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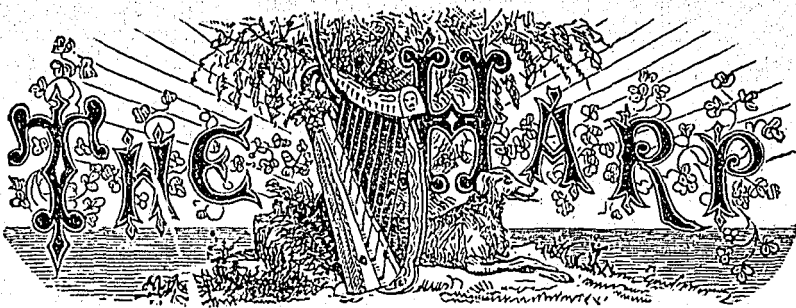
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A Magazine of General Literature.

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No 8.

MOORE CENTENARY ODE,

28TH MAY, 1879.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Harp of the Isle, where beauties smile,
 Where a thousand bards have sung;
 Harp of a land so old and grand;
 Harp of the Celtic tongue;
 Harp of the golden string,—
 Harp of the silver note,—
 Harp, that of yore did ring
 At Carolan's command,
 'Neath many a master hand;
 Whose tunes did float—
 Soft as the breeze among the trees—
 Along the Shannon, Lee and Suir;
 Harp of a Davis—poet pure,—
 Awake upon this distant strand!
 Awake upon Canadian land!
 Harp of a Griffin—Keegan's lyre—
 McCarthy's muse, oh! come inspire,
 Inspire me with your spirit strong,
 Give life and beauty to my song,
 That I may every note prolong
 Of Erin's right, of Erin's wrong,
 Of Erin's bard of spirit pure—
 Of Erin's glorious Minstrel Moore!

PART FIRST.

'Tis eve—the day is past!
 Nightly shadows 'round are cast!
 'Tis eve—repose at last!

In dreamy sleep have pass'd away
 The woes, the fears, the toils of day!
 Away, far away in the land of the souls!
 Away, far away in the region of Ghoul's!
 In the land of dreams, 'midst the fairy beams—
 'Midst the glowing light of each spirit bright—
 I repose to-night!
 Behold! a humired spirits come,
 And louder still the rising hum—
 In countless numbers muses throng,
 The lovely Genii of song!
 With silver harp, with golden lyre—
 With heaven's choicest, purest fire—
 The echoes every note prolong!
 Another spirit, too, is there—

Another spirit wond'rous fair,
 Another spirit richly rare—
 Another spirit grand!
 Another spirit pure and bright,
 Another Angel of the light,
 The first, the best, the noblest sprite.
 "Love of the Native Land!"
 These and a thousand more I see—
 A grand eternal galaxy!
 They move, they dance, they sing,
 Their harps responsive ring!
 Lol from the East, a king,—
 A magi old and scar—
 From Orient land of sultans grand—
 With gifts is drawing near!
 They sing of glory, sing of love,—
 They sing a Nation's rights and wrongs—
 They chant a hymn to God above!
 Fain would I now recall their songs!

Slowly the beauteous host retires—
 Fainter their silver harps and lyres—
 Fainter their song of joy expires!
 I knew the vision that had fled,
 Was not a vision of the dead!
 Its light was like the gleam of morn—
 Methought some glorious one was born!
 Yes, Oh, Erin!—Land of tears!
 Yes, Oh, Erin!—Land of tears!
 Yes, Oh, Erin!—"Land of Song!"
 Yes, your harp hung silent long!
 Its soul shall soon awake again—
 You'll hear the Island's olden strain—
 Your notes shall rise, celestial, pure;
 This very morn to you was born—
 Your own Immortal Moore!

PART SECOND.

There's a change in my dream—
 I am far o'er the sea;
 And a thousand lights gleam
 'Round the magi and me!

Far, far do I roam 'neath the Orient dome!
 "Farewell! Farewell! to the Araby's daugh-
 ter—
 Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea!"
 I am now far away, where the Bendameer
 . . . water—
 Leaps on "midst the roses," the hillocks
 and lea!

With Lalla-Rookh fair, of the rich golden hair,
 At the great bridal feast in the land of the East!
 As Lalla-Rookh wept that her bard was no king;
 As Lalla-Rookh wept that her love had been given;
 As Lalla-Rookh wept when the poet would sing—
 As her soul with its woes would be riven;
 And as great was her joy when she found the fair boy
 Was her king, was her husband—her own—
 As her tears and her sorrows had flown;—
 'Tis thus we admire in the bard of the East,
 All the beauties that "Lalla-Rookh crown'd,"
 And we sigh that in Erin—in Erin at least,
 No such bard for the West could be found.
 Hand in hand, side by side,
 Went our joy and our pride,
 When we heard that the poet—so pure—
 Was a son of our Isle—
 And the East, all the while,
 Was the theme of the Minstrel Moore!

PART THIRD.

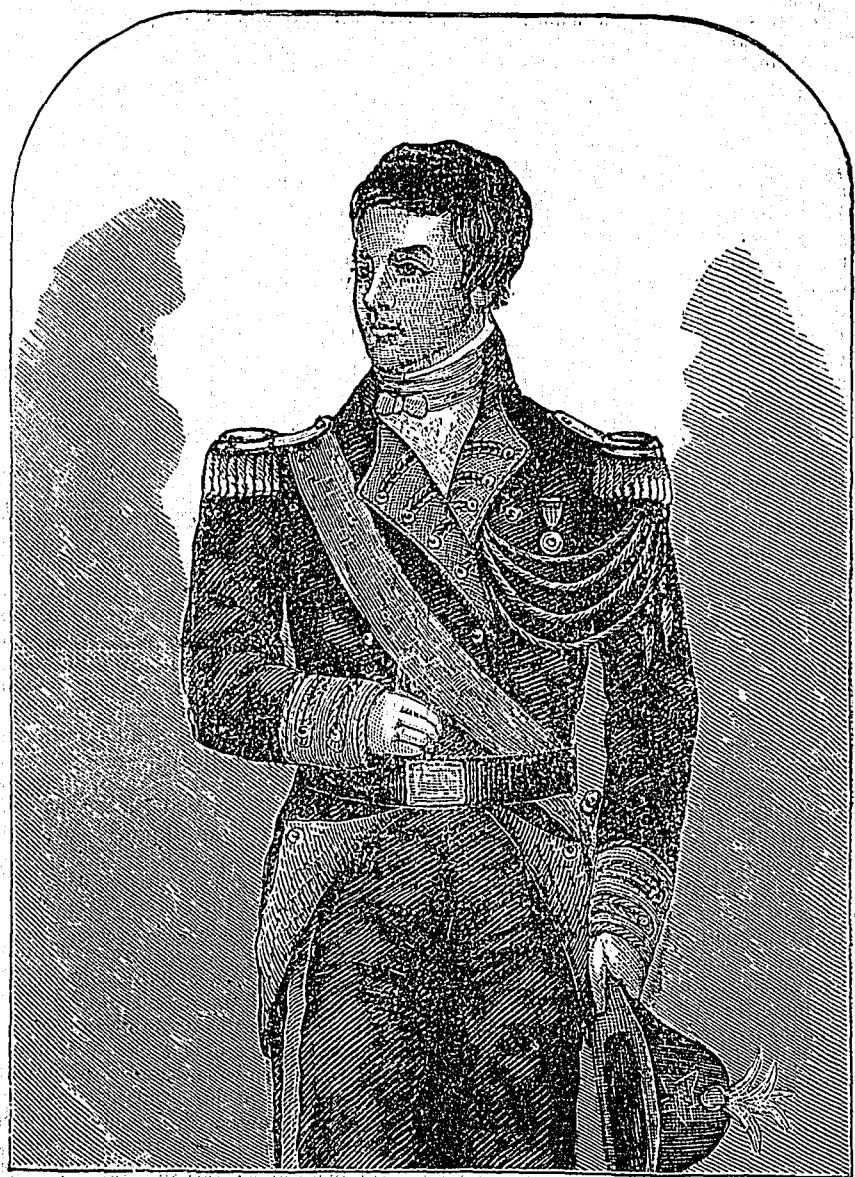
The vision has changed—I am back to the West,—
 I am back to the home and the "Isle of the Blest!"
 It is eve as before, and from toil I may rest!
 The curtain of night seems to roll in the sky,
 And a million lights gleam in the firmament high!
 Each light is a star,—each star is a sprite,—
 Each being is wrapp'd in a garment of white,—
 A harp in each hand,—a sprig from the land,—
 This fairy-like band is resplendent and grand!
 A melody each of the richest and best!
 And all seem to sing of the glorious West!
 Some joyous, some sad,—both war-song and wail.
 Some sing of the clans,—some chant "Innisfail."
 Some sing of the "Glories of Brian the Brave!"
 Some sing of the "Shamrock" that springs from his gravel
 "Oh! Blame not the Bard,"—a note as a sigh!
 "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye!"
 Some tell of Erin when great was her joy!
 Some sing of the fame of the "Minstrel Boy!"
 Some sing "The Harp" that thro' Tara's old hall
 Awoke to the Nation at Liberty's call!
 "I saw from the beach"—the echo is low—
 The note dies away as a stream in its flow.
 "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,"
 Sings the sprite of Avoca—"where bright waters meet."
 Now, a war-song awakes 'midst the clashing of arms!
 Now, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms!"
 Comes so softly along in the sweep of the song—

"Lisbia hath a beaming eye!"—a distant echo of the sky!
 A moment's pause and now again—
 The spirits 'wake the dying strain—
 Full numberless their gorgeous train!
 Far away comes a voice that old Erin so lov'd,
 "By the banks of the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd."
 Far away comes a voice from the Western world—
 "I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd"
 And "Row, Brothers! Row, the stream runs fast!"
 The note died away and my vision is past!
 "Like the last rose of Summer left blooming alone,"
 A spirit remained—"his companions had gone."
 "Whence, oh, whence," I implored, "come those songs of the sky?
 Is it thus that the Seraphim sing?
 Oh, are these the sweet notes that are chanted on high?
 With, these does fair Paradise ring?"
 "No, no," cried the spirit—"these sweet notes are of earth,
 Of the Isle where your martyrs and heroes had birth,—
 These songs are immortal, we muses have come
 To chant them to-night o'er Anacreon's tomb;—
 These songs are immortal, grand, holy and pure—
 They're the melodies rare of the Minstrel Moore!"
 Sleep on, Bard of Erin! Sleep in peace 'neath the sod!
 Sleep on, Bard of Erin—in the glory of God!
 May the shamrocks grow green from your sanctified grave!
 May the tears of old Erin your resting-place lave!
 May the garland you wrought round your glory entwine!
 May your heart in the nation forever enshrine!
 Let your requiem be sung by the winds of the land!
 Let your tomb-stone be raised by a minstrel's hand—
 By the Shannon, the Barrow, the Liffy or Suir!
 Sleep on, Bard of Erin! Greatest Minstrel, Moore!

Laval University, Quebec.

In all our calamities and afflictions it may serve as a comfort to know that he who loses anything and gets wisdom by it, gains by the loss.

He is rich who saves a penny a year; and he is poor who runs behind a penny a year.



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.—(See next page.)

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?

Who blushes at the name?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,

Who hangs his head for shame?

THERE are many individuals in this world, and among them a sprinkling of Irishmen, who think that it is neither right nor politic to touch upon Ireland's past, who teach that the struggles for liberty of a wronged and persecuted people should be consigned to eternal oblivion, rather than by their recollection offend the ear or hurt the feelings of the very sensitive Englishman of our days. For our part, while opposing the introduction of everything tending, directly or indirectly, to foment discord in a mixed community like this, we fail to perceive in the lives and characters of the heroes of Ninety-eight, anything more treasonable; anything more censurable, than the bold exploits of William Wallace and of Robert Bruce, whose memory the *loyal* Scot may revere without fear of reproach. We admire the courage, the invincible patriotism of Washington, the Liberator and Father of the American people; and does fear prevent us from paying a like tribute of admiration and honor to the would-be Liberators of our own Fatherland,—that gallant band of Erin's sons, whose names, like so many stars, shed lustre on our history, a lustre which Time has not been able to dim? No! no! We do not fear to speak of Ninety-eight; we do not fear to recount the noble, but unsuccessful, struggles of our *rebel* sires; we do not fear to recall and to perpetuate the name of one of the greatest heroes of modern times—that noble, faithful, though misguided, Irishman, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The Fitzgeralds were of Norman descent, but from the time of their first landing in Ireland with the memorable invasion of 1167, had always espoused the cause of the natives, so that they were known throughout the country as *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." It was this sympathy of his ancestors for the suffering Irish race, inherent in his veins, that led Lord Edward to raise his voice and his arm against English mis-rule in Ireland; but it was not these ancestors

—royalists of the old school,—who handed down to him the extreme Republican principles which he labored, with all the energy of youth, to propagate. Of this, more anon.

At the early age of seventeen, in the year 1780, Lord Edward served as Lieutenant in that portion of the British army then stationed in America, for the purpose of subduing the justly enraged colonists, whom an obnoxious Stamp Act, and a still more obnoxious soldiery, had forced into open rebellion. With the soldiers—many of them his own countrymen—he soon became a favorite, wanting as he did that haughtiness and repulsiveness which distinguished the officer of that period, and which, even in our own days, are characteristic of the commissioned officer, from the smoothed-faced Ensign upwards to the Commander-in-chief.

Out of battle he associated with his subordinates; in battle, he fought by their side,—always cheering them to the attack, but seldom to victory. Fighting for Liberty, and fighting against Liberty, are two very different things, as Lord Edward soon discovered. He and his well-disciplined men struggled bravely; but they had nothing at stake, save the interests of a country which *was not theirs*,—while the raw American recruits were, at every stroke, building up a nation of their own—*independent and free*. No wonder, then, if Lord Edward soon began to wish for the end of the war. Of the approach of that end there was as yet little sign, for the obstinacy of the English and the cool determination of the colonists increased with every engagement. At last, a severe wound in the thigh relieved him for a time from a duty which had long previously tired and disgusted him; and soon afterwards the cessation of hostilities gave him the long wished-for opportunity to return to the land of his birth. The impulses of his romantic nature, however, allowed him no repose. Through Spain, he first travelled; then, in the dead of winter, through a part of the present Dominion of Canada; and then through Mexico, where, at last, he satiated of adventure, and whence, like a prodigal son, he went back to Ireland.

Soon after his arrival, his father, the

Duke of Leinster, possibly with the view of keeping his adventurous son at home, had him elected as a member to the Irish House of Commons. Fitzgerald took his seat, but the thunderbolt which at that moment burst over Europe,—the storm of the French revolution—re-kindled his martial ardor, and, forsaking Parliament, he hastened to Paris, and there drank of the cup of Republicanism until intoxicated by its contents. In such a state, he became enamored of everything he saw in France. The "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" theories of the *sunscullottes* demagogues captivated his mind. So carried away was he by an excited imagination, that he overlooked the mob-law and atrocities which, under the cloak of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," were destroying society and sapping the life's-blood of France. In all these horrid scenes of blood-shed and devastation, Lord Edward perceived only the popular will, and so, in January, 1793, he set sail for Ireland, determined that the grand tragedy of Revolution should be repeated, at no distant day, in that unfortunate land. Probably if he had remained a few days longer in France; if he had beheld Louis and the fair Marie Antoinette dragged to the block by a howling, blood-thirsty, rabble; if he had heard the yells, the curses, the blasphemies, of the so-called *people* at that hell-inspired murder, he would have abandoned forever his French principles, and the scheme which was their offspring.

Here, it may not be out of place to remark, that during his stay in Paris he had wedded Pamela, the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Orleans, who very willingly accompanied her husband across the Channel.

In order to preserve our acquaintance with Lord Edward, we must enter the gallery of the Irish House of Commons, and there, while lending our ear to the spirited debates, study the political situation of the country. The Union had not yet taken place. Ireland was yet a nation with her Lords and Commons,—a Parliament which purported to represent the Irish people, but which had, on more occasions than one, proved itself to be the tool of the English court. The session of 1793 was distinguished

by two measures of vital importance,—the Catholic Relief Bill, and the Arms Act. The Catholic Relief Bill, the offspring of a Catholic convention held in Dublin in December, 1793, was warmly supported in the Lower House by Grattan, Curran, Ponsonby, and Hutchinson, and became law. It swept away the restraints and limitations of the penal laws; restored to Catholics the right of elective franchise; permitted them, with certain restraints, to carry arms in self-defence; to obtain office in the army and navy, etc., besides bestowing several other rights which are enumerated in our popular histories of Ireland. The other important measure—the Arms Act,—cancelled several privileges accorded by the Catholic Relief Bill. McGee thus writes of this Act:—

"Under the plea of the spread of French principles, and the wide-spread organization of seditious associations—a plea not wanting in evidence—an Arms Act was introduced and carried, prohibiting the importation of arms and gunpowder, and authorising domiciliary visits, at any hour of the night and day in search of arms. Within a month after the passage of the Bill, bravely but vainly opposed by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the opposition generally, the surviving volunteer corps in Dublin and vicinity, were disbanded, their arms, artillery, and ammunition taken possession of either by force or negotiation, and the very wreck of that once powerful patriot army swept away."

Fitzgerald was no orator; but on this occasion, we are told, his feelings burst forth in the bold language of the soldier. Springing to his feet, just as the vote was about to be taken on the address to the Lord Lieutenant, approving of his violent measures for putting down the Irish volunteers, he recorded his last protest in the following words:—

"Sir, I give my most hearty disapprobation to this address, for I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of the House are the worst enemies the king has."

Instantly the whole House was thrown into confusion. The national party cheered; their opponents clamoured; cries of "to the bar!" "take down his words!" "treason! treason!" were

heard on all sides; the galleries were cleared, and the undaunted soldier was placed at the bar. There, despite threats most awful, he stated that what he had said was true.

To Lord Edward's mind it now seemed impossible to obtain justice from such a Parliament; and he, together with Wolfe Tone, Arthur O'Connor, Addis Emmet, and a number of others, began to advocate the establishment of an Irish Republic after the model of that of France. Grattan and Curran opposed the scheme. Though this difference of opinion created a coolness between the two classes of patriots, it did not prevent them from doing their duty to their common country; for, when they finally failed in introducing a permanent and beneficial reform, they, almost to a man resigned their seats,—a proceeding which Grattan thus defended before the House:—

“We have offered you our measure—you will reject it; we deprecate your's—you will persevere. Having no hopes left to persuade or to dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we shall trouble you no more, and after this day shall not attend the House of Commons.” This secession took place in May, 1797.

So ended Lord Edward's Parliamentary career. Believing more firmly than ever in physical force as the only remedy for Irish wrongs and discontent, he joined the society of “United Irishmen,” which had just been re-established as a *military organization* by Wolfe Tone and Napper Tandy. Tone, having been despatched to France to seek assistance in men and arms, Lord Edward was chosen Commander-in-chief. His sound military education he now turned to good account,—drilling men, preparing arms, plotting a revolution which, but for its premature discovery, might have destroyed all English power and influence in our western isle. France promised aid, and a fleet was fitted out and despatched to Ireland, but a violent hurricane scattered the vessels. A second expedition met with a similar fate; and a third, the most promising of all, set sail, through the treachery of some one in command, not for the green coast of expectant Erin, but for the distant shores of Egypt. The Irish leaders,

maddened by these disappointments, determined, no matter what the cost, to carry out their programme. But traitors were already at work; the whole plot was revealed to the Government just three days before the time appointed for the rising, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald with the other leading spirits of the organization were lodged in prison, where he shortly afterwards died from wounds inflicted on him by the brutal and cowardly Major Sirr, and his equally brutal associate Major Swan.

The funeral pall is drawn over the patriot's prostrate form. A nation weeps over her fallen son, and swears revenge!

The signal fire is enkindled upon Oulart hill; the nation's standard waves defiantly above the Wicklow mountains; the men of Erin respond to Liberty's call, and the wildest enthusiasm prevails throughout the land. The Irish heroes, rushing down from the hills like mighty torrent, drive the English foemen before them, but alas! discipline and military tactics are not theirs, and so, in the end, they fail.

Can we blame Lord Edward and his associate leaders for the failure of this rising, and its terrible consequences to the people? Can we blame them because they did, not follow the calmer counsels of Grattan and Curran? At first sight, there may be room for blame; but when we consider the cruel measures that were daily concocted for the purpose of stamping out our national existence; when we review the hellish atrocities committed by a reckless soldiery; when we behold the horrible sufferings of our sires—their altars levelled and their firesides destroyed,—fathers, husbands, and brothers slaughtered without mercy,—mothers, wives, and sisters violated,—then we cannot blame, we cannot condemn, but, on the contrary, we can defend, aye, and, notwithstanding our moral-force creed, we can, *and we do, applaud* the course pursued by Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the men of Ninety-eight.—M. W.

How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like precious ointment. Like the dew of Herman, and the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion.

SONG OF THE SENEACHY.

DARKNESS had fallen on the fields of Os-sory, as an aged man—whose long white hair fell upon his neck—trod the unfrequented road which led to the ruins of the castle of Mac Gil Padrig, Prince of the Merry Mansions. His step and his countenance were weary and sad. His harp, once elaborately carved and inlaid with curious and national devices—hung upon his shoulder: He came to visit for the last time the scenes of his youth—the relic of that hall of revelry—where, in other days, he had sung to his Chieftain the fame and deeds of the valiant, and made his Clarsach ring to lays of love and heroism.

He approached the open gateway—the sound of his footsteps was hollow and mournful, it rose on the deserted hall, and died away in the distance. Heaps of broken battlements lay scattered about his path—he groped through them to the hall and sat down on a piece of the fallen mantelpiece.

The soul of the aged Seneachy was disconsolate—mutely he rested on the sculptured fragment—his thoughts were away in other years—the mist had moistened his cotamore—and the breeze, blowing through the ivy wreathed casements, seemed to sigh in sympathy for his sorrows.

Age had dimmed the fire of his eyes, but his enthusiasm rose—as running his fingers over the wires—he drew forth their most melancholy sounds; mournfully the notes floated among the ruined arches and rising over the roofless walls, swelled above the dark battlements of the tower.

Lone, silent and cold's the repose of the brave,
As they sleep with their sires within the dark
grave,
Deserted and damp are the proud Chieftain's
halls,
And wreathed in moss are his once massy
walls,
No foot-print is seen on the grass-covered
road
Which led to the porch of the Prince's abode,
Save hoot of the owl in this desolate spot,
Or coo of the wood-quest, a sound there was not.
The fox and the badger, when lonesome eye
falls,
Will lurk in the shade of these mouldering
walls.

And the ghosts of the great—the brave and
the fair,
Revisit at night, scenes of past pleasure
there—

Hard and cold must the heart of the minstrel
be,

Who could touch a light note, and such
changes see,

'Tis the most pensive *ram* that the bard can
wreath

And the most plaintive air that his harp can
breathe,

Are suited alone to refer to the fall
Of the chief and his clan and his festive
hall—

Then be mine the most pensive that bard can
sing,

To the most plaintive air of his sweet harp
string.

I remember the days when the minstrel song
On his sounding *cles* was at eve rolled along
Through this ancient pile and the melody
gave

Love's tinge to the fair, or dark brows to the
brave,

Old harp of my love—was there ever a tone
So wild, sweet or magic, that was not thy
own,

'Twas thine to enkindle the warrior's fire—
When battle songs swelled from the high
sounding wire,

And throbbings of love in the fond maiden's
soul,

As o'er mirth of the feast thy light numbers
stole;

It was thine to call forth each generous
feeling

When over the senses thy soft notes came
stealing

And thy chords could pity the deepest awaken
When they told the sorrows of young hearts
forsaken—

But no more in these halls shall the harp be
strung

Nor stanzas of gladness by minstrels be sung—
I've seen the rich banquet oft spread to the
stranger

And the foe share the feast and ne'er dream
of danger,

And here at the open door, early or late—

As they winded the horn that hung at the
gate,

We welcomed the Harper who wandered
along;

And refuge afforded to victims of wrong—
The fame of the chief and the deeds of the
knicht

The poets would sing to the liege's delight—
And Mac Gil Padrig's name the noblest was
there,

The men were the bravest, the ladies most
fair,

His eminent race is remembered in story
Their chivalrous deeds and their ancestral
glory—

The honors and rank of that patriot name,
Is written in gold in the records of Fame,
And their princely lineage descending long,

Shall be sung for ever by the sons of song—
 Yet still *ochone* must the destruction be
 wept
 Of the Chieftain of old and his valourous
 sept—
 That once made these walls, now so damp
 with the dew,
 Re-echo their war cry "*Gear laider Aboo,*"
Ochone in my heart lies the dark load of
 grief,
 A stranger forlorn in the halls of my chief—
 I'll sit here and dream on the scenes I have
 mourned
 And tancy the greatness of those times
 returned.

* * * So it was the glory of
 other times returned in dreams to the
 aged Seneschal—the halls shone in their
 ancient splendour—the aristocracy sat
 on carved benches around, the oak fire
 blazed in the centre, the ladies moved
 with their lovers through the light-ome
 dance—the bards raised the sweet
 voice of song—the soul of melody was
 high—the hearts of the assembly seemed
 to rejoice—they beckoned the ancient
 retainer to join in the festivity—and his
 soul flew to mix with the friends of his
 youth.

The time worn robe—the yellow *co-
 thone*, wrapt the remains of the minstrel
 —he found a grave mid the ruins of the
 festive hall of his chieftain, Mac Gil
 Padrig—Prince of the Merry Mansions.

LAGENIAN.

Montreal.

CHIT-CHAT.

—However little our Puritan forefathers
 of the days of the Commonwealth may
 have appreciated Papacy and Prelacy,
 some of them at least seem to have had
 a strong taste for *preachers and beer*. A
 Puritan officer in command of the gar-
 rison at Peamcre in 1645, thus bewail-
 ed to Lenthall the absence of two im-
 portant requisites to his happiness:

"I pray you commend me to all my
 friends; tell them I am (thanks be to
 God!) in health, and want *only two
 things* respecting my inward and out-
 ward condition. The one, a preacher
 like Mr. Stirry, the other *a cup of Lon-
 don beer*. There is a scarcity of the for-
 mer here, and the latter *not to be had*,
 only a little sour Syder. If ever I return
 to London again I shall (through the

Grace of God) endeavour to have an
 higher esteem of those *precious opportuni-
 ties* which are there. Thus committing
 you to the protection of the Almighty,
 I rest."

Mr. Stirry and beer must indeed
 have been most *precious opportunities*.
 It is gratifying to find *our* Puritan
 friend so duly appreciating them, and
 so firmly resolving to availing him-
 self of them more fully for the future
 should circumstances put them in his
 way, though we do not like the so close
 juxtaposition of "the Grace of God" and
 "London beer."

—The commitments by the Justices
 of the Peace in England since the time of
 Queen Elizabeth disclose a curious fact.
 Each reign is distinguished by the con-
 stant recurrence of its own class of en-
 tries. Commitments for "Purveyance"
 and "Privy Seals" (Royal extortions,
 legal robberies,) characterise the reign
 of England's Greatest Queen. Prosecu-
 tions of unfortunate Papists, because
 they would not go to the Protestant
 Church, are most frequent under James
 I. Indictments for profaneness and im-
 morality are characteristic of the Com-
 monwealth, whilst persecution of Pro-
 testant non-conformists is the distin-
 guishing feature of Charles II's reign.

—If Shakspeare asks—what's in a name?
 —it is because Shakspeare lived in
 an age when people had common
 sense. Had he lived some years later
 he would have stumbled upon some
 of the Obedish Bind-the-King-in-chains,
 and-his-nobles-with-links-of-iron order,
 which undoubtedly must needs have
 considerably shaken his faith in the
 doctrine of "a rose is as sweet though
 called by any other name." Surely a
 praise-God-bare-bones rose could never
 be sweet.

—A writer who has been rummaging
 with considerable success amongst the
 County Records of the County of Devon,
 (Eng.) throws considerable light upon
 this matter of names. Amarantha Matilda
 Ann came into vogue, and the country
 with Wartertons' great friends! the
 Hanoverian rats. He writes:—

"In looking through so many volumes of
 the County Records, I have, of course, seen

many thousands and ten of thousands of proper names, belonging to men of all ranks and degrees, to noblemen, justices, jurymen, witnesses, sureties, inn-keepers, hawkers, paupers, vagrants, criminals, and others. And in no single instance, down to the end of reign of Anne, have I noticed any person bearing more than one Christian name. The first instance occurs in 1717, when Sir Coplestone Warwick Bampffield appears among the Justices who attended the Midsummer Sessions at Exeter. The first instances which I have met with in any other place are those of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel, born in 1608; and Sir Henry Frederick Thynne, who was created a baronet in 1641. Both these must have been named after the eldest son of James I., who was, of course, born in Scotland. No other child of James bore two Christian names, nor did any child of Charles I., except Henrietta Maria, named after her mother, who was a Frenchwoman. No King of England bore two Christian names before William III., who was a Dutchman. It seems probable that the practice of giving children two Christian names was utterly unknown in England before the accession of the Stuarts, that it was very rarely adopted down to the Revolution, and that it never became common until after the Hanoverian family was seated on the Throne."

—What rubbish the modern world is asked to look upon as *Science*. Professor Huxley in his recent work on Hume, asks us to believe "that one of the most "curious peculiarities of the dog-mind is "its inherent snobbishness shewn by the "regard paid to external respectability. "The dog that barks furiously at a beggar, will let a well dressed man pass "without opposition. Has he not a "generic idea of rags and dirt, associated "with the idea of aversion, and that of "sleek broad cloth with the idea of "liking (p. 106.)

And this is *Science*! Well—commend us, say we, to good plain honest unscientific common sense. The Professor we suspect, is at sea on a matter of fact. But then he has a(n evolution) theory to sustain, and in modern *science*, facts are made for theories, not theories for facts. We think the Professor mistakes the dog-mind. We suspect a beggar's dog might bark more readily at royalty than a sleek well housed cur, whilst *vice versa* a well housed cur would bark more readily at rags and dirt, than a beggar's cur. But we doubt the snobbishness. Dogs bark from fear and not from aversion. This is shewn by the fact that they

bark most furiously in the dark when *omnia ignota pro magnifico est*. Their bark is moreover a "bluffing off" of the intruder, suggested to the dog-mind by fear. Hence they seldom show fight except upon their own ground. If they ever bark at a distance from home or from their master's side, it is with their backs turned, their tail between their legs, and on the keen trot. Like the school boy they "will fight you on their own door step," within call of their big brother, but are most careful of a challenge at a distance from their *point d'appuis*. Now all timid animals, whether men or dogs, fear what they are unaccustomed to, and endeavor to bluff off what they fear. Here then is the explanation of any discrimination, (Professor Huxley's snobbishness) between rags and broad cloth. The beggar's dog fears, (and hence barks at) broad cloth. The well housed cur fears, (and hence barks at) rags and dirt. We fear his dogship is a coward rather than a snob. Above all things save us from having evolved upwards from a snob. Apedom is bad enough but snobdom-horror!

—Who throws the stones? The obstreperous conduct of meteoric stones is not a pleasant consideration. That *somebody* astronomic or otherwise is throwing stones at the earth in *hundreds of thousands* is hardly encouraging, though it may be somewhat reassuring to know that out of every fifty thousand throws, one only hits the mark. This is worse than volunteer firing or the Manhattan Militia. Still with all this margin of *misses*, the *hits* are sufficiently numerous to cause misgivings. A few years ago two men in Michigan, whilst sleeping in bed were hurled into eternity in an instant by one of these *hits* which came through the roof. Practically it matters little where they come from, when they do come. The rapidity of their arrival fully compensating for the uncertainty of their origin. But even as a matter of curiosity it would be some consolation to know who throws the stones. On this point philosophy is thrown back upon conjecture; in sooth a sorry jade! whose *hits* bear to her *misses* about the same proportion, as in meteoric stone throwing 1 in 50,000. These stones are almost always angu-

lar fragments, sometimes several tons in weight. Many of them have crystalline structure showing fusion and subsequent cooling, others are fragments welded together, and some composed of fine particles like volcanic tuff. All this points to volcanic origin. Dr. Ball, the astronomer-Royal for Ireland, has been investigating this astronomic stone throwing, and has come to certain interesting conclusions. He is of opinion, that these stones are ejected from some planet by volcanos. But what kind of a planet? A large one or a small one? Taking Ceres a small planet as an instance, one of these stones would have to be ejected from a volcano with a velocity of six or seven miles a second, in order to bring it under the influence of the earth's orbit. Less would make it fall short, more would send it spinning away into the star-depths. Hence he calculates, that one in every 50,000, would miss the mark. His second theory is less reassuring. If the earth at any time possessed volcanos, capable of ejecting these ugly customers, with an initial velocity, of from six to seven miles a second, then the case is altered quite. Instead of one in every 50,000, crossing the earth's track, every one of the 50,000 would do it. That the earth does not now possess volcanos capable of ejecting masses with the velocity which this theory demands, we have reason to believe; or if her volcanos are capable of doing so, they are at least kind enough not to exercise their full power. But if in the remote past, her volcanoes have done so, then are thousands of these projectiles revolving round the sun at the present moment, only awaiting the chance, when her revolution and their's shall so coincide as to bring them within the influence of the earth's gravity; and thus bring them rushing, crashing, tumbling down. Truly this is not a pleasant consideration; we prefer the Ceres theory by long odds, and shall therefore consider it true.

H. B.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time; nor that which is meaured by number of years; — But wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age.

NEVER DESPAIR.

NEVER despair. It is a brave man's motto and a brave man's armor.—Ereight beautiful Hope; the antidote of all the evils which sprang from the fatal box of Pandora. What a dreary and dark world this would be without its smile. It springs eternal in the heart, for it is the immortal longing of the soul which earth can never fill.

Man never is but always to be blessed.

Strike out of the lives and hearts of men this hope of future good and happiness, and it would be the death of human efforts and life. Hope! it is the mainspring of every deed and effort in the world since man came into it, and it will be so until "the crack of doom."

Is there a life so hopeless and miserable as not to be warmed by its smile? Is there a calamity so great that hope will not arise from its ashes? Is there a crime so dark and heinous that hope will not lighten or color it? Is there poverty so bleak that hope will not transform it into affluence and ease? Is there a misfortune, sickness, poverty, or death that the light of hope does not illumine? As the rainbow, it spans the heaven of man with its eternal faith, and gilds the world with its heaven-born joy. Hope gilds all of earth, and brightens even the portals of the tomb. Hope on, hope ever, and if the reality never comes, the joy of hoping will have cheered and lightened our lives, and will find its fruition in the heaven from which it had sprung.

This ever longing and hoping for the future is the imprint of immortality, and the impulse of man.

All nature teaches this same lesson of hopefulness. Winter thaws into Spring, and Spring glides into smiling, fruitful Summer, and the land is teeming with the fatness of man's toil and nature's bounty. Let us, therefore, be hopeful, and act, as well as feel so, and the cloud that is now hanging like a pall about us will be rent asunder, and the sun of prosperity will shine again upon our path.

With this hopeful spirit, and the energy inspired by it, every rivulet and spring of industry will open, and the land be filled with prosperity and wealth.

We have been acting the part of the man in the fable, who called upon Hercules while he stood by in despair. We must put our own shoulders to the wheel, and if we do it hopefully and manfully, it will be sure to turn. Heaven helps those who help themselves, and while heaven has been smiling and opening opportunities for us, we seem to have lost all energy and manhood, and we simply call upon Hercules to do the work that our own hands should have accomplished. Is it a wonder that the wheel does not turn, and that all business is stagnant, money scarce and industry idle?

To the determined there is no failure; it overleaps every obstacle and turns defeat into victory. Before the determined even nature's obstacles will melt away. The sea is bridled, and the lightning of heaven is made to give expression to the thoughts of man. Look at the dykes of Holland; the Alps tunneled, and the oceans united, and then say what is impossible for the energy and the will of man? Is the energy of the past palsied and the blood that once danced so bravely to gallant deeds, curdled in peace by the frost of adversity? Impossible. If misfortune is upon us, let us meet it bravely, and like all dangers it will seem less by looking it squarely in the face. Is confidence wanting between man and man? Let us set the example and trust one another. Is money scarce, and industry standing idle in the market place? Let us unlock the spring, circulate the money now lying in bonds and securities and labor will smile in plenty, and a rich harvest will be gathered by the brave will which has brought it into life. If we suffer let us examine into the cause, and with intelligence, hope, and energy we shall find the remedy and be brave enough to apply it.

So far we have taken counsel of our fears let us henceforth take counsel of our hopes, our manhood, and the indomitable will which in the past has conquered the forest, man and nature, will conquer all our ills, and peace and prosperity will bless our children and ourselves. It is a shame to our manhood to despond. With such a nation, its industry scarcely touched; its resources of wealth illimitable; its territory roll-

ing from sea to sea; with every shade of climate and every production of nature; with room and opportunity for a hundred millions of people; with institutions of learning and liberty; with freedom of speech and action, and a broad and fair field for each and all, there is no room or place for despondency or despair. We should blush for our intelligence and manhood in allowing the present condition of affairs to exist. It is flying in the face of heaven, and making little of its glorious gifts, to thus hide them in our coward life. Never despair, but let us each and all gather the lesson before us, and with hope animating us with a new and higher trust in man and heaven, bend our shoulders to the wheel, and it will turn the stream of prosperity upon us, and we shall go on to fill the destiny which God and nature have assigned us and generations to come will sit beneath the spreading branches of the tree we have planted in faith and hope.

IRISH HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

SIR PHELM O'NEILL.

They smote us with the swearer's oath and
with the murderer's knife—
We in the open field will fight fairly for land
and life;
But by the dead and all their wrongs, and
by our hopes to-day,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be
it we or they.

—CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

In the whole range of Irish history, as we find it written by English historians, the systematic calumniators of all that was brave and noble in the old land; especially of the heroes by whose means the power of the foreigner was humbled, and his banner trailed in the dust, perhaps there is no period in recording which truth has been so unblushingly ignored as that of the first half of the seventeenth century; and certainly no individual Irishman has been more foully vilified than the brave and unfortunate Northern chieftain, Phelim O'Neill.

Among other villainous actions laid to his charge was that he was the prime instigator of a regular indiscriminate massacre of the Ulster Protestants in 1641. Now, when the fact is known that no such massacre ever took place at

all, and that no mention of such an occurrence is made in the official letters of the Lords Justices to the Privy Council at the time, people who never troubled themselves to question the statements of impartial historians (?) might, in their simplicity, wonder that such unmitigated falsehoods could ever be invented, much less continue uncontroverted for nearly two centuries.

It is, therefore, not alone from the scribes of the enemy that this chief-tain's memory has suffered injustice; for, until recently, even Irish national writers have, at least by their silence, countenanced this malevolent falsehood. It remained for the men of the present generation to explode the hoary lie.

But full justice has not yet been done. Let us hope that a conscientious historian will at no distant day vindicate the fair fame of Phelim O'Neill, who, once again, flung the banner of his race to the breezes of the Ulster hills after it had remained furled since the victor of *Beala-an-atha-buidhe*, had that fatal conference with Mountjoy at Mellifont, on March 30, 1603.

We shall glance briefly at what Phelim O'Neill did actually do to merit the bitter hatred of his and Ireland's natural enemies.

When, through the machinations of the "Artful Cecil," the flight of the Earls had been successfully compassed, and O'Dogherty, the young chief of Innishowen, driven to brave alone the power of England, got rid of, the way was at length open for the long-contemplated plantation of Ulster, and accordingly we find half a million acres of the fairest lands in the desolated province seized upon in the name of King James I, and parcelled out by that swindling ancestor of a cruel and deceitful race of sovereigns to his precious "Undertakers," in lots varying from 2,000 to 4,000 acres each, the planters being obliged by the terms of their contracts to build bawns and castles, and furnish a certain number of men-at-arms to defend them in case the rightful owners should ever take heart of grace and reclaim their own. And verily this was a most wise and necessary precaution on the part of those intruders whom we find thus described by a worthy Presbyterian minister whose

father was one of the "Undertakers." "From Scotland," he says, "came many, and from England not a few; yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, who, from debt, or making and fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter, came hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice in a land where there was nothing, or but little as yet of the fear of God."

"Most of the people were void of all godliness. On all hands atheism increased, and disregard of God; iniquity abounded, with contention, fighting, murder and adultery."

Such were the men to whom the civilization and evangelization of the benighted natives was consigned. These were to be the future lawmakers, and truly they soon had manufactured a most characteristic code, so that any Catholic of spirit who was privileged to attend their parliament soon withdrew in disgust, leaving the rest a clear field for the enactment of such laws as they thought fit. Appeals were made by a few Lords of the Pale to the King, but he treated them with contempt, and soon there was scarcely a spot to be found in Ireland where a Catholic could find a safe retreat for either his person or property; for, as one of the persecuted thus reports to a friend in Rome: "All who are greedy and spendthrifts seek to make a prey of the property of Catholics. No doors, no walls, no enclosures can stop them in their course. Whatever is for profane use they profess to regard as sacred, and bear it off; and whatever is sacred they seize on to desecrate; silver cups are called chalices, and goms are designated as *Agnus Dei*, and all are therefore carried away." The Catholics protested against this treatment in vain; a petition was considered an offence, and the petitioners were sent to jail for their pains.

For thirty years this state of things went on, and in the meantime James I. died, and his son Charles I. followed in his footsteps so far as persecuting the Irish Catholics went. He even improved somewhat on his worthy parent's policy, and found a fitting instrument to carry it out in his Deputy, Strafford, called by the Irish "Black Tom." Well, in 1641, Black Tom lost his head, and his master a few years later met

with the same misfortune at the hands of his discontented English subjects.

That he had long morited this end was foreseen by the Catholic Irish, and accordingly the best and bravest of the old race organized an insurrection in conjunction with their countrymen serving in the continental armies. The principal leaders in this movement were Roger O'Moore, who had been deprived of his ancestral domain in Leix; Lord Maguire and his brother Roger, who had been treated in like manner in Fermanagh; Sir Phelim O'Neill, of Kinnare, the elder branch of whose family had been expatriated; Turlough O'Neill, his brother and several others similarly situated.

O'Moore was the leading spirit of the projected movement. The 2d of October, 1641, was fixed upon for the general rising. Dublin Castle was to have been seized on that day, but the attempt was frustrated by a betrayal of the plot, in consequence of an indiscretion of one of the leaders. But on the same day, from the historic old castle of Dungannon, there was issued a proclamation signed "Phelim O'Neill," in which the Ulster chieftain stated that "he intended no hurt to the king or any of his subjects, English or Scotch; but that his only object was the defence of Irish liberty." A few days after he produced a commission, which he pretended he had received from the king authorizing his proceedings. He adopted this ruse for the purpose of enlisting the co-operation of those conscientious people whose loyalty was stronger than their love of country or creed.

Full soon stout Sir Phelim was at the head of thirty thousand Ulstermen, and he served a sort of a general notice to quit on the "Undertakers" and their descendants. There was a surprising exodus of these birds of ill-omen from their castellated rookeries, so that in all Ulster but a few fortified towns remained in possession of the enemy. From one of these—Carrickfergus—the English and Scotch settlers sallied out at night, and, proceeding to Island Magee, massered a number of defenceless men, women and children. For this outrage some of the Catholics in isolated parties may have inflicted retaliatory measures on their persecutors;

but the organized armies of the people did not descend to such a petty course of revenge.

Sir Phelim O'Neill now took the title of Lord General of the Catholic Army in Ulster. A reward of one thousand pounds was offered for his head by the Government, but little he cared for their threats while at the head of the old clans of Tir-Owen and Tir-Connel. Had he not received the benediction of the Irish bishops? and had not the Pope pronounced their cause a holy one? And so Phelim continued battling at the head of his troops, until his great kinsman, Owen Roe, arrived from Spain, in June, 1642, when Sir Phelim went at once to meet him, and resigned the command of the army into his more experienced hands.

Space will not permit our going into a history of the subsequent ten years during which the war inaugurated by Phelim O'Neill lasted. Suffice it here to say that he fought in it to the end. In 1652 he was taken prisoner and carried to Dublin, where he was condemned to death by order of Cromwell, but was offered his life on condition of his consenting to inculcate King Charles. This he stoutly refused, and was instantly executed.

The above is a brief epitome of the career of an Irish soldier, who must have strong claims on the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen, when he has been so ruthlessly assailed by their implacable enemies.

I CAN.

OF course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, and everything else. Every attitude shows that your body has a soul, and is inhabited by resolution and moral sense. *I can!* A brave, hearty, soulful, manly expression! There is character, force, vigor, determination, and will in it. The words have a spirit, sparkle, and pungency about them, not to be resisted nor forgotten. There is a word of meaning expressed, nailed down, epigramized, and crammed, so to speak, into these few letters. Whole lectures are there, and sermons of mighty grandeur and eloquence, on the

stern and solid virtues. We like to hear the young man speak it out bravely, boldly, determinedly, as though it was an outstretching of his entire nature—a reflection of his inner soul. It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious—of something that will race and battle with the world, when the way is open for it.

I can! What a spirit, purpose, intensity, reality, in the phrase! It is a strong arm, a stout heart, a bold eye, a firm spirit, an indomitable will. We never knew of a man possessed of its energy, vitality, unsubdued and energetic fire, that did not attain a place of some distinction among his fellows.

How should—we may say how could, it have been otherwise? Take Franklin, Washington, Wilberforce, Ferguson, La Placo, and all the master spirits that have found a name and a place on the page of history, and where is the nation, where is the people, among whom they would not be distinguished? It could not be otherwise. It is the nature, constitution, order, necessity, the very inevitability of things and events, that it should be so. *I can!* rightly and truly said, and then clenched and riveted by the manly and heroic deed, is the real secret, the true philosophy, of all great men's lives. They took *I can* for a motto, and then went forth and made of themselves and the world exactly what they pleased.

Then, young men, hear us, if it be only this once. If you would be something more than a common, prosy wayfarer in life, just put these magic words on your lips, and their musing, hopeful, expanding philosophy into your heart and arms. Say, *I can!* and do it, and you are a man whose fortune will soon be made, and blessed with the recollection of making it yourself.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following are worthy of being placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy you must inculcate the necessity for instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently remonstrate with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a great punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the like circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

14. Never substitute *reproach* for *reproof*, nor a *jibe* for an *admonition*.

15. Never, on any account, show a preference for one of your children over another; it is very wrong, and often the cause of much mischief in the domestic circle.

Sentiments join man to man; opinions divide them. The former are elementary, and concentrate; the latter are composite, and scatter. The friendship of youth are founded on sentiment; the dissensions of age result from opinion. If we could know this at an early age—if, in forming our own mode of thought, we could acquire a liberal view of that of others, and even of those that are opposed to ours—we should then be more tolerant, and endeavor to reunite by sentiment what opinion divided and dispersed.

There is nothing so fearful as a bad conscience.

INDIAN LYRICS.

I.

THE FIRST INVADERS.

Our fathers' broad domain
Was far as eye could reach—
Wood, wilderness and wave,
And hill and sandy beach—
And all therein—were theirs—
The berry red that grew,
The fish that swam,
The beast that ran,
And every bird that flew.

The leafy branch a couch—
Birch bark a wigwam made,
The sugar maple—fire,—
The forest gave them shade.
Fine skins composed their dress,
And game delicious food—
All daily came
From Him we name
The Spirit Great and Good.

'Twas well—till from sunrise
The Pale face came—a few,—
Asked leave to land their sick,
And moor a large canoe.
The ice soon bound the shore,
They could not go away—
So begged a field,
Frame house to build
And for the winter stay.

And then to save their lives
They craved a little grain,
But promised than the frost
Not longer to remain.
When snows began to melt
And ice to disappear,
Loop-holes they cut
Thro' each log hut
And said, "we shall stay here."

More followed in their trail,
Long knives and muskets brought,
And drink that stole the sense,—
Then land for trifles bought.
Our game they chased away
And now we are exiled—
Against our wish
Far from the fish
And waters in the wild.

They prosper—while we grieve
To think those tribal lands—
The Red-man's right, should pass
To such unlawful hands.
On our removal West
Still farther they insist,
To otter's den,
Want, hostile men,
To fade like morning mist.

Montreal.

H. J. K.

HISTORICAL PLACES OF
IRELAND.

(CAHIR—Continued.)

By deed of conveyance, dated 5th March, 1594, Sir Theobald, described as Baron of Cahir, granted to his son Thomas of Reaghill the manor of Cahir and other lands in the county of Tipperary, to hold for ever; and the document states that Sir Theobald, with his own hand, delivered livery and seizin of the castle to his son Thomas.

Theobald died on the 20th April, in the year 1596, and on that occasion an inquisition was held at Crompes Castle, which finds that his lordship was seized of the manor of Cahir, and on his decease it came, with other possessions, to Theobald his son, who had married Elinor, sister of Lord Mountgarrett. In the same year the Queen granted to Thomas Butler livery of the possession of Theobald, late Baron, in consideration of a sum of £20.

When Essex was sent over to Ireland to subdue the northern Earls, neglectful of his orders, he marched into Munster, and sat down with a powerful army before Cahir, then in the possession of Sir Edmund Butler, and after a siege of ten days, captured it, the only deed of importance he achieved, forcing the Lord Cahir and some other disaffected noblemen to submit and accept the Queen's protection. Morison states, "That the only favorable result of this enterprise was the making a great prey of the rebels' cattle in these parts; he cast the terror of his forces on the weakest enemies, whom he scattered and constrained to fly into woods and mountains to hide themselves." But these weak rebels did not long remain inactive, or exhibit weakness in attack, and the Earl's journey back to Dublin towards the end of July, was marked by a series of disasters that sealed his doom; or, as the Four Masters remark: "The Irish afterwards were wont to say that it were better for the Earl of Essex that he had not undertaken this expedition from Dublin, to Hy-Conell Gaura, as he had to return back from his enterprise without receiving submission or respect from the Geraldines, and without having achieved

any exploit except the taking of Cahir-duna-iasgach."

The taking of Cahir Castle was not effected without considerable trouble, though it is stated that Essex's army amounted to 7,000 foot, and 1,300 horse. O'Sullivan states that the siege was prolonged for ten days in consequence of the Earl of Desmond and Redmond Burke having come to its relief; and the Four Masters state that the efforts of the Earl and his army were fruitless until they sent for heavy ordnance to Waterford, by which they broke down the nearest side of the fortress, after which the castle had to be surrendered to the Earl and the Queen. This event occurred on the 30th May, 1599.

It was now thought secure from all attempts of the Irish; but the Butler family had long regarded with jealousy the English garrison, possessed of a fortress which they considered their private property. One dark stormy night James Galdie Butler silently approached the castle with sixty chosen men. Though it was summer the rain poured down in torrents—the wind howled mournfully across the wasted plains, and shrieked and whistled amid the battlements of the castle. The sentinels had deserted their post, and sought refuge in the guard room, where assembled around the fire, they told wild tales of blood and death to each other. Butler approached the walls when the storm raged most fearfully, and when it had driven every human being to seek for shelter; some masons he had brought with him rapidly and silently excavated a portion of the way; through the narrow opening the men crept in one by one, stealthily crossed the court-yard, and with the wild shout of "Butler aboo!" burst in on the astonished garrison, who, surprised and confounded, offered but a slight resistance to the furious onslaught of the Irish. The commander, Quayle, was wounded, and three of the garrison slain; the remaining portion threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion. Butler was now in possession of his patrimonial residence; but though well inclined to the Irish side, he seems to have felt that he adopted rather a desperate remedy to regain his property in assailing a garrison in the hands of the English. He strove to ex-

cuse himself to the Lord President in a long letter, with what success may be judged by the following extract from the *Pacata Hibernia*: "Upon the fourth day following, James Butler, who took the castle, wrote a long letter to the Lord President, to excuse himself of his traitorous act, wherein there was not so many lines as lies, and written by the underhand working of the Lord of Cahir, his brother—they conceiving it to be the next way to have the castle restored to the Baron." The Lord of Cahir had still an eye on the main chance, and was unwilling to peril his property by any overt act of rebellion. Cool and crafty he had urged on his brother James a fine high spirited youth, to capture the castle, and he himself reaped all the benefit from it, while his gallant brother was declared an outlaw. The Baron attempted to negotiate with the President, but here he met his match in duplicity. He was required to surrender the castle, which Carew was extremely anxious to regain, both on account of its commanding situation, also because it contained when captured, a quantity of heavy ordnance and ammunition: Lord Cahir asserted that the castle was captured by his brother solely for himself, and that he possessed no influence to make him surrender it. The wily President easily penetrated the shallow cunning of the other, and held out hopes that if he restored Cahir to the Government, it would be committed to his care. This artful stroke had the desired effect, and the Baron prevailed on "Galdie" to surrender to the royalist troops, and once more the red cross of St. George floated over the walls of Cahir."

In two years afterwards a new pardon was granted to the Baron, Marie Carew Dowager of Cahir, and Lady Elina Cahir.

On the recall of Essex Sir George Carew sent Sir John Dowall to see that the castle was properly victualled and garrisoned. On the 24th of May, Sir John departed, leaving twenty-nine soldiers, commanded by an inexperienced officer, with provisions for two months.

Thomas Baron of Cahir died in January, 1628, when the castle passed to his only child Margaret, who was married to Edmond, fourth Lord of Dunboyne, who was tried by his peers for the mur-

der of James Prendergast in this castle, by virtue of a royal commission constituting Lord Aungier High Steward of Ireland for the trial of his lordship. He was acquitted, fifteen peers voting "not guilty," and one, Lord Dockwra, voting "guilty."

After many vicissitudes, the castle was once more garrisoned by the Irish. In 1647, it was invested by Lord Inchiquin, and notwithstanding its great strength surrendered in a few hours, after some of its works had been gained by the assailants; and subsequently, in February, 1650, it was taken by Cromwell himself, the garrison receiving honorable conditions. The reputation which the castle had at this period as a place of strength will appear from the account of its surrender, as given in the Cliffe MSS., published by Borlase. After observing that Cromwell did not deem it prudent to attempt the taking of Clonmell till towards summer, he adds, "that he drew his army before a very considerable castle, called Cahir Castle, then possessed by Captain Mathews, who was a little before married to the Lady Cahir, and had in it a considerable number of men to defend it. The General drew his men before it and for the better terror in the business, brought some cannon with him likewise, there being a great report of the strength of the place, and a story told the general that the Earl of Essex, in Queen Elizabeth's time, lay seven or eight weeks before it, and could not take it. He was, notwithstanding, resolved to attempt the taking of it, and in order thereunto sent them this thundering summons:

"SIR—Having brought the army and my cannon near this place, according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you terms honorable for soldiers, that you may march away with your baggage, arms, and colors, free from injuries and violence; but if I be, notwithstanding, necessitated to bend my cannon on you, you must expect what is usual in such cases. To avoid blood this is offered to you by your servant.

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"For the Governor of Cahir Castle these. 24 February, 1649.' (1650);

"Notwithstanding the strength of the

place, and the unseasonableness of the time of the year, this summons struck such terror into the garrison that its then possessor, Captain Mathews, husband to Lady Cahir, adopted the time honored maxim of 'discretion is the best part of valor,' and by a timely surrender saved his castle, and, in all probability, his head, and the Puritan general the trouble of making a breach in the battlements."

The victorious leader seemed gratified at his ready success, which he thus announced in a despatch to the Council in England:

"To the Honorable John Bradshaw, President of the Council of State, these.

"Cashel, 5th March, 1649.

"SIR—It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Cahir, very considerable, built on a rock, and seated on an island placed in the midst of the Suir, was lately surrendered to me. It took the Earl of Essex, as I am informed, about eight weeks' siege, with his army and artillery. It is now yours, without the loss of a man."

To the fact of this surrender may in part be attributed its present admirable state of preservation. Its late owner, Lord Glengal, always attended to its renovation, and, until a few years ago, it was garrisoned with a company of infantry.

A considerable number of shot and twelve-pounders have been found in the walls, and are now replaced. These shots were probably fired by Essex. The marks of shot are evident to the practised eye all over the eastern front of each building, but very few penetrated the walls; they appear merely to have clipped and scaled away the outer stone; the powder in those days being of a very weak quality.

We quote from an old Irish Peerage the following interesting notice of the Lords of Cahir: "James the fourth Earl of Ormond, married to his second wife, Catharine, daughter to Garret Earl of Desmond, and from these two illustrious persons was descended, in a direct line, Thomas Butler of Cahir, who, in 1543, was made a peer, by the title of Cahir, by Henry VII. This Thomas, first Lord Cahir, married Eleanor, daughter to Pierce, Earl of Ormond, and

by her had one surviving son, Edmund, (second Lord), who enjoyed the title but fifteen months, and died without issue male, though twice married; so the title became extinct in little less than forty years. But Queen Elizabeth renewed it in 1583, by a new creation in favor of Theobald Butler, nephew to the first Lord, son of his brother Peirse, by a daughter of Butler Lord Dunboyne. Sir Theobald (third Lord,) was a man of eminent merit, and had rendered great services to the crown. Sir Henry Sydney, so often Lord Deputy, ever had a great confidence in his ability and probity. In the preamble of his patent, Queen Elizabeth expresses, in the most energetic style, the motives of her esteem and gratitude. Happily his descendants, who, mindful of this their common ancestor, have ever maintained his principles. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Cusack, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and by her had six sons and two daughters. Thomas was his successor. From Peirse descends the present Lord Cahir, from Edmund, the Butlers of Kilecock, in the county of Waterford: Eleanor was second wife to Richard Butler of Ballyboy, in the county of Tipperary; Mary was married to Sir Cormac McCarthy, of Blarney, by whom she was mother of Cormac or Charles Oge, created, November 15th, 1628, Baron of Blarney and Viscount Carthy of Muskerry. This great man died April 2, 1596. Thomas (fourth Lord) first married Eleanor, daughter to Richard first Viscount Montgarrett, then Ellice, daughter of Sir John Fitzgerald of Dromana. He died without issue male 31st July, 1627, when his title devolved to his nephew, Thomas (fifth Lord;) married Eleanor, granddaughter to the Lord Poer. He grieved much at the loss of Edmund his son, and heir apparent, who died before him, and was buried in the Abbey of Cahir with his ancestors. This Edmund had been married, in 1641, to Eleanor, second daughter of Edmund Lord Dunboyne, and by her had a daughter, Joan married in April, 1672, to John Browne, brother to Valentine, first Lord of Kenmare (sixth Lord), who succeeded his grandfather, married in 1663, Elizabeth, daughter of Toby Mathew, sister of George Mathew of Thurles, and aunt to

George Mathew of Thomastown, and had by her four daughters. Eleanor married to Sir John Eward of Pothard, Margaret to Theobald Lord Cahir, Annie died unmarried, and Mary married Robert Walsh. Peirse died in 1676, and leaving no issue male, the title came to another branch in the person of Theobald Butler, of Knockananomagh, son of Peirse, third son of Theobald third Lord Cahir. Theobald (seventh Lord) lived in troublesome times and underwent great hardships. He sat in the Parliament of King James II, in 1689, was outlawed in 1691, and his estate seized by the crown. The outlawry was reversed in 1693, and he restored to his estate upon a true representation of his case of the falsehood of all that had been alleged against him. This act, though of strict justice, much redounded to the reputation of the new sovereign, who could resist the artful insinuations of people who sought to be rewarded for their zeal and service, by sharing amongst them the lands and possessions of the forfeiting Jacobites. Theobald, seventh Lord, died in 1700, and succeeded by his son Thomas (eighth Lord) who died at York in 1744. He was succeeded by his eldest son, James (ninth Lord), born 1st August, 1711; he married Christina, daughter of Michael Moore of Drogheda, and dying without issue was succeeded by his brother Peirse (tenth Lord), who died unmarried in 1788. Richard eleventh Lord, was descended from Peirse, the third son of Sir Theobald, third Lord. He was created Earl of Glengal in 1816, and married Emily, daughter of Sir John Jeffrys of Blarney; he was succeeded by Richard, second Earl, who, in 1834, married Margaret, daughter of William Mellish, and had issue two daughters Lady Matilda and Lady Margaret. He died in 1858, when the title became extinct. The title of Viscount Cahir will revert to the heirs, if any, of Sir Theobald Butler, the third Lord Cahir, who was created by letters patent in 1583."

CAHIR ABBEY, an interesting monastic relic, stands in close proximity. It was founded in the reign of King John, by Geoffry de Camville, as a priory for canons of St. Augustine, which flourished till its dissolution in 1540. On the 10th

April, 31st of Henry VIII. Edmond O'Lonergan, the last prior, with the consent of the convent, surrendered the priory and was appointed vicar of the parish church of Cahir. In the following year he received a pension of £3 6s. 8d. from the king; payable out of the possessions of the priory, and on the 12th of November, in the eighth year of her reign, Queen Elizabeth wrote to Sir Henry Sydney and the Lord Chancellor, directing a grant to be made in fee-farm to Sir Edmund Butler, of the monastery of Cahir, and other religious houses, to hold one moiety in fee-farm to him and his heirs male, and the other to him and his assigns for sixty years. An inquisition, taken in the 31st year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, finds the possession of the house which had been leased to Peter Sherlock for forty-one years.

The drive over the Knockmeeldown mountains, from Cahir to Lismore, is of peculiar wildness and beauty. From the barracks of Cahir to the glen of Lismore, a distance, perhaps, of thirty miles, there is not a human habitation; and on the top of the highest point of the rugged mountain is the grave of an eccentric sportsman, who, previous to his decease, directed that he should be interred with his dog in this romantic situation.

THE WILD GEESE;

OR,

THE RAPPAREES OF BARNESMORE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS,

Author of "The Rose of Mourne," "Rapparee Ballads," &c., &c.,

"The wild geese, the wild geese! 'tis long since they flew
O'er the billowy ocean's dark bosom of blue."

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

THE enthusiasm of the men was manifested in many ways during the recital of the poem. Some clutched their skenes in their hands and made gestures as if striking at an imaginary foe, while others, their eyes flashing fire and with dilated nostrils, folding their arms, sat silently on the ground. As the applause which greeted him died away, Turrough, who was seated next McDonough, asked the latter for a song.

"Give us something lively, Mac—something about owld Benbulbin or Benbow, or Knoek-na-righ, the sate of the kings. You were born in one of the purtiest counties in Ireland, an' the Sligo girls wouldn't think much of you if you couldn't sing a good song in their praise after all your travels."

"Faith I'll give you wan that embraces the whole county, an' if it isn't good don't blame me for it—I spent three weeks composin' it. Here it is for you:

"SLIGO.

"When Erin's sons in converse meet
To drain the brimming bowl, boys,
Then wit and love and friendship sweet
Come leaping from the soul, boys;
No cloud is there to mark with care
The moments as they pass, boys;
But every hour makes Bacchus shower
More wit in every glass, boys.

So fill a cup, I'll drain it up
In every clime that I go, [boast—
And drink this toast—my pride and
The boys and girls of Sligo!

"From Howth's famed hill to Knock-na-righ
Were kings and chiefs of old, boys,
Who kept our banner floating free,
And ne'er were bought or sold, boys;
Loch Gill has seen our flag of green
Wave on its crimson shore, boys,
And heard the shout the clans gave out
As they to battle bore, boys.

So fill a cup, I'll drain it up
In every clime that I go, [boast—
And drink this toast—my pride and
The boys and girls of Sligo!

"There's bright, bright eyes, like Erin's
As sunny and as blue, boys, [skies,
By lake and stream that brightly beam
For those whose hearts are true, boys;
And Sligo's hills with fond hearts thrill,
And Sligo will be there, boys,
When every man for native land
Will rise to do and dare, boys!

So fill a cup, I'll drain it up
In every clime that I go, [boast—
I'll drink this toast—my pride and
The boys and girls of Sligo!"

The whole company, catching the air, joined in the refrain, and chorused it until the bells rung again and again.

"An' now, Turrough, it is your turn," said McDonough. "Give us smething in the military line—out of regard of the profession you have adopted—though troth like myself you're liable to get it cut short soon and sudden; but no matter. Hav'n't you got a ram' about the

doin's of Fergus, that bashful lookin' giant of yours there, that seems to be a relation of Finn McCool's, that used to straddle Barnes Gray an' smoke his pipe in the middle, with a fut on aich mountain?"

"I'll try an' oblige you," said Turlough; "but I'm afeared that the modesty an' bashfulness of Fergus won't be proof against the song, tho' the devil a bit of flattery is in it, for its truth, ivery word of it, an' he needn't be ashamed of it."

"Is it the scrimmage we had at Doon, you mane?" asked Gilligan.

"Yes, that's what I mane, an' there isn't a man in the band but can swear to it."

"I'll take my book oath," replied Gilligan, "that ivery word in it is true, an' that —"

"Arrah! Stop your nonsense," petulantly exclaimed Fergus, rising and walking away, for he was bashful as a girl, and blushed to hear his praises sung.

"I knew how it would be; you've hunted him, now," said Hugh; "but go on, Turlough, give us the song."

Thus urged, Turlough, in a clear, ringing voice, sung the following:

FERGUS McNEELY.

From his bed in the glen at the breaking of day
He rose and he saddled his steed for the fray,
Nor looked he behind him nor looked he before,
But westward he galloped from black Barnesmore;
The eagle screamed loud, as like bolt from a bow,
Rode Fergus McNeely to welcome the foe.

Nor reined he his steed in his fury and pride,
Till he halted at Doon by the Saimer's green side,
Where his clansmen and comrades—all brave men and true—
Gave him greeting with many a welcome "aboo";
And they shouted with joy, and with blades bright and bare
Welcomed Fergus McNeely their glory to share.

The foe stood before him, a brave, gallant throng,
Their rifles were ready, their lances were long,
But loudly laughed Fergus and petted Bride Bawn,
As he led on the onset, the first in the van.
"Ho! comrades, these Sassanach wolves of the wood,

But wait for our eagles to feast on their blood!"

Away at his word like the whirlwind we flew,
And our blades to their hearts sunk resistless and true.

They battled for vengeance—they battled for pride—

But we for our homes by the Saimer's green side,

And high o'er the mountains our fierce slogan ran,

As Fergus McNeely charged first in the van.

They fled—for upon them we rushed like the rain

By the tempest-blast driven o'er Kildarra's plain,

Or as the young wolf from his covert leaps out

'Mong the flock, and they fly amid terror and rout;

So we chased them and hunted them over the lea,

From the Saimer's green plains to the waves of the sea.

Then, comrades, while here round the camp fire we stand.

Let us drink to the glory of old motherland;
And no matter where Erin's green flag is unfurled,

Whether here—or the uttermost ends of the world,

Let us pray God will grant us when met man to man,

A chief like bold Fergus to charge in the van!

This ballad was hailed with delight and gave rise to many pleasant stories of Fergus' prowess and of his devotion to his friends. Deeds of his bravery were told, and of his wonderful escapes from the English when surrounded and forced to cut his way through them single-handed and alone. Recurring back to old times, legends were related of Finn McCool and other giants who held sway in green Erin in the ages of old. The battle of Ventry Harbor was duly chronicled by a *shanaghie* of the band, and listened to with breathless attention by the men. The recital of the combat between the young Prince of Ulster and the "Monarch of the world" was a theme which they heard with admiration and delight, and though familiar with the story since childhood, never wearied of its repetition. Incidents of the war of William and James were recalled and told by those who had been participators in their struggles for a triple crown, and the deeds

of Sarsfield and other Irish heroes were toasted with an enthusiasm that showed how deeply and dearly their memories were loved and cherished by their countrymen. Amid sprightly mirth and flashing humor and light-hearted drolery, the winged hours sped away, the camp-fires were smouldering and it wanted but an hour of daylight when the French sailors rose to depart. Hugh, leaving Fergus in command, was about to accompany them to the ship, when McDonough volunteered to give them a parting song. Forming a circle round him he stood in the centre, and in a voice singularly plaintive and impressive sang the annexed verses to an old Irish air, joined in by all the company:

FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

Farewell, my mournen, no more returning,
But with fond heart burning with love for you—
To each glen and wild-wood where I roamed
in childhood,
To each hill and valley, a long adieu!
To the south winds blowing, the daisies
growing,
Their brightness showing by lake and bay,
As far we're going from the bright streams
flowing,
And the sunlight glowing on bank and brae.
To the sweet bells ringing, the song-birds
singing,
And gaily winging to the bright blue sky—
I must go a stranger, through the world a
ranger
To meet all danger and bid home good-by.
From my sires' and my land, our own bright
island—
O, where in highland, in vale or sea,
Can a clime so fair with our own compare,
Or with hearts so rare, though enslaved
they be?
The foe oppressed her, though Patrick
blessed her,
And Nature dressed her in garb of green;
And ruins hoary tell the deathless story
Of the ancient glory of Ocean's Queen!
My course I'm taking, my land forsaking,
While my heart is breaking to go away,
To raise a lance in defence of France,
And leave poor Ireland to her foes a prey.
O land of ours! O land of flowers!
That's bathed in showers of heaven's own
dew,
It grieves my heart from your shores to part,
And from lovely Mary of the eyes of blue
Farewell, old Erin! in my bosom bearing
The love I'm sharing for her and you.
I'll be still a lover, the wide world over,
And so for ever a fond adieu!

The sailors and Hugh departed down the hillside; the sentries, by Fergus' orders, were doubled, and the men, throwing themselves on the heather, lay down to snatch a few hours' repose and await the return of their leader. But their slumbers were of a short duration, and an unexpected and fearful surprise was in store for them; for before the first beams of the rising sun had shone upon the mountain Crosby and three hundred mounted men were in sight and spurring toward them.

CHAPTER XV.

Then a voice from the hills thundered,
"Now, men of Erin!"
The wolves of the mountain sprang up
from each rock;
They swept down the hills, like the avalanche,
cheering;
Short was the warning and fearful the
shock.
As the hurricane sweeps through the red
apple blossoms,
Burst, the wild mountaineers down on the
foe:
Their bare-breasted valor 'gainst mail-covered
bosoms,
Hate in each bright eye and death in each
blow.

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

For never yet in my land,
In shock of battle, never yet
Could Britain's scarlet soldiers stand,
When Irish pike their bayonets met.

W. C.—

On the northeast part of Barnes, from which a view of the ocean can be obtained, is situated the highest peak of the mountain, or, as it is called by the people, the "Top Cliff." From the summit of this three counties can be seen on a clear day, and on this particular spot Hugh O'Reilly and his Rapparees were encamped. The hill is not altogether bleak and barren; many acres of good soil, as green as any Ireland can boast of, are scattered here and there among the mountains, and a few cabins can be distinguished by the smoke ascending from their mud chimneys in the clear air. Cattle and sheep browse on many parts, but at a considerable distance from the Top Cliff. Deep gorges, from sixteen to twenty feet wide, are numerous, from the summit to the base, and in one of these the horses of the

band were hid. In the event of a surprise or a defeat the Rapparees could easily find their hiding place, and, being acquainted with every defile, gain the open country and the road to Donegal or any place that promised security and rest. The French ship lay anchored at the "Green Islands," two beautiful little islands rising like gems on the bosom of the bay, and at a considerable distance from the town of Donegal. Here there was good anchorage and deep water, and so convenient to the shore that communication with their friends was easily practicable. A small garrison of the Queen's troops occupied the town, and it was the policy of Hugh O'Reilly to avoid these, if possible, on his journey toward the ship. An old road, long in disuse, led to the island and prevented the necessity of passing Donegal, and this road Fergus was instructed to pursue in the event of any untoward circumstance occurring during his absence, and it would lead to their speedy flight. We think it necessary to mention these facts in order that the reader may understand the events that followed Hugh's departure, and led to the successful retreat of Fergus to the beach opposite the Green Islands.

An hour had elapsed since the departure of the sailors. The men had sunk to repose, and quiet reigned around the dying camp-fire, so lately a scene of noise and jollity. The sentries walked to and fro like spectres on their lonely beats their footsteps giving no echo from the velvety heath which they trod, and no sound from living thing disturbed the darkness which preceded the hour before the dawn. That hour passed away, and as the first streak of light appeared in the east, the sentry on the cliff, straining his eyes through the gloom, stood motionless as a statue, watching and listening for the faintest sight or sound that might greet his eye or ear. For ten minutes thus he stood, then suddenly from his lips a shrill, loud and prolonged whistle, echoed over the sleeping camp. It was answered by the pickets on the mountains' sides and passed from man to man. It was heard by the late revellers and woke them from their slumbers. It was heard by Fergus and Brian, who, leap-

ing to their feet, followed by their awakened comrades, rushed to the cliff to ascertain the cause of the alarm.

They were not kept long in suspense; the faithful sentinel, pointing over the camp, called their attention to a body of men moving up the slope of the hill, and at no great distance, but in another direction, a similar body advancing upon them.

"It is the soldiers!" exclaimed Fergus. "We'll soon hear the pickets' guns, an' now ivery man to his post, for we must hold the mountain until we hear from Hugh. Here, Shamus Beg, start to the ship an' tell Hugh that the whole country is upon us. Tell him I'll try an' hold the pass till he comes back, but if I'm forced to retreat I'll go by the ould road to Mullinasole. Start off, man, an' don't stan' there lookin' at me."

Shemus, if he had gotten his own way, would rather have remained to try conclusions with the enemy, but the orders of the lieutenant were imperative and he left to carry out the commands of his leader, reluctantly it might be, but he was too good a soldier to disobey.

"An' now, boys," said Fergus, "let us prepare for them. It will take them half an hour to reach us, an' in the meantime let us be ready to give them a warm welcome when they come. The poor craytures have been out all night, an' want a taste of somethin' refreshin' after their long ride. Get your muskets ready an' all the ammunition you can carry, for, throth, you'll want it before you reach the ship. They have left their horses at the fut of the hill, Brian; at least, wan party of them has. The villins have planned the attack well, an' think to surround us. What a pity we haven't men enough to seize their horses while the fightn' is going on. But no matter; we'll bate them and escape, in spite of them."

Fergus now proceeded to put his men in position, and it was wonderful to see the alacrity and obedience displayed by them in carrying out his orders. Twenty-five men were dispatched forward as skirmishers. Those men were to hide behind rocks, and, as they fired, to fall back from rock

to rock until they reached the main body, commanded by Fergus. Brian was placed in command of the skirmishers and eagerly started on his duty.

Crosby and his allies numbered three hundred men, fresh and flushed with anticipations of victory, and of the reward which they were certain to obtain for the capture or death of the Rapparees. They hurried forward through the night, and hoped to surprise the rebels while asleep and seemingly secure in their mountain fastness. Mr. Ogilby, much against his will, was obliged to accompany them. As they advanced up the mountain and saw no sign of an enemy, his heart throbbed with joy at the thought of their escape; and the young Major, becoming emboldened by the liquor he had drunk, was loud in his denunciation of their crimes, and boastful of the deeds of prowess he would perform when brought face to face with the Rapparees. On they came, the garrisons of Derry and Coolmore forming the van, and led by their respective Colonels, Crosby, Craunston and Mr. Ogilby following with their troopers.

"Wait, boys, until they pass that rock beside the bare tree," said Brian, "and then give them a volley. They will then be on level ground; aim low, and remember it is the Green against the Red."

"We'll do our best," replied the soldier nearest him, and passed the word to his comrades.

The enemy had now advanced to within twenty yards of Brian, and had gained a green and level patch of land which lay between them and the summit of the mountain where Fergus was stationed. As they gained the centre of this a bullet leaped from every rock, and flashing out from every shrub and knoll and rock, a flame of fire leaped forth so incessant and continuous that their first files were stricken to the earth, and those that remained alive rushed panic-stricken to the rear. A scene of confusion and disorder now ensued among the Queen's troops; but, being rallied by their officers, they again advanced. Calm, cool and collected, Brian and his comrades awaited the favorable moment to give them another volley. It came; and again the regu-

lars were forced back, bleeding and repulsed. This continued for more than half an hour; the Rapparees ensconced behind the rocks, hid from their assailants and secure from their fire, would have retained their position and ultimately secured a victory under Brian, had not orders come from Fergus for a speedy and immediate retreat. He was sorely pressed, for a hundred and fifty of the enemy had penetrated to his camp, and against fearful odds he was standing at bay.

Brian retreated from rock to rock, firing as he went, and striking down many a red-coat as he and his men fell back, followed by the soldiers and Crosby's troopers. He gained the position occupied by Fergus, as the Queen's troops were in the act of charging against him the third time.

"Take your station at that rock there, Brian," shouted Fergus, as he came up? "give them a volley, an' charge upon them with clubbed muskets. We have no bayonets, but we must bate them back."

Brian took up the position indicated by his leader, and calmly awaited the assault. The onset was led by an old veteran who had grown gray in the service of the crown, and led his troops into the gap of death with as much nonchalance as at a review. As he approached within easy rifle range, and was encouraging his men to the attack, his career was cut short by a bullet from *Bride Bawn*. It penetrated through his brain and he fell dead, ten feet in advance of his men. His fall created confusion among the enemy, and Fergus, taking advantage of it, ordered his men to advance, firing a deadly volley into their enemies, and with wild and savage cries they rushed upon them. Fergus and Cormick led the van. Before the terrible weapon of the former, wielded with herculean strength, and the no less terrible anger of the latter, the two first enemies they met fell to the ground with their skull cleft open. The whole band followed, and with a shout charged upon the foe before them. The fierce and deadly vengeance which seemed to stimulate them, added power to their strength and energy to their blows, and the clubbed muskets beating down the bayonets that opposed

them drove back their assailants down the hill side and left the Rapparees masters of the field. But their rest was of short duration, for the enemy, being reinforced by Crosby's division, again formed in line of battle on the hillside and advanced again to the assault. Here the strategy of Fergus was employed to advantage, and added more in securing his retreat than all the bravery and dash of his men. Taking twelve picked men with him, and stationing them under the cliff, he kept up an incessant fusillade upon the enemy, while the remainder of the band, under his directions, hurled huge rocks upon them, which crashed through their ranks, bearing destruction to everything that impeded their progress. Cormick seemed to be possessed of the strength and ferocity of a demon; rock after rock he hurled upon the masses below, and as they tore up the earth in their descent, and gained velocity as they sped onward, he shouted his joy and gave vent to his feelings in wild and demoniacal yells.

In vain the military tried to form and advance. The rocks, bounding upon them, crushed them to pieces, and Fergus' bullets from the cliff decreased their ranks at every discharge. Their return of their fire was ineffectual, for, protected by the shelving cliff, he was safe against it, while the rocks came down in such numbers that they were unable to fill up the gaps they made and advance before another volley and another granite shower burst upon them. It was deemed expedient to retreat, and, broken and disorganized, they fled to the position occupied by Crosby at the beginning of the battle. A few of the Irish were wounded, but none of them killed, while severe losses were inflicted on the enemy, more than a hundred having been killed and wounded, and left behind them on the hillside. From the rocks and heights a desultory fire was still kept up by Fergus' skirmishers, which, though it did not effect much damage on the enemy, served to retard their movements. For more than an hour their leaders were in consultation, and some, discouraged by the losses they sustained, proposed to abandon the enterprise. Foremost of these was Major

Crosby, but the remaining officers of the Queen's troops scouted the idea, and taunted Dick and the captain of the troopers with cowardice. Smarting under the flagellation they received, they demanded to be led forward, and the senior officer, taking them at their word, assured them that they would be allowed every facility for distinguishing themselves.

Meantime Fergus and Brian were anxiously awaiting news from Hugh. The sun was now high, five hours had elapsed since his departure, and the messenger, Shemus Beg, was eagerly expected. But no tidings came, and the enemy was again forming for an advance. Fergus, changing his tactics to meet those of his opponents, ordered his men to hide behind the rocks, and, leaving a few to guard the cliff, which was deemed impregnable, took his station a few yards in front of the band. His design was to inflict as much loss as possible on the enemy from behind the rocks, and, when driven from them, retreat back to the cliff. The rocks afforded a ready shelter, and from their deep recesses a galling fire was kept up, which seriously annoyed and impeded the enemy, but their numbers told. Infuriated at the serious defeat and loss which he had sustained, the senior Colonel, whose name was Campbell, infused a spirit of vengeance into the veterans he led, and, amid a shower of bullets, rushed in among the rocks, followed by his command. A ball from Fergus' weapon stretched him dead before he had advanced ten paces, and Cormick, leaping out on the instant, clove another down with his scythe, and would surely have met his death had he not been dragged back by Fergus, just in time to escape a dozen bullets aimed at him. But the rocks were now becoming untenable, for the exasperated enemy, rushing forward in all their strength, endeavored to gain a position between the cliff and the Rapparees. Falling back slowly, and firing as they retreated, Fergus and his men gained the cliff, closely followed by the Queen's troops. The first in advance received a volley from the men under Brian's command, kept in reserve for that purpose, and this had such a dampening effect on their spirits that they

fell back to the rocks lately vacated by the rebels, and from there kept up a straggling and harmless fire. An hour had been consumed in the last attack, and the only advantage gained by the Queen's men was the friendly shelter which the rocks and bluffs afforded. This brought them within easy range of the rebels, but so secure were the latter in their stronghold that they laughed in derision at the futile efforts of the enemy to drive them from it.

While matters stood thus, Shemus Beg was observed by Fergus advancing up the hill. He and Brian rushed to meet him, eager to hear the news from Hugh.

"What's the orders from the Captain?" shouted Fergus, as the other stood breathless and panting on the hillside, unable to speak from the exertion he had made in climbing. "Spake out, man! What's the news?"

"Good news, for so far," replied Shamus. "Hugh wants you to retrace down the hill, an' gain the strand, where a dozen boats are waitin' for you to take you on board the ship. Hugh an' a dozen of sailors have gone to meet Mabel an' bring her safe by the owld road unknown to the sojers stationed in Donegal. The villins are waitin' for us outside the town to cut off our retrace."

"If we get safe down the mountain, it's little we'll value them," replied Fergus; "but the sooner we get out of this the better. Whereabouts is the ship now lyin', Shamus?"

"Right at the Green Islands, between the two of them, an' troth there's as fine a crew on board as you iver looked at. An' by the same token there's an owld friend of yours there, Brian."

"A friend of mine?" queried Brian, puzzled to know who he could be.

"Yes; Hugh towld me, but didn't mention his name; but he sed he was an owld friend of the family."

"Well, you'll find him before long," said Fergus, who was impatient to carry his leader's orders into execution; "let us see if we can retrace from these hauros on the hill, though troth I'd like to give a partin' salute to Crosby an' his gang before I'd go. I think I have a plan in my head that will draw them from their hidin' places."

They proceeded back to the cliff, and Fergus, standing in a circle of his men, thus addressed them:

"Boys, we've got orders to retrace an' gain the ship, an' meet Hugh an' Mabel as soon as we can. Of coorse the enemy will purshue us down the hill and folly us to the beach. Now let two or three men start to where the horses are hid an' have them ready at the fut of the hill when we reach; wanst in the saddle, we'll soon lave them behind. In the meantime, I want about a dozen strappin' fellows to stay with Brian an' me here on the cliff to keep the soldiers in play while the rest of you are re-tratin'; so whoever is goin' to remain with us, let them step out."

Every man in the band was anxious to remain; even the wounded put in their claims, laughing at the hurts they had received, though the blood was oozing from many of them. Fergus would not listen to their appeals, however, but choosing twelve men, himself, ordered the others to retreat quietly down the hill. Cormick had remained with Fergus since the battle began and determined to do so to the last. Stationing himself on the top of the cliff, he waved his scythe in defiance of the enemy. The balls whistled round him, but he heeded them not. Fergus begged him to come down from his dangerous position, but he was deaf to his entreaties. There he stood perched, exposed to the fire of a hundred men, but seemingly unscathed and unhurt.

After the main body of the Rapparees had disappeared from the hill, Dan Daily, who had remained in the cabin with his sick nephew, made his appearance. He had seen the men leave, and now came to inquire the cause. Fergus told him and earnestly entreated him to follow them to the foot of the hill and gain with all speed the protection of the band. As he spoke a movement was observed among the troops; the frantic cries of Cormick gave notice of their approach, and Dan hastened back to the cabin to tell the news to his nephew.

The soldiers had noticed the flight of some of the Rapparees, and, guessing the intentions of Fergus, resolved to thwart them by a bold and unexpected charge. Believing that only a few men

were left to guard the cliff and cover the retreat, they rushed forward to capture it at one blow. Fergus, seeing that it was impossible to hold it long against such overwhelming odds, and knowing that his men were by this time far down the hill, gave orders to his comrades to reserve their fire until the soldiers gained a certain distance, and then, giving them a volley, retreat with all speed to the base of the mountain. He again entreated Cormick to come down from the cliff, and used all his eloquence to persuade him; but Cormick was in one of his mad fits, and was as unconscious of reasoning as the cliff itself. Fergus was in the act of rushing out and dragging him in bodily, when at that moment the soldiers rushed out from their coverts and sprang with a yell toward the cliff.

"Keep steady, boys," whispered Fergus, as some of his men were about to fire. "Wait for the word, an' then run; you'll get the start of them before the smoke clears away. But may God have mercy on poor Cormick! Look at him!"

But they had no time to look, for at that moment the soldiers had approached the prescribed distance, and as Fergus uttered the last words he raised his weapon to his shoulder. Seeing that the time had come, and while the pious ejaculation for Cormick was still warm upon his lips, he shouted:

"Fire!"

The report of the muskets rung with his voice, and a steam of fire leaped against the advancing foe.

"Run!" shouted Fergus. "Run before they see us, an' we'll soon be safe."

Like deerhounds, the men bounded down the hill-side, and were rushing with all speed to join their comrades below, when they suddenly came in sight of Dan Daily and his nephew. The latter appeared pale and fatigued, and seemed unable from fright or exhaustion to proceed. Dan, who seemed to be terribly frightened himself, begged Fergus to allow the boy a few minutes' rest before they would proceed farther. Fergus was about taking the boy on his back and running down the hill with him, when Brian, who stood besides him, pointed to the cliff above where the fighting still seemed to be continued.

"What can it be?" exclaimed Brian; "surely they are not fighting among themselves."

"No, indeed," said Fergus sorrowfully, after gazing at the cliff for a moment. "They are fighting among themselves, but Cormick is still alive an' he is still fightin'."

It was true. When the soldiers received Fergus' last volley, they staggered back by the gaps in their ranks, and, hearing the voice of Fergus, knew that he was retreating. The smoke had blown from the cliff, and the only being visible upon it was Cormick. He stood all alone brandishing his scythe, and shouting alternately in Irish and English. Young Major Crosby, knowing that the rebels were dispersed, now came boldly to the front with Craunston and his men, and seeing Cormick alone, called upon his men to charge.

"It is a pity to kill him, sir," said Mr. Ogilby, who was standing near the Major; "he is crazy, and we should endeavor to capture him, not kill him."

"The d—d scoundrel has killed two of our men to-day," replied Crosby, "and there may be more rebels hid behind him."

"That may be so, sir; and while we stand here, others may be escaping," said an officer. "Lead on your men, Mr. Major."

Dick and Craunston advanced with their men against Cormick. The latter stood, as before observed, on the highest part of the cliffs and within a few yards of the terrible, yawning chasm beneath. He presented a fearful sight, not only in his blood-bespattered uniform, now of many colors, the terrible and demon-like look of his features, and the crimsoned scythe he grasped in his hands, but also in the awful position in which he had placed himself. Dick shuddered as he looked on him, and, drawing a pistol, levelled it at his head.

"Go on, Craunston," he whispered; "I'll shoot him before he can reach you."

Craunston was a little in advance, and felt as timid to approach as his commander; but, seeing Dick's pistol ready and his men at his back, he went forward. When within ten feet of Cormick, Dick, taking deliberate aim at his head, pulled the trigger; but there was only a flash in the pan, the pistol did

not explode. Cormick up to this had made no hostile movement; but the moment he saw the flash, springing forward with a wild yell, he rushed at Craunston, and, ere the latter had time to realize his peril or defend himself, he fell, a bloody and ghastly corpse, cut down from the head to the breast by the terrible scythe of Cormick. So fierce and sudden was the blow, and delivered with such terrible strength, that he staggered, leaving the blade in the body of Craunston. Before he had time to recover it, a ball from Dick's pistol penetrated his shoulder. He did not fall, and, probably, did not feel it, so terrible was the passion under which he labored; but, grasping Dick in his arms as if he were a child, he rushed, ere he could be prevented, to the very verge of the cliff, and holding him at arm's length over it, turned to the soldiers and tauntingly asked them to save him. It was impossible. If they fired, they both would topple over and be dashed to pieces. They were compelled to witness his death without being able to aid him.

"Hal ha!" roared Cormick. "I've got the priest-hunter an' the murderer. Listen to him begging for mercy, an' a whole army at his back. Why don't you come an' save him? He killed an' hunted the priests, an' you laughed at him an' called him a brave fellow. But you don't laugh now. Him an' his ould father murdered Father Dominick an' Father John, and burned my mother's cabin an' left her in the snow to die. But they couldn't murder me. Ha! ha! See where I've got him, over the biggest grave in Ireland, Barnes Gap. I knew I'd catch him, an' wouldn't go with Fergus when he asked me. That's the reason. An' now, look here, soldiers an' murderers, as you are, take your last look at the priest-hunter, for in wan minute his soul will be in hell!"

He held the Major above his head, who seemed to be no more than a feather in his hands, over the dreadful abyss, and, exerting all his strength, hurled him six feet in the air, and with a despairing shriek Major Crosby fell down, down into the gulf beneath. He had scarcely disappeared from the hands of his terrible avenger when he, too, fell over the cliff with a dozen bullets in his heart.

Fergus and his comrades were spectators of this fearful tragedy. Dan Daily endeavored to divert his nephew from the scene; but the boy's eyes were riveted on the cliff, and he seemed unable to withdraw his gaze. When Cormick leaped on the precipitous verge and held his victim over it, a shudder passed through every heart, and the boy's face assumed an ashy whiteness.

"Who can it be?" asked Dan, addressing Fergus while the boy looked supplicatingly in Fergus' face.

"I can tell by the bra's buttons flashing on his uniform an' the men behind," he replied, "that it is Major Crosby, an' O, God of Heaven! he has hurled him over the cliff!"

"O my God!" exclaimed the boy, with a shriek. "My God! My brother Richard!"

Brian leaped to the spot, and catching the fainting form in his arms, cried:

"Run, Fergus! run for water. It is Alice—Alice Crosby!"

CHAPTER XVI.

For the troops of King Louis shall aid us;
The chains that now gull and degrade us
Shall crumble to dust and our bright swords
shall slaughter.

The wretches whose wiles have betrayed us.

CLARENCE MANGAN.

O! the French are in the bay,
With ten thousand gallant men,
And we'll trample down the English red
And raise the green agen.

SONG OF '98.

Fergus ran to a little stream that gurgled down the hill side, and filling his canteen, or canteen, as it is now called, gave it into the hands of Brian. Sprinkling her temples with the cooling fluid, she opened her eyes, and, looking around her with a startled look, muttered a few unintelligible sentences.

"Be not afraid Alice," said Brian; "you are among friends who will protect you; in a few hours you will see Mabel, and all will be well. Take a draught of water; it will help to revive you, and we must hurry from this place, for our enemies are after us."

She took the proffered draught from his hand, and after drinking it, inquired for Dan Daily.

"I'm here, Miss Alice," he replied.

"O! Dan," she exclaimed, "why did

you betray me? Is this real, or am I only dreaming?"

"You are not dreaming, Miss Alice. It's real enough. Nobody has betrayed you, an' you're in the hands of friends. But we must lave here immediately, as the sojers are after us, an, as Brian says, you'll soon see Mabel."

"O! take me to her, Dan; I long to see her, and hide my shame and sorrow from all the world but her."

"Of sorrows you have had your share," replied Dan, "an' need never be ashamed of escapin' from them; but of that we'll talk some other time, an', in the meantime, let us lave here, for I see the sojers comin' down the hill after us."

"You are too weak to walk, Miss Crosby," said Brian, "and must submit to be carried by us to the base of the hill. Our own safety demands this, and we must depart immediately, therefore you must bear with the only accommodation our poor means can afford. But, I assure you, you will soon be in a place of safety."

"The sooner we get out of this the better, then," said Fergus, coming up; for he, like the rest of the men, had retired to a distance on discovering who Dan Daily's nephew was. "I'll soon supply you with a litter, where you'll be as comfortable an' aisy as you would be in a feather bed. Come here, boys."

The men approached, and Fergus, choosing three of the tallest stature among them and three of the smallest, placed the former on the declivity of the hill and the latter behind them on the rising ground, and joining their hands thus formed a litter or stretcher; upon which he gently placed Alice, and, guarding her in front and rear, marched down the hill.

They were closely followed by the pursuing enemy, but effected their retreat in safety, and gained the base of the hill, where the horses were in waiting for them.

"Any news from Hugh?" asked Fergus, as he neared the band.

"No, but McDonough has been here, an' he an' his sailors are waitin' for us on the strand."

"Then mount and ride," shouted Fergus. "Make for the ould Ballyshannon road, laving Donegal on your right, an'

gain Mullinasole, an' soon you'll be within sight of the Green Islands and your French friends. We must gain the strand before the sojers overtake us."

In a moment they were in their saddles. Fergus led the van and Brian brought up the rear. Alice was mounted behind Dan Daily and placed in the centre. The cries of their pursurers could be heard as they followed the chase behind.

"Let them come!" shouted Brian; "when they reach the strand we'll be safe from their pursuit or vengeance."

On they dashed, leaving the enemy far behind, and were congratulating themselves on their safe retreat when the sound of musketry was heard in the distance.

"Ply whip and spur, boys," cried Fergus: "I'm afraid Hugh is in trouble, an' is attacked by the garrison of Donegal. They are before us, so come on to the rescue!"

Urging the horses to their highest speed, they galloped on, and, after emerging from a piece of woods bordering both sides of the road, beheld a company of the Queen's soldiers drawn up before them. They were firing on some foe concealed at no great distance, and seemingly in a good position, as the garrison seemed dilatory about making an attack, and contented themselves with firing from where they stood. Fergus' quick eye detected this, and surmising that it might be Hugh brought to bay by his enemies, immediately ordered a charge. The woods had concealed Fergus' men from the observation of the soldiers, and the latter had just fired a volley, the smoke still lay between them and the wood, when Fergus burst upon them. Hearing the sound of horses, they paused awhile to ascertain whether they were friends or foes; but that pause proved fatal to many of them. Delivering their fire at close quarters and with a yell that made the mountains ring, the Rapparees rode down on them, scattering them in all directions. Not knowing who their enemies were, nor their numbers, which their fears magnified, and being so suddenly and unexpectedly surprised, the troops, firing a few harmless shots, disappeared as if by magic, leaving behind

them many of their comrades on the roadside. A loud laugh burst from Fergus as Brian galloped up and asked him where were the enemy.

"I don't know where they are," replied Fergus, "but there are some of our friends. Hurrah!"

The shout was taken up by the whole band, and by none more gaily than Dan Daily, as he saw Hugh O'Rielly and a dozen French sailors step out from a cabin that stood upon an eminence, at about a hundred yards distant, where Hugh had been besieged by the Queen's troops.

Fergus and Brian rushed to meet them, and the later dismounting, hurriedly inquired for Mabel.

"Why, there she is, man, looking at you through the window," said Hugh.

Brian turned and saw two lovely faces pressed against the window, their eyes beaming with love and thankfulness upon him. One was Mabel and the other Lucy Ogilby. In a moment he was in his sister's arms.

"We meet in a strange place and under strange circumstances, Miss Ogilby," said Brian, after being introduced to his sister's friend. "It is unfortunate that you accompanied Mabel thus far, as you can neither return home by Barnes or by the road you came. Both are blocked by the Queen's men, and in a short time we shall be compelled to leave here, and I am afraid you will be obliged to come with us to the ship. There is another circumstance distresses me, Mabel, and one which you, I know, are deeply interested in. It concerns Alice Crosby."

"What of her, Brian!" she eagerly inquired. "Hamilton told me two days ago that she was sick and confined to her room. I hope she is not worse—or—"

"Dead you would say, Mabel, I know by the sudden paleness of your cheek. But she is still alive and well, as far as mountain air and exercise can make her, but is mentally depressed. She is here."

"Here!" echoed Mabel, in astonishment.

"Yes, here, and within twenty yards of you, and breaking her heart to see you."

He then detailed to Mabel the scene

on the hillside, and her discovery at the time of her brother's death. As time was pressing, it was arranged that Dan Daily should bring Alice immediately to the cabin; and Hamilton, who accompanied Mabel, be despatched to where his horse was left and bring some bundles containing Mabel's clothing. Brian sent off Hamilton on the instant, and riding to Dan and Alice, who were in the rear, told the latter that Mabel was waiting for her in the cabin. Poor Alice blushed as she looked at her costume, and gave a pitiful glance at Brian. He understood it and assured her that in a few minutes she would be dressed in the costume becoming her sex, and that she would have plenty of time to explain all to Mabel. He rode with her to the cabin, and with a cry of joy, she rushed into the arms of Mabel.

Brian rejoined Hugh, who was listening to Fergus detailing the events of the morning, and as the latter concluded, he asked him how he came to be pursued by the soldiers.

"The facts are simple," replied Hugh. "We came up with Mabel at Crony Mountains, and, knowing that the garrison in Donegal were on the alert, we took a near cut to gain the strand, and thought we had left the soldiers on our right. But we were mistaken. As we came in sight of this cabin we suddenly saw them advancing upon us. We rushed to it for shelter, and as there were fourteen of us, twelve sailors and Hamilton and myself, we kept them at bay for about twenty minutes. You know the rest."

Hugh's astonishment was no less than Mabel's on hearing the story of Alice Crosby, and, retiring a distance from the men, they consulted long and earnestly on the plans they should pursue regarding the two girls so unexpectedly thrown upon their protection.

"But why did Miss Ogilby accompany Mabel so far, Hugh?" asked Brian.

"She only meant at starting to go a few miles and then return. But the morning was so lovely, and the hours passed away so pleasantly in chat, that Lucy had traveled half the distance before she was aware of it. She was afraid to return alone, and so rode on in hopes of meeting a guide who, for money, would conduct her home. But she met

none able or willing to do it until she met with me. I endeavored to prevail on Hamilton to return with her, but he would not. He is an old soldier, as you are aware, and obedience is one of his stubborn virtues. He had received orders from Mr. Ogilby to deliver Mabel into your hands, and would have died sooner than disobeyed. And so Lucy was forced to come with us."

"And will be obliged to come on board the ship with us also, I'm afraid," said Brian.

"Undoubtedly," returned Hugh. "We cannot send her to Donegal; but we must try and let her father know where she is. We can send Hamilton. He may be arrested by the troops, but will not be injured. Mr. Ogilby will vouch for his loyalty. Did she accompany him now she would probably be subject to insult at the hands of the Government's ruffian soldiery whom she would meet on the way, and they might recognize her as being one of those whom they chased."

"You say well, Hugh. Once on board the ship, we can devise a plan to land her at some spot where her father and his friends will be waiting to receive her. But, in the meantime, had we not better leave here and proceed to the beach?"

"I am only waiting for the females to rest. As soon as they are ready, I am. We have got the start of our pursuers, and they are not likely to overtake us now. However, go to the cabin and hurry them, while I dispatch Hamilton on his mission, and call the men. The sky is becoming clouded, and we must try and get the girls on board while the bay is calm."

Brian walked towards the cabin and was met at the door by Lucy, who smilingly invited him in. He entered and beheld Alice, all blushes and bashfulness, arrayed in one of Mabel's black silk dresses, and, looking bewitchingly fascinating and lovely. In a few minutes they were ready and stepped out on the green front of the cabin as their horses came up. Hamilton took his leave and departed for Donegal on foot, and the females, being placed in the centre of the troop, they again started for the strand. About an hour's sharp riding brought them within sight of their des-

tinuation, and the Green Islands lay in all their beauty before them.

They soon gained the beach, and Hugh, dismounting, took the saddle from his horse and left him to roam at will. His example was followed by the rest, and they immediately hastened to where the boats lay. But only three boats remained out of the six sent in the morning from the ship. This was explained by the sailors in charge. Their comrades, acting under orders of the First Lieutenant, were rowing around for a distance of three miles, and watching for the arrival of the men, who, if pursued, would be seen by the boats at any point, and render them assistance. They had been opposite the Islands half an hour previous to the arrival of Hugh, and were about a mile distant when he appeared.

Large drops of rain began to fall, a stiff breeze sprung up from the shore, and, fearful that a storm was brewing, Hugh hastily got the females in the boats, and as many men as they could conveniently carry, and, propelled by the strong arms of the French sailors, the boats shot merrily toward the Islands. Hugh, Fergus and Brian remained on the strand, with those who were left waiting for the return of the boats, and watching them as they danced over the waves, now ruffled into foam by the first breath of the approaching storm. They reached the side of the ship in safety, and Lucy, who happened to be the nearest to the ladder fixed for the accommodation, trembled as she looked up and saw the long tiers of guns yawning through the portholes and the marines pacing the deck with fixed bayonets.

"Do not be afraid, Mademoiselle," said a cheery and manly voice on the deck, and, looking up again, she saw a young and handsome officer, in a brilliant uniform, decorated with ribbons and medals, smilingly looking down upon her.

"Do not be afraid," he repeated; "that ladder will not break with your weight."

Naturally bold and daring, Lucy, losing all her fears, sprang on the ladder, and with the agility of a boy reached the deck. The officer extended his hand as she came within his reach, and congratulated her on her expertness. She shook her curls, and making him a half-

saucy reply, cried to Alice to follow her. The latter obeyed, and Mabel followed with an alacrity and fearlessness that won the admiration of the group of officers now assembled on deck.

(To be continued.)

FATA MORGANA.

AMONG the marvels of nature there is nothing more beautiful or more surprising than that wonderful product of impalpable agencies, the mirage, or Fata Morgana, which is sometimes witnessed on the great Western plains, and occasionally in the vicinity of our lakes. The following account of one of these remarkable phenomena will doubtless prove interesting to many readers of THE HARP to whom the subject of mirages is probably an entirely unhacknied one:—

A MIRAGE OF THE PLAINS.

I was journeying in the summer of 18— with a small party of army officers, who, with their escort and waggon train were *en route* from "the States" to Santa Fe, in the Territory of New Mexico. We started from Fort Leavenworth about the middle of July, and for ten or twelve days, in passing through a country somewhat settled, each day found some new scene to interest us. The novelty of the journey, a trip of such a distance on horseback, enabled me to undergo cheerfully the fatigue, and success in hunting the buffalo and antelope amply compensated me for the discomforts arising from constant riding and unaccustomed exposure to the burning rays of the sun.

We gradually entered the dreary plains, where nothing save an occasional sand-hill, or here and there the skeleton of a horse or buffalo, relieved the wearied eye. It was the very picture of desolation. For days the same level plain seemed to travel with us. Pools of slimy water were found at known points on the route, at distances of from ten to fifty miles apart, compelling us to travel on several occasions a portion of the night, as well as the day, to reach them.

It was on Sunday and about the twenty-

third day of our journey that we saw the wonderful mirage. With a gentleman who had grown gray in the service, I was riding some distance ahead of the train. We had been travelling since daylight, and had many miles to go to reach a resting place where water for the tired and thirsty could be found. All day not a tree or shrub, not an animal save those in our train was to be seen; a kind of a woolly grass, parched and dead, covered the otherwise barren soil; around, on every side the same; the eye was pained by the dull vacancy; far away the sky seemed to meet and blend with the fading view; the sun poured down its rays with intense power; the horses and mules were begging for drink in their peculiarly expressive way, as we moved on in silence, thinking, no doubt, of the bubbling springs and rippling streams, of the green verdure and shady groves of the land of our homes.

All at once the sun was obscured by a cloud, and a slight shower of rain fell; and looking before me I saw, a short space to the right of the road, and apparently about two miles distant, a cluster of trees, small, but green and perfect in shape. While wondering that I had not before observed them, I directly saw others at some distance from the first noticed. Small, dull clouds hung around them, sitting like a dark veil over the scene, and through this veil of clouds moved shadowy and indistinct forms, which one by one, as the misty screen here and there faded slowly away, took shape and settled into stately oaks and towering elms and pines; and before our thirsty eyes, beyond the trees, appeared in outlines, dim at first, the borders of a lake of limped waters.

Soon the curtained clouds were gone, and there, in all the distinct and inviting loveliness of nature, lay a placid lake in the midst of a verdant forest, holly and beech, oak and elm, pine and magnolia, all mingled together, yet each distinctly marked as by the Creator's hand. On the farther side were hills covered with lofty trees, and far away in the back ground, blue mountains, with large boulders protruding from their sides, added much to the picturesque grandeur of the view. Between the hills, over a rocky bluff, poured the waters of a sparkling cascade into the

lake below, and among the trees on the borders of the lake sat neat white cottages and gardens of different sizes, and at its head arose the village spire. Here before us in a sterile plain, was a lovely village with the gardens of shrubs and flowers, its shady groves and glades, its placid lakes, green hills and distant mountains, its miniature Niagra, and its little white church with its spire pointing heavenward, and that nothing should be wanting to add to its loveliness—a beautiful rainbow spanned the sky, inclosing in its many colored arc nearly the whole illusion.

I looked upon the gorgeous spectacle with rapture, and after a few ejaculations of wonder and delight, rode slowly on, almost afraid to speak, lest a word would break the enchantment, and dissolve, as it were, a mystic spell; thankful that although this was but as a fleeting phantasmagoria, soon to vanish, He had clothed the earth in places with beauties like these to cheer and comfort man. It was too beautiful to remain long upon such a desert; and soon the brightest colors of the bow grew dim, the nearest trees began to disappear, and then gradually, each object faded from view, leaving, at last, only a dull leaden cloud upon the distant horizon.

"Thus," I said, as I gazed upon the desolation, now more desolate, "thus passes away the glory of the world." "But the mercy of God endureth forever," answered my companion. "The words of nature," he continued, after a short pause, "are glories to the Creator; but we frequently stumble along through life, with eyes closed to the beauties of His handiwork. Now has this fleeting pageant revived long-forgotten memories of many a scene of loveliness and grandeur in my absent home, the land of my childhood, and my heart is lifted up in praise to the Giver of all good."

That night I slept upon my cot to see again the beautiful vision; and in my dreams to inhale the delightful perfumes of rare flowers, to hear the singing of birds, the gentle rustling of leaves, the falling of the bright waters, the clear tone of the village bell, the mellow notes of the organ, and the sweet voices of fair choristers worshipping with angelic songs.

NED RUSHEEN;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

BY SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE,

Author of the "Illustrated Life of St. Patrick," "Illustrated History of Ireland," "History of the Kingdom of Kerry," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

It would only occupy unnecessary space to give even the substance of his remarks. It was necessarily a recapitulation of the evidence. The facts of the evidence were few, the surmises were many. But the tone of voice, the slight emphasis on a word, the prominently bringing forward of, and carefully commenting on, an unfavorable circumstance, served to give weight to what had before appeared trivial.

The great point against Ned Rusheen was the torn comforter, for which he either could not, or would not account, and the surmises or asseverations of Colonel Everard. The fact of the murder, too, was against him. It may be thought that this statement is a truism. I mean it, nevertheless. A person was murdered: *ergo*, some one must have murdered him—*ergo*, the only person accused may have done it! The prisoner's previous good conduct was generally known, but there was no one to testify to it.

The evidence of the new master had been against him. The boys were too young to speak for him with sufficient weight. If Ned was innocent, it was, perhaps, one of the most unfortunate complications of circumstances possible.

The jury retired, and people began to talk freely to each other, and calculate the possible verdict. Ned had again assumed his sullen and unconcerned look.

The jury came out, but it was only to ask the Doctor a question. Was it possible that the rifle shot could have been fired from the hedge?

The Doctor replied rather crossly that it was not possible.

The jury went back to consult again. Half an hour passed.

Some of the people got tired and went away. After all, it was not a question of life and death to them. They might,

and did, feel a general anxiety, an interest in the decision for Ned's sake. But what was their anxiety or their interest to his?

The jury returned. It was now dark, and candles had been lighted all through the hall, and the sea of persons looked unearthly in the yellow light.

The foreman announced the verdict: **GUILTY OF WILFUL MURDER!**

The Coroner expected it. He turned to Rusheen:

"Ned Rusheen, it is my duty to commit you to jail to stand your trial at the next Assizes for the wilful murder of Lord Elmsdale. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing, sir; except that I am innocent—so help me God, and His Holy Mother!"

All the great people went home to dinner. All the poor people went home to such poor fare as served for their daily portion. But there were few who did not regret the verdict.

The jury had been, indeed, on the very point of deciding in his favor, when some sensible person suggested, that as there was the least doubt, it was sufficient to send him to jail. It was not, he said, as if they were giving a verdict at Assizes. He would have another chance. If he were guilty, it would be well to secure him, or he might fly the country; if he were innocent, probably some evidence in his favor would turn up before then.

The rest of the jurors agreed. The idea seemed so excellent—at least it secured a safe and pleasant solution of a very unpleasant difficulty. They never thought of the terrible degradation to an innocent man, to be condemned as guilty. They never thought of the blasting of his character for life, and the probable consequences for his future—worse, far worse, if he were innocent, than if he were guilty.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF CRIME.

"I THINK Edward is right, Mary: it would be better for us to leave this. In fact, as you know the place is his, and as he has determined to go abroad, we cannot remain here without his consent—we have hardly a choice."

Lady Elmsdale was much changed since that day of sorrow: still more since that December night when she had welcomed her boys with all a mother's love and all a mother's pride. There were silver threads now in the little braid of her hair which showed under the edge of her cap of widowhood, and you could see the blue veins like a network of enamel in her thin, transparent hands.

It was the first week in February. The day was dark and cold, but the actual severity of winter had passed away, though fires were still a necessity rather than a luxury to the rich, at least.

"I suppose, mamma, if we must, we must," replied Mary Elmsdale, who did not appear to take any very warm interest in the matter.

Elmsdale Castle had never been a home to her. True, she was born there, and had spent her babyhood and childhood there; but she was sent so young to school in England that the hundred associations of tenderness and love, which depend on the veriest trifles and insensible form those links of attachment which bind the young to whatever place they call home, had no existence for her. She had for her mother a quiet ladylike affection, but there was nothing very demonstrative about it. Indeed, any strong demonstration of affection would have been considered unbecoming and ill-regulated in the establishment in which she received her educational training, and such moral instruction as was supposed to befit her future position in life.

The mother did not perceive the want of childlike love in her daughter: she certainly had not cultivated it. Possibly if the girl had manifested it sooner, she would have repressed it unconsciously. The affection of the twins had satisfied her. But now it was all changed. She wanted a daughter's love; and now she wanted it, and craved for it in her dire affliction, she found it did not exist—at least in the degree which could have afforded her any comfort.

Edward went his own way, as he always done; but now more so than ever. Some angry words had passed between him and his mother after the inquest, when he announced his determination to go abroad, perhaps for years. He

could not stay in Ireland; he hated the place: perhaps he would be shot himself next.

He was his own master, and when Lady Elmsdale found that gentle exhortation was useless, she held her peace—the wisest proceeding under the circumstances. But she had persuaded him to remain, at least, a few weeks and he consented, though with diffidence.

That morning at breakfast he had told her, in no very gentle language, that he would leave Elmsdale this day week, and he supposed she would prefer leaving also, as it would be necessary to shut up the greater part of the Castle. He had already made his arrangements.

"When do you wish me to leave, Edward?"

The young man had not said, in so many words, that his mother must go elsewhere; but she quite understood him, and he intended she should.

"Well, mother, of course I do not wish to turn you out," he replied, with some attempt at ordinary courtesy, at least; "but I have everything arranged. Barns will stay here in charge of this place, and I suppose you and Mary can pack up in a few days—that is, if you wish to go elsewhere."

Wish to go! He knew perfectly his mother wished nothing of the kind; but, like many another self-deceiver, he tried to persuade himself that her expatriation was not all his doing.

"The truth is," he continued, perceiving that his mother was grave and silent, "the Assizes come on immediately, and I must clear out of the country, for I would rather shoot myself than give evidence in the case again."

Lady Elmsdale had no particular fear of his carrying out his threat; but she saw at once that it would be desirable, for all the family, to be away at such a time, and she said so.

"Certainly, Edward, I think you are right. I can be prepared in a few days; and I suppose you would like a few days to yourself here, after we have left."

He said a day would do. Everything was arranged, and he seemed much relieved that his mother took his proposal so quietly.

She asked if he intended to take a

servant with him? He replied, No. Those Irish fellows were such confounded talkers. He wanted to get away from every one who knew anything about the past. He would engage a servant when he arrived in Paris. A foreigner would suit him. But—And then Lady Elmsdale rose, and went to her daughter, seeking unconsciously for sympathy and support, and not finding it.

Mary Elmsdale was a fair object for any mother's eye. A delicate maiden—delicate almost to paleness—and yet, as is sometimes the case, when appearances are such, not in such very bad health as might have been supposed from her frail look.

The poor girl had received a fearful shock at her father's death, and for several weeks had been in a precarious state. But Dr. Kelly was kind and skilful, the mother was an excellent nurse, her own maid, *Rose*, a good attendant, and she had youth on her side, and that buoyancy of spirit which is rarely, indeed, crushed down in early life.

She was lying now, more from habitual indolence than from necessity, on a sofa in her mother's dressing-room; and, as I have said, she was as fair an object as you could see. The rich crimson velvet of the cushions on which she lay reclined, the long white cashmere dressing-robe in which she was wrapped—a broad blue ribbon had fastened it round the waist, and a narrow blue ribbon had fastened it at the throat, in the days not long ago, when the girl took pleasure in bright colors, and with rare taste knew how to select and harmonize them. The ribbons had not been changed for black ones. The maid thought they became Miss Elmsdale so well, she was determined not to alter them without a special order: the mother, perhaps, agreed with the maid—at least she said nothing—and Mary had not thought of the matter at all. She was one of those who like to be tastefully arrayed, who take pains to array themselves tastefully, and yet who do not give overmuch consideration to the vanities of dress: it was an instinct of her refined nature, rather than an effort of a frivolous mind.

Freddy was in the room. The twins seemed to avoid their mother by mutual consent; and this could scarcely be

otherwise. But they avoided each other. When the mother began to notice this, it seemed very unaccountable—but, nevertheless, it was true.

The boy was half sitting, half leaning against his sister's sofa, and just as Lady Elmsdale entered he had exclaimed:

"Oh, Mary, how pretty you look!"

Her very long golden-hair, free from the trammels of art, had been left to stray, at its own sweet will, in natural waves of silken sheen, far below her waist. She had caught the burnished mass in her left hand, and thrown it back with the careless grace so perfectly natural to her, as she half-raised herself on the sofa to examine some of Freddy's treasures which he had brought to show her: some shells he had gathered the day before on the beach at Dalkey. Her hair had fallen partly over her right shoulder, and partly in rich folds over her right arm. Her clear violet eyes were raised, in asking a question, to her brother's face, and he thought for the moment he had never seen eyes so beautiful. The traces of delicacy remained, perhaps always would remain, in the transparent skin, with just a flush of color. Her lips, apart, were asking the question, by their very expression, as much as by the words which came forth from them.

It was no wonder that Freddy had exclaimed: "Oh, Mary, how pretty you look!"

"Where is Harry?" inquired Lady Elmsdale.

"I don't know, mother," the boy replied, still remaining where he knelt. "I seldom see him now," he added with something as like a sigh as a boy could utter.

Lady Elmsdale did not press the matter further. She could not understand Harry's present feelings, but she thought it best to leave him to himself.

She supposed the shock of his father's death had reacted on a very sensitive nature, and that in time he would be her own bright boy again.

There was silence for some moments. Freddy had ceased his conversation when his mother came into the room, not from any dislike to continuing it when she was present, but from a sense

which he always felt now, that any cheerful talking was incongruous when she was listening.

Mary Elmsdale was wishing she might return to school again; but she knew it was not possible, for she had taken final leave of her mistress and young companions before Christmas. She was wondering where her mother would take her, and if they should really leave Elmsdale in a few days.

Freddy was thinking how pleased he would be to go back to college, and hoping Harry would get all right again when he was with the boys. Lady Elmsdale was musing sadly upon Edward's future, and wishing she had made home pleasanter to him in past times—wishing she had taken some pains to have him married; and then she thought of Ellie McCarthy, and wondered would it have been better if he had been allowed to take his own way in this affair; but her natural good sense convinced her, after a short reflection, that such a marriage would only have increased the miseries and complications of the family. However good the girl might have been, she could not have had the influence over him that an educated lady might have possessed.

Lady Elmsdale's maid came to the door at this moment, and broke the reveries of the three dreamers.

"A note, my Lady. It's Colonel Everard's servant has brought it, and he waits for an answer."

It was simply a request that if Lady Elmsdale would be disengaged between twelve and one o'clock she would favor Colonel Everard with a private interview. He added a request that she would not give herself the trouble to write: he had sent his own servant, and a verbal message would be quite sufficient.

Lady Elmsdale knew the man. "Oh, yes, Rose," she replied, after hastily glancing at the contents of the note. "Tell Thomas I can see his master any hour he may find it convenient to call. I shall not leave the house to-day."

The Colonel arrived, with that military precision which he loved to practice and to enforce, at the exact hour which he had named. There was precision in his manner, in his words, in his very habiliments: surely this was not the

fashion in which a girl like Mary Elmsdale was to be wooed and won.

Her mother had noticed her color deepen when she handed her the note, and suggested that the Colonel had perhaps some important business to speak of, and under any circumstances she would be glad to see him before she left Elmsdale.

Mary said nothing, but Lady Elmsdale thought a good deal.

"I have done myself the honor to call upon you to-day, Lady Elmsdale, and to appoint an hour, that I might see you alone, and without interruption."

Lady Elmsdale could only bow a reply. What was the object of this carefully worded speech?

Colonel Everard, however, did not expect it, for he continued: "I heard quite accidentally yesterday, or, to be more exact—I am a great advocate for precision, even in words—I became aware through a most fortunate circumstance, that your son was going to leave Ireland immediately, and I came to solicit—" he paused, and looked at Lady Elmsdale as if he would read in her expressive face what she might think of his proposal—"your interference in the cause of justice."

Lady Elmsdale being trained in all the requirements of polite society, a very painful part of which consists in making no undue manifestation of feeling, did not start, or utter an exclamation audibly; but she did start mentally, and she did make an exclamation to herself. In reply to Colonel Everard she could only bow once more.

"You are aware, no doubt, that I had strong reasons for giving evidence against Ned Rusheen at the inquest. A communication made to me by the late Lord Elmsdale, on the day preceding his death, was the immediate cause. I am told now that the girl, Ellie McCarthy, who was in your service at the time, and who disappeared so mysteriously, is expected to give evidence at the Assizes, which, it is rumored, and I quite believe it, will probably lead to the acquittal of the criminal."

"But, Colonel," interposed Lady Elmsdale, who was not very conversant with legal proceedings, "I thought there was always a jury of twelve or

thirteen men, and counsel for both sides, and I suppose they will know what is right."

"In any country but Ireland. You may depend on the decision being in favor of—" he was about to say of Government, but he added—"of Justice. But there is such a general perversion of opinion in all agrarian cases, that no one can depend on the result. Of course, if a jury could be carefully selected, or if there were no jury, which would be far preferable, the matter could be arranged without difficulty."

Lady Elmsdale tried to look interested. How many sacrifices people are obliged to make, day after day, to the exigencies of Society, and yet no word of complaint is ever uttered. But when the sacrifices are asked for a higher and holier purpose, how often are they refused, on the plea of their inconvenience.

The whole subject was most painful and distasteful to Colonel Everard's listener. She had never cared much for politics, and she cared still less for law. Had the circumstances happened in any other family than her own, she would have given them but little consideration; but in her recent widowhood, caused by such distressing events, and with such grave home-trials—which did not seem likely to be soon at an end—such conversation caused her actual suffering.

"You will perceive," continued the irrepressible Colonel, "that there are peculiar features in the case."

Alas! she knew it all too well.

"But, in your present and mournful seclusion, you may not have heard everything. I shall, therefore, venture to trouble you with some details."

"The priest, Mr. Cavanagh"—he would not have said Father for any consideration—"has been extremely active in this affair. The priests, unfortunately, always take the people's side. I am told he visits Rusheen constantly in the jail, and has the girl quite prepared with her story for the trial. Besides, Lady Elmsdale"—he became emphatic—"besides your sons should remain here to give evidence. It is quite impossible to say what turn the trial may take. I rely upon your sense of justice to persuade them."

"Indeed, Colonel Everard, I cannot interfere. Edward informed me this

morning he would not remain here any longer, and expressly mentioned a wish to avoid the trial as one of his reasons for leaving Ireland immediately. I assure you," she added, dreprecatingly, "he would have done so at once, after our terrible affliction, had I not persuaded him to remain. I cannot, indeed I cannot ask him to change his plans, particularly now, when he has just informed me he has everything arranged for an early departure."

"Most unfortunate. But perhaps he is scarcely to blame: he may anticipate his poor father's fate."

It was a cheerful suggestion for the widow, but she answered unmoved.

"I cannot think that this had anything to do with land, or any trouble of that kind. I am sure that if there had been anything serious going on, Lord Elmsdale would have told me."

"Have you examined his papers carefully?"

"I think my son has."

Colonel Everard had not much faith in the present Lord Elmsdale's business capacities.

"And you really will not interfere in this most important matter?"

"Indeed, Colonel Everard, it would be quite useless. Besides, if the man is not guilty, it would be so dreadful! so fearful! if he were to suffer. It is all so mysterious. One does not know what to think."

"Would you allow me to see your younger sons, the twins? I have already spoken to Lord Elmsdale, and found it quite impossible to induce him to take a right view of this affair."

Lady Elmsdale, though not very penetrating in general could not help thinking that his idea of "a right view" was to have Ned hanged. She did not for a moment suppose that he would coolly and deliberately wish the unfortunate man to suffer, if he were not guilty. But he had persuaded himself that Ned was guilty, so firmly so—to his idea conscientiously—that it appeared as if even the plainest facts could not shake his preconceived theory, or lessen his unreasonable prejudices.

"I will send for my boys, if you wish it, but I do not think the interview will afford you any satisfaction, and I fear it will be very painful to them. Though,

indeed, it might be well for you to see them, perhaps you could give me some advice," she added, eagerly. The mother's heart was quickened into life at the very thought of those who were so precious to her. No sacrifice could be too great where they were concerned. As a passing breath of wind kindles a flame in a smouldering ember, so was all the tenderness of her affection quickened to fire.

(To be Continued).

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WITCHES.

Do I believe in witches, dear?

Most certainly I do!

They haunt this very home of ours—

Don't look so frightened, Sue!

Up-stairs, down stairs, everywhere,

Their presence I can trace,

They visit now and then, my room,

And all my books displace.

Who turned my table upside down

To build a palace car,

And sent my precious manuscripts

Into the corner far?

Who dropped the scissors in my boot,

Who hid my cane and hat,

Who put my glasses, chain and all,

Beneath the entry mat?

I'll set a trap for them some day

And catch them at their tricks,

And then they'll find—the roughish

elves—

They're in a pretty fix.

The old-time witches—Ah, indeed!

You've read the story o'er—

When they were caught their faith was

sealed!

They played their games no more!

But there are witches dwelling here

Who practice well their art!

And just beguile, with song and smile,

Their papa's loving heart.

Believe in witches? Yes, I do?

As I believe in fun—

They're full of that, and bubbling o'er—

And now my story's done!

—*Fouth's Companion.*

THE FARMER AND HIS MONEY.

KING Frederick, of Prussia, when he was out riding one day, saw an old farmer who was plowing in a field, and singing cheerfully over his work.

"You must be well off, old man," said the King. "Does this acre belong

to you, on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the old man, who of course, had not the least idea that he was speaking to the King—"I am not so rich as that. I plow for wages."

"How much do you earn each day by this work?" inquired the King.

"Eight groschen," returned the man. That would be about twenty cents of our money.

"That is very little said the King.

"Can you get along with it?"

"Get along! Yes, indeed, and I have something left."

"However do you manage?"

"Well," said the farmer, smiling. "I will tell you. Two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay off my old debts, two I lend, and two I gave away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery that I am not able to solve," said the King.

"Then I must solve it for you, replied the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me and cared for me when I was young and weak, and needed care. Now, that they are old and weak and need care, I am glad to keep and care for them. This is my debt, and it takes two groschen a day to pay it. Two more I spend on my children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old, they will keep us, and pay back what I lend. Then, with my last two groschen I support my two sick sisters, who are not able to support themselves. Of course I am not compelled to give them the money, but I do it for the sake of our Lord."

"Well done," old man," cried the King, as he finished; "now I am going to give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"No," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is indeed a riddle that I am not able to solve," replied the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," replied the King; and with that he put his hand in his pocket, he pulled out fifty gold pieces, and placed them in the hand of the farmer.

"The coin is genuine," said the King, "for it also comes from the Lord God,

and I am His paymaster. I bid you good-by."

And the rodo off, leaving the good man overwhelmed with surprise and delight at this singular interview.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"ONE of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was 11 years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that? I said to myself. 'I don't expect to have sheep.' My desires were moderate—a fine buck worth \$100. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, for he was a Judge and had been in Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: 'Thou hast been faithful over few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward."

I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio who knew me, came to buy goods, and said, 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well I worked upon those two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geary, the old tea merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he

said: 'You are right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful who you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three.'

"And what valuable lessons they were? Fidelity in all things; do your best to your employers; carefulness about your associates."

Let everybody take these lessons home and study them. They are foundation stones of character and honorable success.

AN AMUSING TRICK FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

You begin by declaring that if any one will write something on a piece of paper, you will undertake to say what there is upon it. Should any one take you, tell him, when he has written something on a piece of paper, to roll it up small and hold the paper straight up in his hand, and, after making him hold it up in a number of different ways, say, "Now place the paper on the ground in the middle of the room, and in order that I may not have the chance of lifting it up in the least, place both your feet upon it, I will then proceed to take up a candle, a stick, or any thing else you please, and inform you at once what is on the paper." After going through all sorts of manoeuvres, to mislead the spectators, and keep alive their curiosity, you finally turn to the gentleman who is standing with both feet on the paper—"I have undertaken to state what was on that piece of paper. You are upon it. With many a hearty laugh, you will be declared a champion.

NEVER be idle. Never gamble. Make few promises. Always speak the truth. Live up to your engagements. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Never speak lightly of religion. Be just before you are generous. Good character is above all things else. Never borrow if it is possible to avoid it. Never listen to idle and loose conversation. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again. Save when you are young and spend when you are old.

When you speak to any person look him in the face. Good company and conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day. Idleness is hunger's mother and of theft its full brother.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER.—Parts 7 and 8 of Father Brennan's translation of this admirable work have been received which brings it towards the end of the Old Testament. In calling attention to this work again, we would remind our readers that, as an additional proof of its merits, the publishers have received an order from England for 1,000 copies of the complete work. The translator, Father Brennan, has been complimented by a flattering expression of appreciation as a writer, by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who sends him, through Very Rev. Dr. Hostlot, Rector of the American College at Rome, the following message:—"His Holiness accepted your 'Life of Pius IX.,' with pleasure, and requested me to inform you, that he sends you his Apostolic Benediction for yourself and your works, and hopes that you will continue to do all you can in the noble undertaking of saving and enlightening souls."—Benziger Bros., Publishers, New York.

THE CENTENNIAL ECHO AND NEW ERA:—Batavia, N. Y.: J. W. Clements, Publisher.—This is an Eclectic Monthly Journal devoted to Religion, Literature and Useful Miscellaneous Information which we take great pleasure in heartily recommending to the notice of Catholic Families. It contains nothing that the most scrupulous father or mother need fear to put into the hands of the little ones. Subscription \$1.00 a year.

FACETIÆ.

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

Speaking of becoming attire, what thing is most likely to become a woman? Why, a little girl, of course.

"Mrs. Toomuch, where's your husband?" "He's dying, marm, and I don't wish anybody to disturb him." A very considerate woman that!

"It's a very solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Hamer. "Yes, but it's a deal more solemn not to be," said Miss Bartlett, a spinster aged forty.

A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on "the single state," "Yes, madam," rejoined an obstinate old bachelor, "as on all other luxuries."

Some women won't understand when their husbands are joking—in fact, such women have no appreciation of humour. Out in Cairo, Ill, a woman shot her husband just because he playfully threw stove wood at her.

"I wish your reverence," said Curran one day to Father O'Leary, "that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, then you'd be able to let me in." "By my honour and conscience," replied O'Leary, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Everybody is willing to say his prayers when he is in a tight fix, and sees no other way out. The Lord is the last resource of some people, and their religion is after the fashion of the sailor who prayed and said: "Oh, Lord, I haven't asked anything of you for fifteen years, and, if you'll get me ashore, I won't ask anything for fifteen years more."

A country man produced a cheque for \$150—duly certified—at the bank. "All right," said the cashier, "In what denominations do you want the money?" "Well, sir, my wife is Church of England, I'm a Presbyterian myself, but I believe you had better give the best of it in Church of England bills, it will please the woman better, and I suppose its all one to me."

Here we have a good example of French wit: "A doctor, like everybody else at this season, went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing." "That's the consequence of having neglected your business," observed his wife. So writes a correspondent.

"But you know pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the address of his neighbor's son,—"you know pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear—so do I; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture."

President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him and then asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The president reflected a little while, and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

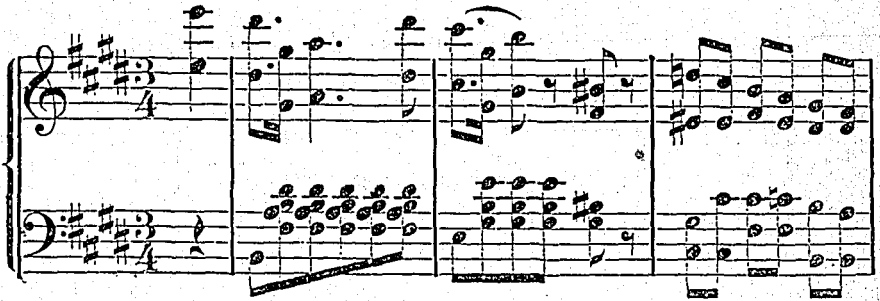
RATHER HARD.—The master of a workhouse in Essex was once called in to act as chaplain to a dying pauper. The poor soul faintly murmured some hopes of heaven. But this the master abruptly cut short, and warned him to turn his last thoughts towards hell. "And thankful you ought to be," said he, "that you have a hell to go to."

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—"Ephrahem, come to your mother, boy, whar you bin?" "Playin' wid de white folke's chillun." "You is, eh? See hyar, chile, you broke your ole mudder's heart, and brung her gray hairs in sorrow to de grave wid yer recklunness an' carryings on with ebil assoayshuns. Habn't I raised you up in de way you should ought to go?" "Yessum." "Habn't I bin kine and tender wid you an' treated you like my own chile, which you is?" "Yessum." "Habn't I reozened wid you, and prayed wid you, and deplored de good Lord to wrap you in his buzzum?" "Yessum." "An' isn't I yer naterl detector an' garden fo' de law?" "Yessum." "Well, den, do you 'spose I'se gwine to hab yer morals ruptured by the white trash! No, sah! You get in de house dis instep; an' if I eber kotch you 'mundcatin' wid de white trash any mo' fo' de Lord, niggas, I'll brake yer black head wid a brick!" "Yessum."

Across the Far Blue Hills Marie.

Words by FRED. WEATHERLY.

Music by G. W. MARSTON.

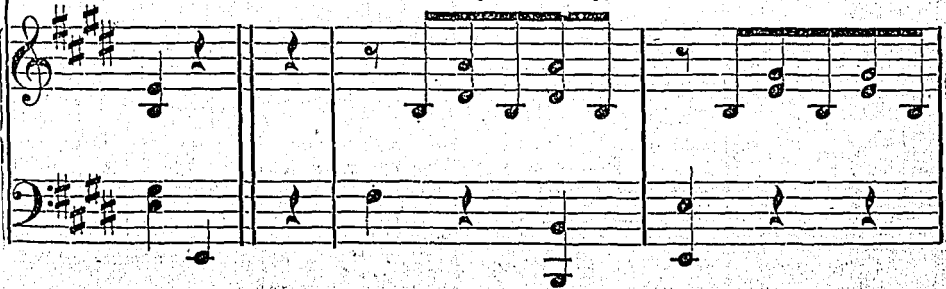


The first system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 4/4 time. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand.

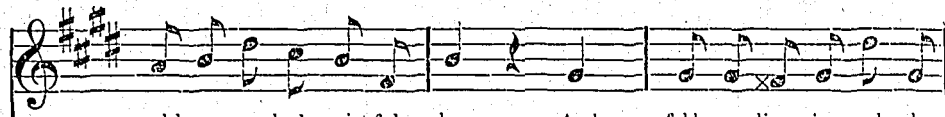


The vocal line for the first system is on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature change to two sharps (F#, C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics.

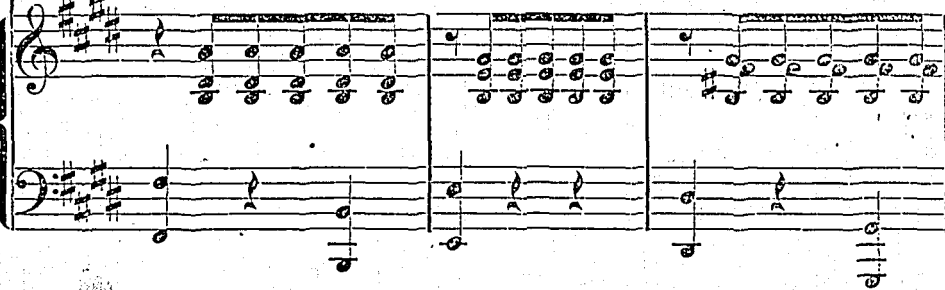
1. A - cross the far blue hills Ma - rie, The
2. A - cross the far blue hills Ma - rie, The
3. A - cross the hap - - - py hills Ma - rie, With



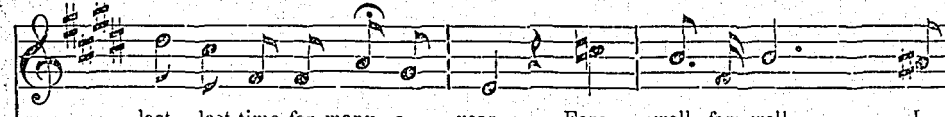
The second system continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The piano part has two staves (treble and bass clef) and the vocal part has one staff (treble clef). The piano accompaniment provides a consistent harmonic background for the vocal melody.



mel-low moon looks wist-ful - ly. And folds us lingering sad - ly
 same sweet moon shall shine on thee, When draw - ing near, to this dear
 joy-ous step I come to thee, The years of part - ing all are



here, The last, last time for many a year, The
 place, With tears up - on thy pale sweet face, With
 o'er, We twain shall part on earth no more. We



last, last time for many a year, Fare - well, fare-well I
 tears up - on thy pale sweet face Thou'lt yearn and stretch sad
 twain shall part on earth no more, Come forth come forth to



pass from thee, A - cross the sad hills love Ma - ric, Fare-
 hands for me, A - cross the sad hills lone Ma - ric, Thou'lt
 wel - come me, A - cross the hap - py hills Ma - ric, Come

well fare-well I pass from thee, A - cross the sad hills love Ma -
 yearn and stretch sad hands for me, A - cross the sad hills love Ma -
 forth come forth to wel - come me, A - cross the hap - py hills Ma -

ric, Ma - ric, Ma - ric.....

Stra

pp

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in June.
1	Sun	WHIT-SUNDAY. Bank of Ireland Established, 1783. Newtownbarry taken by the insurgents, 1798. Electric telegraph laid down between Holyhead and Dublin, 1852.
2	Mon	Battle of Ridgeway: rout of the "Queen's Own" Canadian Volunteers by the "American Fenians," 1866.
3	Tues	St. KEVIN. Lord Edward Fitzgerald died in Prison of his wounds, 1798
4	Wed	The Battle of Castle Lyons, 1643 English under Colonel Walpole defeated, and the Colonel slain, by Wexford Insurgents, 1798. Monster Meeting at Drogheda, 1843,
5	Thurs	Battle of New Ross, 1798. Act for the endowment of Maynooth College passed, 1795.
6	Fri	St. JARLATH, Patron of Tuam. Battle of Benburb; glorious victory of the Irish, 1646. President Johnson's proclamation against the "Fenian" invasion of Canada. Arrest of President W. R. Roberts and General Sweeny, 1866.
7	Sat	St. COLMAN, Patron of Dromore. The Battle of Antrim; United Irish led by Henry Joy McCracken, 1798.
8	Sun	TRINITY SUNDAY. Rev. James Quigly executed, 1798. Monster meeting at Kilkenny, 300,000 persons present, 1843.
9	Mon	St. COLEMBKILLE died at Iona, 597. Battle of Arklow and death of Father Murphy, 1798.
10	Tues	Departure of the "Fenian" expedition from Canada, 1866.
11	Wed	A Synod of Irish Bishops opened in Dublin, 1660. Monster meeting at Mallow, O'Connell's "Defiance," 1843.
12	Thurs	CORPUS CHRISTI. Gerald Griffin, died, 1840.
13	Fri	Battle of Clones, 1643. Dr. Esmonde hung on Carlisle Bridge, 1798.
14	Sat	King William III. landed at Carrickfergus, 1690. Battle of Ballinahinch, 1798.
15	Sun	Right Rev. Dr. Doyle ("J. K. L.") died, 1854. Monster meeting at Clare, 1843.
16	Mon	Twenty persons killed in the Four Courts, Dublin; by the falling of a chimney which had taken fire, 1721.
17	Tues	William Smith O'Brien, the illustrious Irish patriot, died at Bangor, in Wales, 1864.
18	Wed	The O'Sullivan's Castle of Dunboy, in Bearhaven, after a gallant defence, taken by the English and the garrison executed, 1602. Battle of Athlone, 1690.
19	Thurs	Henry VIII. Crowned "King of Ireland," 1541. The City of Dublin Proclaimed under Crime and Outrage Act, 1848. Second reading of Church Bill carried in House of Lords; majority 33. 1869.
20	Fri	Baltimore sacked by Corsairs, 1631. Wolfe Tone born, 1763. Battle of Fook's Mill. United Irish victories, 1798.
21	Sat	Defeat of the Irish forces near Lough Swilly, under Heber MacMahon, 1650. Williamites beaten at Donegal, 1689. Battle of Vinegar Hill, 1798.
22	Sun	Molyneaux's "Case of Ireland" ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, 1693,
23	Mon	St. RUMOLD martyred, 775. Smith O'Brien's funeral procession in Dublin, 1864.
24	Tues	NATIVITY OF St. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Henry VIII. assumes the title "Lord of Ireland," 1540.
25	Wed	Synod at Dublin dispersed by government, 1660. Monster meeting at Galway, 1843.
26	Thurs	Massacre of "United Irishmen" at Carnew, 1798.
27	Fri	Bagenal Harvey, leader of the "United Irishmen," hanged, 1798. Banquet in Dublin to welcome the Hon. C. G. Duffy, 1865.
28	Sat	Bridge of Athlone valiantly defended by the Irish against an overwhelming force of Williamites, 1691. John H. Colclough hanged, 1798.
29	Sun	The Most Rev. Doctor Cullen enthroned Archbishop of Dublin, 1852.
30	Mon	Rev. Mr. Morgan hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, for being a priest, and having come into England, 1640. Athlone taken, 1691.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord; that which he hath given, will pay him again.

In no station, in no period, let us think ourselves secure from the dangers which spring from our passions. Every age, and every station, they beset; from youth to gray hairs, and from the peasant to the prince.