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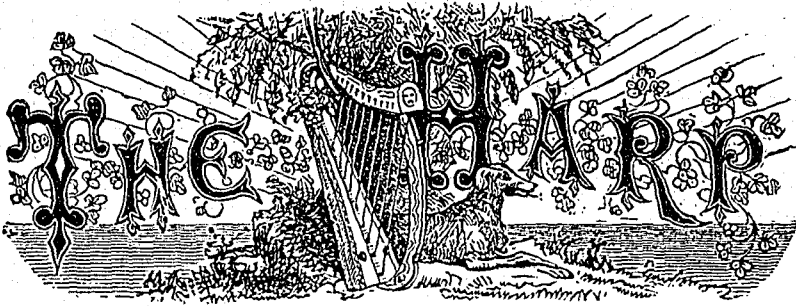
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A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 12.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH the present number we close the fifth volume of THE HARP. Our readers are the best judges as to how we have fulfilled the task we undertook some years ago to place in the hands of our Irish Canadian friends a magazine that would furnish sound and healthy entertaining and instructive literature to the rising generation amongst us. Certain it is that we have succeeded in maintaining our position so far not without sacrifice, and whilst we look back with a pardonable pride to the partial success that has crowned our efforts we would fain hope that in the early future the friends of the cause will rally around and give us that support to which the only Irish Catholic Monthly Magazine in the Dominion is fairly entitled. Had it not been for the generous and gratuitous contributions of literary friends the publisher must long ago have given up the struggle. To those he owes a debt of gratitude which he takes this opportunity of acknowledging in the most heartfelt manner. In the past we have endeavoured to furnish our patrons with reading matter on subjects of never-failing interest, and we are happy to be in a position to state that we have received the promises of several of our most gifted wri-

ters to lend a helping hand towards placing THE HARP in the position it should occupy amongst the literary productions of the country.

Within the last few months we have been enabled to present to our readers sketches of some of our most prominent Irish Canadians. This feature of our Magazine, which we have reason to know has proved very acceptable, will be continued for some time to come. New interest, however, will be added to our publication by a choice selection monthly, of memorable places in Ireland with Wood Cuts and brief historic notices. Each number will also contain a favorite piece of Music, and in every department the publisher is determined to raise the standard of THE HARP to the full extent of his ability. In the next number will be given the opening chapters of a most interesting story; and as a further inducement to subscribers a beautiful steel engraving—a choice out of two—

The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple, Size 29 x 20

OR

Archbishop McHale, 18 x 14

will be furnished to those sending in their subscriptions for the Sixth Vol. before the first of January next.

This is what we propose, now what will our Irish Catholic friends do on their

part? Surely no family should be without a publication offering such attraction for the small sum of one dollar *per annum*. We appeal to the patriotism of our people, who can witness the rise and progress of literary productions antagonistic to our race and creed on all sides, to come forward manfully and practically and lend a helping hand to sustain the only Irish Catholic Magazine published in the Dominion of Canada.

THE CONSPIRACY ;

OR,
THE CAPTIVE QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I.

QUEEN ELIZABETH paced the room with hurried, angry and impatient steps. Her thin and withered face wore, with intensified expression, that look of peevishness and malice which was so familiar to it of late. She clenched her long hands, and her pale gray eyes seemed to flash lurid flames; and she muttered more than one round oath—for this chaste virgin (whose illicit lovers had been so numerous) inherited her father's propensity to blasphemy.

The Secretary of State hung his head, bit his lip and played nervously with his sword-tassel.

"God's death!" cried Elizabeth, stopping in the middle of the room, "was ever queen so persecuted as I? Day or night no peace is given me. Conspiracy and treason spring up everywhere through the land; and I have nowhere around me arms long enough to reach this hydra. Oh! for the days of my father's iron rule, when conspiracy paled and withered before the glance of his royal eye."

Sir Francis Walsingham looked up with a remonstrant flush upon his cheek, as he ventured to say—

"Your Majesty is unjust to your poor servants. No queen was ever so faithfully or zealously served. And sure we have done all that men could do to root out the poison of treason from the land."

"Why, then, does it crop up perpetually, Sir Secretary?" asked Elizabeth sternly.

Walsingham looked at her an instant with a peculiar glance, sly but searching and then dropped his eyes again.

"Please your Majesty," he said in soft low tones, "it is impossible for us to eradicate the weed utterly while fresh seed is constantly sown."

"And who, Sir Francis," asked the Queen, "is the mysterious sower?"

"From Potheringay Castle," said the wily Secretary, "the seed is scattered which produces the successive crops of treason and conspiracy. One resides there who, while she lives, must be a fruitful source of trouble to this kingdom—and its gracious sovereign."

"God's death!" she exclaimed, "thou'rt right, Sir Secretary. That woman has ever been the plague of my existence. She lives in an atmosphere of intrigue, plotting and conspiracy. Would to God that I were rid of her in some way—I care not how."

The Secretary looked up with a gleam of mingled ferocity and cunning in his eye.

"Your Majesty has but to say the word," he answered, "and that one obstacle will be speedily removed from your royal path."

The "virgin" Queen started. She was not prepared for such plain speaking as that. To be sure, she had for years entertained the most malignant hatred of her beautiful but unfortunate rival; and she would give much to have her removed—no matter how, by poison or steel. But she had not yet been able to bring herself to brave the odium which would result from the public execution of the unhappy Queen of Scots. It was, therefore her cue now to pretend to be very indignant with her minister.

"God's death! man," she cried. "What dost mean? Would'st counsel us to imbue our hands in the blood of our royal cousin? Fie upon thee, Sir Francis Walsingham! Beshrew me, but meseems thou beest an evil adviser near our person. Albeit that she has done us grievous wrong, and wrought sore mischief and trouble in our kingdom; and we might be justified in exercising the power which is in our hands, and so restore peace and quiet to this disturbed realm. But we are tender of heart and merciful, forbearing—long forbearing."

The cunning Secretary's lip curled

with a sardonic smile. He had penetrated to the lowest depths of her wicked heart, and knew every evil thought that stirred it; he knew her most earnest wish was the hapless Mary's death.

"May it please my gracious liege," he said in the same soft, insinuating voice he had used before, "great sovereigns cannot afford to indulge their private feelings, or their natural tenderness of heart where the interests of the state are at stake. The welfare of the country has its claims upon you, and private feeling must give place to public duty."

Elizabeth darted on him a look more cunning than his own.

"Methinks," she said, thou talkest wisely and shrewdly, Sir Francis."

"So please you," continued the minister, following up his point, "if this unfortunate lady repays all your kindness by such ingratitude that she is constantly hatching plots and conspiracies against your royal throne and person, she is doubly, trebly a traitor, and well deserveth, methinks, to die a traitor's death. And that all this be so, we are furnished with abundant proof."

"God's death! dost say so?"

"We have abundant evidence—would your Majesty please to peruse the documents. They are many and voluminous."

"No, no," said Elizabeth recoiling—"I will have naught to say to it. God's death! man, have I not ministers and servants enough to do the work of justice without the royal name being dragged into it?"

The Secretary was silent; but looked at the Queen slyly from under his overhanging brows. He read her every thought and desire.

"If so please your Majesty," he said, "to give us authority."

"I will give you authority for nothing," cried the Queen peevishly.

There was a long silent pause, during which Elizabeth regained a calmer temper, and the old sly cunning look returned to her cold gray eye.

"Good St. Francis," she said, "what would you counsel me to do in this sorely perplexing business?"

"An it please your majesty," said Walsingham, scarcely able to keep his sense of triumph under control, "if you will graciously take your poor servants advice, I would recommend that

a commission be appointed to interrogate the prisoner and find out the connection with these conspiracies."

The Queen paused a moment in deep thought.

"Be it so then," she presently said, "be it as you think best. *Do what you believe to be your duty to me*; but let me hear no more about it till this work be done."

If she could (as she turned away) have seen the cold sneering smile that curled the lip of the unscrupulous minister, she would hardly have been gratified.

"But here," she said as the door opened, "here comes my Lord of Burleigh. You had better advise with him."

Cecil approached, bent his knee, and kissed the royal hand.

"My lord," said Walsingham in his usual sly, suave tones, "her Majesty has been most graciously pleased to order that a commission be appointed forthwith to inquire what connection the lady Mary of Scotland, so long the guest of England (and who so ill repays the protection of England), has with the conspiracies and plots that do fret and agitate the land."

"And, by my troth, an order worthy of the royal wisdom," replied Burleigh with his serpentine nod. "But as for these same plots against her Majesty's life, sure that restless lady in the tower is the author of them all."

Well, well, said Elizabeth, with nervous uneasiness, "be it as ye list—be it as ye list. I wash my hands of it."

So saying she hurried from the cabinet; and as she crossed a secret passage to her own private apartments, she struck against the ground the ebony staff upon which she leant (for the "virgin" was now old and in need of support), as through her clenched teeth she muttered:

"If they rid me of this hatred rival I care not how they do it."

Walsingham and Burleigh looked at one another and smiled grimly.

"She dies the death," said the Secretary of State with a chuckle worthy of the foul fiend himself.

"Hast got more evidence, worthy Sir Francis?" asked the crafty Cecil with a peculiar smile.

"Of a verity yes, my good lord," replied the Secretary. "Four of my faith-

ful ban-dogs are on the scent of as nice a pattern of conspiracy and treason as we have ever yet seen."

"Come then, Mr. Secretary," said Burleigh, "let us take council as to who shall be nominated on this commission."

II.

Four men of forbidding aspect sat drinking in a tavern in Cheapside. They rather aped the men of fashion in their showy dresses and rapiers. But their vulgar swagger and loud blustering tones proclaimed their vulgarity and ruffianism. They were by no means the sort of persons a quiet citizen would desire to encounter on a dark night in a quiet street. In physical aspect, cruelty and sensuality were stamped on the countenances of all four. A large measure of spiced sack stood on the table before them to which they made frequent application. As the company filed in they suddenly dropped their voices, and seemed engaged in discussing some topic of special importance, which did not, however, prevent them from indulging in frequent low chuckling laughter.

"Well, Giffard," said one, a short, thick-set fellow, with a low brow, a small treacherous eye, a huge mouth and massive chin, "how do your gud-gueons take the bait?"

"Voraciously, Master Poley," was the reply, and the others laughed. "Master Anthony Babington, is a most valuable catch: he has already drawn nine other fools like himself into the same net with him."

"And a pretty plot it is too," said another—"nothing less than dethroning and compassing the death of the Queen. We have managed this thing nicely, my masters; and Sir Francis Walsingham should be grateful."

"The headsman, Master Greatly, said a fourth, a cunning, vicious looking fellow, with a hang-dog expression of countenance, "will have plenty of work on hands. I only wish that that insolent Scotch upstart, Master Hugh Huntley, who lords it so boldly among the gay roysterers, in tavern and gaming-room, and never losses a crown, were caught in the same net."

"Ah, Maude," said Giffard, "you haven't forgotten the cudgeling which

the sturdy Scot gave you on Eastcheap for insulting the silk-mercer's buxom wife. How you did roar, and how you did swear and swagger:—but your rusty bilboa lay as harmlessly by your side as if it had been a dagger of lath."

This sally produced roars of laughter from all but the victim of it.

Maude only tossed off his glass while he muttered—

"May the foul fiend have me, if I be not bitterly avenged of him yet."

"Never mind, Maude," said Giffard consolingly, "with the help of simple, honest Master Anthony Babington, the headsman will avenge thee by and by."

"Is it not true," asked one of the former speakers, "that Master Babington has been carrying down letters to various malcontents in Derbyshire from the Queen of Scots?"

"Most true, worthy Master Poley," answered Giffard. "And furthermore she has been trapped into personal correspondence with himself, and even given him letters to the ambassadors of France and Spain, begging them to assist the conspirators with men and arms. Oh! he is a rare decoy duck is mad foolish Master Anthony. I warrant you we shall have rare sport for his worship, Sir Francis Walsingham, our patron."

These wretches were the bloodhounds hired by Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State, to hunt to death the unfortunate Queen of Scots who, flying from her rebellious and brutal nobles to seek protection at the Court of England, was seized by her jealous rival (who hated her for her beauty and accomplishments) and transferred to a prison-chamber in Fotheringay, where (innocent of all offence) the unhappy Queen had now lingered nineteen years. Mary was the object of constant intrigues and persecution, until at last her sanguinary English jailors, tired of having her ever before them, and her name ever in their ears, trumped up false charges against her, and without any pretense of a legitimate trial, took her out of prison carried her across the Thames—and the headsman did the rest.

III.

At the same time and hour a different scene was being enacted at another tar-

ern not a hundred miles away, though the actors, to all outward appearance, seemed similarly engaged. Ten young men of respectable appearance were seated round a large oak-table in a far corner of a long straggling room. Ale and wine were before them; but they drank little and were engaged in earnest conversation which was carried on in low tones, while every head was bent forward toward one common centre.

All seemed young men of good birth; and they were for the most part richly, if not sumptuously dressed in the picturesque costume of the period. Every face wore an expression of eager enthusiasm; and the eyes of all the rest were fastened with deep attentiveness on each other member of the company as he spoke in turn. The leading spirit of this assemblage seemed to be a fair-haired, blue-eyed, smooth-checked young man, whose face bore a mingled expression of frankness, intrepidity and enthusiasm bordering upon wildness. This was Master Anthony Babington, the credulous and ill-fated young gentleman whom Walsingham's sanguinary emissaries had made an unconscious tool to lay toils round the hapless Queen of Scots and bring destruction on the heads of himself and the other unfortunate dupes, his associates.

"Well, Master Babington," said one of the company, "what report have you to make to us this morning?"

"A most favorable one," was the confident reply. "I have had encouraging assurances from the embassies, and aid from France and Spain may be counted upon if need be, when once the blow is struck."

"Marry," ejaculated a sharp, keen-eyed young gentleman—"if the blow is once struck, we may dispense with the aid of the foreigners."

"And so say I—and I—and I," responded several others.

"Have we any new recruits?" asked a tall, fair young man at the far end of the table.

"My friends," said Babington, lowering his voice, "to that question I may answer Yes and No. We have numerous friends, faithful and thorough, in Derbyshire and in the North, who will rally to our banner when the blow is struck; thousands will follow them, and in a

short time the whole country, sick of the tyranny of this woman, will rise at our call, but as for the enterprise which we have in hands, there are enough of us concerned in it. A task of this kind is best done by a few determined, resolute men, solemnly sworn to one another and ready to sacrifice their lives if need be for the end they aim at accomplishing. For work of this kind, we only want a few daring souls, inspired by the spirit of Scævola; in large organizations there are many dangers—danger of discord, danger of confusion, danger of discovery, danger of treachery."

These sentiments were received with hearty but subdued applause.

"But tell us, Master Babington," said one of the company, "how have you got on with Master Hugh Huntley?"

Babington shook his head.

"Hugh is a good man and true," he said, "brave as a lion, and as cool in danger as if he were walking in his own chamber. But he keeps shy of our enterprise, and answers my arguments with sophistries worthy of his subtle Scotch intellect."

"Why here comes the man himself," said the sharp, keen-eyed young gentleman.

As he spoke, a tall handsome cavalier walked up the room with a free and careless step, nodding smilingly to the occupants of the tables on the right and left. He had a dark flashing eye, and there was a soldierly air about his muscular yet graceful figure. In an age when the adornment of the person was carried to a pitch of almost extravagant luxury, he was rather soberly dressed, with a serviceable rapier by his side and a short dagger in his belt. As he approached the table where the ten conspirators were seated, Babington rose hastily from his chair and stretched out his hand.

"Welcome, friend Hugh," he said, "it rejoices me to see you to-night. I did not hope you would be here to-night."

"Good e'en to you my good Anthony," replied Hugh Huntley, taking the proffered hand. "A good e'en to you, my masters, all," he added, lifting his plumed cap as his eyes glanced round the table.

"Come, sit down," said Babington; and room was immediately made for Huntley.

"Well, my masters," he said, looking around, as he took his seat, "what sport is afloat? Gramercy! but you all look as gloomy as the boatman as Acherow."

A faint artificial laugh was the answer to this pleasantry.

"We have been engaged in serious business to-night, Hugh," replied Anthony Babington with an air of importance "and you must know well what business I mean."

Hugh Huntley looked uneasily round ere he spoke.

"If you have business," he said, "which is linked with danger, business," he added, lowering his voice, "which may bring your heads to the block—surely the common room of a public tavern is not the place in which to discuss it."

"Pshaw!" replied Babington, "there is no one here who minds us—no one who dreams what our purpose is. But list ye, Hugh! Our project ripens rapidly; our friends are rapid in every part of the kingdom. As soon as the blow is struck the whole country will rise in our favor, and your lady of Scotland will be free to return home to claim the crown of her ancestors, with many a stout English arm to help her, and she list. Say, Hugh, will you join us now, at the last hour, and share our triumph?"

"No, Master Babington," said Huntley resolutely, laying his hand firmly but not noisily on the table. "No! I will fight for the good cause in the open field as becomes a soldier—I will shed my blood for it if need be; but I will not soil my hand with the assassin's dagger."

As he spoke thus with subdued vehemence of tone, a murmur ran around the board, and there was a dark frown on every face. "My friends," continued Hugh in gentler accents, "I had hoped you had given up this mad project. But it is not yet too late—oh! dear friends, I implore you, desist from it or (I warn you) the path on which you are treading will surely lead to the scaffold and the headsman's block."

"It pleaseth me well," said the keen-eyed little gentleman sneeringly, to find that Master Huntley still possesses all the proverbial prudence and caution of

his country. He is wise not to risk his precious life oven to save a nation."

"Yet beshrew me," said a rougher, sterner voice, "me seems it becometh a cavalier who boasts of his loyalty to his native queen to desert the royal lady in this crisis of her faith."

"Look, ye, sirs," Hugh replied in tones that betrayed the anger and indignation he struggled to subdue, "if any man says that I am false to the royal but unfortunate lady to whom I have pledged my faith, I tell him to his teeth he lies, and I will prove it on his body with my good sword. I will fight for my queen if opportunity offers: if need be, I will readily lay down my life to-morrow to see her walk forth a free woman from that castle of Fotheringay and again ascend the throne of her ancestors. But even for her I will not play the assassin. Nay, my masters, ye need not darken your brows with frowns nor lay your hands upon your swords; it would take more than that to intimidate a Huntley. But believe me it is in the true spirit of friendship that I warn you of the danger on which you are rushing blindfold. Ye think ye are venturing a great and noble enterprise. I tell ye, friends, you are stumbling amid traps and pitfalls. I believe, I know, ye are the dupes of the emissaries of Cecil and Walsingham; and, woe's me! ye will bring destruction, not only on your own heads, but also on the head of the dear but most unfortunate lady whom you profess to befriend. Be warned then in time: give up this mad and wicked enterprise, or, if you do not, I prophecy to you (and the day is not far off) that the hour will come when you will repent that you did not take my advice—the hour when the rack will stretch your aching limbs and the flash of the headsman's axe will dazzle your weary eyes. For my part, I quit you here, bitterly mourning the fatal lot you have chosen for yourselves. I would save you if I could; but you are wilful in your purpose. Gentlemen, I bid you a good-night."

The next moment he was gone. The conspirators, who had half drawn their swords, followed his departing figure with eyes that expressed nearly as much of vague fear as of anger. Then they fell back in their seats, staring at one

another; and they continued silent for several minutes, though the wine-cup went round with startling rapidity.

At length one tall and stalwart young man who had drunk very frooly, sprang up from his seat and said:

"What is this, my masters? what are we going to do? We have had a serpent amongst us; we have taken him to our bosom, and he has stung us well nigh to the heart. This Scotchman who despises our motives and sneers at our acts—who talks of his reverence for his queen but will not strike a blow on her behalf—this man knows all our secrets: what guarantee that this cavalier who has been seen flaunting it at Elizabeth's court while his lawful queen was pining in a dungeon, will not, has not betrayed us! Eh, my masters! I say he must die, or swear the most solemn oaths not to betray."

A murmur of applause ran round the board: the frequent draughts of sack were doing their work.

"Hugh Huntley," remonstrated Babington, "is a gentleman, a soldier, and a man of honor."

"He is a Scot," retorted the previous speaker, "who is false to his own queen."

This remark was received with marked applause; and subdued murmurs of "He must die the death!" were heard on every side.

"Gentlemen," said Babington, rising, pale but calm, "it is I who am responsible for having brought this man here. It is, therefore I who must compel him to take the oath of secrecy or slay him. Not a moment shall be lost: I will follow him this instant."

And donning his cap and grasping his sword, he rushed from the room.

Babington hurried along the Chepe at topmost speed till he reached St. Paul's Church. Under the shadow cast by the walls and towers of the Gothic structure (which has since been replaced by Sir Christopher Wren's great building) in the moonlight, he beheld a tall lithe figure stalking on before him with easy swinging stride; and Anthony recognized his friend Huntley at once. Hurrying up, he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hugh!"

"Why, friend Anthony!" exclaimed Huntley in surprise. "Body o' me! man, what wouldst thou of me now?"

"Hugh," said Babington, somewhat embarrassed, "you are acquainted with all our secrets and our lives are at your mercy. My comrades are filled with apprehension that a man who is not one of them should know all their schemes. They have decided that you must take the oath of secrecy, or"—

"Or what?"

"Or die!"

"Pooh, pooh," said Hugh with a light laugh—"a Huntley does not die so easily as that."

"I am commanded to administer the oath," said Babington, "or kill you."

Huntley only laughed again, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Will you not take the oath, Hugh?"

"No, Master Babington, I will take no oath," said Huntley, drawing himself up haughtily. "I regard it as an insult to ask me."

"Then draw and defend yourself," cried Babington; and his own blade flashed in the moonlight. "You called us assassins, and while agone I could have run you through with my sword. But, though like the Roman patriot, I scruple not to destroy a tyrant by any means, I would not slay a brave man so. Draw and defend yourself for your life."

In an instant Hugh's rapier was out, and steel crossed and clashed with steel. Babington was a good swordsman, and, with quick fierce thrust and parry pressed his adversary hard. But the Scot was as cool as ice, and he had a wrist of iron. Watching his opportunity till the Englishman began to tire himself with his ineffectual vehemence, Hugh turned on the offensive, pressed him back, caught a desperately aimed thrust upon his guard, and with one rapid twirl of his rapier wrested Babington's sword from his grasp, and sent it flying a dozen yards away. He raised his point to the other's throat. Babington calmly folded his arms and awaited the thrust.

"Strike!" he said.

"No!" replied Huntley lowering his blade and stepping back to take up the other's sword, the hilt of which he presented to him with a courteous bow.

"I will not have an old friend's blood upon my hands. Go thy way, friend Anthony, and tell thy companions that a Scottish gentleman's word of honor is

as trustworthy as any oath. I will not betray you: in your schemes I will neither meddle nor mar. Gi'ye good night."

And, sheathing his sword, he walked away with as light and careless an air as if he had not been the moment before engaged in desperate combat. Anthony Babington went back to his fellow-conspirators, mortified and humbled.

IV.

THE bright morning sunlight was streaming down through the branching trees in the woods of Fotheringay, and glistening on the dew besprinkled plume of a gallant-looking cavalier, who, wrapped in his embroidered cloak, walked thoughtfully up and down. Presently, from between the trees behind him there stepped forth a graceful maidenly form in mantle and wimple. This fair vision, with bright blue eyes, rich glossy brown tresses, roseate cheeks and lips that might tempt an anchorite, tripped up silently and smilingly to the cavalier and laid a small white hand upon his arm.

"Hugh!" she said in a soft, low voice that was music itself.

He turned round, caught her in his arms and imprinted burning kisses on her dewy lips. She struggled from his embrace, her face suffused with crimson blushes.

"Pardon me, darling Kate," said her lover; "but oh! 'tis a world of time since I saw thee last."

"Why, how foolish thou art, Hugh," the maiden replied with an arch smile. "It was only three weeks ago."

"Ah! yes!" sighed Hugh Huntley. "But those three weeks were an age to me, unlighted by those bright twin stars."

"Flatterer!"

"Thou know'st I flatter not, my Kate," he said, lifting her soft, dainty hand to his lips. "But tell me, sweetest, how is thy royal mistress?"

"Sick almost to death," the maiden replied, the tears suddenly springing to her eyes. "If they would but let her alone, meseemeth she will not trouble them long."

"Poor lady!" said Hugh Huntley, "Heaven pity her! Do they continue to persecute her still?"

"Ay, do they, the fiends!" cried Kate, with flashing eye, clenching her little hand. "Yea, worse than ever. Two vile women, minions of the royal English harridan, have been appointed her nurses during her illness; but their sole function is to worry and persecute her night and day; for they never leave her. Her enemies hope to kill her by this species of torture and avoid the odium of a public execution."

"Fiends!" exclaimed Huntley, his hand involuntarily seeking his sword.

"But, dearest Hugh," said the maiden clasping his arm with both her hands, and looking up to him with a tender, anxious gaze, "I would give you a word of earnest counsel. There is a wild, enthusiastic young man named Babington, a gentleman of Derbyshire, who has been corresponding with my royal mistress. I fear that he and others as rash and foolish as himself, are engaged in some wild and desperate plot, which can only end in ruin to themselves, and, I fear, to the poor queen. It has reached me, Hugh, that this Master Babington is a friend of thine: Oh! beloved, assure me that thou'st not mixed thyself up with this mad conspiracy."

"Fear not, sweet Kate," replied her lover. "They sought to tempt me, but in vain. I would die to secure the queen's freedom and restoration to her throne and the banishment or death of the detestible bastard, Murray. But I have no intention of throwing my life into a common hazard with these hair-brained dupes, who are walking blindfold along the straight road to the scaffold."

"Thank God!" murmured the maiden.

What further conversation passed between these two it is needless to relate. Their talk, uttered in low, soft, tender accents, was such as has been familiar to lovers in all ages—talk accompanied by gentle pressure of the hand—and it maybe of the lips, too. Never you mind.

Hugh Huntley was walking down Ludgate Hill next day, when he encountered a brother Scot. The latter stopped him, exclaiming:

"Hey! Airnseraig," (so Hugh was always called on his ancestral estate), "where hae ye been this age? All your friends are missing ye."

"In the country. Any news?"

"Terrible news, man. Poor, mad

Anthony Babington and nine others have been arrested on charge of having conspired to assassinate the queen. The evidence is overwhelming against them; and it is said the Queen of Scots is concerned in the plot."

"Who are the witnesses?"

"Four persons, named Giffard, Greatley, Poley and Maude."

"Ha! I thought so. Walsingham's blood-thirsty minions. Well?"

"They have been condemned and sentenced to be"—

"Beheaded?"

"No, not so noble a death as that. They are to be hanged, drawn and quartered while still alive; and their heads are to ornament the pike-staves on the parapet of London Bridge."

"Horrible," ejaculated Hugh, as he passed slowly onward. "I warned them, but it was all in vain."

V.

THE conviction and execution of the conspirators (dupes of the ministerial scoundrel, Walsingham and his subordinate ruffians) caused great excitement. Correspondence was found in Babington's possession, among which, were letters from Mary, approving and urging, it was said, the assassination of Elizabeth. This was a fiendish falsehood. Not a word could be found in the letters of the royal prisoner of Fotheringay Castle from which any such meaning could be wrested, to the excessive chagrin of the Secretary of State and his colleagues in guilt. But this difficulty was soon remedied: they procured a wretch named Davison to forge a postscript to one of the letters, in which the unfortunate Mary of Scotland was made to approve of the murder of her royal cousin.

Thirty commissioners were appointed and sent off to Fotheringay Castle to arraign the unfortunate captive, to whom they denied the assistance of counsel. They were headed by Cecil, Lord of Burleigh, Sir Francis Walsingham and the Lord Keeper, Sir Christopher Hatton (whose shrewd widow Lord Bacon afterward married.)

The unfortunate Queen of Scots lay sick in bed, and denying their authority, refused to see them. But the wily Sir

Christopher Hatton told her that if she persisted in this course, "It would be considered an acknowledgment of guilt." Whereupon the unhappy lady consented to appear before judges who had already resolved upon her murder.

She entered the chamber where they were assembled, leaning on her physician and followed by her ladies. For two weary days the mock trial lasted; and the unfortunate captive queen, broken in spirit, as her aching head sank upon her breast, said—

"My lords, it is my life you seek. No thought of justice is in your hearts. Like tigers you thirst for my blood. You know in your hearts the accusations you bring against me are infamously false. But nothing short of my murder will content you. Why then keep up this mockery any longer!"

Then a transient flame of the old royal spirit of her race lit up in her bosom and shone in her speaking eyes.

"I appeal," she cried, "I appeal from this mock tribunal to the Parliament of England—to the queen and her council, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors."

The only reply the commissioners gave to this outburst was to declare the Court adjourned to the twenty-fifth day of October; and they took their departure: they never met again at Fotheringay. Mary's murder was a foregone conclusion. The commissioners assembled in the Star Chamber at Westminster formally condemned her of "treason and compassing the queen's death," and sentenced her to die by the headsman's axe. The King of France, Henry IV., protested; the foreign ambassadors protested; but all in vain. The royal harlot and perjurer of England thirsted for her blood; and Scotland's once beautiful and beloved queen, prematurely old and gray, after long years of imprisonment and persecution, perished on the scaffold. When the murder had been consummated, Elizabeth pretended to be angry and indignant at the deed, and even tried to create the impression that her name had been forged to the order for the Scottish queen's execution; but nobody believed the lie.

Hugh Huntley was sitting in his solitary chambers as the sun began to sink beyond the Western waters. He heard

a light footstep on the stairs; and the next moment a veiled woman rushed into the room. She threw up her veil and revealed the features of his beautiful betrothed, Catherine Douglas, though now pale and haggard.

"Kate, you here!"

She flung herself, sobbing as if her heart would break, into his outstretched arms.

"Oh! Hugh, Hugh," she exclaimed, "take me away from this horrible place—take me home. Oh! my poor mistress—my sainted queen!"

"The queen, Kate?"

"Yes, they have murdered her: she was beheaded this morning."

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried, "can such things be? Oh! Scotland, this is thy shame—England! this is thy ignominy. Yes, my Kate, we will go home; and when the Church has pronounced its blessing on our union, we will retire to my castle in sweet Teviot Dale, and spend our days there in peace and contentment far from the intrigues and crimes of courts and kings."

THE END.

A GREEN SOD FROM ERIN.

I have brought a bright treasure
From home's holy shrine,
Where the friends who have loved me
Still loving repine.
How verdant the grass is!
How fresh is the clay!
Sweet emerald treasure
From home far away!

Little sod—I once found it
Beside the old door,
Where my mother caress'd me
In sweet days of yore!
Where footsteps of childhood
First tottered in play—
Sweet emerald treasure
From home far away!

Wildest storms from the mountains
Have swept o'er it long,
Yet they hurt it no more than
A summer bird's song.
And sunlight danced o'er it
Till evening grew gray,
Sweet emerald treasure
From home far away.

As the tears of the loved ones
Have fallen in show'rs
O'er this sod-mementoes
Of happier hours,
So those of the exile
Shall moisten the clay—
Sweet emerald treasure
From home far away!

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

ONE would think that little has been ever written and that little could possibly be written on the subject of coins. But this is quite a mistake—perhaps more volumes have been composed upon this subject than upon any other branch or science of a like nature. Not many months ago we read of the sale of a numismatic library and the sale lasted for several weeks. Strange to say, that with so many means of studying the history of nations through the medium of their respective coinage there are very few who know anything about the subject. Perchance they consider it too difficult or else quite useless.

The study of history by means of coins is not difficult. In fact it is the contrary, for the coin so proves and illustrates the particular event of the history that it becomes far easier to stamp it upon the memory and to contrast it and compare it with surrounding facts and events. This study is, likewise, far from being useless. In fact we scarce can form an idea of its utility without that we make use of it a few times as a medium whereby we may attain our end—the knowledge of the past.

An example: Taking up Goldsmith's history of Rome we find that in the third year of the foundation of the eternal City, the great event took place known as the rape of the Sabines. The Sabines invited to partake in festivities in honor of a Roman God, the young Romans rushed out upon them and carried them off to their homes. Goldsmith tells us that the event was recorded not only in the archives but also on the coins of the country. Then we find in a volume on "illustrated coins of Rome" the engraving of a coin exactly corresponding to the description given in the work of Goldsmith. The date is the same, and the stamp shows several young men bearing away in their arms young women. There we have an illustration of how interesting the study of history becomes when we connect it, in such a way with the coinage of the

country. It becomes much easier to learn and to retain.

It is true that there are very few people who can give themselves to this work. It is alas, reserved too exclusively for such characters as Scott's *Antiquary* to find pleasure and utility in such a study.

But coins not only illustrate history and such events as are to be found in the records, and documents and manuscripts of the different ages. Likewise is there a very powerful link existing between those pieces of metal and the real monuments of the country and of the age. It is generally in the ruins of those time-honored trophies that we discover the hidden relics of the past.

But some one may ask; what use are those old coins—they are of no value to-day and what good can it do us to know that they belonged to the Egyptians or Greeks or Romans or any other people?

Yes, they are of value to-day and it is of great utility to us to know whence they came and all about them. If you will, the Roman copper coin would be rejected if you offered it in change for a five cent piece to nearly any clerk in America. Most certainly the newsboy upon the street would not give you a copy of his paper if the money you handed him was a relic of the past. Little would it matter to him whether Alexander the Great ever had it in his hand or even if it had been once dropped into poor Homer's hat as he begged his bread from his ungrateful countrymen. Still would the newsboy reject the coin and consider you very ignorant for having had the "cheek" to offer him such a token. And ignorant indeed you would be, were you to thus lose for 1 cent's value what might, perhaps, bring you several pounds were you to offer it to a collector or to a museum.

If in one place the ancient coin has no value in another place it is worth very much. How would the one who makes such an assertion like to have in his possession a couple of those small coins which though only a shilling's worth in real value, brought the other day a thousand pounds each when sold at auction in the city of London?

However coins are not valued by their weight or their composition. Often a copper-piece, half-worn, half eaten with

rust would be a thousand times more valuable than a bright heavy gold coin. These things are measured and weighed by their age, by their origin, by their historical connections, by the circumstances under which they were discovered.

Then our nineteenth century, steam engine, mad-civilization friend will tell us that he sees no profit in the study of the past and of the men who have gone before us. Perchance he does not, but others do. And if he knew how to profit by experience, how to learn six lessons, how to improve upon the works of others, how to imitate great example, how to take warning by the faults of others he would soon know how useful to persons in every sphere of life, from the laborer to the Governor, from the peasant to the General, is the study of the deeds of men and the works of peoples.

Often we may be reading for days the history of nations in general or of a people in particular and during all that time, meet with no event, no fact, no deed, no person that would attract our attention in a very striking and peculiar manner. We might pass over some of the most important events or some of the most renowned of names without stopping a moment to consider them, were it not that some little thing led our mind in that direction. For example a coin referring to that period or to that personage might suffice to make us reflect and finally study very attentively that portion of history.

Take up the daily paper and week after week you will pass over the column that is headed "News from South America or China." Why is it so? Because you have no great interest in the affairs of those far off countries and you fly to what is nearer home and what may touch on yourself or your friends. But suppose a friend or a relative of yours should go to South America or to China or to any other out of the way place, the moment you would come to a paragraph in a paper, referring to that particular place, you would jump at once at it and read it over and over.

It is the same with the study of the past. If you have nothing that recalls to your mind the importance of any epoch or event you pass it over and even

if you should happen to read it you forget it at once. But when you are specially drawn towards that point you linger upon it and around it and you impress it upon your memory. And no means in the world so useful as coins to attain this very desirable end.

When a person has studied the past by means of those little pieces of metal, he is enabled to build himself a species of world, that exists in his own mind and of which he alone is lord, and to which he can fly for repose and safety when the things of the real world are going amiss and of which he can say, "I am monarch of all I survey."

The history of the world appears to such a person as a vast desert, here and there a beautiful spot, an oasis with its palms and its fountains, here and there a stately monument looming up from the midst of surrounding solitude—more magnificent the greater the desolation at its feet—a pyramid, a sphinx, a kirtchez tomb. Such a person can see and notice and admire the mighty minds that rise and burn and illumine—even as beacon lights before the eyes. Such a person can find a pleasure in comparing one people with another, in contrasting one epoch with the next, in ranking in their proper places those who soared above the littleness of each century and that appear above its hidden splendor, as the remains of the stately pillars, and gorgeous fanes which issue forth from the lava-covered ruins of Pompeii, the sole relics of despoiled magnificence for the traveller's eye to contemplate.

A coin is an index, a guide, a light, a real teacher, a powerful auxiliary to the study of the past. Coins are not to be laughed at, the study of coins is not to be despised, those who took the trouble of collecting and of studying coins are to be admired and thanked by all who have an interest in the past. We cannot live altogether in the present. As for the future we cannot touch upon it—all is uncertain in that direction. Then there remains merely the past into which the mind can wander for relief. The past is certain; it is there and cannot be changed.

We have now seen, in an imperfect and rapid manner, how connected are those links which bind us to the past. The main link, the principal chain

formed by documents; the next built up by monumental piles; the third composed of coins. There yet remains a fourth link, more powerful even than any of those heretofore mentioned. This fourth branch consists of the *ballads* and *songs* of the different countries. There is no country, neither was there ever a country that had not its music, its songs, its ballads, its poems, its bards and its poets. From the minstrel king of Israel to the hoary bards of the Celts, in every age and every land the bard was the historian as well as the poet of the people.

In our next we will refer to the music and songs of the peoples—but before concluding this essay we would beg of all those who desire to study the past to bear in mind that their truest friends and aids are the *coins of the world*.

WILLIAM HALES HINGSTON,
M.D., L.R.C.S.E., D.C.L.

Pata nascitur is an old and trite quotation, one that has stood the test of time, yet what has been said of the poet may with equal force be applied to any department of intellectual life. To be a great poet one needs be born with the fire of poetic genius, but to rise to eminence in any profession to soar above common place mediocrity, to achieve those flights that make the name of the individual identical with the part he enacts, nature must have bestowed the special gift, and as in the case of the gentleman whose biography we are about to give, labor that conquers everything untiring, unremitting study must be the handmaids of talents or even genius, for every art and science is a jealous mistress. Our youthful readers who, we trust, are following these brief sketches in the hope of emulating the noble characters we so imperfectly depict, will have observed that for so far we have chosen representatives in each department of life, and that in all, the Irish Canadian is no degenerate son of the good old stock, whether in the walks of statesmanship, as the eloquent pleader at the bar of justice, or as the successful merchant and philanthropist. In the present issue we offer them a sketch from the pen of the



WILLIAM HALES HINGSTON, M.D., L.R.C.S.E., D.C.L.

Rev. Douglas Borthwick, of William Hales Hingston, Doctor of Medicine, whose reputation is far more widespread than the confines of the Dominion, whose resolute research and deep investigation have opened up new avenues of thought, and to a considerable extent innovated the practice of medicine, and who amid all the cares and anxieties of his profession has succeeded in reaching the highest point of honor amongst his fellow citizens and reflecting lasting credit on the race from which he has sprung:—

“The Hingstons had been established

in Ireland for centuries, and are allied with the Colters of Cork, the elder Latouches of Dublin, and the Hales family; and on the mother's side to the old family of the Careys. When the number of regiments was reduced, after the close of the war, the 100th became the 99th, and was only disbanded several years afterwards, when Colonel Hingston selected a pretty spot on the banks of the Chateauguay River, near Huntingdon. There he organized the Militia Force, Lord Dalhousie giving him command of the County of Huntingdon; and subsequently, Sir James

Kempt, of the county of Beauharnois. The wounds, however, he had received in action, especially one through the groin at the battle of Chippewa, which had lamed him, terminated his life early, when the subject of our notice—one of six children—was only eighteen months old. At thirteen he was sent to the Montreal College, where at the end of his first year, he obtained the prize in every branch, carrying three first and two second, while his chief opponent, the present superior of the College, obtained the remaining two first and three second. He afterwards spent a couple of years in studying pharmacy with R. W. Rexford, when he entered upon the study of medicine at McGill University.

He graduated at the end of four years, and immediately left for Edinburgh, to obtain the Surgeon's diploma of that University; but by practicing the most rigid economy he succeeded in visiting England and Ireland also, and almost every country in Europe, spending the greater part of his time in the hospitals and bringing back with him diplomas from Scotland, France, Prussia, Austria and Bavaria. One, the membership of the Leopold Academy, purely honorary and given only to authors, was the first ever obtained by a Canadian, Sir Wm. Logan and T. Sterry Hunt being the next recipients of the honour. He had almost made up his mind to settle in Edinburgh, as assistant to Professor Simpson, but yielded to the well understood wishes of his mother and returned to Canada.

Dr. Hingston began the practice of his profession in the city of Montreal, in 1853, taking up his residence in McGill Street. Here his urbanity of manner, his punctuality, promptitude, strict attention to the minutest details of his profession, and his uniform kindness and gentleness of disposition towards all, with his generosity to the suffering poor, soon won for him the good-will of those with whom he came in contact, and secured for him a rapidly extending practice. Cholera visited the city in 1854, and was most severely felt in Griffintown. Being the nearest physician to that locality, the Doctor had abundant opportunity of ministering to the relief of the afflicted.

A few years afterwards, he removed into a house of his own in Bonaventure street. Afterwards, he removed to Beaver Hall, where he resided until 1872 when he purchased his present residence, corner of Union Avenue and St. Catherine Streets.

Dr. Hingston has now occupied, for several years, a most prominent position in Montreal, as a leading member of his profession—especially in surgery—his "first love," as the *Canada Medical Journal* states; and having, at the present time, besides a large city practice, one of the very largest consulting practices in Canada—calling him frequently to visit outlying towns and cities, and not infrequently to the neighbouring States.

Soon after beginning practice, Dr. Hingston received, unsolicited, the appointment of Surgeon to the English speaking department of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, and has been unremitting in his attendance upon the suffering inmates of that excellent institution.—There he has had the largest field in this country for the exercise of his calling, and has acquired a dexterity and precision in operating which is unusual. Many of the more difficult and hazardous operations in surgery have been there introduced by him to the profession in Canada, such for instance, as excision of the kneejoint, acquired deformities, and the successful removal of the tongue and lower jaw, at the same time.

Though attached to no Medical School Dr. Hingston has largely availed himself of the material at his disposal in the hospital, for practically instructing the medical students who attended it. Every day, for many years, clinical instruction was given—the Doctor receiving no pecuniary reward therefrom. But as the young gentlemen whom he instructed graduated in medicine, and scattered themselves over the country, they gave many evidences of their gratitude to, and confidence in, their generous instructor, and have largely assisted in building up his reputation.

Again visiting Europe, in 1867, one of his masters, Professor (now Sir James) Simpson, paid a high tribute to Canadian Surgery in the person of Dr. Hingston by inviting him to perform a surgical operation of difficulty on one of

his (Sir James') patients; and in speaking of him, a few weeks afterwards, in a British Medical Journal of the time, Sir James styles him, 'that distinguished American Surgeon lately amongst us.'

As a graduate of McGill University he was one of a few gentlemen to organize the McGill University Society, and to advocate and secure the appointment, from among the graduates, of Convocation Fellows to the University. The Hon. Alexander Morris, now of Manitoba, Mr. Brown Chamberlin and himself were the first office-bearers in the McGill University Society, a society founded chiefly for the purpose named; but he alone, we believe, never occupied the position in the University he was instrumental, in part, in obtaining for his fellow graduates.

When Bishop's College Medical School was organized by the late Dr. Smallwood and Dr. David, Dr. Hingston was named Professor of Surgery, and afterwards Dean of Faculty, both of which, however, he was forced to resign as the duties were incompatible with his position at the Hospital. He received the degree of D.C.L., from the University at Lennoxville in 1871.

When the Dominion Medical Association was formed Dr. Hingston was appointed first Secretary for the Province of Quebec; and two years ago, he was unanimously elected representative of the Profession for the same Province. During his connection with the Association he contributed several papers on medical subjects.

Last year, he was unanimously elected Governor of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada, in the place of the late Dr. Smallwood.

One of the founders of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Montreal, he has three times held the position of Vice-President, and twice that of President, no small honour in a city where profession stands so high, and a fair indication, it may be presumed, of the estimation in which he is held by his professional brethren. While the unanimity with which he was called upon to accept, and apparently with great reluctance on his part, the Civic Chair by the members of his own profession as well as by the public at large, is the best testimony

that could be given of the esteem in which he is held by all classes and conditions of the community. The boldness and frankness of the new Mayor's inaugural address was of a character to call forth encomiums from the Press generally—the *Witness* speaking of it as equalling Gladstone's efforts, in clothing the driest material in poetic language.

The ease and elegance with which Dr. Hingston writes renders it a matter of regret to medical readers that he does not contribute so frequently as formerly to the Medical Press of the country. For several years, Dr. Hingston wrote largely, Morgan, in his *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, mentions a dozen papers from his pen, the more important being on the state of medicine in Paris and Berlin; and a series of papers on the climate of Canada in its sanitary aspects. This latter paper the Doctor, a personal friend of the author of this work and for many years his family physician, wrote especially for *The British American Reader*, the first of the Author's books introduced into Catholic and Protestant schools alike, and now by School Act the basis of the Examination in Dictation, &c., of candidates for school diplomas for the Province of Quebec. As years have rolled on, however, and as professional duties have been multiplied, Dr. Hingston's efforts in that direction have been less frequent, and of a more desultory character; only being called forth in connection with some circumstances or study of special interest."

During the period of Dr. Hingston's Mayoralty several important measures were carried, and the Sanitary condition of the city vastly improved. Many exciting events took place, in which he displayed some judgment and good management. The most important, however, was the "Guibord funeral," which, for some time, threatened to disturb the harmony of the whole community. Our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the circumstances which brought about the occurrence. Guibord, a French Canadian Catholic, was a member of the "Institut Canadien," a body placed under the ban of the Church, by the Bishop of Montreal, and to whose members the rights of Christian burial was denied. Guibord's

friends held a lot in the Catholic Cemetery, and were resolved that he should be buried there against the will of the Bishop. The matter was carried before the courts of law, and Judge Mondelet, a very honest man, but of small mental *Calibre*, and mighty notions of his powers as a Judge of the civil tribunal ordered, not only the burial of Guibord in consecrated ground, but that the clergy should perform religious services for the deceased. This judgment was appealed from and set aside on technical grounds by the Court of Appeals in this province, but the matter having been carried to England, the Privy Council then decided that Guibord should be buried in the lot of ground referred to, but without any religious ceremony. When the news of the judgment arrived, the enemies of the Church were jubilant, and reprints were industriously circulated that the Catholic population were about to rise *en masse* and prevent the carrying out of the decree. In his capacity of Mayor, Dr. Hingston acted throughout with the greatest prudence and vigor. Refusing to allow himself to be swayed by those who were anxious to humiliate the clergy, and to cast insult in the teeth of the great Catholic majority, he declined to call on the troops which he well knew were not so much intended for the purpose of quelling a riot, of which there was not the most remote danger as to give *eclat* to the triumph it was to celebrate over the Catholic Church. Nevertheless, the troops were ordered out by another authority, and on the day of the funeral marched to the cemetery, but through the agency of the Mayor, whose efforts were seconded by the manly delicacy of the officers in command of the various corps, not one of them placed foot on the consecrated ground, and the remains of Guibord were consigned to their resting place in the presence of a few policemen, and a crowd of spectators, without even an angry word being spoken, to justify the great military preparations that had been made. For the part enacted on this trying occasion by Dr. Hingston, he won not only the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, but received the warm thanks of His Excellency the Governor General, (Lord Dufferin.)

In the year 1875 Dr. Hingston married

the second daughter of Lieut. Governor MacDonald, of the Province of Ontario, a beautiful and accomplished lady. He is still in the full vigor of manhood, with many years of a brilliant and useful career before him.

CHIT-CHAT.

ANY one who may have any doubts about the amenities of Irish Landlordism and the beauties of English rule in Ireland will be much edified by a perusal of a recent correspondence in *The Spectator*, July 31, about what *The Spectator* calls "the very despotic traditions of the Kerry Estates of Lord Lansdowne." That correspondence proves to the world on the undoubted authority of the defence itself, that Irish Landlordism is what it is accused of being:—"an immoral despotic authority." Some thirty years ago a man was tried in Tralee for the murder of his nephew, a child whom he had driven from his door and who died of exposure. The defence set up by the prisoner's attorney was that the boy had been refused admittance to his uncle's house, through fear of eviction, it being a law on the estate, that if a younger son or daughter marry the new couple shall quit the parent cabin. The present Lord Lansdowne enters the lists in defence of his father. The (ig) noble Lord's defence is unique—he *admits* the law *defends* its existence and would have us believe the child died from a thrashing which he deserved administered by his uncle. Chief Baron Pigott summing up the evidence on the trial evidently did not take this *noble* view of the case. "His mother" said the Chief Baron "had left him, and he was alone and unprotected. He found refuge with his grandmother, who held a farm, from which she was removed in consequence of her harbouring this poor boy, as the agent on the property had given public notice to the tenantry, that expulsion would be the penalty inflicted on them, if they harboured any person having no residence on the estate. He came to Casey's house, where you his uncle and aunt resided. He applied for relief, as he was in a state of destitution. Casey, with whom you lodged, desired you to turn him from

"the house, as he was afraid the orders of the agent would be enforced against him."

If this is Lansdowne regime, no wonder the noble Lord threw up the Under Secretaryship for India in consequence of his objection to Mr. Forster's Compensation for Ejectments Bill. Public opinion will say he is better out of the Government than in it. His defence of his father shews, that he is a (bad) chip of the same old [bad] block.

In connection with the Lansdowne regime it may not be amiss to note, that the Lansdowne agent was chiefly instrumental in deporting from Ireland 4,600 people at \$17 a head—a cost per head less than the annual cost of a pauper to the union. Surely this is the exercise of an immorally despotic authority.—Q. E. D.

It is often asserted that life is not safe in Ireland. The wonder is—not that it is *not safe*—but that it is *as safe* as it is. In none other, but a Catholic country would life, under similar circumstances, be so safe. Nay, we even doubt whether in any other Catholic country it would be as safe. We know well that Catholicity as the Church of God, has immense power for good. But we know equally as well that Catholicity, as the Church of God, was never intended to be the aider and abettor of an "immorally despotic authority" such as the political and social life of Ireland has ever been under English rule.

Do you ask me, why I think that in no other Catholic country but Ireland, life would be so safe? I will answer you in the words of an English Protestant paper writing 14 years ago: "This in fact has always been the difficulty in dealing with Irish questions; *instead of being too discontented, the (Irish) people have never been discontented enough.*" And the writer goes on to assign a reason for this apathy little creditable to English rule in Ireland. "This want of resolution in the Celtic agitation," he says, "is doubtless due to the long depression of the whole race; the present is the first generation of free born Roman Catholics.

[This was written in 1866] Catholic emancipation is only 37 years old."

Do you now see, gentle reader, why "even in no other Catholic country life would be so safe?" And do you now see, gentle reader, that Irish landlordism [pace the (ig) noble Lansdowne regime] is an immorally despotic authority?

That no Protestant country would suffer for a moment what Ireland has suffered, "goes without saying." The whole history of Protestantism proves it and our English Protestant paper affirms it. "The Protestant dissenters of this country," it writes, "would not submit for five years to the political wrongs, that Irish Roman Catholics have endured for centuries. Even to the present day [1866] the monstrous wrong of the State Church has not been attacked in Ireland with one-tenth of the energy, bitterness, vigor and unrelenting animosity, with which our own dissenters assail the comparative trumpery grievance of Church rates."

This is strong language and all the stronger because true.

Let Irish landlordism take counsel of the signs of the times. American republicanism is fast taking hold of the hearts of the people in Ireland. As soon as the Irish priesthood loses its hold on the Irish people, fast so soon will the devil let loose the dogs of war, and socialism, communism, and an outraged long-suffering manhood will assert itself to sweep over the land to massacre the Anglo-Celtic landlords, with as little stint and as short shrift as the ancestors of these same Anglo-Celtic landlords massacred the Celtic owners of their broad acres. Alas! we fear, "a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse."

It is not rational to defend one wrong by another; but we may at least compare them. The Milesian race was improved off the land by fire and sword, and persecution in the interest of "Protestant ascendancy" and "no surrender." Would it be a greater wrong to improve the Anglo-Celtic landlords off their ill-gotten lands in the interests of "sum cuique" and the decalogue? H.B.

"HOLD THE HARVEST."

A TIMELY HYMN FOR THE IRISH PEOPLE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

I.

God has been bountiful! garlands of glad-
ness
Grow by the waysides exorcising sadness,
Shedding their bloom on the pale cheek of
slavery,
Holding out plumes for the helmets of bra-
very,
Birds in them singing this sanctified stave—
"God has been bountiful—MAN MUST BE
BRAVE!"

II.

Look on this harvest of plenty and pro-
mise—
Shall we sleep while the enemy snatches it
from us?
See where the sun on the golden grain
sparkles!
Lo! where behind it the reaper's home
darkles!
Hark! the cry ringing out, "Save us—oh,
save!
God has been bountiful—MAN MUST BE
BRAVE!"

III.

From the shores of the ocean, the farther and
hither,
Where the victims of famine and pestilence
wither,
Lustreless eyes stare the pitying heaven,
Arms, black, unburied, appeal to the
levin—
Voices unceasing shout over each wave,
"God has been bountiful—MAN MUST BE
BRAVE!"

IV.

Would ye live happily, fear not nor falter—
Peace sits on the summit of Liberty's altar!
Would ye have honor—honor was ever
The prize of the hero-like, death-scorning
liver!
Would ye have glory—she crowns not the
slave—
God has been bountiful, you must be
brave!

V.

Swear by the bright streams abundantly
flowing,
Swear by the hearths where wet weeds are
growing—
By the stars and the earth, and the four
winds of heaven,
That the land shall be saved, and its tyrants
outriven,
Do it! and blessings will shelter your
grave—
God has been bountiful—will ye be brave?

FAMINE SCENES IN IRELAND.

(Continued.)

CLOSING THE FEARFUL EVIDENCE AGAINST
THE LANDLORD SYSTEM.

MR. REDPATH'S SUMMING UP.

THE PROVINCE OF CONNAUGHT.

AND now let us enter Connaught—the
land of human desolation.

Connaught has a population of 911,000 souls. Out of this vast multitude of people, nearly one-half—or to be statistically exact—421,750 persons are reported to be in extreme distress by the local committees of the Mansion House. From every county come official announcements that the destitution is increasing.

A geographical allocation of the distress goes to the county:—

Leitrim (in round numbers).....	47,000
To Roscommon.....	46,000
To Sligo.....	53,000
To Galway.....	124,000
To Mayo.....	143,000

These round numbers are 3,750 under the exact figures. What need of verbal evidence to sustain figures so appalling?

From each of these counties on the Western coast, and from every parish of them, the reports of the committees give out the same dirge-like notes: "No food," "no clothing," "bed clothing pawned," "children half naked," "women clad in unwomanly rags," "no fuel," "destitution appalling," "privation beyond description," "many are suffering from hunger," "seed potatoes and oats are being consumed by the people," "their famine-stricken appearance would make the stoutest heart feel for them," "some families are actually starving, and even should works be started the people are too weak now to work." These sad and saddening phrases are not a bunch of rhetorical expressions. Each one of them is a literal quotation from the business-like reports of the local committees of the Mansion House.

In the province of Connaught the destitution is so general and profound that I could not tell you what I myself saw there within the limits of a lecture. I shall select one of the least distressful

counties—County Sligo—and again call eye-witnesses of its misery.

And my first witness shall be a distinguished bishop, at that time unfriendly to Mr. Parnell—Bishop MacCormick.

The Bishop wrote to me that in each of the 22 parishes of his diocese there prevails "real and undoubted distress," and that from the returns made to him by his priests, he finds that the number on the parochial relief lists is from 70 to 75 per cent of the whole population of the diocese. His Lordship adds that this state of destitution must last till August.

Good words are like good coins—they lose their value if they are uttered too freely. I have used the word distress so often that I fear that it may fall on you. Let us test it in the fire of the sorrow of Sligo.

Dr. Canon Finn, of Ballymote, wrote to me that the priests in his parish tell him that the little children often come to school without having had a mouthful of breakfast to eat, and that vomiting and stomach sickness is common among them.

Why?

"I know whole families," writes the Canon, "that have to supplement what our committee gives by eating rotten potatoes which they dig out, day by day."

Father John O'Keene, of Dromore West, wrote to me that:—

"There are 400 families in his parish dependent on the relief committees, and 100 almost entirely in want of clothing and the children in a state of semi-nudity."

Four hundred families! Let us look at the mother of just one of these 400 families.

Listen to Father O'Keene:—

"On Sunday last, as I was about going to church, a poor young woman, prematurely aged by poverty, came up and spoke to me. Being in a hurry, I said, 'I have no time to speak to you, Mrs. Calpin: are you not on the relief list?' 'No, father,' (she said), 'and we are starving.' Her appearance caused me to stop. She had no shoes and her wretched clothing made her a picture of misery."

"I asked her, why her husband had not come to speak to me?"

She said:—"He has not had a coat for the last two years—and as this is Sunday he did not wish to trouble Thomas Feeney for the loan of one, as he sometimes lends one to him."

"Have you any other clothes, besides what I see on you?"

"Father, I am ashamed," was the reply, "I have not even a stitch of underclothing."

"How many children have you?"

"Four, father."

"What are their ages?"

"The oldest—a boy, 8 years; a girl, 7; another, 4; and a little one on the breast."

"Have they any clothes?"

"No, father: You may remember that when you were passing, last September, you called into the house, and I had to put the children aside for their nakedness."

"Have you any bedclothes?"

"A couple of gunno bags."

"How could you live for the past week?"

"I went to my brother, Martin MacGee, of Farrel-in-farrel, and he gave me a couple of porringers of Indian meal each day, from which I made Indian gruel; I gave my husband the biggest part as he is working in the fields."

"Had you anything for the children?"

"Oh, father," she said, "the first question they put me in the morning is, *Mother!* have we any meal this day?"

"If I say I have, they are happy, if not, they are sad, and begin to cry."

"At these words she showed great emotion, and I could not remain unmoved."

"This," adds Father O'Keene, "this is one of the many cases I could adduce in proof of the misery of my people."

Are the landlords doing nothing for these people? Certainly. There are 900 families in the parish of Bruninaden, in the County Cork. Canon McDermott is the priest there. Hear what he wrote to me:—

"The lands are in part good, but the good lands are chiefly in the hands of landlords and graziers. You can travel miles over rich lands, and meet only the herds or laborers of some absentee landlord. Thirty landlords own this parish; twenty-seven of them are absentees. The three resident proprietors are poor and needy themselves. You can judge of the condition of the tenant farmers and of their relations with their landlords by a statement of facts:—

"There are in my parish two iron huts—one to protect the bailiff of an absentee landlord; the other to protect a resident landlord."

"Again, in a district containing 160 families, 89 processes of ejectment were ordered to be served by the Landlords; but, in some cases, the process-servers declined to act; and, in others, the processes were forcibly taken from them."

It isn't always a pastime to serve processes of ejectment on a starving, and desperate peasantry.

The good Canon continues:—

"Allow me to state the condition of some

of those on whom processes were to have been served: Pat Grady, of Lugmore, has 14 children—13 of them living with him in a small hut. He holds about five acres of un-reclaimed land, for which he pays at the rate of £1 12s. (\$8) an acre. He owns neither a cow nor a calf. He has not a morsel to feed his children except the $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cwt. of Indian meal I dole out to him each week. To-day I saw his ticket from a pawnbroker for his very bedclothes. His children sleep on straw on the bare floor."

But the landlord wanted his rent for all that.

"Pat Gormanly," writes the Canon, "with five in a family, is in precisely the same destitute condition. He is threatened with an ejectionment for non-payment of rent, whilst his family are starving for want of the commonest food."

"I could adduce," he concludes, "hundreds of cases quite as bad.

"Mathew Dasey came three times for his meal. His mother had been two days without food. He himself staggered and fell twice from hunger on his way home."

These starving and staggering peasants when they ask for food receive from their landlords processes of ejectionment. I shall call no more witnesses, although I could summon hundreds of character unimpeachable, who would tell you tales of wretchedness quite as harrowing, from every barony and parish of the West of Ireland. I have chosen to quote local testimony rather than to give my own evidence, because some hearers might have thought, if I had described only what I saw myself, that the truth of my reports of Irish destitution had been warped in the fires of my indignation against oppression; and because, as I have always, I trust, preferred to fight on the side of the falling man, that the wrongs I saw had been unduly magnified by the lenses of my sympathy for their victims. At another time, I may tell what I saw in Ireland! To-night I must sum up my evidence in the fewest words.

I have seen sights as sad as most of my witnesses have described.

I have seen hundreds of barefooted and bareheaded mothers standing for an hour in the rain and the chilly wind, patiently and anxiously waiting to get an order for Indian meal to feed their famishing children at home.

I have seen a family of five boys dressed like girls, in garments rudely fashioned from potato bags, because

their parents were too poor to buy boys' clothing.

I have visited a dozen populous parishes, where four-fifths of the entire population depended for their daily bread on foreign charity.

I have been in villages where every man, woman, and child in them would die from hunger within one month, or perhaps one week, from the hour in which the relief that they now solely rely on should be refused—because the men have neither a mouthful of food, nor any chance of earning a shilling, nor any other way of getting provisions for their families, until the ripening of the crop in Autumn.

I have entered hundreds of Irish cabins in districts where the relief is distributed. These cabins are more wretched than the cabins of the negroes were in the darkest days of Slavery. The Irish peasant can neither dress as well nor is fed as well as the Southern slave. Donkeys, and cows, and pigs, and hens live in the same wretched room with the family. Many of these cabins had not a single article of bed clothing, except guano sacks or potato bags, and when the old folks had a blanket it was tattered and filthy.

I saw only one woman in all these cabins whose face did not look sad and care-racked, and she was dumb and idiotic.

The Irish have been described by novelists and travelers as a light-hearted and rollicking people—full of fun and quick in repartee—equally ready to dance or to fight. I did not find them so. I found them in the West of Ireland a sad and despondent people, care-worn, broken-hearted, and shrooded in gloom. Never once in the hundreds of cabins that I entered—never once even—did I catch the thrill of a merry-voice nor the light of a merry eye. Old men and boys, old women and girls, young men and maidens—all of them without a solitary exception—were grave or haggard, and every household looked as if the plague of the first born had smitten them that hour. Rachel, weeping for her children, would have passed unnoticed among these warm-hearted peasants, or if she had been noticed they would only have said:—"She is one of us." A home without a child is

cheerless enough, but here is a whole land without a child's laugh in it. Cabins full of children and no boisterous glee. No need to tell these youngsters to be quite. The famine has tamed their restless spirits, and they crouch around the bit of peat fire without uttering a word. Often they do not look a second time at the stranger who comes into their desolate cabin.

My personal investigations proved that the misery that my witnesses have outlined is not exceptional but representative; that the Irish peasant is neither indolent nor improvident, but that he is the victim of laws without mercy, that without mercy are enforced, and my studies, furthermore, forced me to believe that the poverty I saw, and the sorrow and the wretchedness are the predetermined results of the premeditated policy of the British Government in Ireland to drive her people into exile.

This, also, I believe and say—that Ireland does not suffer because of overpopulation, but because of over-spoltiation, because she has too many landlords and not enough land-owners.

Irish Landlordism is in the dock today, charged with the high crime and misdemeanor of ruining a great people. I am one of the jury that has sat and taken evidence. "Guilty or not guilty?" My verdict is—GUILTY! The Irish people will never be prosperous until Irish Landlordism is abolished.

Let me say a few words to my auditors of American birth.

Americans believe that it is England that rules Ireland, and that the Irish in Ireland enjoy the same rights that the English enjoy in England. The belief is an error. England delegates the most important of all legislative power—the power of taxation—to the absentee landlord; and he assigns the odious task of impoverishing his people to his irresponsible agents. The Irish landlord is a little local Plantagenet with no salutary fear of a veto by strangulation; and the British Government is only his vassal and his executioner.

The Irish landlord has no more pity for his tenant than the shark has for the sailor who falls between his jaws. If Shakspeare had known them he would have made Shylock an Irish landlord. If Dante had seen the misery that these

miscreants have wrought, as my own eyes have seen it in the West of Ireland, he would have gone there to collect more lurid pictures of human wretchedness than he conceived in his *Inferno*.

From 1847 to 1851 one million and a half of the Irish people perished from famine and the fevers that it spawned. This hideous crime has been demonstrated by a man whose love of Ireland no man questioned, and whose knowledge of her history no man doubted.—John Mitchel.

These victims of landlord greed and British power were as deliberately put to death as if each one of them had been forced to mount the steps of a scaffold. And why? To save a worse than feudal system of land tenure—for it is the feudal system stripped of every duty that feudalism recognized—the corpse that breeds pestilence after the spirit that gave protection has fled—a feudal system that every Christian nation, excepting England only, has been compelled to abolish in the interests of civilization.

Now, what are the duties of the friends of Ireland? Our first duty is to feed the people who are starving. If I have opened your hearts, I beg of you that you will not say "God help them!" Just help them yourselves. They don't need more prayers. They need more meal.

I trust that I have shown you to-night, by the testimony of more than 10,000 witnesses, that the accounts of the Irish famine have not been exaggerated in America. I know that not one-tenth of the sad truths have been told about it. It is true, I hope, that not more than a score or more of peasants have died from hunger. The organs of the landlords say so; and it is almost the only truth that they have told. No thanks to the landlords for their mercy! If the people had depended on the landlords for help in this their time of need—one hundred thousand of them would lie mouldering in the graves from which the charity of Australia, and Canada, and America, have rescued them.

My statistics were brought down to the 1st of March. But the latest despatches from Ireland by cable show that the distress is not decreasing but increasing. The bishops and the priests whom I met or who wrote to me before I

left Ireland, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin within a week, agree in sanctioning the declaration of the Mansion House Committee that "if the experience of former famines be a guide the greatest distress will be found in the months of July, and August," and that "it is to be apprehended that whilst the crops are ripening the people will perish."

A few days ago the London *Times* either said that the "distress was diminishing," or that it "was likely to decrease now." Don't believe it. The London *Times* rejoiced when the famine of '47 swept the Irish peasantry by thousands into their graves. It has had no change of heart. The landlords would like to see the Irish expelled by famine or by death. It is no longer the old cry of "To Hell or Connaught!" The British Government drove the Irish into Connaught now it wants to drive them out of it.

What is the next duty of the friends of Ireland? After you have fed the hungry peasant, how can you help to improve his condition, permanently, without acting in violation of your duty as citizens of the United States?

I answer without hesitation and with the emphasis that profound conviction alone can justify, you can help him by holding up the hands of the National Land League in the irrepressible conflict now begun between the people and the aristocracy for the soil.

The English themselves established the precedent of international aid to foreign agitation for the abolition of social wrongs in other lands. They gave money to our anti-slavery societies. Let us pay it back with compound interest. They cast their bread on the American waters; and now, I hope, it will return to them before many days.

There are honest Americans, true friends of the Irish race, who sincerely believe that your duty should begin and end with alms-giving. I do not agree with them. I honor the good Samaritan for binding up the wounds of the traveller; but I also believe that the thieves who waylaid him should have been brought to the scaffold. As long as the landlords have the power to rob, the peasant will be his victim. His power must be broken.

And now with all my heart, I congratulate the Irish people that they have thrown out a banner, beneath whose beneficent folds every man of every creed of the Irish race can do battle—the banner of tiller proprietorship—a banner that the Home Ruler may carry without abjuring his just aspirations for legislative independence—a banner that the Separatist may adopt without abandoning the other, and I hope the coming flag of a Republican nationality.

It is a banner of peace and progress; for what was statesmanship in Germany and France cannot be Communism in Connaught and Munster.

Archimedes said if he could find outside of this planet a fulcrum for his lever he could overturn the world. The fulcrum that is needed to overthrow British tyranny in Ireland is the homestead of a peasant. The man who owns his farm is a social rock. The tenant-at-will is a thistle-down.

Plant a race of peasant proprietors and by-and-by a crop of armed men will spring up—a race who will not beg for justice but demand it; a race of men who will not agitate for independence but declare it.

The flag that will yet lead to Irish nationality was first unfurled by the son of an evicted tenant—Michael Davitt; and it is now upheld by that rarest of all rare men in Ireland—a decent landlord—Charles Stewart Parnell.

THE END.

—"It's berry singular," remarked Uncle Joe Johnson, as he laid down the morning paper and reflectively surveyed the toes of his list slippers, as they reposed on the guardbar of the cylinder stove, "It's berry singular dat of a man lives to be ober 50, an' cumulates stamps, an' dies generally admired an' 'spected, dat one-half ob his survivin' friends is a'most sartin to prove in de courts dat he was of unsoun' min', and dat he wasn't fit, in his later years, to plan a v'y'go for a mud-scow. But you'll fin' de paper full of stories ob ole fellars dat die 'bout 100 y'ars ole in de poorhouse, an' dey is al'ays sensorbul to do las!" and Uncle Joe shook his head solemnly, as if there were some things in this world which modern science has not investigated.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

Ring bells of the *morning*, oh, sweet is your ringing,
Peal forth while the dew-drops are yet on the sod,
The faithful are saying their matins and praying,
Their souls they are lifting and offering to God!

Sound bells of the *noon-tide*—how solemn your sounding,
The world is alive in its tumult and care;
Your voice; slowly stealing, is sadly appealing,
To man, for a moment of quiet and prayer.

Chime bells of the *evening*, oh, soft is your chiming,
Like echoes that fall from the choir of the blest;
And thus, in your falling, to man you are calling,
To whisper him a prayer, as he takes him to rest.

And bells of the *christ'ning*, how strange is your ringing;
It tells us one other has started in life,—
That sin's shadows dismal, in waters baptismal,
Are lost—and a child is commencing the strife.

The bells for the *wedding* are swelling and sounding,
They ring on the ear with a joyous delight;
And loud in that swelling to man they are telling,—
Two souls are united and bless'd in God's sight.

Toll bells for *departed*! sad, solemn your tolling,
The glare of the world, and its pomps, and its pride
Sound vain in your knelling that's mournfully welling,
As hour after hour some poor mortal has died!

Ring bells of the temple—your voices are truthful,
Continually preaching of life and of death;
To prayer all inviting—to prayer inciting—
To heaven directing in every breath!

Thrice blessed the custom, so holy, so olden
The *Catholic* custom of every land;
The Church bells are teaching, the Church bells are preaching—
These lessons of life in their melody grand!

Aylmer, P. Q.

JOSEPH K. FORAN,

LUTHER AS A CATHOLIC.

MARTIN LUTHER was born at Eisleben in Saxony, November 10, 1483, (almost 400 years ago) of poor, but respectable parents. Shortly after Martin's birth, his father moved to Mansfeld, where his many virtues won him an office of public trust.

Martin was early taught to read and write, and formed to the practice of Christian virtue. Possessed of a fine voice and correct ear, he was received amongst the choir-boys of the school and his parents being too poor to pay the expenses of his education, he, as was the custom in Germany, went about singing at the windows of the wealthy, to procure means to prosecute his studies. At the age of fourteen, he was sent to the Franciscan school of Magdeburg, where he received his tuition free, and was barely able to pay his board with the paltry sums slung to him from the windows under which he sung. After passing a year of this precarious existence, he went to Eisenach where he was more fortunate. Passing down one of the principal streets of that city, he stopped before a house whose size and elegance bespoke the wealth of its inmates, and began to sing. A lady appeared at the window, and charmed by the quality of his voice and expression of his singing, threw him some coins, and invited him in. Ascending the stairs, Martin was affectionately received by the lady, and invited to accept her hospitality. This was Ursula Colta, who proved a second mother to the young wanderer as long as he remained in her house; Martin now pursued his studies vigorously under the monks, and had as his professor of grammar, rhetoric and poetry, the celebrated J. Trebonius, rector of the monastery of Discalced Carmelites. At the age of sixteen, he had mastered the Latin tongue. In 1501 his father, who had become a master miner, and, whose circumstances were consequently materially improved, sent him to the University of Erfurt with a view to have him study law. The legal profession, however, does not seem to have been much to Martin's taste; for instead of law, he ardently applied himself to the study of

the dialectics of the Nominalists and to the Latin classics.

In 1505, he took his degree of master of arts, and opened a course of lectures on the Physics and Ethics of Aristotle. These studies, however, were wholly inadequate to give peace and quiet to Luther's restless and religious mind. Naturally disposed to take an extreme view of everything; and horrified by the sudden death of his young friend Alexis, who was struck dead at his side by lightning, he at once closed the writings of Aristotle, and without ever taking leave of his fellow-students, quitted the University on the night of July 17th, and going directly to the Augustinian Convent of Erfurt "to dedicate himself to God;" was kindly received by the monks. His father, ambitious to see his son a learned professor of law, and one who would cut a figure in the world, wrote him an angry letter deprecating his course. During the early part of his novitiate, he was made to perform the menial offices of the monastery, but from these he was after a time relieved, and in 1507, despite the remonstrances of his father and others, made his profession and took priest's orders. He was so greatly agitated whilst saying his first mass, that he would have left off at the Canon and had not the prior prevented him. He tells us himself (Luther's works, vol. XXI; Meurer p. 25) that there was no more pious and faithful priest than he, and though subject to fits of melancholy, he roused and comforted his troubled spirit by reading passages of Holy Writ, pointed out to him by his brethren and superiors. How the Huguenot D'Aubigné will reconcile this express statement of Luther with Mathesias' assertion of Luther's ignorance of the bible, until he by chance found one in the library at Erfurt, we know not; but then neither D'Aubigné nor Mathesias are over troubled with veracity, when a lie will serve their purpose.

Following the advice of the monks, to make the Scriptures his chief studies, Luther applied himself specially to the study of the commentaries of Nicholas de Lyra. Dr. John Staupitz, Provincial of the Augustinians of Meissen and Thuringia, who had directed Luther's

attention to the works of St. Augustine, was so pleased with his aptitude and proficiency, that he recommended him to Frederic the Wise Prince, Elector of Saxony, who was then casting about for professors for his new University at Wittenberg. Here Luther first taught dialectics, and having taken his first degree of baccalaureate in theology, he gave lectures in this branch also. At the earnest request of Dr. Staupitz, but much against his own will, he consented to take upon himself the formidable office of preaching the Gospel.

The learning, quick intelligence and piety of Luther, specially commended him to his superiors, and pointed him out as one well-fitted to undertake important offices of trust. Hence, he with another brother was selected to visit Rome in 1510, for the purpose of transacting some business relating to his order. Coming in view of Rome, he fell on his knees and cried out, Hail Rome! thrice sanctified by the blood of martyrs. His heart glowed with holy fervor as he visited the shrines and sanctuaries of the eternal city, and he regretted ('tis himself who tells us) that his parents were not already dead, that he might by saying masses, reciting prayers and doing good works, deliver their souls from Purgatory.

On his return to Germany, he was declared licentiate of Sacred Theology, on the feast of St. Luke, Oct. 18th, 1512, and the day following, during the ringing of the great bell of All Saints Church, proscribed by the statutes of the University, minister with the insignia of the doctorate. Speaking of this event, Luther himself says, *I was obliged* to take the degree of doctor, (he boasted loudly of it enough afterwards) and to promise under oath, that I would preach the Holy Scripture, which was very dear to me, faithfully and without adulteration.

How different all this is from the Huguenot D'Aubigné's account is seen at a glance and yet it is Luther's own account of himself. Luther's Luther and D'Aubigné's Luther must be separate studies. H. B.

THE revival of humanity is much more desirable than the revival of letters.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

IRELAND'S GRANDEUR IN THE PAST.

It has been doubted, not alone in England, where what is called Society has always delighted in sneering at and disparaging the past and the present of Ireland, but also among a miserable "Know-Nothing" class in the United States, whether Ireland ever was under regal rule, previous to the invasion, by the Anglo-Normans, in the reign of Henry II., of England, over seven hundred years ago.

Keating and other historians, down to our friend Thomas Mooney (whose two volumes I have frequent occasion to refer to), have mentioned the undeniable fact that, in far remote times, Ireland consisted of kingdoms, governed by princes exercising kingly sway. "Ah," it may be remarked, "but these were mere provinces?" At any rate this doubt or sneer comes with a bad grace from a country which, until the middle of the eleventh century, when William of Normandy invaded and conquered it, was cut up into seven kingdoms—known as the Saxon Heptarehy, the largest of which was not equal in extent and population to the present County of Cork, in Ireland.

I desire here to show that Ireland had various lines of native sovereigns before fraud, force, and treachery combined to invade the island and reduce it to a province owing fealty to England.

Heremon, head of the Milesian race, who became sole ruler of Ireland, only three centuries after the death of Moses, the Jewish leader and law givor, built that royal residence, in Meath, the site of which is known as Tara, even to the present day. From the death of Heremon, to the accession of Ollamh Fodhla (about 920 years before the beginning of the Christian era), there were nineteen Irish kings, which shows an average reign of twenty-one years for each. This was nearly two centuries before Romulus and Remus laid the first stone of Rome. Then what probably was the first Parliament any where, was assembled at Tara, and that system of jurisprudence was established, there and then,—a great system of equity and common law—which Alfred, educated

in Ireland, transferred to England, when he was there acknowledged as monarch.

There was, in fact, from a very remote period a succession of kings in Ireland. Chiefs sometimes bore the royal title, but the rule was to have one supreme ruler, of whom all other chiefs were the vassals. Their names and exploits are recorded (sometimes, it may be, with more or less exaggeration) by various historians. But there is nothing overcharged or exaggerated in what has been written of the life and death of Brian Boru, who rose from the sovereignty of Munster to that of the whole island, and retained his high position for many years, not alone by the sagacity and success of his government, but by the pertinacity with which he repelled an invasion of the Northmen or Danes—a belligerent and piratical race. They were finally defeated, at Clontarf, near Dublin, on Friday, April 23, 1014, in a battle which was waged from sunrise to dusk, but the victory was dearly won, for Brian lost his life, by the base hand of an assassin, who slew the old man in his tent.

Brian, who was directly descended from Milesius, the Spanish conquerer and colonizer, whose very existence is somewhat angrily ignored by Thomas Moore, overcame the Northmen, led by their Vi-Kings, in forty-nine battles also did a great deal to strengthen Ireland by cultivating the gentle arts of peace. He built Cathedrals, restored bishops to their sees, revived decayed schools and colleges, laid good roads through the island, and built bridges over deep waters and rivers that had previously been impassable.

He gave surnames of distinction to all the leading families of his time; it is recorded that a maiden in the flush of youth and "beautiful exceedingly" had traveled alone on foot, throughout the realm, without either her honor or her treasure being assailed. Moore has made that tradition the basis of his well-known lyric, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

Murrough and Turlough, respective son and grandson of King Brian were slain in the battle of Clontarf, but Donagh, who was Brian's third son, taking command of the Irish troops gave battle to the Danes, and completely routed

them. In 1036, he journeyed to Rome, was kindly received by Pope Benedict IX, in whose hands he placed the regal diadem, made of pure Irish gold, ornamented with precious stones.

The successor of Brian Boru was Turlough O'Brien, his grandson, whose father was King of Munster. Everybody knows that Westminster Hall, in London, built by William Rufus, in the closing years of the 11th century, has an oaken roof, which, thus far, has been spared by insects. It is less generally known that this wood, grown in Shillelagh, close to Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, was presented to the English monarch by King Turlough, the next successor of Brian Boru.

In 1168, Roderick O'Conner, of the blood of Brian, became ruler of Connaught and subsequently of all Ireland. O'Ruare, Prince of Brefni, had taken to wife a damsel, as frail as fair, who, shortly after fled to his bitterest personal enemy, Dermot MacMurrrough, King of Leinster, who, fearing for his life, fled the country, in 1169, and finding Henry II., of England, in France, tendered him the sovereignty of Ireland, on condition of his own restoration to the throne of Leinster.

Passing into England he met Strongbow (Richard de Clare) and other of the Anglo-Norman military leaders, and, promising that if he would espouse his cause and take a sufficient military force to Ireland, he would bestow on him his daughter Eva, heir-apparent to the Kingdom of Leinster, and bestow on him, as dowry, the right of succession thereto. Dermot's own ambition and design probably were to become sole ruler of Ireland by aid of the foreign army of invasion under Strongbow, whose marriage with Eva duly took place.

But Henry, the English sovereign, becoming jealous of Strongbow, recalled him and his soldiers. Just then, in the year 1172, King Dermot died, and Strongbow submitted himself to Henry. Whereupon Henry hastened to Ireland with five hundred knights and a great number of horse and foot, landed at Waterford, and thence went to Dublin, where the Irish magnates paid him homage, as Roderick of Connaught subsequently did, and so Ireland was trans-

ferred to the yoke of English sovereignty.

In May, 1170, King Henry II., the English sovereign, not alone favorably, but eagerly, accepted the invitation of Dermot, King of Leinster, to sanction the service of a volunteer British force. The bribe offered to Henry was that if such action should restore Dermot to his throne, the latter would hold his crown as a vassal to England.

Accordingly, Henry issued letters of license, authorizing a military expedition against Ireland. Bristol, which was "mighty conveyment" to the southwest of Ireland, was to have been the place of rendezvous for the invading force, and there King Henry's agent received every encouragement from the civic magistrates, and Dermot, the dethroned, who was there, gave very liberal promises of land and property to all who would assist him to recover his crown.

There, too, at the same time, made much of by the Bristolians of all ranks, was a gallant soldier, one Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, besides being Earl of Pembroke, Vice-gerent of Normandy, which then, and for a considerable later period, belonged to the English monarch, and Marshal of the royal palace—whether *this*, at that time, was the Tower of London or the Keep of Windsor, this deponent knoweth not.

King Dermot, aware that his cause would be immensely strengthened by the personal adherence of such a powerful chief as Strongbow, offered him the heart of Eva, his daughter, with a promise to settle upon the heirs of such an union the succession to the throne of Leinster. To other adventurers minor promises were made. Fitz-Stephen, Governor of the Castle of Cardigan, and ancestor of the Barrys of Cork, received forever, a grant of the town of Wexford right opposite to Cardigan; and, indeed this was the first place besieged and taken by the English and Welsh invaders.

Strongbow had previously visited Ireland more than once. While he was collecting volunteers, under the King's letter, Fitz-Stephen got the start of him in Ireland, landing 30 knights, 60 esquires, and 300 foot-soldiers. Meanwhile, King Dermot, who had slipped over to Ireland, collected a force of 500

horse-soldiers, with whom joined the English invaders, and besieged the town of Wexford, which soon surrendered. Immediately after this first success, which greatly influenced some of the leading Irish chieftains, Maurice Fitzgerald (the first of the Geraldine family, to this day represented by the Duke of Leinster) brought over 10 knights, 30 esquires, and 100 foot, by whose aid Dermot besieged and speedily conquered the city of Dublin, and cherished a fair hope of becoming King of all Ireland.

By this time Strongbow was prepared. Taking with him several highly distinguished captains, with 200 valiant knights, a thousand esquires who were bowmen, and about 2,000 ordinary fighting mercenaries, Strongbow crossed over to Ireland and joined King Dermot; the day after this English force landed he besieged Waterford, and took it. He was not a man to delay. So, in a brief interval he married the Princess Eva, and, with no loss of time, assisted Dermot, now his father-in-law, in the invasion, with fire and sword of the country of O'Ruare, Prince of Brehni. Everywhere success attended their arms.

King Dermot died early in 1172, and by this time, Henry II., suspecting or fearing that Strongbow intended to win a diadem in Ireland for himself, issued a proclamation that all the English in that kingdom should instantly return home, under pain of being treated as rebels, with forfeiture of life and property. Strongbow, specially and urgently summoned to London, offered to surrender Dublin, Wexford, and other considerable captured towns in Leinster, on condition that Henry would grant to him and his heirs full confirmation of the remaining parts of that province.

King Henry, accepting these conditions, went to Ireland with what must have been a great army, at that time, seeing that it included 500 knights, with their respective quotas of horse and foot. This vast force showed so much strength that, in Dublin, all the petty kings and great lords came and paid personal homage to Henry, as afterwards did Roderick, King of Connaught, and nominal sovereign of the whole island. Returning to England, after thus settling matters, Henry left Ireland under military government administered in Meath,

Dublin, and Wexford; each of these deputies having a strong military force to aid him.

It was as a conquered province, to be kept in awe and order by military force, that, from that day to the present, Ireland has been held in thrall by usurping England. One point, in this connection, has not received, as far as I know, the attention which it deserves. It is simply this—that, long before Dermot MacMurrough, the deposed King of Leinster, had appealed to Henry II. for aid, the British ruler had resolved to annex Ireland, by any and all means in his power.

Henry II., born in 1133, had a dispute with King Stephen about the succession, and really was not recognized as sovereign of England until Stephen's death, in October, 1154, at the age of twenty-one. Precisely at the same time, Nicholas Breakspere, an English monk, had been elected Pope, and took the name of Adrian IV. A negotiation between the King and the Pope ended, in the following year, by Adrian's issue of a Bull, authorizing Henry to take possession of Ireland, on condition of paying into the Papal treasury in Rome a stipulated annual revenue. Twenty-one years after this, Henry declared, on his conquest of Ireland, that he merely entered into possession of a country which Pope Adrian had long before ceded to him by a Bull.

It is doubtful whether such an instrument ever was sent from Rome to London, and it is more than doubtful whether Adrian, or all the long line of sovereign pontiffs, had any right, legal or moral, to give away, on any pretext, a country that did not belong to him or to them.

So expired, or rather sunk, into a prolonged syncope the reality and the show of native sovereignty in the Emerald Isle.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

LOVE is a science rather than a sentiment. It is taught and learned. One is never master of it at the first step, whatever the romancists may say.

WHEN a man is in trouble, his dog does not desert him.

LIVELY SAYINGS OF CURRAN.

MR. CURRAN was engaged in a legal argument—behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally designed to take orders. The judge observing that the case under consideration involved a question of ecclesiastical law — “Then,” said, Mr. Curran, “I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who once was intended for the church, though [in a whisper to a friend beside him] in my opinion he was fitter for the *steeple*.”

“I can't tell you, Curran,” observed an Irish nobleman, who voted for the Union, “how frightful our old House of Commons appears to me.” “Ah! my lord,” replied the other, “it is only natural for murderers to be afraid of ghosts.”

An officer of some of the courts, named Halfpenny, having frequently interrupted Mr. Curran, the judge peremptorily ordered him to be silent, and sit down “I thank your lordship, said the counsel, “for having at length nailed the rap to the counter.”

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, asked his master's age. “I never put my hand in his mouth to try,” answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel, till he retorted — “You did perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be a *great bite*.”

A miniature painter, upon his cross-examination by Mr. Curran, was made to confess that he had carried on improper freedoms with a particular lady so far as to attempt to put his arm round her waist. “Then sir,” said the counsel, “I suppose you took that waist [waste] for a *common*.”

“No man,” said a wealthy but weak-headed barrister, “should be admitted who has not an independent landed property. “May I ask, sir,” said Mr. Curran, how many acres make a *wise acre*?”

BIBLE TERMS.—Readers of the Bible will be interested in the following expressions frequently met with in the Holy Scriptures.

A day's journey was 33 and 1-5 miles.

A Sabbath-day's journey was about $\frac{2}{3}$ of an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed is said to have been nearly 11 feet long.

A cubit is nearly 22 inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel is about 50 cents.

A shekel of gold is \$9.07.

A talent of silver was \$1,650.86.

A talent of gold was \$26,448.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A farthing was 3 cents.

A gerah was 2 cents.

A mite was $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent.

A homer contained 78 gallons and 5 pints.

A hin was 1 gallon and 2 pints.

A firkin was 7 pints. An omer 6 pints. An ephah, or bath, 7 gallons and 4 pints.

A cab was 3 pints. A log was $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint.

IRISH FIDELITY.

IN January, 1702, occurred the famous rescue of Cremona. Villeroy succeeded Catinat in August, 1701, and having with his usual rashness attacked Eugene's camp at Chiari, he was defeated. Both parties retired early to winter quarters, Eugene encamping so as to blockade Mantua. While thus placed he opened an intrigue with one Cassoli, of Cremona, where Villeroy had his headquarters. An old aqueduct passed under Cassoli's house, and he had it cleared of mud and weeds by the authorities, under pretence that his house was injured for want of drainage. Having opened this way, he got several of Eugene's grenadiers into the town disguised, and now at the end of January all was ready.

Cremona lies on the left bank of the river Po. It was then five miles round, was guarded by a strong castle and by an *enceinte*, or continued fortification all around it, pierced by five gates. One of these gates led almost directly to the bridge over the Po. This bridge was fortified by a redoubt.

Eugene's design was to surprise the town at night. He meant to penetrate on two sides, south and north. Prince Charles of Vaudemont crossed the Po at Firenzola, and marching up the right bank with 2,500 foot, and 500 horse,

was to assault the bridge and gate of the Po, as soon as Eugene had entered on the north. As this northern attack was more complicated, and as it succeeded, it may be best described in the narrative of events.

On the 31st of January, Eugene crossed the Oglio at Ustiano, and approached the north of the town. Marshal Villeroy had that night returned from a war council at Milan.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, of the 1st of February, the allies closed in on the town in the following order: 1,100 men under Count Kufstein entered by the aqueduct; 300 men were led to the gate of St. Margaret's, which had been walled up, and immediately commenced removing the wall from it; meantime the other troops under Kufstein pushed on and secured the ramparts to some distance, and as soon as the gate was clear, a vanguard of horse under Count Merci dashed through the town. Eugene Staremberg, and Prince Commerci followed with 7,000 horse and foot. Patrols of cavalry rode the streets; Staremberg seized the great square; the barracks of four regiments were surrounded, and the men cut down as they appeared.

Marshal Villeroy, hearing the tumult, hastily burned his papers and rode out attended only by a page. He was quickly snapped up by a party of Eugene's cavalry commanded by an Irishman named MacDonnell. Villeroy seeing himself in the hands of a soldier of fortune, hoped to escape by bribery. He made offer after offer. A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse were refused by this poor Irish captain, and Villeroy rode out of the town with his captor.

The Marquis of Mongon, General Crenant and other officers shared the same fate, and Eugene assembled the town council to take an oath of allegiance, and supply him with 14,000 rations. All seemed lost.

O'CALLAGHAN in his "History of the Irish Brigades," relates:—

"While these events were occurring about the Po gate, Prince Eugene was informed of the defeat of his troops there by the Irish. He was greatly mortified at this, and, knowing how indispensable it was for him to gain that gate, if he would not be driven from the

town, he directed the Prince de Commercy to go and inspect the Irish position, in order to judge how it was most likely to be mastered; an object the more necessary to accomplish, on account of the approach of Vandemonts corps. Commercy, on returning, stated, that he thought the Irish were too well posted at the gate to be forced from it. Then Eugene, says the Italian historian, 'took it into his head to try, if the Irish were as proof against gold, as against steel.' He accordingly dispatched to them, as his best deputy for a proposal of that nature, Captain Francis MacDonnell, both as their countryman, and as the very officer who had captured the Marshal de Villeroy. MacDonnell on arriving opposite the Po gate, where he found his four hundred countrymen obstinately defending their post against twelve hundred Germans, advancing from the latter towards the former, with a white handkerchief in his hand as a sign of truce, and demanded if he might make them some propositions? The Irish replying that he was welcome to do so, and the combat ceasing, MacDonnell thus addressed himself to the Irish officers. 'My fellow-countrymen his Serene Highness, Monsieur, the Prince Eugene of Savoy, sends me here to tell you, that, if you wish to change sides, and to pass over to that of the Emperor, he promises you higher pay, and rewards more considerable, than you have in France. The affection which I have for all persons of my nation in general, exhort you to accept the offers which the General of the Emperor makes to you; for, should you reject them, I do not see how you can escape inevitable destruction. We are masters of the city, with the exception of your post. It is on this account, his Highness only waits for my return, to attack you with the greatest part of his forces, and to cut you to pieces, should you not accept his offers.' MacDonnell added, as an instance, among others, of the bad situation in which the garrison were, that he himself had made the Marshal de Villeroy prisoner; he likewise specified, that the pay which the Irish should receive from the Emperor Leopold would be equal to the highest in France, or that of the Swiss regiments, besides a special gratuity in money, proportioned to the

service rendered his Imperial Majesty, by joining him on this occasion; and finally stated, that such as accepted of those terms might also have their peace made with the King of England (William III.), through the influence of Prince Eugene—this last proviso referring to the penal regulations, by which such Irish as entered the service of France after the treaty of Limerick were capitally interdicted ever to visit their native soil, unless with an express or written permission from the revolutionary Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland. To these offers of MacDonnell, O'Mahony, as the Commandant of Dillon's battalion acutely replied—'Prince Eugene seems to fear us more than he esteems us, since he causes such propositions to be made to us.' A Lieutenant of Grenadiers bluntly added—'Though your Prince Eugene should send us all the Emperor's cuirassiers, I would not believe that he could drive us out of this.' Then addressing himself to O'Mahony, resuming the conversation said to MacDonnell—'Monsieur, if his Highness only waits for your return to attack us and cut us to pieces, there is a likelihood that it will be long before he will do so; for we are going to take measures against your returning in sufficient time. With this view,' continued the Major, 'I arrest you as a prisoner, not looking upon you any longer as the envoy of a great General, but as a suborner; and it is by such conduct we wish to earn the esteem of the Prince who has sent you here, and not by an act of cowardice and treason, unworthy of men of honor.' O'Mahony then had MacDonnell arrested, amidst the exclamations of the Irish officers, that, 'they would die to a man, in the service of the King of France, and never serve any other Prince but him'—whilst the Irish soldiers if not prevented, would, in a rage of fidelity, have killed the prisoner on the spot."

All was not lost. The Po gate was held by 35 Irishmen, and to Mercier's charge and shout they answered with a fire that forced their assailant to pass on to the rampart, where he seized a battery. This unexpected and almost rash resistance was the very turning point of the attack. Had Mercier got this gate he had only to ride on and open the bridge to Prince Vaudemont. The entry of

3,000 men more, and on that side, would soon have ended the contest.

Not far from this same gate of the Po where the quarters of two Irish regiments, Dillon (one of Mountcashel's old brigade) and Burke (the Athlone regiment). Dillon's regiment was, in Colonel Lacy's absence, commanded by Major Mahoney. He had ordered his regiment to assemble for exercise at day-break, and lay down. He was woken by the noise of the Imperial Cuirassiers passing his lodgings. He jumped up, and finding how things were, got off to the two corps, and found them turning out in their shirts to check the Imperialists, who swarmed round their quarters.

He had just got his men together when General D'Arenes came up, put himself at the head of these regiments, who had nothing but their muskets, shirts, and cartouches about them. He instantly led them against Mercier's force, and after a sharp struggle, drove them from the ramparts, killing large numbers, and taking many prisoners; amongst others MacDonnell, who returned to fight after securing Villeroy.

In the mean time Estrague's regiment had made a post of a few houses in the great square: Count Revel had given the word "French to the ramparts," and retook All-Saint's Gate, while M. Praslin made head against the Imperial Cavalry patrols. But when Revel attempted to push further round the ramparts and regain St. Margaret's Gate, he was repulsed with heavy loss, and D'Arenes, who seems to have been everywhere, was wounded.

It was now ten o'clock in the day, and Mahoney had received orders to fight his way from the Po to the Mantua Gate, leaving a detachment to guard the rampart from which he had driven Mercier. He pushed on, driving the enemy's infantry before him, but suffering much from their fire, when Baron Freiberger, at the head of a regiment of Imperial Cuirassiers, burst into Dillon's regiment. For a while their case seemed desperate; but, almost naked as they were, they grappled with their foes. The linenshirt and the steel cuirass—the naked footman and the harnesses cavalier met, and the conflict was desperate and doubtful. Just at this moment Mahoney grasped the bridle of

Freiberg's horse, and bid him ask quarter. "No quarter to-day," said Freiberg, dashing his spurs into his horse: he was instantly shot. The Cuirassiers saw and paused; the Irish shouted and slashed at them. The volley came better and the sabres wavered. Few of the Cuirassiers lived to fly; but all who survived did fly: and there stood these glorious fellows in the wintry streets, bloody triumphant, half-naked. Burke lost seven officers and forty-two soldiers killed, and nine officers and fifty soldiers wounded. Dillon had one officer and forty-nine soldiers killed, and twelve officers and seventy-nine soldiers wounded.

But what matter for death or wounds! Cremona is saved. Eugene waited long for Vandemont, but the French, guarded from Merci's attack by the Irish picket of 35 had ample time to evacuate the redoubt and ruin the bridge of boats.

On hearing of Freiberg's death, Eugene made an effort to keep the town by frightening the council. On hearing of the destruction of the bridge, he despaired, and effected his retreat with consummate skill, retaining Villeroy and 100 other officers prisoners.

Europe rang with applause. King Louis sent his public and formal thanks to his Irish troops, and raised their pay forthwith. We would not like to meet the Irishman who, knowing these facts, would pass the north of Italy, and not track the steps of the Irish regiments through the streets and gates and ramparts of Cremona.

SUGGESTION OF A NEW CONFISCATION IN IRELAND.

The Irish question has resolved itself, at last, into a question of life or death for millions. In Ireland the population has been at a standstill since the Union, which dates, I will not say *legally*, for it was effected against law and justice, but even *unparliamentarily*—by force, by fraud, and by profuse and profligate bribery and corruption.

In 1801, the population of Ireland was 5,395,456, which was about *one-half* of that of England, Scotland and Wales at the same date. That is, 5,395,456 Irish against 10,500,950 English, Scotch and Welsh, in 1801.

In 1871, the population of Ireland

was declared, by the census then made, to be only 5,411,416, while England, Scotland and Wales had 26,081,284. Thus the Irish population was no greater in 1871 than it had been in 1801, and, in fact, is only *one-fifth* instead of *one-half* the population of Great Britain.

In the ten years between the census of 1861 and that of 1871, the population of England, Scotland and Wales had increased at the rate of 8 per cent (or 500 daily), whereas that of Ireland has decreased in the same period of ten years.

It must be palpable to the meanest capacity, that the Green Isle must have been wretchedly misgoverned, particularly since the Union, to show such a miserable condition as this. Were Ireland prosperous her natives would live comfortably at home instead of being driven abroad as emigrants.

What is the root of the evil? Only this—that certain persons not numerous, but persistent and cruel, are in possession of the soil, which they let out at rents so high that the ground cannot pay them. They ought to be designated *landsharks*, but call themselves *landlords*.

"The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," is an aphorism to be found in the Bible. Search that sacred volume through—and you will not find it laid down in any text, divine or human, that the earth, particularly the Irish portion of it, belongs to the peers, the pensioners, the usurpers, the absentee, and so on, who, claiming to take the Almighty's place, call themselves *Lords of the Land*.

Well, owing to a succession of bad harvests and a want of the means of properly fertilizing the land, the tenants are now unable to pay the high rents exacted from them by the *landsharks* and their agents, and Ireland would have been depopulated by famine during the last twelve months, but for the liberal subscriptions—largest in the United States.

As to the immediate future, I mean the coming harvest, the duty of the Irish, on the great principle that "self-preservation is the first law of nature," must be, and is, not to let that harvest, or what it may bring in money, into the pockets of the landlords. LIFE ought to be of higher value than RENT. The landlords have had their day; let the

sons of the soil now have *their's* in turn.

Nearly sixty years ago, Lord Byron, who was a thorough aristocrat, imbued (or affecting to be imbued) with liberal feelings, having the ability to state the case plainly and truly, as well as the courage to do so in the teeth of the class of which he was born a member. He wrote a poem entitled "The Age of Bronze," which is little read and not much remembered in the present day. In this he has painted in distinct, well marked lines and very decided colors the criminal action of the landlords in their endeavor to screw out of the tillers of the soil higher rents than the soil can remuneratively pay.

In the first quarter of the present century, when Napoleon's hand was against Continental Europe, and England was fighting against Napoleon, who had not given her cause for strife, taxation was high, but so were prices. Rents rose higher and higher, and the malcontent who grumbled at low wages and the dear loaf was regarded as a sort of criminal. Byron wrote:—

True blood and treasure boundlessly were
spilt,
But what of that? The Gaul may bear the
guilt;
But bread was high, the farmer paid his
way,
And acres told on the appointed day.

There came a change, when Napoleon fell. Tenants became unable to pay. Farms were given up. The reclaiming of waste land ceased. The contest for farms slackened. To arise the rental became impossible. Then, Byron said :

The *landed interest*—(you may understand
The phrase much better leaving out the
land)
The land *self-interest* groans from shore, to
shore
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.

Then comes a magnificent burst, at once true and terse, in which the poet runs full tilt against the landlords who had sent their rural countrymen—literally their miserable serfs—to combat in Spain, in Portugal, in Holland, in France, in many a land and on many a sea, merely to keep up the price of land and of food. Byron said:—

See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm;

Their ploughshare was the sword in hiring
lands;
Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle—why? for
Rent!
Year, after year they voted cent per cent,
Blood, sweat, and tear wrung millions—why?
for Rent!
They warred, they dined, they drank, they
swore they meant
To die for England—why then live?—for
Rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was
Rent!
Their love of country, millions all misspent,
How reconcile? by reconciling Rent!
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with everything, and up with
Rent,
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or dis-
content,
Being—end—aim—religion—Rent, Rent,
Rent.

These, printed within a year of his death, were the latest lines that Byron wrote, the *last*, I think, except the few and touching stanzas that he dashed off on the morning (January 22, 1824) when he was thirty-six years old. The truth of this war-like strain will be acknowledged *now*, when incapacity to pay high rent for poor land and landlord's rapacity in exacting such payment has won them the nicknames of Land Robbers.

Over eighty years ago Lord Chancellor Clare, the evil genius of Ireland, declared—without denial—that the whole of the island had been confiscated thrice over. Suppose there now should be a fourth confiscation of the titled usurpers and rapacious absentees—this time for the benefit of the dwellers on the soil? "How would that be for high?" Yet this is evidently probable. Take the land from these who care for the *rent* and not for the *people*, and, by way of novelty, give Ireland one great chance.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

BAD WORKMANSHIP.—Who shall estimate the taxes of time and money which bad workmanship imposes upon the world?

We often injure ourselves by trying to stretch further than we are able.

PASSING SCENES IN IRELAND.

Mr. James Redpath, in his second letter to the *Chicago Inter-ocean*, resumes his glance over the distressed counties of Ireland as follows:—

The committee at Clonmore, County Carlow, write:—"One hundred and eighty families, consisting of over 500 individuals, have been the recipients of relief from the Mansion House fund—£95 in grants. The committee of this fund condescended to inform us that their grant of the 28th was to be considered final. Local aid, solely, contributed to keep our famishing families from perishing by starvation during the period which has elapsed since the date of this notification—almost a death-knell—to our impoverished people. One Rev. Chairman, on application to the New York *Herald* committee, received a promise that their assistance would be forthcoming, but their recent attitude toward us has completely shattered our hopes. Our district embraces the following towndlands:—

Redbog—192 persons in distress. Inhabitants huddled together in wretched hovels, dependent solely on production of turf, and employment almost nil this season. Deaths by starvation imminent should assistance be denied them.

Minvaud and Clonmore—70 persons in distress. Inhabitants more indisposed; otherwise, same remarks as above.

Kellatongford and Ballyshane—106 persons in distress. Employers' resources almost dried up. Poor parents footsore traveling to obtain work.

Milltown—81 persons in distress.

Ballinakil—57 persons in distress. Both in a wretched state regarding their supply of food and clothing.

"Miserable is the lot of our poor. No work. No out-door relief. Their little subsistence, always sparingly used, now gone. Credit refused point blank."

The curate of Kilkerrin, county Galway writes:—"The people are without food. Only sixty men in the parish are employed on public works. It is not uncommon for men to go for a couple of days without food. If the people are not relieved at once, they have suffered so much during the past three weeks that nothing remains for them but to lie down and die."

The Government offered loans of public money at nominal rates of interest, not only to landlords, but to the local boards, for local improvements, to give employment to the people; but, as these local boards are landlords or their lackeys, so little advantage was taken of the proposal that this scheme of relief fell still-born from the Imperial Treasury.

The Catholic administrator at Spiddall writes:—"We have to attend to 800 families—perhaps the poorest in Connemara. This is the most trying month yet. Very many families are living on two meals of Indian meal a day, and these not full ones. Some are compelled to dig their potatoes—late sort not fit to be dug for the next month or six weeks. This will ruin their prospects for the coming year, as a large piece of land must be dug in order to get one meal. If we got some assistance now the potatoes would not be interfered with."

The Secretary of the Errismore Relief Committee writes:—"The crisis is upon us. For want of aid the people are already digging unripe tubers. This, if unchecked by additional aid of Indian meal, will bring on next season another food famine.

* * * I solicit aid from you once more to prevent my poor people from being swept away by pestilence. Notwithstanding all that has been done, if we are neglected now fearful consequences are sure to ensue."

The curate of Invera writes:—"The distress here is something fearful. Hundreds are daily crowding around my house making the most heart-rending appeals for relief. My funds are exhausted, and consequently the poor creatures are daily disappointed."

The curate of Linghica writes:—"The distress is deepening and widening around us. There are no public works or out-door relief; the workhouse or starvation will necessarily be the fate, unless we get money to aid us till harvest."

The Catholic administrator at Mullagh writes:—"The present period is the worst yet encountered, and we look with the most gloomy foreboding to the next two months. Your noble committee has dealt with us most generously in

the past. * * * Owing to your generous contributions we have been enabled from time to time to extend relief to over 200 families who were dependent upon us; but, as grants from all sources failed us for the past month, the poor people are now reduced to the sorest straits of destitution. They tell us they have no food in their houses for themselves and their families, and no means to procure it, for there is no employment whatever in the parish. For the past year not one sixpence in the way of public works has been earned, hence the poor people are now reduced to the last extremity. We cannot see how they can tide over the next seven or eight weeks.

A Catholic administrator is the parish priest whose parish is the residence of his bishop. The views of the administrators, therefore, are always in harmony with the views of their bishops. The administrator (Father Bodkin) adds:—

"The Irish National Land League is a noble institution, and has effected incalculable good in this unfortunate country. Therefore we say, with all our heart, God bless and prosper it."

The parish priest of Ballyglunin, a great friend of Mr. Davitt, asking for a final grant, uses a phrase that only Ireland could have invented:—"We are almost in sight of the promised land—new potatoes!"

The Secretary of the Killartan Relief Committee writes:—"The distress in our district continues to be severely felt—1,402 persons need relief. We have not a single penny left. Unless assistance be given the poor people will be obliged to dig out the potatoes while yet unripe."

The Secretary of the Craughwell Committee writes:—

"There is no decrease worth noting in the number of applicants. There are some public works in our neighborhood at which a comparatively small number are employed. The employment given relieves our local committee very infinitesimally. The small farmers are the most important element in the community, and they cannot avail themselves of such employment, as they must attend to the crops sown—weeding and tilling. Should they neglect to attend to their crops the result would be disastrous. They must be helped to work for themselves—the most important employment for them. We are

very much beholden to the Land League for the aid hitherto given us. I regret to inform you that fever has broken out."

The fever is what is known as famine fever, which, in 1847, proved as dreadful a scourge among the emaciated people as the yellow fever in our Gulf States. It has broken out in three counties, and, if it is not arrested, it may send thousands into their graves. Gladstone's government, to its credit be it recorded, is taking prompt measures to arrest it.

The Relief Committee at Ballyjamesduff, County Cavan, writes:—

"For the sake of Heaven, consider us. If you do not do so, may the great God look to our poor, suffering people. When we tell you that we relieve (if relief it can be called, where the highest grant amounted to only 2½ stones [thirty-five pounds] Indian meal to families averaging from four to seventeen persons) to 466 families, and 173 of these farmers, it speaks more forcibly to our charity than any words we might use."

Clumsily worded, but pathetic enough.

Rev. John Brady, the parish priest of Crosskeys, writes: "Some of our families have lived during this month for days together on green cabbages boiled and seasoned with salt. Though they are in that state, both Mansion House and New York *Herald* funds have struck off our committee from their list."

Rev. J. D. Green, the curate of Newmarket, County Cork, writes: "My house and that of other members of the local committee is daily besieged by numbers of children crying for bread and clothes. The distress here is lamentable, as there is little work, and the district is very poor."

The parish priest of Castletown Bere, writes that the funds sent to the Bishop of Kerry are exhausted. "I appeal to you for assistance for my poor people. Some of them are served with writs by their landlords; more of them are threatened with writs; all of them are suffering from want. I'm much afraid the potato crop will commence too soon (from the hunger of the people), and, if so, sickness is sure to follow."

The parish priest of Eyeries writes that there are 600 families, numbering 4,100 persons, still in distress there.

The parish priest of Clonmeen writes: "No money remains in the hands of the committee in this extensive parish."

Never was a response to a charitable appeal more requisite than at this juncture. Fover has made its appearance, and is now very prevalent, the heads of families having in many cases, succumbed to this horrifying disease."

The Secretary of the Kittoon, Athlone, County Leitrim, Committee, writes:—"There are numbers of families in a very critical position here just now. They have actually nothing to eat, and we have no funds to provide food for them. At our meeting yesterday we had serious thoughts of dissolving and leaving the people to a fate which, we fear, we cannot much longer avert. We earnestly ask your committee to make us a grant, even though it should be the last, and thus assist us in preserving the lives of the poor people for another week or two."

The parish priest of Basky, County Sligo, writes:—"We are at a complete standstill for want of funds; we have 620 families on our list, and we had nothing to give them last week."

The parish priest of Turbert, County Kerry, writes:—"The distress is deep and wide yet and will be so until the 1st of August."

The Secretary of the Kilmacduane, County Clare, Committee writes that there are still 242 families, or 958 persons in dire need there.

The curate of Kilmurry Ibricane writes that the distress will be over there in three weeks. Great numbers of families have been forced into the poorhouse, and the high rates thereby laid on the farmers still struggling outside have made destitution general in this parish.

The parish priest of Kilkree writes that his people are in the most abject want.

The Secretary of the Kilnamena committee writes that, having no funds at their last meeting, "we were regularly besieged by a hungry crowd, begging of us to do something for them."

From Clondogad comes bad news: "We are starving on the backward mountain. * * * I am sorry to tell you that the (potato) blight has appeared. I saw it to-day on the stalks and tubers. One week of this weather will place Ireland in a worse condition than she was in 1847 and 1848."

The morning papers report the appearance of the blight in other districts.

JAMES REDPATH.

THE LAST OF THE O'MORES.

A TALE OF THE IRISH "TROUBLES."

CHAPTER II.

THREE years of a college life directed my mind to different ideas, and softened down the keener points of feeling with which I had left my home, although they could not wholly obliterate the impressions then received. As I mixed little in the gaiety of the Capital, but devoted my time exclusively to study, I learned of the events, either political or otherwise, that were then rapidly occurring, saw the occasional reports of having taken place between the military and the people through the country, which I was inclined to treat as mere fabrications, or at least exaggerations, till one morning I received a letter from home, written by my uncle, requesting my immediate return, and stating in brief terms that the country was in a state of insurrection; the soldiery, having been let loose upon the people, were committing the most diabolical acts; and my father having been implicated in the opposition to the Government, was imprisoned on the charge of high treason. For a time surprise rendered me incapable of action, and scarce could I believe that the secluded spot which I had left, all so still and happy, where no rude soldier had ever profaned its tranquil solitudes, as if peace had chosen that retired valley for her own quiet dwelling place; but now the long rest was rudely broken; the licensed robber and hireling murderer were let loose, and turmoil, bloodshed, and oppression, were the altered state of things at my once happy home. The following morning I left for Limerick, by the mail, which I observed was escorted by a strong body of horse soldiers. The journey then occupied two days; the next morning, after the arrival of the coach, I started with post-horses for home. The summer's sun, as it rose brightly in the clear heavens, ushered in as beautiful a moon as ere it smiled on; and as I passed along I looked to the distant hills, and over the level plains, and on the silvery lake, shining

like a broad mirror—so still, that the wind raised not a ripple on its level surface—the spirit of peace seemed to have breathed around, and fair nature slumbered in her sweetest rest; my feelings gradually partook of the soothing character which pervaded nature all round me, and sinking back in the carriage, I observed not how far I had proceeded, till a noise of voices awoke me from the reverie into which I had fallen. I looked from the window and saw that I had entered my native village, which was thronged with a multitude of people; and what a contrast to the scene I had lately been contemplating. The day still shone forth in all its former beauty, but the mind of man (reflected in its true mirror—the human face) was widely at variance with such a calm; the knitted brow and flashing eye of anger met my observation wherever I turned, while imprecations and expressions of rage, or ill-suppressed threats of vengeance, burst from the lips of those around. On arriving at the open space where the market-house stood, so dense was the crowd that the carriage could not proceed. I observed that the general gaze was directed towards one point, and looking towards the spot, I turned my eyes away in horror, on beholding a gibbet, from which a human form was suspended; in doing so, however, a female figure caught my attention; a strange curiosity compelled me to look again, and what were my feelings, to discover in that place of horror, oh, God! my mother? Her face was pale and motionless as marble—her gentle blue eye was riveted on the suspended form above; the whole truth flashed at once on my mind I had arrived in time to behold my father's execution! I sprang from the carriage, and dashing aside the military who attempted in vain to arrest my progress—I was by mother's side; I caught her in my arms—I called her aloud! at last her eyes rested on mine for a moment; one long piercing scream was her only answer, and she rested inanimate in my arms; I bore her away from the fatal spot, for her form was small, and slight, and easily supported; mechanically I reached the house I once called home, but I found it no longer such; a party of soldiers who

occupied it refused me entrance; I madly begged to be permitted to take in my beloved burthen, till animation might be restored. I received but taunts and laughter from the brutal soldiery, and in despair I sat me down on the steps; I took her small delicate hand in mine, it was cold as the stone on which we rested; I put my hand to her heart, but no pulse beat there; I pressed her lips to mine, but the breath of life came not from them—it had passed away with that long cry of agony—and they were cold and white as the little hand that rested in mine. My mother was dead.

What took place immediately after this I have no recollection. I was told afterwards that I had been conveyed thence by a poor cotter to his residence, from whence, in brain fever, I was removed to my uncle's home, where my recovery was despaired of; would that it had been my lot to have passed away from this world of pain! As I recovered, I was made fully acquainted with the particulars which had lately taken place in my family. My father had been connected with the insurrection, and Major Williamson's activity, in the cause of government, had discovered it, and he had become his accuser and judge.

The instigation was not required to stir up my feelings against one whom I considered the murderer of both my parents! and if at times a thought of Louisa and early days passed across my mind, I cast it from me as an unhallowed recollection, and nursed the desire of vengeance as a feeling which should alone engross my every thought. I accordingly, as soon as my health permitted, organized a resolute band, with whom I intended to attack the house of Major Williamson, which was, at all times, protected by a military force. At the time appointed my party was ready. The night was such a one as well suited the purpose for which we met. Not a single star's small light broke through the intense darkness, and the wind blew in fitful gales, mourning amidst the trees, and sweeping the fallen leaves with rustling sound, that drowned the little noise our cautious footsteps made. Louisa was living, and I almost wavered in my purpose, as

dormant thoughts, inspired by the place in which I stood, thronged quickly on my mind; I started, as I thought I heard my mother's voice in the sighing of the wind, which seemed to rebuke my wavering mind; I called to my men, and advanced at a rapid rate towards the house; I stationed them in the shrubbery opposite the entrance, while I proceeded to reconnoitre round the rear, and endeavor to discover some better mode of entrance than by forcing the front door, which I knew would be attended by loss of life. I climbed the low garden wall, and was surprised to observe a stream of light issuing from a window which projected from one of the wings of the house; I walked cautiously till beneath it, and found a laburnum trained along the wall, which aided my ascent; I looked through the half-open lattice—a female figure knelt in devotion beside a couch; while I looked she arose—she turned toward the window; it was Louisa—my heart beat violently—a giddiness seized my brain, and I thought for a moment I would have fallen from my position, but recovering I pushed open the window and sprang into the room; a scream of surprise and fear burst from her lips—the next moment I was recognized, but the work of death had already commenced.

The sharp report of a musket, sounding fearfully loud on the night-air, succeeded by a low moan, told me my men had been discovered, and one had already fallen a victim.

A thundering sound of heavy implements against the stout oak door—shots of musketry in quick succession, answered by the groan of pain or yell of vengeance intermingled, told me that the attack had commenced. Louisa, terrified, looked in my face for an explanation of the frightful sounds.

"Fly with me," said I, "for heaven's sake, or you are lost. Even your pure innocence will not save you from their fury, when thus maddened;" and I drew her towards the window. At that moment the loud crash of the falling matter, a shout of triumph, a scream of despair, with the sound of feet, told that the door had yielded.

Louisa broke away from me, and calling on her father's name, rushed from the apartment. I followed her quickly,

and saw her enter a room at the end of the corridor, almost at the same moment with two of the band I had brought with me, who had already penetrated thus far; I hastened to the room; at the moment I entered, I observed Major Williamson, half dressed, thrown on his back on the floor by one of the men. Louisa struggled to keep the others off him, and seeing me enter she called me for her sake to save her father. Already he had received a wound in his head, from which the blood flowed copiously; the same hand which made it was raised for another and more fatal stroke, when I sprang forward and caught his descending arm; I wrested the weapon from his grasp, and placed myself before the prostrate body of Major Williamson. At this moment the remainder of the party burst into the room; I told them to go back—there was enough done, or if they approached farther it should be on my body.

"Well, Master Carthy," said one, "I risked my life to avenge your father, but if my dead master's son chooses to save his father's murderer, so be it."

I received no other reason, save looks of wonder or of scorn, as, one by one, they left the room, and the house was shortly empty.

"What am I to understand?" said Major Williamson; "is it an O'More to whom I owe my life? Good heavens! what have I done to deserve such degradation? Wretch!" said he, "take up that axe and finish the work which you so well begun, or rid me of your presence at once, which is more hateful to me than death itself."

For a moment the axe quivered in my hand, and scarce could I refrain from dealing him the blow he so invited, but for Louisa, who leaned pale and trembling in his arms; I took her hand and said, "It was not you I saved, but this fair, tender flower, which seems to cling to thee as part of life, although I marvel much how so much beauty can bloom beside aught so noxious." I pressed her hand to my lips, and left her never to see her more.

Hearing that troops were embarking from Cork for India, and caring not whither I was carried, so as to get away from the scenes of my misery, I sold a little property of my own, procured a

commission in the —— regiment in India, and you know the remainder of my history to the present time; the rest I can also tell you.

"You may laugh at me if you will, and call it idle superstition, but I know that to-day I shall fall in yonder breach. Last night, when lying in my tent awake, the cannon still thundered, and the falling stonework, as each ball took effect, told the progress of the siege, suddenly before me stood the white spirit of the O'Mores!—a low wail burst from her lips—a louder volley of artillery bellowed forth, and hurled its deadly charge against the tottering walls, which, with horrid crash, came down, a mass of ruin; but above that crash the spirit's scream was heard, as, pointing towards that yawning breach, she vanished. I knew well the import of her visit, and hastened here by early dawn to view the spot where the last of the O'Mores is to find a grave."

I should have endeavored to laugh him out of a fancy which his excited mind had conjured up, but that the serious and earnest manner in which he spoke had affected my own spirits, and I felt unable to dispel a superstitious fear which had crept on me of the truth of the event which he foretold.

Suddenly the loud rattle of drums beat startlingly on the chill air. The sound was echoed from rank to rank—the call to arms spread through the lines, and the trenches teeming with life, glittered with shine of arms; nor was the sound unheard or unattended to within the city—for an instant the walls were seen bristling with the Indian spear or the more modern bayonet, and the yawning breach was crowded with willing hundreds ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their monarch;—an exterminator and robber of the human family! the next, all was enshrouded in dense clouds of smoke, as the Artillery's dread noise burst forth. And other sounds still more horrid soon broke upon the ear. The yell of human voices in their rage—the piercing scream of agony, or the loud groan of anguish, mingled with the exploding shell—the crash of the falling wall, or the bursting gun—all united in such horrid din, that the mind became bewildered, and you ceased even to fear.

Our regiment was commanded to advance—I looked along the line for O'More; his face was pale, but not with fear; the compressed lip, the steady and piercing eye, the slightly depressed brow, and pale cheeks, told of determination, but not of terror; I had time for no further thought—I was hurried quickly forward, entered the river, crossed it, and pressed forward amidst a crowd and tumult of all the most fearful sounds earth could produce. I ascended a rugged height—was driven suddenly backwards and fell; I sprang again to my feet, and beheld the enemy immediately in front, coming down on us; the rank before me had given way, and our own wavered in its advance. At that moment, a young officer bearing the colors rushed to the front, and waving his sword, dashed fearlessly towards the enemy; a loud cheer burst from our line, and soon a file of bayonets were by his side; the wavering troops rallied and advanced to the support of their young leader; on went the standard in our front—the foe yielding before the impetuous valor of its brave supporter, fell back on their last post in the breach; here they made an attempt to rally—vain the attempt, the victorious column with their gallant leader was again amongst them—again the enemy, terror-stricken, gave way before them; the charmed flag of Britain was borne aloft by an Irish hand, it ascended the ramparts, it reached the highest point and floated triumphantly upon the walls. Its gallant bearer turned towards his companions, who now thronged the breach, and raising his cap, gave the cheer of victory! Loudly was it echoed by the troops beneath, as in their heroic leader they recognized the young O'More; the next instant the flag, which he had so proudly borne, dropped from his grasp; he stood an instant motionless, then staggering on the wall, fell from its height back into that wide gap he had so lately made the road of victory! A yell of vengeance burst from the soldiery, as they rushed madly into the devoted city, or along the walls, where yet some straggling troops resolved to die as soldiers! I was borne with the throng heart-sick and bewildered, I knew not whether, till I found myself in the city wander-

ing almost alone. O'More's story, his prophetic words, his advance and fall, mingled confusedly in my mind, and I pressed my hand to my forehead to assure me it was not all a dream; slowly every event became distinct to my mind, and as I recollected the spot where O'More had fallen, I hastened back in hopes that he might yet be safe; I arrived at the spot, and the scene of horror I there beheld will never be effaced from my memory—the dead and dying mingled in their most frightful forms. The stiffening corpse, whose distorted face and glazed and starting eye-balls glared on the glowing heavens, told of death by musket shot—the cloven skull and headless trunk by sabre stroke—the body shattered by artillery, and forms pierced by the spear or the bayonet, lay strewn around; while here lay a body almost severed by a common ball—the limbs still quivering convulsively with life's last efforts—and there a soldier, half-entombed alive beneath a fallen buttress, waved his arms around, writhing in agony, and madly screaming for help; or crawling from the heap of slain, might be seen some wounded men dragging their mangled useless limbs, and groaning in despair as they are again trampled down unheeded by the still advancing columns, or coveting the dead their rest, praying for the passers by to terminate the misery of their existence. Amidst such scenes of horror, I retraced my steps to the fatal spot; I had no difficulty in discovering the object of my search—the form of O'More lay near the wall, from the top of which he had fallen; his eyes were closed, and without a trace of scar he rested calm as if he slept. I took his hand in mine—could it be that the sun's heat still kept warmth in it, or was it possible that life still lingered there, I asked myself; as in raising his head, I found not in its touch the clammy chill of death. I seized the canteen of a dead soldier who lay beside me, and dashed the water which it contained in O'More's face; a slight trembling passed over his frame, and to my unspeakable joy, his eyes opening rested once more on mine. For a time he did not appear to recognize me; at last a languid smile of recognition played on his features, and as he returned the pressure of my hand,

answered the oft-repeated question of where he was wounded.

"I believe," said he, "after all my prophecy was wrong, and I almost agree with you that what I saw was a vision of my own imagination, I must have merely slipped from the top of the rampart, as I do not feel pain anywhere, save a suffocating feeling which has been occasioned by some one lying on me, and, when I get up, it will pass away."

He raised himself as he spoke, but the exertion seemed to cause some sudden and dreadful pain; his eyes started fearfully, and grasping my arm with both his hands, pressed it convulsively; the next moment a torrent of blood poured from his mouth and nostrils, and his body writhed in pain, as I supported it in my arms. A surgeon passing at the time, I called him to my aid; he tore open O'More's dress, and in the side a small wound appeared, from which a few drops of blood trickled; he merely shook his head, and said—

"Ah! poor fellow, it has entered his lungs;" and he passed on to where his services might be more available.

O'More was again calm; he spoke, but so low, that although I bent close to him I could only distinguish the word "Louisa;" my hand was pressed slightly—he rested heavily on my arms—muttered a prayer—the spirit of O'More had fled to his fathers!

With the death of the Sultan, whose body was found amidst a heap of slain at the entrance to his palace, the war in India terminated, and our regiment was ordered back to England. Having landed, I easily procured leave of absence to revisit the scenes of my youth. The residence of Major Williamson was but a little way out of my direct road, so that I intended executing my painful mission before I reached home. As I approached the domain, I was surprised at the neglected appearance of all around. The hedge-rows grew wild and untrained—the gate, which had still been shut with zealous care, now lay broken and rusting off its hinges; and the avenue, formerly so neatly gravelled and cleanly kept, was over-grown with rank weeds and grass; the place was still and deserted. In vain I looked around for some one to explain the

cause of the change. I rode up to the house, it added still more gloom to the picture; the tall walls seathed and blackened, evidently by fire, and a few half-consumed beams of the noble mansion, alone remained standing; the door was half choked up with rubbish; the grounds were desolate; the shrubbery had been torn up, or trampled under foot; where the garden had been was no longer discernable; a curse seemed to have been pronounced on the place, which left it a wilderness. I was turning my horse from the spot, when I heard a footstep among the ruins, and observed an old man, apparently of the better class of farmers, emerging from one of the low windows, from whom I asked an explanation of what I saw.

"You must be a stranger in these parts," said he, "that you should know nothing of the great burnin', for many a mile away was it seen, and heard of still farther; yet there was not one of all that saw it, or heard of his death that day, to say rest his soul in peace, but the curses of the orphan and the widow fell heavy on his head."

"His last victims were two fine boys, the comfort and life of their aged parents' hearts, and though the troubles were all over, because he found they had been out with the boys in Limerick, they suffered on the gallows tree. Their old father's head was white, yet his hand was still steady, and it was said he kept a rifle that would kill at a long distance. The day after the boys were executed, when the Major was riding among the guard that always attended him, a shot was heard and he fell a corpse among his men; who done the deed no one knows, and few care; even the power which paid him well the price of blood, ceased to care for him now that he was no further use to them, and the government made but slight inquiry into the matter. The same day the guard was summoned from the house. His corpse was carried home, but no funeral service was performed—no priest raised a prayer as he sunk into mother earth—no consecrated ground rests upon his head—nor were there friends around to weep at his last resting place; but, as his presence was a curse to the earth, his body was con-

sumed, so that no trace of it was left to defile the world, and never did joy-bells peal to brighter bonfire than what it lumined the valley that night; the next day the grand mansion of Major Williamson was, as you now see it, a blackened ruin!"

"And his daughter—what became of her?" "Heaven rest her soul, I scarce can believe she could be the daughter of such a man; she was the loveliest flower of our isle; the light of our eyes and the joy of every heart—(little wonder Master Carthy O'More loved one so fair; for if he knew her, how could he help it, though she was the daughter of an enemy)—she drooped from the hour Master Carthy left the land. Her father sent her to Cove for her health; he knew not the disease; for no change, or physician can cure the broken heart! I saw her then once since, and my own old heart was near bursting to look on her; the light step was gone; the eye that beamed with heaven's finest light was dimmed—it's true, a bright color still rested on her cheek, but it was not the blush of the wild mountain rose—it was a mocking bloom, which death placed there to hide the shadow of his slow-descending hand. Ill news travels fast they say; word came that Master Carthy had fallen in the wars; this stroke severed the last tie which bound her pure spirit to the earth, and it has now found a happy resting-place. Hark! "that tolling bell tells of the return of her perfect form to its first and its last home."

I turned towards the village and observed emerging from its encircling trees a melancholy procession; it passed in silence till it had entered the Churchyard; suddenly the plaintive cry of death burst loudly on the stillness—then sunk—then rose still more wildly, till earth had covered from the mourners' view the last sight of Louisa Williamson.

I turned and left the spot to reach my long-absent home, with a heart more full of grief than joy, pondering on disobedience to parents, and its consequences.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

OLOE, THE COQUETTE, AND THE BEE.

Cloe, young and pretty
 And a great Coquette
 Sat beside a fountain
 Making her toilette;
 When a bee came humming,
 Dashing through the spray,
 Singing loud the praises
 Of the new born day.

Lila! Lila! hurry!
 See this horrid thing.
 Kill this buzzing monster!
 Crush it lest it sting;
 But the little insect
 Thinking but to sip,
 Nectar from the roses
 Lit on Cloe's lip.

Foolish Cloe fainted,
 (Such was Cloe's wont)
 Pale she lay as lily
 In the plashing font.
 Lila, all indignant
 Seized the naughty bee,
 Vowing that the night winds
 Should his death stroke see.

But the hapless urchin
 Did not him forget;
 Honeyed words to give to
 Cloe, the Coquette.
 Ladies all! I pray you
 Pardon me this slip,
 For a rosebud I m—
 Took Miss Cloe's lip.

Scarce the words were uttered,
 When the roses came
 To our Cloe's pale cheeks,
 Lol they're all aflame!
 "Lila, be not angry
 "With this pretty bee,
 "We should thank him for his
 "Sweet apology.

"And I can assure you,
 "That the sweet dear's sting,
 "If you've only courage
 "Is a trivial thing.
 Lila shrugged her shoulders,
 Tossed her little head;
 "Grains of incense go no
 Little way," she said.

H. B.

HOW TO MEASURE TIME.

NUMEROUS persons are much annoyed by their clocks or watches not keeping correct time, often being half an hour fast or slow, thus throwing their household arrangements into confusion. Yet the remedy is very simple, and within

the reach of all, especially of those residing in the country.

Almanacs are given gratis to their customers by the druggists in all country towns, and they are all tolerably correct. In most of these almanacs, and on the first page, are given the twelve signs of the Zodiac and their names, reading; Aries, the Ram—Taurus, the bull Gemini, the Twins, etc. On the same page there is also a column explaining the abbreviations used in the monthly calendars, and unless a person is acquainted with these signs and abbreviations he can understand but little of an almanac.

On every monthly page there is a column headed "sun fast" or "sun slow," as the case may be, as the sun corresponds with a true clock on only four days of the year, viz.: on the 14th April, 14th of June, 31st of August, and 24th of December. He attains his greatest difference at the following times, viz.: on the 11th of February he is 14 minutes, 29 seconds slow; on the 15th of May he is 3 minutes, 51 seconds fast; on the 27th July he is 6 minutes and 14 seconds slow, and on the 1st of November, 16 minutes and 19 seconds fast. From this it will be seen that without knowing the irregularity in the motion of the shadow, there could be no standard of time; and this was the cause of great trouble to the ancients, before the birth of Christ. This variation being now known to astronomers, it is given to the second in most almanacs, for every day in the year, in the column of equation, or fast and slow. Therefore, to take time from a noon-mark, or a dial, you must refer to the column of that particular day, and by adding or subtracting the amount of time given in the column, from or to the sun mark, you get the true time, provided always that your sun mark or dial is correct. To get that mark correct, it is well to select one of the four days alluded to above, and, when the sun is due south of your house, make a mark on the floor by driving a nail in the floor, or otherwise; this mark gives you solar time, to which add or subtract, as above, for mean or civil time, or clock time. By this simple way a clock or watch can always be kept correct.

Farmers and persons residing in the

country, who have a good view of the eastern and western horizon, can always get true time by observing sunrise or sunset, which can be done on any clear morning or evening. Find the moment of sunrise or sunset in the almanac, under the proper heading, as to the proper place or state, and then observing the instant of appearance or disappearance of the sun's upper edge, set to that moment and you are correct. From this you can lay off a noon-mark, always observing to allow for sun fast or slow on that particular day. That is solar time.

Time can always be told very correctly at night by the stars crossing the meridian, or, as it is called, the *southing* of a star. Turn to the 19th of January in an almanac, say of 1876, and you will find Sirius S (south) 10 m., 32S., E. (evening). There can be no mistake about Sirius, the Great Dog-Star, the largest and brightest star in the heavens. Astronomers say that if the sun were where that star is he would not appear near as bright as that star does, for the distance of Sirius from the earth is many million times greater than that of the sun; and that, in size, that star is many times larger than the sun; and that, vast and glorious body as he is, he is one of the very least of the stars, being only between 90 and 95 millions of miles from the earth.

On March 2nd, you will find Sirius marked S. at 7h. 45m., E., by observing these points, a true south line can be obtained, and some landmark established. A knowledge of the position of the north polar star is very necessary; every person knows the constellation of the Great Bear, or the Dipper, as it is commonly called; the two front stars, as they travel round the pole from the right hand to the left, or from east to west, are called the Pointers, as a line drawn through them leads direct to the north star, a star of the second magnitude, with a space round it free from other stars.

To understand all the signs and abbreviations in an almanac is of great advantage.

The questions and problems proposed in the Young Folks Corner, must be answered monthly as they appear. All inquiries and answers for this Corner, must be addressed to the Editor of THE HARP, prepaid.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why does a pocket watch differ from a clock?
 2. Why do clocks vary in going in summer and winter?
 3. Why do we wind up watches?
 4. How many workmen are employed on the component parts of a watch, before it is ready for the pocket?
 5. Why do some time-pieces go for a year?
 6. What must I ask a yard for silk that cost me \$1.50, so that I may fall 10 p.c. and still make 20 p.c., allowing 10 p.c. of the sales for bad debts?
 7. St. Antoine street is 1600 yards long, and has a house every 50 yards, and a tree every 20 yards, how many houses will have a tree in front?
 8. A young man's salary increased 1-3 every year; his expenses each year were 1-3 of his salary, and at the end of 4 years he had saved \$1001½. Find his first year's salary.
 9. If the simple interest on a sum of money for a given time and rate be $a-b$ of the principal, show that the true discount is $a-a \times b$.
 10. If $x \times y = 10$; and $x - y = 4$, find the value of x and y .
 11. The perimeter, and the area of a right-angled Triangle ABC being given; to determine the triangle—*Algebraically* and *Geometrically*.
- P.S.—No. 10 and 11 special prize.

SOMETHING ABOUT PARROTS.

A tradesman, who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, much to the annoyance of his neighbors, one of which was green, and the other gray. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door—the gray put in his word whenever the bell was rung; but they only knew two short phrases of English a piece, though they pronounced these very distinctly. The house in which these Thebans lived, had a projecting old-fashioned front, so

that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day, when they were left at home by themselves hanging out of a window, some one knocked at the street door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot, in the exercise of his office. "The man with the leather!" was the reply; to which the bird answered with his further store of language, which was, "Oh, oh!" Presently, the door not being opened as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time. "Who's there?" said the green parrot again. "D—n you, who's there!" said the man with the leather, "why don't you come down?" "Oh, oh!" This response so enraged the visitor, that he dropped the knocker and rung furiously at the house bell; but this proceeding brought the gray parrot, who called out in a new voice, "Go to the gate."—"To the gate!" muttered the appellant, who saw no such convenience, and moreover imagined that the servants were bantering him. "What gate?" cried he, getting out into the kennel, that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor. "New gate," responded the parrot,—just at the moment when his species was discovered."

We cannot resist the temptation of offering our young readers one more anecdote; of a parrot which we well knew:—

We remember a parrot which belonged to a lady, (not in Montreal though!) which was the innocent means of getting his mistress into a very unfortunate scrape. A friend of hers having called one afternoon, the conversation of the two ladies took that turn towards petty scandal, to which we grieve to say, it is but too frequently bent. The friend mentioned the name of a lady of their acquaintance. "Mrs. E!" exclaimed the owner of the parrot, "Mrs. E. drinks like a fish." These words were hardly uttered, when the footman in a loud voice, announced "Mrs. E!" and as the new visitor, a portly, proud dame, came sailing into the room, "Mrs. E!" exclaimed the parrot, "Mrs. E. drinks like a fish." Mrs. E. wheeled round, with the celerity of a troop of heavy dragoons, furiously to confront her base and unknown maligner. "Mrs. E!" cried the parrot again, "Mrs. E. drinks

like a fish." "Madame," exclaimed Mrs. E. to the lady of the house, "this is a piece of wickedness towards me which must have taken you no short time to prepare. It shows the blackness of your heart towards me for whom you have long pretended a friendship; but I shall be revenged." It was in vain that the mistress of the parrot rose and protested her innocence; Mrs. E. flounced out of the room in a storm of rage, much too loud to admit of the voice of reason being heard. The parrot, delighted with his new caught up words, did nothing for some days but shout out, at the top of his most unmusical voice, "Mrs. E!" "Mrs. E. drinks like a fish." Meanwhile Mrs. E's lawyers having once taken up the scent, succeeded in ferriting out some information, that ultimately produced written proofs, furnished by some secret enemy, that the lady's imprudence in the propagation of this scandal had not been confined to the instance we have mentioned. An action at law was raised for defamation. The parrot was arrested and carried into Court, to give oral testimony of the malignity of the plot which was supposed to have been laid against Mrs. E's good fame; and he was by no means niggardly of his testimony, for, to the great amusement of the bench, the bar, and all present, he was no sooner produced, than he began, and continued loudly to vociferate, "Mrs. E! Mrs. E. drinks like a fish!" till judges and jury were alike satisfied of the merits of the case; and the result was, that the poor owner of the parrot was cast with immense damages.

CONSCIENCE IN NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIBERS.

THE caption to this article seems singular. It is somewhat authorized by facts. There are numbers of men whose honor and integrity in their general dealings with their fellow men are above all suspicion, who will receive a newspaper for years—as long as the simple minded proprietor is willing to send it to them—without ever paying the trifling subscription price. When at last patience is worn out and the paper stopped, our friends bluster into a fit of revengeful anger and declare themselves insulted.

Their indebtedness remains; if they afterwards remember the paper it is to belittle and injure it in retaliation for the supposed offense to their manhood. Those whom we are describing are not at all like angels' visits, few and far between; we could find them in every section of our own State. They are Catholics, too, going to Mass, and, occasionally to the Sacraments. It is a paradox, and the question may be asked what explanation can be given of it? Only this one—these friends of ours do not believe that the ordinary rules of justice bind the conscience of newspaper subscribers. The explanation argues considerable theological ignorance on their part; still it is the sole one which we can give, having due regard to their general sense of honor and justice.

People should pay for their paper. If they do not like it, let them send to the office the amount of their indebtedness and request that the paper be no longer mailed to their address. This mode of acting deserves respect. But to receive a paper, not to pay for it, to grumble when at last it is stopped, never afterwards to pay their just debt, is a mean despicable proceeding, and we are ashamed to record that men of this stamp are to be found in Minnesota, calling themselves Catholics.—[*North-western Chronicle*.

[We are very sorry that we have to make the same complaint against many of the subscribers to the HARP, who never seem to think of their duty to the proprietor of this magazine. We only hope they will digest the above remarks of the erudite priest who edits the *Chronicle*, and remit without delay what they owe to this office.—ED. HARP.]

American Newspaper Directory for 1880.
New York: Geo. P. Rowell & Co.

WE are in receipt of this valuable work, and after looking through it we are amazed at the amount of information it contains. Every business house in the United States and Canada should possess a copy, as therein will be found accurate information as to the best medium for advertising. We have ere now done business with Messrs. Rowell, and in every case found them reliable.

McGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. New York, J. A. McGee, Publisher. Price, \$3.00 per annum.

With much pleasure we welcome the reappearance of this excellent Catholic Illustrated paper, which had to suspend publication some four months ago because of remissness on the part of subscribers to pay, and the dishonesty of agents. We congratulate Mr. McGee in being again enabled to come to the front, and trust he will be able to continue his good work with profit to himself and benefit to his constituents. We hope his debtors will so act towards him, that the new feature introduced by him of publishing a "black-list" containing the names of subscribers who have failed to pay will not be much longer necessary on his part. We have been seriously thinking of treating our delinquent subscribers to a similar treat, we wonder how *they* would like it?

F A C E T I Æ .

A good conversationalist may make himself heard at a feast, but the small boy takes the cake.

A western journal heads an article "A Lunatic Escapes and Marries a Widow." Escapes? He got caught.

Kansas school teacher: "Where does our grain go to! "Into the hopper." "What hopper?" "Grasshopper," triumphantly shouted the scholar.

The man who loafs his time around a one-horse grocery while his wife takes in washing to support him can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance its prosperity.

Little Robby came home from Boston with his new hat limp as a dish cloth. "For goodness sake!" cried his mother, "where have you been!" Robby began to whimper as he replied, "A feller threw my hat into a frog pond." "Oh, Robby!" exclaimed his sister, "you threw it in yourself. I saw you do it!" "Well," said Robby, contemptuously, "ain't I a feller?"

A gentleman who married a widow complained to her that he liked his beef well done. "Ah! I thought I was cooking for Mr. Brown, said she, "he liked his rare. But, darling, I will try and forget the poor dear."

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked, "don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well you might say, 'Charley, wont you have a pie?' That would be very funny for you."

Master Jack: "How often are the clothes washed, Emma?" Laundry Maid—"Once a week!, Master Jack." Master Jack—"Only once a week! Then the clothes are much luckier than sis and me, if that's all the washing they get."

"This is a nice time of night to be coming in," said a mother to her daughter, who had returned from a walk at 10 o'clock, "When I was like you," continued she, "my mother would not let me out later than 7 o'clock." "O you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl. "I had, you young jade," said the mother, "a nicer mother than ever you had."

THE GENTLE ANSWER.—"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No sir, mother's gone out washing, and forgot to put it out for you." "Did she tell you she'd forgotten?" "Yes, sir."

Cabmen are the most troublesome people with whom census-takers have to deal. They show fight as soon as anything is said about "taking their numbers."

AMERICAN BUTTER.—"Is your wife's name Margaret?" asked a hired man. "No," said the farmer; "Margy's short for oleomargarine, and I calls her that cause I don't love any but her (butter)."

MILLINER (with little account owing): "Is your mamma at home, Miss?" "Intelligent Little Girl: "N-no, she's not." Milliner: "When will she be at home?" I. L. G.: "I don't know, see but I'll go and ask her."

HALF WAY, ANYHOW.—There's no difficulty now in recollecting your partner's name since the new monogram dresses have come in, only by the way, don't you know, is it Smithson or Smith, or Brown or Brownjones?

The City of Brotherly Love is seriously considering the advisability of resurrecting the stocks and wipping-post. In our city the stocks have been in full blast for a long time, and we opine that the wipping-post would prove a very useful adjunct.

LATEST FROM THE CAMP.—At No. 1, 526 target, we understand, a volunteer had a miraculous escape from death. The bullet carried away all one side of his tunic-collar. Exactly! it was just what we expected when we read that the men were allowed to shoot off their ties!

JUDGING BY APPEARANCE.—Smith (who hadn't seen the lady before): "Was it Mrs. Brown I saw with you last night?" Brown: "It was. Why?" Smith: "Oh, nothing; only I heard your mother was staying with you just now, and I thought it might be——" [Pauses Suddenly. General awkwardness.]

NOT TO BE TAKEN IN.—Cautious Customer: "An hoo d'ye sell postal orders the day, young leddy?" Official: "Well, Sir, if you'll say what amount you wish to send——" C. C.: "I mak' it a practice never to bid until I know the tairms. I question, young leddy, if I wad na do better to try anither establishment in the same line of beesness."

CURE FOR LAZINESS.—A shrewd old Yankee said he did not believe there was any downright cure for laziness in a man; "but," he added, "I've known a second wife to hurry it some."

At a social science reunion, a few evenings ago, the question was asked, "Of what sort of fruit does a quarrelsome man and wife remind you?" The young kid, who promptly answered, "A prickly pair," got the medal.

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in October.
1	Fri	Henry V. landed at Clontarf, 1413. Siege of Wexford, 1649. Monster meeting at Mullaghmast, 1843.
2	Sat	Richard II. landed in Ireland, 1324.
3	Sun	The English House of Commons appoint a day of thanksgiving for the massacre at the town of Drogheda, 1649. O'Connell's Statue erected in Ennis, county Clare, 1865.
4	Mon	<i>The Press</i> , United Irish organ, published, 1797.
5	Tues	Battle of Ballynakill, 1842. Dublin lighted with gas, 1825.
6	Wed	Insurrection Bill passed, 1798.
7	Thurs	Proclamation issued in the evening (Saturday) against the Clontarf Monster meeting, which was fixed for the next day, 1843.
8	Fri	Great display of military force at Clontarf to effect the massacre plotted by the Government. The people saved by the exertions of the Repeal leaders in preventing their arrival on the ground, 1843.
9	Sat	Proclamation issued by Police Commissioners against the Procession to Amnesty meeting at Cabra, 1869.
10	Sun	Father Mathew born, 1790. Great Amnesty meeting at Cabra, 200,000 present, 1869.
11	Mon	St. CANICE, Patron of Kilkenny. Expedition under Hardy destroyed in Lough Swilly: Wolfe Tone captured, 1798. Wexford captured by Cromwell: massacre of men, women, and children at the Market Cross, 1649.
12	Tues	Insurrection of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, 1641. First regiment of Dublin Volunteers, formed under the command of the Duke of Leinster.
13	Wed	Treaty of Limerick ("The Broken Treaty") signed, 1691.
14	Thurs	Battle of Faughart and death of Edward Bruce, 1318. William Orr hanged, 1797. Informations against O'Connell, Duffy, and others, 1843.
15	Fri	Surrender of Kinsale, 1690. Lord Edward Fitzgerald born, 1763. First number of the <i>Dublin Native</i> published on this day, 1842.
16	Sat	Ormond issued a Proclamation ordering all clergymen and Jesuits to quit the kingdom before the 20th of next month, 1678.
17	Sun	Great Battle at Dublin between Danes and Irish. Niall Glendubh, Monarch of Ireland, slain, 917. Battle of Sligo. William Smith O'Brien born 1803.
18	Mon	King Henry II., and Strongbow arrive in Ireland, 1171.
19	Tues	Dean Swift died, 1745.
20	Wed	Rising of the O'Tooles and O'Kavanaghs, 1641.
21	Thurs	The Monastery of Bangor, in Ulster, founded by St. Comgall, 558.
22	Fri	Brigadier Henry Luttrell assassinated, 1717. Conciliation Hall opened, and the adhesion of William Smith O'Brien announced, 1843. Frederick Lucas, of the <i>London Tablet</i> , died, 1855.
23	Sat	Great Rebellion commenced by Sir Phelim O'Neill in the North, 1641.
24	Sun	First Meeting of the General Assembly at Kilkenny, 1642. True bills against Charles Gavin Duffy, 1848.
25	Mon	Charles Gavin Duffy elected Member for Villiers and Heytesbury, Colony of Victoria, Australia, 1857.
26	Tues	Formation of Society of United Irismen, 1791. First meeting of the Reformed Corporation, Dublin, 1841.
27	Wed	St. OBRAX, Monk of Derry, died at Iona, whither he had accompanied St. Columbkille from Ireland, 563. Last French Invasion of Ireland, 1798
28	Thurs	Manchester Commission for the Trial of Fenian prisoners, 1867.
29	Fri	St. COLMAN MAC DUAOH, Patron of Kilmacduach. Volunteer Society and Anti-Union Society suppressed by Proclamation, 1830.
30	Sat	Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, murdered by the English, 1651.
31	Sun	HALLOW EVE. Dublin Exhibition closed, 1853.

OF two equally matched for the race one can easily win by an accident.

THE brave man who has conquered himself will not fail to gain other victories.

GREAT MEN.—The object of schools and colleges is to render mediocrity tolerable—they cannot make great men.

SEMPER PARVOBIBULI.—Parents lie coiled and still till they can dart and sting.