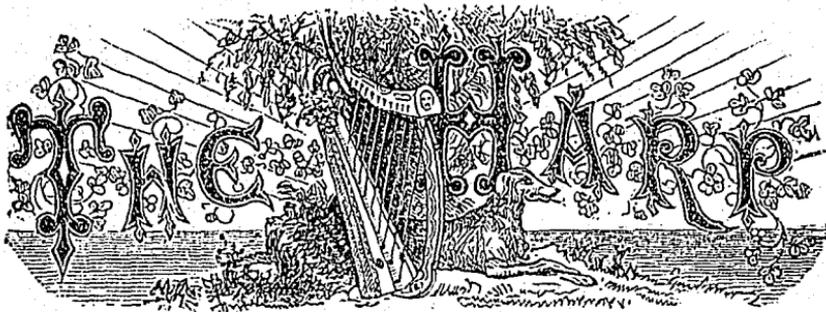


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MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1876.

No. 9.

A LOVER'S FANCY.

Do you know to what kingdom my true love belongs,

To the earth or the sky or the sea?
She belongs to them all—aye, every one—
For she's all of the world to me.

There are flashes of gold in her hair,
And her teeth are the pearls of the sea:
There is heaven's own blue in her eye—
For she's all of the world to me.

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"

"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"

"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Shemus struck one blow upon the well, which shattered it in pieces. A deep groan resounded from the inside. Shemus staggered back with affright.

"Lord have mercy on me! Shure I didn't do anything, at all, at all?" said the voice from the well.

"Who is it?" "Drag him out!"

"Set fire to him!" shouted the mob.

"It's I," said the voice. "For the love of God, spare me. I didn't do anything. Sure I am here all the time."

"Who are you, man alive? Come out, and let us see your purty face."

"O! don't ye know me? I am your friend, Mr. Baker; that never harmed anybody."

"Ha, ha, ha! You that killed so many of us, to call yourself our friend. Faith, that's a good joke anyway."

"Throw in the fire on top of the ould sinner!"

"Roast him alive." "Let us put it under him, though, and give him time to repent. That's more than he did to the poor men he shot."

"O! good people, spare me, for the love of God. Let me out; I never shot a man in all my life. No; I wouldn't. Sure it is only a way of talking I had. O! holy Joseph, will ye roast me alive?"

Now, in justice to the mob, they had not the least notion of injuring Mr. Baker, for they knew his cowardly, harmless disposition too well; however, they were resolved to enjoy his misery for a time.

Mr. Baker, all this time, lay on his back in the well; his face was turned up, so that he could see the brands of fire moving to and fro, and believing every minute that they would be hurled in on him. He prayed, and cursed, and thick perspiration ran down his body.

"Can't you come out until we see you?"

"Gog, gog! I can't; for the love of heaven pull me out!"

"Put plenty of fire under him, and smoke him out," said a man with an old musket in his hand, and he winked at the others.

"He is fine and fat; it's no harm to take a little of the sap out of him," said a little thin man, leaning on a crutch.

"Och, murther, murther! the savages. O gog, isn't there any one to save me! Gog, gog! but I'll hang every mother soul of the d—d pa—; no, I won't though. Oh! will ye roast me alive?"

"Since you'd hang us, we are better, Mr. Baker."

"Oh! devil take me tongue; sure, I didn't know what I was saying. I swear by the holy Bible, that I won't hang one of you. Give me the Bible, and I'll take my oath on it."

"Here are the police, here are the police!" shouted the women.

"Deuce take them, they should come to spoil our fun; but if they don't go back quicker than they come, nabeklish."

The police, having heard of Mr. Baker's situation, resolved to make an attempt to rescue him.

"We only want to get Mr. Baker," said the sergeant.

"Oh, we will thrate him dacently, if ye let us alone," said the mob.

"Let him come with us, then," said the sergeant.

"Divil a step, unless we like it ourselves; we have the upper hand now, and will keep it; hurrah, hurrah! down with the bloody police!"

"Halloo, gog, don't leave me here, the bloody papists. Oh, they will burn me,—I mean, if ye leave me here; I am burning, as it is," shouted Mr. Baker, with all his might.

"Do ye hear what he calls us? d—d papists," said an old woman with a goggle eye, and a few teeth in the front of her mouth.

"Arrah, honey, as you're burning, I'll cool you," said another, dashing the contents of a chamber vessel in his face.

"Och, murder, murder; I am smothered;" and Mr. Baker began to cough and curse, alternately. "Ugh, ugh, ugh; oh, I'm smothered. Gog, but they'll burn me, the savages. Oh, the damned pa—ugh, ugh; for the love of God, will ye let me out of this, ye raps?"

"Oh, holy Mother! do ye hear what he calls us? 'raps,' enagh; I want to know who was the rap, but his own thief of a mother? Oh, but burnin' is too good for him."

"Oh, no, I didn't mean it; ye are the daunt women, every mother's soul of ye; let me out and I'll give ye all I have."

While Mr. Baker was keeping up this parley with the women, a regular fight was going on between the police and the men. The mob rushed on them with stones, shafts of cars, burning brands, and the like; and before they had time to fire a shot, the guns were dashed out of their hands, and themselves hunted into the barrack, which was soon demolished about their ears.

During the conflict, Mr. Baker was in a terrible suspense. If he encouraged the police, and if that they were beaten, he feared the people would revenge it upon him; again, if he encouraged the people, it would look like treason, so he compromised the matter, by calling out—

"Och, murder, do you hear that rapping? oh, these women will burn me. Gog, they will kill one another. That's it, stick the bloody pa—, ahem. Oh, boys, honey, don't ye kill one another. Shure, they will let me 'out of this. Why don't ye fire, ye cowards—that's, I mean—don't, don't kill the bloody pa—, ahem—that's, gog, what on earth am I saying?"

Now, a bright thought struck him, so he appealed to the women.

"Och, honeys, darling! will ye let me out; all this fighting is on my account; shure, I'll make peace."

Some of the women, whose friends were engaged, tore open the well, and dragged him, half dead, from it.

"Run, now, Mr. Baker, for the love of God, and make peace."

Mr. Baker did run, as well as he was able, but it was into a house, where he ensconced himself under a bed, from which he did not stir until the appearance of a troop of dragoons in the village. This fight was a great epoch in Mr. Baker's life, and often did he relate the marvellous feats he performed.

With wild cheers and yells the mob returned to the burning carriages. The dragoons even had to return without the voters; they only succeeded in rescuing the police and Mr. Baker.

The people gained a great victory: some were killed, no doubt, but what of that, more were killed of the other party; and Sir William Placeman was returned victoriously.—Sir William—the advocate of free trade, reform, repeal of the Union, and I don't know what not, Sir William praised the people, their devotion to the sacred cause of nationality; what a sacrifice they made in returning him, the humble advocate of a holy cause, a cause dearer to him than life.

Sir William shortly sold them, himself, and the cause for a snug berth; who could blame him, shouldn't he turn his useful talents to account? besides, he was a peniless barrister.

There were some of his clamorous supporters ridiculous enough to grumble at Sir William's change; but then, he silenced their absurd objections, by getting places for themselves or their friends.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW LESSON ON THE TREATMENT OF FAMINE.

We must now draw the curtain over two years. It is not that these two years were barren in stirring or exciting events. Never were two years laden with more misery to an unhappy people. The partial failure of the potato crop, which threatened the peasantry in the early stages of our tale, had now become general and fatal. The potato was the staple food of the peasant; it fed his pig to meet the landlord's claims; it supported himself and family in health and robustness; it left him his little garden of oats or wheat, to supply himself with clothes, and other little luxuries. So, in these days the Irish peasant had no fear of hunger or want; for the potato seemed to spring up abundantly every place. The peasant had enough, and some to spare with a cead mille failte for the wandering boecagh and the houseless poor. These times had passed, and misery and starvation, such as never afflicted a wretched people before, now reigned in the country.

We have passed over two years, two years of starvation; but we come to the time when the country was lying prostrate with fever and famine, and when the energies of good men were aroused to stay

or alleviate their dreadful ravages, and of bad men, to stimulate them, in order to exterminate a helpless and now cumbersome tenantry.

The famine was doing its work, and had already sent thousands to premature graves, and thousands to die in foreign lands, and thousands more to feed the fishes of the Atlantic.

You may ask me what was the Government doing all this time? Was it not passing remedial measures to give employment to the poor? England derives an immense revenue from Ireland; surely she could not let her starve. My friends, how was the Union carried, but by coercion and bribery; and now, what better levers could be found to upset an incipient rebellion—the yearnings of a people for nationality—than famine and starvation. Ah! they were a God-sent more effective than thirty thousand British bayonets!"

This potato blight and consequent famine were powerful engines of state to uproot millions of the peasantry, to preserve law and order, and to clear off surplus population, and to maintain the integrity of the British empire.

But, then, there were measures passed. England wished to show her humanity to the world. There were about ten millions voted for the relief of Ireland. How this was administered we mean to show. What could be expected from a government whose leading organ—when a wailing cry of starvation arose from Ireland, when such as could, fled, frightened at the dreadful ruin at home; when the grave closed over a million of starved peasants—called out in a jubilee of delight: "The Celts are gone—gone with a vengeance. The Lord be praised!" Hear ye that: "The Lord be praised!" For what? Because about a million and a-half of fellow-creatures had died of starvation; because about as many more had fled beyond the Atlantic to nestle beneath the sheltering wing of the glorious stripes and stars, or to sleep in its welcome bosom.

Ah! this was a grand *non Christian* consummation to sing a "*Te Deum*" over! But, then, they were mere Irish. Whilst the Irish were struggling to outlive a famine, such as never devastated a wretched country before, about six millions of the rental of Ireland were spent annually by absentee landlords in England. Irish produce, to the amount of about seventeen millions sterling, was annually exported to England, and yet the Irish were starving at home. Is it strange that they should export beef and butter and corn to such a vast amount while struggling against a fearful famine. In no other country in the world but Ireland would this strange anomaly be allowed: for it was calculated that during the worst years the produce of the country was capable of supporting double its population. But the farmer had to sell his

crops to pay the landlord, who was as exacting as in the best of times, and even more so, for the spirit of eviction had gone forth, and now was the landlord's opportunity.

After parting with the produce of his farm to meet the landlord, the poor farmer was left as destitute as the laborer. He had not the potato; he had to try and till his farm to support his family and servants, and to meet poor rates and county taxes, and various other calls. Indeed, the only thriving classes now in Ireland were deputy sheriffs, bailiffs, and rate collectors. These had plenty of employment in levelling houses, distraining for rent and taxes, and the like part-time. These were very profitable transactions then, for the sheriff had constant employment and was well paid. The others, too, were not idle; and as the poor farmers were not able to buy up the stock, the considerate drivers bought them for about half their value themselves; add to this, large deductions by way of fees, and you may form some notion of the amount placed to the wretched owner's account.

It is true, we get in return for all our export, Coercion Bills, Arms Acts, and the like. We also got an additional force of about twenty thousand men to keep us from grumbling. So, you see, the Irish had no reason to complain, unless they were too hard to be pleased. We also got a loan of about ten millions, half of which had to be repaid by instalments; add to this some private grants, and we ought to be grateful indeed. When we consider that the same England gave about twenty millions to turn negroes wild from whom she never received the least benefit, we are not to be surprised at the noble generosity that urged her to give us, who send her about twenty-three millions of our produce and money annually, a loan of ten millions to keep us from starving, or rather to protract our wretched fate.

All this time the British Parliament was voting millions to enlarge English dockyards, to strengthen English fortifications, to beautify English parks and museums, and to make faster her iron grip upon her "dear sister island." When we complained of the apathy of the English government about an Irish famine, we got an Arms Bill. When we complained of the ruined state of our trade, war ships were sent into our ports with arms and ammunition. When we said we were starving, give us employment, powder mills and fortifications were set to work.

In 1827, after the defeat of the Catholic question, five millions of bullets were ordered to Ireland to quieten her; some one then wrote—

"I have found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her,
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!
Five millions of bullets I've sent her!"

England seems to have great confidence in this, her favorite panacea, for all our ills even yet; so she is very fond of repeating the dose.

Local committees were appointed throughout the country for the management and distribution of public money—grants, rates, and the like. Useless public works were fast settling in. Of course Lord Clearall was the manager of one of these committees. Mr. Ellis had a grist-mill near the village. There was a small private house adjoining; in this the committee held their deliberations. Lord Clearall was in the chair. Several of the neighboring gentry and respectable rate payers were also present.

"I have," said his lordship, "got about a thousand pounds, which we are to spend on some public work, such as levelling a hill, or filling up a hollow, or the like; now, this will give a great deal of employment, and I hope it's only the forerunner of more. We have now to select what work we will commence at—our selections, of course, to be approved of by the Board of Works; but this is a mere matter of form, as one of the commissioners is my particular friend."

"I think, my lord, there is no work more necessary than to level Knockcorrig hill; it is almost impassable it is so steep, and it is a regular thoroughfare to the village."

"I think so, too, Mr. Ellis," said his lordship; "but, then, we must take the opinion of these gentlemen—what do you say, gentlemen?"

Now, as all the gentlemen present were more or less dependent on his lordship for favors, patronage, and the like, it was not reasonable to expect that they would oppose him, though they well knew that the levelling of Knockcorrig was of no earthly benefit to any one save to his lordship and Mr. Ellis, for it was on the road to his lordship's residence and to Mr. Ellis's mills, so they all bowed their assent.

"Will ye agree to that, gentlemen?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Now, we have to nominate a pay-master, overseer, and clerk; as there must be a great deal of money intrusted to the pay-master, he must be a person well secured; I think Mr. Ellis would be a very fit person; I will be his security."

They all, of course, nodded assent.

"What's the salary, my lord?" asked a brokendown gentleman, that expected it for himself.

"Why, I can't exactly say; perhaps ten pounds a week."

"Oh! my lord," groaned the other.

"I think we should also nominate Mr. Pembert and Mr. Burken as overseer and clerk; their wages are low; one has but thirty shillings a week, the other a pound."

There was a nod of assent, followed by

a stifled groan of disappointment from the members.

"There will be several other clerks and gaugers wanted; I shall be happy to get appointed any worthy person you should recommend, gentlemen."

There was a general vote of thanks to his lordship.

"Now we have to see about a house for our meetings, and for giving out-door relief; I think this a very suitable one, indeed," and his lordship looked about the comfortable room, with its blazing fire.

The others thought so too.

"Now, Mr. Ellis, what might be the rent of this?"

"Oh! whatever your lordship choose."

"No! no! I haven't the selection; name your rent, for these gentlemen to consider?"

"Would ten shillings a week be too much, my lord?" said Mr. Ellis, with the air of one making a great sacrifice for the cause of humanity.

"Really I think not, considering its appearance and usefulness," said his lordship.

"Would not a cheaper house do?" timidly suggested one of the committee.

"I merely ask it for information's sake, my lord," said he, correcting himself.

"Well, perhaps so," said his lordship; "but then, where is the great saving in a few shillings a week; besides, look at the comfort of this house, and the safety of having it so near the mills, within a call of the police; you know such houses have been attacked already."

"We agree with you, my lord," said the others.

A vast crowd of half-starved, half-naked wretches were collected outside the door, waiting the issue of the meeting. Some were living skeletons, tottering with disease and weakness. Some looked like scarecrows, dressed up in rags, and moved by some inward machinery.

"Arrah! shure it would be dacenter for ye to kill us intirely," said a wretched-looking woman, crouched beside a wall, with a child at her breast.

"Throe for you, Peg," said another: "sorra a morsel I ate these two days but turnip-tops and cabbage, and there is Jack dying with me at home."

"Lord help us," said another; "they are the terrible times intirely."

"I haven't a bit nor a sup, nor a spark to warm myself and my four children," said another poor wretch.

"Will we bear to be starved this way?" said the men: "shure it's better for us to be kil't at wanst, boys, and our poor wives, and the childers."

"Let us throw down the house over them: there's male inside," shouted another.

"Arrah! don't ye," said another with a scornful laugh; "ye'll get a great deal

from Lord Clearall, that hunted us out of the houses himself, and his skinflint divil of an agent; shure tell him ye are scharving and that will do."

"Success, Jim, you're right," shouted the crowd.

"Give us something to eat, or we'll pull down the house over ye," shouted the mob.

"Let us brake in the door!"

Some heavy stones were flung against the door, and wild yells rang from the men, and a wail of hunger and despair from the women and children.

"We are going to commence work on Knockcorrig on Monday next," said his lordship from the window.

"What will feed us until then?"

"Pull in your head, you tyrant you, that threw my poor ould father out of the house, and he dying, and wouldn't lave him the house over him to gasp in."

"Och! shure that's his thrade; 'tis he knows how to quinch the poor man's fire; but he'll get into a warm corner for it some fine day himself."

"Bad luck to the tyrant; let us drag him out, himself and his d—! bastard of an agent!"

"Break in the house. Give us male! Ye have it inside there, ye old cadgers."

"It is better to divide what meal is in the house, Mr. Ellis," said his lordship, turning very pale; "you'll be paid for it."

"I think so, too," said Mr. Ellis, who feared that it would be taken without his leave.

"If you keep quiet," said his lordship, addressing the crowd, "what meal is in the mill will be divided upon you, and you will all get work at the mill on Monday next."

A wild cheer echoed from the crowd. Lord Clearall and Mr. Ellis slipped away backwards.

Mr. Ellis returned home satisfied that he had made good use of the day. He had set his house to advantage; he had also got a handsome salary for himself for doing nothing. He had been lately appointed a justice of the peace, so that he could now sit on the bench equal in magisterial power with his lordship. His lordship was the sheriff for the ensuing year, and he was to be his deputy. He had cleared off the Ballybrack tenants, and had pocketed a thousand pounds by the event; so, all things considered, Mr. Ellis ought to be a happy man. Yet, he did not feel too happy. He knew there was a wild spirit of revenge abroad; he knew that he was a marked man. Only a few months ago an assassin fired at him, but missed.

He now began to cling to life; he would wish to enjoy the sweets of hard-earned wealth and honors; so, in his soul, he resolved, if he had but a few more estates cleared, to change his life, and become a different man altogether.

Though a bold man, Mr. Ellis was wavering in his resolutions. He felt that life was sweet, and that it was possible to lose it by the hand of an assassin. Besides, it was terrible to be hurried before his God, without a moment's preparation, for Mr. Ellis felt that he was no saint; in fact, he had the reputation of being as gallant a widower as he was a bachelor. He began now to act from policy, and because his nephew and Burkem were eternally dining into his ears that the Cormacks were resolved to shoot him, he gave them a nice lodge on his property, and constant employment, at remunerative wages; he also took Nelly Cormack into his employ as housemaid. Mr. Pembert and Burkem never expected this, so they were disappointed in their plans; but they laid with greater success new and more fatal plots for their victims.

Mr. Ellis had received a new guest into his family, the Rev. Robert Sly, or, as he was familiarly called, Bob Sly. The Rev. Mr. Sly was a smart, rather well-looking young man, of about thirty. He was a very sanctimonious man, this Rev. Mr. Sly. His very dress was quite clerical, all black, except a most immaculate white neck-tie. He was so very spruce and neat in his dress, and so demure and pious-looking in his very appearance, that you at once set him down as a man of great sanctity. It is no wonder, then, that he became a great favorite with Mr. Ellis, and also with his daughter Lizzie. Lizzie Ellis was a gentle creature of impulse and sentiment. Her father could spare her little of his company: so her heart longed for some one to commune with. There is a deep feeling of love in the human heart, which must be directed in some channel. If we receive a good moral training in early life, this love may be the source of our happiness. If directed right, it will be the sunshine of our existence; if not, it will be a cloud of darkness in our path. Lizzie Ellis was left alone without society, to ramble about the splendid rooms of her father's house. Her flowers, her pictures, her little pets were now become too familiar to her mind; so her heart craved for some one to respond to that mysterious something that throbbled within it. She loved her father dearly; yet he was a cold, business man, that little understood or appreciated her gentle, clinging disposition. Not that he was a bad father—by no means. He surrounded her with all the luxuries that wealth could supply. She wanted nothing material, so he thought that she ought to be very happy. Wealth and position were his criterions of happiness; he little knew that there is a something in the heart, particularly of youth, that wealth cannot supply. A cheerful smile, a kind pressure of the hand, a deep sympathy of joy or sorrow, awake a warmer feeling in the heart

than the most costly attributes of wealth. Thus thrown upon her own resources for happiness, Lizzie Ellis clung with deep affection to anything or person that gained her favor. She had also met with some novels, which fanned this latent fire within her bosom. She had not strength of mind enough to look upon them as mere fictions, created to paint and please society. She often wept at the imaginary struggles and sorrows of some hero and heroine. She then rejoiced in the successful career of her hero, and "wished that heaven had made her such a man."

It is no wonder, then, that one so young and untutored in the ways of life, with such little knowledge of the workings and promptings of her own heart, should feel flattered by the attentions of so pious, so keen, and so worthy a man as the Rev. Mr. Sly. It is surprising though that so shrewd and calculating a man as Mr. Ellis did not see the danger of leaving a creature so young and so susceptible exposed to the seductions of the Rev. Mr. Sly's blandishments; but then Mr. Ellis looked upon clergyman as noble, pure and generous, above the passions and sordidness of life: he did not calculate on a wolf in sheep's clothing getting into the fold.

It must be on this account that the Rev. Mr. Sly was in a manner as great a favorite with the father as with the daughter. It is only right to state how he became introduced to Mr. Ellis at first. There is a body called the Exeter Hall Tract Society. This society has been established for the laudable purpose of raising funds and sending out missionaries to propagate the Gospel to heathen nations. Now the directors of this society, deeming the Irish a most heathenish and benighted people, and compassionating their wretched, starving condition, came to the Christian resolution of sending over a regular brigade of missionaries to enlighten them in the true faith, and console them with Bibles and tracts.

They got up a number of schools, and as they wished to save both soul and body, they got up soup kitchens and meal depots in connection with several of them. On this account they were called "soup schools," and their ministers "souters." Whether it were the Bibles and tracts, or the meal and soup that influenced them, several turned over; but I must say that as soon as they were able to get a living again, they abandoned the new doctrines for their old religion. Some of these missionaries were zealous, sincere men of education, who acted from conscientious motives; but others, particularly the Scripture-readers, were illiterate men, who made a traffic of the word of God. Though the Rev. Mr. Sly took the title of Rev., still it is to be doubted very much if any college or bishop conferred

this dignity upon him; however, as he has it by courtesy, we will style him such.

He was a Scotchman, and had some acquaintance with Mr. Ellis's friends, from one of whom he got a letter of introduction; this secured him a welcome to Mr. Ellis's house, and his own plausible, insinuating manners a continuance of it there. The Rev. Mr. Sly was attended by a servant. He bore a very brotherly resemblance to him; his name was Adam Steen. Adam Steen was as zealous and pious as his master, and could wear as sanctimonious a look too.

Adam wore threadbare, seedy-looking black clothes, with a white neck-tie, in imitation of his master. They, for aught I know, might be cast-offs of his master, for, as I said, both men were wondrously alike both in size and appearance.

The Rev. Mr. Sly was sitting on a settee near a fine cheerful fire, in Mr. Ellis's parlor; beside him sat Lizzie Ellis, and she looked into his face with a confiding, childish scrutiny, as if to catch the words that fell from his lips, or to read the thoughts that flitted through his fertile brain. The table was laid, and glasses and decanters sparkled in array, for dinner was awaiting Mr. Ellis's arrival.

"Your papa is late to-day, Lizzie; he is generally in at dinner hour; I hope that nothing of importance has delayed him?" and Mr. Sly looked at the dinner-table and sighed.

"Oh, he'll be in shortly," said Lizzie; "he is seldom later than dinner-hour."

"Do you ever have any fear for his safety, Lizzie; you know he is not popular?"

"Why so, Mr. Sly; I thought that my father has done nothing to make people dislike him?"

"Not exactly; but you see, people will not reason between cause and effect; now, your papa, in the discharge of a painful duty, no doubt, had to eject several families; these are unreasonable enough to charge him with being the sole cause of their ruin; so we often hear of an agent being shot, when the landlord, the cause of all, escapes."

"Lizzie raised her eyes swimming in tears at the thought of such an affliction.

"My poor papa! what would become of me?"

"Now, Miss Ellis, I am really sorry that I should distress you, by alluding to such a possibility; one, I hope, that will never occur; don't fret yourself!"

The Rev. Mr. Sly passed his hand around Lizzie's waist to console her.

"Oh, Mr. Sly, I never thought of the like before; what would become of me?"

"Why, darling, friends would care one with such flattering prospects; ay, they would fawn upon you."

"Oh, but I have no friends, no one to love me, no one to care for me, but him—and—"

Lizzie looked into his face and blushed amidst her tears.

"Say the words, Lizzie, love, say it, and make a heart, that has been left as desolate and un-ared for as your own happy. Oh, Lizzie, there are others, there is one, at least, besides your papa, who could cure you, who would love you who could die, but to make you happy; allow him but the privilege of stating how his affections are wound up in you, and he shall be happy, though you should scorn him then."

Lizzie hung her head upon his shoulder and sighed; her little heart throbb'd violently against her side. The Rev. Mr. Sly smiled upon her; his heart was cold; there was not one responsive throb in it; he gloried in her weakness, and felt sure of his victory. Lizzie sighed, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Robert!"

What a sweet sensation throbs a man's heart as he hears his name for the first time from the lips of the woman he loves, it tells him that all cold barriers are separated, and that a sacred tie has sprung up between them. The Rev. Mr. Sly's heart experienced no such feeling, for he did not love that frail, confiding creature; he loved her large fortune, her brilliant worldly prospects. He felt that he was betraying the confidence of his host, in thus stealing, or rather tampering with, the affections of an innocent, loving girl; but then, the bait was large, indeed, and worthy of any sacrifice. Since he came into the house, under pretence of instructing her innocent mind, he was implanting a beautiful passion, which he found too ready to take root.

"Say you love me, darling." He held down his head, pressing her to his bosom.

"Robert!"

"Well, love?"

"I love you," she whispered, in a tone scarcely audible.

"Darling! heavens bless you!" he pressed a lingering kiss upon her lips.

It is true, he would not be mortal, if some feeling of love did not dart through his heart then; but if there did, it was but for a moment, for he looked about the room, and thought upon that fine house, the stock and funds that she was to inherit, and he sighed with excessive happiness, when he reflected that all these might be his.

There was a loud knock at the door.

"Here is my papa," and Lizzie sat up and arranged her hair.

The Rev. Mr. Sly sat over on an easy chair, and began to read his Bible.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAMINE TREATMENT CONTINUED — THE REV. MR. SLY'S CHARITY — NELLY GORMACK TEMPERED — HER DELIVERER — MR. SLY MENTS HIS MARCH AT SCRIPTURE.

The Rev. Mr. Sly was quite composed, but Lizzie looked somewhat confused as her father came into the room.

"I fear I have kept dinner waiting?" said Mr. Ellis, as he looked at the table, and then noticing Lizzie's agitated appearance, he asked:

"What ails you, Lizzie, love?"

"She was getting rather alarmed at your delay. I was telling her that it was all on account of business; sure a man having so much on his hands as you, sir, cannot count his time his own. Whatever made her think otherwise, she was alarmed, but some accident befel you."

"Oh! is that it? Why, child, if you let every trifle that way annoy you, I fear you'll have an unpleasant life of it. No, not there is no one going to hurt your poor father yet, I hope; now, cheer up."

Lizzie smiled, and they sat to dinner.

"Why, Lizzie," said Mr. Ellis, sleeking her head with his hand, as she sat near him, "you must have some presentiment of things. Really, a lot of hungry scoundrels attacked his lordship and myself—we had to get out backwards."

"Why don't you give them something to eat, papa? I see poorer creatures about the house; some of them frighten'd me in the kitchen the other day; they had not a stitch upon them, and one would think that it was out of the grave they came, they looked so poor, their clothes in rags, and their heads all grown."

"There are so many in want now, child, that a man can do but little among them all. It looks like a judgment upon the people. What do you think, Mr. Sly?"

"I agree with you, sir; the people have become so wicked and dissolute, and so much addicted to perversity and all such things, that I should not wonder if this blight, like the plagues of Egypt, has come to afflict them for their sins."

"If it be an affliction from God, as you say, which I am sure it is, it would be only running counter to Providence to relieve them."

"I wish we could make that relief answer to purposes; if we could point out to them the error of their ways it would be right to support the elect; if we could get up a soup-house in connection with the schools, it would show the people that we have their interest at heart."

"Ha, ha! Mr. Sly, you see I look after your business. His lordship and I have agreed to get up one in the out-office near the school. We can keep a supply of meal and the like in the mill—you will want vegetables, which I will send down at a fair price, you know."

"Certainly, sir."

"Will your man, Adam, can preside over it; he can give them lessons in Scripture; whilst taking their soup. I have ordered Burk to notice all the tenants to send their children there at their peril; they will be both instructed and fed; you see what a blessing that is for them."

"This is all very kind and thoughtful of you, Mr. Ellis; like the good Samaritan, you are sowing the seed of righteousness unknown to us all."

"Not at all, man, not at all; you would fain have all the good to yourself, as if others have not souls to save as well as you, Mr. Sly?"

"Perfectly true, sir; we should work in the vineyard of the Lord, for He will reward every one according to his good works," said the Rev. Mr. Sly.

"Well, Lizzie, child, will you help us?"

"I shall, papa; Mr. Sly is instructing me, so that I think I could make a brave little missionary myself."

"That's it, darling; I am sure Mr. Sly will not instruct you in anything contrary to his sacred calling."

Lizzie blushed, and looked at Mr. Sly.

Mr. Sly replied: "Indeed, sir, I fear her education in some things has been much neglected! I shall endeavor to enlighten her as much as possible."

"Yes, yes! that is what I expect, my reverend friend. I know that her education, in many respects, has been much neglected; you see I was so busy with the world, making a fortune for her, I hadn't time to look after her; then I couldn't spare her to go to school, I'd miss her too much, for I am fond of her; why shouldn't I, too. Her poor mother educated her; but, then, when we lost her, I couldn't spare my Lizzie, her presence is sunshine about the house; so, Mr. Sly, instruct her in her religion and all that sort of thing; I intrust her to your honor. I never minded religion much myself. No, I hadn't time; but, then, I did my duty, I hope, and I have faith in the saving blood of our Saviour."

"My good sir, it couldn't be expected that one so much engaged with the cares of the world as you could spend too much time about religious matters; as you say, you have done your duty, and this is all God requires of us; let us have faith and charity and do our duty, and God will place us with the good and faithful servants. As to Miss Ellis here," and he turned with a smile to Lizzie, "her soul is fertile with the good seed; it shall be my care to bring it forth and to ripen it with the sunshine of grace."

"That will do; take care of her. She's a good child! I will now leave her to your instructions, as I want to go to my office," and Mr. Ellis rang the bell.

Our old friend, Nelly Cormack, who, as I have said, was now in Mr. Ellis's employment, or rather in Miss Ellis's, answered.

"Nelly," said Mr. Ellis, "bring a light up to my office; I want to go there."

"Yes, sir," said Nelly.

Mr. Ellis left for his office. The Rev. Mr. Sly sat beside Lizzie, and placed his hand around her waist to commence his instructions.

Mr. Ellis lay back in his chair as he entered his office, and sighed.

Nelly Cormack placed the candle upon the table.

"Do you want anything else, sir?" said Nelly, with a smile on her pouting lips.

"Not exactly, Nelly, let me see—oh yes," and he looked at Nelly, who all the time stood waiting his commands. She, no doubt, looked to advantage; the rose of health was on her cheeks, and a gay good humor twinkled in her eye.

Mr. Ellis looked at Nelly again and sighed.

"Nelly," said he.

"Well, sir!"

"Sit down, Nelly, and let us chat awhile."

"It's not to the likes of me you'd like to be chatting, sir!"

"Why not, Nelly, arn't you as good as I am, but that I am richer? I don't feel happy at all of late, Nelly."

"Shure you ought to be happy, sir," said she, "wid these fine houses and lands; shure there is no end to your riches."

"True, Nelly, true enough, but then riches never make us happy; some one to love us, to smile on us, to gladden our hearts, can make us a hundred times happier than riches; what use are they, after all; sure we can eat and drink but enough—well, what use is any more? I'll tell you what, Nelly, I'd rather some pretty little girl like you to love me than half my wealth!"

Nelly blushed and held down her head; yet, she did not seem displeased, for she was a coquette, and it was something to be noticed by the wealthy Mr. Ellis.

"I'll go, sir," said Nelly; "you are only making game of a poor penniless girl like me."

"Stay now, Nelly; what do I care about fortune; I only want some one to love me."

"Haven't you Miss Lizzie, and can't you get a wife wid a fortune? You are young enough," and she archly glanced at him.

"Oh! as for Lizzie, she'll shortly get to love some one besides me, I'm sure. Then, as I said, I don't want a fortune; and if I looked for a high connection they'd reflect upon me. So, Nelly, don't be bantering me; I wish I could win yourself, my pretty little love!"

Nelly was conscious of her rustic beauty. She observed Mr. Ellis admiring her very much lately. He was old, to be sure, but what of that? He was immensely rich; what a fine thing it would be to be dashing about in her coach as the admired Mrs. Ellis? Ah, Nelly, Nelly, beware! Ambition was the ruin of angels, and you're but mortal!

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY H. HARTON.

Though lofty Scotia's mountains,
Where savage grandeur rears;
Though bright be England's fountains,
And fertile be her plains;
When 'mid their charms I wander
Of thee I think the while,
And seem to thee the fonder,
My own Green Isle!

While many who have left thee,
Seem to forget thy name,
Distance hath not bereft me,
Of its endearing claim!
Afar from thee sojourning,
Whether I sigh or smile,
I call thee still, "Mavourneen,"
My own Green Isle!

Fair as the glittering waters,
Thy emerald banks that live,
To me thy graceful daughters
Thy generous sons as brave.
Oh! there are hearts within thee,
Which know not shame nor guile
And such proud homage win thee,
My own Green Isle!

For their dear sakes I love thee,
Mavourneen though unseen;
Bright be the sky above thee,
Thy shamrock ever green;
May evil ne'er distress thee,
Nor darken nor defile,
But heaven for ever bless thee,
My own Green Isle!

BAINBRIDGE.

BY J. T. C.

In May, 1800, shortly after his promotion to a commander, Bainbridge was appointed to the command of the "George Washington," a large twenty-gun ship, built for an Indiaman, and purchased into the service of the United States. The destination of the vessel was to carry tribute to the Dey of Algiers! This was a galling service to a man of her commander's temperament, as, indeed, it would have proved to nearly every other officer in the navy; but it put the ship quite as much in the way of meeting with an enemy as if she had been sent into the West Indies; and it was sending the pennant into the Mediterranean for the first time since the formation of the new navy. Bainbridge did not get the tribute collected and reach his port of destination before the month of September. Being entirely without suspicion, and imagining that he came on an errand which should entitle him, at least, to kind treatment, he carried the ship into the mole, for the purpose of discharging with convenience.

This duty, however, was hardly performed, when the Dey proposed a service for the George Washington, that was as novel in itself as it was astounding to the commander.

It seems that this barbarian prince had got himself into discredit with the Sublime Porte, and he felt the necessity of

purchasing favor, and of making his peace, by means of a tribute of his own. The Grand Seigneur was at war with France, and the Dey, his tributary and dependant, had been guilty of the singular indiscretion of making a separate treaty of peace with that powerful republic, for some private object of his own. This was an offence to be expiated only by a timely offering of certain slaves, various wild beasts, and a round sum in gold. The presents to be sent were valued at more than half a million of our money, and the passengers to be conveyed amounted to between two or three hundred. As the Dey happened to have no vessel fit for such a service, and the George Washington lay very conveniently within his mole, and had just been engaged in this very duty, he came to the natural conclusion she would answer his purpose.

The application was first made in the form of a civil request, through the consul. Bainbridge procured an audience, and respectfully but distinctly stated that a compliance would be such a departure from his orders as to put it out of the question. Hereupon the Dey reminded the American that the ship was in his power, and that what he now asked, he might take without asking, if it suited his royal pleasure. A protracted and spirited discussion, in which the consul joined, now followed, but all without effect. The Dey offered the alternatives of compliance, or slavery and capture for the frigate and her crew, with war on the American trade. One of his arguments is worthy of being recorded, as it fully exposes the feeble policy of submission to any national wrong: He told the two American functionaries that their country paid him tribute already, which was an admission of their inferiority, as well as of their duty to obey him; and he chose in order this particular piece of service, in addition to the presents which he had just received.

Bainbridge finally consented to do as desired. He appears to have been influenced in this decision, by the reasoning of Mr. O'Brien, the consul, who had himself been a slave in Algiers, not long before, and probably retained a lively impression of the power of the barbarian, on his own shores.

The presents and passengers were received on board, and on the 16th of October, or about a month after her arrival at Algiers, the "George Washington" was ready to sail for Constantinople.

The vessel had a boisterous and weary passage to the mouth of the Dardanelles, the ship being littered with Turks and the cages of wild beasts. This voyage was always a source of great uneasiness and mortification to Bainbridge, but he occasionally amused his friends with the relation of anecdotes that occurred during

its continuance. Among other things he mentioned that his passengers were greatly puzzled to keep their faces toward Mecca, in their frequent prayers; the ship often tacked during the time thus occupied, more especially after they got into the narrow seas. A man was finally stationed at the compass to give the faithful notice when it was necessary to "go-about," in consequence of the evolutions of the frigate.

Bainbridge had great apprehensions of being detained at the Dardanelles, for want of a firman, the United States having no diplomatic agent at the Porte, and commercial jealousy being known to exist on the subject of introducing the American flag into those waters. A sinister influence up at Constantinople might detain him for weeks, or even prevent his passage altogether, and having come so far on this unpleasant errand, he was resolved to gather as many of its benefits as possible. In the dilemma, therefore, he decided on a *ruse* of great boldness, and one which proved that personal considerations had little influence, when he thought the interests of his country demanded their sacrifice.

The "George Washington" approached the castles with a strong southerly wind, and she clewed up her light sails, as if about to anchor, just as she began to salute. The works returned gun for gun, and in the smoke sail was again made, and the ship glided out of the range of shot before the deception was discovered; passing on toward the sea of Marmora under a cloud of canvas. As vessels were stopped at only one point, and the progress of the ship was too rapid to admit of detention, she anchored unmolested under the walls of Constantinople, on the 6th November, 1800, showing the flag of the Republic for the first time, before that ancient town.

Bainbridge was probably right in his anticipation of difficulty in procuring a firman to pass the castles, for when his vessel reported her mission, an answer was sent off that the Capudan Pacha of Turkey knew of no such country. An explanation that the ship came from the new world which Columbus had discovered, luckily proved satisfactory, when a bunch of flowers and a lamb were sent on board, the latter as a token of amity, and the former as a welcome.

The "George Washington" remained several weeks at Constantinople, where Bainbridge and his officers were well received, though the agents of the Day feared worse. The Capudan Pacha, in particular, formed a warm friendship for the commander of the "George Washington," whose fine personal appearance, frank address and manly bearing were well calculated to obtain favor. This functionary was married to a sister of the Sultan, and had more influence at court than any

other subject. He took Bainbridge especially under his own protection, and when they parted, he gave the frigate a passport, which showed that she and her commander enjoyed this particular and high privilege. In fact, the intercourse between this officer and the commander of the George Washington was such as to approach nearly to paving the way for a treaty, a step that Bainbridge warmly urged on the Government at home, as both possible and desirable.

During the friendly intercourse which existed between Capt. Bainbridge and the Capudan Pacha, the latter incidentally mentioned that the governor of the castles was condemned to die for suffering the "George Washington" to pass without a firman, and that the warrant of execution only waited for his signature, in order to be enforced. Shocked at discovering the terrible straits to which he had unwittingly reduced a perfectly innocent man, Bainbridge frankly admitted his own act, and said if any one had erred it was himself; begging the life of the governor, and offering to meet the consequences in his own person. This generous course was not thrown away on the Capudan Pacha, who appears to have been a liberal and enlightened man. He heard the explanation with interest, extolled Bainbridge's frankness, promised him his entire protection, and pardoned the governor; sending to the latter a minute statement of the whole affair. It was after this conversation that the high functionary in question delivered to Bainbridge his own special letter of protection.

At length the Algerine ambassador was ready to return. On the 30th of December, 1800, the ship sailed for Algiers. The messenger of the Day took back with him a menace of punishment, unless his master declared war against France, and sent more tribute to the Port; granting to the Algerine government but sixty days to let its course be known. On repossessing the Dardanelles, Bainbridge was compelled to anchor. Here he received presents of fruit and provisions, with hospitalities on shore, as an evidence of the governor's gratitude for his generous conduct in exposing his own life, in order to save that of an innocent man.

The "George Washington" arrived at Algiers on the 29th January, 1801, and anchored off the town, beyond the reach of shot. The Day expressed his apprehensions that the position of the ship would prove inconvenient to her officers, and desired that she might be brought within the mole, or to the place where she had lain during her first visit. This offer was respectfully declined. A day or two later the object of this hospitality became apparent. Bainbridge was asked to return to Constantinople with the Algerine ambassador; a request with which he positively refused to comply. This

was the commencement of a new series of cajoleries, arguments and menaces. But having his ship where nothing but the barbarian's corsairs could assault her, Bainbridge continued firm. He begged the consul to send him him off some old iron for ballast, in order that he might return certain guns he had borrowed for that purpose, previously to sailing for Constantinople, the whole having been rendered necessary in consequence of his ship's having been lightened of the tribute sent in her from America. The Dey commanded the lightermen not to take employment, and, at the same time, he threatned war if his guns were not returned. After a good deal of discussion, Bainbridge exacted a pledge that no further service would be asked of the ship; then he agreed to run into the mole and deliver the cannon, as the only mode that remained of returning property which had been lent to him.

As soon as the frigate was secured in her new berth, Capt. Bainbridge and the consul were admitted to an audience with the Dey. The reception was anything but friendly, and the despot, a man of furious passions, soon broke out into expressions of anger that bid fair to lead to personal violence. The attendants were ready, and it was known that a nod or a word might, at a moment's notice, cost the Americans their lives. At this fearful instant, Bainbridge, who was determined at every hazard to resist the Dey's new demand, fortunately bethought himself of the Capudan Pasha's letter of protection, which he carried about him. The letter was produced, and its effect was magical. Bainbridge often spoke of it as even ludicrous, and of being so sudden and marked as to produce glances of surprise among the common soldiers. From a furious tyrant, the sovereign of Algiers was immediately converted into an obedient vassal; his tongue all honey, his face all smiles. He was aware that a disregard of his recommendation of the Capudan Pasha would be punished, as he would visit a similar disregard of one of his own orders, and that there was no choice between respect and disposition. No more was said about the return of the frigate to Constantinople, and every offer of service and every profession of amity were heaped upon Captain Bainbridge, who owed his timely deliverance altogether to the friendship of the Turkish dignitary; a friendship obtained through his own frank and generous deportment.

The reader will readily understand the dread of the Grand Seigneur's power had produced this sudden change in the deportment of the Dey. The same feeling induced him to order the flagstaff of the French consulate to be cut down the next day; a declaration of war against the country to which the emblem belonged. Exasperated at these humiliations, which

were embittered by heavy pecuniary exaction on the part of the Porte, the Dey turned upon the few unfortunate French who happened to be in his power. These, fifty-six in number, consisting of men, women and children, he ordered to be seized and to be deemed slaves. Capt. Bainbridge felt himself sufficiently strong, by means of the Capudan Pasha's letter, to mediate; and he actually succeeded, after a long discussion, in obtaining a decree by which all the French who could get out of the rogency, within the next eight-and-forty hours, might depart. For those who could not, remained the doom of slavery, or of ransom at a thousand dollars a head. It was thought that this concession was made under the impression that no means of quieting Algiers could be found by the French. No one believed that the "George Washington" would be devoted to the service, France and America being then at war; a circumstance which probably increased Commander Bainbridge's influence at Constantinople, as well as at Algiers.

But our officer was not disposed to do things by halves. Finding that no other means remained for extricating the unfortunate French, he determined to carry them off in the George Washington. The ship had not yet discharged the guns of the "Dey," but every body working with good will, this property was delivered to its right owner, and ballast was obtained from the country and hoisted in, other necessary preparations were made, and the ship hauled out of the mole and got to sea just in time to escape the barbarian's fangs, with every Frenchman in Algiers on board. It is said that in another hour the time of grace would have expired. The ship landed her passengers at Alisut, a neutral country, and then made the best of her way to America, where she arrived in due season.

Napoleon had just before obtained the First Consulate, and he offered the American officer his personal thanks for this piece of human and disinterested service to his countrymen. A few days, when misfortune came upon Bainbridge, he is said to have remembered this act, and to have interested himself in favor of the captive.

On reaching home, Bainbridge had the gratification of finding his conduct, in every particular, approved by the Government.

Our (St. Gregory and St. Basil) occupation was to cultivate virtue, to render our lives worthy of our eternal hopes, to withhold ourselves from this earth before being obliged to leave it; that was the end to which we directed all our actions, which were guided as much by the law of God as by the emulation of mutual example.

A FIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

In the month of October, 1870, Captain Julius Von Seckendorf, an officer in the Prussian landwehr, was making a forced march through the passes of the Vosges Mountains, in command of a detachment of rifles. It was no holiday excursion, but hard work destitute of all excitement.

The young soldier, though fearless, was not without anxiety. He knew how desperate a resistance a few armed enemies might make, if animated by the spirit of the Tyrolese and the Swiss. Such resistance, had, indeed, been attempted in the French Mountains; but for some time it appeared that the severe measures taken by the Prussians, such as the burning of villages which had opposed their march, and the prompt execution of captured foes when out of uniform, had spread a salutary terror through the country, and reduced the people to the sullen submission of despair.

Our young captain found no signs of an enemy on any side of him. Small bands of Uhlans had, within the past few days, passed to and fro upon the road without receiving a shot. But our young officer neglected no precaution. He had scouts and flankers thrown out, and he himself was always on the alert, as wary and watchful for a strange sound or sight as if he was on a deer-stalking adventure in the Bavarian mountains.

It was midnight, with the moon climbing to the zenith, and black shadows from gigantic trees and roots fell across the path. Not a sound save the rustle of the autumn leaves beneath the regular tread of the column. Captain Von Seckendorf marched on steadily, with his sword tucked under his arm, sometimes falling back on the flank of his company and speaking a cheering word or two to the men of his command. The next morning, with good luck, they would be in the "open" again; and halt and refresh themselves. Then, hey for Paris, and a chance to win the Iron Cross!

The captain's eye was so well trained that any unusual object caught his attention in a moment. Such a one he soon espied by the roadside—a ruinous shed; which might have served for a herdsman's hut, through the shattered roof of which streamed a broad ray of moonlight, revealing a boy in a peasant's blouse, with wooden shoes on his feet, sleeping soundly on a bed of leaves.

The captain halted his men by a motion of his hand, and went towards the sleeper.

It seemed a pity to disturb the slumber of the little peasant boy, but war is pitiless, and the captain felt obliged to wake him.

The boy sat up, rubbed his eyes, stared

around him in a bewildered way, and seemed frightened when he saw the soldiers.

"Oh, sir," said he, clasping his hands, "I have done nothing bad. Don't shoot me!"

"Do I look like a ruffian?" asked the captain. "I don't want to hurt you, my boy. But you must tell me what your name is."

"Michel Bertrand, sir."

"And where is your home?"

"I have no home. The Prussians have burned it. Are you a Prussian, sir?"

"Yes; but I won't hurt you, my child. Where was your home?"

"At Montrose, please sir; and I was going to La Marque. I was very tired, sir, and so I said my prayers and laid down to sleep."

"And hungry, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, sir, the soldiers down below there," pointing to the quarter towards which the Prussians were marching, "were very good to me, and gave me some bread and ham."

"Soldiers! what soldiers? Prussians?"

"Oh, no, sir—our soldiers, the Francs-Tireurs."

"Ah! and how far off did you leave these Francs-Tireurs, my little man?"

"About an hour's walk, my captain, on the main road between here and Montrose?"

"And is there no other road to Montrose?"

"No regular road, sir, but a cart-path winds through the woods here."

"You shall show me that path, my little friend."

"I can't, sir; I must push on to La Marque, where my uncle is expecting me."

"Your uncle will have to wait for you. You must be my guide. Don't cry; I won't hurt you, and I'll pay you handsomely for your trouble. But, mark me, if you lead me astray—I'll kill you."

The boy trembled like an aspen leaf; child as he was he knew what war was in its most terrible aspect. He had seen his father and mother shot and their roof given to the flames.

The kind heart of the captain bled at the necessity of using menaces to the little orphan, but he was responsible for the lives of his men, and he could not be too cautious.

Taking the little fellow by the hand, he assumed the command of his company and marched them into the cart-path indicated by the captured peasant boy. The strictest silence was enjoined on the command. They moved along by twos with the stealthy tread of Indians following the war-path in a hostile country. The short grass and moss beneath their feet was as soft as velvet, and a relief to the weary infantry after the hard roads they had been travelling.

The guide had now got acquainted with the captain, and clung to his hand as if he had been an old friend. There was something that touched the captain's heart in the confidence on the part of the child orphaned by the Prussians, and innocently leading them on to work more havoc among his people.

When they entered a dark defile, the boy's hand trembled, and he whispered:—

"I'm so afraid in the dark, sir."

"Pshaw!" replied the captain, "you'll never make a soldier—what are you afraid of?"

"Wolves and ghosts, please sir," replied the trembling boy.

"What was that?" cried the boy starting, and dropping the captain's hand.

"Where?"

"In the path before us."

The captain strained his eyes to pierce the darkness, and then turned to tell the boy he saw nothing, when he missed him from his side.

A moment afterwards, a clear, childish voice, which he instantly recognized as the guide's, rang out from the bushes that crowned a crag upon the left of the path:—

"Vive la France! Fire!"

From right and left rang out the sharp crack of rifles, and two or three Prussians fell to rise no more. The worst of it was that some of the reports came from the rear.

Betrayed, surprised, ambushed, the captain instantly decided to push on, in hopes of reaching an opening in the forest, and his command dashed forward at the double quick. Right and left again the gorge was seamed with quick flashes of lightning, winging the leaden death to the hearts of the German foes.

"Forward, russia!" was the word.

At last they reached a wide clearing, where the men lay down on the ground, scattering and setting up their knapsacks before them as partial shelter.

But the enemy had followed on their flank and trail like wolves, and the pattering of rifle shots continued. The enemy was concealed, and though the Prussian rifles hurled back a storm of lead, it was all wasted, for not a Frenchman showed himself.

Yes—one. More than once, the leader of the concealed band, distinguished by a glittering sword at his side, stepped forth into the clear moonlight, and leveling his rifle, fired with fatal effect, then stepped behind a tree to reload.

Once too often the gallant Frenchman thus exposed himself. A Prussian rifle rang and he fell to the earth. Instantly firing on the side of the French ceased, and Captain Von Seckendorf ordered his men to stop firing. Then he advanced to the spot where the leader of the enemy lay. As he reached it, the Frenchman, who was unwounded, sprang to his feet, seized the Prussian by the throat, hurled

him to the ground, mastered his sword arm, and, kneeling on his breast, held him a prisoner.

"Surrender," cried the Frenchman, "and save the lives of your men. I give you my word of honor that you are surrounded by four times your number of Francs-Tireurs. You must yield to the fortunes of war."

The officer yielded with as good a grace as possible, and having surrendered his sword, ordered his men to give up their arms.

Then there emerged from their cover a large body of French sharp-shooters, far outnumbering the Prussians. These men received the rifles of the Germans, and then, forming the prisoners into a compact mass, escorted them in triumph to a neighboring village.

As soon as the fight ceased the captain of the sharp-shooters relinquished the command to his lieutenant and disappeared.

The victors were received with shouts by the villagers, and the prisoners with execrations.

They would have fared hardly at the hands of the peasantry, but for the protection of their captors, who escorted them to a great stone barn into which they were huddled, while a strong guard was posted without for the two-fold purpose of preventing their escape and shielding them from the fury of the villagers.

Captain Von Seckendorf was separated from his command and conducted to a house of respectable appearance, where he was shown into a room and left entirely to himself, after having been supplied with hot coffee, German sausages, good white bread, Rhine wine and cigars.

He had finished his meal and just lighted a cigar when a dark-eyed woman, well-dressed, beautiful, though no longer young, entered the room with a smile upon her features.

"I am afraid, captain," she said, "that you have made an indifferent meal, but you cannot expect luxuries in warfare."

"I have fared like a prince," said the captive officer; "I can't conceive how you are able to set such a table."

"You must thank the Prussian commissariat for your breakfast," replied the lady. "Our Francs-Tireurs captured one of your convoys the other day, and we have full and plenty now. Before that our privations were terrible."

"And I am sure," said the captain, "that the trials of war fall most terribly on the women."

"Ah! you don't know the endurance of woman, captain," replied the hostess with a smile. "Nor does woman herself understand her own powers until put to the test. Let me tell you a story of one whom I well know, to show you what a woman can do when she defies popular prejudices and develops her capacities to

the full extent. The person was the daughter of a French soldier, and her mother died when she was a mere child. She was left to range the forests and fields at will and acquire a fleetness of foot and a command of nerve which you may fancy that you monopolize. She could catch and ride a half-wild horse as well as any Hungarian Hussar. At school she proved apt at her studies, but she could never master the feminine arts of sewing, embroidery and knitting. She was employed as a school teacher in Poland when the last heroic struggle took place in that unhappy land. Then assuming the garments of your sex, she took the field, and the survivors of the disastrous campaign could tell you that Casimir, the Polish Hussar (such was the name and position she assumed), was foremost in every fray, and kept the saddle when most of his (her) comrades dropped exhausted with fatigue. Severely wounded, the young adventuress was taken to the hospital at Warsaw, where she avowed her sex, but received from the Archbishop a written permission authorizing her to wear her disguise if she chose. When the cause of Poland was lost, she went to Dresden for refuge with the wreck of the Polish army. Thence she returned to Nantes, in France, where a young and beautiful Hussar fell desperately in love with the dashing Hussar, and was only cured of her passion by the confidential confession of the adventuress. Going to Paris she became a member of a revolutionary committee, which had affiliations with secret societies all over Europe, and corresponded with them in five different languages, of which she was mistress. Her health failing, she was advised to seek the mountain air of the Vosges, and came to Alsace, where she avowed her sex and resumed its habiliments. The Government next made her post-mistress of La Marque, and she was discharging the duties of her place acceptably when the war broke out.

"You have not yet told me the name of your heroine."

"Armatine Laite—but pray don't interrupt me, captain. When the war broke out the sound of the trumpet had the same effect upon her as the sight of the suit of armor which was placed in the prison had on Joan of Arc, after she had promised to renounce the dress and weapons of man. Once more she became a soldier and enrolled herself in a corps of sharpshooters, and did her duty so well that her comrades chose her for their leader."

"A female captain o' France-Trouer!" cried the Prussian. "Pardon me, madam, but that seems quite impossible."

"It is, nevertheless, true, captain, I assure you. She it was who surprised you to-day, thanks to the cunning of that little imp, Michel Bertrand, who served us

as a decoy duck; I say us, captain, for I am proud to belong to such a gallant band—still prouder to command it."

"You?" cried the prisoner. "You the captain? You my captor?"

"The same. You see what invasion can make of a woman! Don't blush. Your German ancestors led your ranks to battle against the Roman legions. And now forgive me for the rough handling I gave you in the skirmish. It was a military necessity—a reason your Von Moltke plants for worse outrages. Shake hands, comrade—don't bear malice—forget and forgive. I'm a very good fellow, except when my blood is up."

Bitterly humiliating as it was to be vanquished by a woman, Captain Von Seckendorf had the good sense to come at his mortification, and clasp the small but nervous hand that was offered in token of friendship, though his neck was still suffering from the iron grip it had inflicted so lately in the excitement of a deadly combat.

THE PULSE.

Every person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then by comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child—as now and then a person is born with a peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be of that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is 140; a child of seven about eighty, and from twenty to sixty it is seventy beats a minute, declining to sixty at fourscore. A healthful grown person beats seventy times a minute; there may be good health at sixty, but if the pulse always exceeds seventy there is a disease; the machine is working itself out; there is a fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself, as in consumption, when the pulse is quick—that is, over seventy, gradually increasing, with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches 110 or 120, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over seventy for months and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected. The pulse increases when a recumbent position is assumed for any length of time, and is increased by exercise, stimulants and the presence of food in the stomach.

The now famous maxim—"In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity"—is one that Richard Baxter dug out of an obscure German treatise by Rupert Meldenius on the peace of the Church.

God estimates us, not by the position which we may occupy, but by the way in which we fill it.

To the blessed eternity itself there is no other handle than this instant.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

It was a glorious night—a night to be remembered for all time—it was so bright and radiant with the supernal glow that beautified and chastened every object on the face of the earth. The sky was a sea of sapphire, the stars were like glittering jewels, and the round white moon was soaring up from a bank of rose-hued clouds in the east, leaving a shining trail in her wake that crested the hills with gold, and sent burnished waves of light down into the ravines, where purple shadows had already gathered. Hoar frost, like millions of minute diamonds, was scattered over the meadow grass, and fringed the drooping bows of the larches with pearls, while the bare spotted arms of the button-woods that shaded the wide country road shone as if varnished with silver. For the hallowed glory of moonlight was ever all—uplands studded with shocks of yellow corn, meadows still green with Summer's freshness, brown wooded hills that but a few weeks ago were gorgeous with autumnal tints, brooks, villas and farm houses—transforming earth into a miniature heaven.

As the opaline twilight shadows faded totally out of earth and sky, and the pure ivory whiteness increased, one farm-house stood out boldly outlined in the moonlight—a farm-house surrounded by well-kept grounds and thrifty orchards—whose tall chimneys were draped with ivy, giving it the English appearance; while a thousand fantastic shadows flickered through the bignonia vines and checkered the yellow floors of the deep porches. The silver rays of the moon stole in through the sitting-room windows and mingled its pale tints with the amber bars of firelight on the carpet. It was a cozy room, with soft easy chairs in inviting corners, warm crimson curtains on the long windows, with here and there an old knick-knack on some tasty bracket, or a sunny landscape in a conspicuous position on the wall. But the pale, motherly-looking little woman who sat in a low rocker before the fire might as well have been in a desert. The glory without, the comfort within, had no charms for her, for to-morrow was Christmas Day, the saddest of all the year to her. She sat there dejected and silent, the sad look in the sad gray eyes deepening until they grew black with the intensity of inward emotion.

A servant came in presently—a sober-faced, elderly woman, who had been in the Hildreth family for a score or more of years. She seated herself at one of the windows.

"What a beautiful night," she remarked, with a compassionate glance at Mrs. Hildreth.

"Lovely," was the low reply.

"Do you remember this night ten years ago?" a little nervously.

"Do I not?" Mrs. Hildreth's voice shook. Ah! none but God ever knew how well or how many heartaches the memory cost her.

"What heathens some men are," pursued Hester, flushing hotly as some scenes in her past life flashed before her mind's eye.

"Mr. Hildreth must have been insane to charge his own son with stealing that watch."

"He was always insane in some things," bitterly remarked Mrs. Hildreth, whose heart had lain like a stone in her bosom for many years.

Hester was silent. Mrs. Hildreth was not a happy wife, and none knew the cause of her unhappiness as well as Hester Barry. That night ten years ago a happy group had assembled in this very room. Mrs. Hildreth, her son, a handsome young fellow of twenty; Maria Parker, a dark, handsome girl, of the same age, with dangerous black eyes. May Lawrence, the loveliest little blonde imaginable, with shy, violet eyes that often met Harry Hildreth's brown orbs with a glance as loving as his own.

Hester saw it all as plain as if the scene had been photographed on her mind.

Mr. Hildreth, a proud, stern man, held a whispered conversation with Miss Parker.

"Do, uncle," she pleaded, "I have not seen it since I was a little child."

Mr. Hildreth arose, went to a small ebony box on the mantel and opened it. "It's gone," he exclaimed, and Hester remembered how his voice had startled her.

"What!" exclaimed the party, almost in a breath.

"Your grandfather's pearl-studded silver watch."

"Good gracious!" Hester had exclaimed, "somebody must have stolen it."

"No person—that is, no outsider—could do that; I always carry the key about my person," Mr. Hildreth replied.

"Better search Harry," laughed Maria Parker, "he often wished he owned it."

"Harry, did you take it?" demanded his father, angrily.

"I? No, sir!" was Harry's firm reply.

But Harry was ordered to turn out the contents of his pockets, and to his astonishment an antique seal that had been attached to the watch came out with a medley of keepsakes. His father, who was of a fiery, malignant disposition, burst out into a storm of abuse that eventually drove his only child from the house. The watch had never been found, and Harry had never been heard of from that day to this.

"And," thought Hester, wiping her misty eyes, "it's ten years to night since he went away, and his father is as hard as flint yet."

"Hester," said Mrs. Hildreth, suddenly

breaking in upon Hester's reverie, "Is everything in perfect order for to-morrow's dinner?"

"Everything. I have not had as nice a baking for ten years. Such dinners as we used to have!" Hester's hard brown face glowed, as old memories filled her heart with some of the warmth of olden times, when peace reigned in the Hildreth farm-house; and no shadow darkened its hearthstone.

"Where's Maria?"

"In the kitchen with her uncle.

"Urph," muttered Mrs. Hildreth dryly. "Hester, do you know I always thought that girl knew something about the watch." Mrs. Hildreth's voice quivered.

"Like as not she's got it," sniffed Hester."

"They say she always fancied Harry," said Mrs. Hildreth, "and she does not like May. Could she have done it out of spite, Hester?"

"The serpent!" growled Hester, "she's two-faced enough to do anything. How she used to cosset up Harry—poor innocent—and then set his father at him for some trifling fault."

"It was an easy matter to do that. He was always hard on Harry," sighed Mrs. Hildreth, relapsing into silence.

Hester muttered something about wolves in sheep's clothing, for she could not comprehend how a man, who pretended to love the Master, who was all gentleness and meekness, could be so hard and vindictive toward his own flesh and blood. His wife and him stood apart—as many aged husbands and wives stand to-day—separated by barriers that are harder to bear than death. Maria Parker, like some evil spirit, stood between them, keeping the old wound fresh by constant probing, and as Summer after Summer brought her to the farm, she gradually dropped into Harry's place in the father's heart, and was set down as prospective heiress to Harry's inheritance. Mr. Hildreth had been proud, hard and peculiar always, and was daily growing worse, for his son's protracted absence and unknown whereabouts troubled him more than he cared to own.

Hester had bravely defended Harry, and left no stone unturned to discover the lost watch. She had comforted the sorrowing mother, kept Harry's memory green in May Lawrence's heart, snubbed Maria Parker unmercifully, and now looked up with a scowl when Maria looked into the sitting-room.

"Hester," she called, "somebody wants you."

Hester went out hastily, and Miss Parker came close to her aunt, her black eyes searching the aged face in vain for some tender look.

"Aunty," she began, but Hester entered at that moment.

"Mistress," she said, "there's a man in the kitchen who has a powder for sale, cleans silver beautifully. I would like to see what effect it would have on Grandmother Hildreth's tea-urn. It's black with age, and has not been out of the corner cupboard for twelve years."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Hildreth, rising to accompany Hester to the kitchen.

"Nonsense, aunty," exclaimed Maria Parker, angrily, "you won't allow the tea-urn to be daubed up in any such a way."

"Daubed!" rapidly replied Hester, taking the keys from Mrs. Hildreth's hand, "there is no daubing about it."

"I'll appeal to Uncle," cried Miss Parker, flashing an ugly look at her aunt. "If grandpapa's watch is lost, the tea-urn shall not be ruined."

She hastily preceded her aunt and Hester to the kitchen, scarcely noticing the brown-bearded stranger, seated at a table in conversation with Mr. Hildreth, and who started as if an adder had stung him, when the trailing ends of her rich sash swept across his arm.

"Uncle," she begun in her most persuasive tones, "you won't let them wash grandmamma's tea-urn with that stuff, will you?"

Mr. Hildreth, who was a man past seventy, with a hard, stern face, looked at his wife with a softened look in his eyes that so often met her so unkindly.

"Did you wish it, Mary?" in a gentler tone than he had used for years.

No one noticed how the stranger's bearded lip quivered when the low voice answered:

"Yes, John."

"Then it won't hurt it, I reckon. Bring it here, Hester."

Hester unlocked a tiny cupboard in one corner of the chimney, and drew out what seemed to be a huge roll of moth-eaten flannel. Roll after roll was unfolded, and when Hester turned the quaint tea-urn right end up something gave a thud inside.

"Lord?" cried Hester, what's in it?"

She raised the lid and drew out—grandfather's silver watch.

"The Lord be praised!" cried Hester, capering around the room, crying and laughing.

"My boy!" wailed Mrs. Hildreth, who would have fallen to the floor but for her husband, who caught her in his arms, saying hoarsely:—

"Heaven forgive me, Mary! I have wronged the boy past all forgiveness. If I knew who put it there!"

Maria Parker stood in the center of the clean, fire-lit room, a red, angry flush on her dark cheeks, for the stranger's brown eyes had not left her face one instant since the watch came to light.

"I think Miss Parker might enlighten you," said the stranger's deep voice.

"How do you know that?" exclaimed

Hester, pausing a moment in her excited walk about the room. She gazed at him steadily a moment. Was it—ah! could it be Harry? Yes, there was the curly head that had lain on her bosom for many a year, the brown eyes that had looked into hers with baby devotion.

"Harry!" she said slowly, but the next moment had him in her arms. Older, browner, sadder, but surely her beloved nursing. After the first greetings were over they looked for Maria, but she was gone.

"For the last five years I have been constantly dreaming of that tea-urn," explained Harry, "and at last the idea seized me, the watch was in it. I purchased a packet of silver powder, and came here, confident I could persuade Hester into unearthing the heirloom."

"Who put it in?" persisted his father. "If I knew I would make them suffer."

But the happy trio kept their own counsel, surmising correctly that Maria was the culprit.

So the glorious night broke into a happy day; and peace and heartfelt thanksgiving reigned at Hildreth. Maria Parker went home suddenly, and in her place came May Lawrence, whose blue eyes shone with happiness.

"The baby-faced creature!" sneered Miss Parker. "Thank goodness I kept her single ten years, anyhow."

REMEDY FOR SCARLET FEVER.

Robert Christie, of Protero, Cal., suggests a remedy for scarlet fever which he avers has invariably proved successful. It is very simple, and lies within the reach of those whose limited means preclude them from employing the services of a physician. It is this:—Take an onion and cut it in halves; cut out a portion of the centre and into the cavity put a spoonful of saffron; put the pieces together, then wrap in a cloth and bake in an oven until the onion is cooked so that the juice will run freely, then squeeze out all the juice and give the patient a teaspoonful, at the same time rubbing the chest and throat with goose grease or rancid bacon, if there is any cough or soreness in the throat. In a short time the fever will break out in an eruption all over the body. All that is then necessary is to keep the patient warm and protected from the draft, and recovery is certain. Mr. Christie says he has been employing this remedy for many years, and never knew it to fail where proper care was taken of the patient after its application. One family, in which there were five children down at one time recently, used this simple remedy, upon his telling of it, and every one of the little ones recovered in a short time.

NEW YEAR'S ANTHEMS.

1876.

I.

The bells are pealing across the snow;
Alone on high sit the stars forlorn;
And be it for good, or be it for ill,
A Year is dead and a Year is born.

Who shall tell what the stranger brings?
Shall he crown the world with flowers, or
thorns?

Shall he love the sound of dirge or knell,
Or the merry music of marriage morns?

Yet welcome! The heart indeed is dead,
That yearned for the feet of the coming
years;

The eager heart that fondly knelt,
And questioned the secret stars with tears.

Welcome! but not for thyself unproved:
For the Hopes that brighten behind the
veil,
That shall grow like flowers upon thy grave—
In the name of Him who hath sent thee!
Hail!

II.

Child of Hope! we have waited how long
Oh, how long
For the sound, as of gath'ring hosts, of thy
træd—

The sound of thy træd and the voice of thy
song—
The voice of thy song which shall kindle
the dead.

Child of Hope! For thy song shall enkindle
the dead,
Like the marvellous song of the master of
old,
The Beauty and Truth that forever seemed
fled
The Beauty and Truth of the ages of old!

III.

Child of Hope! Nor alone shall the dead own
thy might,
But as angels came down to St. Cecilia's
song,
The heart of the Future shall thrill with de-
light,
And its spirit in rapture around thee shall
throng!

And the bliss of the Future, the bliss of the
Past,
Shall be mixed and commingled in that
which is thine,
And thy joy which no sorrow shall ever o'er-
cast,
Shall gleam like the rainbow, a promise
Divine.

Remember that the poor man and your-
self have both been regenerated by the
same baptism; that you sent yourself at
the same table with him, to be nourished
by the same divine food.

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EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

Some observations on the proposed measure of the Irish Home Rule members on the subject of University Education in Ireland may be necessary. The shortcomings of Trinity College, Dublin, in the matter of Irish national sentiment, as the idea is exhibited in the persons of "Fellows" and "Professors" and others enjoying fat offices in the institution, are apparent—and we ask, because to the stranger there might be suggestions of hope—what of the alumni of the University—what of the young men whose enthusiasm should have been unquenched by prejudice and unblighted by selfishness—what of that class which, in other lands not remote, gave generous devotion to the cause of country, and in pursuit of the scholars' fame, did not forget the patriots' need? Surely for them, at least, it would be said the green soul of rising manhood had adopted the creed of Nationality. No such thing! The sapling draws its juice from the parent stock: the acorn bears the germ of the oak perfect in miniature; and Young Trinity is but a colony of recruits for the garrison, enlisted from infancy and from childhood, hostile to everything national. Once, indeed, a Young Divinity Student poured out his full soul impulsively in the glorious lyric, "Who fears to speak of '98." But it was his first, last, national effort. The Young Student has become a middle-aged Fellow, and is ashamed of the patriotic weakness of his "green and salad days"—his days of matriculation—ere the prospect of promotion convinced him of the folly of love of country. Versed as these students of T. C. D. are in the stories of historic

Greece—Aristides, Solon and Lyncurgus are familiar as household words—Marathon and Leuctra, with sea-born Salamis—names forever sacred to the cause of Freedom; and holy with the "baptism in blood" of millions sacrificed on the altar of Liberty—these are themes on which the collegiate youth of Ireland can dwell with speculative enthusiasm. They can sing the glories of Arminius and hymn the glories of Tell; but when Ireland is the subject, the brow darkens and the soul is wrapped in the thick mist of a tyrant's wish and a despot's necessity.

How different the youth of Continental Europe. Let us look back a little. In 1848, when the fierce tocsin startled the burghers of Berlin, and the silent waters of the Spree for the first time in a hundred years listened to the notes of liberty, and the palace trembled for its Crown and King; when the seed sown in 1813 first gave sign of a whitening harvest, and it seemed that the sickle of a wronged nation was closing quick on the roots of royalty, then the College gates were opened wide, and the youth of Germany poured forth to claim and to earn the van in the cause of liberty. But in Ireland, when the thunder cloud came up and a nation prepared to "present" their bill of rights—when Erin appealed to every generous feeling and noble hope—then it was, while Lord Clarendon cowered in the circuit of "the Castle," and ten thousand bayonets clustered in and round the Irish metropolis scarce relieved his fears—then it was that Trinity mustered strong, and Freshmen and Fellows hurried in breathless haste to sign the new "Alien Act," and release themselves from the cause of country.

"Educate that you may be free," is the motto inscribed on the banner of human progress. "Educate that you may remain slaves and sycophants" has hitherto been the apothegm of the system of "the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity near Dublin." We will watch and wait for Mr. Butt's proposed changes. The programme will, we are sure, be comprehensive in the rooms of the Home Rule League, but what will be the fate of the measure within the walls of Westminster? The ventilation of the subject, even though hopeless of accomplishment, will,

however, produce beneficial results in public sentiment.

Two lessons Ireland must draw from the defection of her learned men. The first is the necessity of looking straight in the face the matters and things suggested by Mr. Butt's proposed measures of University Education in Ireland. Measures, did we say?—well, the ideal of measures.

Why are the young men that frequent Trinity College, Dublin, and, in the glories of Greece, the greatness of Rome, the prosperity of Carthage, and the history of the world, see reflected what their native land ought to be—why are they estranged from her cause and ranked with the enemy? Are they the seedlings of tyranny, sour with the blood of an oppressive aristocracy, inheriting the fruits of crime and hoping shortly to be its perpetrators? No such thing. The majority are men of humble birth, whose only hope is self-exertion, who must carve their own way through life, and in a collegiate education expend the slender pittance of a narrow inheritance. But here observe the subtlety of England. The Church she made her own, linked with her power, its destiny and hers were made inseparable. The profession and elevations in them depended on her nod; place and patronage—all that could reward literary merit or awaken mercenary hope—she had woven into the meshes of the net that overspread hapless Ireland. Hope, even, she made the serf of her will, and the young man who aspired to eminence saw the only path chalked out through a career of cringing loyalty and servile adulation. He prepared for his destiny, and was a slave in his heart before he became fit to earn the wages of infamy.

A second lesson, still more important, may be gathered from a view of the "situation." Ireland's aristocracy are naturally hostile, and the children of the University have joined them in their hate. On the Irish people alone, then, must Ireland rely. They must carry on the struggle for native land, or its salvation is hopeless. They alone are left pure and uncontaminated by the gold or the influence of the alien. Against them, too, it is that all

these subtle agencies have been set in play. They have seen their country oppressed, their youth debauched, their existence threatened, and, worse than all, they have themselves paid the wages of their own degradation. Ireland, unlike other countries in Europe, has exhibited the sad spectacle of Learning antagonistic to Liberty; and we wait with anxiety to see Butt's programme for combining these seeming incompatibles into an argumentative tangibility.

“BEFORE FOLK.”

Before folk the poor will pretend to be rich, and the man who half starves his family when the house door is locked will make a display where to he invites his friends, which even one wealthy and of high degree would scarcely copy. “At the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide,” is as true now as when Byron wrote, and the silken hypocrite, who has an end to gain, pretends hospitality as he pretends some other things, and imagines that his reasons are concealed. So they are to some, but others, may be, can lift up a corner of the veil and read the hideous truth underneath the golden covering without much difficulty. Before folks opinions are modified, dislikes concealed, principles abandoned, and with principles friends. Try one of the kind—one whose inner self and outward seeming are at odds together, and see what he will be and do when pushed into a corner. He is a creature for whom before folk is a spell to which he has no counter claim in his manliness, his fidelity, his loyalty; but he has ties and friends, and he belongs by the law of right to them and by no law as all, save the merest pretence of good breeding, to you. Speak of his friends harshly, as you know them, but as he ought not to allow them to be spoken of. Will he defend them? Not a bit of it! Before folks he gives them up to be devoured of wild beasts; in private, to them alone, he licks the dust from their feet, takes his code of morality from their hand, swears black to their black and white when they say white; and the last person in the world who looks like a deserter is the flattering coward who, adoring in private, stands aside in public, and has no manliness enough to strike a blow on behalf of his best friend when attacked before folk, and the folk are on the adverse side.—*The Queen.*

The poor implore us, holding towards us their suppliant hands, just as we ourselves implore the mercy of God in our most pressing necessities.



Born—February 24th, 1846; Died—4th December, 1875.

REV. D. J. LYNCH.

The Reverend Daniel Joseph Lynch was born in the County of Longford on Shrove Tuesday, in the year of our Lord 1846, so that he was something over twenty-eight years of age when he met an untimely death at Sault au Recollet on the night of the 4th of the month of December, in company with his beloved companion and friend, the Rev. James J. Murphy. He received the rudiments of a sound Catholic education in the Saint Paul's Seminary, Arran Quay, Dublin, which was at the time of which we write, 1859, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Brimley, who died a few years ago at the Cape of Good Hope, of which he was the revered Bishop. Father Lynch was then thirteen years old, and in the year following was sent to the Oblate Fathers' College at Leeds, Yorkshire. From there he was removed to the college kept by another branch of the Oblate Fathers in Lyons, in the south of France, at which place he studied four years. He went

back to Ireland early in 1864, and for a while was undecided as to whether he would enter Holy Orders or pursue the study of medicine. He ultimately adopted the sacred calling, and with that object in view studied theology in Holy Cross Abbey under the Reverend Doctor Power, the President, now Bishop of Newfoundland, a personal friend of Father Lynch. He next entered Maynooth College, where he was remarkable for his brilliant attainments and the collegiate honors he succeeded in carrying off. He was especially noted for his proficiency in the classics, and his ability as a theological writer and thinker. He was received into Holy Orders at Maynooth in 1869, on Pentecost, and at the age of twenty-three. His friend, Dr. Power, was appointed shortly after Bishop of Newfoundland, and in going to take charge of his diocese was accompanied by Father Lynch. He was not long in his new sphere when he gained a reputation for eloquence, and lectured on several occasions for a temperance society in that locality, mostly composed of Irish Catholic fishermen, who enter-

tained for him a profound respect. Those lectures were favorably commented upon by the papers, but in the midst of his successful career he fell sick, and in the summer of 1873 went home to Ireland to recruit his health. He was appointed to the curacy of Wooden Bridge, near the beautiful Vale of Avoca. About this time he attracted the notice of His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, and was invited to preach in the Cathedral in Dublin. About this time also he wrote a theological work of remarkable power and research, which is at present in the press, and will shortly appear, and his ability as a writer becoming more widely known, he was engaged as Irish correspondent of the *New York Tablet*, for which he wrote besides several brilliant editorials. He was also a contributor to the Catholic magazine, the *Dublin Review*. In February last he once more crossed the Atlantic, and on his arrival in the States was appointed to a curacy in the diocese of Hartford, Connecticut. He, on several occasions, preached at the Catholic Church, Park Place, Second Avenue, New York. We have mentioned before in our columns how he came to Montreal on a visit to his talented college chum, Father Murphy, and how he, by his talents as a writer, eloquence as a preacher, and qualities as a Catholic priest and man became immensely popular. He spent several years in St. Johns, Nfld., and few will forget—who heard him—the sweet voice and powerful logic of the young Irish priest.

When Father Murphy took charge of the *True Witness*, Father Lynch agreed to help with his ready and graceful pen, and a light sarcastic article on "Moody and Sankey" appeared under the *nom de plume* of "Clericus."

Father Lynch was a fine looking young man, standing over six feet and with magnificent proportions. He had the happy gift of gaining the affections of all with whom he came in contact, and many a heart has grieved in Ireland and on this continent when it learned of the Sault-au-Recollet tragedy.

THE FIRST IDEA OF THE TELEGRAPHIC DIAL.—In a work written by Father John Laurenchon, a Jesuit, printed in 1624, at Pont-a-Mousson, under the title of "Recreation mathématique composee de plusieurs Problemes plaisants et facétieux," there is found a curious passage, well deserving to be quoted: "It is stated that by means of a magnet, or any stone of the kind of loadstones, absent persons could communicate with each other; for example: Claudius being in Paris, and John in Rome, if each had a needle rubbed with some stone having the power, as one needle should move in Paris the other could move correspondingly at Rome; Claudius and John could have similar al-

phabets, and having arranged to communicate at a fixed time every day when the needle had run three times and a half round the dial, this would be the signal that Claudius wished to speak to John and to no other. And supposing that Claudius wants to tell John that 'the king is at Paris,' he would move the needle to the letters t, h, e, and so on. The needle of John agreeing with that of Claudius, would, of course, move and stop at the same letters, and by such means they could easily understand and correspond with each other. This is a fine invention, but I do not believe there is in the world a loadstone having such power; and besides, it would not be expedient, as then treason would be too frequent and too secret. Father Laurenchon used to write under the assumed name of H. Van Etten. Annexed to the message quoted, there is a diagram of a dial with the 24 letters, having the needle fixed at the letter A. A similar allusion is to be found in the Dialogues of Galileo.

CHILDREN'S WINTER CLOTHING.—It is a favorite maxim with city mothers that children are warmer-blooded, and need less clothing, than adults. Especially is this held true of babies and girls. Boys are warmly protected by cloth leggings, kilt suits, and stout shoes, while their little sisters defy the winter wind in bare knees and embroidered skirts. There is a poetic fancy, too, that girls should be kept in white up to a certain age. A dozen little girls of from three to five were assembled the other day, and the universal dress was an undervest and drawers of merino, a single embroidered flannel petticoat, and an incumbent airy mass of muslins, ribbons and lace. Meanwhile, their mothers—women of culture and ordinary intelligence—were wrapped in heavy woollen silks and furs. In consequence of this under-dressing, the children are kept housed, except on warm days, or when they are driven out in close carriages, and, therefore, a chance cold wind brings to these tender hot-house flowers, instead of health, disease and death. It is absolute folly to try to make a child hardy by cruel exposure, or to protect it from croup or pneumonia by a string of amber beads, or by shutting it up in furnace-heated houses. Lay away its muslin frills until June; put woollen stockings on its legs, flannel (not half-cotton woven vests) on its body, and velvet, silk, merino—whatever you choose and can afford—on top of that; tie on a snug little hood, and turn the baby out every winter's day (unless the wind be from the north-east and the air foggy), and before Spring its bright eyes and rosy cheeks will give it a different beauty from any pure robes of white.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HEATH.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERY.

The rays of the setting sun were flushing the summit of a mountain in the west of Ireland with a glowing orange colour, which deepened, here and there, into a fiery crimson, or paled in a saffron hue. Over the purple heather lay long trails of lurid light, and against the gleaming back-ground of the western sky a lazy flock of cranes winged tardily along. Two stunted oak-trees, with gnarled and fantastic boughs, showed darkly and strangely against the orange-flushed sky; and through the drowsy stillness of the August evening there came a low, sad, complaining sound—a strange, melancholy moan—the voice of the distant sea.

"It is nearly seven o'clock, is it not, mother?" The speaker was a girl of some eighteen summers, with bright blue eyes, and fair hair falling from underneath her large brown straw hat—a good homely, serviceable hat, with a spray of scarlet rowan berries alone adorning it.

"Yes, Ellen, it only wants twenty minutes now," replied the lady addressed. "Had you not better go and meet your father?"

Ellen Desmond closed the book she had been idly reading, and rose from the slab of naturally projecting granite where she had been sitting.

"How beautiful the sunset is!" she said, indicating the orange splendour with a small white hand. "Yes, mother, I may as well go now. Papa said about half-past seven, you know, and Hollow Farm is a good walk from here."

"Very well, dear. I shall walk towards home, and—but is this your father?"

The exclamation was caused by the appearance of a man who was coming down the mountain-path, the glare of the setting sun forming vivid background for his slight, tall figure. In that strange light with his face almost completely in shade, he certainly resembled Mr. Desmond, but, as he drew nearer, both the ladies saw that their supposition was incorrect.

"This is not papa," Ellen said in a whisper. "It is Lord Mountesmond's agent, Mr. Parker."

The ladies smiled and nodded as he passed, and the gentleman, who possessed an ill-omened, lean, and almost repulsive countenance, slowly raised his hat, and continued his walk, until his tall figure disappeared behind a projecting granite boulder, a few yards farther on.

"I do not like that man! He looks wicked," said Ellen, very emphatically; "and I believe the tenants who are under him detest him. I heard that he threatened the O'Bryans with eviction." And she stamped her little foot angrily upon the heather.

"Well, well, Ellen! you should not say that he is wicked before you have proof of it," said Mrs. Desmond, with a gentle smile. "We must not judge people by their looks. Now, dear, had you not better be going!"

"Oh, yes! to be sure, mother! *Au revoir!*" and she tripped lightly away, along a narrow mountain path-way, by which she could gain the lower lands farther on.

Mr. Desmond had gone some hours before to talk upon county matters with old Mr. Wynne of the Hollow Farm, for both were magistrates, and had always been fast friends; and Ellen was now, at her father's wish, going to the farm to meet him, as she frequently did in this pleasant August weather.

The pathway she was now pursuing was a very rugged one; but, as it formed a perfect circle around the mountain-side, it was less wearisome to the pedestrian than the road, which was steep, and moreover full of unpleasant ruts. The hollows and charms of the mountain were now lost in dense brown shadows, while the purple heights were still flushed with the crimson and orange tints of the sunset.

It was a weird and somewhat awful scene in its utter loneliness; but Ellen Desmond was by no means a timid girl, and she tripped lightly along humming the air of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and not at all daunted by the gigantic granite projections, which here and there loomed up darkly against the sky before her. After a time the pathway became less rugged, and Ellen found herself upon a large track of heath, in the centre of which stood a huge granite boulder.

Presently a man came from behind the granite projection, and stood like a bronze figure in the glare of the dying sun. At the same moment, there came from the village, which was situated at the foot of the mountain, a faint chiming of church bells, which called the villagers to their devotion.

"Seven o'clock!" exclaimed Ellen, "and this surely is papa!"

The figure was perfectly motionless, and as Ellen drew nearer, she saw beyond all doubt that it was her father. He did not seem to notice her however; with folded arms, he stood like a dark statue against the gleaming background of sunlight, and his eyes were fastened upon the huge granite boulder. Miss Desmond began to feel alarmed; she stared at the figure in silent wonder at first, and then she cried with half a shriek in her voice: "Papa! papa! what are you looking at?"

As she spoke the figure turned slowly towards her. It was, without any doubt her father. For a moment he gazed upon her as if he were about to speak, and then, to her utter amazement, turned and glided

swiftly around the boulder, and was instantly lost to sight.

Thoroughly alarmed now, the girl ran along, until she came to the granite projection. The heath stretched at the other side; also, as far as her eye could reach, and on that desolate tract of land there was no sign of her father, or indeed of anybody else. The girl gazed around her on all sides, puzzled, amazed, and with a feeling of terror creeping over her. The fire-light of sunset had almost entirely faded away, leaving a glow of pale saffron here and there, amid the gray and opal of the clouds; and, for the first time during her walk, a painful sense of the loneliness of the place came over her. "Could I have been mistaken?" thought the girl, as she passed her white hand across her forehead. "No, I am sure that that was my father, but where could he have gone to? and what could he have meant?"

And so ruminating, she quickened her steps, and gaiting the lower lands at last, she was soon nearing the pretty old white house called "The Hollow Farm," where she hoped to obtain a full interpretation of the mystery.

CHAPTER II.

INTERPRETATION.

A wide porch overgrown with scarlet creepers, adorned the front of the old house, and Ida Wynne was standing close beside it, fastening leaves and flowers in the ribbon of her hat. As she heard the click of the woolen gate she raised her gray eyes, and then ruthlessly tossing aside the flower in her hand, she ran down the path-way to meet her friend.

"Why, Ellen dear, how pale you are!" she exclaimed. "The walk has been too much for you?"

"Too much? Not at all!" replied Ellen, with an assumed air of gaiety. "And I suppose papa is waiting for me within, Ida?"

"No, dear, he is not; but he is sure to be here soon now," replied Ida. "He came over some hours ago, and papa was out. I thought he had gone for a walk towards Donny Dyke, and I told Mr. Desmond so. Then he said he would go to look for him, and that, should you come here: in the mountain, you were to wait until they returned; but papa came in only a few minutes ago. He had been over at Dnyton seeing about some repairs there."

"Are you sure papa went towards Donny Dyke?" Ellen inquired in rather a puzzled voice, "because I am nearly certain I saw him when I was walking over here—why, in fact, I am certain!"

Ida laughed. "Well, Ellen, unless he could be seen in two places at once, you must have made a mistake," she said, "for I myself saw him crossing the heath in the direction of the Dyke."

Ellen Desmond also laughed a strange constrained laugh, but her face was pale as death.

"Well, I shall go and look for him," she said. "It is a delightful time for a walk. Go and put on your jacket, Ida, and come with me."

Ellen walked slowly down the path-way towards the gate, where after a short time Ida joined her; and the girls were soon upon the heath, which stretched for some miles on this side of the mountain.

Almost every vestige of the sunset fires had now faded from the sky, leaving, however, flushes of purple and dull crimson here and there, and low down in the west was a bright opal glow, against which the rugged lights showed darkly.

"Why, Ellen, I can scarcely keep up with you," Ida said after a time to her companion who was hurrying on at a feverish pace.

"Well, the fact of it is, Ida, I am a little nervous about this affair," replied Ellen. "I am thoroughly assured that I saw my father when I was coming, and he must have seen me, and—and it is horribly strange and unaccountable!"

And then Ellen related the little incident, with much emphasis, and a great many superlatives, and when she had concluded Ida said, with a puzzled frown:

"It is strange, Ellen; though indeed I scarcely know whether it is not more laughable than strange. You must have made a mistake, you know; for I am certain that Mr. Desmond walked on in this direction. As he went to meet papa, he could have no reason for altering his course—and, dear me! Here is the 'Stunted Oak' we have walked more than a mile already."

The gnarled old oak looked weird and grotesque, standing all alone amid the sea of purple heather; but Ellen Desmond scarce looked towards it, as she hurried along.

She felt herself urged on by that shuddering presentiment of some great misfortune which nearly all of us experience at some epoch of our lives; and, unable to obtain even the slightest clue to the mystery, she felt a wild desire to see it fully solved.

They had left the "Stunted Oak" far behind them, when Ida spoke again:

"Really, Ellen, I can scarcely drag myself along!" she said, making an effort to laugh. "You are walking at *sur's* a rate! And, pray, how much farther do you intend to go?"

"I do not know. How can I tell?" replied Ellen, with very pale cheeks. "Oh! Ida, I am terrified, and something *must* have happened—I am sure of it, else papa would have been back before now!"

"Why, Ellen, dear, that's nonsense," said Ida, soothingly; "and I really did not think you were half so nervous, and—so foolish! We are near Donny Dyke

now, and I daresay Mr. Desmond is waiting for you all this time at the farm."

But nothing could banish Ellen's fears, and she still hurried on. After a time the barren heath was relieved by a grove of fir-trees, which became thicker as the girls proceeded on their way; and Ida was admiring the black outlines of foliage, when in an instant her very heart seemed to stop beating.

For, with a wild shriek of horror, Ellen had seized her companion by the arm! She was as white as a sheet, and seemed unable to utter a word, but, with a shaking finger, she pointed to a dark object, which lay by the edge of the fir-grove, a few yards farther on. *It was the body of a man lying face downwards upon the heath!*

For a moment the two girls stood in speechless terror; then, with a long wailing cry, Ellen rushed forward, and fell down upon her knees beside the dead body.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she wailed. "I knew there was something wrong—I knew it!—I knew it! Oh, Ida he is dead!"

She had raised up his head upon her lap, and now, looking into the glazed eyes, she twined her arms about him, and rocked to and fro in the intensity of her grief!

Ida also had rushed forward, and now she saw what poor Ellen Desmond had not yet remarked. She saw where the bullet that had killed him had passed through his clothes exactly over his heart, while a stream of blood welled slowly forth upon the purple heather!

And now Ellen also saw this dreadful sight, and at the same moment, a sudden thought struck her. She hastily drew forth the dead man's watch, the glass of which was broken, and, with starting eyes, she gazed upon the dial-plate.

The watch had stopped at seven o'clock! Seven o'clock! At seven o'clock, therefore, by the testimony of the watch, her father had been shot down, no doubt by a murderous hand; and at seven o'clock, by the testimony of the village bells, she had seen him, nearly three miles away, in the glare of the dying sun!

Yes, she had seen his wandering shade; he had appeared thus before her, the daughter whom he had idolized, for one brief moment, on the distant heather!

It was well that, at this moment, two labourers, who chanced to be crossing the heath a short distance farther on, and who had heard Ellen's dreadful cry, came running up, for the girl was on the point of fainting. She rallied, however, and rose from her knees, while the two men, with genuine sorrow, examined the dead man's wound. Then they shook their heads, and their silence was more terrible than any words.

The mystery of that murder was soon

cleared up. It is needless to enter into minute details of the clever search which Detective Maguire immediately instituted; suffice it to say that it was a successful one. A revolver was discovered hidden in the brushwood of the fir-grove at a short distance from the scene of the murder, and several people identified it as belonging to one James O'Bryan, an old man, who had been threatened with eviction by Mr. Parker, the agent, a short time before.

On the evening of the murder, this James O'Bryan had come home in a terrible state of agitation, and, since then, his friends thought that he had almost lost his reason. All this, and not a little more, was very cleverly discovered by the detective, and in a short time a writ was served upon O'Bryan, summoning him into court, and charging him with the wilful murder of George Desmond, of Desmond Manor. The man was clearly convicted of the crime, and, upon his being asked if he had anything to say for himself, he told a somewhat singular story. He had never, he said, intended to shoot Mr. Desmond. On the contrary, he had always respected and loved him. The man for whom the shot was intended was no other than Lord Mountesmond's hateful agent, Elias Parker. He (James O'Bryan) had twice before, since he had been threatened with eviction, waited in ambush for the agent, and had twice failed in his attempt to shoot him; and this time he was determined not to be balked in his evil design. Knowing that Parker lived at the far side of the mountain, and that, when going towards or coming from his house, he always took the shorter way which lay across the heath, O'Bryan had concealed himself in the fir-grove, with a loaded revolver. He had not been there many minutes when he heard footsteps approaching, and, on peering out through the thick foliage, he saw, as he thought, the agent coming along as if from Donny Dyke. Completely concealed amidst the dense foliage, he had taken aim and fired.

The man, with a short, sharp cry, dropped down upon his face—dead!

O'Bryan became terribly excited when he came to this portion of his narrative. He said that when he saw whom he had shot, he nearly lost his senses, and, rushing from the spot, he had flung the revolver recklessly from him into the brushwood!

He ceased speaking, and, after an awful pause, he was sentenced to be hanged; but he never lived to undergo the just but terrible sentence.

One morning, shortly after the trial, the turnkey, entering his cell in the county jail, found him stretched upon the floor, rigid and lifeless; and, at the inquest which followed, it was seen that he had starved himself to death!

THE GIRLS OF GALWAY.

A toast I give—a health I pledge—
Here's to the girls of Galway!
May sorrow blunt its pointed edge
For them, the girls of Galway!
The fleet of foot—the sweet of smile—
The warm of heart—the free from guile—
Oh! the genuine daughters of the Isle
Are they, the girls of Galway!

Should you a token ask by which
You'll know the girls of Galway—
Whom grace and beauty most enrich,
These are the girls of Galway!
Descended from the noble race
Of Celt and Spaniard, you can trace
Their lineage in each speaking face
Of the dark-eyed girls of Galway!

Dianas in the hunting field
Are they, the girls of Galway!
'Gainst craven fear their hearts are steel,
Courageous girls of Galway!
And yet no Amazons are they,
But loving, soft, and womanly,
Who can withstand their witchery,
The lovely girls of Galway?

With more than Andalusian pride
Step out the girls of Galway!
Oh! 'mid a thousand else beside,
I'll know the girls of Galway!
Where Pleasure holds her festive sway,
No eye so bright, no laugh so gay,
No wit so sparkling in its play,
As theirs, the girls of Galway!

Impulsive, open as the day,
Are they, the girls of Galway!
Possessed of every generous trait
Are they, the girls of Galway!
And naught ignoble, base, or mean,
Flouts place where every act's a queen,
Their very "faults to virtue lean"—
The high-souled girls of Galway!

Then may they proudly flourish long,
The graceful girls of Galway!
The theme of poetry and song,
The peerless girls of Galway!
Oh, you may search from Pole to Pole,
Ere you can find the perfect whole
Of charms unique and generous soul
To match the girls of Galway!

A toast I give—a health I pledge—
Here's to the girls of Galway!
May sorrow blunt its pointed edge
For them, the girls of Galway!
The fleet of foot—the sweet of smile—
The warm of heart—the free from guile—
Oh, the genuine daughters of the Isle
Are they, the girls of Galway!

THE STORY OF '98.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

After these uninterrupted successes, the people realized the necessity of adopting some system in their struggle. They therefore divided the county into three encampments. One in the northern part of the county at Carrigrew Hill, seven miles from Gorey; another on Vinegar Hill, overlooking Enniscorthy; and another in the southwest, on Carrickbyrne Hill, about six miles from New Ross. They also appointed Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey commander-in-chief, which was a fatal error, as, from his want of military knowledge, he was altogether unqualified for such a position.

The first check received by the people was on the 1st of June, by the northern

division, which had advanced to attack Gorey, but was met by the garrison of that place and driven back with the loss of nearly 100 men. After receiving large reinforcements, the English troops at Gorey advanced in two divisions on the 4th of June to attack the insurgents at their encampment on Carrigrew Hill. At Tubberneering the insurgents, having heard of the advance of the English, had formed an ambuscade, and the main portion of the royalist army, under Colonel Walpole, were here surprised. A deadly fire was poured on them from each side of the road. Walpole was one of the first to fall; and before a terrific charge of pikemen, foot and horse were overthrown, their flags were captured as well as their guns, which were turned upon them as they fled. The survivors retreated to Gorey, and with other royalists fled swiftly north to Arklow. The other division, which had left Gorey the same time as Walpole's, finding the insurgents so strongly posted, wisely retreated into the County Carlow. The insurgents, after this important victory, took possession of Gorey prior to marching onwards to Arklow. The division encamped on Vinegar Hill had attacked Newtownbarry on the 2nd of June, and with their usual bravery had driven the English troops out, but after doing this they imprudently spread themselves through the town and gave themselves up to pleasure. The royalists on hearing of this returned, attacked the peasantry again, and drove them from the town with a loss of 200 men.

For a similar reason the storming of New Ross was a failure. The southwestern division, under the command of Bagenal Harvey, advanced on the town from their position on Carrickbyrne Hill, on June the 4th. On the night of that day they encamped on Corbet Hill, one mile from the town, and early on the 5th they advanced to the attack. An officer who went forward to demand the surrender of the town was shot. The original plan of attack was to assault the town from three points, but owing to the impetuosity of the insurgents the plan was defeated. They rushed in one disorderly body into the town, drove back the cavalry and infantry by the fierceness of their charge, and captured their cannon. After terrible fighting the troops were driven out of the town across the river into Kilkenny. But now, when the victory was theirs, the insurgents, with fatal imprudence, weary with their severe fighting, dispersed through the town, and many, overcome with the drink they took, fell asleep. The royalists, as at Newtownbarry, finding themselves unpursued, were rallied by their officers, returned, and, taking advantage of the disorder of their opponents, regained their lost ground. The insurgents, made desperate by their losses, were partially rallied and again gained a slight

advantage. They were again driven back, renewed the fight a third time, and ultimately were repulsed. This desperate struggle lasted ten hours, and both sides suffered severely, the insurgent losses being the heavier. The remainder of these fell back on Carrickbyrne Hill, where the people being dissatisfied with the conduct of Harvey, he resigned, and Father Roche was appointed in his place.

The troops which had retreated to Arklow after the defeat of Colonel Walpole at Tubberneering on the 4th, had been reinforced by General Needham, who had arrived from Dublin with 2,000 men composed of cavalry and infantry. To defeat this force and clear the road to Dublin, the northern division of the Wexfordmen advanced from Gorey on the 9th of June in two columns. This fight lasted several hours, and was carried on with great bitterness and stubbornness. The leaders of the United Irish, in the arrangement and management of their men, showed great ability, and several times they had the advantage. General Needham had advised a retreat, as his ammunition was running short. The insurgents also were in a similar position, and theirs becoming exhausted first, they fell back unmolested to their former station. There was great bloodshed on both sides, the insurgents losing, among others, the gallant Father Michael Murphy, who was killed by a cannon shot as he was leading on his men to the charge for the third time.

After the "drawn" battle of Arklow, the Wexford leaders concluded to muster all their forces on Vinegar Hill. On this point also the commander-in-chief of the English forces, General Lake, decided to concentrate his whole available force, and this meant almost the entire English troops in Ireland, for owing to the failure of the insurrection in some places, and the non-rising of others, the Government was able to bring its whole force to bear on the giltan county. The last important struggle of the heroic Wexfordmen was fought on the 21st of June. The insurgents, to the number of about 20,000, were encamped on Vinegar Hill. The English troops numbered 13,000 men, including cavalry and infantry, with a strong force of artillery. The original plan of the royalists was to invest the hill completely, but the non-arrival of General Needham left the road to Wexford unguarded. The English opened a terrible fire on the insurgents, and advanced steadily up the slope. The peasantry had scarcely any guns, but they fought bravely and bravely, and maintained their position for a long time, but were at length defeated, when they escaped by the unguarded road to Wexford. Many of the leaders now surrendered, having been promised protection by several prominent Englishmen. But when was England ever known to keep faith with Ireland? The value of this protection was soon

known by the number of human heads that were seen on spikes throughout the county. Bagenal Harvey, Father Pailip Roche, and many other popular leaders, were amongst those who were executed as soon as they surrendered. The conduct and actions of these peasant patriots nobly sustained the name not alone for heroism, but for the chivalry and gallantry that Ireland's sons have ever borne in every age and clime. Not one single instance is on record of an insurgent having insulted a female during the outbreak, either by word or action; but it is known that many females were protected and saved from danger by these insurgents, those thus saved by them being oftentimes the relatives of their brutal oppressors. Both the Rev. Mr. Gibbon, a Protestant historian, and Taylor, the royalist, bear witness to this fact,—and while the British troops destroyed 65 Catholic churches (22 of these being in Wexford alone), only one Protestant church was destroyed by the peasantry. Although the rising was stained by a few cases of unnecessary violence on the part of the insurgents, these do not appear astonishing when we remember the frightful provocation given by the English soldiers, who frequently butchered in cold blood men, women and children. We must remember that the excesses on the other side were committed by individuals who were the mere hangers-on of the insurgent forces, their acts being condemned by the leaders, who never sanctioned outrage.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUATION OF THE INSURRECTION.

The disorganization that followed the defeat of Vinegar Hill prevented any further united effort being made by the men of Wexford, but isolated bands kept the struggle still alive for some time. Father Kearns and Anthony Perry having joined their men with those of Kildare, they planned a surprise on Athlone, but in their march thither their force was totally scattered and both these leaders were captured and executed at Elanderry. Father John Murphy, who first raised the standard in Wexford, led a body of insurgents through Carlow, crossed the Barrow at Gore-bridge, where they defeated a regiment of militia, and entered Kilkenny. They captured the town of Castlecomer, but some time after they were forced to fight under great disadvantages at Kilmoney Hill, where they were defeated. Three days after, Father Murphy was taken, tried at Tallow, and, after being cruelly scourged, was executed, and his head spiked in the market-place. Another force of Wexfordmen retreated northward, joined the men of Wicklow, and made a spirited resistance. An attack on Hookstown on June 25th was unsuccessful; but at Ballyellis, on the 29th, where the

United men had formed an ambuscade, the English troops were utterly defeated, and one regiment, the "Ancient Britons," especially hated by the people for its brutality, was completely annihilated. The royalists were again defeated on the 2nd of July, but on the 4th of July the insurgents were dispersed.

In Munster, a slight attempt was made at insurrection in the county of Cork, but a few days sufficed to crush it. In Ulster, by the arrest of the leaders, the United Irishmen were not prepared to rise on the appointed day (23rd of May), but early in June a few determined spirits in Antrim and Down resolved to make an effort. In the former county the town of Antrim was attacked on the 7th of June by the insurgents, who drove out the garrison and took possession of the town. Another body of troops had, however, been sent to strengthen the garrison by General Nugent, who had gained information that an outbreak was imminent, but the force only arrived after the town had been captured. Their attempt to retake it was at first unsuccessful, as they were repulsed by the insurgents; but a large force of artillery being brought into action, the peasantry were compelled to evacuate the town, and, being pursued by the troops, their loss was very heavy. A few other slight actions took place in this county, but the peasantry, disheartened by their non-success and want of leaders, separated in a short time and returned to their homes.

In Down, on the 8th of June, a body of insurgents having burnt the house of an informer, surprised next day a large force of yeomen and militia, of whom they killed 60 men, but the troops being rallied by their officers, forced their opponents to retire, but were unable to pursue them. On the 10th, the insurgents encamped on a hill above the town of Bullinabrinch, and here they were attacked on the 12th by a large force of royalists. The battle was a very severe one, at one time the insurgents having driven back their foes, but want of discipline prevented them succeeding fully, and at length they were forced to retreat, having lost 100 men and killed nearly 50 of their opponents. These and a few minor actions constituted the rising in Ulster. All the leaders met the usual fate. Henry Joy McCracken and other Antrim leaders were executed at Belfast. Henry Munro, the leader at Bullinabrinch, was executed at Lisburn, in sight of his wife and family.

And now was continued unopposed throughout the country that frightful system of torture which had driven the people to insurrection. Thousands of people were sentenced to death by those terrible courts-martial into which justice never entered. The air was filled by the shrieks of those unfortunate people, who were being tortured to force confessions from them; the brutal and licentious soldiers

were unrestrained in their atrocities, and bloodshed was so universal that the land resembled one vast slaughter-house.

CHAPTER VI.

FRENCH AID—THE STRUGGLE IN THE WEST—SUPPRESSION OF THE INSURRECTION.

After the defeat of the Batavian expedition, Wolfe Tone, with that unconquerable spirit which no failure seemed to daunt, again opened negotiations with France, and succeeded in obtaining a promise of aid from Napoleon, who gave orders for the fitting out of a large armament for Ireland. He, however, deceived Tone, for when this expedition left France on the 20th of May, it sailed not for Ireland, but for Egypt. Three days after its departure the rising took place in Ireland, and as the news of each atrocity from that country brought crushing woe to Tone's noble heart, he vehemently urged the French Government to despatch some succor to his struggling countrymen. They decided, at last, to send small expeditions to different parts of Ireland. But impatient at the delay, a gallant French officer, General Humbert, in the disturbed state of France, sailed from La Rochelle with a small independent expedition, consisting of 1,000 men, with arms for 1,000 more. He arrived in Killala Bay on the 22nd of August, 1798, and the landing of the troops and the capture of Killala were effected without opposition. His small force marched and took possession of Ballina on the 25th, the English troops flying from the place as soon as they heard of Humbert's approach. Here he was joined by many of the peasantry. Their next step was to attack Castlebar, where General Lake, with many other officers, and 6,000 men were stationed. Humbert marched from Ballina on the 26th by unfrequented mountain roads, and appeared before Castlebar early on the 27th with 800 of his own men and less than 1,500 Irish. So unexpected was his appearance that, almost without striking a blow, these valiant 6,000 (who were so brave when dealing with women and children) became panic-stricken and in a disorderly mob fled, without once stopping, some to Tuam and others to Athlone—a distance of over 70 miles. The English admit that they lost on this occasion five colors, 14 guns, and in killed and wounded nearly 400 men. The French say their opponents lost 600 men. This route to the present day ironically called the "Races of Castlebar." But the English, who had by this time suppressed the insurrection throughout the country, were now able to direct all their force against Humbert's little band. The latter had marched inland after the capture of Castlebar, and several times checked the English forces, which were gradually hemming him in. At length, on the 8th of September, he was

surrounded at Ballinamuck, in the county of Longford, by a force ten times more numerous than his own, and after a fight, lasting half-an-hour, the French surrendered as prisoners of war. But scant mercy was now extended to the peasants who had joined the French. The savagery of the troops, which had somewhat abated, was now resumed, and very many were put to death. Bartholomew Teeling and Matthew Tone, brother to Theobald, who had accompanied Humbert, were taken and executed; and at the recapture of Killala, a few days afterwards, 400 unarmed people were wantonly butchered by the "heroes" of Castlebar.

Another small expedition, consisting of nine vessels and 3,000 men, under Admiral Bompard and General Hardi, sailed from Brest on the 20th of September, Theobald Wolfe Tone being on board the Admiral's ship. For three weeks they were beaten about by head winds, and on the 10th of October only four vessels appeared off Lough Swilly. As they were about entering the lough, next day, an English fleet of nine vessels, under Admiral Warren, hove in sight, and a long and severe engagement took place, and not until their vessels lay like logs in the water did the French yield. Tone, who had fought most desperately, was landed in Donegal. He had not as yet been recognised, but at a dinner given to the French officers, by the Earl of Cavan, he was identified by Sr George Hill, an old schoolfellow, who had him arrested. He was conveyed to Dublin, tried by court-martial, and found guilty. He claimed, as an officer in the French army, a soldier's death by shooting, but his inhuman captors refused this; and rather than gratify their savage vengeance, he opened a vein in his neck with a penknife, and, after a week's painful suffering, he died on the 19th of November, 1798. By his death Ireland lost one of her ablest sons, and England was rid of the most powerful and subtle opponent to her sway in Ireland since the death of the great Hugh O'Neill.

Thus ended the insurrection of 1798, in which 20,000 lives were lost by the English and 50,000 by the Irish—most of the latter being cruelly murdered by the victors.

Never had an insurrection more chances of success, and never was an attempt at insurrection more unfortunate than that of '98. If the brilliant band of men who were its original leaders had escaped arrest, if the magnificent force of Hoche had succeeded in landing, and if all Ireland had risen with the determination and heroism of Wexford, how different would have been its ending? Thistime another of those ever-recurring events to burst the chains that bind her was savagely crushed—another attempt of brave and noble men was unsuccessful.

HOW THE POPES LIVE.

A correspondent thus writes from Rome on the 25th ult.: "There are no cooks in Rome!" so said a recent writer in the *Journal des Debats*, and this is one of the crimes which the factors of modern civilization lay to the charge of the Papacy, with more reason, it must be admitted, than some of the other charges; perhaps it is the fault of the Pope that an illustrious Frenchman when sojourning in Rome cannot get the sort of dinners he is accustomed to in Paris. He admits that there is abundance of learning and piety, but a lamentable neglect of the science of gastronomy, in which Rome is sadly behind, not merely the French cities, but even German and English towns, and this is to be attributed to the long years of Papal government! It must be admitted that the defence of the Popes from these charges is not so easy as some others, for they have been models of frugality as far as eating was concerned. Gregory I. thought more of the poor than of the cooks, and had twelve poor wretches fed at his table daily, and often waited on them himself—an example followed by Adrian I., St. Nicholas, and many other Popes. Innocent III., too, is much to blame, for he never allowed more than three dishes to be served at his table, and Paul III., during his dinner listened to the philosophical and theological disquisitions by learned professors whom he had brought in for the purpose. Marcellus III., besides using great parsimony in his food and simplicity in the service of his table, had the Sacred Scriptures and the Holy Fathers read to him all the while he was eating. St. Pius V., too, is blameworthy, for he would not allow his cook to spend more than tenpence on his dinner; and Gregory XIII., magnificent in all else, never allowed more than eighteen pence for that meal. Sixtus V. meditated during dinner on the suffering caused by famine, and Innocent IX. ate only one meal a day, and that in the evening. Clement VIII. shared his dinner with a number of poor persons equal to the years of his Pontificate, and Alexander VII., during dinner meditated on death, and every article out of which he ate or drank, or which contained his food—dishes, plates and cups—were all ornamented with a painting or engraving of the death's head and crossbones, and however we may shudder at the thought of such embellishments on our dinner plates, we must, as Christians, confess that they would have a wholesome effect upon our souls. Clement IX. was a great abstainer, and Innocent XII. spent only fifteen pence daily in eating and drinking; Clement XI. placed the same restriction on his daily expenses, and, besides, fasted often, and had his dinner given to the poor; Cle-

ment XII. invited the King of the Two Sicilies to dine at the Quirinal, and during dinner caused his chief chaplain to read Bellarmine's tract *De officio principis Christiani*. The fasting and abstinence of the last Popes are well known. Of the reigning Pontiff it would be unseemly to write publicly; history will show that he did not disgrace the examples of pure living left him by his predecessors. No wonder, then, that the art of cookery, or at least flesh-eating, should not have much progress in a kingdom whose sovereigns have been such models of parsimony and mortifications.—“Modern civilization” does not understand this, and is bringing its flesh pots in apace, and with them the thousand evils which follow the inordinate appetite for flesh.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Christmas customs are of ancient origin. One of them is the singing of Christmas carols, which had its origin in the early days of the Catholic Church, and intended to commemorate the Shepherds. In some European countries there are organized bands of men, who, incited by their love for Jesus and the Virgin, assemble together on Christmas Eve and usher in the great festival by singing carols, not confining themselves to one neighborhood, but traversing the country at a convenient distance and repeating their musical devotion at each shrine they come to. The ringing of bells is also a very old custom, and the adornment with evergreens, &c., is said to have originated in some peculiar ideas of the Druids. The ancient feast of fools is still observed if not in name at least in sport on Christmas Day by the fantastical organizations that appear in our streets. Some of them of course observe their “festival” on Thanksgiving Day, but the majority of them hold over until Christmas.

The origin of Santa Claus is told by the Germans, of whom it is said the “good old man” was one. Knecht Rupert was the original name of the Santa Claus of to-day. As might be naturally supposed, a desire on the part of parents to reward their children originated the idea of, and to children's minds actually, an old man who, in the most curious attire created, visited every house where a stocking was hung and left behind him something that was sure to bring smiles to childish faces, when brighter and earlier than any other morning in the year, they arose and visited the inevitable stocking. The mode of Santa Claus' proceedings on this occasion has often been a subject of wonder with children. All agree that he rides around in a “dear little” sled loaded down with all sorts of good things, and in a fantastically arranged dress of fur, he drives from house to house,

never speaking, never making the least bit of noise, and going so wonderfully fast, seeing that he visits every house in the world, where there are kind parents and good children.

If there was a vote to be taken among the children as to who was the best man in the world at Christmas time, there is no doubt that Santa Claus would have the honor of that title unanimously conferred upon him. In England the observances of Christmas are very numerous and are often of a peculiar, but always of a joyous nature. In our own land it receives a fitting observance; but in England alone, although now not so much as formerly, is it celebrated in the manner that savors of the “good old times,” that with all our progress and go-aheadativeness, in many regards were far in advance of us. The fault is that the almighty dollar is fast undermining the desire and the inclination that should be natural with us to observe Christmas more than it is our wont. A custom, if we might so call it, that while it is worthy of observance at any time of the year, yet belongs particularly to the Christmas times, is the healing of old sores and the reconciliation of old friends who have during the year been separated by some petty quarrel created by malicious tongues, or perhaps by some idly spoken words.

As there is “peace on earth to men of good will” from God sent to man through his newly born Son, so should there be peace and good will between man and man throughout the earth.

THE FRANCISCAN ORDER.

What were the Franciscan friars who were the professors of the University of Paris in the thirteenth century? Should you ask the profound reasoner, the Seraphic Doctor of religion and philosophy, the honestest man of all the world, because a life-long saint, he would avow his allegiance to the Church. Should you ask the friar Roger Bacon, the Doctor Mirabilis, mathematician, astronomer and inventor of gunpowder, who was skilled in the relations of man to his Creator, and who reduced his creed to a system in his mind, as he did his astronomy—What is your creed, great old Roger Bacon? He would say from his silent study in his monastery, “the Church of Rome is as true as the God who holds the heavens in order.” For erudition and scholastic subtlety John Duns Scotus, the friar was called the subtle Invincible Doctor. His fame was spread throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Ask him. He would hold up his hand and affirm before God that the Catholic Church is the only living society upon earth. Ask the great friar Occam, his disciple; he would acquiesce in the solemn belief of his master. Ask the humble friar, Cardi-

nal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, who never forgot his Franciscan rules, even when honored as the greatest statesman in Spanish history, what was his creed? He would say, "my creed is the creed of Christ, who was the founder of the infallible Church—the first and model of all Catholics." And behold to-day what the abiding faith of Ireland is to holy St. Patrick, abiding through revolution and persecution—through famine, war, and hate the glory, the sanctity, the identity of St. Francis' Order abides. In China they stand around like robbers, for the sake of God, to stand away the helpless babes that the pagan natives leave outside their homes to die, and bring them to their poor convents to give them a new birth in Christ, and a creed their fathers resist. In the footsteps of their old martyrs walks many a Japanese, animated by spirit and taught by the worthy successors of the old Franciscans. They are ministering angels in London and Paris, as well as among the lepers of the Lazar houses in the Islands of the South Sea Pacific, cursed by the rule of the Mussulman, poor, yet sacred, contains their abodes in numbers. They guard the Holy Sepulchre and many sacred sanctuaries, and tender their hospitality to Christian pilgrims and travellers. They are the wonder of the tourist, as they every day pray in silence on the road to Calvary. Wonder not that nobility and talent fill the ranks of that Order. Catholicity and St. Francis can do with the human heart and human mind what no mere earthly powers can do, and the prayers of St. Francis in heaven, so powerful even when his soul dwelt in a tunicment of clay and heaven was far off, are now trained to wing their flight direct to the very heart of the Trinity.

BY-WORDS.

THEIR ANTIQUE ORIGIN.

This is an expressive age, new ideas, customs and manners are constantly appearing on life's panorama; ologies and isms, clothed in high-sounding rhetoric and perplexing bombast, keep the mind continually on the *qui vive*, lest the balloon of transcendentalism should ascend without them, or the clue to our labyrinth of aesthetics be scarcely found, ere another mazy theory appear. Yet, with all this glitter of word and idea, it is curious to note how the world clings to the coinage of minis and days so long gone by, that though the ideas are retained, the phraseology in which they were first clothed is obsolete, and their origin forgotten.

"Potroon" is instantly on the lips, when we hear of a cowardly act, but few know that "pollice truncus" was a name of scorn first applied to the base Norman

who deprived himself of his thumb that he might not draw his bow in defense of his country. Who would imagine that "Man of Straw," a term well known to all versed in the technicalities of law, had been traced back to the Athenian Courts, so celebrated for equity that the Areopagites sat in the open air lest their sacred persons should be contaminated by profane and wicked persons slipping in unawares among the... To the uninitiated these quiet-looking men, with straws tucked in their sandals, seemed only careless lookers-on, and listeners to what they felt no interest in; but a wink or a nod brought them into the vicinity of a lawgiver, and a keen listener might have heard this colloquy: "Don't you remember?" said the advocate (the party looked at the fee and gave no sign; but the fee increased, and the powers of memory increased with it). "To be sure I do." "Then come into court and swear it!" and straw shoes went into court and swore it. Athens abounded in straw shoes. Young folks would not shun the name of "Blue Stocking" as a term of opprobrium if they had ever read the history of the Societe de la Calza, founded at Venice in 1400, whose members were distinguished by the color of their stockings, blue being the favorite color.

Boswell gives a charming account of a club which existed in the time of Johnson, whose most eminent member was Mr. Stillingfleet (grandson of the bishop), who wore blue stockings, and was so distinguished for the brilliancy and wit of his conversation, that when absent the other members would exclaim, "We can do nothing without blue stockings." In this way the title of the club became established, and the name drifted into a sobriquet for all who affected literature. The earliest mention of a "blue stocking" occurs in a Greek comedy entitled "The Banquet of Plutarch." Our ideas seem to be tinged with blue, for just now "true blue" appears for honorable mention. Its origin has been much discussed. One writer claims it for the Covenanters, who assumed it in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles II. It was worn by the troops of Lesly and Monrose in 1634. The Covenanters were noted for their religious pedantries and affectation of strict observance of Hebrew customs. They named their children Z-rubba-el and Habbakuk; called their chapels Zion and Ebenezer, and decorated their persons with blue ribbons, because the law of Moses commanded: "Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue." So when a Covenanter was very brave he was true to his color.

Appropos of Round-heads they have the credit of "Fools-cap paper." Charles the First, always generous when the act did

not empty his own pockets, gave the monopoly of the manufacture of paper to a party who stamped their goods with the royal crest. Cromwell's Parliament made many jests on the king's monogram, and in mockery substituted the fool's cap and bells. The Rump Parliament had its brief day and passed away, as also did the figures of the fool and his bells from the paper, but sheets the size of the Parliament journals still retain the name.

"Hurrah" is a Slavonian word, and is heard from the coast of Dalmatia to Behrings Straits when any of the inhabitants of those limits have occasion to show courage or valor. The word originated in the primitive idea that every man that dies bravely for his country "goes straight to heaven." Hurry! (to Paradise) and in the heat of battle the soldiers shout that cry as the Turks do that of "Allah," animating themselves by the hope of death being but an entrance on a state of reward for their heroism and suffering here.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

At the recent meeting of the Episcopal Board of the Catholic University, a memorial, very numerous and influentially signed, was presented to their lordships, the members of the board, praying that the Chair of Irish Language and Literature (then vacant) in the University, might be filled. The Episcopal Board, promptly acceding to the prayer of the memorial, have appointed to the Chair of Irish a gentleman eminently qualified to fill it.

The memorial above referred to, was drawn up and sent out for signature by a committee of gentlemen anxious to promote the cultivation of Irish scholarship in the Catholic University, and to secure that the researches in Celtic antiquities, so brilliantly inaugurated by the late Professor O'Curry, shall continue to be prosecuted with energy and success. It seems to the committee that the Episcopal Board of the University, having now done their part by founding and endowing an Irish Chair, it remains for the people of Ireland to do the rest.

The study of the Irish language and literature is by no means a remunerative pursuit. Therefore, if the Irish people are really desirous that the study of the antiquities and ancient literature of their country shall be successfully prosecuted in their national University, some inducements must be held out to those who may be willing to devote their time and energy to a study from which they can hope to derive but little pecuniary profit. It must also be borne in mind that in order to attend the lectures of Professor O'Looney, and to have access to the MSS., etc., contained in the libraries of the Catholic University, Trinity College, and the Royal Irish Academy, it would be

absolutely necessary for a student to reside in Dublin. Residence in Dublin must obviously involve considerable expense.

Now, those who can speak the Irish language at the present day belong, as a rule, to the poorer classes of the people, and since the faculty of speaking modern Irish must be of considerable advantage to any one engaged in the study of the antiquities and ancient literature of Ireland, it is clear that in many cases the very persons best qualified to prosecute such studies with success would be absolutely deterred from doing so, unless provided with the means necessary for residence in Dublin.

The committee consider that the best method of meeting the difficulty would be to fund a few exhibitions or burses, for the encouragement of scholarship in the University; and to enable them to do so, they have resolved to make an appeal to the Irish nation.

In making this appeal, the committee are conscious that they have undertaken a duty which has been already too long neglected. The danger of almost total extinction which hangs over our ancient national literature, and the importance, not alone for Ireland, but for the whole civilized world, of averting that danger, have been frequently pointed out by many of the leading antiquarians and philologists of Europe. Ebel, Zuss, Pictet, Blackie, Matthew Arnold, Bopp, have expressed themselves on the subject as warmly as O'Curry himself. The following letter from Adolphe Pictet, written a few years ago, is so apposite to the present occasion, that the committee cannot forbear from quoting it at some length. After observing that Ireland does not possess a single dictionary of her language, such as the science of philology at present requires, he adds:—

"It is not possible for the linguist who compares languages to take upon himself the task of proving the authenticity of every word in a particular language. His business commences where that of special philologists ends; and it is these last who must prepare for him the materials he is to work on. Now Ireland, it must be confessed, is far in arrear in this respect, and she must take immediate steps to supply the deficiency, or see herself excluded for a long time to come from the field of study which is now beginning to fix the attention of Europe. And what do you wait for? Is there any want of means? . . . I cannot believe that the question of money can be any obstacle; an appeal to Irish patriotism would surely provide the necessary funds. All further delays are injurious. The old relics of your language are disappearing year after year, from accidents, carelessness, fire or damp. How many irreparable losses have taken place during the last two or three centuries!

Preserve at least what still remains, by condensing the substance of them in a Thesaurus, if the means are not forthcoming for publishing them in a complete form. Even if not for the sake of national self love, you are called on to do so lest you should be anticipated by some foreigner. Zeuss, a German, has already snatched from the hands of your scholars the glory of having raised Celtic philology to the level of modern science. But Zeuss, as far as the ancient Gaelic is concerned, has only explored Continental sources of information, and it will be for you to complete his work by the aid of those rich native stores which you still possess. To work, then! The honor of Ireland is concerned. Take example by the Highland Society, which, with fewer sources than you have, was able to publish a good lexicon of the Scottish Gaelic. Commence an agitation in Ireland, which, for once, will not be political. If necessary, open a subscription list, and I feel assured before long it will be filled. Although a foreigner, I would myself gladly be the first to subscribe to such a purpose."

Should the committee succeed in raising a fund sufficient for their purpose, it is their intention that exhibitions to be founded shall be called the "O'Curry Exhibitions," as being, perhaps, the most fitting tribute that could be rendered to the memory of the great Irish scholar, of whose works the Catholic University are justly proud.

NOTED CONVERTS.

Kenelm Henry Digby, born in Ireland in 1800, joined the Catholic Church in 1832. He was an ardent student of theology and antiquity, and the author of "Mores Catholici," or Ages of Faith and of the Broad Stone of Honor.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, second daughter of the first Earl Granville, was received into the Catholic Church in 1852. She is the authoress of "Constance Sherwood," "Too Strange Not to be True," "Life of St. Frances of Rome," "Rose Leblanc," "A Story of Life," "Mrs. Gerald's Niece," "Laurentia," &c., and other charming novels and sketches.

Sir George Boyer, Bart, born in 1811 in Berkshire, England, joined the Catholic Church in 1850. From 1852 to 1868 he was M.P. for Dundalk, and in Parliament he was always the undaunted and constant defender of the rights of the Church and of the Pops. His letters to the *Times* and other papers, pamphlets and learned works are very numerous and valuable.

The Marquis of Bute, John Patrick Chrichton Stuart, born in 1847, and one of the wealthiest and most respected of the English nobility, was received into the Catholic Church in 1868 and displayed

great zeal and liberality in advancing and promoting all Catholic objects and interests.

Countess Von Hahn Hahn, born in 1805 in Westphalia, was received into the Church in 1850. She is the accomplished authoress of "Endoxia," "Lives of the Fathers of the Desert," "From Babylon to Jerusalem," and many others.

His Eminence Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, in 1808, son of W. Manning, M.P. He graduated B. A., in 1830, and became Fellow of Martin College. He was Select Preacher at the University of Oxford, Rector at Lavington and Archdeacon of Chichester. He became a convert in 1851, entered the priesthood, and founded the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo at Bayswater, London in 1857. He succeeded Cardinal Wiseman on the 8th of February, 1865, as Archbishop of Westminster.

A STORY OF CURRAN.

It is related of Curran, the famous Irish orator and wit, that he was, one evening, sitting in a box at the French opera, between an Irish noble woman, whom he had accompanied there, and a very young French lady. The ladies soon manifested a strong desire to converse, but neither of them knew a word of the other's language. Curran, of course, volunteered to interpret, or, in his own words, "to be the carrier of their thoughts, and accountable for their safe delivery." They went at it at once, with all the ardor and zest of the Irish and French nature combined; but their interpreter took the liberty of substituting his own thoughts for theirs, and instead of remarks upon the dresses and the play, he introduced so many finely-turned compliments that the two ladies soon became completely fascinated with each other. At last, their enthusiasm becoming sufficiently great, the wily interpreter, in conveying some very innocent questions from his countrywoman, asked the French lady "if she would favor her with a kiss." Instantly springing across the orator, she imprinted a kiss on each cheek of the Irish lady, who was amazed at her sudden attack, and often afterwards asked Mr. Curran, "What in the world could that French girl have meant by such conduct in such a place?" He never revealed the secret, and the Irish lady always thought French girls were very ardent and sudden in their attachments.—From "*Literature of Kissing.*"

To overthrow a building consecrated to the Lord would be an impious sacrilege. A crime still greater is that of destroying by scandal a soul which had been the temple of the Holy Spirit. It was not for buildings of stone that Jesus Christ died.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF
IRELAND.—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Q. How did the Irish Catholics act when their old religion was restored to its ancient power and possessions in this reign?

A. They acted with the utmost forbearance. They did not injure a single person in the slightest particular for professing a creed that differed from their own; and when the bloodthirsty queen was persecuting the Protestants in England, the Catholic Corporation of Dublin opened seventy-four houses in Dublin, at their own expense, to receive and shelter the Protestants who sought refuge in Ireland from the fury of the English government.

Q. What do you think of such conduct?

A. That was a glorious proof of Irish tolerance and charity; and fully demonstrated the fitness of the Irish Catholics for religious freedom.

Q. Did the clans of Leix and Ossaly, who had been deprived of their lands in the reign of Edward, appeal to Mary to restore them?

A. Yes.

Q. What was the answer of the government?

A. They sent a strong military force to extirpate the inhabitants from the soil of their forefathers; and the troops committed the most horrible barbarities which ended in a general massacre of the people.

Q. Were any saved?

A. Yes; a remnant, whom the earls of Ossory and Kildare exerted themselves to protect.

Q. What were the districts thenceforth called?

A. "King's County" and "Queen's County;" and their principal towns were named "Philipstown" and "Maryborough," in honour of the sovereign and her husband.

Q. In what year did Queen Mary die?

A. In 1558.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Q. In what state was Ireland at the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession?

A. In a state of universal disturbance.

Q. What cause disturbed Connaught?

A. The two great branches of the house of De Burgo were struggling with each other for the mastery.

Q. What circumstances agitated Leinster?

A. The remnant that had escaped from the massacre in Leix and Ossaly, roamed over that entire province in small parties, marauding wherever they could, to indemnify themselves for their losses and sufferings.

Q. What contentions existed in Munster?

A. The chieftaincy of the northern division of the province was warmly contested between the earl of Thomond and Daniel O'Bryen. The Butlers and Geraldines were also at war with each other.

Q. In what condition was Ulster?

A. John O'Neill was speedily acquiring the dominion of the whole of Ulster.

Q. Whom did Elizabeth appoint as Lord Lieutenant?

A. The earl of Sussex; who, on departing for England, entrusted his government to the hands of Sir Henry Sidney.

Q. Did Sidney call upon O'Neill to account for his proceedings?

A. Yes; he invited him to the English camp for the purpose of a conference.

Q. Did O'Neill accept the invitation?

A. No; he remembered how Moore and O'Connor had been entrapped, and he wisely declined.

Q. What, then, was his answer to Sidney?

A. He excused himself by saying he was engaged in having his child christened with due pomp; and he invited Sidney to attend the ceremony as the infant's godfather.

Q. Did Sidney comply?

A. He did; and he was much surprised at the courtly magnificence with which the Irish chieftain entertained him.

Q. How did they arrange the dispute between O'Neill and the government?

A. O'Neill, by the statement of his wrongs, made a very favourable impression upon Sidney, who advised him to rely for full justice on Elizabeth's sense of honour and of right.

Q. Did O'Neill agree to leave matters to the queen's decision?

A. He did; and he and Sidney parted from each other on terms of friendship.

Q. Did Sussex soon return from England?

A. Yes; and according to Elizabeth's instructions, he immediately set about procuring laws to be passed for the establishment of the new English religion; which, during the reign of Mary, had been deprived of the tithes and other state endowments.

Q. What acts were passed for this purpose?

A. The appointment of bishops was vested in the sovereign; and heavy penalties were inflicted upon all who would not attend the new worship.

Q. How were the priesthood treated?

A. They were expelled from their cures by the civil power; and Protestant clergymen, who had come in large numbers from England, were put in their places.

Q. What were O'Neill's measures all this while?

A. He set out to London, attended by a band of gallowglasses, whose appearance at the court of Elizabeth excited great curiosity.

Q. How did Elizabeth receive him?

A. With the most flattering courtesy and favour. She promised to support his claims to the best of her power.

Q. Did Elizabeth keep this promise?

A. It is probable that at the time she intended to keep it; but, notwithstanding the manifest loyalty of his conduct, she listened to his enemies who impeached his intentions; and they, encouraged by an expression which she used, proceeded to effect his ruin.

Q. What was that expression?

A. "If O'Neill rebels," said the queen, "it will be all the better for my servants, for there will be estates enough for them who lack." On which, Elizabeth's Irish government determined to goad O'Neill into rebellion.

Q. How did they begin?

A. Sir Henry Sidney, who was now lord deputy, established a garrison of English troops at Derry.

Q. What right had O'Neill to complain of that?

A. It was a needless insult to him. The country being perfectly tranquil at the time, no troops were required to check disturbance; and the planting a garrison in the midst of O'Neill's country, showed a want of reliance on the good faith of the promises he had made to the queen's government.

Q. What did O'Neill resolve to do?

A. He resolved to get rid of the English garrison.

Q. How did he manage to do so?

A. He contrived to make them begin hostilities, and then sent to the lord deputy a bitter complaint of their conduct; at the same time proposing a conference at Dun-halk to adjust all differences.

Q. Did the conference take place?

A. No; before it could possibly be held, the powder magazine at Derry was accidentally blown up, and the English garrison were obliged to quit the town.

Q. Did O'Neill then carry on the war against the government?

A. He did, but ineffectually, as he found himself deserted by the chiefs on whose support he had relied with confidence.

Q. Was their defection owing to English intrigue?

A. Yes; O'Neill found, to his cost, that the English garrison at Derry had been busily engaged in sowing the seeds of disaffection to him, from the first moment of their settlement.

Q. What was his fate?

A. He perished by the treachery of Piers, an English officer, who induced the Scotch commandant of a garrison stationed at Clan-hu-boy, to take advantage of a preconcerted quarrel at a banquet, to massacre O'Neill and his followers.

Q. What reward did Piers receive for his treachery?

A. He received the sum of one thousand marks from the government, on sending the head of O'Neill to the lord deputy.

Q. What became of O'Neill's estates?

A. They were divided amongst the managers of the queen's Irish government.

Q. Who was the next great Irish lord on whose destruction the government was resolved?

A. The earl of Desmond.

Q. How was this managed?

A. In a quarrel between Desmond and Ormond, about the boundaries of their estates, lord deputy Sidney, to whom the dispute had been referred, decided at first in favour of Desmond; but, on receiving the queen's orders to re-examine the case, Sidney not only decided this time in favour of Ormond, but loaded Desmond with all the expenses his rival had incurred.

Q. Did Desmond obey this new decision?

A. No; for he felt it was grossly unjust.

Q. How was he then treated?

A. He was seized by the lord deputy, and, after some delay, sent as a prisoner to the tower of London, where he was kept in captivity for many years.

Q. What disturbances followed?

A. Many serious ones: Munster and Ulster became embroiled; the former with the claims of the earl of Clancarty to the principedom of the province; the latter with the struggles of Tirlough O'Neill to augment his authority.

Q. What efforts did the Geraldines of Desmond make to avenge the imprisonment of the earl, their chief?

A. They are said to have negotiated with their old foes, the followers of Ormond, to effect a general insurrection.

Q. What steps were taken, meanwhile, by the government?

A. They ordered Sir Peter Carew to lead his army against the Butlers. He accordingly entered their country, and meeting an unarmed concourse of people, who gazed with curiosity at his forces, he commanded a general massacre; and about four hundred defenceless, resisting people were put to death.

Q. What does Mr. Froude, the English historian, say of this Sir Peter Carew?

A. Mr. Froude, writing on the authority of documents preserved in the State Paper Office, has the following passage in his *History of England*:—"Sir Peter Carew has been seen murdering women and children, and babies that had scarcely left the breast; but Sir Peter Carew was not called on to answer for his conduct, and remained in favour with the deputy."—(*Hist. Eng.*, vol. x., p. 508.)

(To be continued.)

A pious cottager residing in the midst of a lone and dreary heath was asked by a visitor, "Are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, especially in the winter?" He replied, "Oh, no! for faith shuts the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning."

Answers to Correspondents.

- "U. S."—(1) The year of the discovery of America by Columbus was 1492. (2) The first newspaper published in New York was by William Bradford in 1725.
- "A SPOTSMAN."—The phrase "The right divine of Kings to govern wrong" is from Pope's *Dunciad*, Book IV., Line 183.
- "T. D."—(1) The Declaration of Irish Rights was moved by Henry Grattan in the Irish House of Commons and carried unanimously on the 10th April, 1782. (2) Lord Edward Fitzgibbon died of his wounds in Newgate prison, Dublin, 3rd June 1793.
- "VINDEX."—You are correct. Cornelius O'Donovan, Bishop of Down and Connor, suffered martyrdom in his eightieth year, during the reign of James I. He was tried by a packed jury on a charge of high treason, and sentenced to death. On the day of his execution he was dragged through the streets of Dublin on a hurdle to the gibbet, where he was executed.
- "W. R. F."—The history of the "Plantation of Ulster" would be a long tale for the newspaper column. As an evidence of the spirit that guided the new possessors of the confiscated lands, we may refer to the fact that the English adventurers, calling themselves the Irish Society, on the 9th November, 1615, decreed, "in order that Harry might not, in future, be peopled with Irish," that the inhabitants should not keep Irish servants or Irish apprentices.
- "GIVIS."—There were seven Crusades or Holy Wars in which the warriors wore a cross and fought for the honor of Christianity. Each nation had its special color, thus: the Cross of England was yellow or gold; of France, white or silver; of Italy, blue or azure; of Spain, red or gules; of Scotland, a St. Andrew Cross, and of the King of Tempur, red on white. The first crusade (in 1096-1099) was preached up by "the Hermit," and led by Godfrey of Bouillon, who took Jerusalem.
- "ONE WHO KNOWS."—Is a bad punster.—He asks the origin of the ascribed portions of "bleeding at the nose" and "itching at the nose," and says that as "one who knows," he writes to "one who knows."—Itching at the nose is regarded as a sign that you shall see a stranger. Decker in an old play, with a not very polite little, has:—
"We shall ha' guests to-day—my nose itched so—"
Bleeding of the nose is regarded as a sign of love. In Boulster's "Lectures," p. 130, we have:—
"Did my nose ever bleed when I was in your company," and poor wretch, just as she spake this, to show her true heart, her nose fell a-bleeding."
- "BAL DEAR."—Our able contemporary the *Irish World*, in a late number, gives in concise form the information you seek:—The Scythians, who are mentioned by Keating, in the second part of his "History," as the progenitors of the Scots, Gaels, or Irish, are now recognized by German scholars as essentially Indo-European. Their very name—the same word as the common Latin word *scutum* (in *Irish Scyth*), "the shielded people"—shows this. The origin of the word *familia* has been traced to the language of these people. It comes from *thymele*, "the hearth" or centre of fire, round which the family, in every period of time, grouped itself. The root of this word, again, may be found in the Irish *tine*, "heat, warmth."
- "AMERGIN."—Do good by stealth and blunty to find it fame" is from Pope's Translation of Horace, (Epilogue to Satires' Dialogue), Line 130.
- "THOMASINE."—"The Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys" was the name given to the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers who adopted this as their cry when making a charge during the Conventual wars at the beginning of this century. "Faugh-a-ballagh" is the vulgar spelling for "Fag-a-ben-lach," which means "clear the road."
- "AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC."—The date was 1780. At that time a few of the Penal Laws against Catholics were repealed, although they could not exercise their religion freely, and were disqualified from holding office. Even this slight relaxation, says a contemporary, served as an excuse for Lord George Gordon to raise forty thousand men, and form a Protestant Association. "No Popery" was again the cry, and riots and mischief were the consequence. A month or eight days was in possession of the churches, and who but the Catholic Churches and many public buildings, and committed every excess that the fanatical spirit of "No Popery" could suggest. The Government was at last obliged to send troops to put down the rioters, but six hundred lives were lost, and thousands of pounds worth of property was destroyed in the Gordon riots. Charles Dickens, in his novel of *Barnaby Rudge*, has given a description of this "Reign of Terror."
- "A TIPPERARY MAN."—Yes, Cromwell's last achievement in Ireland was at Clonmel. The town contained 2,000 foot and 120 horse from Ulster, commanded by Hugh O'Neill. Cromwell made an attack, but was repulsed with great loss; but on the 9th of May, 1650, he returned with reinforcements. A breach was effected in the walls, but the assailants were forced to retire. A furious contest then raged till the darkness of night compelled the inhabitants to desist, when it was found that Cromwell's men had suffered dreadfully from the obstinate valor of the men of Tyrone. The inhabitants offered to surrender on conditions, which were granted, but when Cromwell entered the city next morning, he found the garrison had retreated towards Waterford. Cromwell embarked at Youghal on May 29th, and on June 4th he received the hearty thanks of the House of Commons "for his great and faithful services unto the Parliament and the Commonwealth."
- "CATHOLICUS."—We find a paragraph to hand in our exchanges supplying the sought-for information. The whole number of Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX. is 257. Of these eighty-two are venerated as saints, fifty-three having been martyred. One hundred and four have been Romans, and 103 natives of other parts of Italy, fifteen Frenchmen, nine Greeks, seven Germans, five Asiatics, three Africans, three Spaniards, two Dalmatians, one Hebrew, one Thracian, one Dutchman, one Portuguese, one Candiot, and one Englishman. The name most commonly borne has been John; the twenty-third and last was a Neapolitan, raised to the throne in 1410. Nine Pontiffs reigned less than one month, thirty less than one year, and eleven more than twenty years. Only five have occupied the Pontifical chair over twenty-three years. These are: St. Peter, who was Supreme Pastor twenty-five years, two months, and seven days; Silvester I., twenty-three years, ten months, and twenty-seven days; Pius VI., twenty-four years, eight months, and fourteen days; Pius IX., who celebrated his twenty-ninth year in the Pontifical chair, June 16, 1875.

"AVENGING AND BRIGHT."

Boldly.

AIR—GROOGHAN A VENEC:²

1. A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Co-nor's dart

E - rin. On him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! - For ev - ry fond dwelling, When U - lud's three champions lay sleep - ing in gore - By the bil - lows of

espress. *f*
ere he hath wa - ken'd a tear in. A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
war, which so of - ten, high swelling, I have wait - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore.

3
We swear to reveng them! - no joy shall be tasted,
Tho' harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Tho' vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head

4
Yes, monarch, tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affec - tions,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

"The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written CREACHAN NA FEINE—i. e., the Fenian Mount or Mount of the Fenian heroes, those brave followers of FIN MAG COOL, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

† The words of this Song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan—(see Vol. I. of TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF DENMARK,) and upon which it appears that the "Dartula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Emain. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are—The death of the children of Tourann; The death of the children of Lear"—(both regarding Tuathla de Danans); and this, "The death of the children of Usnach," which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that, on a previous page of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear, or Lear—"Silent O'More!" &c.

Whenever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality if the Gaelic researcher of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

‡ "O Nas! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—

§ Ulster.

[DEIRDRI'S SONG.]