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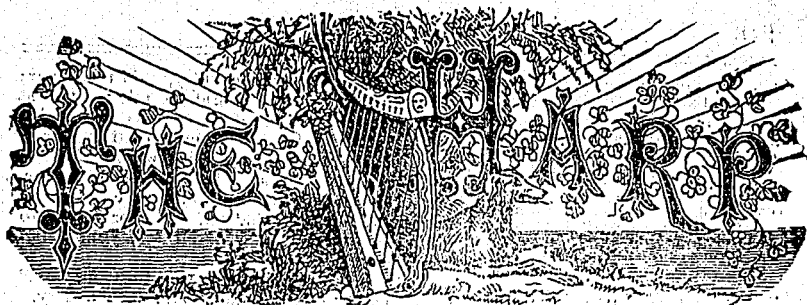
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A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. 11.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 8.

FAITHLESS.

BY H. B.

I wonder if it seems as long
To you; three years have passed; or more,
Since, loath to speak the final word,
We parted at the vine-wreathed door.

The graceful gesture of your hand,
Your wistful eyes, I see them yet,
And hear from out those pleading lips,
The whispered mandate, "Don't forget."

Ah, was it that your faith in me
Was weak, or that my thoughts you read,
And guessed the plot my brain conceived,
Black as the heavens overhead?

Fast fell the rain, the pallid moon
Was hidden by the tempest's rack;
"Adieu!" you cried; "now, don't forget
To bring our best umbrella back!"

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

By D. P. CUNNINGHAM, LL.D.,

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

"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"

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

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"By my sowl, Mary, but I'll sober you
before we lave the flure, for all that."

"Faiks, avourneen, you may do your
best; you never seen the day that you
could beat a Cahill on the flure," and Mary
strengthened her boast by a fresh display
of agility.

"Arrah! Mary, alanna, is that it; sure
you know the Cormack blood never gave
in," and James, too, would improve his
speed in heel and toe, and snap his fingers,
as if in defiance.

"Success, Mary! he's slagging a ban
choir! Lay to it, James; bravo! whist!"

"I'll hould a gallon on Mary."

"Done! said another; a gallon out of
James."

"No, boys no," said James Cormack;
"I think the collech has enough of it; as

for myself, avourneen machree! I have too
much, so let us stop," and he took Mary
by the hand.

"Ha, ha!" said Mary, with an arch
smile, "I knew that my feet were too light
for you, James."

"Strike up the 'Fox-hunter's Jig,'"
said Shemus-a-Clough.

Shemus commenced dancing it by him-
self, keeping time to the music with his
feet and club.

"Success, Shemus. Dhoul a better.
Arrah! that's the music; you'd think it is
the how, how, wow of the bounds you'd
hear," said Shemus, all the time keeping
his huge feet moving.

"Musha! isn't it pleasant; faith it would
nearly make me jump through the windy;
there it is again, how, bow, wow, tallyho,
barkaway; here Dido, ho Juno, tallyho,
tallyho, in the mornin'!" and Shemus
finished his capers amid roars of laughter.

Reader, have you ever seen an Irish
dance? It is none of your stately draw-
ing-room affairs, where you lead your
partner with slow and measured step
through the mazes of a full set; no such
thing. There they are, four, or perhaps
eight couples, twisting, turning, cap-
ring, snapping their fingers, hitting their hams
with their heels, in the full buoyancy of
spirits.

"Musha! I think ye have enuff of it
now for a shart; arn't ye better sit down
and have a dhrink," said Mrs. Butler.

"I think so too, ma'am," said the
Rover.

So they all sat down around a large
table with their girls by their sides, and
Mrs. Butler's flowing cans of ale and
porter before them, to each and all of
which they did ample justice.

After a time a voluble flow of soft
nonsense, snatches of songs, and sundry
hip, hip, hurra! gave forcible proofs of the
strength of Mrs. Butler's drink, and also
to the very decent manner in which the
saint was treated. Shemus-a-Clough's
voice rose like a little tempest above the
rest, as he mingled snatches of his favorite
hunting songs with others in honor of the
saint—

"Harkaway, harkaway, tallyho, my boys!
I hear th' cry of the fox and hounds."

"The seventeenth of March is Patrick's day,
And he was the gr. at him of our isle,
Shure never a word to us does he say,
While we are drinkin' and sportin' the
while."

"Say your prayers, the huntsman an I,
Before the hounds will tear you;
I have no prayers, poor—eynard said,
For I was bred a Quaker.
Harkaway, tallyho, harkaway!

"O, you wor the ain, acushla machree;
T' handle an alpeen, shure you wor able;
You hunted over varmint, and allowed us
a sphree.
Here's your hear th, while there's a drop
on the tabl—
Cean't mille fe' the, acushla machree

Whooro, tallyho, harkaway,
Sweet tipperary and the shty over it!"
"The's a purty song, Shemus," said
one.

"It is, the Lord be praised; but it is so
hard to sing the two together; you see the
hounds, bad scran to them, do be running
in on the saint."

"Never mind, Shemus, he'll keep out
of th'ir way."

"Faith he ought, for Dido would not
respect him one bit. Shure one day she
caught myself in the kennel, and she
ought to know me better than the
saint."

"Will you go to the election, Shemus,"
said another.

"Faiks an' that I will; din't Father
Phil say to-day that every one ought to
go and not allow themselves to be walked
over, an' driven like so many pigs by
shomeen landlords and agents."

"It's hard for the people to know what
to do, boys," said James Cormack; "there
is Mr. Ellis after sending word to all the
tenants to vote for Sir W. Crasly, and
there is the priest after advising the
people to vote against him. Now, if the
people vote against the landlord, they are
shure of being turned out, and if they vote
for him, or his man, rather, they are
shure to be balkragged by the priest."

"It is unpleasant business, no doubt,"
said Ned Burkem; "I am thinking of
giving up my situation; I never felt any-
thing so much as to have to go and tell
the tenants to vote against themselves and
their priest."

"It is hard enuff on you, Ned," said an-
other; "but shure you can't help it; and
if you left, they would get some one else;
so you might as well keep your place."

"Sorra a one of me would keep it twenty-
four hours, only that I can do some little
good for the tenants, now and then."

"Good look to you, Ned, there is noth-
ing like the kind word."

"Are all the tenants to meet at Mr.
Ellis's, Ned?" said another.

"They are to be there on Tuesday morn-
ing, at eight o'clock; that is the word he
sent, and to have them not disappoint at
their peril; if they do, they know what
will happen then."

"It is a drele country," said the Rover;
"the landlord ought to tell the tenant
that he must get his vote as well as his
rent. If he made these conditions when
lettin' the land the thing would not be so
bad afterwards. I know if I had a vote,
I'd see him to the dhoul before I'd give it
to him. Ay, indeed, vote for a man to
tyrannize over yourself and your relig-
ion!"

"Thru for you, Shawn, thru for you!"
was the exclamation of the whole party.

"We are little-fellows to put up wid
it," said a little fellow with a lame leg.

"What can we do?" said another.

"Not to let the voters go wid them,"
said the Rover.

"All balderdash," said another; how
soft you sphuke!"

"Faith, maybe it's no balderdash at all!"
said a young fellow, who, with his hands
leaning on the table, was silently listen-
ing all through; but who now raised his
head, and there was a flashing kind of an-
ger in his eye, "maybe it's no balderdash
at all," and he slapped the table with his
clenched hand.

"Pooh! what could you do, Lawlor?"
said another.

"We could rescue them; shure, I know
that the poor wretches of tenants must go
against th'ir grain."

"Bravo, Bill," said Burkem; "give me
the hand! I wished I could join ye; but
ye see I must be on the other side; but,
faith, if it comes to a fight, I know who
I will help," and he gave a nod, as much as
to say, depend upon me, boys.

"Come, boys, we have enuff about it,
let us have a song or a story. Did I ever
tell ye how I made a tectoter of the great-
est drunkard in the whole country?"

"No, no, hawn; out wid it."

"Hem! hal! I'll drink yer health, boys,
first, and then the story—mighty good
drink it is, the Lord be praised." Shawn
hem'd and haw'd, and wiped his mouth with
his sleeve, and then commenced—

"'Tis, let me see, about twenty years gone,
since I was working at the Mardyke col-
liery. One day a man was passin' by, in a
car, and he blind drunk. The mule
stood gazin' about the banks of the pit. I
went over, but not a stir was in him. So
as I was always fond of a joke, I got some
of the boys to take him down into the pit
with me. When we reached the bottom,
we took him about two hundred yards
farther, and then tied chains to his hands
and feet. He slept very soundly for about
two hours; when he came to himself he
thought he was in the mule's car. 'Prooh!
prooh!' said he. He then felt the chains.
So he rubbed his eyes, tried to look about,
rattled his chains, but could make noth-
ing of it! he was perfectly bewildered.
'Where am I?' said he to himself; then
he felt himself, to make sure of his
identity, and felt the place about him to
see could he make out wher he was, but

he was still in the dark. He reflected. Could it be that he had died in his drink, and that he was in hell. 'Oh, wurra, wurra,' said he, 'what will become of my poor wife and childers; oh, wurra, wurra; Lord have mercy on me, a poor sinner; O, the darlins, what will they do after me,—and to die in my drink; heaven have mercy upon me! O, Kitty, alanna, will you forgive me all I ever drank upon you and the poor childer. O the darlins, what will they do after me? O, holy Mother, intercede for me: oh, oh,' and he commenced a regular course of tears, prayers, and lamentations. After having prayed and cried himself just sick, he began to think. 'It's a curious place, anyway; I wonder is there anyone here but myself; well, I might as well see.' In attempting to stand up, he knocked his head against the roof, with such force, that he fell back again. 'Oh, wurra, wurra, I am kill now or never. Oh, murder, murder; my head is smashed. O, holy Saint Joseph, protect me; where am I, at all; it's as dark as pitch, and if I stir, maybe it is into some hole I'd rowl. O, Lord, O, Lord, have mercy upon me! oh, what will I do, at all, at all; O, Kitty, alanna; if I had you here to console me, asthore!' and he sat down sobbing and lamenting. I stuck some candles in my old hat, and tied chains to my body, and crept on all fours towards him. My face and body all covered with culm, the candles' glimmering light, and the rattling chains, made him take me for the devil. As I approached, he threw himself upon his knees before me exclaiming, 'My lord, spare me, and tell me where I am, or what brought me here?' 'Don't you see you are in hell?' said I, making my voice as strong as possible. 'O, Lord, have mercy upon me! am I to remain here always?' 'You are to remain here until your body is buried; you are then to be removed to a place filled with never quenching fire.' 'Oh, Mr, Devil,' says he, 'oh, darlin! what will become of my poor wife and childers?' 'How do I know?' says I; 'I am only the porter here; I can tell you that your wife will shortly be married again, and that your children will have to look sharp.' 'O, God help them.' 'Now, don't be mentionin' the name of God, if you please,' says I, very angrily. 'No, your honor, if you wish it; but you said that my body was to be buried, but here I am, body and all.' 'You are not well dead yet, man; but when your body is buried upon earth, you will depart from it here and go to hell, for ever and ever.' He burst into tears, and bewailed all his past crimes and sins; he beat his breast and tore his hair; he appeared in the greatest anguish and terror. 'O, my wife and childers, I have been a bad husband and father to you; I have spent your means in drink and folly. O, Lo—, ah you, what can I do? oh, oh; if I could see ye again,

oh, how changed I'd be.' So great was his paroxysm of grief, that I took compassion upon him.

'Have you any money?' said I to him. 'I had five shillings when I died; I can't say I have it now.' 'Search your pockets.' 'Begad, here it is, your honor.' 'Well, give me that; perhaps I could do something to get you out of this, for the devils scarcely know you are here at all; so if you promise to mend your life, I might get you off.' He threw himself upon his knees, exclaiming, 'May God Almighty bless you; 'tis I will make the good, kind husband and father; and devil,—oh, I beg pardon—sorra a drop of whisky I will ever touch agin.' 'Well, take care,' says I, 'and keep this in token of your promise,' and I gave him a purse with an old coin in it. I then went and brought the worth o' the five shillings of whisky for the boys; I brought down some that I mixed with tincture of opium, and gave it to him to drink. After drinking some, he remarked, 'Isn't this very like the whisky we had on earth. Och, but I'd nearly swear they are the same; no matter, shure I had better dhrink, anyway; your health, your honor,' and he finished his pint. He shortly began to sing and shake hands with me; calling me a good kind of a poor devil; then, when it began to work, he fell asleep. We then quietly hauled him up, and placed him in the car, and turned the mule homewards, for some of the men knew him.

When he went home, they took him out of the car, and put him to bed; he shortly awoke, and casting his eyes fearfully around, he asked where he was. 'Shure, you are at home, in your own warm bed, abhorra,' says his wife. He rubbed his eyes. 'I can scarcely believe it; am I alive at all, or who are you, woman?' 'Oh, avourcene, I am your poor wife; don't you know me?' 'Well, well, I don't know what to say,' and he felt for the purse; 'there you are, shure enough: all I can say, if I am alive, I am asther comin' out of hell, thanks be to God.' The wife hearing this, and seeing his wild looks, called in the neighbors. They all collected, and hearing him rave, as they thought, about the horrors of hell, and the like, noided to one another and tapped their foreheads, as much as to say, 'he's not right here, poor fellow.' At length he gave such good accounts of the place, and exhibited the purse as corroborative evidence, some began to think that perhaps he was taken there for a start in punishment for his sins; anyway, from that forward, he became a changed man, and led a pious, sober, good life. He is firmly resolved that the devil shan't catch him again. He often tells the story about his journey to hell; and if any one doubts him, he shows the purse he got from the devil, in confirmation of it. 'Who can doubt such evi-

science, particularly, as it was all black; but some malicious people said it was with culm. No matter, his wife and childers bless the day that I took him to hell."

"Faiks, you were better than Father Mathew to him, Shawn," said one.

"Strange things happen," said Mr. Freaney; "a little withered specimen of a fairy doctor, that had come to the neighborhood to practise his healing art upon some cows."

"Ah, it's you knows that, Mr. Freaney," said Mrs. Butler, with great deference; "shure they say you see the good people walkin' about."

"Indeed I do, ma'am," said Mr. Freaney; "they are about the room here this blessed minute; there is one little dawny fellow drinking out of your tumbler, Mrs. Butler."

"Lord protect us," exclaimed Mrs. Butler, drawing back, and making the sign of the cross upon her forehead.

"Don't be afeard, ma'am, he'll do you no harm; he is an innocent fellow; but there is a schemer trying to take a kiss from Miss Cahill." Mary bounced aside, and somehow into James Cormack's arms, who, I must say, took the start of the amorous fairy.

Mr. Freaney was distinguished in his way; he could cure the fairy-stricken; he could bring back butter, milk, or any other property unlawfully abstracted by these thieving little gentlemen. He certainly managed his business in a manner to impose upon the poor credulous peasantry. He lived near Killough Hill, a hill, he asserted, that grew all the "herbs" that were required in fairy medicine. His cabin contained two rooms; the inner one was separated, by a thin boarding, from the outer. When any person came for Mr. Freaney he was sure to be from home. His mother, in the meantime, drew a full history of the disease from the visitor. Mr. Freaney was all the time listening with his ear quite near the speaker; he then passed into an out-house, by a private door from the room, and went into the fields. The mother went out and ran in again. "Thank God you're in luck; he's coming. You might as well go out and meet him."

Our dupe goes out and finds Mr. Freaney on the side of the hill picking herbs, and laughing to himself. "Stay back, honest man, I know what you want." And then he would relate all the particulars of the disease, whether of person or beast, with an accuracy to astonish the other, and make him look up to him as infallible. When he went home he told how he knew the disease, the times the fits seized the patient, and the like unto his friends; so Mr. Freaney became famous and lived well upon the credulity of his dupes.

Mr. Freaney's class is now fast disappearing. However harmless they were in themselves, they were mischievous to society at large.

"Faiks, Mr. Freaney, it is not pleasant

to have them so near a body," said Mrs. Butler.

"Sorra a haporth they'll do to you, ma'am; they are the quiet, tricky cratu es unless they are vexed, then, nabockfish!"

"Faiks, I believe they are dangerous, then, Mr. Freaney," said a wag who had little faith in their boasted powers.

"Dangerous, you may well say that. I recollect I was sent for to cure a man, not far from this, either. He was one night walkin' out, when he heard the tramp of people comin' towards him; he waited until they came up, and there they were, a decent funeral. 'God save ye, neighbors,' says he, goin' over and puttin' his shoulder under the bearer. With that they all gave a shout, and left him, coffin and all. When he opened the coffin there was a stump of a stick in it. He took to the bed. I couldn't do anything for him; he was too far gone when they sent for me. Another man came to me. His cows used to be always milked by a white hare. I told him to go home, and when the cows would be milking to put the coultter in the fire, and then have some fast dogs and hunt the hare. They did so, and the dogs come up to her and tore a piece out of her leg; however, she escaped and ran into a house; they followed her, and instead of the hare there was an old woman stretched on the bed all covered with blood. The cows were not milked any more."

"Here, Mrs. Butler, this talking is dry work; bring me more drink," said James Cormack.

Mrs. Butler went to the kegs and found them empty. Mrs. Butler was not sorry for this, for she found that their money was all spent, and the only payment she got for the last two gallons were some strokes of chalk upon the back of a board. Mrs. Butler returned empty.

"Sorra another drop in it, James," said she.

"No matter; bring us a drop of the hard stuff."

"O, holy mother; do you hear this. Going to drink strong spirits after two half-barrels of beer."

"Come, come, ma'am; let us have it."

"Sorra a drop, James, sorra a drop; I wouldn't have it for a sin on my soul! So go home now, like decent boys. Shure ye wouldn't be keepin' the colleens out any longer."

All remonstrances were useless with Mrs. Butler; for she knew that she had emptied their pockets. But her chief defence was "the colleens. Shure it was time for decent girls of karakter to go home."

The decent girls supported Mrs. Butler; so the lords of creation were forced to yield to such influence.

"Oh, mills, murther!" said the Rover, as he plopped into a lough, on his way home. "Och, holy Saint Patrick! look at all I am suffering on your account."

He then staggered across the road into another.

"Och, blessed saint! look at that agin, Shure I am earnin' you well!"

And as the Rover took a dive into almost every hole on the way home, he certainly brought the saint under a very heavy obligation; which I am sure he will honorably acknowledge when he meets our friend above.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW WE MANAGE ELECTIONS IN IRELAND—LORD CLEARALL'S OPINION OF PRIESTS AND PEOPLE—HOW TENANTS' CONSCIENCES SHOULD BE MANAGED.

Clear Castle, as Lord Clearall's princely residence was called, was beautifully and romantically situated. It was built upon a rising ground; and commanded a wide view of a fertile and picturesque extent of country. The extensive lawn was intersected with roads and avenues, and adorned with stately oaks and sycamores.

A pleasant little river babbled on its way by the castle and pleasure grounds, now shaded by the overhanging trees on its banks, and then prattling through some rocky glen. I might apply to it the words of the poet—

"Sweet are the paths, oh passing sweet!
By water's rills that run
O'er airy steep, through copsewoods deep,
Impervious to the sun."

As we have nothing to say to the river, and little to say to Lord Clearall, but what we can learn of him through his worthy agent, we will not take up the time of our readers with one or the other. However, we must introduce our readers into his lordship's study; where himself, his agent, and Sir W. Crasly are making arrangements for the coming campaign. The library was a fine, spacious room, well furnished with richly-bound books, easy chairs, lounges, and the like, as if the muses were to be wooed and won in ease and luxury.

His lordship was seated in an easy chair, at the head of the table. Near him sat Mr. Ellis, looking over some accounts; whilst Sir W. Crasly reclined on a lounge near the window, apparently watching some orange and lemon trees, that were peeping out of the conservatory into the library window. There were several busts, on marble pedestals, of his lordship's noble ancestors around the room; these, too, seemed to occupy much of the honorable gentleman's attention. Perhaps, he was thinking how distinguished he would look in effigy, one of those fine days—for he had little doubt that, as soon as he got into parliament (of which he had no doubt at all) he would astonish the conglomerated wisdom of England, that he would be honored with a niche among the penates of his lordly friends. It is no wonder that he should

think so well of himself, for he had spent four years in Oxford, and got a medal in oratory, after reading a speech that a poor plebeian, with more brains than cash, composed for a consideration. He should have graduated, also, if he got his merit; and, to do him justice, there was not a better player at tennis, or fives, or a more expert intriguer in the college.

He had now come to start his oratorical wares among the "hignorant Hiri-h." Sir W. Crasly was something of a Cockney in his way. He was a young man of some note in London; a great favorite with the ladies, as he had considerable property in possession and more in expectation. He was, indeed, a very eligible match, and as his heart was rather soft and sentimental, many a penniless beauty had laid her snares to entrap him. He had never been in Ireland before, though he had considerable possessions in it; but he left the uncontrolled management of his estates to his agent, who liberally sinned the poor tenants to feather his own nest. It is true, he had a great dread of the Irish; for, from all he had read about their cold-blooded murderous crimes and assassinations, all of which were endorsed by his agent, who did not wish him to come over, perhaps to frustrate his own comfortable system of managing his property, he concluded that they were a very "hignorant, barbarous set." He thought that he conferred a great favor on them by coming to misrepresent them, and wondered with what apathy they were receiving him.

"Well, are they ready, Mr. Ellis?" said his lordship, looking up impatiently from a book he was reading.

"Yes, my lord. Shall I trouble you to look over it?"

"Certainly; though, no—let me see what's the gross amount? I hate poring over accounts—twenty thousand three hundred and twenty-one! Why, Mr. Ellis, at my father's death the rental was nearly two thousand more. Now, after ejecting the old tenants, we have spent about ten thousand on building houses and improving the land, and what have we got in return from your cannie Scotch friends?"

"You must consider, my lord, the improved state of the land, with its elegant farm-houses and fences, when compared with the barren, impoverished state it was in when we got it up."

"Certainly, there is an improvement that way; but then a reduction of nearly two thousand, beside the outlay and interest of nearly ten more, is a great drawback. Sure, these fellows, the old tenants, I mean, said they would build houses and drain the land if we but gave them leases."

"You couldn't believe a word they say, my lord. They promise you everything, but perform very little. They are a thriftless, idle race."

"I think, Clearall," said Sir W. Crasly, with a yawn, "you had better not interfere with them. That is just what my agent says to me; and he knows them better than we do. Your Scotch tenants will have a beneficial effect upon the Irish. I declare, I never saw prettier farmers' places than you have about here."

"Yes, your honor; his lordship knows what kind of a wild place this was twenty years since. Now, look at it; is it not an honor to his lordship?" said Mr. Ellis.

"Yes, indeed; and you have a devilish pretty little place, too, Mr.—Mr.—what I call you?"

"Ellis," suggested his lordship.

"Ay, Mr. Ellis."

Mr. Ellis winced a little at this, but composedly answered: "Yes, your honor; thanks to his lordship's kind patronage and encouragement, and to my own industry."

"What are we to do with these Ballybruff tenants, Mr. Ellis?" said his lordship. "I think you were telling me something about serving them with notices to quit, or the like."

"Yes, my lord; there is a year's rent due on the whole property. You know it is sub-divided into small farms—even adjoining the demesne."

"But have they not paid you some rent lately. I see their names here on the rent roll," and he pointed to the sheet before him.

"Yes, my lord, near a year's rent; but there is another due, and they haven't the means of meeting it. Why, it was cows and geese they offered me to make up the last year's; besides, my lord, it interferes with the appearance of the property very much. I was, the other day, travelling with a gentleman from Scotland: 'Who owns this estate?' said he, pointing to some cabins; 'Isn't it a sin to see such fine land going waste?' I declare, my lord, I was ashamed to own it was yours."

Lord Clearall took great pride in the embellishment of his house and grounds; and as Mr. Ellis knew this to be his weak point, he took advantage of it.

"Why not knock them down, and build good stone houses?" said our would-be legislator.

"Well, well; do as you please, Mr. Ellis," said his lordship.

"I think, Clearall, we shouldn't interfere in those things at all," said Sir W. Crasly.

"Well, perhaps you are right, Crasly," said his lordship, in a dubious tone, as if there was something wrong somewhere.

"Have you noticed all the tenants about the election, Mr. Ellis?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Well?"

"A good many promised; others said that it would be hard for them to go against the priest and their conscience."

"Priest and conscience, the devil!" ex-

claimed his lordship, with great warmth. "I don't see why these popish priests should be poking their noses into everything; as for conscience, what conscience have they but the priest's? I tell you, Ellis—and tell them so—we will level the houses over every mother soul of them if they don't vote for us; and then let their priests give them a living."

"I think, Clearall," said Sir W. Crasly, "that there should be a law passed to make priests stick to their psalms. I know I will introduce one, and also one to abolish Maynooth, that hotbed of priestcraft."

"They are a meddling set, Crasly," said his lordship. "Just think you, one of them has written a whole lot of letters about me for turning out some lazy tenants; as if a man couldn't do what he likes with his own. Why, they would fain manage our properties for us."

"Ay, and pocket the proceeds to say masses to send us to heaven," said the honorable gentleman, with a laugh at his witticism, in which laugh his lordship and Mr. Ellis joined.

"I tell you what, Ellis," said his lordship, "send them word again that you will have cars ready for them at your place on Tuesday morning, and mark the men that refuse. Curse them, to refuse voting as I bid them, and I giving them a living; well, let them try it, though!"

"I would make examples of them for others. I had some fellows on my property that refused voting as I bade them; my agent cleared them off at once, except a few that had leases. I think, Clearall, a man shouldn't give leases at all, it makes those fellows so independent; I like to keep the lash hand over them, you see," said the honorable gentleman. His lordship was all this time walking up and down the library in a great fume, to think that his slaves dared gaily say his will—that they dare vote but as he will'd and wished; so his lordship said nothing for a considerable time but "Hang them! hang them! priests and all! the ungrateful lot! but let them try it, though. I tell you what, Ellis, go to them, and say that I sent them word to vote for my friend, and if not, let them be ready to march; do your business, Mr. Ellis, and my friend here and I will recommend you to his Excellency to be appointed a J. P."

"Certainly, Mr.—. Oh, yes, Ellis, his Excellency is a particular friend of mine; will feel devilish happy to do that for me," drawled Sir W. Crasly.

Mr. Ellis took his leave; he was in a fix; he was ambitious of the honor of gaining the bench, yet he wished that the tenants should not support Lord Clearall's friend, as this would show his lordship what an ungrateful set they were; and set a flying quail he might entertain as to the probability of getting rid of them, however, ambition triumphed.

It is needless to recapitulate the fine promises made by the rival candidates and their friends—the very handsome and polite compliments they paid one another. Sir W. Crasly came forward on true conservative principles. He was for reform, for free trade, for running canals through the country to drain the land, and make every inland town a maritime one. He liked religious equality; it was a good thing; everyone should be allowed to use their own religion; but then, he hoped, in his heart, he wouldn't meet any troublesome papists in heaven. He was for supporting the vicereignty, for he expected to honor Ireland by becoming Lord Lieutenant some fine day. On the other hand, his honorable opponent cajoled his dupes with far more liberal promises. To the speculating and selfish, he held out, in a private way, the bait of colonial and custom-house appointments; to the patriotic and no-compromise class, ay, he was the man for them. "He would not sleep quietly on his bed; he would not look upon himself as a freeman possessing a nationality until he wrung from an alien parliament Repeal of the Union;" loud cheers, and cries of bravo, you're the man for us. "Dublin must become in every sense the capital of Iceland, ay, of Europe. Our absentees must return to enrich it by spending money there—money they have dragged out of the hard industry of the toiling peasant; trade and commerce must be restored; the people must be secured from tyrannizing landlords, of which, unfortunately, we have too many. Our towns will flourish again; industry and capital will combine to enrich; in fact we must enjoy the millennium of Irish prosperity; and how is all this to be achieved? Only the one way my friends, by repeal of the Union; then let your motto be, Repeal and no surrender! hurra for repeal!"

If cheers and shouts be any criterion of the good effects of a speech, Sir William Placeman must have been highly gratified at the stunning effects of his oration.

"Repeal, my friends," he continued, "is the grand panacea of all our evils: it will make of us a free people, inhabiting a free nation—

"Great glorious and free,
First flower of the earth,
And first gem of the sea."

And this is to be gained by returning men true to the cause and country; men who will spurn place and pension to serve their country. Let ye have no placemen; hunt them from the hustings; cry them down. Make every man, who would have the honor of representing you, pledge himself to independent opposition, as I do now, so help me, God! Independent opposition means opposition to every government that will not grant tenant right and repeal of the Union. There is an old adage, 'tell me your company; and

I'll tell you what you are.' Now, who are Sir W. Crasly's companions? why, my Lord Clearall, that has made eviction a plaything; that has cleared his estates of most of the Catholic tenantry to make room for Scotch settlers; but the honorable gentleman has a happy knack of clearing his estates himself, and need not get any lesson from his Lordship, on the rights of property, which means the clearance system. In sober seriousness, I do not for a moment think that there is a man among ye that would vote for one who is the sworn enemy of your race, your religion, and your country. You, tell me you will be forced to do so—forced! nonsense; stand together as men should do, and if violence should be used, have you not strong arms to resist, force by force?" If he didn't get an ovation of cheers, it is a queer thing: and then the people went home to prepare their sticks and rusty pieces, to rebel, according to his precepts, force by force. If I were to give you all the cajoling speeches made by both parties and their friends, and all the rival puffs by rival editors, for which they were well paid, no doubt, both in cash and with the handsome perspective of a snug berth, somewhere; if I were to give you all these, I should give a chapter to themselves, or rather one to each candidate and his friends.

An Irish election, and I believe an English one, too, produces much rowing, drinking, and ill-will in the country. Irish elections, though, are losing a great deal of their boisterous spirit now, for the people are becoming quite indifferent as to who is returned. They find one class of candidates radically opposed to their interests, and the other but waits for a good market to sell them to the best advantage.

On the election morning, Mr. Ellis had a large number of jaunting cars, and vehicles of every description, ready to convey the voters to be polled.

There was a breakfast of cold meat, and plenty of bread and beer, ready for all. There was a motley group of Scotchmen, Protestant dependants, and a fair sprinkling of Catholics; the former laughed and ate with great gusto, the latter held down their heads, and slunk into corners. At length the procession formed into marching order. A huge four-horse car led the van; Mr. Baker, Mr. Ellis, Hugh Pembert, and several others, all well-armed, occupied this. They had neither banners nor music, as they wished to get off as noiselessly as possible; for, notwithstanding all their preparations, they did not feel too safe. They knew that they had boasted for weeks before that they would go in spite of the people—ay, and drive the tenants with them, too. When our party came near the village of Straggletown, their way was blocked up by a large pile

or barricade of stones, placed across the road. A number of people, armed with pitchforks, picks, and old guns, were crowded behind these, who raised a shout of defiance, and whirled their rude weapons about.

"What do ye want?" said Mr. Ellis, standing up on the car.

"What do we want, indeed! We want to have ye go home, with the few honest men ye forced wid ye."

"We're not forcing any one," said Mr. Ellis; "any one that likes may go home."

"Ay, but dare they?" shouted the crowd "Shure if they did, they wouldn't have a roof o' cover them shortly."

"Come, come! Remove these obstructions; if not, we will force our way. We are well armed."

"So are we, honey. Take your ease, Mr. Ellis; it's not a house you are going to level now, avick machree."

"Get down, boys," said Mr. Ellis to some of his men, "and remove these; we are well armed; this is the queen's highway, so we will pass in spite of them. So get your arms ready."

A wild, derisive shout from the crowd followed this announcement.

"Oh! stop, stop, for God's sake!" said Mr. Baker; "let us turn back, or let me stick myself somewhere. Oh! oh! I knew it would come to this. Oh! the d—d papists will murder every mother soul of us. Oh! boys, honey, don't do anything rash!"

"Ha! ha! ha! poor Jack Baker," shouted the crowd; "Where are all you ever killed now of the d—d papists? We will pay you back now."

"Oh! sorra a one I ever killed; I wouldn't hurta hair of your heads," shouted Mr. Baker.

"Mr. Baker, you may return, if you choose," said Mr. Ellis, "or hide in the well of the car there; it is spacious enough. As for me, I am resolved to go on, in spite of these dogs, too; so, boys, get ready, and the first man that prevents the obstructions being removed, I'll pop him."

"Hurrah! hip, hurrah! for Mr. Ellis," derisively shouted the crowd; "Arrah, he is the man to knock the house over the poor, God bless him. Shure it is the great change since he came here with the bug on his back, now to be at the head of a lot of blues, driving poor Catholic tenants to vote for their enemies. Arrah! we'll teach you a lesson now, Sawney."

"Clear away these stones, boys," shouted Mr. Ellis to his men, who had all collected about him; "and let us see who will prevent ye."

"Faith, Mr. Ellis, avourneen, maybe it's the daylight will be shining through your ugly carcass, if you attempt firin'," shouted the mob.

"We'll give up the Catholics; sure, we don't want to take the decent men against their will," said Mr. Baker.

"Hold your tongue, if you please, Mr. Baker. We will give up nothing, but force our way through them," said Mr. Ellis, very resolutely.

A huge crowd had now collected at both sides of the barricade; women and children joined in a regular chorus of screams; with the shouts of the men at one side, whilst the party at the other was making the best possible display of their guns to intimidate the others. Some now began to tear away the stones and blocks, and a regular hand to hand melee ensued. Clods, dirt, and stones were flung at the voters. Mr. Ellis took mark at a man that appeared a leader, and fired; the man fell. A shout of execration and fury ran through the crowd.

"Lawlor is shot; let us have revenge; hurrah! down with the Orangemen," was the wild cry of the people, and they made a dash with stones and other missiles at their enemies. Those near the barricade dashed over it and grappled the guns of the others. Shots were fired by both parties, and a desperate conflict ensued. Mr. Ellis got a blow of a stone, and was knocked off the car. His servants dragged him to the rear. Mr. Baker availed himself of Mr. Ellis's advice, and stuffed himself into the well of the car, taking care to draw the lid after him. It now became a scene of fearful strife and confusion. The struggling and curses of the men were enlivened by shots and raps of stones, joined with the screams of women and children. Horses, too, in their fright, dragged their cars against each other; some were rolled into the dykes, whilst others turned back and fled. The people began to collect in multitudes from the neighboring country, and Mr. Ellis's party, seeing that they were getting the worst of it, and that reinforcements were arriving, began to retreat. Some ran into houses, some unharnessed horses, and jumped on their backs; others trusted to their feet. Mr. Ellis's servants secured a car for himself and his friends, and, having collected a body-guard of cavaliers, mounted on horses with their harness dashing around them, they effected a beautiful retreat.

A party of policemen came up in time to cause a diversion in favor of the flying enemy; otherwise, they would not have been so successful.

The people now hurrahd and cheered in the wild frenzy of victory. They dashed the cars about—they dragged them into the village and piled them together, and then threw a few loads of turf among them, and set fire to all.

"Shtop!" said Shen-us-a-Clough; "I must break up this ould divil of a car," and Shemus mounted it, and began to strike at it vigorously.

(To be continued.)

Be what you are; this is the first step toward becoming better than you are.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

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?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus;
 But a true man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few:
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died—
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands,
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made;
 But, though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
 Among their own they rest;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
 They fell and passed away;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as their's your fate;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

THE STORY OF '98.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNITED IRISHMEN, AND THE CAUSE OF THE
INSURRECTION OF 1798.

Since the English first invaded our country no generation of Irishmen has passed away without disputing either by moral or physical force England's so-called right of conquest. The many gallant efforts made for Ireland's freedom were, however, rather the struggles of individual chieftains than of a united nation.

Occasionally a master-mind seems, from time to time, to have grasped at the idea of a united Ireland, but this idea can scarcely be said to have been realized until Grattan, aided by the moral force of the arms of the Irish volunteers extorted from the fears of England that freedom which she would not yield to a sense of justice.

The Constitution of 1782 was, however, unfortunately, far from being perfect. It left the parliamentary representation of Ireland, not in the hands of the people, but in those of the nominees of the British

Minister. It was this monstrous evil that afterwards carried the Union and still left unrepealed those penal laws that were so oppressive to the Catholics. To reform these evils, for it was patent to men at that time that to make Ireland secure in her prosperity, it was necessary to reform them; the seed of the '98 insurrection was sown by the foundation of the Society of the United Irishmen in Belfast, in 1791. This famous Association, which possessed great comprehensiveness, ingenuity of organization, and perfection of details, was founded by Theobald Wolfe Tone, and, from the first, the society included in its ranks Dr. Drennan, A. Hamilton Rowan, Thomas Russell, J. Napper Tandy, Samuel Neilson, and many other noted men. Their original objects were to effect, by constitutional means, the reform of the parliamentary representation, and the abolition of the Penal Laws.

Their programme, read at the first meeting in Belfast on the 18th of October, 1791, declared:—That the great evil in Ireland was "English influence," that this influence could only be opposed by a complete and radical reform of Parliament; and that no reform would be just which did not include Irishmen of every religious persuasion. The Dublin branch was founded on the 9th of November, 1791, and the principles of the society extended quickly through the country. But as time wore on, events occurred that changed the mode of action and objects of the society. That revolutionary fever which had swept the Bourbons from the throne of France and the English from America, was spreading rapidly through the world, and as would be supposed, had taken hold of the mind of Ireland. This revolutionary spirit gained an immense impetus from the fact that no reform could be effected in Parliament, owing to the corruption of the House of Commons. Bills to lessen the hardships which the Catholics suffered were thrown out, with the addition of virulent abuse and gratuitous insult to the professors of the proscribed creed. The introduction of any measure aiming at reform was utterly useless, as the result was known before-hand. But if there was hesitation to pass any popular measure, there was none to pursue an opposite policy. Measures more coercive and tyrannical than those already existing were passed by a slavish majority, such as the Insurrection Act, the Indemnity Act, the Gunpowder Act, the Convention Act, and innumerable others, all with different titles and phraseology, but all for the same object—the scourging of Ireland. In fact, the efforts of Grattan and other parliamentary patriots were fast becoming, or had become nothing but "eloquent futilities." Even Grattan himself, though bitterly opposed to separation, ultimately saw the hopelessness of his own course as evidenced by his secession from Parliament in 1797. The fright-

ful atrocities that were being committed by the Orangemen in the North, tended still further to exasperate the people. So frequent and brutal were these outrages that the Catholics were obliged, as no other protection was afforded them, to band together for mutual safety; and bitter struggles, which served to intensify the already existing hate, took place between the two parties.

Meanwhile the new organization gained ground.

In 1792, Simon Butler and Oliver Bond, for acting as chairman and secretary at a meeting of United Irishmen, were each fined £500, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. In 1794, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, for circulating an address to the Irish people, was, by a packed jury, committed to prison for two years, but he escaped to France. On the 4th of May, in the same year, a meeting of the society was dispersed by the police, and the officers arrested. From this time the society began to organize afresh, a new oath was administered, new plans were made, and on the 10th of May, 1795, the new organization was complete—the United Irish Society had become a secret revolutionary body, pledged to obtain separation from England, and a republican government. Ireland had now fallen back on the only course which seemed open for her to obtain redress. About this time the society was strengthened by the accession of four important members. In 1795, Lord Edward Fitzgerald took the oath; and towards the end of 1796, Thomas Addis Emmet, the elder brother of the pure and gifted Robert Emmet; Arthur O'Connor, and Dr Wm. James McNevin were enrolled. These able gentlemen were elected to serve on the Executive Directory, and the first named was made Commander-in-Chief of the United army, when the military organization was formed. At the close of the year 1797, the list had been taken by 500,000 men. Of these nearly 300,000 were armed. Ulster returned 110,000, Leinster 60,000, and Connaught and Munster, the remainder.

CHAPTER II.

FRENCH AND BATAVIAN EXPEDITIONS.

While these events were occurring in Ireland, France was no indifferent spectator of her growing discontent. In 1794, an agent of the French Government, the Rev. William Jackson, an Anglican clergyman, was arrested in Dublin, tried for high treason, and through the evidence of a friend, a London attorney, in whom he had indiscreetly confided, he was found guilty, but as he was being sentenced to death, he died in the dock, having taken arsenic in prison. Several of the United leaders were compromised by his committal. Amongst these was Theobald Wolfe Tone, who, however, was not arrested on promising to leave the country. He sailed with his wife and

family from Belfast for America in June, 1795. Previous to his departure, however, he promised his friends that he would go from there to France, where he arrived on the 1st of February, 1796, and immediately set to work to accomplish his object—a French expedition to aid Ireland. After tedious and discouraging negotiations, he obtained the co-operation of Hoche, then one of the ablest generals of the French republic. With his aid, and his own indomitable energy, he succeeded in getting an expedition fitted out, the command of which was given to Hoche. This armament, which consisted of 43 vessels, having on board 13,975 troops, with arms and ammunition for 45,000 men, sailed from Brest on the 16th December, 1796. There is no doubt that if this force had succeeded in landing on Irish soil, it would have overthrown British power, but misfortune seemed to have attended it from the commencement. On the first night, in the darkness, several ships were separated from the fleet—one of them being unfortunately the *Fraternite*, on board of which were General Hoche and the Admiral. The next day many more of the vessels parted in a thick fog. Thirty-five ships, however, made the coast of Kerry after a voyage of four or five days, but here a violent gale sprang up and more than half of the m were blown out to sea. Sixteen vessels, however, containing 6,500 men, managed to cast anchor in Bantry Bay, where they remained inactive until Christmas Day, waiting the arrival of the *Fraternite*, containing Hoche. No sign of her being visible at that time, it was determined, yielding to the earnest pressure of Tone, to land the forces the next day. But the elements again opposed them. During the night a fierce storm arose, many of the vessels dragged their anchors, others had to cut their cables, and all were forced out to sea. Thus, on the morning intended for landing, this magnificent expedition, which had sailed so auspiciously a week previously from France, was scattered and dispersed. Tone's vessel arrived in Brest again on the 1st of January, 1797, and on the 15th, Hoche and the Admiral entered the port of La Rochelle.

Thus ended so disastrously the first expedition from France; but Tone, though bitterly disappointed, was not disheartened, and so energetic was he, and so ceaseless in his labors, that aided by Edward John Lewis, an agent of the United Irishmen, and by General Hoche, who again entered into the project, another expedition, consisting of 26 vessels and 15,000 men, organised this time by Holland, then called the Batavian Republic, was ready to sail by the 8th of July. Here again the fates favoured England. A head wind prevented the fleet from sailing. For five weeks they lay in the Texel waiting for a favourable wind, but they awaited in vain, and at the end of that time, the Dutch

Executive abandoned the project for a time. They subsequently sailed out, but were met by the English fleet, and after a hard struggle the Dutch were defeated. Thus ended the second expedition meant to aid Ireland. The gallant Hoche, a warm and ardent friend of Ireland, died in September, and Tone now had but his own energy to depend on, to obtain some other help for his suffering country.

CHAPTER III.

OUTBREAK OF THE INSURRECTION.

The year 1797 was a dark and woeful one for Ireland. Her bright hopes of foreign aid faded with the failure of the expeditions from France and Holland. Pitt, too, with infamous cruelty, was fostering the spirit of revolution, for though he had full knowledge that an outbreak was about taking place and could have suppressed it without much bloodshed, he systematically drove the people to rebellion, for the purpose of afterwards carrying with greater certainty his act for the Legislative Union of Gr. at Britain and Ireland. To this end the brutal and debauched soldiery were let loose upon the country, armed and protected by the Government, and allowed unlimited license. The land teemed with outrage and blood. The whipping-post, the triangle, the rack, and gibbet were crowded with victims. The civil and military tribunals seemed to vie with each other as to which would immolate the more victims. The civil court, with more hypocrisy than the other, went through the farce of a trial, but partisan judges and packed juries were as merciless in their action as their military colleagues. This despotic and cruel legislation was continued with more severity, if possible, in 1798. Early in that year, the government, discovering that the organization of the United Irishmen was more extensive than had been thought, came to the conclusion not to crush it completely, as might have been done, but just to weaken it sufficiently that the insurrection would be almost powerless on breaking out. To effect this, the first blow was struck at the insurrection by the arrest of its leaders. Arthur O'Connor, Father Coigley, and others were arrested in February, when passing through England on their way to France. In Ireland the leaders were arrested on the information of Thomas Reynolds, the Leinster delegate, who informed the Government that a meeting of deputies would take place in Oliver Bond's, Bridge street, Dublin, on the 12th of March, and at that place, on the day named, 13 of the principal leaders were captured, and papers were seized by which their plans were discovered. On the same traitorous information, the other leaders were also arrested in different places. To fill the vacancies caused by these arrests, John and Henry Sheares became members of the Executive Committee. These gentle-

men, in conjunction with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, now laid the final plans for the outbreak, and gave full instructions to their subordinates. The 23rd of May was the day fixed on which to commence hostilities. The signal for the rising through the country was to be the non-arrival of the mail coach, which were to be stopped ere leaving Dublin.

But a second blow was struck by the Government, and a second time was the organization deprived of a head by the arrest of Lord Edward, after a heroic struggle, on the 19th May, at a house in Thomas Street, Dublin; and on the 21st, by the information of Captain Armstrong, the basest traitor of '98, the Brothers Sheares were taken in their own houses. But nothing could now prevent the outbreak. Dublin and the adjoining counties were the first to rise. On the 24th and 25th of May, conflicts took place at Naas, Slane, Prosperous, Kilkullen, Hacketstown, Carlow, Monastereven, Dunboync, Baltinglass, Rathangan and many other places throughout Leinster. The peasantry were generally successful in the first dash, but for want of military leaders, discipline, ammunition and suitable arms, they were unable to follow up their successes. At Naas, owing to the knowledge possessed by the garrison that an attack was about being made, the insurgents were repulsed with the loss of 140 men, while the royalists lost only about 30 men. At Prosperous, the English troops to a man were killed. In the Kilkullen action, the insurgents were at first successful, driving back General Dundas with a loss of 22 men, but ultimately they were dispersed, losing 130 men. At Monastereven and Hacketstown the peasantry were defeated. An escort of Scotch soldiers, in passing through the village of Dunboync, were killed and their baggage seized. At Baltinglass, the United Irish lost 150 men. The attack on Carlow was very badly executed. The defenders of the town had full knowledge of the intended attack, and made preparations for the insurgents. About 1,000 of the latter marched, on the morning of the 25th, in a very disorderly and noisy manner, on the town. As they passed through the principal street, they were received by such a deadly fire, that they attempted to retreat, but could not. They then sought shelter in the houses on each side of them, but these were immediately fired by the soldiers, and a great number perished in the flames. In this carnage, for it was not a battle, the peasantry must have lost 400 men. The loss of their opponents was but trifling. On the hill of Tara, too, the insurgents were, after a hard struggle, severely defeated. The conduct of the English soldiers after these struggles was barbarous in the extreme. They shot or hung every peasant who fell into their hands. After the defeat at Carlow 200 men were shot or hanged, and the infamous savagery

of Sir James Duff, in butchering 300 people on the Curragh of Kildare, who had submitted and laid down their arms, at that place, is a fair example of how the people were treated at this period. He was careful in commencing the massacre after, and not before, the people had given up their arms.

A fortnight sufficed to crush the insurrection in Dublin, Meath, Kildare, and Carlow, but heroic Wexford made a more stubborn resistance.

CHAPTER IV.

WEXFORD RISES.

Had it not been for the system of torture practised by the brutal yeomen, and sanctioned by the Government, Wexford would most probably have remained a passive spectator of the '98 insurrection. The principles of the United Irishmen had made so very little headway in this county, that in the return of their strength by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, at the end of 1797, no mention whatever was made of Wexford. Yet, in the January and February of 1798, almost every man in the county had taken the oath.

It was impossible to remain inactive during this time. Men who had no connection whatever with the insurgents, and who even discountenanced their objects, met the same brutal treatment as the most prominent in the insurrectionary movement. Men saw their homes burnt to ashes and their families sometimes perishing in the flames. They daily suffered the torture of the pitch-cap, the lash or the triangle—they saw their relatives wantonly shot or hung, and, goaded thus to desperation, they resolved to make an effort for their homes and lives. Nobly and heroically did they fulfil their resolution.

The insurgent standard was raised in Wexford on the 26th of May, 1798. Father John Murphy, a Catholic priest, who previous to this time had counselled the people to deliver up any weapons they possessed, on finding that his little church and several houses with their inhabitants had been given to the flames, and seeing that inaction was no safeguard, boldly advised his parishioners to arm themselves, and, under his leadership, fight in self-defence. The same evening, headed by Father John, they attacked and destroyed a body of yeomen cavalry, captured their arms and horses, and proceeded to the residence of Earl Mountmorris, where all the arms were stored that had been taken from the people for months before. These were taken possession of, and then they marched to Oulart Hill, distant about 12 miles from Wexford, and about five from Enniscorthy. Here they camped all night, and next day, the 27th, Father Murphy, found himself at the head of 4,000, or 5,000 men, most of whom had joined him during the night.

On this day, Whitsunday, he was attacked by a large force of cavalry and infantry from Wexford. The cavalry surrounded the hill, whilst the infantry proceeded to attack the insurgents who were posted on the hill-top, but the latter fought with such fury and determination that whilst losing but some three or four men, only four or five of the royal troops escaped. The cavalry, on seeing this, were panic-stricken, and fled. This victory had the effect of rousing the whole county. Another priest, the Rev. Michael Murphy, finding his church also destroyed, immediately joined the insurgents. On the 28th, the victors marched to Camolin, then to Ferns, and meeting no opposition determined to capture Enniscorthy, whither the royalists had fled after the defeat of Oulart Hill. On the evening of the same day (28th) they attacked Enniscorthy, and after a severe struggle of four hours the English were again defeated with the loss of 90 men. The remnant fled to Wexford.

The victorious insurgents now decided to capture, if possible, the county town. At this time it was defended by a garrison of 1,200 men. The walls round Wexford were still standing, and were pretty strong. Yet, with these advantages, the yeomen were afraid of a body of peasants having scarcely any arms and no discipline. General Fawcett, commander of Duncannon Fort, made an effort to succor the town. He left the fort for this purpose on the evening of the 29th, and on the morning of the 30th a detachment he had sent forward were surprised as they were rounding the base of the "Three Rock" Mountains, distant about three miles from Wexford. Nearly 100 of the troops were killed, and some prisoners and guns were taken. The insurgents now took possession of the town, the large body of troops that occupied it having sought safety in a cowardly flight, during which they committed frightful atrocities on the unarmed people, shooting the old men, women and children, and burning every cabin they met with.

(To be continued.)

Teething children who are beginning to eat solid food can be supplied with nothing better than biscuits made from granulated wheat. The child will not attempt to swallow this food until it is softened by mastication, and the mechanical action of the biscuit upon the gums will greatly assist the teeth toward making their appearance. The act of eating this food will necessarily occupy much time, and this will give the teeth and jaws considerable valuable exercise. The food thus swallowed proves very nutritious, and rapidly builds up small boys and girls, as well as larger ones. In all stomach troubles and bowel complaints it seems to have a wonderful power to regulate and restore.

OLD CHRISTMAS DAYS.

I.

"Old Christmas Days of Long Ago!"
Do not these words recall past years,
And scarcely knowing why they flow,
Force to thine eyes unbidden tears?
Do you not feel as back they come—
These dim sweet dreams of olden days,
A yearning to your childhood's home,
Peopled with tones of love and praise?
Old Christmas Days.

II.

Old Christmas Days!—When many a sound
A voice to mirth that saddens now,
And in thy sparkling eye-wen round
That weeps but with a darkened brow;
When with our whole young happy hearts,
We loved and laughed away the time—
Nor thought how quickly all departs,
So cherished in life's early prime—
Old Christmas Days.

III.

Old Christmas Days!—The hopes we nurs'd
In solitude of earthly fame,
Were bright as bubbles are that burst—
A glittering drop, an empty name.
Oh, out to be one hour again,
Whatever that sweet hour might cost,
Free from dim Memory's torturing pain
With those we loved—with those we lost—
Old Christmas Days.

IV.

Old Christmas Days!—Who breathes there
Here
O'er yon the past hath no such power?
Young heart, if now thy sky is clear,
Beware, beware the chords that echo now
In after years thou'lt hear a sigh,
And gazing on each faded brow,
With sighing say, I heard that strain—
Old Christmas Days.

A STORY OF "FORTY-FIVE."

The little lonely inn of Crook, near the source of the Tweed, is a spot well-known to travellers and tourists, and withal, one much admired by them, being, as it were, an oasis in the desert, a place of rest and refreshment in a cold and mountainous wilderness. This place, or rather its neighborhood, was, many years ago, the scene of a strange adventure.

One misty morning, in the autumn of 1746, George Black, the landlord of the "Crook Inn," stood at the door of his isolated dwelling, eyeing attentively the heavens above, and the mountains around him, for want, it may be, of anything better to do.

"Confoun' these mists!" muttered he; "they'll no clear up the hail day, I doot. Gin this weather gang on wuckle langer, we may shut our doors when we like. No ae leevin' thing," continued he, stepping out to the middle of the road that passed his house, and looking first up and then down the narrow vale, "no ae leevin' thing to be seen either to the right or to the left. But there's aye ae comfort in this rooky weather, at ony rate; for, if it be the same in the Highlands as it is here, the pair bits o' bodies that's skulkin' aboot the hill-taps winna be sae easily taen by the sodjers."

The landlord's observations were suddenly cut short. His eye caught sight of a party of soldiers, the very persons he had been speaking of; and he hurried in to prepare for their anticipated visit.

Meanwhile, the little party of soldiers which had caught his eye, marched slowly up the vale, along the steadfast plushy road that ran nearly parallel with the Tweed. Such detachments were no uncommon visitors of the "Crook," for this little hotel lay on the direct road from the Highlands towards Carlisle, whither the northern rebels were at this time regularly sent, as taken, in order that they might be tried at a cool distance from all partial influences, and where, at this particular time, scarcely a week passed without seeing numbers of them executed according to the approved style dictated by the English law for high treason. The well-armed party now advancing to the "Crook," was bound on such an errand. They were six or seven in number, with a lieutenant at their head, and in the midst of them walked a tall and finely formed young Highlander, with his right arm pinned for security to his side. Though on his way to certain death, and though his soiled tartan and thin cheeks spoke of suffering and privation, the prisoner moved with as firm a tread as his captors, and but for his bonds, might have been taken as their chief. Of a very different opinion, however, was Lieutenant Howison, the actual leader of the band, a pompous middle-aged man, of low stature, and thick-set, rolling figure, which was rendered somewhat ludicrous to look at by its possessor having bent it into a crescent—the convex side foremost—through long-continued attempts to acquire a dignified military attitude. Everything this personage did or said was "in the king's name." This was indeed Lieutenant Howison's tower of strength. It was even alleged that, when he ran away from the Battle of Prestonpans, he did it "in the king's name."

Such was the person who halted on the morning alluded to, to refresh himself and men at the inn of Crook, having marched some five or six miles since daybreak. After commanding his soldiers to go with the prisoner into one room, and take some bread and cheese, the lieutenant himself retired to another apartment, there to refresh himself with something of a more savoury nature, if it was to be had. George, in person, waited on the officer, and supplied him with the best the house contained. When this duty had been performed, the landlord turned his attention to the soldiers, being, in fact, anxious to get a glimpse of the "poor chield" that had fallen into their hands. In this object he was at first disappointed, the Highlander's face being averted from the rest of the party, and steadily directed towards the window. At last, one of the soldiers,

with more kindness than any of the others seemed disposed to show, exclaimed: "Come, my lad, here's a share of my bit and sup! I shan't see a poor fellow starved neither, rebel though he has been." The prisoner seemingly was touched by the man's good nature, and turned partly round to benefit by the offer. Geordie Black, on the instant that he got a glimpse of the Highlander's face, was overwhelmed with alarm and vexation. His heart failed him, and it was with a feeling of fainting that he shrunk from the apartment.

It was not until the soldiers were fairly out of sight, that the heart-stricken landlord dared to give vent to his feelings.

"Oh, Peggy, Peggy woman," said he, when alone with his wife, "whae do ye think has faun into their murder-ring clutches, but Neil Maclaren! What will become o' Allie noo, wandering, may be, by this time frae door to door, without a house to put her head in, or a bit to put in her mouth, or as likely to be dead and gane, since we have na heard from her about this unlucky business? Oh, what could tempt him to gang out, and him a married man wi' a family!"

To Geordie's tirade his wife could only reply by sorrowful exclamations of "My puir dochter, my puir Allie!"

The forenoon, it may well be conceived, was spent by the honest couple in the most unpleasant state of mind, for Maclaren, as the reader will have surmised, was their son-in-law. One thing surprised the landlord much; which was, that he should have remained so long ignorant of Maclaren's joining Prince Charles. But the truth was, that Neil had only joined him a short time before the Battle of Culloden, being drawn, at last, from his home, by the spectacle of an invading enemy in his native country.

Let us now leave for a while the landlord of "Crook," to whom this was destined to be an eventful day, and follow the party of soldiers in their slow march up the Vale of Tweed. As Geordie Black had predicted, the mists did not clear up as the day grew older. Other parts of the country, indeed, might have been free of fog, but at every step the soldiers were moving higher and higher, and the white drizzling fleeces on the hill-sides became thicker and thicker. It is to be questioned if there is in all the Lowlands of Scotland a more elevated piece of table-land than that lying some ten miles above Crook from which spring the fountains of the three great rivers, the Clyde, the Annan, and the Tweed. The road traversed by Maclaren and his captors crosses this obtusely-pyramidal height (for so it is shown to be, on a great scale, by the descent of these rivers) at a spot called Errick-Stane-Brae.

After the height of the country has been passed, it proceeds for some way along the rink of a profound green hollow, in which

the Annan takes its rise, and which is usually termed the Devil's, but sometimes also the Marquis of Annandale's Beef-Tub, from some resemblance it bears to that domestic utensil, and because the receivers of the great border house of Johnston used of old to conceal their stolen cattle in it. As implied by the appellation, the sides of this hollow are nearly perpendicular all round, the bottom being so deep, that, in clear weather, a traveller looking down into it from the road, sees bullocks diminished to the size of sheep, and sheep to the magnitude of hares. On the present occasion, however, it was filled to the brim by the dense fog which pervaded the atmosphere, so that the road winding along the top appeared like the shore of a deep bay of the sea, to step from which would have been to plunge into an abyss, and be lost forever.

The soldiers, though the country was to them entirely new, passed along the high and perilous road with feelings little impressed by it. The dreariness and monotony of their day's march had rendered their minds dull and inattentive, and instead of keeping in a close circle round their prisoner, they straggled along in a line, in which he was sometimes near the front, and sometimes near the rear. Very different was the mental condition of Maclaren, who, from his having frequently passed this way with cattle, as many Highland gentlemen of superior rank to himself were accustomed to do, was acquainted with every foot of the way, and had long meditated a particular design of escape, which he was now to put into execution. How great was the astonishment of the soldiery, when Maclaren, who at one moment was pacing quietly along in the dreary march, was the next seen to start, as if instinct with a new life, from their line, towards the edge of the precipice, over which he plunged head foremost, and was in a moment lost to sight. To rush after him was but the work of another moment; yet so quick had been his movements, that he was already absorbed in the sea of mist which filled the Beef-Tub. With his head firmly clenched between his knees, and holding his feet in his hands, he had formed himself as nearly as possible into a round form, and allowed himself freely to roll heels over head down the steep side of the hollow, the surface of which he knew presented at this place no obstructions capable of injuring him. "In their ignorance of the ground, no soldier durst follow him! The brave lieutenant could only, as soon as he recovered breath, exclaim: "Stop, sir—I arrest you in the king's name!" while the soldiers fired muskets at random into the misty gulf, or ran a little way round its edges in the hope of finding a less perilous access to the bottom. It was all in vain, and after once more gathering, they could only con-

sole themselves with the undoubting assurance that the rascal must have broken his neck in the descent, and so relieved the king of the duty of punishing his rebellion.

At the moment when the lieutenant uttered his characteristic exclamation, Neil Maclaren could have stopped his career neither for king nor kaiser. He arrived, however, at the bottom of the Beef-Stand without injury, and on the instant that he did so, he commenced his ascent of the opposite side with the speed of one who bears behind him the bloodhound's bay. When he reached the top, being well acquainted with the ground, he set off at full speed in the direction of his father-in-law's house, following, not the road by which he had come, but the hill-sides, where he was not likely to be seen by anyone. He took this route, in the hope that in some of the many corners about the "Crook," he might easily lie concealed until the hue-and-cry was blown over. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations.

After the departure of the soldiers with their prisoner, Geordie Black was surprised by the arrival of visitors that were near and dear to him—namely, his daughter Allie with her infant child. The poor young creature knew of her husband's capture, and was on her way to Carlisle to beg his life, or to die with him. Her parents persuaded, or rather compelled her to stay for a night with them, in order to take that rest of which she stood in so much need; but it may be imagined that they could offer her no other consolation. Consolation, however, was not far off, though they then saw it not. After night had set in, Geordie, with the view of excluding as much as possible all spectators of his daughter's grief, went out in person to bring a supply of fuel for the parlour-fire from the peat-stack. While in the act of lifting these combustibles, a voice whispered his name, and Maclaren revealed himself, and told the story of his marvellous escape. He had, nevertheless, no thought for an instant of abandoning Neil. Going into the house for a lantern, he led his son-in-law to an unoccupied and well-concealed corner of his premises, and then having prepared both of them for the joyful and most unexpected interview, he conducted the wife to her husband's arms. They were strongly attached to each other, and their feelings on meeting are not to be described.

Lieutenant Howison and two of his men reached Crook during the night, the rest having gone, according to command, in various directions in search of the fugitive. In anticipation of such a visit, Maclaren had been carefully and securely secreted, and the servants of the household, being put upon their guard, were too faithful not to avoid all mention of Maclaren's wife's name. The lieutenant, indeed, never

entertained the slightest suspicion of the landlord, but on the contrary condescended, as if sure of the sympathies of his auditor, to repeat to Geordie many emphatic denunciations of the scoundrel who kept "tumbling and rolling" down the Devil's Beef-Steak, though called upon to halt "in the king's name." The unwelcome military visitants departed from the "Crook" on the following day.

Neil Maclaren, the hero of this remarkable escape, contrived, with the aid of his friends, to keep himself concealed, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another, until the act of indemnity was passed by the Government. He then returned with his wife to the Braes of Balquhider, in which district he was a small proprietor. Like Rob Roy, he had not disdained to seek the improvement of his fortunes by sending cattle to England, and these expeditions he sometimes guided in person. While on one of these journeys, he had seen and loved, wooed and won Allie Black. After claiming and obtaining the immunity alluded to, he recovered the greater part of his former heritage, and lived in peace for the rest of his days, in the bosom of his family.

GLADSTONE'S POLICY.—Gladstone, according to the London correspondent of a New York daily, begins by observing: "Let no susceptibilities, Puritan, Protestant, Anglican or other, be started if we observe that Rome is and may long be, in some important respects, the centre of the Christian world." In the next sentence, as if fearful of telling too much truth, he qualifies: "It is indeed a centre which repels as well as attracts,"—nay, worse and worse,—"which probably repels more than it attracts;" still, notwithstanding all contingencies, "whether repelling or attracting influences," moreover, "it need not be feared, but it ought not to be overlooked, as the navigator fears not the tides, but must take account of them." Rome "influences that wide Christendom in which England, with its Church, is but an insulated though not an inconsiderable spot. The political power of England is great; but the religious influence is small." How true! "The sympathies even of non-conforming England with Continental Protestantism are and must be partial; the dominant tone and direction of the two are far from identical." That is so; for English Protestantism has not lost all the truth and tradition of Catholicity, while Continental Protestantism has. English Protestantism tends to Rome—Continental to the Devil—ends which are "far from identical," truly! But what is there new in all this? What playing in words! "Repelling and attracting centres!" We need read no further. Such hush as this surely never preceded anything that was worth reading even for the sake of its ability.



THE QUINTESSENCE OF COVETOUSNESS.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF COVETOUSNESS.

Two gentlemen walking down Sackville street "discoursed, 'mong other matter," of the character and customs of carmen. Both agreed on their "wish for more," but differed in degree. "I will make a wager of two guineas with you," said one to the other, "that if you give a guinea to any boy we may engage for a short drive, it will not content him." "Done!" said the less experienced man. They hailed a car, got on it, and bade the proprietor drive them to the Four Courts. There descending from their eminence, the doomed gentleman presented the golden fare. Glad surprise mantled over the man's features for a moment, but it was quickly routed by an expression of unsatisfied covetousness. "Ah, please your honor" said he, devouring the coin with his eye, "I wish to drink your honor's health, and it would be such a mighty pity to change this guinea. Maybe your honor will spare me the other sixpence." The poor gentleman paid three guineas for his lesson of street wisdom that unlucky day.

OLD COACHES AND SEDAN CHAIRS.

Among the "wild vicissitudes of taste" few things have undergone a greater change than equipages, private and public. Early in the present century the carriages of the nobility were large, lumbering vehicles, emblazoned all over with coats of arms, crests, mottoes, and other devices; the harness was also richly decorated with silver or brass ornaments, the whole very much after the fashion of a Lord Mayor of London's state coach of the present day. These family coaches were driven by very stately looking coachmen with curly wigs, perched up on a

high box covered with a gaudy hammer cloth, the horses heavy and underbred. At the same period very high phaetons were in fashion, and there is a print in existence of the Prince of Wales appearing at Ascot in a very high phaeton hung upon springs three or four feet high. In addition to the above there were sedan chairs, named after Sedan in France, in which the upper ten thousand went to dinners and balls. These chairs were most elaborately ornamented outside and lined with most expensive silk. At Bath, Taunbridge Wells and other fashionable places chairmen plied in the streets as cabs and hansom's now do. Occasionally they were used by spendthrifts who were anxious to avoid the tipstaves, as they could enter them in their own houses and be deposited in that of a friend. However, it does not appear that the sedan chair was always a safe refuge against arrest for debt, as in one of Hogarth's prints the tipstaves are seen to be laying hold of one they were in search of just as he was about to descend from his supposed place of security. One of the best caricatures of the day represented an Irishman being carried through the streets in a sedan chair by two burly chairmen, with his feet touching the ground, some wag having taken out the bottom of the sedan, and the chairmen, aware of the practical joke, selecting the dirtiest part of the road. "Bedad," says Paddy, "except for the honor of the thing, I'd as lief walk." The chairmen were fine, robust men; they had little regard for foot passengers and considered the pavement their own exclusive property. It was rather an amusing sight to witness how the men trotted off when a chair was required, racing to be first for hire. After a time sedan chairs got out of fashion, except at Bath, Cheltenham and Leamington.

WAITING.

"Five years to wait!" Don't do it,
My innocent blue-eyed maid,
For the years may last a life-time,
While your youthful roses fade,
While your eyes are red with weeping,
And watching the treacherous sea,
Till you sing the song of the long one,
"He never came back to me."

Five years to wait, while others
Are dancing the dance of youth,
And the one perhaps you are trusting
Is breaking his vows furthest!
"I shall wait for my love, my darling,
Who has sailed far over the sea,
Five years, or ten, or twenty,"
Said the blue-eyed maid to me.

So she wrote her love letters,
Or tended her garden flowers,
Or watched the restless billows
On the beetling cliff for hours;
While she turned her suitors pining
Away from the cottage door,
And waited, patiently waited,
One long, long year or more.

'Tis very weary waiting,
Said the blue-eyed maid to me,
As she glanced at her last new suitor
And then at the restless sea;
And she glanced at the roses fading
In garden fair and bright;
Twice come, twice gone since he left her
Two years before last night.

And she married her last new suitor
Before the winter sped,
And she wrote to her absent lover
On the day that she was wed.
"She hoped he would not suffer,
That the shock would soon be o'er;"
And the answer soon informed her
He had married a year before!

IRELAND AND THE FAITH.

Few nations, if any, have adhered to the faith with the fidelity and devotion of Ireland. Few nations have so unswervingly obeyed the mandates of that Church, "which," to use the expression of the sainted Cyprian, "imbued with the light of the Lord, sends forth her rays over the whole earth." Few nations have produced such zealous defenders of her doctrine or such persevering laborers for the extension of her dominion. Through prosperity and adversity Ireland has clung to the Catholic Church. Her memories of a suffering past, and hopes of a glorious future, are alike associated with it.

Looking on Ireland in the early period of her Christianity, what meets our view? A nation of saints and scholars; a nation holding the torch of science in one hand and the lamp of faith in the other. Her schools were thronged with students from other lands; her monasteries and convents were crowded with noble and even royal-seekers after the way of perfection.

How many great and holy souls, preferring the path of religion to that of pleasure, have knelt within these fanes now mouldering in decay? How many have shed scalding tears of repentance in these ancient churches, of which we be-

hold now the ruins, or hear in the tradition of the peasant or the tome of the antiquarian?

But it is not as a pious yet inactive nation that Ireland won its laurels. Burning with zeal for the spread of the Christian doctrine, her missionaries forsok the land of their birth and their love for the realization of their cherished ambition. Gall is still remembered in Helvetia; Kiliian in Germany; Columbanus in Italy, and Virgilius in Carinthia.

During the "penal days," when the priest, the rebel, and the wolf were placed in the same category; when the same price was attached to the head of each; when the blazing torch of persecution lit up afresh, as it were, the Catholic Christian's faith; when the hirelings of "Papistious Albion" deluged hill and plain with innocent blood, and commanded the sons and daughters of the land to violate their consciences and to deny their religion,—what sustained them through the bitter conflict? What doctrine—more beautiful than that of Socrates—sweetened their cup of misery and lightened their burden of sorrow? What soiced them as, forsaking the homes wherein life had glided sweetly as a summer stream—those homes, consecrated by a mother's prayers and a father's blessing, those homes endeared by every feeling that can charm the fancy or captivate the heart—they went forth to seek a shelter in some gloomy cave where the sighing of the wind and the murmur of the wave should but more forcibly remind them of their utter loneliness and desolation? What painted in roscate tints the glories of an immorality where Justice should dole to all as they had deserved? What but the faith, the living faith of Ireland—that faith which long before had fostered the genius of Columbeille, which gave to the world the resplendent virtues of Kieran, and Ita Jarlath, and Finnian—that faith which, in our own days, centuries of bondage and suffering had failed to extinguish, and which may God ever preserve, to be an aureole of light around the heads of Irish men and women—their exceeding great joy in this world and in the world to come!

Keep the tongue from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds; not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart; so much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

When we are least moved by heavenly love we sympathize least with human infirmities; so also when we are fullest of heavenly love we are most compassionate to human misery and best fitted to cope with the troubles and infirmities that beset us.

THE HARP.

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

\$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Communications to be addressed to **CALLAHAN & MEANY, Printers and Publishers, 608 & 700 Craig Street, Montreal.**

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1875.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas comes but once a year"—and the season of its coming is already with us. Before another issue of THE HARP the time-honored festival day shall have passed, when Age, smiling on the infant at its knee, renews in memory its own youth—when Youth revels in its joy, which grasps the present and believes in the future—and when Middle Age forgets "the burden and heat of the day" in its sympathy with the repose of the one and the glad energy of the other.

How full of associations is the recurrence of this great Christian Holiday. How many in this land will have their tenderest sensibilities aroused in memory of those far-away Christmas times in far-away lands when, in the words of poor Gerald Griffin—

"The Christmas light was burning bright
In many a village lane."

when in one land, dearer to us for its very distance, there came on the eve of the Nativity those Musical Waits waking you out of the dream of Heaven with the notes of strayed Angels: and on the day of Christmas ushering you into the Church which was bowery like the Spring with its ample vegetation, and warm like the Summer with its well filled hearths. There amid boughs, which recall the most poetical of the Jewish celebrations—the Feast of the Tabernacles—was commemorated the tabernacling in human flesh of Him whose advent was to the dreary life of the world what the Spring is to the year. Under His sheltering wings we nestled and fed on His love. And the public devotions of the holy day over—with Winter, and with Christmas come, in the circle of home, the generous fare of

the Christmas season—the interchange of kindly feeling.

When friends long absent, toll low-toned,
Their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand and eye looks all,
And lips meet lips once more.

Well, time-honored Christmas is come again. Houses are decked with evergreen—fires are blazing bravely; merry groups are meeting, and high up in the steeples bells will wag and waver, and shout with a mighty voice a welcome to the festival. There will be jubilation in the night, for the chimes of Notre Dame and St. Patrick's will make the dull air musical with notes of gladness—even as those of the herald angels when the planet shone o'er Bethlehem, and light came round the Shepherds from the hills. There will be music in the day, for the choristers will tell the tidings of comfort and joy, and the organs swell to the peals of the "Adeste Fidelis."

There have been indications for days that the Christmas was coming. If the almanac had not told us so, the pyramids of fruits at the grocers'—the meats dight with green leaves at the butchers'—the fruiterers' store, a winter garden gleaming with Christmas foliage—the turkeys and geese at the poulterers'—the wilderness of toys exhibited for the delectation of the children, and the brand-new books in red, green and gold at the publishers'—all have said "Christmas is coming!" It is bleak December without, but within there is the warmth of atmosphere as well as the warmth of heart. Christmas is indeed a pleasant time for those with whom the world has dealt kindly. Light, warmth, laughter, companions of old time, wine and wassail are with them at the feast. If they are not happy and comfortable, it is not anybody's fault but their own. For them Christmas is a pleasant time, not easily or willingly forgotten. They watch for it all the year, and when it comes they give it a good grip for old acquaintance sake.

But, alas! there is a reverse to the medal. To-day, in this City of Churches; how many thousands are there to whom the advent of the festival is but an intensification of misery. In cold and cheerless garrets—in foul and fetid tenement houses—with scant clothing and still scantier food, there are squalid wretches cowering over some half-heated stove or

expiring ember, thinking bitterly of the day when they, too, entered with young and happy hearts into the spirit of the munificence of Santa Claus, and waited to welcome or came to be welcomed at the profuse and hospitable board. Oh, if contrast heightens lustre, does it not also make the dark places look more dark?—and if there be a misery more unendurable than another, is it not in the recognition that the bright world has no longer a brightness—that the season of festivity brings no joy—that while friends meet friends in gladness of soul, there is no kindly hand to grasp—and that in the general enjoyment there is but the one dull round of pain and poverty. And this, as we have said, is the condition of thousands in this city—within reach of all of us—within the very sounds, in many places, of that merriment and music which, from the memories evoked, will but add another weight to the already crushed and overburdened hearts of the poor.

What more practical performance of the great doctrines of Him than the alleviation of sufferings like these? What gift more acceptable to the Saviour than that, out of the abundance with which we have been blessed, we should give even a little to make the day of His festival a day of festivity to His poor also—and the “poor we have always with us.” Christmas is indeed the time for generosity. It is pre-eminently the holiday of the year; a time for charity; a time for the meeting of absent friends—of the making up of old feuds—the cementing of old companionships—the opening of closed hearts and closed purses—a time, but for the annual recurrence of which the lives of many would be an interminable journey across a desert with no oasis in the path, no Canaan but beyond the grave.

And if thus, in the anticipation of a day, we meet friends here, and greet them with reasonable greetings, may we not, some of us at least, wing our way in spirit across the waters and breathe a blessing on the groups gathered round firesides where perchance, we are still remembered. In many a home in Ireland—on the banks of the Shannon and the Suir—the Fergus

and the Foyle—the Lee and the Liffey—in every corner of that fair and fertile land, the festival of the Nativity will find joyous and heartwhole celebration; but old friends are not there forgotten: many a manly eye moistens in memory of the days of old: many a glance is cast affectionately at the “vacant chairs” and accustomed places of the wanderers in life’s highway: and if we to-day yearn in this land for the old faces and for the old scenes, it is consolatory to feel that *there* we are not disregarded or forgotten—that in the midst of their joyousness—

—“Were kindly done, some woman’s voice
would say;
Forge not those who’re sad to-night—poor
exiles far away!”

We wish to all our friends—aye, to all our foes, for unhappily we have some—a Happy and a Merry Christmas. This is the general season of “peace and good will.” Many who meet now will not meet until another long year shall have run its course—possibly never again. But let all enjoy the Christmas of the present, each after his own fashion; and let it so amply fulfil expectation as to justify anticipation of the next six months before it arrives and the pleasant recollection of it six months after it is past, and thus make Christmas in the heart all the year round.

Whether the associations of this festive season be religious or social, or both, it is the magnet of the year which draws in closer bonds the links of the family chain. The sacred observances which symbolize the joy of the Incarnation teach all to hail the advent of the Redeemer of Men with the prophetic burden—“Unto us a Child is born—and unto us a Son is given.” In all devout hearts Christmas sows deeply the seeds of gladness—the sympathies of every spirit, imbued with Christian truth, thrill at the recollection of the natal morn and its events at Bethlehem. In the spirit of Christian love and gladness, we therefore once again wish to all—

A MERRY AND A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

If we would build on a sure foundation in friendship we must love our friends for their sakes rather than our own.

The animosities are mortal, but the humanities live forever.

RUINED BY DRINK.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

"How she was brought to this what need to tell?"

"Tis an old tale how trusting woman fell.
Yet of the village she was once the bride."

"Trial of Sir Jasper," by S. C. HALL.

It was the first of May—the May of the poets. The trees were just bursting into tender green, and the fields and woods were sweet with fresh spring flowers. The bright rays of the setting sun fell on a merry group, gathered round a young girl, who had been chosen Queen of the May, and whom they were escorting to her home.

Jessie Maynard was, without doubt, the prettiest girl in the village. She was the only child now left to her parents out of a large family, and, as her father proudly said, "she was the flower of the flock." As she stood at the gate of her home to bid farewell to her companions—her dark eyes bright with pleasure, a soft, pink bloom tinging her cheeks—she looked as fair and sweet as the spring flowers that clustered round her brow.

There was a clatter of horses' feet along the quiet country road, and two gentlemen on horseback came in sight, sending a cloud of dust in front of them. They stopped their horses at the little white gate in front of the cottage, and one of them asked the way to the Hall. He was a handsome man of about thirty, tall and dark, and with a pleasant voice and manner. He bent down from his horse and repeated his question, this time looking full at Jessie in undisguised admiration. She answered him, blushing, and for the first time conscious of her broad country accent as it contrasted with his refined intonation; and he and his companion rode on. Jessie gazed after them, until they were out of sight. Then she turned to go in at the gate, hardly heeding her friends, except that she heard one of them say it was "some of the company at the Hall."

With many a sigh over her departed honors, and the too fleeting pleasures of the day, did Jessie retire to rest that night, and many a complacent look did she cast at the reflection of her pretty face in her little three-cornered looking-glass, before she finally divested her head of its crown of flowers. Why did she think of the strange gentleman's admiring look? Why did his dark, handsome face haunt her dreams, and why was he her first waking thought on the morrow? What was he to her? True, he had admired her, but she would probably never see him again, or, if she did, he would most likely have forgotten her. This reasoning being quite conclusive, it was perhaps strange that Jessie should have been more than usually careful over her toilet the next morning, before starting with

the fresh butter and eggs for the Hall. As she turned the corner of the lane leading to the Hall, whom should she see but the gentleman himself, standing at the further side of the stile, and switching off the heads of the buttercups with his cane. He knew her and came forward to her, and walked by her side, thanking her for the information she had given him the night before; and, while she went through her business with the housekeeper, he waited for her in the lane.

For the future, Mr. Lesingham seemed to have nothing to do but to walk about the lanes, and whenever Jessie was alone he was sure to meet her. Her too confiding father and mother never suspected anything was amiss, until one morning when Jessie did not come down at her usual hour. She was called and sought for in vain in all her favourite haunts, and in all the places where she was likely to be. At last a little ill-spelled note was found in her handwriting, telling her mother not to grieve, for "he" was going to make her a grand lady, and she would soon come home again. The poor heart-broken father and mother read the note over and over again, trying to gain some clue to their daughter's whereabouts, but they could not even discover to whom the "he" referred.

The parish priest made every effort to find her, sorrowing for the girl he had known as an innocent child, and whose foolish vanity had brought her to so sad a fate. But his efforts were all in vain.

Her parents never recovered the blow, the mother pined away, and soon died, followed by the father in a few weeks.

Only a drunken woman! No rare sight, alas! in London streets. She came stumbling and reeling out of a public house, and went on down the pavement, pursued by the laughter and jeers of a row of cabmen, congregated at a stand. A carriage and pair came swiftly by, turning the corner sharply, just as she was attempting to cross the road. The coachman either did not see her or could not pull up in time, for there was a shriek—the horses plunged—and the front wheel went over the wretched woman's body. The street was full, and a crowd soon collected; two cabmen ran to the horses' heads, and the poor creature was dragged out from under the wheels and laid on the pavement. A gentleman put his head out of the carriage-window:

"Only a drunken woman!" he said carelessly, as his eye fell on the helpless body; "she ought to have been locked up. It was no fault of my man's driving, but, if I am wanted, my name is Lesingham, and this is my address."

He handed a card to the policeman, and then told the coachman to "look sharp, or he should be late for committee."

The carriage rolled on, and Mr. James Lesingham, M.P., went on his way with hardly another thought of the woman who lay on the pavement. He was not much altered since the day when first he saw Jessie Maynard, then in all the bloom of innocence and beauty, and now a miserable wreck of womanhood in the London streets. "Only a drunken woman!" and without any trace of the charm which, in an evil hour, had attracted his admiration, and had led her to ruin!

She was carried bleeding and senseless on a shutter to the nearest hospital. The doctors examined her, and pronounced her case to be hopeless. The internal injuries were too severe, and her constitution was too much injured by her intemperate habits, for recovery to be possible. Every care and attention were given to her, and she lay in perfect quiet, except for an occasional moan. Gradually her scattered senses revived. She was quite sober now, and something in her surroundings—the warmth, perhaps, and comfort of her bed—recalled to her her peaceful home, and almost involuntarily the words of the prayer she had said in her girlhood came to her lips.

Was it fancy or did she really hear the tones of a familiar voice near her bed? She feebly turned her head to the side whence the sounds came and saw, bending over the woman next to her, the very priest of the village where she had passed her childhood. She looked intently, thinking it a delusion or a dream, but she again heard the well-remembered voice as he gave his blessing before leaving. Then she faintly uttered his name, and in some surprise he came to her, and a very few words recalled to his memory the girl for whom he had so often prayed; and now his presence was all she needed to turn her heart in penitence and faith to God.

When he left her, she sank in a peaceful sleep—her last on earth. And she dreamed she was once more in the wretched room that had sheltered her when—her brief delirium of happiness over—she had found herself cast off and deserted. She could see it now as it had been then—the bare boards, the dirty heap of straw that served for a bed, and her child lying upon it. Suddenly the room seemed, in her dream, to fill with a glorious radiance; she heard the sound of voices as of angels rejoicing over the repentant sinner, she even seemed to see the loving faces of those glorious spirits, and in the midst stood One, His wounded hands held out to her, His face shining with tender love and forgiveness; and He seemed to say, as He had already said to her by the mouth of His priest: "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

When the sun rose, its rays fell through the hospital windows on the peaceful face of a dead woman.

A VISIT TO THE POPE.

Mr. Clarence Bowen gives the *Independent* of this week an account of his interview with the Pope:

At 12 o'clock I was at the Vatican. Bands of pilgrims from every nation in Europe are continually arriving in Rome, to pay their respects to the Pope; and this time a company of priests and students from the dioceses of Besancon, in France, were among the number. Attendants, clothed in scarlet, and soldiers, armed more for show than for use, guarded the waiting and ante-rooms. The Pope receives visitors generally four times a week, and in the winter every day. Though now 87 years old, he rather enjoys than otherwise those noontide callers. There were 80 present. Etiquette required the ladies to appear in black silk dresses, with a black silk veil over their heads; and the gentlemen to wear dress suits and white cravats, but no gloves. The clergy wore their robes of office. Nearly every one present had a cross or a book or some beads for the Pope to bless; and some I noticed had a half-dozen of each. One lady near by had a whole armful. Others had letters and presents to give.

We are seated in a large, handsomely decorated hall. A throne, covered with red velvet is at one end. We wait patiently for a half hour. When the door at last opens all stand up. Several prelates and priests in attendance first enter. Pope Pius IX. follows, dressed all in white—a white silk cap on his head, a gold chain with a cross attached about his neck, a very elegant silk sash about his waist, and the richest gown about his body. Each person kneels as the Pope approaches him to give his blessing and to address perhaps a few words. Some particularly devout Catholics remain kneeling as long as the Pope is in the room. Down the long line his Holiness slowly comes. Some have only a chance to kiss his toe as he passes; others kiss his outstretched hand; but before the majority he stops, asks some question, and having given his blessing, goes to the next.

A tall young man is beside me who has recently come from the United States, and after taking a four years course in the college here will go home as a priest. As the Pope approaches, the attendants step back, and the rector, Mgr. Châtard, falls on his knees to present the young man. The Pope appears very much pleased when he learns the nationality and future profession of the young student.

O, how much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole world! Child of heaven and heir of immortality, how, from some star hereafter, wilt thou look back on the ant' hill and its commotions, from Clovis to Robespierre, from Noah to the final fire!



WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

The subject of our illustration has become widely known as the Irish Patriot—one who has dared to think, feel and speak for the benefit of his countrymen, and because his views have not been palatable to the existing powers, was first condemned to die, and afterwards exiled to a distant land.

Smith O'Brien was the second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, Bart., of the county of Clare, Ireland, who represented the county several years in the Irish Parliament. He was born in 1806, was educated at the Cambridge University, and made his first public appearance in 1827 as a

member of Parliament for Ennis. The principles of his family had been Conservative, but he soon abandoned the ancestral politics, joined the Catholic Association, and became a warm advocate of civil and religious liberty. His parliamentary career is reported to have been quite distinguished; he is said to have shown considerable talent for business, and to have been appointed on the most important committees, and to have been a good speaker. He did not consider himself as a member of either of the great parties, although he generally sided with the Whigs. But, in 1837, he voted against the Whigs, and his one vote placed the Ministers in a minority, occasioning their resignation.

This drew upon him the rebuke of O'Connell, but O'Brien was sustained by the electors, and was again returned from Limerick. In 1843 he opposed the passage of the Arms Act for Ireland, and received the thanks of the Repeal Association, shortly after becoming a member of that association himself. He remained a prominent member of that association, and was a guiding spirit in its counsels. This association exercised great influence over the people of Ireland, and drew large amounts from the pockets of the populace, which never seemed devoted to any tangible project. The peace resolutions, brought forward by Mr. John O'Connell, occasioned the secession of O'Brien and a number of others from the association. These persons formed another body, under the name of the Irish Party, of which Mr. Duffy's newspaper, the *Nation*, became the organ. In 1848, O'Brien became more bold in the expression of his sentiments, which seemed to grow more liberal from the events of the French Revolution; shortly after which he openly referred, in one of his speeches, to the establishment of a republic on the other side of the channel. On his return to Ireland, he became still bolder in his declarations, and was tried, as was also Meagher, for sedition. The government failed to obtain his conviction, but he was afterwards arrested, tried for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to death. It is averred that the jury were "packed" for this purpose, but this is not proven. It is certain that the jury were purposely selected from among the body of people who sympathised least with O'Brien's principles. The sentence of death—which was a disgrace to a Christian land—was afterward commuted to transportation, and O'Brien was sent to Van Dieman's Land.

The subsequent history of the Australian "convicts" is graphically told by Mitchell in his "Jail Journal." With many opportunities of escape, O'Brien, with a romantic chivalry, kept his parole inviolate. On the 3rd May, 1856, an amnesty was granted by the British Government, and he returned to Ireland soon afterwards, to find antagonism in his family circle. Sir Lucius O'Brien, his brother (afterwards Lord Inchiquin), refused to restore the deed of assignment of his property executed in trust, to save it from the consequences of attainder. Consideration for the children of Smith O'Brien was the alleged reason for this breach of good faith, but "to clip the wings of revolutionary tendency" was the real cause. O'Brien did not mix much in public life after his return; he made a brief tour of the United States and Canada, and died at Bangor, in North Wales, we believe, in 1863—preserving to the last his earnest love for Fatherland.

The greatest medicine is a true friend.

THE JESUITS IN AMERICA.

It is refreshing, even occasionally, to find an impartial opinion expressed by the American press upon anything pertaining to the Catholic Church. More falsehoods have been circulated regarding the Jesuits than any other religious Order; hence, we are glad to see such a paragraph as the following, which we glean from the *New York World*:—

"Whatever history and Webster's Dictionary tells us of these much abused gentlemen, the priests of the Society of Jesus, American experience of them has not been unsatisfactory. They have been seen conducting schools and missions, bringing to the one great learning and traditions of the most eminent educational order in the world, and to the other, frequently burning eloquence, and always a practical knowledge of humanity and its manifold weaknesses. We have yet to trace their direct influence on our institutions. May be it is that they are at the bottom of all our misfortunes, but any evidence that they have undertaken the guidance of the Ku-Klux is yet to come to the public eye. What calls for this record of American experience of the terrible S. J. is an important document just issued by the German Bishops, who, strange to say, have a similar experience to narrate. When amongst the signatures to this declaration there is recognized the names of some prelates not wholly devoted to what is called the Ultramontane policy of the Church, it will be seen how much support Prince Bismarck can expect from German Catholics in his violent assault on the 'Black Internationals.' This Episcopal document takes up the calumnies broached against the Jesuits at the meeting of the 'Old Catholics,' at the Protestant meeting at Darmstadt, and generally in the press. It is based on personal experience of the Jesuits, which in every case where public duty or private charity calls for their activity 'merits the approval of their superiors, both ecclesiastical and lay.' The pastoral describes the Jesuits as 'a Society which is beloved by the Church and hated and persecuted by its enemies,' and is couched in terms of the warmest admiration for the children of Loyola."

Nothing was more frequently in the mouths of Judas, Jonathan and Simon than these words: "Let us die for our people and our brethren." "Take courage," said Judas Maccabeus, "and be brave; fight valiantly against those nations armed for our ruin; it is better to die in battle than to see our country and our temple perish." And again: "God forbid that we should fly before our enemies; if our hour of death has come, let us die bravely for our brethren, and let us suffer no stain on our glory."

THE TRIUMPH OF GRACE.

CHAPTER I.

Time—Early in the summer of 1875.

Place—A pretty little villa on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Within, in a pleasant drawing-room, are seated two persons, one young and one old, who look sufficiently alike to be mother and daughter. The mother seemed to be about fifty years of age; traces of beauty still lingered about her, though care seemed to have marked many heavy lines on that once fair brow.

The daughter seemed to be about eighteen, was of the middle height, very fair, and with merry blue eyes. From the gravity of their countenances, it was evident they had some serious matter under consideration.

The mother spoke in a pleading voice:

"Agnes, why do you wish to leave me; you know that I have no one now but you, and if you leave me, what will I do?"

"Mamma, do not say that; in a few weeks Daniel will be home, and you will not then be alone; and mamma, if God has called me to Himself, you will not surely oppose it?"

"No, Agnes; but have you considered well the trials and daily mortifications of convent life?"

"What is all that, mamma, compared to the joy, the endless, unutterable happiness of the nun leaving this world; do you forget, mamma, that in Heaven forever, forever I will dwell, 'neath the unfading light of His Sacred Heart!"

She clasped her hands and raised her eyes to Heaven with an inspired look. Her mother contemplated her for a few moments in silence, then said:

"Agnes, if you are resolved, and if God has willed it, I suppose it must be so; but wait for six months, then if you are still unchanged, I will not oppose it."

"Thanks, dearest mother, for those comforting words."

"In the meantime, Agnes, put such thoughts out of your head entirely, and write the invitations for your party next month."

"I will, dearest mamma;" and, kissing her mother, Agnes left the room.

The ball, which was to take place on the 7th of July, was partly in honor of the return of Daniel, only son of Mrs. Fenton, who had been studying in M— College for the past seven years; partly to introduce Miss Fenton into society.

As Agnes reached her room, and seating herself near the window drew her writing-desk to her, she remained for some time contemplating the scene before her; as far as the eye could reach stretched the majestic waters of the St. Lawrence.

She turned from it with a sigh, and said to herself, "Happy, peaceful home of my childhood, must I leave you, and all your

cherished memories forevermore! In leaving the world my only regret is that I shall no more behold those green hills and bright waters that surround this happy spot!"

Then casting her eyes on the implements of writing before her, she murmured:

"Dear, dear, mamma, little does she know how I value the hollow, deceitful pleasures of this world. But can he love me? I sometimes think he does. If he did, might I still be happy in the world! but he comes with Daniel next month."

Then to her imagination came the scene of the profession of her friend, Ella Brady. How she had hoped and prayed that such might be her vocation, to serve the Sacred Heart of her Divine Lord for ever in the high and holy state to which her dearest friend had consecrated her life.

It will be seen from the above that Agnes Fenton's heart was not entirely disengaged from the world of which she spoke so flatteringly.

But we will leave events to speak for themselves.

CHAPTER II.

A beautiful night in July. All nature seemed to unite in making the entrance of Miss Fenton into society, and the return of the young graduate, everything that could be wished. The brilliantly lighted rooms are crowded with youth and beauty. In the midst of a glittering crowd, we find Agnes leaning on the arm of a young gentleman, of handsome, intellectual appearance; he was about twenty years of age; he was Henry Brady; he was the friend of Daniel Fenton, and had graduated with him, and was now paying him a visit; he was gazing lovingly on the earnest little face beside him; Agnes was speaking of his sister, who had also been her friend until one year before she had retired to the convent of the Sacred Heart—there to consecrate to Him who had died for her, her life, beauty and talents—there all her natural and acquired graces and virtues were hidden in the bosom of God and devoted to Him in the service of His creatures.

Henry said: "If you could see Ella, how happy and contented she is; and her only wish is that the time will pass quickly when she will be forever consecrated to God."

Agnes murmured: "Dear, dear Ella, I hope we will soon be united." Those words were spoken low, so low that she scarcely seemed speaking to her companion.

But he immediately said: "Agnes, can it be possible that you also will leave this world which has so many attractions to offer us young people?" He tried to speak gaily, but it was a sad failure.

"How changeable you are, Henry; but

a few moments ago you spoke enthusiastically of religious life."

"But I did not think you had any idea of embracing it."

"Would you care, Henry?" half-laughing, though a little tremulously.

"Agues, you know I care very much," said he.

Just at this moment Daniel Fenton came up, saying: "Agnes, mamma wants you for a minute. Excuse me, Harry, for interrupting your *tele-a-tele*," said he, mischievously.

"Daniel," said he, earnestly, as they passed out of the ball-room into the conservatory, "do you really think Agnes has a vocation for religious life?"

"Absurd, Harry, you know what a flirt Agnes is or was."

"She is not as bad as Ella was, and I can assure you she is changed within the past year; and when I spoke to Agnes of her a few minutes ago she said she hoped to join her soon."

"But I do not think Aggie meant it seriously, for I really believe she loves you."

"I hope so," said he, when Daniel interrupted him. "Here is a quadrille forming, and I have engaged Lillie Walsh Come, Hal, I will find you a partner."

The party passed off pleasantly to all concerned, and Henry Brady returned to his home in New-York with the assurance of Agnes Fenton that if she ever married it would be but him.

CHAPTER III.

Two years passed quickly, bringing about many changes. A bright, beautiful June morning; some unusual occurrence seems to have attracted many persons to the Convent of the Sacred Heart; amongst whom we recognize our old friends Mr. Daniel and Mrs. Fenton, Mr. H. Brady and his father and mother; all enter together the little convent chapel, where a most impressive ceremony is about to commence. A burst of music thrilled through the church, and the officiating priests enter in their rich vestments, followed by the nuns, who take their places with the utmost order.

The two young novices, Ella Brady and Agnes Fenton, who had made their first profession some sixteen months before, were led forward by the Superior. Mass was superbly sung by the choir. The final vows were repeated; and the glorious notes of the "Te Deum" rung through the chapel: while the convent bell sent forth a merry peal, as if telling the world that two more young, loving hearts had left its cares and sorrows outside the portals of their happy convent home to become the brides of Heaven.

Tears were coursing down the cheeks of the friends of the two young nuns, but they were tears of joy; that those loved

ones should be favored with a vocation to serve Heaven and Heaven alone.

After a short thanksgiving the two young nuns arose and left the chapel. No tears dimmed their eyes or wet their cheeks; but, radiant with smiles, they seemed to triumph in the attainment of the dearest wish of their hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

Three years passed into eternity, and once more there is a gathering at the little convent chapel; but this time 'tis of sorrow, not of joy. 'Tis not the notes of the "Te Deum," but those of the "De Profundis," that wake the echoes of the chapel.

There, in that very spot where, three short years before, she had made her profession, lay Agnes Fenton in the still, calm repose of death, in the flower of her youth; looking scarcely one day older than when last we parted from her.

Time had wrought many changes, and to Agnes He had brought the happiness which she so long desired; her sacrifice had been accepted; she had gone to enjoy in Heaven the sight of the Sacred Heart which on earth she loved so well.

A crown of fair white roses bound her pallid brow—true emblems of her happy, stainless life, and, according to custom, she wore the habit of her order.

The Requiem Mass is over now, and the short procession winds its way to the vault beneath the chapel. The last word is said, and amid the tears of mother and friends, the body of Sœur Marie du Sacre Cœur is lowered into its narrow home. The mother's heart seems ready to burst as the dull, heavy sound of the clay on the coffin lid announces that they had said their last farewell on the earth.

Now all is over; the simple cross containing her name, age and date of her death, with the inscription of the church over the remains of her faithful children—"Requiescat in Pace"—is raised over her head; she is left all alone to await the day when the tomb shall give up its dead.

And now that she is in Heaven, let us hope that she will not forget those who are still fighting the battle of life. May she ask for us the grace to hear the voice of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and follow it as she did, that we may one day meet Him in our heavenly home, there to reign with Him forever.

M. E. C.
Enfant de Marie.

A gentle person is like a river flowing calmly along; while a passionate man is like the sea, continually casting up mire and dirt.

Rigor pushed too far is sure to miss its aim, however good, as the bow snaps that is bent too stiffly.



Born—December 26th, 1841; Died—December 4th, 1875.

THE LATE REV. JAMES J. MURPHY.

The details of the awful calamity at Sault-au-Recollet, near this city, on the 4th instant, are now too widely known to need recapitulation in our columns. In giving, however, this month, the portrait of one of the lamented victims of the tragedy—the Rev. James J. Murphy—it is necessary to say a few words, biographically, of one who, as a priest, poet and orator, had achieved so much in the present, and promised for the future a career of efficiency for the cause of creed and country.

The Rev. James J. Murphy was born at Rathdrum, county Wicklow, on the 26th of December, 1841. After preliminary training in a preparatory school, he was sent to St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, a famous school and an historic spot: in olden times the site of a palace of King Roderick O'Connor, and a favorite resort of St. Laurence O'Toole, in whose day it was historically old, being associated with the name of St. Patrick.

There never was a public examination or academic occasion on which the students came before the outer world, that James Murphy did not attract attention. Cardinal Cullen sent him to Maynooth, and there his career in the different schools of letters, philosophy, theology, sacred Scrip-

ture, ecclesiastical history and canon law was one almost unparalleled.

There was no student in modern times in Maynooth who carried away simultaneously so many high honors in his classes. There were men sometimes his successful rivals in single branches, but he was at the same time distinguished in all. After leaving college he acquired distinction as a professor and as a preacher. He also was a contributor to the *Dublin Review*, and we believe to the *London Spectator*. Having some reason to believe that he had a taste for the religious life, he staid some time in the famous Abbey of Solesmes, under Dom Guéranger, and subsequently in the novitiate of one of the religious orders in Montreal. His vocation, however, not being for the monastic life, he was received by the Bishop of Montreal into his diocese on the recommendation of his late associates, and with the concurrence of Cardinal Cullen. His career in Canada has been most distinguished, his lectures winning for him a fame which had a parallel only in the celebrity and influence which Father Tom Burke had won in New York. Indeed we have heard from Dublin people that when both preached in Dublin equal crowds attended their pulpits. Father Murphy accepted the position of editor of the *True Witness*. He had hardly entered on this new career when it was so tragically cut short.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF
IRELAND.—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued)

- Q. What chiefs assisted De Burgo?
- A. The O'Briens and other tribes from Munster.
- Q. Who were Kildare's confederates?
- A. All the Geraldines, many lords of the pale, and his ally and relative O'Neill, with a numerous following.
- Q. Where was the quarrel decided?
- A. At the battle of Knocktow, near Galway.
- Q. Who gained the victory?
- A. Kildare.
- Q. What remarkable proof of the ancient English hatred of Irishmen did Lord Gormanstown then give?
- A. After the battle, he said to Kildare: "We have beaten our enemies; but in order to finish the good work, we ought now to cut the throats of the Irish who have helped us to do so."
- Q. Was this advice acted on?
- A. No; it would have been inconvenient, for it would have weakened the conquering party very much.
- Q. Was there any other reason for not acting on it?
- A. Yes; the bad feeling expressed by lord Gormanstown was not then very general: it had been softened away by many intermarriages between the ancient Irish clans and the Anglo-Irish families.
- Q. Are there any lord Gormanstowns in Ireland at the present day?
- A. Unluckily there are; there are many unnatural Irishmen who hate their native land, and are ever ready to help the English government to oppress and spoliatc their own fellow-countrymen.
- Q. What is the reason of this?
- A. Because the power that rules Ireland is an English, not an Irish power; and so long as the ruling power is unfriendly, so long will every base, bad spirit in the land adopt that unfriendliness, in order to pay its court to the ruling influence.
- Q. In what year did Henry the Seventh die?
- A. In 1509.

CHAPTER XII.

The Reign of Henry the Eighth.

- Q. Did King Henry the Eighth continue Kildare as lord deputy?
- A. Yes; until Kildare happened to incur the jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey, on which that prelate procured his removal.
- Q. Who was appointed in his place?
- A. The earl of Surrey.
- Q. What events took place in this reign?
- A. Ormond had invaded the territory of Ossory, and plundered Mac Gill Patrick, or Fitz-Patrick, the prince of it.
- Q. What steps did Fitz-Patrick take

- A. He sent an envoy to the king to state his complaints.
- Q. Did the king interfere in the case?
- A. No; Ormond was allowed to ravage Ossory with impunity.
- Q. What at last checked him?
- A. The power of Kildare, who contrived to make his peace with the king, and was re-appointed lord deputy.
- Q. Meanwhile, how was the earl of Desmond acting?
- A. He assumed the dignity and privileges of a sovereign prince.
- Q. In what manner?
- A. He claimed a right to absent himself from parliament, and also of being never obliged to enter a fortified town.
- Q. What use was made of these claims to sovereignty?
- A. Francis, king of France, learning Desmond's pretensions, endeavoured to raise a domestic commotion in Ireland through his agency, for the purpose of embarrassing England.
- Q. How did Desmond receive the French king's proposals?
- A. His vanity was flattered at being treated as a sovereign prince by so powerful a monarch, and he entered into an alliance with Francis.
- Q. What were the results?
- A. Before the treaty could be acted upon, Francis was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia.
- Q. And what became of Desmond?
- A. The king determined to punish him, and sent orders to Kildare to that effect.
- Q. Did Kildare execute the orders?
- A. No; he did not like to be made the agent of his kinsman's punishment; and taking advantage of some riots in Ulster, he marched into that province under pretext of suppressing them.
- Q. Did the king resent Kildare's disobedience?
- A. Yes; he required him to proceed to London to account for his conduct.
- Q. What arrangements did Kildare make?
- A. He supplied all his own castles with arms and ammunition from the king's stores; he committed the government to his son, lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who was only twenty years of age; and he then proceeded to London.
- Q. How was he treated on arriving in London?
- A. He was imprisoned in the Tower.
- Q. How did his son, lord Thomas, act in Ireland?
- A. Having been excited by a false report of his father's execution, lord Thomas rushed into the privy-council chamber in Dublin, followed by one hundred and forty armed retainers, and there renounced his allegiance to King Henry.
- Q. What was lord Thomas's next step?
- A. He quitted the astonished council, and proceeded to wage war on the garrison of Dublin.

Q. With what success?

A. He was at first easily defeated, from the fewness of his supporters, but retiring from Dublin, and joining the O'Connors and O'Neills, he speedily increased his power.

Q. What steps were taken against him?

A. The new lord lieutenant, Sir William Skeffington, besieged the castle of Maynooth, the best stronghold of the Fitz-Geralds.

Q. Did the castle make a gallant defence?

A. Yes; it held out for fourteen days; and Skeffington was about to retire from before it, when it was placed in his power by the treachery (as is alleged) of the foster-brother of lord Thomas.

Q. How did Skeffington reward the traitor?

A. He paid him the stipulated price of his treachery, and then had him hanged.

Q. What effect did the taking of Maynooth produce on lord Thomas's fortunes?

A. Many of his followers, dispirited at the news, dispersed; but with those who still remained, he made himself so formidable in an irregular warfare among the defiles and woods, that lord Grey, the English commander, solemnly promised him protection if he should surrender himself.

Q. Did lord Thomas confide in the Englishman's promise?

A. He did, and gave himself up.

Q. How did lord Grey then treat him?

A. He sent him prisoner to England.

Q. How else did he treat the Fitz-Geralds?

A. He invited five uncles of lord Thomas's to a feast, in the midst of which he treacherously seized them, and sent them in custody to England.

Q. What was Henry's conduct to these five unoffending men?

A. He had them all hanged at Tyburn, together with the unfortunate lord Thomas.

Q. What great event took place in this reign?

A. The king rejected the Pope's supremacy over the church, and set up his own supremacy in place of it.

Q. Did many of the Irish people abandon the Catholic, and embrace the Protestant religion?

A. Scarcely any. The great bulk of the people adhered to the old Catholic faith; some few persons in connexion with the government adopted the new religion.

Q. What were the effects of this change of religion on the country?

A. It gave some new pretexts to the English disposition to spoliat and persecute Ireland. But, in truth, England, whether Catholic or Protestant, had at all times, since their connexion, treated Ireland with treachery and cruelty.

Q. How did the government dispose of the property that had belonged to the Catholic church?

A. They transferred the tithes to the

Protestant clergy, and the greater portion of the abbey lands to powerful laymen; thus throwing on the Catholic people of Ireland the support of two churches—their own and the new one!

Q. What was the fate of lord deputy Grey?

A. Some charges having been made against him, he was convicted and hanged at Tyburn, by the orders of Henry.

Q. In what year did Henry die?

A. In 1537.

CHAPTER XIII.

Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary I.

Q. What was the first exploit of the new king's government in Ireland?

A. Some disturbance having been excited in Leix and Offaly, the English government induced the chiefs of those districts, O'Moore and O'Connor, to proceed to England; promising that Edward would show them favour similar to that which his father had shown to O'Neill in like circumstances.

Q. Did the chiefs confide in this promise?

A. Yes; and they accordingly repaired to London.

Q. Did the English government perform their promises?

A. No; O'Moore and O'Connor were thrown into prison, and their lands were seized and given to English adventurers.

Q. What became of those chiefs?

A. O'Moore soon died in prison; O'Connor lingered out some weary years in his confinement.

Q. What was the next measure of the government?

A. They tried to propagate the Reformation in Ireland.

Q. How did they begin?

A. St. Leger was sent as lord deputy to Ireland for that purpose.

Q. What means were used under his auspices?

A. In Athlone, a band of soldiers proceeded from the garrison to ravage the old church of Clonmacnoise. Similar acts of riot and outrage were committed in various other ecclesiastical buildings throughout the kingdom.

Q. In what year did Edward VI. die?

A. In 1553.

Q. Who succeeded him?

A. His sister, Mary Tudor.

Q. Did she favour the Reformation?

A. No; in England she cruelly persecuted its professors, and caused numbers to be burned to death for their belief.

(To be continued.)

Truly a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Westervelt has got seven years because the jury thought he knew something about the Ross case. Perhaps in the seclusion of his penitentiary cell it will gradually dawn upon him that he knows more.

Answers to Correspondents.

"W. L. O'U."—The phrase "the King (or Queen) can do no wrong," does not imply the possession of the attribute of personal infallibility in royalty. The *London Times* some years back explained: "It seems incredible that we should have to remind Lord Redesdale that the Sovereign 'can do no wrong,' simply because the Sovereign can do nothing except by and with the advice and consent of the ministers of the Crown."

"EAVES-DROPPER" wants to know the origin of the term composing his signature. The owners of private estates in Saxon times were not allowed to cultivate to the extremity of their possessions, but were obliged to leave a space for eaves. The space was called the *ys droypp* (eaves-drip). An eaves-dropper is one who places himself in the eaves-drip to overhear what is said in the adjacent house or field. Shakespeare (*Richard III.*) has:

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper, To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

"A TYWONE MAN."—The total number of armed United Irishmen in 1798 was 270,386. Here is the document given to that infamous scoundrel Reynolds, 20th February, 1798, and to which you refer:—

	Armed men.	Finances in hand.
Ulster.....	110,990	£136 2 4
Munster.....	106,031	147 17 2
Kildare.....	10,363	110 17 7
Wicklow.....	12,895	93 0 4
Dublin.....	3,010	37 2 0
Dublin City.....	2,177	221 17 11
Queen's County.....	11,680	41 2 1
King's County.....	8,600	21 11 3
Carlow.....	9,114	49 2 10
Kilkenny.....	6,221	10 2 3
Meath.....	1,400	171 2 1
Total.....	270,386	£1,815 4 0

"A SUNDREY."—The English language is the most concise of any of the four named, and there is practical testimony borne on this point in a pleasant and instructive speech recently delivered by the President of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He stated that for all telegraphic purposes the English language was from 25 to 33 per cent cheaper, or more economical, than the French or German, or any other, and that the economy of its use had been well established by study and investigation. This was not the old-time view of the economy of English words. There are, however, enough of them and to spare, without coining any of the *slang phrases* common to the street, and sometimes having their origin in what are called the educated classes of the country.

"R. MCC." asks "What is the signification of 'a mare's nest,' so frequently referred to in newspaper writing." Rev. Dr. Brewes says, that "To find a mare's nest is to make what you suppose to be a great discovery, but which turns out to be all moonshine." What we call a nightmare was by our forefathers supposed to be the Saxon demon *Mara* or *Mare*, a kind of vampire sitting on the sleeper's chest. These vampires were said to be the keepers of hidden treasures over which they brooded as hens over their eggs, and the place where they sat was termed their *nidus* or nest. When any one supposes he has made a great discovery, we ask if he has discovered a mare's nest, or the place where the vampire keeps guard over the hypothetical treasures. Beaumont and Fletcher has:

Why dost thou laugh?
What mare's nest hast thou found?

"OMEGA."—Marshal MacMahon's income as President of France is \$124,000 per annum, besides which he is allowed \$78,000 for household and recreation expenses. We read, too, that the fortune of General Grant is now no less than a million dollars, and is still growing. In 1893 it was less than nothing, and he was drinking poor whisky out of his allowance of \$700 a year. His present wealth might perhaps be used by moralists as a text to illustrate the benefit of honesty and economy.

"A FRENCHMAN."—To all who will believe, the matter has been cleared up long ago; and there is no use in writing for those determined to cling to their prejudices. The Pope had a Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated, not for the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Eve, but for the safety of the royal family of France. A Protestant, examining all the records at the different towns in France, as well as at Paris, and found that 750 persons suffered in all France that night, and not 200,000 (!) as Protestant historians assert.

"INQUIRER" asks—1. What is the supposed rapidity of a message sent across the Atlantic by the telegraph? 2. How fast do messages travel by the wires on land? The most reliable answers we can give are these: Professor Gould has found that the velocity of the electric waves through the Atlantic cables is from 7,000 to 8,000 miles per second, and depends somewhat upon whether the circuit is formed by the two cables or by one cable and the earth. Telegraph wires upon poles in the air conduct the waves with a velocity a little more than double this; and it is remarked, as a curious fact, that the rapidity of the transmission increases with the distance between the wire and the earth or the height of the support. Wires buried in the earth likewise transmit slowly like submarine cables.

"A CATHOLIC IRISHMAN."—It is part of the system, friend. Without circumstantial falsehoods of the kind you refer to, the "unco guid" would find their occupation gone. Every Catholic book-store the world over gives contra fiction to the statement: besides, it should be known that the first translation of the Bible into English was made by Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborn, in the seventh century; the second, by Venerable Bede, in the seventh century; the third, by Alfred the Great, in the ninth century; the fourth is the "Durham Bible," in the ninth century; the fifth (now at Oxford), in the ninth century; the sixth (now at Salisbury), in the ninth century; Wycliff's is dated in the fourteenth century; the Douay Version (1582) sixteenth century; King James' Version (1611) seventeenth century.

"AN IRISH MERCHANT."—You say truly that "the Postal card system was designed for the convenience of the public; as well as for economy in trade correspondence"—but it was never intended to be turned to the service of unscrupulous scoundrelism and private malice. The case you bring before us is about the worst specimen we have seen of this species of libel. The fact of your accidental indebtedness for a small sum is no warranty for sending, broadcast through public offices what you describe as "villanous standers." If the fellow is worth it, proceed against him at law, for the Courts have already ruled that no libel is more deserving of punishment—if not worth it, give him a sound thrashing when you meet him, and pay off the account in that way—or, and this may be had morality, never pay the blackguard at all, and this requital he will feel the most. But after all—the best of all conduct in such a fellow's regard is contemptuous indifference.

"OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME."*

AIR—THE BROWN MAID.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

Pensively.

1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un - hon - or'd his
 2. But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si - lence it weeps, Shall bright - en with ver - dure the

rel - ies are laid; Sad, si - lent and dark be the tears that we shed, As the
 grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, though in se - cret it rolls, Shall

night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head,
 long keep his mem - o - ry green in our souls.

* This Song was suggested by the well known preface, in Robert Emmett's dying speech:—"Let no man write my epitaph.... Let my tomb remain unscrubed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."