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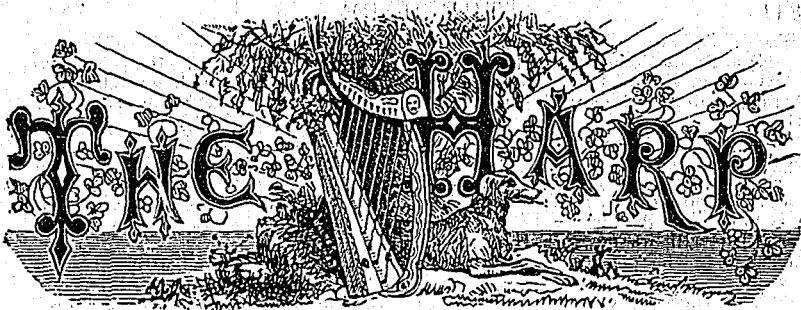
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THE EXILE.

BY H. NULTY.

Oh! list to the lay of a poor friendless stranger,  
An exile afar from the land of his birth.  
Exposed here alone to each sorrow and danger,  
While mourning the loss of our long faded worth:  
And hoping 'gainst hope for to see it returning  
To end the sad vigil of bondage and mourning.  
With hope and despair in his bosom still burning  
As he grieves, hapless Erin, for freedom and you.

He once was as bright as the lark in the morning,  
No sorrow ere shaded the glow on his brow.  
The soft bloom of health was his features adorning,  
And light rose his song as he followed his plough;  
But then o'er the land was a feeling extended,  
And brave hearts had hoped that their woes might be ended.

But soon the bright hopes, cold in death lay unfriended,  
Then he grieved, hapless Erin, for freedom and you.

He loves the old land, for among its green bowers  
His heart's first affections and childhood grew strong.  
Hate grew with that growth, for the then ruling powers  
Had gloried in heaping on wrong after wrong.  
Then the people were driven in sheer destitution  
To grasp at a hope in their grim resolution.  
And nothing was left them but fierce resolution,  
To win back fair freedom, dear Erin, to you.

It failed; and the bloodhounds of tyranny chased him;  
No spot of our island for him was secure.  
But still he had friends there who proudly embraced  
And gave him a refuge on mountain and moor.  
Till the sad day arrived, when from Erin he parted.  
What wonder if tears, burning tears, then had started?  
His proud spirit bent, and almost broken-hearted  
He wandered, an exile, dear Erin, from you.

Is it joy to the exile, alone and forsaken,  
To see among strangers their wild noisy mirth.  
While the grip of the tyrant remains still unshaken,  
On the land of his love, the green isle of his birth?  
No, no, it is pain to see brothers denying  
The land, that in solitude ever is sighing,  
While the flag of the foe is all peacefully flying,  
In triumph, dear Erin, o'er freedom and you.

THE O'DONNELLS  
OF  
GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"  
"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"  
"Sarsted; or, The Last Great Struggle  
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"What a contrast, my dear people," continued Father O'Donnell, "to those low, ignorant, ranting, proselytising soupers, that are going through the country with their sanctimonious looks and deceitful hearts. They will not give a morsel to poor, starving persons unless they turn, or, what's as bad, go to their schools. Now, I tell ye, don't mind them; leave them to God, but don't send your children to their schools, as you value their salvation. No, my poor people, if you should even die of hunger, God will reward you with heaven, but if you listen to their seductions, hell is your portion for all eternity. Do not ill-use them or abuse them, either, for the law is on their side; but when you meet them, and they offer you tracts, go on your knees, and make the sign of the cross, as you would if you met the evil one."

Father O'Donnell went into the school-room, and he was there surrounded by a host of half-naked, starving creatures.

"For God's sake, give us something to buy a bit to eat this blessed day?"

"Only it's Christmas Day, shure we didn't care."

"God help you, my poor people," and he wiped his eyes, and gave unto each head of a family sixpence or a shilling, the Christmas offerings of his wealthier parishioners.

He then left for home in company with his guests. There was a crowd of poor people about the door of his cottage.

"Well, what do you want?" said he.

"Something to ate, your riverence; we haven't a bit for our dinner."

"Mrs. Hogan!" shouted the priest.

"Coming, sir;" and Mrs. Hogan made her appearance, looking well, considering the times.

"Well, Mrs. Hogan, look at all the company I've brought you."

"Shure they are welcome, your reverence," and Mrs. Hogan made a low courtesy to those on the car.

"What will we do with these, Mrs. Hogan?" and he pointed at the ragged group.

"Hunt them away, sir; shure if they haunt you as they are, you won't have a bit, nor a sup, nor a stitch to wear, for the matter of that soon. You gave the last shirt you had to that poor man y-terday—would have given your coat, but I stopped you."

"Hush, hush. Mrs. Hogan, like a good woman, bring out the potatoes Mr. Maher sent us and divide them amongst them."

Mrs. Hogan raised her eyes and hands to heaven, and ejaculated: "What will become of us at all, at all; it's the poor-house we'll have to go to?"

"It's Christmas Day, Mrs. Hogan," said the priest, persuasively. "How would you like to be without your dinner to-day?"

Mrs. Hogan looked for advice and consolation to those on the car.

"Give them to the poor people; I'll send you another load to-morrow," said Mr. Maher.

"Thank your honor; shure I will, your reverence. I was only waiting a shurt," said Mrs. Hogan.

Mrs. Hogan proceeded to divide the potatoes, and our party went into the priest's cottage. The young people sauntered about the lawn, whilst Father O'Donnell, accompanied by Mr. Maher, went to have breakfast.

Alice and Frank walked arm-in-arm along a sheltered walk in the little garden. Willie Shea and Kate had so much to say to each other, so many little affairs to settle, so many promises to make over and over again, that they could attend to nothing else. They sat for the last time together in the old summer house.

"Kate, my love, we have but another week to spend together. Heaven alone knows what may befall us."

"God will watch over us, Willie; my life shall be dark, indeed, until we meet again."

"And will mine be one of roses, Kate, think you?"

"I fear not, Willie. Let us love and pray for one another."

"Yes, darling! let us, Kate, remember me in your prayers."

"You need not tell me."

"I know that, my love."

"Should I die far away, or meet any mishap, love, sure you'll never forget me."

"I'll go to the grave, ay, and to an early one, too, should anything befall my first, my only love."

"God bless you, Kate! Here," he continued, "is a locket with a miniature of me; see, there is some of my hair in it also."

Kate placed it around her neck.

"Now, Willie, I have not forgotten you either," and she pulled a gold locket from her breast. "Take this, Willie; a lock of my hair is in it, entwined with some of yours."

Angels looked down with pity, and sanctified their vows of mutual love.

Alice and Frank walked up and down in silence for some time.

"Alice," said Frank, "I fear fortune is against us."

"I hope not, Frank. At least, we can love one another."

"Yes, it is a sweet dream, Alice. Would that the future were as bright as the past."

"Let us hope for the best, Frank; a little time might put your affairs right; I know you are a favorite with my father."

"Do you say so, Alice? But, then, what's the use? I could not ask his child to share a lot of penury; no, I love you too well for that, Alice."

Alice looked into his face, and her old gay smile played about her pretty mouth.

They were silent for a time; at length Frank said—

"Alice, if I were poor, could you love me?"

"As deeply, and more so, than when you were rich; you know me not, you know not woman's heart, to say so," said the noble girl, as a tear stood in her eye, and again they sparkled with love and reproof.

"Forgive me, Alice; love and poverty are jealous."

Alice was silent.

"Well, do you forgive me, love?"

"I do, Frank."

"Alice, I have a little plan."

"Like you, always planning," said she with a smile; "well, what is it?"

"This, Alice; if our affairs do not improve, I'll follow the example of Willie, and win gold in some foreign land, and then return to my own sweet love."

Alice sighed, and wiped away a tear.

Father O'Donnell had finished his breakfast, and was seated in his old arm-chair, enjoying a cosy chat with Mr. Maher.

The wretched state of the country was a prolific subject for gossipers, and politicians, and newspapers; most likely they had it in hand too.

At least, Father O'Donnell sighed and shook his head, and spread his thin hands over the fire and finished the discourse with—

"God help them, Mr. Maher; God help them!"

Our party now entered the parlor.

"You look like the genius of melancholy brooding over that fire, Father William," said Alice, going over and laying her hand playfully on his shoulders. The

old priest caught her hands and pressed them

"Age is always gloomy and exacting, my child," said he; "but where have you been?"

"Oh, out in that old garden of yours, looking for herbs—uses and panicles; but we found nothing but wild roses hedged with thorns," said Alice, with an arch smile at her companions.

"Roses!" said the old man; "roses now! why, you surprise me."

"Oh, monthly ones, I suppose," said she again.

"Well, well, Alice, I don't know what to make of you, you are such a madcap; yet I can't scold you; ay, Mr. Maher?"

"Oh, I'll leave you to settle your little quarrel between you," said Mr. Maher, good-humoredly.

"Sit beside me, Alice!" said Father O'Donnell. "That will do; now, my child, tell me"—and he looked into her face inquiringly—"how often do you act the Sister of Charity now?"

Alice blushed and said, "Oh, Father William, you know I am, as you say yourself, a madcap, a thoughtless girl; so let my faults lie hid."

"Your faults! A madcap you may be apparently, but I know you, Alice; and you often forestall me in my missions of mercy to the sick-bed."

"Oh! don't, Father William, or I'll leave you," and she blushed deeper and rose to go.

"No, no, stay, Alice, I'll say no more; yet I could not let your good deeds remain unknown."

Her father took her hand lovingly in his, exclaiming, "God bless you, my child!"

Frank's heart responded, "God bless and protect her!"

"What will the country come to, Mr. Maher?" said Father O'Donnell to his guest.

"Really, I don't know, sir; it is strange how infatuated landlords are, ejecting poor tenants in hundreds, sending such as do not starve outright to die in that lazar called the poorhouse, and to multiply our rates."

"Really, it is strange," said Father O'Donnell; "there is the land now lying waste on their hands, and to my own bitter knowledge the poor rate has been 15s. in the pound for the last year."

"So high!" said Mr. Maher.

"Every penny of it; I know it to my cost," said Father O'Donnell.

"It was only 5s. with us; but then we have no evictions; the Earl of K—— is a father to his tenantry; he has ordered his agent to make a reduction of twenty-five per cent. on the rents; and also to allow the poor-rates in full while the present hard times continue; besides, he gives a great deal of employment. I think I might safely say there is not a tenant in want upon his property."

"God bless and reward him!" said Father O'Donnell, clasping his hands piously together.

"I wish we could say as much for Lord Clearall," said Frank.

"I am sorry that you cannot, Frank," said Mr. Maher; "there are more evictions, and consequently more misery, upon his property than in all the county together. He is a bad man, and I fear his agent is worse."

"It is melancholy, indeed, that such men as he and his agent should have unlimited power over their poor serfs," said Willie Shea.

"Yet, such are the boasted laws of England," said Frank; "they give him as much power over his tenants as if they were slaves. It is true, he cannot sell them, but then he can turn them out of their homes; he can make them beggars; he can rob them of the fruits of their hard industry. He can force them to sell their souls or starve. The slaves of America are a thousand times better off than the Irish serfs. The master has an interest in his slave; he is his property, he cares for him, he—"

"But consider," said Mr. Maher, "that parents and children can be separated, and sold to different masters."

"Granted, sir. I do not defend slavery; God forbid I should! for it is a bitter draught; but then, I say that stern necessity compels Irish families to separate as much as the slaves. In how many a family is the father, the brothers, the sisters, or sons forced to emigrate, perhaps never to return. Are they not separated in the poorhouse, sir? Oh! I fear the laws are made to be scorpions in the hands of the rich; and not for the protection of the poor."

"It is true," said Willie Shea. "There is no other people under heaven that would bear so much."

"There is a spirit abroad; I hope a day of reckoning will soon come," said Frank, and his eyes kindled.

"Frank," said his uncle, "do not feed yourself with this. We have tried that game too often, and what are we the better of it? No, child, there is too much disunion among ourselves; there is too much power in the hands of our enemies; we are crushed and trampled on, and then taunted. No, Frank, no; we are too weak; they are too strong. We gain nothing by such struggles but widows and orphans, and desolate homes."

"But then we could die at least like men. See what the Americans did with their three millions! Nearly half a million of our people have died already of want—better have them die like men!"

"Now," said Mr. Maher, who saw that both Frank and his uncle were getting too warm on the subject, "I think we are too selfish, keeping all the conversation to ourselves. Let us speak on something

that the ladies can join us in—eh, Miss O'Donnell?"

"I think you're right, sir," said Kate, who was glad to change the subject.

"Well, I believe so," said Father O'Donnell; and the conversation became general.

After dinner, while the gentlemen were enjoying a glass of punch, Kate and Alice went into the kitchen. Mrs. Hogan was comfortably ensconced in her old corner. Neddy O'Brien, too, lolled in the other corner, in a state of somnolency. Things were going on swimmingly with Neddy, for while the priest's larder had a bit in it, he was sure not to want. He managed his game with consummate tact. He brought Mrs. Hogan and Jack Grace together. Mrs. Hogan was highly pleased with Jack, and he with the inexhaustible stores of bed-clothes, sheets, and a thousand other things she was said to have stored away somewhere in the priest's house; besides, she had fifty pounds, ay, every halpenny of it in hard cash, in bank.

Neddy gave a yawn, and stretched out his hands.

"I think, ma'am, I'll go over to Jack's," said Neddy.

"Do, avick. Shure I didn't see him today, I was in sich a hurry to get the dinner."

"He was axin' me where you were, ma'am."

"Tell him I'll see him on Sunday, Neddy," said she.

"I will, ma'am. I fear we'll have no spree to-day. Shure the times are gone. One can't get a few boys to take a glass of punch, even on Christmas Day."

"They can't help it, Neddy, they can't help it, they are so poor. Here, Neddy, is a six-pence for the night, and stay, I'll slip out a glass of punch for you."

"Thank you, ma'am. Maybe I won't tell Jack how good you are, and if we don't have the fun at your wedding."

"Whist, Neddy; don't be saying that," and she gave Neddy a poke in the ribs.

"Faix I will though, ma'am, and that soon too. Shure Jack says he can't hout out much longer."

"Bad scran to him, the schemer."

"Sorra a one could blame him, ma'am. Faix, I'd be as bad myself, iv some one thought as much of me," and he looked most coaxingly at Mrs. Hogan.

Mrs. Hogan set up the ghost of a smile. Mrs. Hogan, I know something. Shure, I heard it in the garden."

"Whist!"

"Faith, I did, though."

"What was it, Neddy," said Mrs. Hogan, coaxingly.

"Bad scran if I like to tell."

"Do, Neddy, avick."

"Och, faix I don't like to tell, ma'am; maybe it's not right."

"Do, Neddy, and I'll put two glasses of whiskey in your punch."

"Shure you won't tell, any one?"

"Oh, sorra a one."

"Shure, I was behind the hedge, and I heard the doctor speaking of going away, and axin' Miss Kate to go with him."

"Hould your whist."

"Divil a lie in it. She began to cry, and he caught her this way" and Neddy hugged and rocked Mrs. Hogan as you might a bear, and then tried a kiss.

"That was funny, Neddy."

"Then I looked up; there was Frank and Alice doing the same."

"Och," said Mrs. Hogan, raising her eyes, perfectly horrified.

"I think they are all distracted, as the priest says when he marries the people."

"That's not it, Neddy; it's some other stracted. Shure, we ought to tell on them."

"Och, honor bright, would you like a body to tell on yourself?"

"That's thrue, Neddy; shure it's natural."

"Whist, that's the bell, Neddy; more wather; I'll engage, they won't leave a drop of spirits in the house, and it's scarce enuff."

"Whist, ma'am, here are the ladies."

"Well, Mrs. Hogan, aren't you married yet?" said Alice.

"No, Miss Alice; shure a poor woman like me wouldn't get any one; it's enuff for the likes of you, Miss, to be thinking of that."

"Now, indeed, why, Mrs. Hogan, I'm told there's a boy near here, that has a snug house and three cows, breaking his heart about you."

"Sorra a word of lie in that, Miss," said Neddy, with a grin.

Mrs. Hogan blushed, if the ghost of a blush could find room on her ruddy cheeks.

"Your'e welcome to your fun, Miss."

"It's the truth, Mrs. Hogan; he's dying about you;" and Alice winked at Kate.

"Maybe there is some one not a mile away dying about yourself, Miss Alice; I know two things, and what happened in the garden, too," said Mrs. Hogan.

It was Alice's turn to blush now.

"The deuce take it, there is the bell again," said Mrs. Hogan; "I'm coming!"

"Will ye's ever sthoph with your ringing? how can my poor feet hold?" and Mrs. Hogan made her exit.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE PARSON, ACTING THE GOOD SAMARITAN—HOW THE POOR LIVE, A SLIGHT GUE TO THE REV. R. SLY'S CHARACTER—WILLIE LEAVES.

Next morning, after breakfast, Frank and his uncle were waking about the little lawn; the good priest, giving a thousand advices to Frank as to the best manner of settling his affairs. However, they were so complicated that he, contradicted and recontradicted himself, until Frank found

at the end of the discourse; that he was not a bit wiser than at the start.

"I tell you what, Frank, I tell you what; I don't know what to say; I don't like to trust that scoundrel, Ellis; yet, I fear, there's no other course left; no I fear not—but who is this?"

A man rode up on a very good-looking horse, and after respectfully doffing his caubeen, said:—

"Please, your reverence, Parson Smith sent me for you to prepare poor Jack Tobin, that's nearly dead. He had no other one, so he calls me, and says, 'Will you go for the priest to prepare this poor man, and take my horse and hurry, for I fear he won't live long,' and wasn't that very good of him, your reverence; so off I dashes as hard as I could."

"How will I travel?" said Father O'Donnell, turning to Frank.

"I'll drive my car over with you, sir."

"Yes; that will do, run and get the horse ready. And now, good man, ride back and tell Mr. Smith that I'll be with him directly."

"I will, your reverence?"

As Frank and Father O'Donnell were getting upon the car, Father O'Donnell stopped and paused, and then went into the pantry, and shortly returned with a joint of cold meat and some bread. It was funny to see the old priest looking cautiously about him to avoid Mrs. Hogan's observation, or rather her lecture upon his extravagance. He first cautiously shut the door leading from the hall into the kitchen, and then made a dive into the pantry, concealed his booty under his coat, and made for the car.

"Here, Frank, here child, stick these in the well. I know we'll want them; I did it cleverly, didn't I? That's it now, drive away; the old lady would give me such a hearing if she saw me; I tricked her, though; how she'll scold by and by, though; ha, ha, ha!"

"Why don't you let her go, uncle? I wouldn't be bothered with her that way."

"That's all the harm in her, Frank, that's all, child; she's with me since I became a parish priest; how could I part with her now? No, I am so used to her, I turned her away once, and begad I was sick until she came back. I'll tell you, Frank; it is not easy to part those with whom we have lived for years; besides, she's not a bad woman after all; her tongue is the worst of her; drive on, Frank; I hope we won't be late a very kind of Mr. Smith, so it was."

Jack Tobin's cabin was some distance from the road, so they had to leave their car in a farmer's yard and proceed along an old boreen on foot. The cabin was a miserable hovel, built of sticks against a high ditch, and these covered with heath and scraws. The front was built of earth and stones, rudely piled together. The rain had puddled the earth around it. It

was not a bit more comfortable within. The water freely dripped through the broken roof, forming pools upon the soft floor. There was no fire in the rude grate. In a corner, upon a damp bed of straw, lay the wretched man, a death-like paleness upon his features. From his emaciated appearance, it was evident that death was fast approaching. When Father O'Donnell and Frank entered the cabin, they found the Rev. Mr. Smith placing some warm blankets, which his servant had brought with him, around the sick man. The patient raised his eyes as the priest entered, and muttered—

"Thanks be to God! He has heard my prayer."

"Welcome, Father O'Donnell," said Mr. Smith, extending his hand to him. "I'm glad you are come in time to afford this poor man the consolation of his religion. I have done all I could for him in a worldly way; so now we had better leave him to you."

The minister and the other inmates retired while Father O'Donnell was administering the rites of his Church to the dying man. His wife and two wretched children crouched outside the door. Frank and the Rev. Mr. Smith stood conversing near them.

"My poor woman," said the minister, turning to the emaciated skeleton at the door, "why didn't you seek work?"

"So I did, sir; while we worable we were on the public works; then my son took the dysentery from the exposure to cold and hardship; my husband took it also; I was sick too; so when my darlin' boy died, we weren't able to bring him any farther than this," and she tottered over and lay upon a freshly raised mound of earth.

"Good God!" said the Rev. Mr. Smith, "is your son buried there?"

"He is, your reverence," and the poor woman wept and swayed her body to and fro over the grave. "He is here, my bauchaleen bawn, without a coffin or a shroud to cover him. Oh! my darlin', my darlin' child, I'll soon be with you, and your poor father, too, will soon shleep beside you, my darlin', lovin' boy, that you wor!"

"Don't cry and fret that way, my poor woman," said the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"Oh, sir, oh, sir, if you knew how good and kind he was, you would not blame me. Shure it's a terrible thing to die of hunger, and then be buried like the beasts of the field in unhallowed ground."

"I do not blame you; it is natural that you should feel the loss of your child deeply."

"Oh, sir, sir, it is terrible; God knows how we lived; we have eaten but docks and weeds these four days. We struggled to live some time upon the flesh of an ass, but when this was out we starved entirely. We worn't able to bury my poor boy; he was dead three days in the bed, and it

is only yesterday that a poor travellin' man helped me to bury him there. And what harm if he were buried like a Christian in a churchyard. Oh, oh, God help us!"

"Don't cry, poor woman; I'll have him removed this evening to the next churchyard. I'll send my men with a coffin to bury him decently."

She threw herself on her knees, exclaiming: "God Almighty bless you and your family. Oh! Lord, hearken to the prayers of the afflicted. Oh! sure," said she, turning to Mr. Smith, "if every minister was like you, this isn't the way we'd be to-day. We were snug and comfortable until Mr. Sly came to the county; he got us turned out of the lodge, as we would not send our children to his school; so we had to leave, and then we came here."

"Mr. Sly," said Mr. Smith, musingly. "That man is creating a world of mischief and disaffection in this part. He is no minister; but if he be what I'm told, I will expose him to shame, if he have any."

"If he is not worthy the confidence of Lord Clearall and Mr. Ellis, it is a pity not to have him exposed, for he is creating a great deal of bad feeling between these gentlemen and their tenantry."

"I am aware of that, Mr. O'Donnell. I am told that he is a mere low Scripture-reader; and that himself and that Mr. Steen, who is actually his brother, were hunted out of England on account of their immoral conduct."

"If such be the case, you ought, I think, expose him, sir; for it is currently, and, I believe, truly, reported, that he has gained the affections of Miss Ellis, who is a good-hearted, sensitive young lady, if not perverted by his machinations."

"I cannot act from hearsay, Mr. O'Donnell; but I will fish out all particulars about him, and then, feel assured, I will expose him fully. I will not allow such a wolf in sheep's clothing to go about disgracing our sacred calling."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Father O'Donnell opening the cabin door.

"Ye may come in," said he; "I fear the poor man is dying."

The wife and two children rushed in, followed by the minister and Frank. The poor man was deadly pale, and his eyes were fixed and glassy.

"Thank God! I die content," muttered he.

"Oh, Jack, aron! what will we do now at all, at all?" sobbed his wife.

The emaciated children wept and cried. The dying man looked at his wife and children, and then imploringly and confidently at Father O'Donnell and the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"Make your mind easy about them; my poor man," said the minister; "I will see that they shall not want."

"God bless you!" he muttered, and he took his wife's hand, pressed it, and placed it in the priest's.

"I will see them provided for," said the Rev. Mr. Smith again.

The sick man heaved a sigh and lay back; his eyes opened and closed again.

"He's dying," whispered the minister to the priest.

"Let us read the litany for a soul departing!" said Father O'Donnell.

They knelt down upon that wet floor beside the dying man's bed; and priest and minister, and all joined in one fervent supplication of mercy for the departing soul. The sick man muttered a few responses, and then gave a few convulsive sighs. He was dead.

The priest and minister, after making arrangement for the Christian interment of the poor man and his son, and assuring the widow and orphans that they should be provided for, took their departure.

The Rev. Mr. Smith faithfully kept his promise; he got the bodies decently interred, and the widow and her two children removed to a snug cottage, where they were comfortably provided for.

As Frank and his uncle returned home, he could not help contrasting the Christian zeal and spirit of the Rev. Mr. Smith with that of Mr. Sly.

"You don't know Mr. Smith, Frank—you don't know him," said Father O'Donnell; "he is the good minister; he goes about the poor people's houses, giving them food and raiment; he never interferes with their religion; but if he finds any of them dangerously ill, like this poor man, he sends for me. It is often he slips a five-pound note into my hand, remarking, 'You know the poor better than I do, so take and divide this upon the most needy and deserving.' Do you know what he was talking about that time when he called me over?"

"No, sir, I'm sure I don't."

"Well, look at this?" And he showed Frank a three-pound note.

"I see it, sir; what has that to do with it?"

"Everything. Father O'Donnell," said he, slipping this into my hand, 'take this as my offering to your Christmas collection; sure your parishioners are paying tithes to me—the least, then, that I should contribute something to you these hard times.'"

"Would to God," said Frank, "that every minister were like him; then we would have no religious animosities or religious bickerings in the country, as the Rev. Mr. Sly is producing; no, we would have a union of Christian brotherhood."

Frank and his party returned home that evening. They could not remain longer, as Willie Shea had to make arrangements for his departure.

"We will not attempt to paint the feelings of Kate O'Donnell, as she took her

final leave of her betrothed. Ossian speaks of the joy of grief. Never do we feel this so truly as when we take leave of some dear friend, or loved one, who is going to fight the rough battle of life in order to gain a name and a station for us. Amidst our tears of sorrow there is a joy that tells us that that manly young heart will succeed in life's rough struggles, and will win us a happy home. Such were the feelings of Kate O'Donnell, as her Willie strained her to his bosom, and imparted the last farewell kiss upon her lips.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell wept after him, for they loved him as their son.

Little Bessy wept upon his bosom, and his tears moistened her gentle face and golden hair, for well did he know that he would never press that darling child to his breast again.

Kate and Frank accompanied him to the next station. Frank looked upon him as a brother, and felt that one of the ties that bound him to life was severed.

There was many a sad parting at that station-house that morning, but none more sincere than that of our friends.

I have often watched the separation of friends at a railway station. It is sorrowful to see the aged father, and mother pressing to their bosoms, in one wild embrace, the son or daughter with whom they are to part forever. Oh! to hear the groans that shake that old frame, and to witness the tears that moisten the withered cheeks of age! Look at that phrenzied embrace of that young wife and husband as they part, perhaps forever; and listen to the cries and screams of these women and children; good God! it's pitiful. Can the slave markets of Africa produce anything more harrowing? You may ask me why do they go? Stern necessity compels them: they have no choice—go they must, or starve.

As the engine puffed away upon its rapid journey, Willie leaned his head out of the window, and waved his white handkerchief to Kate. Poor Kate sobbed in silence, and intently watched his receding figure. One wild wave of the handkerchief, as they turned a curve, and he was gone—yes, gone, perhaps forever. Who could tell?

As she returned home, a feeling of loneliness and desolation crushed her young heart; it entwined its tender tendrils around her affections, until her bosom throbbled with a strange feeling of delight. He, the noble, gentle youth was now gone, perhaps forever! Who could tell what his fate might be! Perhaps her sweet dream of love was, but a vision of happiness. Ah! there is a sensitiveness about gentle hearts that makes them cling for love to some worthy object; they must love some one, or die; and if this pure love is disappointed or sullied, a corroding desolation takes its place.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell occupied their

accustomed seats near the parlor fire in the evening. Bessy was seated upon the settee, with her head, as usual, resting upon her mother's lap. Her mother was playfully twining her golden hair around her fingers. The little dog and puss were also amusing themselves by leaping and playing and playing about the rug and settee, which gambols Bessy enjoyed.

"Ha, ha, puss, how funny you are; come here!" and the two jumped upon her lap. Mr. O'Donnell's head gloomily rested upon his hand upon the table. Mrs. O'Donnell looked at him, then at Bessy, and as she heard her merry little laugh, and saw her bright eyes sparkle, a ray of hope lit her features, for a mother's anxious heart can never admit the unwelcome truth, that death is silently stealing her child. So Bessy took the cat in her arms, and the little dog went to rest upon the hearth-rug.

"Pusheen cat, my darling, would you be sorry after your poor little Bessy, if she went to heaven?"

Pusheen cat, mewed softly in reply, as Bessy gently stroked her sleek coat.

"You would! Well, I know you would, pussy."

Bessy stroked her back, and pusheen set up a low purring croonau, and then closed her eyes.

Pusheen gave another assenting mew, which was interrupted by the little dog catching pusheen by the tail.

"Lie down there, you little brat, and let pusheen alone," said Bessy, drawing the cat nearer; and pusheen raised her paw to resent the insult herself.

"There now, you are not easy until you have another squabble," said Bessy; as pusheen jumped down and dealt a blow of her paw upon the offender.

Mr. O'Donnell, occasionally raised his head and gave a sickly smile.

"Bessy, darling," said Mrs. O'Donnell, "don't fatigue yourself."

"No, mamma, but it's so funny to see them playing; I am delighted."

"They are tired now, Bessy, as well as yourself; let them rest, pet."

"Yes, mamma," and she placed them upon the hearth-rug.

"Come, Bessy, lay your head upon my lap; that's it—nestle there, my darling; I hope you will soon be as strong as ever—ch, pet?" and the fond mother imprinted a kiss upon her lips, and wreathed her hair upon her fingers.

"I hope so, dear mamma, for your sake and dear papa's; for Kate, and Frank's sake, I should like to live; only for that, I would wish to go to heaven. Oh! it is so bright and glad a place, filled with gladsome songs of joy and love; how sweet must it be, mamma, to be in heaven with our good and blessed Saviour, who calls little children to Him and says, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"It is, indeed, child, a land brilliant be-



your own conceptions, glorious beyond all that eye hath seen, or the heart of man conceived."

"I was reading yesterday, mamma, about a good monk that left his convent, lured by the singing of a little bird. Its voice was so melodious, that he spent, as he thought, the most of the day listening to it. When he returned, what was his surprise to find the convent changed, and all the monks strangers to him. After making inquiries, it was found that he had been some hundreds of years listening to the little bird, which was no other than an angel. Oh, how delightful to hear the whole choir of heavenly angels chanting hymns of love and praise!"

"It must, indeed, Bessy."

There was a silence for some minutes.

"Mamma!"

"Well, pet."

"Would you wish me to be in heaven?"

"I would, love."

"Then, mamma, sure you won't fret when I die?"

"What makes you think of death?" asked Mrs. O'Donnell, wiping her eyes.

"I don't know, mamma; yet something tells me that God will take me to Himself. I'm sure it must be my guardian angel that tells me so."

"O Bessy, Bessy, don't break my heart by speaking of death."

"I thought, mamma, you wouldn't grudge me to be happy in heaven; sure I would get to be your guardian angel to watch over you and papa, and Kate and Frank."

Mrs. O'Donnell gave a few smothered sobs, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, mamma, and I won't say it any more, and, papa, kiss me," and she went over to her papa and twined her tiny arms around his neck.

"God bless you, child!" said Mr. O'Donnell, as he raised his head and pressed her fondly to his aching breast—"God bless you, darling! and spare you to us to cheer our misery."

Mr. O'Donnell and Mrs. O'Donnell chatted and laughed and played with that fond child. They forgot that misery and ruin were on their track; their hearts were too full of love and hope, and they forgot the dark frowns of the world. Thus they spent their time until Frank and Kate returned. Mrs. O'Donnell had the tastefully-laid table spread before them, and a cheerful fire sparkled in the grate, and sad, but still loving hearts welcomed them.

During tea the conversation was chiefly about Willie; after tea, Mr. O'Donnell brewed his glass of punch, and Frank did the same to refresh himself after his journey.

Frank stirred his punch, and then balanced the spoon upon the edge of his glass, and then looked at his father, but the latter was in one of his usual reveries. Frank hem'd and haw'd and at length said,

"I suppose you called upon the attorney to-day, sir? Is there any chance of a settlement?"

"None, Frank, none in life; I offered any compromise, but none would be accepted; nothing but pay down in full. This is very cruel, Frank—very cruel, considering all we have lost by that unfortunate bank, and that these people had as much right to meet the losses as I. While there was a gain, they had their share—why not of the losses? But now, as they have the writ out, they are pressing to enforce it before Mr. Ellis becomes subsheriff. I asked but two years to pay them all off. I told them that if my effects were scattered they would ruin me, without getting themselves paid."

"What will we do, sir?"

"We have only one course now, Frank—that is, to trust Mr. Ellis; let him seize and sell the stock and effects for rent; you can buy them, and get a lease in your name."

"I believe we must do so," said Frank, musingly.

"Yes, Frank, there is nothing else to be done; we can then pay these harpies without breaking ourselves. Frank, my dear boy, you cannot believe what a desire I have of ending my days in this old house of my fathers," and he looked about the room; "so go to-morrow to Mr. Ellis and tell him all. I hope he will act honorably."

"God grant it!" said Frank, doubtfully.

"Well, there is no help for it; we must trust him," said Mr. O'Donnell.

(To be continued.)

HEAT AND DISEASE.—During the reheating of the furnaces in an iron establishment in England, says the British "Journal of Science," the men worked when the thermometer, placed so as not to be influenced by the radiation of heat from the open doors, marked one hundred and twenty degrees. In the Bessemer-pits, the men continue a kind of labor requiring great muscular effort at one hundred and forty degrees. In some of the operations of glass-making, the ordinary summer working temperature is considerably over a hundred, and the radiant heat to which the workmen are subjected far exceeds two hundred and twelve degrees. In a Turkish bath, the shampooers continue four or five hours at a time in a moist atmosphere at temperatures ranging from one hundred and five to one hundred and ten degrees. In enamel works, men labor daily in a heat of over three hundred degrees. On the Red Sea steamers, the temperature of the stoke hole is one hundred and forty-five degrees. And yet in none of these cases does any special form or type of disease develop itself.

## ST. PETER'S.

## SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN THE WORLD'S CATHEDRAL.

I may, perhaps, be allowed, says C. W. Stoddard, to suggest that the man who pronounces St. Peter's a disappointment is an intellectual eunuch. The fault probably lies in his eyes or his heart, and not in that fascinating shrine of light, and color, and music. I don't know how to express myself, and I won't try. I do know that when I entered the great piazza, with its horizon of stone columns that seemed to melt, one into the other until there was nothing left but columns as far as the eye could see; when I saw those two great fountains playing in a storm of spray, and that antique Egyptian pillar that dates back almost to the beginning of time; when I began walking across the wide arena it didn't seem so very far up to the gates of St. Peter (you can hardly call those triumphal entances mere doors). But as I walked the building grew and grew, and kept receding, and I thought it would end by filling the side of the earth; and I should never get there, or perhaps fear to approach so vast and majestic an edifice. That was the first impression. Then came the moment when I crept in by the leathern curtain that hung at one of the entrances, and I saw nothing but space, musical with the harmony of form and color; space that didn't waste itself in deserts, or grow monotonous, or fatigue the eye; but rather space that enriched itself and glorified itself with infinite art; there was the sweetest, subtlest odor of incense pervading it; it was like the visible prayer of a vast multitude that no man might number; it was the only element that could possibly fill that fixed firmament, and it passed like a cloud from aisle to aisle; it faded away in hidden chapels and returned again on the soft currents of air that love to visit every remote recess of the heavenly temple: It was impossible to face all this and not feel awed. Yet there was neither nook nor corner to hide in, for on the one hand is a marble saint; who belittles the greatest man who ever lived, with the white and silent splendor of its face and form, and on the other hand is a tomb, over which angels watch, or beside which mourners weep; and everywhere there are, pale doves, with calm, wakeful eyes, and cherubim and seraphim, and above all the domes, not the one dome that crowds up into Heaven itself, but smaller domes, full of gold and silver and jewels, such as one dreams of and none hope to see. Chapels, everywhere come into view from serene and sacred seclusions. Lights, twinkle like stars—lights that seem to float in the air and feed on it. Here is the priest at Mass, with his little cluster of worshipful souls kneeling about him; and then a procession of novices

passes slowly down the nave in their long, dark robes. In the distance, dark objects are moving to and fro; they seem like little shadows thrown upon the marble floor of the "World's Cathedral"; but they are in reality men and women stalking about with eye-glasses and guidebooks, and proud shallow hearts and evil tongues, who come hither for an hour or two and look about, and then go hence to talk glibly and foolishly of their disappointment.

## SEVEN DAYS OF PRAYER.

I don't know how many times I have journeyed over the Tiber and into the edge of Rome, where stands St. Peter's. I am glad that I have lost my reckoning, for it is pleasant to think that I have been again and again, until it is hard to stop away from its ever-new, over-increasing beauty. For the seven days of Holy-Week I went daily, but the last day of the seven and the Easter Sunday that followed were in no wise less lovely than the first hour of my communion there. It is not this chapel or that monument, nor the gorgeous shrine of the revered saint, nor the awful and splendid dome that attracts chiefly. It is the inexhaustible resources of the marvellous place that makes one loth to leave; for fear that he has missed something, or is about to miss something. And then the atmosphere of the Cathedral is so delicious. It is said the temperature never changes; that in the summer when Rome is sweltering, the unhappy sinner who is not able to go into the hills may come here and get something of the sweetness and the freshness of the mountain air; and in winter when there is hail and sleet and bitter winds out of doors, within there is peace and mellowness of eternal summer. And there is ever the throng of those who go up into this sacred hill to pray, mingled with the chant of sweet and far-away voices, that seems to awaken a chorus in the marble lips of these singing and praiseful faces; and the swinging censer throws out a little cloud of incense that passes lightly from column to column, sanctifying all its visits, and slowly making the circuit of the magnetic circle that hems this holy hall. Dickens didn't like St. Peter's; poor Dickens, who rushed in and rushed out like so many other tourists; and were full of disappointment because it hadn't staggered them within the few minutes they allotted it for that very purpose. But who expects these people to like it? Bless their hearts that great curtain at the portal of St. Peter's flaps to and fro perpetually, and the marble sky of the dome, that looks as light as air and as spun sunshine, soars over the marble floor, where these thousands of little crawling creatures are clustering like ants. Can a mind in the body of that size comprehend so awful a miracle as this; at one sitting? I should say not. As for me, I have learn-

ed that St. Peter's is the one solitary magnet that can ever hope to draw me back to Rome; and I believe it might. For it; and it alone, I would sink every other object in this suffocating museum of antiquities. Yea, I would throw in a half dozen dreary, dingy, dusty coliseums, if I had them, and felt that I had made a bargain.

#### THE FORESTIERS.

I began this letter intending to say nothing about St. Peter's, but I have betrayed myself. I meant to say something concerning the ceremonies of Holy Week, but I will not. I prefer to be consistent, and here the matter ends. Crowds of people flocked daily to the Cathedral, and still the place seemed comparatively empty; I cannot conceive of its ever being full under any circumstances whatever. The foreigners here called the "forestiers," were omnipresent. You heard all languages talked in voices that sounded unnecessarily loud, but there is little use in feeling shocked at any thing in Rome. While the Masses were being celebrated in the various chapels, while the confessionals, wherein all Christian tongues are spoken, were being visited by penitents, while the sacred relics were being exposed in one of the galleries under the great dome, the forestiers stalked about and regarded every thing with indelicate, not to say impudent, curiosity. I wonder why gentlemen are always so ill-bred, and why ladies are so vulgar! Peasants don't do this sort of thing, I have seen a woman with a loud American accent sit on the steps of an altar in St. Peter's and study her guide-book with an eye-glass, while her companion made wild gestures with his umbrella and smiled a superior smile that grew unpleasantly like a grin as the muscles of his face began to harden. Meanwhile, a priest who was kneeling at the altar was driven from his post, and the foreigners were left to their diversions.

Again and again I have seen a small party of tourists gather about the statue of Saint Peter, looking with ill-disguised disgust at the faithful who were kissing the toe of it. I am afraid I took a sinful pride in kissing that toe whenever I saw this sort of thing coming on. You can usually tell it by the eye-glass if it is a male, or by a prim travelling-dress and a camp-stool if it is a female.

A fellow with excessively bad legs stalked before me on one occasion during the exposition of the relics, and when I desired him to stand a little to one side—for as I was kneeling it was but just that he should have shown this consideration—he deliberately eyed me for a moment, and then ignored me. Had it been other than a church that we were in I would have shortened the fellow's career or perished in the attempt.

Perhaps these people don't consider that it is not the custom of others who differ

from them in any point of faith to go over the land haunting the sanctuaries that of course they cannot reverence, like a pestilence. Probably this distressing class is not troubled with much reason, or reverence or religion, for it would show its good effects if they were. This is the unavoidable nuisance that stinks in the nostrils of every man who comes to Rome, or to any foreign city, with the purpose of seeing it as it is, and enjoying it to the best of his ability. As I was one day resting in St. Peter's I was attracted by the lusty lungs of a small baby who objected to infant baptism. There were a half dozen spectators watching with considerable interest the ceremony; and as the priest anointed the eyes and touched the lips of the youngster with oil and salt, a sallow and withered specimen of the forestiers who stood by me, with her arm in the arm of one of her kind, turned about with a jerk and said, in an audible voice (they nearly all talk too loud). "The nasty thing—he puts oil in its eyes and salt in its mouth. I'd teach him better, I guess;" and I thought to myself, my unfortunate friend, God is merciful. The softest glance from your ill-favored eyes is not so soft as that drop of oil and salt, and salt is probably sweeter than your milk. We had no conversation after that.

### The Martyred Archbishop of Armagh.

#### HIS SACRED HEAD IN DROGHEDA.

The Rev. F. Austin M. Rooke, of St. Mary's Priory, Cork in a letter to the Holy Rosary Magazine, gives a full and interesting account of the martyrdom of this great prelate, from which we extract the following:—

Having had an opportunity recently of visiting our good Sisters of the Sacred Order in their Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna at Drogheda, I had the great privilege of seeing there and venerating the sacred head of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunket, the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, who suffered death for the faith at Tyburn, on July 1st, 1681. I need not tell you that they guard this holy treasure with great reverence; and by the kind permission many persons are enabled to satisfy their private devotion by kneeling before that precious relic. As the preliminary inquiry has recently taken place in London, with a view of obtaining the canonization of this holy servant of God, which happy issue all are so ardently desiring, it will, I am sure, give satisfaction to the readers of the "Rosary Magazine" and more especially to those who live in Ireland, to hear something about the life and death of this saintly Archbishop, and to have a description of his sacred relics.

Oliver Plunket was born at Loughcrew,

in the county of Meath, in 1629; and having been educated up to the age of sixteen by his kinsman, Dr. Patrick Plunket, who successively ruled the dioceses of Armagh and Meath, he formed one of a small band of youths who accompanied the Rev. Father Scarampo, the Oratorian back to Rome after having fulfilled his mission in Ireland, whither he had been sent by Pope Innocent the X. There he pursued and completed his studies; and afterwards he became the agent of the Irish Clergy at the Roman Court. Having been appointed to the See of Armagh, he was consecrated Archbishop at Ghent on the 30th of November, 1669, and he arrived in Ireland about the middle of the following March. He at once commenced his pastoral labors, which were rendered much more arduous on account of the evil days in which his lot was cast, and he devoted himself to provide for the necessities, not only of his own diocese and province, but for the spiritual welfare of Ireland generally. During the eleven years of his episcopate, his zeal was conspicuous in reforming abuses in establishing seminaries and schools, and in administering the Sacraments; and in illustration of the unselfishness of his devotion to the flock committed to his care, tradition still points out the spot that witnessed the following scene. As he was being conducted across the country by a guard of soldiers on his way to prison, he met on the road a company of light hearted young men and girls, in holiday attire on their way to a "pattern, or village-fest; and obtaining leave from his guard to stop and speak to them, he exhorted them so earnestly that they resolved to abandon their intended dangerous pleasure; and at once returned to their home.

Having being brought to London in the depth of a most rigid winter, and having suffered much on the journey, being of a very delicate constitution, he was cast into Newgate prison, where for six months he had to share the treatment endured by those who were accused of the worst crimes. And yet we read that, in addition to the sufferings of his prison, he added many voluntary penances; and especially a rigorous fast on bread and water three times each week. At his trial he was refused a few days' respite to enable him to bring over witnesses and documents from Ireland, which would have proved that the accusations brought against him were false; and the same impious judge—Lord Chief Justice Pemberton—after passing the sentence of death upon his victim, refused his request to be allowed to have the spiritual aid of a Catholic priest. "You will have," he replied, "a minister of the Church of England;" but the Archbishop answered, "I am obliged for your good intentions; but such a favor would be wholly useless to me." A Protestant chronicler of that time says that the Earl of Essex

being convinced of his innocence, applied to Charles II. for a pardon, as he had clearly been condemned on false evidence; but when the King in a great passion refused to grant it, he concluded by saying to the King, "His blood be upon your head, and not upon mine." The sentence of death did not affright him; on the contrary, he marvelled that he felt no fear of death; and in a letter he wrote from his prison cell to a relative, he says:—"But how am I, a poor creature, so stout, seeing that my Redeemer began to fear, to be weary and sad, and that drops of His blood ran down to the ground? I have considered that Christ, by His fears and passions, merited for me to be without fear." Nay, so resigned was he to die the death of a Christian martyr, that not only did he exclaim, "Deo gratias," as soon as the judge delivered the sentence, but on the testimony of a Protestant historian, the keeper of Newgate said that, when he told his prisoner he was to prepare for his execution, "he received his message with all quietness of mind and went to the sledge, as unconcerned as if he had been going to a wedding." And a Catholic eye witness of his death records, that "on the scaffold, by the singular composure of soul and actions, he seemed like an angel descended from Paradise, who was joyously arrived at the moment of once more returning thither." He was the last of those glorious Confessors of the Faith, who, bound down to a hurdle, were thus dragged to Tyburn to undergo their iniquitous sentence of being "hung drawn and quartered." That he might have escaped death, even after his condemnation, he himself asserts in the document he drew up just before his execution, a copy of which is still in the archives of the Propaganda at Rome. Therein he says: "I assure you that a great peer sent me notice that he would save my life, if I would accuse others." This treacherous offer he disdained—indeed, there was no one to be accused.

On the scaffold, with an heroic courage, he addressed the crowd of spectators for nearly an hour, disproving the false charges of conspiracy which the three apostate priests and some wicked laymen had sworn against him, confessing the Faith, and pardoning his murderers; and then kneeling down prayed fervently, and recommended himself to God through the merits of Christ and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and all the Angels and Saints; and as he was repeating the words, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," the cart was drawn away, and he hung suspended between heaven and earth, "a spectacle to angels and to men." Before he was dead he was cut down; and the inhuman process of dismemberment took place; the bowels being taken out and thrown into a fire which was kindled for that purpose, and the head severed

from the body, and the body cut up into four parts. A medical man who was allowed to examine the head not long since, says that it must have been cut off before he was actually dead, for the skin at the back of the neck has shrunk away from the cut, which would not have been the case had life been extinct. After the butchery was over, permission was obtained to collect the scattered remains, and they were, with due solemnity, buried in the churchyard of St. Giles-in-the-field, "under the north walls," Dodd says in his Church History, and near to the Jesuit Fathers who had suffered in 1679, and for whom the saintly prelate had a great veneration. To the coffin was attached a copper-plate, which I saw at the convent, and which bears a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation: "In this tomb rests the body of the Most Rev. Lord Oliver Plunket, formerly Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, who, out of hatred of the Faith, having been accused of high treason by false witnesses, and on that account condemned to death, underwent martyrdom with all constancy, being hung at Tyburn and his bowels taken out and cast into a fire. During the reign of Charles II., King of Great Britain etc., July 1st, 1681.

The English Catholics defrayed the expenses of his funeral, as they had done for his keep during the seven months of his imprisonment in London, and for the bringing over witnesses in his behalf from Ireland.

Father Corker, after his own release from prison, had the holy relics transferred to a monastery of English Benedictines at Lamb-spring, in the Duke of Brunswick's territories in Germany, where they were received with great pomp and reverence, and a handsome monument to his memory was afterwards erected in the Church there, bearing a Latin inscription. Subsequently Father Corker gave the head to Cardinal Howard (a member of the Norfolk family) who was residing in Rome; and after the Cardinal's death, it was preserved in a convent of the Dominican Order, in that city. Dr. Hugh McMahon, when a student at the Irish College in Rome, had many opportunities of venerating the sacred head of that prelate, whose virtues, we are told, he had striven to imitate from a child; and later on, after he had been translated to the primatial See from that of Clogher, in 1714, he obtained possession of this precious relic; and 1722 he deposited it in the Dominican Convent of Drogheda, which he had founded there in the previous year by permission of the General of the Order.

Such is the story of the holy relic, I have described. And to-day Ireland awaits with anxious expectancy the fulfilment of her long cherished hopes—that this glorious prelate, the first and foremost of those heroic souls that she has so lavishly

sent to join "the noble army of martyrs" in Heaven, may be inscribed in the Calendar of the Church; by the authority of God's Vicar upon earth. And at this very moment England, through her Catholic hierarchy, is petitioning for this boon in the same breath that she asks for a like favor for some of her own heroic martyred children; *trying to atone for the crime that has stained her annals in the unjust condemnation and barbarous execution of the noble-souled and gentle-hearted prelate, the worthy son and saintly successor of St. Patrick in his own See of Armagh.*

When that solemn act shall have taken place and the devotion of the Irish nation shall have raised a special sanctuary to his memory, attached to the Conventual Church of the Siena Convent at Drogheda, we may hope that a great pilgrimage will be organised in England to cross the channel and assist at the solemn translation of this Sacred Relic. And a touching sight will it be, and consoling to the faithful Catholics of Ireland to see that English pilgrim band, with cross and banner and holy chant, winding its way up that steep street in Drogheda, down which ran streams of the blood of its massacred citizens after the fatal battle of the Boyne, on its way to venerate that head which uttered such loving words of forgiveness for his murderers from the scaffold at Tyburn; and in return, humbly to ask his forgiveness on behalf of their nation, which so unjustly deprived him of his life; at earlier period so ruthlessly slew the innocent inhabitants of that town, who had taken refuge in their parish church.

### What will papa say?

The question is a very good one, young woman. What will papa say? If he says "Yes," accept the young gentleman's hand at once, if you are inclined to love him; if papa says "No," distrust your own judgment, whether you are in love or not, and then make up your mind. But don't make—what? Why don't marry and make a fool of yourself. Of course, advice like this is sometimes not half so pleasant to take as the young gentleman would be. Very likely; but a year hence you will relish it better. Young gentlemen, generally, are very nice things to look at. They seem so amiable, so affectionate, so confiding, so very devoted in the eyes of the young ladies. But appearances are rather deceitful. There isn't a prettier outside on any creature existing than on an anaconda or a boa constrictor; yet both crush their victims to death while embracing them. Are you sure, miss, that you can distinguish a boa constrictor when it is dressed up in patent leather boots, kid gloves, and French doekin inexpressibles? But your papa can, and he don't want you to be embraced by a boa constrictor.

## A Poetical Bellman.

Mr. Thomas Sanderson occupies the responsible and honourable position of bellman to the ancient town of Sunderland, and is naturally anxious to support the dignity of his high office in a becoming manner. Of late years, unfortunately, poor Tom has been the victim of pecuniary embarrassments, which have made it impossible for him to provide himself with decent clothes. Accordingly, some days ago he petitioned the Mayor for a new suit, and in the course of his lengthy and elaborate prayer falls foul of certain "modern and defunct Sabeans," who had prosecuted him in a court of law. We cannot afford to give the document in its entirety, but the following extracts will give our readers some idea of its character and tone:—"To the chairman and gentlemen of the Market Committee," he begins, "Greeting. I am almost petrified at the result of your deliberations in reference to my application for an outfit commensurate with the nature of my office as Town Crier. Can it be possible that Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck with his wet blanket has so dumpeled the ardour of all my friends in the Council that my appeal cannot be entertained. I trow not. But if, peradventure, that it is so, all I can say is that there are things done in your committee that were never dreamt of in my cogitation or philosophy. Now having been appointed by the Rev. Canon Cockin as bellman, through the recommendation of gentlemen of the first water, I did think and still think that by way of restitution and atonement the remnant of those modern Sabeans would have been only too glad to bedizen with the best they could afford as a solace to my manifold crosses, and as a balm to their own guilty consciences." Having proceeded thus far, the petitioner winds up his epistle with the following poetical peroration:—

"Sir,—Was I arrayed in fustian,  
A fig I would not care,  
But in a seedy livery,  
Our people's apt to stare.  
'Tis shocking to behold me,  
With pants glazed, ragged, and bare,  
Oft sitting in the presence  
Of our Aldermen and the Mayor.  
The very dogs on the streets, sir,  
Seem oft inclined to tear  
The official robes off my back.  
Fate's doomed me yet to wear.  
But if't comes to a subscription,  
I'm sure you'll give your share;  
Then kindly sent the hat round,  
In answer to my prayer."

Need we say the reading of the petition was received with roars of laughter, and we are glad to say Tom's modest request was granted with the greatest unanimity.

## Why the Turks adopted the sign of the Crescent.

It is usual, among recent writers, to name "The Cross" and "The Crescent" to distinguish the respective creeds in the present Turko-Russian war. In fact, these several symbols plainly mark the Christian and the Ottoman faiths. The question when and why the Ottomans adopted the Crescent has been much discussed before now. It was alleged that Muhammed broke the disc of the moon and caught half of it falling from heaven in his sleeve—this is stated in the Koran, and seems to indicate that Muhammed made the young moon a sign of his divine authority. The crescent or half moon, with the horns turned upwards, was a religious symbol however, long before the Turkish Empire began. It was reported that Sultan Othman, founder of that empire, A.D. 1299; dreamed that he saw a crescent moon waxed until its splendour illuminated the whole world from east to west; that he adopted the crescent and emblazoned it on his standard, with the motto, "Donec Repleat Orbem," or, "Until it fills the world." But the crescent moon had been a symbol well known to the worshippers of Diana in the ancient mythology of Greece and Rome. There are old statues of her with the up-pointed crescent over her brow.

Another account is that Philip of Macedonia father of Alexander the Great, was engaged one dark day in undermining the walls of Byzantium which he was besieging, and his operations were discovered by those within on a sudden appearance of a young moon, and that in gratitude for this timely light the Byzantines commemorated the frustration of Philip's hostile design by creating a temple to Diana, and by adopting the crescent standard, which they found there, and which the Janizaries had borne for more than a century previous. Undoubtedly, then, the crescent was the emblem of Greece previous to the superiority of the Turkish rule. Oddly enough, at the present day the crescent is to be seen on and in churches in Moscow and other parts of the old Russia, generally surmounted by a cross, thus unquestionably marking the Byzantine origin of the Russian Church. In 1801 the Sultan Selim III; having previously presented Lord Nelson with a crescent richly adorned with diamonds, founded the Order of the Crescent, which, as Mahomedans are not allowed to carry such marks of distinction, has been conferred on Christians alone. The Turkish order of Medjidie, founded by Abdul Medjid in 1852; and liberally conferred upon French, English, and Italian officers after the Crimean war, bears a crescent and a silver sun of seven triple rays. Assuredly the crescent dates from the time of Endymion.

**A Useful Establishment.**

It would be a boon, writes a London contemporary, of great price, if every one of our large towns and cities were supplied with disinfecting and purifying works, such as there is, for instance, in Birmingham, where, in cases of small pox, scarlatina, typhoid fever, and diphtheria, and the like, articles of bedding, bed furniture, and wearing apparel can be subjected to the dry heat system, or 240 degs, to 260 degs. Fahr., and washed in a steam laundry afterwards. At Birmingham, six of the largest hospitals and six of the larger scholastic institutions are connected with the works there, whilst incalculable benefit is derived by all classes of private subscribers. Householders can have feather beds purified and relieved from lumpiness, animal perspiration, and grease; their ticks can be cleaned, and carpets, and even book-restored to a condition of purity for a trifling sum. Ladies also, whose furs are attacked with moths, can have the latter effectually destroyed without injury to the fabric, and even vermin from bedhangings, &c., can be removed with equal ease. Nurses can have their clothing also efficiently disinfected, as can also medical men who have lately attended puerperal fever cases. At present we are, in London, far too insufficiently provided with institutions of this kind. When an epidemic seizes a household here the managers of that household have mostly to rely upon themselves for the work of purification, and are bound to resort to sheets wrung out in carbolic acid and water, and later on upon sulphur fumes and the like. In Birmingham, on the contrary, one has only to write to the works and ask them to send for the parcel of clothing or bed linen, and return it, when disinfected washed and mangled. It appears too, that the works are largely patronized throughout the country, and that from far-off Wales and distant Sussex, people are glad to avail themselves of them when infectious disease has invaded their houses.

**ACTING UP TO THE LETTER.**—A country fellow not long since entered one of the City banks, and, walking up to the counter, exclaimed, "Here I am—I want you to take a fair look at me." Without a word more he strode out. The next day the same customer reappeared, uttered the same words, and again disappeared. The third day, at about the same time, he walked in, and advancing to the teller's desk, threw down a draft payable three days after sight. "Now," said he, "you've seen me three times, I want the money for it."

A candid old bachelor says: "After all, a woman's heart is the sweetest in the world; it's a perfect honeycomb—full of cells."

**Stick to the Broomstick.**

Did you ever see a woman throw a stone at a hen? It is one of the most ludicrous scenes in everyday life. We recently observed the process—indeed, we paid more attention than the hen did, for she did not mind it at all, and laid an egg the next day as if nothing had happened. In fact, that hen will now know for the first time that she served in the capacity of a target. The predatory fowl had invaded the precincts of the flower bed, and was industriously pecking and scratching for the nutritious seeds or the early worm, blissfully unconscious of impending danger. The lady now appears upon the scene with a broom. This she drops, and picks up a rocky fragment of the Silurian age, and then makes her first mistake—they all do it—of seizing the projectile with the wrong hand. Then, with malice aforethought, she makes the further blunder of swinging her arms perpendicularly instead of horizontally—thereupon the stone flies into the air, describing an irregular elliptical curve, and strikes the surface of the earth so far from the hen as the thrower stood at the time, in a course due west from the same, the hen then bearing by the compass north northeast by half east. At the second attempt the stone narrowly missed the head of the thrower herself, who, seeing that any further attempt of the kind should be suicidal, did what she might have done first, started after the hen with an old and familiar weapon. The moral of which is stick to the broomstick.

**Limit your wants.**

From the nature of things, the income of most of the inhabitants of the earth must be limited, and, indeed, within very narrow bounds. The product of labor throughout the world, if equally divided, would not make the share of each individual large. It is impossible that every one should be called rich. But it is by no means impossible to be independent. And what is the way to compass this—as Burns appropriately designates it—"glorious privilege?" The method is very simple. It consists in one rule: limit your wants. Make them few and inexpensive. To do this would interfere but little with your real enjoyment. It is mostly a matter of habit. You require more, or you are satisfied with less, just as you have accustomed yourself to the one or to the other. Limit your wants, estimate their cost, and never exceed it, taking pains always to keep it inside of your income. Thus you will secure your lasting independence. Young men, think of this. A great deal of the happiness of your lives depends upon it. After having made your money, spend it as you choose, honestly; but be sure you make it first.

### MacMahon at the Malakoff.

Few people who read or speak of Marshal MacMahon are acquainted with the details of the capture of Malakoff, which is considered one of the noblest and bravest deeds in the long and brilliant military career of the President of the French Republic. The following, taken from the French of Paul Estienne, will be found particularly interesting:—

The appointed hour of attack approached. The General-in-Chief had selected the Brancion redoubt as his post of observation, and around him were grouped General Niel, General Thierry, General Martunimprey, and a brilliant and numerous staff. General Bosquet had taken up his position in the sixth parallel, which, though greatly exposed and exceedingly dangerous, was a splendid vantage ground of observation. At the head of the first brigade, and as close as it was possible to approach to the outworks of the Malakoff, stood General MacMahon. His right hand grasped his sword hilt, while in his left he held his watch, and with head bent and eyes fixed, the General calmly awaited the final moment. The few minutes preceding the hour were most solemn. Not a sound nor a whisper disturbed the fatal silence. The troops were huddled in the trenches, and the advance guards were reclining within eight yards from the Malakoff. The Zouaves and the Legionaries were in front, and their eyes were steadfastly fixed on their General, awaiting but his look to rush forward. The time was fixed at twelve, midnight, and for a few seconds previously every breath was stilled, and MacMahon's intensity of calmness was supreme. The General's watch was consigned to his breast-pocket, and, in an instant after, his eye had run along the whole line. His sword gleamed in the air, and at the same moment the bugles sounded "The Charge." Every mouth cried "en avant!" and the cry was re-echoed from rank to rank and from front to rear. The Zouaves with MacMahon at their head, reached the fosse, and some climbing by scaling ladders, some mounting back over back, and others reaching the parapet, no one knew how, the French entered the fort. The Russians poured musketry shot and cannon shot into those onward rushing lines, but despite shot and repeated bayonet charges, General MacMahon held his own, and the Russians fell back before the headlong charge of Zouaves and Legionaries.—Knowing that the Malakoff was the key to Sebastopol, the Russians poured in shot and shell on the devoted troops of MacMahon. Within the fort the conflict was terrible, but MacMahon was stern, and his only order was "en avant!"

Meantime, it was rumored that the Malakoff was mined, and Marshal Pelissier irrespective of this rumor felt that the

odds were too great against MacMahon, and he accordingly, dispatched an aide-de-camp, begging the General to make good his escape from so dangerous and so exposed a position. "I'm here, and here I remain," was the dry and only answer MacMahon sent back. The Russian General determined to make one effort more to regain the Malakoff. A storm of grapeshot and shell were poured in, and was succeeded by bayonet charges of the best and bravest of the Russian troops. Twenty times repulsed, twenty times did the Russians return to the charge. The bravest Generals fell at the head of their columns. The Zouaves of the Imperial Guard, and the Brigade of General Douay, were sent to reinforce MacMahon. The Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, headed by Col. Bretteville, and General Wimpffen's Brigade, were next sent to his assistance. The Russians fought with more than bravery—they fought as fights a forlorn hope. As line after line was broken and scattered, still they came on in black masses, and hurled themselves against the French ranks. Marshal Pelissier grew terrified and nervous as to the result, and he dispatched aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp, begging MacMahon to relinquish the dangerous post, and so save his life. Wearied with such orders, MacMahon at length replied, with impatience, "Que te diable—am I not master of my own skin? I have taken the place, and I'll keep it." The Malakoff was taken after a terrible loss of life, but it secured the success of the war. During the murderous struggle MacMahon was ever in the front, led charge after charge, and, when the victory was assured, was heard to say, "Well, now, perhaps they won't ask me to leave it." For this act of bravery and heroism MacMahon was named to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

### An Old Sea-Dog.

The following, from the pen of Orpheus C. Kerr, is a pretty good rendering of a common place incident, and, as the reader will doubtless observe, might as well be printed in the ordinary verse form as otherwise:

#### THAT ANCIENT MARINER.

While gilded with the setting sun, that made the air aglow, was Hampton, in the Granite State, a few warm days ago, within the local Union House an ancient man appeared—a stranger of aquatic mien and hoary waste of beard.

Unto the poorly-furnished bar he moved with rollig gait, and said a gallon he desired of Bourbon whiskey "straight," the while upon a tawny hand he swung a sailor-hat, and gazed about the cosy room as ready for a chat.

"Are you a traveller by the cars?" the cautious host inquired; by staid New England's Liquor Law to extra care inspired.



To which the stranger-guest replied, "No landsman, sir, am I; but captain of a schooner staunch, now at your docks hard-by."

Out of a port south by south, over the seas sailed we; our lockers all were well supplied, we thought, as they could be; but chopping winds and tedious calms, and days in tacking spent consumed apace our cherished stores beyond all precedent.

More than a week on rations short, due to the north sailed we, till from our mast-head came the shout of "Hampton on our lee." And now, to buy a new supply of liquor, food, and wood, I've come ashore, as said before, as schooner captain should."

The landlord listened with a smile that spread from ear to ear: "Now sit thee down and take a sup, thou ancient mariner. We've trademen brisk and woodmen cheap, and eke such liquor fine as never messmate ranked below the choicest foreign wine."

With modest grace the stranger sat, and ate and drank the best; and tarding folk came trooping in to hail the village guest. They plied him well with costly wine, and toasts to wind and wave; and bade him inspect their wares, and did his orders crave.

By team select he went with them to wood-pile, shop and store, and when he'd ordered all he saw he still would order more. "Over the bar at morning's dawn, full with the wind sail we; and mind you do not fail I say, to bring the bills to me."

With manner bland as e'er was seen, for all who chose to scan, thus spoke that ancient mariner to every trading man: "Over the bar at morning's dawn, full with the wind sail we; and mind you do not fail I say, to bring the bills to me."

And back unto the Union House he sped, and supped again; and took a bed that hosts give not to any common men. What time the honest trading-folk of wood-pile, store and shop, from piling high their trucks and carts all night did never stop.

They plied them high, they plied them broad, with cheery toil and stir; to fill the strict commands he gave—that ancient mariner. And when the blinking stars went out, and up the red sun stole, down to the docks went trucks and carts, in long majestic roll.

Down to the docks at morning's dawn as nearly as could be, but not a schooner saw they all upon the silent sea. Never a schooner large or small by night had anchored been; and not for weeks had the waterside such craft in Hampton seen.

The sun on high to the zenith rolled; the trucks and carts went back; and the genial host of the Union House exclaimed, "Alack! alack!" For softly, at the dawn of day, without adieu or stir, had gone, and left his bill unpaid, that ancient mariner:

THE LAST MAN.—What will become of the last man? Various theories that have been seriously maintained by scientific men are described in the "Scientific American," and we summarize them:—

1. The surface of the earth is steadily diminishing, elevated regions are being lowered, and the seas are filling up. The land will at last be all submerged, and the last man will be starved or drowned.

2. The ice is gradually accumulating at the North Pole and melting away at the South Pole, the consequence of which will be an awful catastrophe when the earth's centre of gravity suddenly changes. The last man will then be drowned by the great rush of waters.

3. The earth cannot always escape a collision with a comet, and when the disaster comes there will be a mingling of air and cometary gas, causing an explosion. If the last man is not suffocated he will be blown up.

4. There is a retarding medium in space, causing a gradual loss of velocity in the planets, and the earth, obeying the law of gravitation, will get closer and closer to the sun. The last man will be sunstruck.

5. The amount of water on the earth is slowly diminishing, and simultaneously the air is losing in quantity and quality. Finally the earth will be an arid waste, like the moon. The last man will be suffocated.

6. Other suns have disappeared, and ours must, sooner or later, blaze up and then disappear. The intense heat of the conflagration will kill every living thing on earth. The last man will be burned up.

7. The sun's fire will gradually burn out, and the temperature will cool. The earth's glacial zones will enlarge, driving our race toward the equator, until the habitable space will lessen to nothing. The last man will be frozen to death.

8. A gradual cooling of the earth will produce enormous fissures, like those seen in the moon. The surface will become extremely unstable, until the remnant of humanity will take refuge in caves. The last man will be crushed in his subterranean retreat.

9. The earth will at last separate into small fragments, leaving the people without any foothold. The last man will have a dreadful fall through space.

10. The tenth theory, proving that there will be no last man at all, is thus expressed: "Evolution does not necessarily imply progress, and possibly the race may have retrograded until the human being possesses the nature of the plant louse; such being the case, this simple inhabitant will spontaneously produce posterity of both sexes."


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**COMFORTS OF RELIGION.**

There are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty; who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season; who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stript of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender connexions. What resource can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste, through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort.

Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal sources of activity are taken away; when those for whom we labor are cut off from us, those who animated, and who sweetened, all the toils of life.

Where then can the soul find refuge, but in the bosom of Religion? There she is admitted to those prospects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. Such as retain the feelings of humanity are here addressed; whom misfortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible, not such as possess that stupid insensibility which some are pleased to dignify with the name of Philosophy.

It might therefore be expected, that those philosophers who think they stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue; and who never feel the want of its consolations, would yet have the humanity to

consider the very different situation of the rest of mankind; and not endeavor to deprive them of what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals and to their happiness.

It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comforts. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures; and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt those truths, in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual.

**GRATITUDE.**

What pearl so grand  
Doth grace the diadem of Merit's fair  
With love imbued?—  
What magic wand  
Doth, from the soul summon sweet Feeling's share?—  
Yes—'tis Gratitude,  
Long may'st thou abide  
In each bosom where Truth and Worth repose.  
As children of Peace,  
Frescoed by each side  
That to the smiling shores of Plenty flows  
With golden increase, down the world's wide

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than GRATITUDE! It is accompanied with so great inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not, like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the gratification which it affords.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker: The Supreme Being, does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from His own hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be conferred upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards

one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of Gratitude; on this beneficent Being, who has given us everything we already possess, and from whom we expect everything we yet hope for.

### A Monument of the Revolution by Michelet.

The "Rappel," an ultra-Republican paper, publishing the posthumous work of Michelet, gives in a recent issue the following:—

"On the day of the resurrection of the Revolution which will give France to herself she will have to show her true light, which, I repeat, must be a religion, and she will then rise up an altar for herself.

"Let the place chosen be the Place de la Concorde, between the Arch of Triumph and the Tuileries."

After describing the kind of altar, the marble, &c., he adds:

"On the summit there should be a female form pressing her sons to her breast—France—and God in her gaze (Dieu dans son regard).

"At her feet, lower down, the Kings of modern thought (les rois de la pensee moderne), Voltaire and Rousseau.

"Standing on each side, like two mighty promontaries, domineering over the crowd, and giving out the law of the revolution, her two noble servants (serviteurs), Mirabeau and Danton.

"There the child should be brought at its birth, and marriages be celebrated, &c., &c.

The "Rappel," read by hundreds of thousands, no doubt hopes to see Michelet's altar raised.

Voltaire and Rousseau beside the image of maternity, must seem rather strange to people who know that Rousseau put his children into a foundling hospital to get rid of them.

Then Danton's statue on the place where he sent so many victims and died himself, and Mirabeau's, who was in receipt of a monthly stipend from the doomed monarch for betraying the Republic, to be represented giving out the law of the Revolution he was trying to oppose when he died.

And this altar to be raised on the place where Louis the 16th, Marie Antoinette, and thousands of innocents, and a few

criminals, fell on the Guillotine, when the oxen driven across the square shrunk back from the odour of human blood, where the fountain is constantly shedding its waters as if to wash out the stains of blood, as Lamartine said.

When such an altar is raised, it will be all over with France and with civilisation in Europe.

LESSONS FOR YOUNG MEN.—Few things in the lives of men are so impressive, or so full of valuable suggestion as their frequent lament over lost opportunities for mental or moral culture. In his autobiography, Sir Walter Scott says:—

"If it should ever fall to the lot of any youth to peruse this piece, let such a youth remember it is with the greatest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities for learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Edmund Burke grew wise in this respect while it was not too late to retrieve the most of his errors and losses, for before his youth was entirely past, he wrote to a friend: "What would I not give to have my spirits a little more settled! I am too giddy; this is the bane of my life; it hurries me from my studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarcely the bottom of any."

Washington Irving, when giving counsel to a young friend, exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart:—"How many an hour of hard labor and study have I had to subject myself to, to atone in a slight degree for the hours that I have suffered society to cheat me out of!"

Even De Quincy, the last man in the world that we should have suspected of having wasted a moment in his daily life, laments more than once his "neglect of that mental and moral cultivation" which he regards as the "noblest of moral pursuits." On one occasion he says—"I resolve, therefore, to be more circumspect, to hoard my moments with a more thrifty spirit—not listen to the suggestions of indolence, and so quicken that spirit of intellectual improvement to which I devote my life."

It will do young men good to ponder well the lessons to be learned from these confessions.

(WRITTEN FOR "THE HARP.")

## ODE TO BISHOP CONROY,

DELEGATE APOSTOLIC,

IN ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

History tells us, how from fair Hibernia  
 In the far days, when Europe was an infant,  
 Went forth schoolmen, grave ecclesiastics,  
 Forth to the whole world.

How Caledonia's stern and rugged chieftains,  
 Viewing the placid summer-lit Atlantic,  
 Saw a fair Celtic dove\* flying shoreward, and  
 Heard its soft cooings.

How the proud Saxon athelings and nobles;  
 Seated beneath the oaks of bleak Northumbria,  
 Listened attentive; listened in all meekness,  
 To Ireland's Aidan.

How the dread Mercians, surnamed were they "God's Wrath,"  
 Knelled to the croziered monk of famed Iona,  
 Knelled as they heard the tidings sempiternal  
 From holy Finan.

Thus was it ever—forth from fair Hibernia,  
 In the young days when Europe was an infant,  
 Wandered her schoolmen, grave ecclesiastics,  
 Naughtling the wide world,  
 And so in our day forth from proud Hibernia  
 (Europe's most Christian, Europe's fairest daughter),

Sails a fair Celtic dove upon the bosom  
 Of the Atlantic,  
 Canada watching from her rugged shores, to  
 See the new day burst out the eastern wave,  
 Beholds this fair Celtic dove flying shoreward; this  
 Second Columba.

Canada sees; and surging from her great heart  
 Wells a devotion strong and sempiternal,  
 Wells a deep love for Rome and for Rome's Pontiff, the  
 Great Pio Nono.

Hail proud Tiara! Peter's noble triple crown,  
 Circling the calm brow of the simple fisherman,  
 Giving a strength divine unto the poor weak  
 Man of the Vatican.

Hail to the Legate! bearing from this weak man  
 Strength, such as never earthly monarch wielded.  
 Lo! at thy feet obedient and attentive  
 Canada kneeleth.

Speak, for she, listening, hangs upon each word that  
 Falls from the lips of him whom Peter chooses  
 For his vicegerant. Canada is silent

When Rome has spoken.  
 \* St. Columba, often called Columbkille, "Dove of the Cells," converted  
 the Highland and Lowland Scots.

## Halls of Tara.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

There is deep pathos, in the deep lines of Thomas Moore as he sings, in words that burn like diamond sparks, of the Halls of Tara. To its sweetness and sadness, every Irish heart must respond; at least, every one to which tradition has sent down this solemn charge to "remember the glories of Brian the Brave."

For it was in those very halls that the good old king, Brian Borohme, of Munster, received the homage of his bitterest enemy, Malachi, King of Meath. Within sight of Tara's loftiest hill, two fierce and passionate men had fought for supreme power. Both were brave, both ambitious; but Brian's genius and talent enlisted ardent supporters, and the contest ended in victory to him.

Under his peaceful, and gentle sway, Ireland prospered as it never had prospered before. Peace and plenty were in the land. The convents, that had been nearly destroyed by the half-savage Northern men, as well as the strong-holds of the country, were acquired during his reign; and Ireland had her palmiest days in that period of the tenth century.

For nearly a quarter of a century, the country was quiet beneath that gentle sway; but then there was thrown into it, the root of bitterness. Two Kings—the King of Dublin, and the King of Leinster—joined together, in making an incursion into the kingdom of Meath, for predatory purposes. This unlooked for outrage woke up the lion heart of Brian. His son, Donough Borohme, who inherited his father's brave qualities, was dispatched at once to Leinster, at the head of a large force, and there seemed no doubt that the enemy would be speedily quelled.

Indisputably, it would have resulted thus had it not been for the traitorous conduct of some of the good old King's own followers. Sick at heart, yet still as brave and unflinching as ever, he rode through the ranks, bearing aloft the sacred Cross, exhorting the remnant of his soldiers to strike home for the faith. Of all the Milesian chiefs, none presents a more powerful and striking picture to the imagination than this gray-haired old man calling upon his children to fight for the religions of the Saints. That still stately form, the unwithered hand clasping the Crucifix, fixed the eyes of the little band, and Brian almost believed that they could win the victory even now. He never flagged for an instant, until the night shadows began to close around. Then, spent and exhausted, some of his old warriors assisted him to his tent, and he left the result to his young and valiant soldiers, headed by his son. It was indeed a victory; but scarcely had the welcome

shouts from Brian's own troops announced the fact, than his privacy was invaded by a straggling party, whose leader had sworn to avenge his defeat upon the good old King.

For this purpose, they pursued their way to his tent, where they found him upon his knees at prayer. The first note of conquest had drawn away his companions, and the king was left alone. Alone, but for the presence of a boy, scarcely more than a little child, who had clung to him as to a father. Even then, the slight arms were about his neck as he prayed, and his prayers were echoed by as sweet a voice as ever came from human lips. "Alas! what availed that childish clasp before the terrors of the savage intruders! Wounded and bleeding, Brian fell beneath the furious stabs that pierced that noble heart. In vain the terrified body shrieked for aid. In vain his slight hand clasped the handle of Brian's ponderous sword, as if to draw it upon his murderers. One fell purpose filled their revengeful breasts, and they neither saw nor heard the puny stripling who dared to screen their victim from their rage. The body fell to the ground with a dull thud, that struck terror to the child's bosom. His protector, his second father, was no more—the lion heart had broken! At this moment of extreme pain, and grief to the boy, Donough Borohme, the conquerer, rushed into the tent. With a wail that might almost have wakened the dead, he knelt beside the bleeding body of his father, and his King. He saw nothing, he felt nothing, but that a murderer's hand had stoken down the noble old warrior, until the boy crept round and laid his cold and trembling hand upon his shoulder.

"Ivar, my daring! are you here, too? What terrible fate led you to this scene? And how did you escape that savage horde?"

"I was praying beside him when they came, and they were too mad with rage to notice me."

"O, my child! what an escape you have had. I must take you away before they return." And sounding a silver bugle that hung at his belt, his brave soldiers soon filled the tent.

"Look!" he exclaimed, "look here, brave souls! and see the price of our victory."

They knelt down, and each one touched the bloody vestments of the dead, and swore eternal hate to the murderers. One lingered long, and gazed sadly on the calm, white face!

"They broke the noblest heart that ever beat, my comrades!" he said, as he arose from his knees.

Solemn obsequies indeed, were those of King Brian. Not a soldier in the army that did not drop a tear over the glorious dead; not a heart that did sorrow most

of all, that they could see his face no more. The flowers of Erin's chivalry lay there withered. The purest and grandest heart of all the Milesian chiefs was lying low, its pulses still forever.

But dearly as Donough Borohme had loved the father and his King, bitterly as he wailed for his terrible death, there was a balm for his griefs, a consolation for all his sorrows, in the pure, unworldly love of the little page, who had witnessed the dreadful scene of King Brian's death. He bore him to his beautiful home without any suspicion on the part of the soldiers who accompanied him that the boy was other than he seemed.

Once safe within the walls, the page was never again seen but a gentle little lady, who might easily have passed as his sister, with the same Moorish tint in lip and cheek, sat at Donough's board nestled close beside him.

"Men called her angel, but he called her wife."

Dearer by far because she had seen the brave old warrior die; had prayed all night in his father's lonely tent; she was the only woman he ever loved.

The secret of her birth, and the place where they found her secreted, was only known to the good old King Brian, and his son. For many years the child had dwelt in the castle, arrayed in the dress of a page, lest by wearing the clothes of her sex, she might be spirited away by the people who had held her in bondage, and who might recognize her. When Brian and Donough went to battle, she begged, with many tears, to accompany them; and the King at last consented to her going, provided she would promise never to desert her camp, where he would leave a faithful servant in charge of her.

Here then, the girl passed the lonely day in fears and prayers for those she loved. Here on her bended knees, she supplicated the God of battles, all through that dreary night, guarded by the soldier who was never to leave her alone. For a moment, and who well fulfilled the trust. And here Brian found her, and when he returned, a conqueror, alas! for a brief moment, in which the dark eyes had hardly time to recover their look of sunny gladness, ere she saw him ruthlessly murdered before her agonized gaze.

Donough's friends hoped that the sovereignty would be tendered to him, as his father's successor; but had he wished it, there were too many whom Malachi had won over to his side; and almost before Brian's ashes were cold, his rival re-ascended the throne of death; while Donough retired to his castle among the hills of Munster, with his beautiful bride. Brian had named the little fondling Ivar, after one of the three famous sea-kings; and she would not now relinquish the name so endeared to her by remembrance. They were married on the very

night of their return; and, from this time, she ceased to fear the persecution of the foes of her childhood. Absorbed in the love of her husband, life became to her as one long summer day. Simple as a cottage girl, she could be as queenly as any of the consorts of neighboring kings, when stateliness demanded it of her. She was worthy of her high estate—worthy to be the mother of kings, but Fate decreed otherwise.

Malachi, King of Meath, was a brave man; but a King, more powerful than himself, conquered him at last—the King of Terrurs. He died in 1022; and Donough should have succeeded him to the Kingdom. But his right was once more opposed. This time, Donough's heart was interested in the conquest, and he fought like a lion for his right. He was Brian Borohme's heir—"Brian terrible in battle, wise in counsel," a man who had stood, head and shoulders above every Irish King that had been born for centuries. It was the bitterness of death to him—this defeat—for defeat came. He grew morbid—almost insane under the blow. Sad and depressed, he walked the solitary rooms of the castle, unheeding that Ivar sat alone in her chamber, awaiting the advent of his child. She heard the sound of his footsteps tramping the stone floors, and shuddered to find that even her tenderness had no balm for his wounded spirit.

Midnight came, but the unquiet soul kept the body restless, and still the footsteps sounded beneath her. In that dark hour, her child's brief life came and went; and its beautiful mother never saw the light of morning upon the earth.

Fully awakened by his double loss, the unhappy King resigned himself to despair. He hung widely upon the beautiful remains of the mother and child perfectly distracted with grief and anguish. For days he kept them without burial, and would not be persuaded that they could not be restored to life. At length, when decay touched the sweet faces with its effacing finger, he resisted no longer.

The next day after the mournful burial he resigned his kingdom, and went out an exile from the house of his fathers, to wander away in foreign lands. The heaths of Ireland felt his springing footsteps no more. Life was hateful to one who had given up wife, child and kingdom, in a single day. Wandering thus, he chanced to seat himself one day near the gate of a convent. The cool gray walls seemed to woo the sufferer reposing in their shadows. Next to death, the convent seemed to hold a place of rest for the weary; and he rang the convent bell, and was admitted. Lonely and silent—never speaking to the brothers, and holding slight communion with the head of the monastery, he lived years in the performance of his duties as one of the

order, yet so mechanically that one would have said there was no heart in that thin body, no central fires in that dumb soul.

It was a day in summer: so bright, so beautiful with the blue sky bending so loving above and the emerald grass lying so quietly beneath, that earth seemed as lovely as Heaven. A quiet graveyard it was, where the sunshine kissed the grass, and the shadow of tall trees lay over an open grave. Presently there came down the pathway from the convent a long procession of monks, bearing a bier.

Suddenly, from the little chapel, there arose upon the summer air a chant so sweet, yet so heart breaking in its sweetness, that the very birds hushed their mid-summer carols to listen. Nearer and nearer "charging the deep cedars with all mournful chords," until the long troop of mourners stopped beside the still grave. The bier was lowered, and the face of the dead gleamed up white, yet with a Heavenly serenity, that told of ineffable grace. A solemn burial service succeeded, and then arose a strain so grand, so joyful, so expressive of a sublime hope, and triumph beyond that low grave, that it seemed almost to bear the departing spirit upon its power and might. When all was over, and the procession would through the over-shadowed pathway, on its way back, one who stood near asked the grave digger whom he was interring there?

"He was brother Adrian—God rest his soul!" said the old monk, devoutly crossing himself.

"Did you know his name in the world?"

"What matters?" rejoined the monk. "I only know there he lies."

"But I know he was a king—almost a demi-god. He was the brave son of the Irish King, the good Brian Borohme. Father and son—both murdered. Truly you may say, 'God rest that tempest-tossed, world-tried soul!'"

Another spadeful of earth, and the face of Donough Borohme was hidden from the light of day; but we know that in the heavenly kingdom, its likeness is shining in the Archangel's face, with a light that shall not grow dim through all eternity.

### "Faith from Reading."

A Brisbane correspondent of the Sydney (Australia) Freeman gives some particulars of the conversion of a leading Protestant gentleman of that colony. As illustrating the path by which many return to the old faith, the history of this conversion will be of interest here:—

"Mr. Marcus Collison, the ablest writer and most distinguished lecturer in the colony, the very doctissimus Catholicorum of these parts, has recently joined the

Catholic Church, and bids fair to be a useful member. What seems to be a particularly healthy feature of this gentleman's old faith, newly acquired, is that he is most punctilious in making the sign of the cross before and after meals, in mixed society, abstaining from flesh meat on Fridays and fasting days, defending the language and ceremonies of the Mass, and such like.—Now, I have unbounded faith in the fidelity, and vice versa, of such Catholics.

"The Rev. H. Horan, our pastor, in announcing this important conversion to his congregation, and expressing his satisfaction thereat, observed that 'it is the learned amongst the learned, the creme de le creme of society, who are seeking reconciliation with the Catholic Church, the one fold, all over the world, which their ancestors unfortunately abandoned some three hundred years ago, from sordid motives.' This must be gall and bitterness for Bismarck and the entire tribe of persecutors everywhere. Our Queensland pigmy Bismarcks have already commenced a persecution in the shape of godless schools, which they would have listed on us against our will and at our own expense.

"But to return: Mr. Collison was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, I understand first for the English Church, and afterwards for the army, but he did not embrace either of these callings, for reasons that are obvious to those that are acquainted with his writings: He is not the only Protestant of our time who has done violence to himself for the Kingdom of Heaven, such violence as alone will gain the crown. The atmosphere he breathed in his cradle was so surcharged with prejudice against Catholicism that he published a pamphlet against 'Papal Aggression,' and other stock in trade calumnies, before he had completed his teens.—Being interviewed the other day by a friend of mine, he gave the following account of himself, which it appears to me is equally true of legions of others in a similar predicament:—

"Brought up in strong antipathy to the Catholic religion, my knowledge of it was derived exclusively from Protestant, and therefore hostile sources, as well as confirmed by Scripture texts, which, in my then prejudiced state of mind I thought unanswerable and conclusive. With such antecedents and predilections, it need not be a matter of surprise that I should have conducted in Adelaide an anti-Catholic newspaper. On a more intimate acquaintance with Protestantism in its various ramifications, I became convinced of its hollowness, inconsistency, and contradiction, and hence I was led to think more favorably of Catholicism than heretofore, indeed to consider it to be fully as good as Protestantism; and this estimate of it, as contrasted with my previous sentiments, was the measure of a great change which had taken place in my mind. Hencefor-

ward I lost no opportunity for defending Catholicism in my own humble way, from abuse, detraction and calumny.

"Milner's End of Controversy being placed in my hands, I persued it several times, and I was much struck with the logical consistency, and harmony of the Catholic religion in all its parts as therein developed. I was hence led to investigate specially some of the external evidences of the truth of the Christian religion (my faith in which had been shaken somewhat by the vagaries of Protestantism), and having become confirmed in the belief of its Divine origin, I am under the necessity of accepting the Catholic Church and no other, as being its true and legitimate exponent."

**CHARLEMAGNE IN HIS TOMB.**—Charles the Great, Emperor of the West and King of France, was born according to some, in Aix-la-Chapelle on the Rhine, but according to others in the Castle of Salzburg, Bavaria, April 2nd, 742. He died January 28th, 814, in Aix, and was buried in the church that he himself had founded. When he had sat in his tomb in the quietude of death for upwards of one hundred and eighty years, the Emperor Otho III., moved by a strong spirit of curiosity, entered his silent dwelling-place, and found him seated on his throne, his crown upon his head, his sceptre in his hand and the royal mantle thrown over his shoulders. The spectacle was impressive in the extreme. There sat the once mighty potentate, his eyes gone, and his features and mouldering robes decayed and covered with the dust of generations. The earth worm bath made such inroads upon his face that his nose had disappeared totally, while his fleshless bones barely clung together. Two centuries afterwards the tomb was visited again, by Frederick Barbarossa, but this time not out of any exalted motives; for the love of gain seems to have actuated the intruder, as he seized all the treasures of the place. He caused the body of Charlemagne to be placed in a standing position before him but, while it was being thus rudely handled the skeleton fell to pieces; upon which fragments of it were bestowed as precious relics upon those who surrounded the sacrilegious intruder. Over the tomb there is a black slab placed, upon which are simply engraven the words "Carolo Magno." The guides, employed by tourists to point out this tomb have a most dramatic way of performing that duty. They lead the traveller along until he had attained a point precisely beneath the dome of the church, when they suddenly arrest his course, and point at his feet exclaiming, "Carolo Magno," when the tourist looking down finds that he is standing on the slab that marks what was once the resting-place of the mighty dead. Many of the relics pertaining to this great

potentate are now deposited in Vienna, the throne alone remaining in the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, where it can be seen on payment of a small fee. Dore the great artist, visited the Cathedral some time ago, and was shocked at the mercenary manner in which some of those relics were treated, and the cold-blooded way in which the smallest sums were wrung out of them.

### Is Love Blind?

There is nothing so clear-sighted. It exalts our natures to their highest capacity, enabling us to decipher truths which are illegible to the normal sense. It has given moments of subtle wisdom to the dullest—moments of impassioned eloquence to the coldest. We are strongest when we love, because love is not only the most energetic but the most elevating of passions. We see most clearly then; because our perceptions are all intensified by the intensity of the feeling. We are affected as in mesmerism, and love is the clairvoyance of the heart. But there is always a meaning in old adages, and in that of "Love is blind," there is a truth. The blindness spoken of is blindness to all consequences, disregard of all collaterals, reckless oblivion, or contempt of whatever is foreign to it. The intensity of the shadow is proportioned to the inner light. Every thing which comes within the rays of love is wondrously vivid; the rest is darkness.

**LOOKING ON THE DARK SIDE.**—Sitting here listening to the incessant drip, drip, of the rain, I could not help thinking for a moment that so many things, almost everything, is out of order; that the rain nor anything else comes when it should. But that was an unwise, a wicked, thought; for "the One who doeth all things well" knows better than we what is best. Poor human kind in general are too prone to look upon one side only, and that usually is the darkest. There are but few of us without our trials, none without temptations, and how feebly we fight against the wrong, how weakly we yield, with the pitiable excuse that fate was against us; circumstances would not permit us to follow the right.

Oh, what a mistaken idea it is to try to persuade ourselves that it is so much easier to listen to the evil promptings of our natures—to drift idly along, grasping anything that will afford us present pleasure! The knowledge that we are pursuing the right course adds greatly to our happiness, cheers our drooping spirits, makes us brave and glad, and hopeful for the blessed peace in the bright Hereafter. Who would not choose a pure conscience in preference to the fickle world's opinion, or its fleeting treasures?



CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF  
IRELAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Q. What was that?

A. He might have saved his life, if he had then consented to confirm his own false statement, that Charles had authorized him to take up arms; but he preferred doing justice to the unhappy king, by honestly confessing his own forgery of the commission.

Q. What was the conduct of the Earl of Ormond during the civil war?

A. Crafty and treacherous. We find him at first making offers to the lords justices to march against the insurgents.

Q. Were his offers accepted?

A. Not at first. The lords justices sent forth Sir Charles Coote, a very monster of ferocity, to ravage the country and massacre the inhabitants.

Q. Where do we next find Ormond?

A. Offering the Irish government to carry on the war against the confederates, on condition of being supplied with ten thousand pounds for that purpose.

Q. Did the government accede to this offer?

A. They did not.

Q. Did Ormond then enter into a treaty with the confederates?

A. Yes; he was authorized by Charles to do so.

Q. What was the result of this negotiation?

A. A cessation of hostilities for twelve months. The confederates who had taken up arms to defend their lives, properties, and liberties, looked upon this truce as a boon, and undertook to supply the king with thirty thousand pounds in consideration of it.

Q. What did Ormond achieve by this negotiation?

A. Firstly, he gained supplies for the king from the confederates; secondly, he kept the confederates in a sort of hostile attitude; and thirdly, he tied them up for a whole year from making any use of their arms.

Q. How did the Puritan or parliamentary party act on the occasion of this truce?

A. They loudly exclaimed against the sin, as they called it, of holding any terms whatsoever with the murderous Papists, and they ordered their generals to break the truce.

Q. What was the next act of the confederates?

A. They implored Ormond to take the command of their army, and to lead them against Monroe, the parliamentary general in Ulster.

Q. Did Ormond comply?

A. No; and the command was thereupon given to Lord Castlehaven.

Q. What were the next steps of both parties?

A. The Catholic confederates, and the ultra-Protestant party, each sent a deputation to England, to state their proposals to the king.

Q. What did the Catholic party demand?

A. The total repeal of all penal laws against their religion; the perfect freedom of the Irish parliament; the exclusion from that parliament of all persons who had neither property nor residence in Ireland; an act reversing all attainders of those who had borne arms in the war; an act to incapacitate the viceroy from acquiring lands in Ireland during his tenure of office; a rigid inquiry into all allegations of inhuman conduct and breaches of quarter upon either side during the troubles, and the due punishment of all convicted offenders.

Q. What did the Protestant demand?

A. That all the penal laws against the Catholics should be enforced with the utmost rigor; that all Catholics should be disarmed; that they should be obliged to make good all injuries sustained in the war by the Protestants; that all Catholics guilty of offences should be punished; and that all the estates of which Sir William Parsons had achieved the forfeiture, should be vested in the crown, with the view to secure the British settlers in the possession of them.

Q. What curious inconsistency is observable in the Protestant proposal?

A. That the Catholics should be compelled to make good all injuries sustained by the Protestants, and at the same time be totally deprived of the means of so doing, by the confirmation of the forfeiture of their estates.

Q. How did Charles treat the Catholic deputation?

A. He gave them civil words, and then committed the decision of their claims to Ormond.

Q. What was Ormond's policy?

A. Procrastination; and he postponed all final settlement until the English Puritan party had acquired such power as to render the king's ruin certain.

Q. Why did Ormond delay the settlement?

A. Because he was secretly resolved not to grant the demands of the Catholics; and he tried to obtain their assistance for Charles, without committing himself by promise or treaty.

Q. What was the king's conduct throughout the entire negotiation?

A. It was marked by duplicity and faithlessness; the effort to extort as much from the Irish, and to grant them as little as possible; the acceptance of money and men from our nation, on the faith of solemn promises which Charles never kept, nor, in all probability, intended to keep.

Q. Through whom were those promises conveyed to the Irish confederates?

A. Through Herbert, Earl of Glmoragan, the son of the Marquis of Worcester.

Q. Did Ormond at last sign the treaty with the confederates?

A. He did, on the 28th of May, 1646.

Q. What at last induced him to do so?

A. The pressing necessity of the king's affairs, which were every day becoming more desperate in consequence of the delay.

Q. What was the first battle fought in Ireland after that treaty?

A. The battle of Benburb, in which Owen Roe O'Neill, commanding the Catholic forces on the part of the king, defeated the more numerous army of the parliamentarians, commanded by Monroe.

Q. Meanwhile what were the king's fortunes in England?

A. Most disastrous. He met with a succession of defeats, and at last surrendered himself into the hands of the Scotch puritans, who sold him to the English parliament for the sum of £400,000.

Q. What was then Ormond's policy?

A. As soon as he saw the king's affairs were hopeless, he began to make terms with the parliamentarians; and he even pretended that Charles had instructed him to prefer the alliance of that party to the friendship of the Irish.

Q. When Ormond deserted the confederates to negotiate with the parliamentarians, what conditions did he make for himself with the latter?

A. He bargained for £3,000 a year for his wife; £14,000 to make good his own personal losses in the war; and liberty to reside in England, on condition of not disturbing the new order of things.

Q. Was the last stipulation carried into effect?

A. No; on arriving in England he was apprised that the parliament had issued orders to arrest him, and he accordingly escaped to France.

Q. What were the fortunes of the confederate Catholics?

A. Unprosperous. They were divided by the opposite councils of Rinuccini, the Pope's nuncio, and his party, on the one hand, and the more moderate party on the other.

Q. Did Ormond return to Ireland from France?

A. He did, in September, 1648.

Q. Where was the king at that time?

A. A close prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, in the hands of the parliamentarians.

Q. How had Ormond employed his time whilst in France?

A. In endeavoring to obtain from the French court supplies to carry on the war for the king in Ireland.

Q. Did he succeed?

A. So badly; that the slender sum that court advanced him little more than defrayed the expenses of his voyage. On arriving at Cork, he had no more than

thirty French louis d'or for his military chest.

Q. Did he renew his treaty with the confederates?

A. Yes; on the 16th of January, 1649, he ratified that treaty, granting every concession demanded by the Catholics.

Q. Had he the king's authority for this ratification?

A. Yes; so long before as the 10th of October, in the previous year, Charles had written Ormond a letter from his prison, in which he says: "Be not startled at my great concessions concerning Ireland, for they will come to nothing."

Q. On what day was the king beheaded by the parliamentarians?

A. On the 30th of January, 1649.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### The Commonwealth.

Q. Where was Ormond when the news of the king's death reached him?

A. At Youghal, in the county of Cork.

Q. What was his first act on learning the event?

A. To proclaim the Prince of Wales king, by the title of Charles the Second.

Q. Where was the young king at that time?

A. At the Hague in Holland.

Q. Did he begin by confirming the peace which Ormond had signed with the confederate Catholics?

A. Yes; he wrote from the Hague, "that he had received, and was extremely well satisfied with the articles of peace with the Irish confederates, and would confirm wholly and entirely all that was contained in them."

Q. Did he keep that promise to the Irish?

A. No; for in order to secure the crown of Scotland for himself, he found it was necessary to break faith with the Catholics, whom the Scotch Puritans detested.

Q. What was then Charles's next declaration?

A. Having landed in Scotland in June, 1650, he publicly declared, "that he did detest and abhor Popery, superstition, and idolatry; together with prelacy; resolving not to tolerate, much less to allow, those in any part of his dominions, and to endeavor the extirpation thereof to the utmost of his power."

Q. What did the king further say with regard to the peace with the Irish confederates, which he had so recently promised to observe inviolate?

A. "That it was null and void." "That he was convinced in his conscience of the sinfulness and unlawfulness of it, and of his allowing them (the confederates) the liberty of the Popish religion; for which he did from his heart desire to be deeply humbled before the Lord; and for having sought unto such unlawful help for the restoring him to his throne."

Q. What effect had this base perfidy of Charles on the Irish people?

A. It necessarily withdrew many of them from their allegiance; since it showed them how utterly unworthy of trust the king was, and with what readiness he could sacrifice them to their bitter enemies, in order to attain his own ends.

Q. Had the Catholic confederates been invariably faithful to the late unhappy king?

A. So faithful, that Ormond himself had told his majesty, that several of the soldiers had starved by their arms, and that he could persuade one-half of his army to starve outright.

Q. Were the Protestants equally faithful to that unfortunate monarch?

A. So far from it, that their leaders, Sir Charles Coote and Lord Broghill, with the entire force under their command, and the whole army in the north, had deserted from the late king to the Puritan rebels.

Q. Did the young king's base ingratitude to the Irish Catholics, and his pledge to extirpate Popery, avail to secure him in his throne?

A. No; the English parliamentarians refused to trust him, despite his professions; and he was obliged to fly from England to save his life.

Q. Who was Oliver Cromwell?

A. One of the parliamentary generals.

Q. In what year did he come to Ireland?

A. In 1649; the year of the late king's murder.

Q. How did Cromwell begin operations in Ireland?

A. He stormed Drogheda with a force of 10,000 men and a well-appointed battering artillery.

Q. How did the garrison defend the town?

A. With great bravery; they twice repulsed their assailants; but, on the third assault, Colonel Wall being killed, the garrison became dismayed, and offered to surrender the town on promise of quarter.

Q. Did Cromwell, on taking possession of the town, observe this promise of quarter?

A. No; he massacred the inhabitants in cold blood. For three days the slaughter continued; and Cromwell, in his despatch to the English parliament, thanked God "for that great mercy," as he called it.

Q. Did Cromwell also besiege Wexford?

A. He did, and he massacred three hundred women who had assembled at the cross.

Q. In which of the three kingdoms did the friend of the royal cause hold out the longest against Cromwell?

A. In Ireland. The Catholic Irish were the last to lay down their arms, and to relinquish their exertions in the king's behalf, as Lord Orrery testifies.

Q. How did the Catholic Bishops act?

A. They excommunicated all persons

who should go over to the rebels, and Lord Charicarde, acting on the advice of the Catholic assembly convened at Loughrea, issued a proclamation denouncing the pains of high treason against all persons serving in Cromwell's army, or in treaty with him, unless, within twenty-one days, they quitted that service, and abandoned all communication with the rebels.

Q. Did Cromwell's military tactics include the destruction of the food of the Irish?

A. Yes. "It may seem strange," says Mr. Prendergast, in his "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," "to hear counted out as military weapons, issued from the store at Waterford, among swords, pikes, powder, shot, bandoliers and mutch, eighteen dozen of scythes with handles and rings, forty reape-hooks and whetstones and rubstones proportioned;" but with these the soldiers cut down the growing crop in order to starve the Irish into submission. As an illustration of this statement, Mr. Prendergast cites the following passage from a letter from the commissioners for Ireland to the Parliament, dated Dublin, 1st July, 1651: "Last Monday, Colonel Hewson, with a considerable body from hence, marched into Wicklow. Colonel Hewson doth now intend to make use of scythes and sickles that were sent over in 1649, with which they intend to cut down the corn growing in those parts which the enemy is to live upon in the winter time, and thereby, for want of bread and cattle, the Tories may be left destitute of provisions, and so forced to submit and quit those places." Thus was the Elizabethan policy of destroying the food of the Irish repeated by the Cromwellian army.

Q. What were the chief measures of Cromwell's Irish government?

A. Severe laws against the Catholic religion and priesthood. The ancient possessions of the men who had fought for the king, were given away to the hordes of Cromwellian adventurers; and all the loyal Irish who survived the late war, and who could be collected, were driven into the Province of Connaught, and forbidden to re-cross the Shannon under pain of death.

Q. In what year did Cromwell die?

A. In 1658.

## CHAPTER XX.

### The Reign of Charles the Second.

Q. In what year was Charles the Second restored to his throne?

A. In 1660.

Q. How did he treat the Cromwellian party who had fought against his father, and himself in Ireland?

A. He confirmed them in the possession of the estates, they had seized from his loyal suffering Irish Catholic subjects; and two of the chief Cromwellian leaders

—Lord Broghill and Sir Charles Coote—  
he favored by creating the former Earl of  
Orerry, and the latter Earl of Mountrath.

Q. When did the new Irish parliament  
meet?

A. In 1661.

Q. Of what materials was the House of  
Commons composed?

A. Chiefly of the adventurers, who had  
acquired estates under Cromwell.

Q. What was their character?

A. They were upstarts from the very  
lowest classes; they were extremely igno-  
rant; inflated with spiritual pride;  
outrageously impudent and self-sufficient.

Q. What were the subjects that engaged  
the attention of this parliament?

A. The restoration of the Episcopal Pro-  
testant Church, and the settlement of the  
confiscated estates in possession of the  
Cromwellian proprietors.

Q. Were there any Catholic members in  
that parliament?

A. Yes, a few; there were one or two  
Catholic members for boroughs, and a  
small number of Catholic representatives  
of counties.

Q. How did the Puritan majority treat  
these?

A. They tried to get rid of them; first,  
by imposing an oath of qualification which  
no Catholic could take.

Q. Did that scheme succeed?

A. No; for the bill they prepared for  
imposing the oath was quashed by the  
English privy council.

Q. What did they next try?

A. They tried to expel the Catholic  
members by a vote of the house; but the  
lords justices condemned that project as  
being an infraction on the royal prerogative.

Q. How were the Puritanic members of  
this parliament induced to vote for the  
restoration of the Episcopal Church?

A. By the dexterous management of  
Ormond, who postponed the question of  
settling the estates until after the question  
of the church should have been disposed  
of.

The Puritan members thus found it  
their interest to conciliate Ormond, by  
voting for the establishment of the Epis-  
copal Church.

Q. Did the old proprietors make a strug-  
gle for their estates?

A. Yes; their claims were brought be-  
fore the English privy council, and they  
selected Richard Talbot, the Earl of Tyr-  
connell, as the patron of their case.

Q. What was the basis of their claims?

A. Right and justice. They also relied  
much on the merits of their own loyalty  
to Charles and his father when contrasted  
with the rebellious conduct of the Crom-  
wellian party, who had caused the late  
king's murder.

Q. Did these claims and merits weigh  
with Charles?

A. Not in the least; he looked upon  
the ruined Irish loyalists, who had lost

their all, in his service; as being too weak  
to give him any annoyance, in return for  
his desertion of their interests; whereas  
the Cromwellians were strong enough to  
render it worth his majesty's while to con-  
ciliate them.

Q. Did any other motives actuate Char-  
les?

A. Yes; he wanted to preserve what  
was called the English interest in Ire-  
land; and as he conceived that the new  
Cromwellian proprietors, from their bitter  
hatred of the Irish people, were the fittest  
tools to effectuate that object, he readily  
gave them the assistance of his influence.

Q. How did Ormond act?

A. He at first affected a desire to serve  
the Irish claimants; but as the Cromwel-  
lian parliament had bribed him with a  
grant of £30,000, the Catholics suspected  
his sincerity and refused his aid.

Q. What was the final result?

A. The confirmation of the immense  
majority of the Cromwellian soldiers and  
adventurers in the forfeited estates, and  
the exclusion of nearly all the Irish claim-  
ants from any redress whatsoever.

Q. Had Ormond profited by his share in  
the public events since the year 1641?

A. Yes; his estates prior to that period  
had been worth about £7,000 a year; but  
after the Act of Settlement, his property  
amounted to the annual value of £80,000.

Q. Have the Catholic gentry of the pre-  
sent day an interest in subverting the  
Cromwellian settlement of property?

A. No; for a large proportion of the  
confiscated lands have passed, by pur-  
chase, into the hands of Catholic prop-  
rietors.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*The Reign of Charles II., continued.*

Q. What act affecting Ireland was next  
passed by the English parliament?

A. An act to prevent the importation of  
Irish cattle into England.

Q. Was this act observed?

A. Yes; until the great fire of London,  
when the Irish having nothing else to  
send the sufferers, sent them a present of  
cattle for their relief.

Q. How did the English receive this  
gift?

A. They represented it as an attempt to  
evade the cattle act.

Q. Did Ormond try to serve any Irish  
interests?

A. Yes; he promoted the linen and  
woollen manufactures, and invited over  
the ablest foreign artificers to instruct the  
natives.

Q. Meanwhile, how were the hot Pro-  
testant party in England occupied?

A. In devising and circulating rumors  
of popish plots, conspiracies and intended  
massacres.

Q. What measures did they recommend  
Ormond to take?

Q. They advised him to expel the Catholic inhabitants from every walled town in Ireland, and to arrest every peer and gentleman of Irish lineage.

Q. What was their object in giving this advice?

A. To goad the Irish into a rebellion, in order to afford an opportunity for fresh confiscations.

Q. Did Ormond act on their advice?

A. He did not; and thus Ireland was preserved in quiet, and the hopes of those persons who desired new forfeitures were disappointed.

Q. Who was Oliver Plunket?

A. The Catholic Archbishop of Armagh.

Q. What was his character as a politician?

A. He had ever been thoroughly loyal to the Stuart dynasty.

Q. What was his fate?

A. The English zealots dragged him to London to answer for his alleged participation in a rebellious conspiracy. He offered to bring witnesses from Ireland to establish his innocence, but was refused the time necessary for that purpose. He was of course found guilty and hanged, although not a title of credible evidence was produced against him.

Q. In what year did Charles die?

A. In 1685; not without the suspicion of being poisoned.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### *The Reign of James the Second.*

Q. Did James the Second remove Ormond from the government of Ireland?

A. Yes; and replaced him by his kinsman, the Earl of Clarendon.

Q. What was Clarendon's policy with regard to the Catholics?

A. He admitted them into the privy council, and advanced them to the bench.

Q. What was James's policy with reference to the religious differences of his subjects?

A. He published a declaration, giving equal civil privileges to all classes of religionists.

Q. What was the great principle of the English revolution of 1688?

A. Representative government, as opposed to the arbitrary power of despotic monarchy.

Q. What steps did James take when he heard that William of Orange had landed in England to contest the throne with him?

A. He fled to France.

Q. Who was at that time lord lieutenant of Ireland?

A. The Earl of Tyrconnell.

Q. What was Tyrconnell's conduct?

A. He pretended to the Protestants that he was desirous to negotiate with William, whilst he augmented and strengthened by all the means in his power the Catholic army.

Q. How did the enemies of the Irish Catholics act at this juncture?

A. They repeated the old trick, so frequently used, of accusing the Catholics of a purpose to massacre the Protestants; and anonymous letters, professing to give the most accurate details of the plot, were extensively circulated amongst the Protestant party by designing persons.

Q. What terms did William of Orange offer to the Irish Catholics?

A. He offered them the possession of a third part of the churches in the kingdom; equality of civil and religious privileges with all other religious persuasions; and as full security of person and property as any other class of the subjects of the crown enjoyed.

Q. Did the Irish Catholics accept these offers?

A. They did not. They believed themselves bound in conscience to preserve their loyalty to James, and they looked upon William as a usurper.

Q. What were James's movements?

A. He resolved to strike a blow for his crown in Ireland; and accordingly sailed from France to Kinsale, where he landed on the 12th of March, 1689.

Q. What reception did he meet?

A. A most loyal one, from the corporations, gentry, and clergy; even the clergy of the Protestant church vied with the Catholic priesthood in their ardent professions of allegiance.

Q. When did the Irish parliament meet?

A. In May, 1689. The king opened the session in person.

Q. Was that parliament a fair representation of the Irish people?

A. Yes; it included Catholics and Protestants; the former predominated in the House of Commons; there were Protestant bishops in the House of Lords, but no Catholic prelates.

Q. What were the topics of the king's speech?

A. His majesty denounced all violations of the rights of conscience as abhorrent to his principles; he promised security of property; he upheld the perfect equality of Protestants and Catholics; he called the attention of parliament to the trading and manufacturing interests of the nation; and recommended to their care those persons whom the Act of Settlement had unjustly deprived of their property.

Q. What acts did this parliament pass?

A. An act for the full establishment of liberty of conscience. This act had the warm assent of every Catholic member of this parliament, in which the great majority of members were Catholics.

Q. Was it accordant with the spirit of the Irish Catholics at large?

A. Pre-eminently so; neither, then, nor at any other time, did the Irish Catholics desire the exclusion of any class of their countrymen from any political privilege which they themselves enjoyed.

Q. What other measures did the parliament of 1689 enact?

A. It enacted that tithes should be paid by each person to the pastor of his own communion. The two houses also passed a bill repealing Poynings's law, and establishing the legislative and judicial independence of Ireland; but it was negatived by the miserable James, to whom it appeared inconsistent with his favorite notion of "an English interest" in Ireland.

Q. Was the Act of Settlement repealed this session?

A. Yes; and the forfeited estates which the Cromwellian adventurers had obtained, were thereby restored to their former owners, who had lost them through their loyalty to the house of Stuart.

Q. What grant did the Irish parliament make James?

A. Twenty thousand pounds per month.

Q. What financial scheme had James recourse to?

A. He issued a proclamation doubling the value of money.

Q. How did the merchants and traders evade this proclamation?

A. By instantly doubling the prices of their goods.

Q. Did James besiege the city of Derry?

A. Yes; the assault was commanded by General Hamilton; the defence was conducted by a Protestant clergyman named Walker; and when we consider the want of previous discipline, the want of provisions in the garrison during a great portion of the siege, and the dispiriting tendency of the treacherous conduct of Lundy, the governor of the town, it is impossible to estimate too highly the spirit, valour, and gallantry of the Protestant defenders of Derry.

Q. What was the issue of the conflict?

A. The Derrymen kept their town for William; and the assailants retreated on the arrival of vessels in the harbour bearing provisions for the gallant inhabitants, whose defence forms one of the most brilliant achievements on the annals of modern warfare.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### *Struggle between James and William.*

Q. What measures did William of Orange take against James in Ireland?

A. He sent his Dutch general count Schomberg, with an army of 10,000 men into this country.

Q. When and where did they land?

A. They landed on the 13th of August, 1689, at Bangor Bay, near Carrickfergus.

Q. What was the character of the Williamite army?

A. The Rev. Dr. Gorge, who was chaplain to Schomberg, describes them as wallowing in profanity, too odious and loathsome for description; if they were, however, proved and well-trained soldiers

Q. What was Schomberg's first attempt?

A. The siege of Carrickfergus.

Q. Who was the Jacobite governor of the town?

A. McCarthy-More.

Q. Did he make a gallant defence?

A. He did not surrender until his last grain of powder was exhausted; and he then obtained honourable terms from Schomberg.

Q. Did Schomberg's army observe the terms of capitulation?

A. No; they scandalously violated their engagements, and rioted in every excess of flagitious licence. Femal virtue was outraged, and private property was plundered and devastated.

Q. Did the native Irish, in the various civil wars of the kingdom, ever offer insult or injury to the females of the opposite party?

A. Never; and this fact is a proud and honourable boast of our nation, especially when contrasted with the beastly licentiousness that marked the conduct of the English soldiery in Ireland in every civil strife.

Q. Did Schomberg countenance the ruffianism of his men at Carrickfergus?

A. No; he endeavoured to check them; and thereby obtained their hatred.

Q. Whither did he advance from Carrickfergus?

A. Along the coast to Dundalk.

Q. In what condition did he find the country?

A. Reduced to a mere desert by the previous civil warfare.

Q. What was the state of Schomberg's men?

A. They suffered severely from the want of provisions, and the fatigue of marching through a boggy and mountainous country.

Q. What were the counsels of James's generals?

A. They were disposed to retreat before Schomberg, until the Earl of Tyrconnell reassured them by promising a large reinforcement.

Q. What was Schomberg's conduct?

A. He paused near Dundalk, and fortified his camp with entrenchments.

Q. Did James's army engage that of Schomberg?

A. No; the timid and vacillating spirit of the king appears to have influenced his generals. The men were dissatisfied at not being led to battle.

Q. What were Marshal Rosen's words to James?

A. "If your majesty had ten kingdoms, you would lose them."

Q. Why did not Schomberg engage James's army?

A. Because his men were exhausted by disease and hunger, and must have inevitably been defeated if they quitted their position.

Q. What losses did the Williamites sustain just then?

A. They lost Sligo and Jamestown, which were stormed and taken by the gallant Sarsfield, earl of Lucan, a man of whom Irishmen may well be proud.

Q. How did Schomburg's campaign terminate?

A. In the destruction by disease and famine, of the greater portion of his army; while no advantage of any importance had been gained by his efforts against James, excepting the capture of the fort of Charlemont.

Q. On what course did William then resolve?

A. On proceeding to Ireland himself.

Q. Where and when did he land?

A. At Carrickfergus, on the 14th

June, 1690.

Q. By whom was he attended?

A. By Prince George of Denmark, the duke of Ormond, and a large train of followers of rank.

Q. What was the number of William's army?

A. Thirty-six thousand picked men.

Q. What were James's movements?

A. As soon as he learned that William had landed he proceeded to join his army, which were now encamped on the southern banks of the Boyne, near Drogheda.

Q. When did William's army arrive at the Boyne?

A. At an early hour on the morning of the 30th of June.

Q. How was James's army then posted?

A. They had Drogheda to the right, a deep bog to their left, the Boyne in their front, and some hedges between their lines and the river, which could be used as breastworks for infantry.

Q. What peril did William escape?

A. While reconnoitering James's position from the opposite bank of the river, he was struck on the right shoulder by a ball from James's lines; while another shot killed a man and two horses in his immediate vicinity. He, however, escaped with a slight wound, and rode through his army to counteract the dispiriting effects of a report of his death that had been spread.

Q. How was James affected by the approach of battle?

A. He had blustered a good deal the previous day about his anxiety to risk an engagement; but he now was eagerly anxious to avoid encountering his opponent.

Q. Was this from sheer poltroonery?

A. Partly it was so; no doubt; but William's army was so vastly superior to his own in artillery, as well as in numbers, that the French generals of James would have willingly escaped an engagement. The Irish, however, expressed their perfect readiness to fight

*The Battle of the Boyne, and the Sieges of Athlone and Limerick.*

Q. On what day was the battle of the Boyne fought?

A. On the first of July, 1690.

Q. Did James take an active part in the battle?

A. No; he looked on at the contest from the Hill of Donore; and when a portion of William's army gave way before the charge of the Irish dragoons, he exclaimed, "Spare, O Spare my English subjects."

Q. What was the progress and event of the battle?

A. Great valour was displayed on both sides; but the great superiority, in point of numbers and equipments, on the part of William's army, decided the victory in their favour. Exclusively of the numerical advantage, the Williamites were encouraged by the presence of a monarch who led them with bravery and skill; whilst the Jacobites were dispirited by the cowardice and incapacity of the miserable James.

Q. What did the Irish soldiers say when James fled to Dublin?

A. Their cry was, "Change kings, and we'll fight the battle over again."

Q. What was the conduct of William's soldiers after the battle?

A. The Enniskilleners, and some other desperadoes, murdered in cold blood many of the peasantry, whom curiosity had drawn to the spot.

Q. Who received James at Dublin Castle?

A. Lady Tyrconnell received him on the staircase; and when his majesty, with base ingratitude and falsehood, ascribed the event of the battle to the cowardice of the Irish, "who," he said, "had run away," Lady Tyrconnell replied with spirit, "Your majesty, I see, has won the race." In truth, James had not waited for the end of the engagement, but had precipitately fled to Dublin, leaving the day yet undecided.

Q. What commission did William issue?

A. A commission to confiscate the estates of all the Jacobite leaders who had taken up arms.

Q. What was William's next military enterprise?

A. The siege of Athlone. This service was entrusted to General Douglas, who was placed at the head of ten regiments of foot and five of horse.

Q. Who was the Jacobite governor of Athlone?

A. Colonel Grace.

Q. When summoned by Douglas to surrender, what was Grace's answer?

A. He fired a pistol at the messenger, desiring him to take that as his reply.

Q. What was Douglas's next proceeding?

A. He constructed a battery in front of the town, and opened a fire on the castle.

Q. How did the garrison meet the attack?

A. By returning Douglas's fire from the castle with tremendous effect. His best gunner was killed and his battery was destroyed. He was accordingly obliged to raise the siege.

Q. When did William besiege Limerick?

A. On the 9th of August, 1690.

Q. What was the conduct of his army prior to the siege?

A. They renewed the brutalities they had practiced at Athlone. They plundered and burned the country, and committed acts of the grossest licentiousness.

Q. What defence did the Irish garrison of Limerick make?

A. A most gallant one; even the women mingled amongst the soldiers, and fought as valiantly as the men. They declared, that they would rather be torn in pieces than submit to the power of wretches who were guilty of such foul abominations as the Williamite army had committed.

Q. How long did the conflict last?

A. For three hours; when William, retreated from Limerick, seeing that success was perfectly hopeless.

Q. How many men did William lose?

A. Two thousand.

Q. How did the advances of his army affect the condition of the Protestants who inhabited the country?

A. Most disastrously; for the Protestants in the neighbourhood of Limerick, and also of Athlone, had previously lived in security under the protections they had taken out from the Jacobite garrisons of those places; but on the approach of William's army, they had surrendered their protections and gone over to the invading army, by whom they were treated with the utmost indignity, and even brutality.

Q. What walled city was next attacked?

A. Cork; which was taken after a brave defence; the inhabitants having stipulated for protection for their persons and property.

Q. Were these terms observed?

A. No; a Williamite mob abused the persons, and plundered the property of the Catholic and Jacobite inhabitants; in which acts of licence they were joined by the triumphant soldiery.

Q. What was the amount of the confiscations under William?

A. One million and sixty thousand acres.

Q. What town of importance did William besiege in the ensuing year?

A. Athlone.

Q. Who conducted the assault?

A. General Ginckle.

Q. When did he appear before the town?

A. On the 18th of June, 1691.

Q. What resistance did the garrison make?

A. A most vallant one. The assailing force was now far superior to that which General Douglas had brought against the town on the occasion of the previous siege.

Q. How many cannon did Ginckle mount on his battery?

A. Ten; with which he opened a tremendous fire on the town and castle. The bridge had been broken by Grace in the former siege, and the English now repaired the breach with woodwork, under cover of the smoke of burning buildings.

Q. How did the Irish meet this attempt?

A. A sergeant and ten men, cased in armour, rushed forth from the town to destroy the wooden passage the English had made.

Q. What was the fate of this brave little party?

A. They were destroyed by a shot from the English battery.

Q. Was their attempt renewed by others?

A. Yes; a second party from the town filled their places, and succeeded in destroying the woodwork on the bridge. Only two of this party survived their desperate exploit.

Q. What was the result on the invading force?

A. Ginckle was unable for nine days to repeat his assault.

Q. When he did renew his attack, how did the Irish act?

A. They threw grenades into all the wooden works on which he had been occupied during the interval; and all his pontoons, galleries, and breastworks were consumed to ashes.

Q. What was the conduct of King James's French general, St. Ruth?

A. He most absurdly removed the brave men who so ably garrisoned Athlone, and supplied their places with inferior regiments.

Q. Meanwhile, how was Ginckle occupied?

A. He seriously debated with his officers whether he should abandon the siege or renew the assault. His own opinion was in favour of retreating; his officers, however, prevailed on him to renew his attempt by fording the river next morning.

Q. How did Ginckle try to throw the garrison off their guard?

A. He began to remove his guns from the batteries, as if they were preparing to depart.

Q. Did his trick deceive the Irish officers?

A. No; and they implored St. Ruth's reply.

A. The English said he will not dare to try it.

Q. What did the Irish General, Sarsfield, answer?

A. "No enterprise," said Sarsfield, "is too great for English valour."



Q. Did St. Ruth comply with the advice of his Irish officers?

A. No; he was obstinate and self-sufficient, and refused to believe that Ginckle would really hazard another attack. He accordingly neglected to make any preparations of defence; and on the next morning the English had forded the river and entered the town ere St. Ruth had awakened from his slumbers.

Q. Where did St. Ruth retreat to with his army, after he had lost Athlone?

To the hill of Kilcommodon, near the castle of Aughrim, in the county of Galway.

Q. On what day was the battle of Aughrim fought?

A. On the 12th of July, 1691.

Q. What were the fortunes of the day?

A. Victory seemed for a long time to favour the Irish, who succeeded in several charges, and were quite triumphant on the right and on the centre; when St. Ruth was killed by a shot from the enemy's cannon. Confusion overspread the Irish army on the loss of their commander, and was speedily followed by defeat.

Q. What was the character of St. Ruth?

A. He was undoubtedly a brave and able general; but his merits were counterbalanced by his excessive presumption, self-confidence, vanity, and obstinacy.

Q. Did William renew his attempt against Limerick?

A. Yes; on the 25th of August, 1691.

Q. To whom did he commit the conduct of the second siege?

A. To Ginckle.

Q. Was the siege protracted?

A. Yes, for several weeks; and after an obstinate struggle, in which the greatest heroism was displayed on both sides, the city surrendered upon the terms embodied in the celebrated "Treaty of Limerick."

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### *The Treaty of Limerick.*

Q. What was the advantage promised to the Irish Catholics in the Treaty of Limerick?

A. All the Catholics were to enjoy the exercise of their religion in as full and free a manner as they had done in the reign of Charles the Second. It was stipulated also, that as soon as parliament met, their majesties should try to obtain for the Catholics additional security for the freedom of their worship.

Q. What was the next provision in the treaty?

A. That all the inhabitants of the counties of Limerick, Cork, Clare, Kerry, and Mayo, who had taken up arms for King James, should possess their estates and pursue their callings and professions unmolested.

Q. What other right was secured to the Catholic gentry?

A. They were allowed to keep arms.

Q. And what oaths were required to be taken by them?

A. None, except the oath of allegiance to William and Mary.

Q. What provision was made by the treaty for all officers and soldiers who might refuse to remain in Ireland on the above conditions?

A. They were to be sent to France at the expense of the government.

Q. What was then the number of the Irish army at Limerick?

A. They were fifteen thousand strong.

Q. How many of them resolved to depart from Ireland, and enter the service of France?

A. About twelve thousand five hundred. They formed the commencement of the celebrated Irish Brigade which during the last century contributed so greatly to the honour of French arms.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### *The Reign of William and Mary, concluded.*

Q. Was the treaty of Limerick faithfully observed by the government?

A. No; it was shamefully violated.

Q. What did Dr. Dopping, the Protestant bishop of Meath, say of it?

A. He preached a sermon before the lords justices, at Christ's Church, Dublin, in which he affirmed that Protestants were not bound to keep faith with Papists; at the same time denouncing the articles of the treaty.

Q. Was the bishop replied to?

A. He was, by another Protestant prelate; Doctor Moreton, bishop of Kildare, who alleged that the treaty was binding on men of good faith, and that Protestants could not be exonerated from keeping their promises to Papists.

Q. Did the English parliament violate the treaty?

A. Yes; by an audacious usurpation of power over the Irish legislature, the English parliament enacted "that all the members of the Irish legislature should take the oath of supremacy;" although the Treaty of Limerick had expressly provided, in its ninth article, that no oath whatsoever should be imposed upon the Irish Catholics except the oath of allegiance." In subsequent reigns, the treaty was yet more flagranty violated.

Q. Did the Irish parliament at this period of national depression and weakness, protect in any way, the interests of their country?

A. Yes; the Irish House of Commons rejected a money bill, which had been forwarded from England for their fiat; asserting their own exclusive right to originate all money bills.

Q. Of what materials was the Irish House of Commons at this time composed?