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THE HARP

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1874.

No. 2.

WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL RIVERS FLOW.

BY REV. P. C. RYAN.

Oh, I'll sing to-night of a fairy land, in the lap of the ocean set,
And of all the lands I've travelled o'er, 'tis the loveliest I have met;
Where the willows weep, and the roses sleep, and the balmy breezes blow,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But oh, alas! how can I sing—'tis an exile breathes the strain,
And that dear old land of my youthful love I may never see again;
And the very joys that fill my breast must ever change to woe
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But I'll sing of the lonely old churchyards where our fathers' bones are hid—
Where the cloisters stand, those ruins grand that our tyrant foes have made;
And I'll strike the harp with a mournful touch, till the glistening tears will show
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of his lonely grave—
Of his early doom, and his youthful bloom, and his spirit more than brave;
And ah! how blest and calm his rest, tho' his grave be cold and low,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Tone and the Geraldine, proud Edward true and blest—
They won the crown—the martyr's crown—and they sleep in shade and rest;
In heavenly mould their names are rolled—they died in manhood's glow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Ireland's ancient days, when her sires were kingly men,
Who led the chase, and the manly race, thro' forest, field and glen;
Whose only word was the shining sword—whose pen, the patriot's blow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."

—BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER III.

THE VILLAGE.

"Victory number one!" Mr. Sackwell was happier that day than he had been for many a long time, if prosperous hatred brings happiness. He heard the bay of the fox-hounds, saw the scarlet-coated horsemen, saw the old castle of Kilsheelan among its wide body-guard of woods, no longer with an agonizing heart. He looked into the near future and saw all their pride humbled, all their glory gone, and in their place a king who should be feared, if he was also hated—Albin Artslade of Ashenfield.

This man had the genius of success, but an evil genius.

Like most other great men, Mr. Langton, the violet, sometimes stooped to such relaxations as crossed the path of his laborious life. On the evening of the day we have been writing about, after setting to rights each particular hair or his head, and satisfying himself in the glass from every point in the compass (and a great many more) that, if poor human nature was imperfect, there was one case at least where the imperfection was not worth noticing—after soothing his feelings out of his master's brandy-bottle, and kicking the cat for pure humanity, it did occur to Mr. Langton that both he and the outer world would be all the better for it if he strolled down to Kilsheelan.

Though Mr. Langton had an intelligent horror of the Irish climate, few would have taken him for the martyr he was, as he lolled along jauntily under the leafy trees of the avenue, enjoying the sweet evening air with unusual relish.

If the scene and himself could have been transferred within the sound of Bow Bells, he would have pronounced it heavenly; Irish though it was he thought it "hawful nice." At the bottom of the avenue wound the road, which, at a short distance down the valley, reached the village of Kilsheelan. It was a picturesque little place, pitched beside the Suir, which be-
sected the rich valley as with a silver partition. The little cabins that composed the village were cozy-looking in their coats of thatch, though a nearer view showed them to be wretched enough. The valley all round was blooming with verdure till, at the foot of the mountain, it was covered with thick woods reaching high up the blue height. It was in a lordly space among those woods, that Kilsheelan Castle stood. Steeped in the soft light of a fine Spring evening, with the birds chirping in the woods, and the sounds of life and mirth coming from the village, O'Dwyer Garv's broad patrimony was indeed a pleasant place to see.

But Mr. Langton had no taste for pictures; his thoughts turned on sterner subjects. He was wandering in tender fancy to a certain area in Bedford Square, where, he would have sworn, a certain Sarah Jane was bestowing, perhaps kisses, certainly cold mutton, on a ferocious guardsman.

"Ah! Sarah Jane!" he murmured reproachfully, "Hi often said as you was a deep 'un: the military gents always was 'er weak point. Wonder do she ever go to Islington o' Sundays now? What a precious time we used to 'ave, to be sure! And the pork pies hat the Green Dragon. Heigho! shall we ever 'ave such times again?"

Before he could decide this point to satisfaction, Mr. Langton found his meditations disturbed by the shrill music of the bagpipes and a mirthful hum of voices on the village common. He had already walked down the road as far as where it took a sudden bend into the village, and so commanded a full view of the scene of merriment, without being himself observed.

"Here is a go!" cried Mr. Langton. "Blest if the H Irish haint agoing mad! Wot 'orrid creatures to be sure!"

And he threw himself lazily on the ditch to contemplate at leisure the degradation of which uncivilized man is capable.

His position was quite close to the Common, a large piece of waste land at one end of the village. Here were gathered a noisy, merry crowd, nearly the whole population of Kilsheelan,

some dancing, some drinking, some gossiping, some playing, but all blent with the valley round them and the sky above them into a picture of speaking happiness. For Kilsheelan village and all within it were as essential parts of Kilsheelan Castle as its towers or ivy. Nobody could reckon how many centuries they had been linked in fortune—how many generations from the Castle and the village slept together in the old graveyard of Kileary. The lord and the peasant came of the same clannish race: open-handed, warm-hearted, fiery alike; equally reckless and thriftless in cabin and hall. So time, and joy, and sorrow welded them together, and assimilated their vices and virtues. And so came it to pass, that, this evening, the eve of young O'Dwyer's departure for College, the feasting at the Castle had its counterpart on the Common, where the vulgar fun of the natives wounded Mr. Langton's nerves so keenly.

The elders—those who could dance jig or reel better forty years ago than just then—were squatted on infirm plough-handles and incurable cart-wheels round the grimy palace of the blacksmith, which opened on the Common. They were discussing the merits of the dancers—discussing also, in a quiet way, the merits of certain foaming casks of porter and of a certain odorous keg of the native, some of the treasures of the Castle cellars. It is necessary to introduce a few of them.

The blacksmith himself, Mat Hannigan, was essentially a man of few words. With face black as Erebus, yellow *duhden* in mouth, and heavy iron-like cap drawn down over his eyes, he sat and smoked and drank, and to all appearance enjoyed himself famously; he even listened to the gossip going on around him, and intimated betimes in his own laconic way that it was not without interest for him; but beyond grunts and nods he made little display of his own views, if he had any. When politics were the theme, he was more tongue-tied than ever. Rumour had it that in the rebellion his opinions took the shape of pikeheads; never since was he betrayed into any plainer confession of his political learnings than "Baythershin"—a term with which he frequently punctuated other people's discourses about Ireland.

A strong contrast to the silent blacksmith was very noisy, lean, and bitter-faced Jur. Murphy, at once shoemaker, schoolmaster and leader of public opinion in Kilsheelan. Th's prodigy was not content with mending shoes (which in Kilsheelan were not very widely patronized), nor with dabbling in the A B C and 'pot-hook'

line (which was not very profitable either). The role of politician suited best his varied though somewhat idly genius; and, as he was the only one in the village who could read the newspaper, smuggled out at rare intervals from the Castle, he had not much trouble in reaching the height of veneration we find him at.

Then there was 'the oldest inhabitant,' who went on crutches from time immemorial, and who was accommodated with a special chair, in consideration of his 'having seen better days'—there was the old 'knowledgeable woman' who, though she was just now deep in a vulgar and exceedingly stout tumbler of punch, filled the onerous offices of herb-doctor, midwife, fortune-teller and washerwoman—and with a number of other equally interesting people, there was the old gentleman who sold the tobacco and the candy-balls, whose grand title to fame was that, having nothing to say for himself, he was an intense admirer of what everybody else said, without any great regard to its meaning.

"*Mo graha shlig!*" observed the knowledgeable woman, smacking her lips. "There's atin an' drinkin' in that dhrop. I wouldn't doubt the masher but to give us a taste o' the rale stuff. 'Tis the murderin' shame he hasn't a crock o' goold, so it is."

"Bedad then it is," said the old gentleman who sold the tobacco and candy balls.

"If he had his way," put in another, "devil a stone in Kilsheelan that would'n't dance wid divarshin."

"Shure what else could he be," said the woman, "barrin' the ould blood was pisoned inside of him."

"*Ould blood!*" said the shoemaker, contemptuously. "'Tis too much o' the *ould blood* we get in Tipperary." "Sorrow's father upon 'em, they're the curse o' the country."

"He, he!" laughed he of the tobacco, who thought it particularly funny.

"Why thin bad seran to yer impidence," cried one of the women in hot indignation. "Wondher the tongue don't rot in yer mouth an' to say a bad word of an O'Dwyer."

The blacksmith grunted, and puffed the *dudheen* vigorously, but said nothing.

"'Tisn't o' O'Dwyer Garv I'm spakin' jest at the present"—began Mr. Murphy.

"*Honia man diaoul*, man, shut yer mouth," cried the oldest inhabitant, with unwonted fury. "I'd melt in the fire afore I'd hear any man in the world spake bad of him or his generation. *Mavrone*," he went on, in a calmer tone, "he wouldn't be h's father's son if his heart wasn't

as warrum as a coal o' fire. Well I remimber it—his forty-five year come nixt harvist—his father (God rest his soul to-day, though he was a Prodestan') he rode up to me, an' sez he (he was niver a great hand at keepin' the money, the poor man)—'Mick,' sez he, "I want that half-years rint from you. The devil a shot there's in the locker or I wudn't axe you." 'Twas a bad year wid me, an' I was thrimblin' wid fright, for I hadn't a ha'penny to give him. 'Tis I that 'ud give it to you wid a heart an' a half, yer honour,' sez I (in a purty flurry, you may be shure) 'but my two little cows wint off o' the distemper.'—He didn't lave me say another word. 'The two cows dead, Mick!' says he. 'O! be the powers that'il never do, Mick!' He rode away to Clonmel, an' the whole day I was bemoanin' like a baby, thinkin' av course, to be thrun out in the ditch. An' what d'ye think?"

"What?" exclaimed all in chorus.

"That very night there was a servant down from the Castle, an' put in me hand (in gooldin suvereiens wid the master's compliments to have me buy two more little cows instid o' the others. But how d'ye think he got the money?"

"How?" questioned everybody eagerly.

"He wint an' sowl't the horse underrathe him, an' thrudged ivery step o' the way back."

"He did!" cried the listeners with delighted pride.

The blacksmith removed the *dudheen* deliberately, and slapped his knee with his great iron hand.

"'Twas good!—be the mortal! 'twas good!" he exclaimed, as if the exhibition were a great relief to his feelings.

"Why thin," continued the old man, with worthy pride. "Why thin I paid him back every brass fardin o' that, an' from that day to the day of his death sorra a pinny ever was short o' the rint."

"Oh I bedad for the matter o' that," said the shoemaker, who saw the effect of the old man's story, "the son isn't behind o' the father. As mooch as a *ceenogue* o' my money hasn't crossed his hand these twinty year for the ould cabin, an' 'tis hardly I'd know what rint to pay now if I had it."

"*Mo lair!* an' you'd run down the ould stock wid yer new-fangled larin' an' politics," rejoined the knowledgeable woman. "'Tis long till you'd find Artslade over there or his aiguals disthressin' himself wid goodness."

"The Lord be about us!" cried another of

* The popular term for an impossibly small coin.

the women. "A wondher the airth didn't open whin *his* name crossed yer mouth! Shure a look from him is as bad as the yalla jandhers."

The old gentleman who sold the tobacco evidenced his existence by a snigger of delight.

"Still I maintain," said the shoemaker, returning vigorously to the charge, "O'Dwyer Garv isn't all the people that calls themselves the 'ould stock' in Tipperary. Shure we know's 'em ourselves—a murderin' set o' thieves that'll plunder an' hang their poor tinints to death, an' divil a care they care so they have plenty o' dhrink an' divarshin themselves."

The blacksmith puffed very hard: the others shook their heads sadly, for the tale was an over true one.

"Don't talk to me o' the ould stock," the shoemaker triumphantly proceeded. "'Tis you an' me an' the likes of us that's the reale ould stock. Shure barrin' O'Dwyer Garv himself, there's not a mother's sowl of 'em but has Crummil's black blood in his vanes. Ould stock, *morjahn!* If the d—— whipped a great many o' the ould stock that's goin', some of us wouldn't cry our eyes out."

"Baythershin!" said the blacksmith, in a very puzzling way. "Mick, shove us over the dhróp." "They're bad enough, a great many o' 'em, to tell God's truth," remarked Mick, as he replenished the blacksmith's wooden measure, "but we ought to have 'em to God. I was bitter enough against 'em wanst myself.—"

"Mother o' Moses!" interrupted one of the women, "If this isn't Langton, the Englishman, up at Artislade's place!"

Every eye was turned on the gentleman in question, who advanced into the green with great solemnity.

"Whisht! ye dickenses ye!" cried the shoemaker in a chuckling whisper. "Be all that's wondherful, he's goin' to give us a jig!"

To explain which, it is necessary to let the reader know that all this time Mr. Langton was attending, not to the gossip of the old people, but to the provoking diversion of the young. The inspiring sounds of the music—the merry whirl of the dancers—the short, sharp whoops of the 'boys'—the uncommon attractions of the girls, bare-legged and bare-armed, in their pretty red petticoats, all conspired to rouse Mr. Langton into a kind of fever, till his feet itched so that they seemed preparing to dance independent quadrilles, and his heart beat at a rate never equalled since he and Sarah Jane were at the Royal Chimneysweeper's Subscription Ball.

The result was what we have seen—almost

before he could help himself he stalked boldly out of his retreat and straight towards the group of dancers.

It being the first appearance of the great Englishman among the Irish villagers, the dance came to a sudden end, and the rustics stood staring, some in astonishment, some in amazement, at the gorgeous looking-creature advancing towards them.

One of them alone ran out to welcome him—Tade Ryan, the life and soul of the village—a lithe, big-limbed young fellow, with that puzzling mixture of drollery, simplicity and shrewdness in his face, which baffled most physiognomists in the Irish peasantry.

"Why thin, a *caedh mille failthe* an' all the compliments o' the season to you, Míster Langton," cried Tade, with his most insinuating smile. "Shure its bamin' wid delight we are to get a sight o' you."

"Ighly flattered, I'm sure," said Mr. Langton, with his most awful bow.

"A sate there for Míster Langton, ye omadhawns." Tade cried, turning to his companions with a face solemn as a judge's. "Av it's no offence, we've the natest dhróp ever gladdened the heart of a Quaker. Jist a 'notion' av it, Míster Langton?" and *no lens volens* he forced a generous 'notion' of the fiery liquid down Mr. Langton's throat.

"Why, thin, dang his sounkins! f what does Tade Ryan mane to be eugger-muggerin' wid a sprissann of a raskil like that?" cried one of the young men. "'Tis a cowld bath in the sthrame below 'ud suit every consated jackeen like him."

"Lave Tade alone for the wickedness," said his sweetheart, pretty Kitty Hannigan, the blacksmith's daughter, smiling rognishly, "tis he's the bye won't lave a feather to pluck on him, niver fear."

"That's the stuff to light up a man's sowl for him, eh?" asked Tade, doing the host with great effect, "maybe you'd be atther havin' a twisht wid wan o' the girls; eh, Míster Langton? Oyeh, you rogue, 'tis you that could foot it wid the besht of 'em."

Mr. Langton was so far softened by the 'notion' and the flattery that he positively condescended to wink most wickedly—a motion which Tade returned with a familiar dig in the ribs.

"Clear the boards there byes. The gentleman is goin' to dance. He'll be inthrauced wid

† A harmless expletive, much in use among the peasantry of the South, originally bearing reference to the future condition of a man's "soul-case," i.e. his body.

delight to have all the colleens for a partner; but, as he don't have a whole family o' Misther Langtons undher his weskit, he's goin' to dance wid the ugliest girl in the company. And that's you, Kitty, me darlin," he added his eye twinkling merrily as he led up Mr. Langton to the rosy-cheeked damsel before spoken of, who reddened blood-red and curtsyed.

"Horful nice gal that!" Mr. Langton meditated. "Great haction! Then, with a right royal bow to the lady, "Most 'appy to 'ave the honour hof being hacquainted. Fine weather isn't it?"

"There she is for you now, Mr. Langton," said Tade, "an' take care you don't be whisperin' any o' your fine London sayins in the ears of the poor *girsha*; or be the hokey, you an' I will be in the handgrips wan o' those days."

At the same time he found opportunity to execute a comic grimace for the behalf of the neighbours and to whisper into Kitty Hannigan's ear:

"Now pitch into him, Kitty—as fast as ever you can foot it."

Kitty replied with a significant look and went off with her partner to join the re-forming set of dancers.

"The Fox-hunter's jig, Shawn," cried Tade to the old piper: an' *cotto voce*, "an' spin it out at the rate of a mile a miunit, like a bouchal."

Jigs were not of the number of Mr. Langton's "light fantastic" acquirements; but he went into it like a hero. All the villagers gathered round in a circle. The piper played up the "Fox-hunters" in measure that would have driven its composer crazy, and away with a whoop went the dancers, legs, arms and heads falling into bewildering chaos. Unless that he was going round and round—that the music was dinging in his ears, and that he saw faces peering unsteadily in the atmosphere all round—that people were figuring and whirling and beating the ground—unless these and a few other impressions, Mr. Langton had no notion of what he was at or how he was acquitting himself. The bystanders roared loud with laughter as they saw him bobbing round like a teetotum, whirling and whirled at lightening speed by his partner, jumping and attitudinising without a step of the dance; but he knew nothing of all this. Between the whiskey and the excitement, he was getting quite desperate; and round he went clutching Kitty's waist, as though a score of demons were chasing him in a circle.

When at last the music ceased, he still spun round and round, till Miss Hannigan escaping

from his grip with a merry laugh, he tumbled heavily to the dust.

Tade Ryan had some difficulty in restraining a roar of laughter as he ran and lifted the prostrate hero.

"Howld up, *mo bouchel*," he cried, slapping him execruciatingly on the back. "Divil a fear but you did it beautiful. I consated myself able to twop off a jig purty handy, but begor that takes the shine out of anything I iver saw."

"That's the truth, so it is," echoed the villagers, almost bursting with suppressed laughter.

"Ha—h—th—thank you," gulped Mr. Langton, panting for breath like a Triton, and still far from steady on his legs.

"I hope you arn't hurt, sir," said Kitty Hannigan, as she curtsyed and smiled with just the smallest suspicion of malice.

"Oh—oh—oh dear no!" gasped Mr. Langton, desperately brave. "D—delight—lightful—I—I—I think—t—'twas."

"Another tashte o' the native 'll be his rewivin'?" cried Tade, putting another big measure of whiskey to his mouth. "Dhrink it off! The niver a lie in it, but, between dancin' an' drinkin' you're a down-right jaynius, my bowld buccaneer. There was a rale purty mumber o' parliament lost in you."

Mr. Langton swallowed the liquor eagerly. His senses shaky enough before, were completely upset by his new excitement. His face settled into a drunken leer, and his voice broke into syllabic fragments. Gazing sleepily around, he espied his late partner, towards whom he stumbled and caught her round the waist.

"Sh—Shar—Jh—Jhane, 'dor'ble c—creetur'e, g—give 's kiss, th—there's a hangel—"

He had got so far in his attentions when a heavy hand was laid on his collar, and he found himself lifted a few yards off as though he were a child.

"My daughter, nabour," was the blacksmith's brief explanation of the courtesy.

"W—who're you?" cried Mr. Langton, bristling up. "B—b—bloody Hirish y—you're. Shlan' hout ther' from my Shar' Jhane. Hi'll punch re 'ead, hi will."

"Oh! Tade, Tade," cried Kitty, running to her sweetheart's side. "Here's Father John down the road. What'll we do at all?"

"Whew! be the powdher's o' war!" cried Tade, who had been enjoying Mr. Langton's antics with all the critical pleasure of an artist; "Av he ketches this jaynius roarin' drunk we'll have a year's *Pather* an' *Av's* to pay in pinances. Aisy a while—I have it."

He seized the bellicose valet and slung him, kicking and blowing like a lunatic, across his shoulders, and, crossing the Common at a trot, flung his burden bodily into a gelid mud-heap, where he left him apostrophising Sarah Jane in a language which none of the living tongues can interpret.

Then he returned to the laughing group of villagers, whom he set dancing again in no time; to such effect that when Father John came on the scene, everything looked uncommonly innocent, save for a faint "Shar' Jane" that came betimes from the mud-heap.

"More power to ye, boys—more power to ye," cried the warm-hearted priest, as he halted his pony on the edge of the Common to have a view of the festivities. "Take care of the girls there."

"Niver fear us, yer riv'rence," shouted Tade. "We won't lave the fairies get a hand of 'em, anyhow. Father John," he added in a confidential undertone, "Av it's no offence to yer riv'rence, we have a weeshy dhrop here that needn't blush afore the Bishop himself."

"Some other time, Tade, some other time," said Father John, with a good-natured smile. "Girls take care those purty boys don't get too fond of the whiskey—'tis the worst and the ugliest rival ye have in their affections."

The girls blushed, and the boys gave a reassuring shout while the priest turned his pony to the mountain road, carrying hope and comfort to some scene where they were more needed.

"Why thin bad cess to yer impidence, Tade," cried one of the old women, "an' to invite his riv'rence himself too see yer handiwork."

"There's nothin' too hot or too heavy for the same Tade," remarked the oldest inhabitant, with a hearty chuckle.

"Keep yeer minds to yeerselves now," said Tade, "an' I'll howld ye a wnger Father John 'll be tellin' us nixt Sunday how pleased he was wid our good behaviour. How is our genteel friend beyant gettin' on, I wondher?"

"Ho, be the hokey!" cried one of the little fellows, who had just been to the dungheap with the charitable intention of sticking pins in Mr. Langton. "He's snorin' asleep as fast as our pig."

"Ah! wisha, Tade," cried his sweetheart, with a look of reproach and pity, "you carr'd it too far wid the poor *any shore*."

"Begor I only got through half the programme, girsha," said Tade. "I wanted him to shtand on his head, for the entertainment o'

the company; but shure the crathur hadn't brains enough to shtand on his head or his heels. Howsimiver, I think he got a lesson to-night that'll be bether to him than all the larnin' in Jur. Murphy's pate here."

"What'll we do wid him, though?" said the distinguished person referred to, whose courage was *not* a proverb. "Somebody 'll get into throuble about it?"

"Throuble, yer gran'mother!" replied Tade. "We'll haul him up body an' bones, to ould Art-slade's as soon as it gits dark, an' make him a decent present of his English bosthoun."

"Hallo! 'tish'n' treason ye're plotting, is it?" sang out a merry voice behind the group, and, before the villagers could recover from their astonishment, Gerald O'Dwyer leaped lightly into the Common and was in their midst.

"I just ran down to have a dance with ye," he said, "and here I find ye as dull as a prayer-meeting."

The people, their first surprise over, pressed around their young master with every demonstration of deep affection and of welcome. Tade Ryan, especially, whose mother was Gerald's nurse, and who was himself Gerald's foster brother, set no limits to his delight.

Gerald, who valued the fun more than the homage, soon had the dancers in trim once more, and, having himself secured a shrinking, blushing country girl for a partner, he plunged into the excitement with great ardour. He was really a good dancer, and, when his partner overcame her timidity, the pair figured to great advantage. The old people looked on at this performance with evident admiration: such remarks as "Divil a purtier," "my darlin' child, 'tis he'll be the fine man," and many others to the same purport, coming frequently as some new step challenged praise.

"Will you dance with me again?" asked Gerald of his fair partner, when the jig was over.

The girl blushed in evident embarrassment. Not that she disliked her partner; but, like all her countrywomen, she dreaded the attentions of persons above her class.

"I'm sure I'm obliged to you sir," she began, red as scarlet with confusion, "but—"

"Ah! there's a sweetheart in the way," laughed Gerald. "Well, you needn't blush about *that*."

"No, indeed, sir—indeed it's not that," cried the girl in great distress, "but—but—"

She was relieved from her embarrassment by the arrival of a servant from the Castle with intimation that Master Gerald was wanted immediately in the dining-hall.

"Oh! bother the dining hall," cried Gerald angrily, "Nothing but ouths and whiskey-punch for the rest of the evening. However, I must be off, I'll tell no tales," he added, with a smile to his rosy partner; and then to the rest. "My father would choke at his first tumbler, if he didn't think ye were as merry as pickpockets. I'll tell him I'm leaving ye in Tade Ryan's hands."

"Tell him we'll be all on our bare knees sayin' Rosaries from this till mornin', Mather Gerald—the same as ye'll be yeerselves."

(To be continued.)

O'NEILL'S DEFIANCE.

The following we clip from a late issue of the *Irish World*. It is an old and patriotic poem, supposed to be the answer of Hugh O'Neill when Queen Elizabeth proffered him the Earldom of Tyrone:

Go, tell your surly Saxon queen
I value not her might;
My arm is strong, my sword is keen,
To strike for Ireland's right.
Go, say I serve not as she wills,
Her bribes shall not prevail,
I'll proudly tread my native hills,
My name is The O'Neill!

My-Niall's race for ages trod
These hills and mountains blue,
They lived, and loved, and worshiped God
As freemen still should do.
And though their graves are round us now,
Their souls still watch our weal,
And, by their souls, no hawk shall bow
The glorious Clan O'Neill!

I'll hunt the wolf and chase the roe
From mountain pass to plain,
Nor blood, nor fen, nor fence, nor foe
Shall dare to check my rein!
These glens are mine, these wildwoods all,
From Maghera to the Pale,
And here I'll rule, and here I'll fall,
As should the chief O'Neill.

For Ireland's rights my sword I'll draw,
Even should I draw alone,
And while I live no tyrant's law
Intimidates Tyrone.
I'll be no earl nor Saxon lord,
I spurn their base entail,
I'll tread my own, my native aword,
My title—The O'Neill!

Then hie ye back to England's queen,
And tell her this from me;
My own loved land, my Isle of Green,
Shall from her chains be free,
Go, say the Red Hand fears not death,
No despot makes it quail;
Go, say that on his mountain heath
Defiant stands O'Neill!

"I LIVE in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy, in Coleman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a *stye* in them when I saw her last."

THE HARP.



A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

\$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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We tender our polite acknowledgments to the editor of the *Boston Pilot* for his notice of the HARP, a magazine which we are willing to believe he has seen, but has not read, otherwise, as an honest man, he would not have said, "there is not a gleam of ability in its management." We do not claim to have yet reached a high order of ability, but there is at this moment evidence on our desk, consisting both of private letters and public notices, that our first number is far from being below the average of early efforts in periodical literature. Some critic has told our Boston friend that the poetry of the HARP is not excellent; but we should like to hear his opinion of the song anent FATHER O'FLYNN, to be found on the seventh page of the last *Pilot*, copied from a high-toned Protestant paper, the *London Spectator*. To our taste, the spirit, &c., of this composition is execrable; and we doubt whether outside the early novels of LEVER,—where priests are held up as hard-drinkers at officers' mess-tables,—anything more anti-Catholic and insulting could be selected.

We may observe that we were warned that the *Pilot* would be uncivil, our friend founding his prognostic upon long observation of the spirit of that noted sheet.

HOME RULE.—We promised to resume our consideration of this question, and have been requested to do so in the present number by not a few who have expressed themselves well pleased with the general features of our last article. It is not necessary to say more as to Ireland's right to legislate for herself; indeed, we have often felt as if too much were being said on what is self-evident, admitted to be so even by the English party. They have not, as far as we have seen, denied Ireland's inherent claim to self-government. This is not the doctrine upon which they have acted. It is rather that infamous one of the CARLYLE-FROUDE school, that "Rights are nothing without power, and for practical purposes power is

"everything, even without rights." England could scarcely deny to Ireland what she admitted, for instance, in the case of Newfoundland. And, by the way, it is quite instructive as well as interesting to read the despatch of Lord Ripon, as Colonial Secretary, in 1832, communicating the decision of the Imperial Government that a Parliament should be organized in that colony. It says, *inter alia*, that the object was to "secure the attachment of the people by giving them a large share in the management of their own affairs; by affording an open field for the free exercise of talent and public spirit; by providing honorable ambition with a free object and reward; by ensuring immediate and careful attention to the various exigencies of society; and by promoting a frugal and judicious administration of public affairs."

Admirably expressed, my Lord Ripon!

Words of truth and soberness,—every one of which could have been applied to Ireland had not England, as Pitt bitterly complained, become "jealous of Ireland's prosperity," and therefore resolved to do what would not be quite so practicable in the case of a distant colony,—lying contiguous to a hostile confederacy,—subvert "right" by the force of "power."

But the question of right being theoretically admitted, let us return to what Lord Ripon would call "the various exigencies of society," which England, as a utilitarian country, is bound to respect, and which she has ever faithfully attended to, in her own interest. Do not these require domestic supervision in Ireland?

In glancing at Irish interests which the English Government will not, or cannot, attend to, "the waste lands" came under our view. A Royal Commission was appointed in 1809 to enquire, "immediately," said the document, into the practicability of reclaiming them. It closed its labors in 1814, having published four reports, at an expense to the Exchequer of £21,566. Throughout the whole of this compilation the feasibility and policy of reclaiming those wastes are exhibited in all forms of illustration; and it was established that they comprised nearly one-fourth of the entire island. The peat soil exceeded 2,830,000 acres. Of this, 1,567,000 acres are flat red bog, all convertible to purposes of agriculture. The remaining 1,225,000 from the covering of mountains, of which a very large portion might, said the Commissioners, be improved at a very small expense for pasture, or still more beneficially for plantation.

According to Sir Humphrey Davy there are peculiar advantages in the process of reclaiming bogs in Ireland, arising from the quantity of limestone and limestone gravel to be found contiguous to them, and from the marl or clay which in so many cases form the substratum of the bog itself.

The conclusion of the Commissioners was that all these lands could be made productive at a profit of from 10 to 15 per cent.

In 1819 a Parliamentary Committee, after hearing evidence at great length, "had no hesitation in reporting that there is an immense amount of land in Ireland easily reclaimable, and convertible to the production of grain, almost without limit, for exportation."

One of the witnesses before the Committee, Mr. Nimmo, declared his belief that "AN ADDITIONAL POPULATION OF TWO MILLIONS" could be provided for by thus utilizing those wastes.

Another witness, Mr. Leslie Foster, upon being asked what, in his opinion, were the obstacles to entering upon this national work, answered: "They are not financial or agricultural, but of a legal nature."

This is precisely the case in which a local legislature could act with effect. Its special function would be to alter, vary, or repeal old laws so as to meet national "exigencies."

In 1835 a Committee on Public Works made this subject one of special investigation. The evidence of a Mr. Bald, an engineer, is interesting from more than one point of view. After stating that he had been examined to the same effect in the years 1810, 1811, and 1812, he proceeded:—"After having surveyed these (Irish) morasses, I examined the drainings of Holland and the operations of the Dutch engineers, both in the northern and southern territory of that county, and I have been still more convinced of the practicability of draining the bogs, and also of improving the southern and western districts of Ireland. There are 4,500,000 acres of waste land in Ireland which are capable of being reclaimed. I am of opinion that bog reclamation ought to be undertaken by the Government of the country, because those lands are injurious to the health of the inhabitants. There are nearly a million of men in Ireland that could, during many months of the year, be employed in a most useful and profitable manner. It is lamentable to see not only those 4,500,000 acres lying in a state of nature, but to see so many men unemployed. I should think the system adopted in opening the Highland districts of Scotland should in all cases be

followed; namely, the Government should pay one-half the estimated expense, and the counties through which the roads would run the other half. The canals, roads, embankments, basins and drainage of Holland cost annually £1,200,000 to keep them in repair. The area and population of Holland are not more than one-third of those in Ireland."

The reader will observe from these statements how the internal wants of Ireland would be attended to were she governed as Holland is, by her own people; or did she stand in the same relation of favoritism towards England that Scotland does.

It will be asked had the many and urgent representations we have referred to, no effect upon English policy?

The following resolutions adopted by the Dublin Corporation on the 20th June, 1843, furnish the answer up to that period, and, sad to say, up to the present.

Resolved,—That it has been ascertained that there are between four and five millions of acres of waste lands in Ireland capable of easy and effective reclamation, and that they afford the means of giving employment to the whole agricultural population.

Resolved,—That this momentous fact has been affirmed by Royal Commissioners, and ratified by various Parliamentary Committees, especially by the Committee on Public Works, which reported in 1835.

Resolved,—That this House cannot for one moment reflect upon the fact, that resources so abundant are left to this hour unavailable without feeling it to be their duty to record their judgment, that legislation and government have hitherto failed in their most important duties towards Ireland.

It may seem that we have dwelt upon this subject to an extent exceeding its comparative importance. The contrary is our own humble judgment. We believe that were no other interest to be served by HOME RULE this, alone, would justify the demand; and we cannot but regard the utter neglect of it, up to this hour, as constituting a fearful chapter of Imperial guilt,—one, the revolting features of which no art can relieve.

When we last wrote reference was made to the mineral resources of Ireland; and we have since heard it said, as a sort of reply, that these cannot be made extensively available because of the want of coal. In the same book from which we quoted—SIR ROBERT KANE'S "Industrial Resources of Ireland"—we read further:

"Although destitute of the grand development of mineral fuel which has rendered the sister kingdom the centre of the industrial arts, we yet possess several coal districts of considerable extent, and yielding large supplies of fuel."

Again it is said that "the coal formation of Ireland are seven in number—one in Leinster, two in Munster, three in Ulster, and one in Connaught."

It is said of the Lough Allen district: "The quantity of coal available is certainly sufficiently great for domestic trade. The estimate given in the Report of the Railway Commissioners in 1838 is 20,000 acres of coal, equal to twenty millions of tons."

Of the Anadone district, (County Tyrone) the statement is: "The coal is excellent; it is not difficult to raise, and its quantity is such as to be capable of diffusing the blessings of industrial prosperity over an extensive area,"—by means of HOME RULE, we should have added.

Of the water power of Ireland SIR ROBERT treats at length in the third chapter, and thus sums up:

"It may be considered as definitely established that there is derivable from water power an amount of mechanical force sufficient for the development of our industry on the greatest scale."

And *appropos* of the whole, and in support of our general agreement, we may here give a passage from the preface to this excellent book, upon which our eye has just fallen:

"In other countries it has been the most anxious care of Government to ascertain the nature and amount of their means of promoting industry, and extending the employment of the people. It is thus that every year sees the continental nations making giant strides in manufacturing activity. It is thus that the physical disadvantages, which had so long kept them back, are gradually being lessened in importance. If similar zeal and intelligence were manifested in developing the resources of this country, there would be no fear of the result."

Referring to the condition of other countries in support of Ireland's case is not pleasing to Englishmen. They stoutly deny that any foreign government is better, or better administered, than their own, even as regards the green Isle.

And above all will they tell you of the advantages of consolidating populations; and to what extent the subjects of "great powers" are superior, in all respects, to those of small or petty States.

We think, however, that this latter prejudice is on the wane; and certainly a dispassionate view of the results of the policy either of BISMARCK or VICTOR EMANUEL is not calculated to strengthen it. It is also to be remembered in this connection that the able and pure-minded MOSTALEMBERT was in favor of small States, while the cold-blooded and unprincipled CAVOUR intrigued and lied to create large.

But, be this theory what it may in the abstract, and leaving its future development to where it belongs, it is enough for us to know that Ireland not only demands her own Parliament, but that the restoration of that body would cause the greatest good, not alone to her greatest number, but to every living being on her soil. The EARL OF DERBY speaks of those who desire HOME RULE as "*so very large a proportion of the Irish People*;" and, despite the talk of theorists, and the fond prejudices of others, we will say, and with it will conclude, that whether a nation of secondary rank does better, on the whole, by managing her own affairs, or by merely exercising the feeble influence over them which is derived from being merged into a greater community, there is but one answer given by every European country to which the choice has been offered. From Norway to Venice, from Belgium to Greece, from Portugal to Hungary, the nations of Europe, and with them the nations of America, including the Dominion of Canada, value self-government as the first of blessings, and the fountain head of prosperity. There is not one of these which does not speak by its example to Ireland, saying: "You can only secure home trade, home prosperity, and home dignity, by means of HOME RULE."

EVILS OF GOSSIP.

I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships once as firm as granite dissolved to jelly, and then away to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven, and as staple as truth, evaporating into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this. A father and a son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the hated leash which, in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave

where all their love and joy lay buried, and only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the fell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip.

Great crimes work great wrongs, and the deeper tragedies of life spring from its larger passions; but woeful and most melancholy are the *uncatalogued tragedies* that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to refute—throwing blame on the innocent, and punishing them as guilty, if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never heard. Gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruellest weapons man has for his brother's hurt.

WASTED HOURS.

Oh, how many of these upon the record of the past! How many hours wasted, worse than wasted, in frivolous conversation, useless employment; hours of which we can give no account, and in which we benefited neither ourselves nor others. There are no such hours in the busiest lives, but they make up the whole sum of the lives of many. Many live without accomplishing any good; squander away their time in petty, trifling things, as if the only object in life were to kill time, as if the earth were not a place for probation, but our abiding residence. We do not value time as we should, but let many golden hours pass by unimproved. We loiter during the daytime of life, and ere we know it, the night draws near "when no man can work." Oh, hours mispent and wasted! How we wish we could live them over again. God will require from us an account of the manner in which we spent our years, and he will judge us so differently from our own judgment. The years that we spent in promoting our selfish motives, ignoring our soul's salvation, these all in his sight will be wasted. Let us be prudent, then, in the employment of our time, that when the Great Judge investigates the works of each one, he will not say that we have lived wholly in vain.

A GLASGOW paper, in describing a wedding, says:—"In the bony face of the bride the twin roses of health and beauty shone." It probably meant "bonny" face of the bride.

VERY REV. DEAN O'BRIEN.

The well-known founder of the "Young Men's Societies" hails from gallant Tipperary, having, as we see by a published biography, been born in Carrick-on-Suir. Going on forty-two years ago he entered Carlow College, where he took the first places in arts. He entered Maynooth the year following, where he was remarkable for a distinguished career in the faculties of Theology and Scripture, as well as in the *Belles Lettres*. Appointed rector of the College of Halifax, Nova Scotia, by the late Archbishop of Dublin, who

and in 1842 he assumed the direction of the "Repeal movement" in the North American colonies. The Repealers of Halifax presented him in 1845 with a testimonial worth between £200 and £300. Returning to Ireland in that year he became for some years a Professor in All Hallows' College; where, also, from 1852 to 1858 he taught Moral Theology and Sacred Scripture. It was during this latter stay in All Hollows he founded the Catholic Young Men's Societies in England and Scotland.

Called to preside over the united parishes of Killinon and Ardpatrick in 1858, he did not give



VERY REV. DEAN O'BRIEN.

had applied to Maynooth College for a clergyman to fulfil the duties of that office, he proceeded thither in 1839; and in the following year obtained for the new College a charter empowering it to confer degrees. Here he remained six years, during which period he gathered a harvest of priests entirely trained and educated by himself. One of them, Dr. Hannan, is now Vicar General of Halifax. He was also the teacher of the late Hon. E. Whelan and Rev. M. Wallace, LL.D. In 1841 Dean O'Brien founded the *Halifax Register*, which he edited for some years;

up the Young Men's Societies. He continued to form new ones, and when opportunity offered, lectured for them here and there through the three kingdoms.

In 1861 he was appointed to the parish of Newcastle, where he successively became Archdeacon and Dean of the Diocese. His work for Tenant Right and Home Rule is a portion of Irish history. "The Limerick Declaration" stirred up both houses of Parliament and all the press of the empire, and was commented upon all over Europe and America.

(For the HARP.)

THE APOSTATE ;

OR,

IT'S THIRTY YEARS AGO.

"How art thou changed! We dare not look upon thee."

CHAPTER I.

THERE were few spots in Ireland more picturesquely situated than the little village of Ballybeg. A river of moderate size, and tolerable swiftness, passed through it; and, as the domain of my Lord Gracewell nearly encompassed the place, it had what most Irish "towns" want—abundance of trees and shade. The dwellings of the inhabitants had an appearance of comfort and neatness; the sign of the "Harp" had a "loft," as was evident from the upper row of windows; and the house of Tim Nowlan—the Caleb Quotem of the village—was absolutely built of stone, and covered with slates. The chapel fronted the road; and, judging from its gloomy thatched roof, low mud walls, its weather-beaten door, and broken windows, ecclesiastical architecture had made but little progress in Ballybeg, since the days of St. Patrick, when pious people worshipped God in churches of wicker-work. The people themselves had somewhat of an antiquated appearance; the mutations of fashion were unknown among them; they were clothed in the produce of their own hands, had warm hearts and cheerful countenances; they were alike ignorant of poverty and wealth, and had no ambition to introduce improvements, which have everywhere been followed with misery.

A novel-writer—however stupid—would grow florid on the mere mention of May; but, as I have little fancy, I shall simply state, that the last time Ballybeg glistened in the sun of that delightful month, the village and its inhabitants were as lovely and as happy as ever they had been. Vegetation was more than usually forward; and the genial influence of the season seemed to have been felt no less by nature than by the people. Providence was good, and they evinced their gratitude after the manner of Sterne's Frenchman,—their animal spirits boiled over, and the old, as well as the young, thought an indulgence in innocent pastime by no means offensive to the Deity—who had, as they thought and believed—made Sunday the most cheerful of the week. It was also a day of relaxation—of cessation from bodily toil; and accordingly the Sabbath was selected for

those amusements which delight the minds of simple peasants. The "nine holes" were dug where the cross roads met, and the shade of a large elm was selected for tripping it on the light fantastic toe—whether blind Mick, the fiddler, was present or not; in his absence, Fancy Carroll's "jig" answered nearly as well. On a Sunday, about the middle of May last, just as the sun had begun to recede from the meridian, the boys and girls had commenced their sport, mass had been heard, dinner eaten, catechism "said," and nothing remained but to laugh and play for the remainder of the evening. The bowlers were stripped, and Mick's fiddle tuned, when, at a distance, was seen Lord Gracewell, his lady, and daughter, followed by a footman, who bore their bibles and prayer books—for, though a saint of the first water, though he might be said to live upon Scripture, yet his lordship would not condescend to carry the "Word of God" from church. Lord Gracewell and his family had long been absentees, and only returned in the beginning of May, from his residence in England. His tenantry knew very little of his habits or disposition; he was a lord—their landlord—and, consequently, entitled to their respect and veneration; and these they unequivocally paid him. On his approach, the pastime was suspended; the girls and women courted lowly; the men and boys took off their hats; and many other indications, bordering on servility, were shown him. But the return he made had an unkindly stiffness in it; he appeared to be offended—but that might be only a way he had—the people thought nothing of it; the graceful smile of the Lady Louisa, as she passed, fully atoned for the forbidding glance of her "papa." The "great man" proceeded on his way, and the sports were resumed; but in less than half an hour they were again suspended on the approach of the Rev. Mr. McIntosh, a Scotch Independent clergyman, who constantly resided with Lord Gracewell. This gentleman, in the fiery zeal of his country, commenced a lecture on the profanation of the Sabbath, which was heard very patiently; but, when he adverted to the priest and the chapel, accused the people of ungodliness, and attributed their sins to their belief in the doctrines of the Church of Rome, a spirit of decided opposition was manifested; the women assailed him with their tongues, and the men threatened him with their fists. But these Mr. McIntosh disregarded. He was sent by his lordship, and he commanded them

to listen, on pain of his lordship's displeasure. This only served to increase the clamor, and, after an hour's ineffectual effort to obtain a hearing, he descended from the eminence he stood upon, and slowly returned to Gracewell House.

From this day the peace which had sojourned there for centuries fled the little village of Ballybeg. A spiritual campaign was commenced, under Lord Gracewell's direction, and the poor people were incessantly assailed with holy missiles, in the form of tracts and bibles, essays on Popery, and sermons against the Jesuits. These having fallen harmlessly upon the impenetrable dulness of the Papists, other methods of persuasion were resorted to, and nothing could exceed the chagrin and indignation of the people, when they found the good old cause deserted by a few dependents of his lordship. These "converts" were paraded in the church; their recantation of the "damnable errors of Popery" was formally made, and the newspapers were filled with anticipations of the millenium which is to take place when the people of Ireland become Protestants, but not till then.

Some people were uncharitable enough to accuse my Lord Gracewell of bribing the poor peasants out of their belief, and, in proof of the charge, they alleged that all the new converts were of that description of persons very unlikely to be influenced by any but tangible arguments; four tinkers, two sturdy beggars, a girl who had made two "mistakes," his lordship's gardener, and drunken Tom-of-the-hollow. The noble apostle did not deny that these were the ornaments of the new light, but he indignantly spurned the charge of bribery; he gave meat, drink, and clothes, to be sure, but these were not bribes—the dispenser of spiritual food had a right to see that the body did not languish in want. He rejoiced in being the instrument, under divine providence, of sowing the seeds of the "new reformation;" and boldly asserted that the harvest was ripe for the sickle. His enemies laughed at this, and fluttered themselves that no more "scandal" would be given; but they were mistaken. Their piety, their prejudice if you like, had to encounter a still greater shock—to still suffer a deeper mortification. One Sunday morning, early in July, every road to the Protestant church was crowded with pedestrians; some went without any intention of entering its portals—some not knowing whether they should or not; but all with the hope of seeing the

other new convert. Report had been busy about him during the preceeding fortnight; he was represented as a person of some consequence—one who had been educated for the Catholic Church. The public, however, remained ignorant of his name; and the uncertainty respecting him which prevailed helped not a little to give a greater intensity to that curiosity which all felt; the Protestants were eager to ascertain the value of their new acquisition—the Catholics to see the renegade who had disgraced his country and his religion. Long before the hour of service, every pew in the church was filled. The more scrupulous Catholics only ventured to look in; the more indifferent, but not the less zealous, boldly took a seat, and exhibited in their countenances a decided contrast to that which marked the features of the regular congregation. On their lips sat a smile of complacency; their eyes shot forth looks of triumph, not unmingled with scorn; while the "strangers in the place" yielded to the dejection of the moment, heightened by the uncomfortable feeling of being present in a place suited neither to their habits nor to their opinions.

At the proper time, the clergyman called upon John O'Brien to come forward; and at the instant every eye was fixed upon a young man, who stepped from behind the shadow of the pulpit: The eyes of the *saintesses* glistened with delight, for

"never raptur'd Greek

Struck from the parian stone a nobler form,"

than that exhibited in the person of the convert. He was about the age of two or three and twenty; his features were boldly marked, but still so regular that they appeared full of manly beauty, without the least taint of effeminacy. Still there was a restless activity in the eye, a hollow in the pallid cheek, that indicated a youth of habits far from settled—something within that would not be at peace. He betrayed, however, nothing of shame or reluctance; he cast his eyes upon the congregation with considerable indifference, and stood boldly forward to read the recantation, which abounds with so many reflections upon the Catholic religion. He made his first response in a firm tone, but he had scarcely pronounced it when a stentorian voice exclaimed, "He is a liar!" and the roof re-echoed the word liar! At first, it was impossible to say from what part of the church the voice proceeded, but all doubts were quickly removed by a repetition of the indignant exclamation, a grotesque figure

at the same time advancing from behind the door. He wore the remnant of a soldier's jacket, and sheepskin breeches completed the remainder of his dress. His feet were bare, with the exception of scanty traheens; and, while his right hand was elevated above his head, his left held, shield-like, a small leather cap, like that formerly worn by monks, upon the top of which was imprinted the symbol of Christianity—the cross, which now, as if in derision, was pointed at the apostate. "I tell you," said the uncouth stranger, taking advantage of the momentary suspense occasioned by his interruption, "I tell you that John O'Brien is a liar—a hypocrite! He has already drawn drops o' blood from his parents' hearts—he's now come to brake 'em entirely." "Remove that man," said the rector; and the huddle quickly obeyed his orders, not, however, without some apprehension of opposition from the crowd without, who were now doubly enraged on finding the "convert" to be one whom they would have last suspected. Some audible groans were given, some shed tears, some looked unutterable things, but the convert heeded them not; he read his recantation, and was driven from church in the coach of Lord Gracewell. His father—but of him in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

ZOZIMUS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CELEBRATED STREET BALLAD SINGER—A DUBLIN INSTITUTION OF THE PAST.

Dublin has ever been noted for her song-venders. And though these lyrical mendicants have, at this day, disappeared in a measure from the business marts and thoroughfares they are still, in comparatively smaller numbers, to be seen and heard in the less frequented by-ways of "Dublin's famous city." They charm the visitor and tourist by their uncouth simplicity and rich originality, and their efforts to extort money from the benevolent are always crowned with success. The most famous of these gentry will be remembered by the traveller prior to 1849. He was a tall, erect blind man, quaint and curious in his speech, with a rare fund of humor under perfect control, and a matchless expression of grim good-nature forever on his countenance. His dress was a strange, conglomeration of patches and rags, with a coat of Josephian tint, and his trousers seemed to lack sadly what Sydney Smith would term "a con-

tinuity of cloth and strength of seam." He was in rags and tatters, and it was a matter of much wonder how these same garments were ever taken off and put on again. He called himself Zozimus, and every morning he took his stand punctually at ten o'clock at the corner of Essex Bridge, and, after ringing his bell for a few minutes, began to chant his lays, as the eager crowd, joking and jostling, began to congregate about him. He was looked up to as the king of his profession by the lesser lights in the street-singing business, and he himself felt an honest pride in the position he assumed, and which was freely accorded him as the chief ballad-singer of Ireland. Zozimus was the original composer of most, if not of all, the songs which he sang, and these productions were alike distinguished for freshness and vigor, and usually sparked with true Irish wit. The "author" was seldom vulgar, and the poems were pretty generally of the political order. He took a lively interest in the Liberator's career, and O'Connell furnished many a key note for his songs. When the celebrated agitator was elected mayor, Zozimus eclipsed himself, and walked about the streets from an early hour in the morning till past midnight, singing, until he was hoarse, a ballad which he composed in celebration of the event. Here are four verses, as nearly correct as could be obtained at the time, by a gentleman who took them down as the old bard sung them:

"Come all you boys and matiens,
I pray you hear my say;
Old Ireland's great O'Connell
Is Dublin's mayor to-day.

We'll make him lord of Dublin,
We'll crown him Ireland's king:
Let's raise our voices in joyous strain
And in his honor sing.

For years he's struggled for us,
He's ever in the fight;
And driving back the oppressor,
Boldly proclaims the right.

Then let us cheer, hearties,
A cheer most hearty make,
For the noble Mayor of Dublin,
Who fought for Ireland's sake."

This song in its day had a great reputation, and the old fellow was frequently visited in the dead, silent hour of the night, in his crazy garret, by the young and ardent enthusiasts, who reverently uncovered their heads at the old man's bedside, and listened to the half articulate words as they fell from his lips. Old Zozimus had a kindly heart and genial disposition, with considerable coarse learning withal. He had a turn for sacred subjects, and

invariably introduced these pieces with a sort of a prologue by way of explanation, the odd *asides* which he ever made to the assembled crowd being ludicrous in the extreme, and provocative of much mirth. His story of the finding of Moses in the bulrushes was one of his most famous pieces. He usually began before singing this to wave his arms about, with a sort of solemn, half-weird incantation fervor, inquiring with each wave, "Is there a crowd about me now?" "Are yez ready my boys?" Having satisfied himself upon these points, he sang this opening verse, in a shrill high key :

"Ye sons and daughters of Erin attend.
Gather around poor Zozimus, your friend;
Listen, boys, until you hear
My charming song."

After this delivery, he would clear his voice, pause, and listen a moment, and then he would break out into a more musical attempt at melody, and chant a series of stanzas. Zozimus was a good type of the ancient ballad-singer of Ireland. It was to this class of people that the satirists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries used to repair, and many satires they wrote first reached the public ear through the street singer. Many are the stories told of the Dean of St. Patrick's (Swift), who used to mysteriously issue out of the dens and garrets at unseasonable hours in the night and early ones in the morning, after having spent the intervening time teaching "one of these same metre ballad-mongers" a new bit of satire; and often Swift laughed and joked over the trouble he had with his pupils, who would persist in getting things mixed up. And others, besides the author of a "Tale of a Tub," employed these wandering minstrels to give metrical utterance to their thoughts.

Zozimus lived in a narrow, crowded room, in a garret, and, though he outwardly professed contentment with his lot his life must have been a hard one. He was almost totally blind, very poor, and oftentimes ill, and yet we never hear of him uttering a murmur against those ills which it was his lot to suffer. He sings almost gayly of his home. Thus chants the old Homeric beggar :

"Gather round me, boys, will ye
Gather round me?
And hear what I have got to say,
Before Old Sally brings me
My bread and jug of tea.
I live in Paddle Alley,
Off Blackspits, near the Comb,
With my poor wife, called Old Sally,
In a narrow dirty room."

In the latter part of the year 1845, Old Sally

died, and her death was a sad blow to Zozimus. She was buried in the graveyard allotted to the poor, and often her husband used to visit this spot and lay himself down upon the green sward, and in low tones plaintively moan :

"Lay her gently down, dear brother,
Deep beneath loved Erin's sod:
Plant the shamrock, green, above her,
She has gone to meet her God.

"In an oaken tomb, she slumbers,
Dear Old Sally lies at rest;
'Twas but yesterday I held her
Trembling head upon my breast."

There are more verses to this ballad, but I have forgotten them, and, as they were never published, it is difficult to obtain a true copy. Zozimus did not long survive his wife, for he died, utterly broken down in mind, in spirit, and in body, on Friday, April 3, 1846. A priest who went to visit him found the poet in a miserable room, lying on a straw pallet, surrounded by a horde of ballad singers, to whom he was teaching the doggerel that soon would be of no more use to him in his life."

"How are you, Mike?"

"I'm dietatin', yer reverence," was the concise but characteristic reply of the minstrel.

In accordance with the usual custom, he had a grand wake, and a lengthy funeral. So lived and died a prominent Irish character, one who was widely known in his day, and after whom a Dublin comic paper was named a few years ago. He was temperate in his habits, and eccentric in his movements.

"What do you ask for that article?" inquired an old gentleman, of a pretty shop-girl.—"Five dollars."—"Ain't you a little dear?"—"Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so."

THE citizens of Uniontown, Virginia, feel a little cool towards Henry Snyder. His wife fell down a well, and he rode three miles to borrow a rope, when there was a ladder long enough for the purpose against the house.

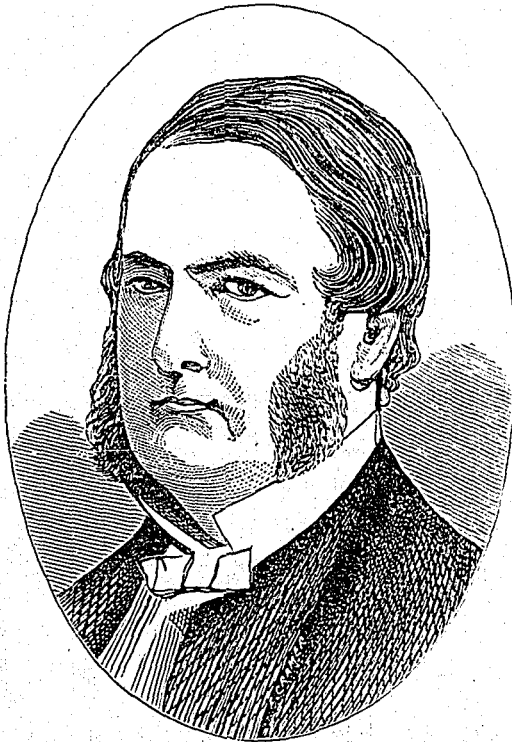
TWENTY-EIGHT years ago a Buffalo man said to his wife, "Miranda, I'm going down to Tim's after a bed-cord." That was the last seen of him until the other day, when he entered the house with a bed-cord, and said he'd mend that bed now.

A FRIEND says: Going to Cacouna the other day, I saw a young man leaning over the railing of the upper deck, and with considerable violence giving to the winds and sea the contents of his stomach. Just at this juncture one of the boat officials, walking briskly by, asked, in a patronizing manner, "Sick, sir?" "You don't suppose I'm doing this for fun—do you?" said the poor fellow, indignantly, as soon as he could recover his breath.

REV. J. A. GALBRAITH, F.T.C.D.

The name of the Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, is well known in the scientific world as that of a mathematician of European reputation. To the Irish people he is well known as a man whose honest patriotic heart and able intellect have been given without reserve to the cause with which the names of Swift and Molyneux and Grattan are imperishably identified. During the agitation for religious equality in Ireland one of the most powerful arguments with patriotic Catholics was the

cause they thus pleaded for. That some of the Irish Protestant Conservatives who declared for Home Rule on the passing of the Church Dis-establishment Act were only momentarily in earnest, and would fall away whenever Mr. Disraeli came into power, or sooner, was never a matter of doubt. But the men who were pretty sure to act in this way were well enough known at the very start, and accordingly were never rated very high in the movement. On the other hand, it was felt, and known, that amongst the Protestant gentlemen who entered the ranks of the national cause at that juncture were men



REV. J. A. GALBRAITH, F.T.C.D.

plea that, once religious ascendancy was at an end, many honourable Protestants, previously embarrassed by a sort of treaty with England, whereby their Church was solemnly assured a certain status and certain rights, would be free to enter the service of their country, and would thenceforth be found in the forefront of every national endeavour. The result has certainly vindicated this prophetic argument; although some few of those who used it turned round, unworthily, and sought to cast doubts on the sincerity of Protestants whose gain to the Irish

whose value to that cause it would be simply impossible to exaggerate. *Facile princeps* amongst these men stands the Rev. J. A. Galbraith; a man to know whom is to love, to trust to honour, and admire. Mr. Galbraith was born in Dublin on the 17th November, 1818. At the early age of sixteen years he entered Trinity College as a student; and how brilliant was his university career is perhaps best attested by the fact that on Trinity Monday, 1844, before he was twenty-six years of age, he was elected a Fellow of the University. Though he duly entered Holy Orders in

the Protestant Episcopal Church he never undertook parochial duties. He devoted himself with ardour to his favourite study of mathematics. In conjunction with his truly distinguished colleague, Rev. Professor Haughton, he compiled and edited a series of scientific class-books now familiar to scholars all over the English-speaking world. Never had *Alma Mater* a more devoted child than the University of Dublin had in him. Its honour, its welfare, its reputation, seem to be dear to him as his own. Through all his life he has been a man of very deep and strong religious convictions; and how highly he is esteemed and how greatly trusted by his own co-religionists is proved by the fact of his being elected year by year to one of the highest honorary positions in connection with the Church Synod and the governing body of the Protestant Church in this country. In fact, he is a man with whom principle and conviction are the guiding influences. Intensely attached to his own faith, he can cordially respect men equally loyal to a different belief; he expects of them no sacrifice of principle, and he yields none himself. Mr. Galbraith is one of the parents of the Home Rule movement—one of the founders of the Home Government Association which has just been merged in the new-established Home Rule League. He was one of the few men on the strength and faith of whose adhesion it was resolved to make the attempt; and how loyally, how nobly, he has stood by it ever since, need not be recounted here. Cheerfully, when called upon so to do by his colleagues in the movement, although often at serious inconvenience to himself, he has travelled to the most distant parts of England and Ireland as an apostle of the doctrine that Ireland is competent to rule her own affairs; and his speeches have about them a native homely honesty and sincerity, and a logical force and power, which go straight to the heart and convince the reason. Those who saw and heard the ovation which greeted him when he rose to move his resolution at this Conference, beheld the tribute paid to plain honesty and sincerity; for there are few men more simple and unpretentious in manner, or more direct in purpose, than Rev. J. A. Galbraith.

Mr. Galbraith seems to be popularly known as "*Professor Galbraith*," though he is not a professor, having ceased to hold that office many years ago, soon after his election to the higher position of Fellow of the University. His eloquent and generous speech in the Senate of the University last spring, in behalf of the claims of the Catholics of Ireland to a system of higher

education in consonance with their own principles, will not soon be forgotten by his Catholic fellow-countrymen; and we venture to predict that his noble exertions in behalf of the national liberties of his country will yet be gratefully and affectionately commemorated by a free people.

Mothers of the present day seem to be very forgetful of the time when they were young, and were guilty of the dreadful crime of marrying "dear Charles" when mother was morally certain that Ebenezer was by far the best match. Very trying to them is the idea of their sons marrying, and more especially their selecting a wife after their own notion.

They seem to be possessed with the insane idea that their sons are *too good* for any one's daughters. Consequently, we find many broken engagements and darkened lives the result of mothers' prejudices. But quite as often we find "mother's boy" of another stamp. Trusting his own instincts, relying upon mutual love, if he can't induce the dear old lady to be agreeable, he marries the girl of his choice anyhow!

Then comes the tug of war. Mother has been outgeneraled, perhaps, but she is of the "never say die" order, and she is not going to forget it very soon. She shrugs her shoulders at the arrangement of Tom's house, laments dear Amelia's extravagance and fondness for dress and company, sighs, oh, so softly, when the young couple are spoken of, and conveys the idea to everyone that, however well Tom's wife may please Tom, she don't please his mother.

I don't know that she wilfully sets herself to work to make mischief and render two lives unhappy, but too often such is the consequence.

Notwithstanding the disobedience where love was the excuse, Tom has great confidence in "mother's management" and "mother's housekeeping," and a little word now, and a little word then, will in due season bear abundant fruit.

MEAN spirits, under disappointment, like small beer in a thunder-storm, always turn *vous*.

Some of the New York belles wonder why their papas should talk of suing the railroad companies just for dropping a few sparks along the route.

A YANKEE editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

Selections.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

It has been my fortune to have seen many of the most famous relics of the old world in Northern Europe which have survived the torch of civil war, the hand of ignorant Vandalism, and the still more potent arm of age. I have looked with wonder across the white sands of the Norman Bay, at the mighty pile which crowns the storm-torn summit of Mont St. Michel. I have seen, from the streets of the good old capital of Scotland, the turrets and battlements of Holyrood, where a hundred kings held high festival, where Chatillon and Rizzio, Darnley and Bothwell, were enthralled by the charms and graces of the hapless Northern Queen of Beauty and of Love. I have seen that rock by the Seine on whose brow stands the noblest of the fortress-palaces of the Middle Ages, Chateau Gilliarde, the "Saucy Castle," which was built by the lion-hearted king himself, and from whose portals he issued forth to do battle with the Paynin before the walls of Arc. And yet from the window of the little inn where I am now writing I can see a ruin more majestic than any—a ruin which, much as it has suffered from violence and time, still draws to this small Munster town the pilgrims of religion and art from every part of the habitable globe. Interesting at all time, a double interest now attaches to the venerable pile which towers high above the great plain of Tipperary. Supremely beautiful to all men possessing an æsthetic sense, the ruins on the Rock are linked to the Irish heart by a closer tie than that of grace and majesty of form. The Rock of Cashel is at once the glory of Ireland and her type. The ruin has been exposed to every assault, to every cruel fortune. Its walls have reflected the spoiler's torch—they have trembled under the ruin of the invader's bullets—they have suffered from the hands of ignorance and desecration. But after seven centuries of trial they still remain beautiful, august, triumphant over time and trial, fitly personifying the genius of a country which, after all her bitter woes and stern ordeals, remains

*By suffering weary and worn,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet.*

In latter years, it is true, our country has felt something of the heat of the returning sun of happiness, and hence, happily, the idea arose that it would be well to make the ruin on the

Rock a symbol of regenerated Ireland. To that idea practical effect has been given. It is proposed to obtain possession of the Rock, to restore with reverential hand the ravages of time, to repeople with pious worshippers the desolate aisle, to re-erect the proud high altar, to reawaken within those silent halls the sacred songs of the Church, to rededicate to its pious use Ireland's noblest temple. I need scarcely say that at this moment a bill is pending before the Imperial Parliament with the object of vesting the Church in a number of popular and well-known gentlemen, the first step toward the work of restoration. This most innocent project has evoked the hostility of the Syned. Divided in everything else, they are united in opposing the restoration of the ruins to their pristine uses. If, however, the Irish people are in earnest, they must triumph over such petty and ignoble bigotry, and as an incentive to their exertions, some details* as to the history and conditions of the ruins must prove important.

The Rock of Cashel is, apart from the edifices that crown it, one of the most extraordinary natural phenomena in Northern Europe. It is not a strange fancy to liken the eminence to the summit of a mountain, forcing its way through the surrounding plain. On the summit of this stands the ruins which have made it famous; ruins, we say, for it is not one, but a group of buildings which crown this Irish Acropolis. First in antiquity, certainly not least in interest, is one of those famous structures which have long excited the admiration and curiosity of the world. According to any rational hypothesis more than a thousand years must have elapsed since the last stone was placed on the summit of the Round Tower of Cashel; and yet, though the surrounding buildings have suffered terribly at the hands of time and misfortune, the Round Tower stands as intact as on the day when its builders, whoever they were, gazed for the first time on its finished proportions—

*Besides this grey old pillar, now perishing and weak
The Roman's arch of triumph and the temple of the
Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium and the pointed
Gothic spires.*

All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires.

Under the shades of the Round Tower nestles a building less ancient but even more interesting—the celebrated Temple Cormac. This is the most remarkable building in Ireland, in some aspects, in Europe. Tradition has long ascribed the building of this church to Cormac

MacCullenan, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, the famous hero, poet, and saint, who flourished in the tenth century. Dr. Petrie shows by overwhelming evidence that though it is possible that MacCullenan did build a church upon the Rock, the present building owes its origin to another Cormac, a prince-bishop like his famous predecessor. In 1127 Cormac McCarthy, King of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel, commenced the building of the "Temple," and ten years afterwards, we are told by the chronicler, the archbishops, bishops, and magnates of Munster attended its solemn consecration. The three things for which Cormac's chapel is remarkable are—first, its extraordinary state of preservation; secondly, its architectural style; and thirdly, its surprising beauty. Though not, like the ruined tower, absolutely not touched by the hand of ruin, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that this chapel of King Cormac, after its seven centuries of existence, is in a better state of preservation than the new Palace of Westminster, built in the reign of the present Sovereign of Great Britain. Not for an age, but for all time, did the unknown artists build who labored on this rock before Strongbow turned the prows of his invading galleys westward. Grace and strength they wedded together in a union which has half propitiated, half defined, stern Time himself. In style the church is a magnificent specimen of what is sometimes termed the Romanesque, but what may be more accurately styled the Rounded Period of architecture. Nothing can exceed the grace and beauty of the decoration, absolutely lavished both on the interior and exterior of this gem of ancient Irish art. The arched mouldings, rich in sculpture, serious and grotesque, the vaulted roof, the noble doorway, the elaborately carved pillars, the exquisite grace of the towers, all vie with each other in charm of design and wondrous finish of execution. Scarcely a stone in this fairy temple but is enriched with tracery as delicate as lace-work, tracery purely Irish in its character, closely akin to the ornamentation of the Book of Kells and the bell-shrine of St. Patrick, and speaking volumes for the inborn grace and the high culture of the "unadulterated Celt." As a choice specimen of the ancient artists' skill the visitor will notice the group of the centaur and the lion near the doorway, deficient in anatomical knowledge, but full of fire and energy.

When you pass through the narrow doorway that divides Cormac's Chapel from the cathedral

you pass from one style of architecture to another. The cathedral owes its existence to the pious zeal of Donat O'Brien, King of Limerick, who built it in the year of grace 1169. It differs in every way from the Temple Cormac. The latter is built in the Romanesque style, and is a small building, its world-wide fame being due to its graceful, delicate and elaborate ornaments. The cathedral is, on the other hand, a noble specimen of pointed Gothic, and claims our admiration, not on the ground of elaborate decoration, in which it is deficient, but by the magnificence of its proportions, and the majesty of its outlines. It measures 210 feet from east to west, and 170 feet along the transepts. The austere simplicity of the church, the pure grace of the lofty lancet windows, the exquisite harmony of pillar, arch and capital, combine to make the Cathedral of Cashel one of the finest existing specimens of Gothic before that noble style was deluged by the vicious profligacy of ornamentation which characterizes some of the churches of Normandy. Both the cathedral and chapel of Cormac are studded with ancient tombs. Here is the altar-tomb of good King Cormac, the founder of the glory of Cashel. Here Miler Magrath, the first Protestant Bishop, sleeps under a magnificent monument. Here lie the Kings of Munster—there under tombs are proud burghesses of Cashel, O'Kearneys, Hacketts, Butlers. It is with a strange feeling of sadness that having gazed on the magnificent tombs beneath which, five centuries ago, were deposited the remains of Cashel's haughty burghesses, we look down on the withered town at our feet. The glory of Cashel has indeed departed. But the cathedral, and the chapel and the Round Tower do not exhaust the list of buildings on the Rock. Above both rises grim and stern the donjon keep of the Sovereigns of Munster, while detached from the rest stands that fine specimen of domestic Gothic, the abbey of the vicars choral, built by good Bishop O'Hedian in the fifteenth century. This prelate it was who was impeached by the Parliament of Dublin for that he "made very much of the Irish and loved none of the English." A cathedral, a noble castle, a chapel, a round tower, abbey—such are the ruins which crown the Rock; and it has been well and truly said, that "such a magnificent display of every variety of ecclesiastical architecture, round and square towers, stone roofs, crypts, shrines, arches, Roman, Saxon and Norman, all in one common ruin, is not to be found in any other part of the king-

dom." And in enumerating the "charms of this enchanted ground," I must not forget the magnificent prospect which offers itself from the summit of the keep. At the gazer's feet lies the little town of Cashel, in the middle distance the ruins of Hore Abbey, and then the eye wanders over the great plain of Tipperary and the valley of the Suir, a vast tract of country studded with ruined towers, great demesnes and white villages, and fringed round with the towering chains of the Galtees, Slievenamon, and Slieve Bloom.

Interesting as the ruins of Cashel are on account of their beauty and their age, they are still more interesting through the historical associations by which they are hallowed. Their story is the very epitome of the story of Ireland. In ancient chronicles and legend the Rock is linked with the names of Brian Boru and the two prince-bishops who bore the name of Cormac. In its cathedral just then completed, King Henry the Second, in his famous progress through Ireland, received the homage of the princes of the south. Here was held the synod at which the real or pretended bull of Pope Adrian was read to the bishops of Ireland. Beneath the gray walls of the castle Earl Strongbow pitched his tent in 1173. A hundred and fifty years afterwards, King Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, and his chivalrous brother Edward, reached Cashel on their famous Irish expedition, the most romantic feat of the days of chivalry and romance. On Palm Sunday, 1316, the King and his brother heard Mass in the cathedral, and then marched southward for Limerick. Nigh a couple of centuries afterwards Gerald, the wild Earl of Kildare, set fire to the cathedral, making that celebrated excuse to King Henry, that he thought the bishop (Cragin) was in it. In 1600, Hugh O'Neil and the Earl of Desmond met at the gates of Cashel, where they conceived together that notable scheme for the liberties of Ireland which all but succeeded in the end. In the fierce civil wars of 1641 the castle was stormed by Inchiquin, and fell after a brave defence, the cannon of the traitorous O'Brien battering in the roof of the cathedral and leaving Cashel the ruin it is to-day. What memories cling around these grey old stones! That, is indeed, sacred soil which has been trodden by heroes, patriot soldiers, by Brian and Cormac, by Henry Plantagenet and Robert Bruce, by Earl Strongbow and Hugh O'Neil.

The ruthless Inchiquin found on the Rock a cathedral—he left there a ruin. Since then time

and ignorance have done much to complete the spoiler's work. The Round Tower and the chapel have been wonderfully preserved, but the cathedral is a roofless ruin.—To restore this glorious pile, then, is the great and noble project now on foot. Never was there so magnificent an opportunity for the work. The Rock of Cashel is one of the cherished idols of the Irish imagination. There's not a village in the Minnesotan backwoods, there's not a camp in the Australian bush, from which help would not come for this work, at once holy and national. Enough of the structure remains to guide the restorer. In this age the love for the knowledge of mediæval art has saturated the master-minds among our architects, and we can be well assured that the work of restoring would be lovingly, faithfully and intelligently performed. In the hands of any of the disciples of that great master of mediæval art, the late Mr. Pugin, the good work would be safe, and beauty and knowledge would preside over it. One obstacle stands, or appears to stand, in the way. I cannot believe that the brawlers of the Synod represent our fellow-countrymen, the Protestants of Ireland. More than a century ago a Protestant Archbishop stripped the leaden roof off Cashel Cathedral, and abandoned it to the elements. He acted with no evil motive. He acted only as the men of that generation acted—with a gross ignorance of, an utter indifference to, the precious relics of the Middle Ages. Since his day the voice of prayer and praise has never been heard within the grey old walls. Surely the Protestants of Ireland are above the ignoble and miserable spite which seemed to say, "We have abandoned this building, but *you* shall not have it—we have refused to worship in it, but *you* shall not re-establish worship, though 'tis to the same Deity we both kneel!" The Protestants of Ireland cannot, they will not, stoop to this ignoble role. Obstacles there are, no doubt, to this work of the restoration of Cashel, but they will be overcome. Noble, beautiful as a ruin, the building on the Rock will some day raise its head in all the nobility and beauty of its pristine state.

All the vast space of chancel, nave and aisle,
Is dense with living things absorbed in prayer.
Young men and maidens, children without guile,
Grey stars with howling beards and bosoms bare;
Smooth stinless faces here, that seemed to smile
E'en as they prayed with eyes soft closed; and there
Hard furrowed visages, down which the tears
Flowed from the bitter fount of wasted years.
Surely in the realizations of such a noble scheme
there is nothing to awaken jealousy or provoke dissent.

WHAT none of us ever drank from—the tap of a drum.

THE DEEDS OF THE "CONNAUGHT RANGERS."

THEIR EXPLOITS IN SPAIN, ETC.

Perhaps no British regiment has done so many gallant deeds in so short a time as the Eighty-eighth, and no men have fought with more brilliant courage or with gayer revolt. In 1793, when our ill-judged war with revolutionary France led to the enrolling ten fresh regiments, the Eighty-eighth was raised chiefly in pugnacious Connaught, and the Hon. Thomas de Burgh (afterwards Earl of Clanricarde) was appointed colonel. The facings were yellow, and the regiment was to bear its colors and appointments, an Irish harp and crown, with the motto of the order of St. Patrick, "Quis separabit." In the disastrous campaign of the Duke of York in Flanders, and the Eighty-eighth, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Keppel—and one thousand strong—had ample share of the blows and hardships; but under such a general as the Duke no glory could possibly be gained. Two companies of the Eighty-eighth fought in the West Indies in 1795, and in Egypt in 1801, and returned to England, with a fighting Irishman's luck, on the very day war broke out with France. An old colonel of the Eighty-eighth, General Reid, then in his eighty-second year, though very deaf and infirm, at once volunteered his services against the French, on whom in his letter to the adjutant-general, he thanked God he "had never turned his back." In 1806, the regiment joined the South American expedition under Brigadier General Sir Robert Crawford, and sailed for Monte Video, then occupied by the unfortunate Lieutenant General Whitelock. At the final review in Crowhurst Park, near Hastings, Sir Arthur Wellesley said to the Eighty-eighth: "I wish to God I was going with you! I am sure that you will do your duty, aye, and distinguish yourselves too." In the irrational assault on Buenos Ayres, the Connaught Rangers were divided into two wings, one under Lieutenant Colonel Duff, and the other under Major Vandeleur. The order was to march on the city, to seize the houses on the river banks, and to form on the flat roofs. At half-past six a m., the right wing formed in sections and advanced into a silent and apparently deserted city. The men were insanely ordered not to load, and two companies being slow in unloading, were compelled to take out their gun flints. The English had got deep into the town, when suddenly, on the discharge of a cannon, every

roof swarmed with Spaniards and negroes. A rain of bullets came from every side on the surprised assailants. Guns opened with grapeshot from entrenched batteries dug across the streets, and with the avalanche of bricks and stones, hand-grenades mixed very unpleasantly. In vain Lieutenant Colonel Duff forced his way into some houses after a severe struggle: he was surrounded and compelled to surrender. Lieutenant Colonel Mackie, who afterwards led the forlorn hope at Rodrigo, was severely wounded; Lieutenant George Bury struck down a Spanish grenadier officer in a single combat, but his enemy, in dying, bit Bury's middle finger off, bone and all. In this miserable affair the young Irish regiment lost two hundred and twenty privates, killed and wounded, and twenty officers. The following day General Whitelock evacuated Buenos Ayres on the release of the captured regiments. The colonel of the Eighty-eighth, General John Reid, dying in 1807, the senior lieutenant-colonel, W. Carr Beresford, succeeded him. In 1809, the regiment was sent to Lisbon, to join in driving the French out of Spain; and the battle of Talavera soon gave scope to its energies. In this great struggle, where sixteen thousand British troops engaged, and drove off, thirty thousand French, the Connaught Rangers did not fire a shot, but had nevertheless to bear patiently a heavy cannonade. Though half the soldiers were raw militia men, they stood firm as the oldest veterans. On the first day the Eighty-eighth held the wood on the river Alberch, and had to retire, with steady front, in line under a heavy fire. During the retreat, the soldiers were forbidden to fire unless they could cover their men. Corporal Thomas Kelly of the fourth company, was the first to pull a trigger; going up to the adjutant, Lieutenant Stewart, and pointing out a French officer, he said: "Do you see that officer standing by the olive tree in front of me? He is a dangerous man, and has been giving directions to his soldiers that won't serve us; four of the company have been hit already; but if you will let me try, I think I could do for him."

"Try, then, Kelly," was the reply.

Kelly fired. The French officer fell, and the men, disconcerted by the loss of their leader, ceased to harass the regiment, which continued its retreat through the wood, and took post upon a hill on the left of the allied army, which was the key of the position. The next day, the real battle day, the grenadiers of the Eighty-eighth, says Lieutenant Grattan, commanded by

Captain Dunne, suffered a severe loss; but he, with immovable coolness, walked up and down in front of his company. When a man fell, he would turn round and ask the name of the soldier struck down. At last a round shot passed through the ranks, and carried off the heads of two of the grenadiers. "Who is that, now?" asked Dunne.

"Casey and Dumphy," was the reply of the sergeant.

"I am sorry for both, but particularly for Dumphy; he was in debt to the amount of four pounds fifteen shillings and ten-pence."

The Eighty-eighth, on this glorious day, lost in killed and wounded six officers and one hundred and thirty non-commissioned officers and privates. Captains Blake, Graydon and Whittle, and Lieutenant McCarthy were killed, and Lieutenant Whitelaw was wounded. Hitherto this fiery regiment had had ill-luck. It could win no glory in Holland, it had hard rubs in South America, and had not been able to join in the rush forward at Talavera; but its time had come. The "boys," as the Rangers called themselves, were to blood their swords at Busaco. At the close of 1809, the Eighty-eighth were brigaded with the Forty-fifth and Seventy-fourth, and formed part of the Third Division, under command of the famous Picton. The men of the Eighty-eighth had acquired a laxity of morals in Portugal, which caused the indignation of the stern Picton, who arrived determined to maintain discipline. In the first review of the division the Eighty-eighth distinguished itself by its marching and echelon movements, upon which Colonel Wallace especially prided himself. But nothing could propitiate Picton. The parade was just about to be dismissed, when some Portuguese militia marched up two men of the Eighty-eighth, who had stolen a goat. They were at once tried by a drum-head court martial and (much to the indignation of the Eighty-eighth) flogged in the presence of the whole division. The general, then turning to the Eighty-eighth, said: "You are not known in the army by the name of the Connaught Rangers, but by the name of the Connaught foot-pads." The Irish blood boiled at this. Col. Wallace immediately communicated to Picton his sense of the injustice of his language, for which Picton afterwards apologised, saying he had found the corps much better than he had expected. It was about this time that Picton, one day riding near the river Coa with his aid-de-camp, saw on the other side a Connaught Ranger with a huge goat on his back; "Pray sir,"

said, or rather roared, Picton, addressing the soldier, "what have you got there?" "A thieving puckawn, sir." "A what?" "A goat, sir," replied the soldier. "In Ireland we call a buck-goat a puckawn. I found the poor baste straying, and he looks as if he was as hungry as myself." "What are you going to do with him, sir?" inquired Picton. "Do with him, is it? Bring him with me, to be sure. Do you think I'd have him here to starve?" "Ah, you villain, you are at your old tricks, are you? I know you, though you don't think it." "And I know you, sir," answered the soldier, "and the 'boys of Connaught' know you too; and I'll be sorry to do anything that would be displeasing to your honor; and sure, if you'd only let me, I'd send your sarvent a leg iv him to dress for your dinner, for, by my soul! your honor looks cowlid and angry—hungry, I mane." He then held up the goat by the beard and shook it at Captain Tyler, the general's aid-de-camp, and taking it for granted that he had made a peace offering to the general, or probably not caring one straw whether he had or not, went away with his burden, and was soon lost sight of among the grove of chestnut trees. "Well," said Picton, turning to Tyler, who was nearly convulsed with laughter, "that fellow has some humor, and, like a good outpost soldier, has taken care to occupy an unassailable position." This was always a favorite story of Picton's. And now for Busaco. Massena, in the summer of 1810, had reduced Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, and was threatening to "drive the English leopards into the sea." Our Portuguese levies had not yet faced French fire. Our army lined a precipitous range of hills, on which stood the village and convent of Busaco—the old Second Division was on the right, Crawford and the Light Division on the left, the third Division in the centre. At daylight a cloud of French skirmishers came up the ravines followed by two French columns. On the left the intrepid Ney broke through the stinging swarms of English riflemen, and pushed up the ridge, soon to be pitchforked down again by the united bayonets of the Forty-third, Fifty-second and Ninety-fifth, leaving many dead, and the French leader, General Simeon, and many of the officers and privates wounded. In the meantime our left centre was struck at by General Regnier and Massena's second corps. Picton's (the Third Division) had now to bear the brunt of the storm. The Eighty-eighth occupied the west of the sierra, near the left, not far from Wellington. Regnier advanced with a tremen-

dous rush, his drummers beating the pas de charge, which our soldiers always called "old trowsers." Through the mountain mist crowds of sharpshooters ran forward, and spread in pairs. Our light troops were driven back. The French column was coming up fast. Colonel Wallace coolly reinforced the advance with two hundred men from each of his battalion companies, and kept the French in check, but again our light troops had to fall back. The French were rushing on with tremendous shouting, after their manner. Colonel Wallace then addressed the "boys," and said: "The time, so long wished for by you and by me, is at length arrived. You have now an opportunity of distinguishing yourselves. Be cool, be steady, but above all pay attention to my word of command—you know it well. You see how these Frenchmen press on; let them do so. When they rush a little near us, I will order you to advance to that mound. Look at it, lest you might mistake what I say. Now, mind what I tell you; when you arrive at that spot we will charge, and I have now only to add the rest must be done by yourselves. Press on, then, to the muzzle, I say, Connaught Rangers. Press on the rascals!" The Eighty-eighth received this address, not with excited Celtic shouts, but with deep-drawn breath and ominous silence. Many men had already fallen. The colors had been pierced by several bullets, and three of the color-sergeants were wounded, when Captain Dunne came in and reported that not only was a French column advancing, but that a body of tirailleurs had occupied a cluster of rocks on the left, and more of the enemy were moving to cut in between the Eighty-eighth and the Forty-fifth. Colonel Wallace asked Captain Dunne if half the battalion would do the business. "No," was the reply, "You will want every man you can bring forward." "Very well," said the colonel, "I am ready. Soldiers' mind what I have said to you." Colonel Wallace instantly threw the battalion into column right in front, and through a butchering fire reached the rocks, and filed out the grenadiers and two battalion companies, ordering them to carry the rocks while he tackled the main body. Four companies of the Forty-fifth were already almost annihilated when the Eighty-eighth, with resistless fury, threw themselves on the French column of five regiments. They received one dreadful discharge of musketry. Before a second could be thrown in they had pushed through the French column and hurled it down the mountain side strewing the declivity with

dead and dying. The "boys" had literally torn the French column to pieces. In the meantime the other three companies had cleared the rocks by a hard hand-to-hand grapple. The French, unable to escape, fought desperately. Captain Duanscy was three times wounded, but he killed three Frenchmen, and Captain Dunne was on the very verge of death. He had made a fruitless cut at a rifleman above his head, the man's bayonet was a few inches from his heart, his finger on the trigger, when Dunne shouted, "Brazill!" the name of one of his sergeants. Brazill instantly sprang forward and pinned the Frenchman to the rock with his halberd, falling as he made the lunge, which saved his Captain. In the chasms and ledges after the battle the dead French riflemen were found some apparently sleeping against crags, others leaning forwards over projecting stones, as if firing, others dashed to pieces at the foot of the precipices. Colonel Wallace, finding his charger restless, fought on foot. Captain Bury and Lieutenant L. Mackie especially distinguished themselves. Bury was wounded but would not leave the field. One of his soldiers named Pollard, though shot through the shoulder, threw off his knapsack and fought beside his officers. A bullet piercing the plate of Pollard's cap passed through his brain, and the faithful fellow fell dead at Bury's feet. Lieutenant Heppenstall (killed at Foz d'Arronce in 1811), a young officer, whose first appearance under fire was on this occasion, was frequently mixed with the enemy's riflemen, and shot two of them, one being an officer. Lieutenant William Nickle, serving with the light company, was deliberately singled out by a Frenchman, whose third shot passed through his body, but without killing him; as he was proceeding to the rear, the same Frenchman cheering at the same time, sent a fourth shot after him, which knocked off his cap. "Get on, Nickle," said Heppenstall, "I'll put a stop to that fellow's crowing." He waited quietly till the man appeared within sure distance, and then revenged his wounded comrade by shooting the Frenchman dead. Corporal Thomas Kelly of the fourth company (the same man who shot the French officer in the retreat through the wood near Alberche at Talvera) was severely wounded in the thigh at the commencement of the charge against the French Column, but he continued to run with his company down the hill, until he fell from exhaustion and loss of blood. "If we were ever placed," says an officer of the regiment, "as we often were, in any critical situation,

Colonel Wallace would explain to the soldiers what he expected them to do; if in danger of being charged by cavalry, he would say, "Mind the square. You know I have often told you that if you had to form it from line, in face of an enemy, you'd be in an ugly way, and have plenty of noise about you; mind the tellings off, and don't give the false touch to your right or left-hand man; for if you were brothers, you'd be running here and there like a parcel of frightened pullets!" Lord Wellington, who saw and fully appreciated the Busaco charge, rode up to the Eighty-eighth regiment, and seizing Colonel Wallace by the hand, said, "Upon my honor, Wallace, I never witnessed a more gallant charge than that just now made by your regiment." The dead and wounded of the Second, Fourth, Thirty-sixth, and Irish Brigade (four French regiments which were opposed to the Eighty-eighth singly) lay thick on the face of the hill, and their numbers gave ample testimony that the Eighty-eighth deserved the praises bestowed upon them by their general.

LORD O'HAGAN ON FEDERALISM.

(Passages from Speech delivered at the Repeal Association, 29th May, 1843.)

"I am here, sir, on the impulse of the occasion, because I believe that all honest men who cherish a love for freedom are bound to enter their solemn protest against the aggressions which have been made, and the worse aggressions which seem to be meditated on the constitutional rights of the Irish people.

"I believe that the system of centralization, as it is developed in these islands, has been partial in its action and mischievous in its results, and that a local legislation, for local purposes, conducted by men of the country, who know its people, understand their wants, respect their opinions, sympathise with their feelings, and are identified with their interests, would be of great practical utility to Ireland. I believe, that such a legislation, developing our resources and applying them with intelligence and faithfulness to our own local improvement, may fairly and hopefully be sought, and that by the peaceful attainment of such a legislation, our material prosperity and our intellectual progress would be essentially advanced. But I also believe that, for imperial purposes, not touching her internal economy, Ireland should not abandon such influence as she may fairly claim in the general legislature of an empire which has been so enriched by Irish treasure, so glorified

by Irish bravery, and so cemented by Irish blood. And thus, distinguishing between the proper objects of local and imperial legislation, and securing to our country proper guards, sanctions, and guarantees for her honor and her rights, in a federal connexion with Great Britain, I am satisfied that the aims of reasonable men would be accomplished, all danger of separation effectively obviated, the real welfare of Ireland promoted, and the integrity of the empire consolidated and secured.

"Holding such opinions in all sincerity, and differing much from many who are here, I should not have thought of addressing you, but that I deem the period one of difficulty and danger to public liberty; and I have come expressly and distinctly for the purpose of bearing testimony against any attempt to overawe the free mind of Ireland, and stifle the expression of her feelings on subjects which she may legitimately discuss.

"And such an attempt I hold to have been made in the late dismissals of the Irish magistrates, and especially in the argument by which those dismissals have been justified. I hold that war has been declared against the opinion of the country, and that an act has been done as ominous of coming evil as it is indefensible in principle, and will be injurious in practical operation. Men are deposed from places of trust and honor. For what? For no crime proved—for no crime charged against them. Be they right or wrong, the people of Ireland are indisputably entitled to proclaim their sentiments on a measure which they hold of great moment. The right to petition for the repeal or amendment of the Act of Union is as clear, as settled, secured by sanctions as solemn, and authority as high, as that by which the Lord Chancellor holds his office. The assemblies which assert this right he does not allege to be illegal. But because magistrates have dared to attend meetings admitted to be authorized by law, to discuss questions which must manifestly be open for discussion whilst the shadow of the constitution remains amongst us, they are visited with pains and penalties. The minister of the hour has thought fit to declare that he does not approve of certain political opinions, and what before his declaration was innocence, becomes guilt when it is made. There is no appeal to the tribunals of the country to decide on the propriety or impropriety of the conduct of the magistrates; there is no appeal to Parliament to limit the privileges of the subject or enlarge the prerogatives of the executive. The

Premier is erected into an autocrat, and, on the ground that he and his Cabinet are hostile to alteration of an existing statute, the subjects of the Queen, who, until the legislature shall put its ban upon opinion, have as good a right to think and judge, and act, in relation to that statute, as any minister, or body of ministers—the educated gentlemen of Ireland, who have merely exercised the privilege of their citizenship, without violating any ordinance of God or man, are deprived of the commission of the peace, as if they were convicted malefactors.

"Hating anarchy as the worst of evils, and loving ordered and regulated liberty, I believe that the right of free speech and thought is to be cherished as the source and safeguard of all other civil rights. That right may continue to be violated—the war against opinion may be prolonged, but it will end in discomfiture to those who wage it. It will induce men who, like myself, do not approve of many things which are written, and said, and done, for the promotion of popular objects in Ireland, to rally in resistance to assaults upon the chartered privileges of the people. It will decide men who are vacillating, and invigorate men who are weak, and bind together, in a compact phalanx, the true friends of Ireland, who differ on many subjects, but have a common attachment to the country and the constitution. Nay, amongst the Conservative party, there are men who have national feeling, and who respect, in others, the claim to rights which are dear to themselves."

JAMES THE SECOND.

It has frequently occurred to us that there is no character in either ancient or modern history so worthy of being held up as a model to the youth of our day, as that of the noble-hearted, yet most unfortunate sailor-king, James the Second, of England. Had he lived in ante-Shakesperian times, that poet's pen would have given us a hero far loftier in his motives, and far nobler in his aims than any one of those whose name his genius has immortalized. But like his illustrious ancestress, Mary, Queen of Scots, James the Second has been the sport of calumny and the victim of persecution for nearly two centuries, while the real beauty of his character has yet to be revealed to the gaze of posterity. We need the pen of a Melville to refute the falsehoods with which history has blackened both his motives and his deeds; but we, at least, can show that the only crime, nay, the only fault recorded

against his memory is, that he labored to *abrogate the penal laws* and at the same time proclaimed *liberty of conscience* throughout his realms.

Looking in the American Cyclopaedia we read these words written in that vindictive and untruthful spirit which has ever pursued this unfortunate King, because of his heroic attachment to his faith:

"James set himself systematically to work to effect two ends, viz.: the overthrow of the constitutional system of England, and the restoration of the Catholic religion." His crime against the constitution was that he sent the illustrious philosopher, William Penn, to the court of the Prince of Orange for the purpose of persuading that monarch to consent to the abolition of the penal laws. But this hero of Protestant history had little taste for "peace and good will" when their absence could help him to a throne; and therefore refused to consent to the removal of any statute that was not formally repealed by Parliament.

Of James' noble and enlightened views we can judge by this extract from his speech in Council: "It having," he said, "always been his opinion, as most suitable to the principles of Christianity, that no man should be persecuted for conscience-sake, which he thought was not to be forced, and that it never could be to the interest of a King of England to do it."

In regard to restoring the Catholic religion, he did but practice openly those ceremonies of his Church, which it would have been unbecoming his dignity as a king, and his honor as a man, any longer to practice in secret. Unfortunately for him, however, he was too true a Christian for the times in which he lived. "Gold too highly refined is not fit for common use, and requires a certain portion of alloy to make it bear the stamp which gives it currency."

While Duke of York, his patience and endurance had been fearfully tried by his calumniators and persecutors; but they failed to make him lose the favor or confidence of his royal brother, "the merry monarch." Indeed it is a beautiful trait in the character of the pleasure-loving Charles, that he valued his princely brother at his full worth, and was never so happy as when this fraternal friend was by his side.

The Exclusion Bill is, of course, too well known to be explained here; but how keenly does it make us realize the cruel wrong and fierce injustice which dogged the steps of Eng-

land's rightful heir—not because he was wanting in any manly virtue, in any kingly attribute, for, was he not the gallant admiral who twice defeated the Dutch fleet? the magnanimous vice-regent whom Scotland idolized?—but because he had become a Catholic and lived in the daily practice of his holy faith.

With the change in his religious belief came the change in public opinion. The gallant sailor-prince, the prudent and clear-sighted patriot, became the target for every vile insult and base accusation.

Were not all of Jeffries' cruelties laid upon his shoulders? Was he not accused of setting fire to the city of London? Was he not believed to be the instigator of every conspiracy against his royal brother?

Poor, princely victim of a nation's bigotry! was he spared a single blow which it was in their power to inflict upon him?

As soon as he had brought his Italian flower, his unwilling, childlike bride to England's shores, did not the House of Commons sternly insist upon the cruel penal laws being put into effect? Chivalrous England! What a welcome for a timid Catholic wife of only fifteen summers! Then came his accession, and his too noble efforts in behalf of liberty of conscience. The bishops rebelled against this humane policy, the people were taught to look with distrust upon every measure of his government. His army was intended, it was said, to overawe or, if necessary, to cut the throats of his Protestant subjects—and so on through all the sad and pitiful story.

Afterwards came a time when his own children raised their hands against him; and while recalling this page of his life's history, every feeling is lost in compassion for the poor, betrayed, abandoned father.

An English poet, describing the circumstances of James' departure from England, writes these lines:

"We thought of ancient Lear, with the tempest overhead,

Discrowned, betrayed, abandoned; but naught could break his will,

Not Mary, his false Regan; nor Anne, his Goneril."

But to our mind, the broken-hearted, bewildered James is a far nobler character than the passionate and too partial Lear. The last was strangely incapable of appreciating the exalted virtues of his Cordelia; while James could not be made to believe in the treachery of his Mary. One had acted foolishly and unjustly towards his daughters, while the other had never failed in his duty either as friend or father to his

children. Lear reaped the fruits of his own passionate folly, while James found thorns where his own hands had scattered roses.

The Battle of the Boyne is also hurled in false testimony against him. Perhaps the gallant sailor was no match for the veteran soldier; but we know that James' army was a "rabblar out," while William's was double in number and perfect in discipline—and those who still dare to accuse the true-hearted English King of cowardice are wilfully blind to the glorious record of his victories over the Dutch and his unequalled heroism in the armies of Turenne. The dying words of this noble king are unsurpassed in pathetic grandeur by any of Shakespeare's heroes. "Serve God," he said to his young son, "and never place the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation."

Beautiful lesson from one who had been taught in the school of adversity, and who had preferred to lose his earthly crown rather than value it above his hopes of Heaven!

Where shall we find a more pathetic scene than that which witnessed James the Second, dying in exile, yet consoled by the promises of Louis XIV., the greatest monarch of Europe, that he would acknowledge the youthful prince as King of England, and, by the grace of God, would seat him on his throne. Yet with this bright hope before his eyes, the dying king warns his son, *never* to place that envied crown, his by every right, in competition with his soul's salvation.

Side by side with these, his last words on earth, should be recorded his last words in England, when he had fully determined not to plunge that nation into civil war; but to withdraw into France until such time as his people, as he said, should return to their senses.

"I appeal," he said, "to all who are considering men, and have had experience, whether anything can make this nation so great and flourishing as liberty of conscience."

Henry of Navarre, ancestor of our James, easily quitted Protestantism for the true Faith, because most expedient for his interests, saying only, "The crown of France is surely worth a Mass?" But the poor, persecuted James was made of sterner, better stuff, than the gallant, white-plumed hero—and valued his conscience far above country, riches, friends, or throne.

Since that day, no Catholic blood has ascended the throne of England; in all probability, none ever will for many years to come; for if Victoria should, even now, conscientiously

embrace the creed of Rome, her expectant heir could dis-crown his mother, seize the throne, and according to the laws of the realm, reign in her place instead. And yet there are some so dull as to think that James was the sinner and that England was the Saint. When will that same boastful land adopt the noble motto of this heroic king and *not persecute any man for conscience's sake*. Youth of America, learn from this princely and almost perfect example, to value your Faith above the glories even of a Kingdom."

FRANCHISES IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND COMPARED.

The total population of England and Wales, according to the census of 1871, was 22,704,108. The total number of parliamentary electors in the same year was 2,094,481. There was thus one parliamentary elector in every eleven of the population.

The total population of Ireland at the census of 1871, was 5,402,759. The total number of parliamentary electors in the same year was 224,164. There was thus one parliamentary elector in every twenty-four of the population.

In both countries the entire population is distinguished for election purposes into that of counties, and that of cities and boroughs. In England and Wales the county constituencies contain a total population of 12,048,178. The number of parliamentary electors for those constituencies (in 1871) was 801,109: being at the rate of one elector for every fifteen persons.

In Ireland the county constituencies contain a population of 4,545,971, and the number of parliamentary electors for those constituencies is 175,139; being at the rate of one elector in every twenty-six persons.

In England and Wales, the population of the city and borough constituencies amounted to 10,665,930. For these constituencies the total number of parliamentary electors was in 1871, 1,250,019; being at the rate of one elector in every eight and a half persons.

In Ireland, the population of the cities and boroughs returning members to Parliament was in 1871, 856,788. The number of parliamentary electors in that population was 49,025, being at the rate of one elector in every seventeen persons and a-half.

The municipal franchise is possessed in the two countries respectively to the following extent. In England and Wales there are 925,032 persons possessing the municipal franchise: being

for the borough and city population of England and Wales at the rate of one municipal elector in every eleven and a-half persons.

In Ireland, the entire number of persons who possess the municipal franchise is 14,671: being for the city and borough population at the rate of one person in every fifty-eight.

The contrast between the two countries as to the enjoyment of the franchise may be still more strikingly shown by the following statistics:—

The city of Manchester (being in England) with its 384,643 inhabitants, has a much greater number of parliamentary electors than all the cities and boroughs of Ireland put together, with their 856,788 inhabitants: Manchester having 57,157 parliamentary electors, while all the Irish cities and boroughs put together have 48,058.

The same English city has more than four times the number of the municipal electors contained in all the Irish cities and boroughs put together; that is to say, Manchester (383,843 inhabitants) has 62,138 municipal electors; while the Irish cities and boroughs (856,788 inhabitants) 14,671.

In Manchester one inhabitant out of seven has the parliamentary franchise. In the Irish cities and borough population, one inhabitant out of nineteen.

In Manchester, one inhabitant out of six has the municipal franchise; in the Irish cities and boroughs one out of fifty-eight.

If the Irish cities and boroughs had the franchise as Manchester, they would have 122,000 parliamentary electors, instead of 48,358; and 140,000 municipal electors, instead of 14,671.

Ireland being a United Kingdom with England.

PIUS IX. AND THE PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL EVENT.

It is enough to follow the continual complottings and clandestine machinations by which secret conspiracies were contrived and followed up with satanic persistency at the commencement of the present century, to understand the terrible perturbations, the successive commotions which are now brought about in Europe, and of which we are witness.

Among the most active agents of the social war were the Carbonari, the indefatigable promoters of revolts and sedition. Born in the shades of mystery, in the heart of the most secret haunts, concealing its pernicious designs

under the guise of patriotism, the formidable association of the Carbonari rapidly increased, and soon encompassed Italy in one vast network. Let us bear in mind that this sect was not altogether composed of obscure men, without name or fortune, but counted also as members men of intelligence, and men distinguished by their position and fortune. Some of these, filled with sudden melancholy at the sight of their country under a foreign power, longed for the day of emancipation; they did not shrink from any means to break the yoke which lay so irksomely on their unwilling shoulders. Joined to political resentment was an unjust hatred of religion which they regarded as an accessory to their oppressors, and they sought to fell that majestic Tree which had nourished with its fruits and sheltered under its hospital shades a long line of generations. But those who are ungrateful always seek a means of disguising their ingratitude.

Thus we find these men, in the face of the most convincing evidences in favor of Christianity, and the immense services it has rendered the world, renouncing all recognition of the clergy, and pretending to be guided exclusively by the Gospel! What folly! What blindness! They pretend not to know that the Gospel is a mute and sterile code unless vivified by the works and spirit of the Church.

Among those who take an active part in the civil discord, there is not always a love of country at heart; they have the words "liberty" and "independence" in their mouth, but their hearts are devoured by ambition; they dream of nothing but to obtain power, and laugh among themselves at the credulous enthusiasm which they have excited.

And, who would believe it, the work of ruin is seconded by generous and honest hearts, who imagine they are marching under the banner of honest men. Seducing theories fascinate their minds, magic words resound in their ears, and they become the docile instruments of those dangerous men who coolly meditate the ruin of the whole social fabric. They struggle against difficulties, and often deplore the evils they are forced to commit in order to attain the end they seek. Later on, they will see that they have been the fools of turbulent and mendacious men, to whom repose is fatigue, and who in preaching disinterestedness seek but their own selfish ends; then they wish to return, but in vain; the shore disappears, and the wind sends them out to sea.

Once begun, the revolution made rapid pro-

gress. Empires fell with a crash; those old edifices, which had stood the devastation of time, wanted but a violent wind to make it a heap of ruins.

The seed of desolation thrown into the heart of the Italian peninsula by those rash innovators rapidly developed, and the dull rumblings of the revolutionary volcano made the explosion appear imminent. An appearance of material order still reigned in the larger cities; but they could scarcely hide their sinister projects of Carbonarism brought out elsewhere into appeals of insurrection by violent speeches, each day demanding if the awakening on the morrow were not to be troubled by frightful disorders.

Towards the year 1824, public anxiety took a more marked character and a catastrophe was apprehended. These fears were soon justified by the hostile demonstrations and the disturbances produced at different points. The Roman States, lately so tranquil under the paternal power of the Popes, felt the consequences of the turbulent agitations; but by their active vigilance the authorities baffled the efforts and anarchical plans of the conspirators, and several conspirators were arrested. One of these, named Gaetano, a youth who had not attained his seventeenth year, was remarkable for the gentleness of his disposition as well as the brilliancy of his imagination. He saw Italy agitated—he listened with emotion to the violent speeches of his friends against the Pontifical royalty. His first ideas were imbued with this public indignation and these fiery declamations. As a member of the secret societies, he displayed great energy in carrying out the intrigues of the conspirators.

But his mysterious life was surrounded by snares and dangers. An imprudent *coup de main* attempted by Gaetano brought about his ruin. His dreams of liberty were ended; the unfortunate man awoke in a dungeon. The charges were heavy, the crime manifest, the sentence inevitable. It was pronounced, and as a warning to the repeated attempts against the public security, the young Gaetano was condemned to capital punishment as the expiation of his crime.

The day of execution having arrived, the young man viewed the preparations of execution with pious tranquility, finding in religion the consolation and the pardon of his errors. At the moment the mournful cortege left the prison, a young priest, of modest countenance and angelic figure, found himself mixed with the crowd. The minister of the God of mercy was

moved to pity; he approached the poor unfortunate, who had but a few moments to live. His youth, his tears, his expression of his sincere repentance, his resignation, all interested him, and he endeavored to console him.

"Oh, Father!" cried the criminal, "I am very guilty; but it is not death that frightens me. How can I appear before God before having merited pardon?"

"I pray you," said the priest, turning to the executioner, "wait a few moments."

He ran immediately to the Vatican, threw himself at the feet of the Holy Father, and begged earnestly that the punishment might be changed to imprisonment for life.

Having obtained this clement order, he returned, and Gaetano, saved from death, was conducted to the prison of the Castle of St. Angelo.

The young ecclesiastic who became illustrious by this act of mercy was the Count Mastai Ferretti—and whom, later, the Roman people would salute with the sweet title of father and benefactor; but to whom afterwards many of the people, misled by perfidious men, returned outrages and ingratitude for his tender charity.

Twenty-nine years after the scene we have recounted the Abbe Mastai became Pope under the title of Pius IX. Never was there shown such an unanimous popular sympathy and spontaneous outbursts as this event produced—never were seen ovations more touching and sincere. Each day brought a new testimony of confidence and love. At the name of Pius IX. a ray of hope passed over the world; his great intellect and large heart were recognized as the guarantees of his glorious Pontificate. All Europe, disturbed and trembling, seemed to hope for better times.

The new Pope who mounted the chair was worthy of these hopes; he saw in his elevation to the dignity of the head of the Church an honorable servitude, which imposed upon him immense obligations and a means of bestowing great benefits. The poor, the afflicted and the prisoners continued to occupy a large part of his life of charity and devotedness.

In his solicitude he did not forget Gaetano. He always remembered this unhappy man, whose great desire of independence had thrown him into the hangman's hands. "Does he still live?" queried the merciful Pius IX.; "is he still expiating his errors in the dark vault of his prison? I wish to see him; I wish to know how these unfortunate captives are treated." He sought the mother of Gaetano;

to tell her his intentions, and he went himself one night to the castle of St. Angelo in the dress of a simple priest.

The prisoner was still living; but an iron wall separated him from the living and tender object of his affections. Not one look of sympathy, not one word of love was given to alleviate his misery. The jailor was a hard, brutal man, who added to his inexorable functions the fierceness of a savage character. The sight of Pius IX., whom he took for a simple priest, increased his bad humor; and his answers to the pious visitor were rough, almost insolent. Happily, the disguised Pontiff brought an order from the authorities, which enjoined the keeper to leave him alone for one hour with Gaetano. The jailor was obliged to admit him, but it was with an impatient movement that he opened the door of the dungeon.

On seeing a stranger the prisoner trembled, raised his eyes timidly, and appeared a prey to agitation. He little thought it was the Holy Father who stood before him, or that it was the same Abbe Ferretti who had saved his life.

"What do you want?" asked Gaetano, timidly.

"I bring you news of your mother."

At this dear name the prisoner started. "My mother!" he cried; "has not grief killed her? My God, I thank Thee!"

"Yes, she lives, and has sent me to give you consolation and hopes for better days."

The prisoner threw himself at the feet of the priest and bathed them with his tears, but the latter with ineffable sweetness raised him up and pressed him to his heart.

"My misfortunes are at an end," said the prisoner; "God has at last had pity on me! Ah! all the angels are not in heaven, for I have found one on earth."

When these first moments of tenderness had passed, Gaetano gave his benefactor the history of his twenty-two years' imprisonment; he told him of his sufferings, of his despair at the thought of his poor mother, of the long martyrdom endured in his cruel prison.

During this sad recital the priest said several times: "You should have written to the Pope and implored his clemency. A political crime committed at seventeen was expiated by the sorrows of a long imprisonment."

"I wrote him several letters in which I humbly confessed my faults, but they were never answered."

"Write to him again."

"My letters were detained; they were never

given to our Holy "Father, Gregory, XVI."

"Gregory is no longer of this world; write to Pius IX."

"But who will carry my petition?"

"Myself. Write to him; here are pen and paper."

The prisoner immediately drew up his petition. Exempt from all malice and bitterness, this piece breathed the noble sentiments of repentance in the generous heart of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the representative of Him whom we call the Good Shepherd.

"Rest in peace," said the priest; the Pope will have your petition before night. Adieu, my good friend; courage, and pray to God for Pius IX."

The jailor entered at this moment, and in a threatening tone, mingled with imprecations, he said: "Go to —; you have abused the permission given you; you were to remain but an hour, and you have remained several minutes more. Go, or I will put you out."

"Why do you get in a passion and curse so? It is very bad. If the Pope knew it!"

The rough man shrugged his shoulders: "And what if he did know it—it matters little; the Pope cares no more for me than I do for him."

"You do not know him; otherwise you would know that he takes great interest in all his subjects. What is your name?"

"That is none of your business. Clear out."

The Pope presented himself to the Governor of the Castle. He was not in a much better humor than the jailor.

"Another disagreeable business. Quick, sir, what do you want? I am very busy, and have no time to lose!"

"Well, I come to ask pardon for a prisoner named Gaetano."

"You are joking; no one but the Pope can give it."

"But it is in his name and by his order that I come to you."

"The proof?"

"Here!"

The priest took a pen, wrote a few lines, and handed it to the Governor. It was an order running in these words:

"I order the Governor of the Castle of Saint Angelo immediately to set free the prisoner Gaetano and dismiss his jailor.

Pius IX., Pope."

The Governor, overwhelmed with confusion, threw himself at the feet of the Holy Pontiff, and begged pardon for his disrespectful conduct.

Gaetano was liberated, and went to embrace his mother. The poor woman wept for joy, hanked the Blessed Virgin, and blessed a thousand times the name of Pius IX., who had restored her son to her.

And the jailor? He lost his situation, but at the end of a few months he obtained another, under the condition that he would no longer blaspheme. He remained faithful to his promise, became a fervent Christian, and most exact in the performance of his religious duties.

See him whom the irreligious press paint in the blackest colors! Strange perversity! His is a heart the most gentle, the most generous, the most element, and yet his calumniators would pierce it with their darts. But, patience! Virtue will eventually triumph and dissipate the darkness these liars would spread over us.

SERENADERS.

Mark Twain tenders the following advice to serenaders:—Don't stand right under the porch and howl, but get out in the middle of the street; or, better still, on the other side of it. Distance lends enchantment to the sound. Don't let your screaming tenor soar an octave above all the balance of the chorus, and remain there, setting everybody's teeth on edge for blocks around; and, above all, don't let him sing a solo. Probably there is nothing in the world so suggestive of serene contentment and perfect bliss as the spectacle of a calf shewing a dishrag; but the nearest approach to it is your reedy tenor, standing apart, in sickly attitude, with head thrown back, and eyes uplifted to the moon, piping his distressing solo. Now do not pass lightly over this matter, friend, but ponder it with that seriousness which its importance entitles it to.

His good hotel-keeper is a man that one can always put up with.

Mrs. SMITH says her husband is like a tallow candle, because he always will smoke when he is going out.

WHEN the curious or impertinent would pick the lock of the heart, put the key of reserve in the inside.

WHAT is that which the rich man wants, the poor man has, the miser spends, and the spend-thrift saves?—Nothing.

Why are all washerwomen great travellers?—Because they are continually crossing the line and running from pole to pole.

Mr. JONES thinks that the kitchen clock must keep "the time that tries men's souls." He never knows when the dinner will be ready.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

With Spirit and Feeling.

Written by M. J. Barry.

1. Oh! blest be the days when the Green Banner float-ed, Sub-lime o'er the mountains of

free In-nis-fail; When her sons, to her glo-ry and free-dom de-vo-ted, De-

-fied the in-va-der to tread her soil. When back o'er the main they chas'd the Dane, And

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

gave to re - li-gion and learning their spoil, When valor and mind to - geth - er combined; But

wherefore lament o'er the glo - ries de - part - ed? Her star shall shine out with as vivid array, For

ne'er had she children more brave and true - heart - ed Than those she now sees on Saint

Patrick's day.

Her sceptre, alas! passed away to the stranger,
 And treason surrendered what valor had held;
 But true hearts remained amid darkness and danger,
 Which, spite of her tyrants, would not be quelled.
 Oft, oft, through the night flashed gleams of light,
 Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled;
 But a star now is near, her heaven to cheer,
 Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully darted.
 But long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
 On daughters as fair, and sons as true-hearted,
 As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's Day.

Oh! blest be the hour, when begirt by her cannon,
 And hail'd as it rose by a Nation's applause,
 That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
 Asserting for Irishmen, *Irish Laws*.
 Once more shall it wave, o'er hearts as brave,
 Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause;
 And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
 Her children, inspired by those glories departed,
 No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
 But join in her cause like the brave and true-hearted,
 Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's Day.