suggestion of additional redoubts and artillery there by Colonel Lally. The Marshal first hurried to Antoin on the right, to countermand its evacuation if possible; and he was most lucky in time to stop it when it was about to take place. He then quickly traversed the field in an opposite direction; ordering that the various regiments should not, as hitherto, make "false charges"—or each attacking on its own account, rather than connected with others—but that they should rearrange themselves for a

united assault upon the consolidated discipline, order, and numbers of the enemy's column, so as in front, and on both flanks, to close upon and break that column, by a great simultaneous rush of "each for all, and all for each." In this excursion, the Marshal, ere he rejoined Louis XV., proceeded so far round the hostile column to the left as towards the position of the Irish Brigade.

The six regiments of infantry of which this corps consisted were stationed behind the wood of Barry, or Vezon, and a redoubt, with the Gardes Suisses on their right, or that which stopped Ingoldsby—neither, however, of these redoubts having been manned by Irish or Swiss, but French troops. Next in line beyond the Gardes Suisses were the Gardes Francaises; so that the allied column, under the Duke of Cumberland, in penetrating the French centre by breaking the Gardes Francaises, had the Gardes Suisses on its right flank. Though the Irish, as still further away to the French left, then the Gardes Suisses, were consequently not so posted as to be at all in contact with the hostile column when it made its way into the centre, they were disordered by the result of the column's success. Of the four battalions of which the Regiment des Gardes Francaises was composed, the effects of a continued residence in Paris were so injurious to the soldiery of three, that these three battalions gave way sooner than they ought, in spite of the utmost endeavors of the officers to rally their men, the fourth battalion of the regiment alone behaving well. The Gardes Suisses, which formed the brigade between the Gardes Francaises and the Irish, being likewise repulsed in such a manner that cavalry had to interpose, so many defeated Gardes retreated, or were driven back, upon the Irish regiments of Clare and Roth, that their brigade was necessarily put into confusion, and required to be proportionably reformed or restored to order ere it should be summoned to join in the engagement. The ranks of the Irish Brigade—thanks to the colonial, sectarian, and commercial misrule, which beggared, starved to death, or drove abroad for bread so many thousands of their race and creed—then presented a fine military spectacle of young men, in high spirits and discipline, and 'eager for the fray.' Their natural indignation at what they considered the shameless perjury through which their country was reduced to slavery, in spite of a solemn treaty, was attested by the stimulating cry, in their ancient language, of 'Remember

Limerick and Saxon perfidy!' re-echoing from man to man, as 'watchword and reply.' Their feelings of loyalty—doubly hostile to those of their foe, from uniting devotion to the House of Stuart, and to the House of Bourbon, as its ally—were also excited to suitable ardor by the favorite or popular Jacobite air of 'The White Cockade.' This animating tune, whose allusion to the common color of the Stuarts and Bourbons was associated with words in favor both of the Stuart dynasty and of enlisting to recruit the Brigade, was consequently then and long after interdicted as treason by the Cromwellian, Williamite or Whig Hanoverian representative of revolution 'ascendancy' in Ireland. But its treason or its loyalty was, at Fontenoy, before a fairer tribunal, as that of the oppressed, armed as well as, and face to face with the oppressor.

(To be continued.)

#### HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

His Holiness Pope Pius XI., the 257th Roman Pontiff, and 256th successor of St. Peter, (according to the list given in the Basilica of St. Paul, at Rome), JOHN MARY MASTAI FERRETTI, was born of noble parents at Sinigaglia, May 13th, 1792; his father, Count Jerome Ferretti, being mayor of the town. At the age of twelve, young Ferretti was sent to the College of Volterra, in Tuscany, where the amiability of his disposition soon gained him the friendship and esteem of his companions and teachers. Here he remained until he attained his eighteenth year, when, choosing the career of arms, he entered the Pontifical Guard. But having been taken seriously ill, the then Pontiff, Pius VII., wrote a note to him one day, requesting that, when able to do so, the young soldier was to call upon him, as His Holiness had "something to say to him from God." At the interview which followed, the Pope asked him whether the holiness of the ecclesiastical state had ever crossed his mind. Ferretti replied in the affirmative, but urged that the malady from which he was then suffering was an insuperable bar to his entering the ecclesiastical state. Being exhorted by His Holiness to join with him in a novena for his recovery, he did so, and, at the expiration of the novena, was restored to health. He thereupon resolved to embrace the ecclesiastical life. Of his novitiate we have no records. After his ordination, he was appointed chaplain to the Hospice Tata-Giovanna, an institution founded for the maintenance and education of poor orphans. This position he filled for seven

years, at the expiration of which period he was appointed to accompany Mgr. Muri on a mission to Chili. He remained in South America for two years, returning to Rome in 1825. Leo XII. now filled the Pontifical chair, Pius VII. having died during Abbé Ferretti's absence in South America. The new Pope appointed him Prelate of his Household, and Director of St. Michael's Hospital, in Ripa Grante, an institution which, up to this time, had been sadly mismanaged. In 1827, Leo XII. appointed him Archbishop of Spoleto, and in 1832 Gregory XVI. transferred him to the See of Imola. In 1839, the same Pontiff named him Cardinal, and in the following year he received the full dignity of a Prince of the Church. On the death of Gregory XVI., on the 1st of June, 1846, Cardinal Ferretti was called to Rome, he having been discharging the office of Apostolic Nuncio at the Court of Naples. At the solemn conclave of the Cardinals, held to elect the new Pope, Cardinal Ferretti was appointed to examine the votes, and it is reported of him that, finding his own name upon nearly every paper, he exclaimed, "Have pity on me, my brothers: pity my weakness, I am not worthy." But the Cardinals insisting, he gave way, and, being asked what name he would assume, replied Pius IX. The news of Cardinal Ferretti's election was received by the Roman populace with great rejoicing, and on the 21st June, 1846, he was solemnly crowned in St. Peter's. We cannot stop to review the corrupt state of things which the new Pontiff upon his accession found rampant in the States of the Church, but shall pass on to the more stirring events of the period. Setting himself resolutely to work, the Holy Father introduced many reforms, which were received with feelings of gratitude and affection. But when, on the 5th March, 1848, a courier arrived in Rome and announced the fall of the Orleans dynasty in France, and the proclamation of a new French Republic, the news aroused the population into great excitement, and caused them to entertain ideas impossible of execution. On the 14th of the same month, His Holiness published "The Fundamental Statute for the Temporal Government of the Holy See," a work which inaugurated in a most complete manner a very responsible constitutional government. Rut when the tide of Italian unity set in, all Italy thrilled with the hope that the Pontiff who had inaugurated such reforms would place himself at the head of the movement. Though an Italian, endued with all the ardour of an Italian nature, and

longing to benefit his country, he was yet Pope, and in this capacity all nations were his children. He could not head a crusade of blood, and on the 10th February, 1849, he issued a proclamation urging upon the people peace. This was received with disfavor, and, under the pressure of circumstances, the Pope granted a new constitution to the Romans, and, in order to preserve the States of the Church intact, at length yielded to the demand of the people for war against Austria. From this time the city of Rome became a prey to Revolutionists, who went to such lengths as to mob the Holy Father in the Quirinal, in order to impose upon him their programme. The excited and maddened people even proceeded to set fire to the door of the Palace, and to shoot through the windows, one of the shots killing Mgr. Palma, and another entering the apartment in which the Holy Father was. Upon this the Holy Father suspended his temporal power, saying: "My conduct can have but one interpretation: to spare the effusion of blood I yield." Very shortly after the Pope informed his attendants that it was his intention to leave Rome, and this he was enabled to do in safety by the tact of the Countess de Spaur, who proposed to her husband, the Bavarian Minister at the Roman Court, that he should, under the pretence of urgent affairs of state, take a journey to Naples, having with him the Holy Father as an attendant cleric. To favor the design, the French Ambassador paid a State visit to the Quirinal, thus leading the Revolutionists to suppose that the Holy Father was in his apartments. Dressing himself in the garb of a simple cleric, the Holy Father hastened through the corridors of the palace, and entered the carriage of the Bavarian Minister. Before the break of day the party had crossed the frontier, and at half-past nine in the morning reached Mola di Gaeta, where they were shortly afterwards joined by the French Ambassador and the diplomatic corps. It was whilst sojourning at Gaeta that the Pope addressed the celebrated Encyclical Letter to all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops to collect the tradition of the Churches as to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mother of God, and which ended in making the dogma an Article of Catholic Belief. From Gaeta Cardinal Antonelli addressed the Catholic Powers, demanding from them an armed intervention on behalf of His Holiness. A French force was at length despatched to Rome, and on the 3rd July, 1849, General Oudinot entered the city, the ramparts

having been carried by storm on the 30th June. On the 1st August a proclamation was issued re-establishing the temporal authority of the Holy Father. "The reaction in favor of a restitution of the old order of things was rapid, and prevailed all classes, for there was no class, no interest, no industry that had not suffered from the wild and stormy period which, commencing with the flight to Gaeta, did not end till the Pope's Government was fully re-established." In 1850 the Holy Father was pleased to re-establish in England the Hierarchy, which had, since the Reformation, been extinct, the remnant of the Faithful being simply governed by Vicars Apostolic. In 1852 the Hierarchy was also established in Holland. But the great acts with which the name of Pius IX. will always be associated, were (1) the long desired definition, as an Article of Faith, of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the decree of which was solemnly promulgated on the 8th December, 1854; and (2) the Convocation of the Oecumenical Council of 1869. These matters are so freshly in the recollection of our readers that nothing more than a passing reference to them is necessary. A few remarks respecting the person and habits of the Holy Father will no doubt be read with interest. He invariably rises at six in the morning, and dresses without assistance. At seven he says Mass alone in his Oratory, afterwards hears another, and then passes half an hour in private prayer. At half-past eight he takes a slight collation. From this hour until three in the afternoon the Pope receives visitors, and attends to matters of business. His Holiness then dines, and always alone, in accordance with the rule established as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century. After dinner His Holiness retires to his bedchamber, where he takes a short repose. Before the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, and the consequent retirement to the Vatican of the Pope, it used to be his custom, at four o'clock, to drive into the country, where he was in the habit of taking an hour's exercise. Returning to the Holy City at six, business was again resumed and carried on until half-past ten o'clock, when after prayers and a long meditation in his Oratory, he retired to his chamber and laid down to rest, but not to sleep, for his Private Minister then entered his chamber, and entertained him with the news of the day. This conversation was said to have been a relaxation which His Holiness much enjoyed, and was prolonged until, at a sign, the Minister drew the curtain,

and retired from the room. Of the numerous portraits published of the Holy Father but few do justice to the truly remarkable features of His Holiness. One writer says: "There is in the Pope's large and expansive forehead, and in his strongly expressive eyes, his look full of depth of feeling, penetrating, benevolence, and kindness, in the sweet expression of his mouth, which captivates all on whom it smiles, a certain mysterious charm that artists have never succeeded in rendering on canvass." So wonderful, indeed, is the play of countenance of the Holy Father, that it has been said on good authority that his features are never the same for two minutes together. Hence the difficulty in obtaining a good portrait. "His bearing is grave and without the least study, and there is a grace and a certain distinguished manner with him which strikes every one who approaches him. During the sacred functions of the Church, his countenance beams with celestial beauty: his voice is sweet and sonorous, its harmonious accents falling on the ear at times like soft music; at others, when elevated, it is surprisingly strong and powerful, without, however, losing its sweetness. It is said that, when it is raised in pronouncing the Papal Benediction, '*Urbi et orbi*,' on Easter Day, from the balcony of St. Peter's, its echoes are repeated from beyond the great obelisk."

And now Pius IX., after having passed through one of the most eventful Pontificates on record—after having reigned longer than any of his predecessors,—twenty-six years—years pregnant with events of import to the Church—is once more deposed from his authority, and is kept a prisoner in the Vatican. There is something very humiliating in the conduct of the Roman people towards their Sovereign. To turn over the records of events, and read how, at one time, he was greeted by the Roman populace with fervid acclamations; how, at another, he was deposed from his authority, and compelled by the force of circumstances to depart from his kingdom; how, at another, the same people greeted his return with vivas that rent the air, while the bells rang out their merriest peal; and again, how, at another and still more recent time, they received with open arms his enemies, who came to depose him, leads us to wonder in what their loyalty and religion consists. And these Romans are the descendants of the once mighty race that ruled the world, and who are now sunk so low that they have hardly the courage to speak, less having received the usurper with open arms,



he should turn upon them and cause them to feel, even more severely than they do, the weight of his power. And of the nations of the world who profess to recognise the Sovereign Pontiff as the Head of the Church, where is the one that, in his hour of trial and tribulation, will stand forward, and, in return for the benefits the Church has bestowed on it, assert the temporal right of the Pope to the kingdom so basely usurped from him by Victor Emmanuel? But none respond to his call, and he, the Vicar of Christ, is left by the nations a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. Yet how grandly he raises his voice against the irreligion, error, vice, and cruel oppression of the times, and how he strives to recall the people to a sense of their duty to God? He will not be silenced. Death alone can put a stop to his vehement words. Then, and not till then, will this glorious Vicar of Jesus Christ cease to exhort the people of the earth to return to their God, whom they have forsaken.

#### ORIGIN OF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

There was once upon a time, near the western coast of Ireland, a romantic valley inhabited by a few peasants, whose rude cabins were surrounded by the most luxuriant trees, and sheltered by mountains arising almost perpendicularly on every side. Ireland has still many beautiful green vales, but there is not one so deeply, so secretly nestled among the hills, as the one of which I speak. Add the depth of the deepest of these lakes to the height of the loftiest mountain that towers above us, and you may then form some idea of the deep seclusion of this forgotten valley.

Norah was the prettiest girl in the little village. She was the pride of her old father and mother, and the admiration of every youth who beheld her: The cottage of her parents was the neatest in the neighborhood. Norah knew how to make the homeliest chamber look cheerful and the honeysuckle round the casement was taught by her hand to twine more gracefully than elsewhere.

There was but one spring of water in this valley; it was a little well of the brightest and clearest water ever seen, which bubbled from the golden sands, and they lay calmly sleeping in a basin of the whitest marble. From this basin there did not appear to be any outlet; the water ran into it incessantly, but no one could detect that any part of it escaped again! It was a fairy well!

In those days there were fairies, so says the

legend, and so says Crofton Croker, that inimitable historian of the little people of Ireland in the olden time.

This fairy well was held in great veneration by the inhabitants of the valley.

There was a tradition concerning it which had time out of mind been handed down from parent to child. It was covered with a huge stone, which, though apparently very heavy, could be removed with ease by the hand of the most delicate female; and it was said to be the will of the fairy who presided over it, that all the young girls of the village should go thither every evening after sunset, remove the stone, and take from the marble basin as much water as would be sufficient for the use of each family during the ensuing day; above all, it was understood to be the fairy's strict injunction that each young maiden, when she had filled her pitcher, should carefully replace the stone; if at any time this were to be neglected, the careless maiden would bring ruin on herself, and all the inhabitants of the valley; for if the morning sun ever shone upon the water, inevitable destruction would follow.

Often did Norah trip lightly to the well with her pitcher in her hand, singing the wild melodies of her country, with her beautiful hair decorated with the bright red berries of the mountain-ash, or the ripe fruit of the arbutus tree, and leaning over the bubbling spring, fill her pitcher, carefully replace the stone, and return to her parents without one sad thought to drive away sleep from her pillow.

This could not last forever. Norah was formed to be beloved, and soon a stranger youth came to the valley—a soldier—one who had seen the world. He was clad in armor, and he talked of brighter scenes—ah! could there be a brighter scene than that lone valley! He dazzled the poor girl's eye, and he won her heart; and when she went at sunset to fetch water from the fairy well, Coolin was always at her side.

Her old parents could not approve of such an attachment. The young soldier's stories of camps and courts possessed no charms for them, and when they saw that Norah loved to listen to him, they reproved their child for the first time in their lives, and forbade her in the future to meet the stranger. She wept, but she promised to obey them, and, that she might avoid a meeting with her lover, she went that evening to the well by a different path to that which she had been accustomed to take.

She removed the stone, and having filled the pitcher, she sat down by the side of the well.

and wept bitterly. She heeded not the hour : twilight was fast fading into the darkness of night, and the bright stars which studded the heavens directly over her head were reflected in the crystal fountain at her feet.

Her lover stood before her.

"Oh ! come not here," she cried. "Come not here. I have promised not to meet you : had I returned home when my task was done, we never should have met ! I have been disobedient ; oh ! why did I ever see you ? you have taught me how to weep !"

"Say not so, dearest Norah," replied the young soldier ; "come with me."

"Never ! Never !" she emphatically exclaimed, as she hastily arose, and advanced from the well. "I, who never broke my word, have broken it to-night ! I said I would not meet you, and we have met !" She uttered this in an agony of tears, walking wildly forward, while Coolin, with her hand clasped in both of his, walked by her side endeavoring to pacify her.

"Your fault, if it be one," said he kindly, was involuntary : your parents will forgive you, when they know how tenderly I love you, they will no longer reject me as their son. You say you cannot leave them ; well, well ; I perhaps may stay here, may work for them and for you. What is there I would not resign for my Norah ? You are near your home, give me one smile ; and now, dearest, good night."

Norah did smile on him, and softly opening the wicket, she stole to her own chamber, and soon fell asleep, full of fond thoughts of the possibility of her parents' sanction for her lover's suit.

She slept soundly for several hours.

At last, awakening with a wild scream, she started from her bed. "The well ! the well !" she cried : I neglected to replace the stone ! It cannot be yet morning. No—no—no, the grey dawn is just appearing : I will run, I shall be in time."

As she flew along the well-known path, the tops of the eastern hills were red with the near approach of sunrise. Is that the first sunbeam that gilds yonder mountain ? No ! it cannot be—she will yet be in time.

Norah had now reached a spot from whence, looking downward, she could see the well, at the distance of a few hundred yards. She stood like a statue ; her eyes were fixed ; one hand grasped her forehead, with the other she pointed forward. So suddenly had amazement arrested her flight, that her attitude retained the appearance of motion : she might have passed

for the statue of a girl running, but she was motionless. The unclouded morning sun was shining brightly on the spot ; the spring once so gentle, was now sending forth a foaming torrent, which was rapidly inundating the valley. Already the alarmed villagers were rushing from their cabins, but Nora did not move : her hand was still pointed toward the spot, but she appeared unconscious of danger.

Still the foaming torrent poured forth, and the water approached the spot where she stood ; Coolin, who had been seeking her everywhere, now ran towards her : his footstep roused her and crying, "My parents ! save them !" she fell at his feet.

He bore her in his arms up a hill which was near them : still the torrent raged behind them, the vast flood became wider and deeper.

When they reached the summit of the hill, it appeared to be a wooded island, water surrounding them on every side, and their resting-place gradually became smaller and smaller.

Many other green islands were to be seen, some less extensive than that on which they found a temporary security ; and these gradually grew smaller and smaller and vanished one by one.

"Oh ! that we were on the summit of yon mountain," said Coolin, and kissing Norah's pale cheek, he cried, "Is there no hope ? my poor girl, my own dear love."

"My parents!—my parents!" exclaimed Norah, "where are they?—Oh ! they have perished, the victims of their only child's disobedience !"

Clasped in each others arms the lovers awaited their doom. The waters still rose higher and higher—the island became indistinct—it was a speck—it was gone !

The cause of the calamity having expiated her error, the wrath of the fairy was appeased. The waters rose no more, but the beautiful valley of the fairy well now lies under the clear waters of the Lake of Killarney.

THE morning hour has gold in its mouth.

THE only wages never reduced—the wages of sin.

THERE is many an honest, hard-working poor man, who rises himself and calls his family before sunrise three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. In nine cases out of ten, when his children arrive at his age they will be called up by servants.

KIND words are the bright flowers of earth's existence ; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

## EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

To benefit mankind we must commence at the foundation, the root, and origin of the evil; and to obviate any particular evil, the best way is to inform the reason, address the judgment, and thus force conviction on the understanding and the heart.

Let us pause, and look around, and view the situation. How many men are there who take liquors as a medicine, as a stimulant, little dreaming that intemperance not only destroys the health, but inflicts ruin upon the innocent and helpless; for it invades the family and social circle, and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in all its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, and bereaves the doting mother. It covers the land with idleness and poverty, disease and crime. It fills our jails, supplies our almshouses; and furnishes subjects for our asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riot. It condemns law, and spurns order. It crowds the penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for the scaffold. It is the life blood of the gambler, the food of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary and assassin. It defames benevolence, violates obligations, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his children, the husband to kill his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It degrades the citizen, lowers the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world and laughs at the ruin it has inflicted upon the human race.

A noble, generous youth—from whose heart flowed a living fount of pure and holy feeling, which spread around and fertilized the soil of friendship, while warm and generous hearts crowded about and inclosed him in a circle of pure happiness. The eye of woman brightened at his approach, and wealth and honor smiled to woo him to their circle. His days sped onward, and as a Summer's brook sparkles all joyous on its gladsome way, so he sped on, blithesome amid the light of woman's love and manhood's eulogy. He wooed and won a maid of peerless charms—a being fair, delicate, and pure, bestowed the harvest of her heart's young love upon him.

The car of time rolled on, and clouds arose to dim the horizon of his worldly happiness. The serpent of inebriation crept into the Eden of his heart; the pure and holy feelings which

the ruler of nature had implanted in his soul had become polluted by the influence of the miscalled social cup. The warm and generous aspirations of his soul became frozen and callous within him. The tears and agony of the wretched and afflicted wife found no response within his bosom. The pure and holy fount of universal love within his heart, that once gushed forth at the moanings of misery, and prompted the hand to administer to the requirements of the wretched, sent forth no more its pure and benevolent offerings; its waters had become intermingled with the poisoned ingredients of spirits, and the rank weeds of intemperance had sprung up and choked the fount from whence the stream flowed. The dark spirit of poverty had flapped its wings over his habitation, and the burning hand of disease had seared the brightness of his eye and palsied the elasticity of his frame. The friends who basked in the sunshine of his prosperity fled when the Wintry winds of adversity blew harshly around his dwelling. Thus we have the picture of one whose end can be told in few words.

He saw the smile of joy sparkling in the social glass; he noted not the demon of destruction lurking at the bottom of the goblet; with eager hands he raised the poisoned glass to his lips, drained its fiery contents and was ruined.

Liquor! oh! how many earthly Edens hast thou made desolate! How many starved and naked orphans hast thou cast upon the cold charities of an unfriendly world! How many graves hast thou filled with confiding and broken-hearted wives! What sad wrecks hast thou made of brilliant talents and splendid geniuses! Would to Heaven there was one universal temperance society, and all mankind were members of it; the glorious cause of our Saviour would be advanced, and the myriads of bare-footed orphans and broken-hearted wives would chant praises to Heaven for the success of the temperance cause; the lost would be retained and bleeding hearts healed.

MAN has more than he knows of sins, follies, and foes.

LARGE trees generally give more shade than fruit.

THE man who knows not how to be generous is seldom just.

Few, if any, repent of their silence; many of their talk.

If you have a fair thought, express it in the simplest language possible. A diamond should have a plain setting.

## Book Reviews.

MY MISCELLANIES. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

"My Miscellanies," the author tells us, first appeared as contributions to the "Household Magazine" and "All the Year Round." They are written in a racy, easy style, and display an entire freedom from the old didactic and "approved" lingo essayists were accustomed to preach in.

They overflow with humour and wit, and evidence an intimate acquaintance and keen appreciation of the every-day oddities of life.

Mrs. Bullwinkle's consumption of provisions in the capacity of nurse, is very ludicrous, and no wonder her mistress thought she was a cow! and her master grew pale at the length of the butcher's and grocer's bills.

Mr. Collins' Memoir of Douglas Jerrold is very interesting. He was one of that brilliant dramatist's earliest friends, and, it seems, as much gratifies his own esteem for Jerrold and admiration of his genius in writing this biography as his readers' curiosity.

Harper's List of Books for 1874 also comes to us from Dawson, and will prove a useful guide to their publications.

UNDER THE TREES. By Sannel Grenasus Prime. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is a very passable book, and contains the musings and literary effusions of a gentleman of leisure "Under the Trees," on the banks of the Hudson, New York. His essays on Birds and Dogs are very interesting. "A Parson's story" tells how two innocent young women are blasted by the libels of a Mrs. Flint, who accuses them of dishonesty. They are driven mad in consequence, but romantically enough, the sequel brings them two merchant lovers whom pity for their misfortunes ultimately marries them.

They recover from their madness for a while, and are sane for some time after their marriage. But the curse returns—they rave again, and death and trouble are the climax of this pitiful, well-written tale.

MISS MOORE. By Georgiana Craik. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

"Miss Moore" is a children's book. It is clever, natural, and withal of a good moral tone. "Miss Young" and "Miss Moore" are both ably delineated characters.

The dialogue is easy and lively, and we have great pleasure in commending it to our readers as a very charming and suitable *brochure* for children.

FRENCH HOME LIFE. Second Edition. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. Montreal: Robert Bennet.

The author of "French Home Life" thoroughly understands his subject, and gives us a most excellent and reliable insight into the French character and manners. As so large a proportion of our citizens are either French or of Franco-extraction, this book is of even more interest to us than the country from whence it first emanated—England.

The essay on "manners" is very complete and well deserving of the quotation it has already received from several journals.

Manners with our neighbours in the "old country" are a science, partly natural, partly acquired.

By them the Frenchman can express his meaning more amply and expeditiously than the most copious flood of words. A shrug of the shoulders, to use the trite old phrase, literally "speaks volumes," a wave of the hands, the eye-brows raised, a bow, &c., are in "la belle France," most *a propos* and expressive.

The sway and influence of the ladies in society is another peculiar trait of the French.

They are the great civilizers, so to speak, of the land, and seek, by the exercise of their charms and conversation, to keep men from the grosser pleasures of the world.

The perfect ease with which a Frenchwoman arranges her hair before a railway mirror, or attends to her baby's underclothing in company, may seem a little strange and perhaps indecorous to her reserved neighbours of Canada and England, but in reality she is only natural after all, and merely acts free from that conventional restraint so binding on us. She has always been brought up so.

A WIT once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. 'I mind my own business,' was the reply.

THE greatest labor that devolves upon a woman is to tear down and rebuild one dozen times each day her back hair, and still the beastly males accuse them of idleness.

TIMKINS aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. 'Oh, let me sleep,' was the reply of the irate dame, 'and don't be frightened at your own shadow.'

# 'TIS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP.

Air—GAGE FANE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

Moderate Time.

1 'Tis be- liev'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a Sy- ren, of  
 2 But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears, all the  
 3 Still her bo- som rose fair— still her cheek smil'd the same, While her sea- born - the  
 4 Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to min- gle her

old, who sung un- der the sea; And who of- ten at eve, through the  
 light, her gold ring - lets to steep, Till bear'n look'd, with pi- ty, on  
 grace - ful - ly cur'd round the frame; And her hair, shed - ding tear - drops from  
 fan - guage with sor - row's sad tone; Till thou didst di- vide them, and

bright lit - low rovd, To meet, on the green shore, a youth whoa - she lov'd,  
 true love so warm, And changed to this soft harp the sea - maid - ent's form,  
 seen the bright rings, For ev - er her white arms to unweave the sail string,  
 seen the fond say, To be late, when I'm hear - ing, and grief when a - way!

\* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published by Mr. Hudson, of Dublin.