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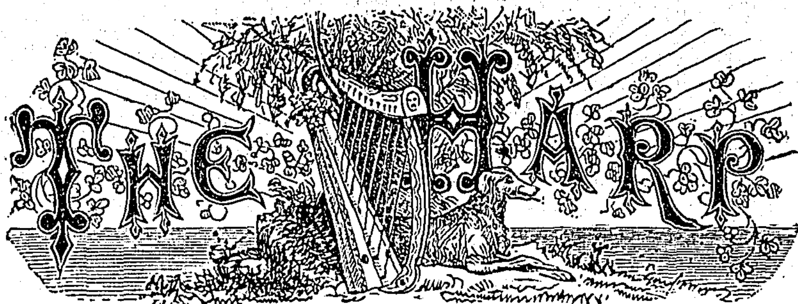

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

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OH! MY BIRD.

(*From the Irish.*)

MARY EVA KELLY (MRS. IZOD O'DOGHERTY.)

Air:—"The Cullinn."

Oh! my bird of the white breast and soft-swelling form,
Thou canst not cling near me amid the wild storm;
Thy sweet voice of music would falter and die
'Neath the darkness and cold of the sad winter sky.

The bright fluttering plumes thou art used to unfold,
'Mid fair summer flowers and warm skies of gold,
Would fall 'neath the drenching rain shattered and torn,
Tho' my fond circling arms should not leave thee forlorn.

Oh! the place of our rest, was it not calm and fair?
And now by the spoiler's dark hand 'tis laid bare.
No more shall we rove in the hazel shades green,
Where the strawberry buds in their beauty are seen.

Far from me thou must wander, until the mild spring
Shall soft-budding blossoms and gentle airs bring;
Thou canst not be near me—oh, loved as thou art,—
Tho' thy nest shall be warm in the depths of my heart.

THE O'DONNELLS OF GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

BY D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.,

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

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. BUTLER'S ESTABLISHMENT—WILLY SHEA—FRANK AT HOME—WILLY'S HISTORY.

Frank was amused by Shemus' conversational powers, as they proceeded in their journey. The mind of the latter seemed a regular fund of stories, songs, and legends; and as Frank's fowling operations were a sinecure, he had the more time to listen to him.

It was evening when they came in sight of Mr. O'Donnell's house, which was appropriately called Glen Oottage.

"Begor, there's the house beyond, and here is Mrs. Butler's sheebeen; will we go in? Maybe any of the boys wud be there."

"And maybe you'd like a glass after your walk, Shemus; so we will go in."

Mrs. Butler's house was rather comfortable of its kind; it was well thatched, and the walls plastered; it had also two glass windows in front. In one of the windows a few loaves of bread, some candles and pipes, displayed themselves most conspicuously; behind these stood a broken glass and a jug, as much as to say you can get something else here besides bread and candles.

In such a sense did the initiated read it, for they knew well that there was some secret chamber or corner in Mrs. Butler's establishment as hard to be made out as the labyrinth of Crete, which was accessible to Mrs. Butler alone; for she presided as priestess over it, and discovered in his hidden womb nothing less than an Irishman's glory—the real potteen. Mrs. Butler's house had an exterior air of comfort; the interior of it also was clean and orderly. The little kitchen, with an attempt at a counter in one corner, and its rows of pints and tins in another, and its clean mortar floor and white-washed walls, bore strong evidence to Mrs. Butler's taste and cleanliness. The little room inside was equally neat; it had a bed hung with cotton curtains in one corner, and a kind of little closet behind, among the mysteries of which she concealed her "mountain dew." Indeed, I must say, that the excise officers connived at it a good deal, for she was a poor struggling widow, trying to support herself and her only daughter. Mr. O'Donnell, too, for he was her landlord, left her the house and haggard free. So she was, as she said herself, "able to live purty well, glory be to God."

"Arrah, welcome, Mr. Frank; where have you been this week of Sundays? sit down." She ran over and dusted a chair for him, and then placed it near the fire. This was Mrs. Butler's

salutation to our travelers as they entered her domicile. Mrs. Butler, though a large, corpulent woman, was still a bustling body; her daughter Nelly was also a bustling tidy little girl.

"I am well thank you, Mrs. Butler," said Frank, in reply to her inquiries. "I was over at my uncle's; myself and Shemus here walked across to-day, so, as we are pretty well tired now, if you get us a drop, I think it will not do us any injury."

"Shure I will, and welcome, Mr. Frank, and if it were a hundred times better, who has so good right to it, I want to know?"

"Thank you, ma'am; any news since I left home?"

"Sorra a news, Mr. Frank, worth relating."

"Now, Shemus," said Frank, as they left Mrs. Butler's, "I think we will cross the fields home, and go by Glenbower; we might meet a woodcock there; it is the first place in this part of the country they come to."

"Begorra, it's as good a way as any," said Shemus. Glenbower—the bothered glen—was a thick grove of bushes and trees in a deep valley. A small stream ran through it, and in the middle and thickest part, the water rolled over a projecting rock, forming a very pretty cascade of about ten feet high. It took its name from the noise caused by this.

Near the water-fall, under a projecting cliff, was a very pretty arbor. There was a rustic seat in the centre, and the branches and shrubs entwined with woodbine and honey suckles were interwoven around it.

As Frank neared this retreat, for he met no birds in the grove, he thought that he heard the sound of music proceeding from it.

"Whist," said Shemus; "may I never sin but that is music."

"I think so, too, Shemus; let us go nearer."

As they neared the arbor they distinctly heard the sounds of a flute mingling with the soft drippling of the falling stream.

"Isnt it pleasant?" said Shemus, evidently delighted; "listen to the murmuring of the water and the sound of the music sighing together."

Frank leant on his gun until the music ceased; he then went up to the arbor and was about to enter, when he heard a clear plaintive voice chanting the following song:—

Oh! fair is the brow
Of Cathleen, dear,
And mild is the glance
Of Cathleen, dear,
And raven is her hair,
And her skin is so fair
That none can compare
With Cathleen, dear.

Oh! light is the step
Of Cathleen, dear,
And graceful the mien
Of Cathleen, dear,
I am wild with delight,
My heart is so light
If I met but the sight
Of Cathleen, dear.

There is love in the eye
Of Cathleen, dear,
There is balm in the sigh
Of Cathleen, dear,
Soft and fair is her hand,
And her voice is as bland,
As breath of Araby's land,
My Cathleen, dear.

Brighter than the day
Is Cathleen, dear,
Purer than the spray
Is Cathleen, dear,
Oh! I never will rove,
But true as the dove
I'll cling to the love
Of Cathleen, dear.

My heart it is thine,
My Cathleen dear,
Then, will you be mine?
My Cathleen, dear,
And our lives, well I know,
Will so lovingly flow
We'll have heaven below,
My Cathleen, Dear.

After the song there was a silence of some time.

"I declare," thought Frank, "'tis no other but my friend, Willy Shea; could that song be addressed to my sister Kate? I never heard it before, and he writes poetry. Well, I shouldn't wonder if he were in love with her, for she is a noble girl. I declare, if they made a confidant of me I would do my best for them, for I would not ask a nobler husband for my fair sister than Willy Shea."

The rustling of the trees near them disturbed the party in the arbor, and Frank neared them, and grasping his friend by the hand, exclaimed,

"Willy, my dear fellow, I am glad to see you; when did you come? this is a pleasure I did not expect; and Kate, my sister dear, how are you since? why, you look pale,—and my little Bessy," and he kissed his young sister.

"Now, Frank," said Kate, recovering her composure, "sit down, you have asked so many questions in a minute that I am sure you did not give us time to answer half of them."

"Oh, I believe I must answer the first," said Willy; "in the first place, I am here three days; I was getting weary of the city, and, in truth, my health wasn't too good, so I took a run to see my kind friends."

"Welcome, my dear friend; and you strolled up to my nest, as I called it; up here; here is where I sit and think and dream over life's vicissitudes; isn't it a wild retreat, Willy? just suited for a poet like you."

"It is, indeed, a retired nook, separated from the world; here you would hear no voice but that little stream babbling its own discordant music; here the soul could commune with itself."

"True, but I interrupted your music; you were at some song I never heard before; I suppose one of your own composition."

A slight blush tinged the student's pale cheek, and a sympathetic one mounted on Kate's. Frank did not pretend to notice it, though he was too well schooled in the ways of love not to set down these indications for their worth.

"Come, Willy, play something, and I will take Bessy on my knee, and as our house is too small, Shemus, you must remain at the door."

Shemus was fatigued, and stretched outside the door; Bessy climbed to her brother's knee, and nestled in his bosom, and Willy resumed his flute.

Though it was the month of November, still the evening was calm and still; the weather was very dry for the season, so there was but little water in the stream. The birds were chirping their farewell songs to autumn, the little rivulet fell with gurgling noise over the fall, and the soft sounds of the flute floated on the evening breeze.

"Music has wonderful charms for me," said Frank. "I think there is a great deal of truth in the fabled lyre of Orpheus; it is a mere allegory, showing the power music possesses of fascinating the most rugged natures."

"True," said Willy: "the snake-charmers use it in their incantations; why, it has a soothing influence on most animals, not to speak of man; the poet has well said,—

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt,
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn."

And yet, some of the finest minds had no taste for music; let us take Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott, for instances."

"Few have that nice discriminating taste to observe a slight error in musical notes. If a single wrong syllable introduced itself into a verse, either of these great scholars would at once see the limpling of the verse, their very ear would detect it, and yet they were not sensible of the pure harmony of music; this makes me agree with the Latin quotation,—'Poeta nascitur non fit.' I think, though, art can do a great deal to perfect it, still nature is the great architect of our tastes and talents."

"Do you know," said Frank, after a pause, "let modern writers say what they will to the contrary, I think that our old bardic order and traveling minstrels did a great deal of good in their way; they kept alive the spirit of romance and chivalry that tended to refine and ennoble the people."

"Oh! how I'd long to hear one of these 'sons of song,' firing his hearers with martial pride; there was something so soul-stirring in the bard. His was glorious music; now haughty and inspiring, and then sad and pensive, as it weeping. I went a few years ago to hear an old wandering minstrel in Cork. I might say of him:—

'The last of all the bards was he,
That sung of ancient chivalry.'

He was a fine type of the old Irish bards; his grey hair floated in wavey ringlets like the old Irish coulin. There was a touching sweetness in his wild effusions that made me long to see the bardic order restored. I often listen in imagination to our great natural bard, Carolan—him over whom the genius of his country breathed the spirit of inspiration. Is there not a tender pathos, an impressive grandeur, a metrical simplicity in his compositions, and a sublime witchery in the wild effusions of his harp."

"What a pity," said Kate O'Donnell, "that our old Irish harp should give way to other and newer instruments."

"And yet Kate, our neighbors, the English, will not allow us the poor privilege of claiming the harp a national instrument."

"I always thought," said Frank, "that they left us this much of our nationality, at least; I should not wonder if the Scotch, as they have seized Ossian, took the harp also."

"Dr. Percy says," said Willy, "that 'the harp was the common Musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons;' but Dr. Beauford says, 'I cannot but think the *clarseach*, or Irish harp, one of the most ancient Irish instruments we have among us, and had, perhaps, its origin in remote periods of antiquity.'"

"The Irish tradition is, that we are indebted for this instrument to the first Milesian colony that settled in this country. The music of the harp was grand indeed, though inferior to the bagpipes, as soul-stirring, martial music in the field; it far surpassed it in sweetness and pensive grandeur. How gay and animating is the

Irish jig, and what surpasses the renecafadha, or war dance, which corresponds to the festal dance of the Greeks. Previous to the innovation of foreign dances, all our balls or dancing parties concluded with the renecafadha, as they often do now with a country dance. The last time it had been danced in honor of a great national event, was to welcome James the Second on his arrival in Kinsale."

"You said something, Frank," said Kate, about Ossian being a Scotchman; do the modern Scotch claim him as such?"

"Certainly, sister mine; what is it the English and Scotch don't claim? I shouldn't wonder if Carolan should become a Scotchman or an Englishman by and bye, and most likely, after a time, Tom Moore too; but happily their claims to Ossian are now exploded. To Macpherson is undoubtedly due the merit of collecting the scattered Ossianic poems; but then he so changed names, or rather Scotchafied them, as to give them something of a Scotch smack."

Night was fast setting in, so they prepared to leave for home.

"I tell you what," said Frank, as they left the grove, "winter is now setting in; as soon as the weather breaks we must leave our bower for the season. Now, I propose that we take a cold dinner here to-morrow; and to make it a banquet worthy of the gods, I will bring my clarionet, and you your flute, Willy. Now, who seconds the resolution?"

"I do," said Willy, "provided Kate will be our fair hostess, and Bessy our guest."

"Agreed, agreed!"

"Do you know, Frank, whom we had at dinner, and is to stay to night with us!"

"No, whom, pray?"

"Your friend, Mr. Baker."

"Now, capital by Jove! Tell me, has he many on his list of killed and wounded? any new victims?"

"Oh! I suppose he has; but then we did not wait to hear of all his bloody deeds, so we left himself and papa to settle about the killed and wounded over their punch, and strolled out here."

"Willy, my dear fellow," said Frank, "we must draw out old Baker; he is the oldest fish in the world, a regular Jack Falstaff; if you credit himself the county is trembling with the very dread of his name, while I must tell you there never breathed a more arrant coward."

One party found the worthy couple enjoying their punch together, and Mrs. O'Donnell, seated on a settee near the fire, enjoying Mr. Baker's "hair-breadth escapes by flood and field."

"Ha! Frank—well, are ye come, ladies—is this you—where were you these seven weeks?—devlish well you rode the Fawn, my boy—give me the hand."

This was Mr. Baker's salute to Frank, the moment he made his appearance.

"Well, are you come lad; I thought you *weren't going to come home any more*," said his father.

His mother kindly looked up, with his hand in hers, and gave it a kiss, and whispered :—

"Welcome, my dear boy."

"That will do, now," said Mr. Baker; "leave your gun there; a nice day for shooting this, though I think your bag isn't very heavy; when I was like you, a strippling, I often had two men loaded coming home. Ay, upon my soul, often three, often three!"

"You must have shot a sheep, or a dog, or, perhaps, a lot of turkeys then, to load so many?" said Frank.

This was a sly hit at Mr. Baker, for it was said that he wasn't very particular whether it were wild or tame fowl he met; in fact preferred the latter, as being in the best condition, and the more easily got at.

"Devil a bit, devil a bit, all wild-fowl, game every mother's soul of them. Often Lord Clearall said to me:—'Baker, how the deuce do you bag so many.' His lordship and I, you know, are particular friends; he was never a good shot though. You heard that I shot—hem, that his lordship though shot—this is between ourselves though, honor bright—this is how it happened. We were fowling, and a covey of partridge got up near the dogs; bang went his lordship and I; bedad, one of the birds fell, and there was Spanker tossing head over heels, I thought it was over-joyed he was; bedad, when I went up to him he was beautifully peppered. His lordship stormed and swore, and said it was I that shot him; devil a bit, I knew better, but I didn't like to contradict him, for his lordship is my particular friend. Come, Frank, boy, get your glass."

"I think I will get something to eat first,' said Frank.

"That's it, Frank; a man can never drink unless he eats; 'eat, drink, and be merry,' as his lordship says, for we are particular friends. I think I will have another leg of that turkey, Miss Kate; I can drink the better for it. Just take what you want off the bird for Frank, and leave the rest here on the table, we can be

picking a snack by times; that will do, Miss Kate; a loaf of bread now. A man should always be eating and drinknig together; 'eat, drink and be merry,' as his lordship says; his lordship and I, you know, are particular friends. That roast mutton was so nice I think I will have a cut along with the turkey, that will do now. This is your own mutton, Mr. O'Donnell? devilish fine it is; never got such mutton as *yours*, except his lordship's."

We will leave Mr. Baker, for the present, to enjoy his snack, which consisted, of the most part of a turkey, and about two pounds of mutton; we will also leave Frank to take his dinner, for which he had a good relish, after a walk of about fourteen miles through the country; and Shemus, too, to do ample justice to a dish of broken meat and crisped potatoes, in the kitchen, and while they are all enjoying themselves, we will introduce our new acquaintances to our readers.

Mr. O'Donnell was a man about fifty years of age—perhaps something more. He was very handsome in his youth, and was still a fine portly man. His figure was erect, his large eye bright, and the ruddy glow of health was still upon his cheek. There was none of the sternness of age upon his brow; nor was the smile of love and friendship banished from his lips. He was warm-hearted and affectionate, and with merry laugh and song he joined the plays and pastimes of his children. His parental authority did not chide their innocent amusements, so he was to them the kind, loving father and playful friend. He was a man of wealth and respectability, too. He farmed large tracts af land, and had lately set up a discount bank in the village. His wife was a pale, tall woman. There was something subdued and melancholy in her appearance. This was owing to the death of most of her children, by that most insidious of all diseases, consumption. She was a woman of warm affections and deep love; and it is no wonder, when she saw her darling children droop and pine away one by one, that the rose fled her cheeks and the smile her lips. Even now she sighs as little Bessy sits beside her on the settee and nestles her head in her lap, for there is something in the fire that sparkles in the eye, and in the hectic flush that mantles on the cheek, and then leaves it deadly pale as before, that wrings the mother's heart with anguish for her pretty darling. So frail, so gentle and retiring was Bessy O'Donnell, that she seemed some etheeal being embodied in a frame of mortal mould. She was the only one of the family that possessed the golden hair and light blue eye of the mother. She was a frail, gentle, loving child, Bessy O'Donnell was. Though twelve winters had not passed over her head, yet she was tall—tall for her years—for the fire was burning within, and building its structure to consume it again. And Kate O'Donnell; she was in herself a wealth of love and beauty. Though she had imbibed from her mother a tinge of her chaste sadness, still she was betimes cheerful as a child, with all the devotional nature of true piety.

Her's was that beautifully moulded character of intellectual taste, rare enjoyments, and good sense, seldom met with; but which is no ideal after all, dear reader. How many a Kate O'Donnell have we met with in life? But I must describe her more minutely to you. Her beauty was of the highest order; she was tall and stately, without a particle of pride or affectation. Her beautiful oval, but rather pale, face was enlivened by a slight blush, and encircled with long braids of raven hair. A broad forehead, white as alabaster, a nose of extreme delicacy, but rather *retrouesse*, dark blue eyes, bordered with dark lashes—such was Kate O'Donnell.

There was an elegance of symmetry, a correctness of form about her, that I have seldom seen surpassed in statuary. How often, dear reader, do we see a living Venus, with life and animation, with the rich blood circling through her veins, with animated and sparkling features? What is all your soulless statuary, your dry Venus-de-Medici, to her? Nothing; it is merely a beautifully chiselled ideal when compared to the real. Such was Kate O'Donell, as she moved around that tastefully furnished parlor, that black velvet riband around her neck, contrasting so finely with the purity of her skin, and that rose-bud braided in her dark hair, looking out so wantonly from beneath the folds.

We know little, as yet, of Willy Shea, but that he was an orphan; Frank had met him at College. There was something so retiring and gloomy about that poor student, that he won on Frank's good nature to seek his society and fellowship.

Willy Shea seemed to avoid associating with any of the students. He was dressed in black, with crape on his hat; all the others knew about him was that he had lately buried his father, and was now left alone to battle against a rough world.

Frank, after a time, gained his friendship and his confidence, and when the fatal disease of his family,—consumption,—threatened, and when recommended to go to the country, alas! he had no home, and Frank wrote to his father, and there came in reply a welcome invitation for the student to make his home of Mr. O'Donnell's house until his recovery; he hesitated, yet Frank pressed him, and said so much about the kindness of his dear mother and his fair sister, that at length he consented. For something said to him, "though death has left you without kith or kin, though you have no fond mother, or gentle sympathizing sister—no one to love you, no one to feel for you, there is no use in feeling dismal and weary; go, there are loving hearts in the world that will love you," and something within him whispered, "go, there are loving hearts in the world that will love you,"—and he did go.

Willy Shea was then about twenty. He was rather tall and gracefully formed. His studious pale-looking face, shaded with dark curls, possessed almost a womanly delicacy. There was a mine of thought in his dark dreamy eye. As I said, he had neither kith nor kin, and he tried to forget the past in deep reflective study. His thoughts and life were pure and unsullied; his aspirations noble and lofty.

At length the poor suffering student accompanied his new friend to his home in the country. Here every comfort surrounded him; the nicest attention was paid him, until his improved health testified that the change was indeed beneficial.

Mrs. O'Donnell thought of her own dear children and sighed, and was a mother to the suffering orphan. He was so exhausted from his delicate state and the fatigue of travelling, that he was confined to bed for several days. Kate was his principal nurse, and her low soft voice, her gentle step, and the cheerfulness of her presence, were a balm to his weary spirit. How he did wait and listen and long for her coming; what sweet emotions danced in his dark eyes, as she quietly glided into his room.

One day in a feverish sleep, as dreams of the past flitted across his mind, he exclaimed, "Oh, mother dear! oh, sister sweet! will you not come to me? but alas! I have neither mother nor sister—no one to love me."

He thought he felt a tear trickle on his brow; he looked up, and Kate was standing over him, her large eyes dim with pity and compassion. "So you have neither mother nor sister, poor youth; I will be to you a sister."

"God bless you, God bless you, Miss O'Donnell, for these kind words, and he pressed his lips to her hand. She blushed and timidly withdrew her hand

"Forgive me, Miss O'Donnell——"

"Kate, if you please, as we are to be brother and sister."

"Well, Kate—how dear a name—I am grateful for that sympathy which called forth your *devotion to a stranger; I had a sister like you*; her name was Kate, also."

"And she is dead?" said Kate.

"Yes, Kate, yes! that fatal disease of our family did its work; she was older than I by a few years; she was the playmate of my young days, and the guide of my boyhood. We loved one another dearly. At length, her laugh became less merry—her step less buoyant. She was declining; yes, she was, for that short dry cough, that hectic flush, and the tiny blue veins and wasting frame told us so. Doctors were called in; they watched her heavy breathing, felt her pulse, wisely shook their heads, took their fees, and left. They ordered her whatever she desired; ah we knew what this meant. At length she became too weak to remain up. I constantly watched and attended her sick bed, and often watered it with my tears. I can never forget the day our poor infirm father came to take his parting leave. He had to be helped up stairs; he tottered to the bed; though weak, she raised herself up clasped her tiny hands around his neck; hr tears bedewed her face. His long grey hai floated around, mingling with her soft ringlets. There he lay in her embrace, breathing blessings on that good dutiful daughter, that never vexed him; that cheered and consoled him in his declining health. It was a mute scene of heart-felt grief. Memory recalled the love and kindness of past years. All the tenderness of the fond father and dutiful daughter was aroused in that awful moment, when they were about to separate for ever. With swollen eyes and trobbing heart I witnessed this scene. My poor sobbing mother burried her face in the bedcovering. The domestics wept, and at length bore him away from that child he dearly loved, but was never more to see on earth."

"And your father, too?" said Kate, as she rested her head on her hand, and the tears trickled between her fingers.

"Is dead! Oh! I can never forget my feelings, as I knelt beside his death-bed. With a heart bursting with grief I knelt to receive hi final blessing."

"Ah! in that moment what feelings agitate a sensitive mind. Our past lives rise up in judgment against us; our faults and transgressions appear so heinous that we feel almost ashamed to crave a blessing. Alas! if we could recall that good father to life, how changed we would become. What a lesson is there in that separation. As I paid nature her tribute beside that death-bed, some one whispered—'You have one comfort, you were a dutiful son.' I might reply—'Alas, I thought so while he was alive; but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.' These tears, Kate, were not weakness; no, for they sprung from that fount, the holiest in my nature, that stirred up this mutiny of sobs and tears for that dear father whose wise counsels and protecting hand steered me through life."

"And so you are alone in the world?" sobbed Kate.

"Alone, Kate, without a domestic tie, one to love me, to fill up the yearnings of my loving heart, for my kind, gentle, loving mother soon followed them. Father, mother, and sister sleep in one grave. Oh, God! how soon shall I join them?"

"Hush, hush," sobbed Kate; "don't say that, brother, it is sorrowful. God is good; sure we will love you and comfort you."

"You love me Kate! Oh, did you say that?" and he leant up in the bed. "Oh, Kate, if one so good and pure as you would love me, I could almost forget the misery of the past in the happiness of the present."

Kate blushed and smiled, and said—"You forget that we are brother and sister already. Now try and sleep, for you are fatigued."

And did he sleep? No; he dosed away, and visions of the past rose up before him. He was a child again, and played with his sister at his mother's knee; and now tired and wearied with play, they knelt beside her and nestled in her lap, and she kissed them and hushed them to sleep: and his dear papa had come home, and walked in on tip-toes lest he would disturb his little darlings' rest. When they awoke, he had brought with him a horse for Willy and a doll for Kate; and how he laughed and raced with his horse, and Kate fondled her doll, and then when they retired to rest, how his mother pressed her good-night kiss upon there little lips. And then came up his schoolboy days, with crowds of happy children at play; their laughing faces full of smiles, and they lustily shouting in the exuberance of their mirth; and then came up the mournful faces of strange men crowding around their house; and some, he thought, were eating and drinking and laughing, whilst others were bearing away his dear sister in a coffin, and then came his father and next his mother. He wept and cried, but the heartless men put him aside, and bore away the coffins; and as he wept, an angel came to console him, and she wept with him, and then dried his tears with her wings; and he looked up, and the angel smiled and left her wings aside, and said—"I am Kate O'Donnell." The poor invalid awoke, his heart was full of a sweet sensation, and the brightness returned to his eyes, and the glow to his cheek, for the unerring penetration of the heart told him that Kate O'Donnell loved him. What wonder that these young hearts folded in their bosoms, like a morning flower dripping with dew, that sweetest and holiest of sentiments—first love—that sentiment that so gladdens and beautifies human life as to make a paradise on earth Willy Shea grew strong day by day; Kate was his constant companion; they feared not the world's censure, for they had pledged their young love to one another, and their hearts were full of joy. The 'Spectator' says that "solitude with the person beloved, even to a woman's mind, has a pleasure beyond all the pomp and splendor in the world." How the hearts of Willy and Kate responded to this sentiment as they built their fairy castles of hope in some retired place, with no other eye but those of God and the angels upon them.

When he took his leave, to follow his studies, for he was a medical student, he promised to return each vacation, and faithfully did he keep that promise, for there were fond smiles from all, and one loving heart to hail his welcome to Glen Cottage.

(To be continued.)

(For THE HARP.*)*

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY W. B. MEENAN.

'Tis sweet, in seclusion, to look on the past,
In life's sober twilight, recall the day dream;
To mark the smooth sunshine and skies overcast,
That checkered our course as we moved down the stream.

Never has the poet uttered sentiments more true, for what a mild, hallowed sensation of sweetest pleasure steals softly over the heart as the mind quickly travels back over the broad expanse of years that have passed since childhood, and lives once again amid the scenes of earlier years. There is a charm in it that drives away all harassing cares of this weary world, in

whose midst we serve out the period of our terrestrial exile, and the tears that fell in silvery floods over our griefs of childhood, now appear radiant with the dazzling brightness of the happy innocence of those joyous days. The briars which covered our youthful pathway have, long since, blossomed into vines of most fragrant roses, and their rich perfume spreads over our senses, causing most entrancing delight, as memory loves to wander back and pluck their opening buds.

What a mellow chasteness gilds every scene of those times long gone! Every tear has been transformed into a pleasant smile, and we feel an aching void within these hearts that we thought had long since become callous to every emotion, save those of the soul in its search for eternal happiness.

We have thought that not one ray of happiness illumined our earthly years; but in reviewing the distant past what can be the wistful, sad, yet pleasing throb that strikes the inmost chords of our deepest feeling, but the happy beam of distant joys reflected back over many years and awakening in the memory its sister reflections of times gone by!

Yes, retrospection is always pleasant, and though its chalice of sweetness be sometimes dashed with the bitterness of sorrow and grief, still it warms the affections of the heart, and Fancy then presents her views portrayed in all the warmest tints of light and shade. Some joyous, others sad; all are alike, mellowed by her chastening touch, and bear to us a peaceful pleasure.

This beautiful Past is like a fairy isle in Time's turbulent stream, where the balmiest zephyrs sigh their soft anthems 'mid tropic's perfumed shades; where the fragrance of a thousand richest flowers floats on the music of the air, as it softly kisses the waxen leaves of the snowy Camelia, and coursing from between the petals of the blushing rose, whispers aspirations of love to the modest violet which hides in humility beneath the shade. Memory always loves to wander there amid the continual music, but Death in all his grim, dark terror also lingers among the blooming groves—Death, the grim, dark monster, who mows down all with relentless rigor in his path, bearing desolation to many happy homes; and Death, the hedious demon who drives his poisoned dart through many hearts bound by affection's most sacred tie, and transforms the sweetened sparkling fount of Christian love into the thick, black waters of demoniac hate. One, the avenging instrument of of an angry God, in his train bears sadness, allied with hope, to homes and friends; the other, offspring of demon's hatred, seals the fountains of goodness and purity, and leaves of a trusting heart but a few blackned cinders, impregnated with the deadliest odors of hell.

But memory's golden radiance dissipates the darkness of these attendant monsters; and as the moon's fair beams bath sleeping nature in a sea of most entrancing loveliness and invests each object with a halo of beauty, so her happy brightness transforms Death's hedious person into a more beauteous form, and his sardonic grin into a glance of softened pity.

As the south wind blows over the placid waters, and disturbs their calm, smooth surface but to infuse its sweet perfume deeply into their sparkling depths, so memory, in her encounter with these shadows of past days, is trouble for a time, but that trouble is laden with inexplicable sweets.

Within the magic fastnesses of that blooming isle, dwell many well-known, happy forms, the light of whose sparkling eyes again flashes upon our hearts, and whose sunny smile once more awakens therein sweet, pleasing echoes. As in softened sadness they fade away, with outstreched hand they point onward to hope, the star of the future, and then, in their place, appear our many treasures gathered in the beautiful isle—the fragments of a song which fell in rich, sweet undulations from only mothers' lips, and of which, save memory now, and that loved mother's shadowy form, none know the beautiful air. There, also, lie sweet tokens, relics of the past, a faded flower whose odor has long since been spent upon the breeze, but between whose dried and discolored petals memory finds a fragrance sweeter far than the softly sighing zephyrs from elysian fields. A well-worn letter, dark with age, also lies there, and memory's tears, in falling on its written pages, have clustered round its long loved words in gems of richest hue and purity. Certainly the innocent heart must take the greatest pleasure in thus visiting the fairy isle of the past, and remingling in scenes which occupied so long ago their fleeting moments on the stage of life; but for all mankind memory has a wealth of pleasure, which, during the weary hours of after life, she bestows with lavish hand, and causes them to anticipate the hallowed joys they may attain, if their lives conform to the will of the Almighty. And, moreover, we are confident that:

"If in chimes of the blessed, affections unite,
And those, on earth-parted are blended in love—
If thoughts of the past quicken present delight,
Retrospection adds bliss to the sainted above."

ERIC WALDERTHORN.

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED

As he advanced up the street of the little village, he found a child sitting on a doorstep weeping bitterly. At sight of Schwartz, she was frightened. Eric drew near; and, sitting on the step beside her, took her on his knee, and tried to soothe her. She told him her father was very ill—her mother said he would die. After a little while he prevailed on her to lead him to her father, and entered a low white cottage. Ascending a narrow staircase, he found himself standing beside a bed, on which lay a man, still young, but emaciated and parched with fever. A pale young woman sat near his pillow: his wife, the mother of the little child. Strong compassion awoke in Eric's heart. He comforted the weeping wife, and gave her money to buy food for herself and child, and medicines for her husband. As he was leaving the cottage, he was met at the door by a venerable old man, the priest of the small village. Eric saluted him with deep respect; said he had just been to see the poor people above; and he thought the man looked very ill. Then the priest, after learning from him how he came to the village (he had been out rambling, and had lost his way, he said), offered to conduct him to the house of a parishioner, where he would be well lodged and taken care of.

"I am afraid the fever will spread: we have another case in the village," the old priest said to Eric, as they walked along.

"Who is it?" asked Eric.

"An artist, who came here to paint an alter-piece for us. It was going on rapidly, and was to have been finished before this. Only a fortnight ago he was seized with this fever; and a very bad state he is in, poor fellow. Bad enough for him, but bad for us too. We expected the painting to have been ready before this, and we had appointed the day after to-morrow for a grand festa. The neighbouring gentry had promised to be present at it; some rich Englishmen from Rome too; and we expected to make a good collection for our poor against the winter. But now," added the old priest sorrowfully, "we shall have no festa, no collection; and our poor will starve next winter, I fear."

"Is there no one you know of who could finish the painting?" asked Eric.

"I have written to Rome," answered the old priest, "but all the artists seem either to be so busily employed, that they cannot leave their work; or they do not care to finish a picture already begun. I have written to a young Englishman I know there; but he also is away, and not expected home for five days. I am sure he would have come had he known our strait, and he will come when he gets my letter; but it will be too late then."

"Where is this painting?" asked Eric. "Might I see it?"

"O! certainly, certainly," answered the old priest; and he led the way to the village church, a large an ancient one, and they entered the building together; leaving Schwartz stretched on the pavement outside.

They went towards the high alter. Above it, and just beneath three beautiful painted windows, hung the unfinished picture; on a level with it, was the scaffold on which the artist had worked.

"We cannot take the scaffold down before the painting is finished; it cost too much to put it up. The painting is given to us by a kind lady friend who lives in the neighborhood We were to find the artist, and she was to pay him. It was she who suggested the idea of a festa when it was finished, and a collection for the poor."

"Is there not something wanting in the group to complete the idea?"

"It is 'The child Christ teaching in the Temple,'" answered the priest.

"But the principal figure is wanting," said Eric; "the Divine Child."

"True—true."

Eric stood gazing on the half-finished canvas; a glow spread over his countenance, a bright light beamed from his eyes, and still he stood gazing in silence upon it. The priest looked at him; his face was changed. From the time that he had taken the child on his knees in the street; had spoken comfort to the weeping mother; had entered into the old priest's distress; peace had been dawning in his mind again. And now the full notes of an organ swelled through the church, and a beautiful tenor voice poured forth the words of a Latin anthem:

"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because He hath appointed me to preach good tidings to the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

Yes; "the opening of the prison to them

that are bound." The voice dwelt on that verse again and again: "the opening of the prison to them that are bound;" the loosing of the dark chains bound around the captives of Passion. The divine words came floating down the aisle; Eric felt them thrilling in his soul.

The melody changed; a full chorus of voices burst forth in answer back to that divine announcement: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; good tidings of peace; that sayeth unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Break forth into joy, sing together, oh ye waste places of Jerusalem! Know ye that to-day hath He spoken. Behold it is He!"

A Divine vision passed before Eric's eyes; he saw the Glorious Child standing in the vacant place; the Deliverer from the power of the Evil One. As the music ceased, he spoke to the priest:

"My father, I am an artist; I will finish the picture. Where are the colours and the pencils of the poor artist who lies ill?

"They can be fetched, my son," said the good old priest, trembling with joy.

"I must begin instantly. I cannot sleep till it is done. Can I have a light this evening —one that will burn all night?"

The colours were fetched, and he selected those he wanted, by the fast declining rays of the sun. Preparations for a good strong light were made; and the good father promised to come and superintend it himself. Before the twilight had ceased, the figure was sketched in by a rapid and masterly hand. When the good priest came according to his promise, to light the tall wax candles which were to illuminate the night Vigil, he was astonished at the progress that had been made. Silently the old man mounted the scaffold; lighted the thick tapers in the tall, massive gold candlesticks, that stood on either side of the picture; silently descended, glided over the pavement, and put some bread and wine in a corner which Eric had pointed out. And then he stood and watched him. Rapidly he sketched, rapidly put in the colours. The soft night breeze came in at the open window; and the broad full moon poured down a flood of silver light through the many-coloured panes, and strewed the pavement with the varied hues of the rainbow. Everything was so hushed, so still, that the hum of the fire-flies was heard as they danced beneath the trees which overshadowed the sleeping dead in the churchyard; and a full-throated bird sang all night in a neigbouring wood.

Midnight struck. In the deep silence, the muffled strokes on the bell, high up in the tower, throbbed through the church, as if dealt by the hand of some mighty and invisible giant. The old priest went out; Eric had not seen him; he was absorbed in his work, body and soul. And there, by the light of the huge wax tapers, in the deep silence of the night, *his vision sprang into being* beneath his rapid, skilful fingers. The moon faded, the bright stars vanished from the face of the glorious sun, all nature sprang into life; and, when the good old priest stood again in the church behind Eric, he found him still at work. The sun streaming in through the east windows, through gorgeous hues of crimson and blue, poured a purple radiance round his head. The father stood amazed. He saw the figure of the Holy Child in all its beauty. The countenance was entirely finished. The calm blue eyes seemed to pour down a flood of light on the amazed doctors, listening intently to the words proceeding from the parted lips. The shining gold curls rolled down upon the shoulders; the pure white festal robe, in which He had "come up to Jerusalem" flowed down to the pavement, but did not conceal the sandalled feet. He seemed to be in the act of descending the steps, around and upon which the doctors were grouped. The left foot was on a step higher than the right, and was lifted, as if the child were coming forward, perhaps to descend to the very steps of the altar itself. The left arm was raised, the hand pointing to heaven; the right hung down by his side, grasping a parchment-roll from which he seemed to be expounding.

The priest stood in silent wonder. Eric was now busy on the folds of the pure linen garment. He did not notice that any one was in the church, any more than he had noticed the old man's presence on the evening before. The hours passed, and he still lingered over his work, loth to part with it, for, to the good father's eye, it seemed finished; still he did not like to speak to him; and if he had spoken, Eric would not have heard him, so wholly was he absorbed in his work. The priest saw with concern that the bread and wine had not been touched. Fain would he have asked him to come down and eat something, but he dared not interrupt the work, and the rapt worker. Some one came to fetch him to the bed-side of the man ill of fever; they thought he was

dying. He left the church. Schwartz still lay where his master had left him. Some hours elapsed before the priest returned. When, at last, he was released from the numerous claims on his attention, he came back to the church. The painting was finished. The artist was no longer on the scaffold. He appeared to be kneeling on the steps of the altar, as if returning thanks for his finished work. The good father went up to him, he was lying prostrate at the foot of the altar, his head on the first step. The priest raised him; he thought he was dead, but he had only fainted. Weakened by his previous ilness; the fierce emotions he had experienced on again meeting Marie, the rapid flight from Rome, the night watch, the long fast, the absorption in his work—all had been too much for him. The priest called for assistance; he was lifted and carried gently to the priest's house, and laid on the priest's bed. The scaffold was taken down; the people flocked to the church to see the wonderful figure of the Holy Child; the report of its beauty spread abroad. Next day the church was full to overflowing; and, while the anthem swelled down the aisles, and the people worshipped, and money was poured into the box for the poor, Eric lay tossing in the delirium of the fever that was heavy on the village.

CHAPTER VII.

Carl returned to Rome three days before the expiration of the fortnight. They had encountered a squall at sea which had damaged the yacht so much that it was thought prudent to bring her home for repairs. Refreshed by his holiday, invigorated by the sea-breeze, and excited by the danger they had been in, Carl stepped lightly along the street which had led to his and Eric's lodgings. He had a whole budget of fresh ideas and new thoughts to impart to Eric, and he anticipated with pleasure the work they were to begin together, and wondered whether Eric had been to look after the marble as he promised. He bounded up the steps of the old palace, and met the portress before he reached the door of the studio.

"I have a letter for you, signor; it is down stairs," she said, "it came for you three days ago."

"I will go with you and fetch it," said Carl. "Is the Signor Eric up?"

"No, signor; but there is a lady and gentleman in the signor's studio. They have been there several times since signor Eric went out. The lady and gentlemen came to-day to see if you were come home."

"Eric gone out!" said Carl. "When did he go out? This morning?"

"No, signor. Two days ago."

"Two days ago! And where is he gone?"

"I do not know, signor."

"What lady and gentleman?"

"I do not know, signor. The gentleman asked if you had returned, and said he would wait a little and see if you or signor Eric came in."

Carl ran up stairs to the studio; he opened the door, and entered. He stepped back in amazement—he could scarcely believe his eyes when they fell upon Ernst and Katrine.

"And where is Marie, Madame Walderthorn," he asked, hesitatingly, after the first hearty greetings were over. "She is not ill, I hope?"

It was now Ernst's turn to look at Carl in amazement. Katrine smiled. "Why, this is Madame Walderthorn," he said, laying his hand on Krtrine's arm.

"Whew?" said Carl, and drew a long breath; and then sitting down fanned himself with his broad-brimmed hat, and burst out laughing, with tears at the same time pouring from his eyes. "Why," he said, when he had recovered his breath, "we both thought it was Mademoiselle Marie you had married."

"What?" said Ernst. "Who thought so? Eric?"

"Yes, and so did I," said Carl. "I am sure I cannot exactly tell you, how or where, either he or I got the impression that you and she were betrothed lovers last Christmas. But we were both certain of it. It was the cause of his flight from Rabenstein."

Ernst was thunderstruck. Carl told him everything he knew of the business, beginning from the meeting in the Sistine Chapel to the hour when he found him again in Rome.

"Poor suffering Eric!" cried Ernst. "It was Katrine who told me of your adventures that night, and the rescue they had received at your hands. It was Katrine, who told me also, that Eric loved Marie; and that she returned his affection. I had been speaking to my mother and Marie's parents when I came into Eric's room, and that evening was to have seen their betrothal. But how came you to be so deceived, Carl? Did I not tell you that

Katrine was my betrothed, or Franz—did you not see him again?"

"No, you said nothing to me that night," said Carl; "nor did you ever mention it in any of your letters. I suppose you never dreamed of our mistake; even in your letter announcing your marriage, and telling me Eric was at Rome, you did not mention your bride's name. And as for Franz, I have never seen him, or heard from him since; and, if you remember, I never returned to the room after we had searched the woods. No! Eric told me, and I never doubted but that he knew all about it; therefore, I never asked any one. Why should I? But, good Heaven, what surprise and joy for him! Where is his mother now—the lady of Kronenthal?"

"She is herself again, and here with us at Rome. She is at our lodgings with Marie We have brought her here for a change of air. She has been ill; and is even now far from well, poor child."

It was true. Marie, since the night when Eric fled from Rabenstein, had drooped like a broken flower. All through the agony of the night of fruitless search, she had scarcely uttered a word; and during the weeks of suspense which passed, before she heard that he was safe at Rome, she had scarcely seemed alive. Her greatest consolation appeared to consist in being allowed to watch beside the bed of his mother, when she lay, long, at the point of death. She would retire to pray in the oratory, where the picture had been hung, which Eric had brought for his mother,—the picture in which she saw herself so lovingly, so well remembered.

When weeks and months passed away, and he did not return, but only wrote and said that he was happy, and would come to see them soon, the hope which the picture inspired faded away from her heart, and she became very ill. When the group of Schwartz struggling with the Wolf, arrived, Katrine, to whom it was sent, gave it to Marie, who was still living at Kronenthal, with Eric's mother, and Ernst and his wife. It was carried into her room, and sometimes she would stand and look at it for hours, unheeding those who spoke to her. At last, as summer approached, Ernst determined to go to Rome and see Eric, since he would not answer any of his letters, or inquiries as to the cause of his flight. At first he thought he would go alone, and then he determined to take Katrine and Marie with him; but as Marie was still very weak, their journey was put off from week to week, till the autumn was at hand. They wanted to surprise Eric. So Ernst took care not to write to him.

Their precautions had been defeated. On the first morning after their arrival,

"Where can Eric be?" asked Ernst, "surely he will return soon?"

"I cannot think," said Carl. "I have a letter here, it may be from him. I will open it, if you will allow me, *Madame Walderthorn*?"

"Oh, pray do!" she said. "But pray call me Ktarine. You call my sister, Marie; and we have known trouble enough together to make us all brothers and sisters."

"I am so accustomed to hear Eric speak of your sister as Marie," said Carl. "But this letter is not from him," he added, in a tone of disappointment. "It is from a friend of mine who was very kind to me once, when I was very ill—indeed, saved my life—and what is most vexatious is, that it will oblige me to leave Rome for a few days. He implores me to go and finish an alter-piece, left in a half unfinished state by the illness of the artist who began it. My friend is the Curé of Arqui, a small village about four leagues off. I will write it down for you. You had better come here, and wait for Eric's return."

"I will wait here all day long until he comes," said Ernst. "We must tell my mother and Marie the clue we have to his wild flight from Rabenstein. How it will gladden Marie's heart to know that she is so devoutly loved!"

"And we must bring her and our mother here to see this beautiful picture of the wolf-hunt," said Katrine.

Carl hired a conveyance, and went to Arqui, the small village where his friend lived. He arrived there the day after the festa, and met the good cure.

"I knew you would come," said the father, his face brightening with pleasure, as he shook the young man's hand; "but I am sorry that you have had your journey for nothing. The picture is finished by another painter, and the festa took place yesterday. Come and see it!"

On their way to the church, he told Carl how he had met with the strange artist. At first Carl listened abstractedly, for he was thinking where could Eric be; but when the curé began to describe this artist, Carl listened attentively. By this time they had

reached the church, and went up to the picture.

Carl instantly recognized the hand. "It is he! It is Eric! Where is he?"

"He lies at my house, my son. I grieve to say he has the fever."

"O Eric, Eric!" cried Carl; and tears of grief stood in his eyes, "Bring me to him, my father. He is my friend, my brother."

As Carl entered the room where Eric lay, Schwartz, the faithful Schwartz, leaped up and fawned on him.

Carl bent over Eric's bed. He gave no sign of recognition. His eyes were glazed with fever; his cheeks burnt as if with fire; his lips were parched.

"I will write to his brother, and send it by the driver who brought me here," said Carl. "I will stay here till his brother comes."

The same evening brought Ernst and his mother. They had not deemed it right to tell Marie of this affliction, and Katrine had remained with her in their absence. They had gone to Carl (she was told), who had found some traces of Eric.

After he had seen his brother, Ernst went back to Rome, at the urgent solicitation of their mother, who had begged him to return to Katrine and Marie, and make the best story he could to the latter to account for her remaining behind. So the mother and the good priest watched beside the bed of the sufferer. Nothing could induce Carl to take any rest. He shared the night vigils and the anxious cares of the poor mother. He nursed his friend with all the tenderness of a woman.

For days the struggle between life and death went on. But it did not last long. He would live they said. And then Katrine told Marie all.

When Eric opened his eyes to consciousness they gazed upon the loving face of the mother who bent over him. They closed again in quiet joy. He never asked how she came there; he was content to know that she was with him. His first words were to Carl; he asked why Ernst was not there? Carl could not understand how he knew that they were all in Rome. He could not think why he took it so quietly that his mother was with him. At last when she was out of the room he told Carl how he had met Marie on his way to the quay, to look after the marble, and how he had fled at once.

When he was sufficiently strong to be removed, an easy English carriage was sent from Rome for him. He was taken, at his own desire, to his own lodgings. There, after a few days, he regained so much strength, that his mother ventured to tell him that Ernst was in Rome, "with his wife Katrine." She saw that she had done well to use precaution with him; for when he heard that Katrine was Ernst's wife, he turned white, and had nearly fainted.

"Katrine married to Ernst! Mother! Katrine married to Ernst!"

"Hush, my son. We know all. All shall now have a happy termination. Ernst is waiting outside. Will you see him? He has seen you already. When you were delirious with the fever he was with you."

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Eric, "where is my noble brother?"

Ernst came in. Eric rose to meet him, and fell upon his neck. Long, long the brothers held each other, locked in a close embrace.

"And Marie? When shall I see her?' said Eric.

"Now, dear Eric," said Ernst. Eric received her from the hands of his brother, folded her in his arms, and once again clasped her to his throbbing heart.

And so there was another festa in Arqui. The old priest, who had so tenderly nursed Eric, gave him and his bride the nuptial benediction at the foot of the very altar, in the very church. Young girls strewed the path of the bride with the brightest flowers of the late autumn. And, after the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom started for Vienna, where Carl had joined them at the end of a month. And then all three went to Kronenthal, and spent the winter there. Ernst had his wedding present, and the day that it was hung up over the mantlepiece in the withdrawing-room, there was a grand party at Kronenthal. Some of the guests did not know but what they liked a small picture of ladies attacked by wolves quite as well as, if not better than, the large one. However, opinions were very much divided about that. Carl, and Ernst, and Eric had some capital sport together; and Schwartz killed three more wolves before he went back to Rome in the spring, with his young mistress: to whom he now appeared to have transferred his allegiance. Eric bought a beautiful little villa in the neighbourhood of Arqui. Every winter they returned to Kronenthal. Carl often joined them both there and at Arqui. The last time he was expected in the north,

grand preparations were making at the castle, to receive with becoming honors the blooming young bride he was bringing with him from the banks of the far-off Thames; and to whom he wanted to show what warmth of hospitality was to be found in the frost and snow of a Pomeranian winter.

THE END.

UNCLE TOBY AND THE BENCH—A HUMANE JUDGE.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the lion is now about to be turned loose," said Bijah as he rapped on the desk, "and all you who don't maintain proper decorum, and so forth, will get into trouble."

"Oh! Shay, is that you?" inquired His Honor, as Catherine Shay was brought out.

"I wish it wasn't," she replied, folding her arms across her apron and carefully studying the knot-holes in the floor.

"Well, let the swearer swear," he continued, as the officer held up his right hand; "and as soon as we get at the facts in the case, you can tell whether you've got to pay rent this summer or whether you'll get your board for nothing."

It was disturbing the peace. She disturbed it just a little—just a little, she admits, but it was all on account of another woman, who called her a grass widow and taunted her with wanting to marry. There was no whooping or yelling—no pulling hair and rolling down stairs, and Catherine wouldn't do so again for $50, she says.

"Catherine," continued the Court, as he carefully poised the penholder on his finger and got it to balance, "you are growing old. Upward of sixty years of struggle with the world have made your hair gray, your cheeks hollow and your eyes dim. You can't expect to live many years longer, and why don't you go home, sit down in a splint-bottom chair, lug out your clay pipe, and calmly drift down the river of contentment to the ocean of eternal happiness?"

Catherine squeezed several tears out of her left eye, and they fell with a thud upon the floor.

"Go, poor old woman," continued the Court; "go home, and be happy. It affects me to see the aged cheek trickling down the briny tear; and if I should send you to the workhouse I couldn't expect to get a taste of my strawberries and cream this summer."

No such sentiments actuated the Court in the case of Joseph Flynn, whose closely cropped hair stood up like matches in a mud pie. When Joseph was told that the charge was drunkenness he flatly denied it, claiming that he was taking a gentle Spring tonic for the liver complaint.

"It may be—it may be," said the Court, in a reflective tone; "this is the gentle Spring season, and I know that folks do have the liver complaint and do take tonics. But, sir, look me in the eye and tell me what you were doing last night at midnight? Did that gentle Spring tonic throw you on a coal pile and keep you shouting and whooping for a whole hour? And you kicked at the officer, and you wanted to bounce him, and you left one of his coat-tails on that bloody field. Tonic, sir—tonic—such tonics, sir, cannot be forced down the throat of this Court, and you go up, sir, for thirty days or thereabouts."

"He wants to be forgiven," said Bijah, as he escorted out James Healey. "He says if you'll let him go this time he hopes to drop dead if he doesn't go at it and put stock in a leading temperance paper and keep a cold water fountain in every room in the house."

"I can't do it," replied His Honor, after hearing the testimony. "If it had been a common drunk I wouldn't say a word, but where a man has to be wheeled down here and lugged around and lifted, I can't pat him on the back and send him out into the world again. If he ever edits a temperance paper I'll willingly subscribe, but just now he is going up for thirty days."

Bijah brought out as his last case a relic of the last century, named Peter McConnell, a man seventy-five years old.

"Where's the thirteen men who brought in this prisoner?" demanded the Court, as they propped the old man up with a chair and held his head.

No answer.

"Take him away," His Honor continued; "go and get him some milk and cakes, and give him money to sit on the ferryboat and hear the band play 'Mollie Darling,' until he falls asleep and some angels leads him over the valley of death. If I sent you up I'd expect to have a sewer tax levied on me once a month the year round.

My brothers, my friends, surrounded as we are by the misery of our brothers, shall we be occupied only with our enjoyments?

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

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MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1875.

THE HARP.

This month I become associated with my friend, Mr. Callahan, in the proprietary of THE HARP, Monthly Magazine. Next month the whole editorial arrangements shall be under my control; and successful and popular as our Irish periodical has been in the past, it may be hoped that with the introduction of new and special features, making it more thoroughly in accord with the original design, a corresponding increase of public support and patronage will be the result.

THE HARP will continue to be a high-toned publication, with every article, originalor selected, tending to the elevation of the national character and the promotion of the national cause, and undisfigured in any way by those coarse and vulgar essays which in other publications serve to degrade the taste or demoralize the feelings. THE HARP will, in all essentials, be a family magazine.

Irish History, Biography, Topography, Poetry and Fiction, shall each have due space and attention; the discussion of social and political subjects shall come within the range of design, and the current literature of the day will not be overlooked in the general arrangement of matter. Altogether, the aim of the proprietors of THE HARP, is to present to the public a first-class magazine; editorially it shall be my effort to fulfil that design in all its integrity.

STEPHEN J. MEANY.

698 & 700 *Craig Street,*
MONTREAL, *August,* 1875.

O'CONNELL.

The O'Connell Centennial Celebrations just concluded, the world over, have been a great success. In Ireland there was such a gathering of numbers as has not been witnessed since "the steel-toned era," when at Tara and Mullaghmast and Ennis the living Tribune convoked his hundreds of thousands of earnest and willing patriots, and a spirit displayed besides which gives new hope to Ireland's cause. In England and the British Islands there was reverential observance, and sometimes enthusiastic display. At the Antipodes, under the gleaming of the Southern Cross, the preparations in progress at last accounts, warrant the opinion that Australia has done its duty—but here on this continent—in the United States, and in the Dominion—the Irish spirit has exhausted—almost excelled—itself in worthily honoring the memory of the Irish Liberator. The newspapers, however, have done all that is needful in reports of the proceedings, and leave us nothing to do in the way of detail.

But a few reflections on the significance of this Centennial may not be out of place.

Thus, as the inspiration of Sydney, Hampden, Elliott and the Republicans of the Cromwellian era is visible in the thoughts and writings of the men who gave a tone and immortality to the pen-labor of the American Revolution—so the Irish movements of our day may, with small effort, be traced to the combinations formed in the brains of Henry Grattan and Theobald Wolfe Tone and of O'Connell and the Young Ireland Party. Just as the popular men who immediately preceded *them* in influence—the Lucases and Floods adapted to their times, and to suit their capacities, the embers of the national fires ignited by the works of Molyneux and Swift in the preceding century.

The theories of Irish nationality immortalized by the vehement agitation of O'Connell and the restless energy of Young Ireland by the *active* eloquence of the former and the *acted* eloquence of the latter—by the devoted passion of the one and the passionate devotedness of the other—by the soaring life of the orator and the martyr death of the organizers—these theories still divide what are known as Irish nationalists in and out of Ireland. "Home Rule" and "Republicanism" are the shibboleths under which they manifest themselves, and Old Ireland and Young Ireland the less perspicuous clan rally which designates either party.

O'Connell was born in Kerry in 1775—in the year when commenced the struggle between England and her transatlantic colonies, which resulted in the great Western Republic.

America, like a giant roused from slumber, spoke with a voice that shook the British Empire, until Ireland almost fell from it. The tramp of armed men in one province of the empire, though three thousand miles distant, set the nerves of another province of the same empire quivering with anxiety. There were men and brothers, too, from the four quarters of that province who had carried with them to the indignant colonies the hate of Ulster, the enthusiasm of Munster, the integrity of Leinster, and the latent fire of Connaught. Every chord struck in America vibrated in Ireland; and the military spirit which took shape in 1760, when the French squadron under Thurot unfurled their flag in the Bay of Carrickfergus, was spreading through all classes.

Consecutive Irish administrations had consecutively impoverished the land, ruined its trade; traded on its politics, hunted the Catholics, humbugged the Protestants, chained the peasantry, and manacled with a mock dignity the peers, when Henry Grattan came forth like an Apocalyptic soul with burning revelations on his lips and a revolution poising on his arm.

Though much of that national desire was extant when he came upon the scene there was no one to collect the scattered fire and offer it on the altar of patriotism and truth as a holocaust to the god of Liberty. It was his mission *to be great and to confer greatness*, and O'Connell, under the "teachings of the time," and fired by the eloquence of the Irish Senate House, was gradually drinking in the elements of that greatness and fitting himself for his appointed career.

Educated at St. Omers and admitted to the bar of Ireland, then only recently opened to Catholics, O'Connell's first appearance in public was at the Royal Exchange in Dublin, on 13th January, 1800, to protest against the Legislative Union of Ireland and Great Britain, and to denounce the delusions with which Pitt and Castlereagh had too ably seduced Ireland's foremost men—lay and cleric—into the "most filthy bargain." The conclusion of O'Connell's first speech in public is remarkable:

Sir, it is my sentiment, and I am satisfied it is the sentiment of not only of every gentleman who onw hears me, but of the Catholic people of Ireland, that if our opposition to this injurious, insulting, and hated measure of union were to draw upon us the revival of the Penal Laws, we would boldly meet a proscription and oppression which would be the testimonies of our virtue, and sooner throw ourselves once more on the mercy of our Protestant brethren than give our assent to the political murder of our country. Yes, I know —I do know—that although exclusive advantages may be ambiguously held forth to the Irish Catholic to seduce him from the sacred duty which he owes to his country, I know that the Catholics of Ireland still remember that they have a country, and that they will never accept of any advantages as a sect, which would debase and destroy them as a people.

From the date of this speech in Dublin in 1800 to his death at "Genoa the Superb" in 1847, O'Connell never swerved or faltered. Within this period of nearly half a century "O'Connell" and "Irish" were synonomous or *convertible terms*. He crushed the Veto, overthrew the Kildare street system of proselytizing schools, carried Catholic Emancipation, supported Parliamentary Reform, advocated Civil and Religious Liberty for the Protestant Dissenters, denounced the Protestant Church "Establishment" in a Catholic country, and prepared the way to its after overthrow, obtained a PoorLaw, secured Corporation Reform, and laid the foundation of every ameliorative measure that has passed since his death, twenty-eight years ago. What Burke speculated upon in political and ethical philosophy, O'Connell realized in practice. O'Connell founded his school in England. He it was who taught the sturdy Briton to agitate with a chance of success against majorities.

And now let us remember, O'Connell helped to emancipate English and Scotch as well as Irish Catholics—that the influence of his pleadings spread itself over all questions and all people. The emancipated slave owes him much for his early stand with Wilberforce and the abolitionists. The Protestant Dissenter, as well as the Catholic Helot is indebted to him for a recognition of right in regard of the Marriage and Burial Laws—all people to whom "Civil and Religious Liberty" is more than a sentiment, should cherish the name and fame of its most earnest advocate.

National ideas are the growth of time and do not belong in reality to one period, any more than the earth would bear fruits this year if there were not seeds placed in her bosom to suckle themselves into richness from the growth of the past. Nothing comes from nothing. And when great originality is attributed to one individual who produces startling theories or pro-

found practical plans, it accrues purely from the originality, the daring, or the subtlety of his combinations—the power with which he accumulates and purifies—the practical energy with which he applies his reproductions to the wants of those whom he aspires to teach, and the capacity he there unfolds of such principles, and ideas to present the noblest, the most satisfactory and revivifying medium for such peoples' redemption. Such men, with such powers, growing from, and dignifying nationality, are like the blossoms of the aloe and flower, ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

LIVING AMONG THE LEPERS.

We find in the *Missions Catholiques* a touching account of a most heroic act of charity and of self-sacrifice recently performed by a Catholic missionary, the Rev. Father Devenster, a member of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. The circumstances are best told in the missionary's own words. He wrote as follows, the 23rd of November, 1873, to his brother:—

"Divine Providence has deigned to cast his eyes on your unworthy brother, to send him to the relief of those poor unfortunates attacked by that terrible disease so often mentioned in the Gospel—leprosy. For over ten years that plague has been spreading through our archipelago in so frightful a manner that the Government was compelled to exclude from the companionship of the other islanders all those who were infected with it. Shut up in a corner of the Molokai Islands, bounded on one side by impassable mountains, and on the other by the sea-coast, these unfortunates found themselves in a state of perpetual exile. Of more than two thousand who were sent here, eight hundred are still alive; among them are a good number of Christians, several of whom have been baptized since their arrival.

"It was absolutely necessary to have a priest for this establishment, but it was not so easy to procure one, in as much as all communication between the leperage and the rest of the archipelago being cut off, a missionary could only come to these poor patients by shutting himself up with them for good; and our vicar-apostolic had declared that he would impose that sacrifice on no one. Hence it was I, remembering that, on the day of my profession, I had already been placed under the funeral pall, offered myself to Mgr. Maigret to brave this second death, if he thought proper. Consequently, a steamer conveyed me hither, with some fifty lepers, picked up in the island of Hawai.

"I found on my arrival a fine chapel, dedicated to St. Philomena, but that was all. There was no shelter for me. I remained a considerable time under a tree, unwilling to sleep under the same roof with the lepers. The whites of Honolulu having come to my assistance, I have been enabled, through their charity, to build a little presbytery, sixteen feet long by ten wide, in which I now write these lines. Although I have been over six months with lepers I have not contracted their fearful disease, which I regard as a miraculous intervention of God and the Blessed Virgin.

"I find it hard to accustom myself to live in this tainted atmosphere. One day, during High Mass, I felt such a stifling sensation that I was on the point of leaving the altar to go out into the air; but I was restrained by the thought of Our Lord having the grave of Lazarus opened before Him. Now the delicacy of my sense of smell no longer causes me much suffering, and I go without difficulty into the chambers of the lepers. There are times, however, when I still experience the old repugnance, especially when I am hearing the confessions of the patients whose sores are in a putrid state. I am often embarrassed in giving Extreme Unction, the feet and hands being one hideous ulcer. This is the sign of death.

"This account may give you an idea of my daily occupations. You have only to figure yourself the chaplain of an hospital in which there are 800 lepers. Here there is no physician, for their art would be useless. A white, who is a leper, and your humble servant, who is not, supply the medical attendance.

"Every morning, after Mass—which is always followed by an instruction—I go to visit the sick, half of whom are Catholics. On entering each cabin, I offer first the remedy that cures souls. Those who refuse this spiritual aid are not, on that account, deprived of corporal succour; it is given to all without distinction. Hence all, with the exception of a few obstinate heretics, regard me as their father. I make myself a leper with the lepers, to gain them all for Jesus Christ. Accordingly, when I preach, I usually say, '*We lepers.*' I am going to build a second chapel, two miles from here, on the other side of the settlement. This chapel has cost me 1500 francs, exclusive of my personal labor as a carpenter. There is only twenty-five francs of a debt remaining on it. I must tell you that Saint Joseph is my provider. The Sisters from Honolulu send me clothing, and other charitable souls do the same."

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

Thomas Francis Meagher, the most eloquent of the Irish nationalists of the Young Ireland party, was born in Waterford, August 3rd, 1823, where his father, the late representative of that borough in the British Senate, was a merchant, extensively engaged in the Newfoundland trade, which prospered so well, that in 1830, having amassed a princely fortune, he retired from mercantile pursuits. Previous to the senior Meagher's election to the British Parliament, he for two successive years occupied the mayoralty chair of Waterford. His private character was admirable, and without aspiring to be known as a nationalist of that decided and progressive order which has heaped laurels on the brow of his gifted son, enjoyed the reputation of being a repealer, and a religious, benevolent man.

At the age of nine, young Meagher was sent to the Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, in the county of Kildare, where he remained for six years, when he was removed to the celebrated college, Stonyhurst, near Preston, in Lancashire, England. Several distinguished persons

have been educated at this old establishment, among others the late orator, Richard Lalor Shiel, and the celebrated Master of the Rolls in Ireland, Sir Michael O'Loghlin.

Here Meagher, though given to pleasure more than study, came off with honor, carrying off the prizes for rhetoric and English composition. One of his peculiar faculties—retention—here displayed itself; and in a week's time, by application, he could surmount difficulties which had paled the brow and tortured the brain of other students for months. His intellect was forcible and tenacious, which, coupled with his congenial native enthusiasm, and a rapid comprehension, carried him successfuly through all his college exercises. His temperament, which enabled him to drink in, at periodical draughts, the "flow of soul," also gave him leisure to mingle in all the pleasures of studen life. And while, from his nationality—thus early displayed—he was in constant opposition to his English fellow-students, his frankness, boldness of character, ready wit, and genial disposition endeared him to all.

In 1843, Meagher left Stonyhurst, and in a few weeks after his arrival in his native land, the great national meeting, under the auspices of O'Connell, took place at Kilkenny, and here the young student, the future tribune, whose genius was destined to move the Irish heart, with an opposing influence to that which ruled with imperial sway the monster repeal meetings of this year, made his first appearance in public, not yet twenty years old.

From that day his heart and soul—his inspiration and his hopes—his waking and his dreaming thoughts—were Ireland's. Ever before his imagination flitted a vision of the child of sorrow. The pale brow of the mechanic read to him the loss of trade, and the crammed poorhouses forbade all hopes of its returning with sufficient resources to save all.

The scanty and coarse meal of the peasant told him of the soulless importunities of landlords, and empty mansions, barred-up windows, weed covered pathways, and insolent agents, boldly avowed that the landlords were not there, but that labor, melted into golden drops, was sent to London or Paris to support a mistress or purchase presents for a ballet-dancer. All good which might be expected from its expenditure and circulation in the country was swamped in one squall of dissipation abroad. Ireland was mere clay, with a name and boundary. Meagher, his young heart thrilling to do right, saw this—he saw that Ireland was not for the Irish, and he longed to join that phalanx of young souls, whose endeavors in behalf of their native land, as it speaks through their literature, has formed an era and a school in English writing to which even their political enemies have done homage.

Early in '48 the Irish were wrought to a high pitch of enthusiasm from the revolutionary examples of the European struggles, but more especially by that of France; and the confederation which, a month or two previous, were nearly falling into the old agitating routine, was forced into a new and exciting position. It adopted an address to the French, on their achievement of a republic, and Meagher one of those chosen to present it to the Provisional Government in Paris. On his return in April, he presented an Irish tri-color to the citizens of Dublin. "From Paris," said he, "the city of the barricade and the tri-color, this flag has been proudly borne. I present it to my native land, and I trust that the old country will not refuse this symbol of a new life from one of her youngest children. I trust that, beneath its folds, the hands of the Irish Protestant and the Irish Catholic may be clasped in generous and heroic brotherhood. Should this flag be destined to fan the flames of war, let England behold once more, upon that white centre, the 'red hand' that struck her down from the hills of Ulster—and I pray that heaven may bless the vengeance it is sure to kindle."

Previous to this, on 21st of March, Meagher had been arrested on a charge of sedition, as also had been Mitchel and O'Brien; bail was accepted for their appearance at the Court of Queen's Bench. The passing of the Treason-felony act, on the 25th April, and the second arrest, on the 13th May, of John Mitchel, and his trial and banishment on the 27th, under the provisions of the new act, left the nationalists no resource but to take to the mountains to keep them from prison. They were precluded from speaking in the cities, and so set out, in the hopes of organizing the country districts, and rising by the harvest time. Circumstances of various natures, and the opposition of the preisthood, frustrated their hopes, and Meagher, with a price on his head, ($500,) after many adventures, was at length captured on the 13th Aug., near Rathgannon, on the road between Clonoulty and Holy Cross. On the 16th October he was brought to trial at Clonmel, and on the 23d the sentence of death was pronounced against him. It was here that he made the great speech in the dock, which will go down to pos-

terity, with that of Robert Emmet, on a similar occasion. The death sentence was subsequently commuted to banishment for life, and on the 9th July, 1849, he was transported to Van Dieman's Land, from which place he escaped in January, 1852, and landed in America the month of September of the same year.

Meagher's career in America is too recent to need recapitulation. As a citizen and a soldier —an orator and journalist—a patriot and a friend, he stood out in bold relief from amongst his fellows. We may take some other occasion however, to trace that career when space commensurate with its claims shall be at our disposal. Nor shall we now impair the effect of some future narrative by giving brief details of the sad death of the "Young Tribune" in the Mississippi, on that fatal 1st of July, 1867. But we may exclaim with many friends—"Would rather that he had died on the battle field for Ireland."

STEPHEN J. MEANY.

(*Continued from our last.*)

THE SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

The following is the full text of Mr. Meany's Speech from the Dock, in Green Street Court House, Dublin, on receiving sentence of Fifteen Years Penal Servitude for Treason-Felony, on the 21st June, 1867.

Before MR. JUSTICE O'HAGAN (now Lord O'Hagan) *and* MR. JUSTICE GEORGE.

The "Convict" having been put forward to the Bar, the usual formalities declaring trial and conviction were gone through, and

The Clerk of the Crown said—Prisoner, have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you according to law?

MR. MEANY—Most certainly I have. I have much to say. There are many reasons I could offer why sentence should not—cannot—be pronounced upon me according to law, if seven months of absolute solitary imprisonment, and the almost total disuse of speech during that period, had left me energy enough, or even language sufficient for the purpose. But, yielding obedience to a suggestion coming from a quarter entitled to my respect, as well, indeed, as in accordance with my own feelings, I avoid everything that could bear the aspect of speech-making for outside effect. Besides, the learned counsel, who have so ably represented me during these proceedings, and the learned judges who, in the Court of Criminal Appeal, gave judgment for me, have exhausted all that could be said on the law of the case. Of their arguments and opinions your lordships have judicial knowledge. I need not say that, both in interest and in conviction, I am in agreement with, and adopt the constitutional principles laid down by the minority of the judges in that court; but I have, at the same time, sufficient respect for the dignity of the court, and sufficient regard, I hope, for what is due to myself, to concede fully and frankly to the majority a conscientious view of a novel, and, perhaps, difficult question.

But I do not seek too much in asking that before your lordships proceed to pass sentence, you will consider the manner in which the court was divided on the question—that you will bear in mind that the minority declaring against the legality of the trial, and the validity of the conviction, was composed of some of the ablest judges on the Irish bench, or of any bench—that one of the learned judges who had presided at the trial in the Commission Court, was one of the most emphatic in the Court of Appeal in declaring against my liability to be tried; and, moreover—and surely he ought to have known—that there was not a particle of evidence to sustain the case set up at the last moment, and relied upon by the Crown—that I was an "accessory before the fact" in that famous Dublin overt act, for which, as an afterthought of the Crown, I was tried though not indicted; and I ask you further to bear in mind that the affirmance of the conviction was had—not on fixed principles of law—for the question was unprecedented—but on a speculative view of a suppositious case; and I must say, a strained application of an already overstrained and dangerous doctrine —the doctrine of constructive criminality—the doctrine of making a man at a distance of three thousand miles and more, legally responsible for the words and acts of others whom he never saw, and of whom he had never heard, on the supposition that he was a co-conspirator. This word "supposition" is a convenient word —but it is not mine. It was put boldly forward in the case prepared by the learned judges who presided at my trial for the information of the Court of Appeal, for I read:—

"Sufficient evidence was given on the part of the Crown, of acts of members of the said Association in Ireland, not named in the Indictment, in promotion of the several objects aforesaid and done within the County of the City of

Dublin, to sustain some of the overt acts charged in the Indictment, supposing them to be the acts of the Defendant himself."

Where, my lords, will a limit be put to supposition, if it can take within its broad grasp, and regard as one transaction the acts of two men or more, unknown to each other, and separated by the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. Fortified by such facts—with a Court so divided, and with the opinions of the judges so expressed—I submit that neither according to act of Parliament, nor in conformity with the practice at common law—no, not in any way in pursuance of the supposed principle of that apocryphal abstraction—that magnificent myth—the British Constitution, am I amenable to the sentence of this court—of any court in this country. True, I am in the toils; and it may be vain to discuss how brought into them. True, a long and dreary imprisonment—shut away from all association or converse with humanity—the humiliations of prison discipline—the hardships of prison fare—the handcuffs and the heart-burnings—this court, and its surroundings of power and authority; all these are hard practical facts, which no amount of indignant protests can negative—no denunciation of the wrong refine away; and it may be, as I have said, worse than useless—vain and absurd—to question a right where might is predominant.

But the invitation just extended to me by the officer of the court—if it mean anything—if it be not like the rest, a solemn mockery—gives me, I persume, still the poor privilege of complaint. And I do complain. I complain that Law and Justice have been alike violated in my regard; I complain that the much-belauded attribute, British fair play, has been for me a nullity; I complain that the pleasant fiction known in the Books as Personal Freedom, has had a most unpleasant illustration in my person; and I furthermore and particularly complain that, by the design and contrivance of what are facetiously termed "the authorities," I have been kidnapped in England, and brought to this country, not for trial, but for condemnation—not for justice, but for judgment. I will not tire the patience of the court, nor exhaust my own strength, by going over the history of this painful case. The kidnapping in London on the mere belief of a police constable that I was a Fenian in New York—the illegal transportation to Ireland—the committal for trial on a specific charge of treason-felony, whilst a special messenger was despatched from the Crown Office to New York to hunt up informers to justify the illegal outrage in England, and to furnish material for sustaining any charge in Ireland. I will not dwell on the "conspicuous absence" of fair play in the after proceedings in the Commission Court, when the Attorney-General closed the case for the prosecution without the remotest reference in statement, or evidence, or indictment to the *Dublin transaction*; but when, as an afterthought suggested by the failure of the case, he was allowed to re-open it after my counsel had arisen, and give in evidence the facts and circumstances of that transaction—succeeding, but of course that was easy work, in making the jury convict me for an offence with which, up to that moment the Crown had not intended to charge me. I will not say what I think of the mockery of putting me on trial, and expecting me to answer, in the Commission Court, in Dublin, for alleged words and acts in Clinton Hall, New York; and though the evidence was without notice, and the alleged overt acts sustaining the indictment without date, taunting me with not proving an *alibi*; and sending that ingredient, too, before a jury already ripe for a conviction. Prove an *abili* today in Dublin in respect of meetings held in New York, the allegations relating to which only came to my knowledge yesterday! I will not refer with any bitter feeling to the fact that, whilst the validity of the conviction so obtained was still a question pending in the Court of Criminal Appeal, the Right Hon. and Noble the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in his place in the House of Commons, took a course—I will not say with design—calculated to prejudice my case, by declaring that my conviction was the most important one at the Commission. The observation was at best importune—I hope it was not for me unfortunate. In respect to this court I will not speak my feelings on the fact that in this argument in the Court of Appeal, the Right Hon. the Attorney-General appealed to the passions—if such can exist in judges—and not to the judgment of the court; declaring that such offences as mine should not be allowed to go unpunished—forgetful, I will not say willingly forgetful, that he was addressing the highest court in the land on matters of law, and not a pliant jury of the county of the city of Dublin on a treason trial in the Court House of Green street. It is unnecessary at this time and in this place to pursue this object further. I shall merely observe, as the *Daily News* and other influential organs in England suggested in reference to the case, that well, indeed, would

it have been, if the disedifying farce of the Police Court had been dispensed with—if the indecent hunting up of American informers had been avoided—if the spectacle o the Commission Court in February had not been presented. A summary punishment undisfigured by a judicial injustice would be comparatively commendable. There would be a daring defiance in the despotism that would hang without judge or jury, which would lend it dignity—an open-faced tyranny which would challenge admiration for its boldness, though it did not win respect for its legality. But the matter as it stands is a transparent sham—a practical if not very praiseworthy commentary on the operation of English law in Ireland—an outrage on the person which not even the tyrant's plea of necessity can justify.

But, before I proceed further, my lords, there is a matter which, as simply personal to myself, I should not mind, but which, as *involving high interests to the community*, and serious consequences to individuals, demands a special notice—I allude to the system of manufacturing informers. I want to know if this court can inform me by what right an officer of the Crown entered my solitary cell at Kilmainham Prison, on Monday last—unbidden and unexpected—uninvited and undesired. I want to know what justification there was for his coming to insult me in my solitude and in my sorrow—ostensibly informing *me that I was to be brought up for sentence* on Thursday, and in the same breath adroitly putting to me the question if I knew any of the men recently arrested near Dungarvan, and now in the prison of Kilmainham. Coming with a dectective dexterity, carrying in one hand, as it were, a threat of sentence and punishment—in the other, as a counterpoise, a temptation to treachery. Why should a responsible officer of the Crown suppose that seven months of imprisonment had so broken my *spirits as well as my health, and that I would* be an easy prey to his blandishments? Did he dream that the prospect of liberty which newspaper rumor and semi-official information held out to me, was too dear to be forfeited by a "trifling" forfeiture of honor? Did he believe that by an act of secret turpitude I would open my prison doors only to close them the faster on others who may or may not have been my friends? or did he imagine that he had found in me a Massey, to be moulded and manipulated in the service of the Crown, or a Corydon, to have his conscience and cupidity made the incentive to his baseness? I only wonder how the interview ended as it did; but I knew I was a prisoner, and my self-respect interposed for his safety and my patience. Great as have been my humiliations in prison, hard and heartbreaking as have been the ordeals through which I have passed since the 1st of December last, there was no incident or event fraught with more pain on the one hand, or more suggestiveness on the other, than this sly and secret attempt at improvising an informer. I can forget the pain in view of the suggestiveness: and, unp easant as is my position here to day, I am almost glad of the opportunity which may end in putting some check to the spy system in prisons. How many men have been won from honor and honesty by the secret and stealthy visit to the cell, is more than I can say. How many have had their weakness acted upon, or their wickedness fanned into flame, by such means, I have no opportunity of knowing. In *how many fraility and folly may have blossomed* into falsehood, it is for those concerned to estimate. There is one thing, however, certain: operating in this way is more degrading to the tempter than to the tempted, and the Government owes it to itself to put an end to a course of tactics, pursued in its name, which, in the results, can only bring it to humiliation. The public are bound, in self-protection, to protect the prisoner from the prowling vists of a too zealous official. I pass over these things, my lords, and I will ask your *attention to the* character of the evidence on which alone my *conviction* was obtained—the *evidence* of a special, subsidized spy, and of an infamous and ingrate informer. I need not say that in all ages, and amongst all peoples, the Spy has been held in marked abhorrence. In the amnesties of war, there is for him alone no quarter—in the estimate of social life, no excuse; his self-abasement excites contempt, not compassion—his patrons despise while they encourage; and they who stoop to enlist the services, shrink with disgust from the moral leprosy covering *the servitor. Of such was the witness put for*ward with the design of corroborating the informer, and still not corroborating him. Of such was that phenomenon—a police spy—who actually declared himself on that table an unwilling witness for the Crown. Did anyone believe him? There was no reason why he should have been reluctant: he confessed that he had not known me previously, and there could not have been personal feeling in the matter. But I have no desire to speak harshly

of Inspector Doyle; his bread depended on his acquiescence; he swore in presence of the Crown Solicitor, and was not contradicted, that he was compelled by threats to ascend the witness-table. The man may have had cogent reasons for his reluctance, in his own conscience; God will judge him. But how shall I speak of the informer, Mr. John Devany? What language should be employed to describe the traitor spy —*the man* who adds to the guilt of perfidy to his associates, the deep and damning curse of perjury to his God—the man who, eating of your bread, sharing your confidence, and holding, as it were, your very purse-strings, all the time meditates your overthrow, and pursues it to its accomplishment. How paint the wretch who, under pretext of agreement in your opinions, worms himself into your secrets only to betray—who, upon the same altar with you, pledges his faith and fealty to the same principles, and then sells faith, and fealty, and principles, and you alike, for the unhallowed Judas guerdon. Of such, on his own confession, was that distinguished upholder of the British Crown and Government—Mr. Devany. With an effrontery that did not falter, and knew not how to blush, he detailed his own participation in the acts for which he was giving evidence against me as a participator. And is evidence of this kind—a conviction obtained upon such evidence—any warrant for a sentence depriving a man of liberty—of all that makes life enjoyable or desirable—home, friends, and family? There was first the spy for the Crown—in the pay of the Crown—under the control of the Crown, and notwithstanding the feigned reluctance, think you he had any other object than to do the behests of the Crown? Then there was the traitor spy—one who had taken that false step from which, in this life, there is no retrogression—that fatal plunge from which there is no receding and no recovery —that one treachery for which there is no human forgiveness; and think you that he scrupled about a perjury more or less to secure his present pay and his future patronage? Here was one of that class for whom existence has no prospect save in making perjury a profession; and think you he was deterred by conscience from recommending himself to his patrons? Think you, my lords, that when at a distance of three thousand miles from the persons and scenes he professed to describe, he could lie with impunity and invent without detection, he was particular to a shade in the performance of his part of a "most filthy bargain?" It is needless to describe a wretch of that stamp—his actions speak his character. It were superfluous to curse him; his whole existence will be a living curse. No, necessity to use the burning words of the poet, and pray—

> May life's unblessed cup for him
> Be drugged with treacheries to the brim.

Every sentiment, in his regard, of the country he has dishonored and the people he has humbled, will be one of hate and horror of the informer; every sigh sent up from the hearts he has crushed, and the homes he has made desolate, will be mingled with execrations of the very name. Every heart-throb in the prison cells of this land, where his victims count time by corroding thought—every grief that finds utterance from these victims, amidst the indignities of the convict gangs in the quarries of Portland, will ascend to Heaven freighted with curses on the Nagles, the Devaneys, the Masseys, the Gillespies, the Corydons, and the whole host of mercenary miscreants who, faithless to their friends and recreants to their principles, have (paraphrasing the words of Moore) taken their perfidies to Heaven, seeking to make an accomplice of their God; wretches who, for paltry pay, or from paltry fear, have embalmed their memories in imperishable infamy, and consigned their accursed names to an inglorious immortality. Nor will I speculate on their career in the future. We have it on the best authority extant, that a distinguished informer of antiquity, seized with remorse, threw away his blood money—his pieces of silver—and "went forth and hanged himself with a halter." We know that in modern times—even within the memory of some still living—a government in this country actually set the edifying and praiseworthy example of hanging an informer when they had no further use of his valuable services. God knows I have no wish for such a fate to any of the informers who have cropped out so luxuriantly in these latter days. A long life, and a troubled conscience would, perhaps, be their best punishment; but, certainly, there would be a co-incident compensation, a poetic justice, in a termination so exalted to a career so brilliant. I leave these scoundrels, and turn for a moment to their victims.

And here I would, without any reference to my own case—any regard to the fate before myself—earnestly implore that sympathy with political prisoners should not be merely telescopic in its character, distance lending "enchantment to the view;" and that when your

statesmen sentimentalize upon, and your journals denounce far away tyrannies—the horrors of Neapolitan dungeons, the abridgement of personal liberty in Spain, and the exercise of arbitrary power in other European countries—they would turn their eyes homeward, and examine the treatment of their own political prisoners. I would, in all sincerity, suggest that humane and well-meaning persons, who exert themselves by prayer and petition for the remission of the death penalty, as a mercy, should rather pray and petition that the living death of solitary and silent captivity should be remitted to the more merciful doom of immediate relief from suffering by immediate execution—the opportunity, at least, of an immediate appeal from man's cruelty to God's Justice. I speak strongly on this point, because I feel it deeply, my lords; and I speak not without example. At the Commission at which I was tried, there was tried also, and convicted, a young man named Stowell—

Judge O'Hagan—I am unwilling to interrupt you, but I would suggest it as the wiser course to confine your observations to your own case.

The Prisoner—This *is* my case, my lord: it concerns me: it is not a matter of indifference to any political prisoner: for the fate of one may, under the system, become the fate of all. I was saying, I well remember that raw and dreary morning, the 12th of March, when, handcuffed to Stowell, I was sent from Kilmainham Prison to the County Jail of Kildare. I well remember our traversing, so handcuffed, from the town of Salins to the town of Naas, ankle deep in snow and mud; and I recall with pain our sad forbodeings of that morning. These, in part, have been fulfilled. On Sunday after Sunday at chapel in the jail, I saw poor Stowell drooping and dying. One such Sunday, the 12th of May, I accidently heard of his discharge—mercifully discharged, as they say; but the fiat of mercy had previously gone forth from a higher Power; the political convict merely reached his home in Dublin to die with loving eyes watching by his death bed. On Sunday, the 19th May, his body was conveyed to his last prison-house, in Glasnevin Cemetery. May God have mercy on his soul. May God forgive his murderers! May God give peace and patience for those who are bound to follow. Pardon this digression, my lords; it was wrung from me—I could not avoid it.

Returning to the question why sentence should not be pronounced upon me, I would ask your lordship's attention to a fact, showing how, even in the estimate of the Crown, the case is not one for sentence. On the morning of my trial, and before trial, terms were offered to me by the Crown; the direct proposition was conveyed to me by my learned friend and Solicitor, Mr. Lawless; by the learned counsel, Mr. O'Loghlen, who so ably defended me, and by Mr. Price, the Governor of Kilmainham prison—by all three separately, that if I consented to plead guilty to the indictment, I should get off with six months' imprisonment. Knowing the pliancy of Dublin juries in political cases, the offer was, doubtless, a tempting one—valuing liberty, it was almost resistless in view of possible penal servitude—but having regard to principle, I spurned the compromise. I then gave unhesitatingly, as I would now give, the answer that not for a reduction of the penalty to six hours would I surrender faith—that I need never look, and could never look wife or children, friends or family, in the face again with a conciousness of manhood, if capable of such selfish cowardice. I could not, to save myself, imperil the safety of others. I could not plead guilty to an indictment, in the overt acts of which six others were deliberately charged by name as co-conspirators with me—one of these since tried, convicted, and sentenced to death—I could not consent to obtain my freedom at a risk of theirs, and become, even though innocently and indirectly, worthy of rank with that brazen battalion of venal vagabonds who have made the Holy Gospels of God the medium of barter for their unholy gain; obtaining access to the inmost heart of their selected victims, only to coin its throbbings into the traitor's gold, and traffic on its very life-blood. Had I been charged simply with my own acts and words, I would have had no hesitancy in making acknowledgement, for I had nothing to retract and nothing to conceal—nothing to repent—nothing to countermand. But, to adopt the language of the learned Lord Chief Baron in reference to the case, I could not admit "the preposterous idea of thinking by deputy," any more than I could plead guilty to an indictment which charged others with crime. I could not acknowledge culpability for the words and actions of men at a distance of three thousand miles, whom I had never seen, of whom I had never heard, and with whom I never had had correspondence, any more than I could admit that the fiendish atrocities described as Fenian principles by the constabulary spy Talbot, had my knowledge, sanction, or approval, or the

knowledge, sanction, or approval of any man in America.

Then, my lords, if six months imprisonment was the admeasurement of the law officers of the Crown as an adequate punishment for my alleged offence—assuming that the court had jurisdiction to try and punish—I am now entitled to my discharge independent of all other grounds of discharge, for I have gone through seven months of an imprisonment—a portion of which could not be excelled by demon ingenuity in horror and in hardship—in solitude, in silence, and in suspense. Your lordships will surely not render further litigation necessary, by passing sentence for the perhaps high crime, but still the unindicted crime, of refusing to yield obedience to the Crown's proposition for my self-abasement. You will not, I am sure, visit upon me my rejection of Mr. Anderson's delicate overture. You will not permit the events occuring since my arrest to influence your judgment. And do not, I beseech you, accept as a truth to influence that judgment Talbot's definition of the objects of the Fenian Brotherhood. Hear how Devany, the American informer, describes the objects, as understood in America to be:—"The members," he says, "are pledged by word of honor to promote love and harmony amongst all classes of Irishmen, and to labor for the independence of Ireland." Talbot swears that in Ireland "the members are bound by oath to seize the property of the country, and murder all opposed to them.' Could any two principles be more distinct one from the other? Can there be a conspiracy for a common object by such antagonistic means? To murder all opposed to you may be an effectual way of producing unanimity, but the quality of love and harmony engendered by such a patent process would be extremely equivocal. Mr. Talbot must have been a student of French history, and borrowed a leaf from the revolutionary period, adopting as singularly telling and appropriate, to spice his evidence, the saying attributed to Robespierre, "Let us cut everybody's throat but our own, and then we are sure to be masters." I am surprised he did not press into the service some scraps from Irish election oratory, particularly that reference of a now learned judge to the coming of "the long dark nights," and the necessity of the landlords looking out for the retributive vengeance of the tenants. No one in America, I re-affirm, ever heard of such designs in connection with the Fenian movement. No one in America would countenance such designs. Revolutionists are not ruffians and rapparees. A judge from the bench at the special commission in Cork, and a noble lord in his place in parliament bore testimony to that fact; and I would ask you, my lords, for the sake of the character of your countrymen—I would ask the country from this court, to accept Devany's interpretation of Fenianism—tainted traitor though he be—rather than believe that the *kindly instincts* of Irishmen at home and abroad—their generous impulses—their religious aspirations—their loving natures—their tender sensibilities—all the human affections which cluster round and in their hearts, could degenerate into the attributes of the assassin, as stated by that hog-in-armour—that crime-creating constable Talbot. My lords, what Irishman would not be a Fenian of the American stamp—"to promote love and harmony amongst all classes of Irishmen"—that is, that the old elements of discord should be banished from the land forever—that mutual forbearance and mutual charity should abound—that the animosities of party spirit should give way to a common Irishism, and the intolerance of sect be replaced by a comprehensive Christianity—that the absurd practices of breaking your neighbor's head in the name of a living pontiff or a dead king should be no more indulged in—that sending the Pope to a place to which man has no power to send him, and getting drunk in honor of an equivocal memory even though it be "glorious, pious, and immortal," shall be stripped of their fictions and regarded as follies—and that the article "hating each other for the love of God" should no longer be accepted in the creed, religious, or political, of Irishmen? There is surely nothing of murder in that. And then again—"to labor for the independence of Ireland." Why, my lords, has not that independence been the cherished dream of Irish patriotism for centuries? Have not our poets, our philosophers, our priests, and our philanthrophists proclaimed it from pulpit and platform? Ireland independent!—Ireland independent in thought and feeling!—Ireland independent in high resolves!—Ireland independent in industry and progress!—Ireland independent in all the attributes that constitute a great nation! Aye, my lords, even Ireland independent, as well in self-reliance as in self-government! for, after all, "the thing you call rebellion is but the changed obedience which we pay to changing dispensations." But enough of this. I stand at this bar a declared citizen of the United States, and I protest against the

right to pass any sentence in any British court for acts done, or words spoken or alleged to be done or spoken on American soil, within the shadow of the American flag, and under the sanction of American institutions. I protest against the assumption that would in this country bind the right of thought, or control the liberty of speech in an assemblage of American citizens in an American city. The United States will, doubtless, respect and protect her neutrality laws, and observe "the comity of nations," whatever they may mean in practice--but I repeat, I protest against the monstrous fiction —the transparent fraud—that would seek in ninety years after the evacuation of New York by the British, to bring the people of New York within the vision and venue of a British jury in a British law court. I protest against the "supposition" that, in ninety years after the last British bayonet had glistened in an American sunlight—after the last keel of the last ship of the last of the English fleet that ploughed its last furrow in the waters of the Hudson or the Delaware, would restore that city of New York, its people and institutions to the dominion of the Crown and Government of Great Britain. That is the meaning of this case. And so, disguise it as the Crown may, will it be interpreted in America. Not that the people in America would care one jot that Stephen Joseph Meany were hanged, drawn, and quartered to-morrow; but that there is a great principle involved. Personally I am of no consequence in the affair; politically, I represent in this court the Irish adopted citizens of America; for if, as the *New York Herald*, writing on the subject, has observed, the acts done in my regard are held to be justifiable, there is nothing to prevent the extension of the same justice to any other adopted citizen visiting Great Britain. It is, therefore, in the injustice of the case the influence lies, and not in the importance of the individual. Law is called "the perfection of reason." Is there not, really, danger of its being regarded as the very climax of absurdity, if fictions of this kind can be turned into realities on the mere caprice of power? As a distinguished English journalist, in reference to the case, has suggested —"Though the law may, doubtless, be satisfied by the majority in the Court of Appeal, yet common sense and common law would be widely antagonistic if sentence were to follow a judgment so obtained." On all grounds, then, I submit this is not a case for sentence. Waiving for the purpose the international objection, if I may so term it, I appeal to British justice itself on the matter. The professed policy of that justice has ever been to give the benefit of doubt to the accused. Judges, in their charges to juries, have uniformly theorized on the principle; and surely judges themselves will not refuse to give practical effect to the theory. If ever there was a case which, more than another, suggested doubt, it is surely one in which so many judges have pronounced against the legality of the trial, and the validity of the conviction, on which I am arrainged for sentence. Each of these judges, be it remembered, is held competent in his individuality to administer the criminal laws of the country —each of whom, in fact, in his individuality, does so administer it, unchallenged and unquestioned. A sentence under such circumstances, be it for a long period or a short, would be wanting in that element of moral effect—the effect of example—which is professedly the end and aim of all legal punishment. A sentence under such circumstances would be far from reassuring to the public; it would not make "the glorious uncertainties of the law" more certain, and would fail to command the approval or win the respect of any man "within the realm or without"—whilst to me, the prisoner, the sufferer-in-chief, it would bring the bitter, and certainly not repentant feeling, that I suffered in the wrong—that I was the victim of an injustice based on an inference which not even the Treason-Felony Act can sustain--the supposition that at a particular time I was at a distance of three thousand miles from the place where I then actually stood in bodily presence, and at that distance actually thought the thoughts and acted the acts of men unknown to me even by name. It will bring to me, I repeat, the feeling—the bitter feeling—that I was condemned on a chance offence, on an unindicted charge, pressed suddenly into the service of the Crown, and sentenced for a constructive crime, which some of the best authorities in the land have declared, by solemn judgment in open court, not to be a crime cognizable by any tribunal in this country. Let the Crown put forward any supposition they please, indulge in whatever special pleading they will, sugar over the bitter pill of constructive conspiracy as they can, to this complexion must come the triangular injustice of this singular case—an illegal and unconstitutional kidnapping in England—an unfair and invalid trial in Ireland—an alleged offence in another hemisphere and under another sovereignty. My lords, I have now done, with this exception, there is one more

observation with reference to myself which, with your lordships' permission, I will reserve until my sentence is pronounced. It is one simply putting forward a matter of fact, with a desire of placing myself right before my country.

Judge O'Hagan intimated to the prisoner that whatever observations he had to offer, should be made before the sentence of the court was pronounced.

The *Prisoner* said there had been much poetic fiction circulated concerning him. Before his trial by jury, he underwent the trial by journal; but there was one fact to which he should specially refer—he alluded to the language of the Attorney-General, when he said that he (the prisoner) was one of the host of plunderers that were living on the money of the Fenian Brotherhood, and other petty charges of that kind. In that court he should protest, and before a higher and more just tribunal, that never, directly or indirectly, was he the recipient of one penny of profit or emolument, in any shape whatever, from the Brotherhood, or any other political organization, nor was he ever a paid or salaried officer of the Brotherhood. Mr. Lawless, his solicitor, and whom he was proud to call his friend, had in his possession documents from men who alone were competent to give an opinion on the subject that would prove his words to be correct. Having cleared his conscience, and he hoped the public mind, of such an imputation, he now awaited the sentence of the court, convinced that their lordships would take into consideration all the facts that he had stated—the important and not-to-be-overlooked ingredient, that he came to this country on private and family business, and that the Crown could not prove that he had since November, '66, by word, act, or writing, taken part in any proceedings that had taken place in the country. He had now done and was ready to receive the sentence of the Court.

The prisoner was listened to with the utmost attention by everyone present in the court.

Mr. Justice O'Hagan then proceeded to pass sentence.

He said, the prisoner had been convicted upon an indictment charging him with the crime of treason-felony. On the occasion of the trial certain law points were raised on the prisoner's behalf. The learned judge who tried the case thought it prudent to reserve these questions for the Court of Criminal Appeal. Before that Court these questions were ably and fully argued, and calmly and solemnly considered by the members of the Court. The judgment of the Court was against him, and although a minority of the Court, of which he (Judge O'Hagan) was one, differed from the majority, still the ruling of that Court must be carried out. The ruling having been made, a reference return was issued, that the sentence should be pronounced at the next Commission of Oyer and Terminer, and the case came before them now in order that the law might take its course. They (the learned judges) were placed in the position that they did not try the case—they knew nothing of its facts, and it was not within their power to alter the sentence about to be pronounced. None of the topics to which he (the prisoner) had referred, whatever might be their influence elsewhere, could affect the law. He (the judge) sat there simply and solely to pronounce the sentence which the learned judges who tried the case believed, according to their conviction, was correct. He, therefore, felt it to be a most painful duty to have to pronounce sentence on a man who had just shown such remarkable ability—ability which, if otherwise applied, would have placed him in a far different position. The sentence of the court was, that he be kept in penal servitude for a term of fifteen years.

The Prisoner, who received his sentence with the greatest calmness, said—My lord, will I be allowed to consult with my solicitor?

Mr. Justice O'Hagan—Certainly. Let Mr. Lawless have full access to the prisoner.

Mr. Meany then left the dock, and was immediately transferred under escort to Mountjoy prison, to commence his term of penal servitude.

A CELESTIAL PAPER-CARRIER.

The popular poet, Bret Harte, gives the following pleasing description of a Chinese newsboy:

His next performance, I grieve to say, was not attended with equal success. One of our regular paper-carriers fell sick, and at a pinch. Wan Lee was ordered to fill his place. To prevent mistakes he was shown over the route, the previous evening, and supplied at about daylight with the usual number of subscriber's copies. He returned after an hour, in good spirits, and without the papers. He had delivered them all, he said. Unfortunately for Wan Lee, at about eight o'clock indignant subscribers began to arrive at the office. They had received their copies; but how? In the form of hard-pressed cannon balls, delivered by a single shot and a mere *tour de force* through the

glass of bedroom windows. They hod received them full in the face, like a base ball if they happened to be up and stirring; they had received them in quarter-sheets, tucked in at separate windows. They had found them in the chimney, pinned against the door, shot through attic windows, delivered in long slips through convenient key-holes, stuffed into ventilators and occupying the same can with the morning's milk. One subscriber, who waited for some time at the office door, to have a personal interview with Wan Lee (then comfortably locked in my bed-room), told me, with tears of rage in his eyes, that he had been awakened at five o'clock by a most hideous yelling under his windows; that on rising, in great agitation he was startled by the sudden appearance of "The Morning Star," rolled hard and bent into the form of a bommerang or East Indian club, that sailed into the window, described a number of fiendish circles in the room, knocked over the light, slapped the baby's face, "took" him (the subscriber) "in the jaw," and then returned out of the window, and dropped helpessly in the area. During the rest of the day, wads and strips of soiled paper, purporting to be copies of the "Northern Star," of that morning's issue, were brought indignantly to the office. An admirable editorial on "The Resources of Humboldt County," which I had constructed the evening before, and which I had reason to believe might have changed the whole balance of trade during the ensuing year, and left San Francisco bankrupt at her wharves, was in this way lost to the public.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.—Continued.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued*

Q. In what year did this occur?

A. About the year 1190.

Q. Why do we record these squabbles?

A. Because they show us the true cause of Ireland's subjection to a foreign power. The Irish had numberless opportunities of establishing their own independence, and lost every one of them by their mischievous contentions.

Q. What do modern Irishmen learn from these facts?

A. They learn that, in order to regain their native parliament, it is absolutely necessary to forget all past dissensions, and to work together as one man, cordially, heartily, perseveringly

Q. You have said that some of the invading chiefs also quarrelled with each other: can you name any who did so?

A. Yes; Fitz-Aldelm De Burgo, the lord deputy, seized on Raymond Fitz-Gerald's castle of Wicklow.

Q. Was this the only case of the kind?

A. By no means. Fitz-Aldelm compelled Raymond Le Gros and Robert Fitz-Stephen to yield the lands they had originally got, to newer invaders; and the dispossessed knights were obliged to content themselves with less profitable territories, in a more dangerous part of the country.

Q. Have you any other instances of dissension amongst the English in Ireland?

A. Yes; Meyler Fitz-Henry marched an army against De Burgo in Connaught; and De Lacy, at the head of a powerful force, attacked De Courcy in Ulster. De Lacy was also at war with the young earl of Pembroke, whose estates he had tried to seize.

Q. How did their struggle end?

A. Pembroke was destroyed by the treachery of Geoffry de Maurisco, an English knight who had promised to support him, but who betrayed him by suddenly drawing off his forces at the moment of battle.

Q, Did the Fitz-Gerald family partake of this turbulence?

A. Yes; they actually seized on the lord deputy (Richard de Capella), and threw him into prison, for his efforts to resist their usurpations. Civil war among the Anglo-Norman barons became frequent; thus affording to the native Irish many opportunities of freedom derived from the violent divisions of their invaders.

Q. In what year did King John die?

A. In the year 1216.

Q. What quarrels, about that time, disturbed Connaught?

A. De Burgo usurped certain lands of Feidlim O'Conner's; the king (Henry III.) interfered in behalf of O'Connor, and ordered the then lord deputy (Maurice Fitz-Gerald) to protect O'Connor from De Burgo's rapacity.

Q. Who built the cathedral of Cashel?

A. Donald O'Brien, prince of Thomond.

Q. In what year did he die?

A. In 1194.

Q. Did Henry III hold parliaments in Ireland?

A. Yes; he convened Irish parliaments in the years 1253 and 1269.

Q. What do you notice with respect to the Irish parliaments?

A. I notice that the king's Irish subjects enjoyed a domestic parliament in Ireland from as early a period as his English subjects enjoyed a parliament in England.

Q. In what year did Henry the Third die?

A. In 1272.

CHAPTER VI.

The Reigns of Edward I., II., III.

Q. What remarkable offer did the Irish make in the reign of Edward the First?

A. The Irish princes offered the king the sum of 8,000 marks, provided that the rights of British subjects, enjoyed by the descendants of the English settlers, should be extended to the whole Irish nation.

Q. How did Edward treat the offer?

A. He was perfectly willing to grant the request.

Q. What prevented him from doing so?

A. The Irish lords of English déscent opposed the king's wise plans, and the wishes of the Irish people; for they believed that to extend the rights of British subjects to the whole nation, would greatly abridge their own power to oppress and plunder.

Q. Was this offer ever repeated by the Irish?

A. Yes; often at later periods; and as often defeated by the influence of the Anglo-Irish lords.

Q. Did Edward the First hold a parliament in Ireland?

A. He did, in the year 1295.

Q. When did Edward die?

A. He died while marching against the Scotch, in 1307.

Q. What great victory did the Scotch gain over the English in the reign of Edward the Second?

A. Under the command of Robert Bruce, they defeated the English at the battle of Bannockburn.

Q. How was this Scottish victory regarded in Ireland?

A. The chiefs of Ulster, regarding themselves as allied in Celtic kindred with the victors, were delighted at the triumph, and resolved to follow, if possible, so glorious an example.

Q. Did they make the attempt?

A. Yes. Edward Bruce, the brother of the Scottish king, landed on the eastern coast of Ulster, in May, 1315, and was joined by the principle chiefs of Ulster.

Q. What followed?

A. They seized on several castles; burned Atherdee, Dundalk, and many other towns; and speedily banished the English out of Ulster.

Q. How did the barons act?

A. Many of them were willing to enter into terms with Bruce; and even the powerful house of De Lacy joined his standard.

Q. How did the clergy act?

A. A large number of them declared in favor of Bruce.

Q. What was Bruce's next step?

A. He got himself solemnly crowned king of Ireland at Dundalk. He then marched southwards, as provisions could no longer be procured for his army in the north.

Q. What Anglo-Norman lords opposed Edward Bruce?

A. Fitz-Thomas the baron of O'Faley, and Butler, the lord deputy. Fitz-Thomas was rewarded by the king of England with the title of earl of Kildare, and Butler was created earl of Carrick.

Q. Did other lords follow their example?

A. Yes; several did so.

Q. What support did Bruce get besides that of the Ulster chieftains?

A. Feildlim O'Conner, of Connaught, declared in his favor; but this help was soon cut off by the total defeat of Feidlim at the battle of Athenree.

Q. Who commanded the royalist army against Feidlim?

A. Sir Richard Bermingham.

Q. Was Edward Bruce dismayed by the defeat of his ally, O'Conner, at Athenree?

A. No; he ravaged the country up to the very walls of Dublin. He marched to Ossory, and advanced into Munster.

Q. Was he opposed in that province?

A. Yes, by Sir Roger Mortimer, the new lord deputy, who landed with a large force at Waterford. Bruce, fearing to meet this armament, hastily retreated northwards.

Q. What was the condition of Bruce in the north?

A. It was miserable; his army could get no provisions, as the country had been previously wasted; and it is said that his soldiers, to allay the pangs of famine, used to eat the dead bodies of their brethern.

Q. Did Robert Bruce, the Scottish king, take any step to relieve his brother Edward?

A. Yes; Robert prepared to bring an army to assist him.

Q. How did Edward Bruce act?

A. His impatience was his ruin. Instead

of waiting for the arrival of help for Scotland, he led his shattered remnant of an army against Sir Richard Bermingham, who was at the head of 15,000 men. They fought at Dundalk, in 1318, and Bruce's army was utterly routed.

Q. What was his own personal fate?

A. He engaged in single combat with an English knight, named Maupas or Malpas; and so fierce was the encounter, that both were slain.

Q. Did Robert Bruce arrive in Ireland?

A. Yes; but he immediately returned to Scotland, on learning the fate of his unfortunate brother.

Q. How was Sir Richard Bermingham rewarded for his victory over Edward Bruce?

A. He was created earl of Louth and baron of Atherdee.

Q. Did the great lords of English descent settle into a peaceful mode of living?

A. Far from it. They were as quarrelsome as the original Irish chiefs. In 1327, we find the Butlers and Berminghams ranged on the side of Maurice of Desmond, in fierce civil war against De la Poer and the De Burgos.

Q. What was the cause of quarrel?

A. De la Poer had called Maurice of Desmond a *poet;* whereupon Maurice, in order to mark his indignation at the slander, very prosaically went to war with De la Poer.

Q. What use did the old Irish clans make of this circumstance?

A. They took up arms; and, under the guidance of O'Brien, prince of Thomond, defeated the English in several engagements in Leinster.

Q. What particular grievance induced the Irish clans to take up arms just then?

A. They had renewed their earnest prayer to be admitted to the full plivileges of British subjects; which privileges, by the influence of the lords of English descent, had been refused to them.

Q. Did the progress of time in any degree tend to blend the two races of English and Irish into one nation?

A. To some extent it did so. In spite of bitter laws forbidding intermarriages, such unions did take place; and some of the lords even renounced the English name and English language, and adopted Irish names and used the Irish tongue.

Q. What was the description given by those who did so?

A. They were called "*Hibernicis ipis Hiberniores.*"

Q. What does that phrase mean?

A. "More Irish than the Irish themselves."

Q. Did the Anglo-Irish lords often rebel against the king of England?

A. Yes; many of them did so.

Q. Who was appointed lord deputy of Ireland in 1361?

A. Lionel, duke of Clarence, the second son of Edward the Third.

Q. What remarkable statute was passed during Lionel's viceroyalty?

A. The statue of Kilkenny.

Q. In what year was it passed?

A. In 1367.

Q. What were its provisions?

A. It forbade, under pain of high treason, marriage, fostering, or gossipred between persons of English descent and the old Irish families. It also forbade all persons of English descent to use the Irish language or to adopt Irish names.

Q. What other provisions did this statute contain?

A. It strictly forbade the king's subjects in Ireland to entertain in their houses Irish minstrels, musicians, or story-tellers. It also forbade them to allow an Irish horse to graze upon their lands.

Q. What was the consequence of this insane act?

A. Fresh turmoils, riots, civil wars, and insurrections.

Q. How did it happen that the conquest of England, by the Normans, did not produce such evils to that country, as those which followed from the invasion of Ireland by the Anglo-Norman settlers?

A. For about two centuries the Norman conquest of England did produce such evils to the conquered English. But the Norman conquerors fixed their royal seat of government in England; and by the mere fact of residence, the government became, in course of time, identified in national feeling with that country. But in Ireland, the government was not national in its sentiments or in its measures; instead of ruling Ireland for the good of its own people, it ruled the country for what it deemed the good of England; and it kept the two races in Ireland from uniting with each other for the common benefit, as the different races in England had done.

CHAPTER VII.

Reign of Edward the Third, concluded.

Q. Did Edward find Ireland a profitable possession?

A. No; it was a source of heavy expense to him.

Q. Did he ask the Irish for supplies of money?

A. He did: but they replied that they had none to give his majesty.

Q. What was Edward's next step?

A. He took a strange step. He summoned a sort of Irish parliament to meet him at Westminister, consisting of two members from each country, two burgesses from each city and borough, and two priests from each diocese.

Q. When this old sort of parliament had met, how did Edward address them?

A. He complained of the expense of governing Ireland, and demanded money.

Q. What did the Irish deputies answer?

A. That their constituents had expressly prohibited them from granting his majesty any: on which the king dismissed them.

Q. Was the rest of his reign prosperous?

A. No; the barons, by their wars and exactions, rendered prosperity impossible.

Q. Were the contentious Irish chiefs and Anglo-Irish nobles worse than the same class of men in other lands?

A. No; in the days of the Heptarchy we find that the petty kings of England were engaged in constant warfare. In latter times, that country was ravaged by repeated civil wars. And in Scotland we find that the quarrels of the Scottish nobles involved the kingdom in perpetual bloodshed for centuries.

Q. In what year did Edward the Third die?

A. In 1377.

(To be continued.)

IRELAND: HER POSITION POPULATION, AND PRODUCTIONS.

Ireland, is surrounded by the Atlantic on all sides, except the E., where it is separated from Great Britan by St. George's Channell, 47 miles across where narrowest, the Irish Sea, 138 miles, and the Northern Channel, 13 miles. Its shape is that of a rhomboid, the great diagonal of which is 302 miles, and the less, 210 miles; the greatest length on a meridional line is 225 miles; the greatest and least breadths of parrallels of latitude, 174 and 111 miles; comprising an area of 20,815,460 acres, or 32,524 square miles.

The Northern, Western, and Southern coast are indented with numerous deep and safe bays: the Eastern side presents but few suited for large vessels. Their total number has been estimated at 14 capable of harboring the largest men-of-war; 14 for frigates; from 30 to 40 for coasting vessels; 25 good summer roadsteads; besides numerous inlets for fishing craft. There are in operation 57 coast Lighthouses, and 3 Floating Lights, which are maintained in an efficient state at an expenditure of about £60,000 a year.

The Islands are numerous but small; total number, 196: the largest are Rathlin, N.; Tory, Achill, Clare, the South Arran Isles, and Valentia, W.; Dursey, Whiddy, Cape Clear, and Great Island, S.; and Lambay and Ireland's Eye, E.

The greater part of the surface is a plain not strictly level, but mostly interpersed with low hills. The principal mountain groups are, N. E., the Mourne mountains in Down county,—highest, Slieve Donard, 2,796 feet above high sea-level; W., the mountains surrounding Clew Bay in Mayo county,—highest Mweelrea, 2,688 feet; S. W., M'Gillicuddy's Reeks in Kerry county,—highest, Carran-Tual, 3,414; E., the Wicklow mountains,—highest, Lugnaquilla, 3,039. The interior of the country is intersected by several lofty ranges, among which the Devil's Bit, Slieve-Bloom, Galtees, the Wicklow mountains, Mount Leinster, and Blackstairs, are the most remarkable.

The Rivers are numerous: the principal is the Shannon 254 miles long, running from the head of Lough Allen to Limerick, 158 miles, where it expands into an estuary of 45 miles, opening into the Atlantic; it is navigable through nearly the whole of its course. The Suir, Barrow, Nore, Blackwater, Slaney, Maigue, Boyne, Foyle, Erne, Lee, Bandon, Bann, Lagan, and Moy, are all navigable to a greater or less extent: smaller rivers, serving chiefly for agricultural and domestic purposes, are to be met with in every district.

The Lakes, generally termed *loughs*, are numerous: the largest, Lough Neagh, in Ulster, covers 88,255 acres; the others more remarkable, are Loughs, Erne, Corrib, Mask, Conn, Ree, Derg, and the Lakes of Killarney.

The climate is temperate and moist. The crops are more frequently injured by excess of moisture than of eridity. Plants which require artifical heat in England, flourish here in the open air: while, owing to the humidity of the atmosphere, many kinds of seeds must be supplied from England or the Continent. This peculiarity of climate is not prejudical to health; the average of life is much the same as in

Great Britain; longevity much greater. The prevalent diseases are low fever and consumption. The mean temperature in the northern counties is 48° Fahrenheit; in the middle, 50°; and in the southern, 52°.

Ireland once had the name of the Island of Woods, from being covered with forests, and latterly acquired the poetical name of the Emerald Isle, from the perenial brilliancy of its verdure. Its Flora contains some rare varieties; Arbutus unedo flourishes in Killarney; varities of saxifrage and of ferns are found in the mountains of Kerry; Connemara, Benbulben mountain in Sligo, and Antrim county, abound in scarce Alpine plants; rare and hitherto unknown species of algæ have been discovered on various parts of the coast.

The elk, or moose deer, was a native of the country; its bones heve been found in several places; wolves were once so numerous that a price was set upon them, and the Irish wolf-dog kept for hunting them. Venemous animals are unknown; the climate is destructive to them. The surrounding seas abound with fish, both round and flat; the sun-fish frequents the western coast; whales visit it occasionally; seals are common about the precipitous headlands; many kinds of shell-fish are taken along the shore.

The population of Ireland, according to the census of 1871, was 5,402,759, a falling off from that of 1841 (when it was 8,196,597) of 2,793, 738, without counting the natural and prospective increase.

In mineral wealth Ireland is not surpassed by any country of equal area, though her resources in this particular have never been properly developed, and may be said to be yet almost untouched. At an early date before the Christian era, gold was discovered in what is now the County of Wicklow; and silver was afterwards found at *Airgiodross.* A foundry was established on the borders of the river Barrow, in which coats-of-mail, bucklers, and other armor were made and given by the Kings to such warlike men as distinguished themselves in battle. A mint was also founded for the coining of the ancient "ring money," as also for manufacturing gold chains and "torques," which the kings and nobles wore upon their necks as marks of distinction; rings likewise were presented to those who distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences. Thus it can be said that gold and silver were in general use in Ireland, even in the most remote ages of paganism. This abundance of wealth was increased, in the early periods of Christianity, by the riches the inhabitants gained from the frequent voyages they made into Britain and other countries. The immense treasures that the Normans plundered from the Irish churches and monasteries, as well as the annual tribute of an ounce of gold, called "*airgiod-froin,*" exacted from the natives by the Danish barbarians, during their dominion over them, furnish incontestible proofs of the wealth of the country at the time.

Coal, zinc, copper, lead, rock-salt, and the various clays used in manufactures and commerce, have been found in abundance in nearly every part of Ireland; and there are numerous evidences that the manufacture and use of all the minerals known to modern science have been carried on there at one time or other. Marble also abounds in every variety and of the best quality. As building material the limestone and granite of the Irish quarries are unrivalled.

In 1796 native gold was discovered in the Ballinvalley streams at Croghan Kinshela, county Wicklow (in the district indicated in the old traditions); and the country people neglecting the land, were occupied in collecting it for nearly six weeks, when operations were commenced under direction of Government. Regular works, then established, were in operation until destroyed in 1798, at which time the outlay had been reimbursed and a profit realized. In 1801 the working was resumed, but as no gold was found in the solid strata, and the alluvial deposits did not afford a return sufficient to defray expenses, the works were abandoned. The gold of Croghan Kinshela occurred in grains from the smallest size, and in lumps of considerable weight; one piece weighed twenty-owo ounces, another eighteen ounces, a third nine ounces, and a fourth seven ounces. The metal was found in alluvium, with other metalic substances; magnetic iron ore, iron glance, red iron ore, brown iron ore, iron pyrites, tinstone, wolfram, grey manganese ore, and fragments of quartz and chlorite. Native gold, but in small quantity, was also found in Croghan Moira, about seven miles from Croghan Kinshela.

THE EVIL OF IT.

A writer on the ever interesting subject of dress accuses the sewing-machine of being the cause of the present elaboration of woman's costume. To it we owe the utter extinction of simplicity in feminine dress. It was so easy

to make up a simple dress upon it like those worn, perforce in the old days of the needle, in a very short time, that the temptation to put on a few folds or ruffles was not to be resisted by the woman of aristocratic tendencies—and that means ninety-nine out of every hundred, for they are nearly all born with more or less instinct for adorning and *beautifying*—and this trait of feminine character, for lack of proper training and proper channels of outlet, becomes in woman one of her faults when it should have been one of her virtues. Now the curse of the day is the burdening of feminine clothing with a mass of surplus ornamentation which costs the life and health of woman. In an artistic sense, most dresses of the day would be vastly improved by the removal from them of a few superfluous ruffles and trimmings. Why all ladies persist in wearing these heavily trimmed dresses, no matter whether they are becoming or not, simply because they are the fashion, is a problemn for female intellect to solve. Ethe Gale, discussing this folly, says that to be really well-dressed one must always take into consideration the complexion, age, features, and figure of the wearer and the harmony of the different parts of the costume. Thus the brunette cannot wear the delicate shades so beautiful for the blonde, and the woman of sixty become ridiculous if tricked out with fluttering ribbons and bright colors appropriate at sixteen. The sylph, who scarcely turns the scale at a hundred pounds, cannot carry the flowing mantles which have become necessary to obsecure the too expansive outlines of the matron whose position in a carriage is sufficiently indicated by the condition of the springs. In perusing old romances the reader of to-day is inclined to smile at the eighteen year old heroine, simply clad in white muslin. Yet an artist would give the preference to a girl thus plainly robed over the fashionable miss of the day weighed down with costly silk, showy trimming, garnished by jewelry and ribbons abundant enough to supply half a dozen simple Amandas. For girls in their teens, the simplest toilette is always the most desirable. As women increase in years their dress should increase, not in display but in solid elegance.

THE WISE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

He that findeth a true wife, findeth a treasure whose beauty and lustre not even the shadow of death can dim. It has often seemed strange to me that men are so blind in their choice of companions. In this they sometimes seem to be the weaker sex, for they yield to deliberately planned schemes, and in the face of an unhappy lot, take painted dolls or artful women to share the "better or worse."

And yet, after all, as the responsibility rests more on him, it may be a harder thing than we are aware of, to find one whose price is above rubies. There exists such an artificial state of society! Beauty is ranked so high, and graces are so indispensable, that homely indoor life loses its chiefest charm, and woman becomes a creature of waywardness and prettiness, that must be dressed up and petted, in order to keep her in smiles and decent humor.

Most young men think of an "an establishment," and somebody must perside of whom they are proud. They love to hear their friends say: "Well, L——— has a fine wife—a woman worth having; she plays and sings, she talks agreeably, and altogether makes a sensation."

But when trouble comes, where is the strong helper—the courageous spirit? Those modest home bodies, who seem so timid and backward —who oversee the humble household, and ask no praise but that of the husband's heart—who shine but at little parties, who are the stars of home—these are the wives for the trial of earnest life. Their love is the rock never shaken by the tempest.

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S WARNING.

The number of men prominent in the various activities of life, who are stricken down without a moment's warning, seems to be increasing to an alarming extent. Without having at hand a list from which to give figures illustrating this sad statement, we have no doubt our readers will at once recall a large number, or at least remember that for a long time the items of news of this sort have been frequent. The reason of this is easily found in the unusual and unbearable strain under which the demands and necessities of an active life place a man in these days of fierce competition and mad race for power and wealth. To this should be added the difficulty of doing a large business while the medium of exchange has been every day fluctuating, and all the time uncertain. A man who in these times would get on in any business or profession is goaded to the attempt of that which few men can endure for a long time,

and as a consequence every day startles us with its record of this man and that who has fallen in his harness. We give a look upon the prostrate form of him who has thus ended his work, and push on, wondering when it will come our turn to follow in the same pathway, knowing full well that so it will come to those who attempt the impossible. The remedy for all this will come slowly but surely, and we shall learn to live more moderately, but more comfortably and reasonably than our present crazy hurrying life. Pity that it could not now be so with us.

WHAT ARE THE STARS?

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

What are the Stars, old Scholar wilt thou tell me?
I long to hear their secret story;
For I have seen and known them from my Childhood—
Since then have loved them for their glory.

From Childhood I have loved them for their silence,
Old friend, I've loved them for their beauty;
Night from night have thought that on these cloud-built walls
They kept, for God, some solemn duty.

Yes, night from night, above the ancient Temple,
Where Soldier, Priest, and Sage are sleeping,
I've seen those Stars, like gaurds with burnished weapons,
On those high walls their vigils keeping.

Above the battle-field where Fame has written
Old names of worth with burning finger,
I've seen those Stars come forth like beauteous mourners,
And softly o'er the death-spot linger.

Where'er the scholar-mind may pause it rapture,
Where'er brave hearts may one day muster,
I've seen those Stars, like seeds in God's own Eden,
Bnd forth from gloom their leaves of lustre.

Where'er the past hath left her sacred foot-steps,
Where re fresh hopes, like flowers, are springing,
I've seen those Stars, like birds with golden pinions,
Their sparkling shadows downward flinging.

What are they then, old Scholar, wilt thou tell me?
I long to know their secret story;
For thus I've seen and known them from my Childhood,
Thus traced them through those fields of glory.

The stars, thou young inquirer—wilt thou trust me?—
The stars thy midnight scenes adorning,
Are those spirits, young and gallant, called away
From Earth in Life's fresh, fragrant morning.

Those spirits, young and glowing, free and soaring,
Souls with proud thoughts purely beaming,
That loved their cradle-land, and sweetly labored
To wake and chase it from its dreaming.

They loved their cradle-land, they read its records—
Those gray old records—gray, yet glowing;
They tracked from ancient founts a stream of splendor,
Down through those rugged records flowing.

And from that deep stream deeply drank those Spirits
Thoughts that bade them loudly, "sleep no more!"
From the dust of Ages lift up the island—
To its ranks the trampled flag restore."

INCONVENIENCES OF A SHORT MEMORY.

Mr. Cooley's memory is exceedingly treacherous, and it often gets him into trouble. The other night he was at a party at Smith's, and while the company sat round the supper-table, Cooley suddenly concluded that he would eject a conundrum he had heard somewhere, and so, in an interval of silence, he said, "I've got a pretty good conundrum I'd like you to guess. Can anybody tell me why a druggist who keeps his bottles downstairs is like a certain kind of musician?" Everybody at once began to guess the answer, and Cooley sat there for a moment smiling. Presently, however, he thought he would get the answer ready in order to give it, and to his intense alarm found that he had forgotten it. The company gave it up one after the other, and as they did so each one asked Cooley what the answer was. At last he exclaimed—"The—ah—the—ah—the—the fact is that—the affair—that is, the conundrum—the whole thing, 'pon honor, is a joke. There is no answer to it, 'pon honor." Then everybody said they didn't see anything very amusing about jokes of such a character, and Smith frowned; while Cooley heard the man next to his neighbor say that he, Cooley, must be drunk. Then Cooley rose suddenly from the table and bolted out through the front door. About two hours afterwards, while he was in bed, he all at once remembered the answer and he instantly arose and went round to Smith's. After ringing the bell for half an hour, old Smith put his head out of his bedroom window. "I know it now," shouted Cooley—"I know it; it is because he has a vial-in-cellar." Smith shut the window with a slam and went back to bed. And now the Cooleys don't speak to the Smiths, and old Cooley carries the answers to his conundrums written on his shirt-cuffs when he goes into company, so as to be certain that he will have them when they are wanted.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S EARLY LOVE AFFAIR.

In John Savage's "Life of Andrew Johnson," the reader is given the belief that Mr. Johnson loved and was dissapointed in his affections by their object. Such is not the case, so far as the conclusion is stated. He did fall in love with a young lady of good family and estimable character. She responded in the fullest degree

and both anticipated great felicity in a future life together. The parents of the young lady, however, objected to the marriage upon the grounds of Mr. Johnson's youth (he was yet in his minor years) and lack of means. Upon hearing this, Mr. Johnson sought an interview with the young lady, told her of the decision of her parents, and of the course he himself had resolved upon. With his native high principle, he said there was nothing left to them but to part and forget what they had been to each other. The lady felt otherwise, and frankly told him that she would go with him wherever he might lead, and that she would not hesitate to trust her life and its keeping into his hands. The strong pride and love of fair dealing of Mr. Johnson could not permit this, and notwithstanding his love, he denied the proposition and left the place, only returning long years after, when the lady was married and the mother of a family. Thus, it will be understood, that the lady did not prove faithless and cause any wounded feelings to the subject of this sketch.

A DANBURY DOG STORY.

The other day a two-cent dog, that is, a dog that scents or sniffs two ways, sprang from an alley, closely followed by a five-cent brick. Rounding the corner at right angles, he came in contact with the feet of a Dutchwoman, who wsa carrying a jug of molasses in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. The sudden collision of the dog with her lower extremities threw her from her feet, and she sat down upon the bssket of eggs, at the same time breaking the jug of molasses upon the pavement A young gentleman, carpet-bag in hand, anxious to catch the train, was running close behind, and stepping on the fragments of the jug and its contents, sat down on the chest of the Dutchwoman, who said, "Mine Got!" The young man said something about "mad dog," but in the excitement said it backwards. In the meantime the dog ran against the feet of a team of horses attached to a load of potatoes, and they, taking fright, started for home. The ending-board falling out, they unloaded the potatoes along the streets as they went. Crossing the railway-track, the wagon caught in the rails and tore one of them from its place. A freight-train coming along a few moments later was thrown from the track, smashing a dozen cars and killing thirty or forty hogs. The horses, on reaching home, ran through a barn-yard and overturned a milk-pail and contents, which another two-cent dog licked up. One of the horses, having broken his leg, was killed that morning, and the other is crippled for life. It is now a mooted question whether the man who threw the brick at the two-cent dog or the man who owns it is responsible for the chapter of accidents which followed.

MEMORIES OF IRELAND.

But whether the surious or the humourous, I feel that in speaking of Ireland, as I knew it, I am speaking of the *past*. I teel, too, that I speak in the *spirit of the past*. Others may have a "Young Ireland;" to me, Ireland *is*, and must be, "Old Ireland." I see her through the mists of memory; I see her with the mists of ocean resting on her hills, with mists of time resting on her towers; I hear, as afar off, the eternal music of the waves around her coast; I hear in her valleys and her caves the songs of the winds soft as the sounds of harps; I recall her in many a vision of lonely beauty, brightened by the sunshine on the river, lake and dell; in many a vision too of sombre glory in the battle of the tempests against her mountain summits and rock-bound shores. I bring her *national* life back to my mind in heroic story, in saintly legend, in tales passionate and wild, in the grand old poetry of the supernatural and solemn imagination which people love, to whose spirits the soul of the immortal whispers, on whose ears there linger the voices of the mighty *past*. I bring her *domestic* life back to my heart in her gracious old affections which so sweeten earthly care, in her gracious old phrases into which these old affections breathe; for never did fondness deepen into richer melody of love than in "cuishla machree;" and never did the welcome of hospitality sound in more generous eloquence than in that of "cead mille failthe." All these come back to me through the spaces of years, and my heart answers to them with "Erin mavourneen." If I forget thee, Ireland! let my right hand forget its cunning; if I do not speak of thee lovingly and reverently, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

It is sweet for friends to bear their burdens mutually, and to be able to say to one another, Give me what is wanting to me, and I will give you in return what you require; when I am weak, you will give me a helping hand; and when I see you ready to fall, I will hold out mine to you.

MY GENTLE HARP!

AIR—THE COINA OR DIRGE.

With feeling.

1. My gen-tle Harp! once more I wa-ken The sweetness of thy slumb'ring
2. And yet, since last thy chord re-sounded, An hour of peace and tri-umph

strain; In tears our last fare-well was taken, And now in tears we meet a-
came, When many an ar - - dent bo-som bounded With hopes that now are turn'd to

- gain. No light of joy hath o'er thee broken, But, like those Harps, whose heav'nly
shame. Yet e - ven then, while Peace was singing Her halcyon song o'er land and

skill Of slavery dark as thine hath spoken, Thou hang'st up-on . . . the willows still.
sea, Tho' joy and hope to others bringing, She on - ly brought new tears to thee.

3 Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas! the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline.
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When even the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains.

4 But, come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—O breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be.
How lightly, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet can'st wake at pleasure's thrill:
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still!