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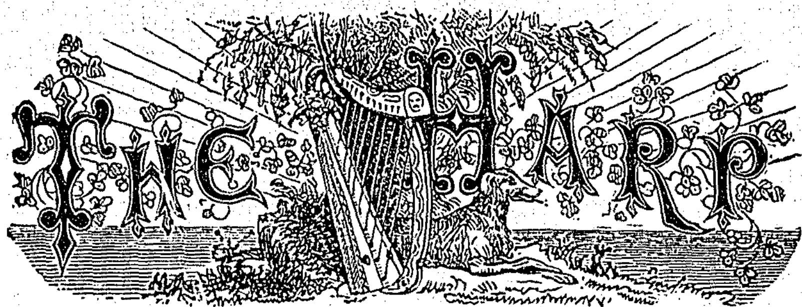

A Magazine of General Literature.

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THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE.

Any one who wishes to form a correct idea of Moore must first convince himself that in all modern history there has been no more anomalous nor contradictory character than he. An Irishman, an advanced patriot, an English snob, a Catholic writer, with an over-liberality of practice, not to say utter indifference, the greatest lyrist that ever wrote, the most trifling great man of whom we have any record, very commonplace, a magician; a Colossus and a pigmy; out-Anacreoning Anacreon in verse, and practically abstemious; immoral as Catullus in fancy, and a model son, husband and father; in fine, the most inconsistent, lovable, whimsical, dreamy, practical *flaneur* that ever haunted the loftiest heights of Parnassus.

Some have tried to institute a comparison between Moore and O'Connell, contending that Irish patriotism and Catholic rights were served by the poet as much and even more than the Tribune. This is a comparison between Blondel and Cœur de Lion. There was a river in Monmouth and one in Macedon. There have been many absurd parallels made by men, but this is the absurdest of all. The class inimical to Ireland's rights, religious and political, wept over Moore's beautiful songs, but it was the sentiment of the lyric not the Cause it sang that moved their hearts. They would have shed the same tears had Moore sung, in like strains, the woes of a people that had disappeared from history two thousand years ago. When the gentle harp shall rend the elements and cause the earth to tremble like a great storm, then, but not till then, shall Moore equal O'Connell as a benefactor of the Irish race. The hand that wrote "Our Prince's Day," was not created to touch the deepest chords of the Celtic heart; *that* privilege belonged alone to the uncrowned monarch of suffering humanity everywhere. Moore's influence upon O'Connell's destined work, was but the sparkling flash of light that beautifies the irresistible movement of a mighty river.

We shall take Moore as he is, without drawing ill-digested parallels. There is gratitude due to the Irish bard because he *was*, after all, an Irish bard, and shed lustre upon the land of his birth. At the period when he was born, 1779, the shadow of an infamous penal system lay heavy upon Catholic Ireland. We are told that the Act of 1793, which opened Trinity College to Catholics was a "Relief" Bill. No doubt; to relieve Catholics of their faith and train them for the despicable *role* of pampered *apostates*—traitors to God and Country. England has *relieved* Ireland often in a similar manner. The Trinity College training of Moore was the cause of his after life. We are told by a neighbor of his in England that even in his old age he attended, indifferently, the Protestant and Catholic Churches, and allowed his children to be educated in the religion of Henry and Elizabeth. The poison of Trinity College left its mark after all.

We do not care to dwell upon this side of Moore's character, nor are we much attracted by that weakness of the Irish bard to which Byron refers when he says:—"Tommy who loves a lord." One thing we must in justice say for him,—he recognised this a defect in his conduct. Speaking to Scott, he said he envied his rugged, independence of mind, and regretted the circumstances that made himself rather a troubadour of the *boudoir* than the echo of a nation's voice—the pulsation of a peoples' heart. We have no doubt that Moore's natural disposition was noble, but early education and questionable social influences perverted it in a large degree, as it has perverted many a smaller mind but better Irishman and Catholic than Moore.

The great and indisputable claim of Moore, as has been said, to the gratitude of Irishmen lies in the fact that he was the splendid dawn of the modern era of Irish literature. The Penal laws which made education a crime, deprived Irish genius of the means of making its impress upon the Sixteenth and succeeding centuries. Hence, the soul of old Erin was as mute as the harp of victorious Brian. It spoke, it is true, from time to time, in the halls and councils of the stranger—the intellect of Ireland became an alien to country and religion,—but it had no Celtic signification; it was merely the echo of the pride,

conceit and prosperous boast of the Saxon. Of all those who frittered away the genius of their native land at the feet of the brutal coquette, Britannia, Burke, *alone*, was worthy of a wreathe from poor, despised and forgotten Erin.

It was the fashion, just before the rise of the bright Celtic luminary of song, to describe Irish mind as a grotesque monster, half hydra, half satyr with a dash of Momus. The English poets and novelists, whenever their theme calls for a character, half fool and half knave, invariably trotted in an Irishman when it was not a Frenchman. English society took the cue from those *literati*, or rather, to speak correctly, the latter shaped their ideas by the drift of society prejudice and contempt for a people their superiors in every quality that elevates man. Literary John Bull, with as much knowledge of the real Irishman as he possessed of honor or the Grace of God, set the Saxon house in a roar with heavy witticisms about "Teague" and "Molly" and "Dinny." We all know what a sparkling reputation the Saxon has for genuine wit and humor. He has, in fact, as true an idea of the one and the other as has a Chinaman of harmony. Whenever there is a streak of real humor in John Bull, you may rest assured there is a Celtic drop in his veins, that relieves the dull, prosaic materialism of his plodding, stock-jobbing nature. Still, the wit that he had was almost invariably expressed upon "Paddy," to the inexpressible merriment of the audience. So, that, in course of time, the Irishman was not conventional if he had not a large mouth, a short nose, a long upper lip, square jaws, a bullet head, covered with a battered hat, ornamented with a *dhudeen*, knee-breeches and brogues, a green coat, red vest, and drab breeches, while under his arm was carried a formidable bludgeon, and out of his pocket peeped the neck of a bottle of whiskey or, rather, *poteen;* that was the word, *poteen!* This delectable creature was always blundering when he was not fighting or lying drunk, (in company with the pig, of course.) And this was the model Irishman that convulsed the English mob, snob and nob with inextinguishable laughter. And, even to-day, when some mean creature, like Boucicault or Lever, wishes to coin English prejudices into ducats it is Conn or Handy Andy that is served up. Now, this caricature attached to Ireland as well as Irishmen, so that the bitterest tears of an oppressed country were laughed at as a mere bit of clever shading to one of the most side-splitting comedies that ever delighted mankind. To their shame,—to their eternal shame be it said!—Irishmen have done most to change the agony of a proud nation into the contortions of a buffoon for the proper edification of its bitterest foes.

Here is where Moore's great services can be seen and appreciated. He struck the forgotten harp of Ireland with so skilful a hand that the enemy paused, listened, admired, softened and wept as the song of a nation's glory or the wail of her sorrows touched his soul with all the magic of true genius. The excellence of his muse gained him an audience whose applause was lasting fame. He lifted the literature of Erin out of the tomb; he clothed it with the beautiful robes of his brilliant fancy; he breathed into the half-lifeless form a soul of inspiration which charmed the world with its sweetness and compelled respect for the land which gave birth to such a bard. The very force of his genius struck a blow at the "Teagues" and "Mollies" of Saxon caricature; the stupid, blackguard doggerel of the half-starved London, aye, alas! and Dublin, Bohemian, hid its idiotic face, when the noble muse of Tom Moore stepped into the arena, and warmed the heart and elevated the soul with songs which seemed to have caught some faint echoes of celestial melodies of the blest. Moore and his genius became the fashion, and my lord Tomnoddy swore:—"Dem it, you know, there's something in those Hirish awftah all, dem it!" and Lady Looselife dawdled: —Aw, its queeaw such nice songs should be Hirish," and when my lord Tomnoddy and Lady Looselife applauded, who, among the English masses, dare dissent?

But, this was a mere drawing-room popularity. The absentee aristocracy of Ireland took to themselves Moore's melodies; they were the heroes and patriots the poet referred to. Was not Brian, an ancestor of Inchiquin, and Nial of the Nine Hostages a forefather

of my Lord O'Neill. Why, the Erin of the bard met at my Lady Holland's nightly routs, or haunted the *salons* of a Pitt or a Castlereagh, and, Moore himself sang his enchanted verses for the lofty company, and they applauded until the atmosphere grew heavy with agitated odors and exotic patriotism.

Strange though it may appear, it was not English society that Moore's Melodies practically influenced. Translated into foreign languages, they profoundly impressed the intelligence of Europe which, *fortunately, had not* been perverted by any "Teague" episodes. The heart of Europe was reached through the medium of genius, inspired, at least for the time being, with the fire of patriotism or the tear of tender sympathy. The cry of admiration for the songs, and pity for the cause which *had inspired them* reacted powerfully upon English opinion, and it became fashionable to speak well of Ireland on the fortunate side of the channel. No idea, no principle however just, no dogma however true, can succeed in England unless it first become the fashion. The songs of Moore quieted the wild beasts that were rending prostrate Erin; the herculean club of O'Connell knocked their brains out!

Nevertheless, it is the people, after all, who are the true judges of a poet's worth. Critics may applaud and manifest their own acumen by pointing out the beauties of the bard, but his labors are vain if the mighty popular heart has not been touched. Real literary immortality sits at the hearth of the peasant, not in the palace of the peer. They feel what others merely express. It is quite certain that the poorest Irish peasant has a truer sense of the "Melodies" than had the poet himself. The sentiment which produced the "Harp of Tara" might be as evanescent, in the poet's breast, as the flash of Summer lightning which reveals a beautiful cloud land and is gone; with the people it is hot passion, unchangeable as the Sun which glows permanently in their souls,—the immortal reality of truth.

The glory of Moore shall live forever in his Melodies and in nothing else. History, biography, controversy, political humor, were aside from his genius. He did well in those different walks, and that is all that can be said of him. There was nothing epic about Moore. He thought intensely within certain limits, but beyond that he could not go. His fancy and imagination—the sketcher and painter of the mind—were admirable, while the diction which embodied them was as a diamond of the purest water. In fact his expression is almost too rich; but that is a fault of which few authors were ever guilty. In Lalla Rookh this may be seen more clearly than in the Melodies; the sentiment of the songs redeems every other fault. Lalla Rookh is like one of those gorgeously colored birds of the Orient which dazzle the eye, but have no song in them; the Melodies are like birds of paradise with the voice of nightingales.

It is very proper and fitting that Irishmen the world over should do honor to Tom Moore's Centenary. He has filled the memory of Erin's past with music. He has given voice to the heroes and events of his native land, which, without him, would have remained in the cold silence of obscurity. He has sung enchantingly the triumphs and woes of Innisfallen, and, by the irresistible power of true genius, compelled the tyrant and oppressor to tremble before a simple melody. He has wedded the holy traditions of a faithful people with immortal verse, and crowned both with the loveliest of melody. For these and many other services, Tom Moore deserves well of Erin, and the *gratitude of Irishmen* will know how to wreathe a fitting crown for the head of Ireland's greatest bard and the first lyrist in literature.

FR. GRAHAM.

[A commercial journal of this city says Moore "died a Protestant." We cannot see what other purpose this assertion served except to curry favor with Protestants. It is false, however. The man who wrote "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a religion" could never be a Protestant. There is nothing to believe in Portestantism: whatever of positive it possesses is purely Catholic, and nothing else. Moore, like many other "Snobs," had been corrupted by Protestant Society; he was always ready to yield what his Church disallowed; he had not the courage of

his religious convictions; he loved and lived on the applause of the gilt-edged-do-nothing's of English *Salons*; he was invincible in sentiment, and weak-kneed where principles had to be sturdily maintained. Like many another, also, he acted, not from conviction, but with an eye to the smile and approval of the bitter enemies of his Church.] G.

HOW TO READ PROTESTANT HISTORY.

Francis Parkman is a staunch Protestant as any of his writings will abundantly testify. His style is dashing and ornate, often mock-heroic: always somewhat stilted withal. Treating almost always of the deeds of Catholic warriors or mariners, he never misses an opportunity of having a fling at Catholicity. As a sample of one of those *arts* of vilification which are at once so subtle and so commonly employed in Protestant histories we commend the following:—

> "Years rolled on. France long tossed amongst the surges of civil commotion plunged at last into a gulf of fratricidal war. Blazing hamlets, sacked cities, fields steaming with slaughter, profaned altars, a carnival of steel and fire marked the track of the tornado. There was little room for schemes of foreign enterprise. Yet far aloof from siege and battle the fishermen of the western parts still plied their craft on the Banks of Newfoundland. *Humanity, morality, decency, might be forgotten, but codfish* must still be had for the use of the faithful on Lent and fasting days."—(*Pioneers of France in the New World.* Chap II. p 208.)

It is Dean Swift, we think, who gives it as a standing rule of Protestant clergymen, who have not a sermon for Sunday *to abuse the Papists.* The theme is so congenial, that no studied preparation, no deep thought is necessary *for it.* Francis Parkman carries this rule into book writing and improves upon it. With him abuse of the Papists is an every day duty and assumes as many shapes and shades as a summer cloud; when he cannot find real faults he trusts to invention. One would think the visits of the Basque and Breton fishermen to the banks of Newfoundland to fish for cod were no very promising pin whereon to hang a sneer at Catholic practices. Not so Francis Parkman. Catholic France is fighting for bare existence against the devilish fanaticism of her Huguenot rebels who threaten to blot out her very name from the map of Europe with one huge clot of blood, and because she, *engaged in a holy war,* still continues her Catholic practice of abstinence from flesh meat on Fridays out of respect for the day on which the Saviour died for all men, Francis Parkman deems it a holy and wholesome thought to sneer at the observance, and to put a false construction on the act. "*Humanity, morality, decency, might be forgotten, but codfish must still be had for the use of the faithful on Lent and fasting days.*" The evident animus of this slur is, that Catholic France (and therefore by implication all Catholics) cared more for the minor practice of abstinence than for the higher principles of morality, humanity, and decency: Catholics will break the ten commandments of God and twenty more if there were so many rather than break the minor law of fasting. Well! if Catholics are really as bad as Francis Parkman paints them, it must at least be some consolation, even to Francis Parkman, if he values virtue at all, to find that Catholics have some morality at least, if it be only on the minor point of keeping inviolate the law of their Church with regard to fasting. Surely our Protestant historian is not angry with them because they are not *wholly reprobate;* because forgetting humanity and decency so far as in battle to sack cities and burn hamlets, they still have as much decency and morality left as keeps them from violating an express law of their Church. Francis Parkman, we think, is unreasonable.

But on another count Francis Parkman is unreasonable. It is not under any circumstances quite fair to hold a nation, as *a people,* much less as *a Church,* answerable for the deeds of immorality, inhumanity and indecency, which nearly always mark the path of a conquering army. The war may be on the responsibility of the nation, but the individual acts of immorality, inhumanity and indecency rest on individual responsibility alone. A commander may punish them "to encourage the others," but he cannot wholly prevent them. At any rate the nation as a

people is not answerable for them; whilst, indeed, the men guilty of these acts, *are precisely* the ones least likely to trouble themselves about codfish on Fridays. Francis Parkman's skilful juxta-posing of abstinence and morality, codfish and humanity, the Banks of Newfoundland and decency then, on this count alone falls to the ground.

But at no time perhaps in the world's history were nations *as a people* (and therefore as a Church) less answerable for their wars than in the *arbitrary* times of such sovereigns as Francis and our own Elizabeth. The wars of those days, like royal marriages, were wars *of convenience;* were wars of kings not peoples; the people were in no way considered in them except as so many men to be hacked to pieces, or as having so much money to be squeezed out of them. Francis Parkman's juxtaposing then is doubly unreasonable.

But Francis Parkman, author, is his own best refutation. He affords the antidote for his own poison. He has not written forty lines after flinging his sneer ("ink slinging" is the modern term,) *before* we find abundant proof that "the Norman and Breton sails" which "the wandering Esquimaux" is supposed to have seen "hovering around some lonely headland or enclosed in fleets in the harbour of St. John," whose sailors "through salt spray and driving mist dragged up the riches *of the sea*" were not there at all for codfish, or if for codfish, for so many *other* things likewise that Francis Parkman's sneer is shewn to be ridiculous. "In 1578" he tells us "there were a hundred and fifty French fishing vessels at Newfoundland, besides 200 of other nations, Spanish, Potuguese and English. Added to these were twenty or thirty *Biscayan whalers.*" Here we begin to see that other fish than cod were sought by these "sail hovering around some lonely headland" —that other riches besides codfish were dragged up by these fishermen through salt spray and driving mist. And there were other than Norman and Breton fishermen—Englishmen who, doubtless, did *not* come for cod, for in 1578 Queen Tibs' "good people" had all or mostly all been whipped or banged into good sound Protestants who would rather have astonished their stomachs with wick-leather than cod o' Fridays, if it were only for the Papistry of the thing. It is true England's greatest Queen tried hard to make *her subjects eat* cod by law on Fridays, not indeed out of any respect for that good day, *but to keep* her fisher-folk from starving. But in spite of all her enactments cod was at a discount in her dominions, and we may thence conclude that other things than cod had tempted them there; and if *them,* why not the Norman and Breton sailors also? But lest there should be any doubt upon the subject Francis Parkman tells us that these "fishermen threw up their old vocation for the more lucrative trade in bear skins and beaver skins." "Others, meanwhile, were ranging the gulf in search of walrus tusks." "The rugged Bretons loved the perils of the sea, and saw with jealous eye every *attempt* to shackle their activity on this its favorite field." It was not then for codfish only, that these sail which the wandering Esquimaux are supposed (by Francis Parkman) to have seen hovering around some lonely headland, came. They came for other riches than codfish these *Breton* fishermen—for bear skins and beaver skins and walrus tusks, or as our grandiloquent author calls it "marine ivory;" they came also because they loved the perils of the sea, and saw with jealous eye any attempt to shackle their activity. How, then, about this codfish, Francis Parkman, that *must* be had for the use of the faithful on Lent and fasting days even while humanity, morality, and decency *might* be forgotten? If the presence of these Norman and Breton sails "hovering around some lonely headland" does *not* prove that they came for cod how do you prove that *humanity, morality,* decency, might be forgotten but codfish *must* still be had for the use of the faithful on Lent and fasting days? Francis Parkman, author, you are writing *Protestant* history.

Again, Francis Parkman, author,—the codfish, if any, was for the *stay-at-homes* not for the *soldiers.* And the deeds of *in*humanity, *im*morality and want of decency, if any, must have been committed by the *soldiers.* How then do you link these deeds of inhumanity, &c., with the *stay-at-homes* who eat your codfish?

H. B.

TO THE MONTH OF MARY.

Welcome to this world of woe,
To each pilgrim here below,
Nature's voice on hill and dale,
Bids you, Month of Mary, hail!
Come, young daughter of the Spring,
Come, and on your azure wing
Fair and fragrant flowrets bring;
Come, that from your treasures sweet
We may twine a chaplet meet
To be offered at the shrine
Of the Mother-Maid divine;
Bring the rose, for in its hue,
Mary's ardent love we view—
"Mystic Rose." the precious name,
Mary from the Church doth claim.
In the lily's silver bells
The purity of Mary dwells;
In the myrtle's fadeless green
Mary's constancy is seen,
And its blossom white again,
Seems her spirit without stain.
Bring them, and, oh! ne'er forget,
Humble, low, the violet!
That, unseen, its soft perfume
Sheds o'er flower of fairer bloom,
And another grace bestows,
Even on the regal rose!

Mary's humbleness was given
As the last best gift of heaven;—
Gift, that more than all the rest,
Made her Jesus' Mother Blest;
Let its emblem vi'let twine
Meekly round its Mary's shrine.
Bring sweet wildlings of the field
In the dewy grass concealed.
From their Maker's hands they start,
All unspoiled by human art;
Bring wild sorrell, daughters bright
Of the Summer's looks of light;
Bring the primrose, that in brooks
On its own sweet image looks;
Bring the harebell's fairy wreath,
Water-lilies, pale as death,
Elgantine, most graceful child
Of the realms of nature wild,
Cowslips, and the flower that clings
Round the rocks in golden strings;
From some lone and secret spot,
Pansies and forget-me-not;
And the flower that, bright as day,
Takes your name of MAY, SWEET MAY.

Month of bright and radiant skies,
Tribute flowers to greet you rise;
Come for we are wearied here,
'Till your music greets the ear,
'Till your rosy fingers fair
Scatter perfume on the air.
We do love you, month most fair,
For the hallowed name you bear;
And we hail you with delight,
Since around your footsteps light
Mary's name sheds lustre bright;
Every flow'ret seems to say,
Mary's is the month of May!
Every plant and greenwood tree
Breathe the same fair melody;
Streams and rivulets repeat
Still the name of Mary sweet,
And from nightingales' glad throats
In a gush of song it floats;
Every thing of field and grove,
Tells of Mary's month of love.
Come, for at your gladsome voice
Every creature doth rejoice;
Come, for we would garlands twine
Round the Mother-Maiden's shrine;
For that Virgin's sweetest sake,
All your days we festive make;
Those that smile, and those that weep,
In your month glad festal keep—
Laughing child, and mourner pale,
All the Month of Mary hail! M. C. B.

A WONDERFUL CRUCIFIX.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Council Bluffs, Iowa, tell us that he had the pleasure of seeing a remarkable crucifix of which Major A. J. Dallas, U. S. A., is the possessor. The Major is a convert to the Church, and a real soldier-Christian.

The crucifix was presented to Major Dallas by the Right Rev. J. B. Salpointe, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Arizona. That Prelate received it from a Mexican woman on his entry into the country, she having discovered it among the ruins of an old mission near Tucson. No doubt a part of its very venerable appearance may be owing to the exposure it had undergone before its discovery by the Mexican woman who gave it to Bishop Salpointe. The missions of Arizona were abandoned very hastily about the time of the proclamation of the Mexican Republic, all the regular orders having been expelled the country. The long time intervening before the re-entry of any clergy into the territory was sufficient to leave many of the missions in a deplorable and ruinous condition. That of Santa Nina, near Tucson, was not exempted from the common fate, and nothing now remains except a crumbling edifice of abode, formerly used as a residence by the Fathers.

The crucifix is made of wood, and in five parts; the head, torso, lower extremities in one, and the arms. The wood is not an indigenous wood of Arizona, and its present possessor valuing the relic too highly, will not allow it cut to ascertain its true nature.

The figure is sixteen inches from the crown of the head to the extremity of the feet, and eighteen inches from the hands where they are attached to the transverse portion of the cross to the feet. It is difficult to enter upon a description of this very wonderful and soul-stirring work of art. In most crucifixes having pretensions to more than ordinary value, the artist has, as in the well-known ivory crucifix in the Cathedral at Philadelphia, left much of the reality of the Crucifixion to the devotion of the spectator, relying for his effect on the beauty of execution. In the Dallas crucifix, the artist, while not neglecting any of these aids to effect, has portrayed with wonderful and awful force the actual Crucifixion of our Divine Lord.

The body is first moulded or chiselled in exact conformity to the laws of anatomy. The swelling muscles and the distended cords are given with terrible truth and fidelity. The body having been, with the limbs and head, thus carefully made, the artist has inserted in bone or ivory the anatomy of the frame. Where the wounded flesh has been torn, there bones portrude or are exposed. Over all has been smoothed a fine and plastic cement, which at the wounded parts has been moulded to represent the torn and mangled flesh, colored to a brilliant blood color which time has in vain assailed, the brilliancy remaining now as vivid and lifelike as when first put on.

Commencing with the head. There has been evidently no permanent crown of thorns. The head is inclined upon the chest, having fallen precisely at the moment of dissolution; the hair is falling around and upon the shoulders; the eyelids are half closed, and the eyes have a glazed and expiring expression; the whole face, indeed is that of death. The mouth is partly open, exposing the teeth and the tip of the tongue. On the forehead one thorn remains imbedded in the flesh, whilst the hair is torn in other places from the scalp, exposing the skull. On the left cheek is the mark of the cruel buffet.

The body is marked with terrible wounds; the flagellation has torn the flesh from the bones exposing the vertebra and ribs from which hang shreds and particles of bleeding flesh. The anatomical accuracy of the position of the bones, shoulder blades, etc., can only have been secured by a thorough knowledge of the science.

The cruel scourges have lapped around the frame and left their marks upon the sacred sides, where they have torn the flesh again, whilst the mark of the Roman soldier's lance gapes with the clean cut of the murderous blade. Around the loins can be seen the places where the cords which bound Him to the pillar had sunk into the flesh, and left their ghastly memento.

Around the loins is also gathered the clout which tied with rope, depends at the left hip. This is saturated with blood. Some portions of it are gone. The knees are bare to the bone, and the ancles expose the articulations of the joints, whilst the feet are swelled and surcharged with blood. The arms give terrible evidence of the agony which the weight has brought upon the muscles; the hands are swollen; and the fingers, though badly broken, are bent inward toward the palm with the torture. Where the heavy cross bore upon these the artist has not failed to show the torn and wounded flesh.

Such in brief is this wonderful crucifix. The Sacred Figure hangs upon a cross of natural wood—the knots, etc., being left, covered with cement, and blackened. It is thirty-eight inches long, by nineteen wide, the space from the feet to the lower point being thirteen inches. It is evidently the crucifix of a preaching missionary, and, held aloft in the hand of a fervent orator, must have had an unsurpassed effect upon the mind.

The Passion is here not written but really depicted, and the most callous and luke warm soul cannot gaze upon this picture of the sufferings of our Divine Lord without being moved to sorrow and repentance.

The age of this crucifix is estimated at something more than a century.—*Exchange.*

It is easier to forgive an ancient enemy than the friend we have offended. Our resentment grows with our undesert, and we feel vindictive in due degree with our own doubts of the chance of finding forgiveness.

TAKING COMFORT.

The dream of mortals is of a time coming when cares shall cease to infest, anxieties to oppress, every wish to be gratified, and they shall "take solid comfort." Many waste all their lives in the vain pursuit of this dream which, like the will-o'the-wisp, leads them a sad chase over bog and fen and morass, eluding them to the last. A few thoughtful souls arrive seasonably at the wise conclusion that not in this world will time ever come, when, without any dregs of bitterness, the chalice pressed to our lips will be full of only comfort. We must take the bitter with the sweet as we go along.

Contentment is not of an outward growth. Its roots spring from the very depths of the soul, and are nourished as well by rain as by sunshine, by sorrows as by joy. When once one has resolved within himself to take life as it is and make the best of it, then he may, even in tribulation, take comfort, though the majority of people do not *prefer* to take it in that form.

The delights of life, like pleasant weather through the year, are scattered all along the way, and unless we enjoy them as soon as they come, the opportunity once past *never returns.*

It is all very fine to provide for a rainy day, but the man is very foolish who allows himself to be soaked by drenching rains that he may save his umbrella for some possible future storms. We live altogether too much in the future, too little in the present. We live too poor that we may die rich. We get all ready to be happy, and when we are quite ready, infirmity or disease or death steps in, and the chance to take comfort in this short life is gone. If we could only be content to seize upon the little pleasures that lie just outside and often within our daily pathway, they would make a large sum total at the end of three-score and ten. Far too many of us scorn pleasures that are cheap and dear and within our grasp, and complain because we cannot have such as are costly and remote and inaccessible. But if we only magnify the little things that make life pleasant as we do those that make it unpleasant, the cup of our joys would continually overflow. We complain of cloud and storm, but do we rejoice in the sunshine and fair weather? We grieve at the coldness of a friend, but do we value the fidelity of those who remain true? We count the hours when sickness prostrates us, but how many days of health pass utterly unnoted and without thanksgiving? We mourn passionately for the dead while we neglect the living for whom to-morrow we may weep as dead. It is well for us to heed the sayings of the wise man, "There is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"

THE MEMORY OF MOORE.

(*From the Dublin Irishman.*)

Two things saved a past generation from the lightning bolts of Byron's wrath, gathered darkly in the "Avatar"—these were the eloquence of Grattan and the genius of Moore.

The tribute of that mighty master of the lyre to our National Bard should suffice to shrivel the flimsy fault-finders of the present, who, inflated by the breath of their own vanity, imagine they can manufacture immortality and annihilate genius. They rely for notice on the arrogance of their outcry, but the observation they attain is at once the measure of their capacity and the condemnation of their conduct. A Rosetti writing a preface to the Melodies, with the object of depreciating their author, resembles nothing so much as the travelling Cockney who should deface the pedestal of an Apollo by the vulgar inscription of his ignoble name.

Away with them to the swine-troughs of the sensual schools: *their names* may be known in the crannies of callow Cockaigne, ours is a Poet whose renown has illumined a World!

The last strains that die on the ear as we leave Europe may be sounds he has created, and the first that welcome us to the new world, those which he had made famous. From Persia to Paris, from Cadiz to California, the radiance of his genius beams undimmed—welcomed under every sky as the inspirer and consoler of the human heart, tenderly interpreting, sweetly suggesting its finest emotions; nobly arousing it to

the highest efforts, and grandly throwing open to its knowledge that vision of celestial beauty which comes at the call of poesy alone.

Above all, must Ireland—the isle of his birth, and the land of his devotion—surround his name with the eternal halo of her endearing love. Well does the Gaedhlic verse term poetry "the pulse of the bard?" but the poetry of Moore has been the heart's pulse of his country! Her sorrows and her aspirations, her gaiety and her grief, the proud memories of the past, the patriotic desires of the present, the glorious hopes of future time,—all these are there, throbbing with immortal life in that living pulse of immortal song!

Tell us not of the flecks which prying eyes have *found* in the story of his fortunes. In the darkest time of our nation's history, when the bright day of freedom seemed to have set in blood never to have a successor, when the sound of the axe yet echoed on the ear, and the pale head of Emmet seemed still before the eye, what Voice spoke so firmly, though so sweetly, *for* the cause of liberty and the patriot memories of Ireland as the Voice of Moore? He did not fear to show his sympathy with the martyred dead when their blood was yet red on the ground: he did not conceal his ardent devotion to his Nation when its fetters had been newly forged, and its name had just been erased from the roll of Nations by the hard hand of Power. Let those who accuse him show *one* who, in those or latter days, spoke so truly *or* so boldly, for a country whose cause seemed lost, a faith whose confessors were enslaved, or a patriotism whose surviving worshippers were banned, branded, and banished fugitives. No! men are, alas, often forgetful of the services of their benefactors, and too frequently ungrateful for the sacrifices of the dead, but the heart of Ireland must cease *first to beat*, and the proud race of the Gael be extinguished forever, before the fidelity of Moore be forgotten or his memory ceased to be venerated in his Fatherland and native Nation.

Hence it is that we give a welcome warm and glad to the project of celebrating the centenary of his birth. On that day, indeed, "a soul came *into* Erin." In those times there were Volunteers in Ireland! That was the year when Grattan moved his famous amendment to the Address. Demanding that the trade of Ireland should be liberated from the shackles which confined its expansion and crippled its exercise. In the dawning light, in the glowing noon of the glorious day which followed, the spirit of Moore grew, and delighted; he exulted in its radiance, he lamented its *termination*; when he told of Ireland's children sighing in secret over the ruin of her hopes, he revealed his own emotion, at a time when 'twas "treason to love her and death to defend."

Then let his centenary be celebrated, with the co-operation of his Nation; and not here in Ireland only, but beyond the seas, wherever the *Faithful Race* has borne the name of our Native Land. For his is not a *Memory* that stands isolated; it is united with great names and a splendid epoch—nor is his renown that of the Poet himself alone, it is indissolubly connected with the glory of Ireland, whereof it forms a noble part. The humility with which he disclaimed the praise accorded to him, that he might lay it at the feet of his *stricken* country, makes that union irrevocable. In those words which, written for another, might almost seem to have been composed, by a strange prescience, for himself, he made the offerings of all his laurels to adorn his nation's name, with the self-sacrificing devotion of a true and tender knight;

"Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,
Or if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee."

Profundity of thought is generally purchased at the expense of versatility. To be very profound, it is necessary that the intellectual eye be fixed for a long time on one continuous series of operations; to be versatile, the mind must glance from subject to subject, and brood over none. Profundity plunges to the depths, while versatility skims the surface of the sea of speculation—while the *former* is going down, the latter is sporting onward on easy wing.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The following exquisite piece of poetry, describing the troubled life and sad death of Scotland's beautiful and ill-fated Queen, would be very suitable for recitation at Catholic entertainments. It was written by H. G. Bell, Esq.

THE CONVENT.

I look'd far back in other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadow pass'd,
And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the Sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little reck'd they when they sang, or knelt at Vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light

THE COURT.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon—
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry:—
Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has passed a storm of years
Strong in himself and children stand, the first among his peers;
And next the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assailed,
And walked ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have failed;
And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light.
Here Louis, Prince of Conde, wears his all-conquering sword,
With great Coligni by his side—each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medicis—that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catharine!
The forms that follow in her train, a glorious sunshine make—
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake;
But fairer than all the rest, who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

THE VOYAGE.

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay,
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept; there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
The land where her dead husband slept, the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendors of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France,
The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

THE TROUBLED THRONE.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holy-rood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,

That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles.
They won her thoughts from bigots zeal, and fierce domestic broils;
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come—they come; and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain.
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she said; "my woman's heart, farewell!"

THE PRISON.

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small, lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line;
"My lords! my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burned upon her cheek, streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words. She stood erect—a queen without a crown.

THE DEFEAT.

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more;
She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye;
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers where are they?
Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone—
Oh! God; to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
Away!—away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.

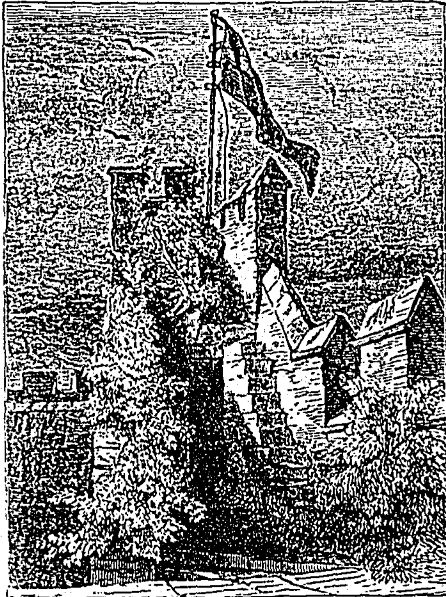
THE SCAFFOLD.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung the cross—the cross she loved so well.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom;
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould.
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her Vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile.
Even now I see her bursting forth upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born.
Alas! the change; she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block, *alone!*
The little dog that licks her hands, the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed.
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away—
The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and as it gurgles o'er
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth and power—the heart's-blood of a queen—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth had seen—
Lapped by a dog! Go; think of it in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne.

HISTORICAL PLACES OF IRELAND.

CAHIR.

Cahir, anciently Caherdonesk (the city of the fort on the water,) at the commencement of the rich tract of table land which lies between the Galtee and Knockmeeldown mountains, is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Suir, containing a population of about 3,700. It exhibits singular uniformity of design and symmetry, not often to be found in our Irish towns. Its peculiar neatness reflects great credit on the late noble proprietors, who for centuries preferred the quiet beauties of this charming locality to a more aristocratic and expensive sojourn on the continent. It is impossible to over-estimate the advantage of a resident proprietory. See, for example, Curraghmore, the seat of the Marquis of Waterford, Woodstock and Inistiogo, the beautiful property of Colonel Tighe; Mountjulie, the residence of the Carrick family; Kilkenny Castle, and numerous other localities where a prosperous and happy tenantry attest the blessing and advantage of a resident landlord. It would be easy to count the residents—the list of absentees would fill a volume. The Wyndhams draw £30,000 a year out of one of our most impoverished counties, and spend it in Petworth and other favorite localities. But we must forbear; the theme is too old and sufficiently often told, and although it is one of the cardinal evils of the country, and which cries aloud for reformation, it seldom occurs to the contemplative sagacity of our Irish members to turn their wandering thoughts in "the right direction."



BATTLEMENTS OF CAHIR CASTLE.

"By the constant care of the Glengal family the town has attained the celebrity it now enjoys, and though the interest is to a considerable extent derived from the extreme beauty of its situation and surrounding, it is in an equal degree attributable to the beauty of its public edifices and the appearance of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort which pervades it generally, and indicates the fostering protection of the noble family to whom it belonged, and to whom it anciently gave title. The irregular outline of the Knockmeeldown mountains closes the view on the south, at a distance of about seven miles, and on

the opposite side the majestic Galtees, springing from within a mile of the town, attains an elevation of over 3,000 feet."

The castle is a "beautiful specimen of the mediæval military architecture, and stands preeminently forward; its castellated battlements meet the eye from every point of view. It is built upon a low rugged island of limestone, which divides the waters of the Suir, and is connected by a bridge with the two banks of the river. It is of considerable extent, but irregular outline, consequent upon its adaptation to the form and broken surface of its insular site, and consists of a square keep, surrounded by extensive out-works, forming an outer and an inner ballium, with a small court-yard between the two; these out-works being flanked by seven towers, four of which are circular, and three of large size, square. From a very interesting and accurate view of the castle, as besieged by the Earl of Essex, in the 'Pacata Hibernia,' we find that, notwithstanding its great age and all the vicissitudes and storms it has suffered, it still presents very nearly the same appearance as it did at that period."

The antiquity of this structure is of very remote date. In a cutting from an archæological paper it is stated that the ancient and proper name of the town is *Cahirdunaiascaigh* or the "circular stone fortress of the fish-abounding dun or fort;" a name which appears to be tautological, and which can only be accounted for by the supposition that an earthen *Dun* or fort had originally occupied the site upon which a *Cahir* or stone fort was erected subsequently. Examples of names formed in this way of words having nearly synonymous meanings, are very numerous in Ireland, as *Caislean-dun-more*, the castle of the great fort;" and as the Irish name of Cahir Castle itself, which, after the erection of the present building, was called *Caislean-na-cahirach-duna-iascaigh* an appellation in which three distinct Irish names for military works of different classes and ages are combined. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that a *Cahir*, or stone fort, occupied the site of the present castle in the most remote historic times, as it is mentioned in the oldest books of the Brehon laws, and the Book of Lecan records its destruction by Cuirreach the brother-in-law of Felemy Rechtmar, or "the lawgiver," as early as the 3rd century, at which time it is stated to have been the residence of a female named Badamar. Whether this *Cahir* was subsequently rebuilt or not does not appear, nor have we been able to discover in any ancient document a record of the erection of the present castle. Historians are at variance as to its being rebuilt by Conor, king of Munster and monarch of Ireland, in the 12th century. Archdall states, and from him all subsequent Irish topographers, that the castle was erected prior to the year 1142, by O'Brien, king of Thomond; but this is an error. No castle, properly so called, of this class, was erected in Ireland till a later period. That it owes its origin to one of the original Anglo-Norman settlers there can be little doubt, and its high antiquity seems unqestionable. After the invasion of Strongbow it shared the fate of other fortresses, and yielded to the prowess of the invaders.

"Here they maintained a powerful garrison, and, according to the custom of those warriors, Jeffry de Camville, erected near to the fortress an abbey for Augustinian canons regular. Years passed on, strange changes had occurred a new race had sprung up, and the descendants of the ruthless followers of Strongbow became more Irish than the Irish themselves.

"As early as the 14th century, it appears to have been the residence of James Galdie Butler, son of James, third Earl of Ormond. During subsequent centuries the castle underwent all the changes and vicissitudes of those stirring times, when glaive and helm were the surest title-deed; and possession the only right recognized."

In the State Office, London, is a letter from Sir Thomas Butler (Cahir, 12th March, 1539,) to the Council of Ireland, praying they will use their influence with the Earl of Ormond, his father, and with the treasurer, Lord James Butler, his brother-in-law, that he may not be extremely handled, nor his lands plundered by the officers of the liberty of Tipperary.

In the year 1542, King Henry VIII., by letter dated from Hampton court, 5th

July, directs O'Neill to be created a peer, O'Brien to be the Earl of Thomond, and Sir Thomas Butler Lord of Cahir.

Accordingly, on the 10th of November following, the king by letters patent, created Sir Thomas Butler, *and his heirs*, Barons of Cahir. This Sir Thomas left an only son, Edmond, who succeeded to the title, and became second *Baron* of Cahir, but dying without issue the dignity went into abeyance between Edmond's two sisters, Eleanor and Joan. "But (says Lynch) Queen Elizabeth, who seemed so intent on the internal improvement of Ireland, and who was strictly following the policy which she considered the most applicable to the state of the country, instead of determining the abeyance in favor of one of those sisters, directed her justices to travel earnestly with the said heirs-general for their surrender of their right to that barony, and confer that dignity on the next male heir, Sir Theobald Butler." Her Majesty writes, "wherefore we will command you upon the agreement first had of the *heirs generally* of the late baron, for the title of the said barony, wherein we require you on our behalf to travel earnestly with the said heirs general, to proceed to the creation of the said Sir Theobald to be baron of Cahir. To hold the same to him and to the heirs male of his body."

Johanna Butler, one of his heirs-general, married a man of the name of Pendergast, and had a son Thomas, from whom it became also requisite to obtain the release.

The Lords Commissioners "proceeded effectually" with the heirs-general, and on the 14th July, 1585, procured from them a release of the dignity. As this is the first proceeding of the kind we have met on record we give it in its entirety.

The deed poll by which these ladies —heirs-general—released their right to this lordship is enrolled in Chancery, and is in these words: "To all Christian people to whom these presents shall come, Eleanor Butler, one of the daughters and *heirs-general* of Sir Thomas Butler, Knt., late Lord Baron of the Cahir, deceased, and Thomas Prendergast, son and heir to Joan Butler, another of the daughters, and heirs-general of said Sir Thomas, send greeting in the Lord God everlasting; know ye we, the said Eleanor and Thomas for us, our heirs and assigns, have given, granted, bargained, sold, released and remitted to our well beloved cousin, Sir Theobald Butler of the Cahir, Knt., the name, dignity, estate, lordship, degree, creation, preeminences, and privileges of Lord Baron of Cahir, descended and come to usfrom Sir Thomas Butler who was made and created Lord Baron of Cahir, together with the annuity contained in the letters patent, to have been granted to the said Sir Thomas upon his creation, with the arrearages thereof, and all and singular thing and things whatsoever, granted, contained and expressed in the said letters patent, and also all manors, castles, lordships, tenements, demesnes, chattles, and other things whatsoever, which we the said Eleanor and Thomas, or any of us, have, had, or ought to have, as heirs or executors to the said Sir Thomas in any place of the world. To have, hold, use, occupy, and enjoy, all and singular the profits above recited, expressed, and specified, with all and singular their appurtenances, unto the said Sir Theobald, Knt., his heirs and assigns forever, to the proper use and behoof of the said Sir Theobald, his heirs and assigns. In witness whereof we have hereunto put our seals and unknown to many, we procured the town seal Clonmel to be put hereto, dated at Cahir, the 14th July, 27th Elizabeth, and in the year from the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1585.

"Ellinor X Butler's mark. Thomas Prendergast."

In pursuance of this release in the next year the Queen granted a new patent to Sir Theobald, creating him Baron of Cahir, to hold to him and his heirs male.

But the patent to heirs-general was not more singular than that granted by Queen Mary, in the first year of her reign, which conferred on Charles Mac Art Kavanagh, hereditary chieftain of Leinster, by letters patent, the title of "Baron of Balliane, and captain of all his kindred, to hold, with seat and place in all parliaments and councils, *during his life*.

On the 5th May, 1547, Edward VI. granted a pardon to Thomas Butler,

Baron of Cahir, but no particular offence is mentioned in the document; it purports to be for all crimes, misdemeanors, *de omnibus rebus et multis aliis.*

Queen Mary, on the 23rd October, in the first year of her reign, wrote to the Lord Deputy, stating that she had received from the Baron of Cahir a request for a lease of such farms as were comprised in the letters patent of his creation. Her Majesty is "desirous of complying with this petition, if practicable, and to make a lease of those lands to him for twenty-one years."

In the year 1565, one O'Hagan gave secret intelligence to the English Council "that Sir Pierce Power of Caher, the White Knight, and others, were ready to join Earl Ormond *before the conflict.*"

In the year 1569, in a letter from Lord Deputy Sydney and council to the Privy council, is contained the "suit for Sir Theobald Butler to be created Baron of Cahir."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE powerful and efficacious influence of confession in preventing sin, especially

> "That sin—
> That sin of all most sure to blight,
> The sin of all that the soul's light
> Is soonest extinguished in—"

is not merely a theological dogma, or a theological conclusion to be reasoned out. It is a fact. Nor is it a fact, local or occasional or obscure, or discoverable only by a few select. It is a fact, plain, tangible, world-wide, and ages long; existing wherever a Catholic congregation exists on the face of the earth; everywhere witnessed through every day that dawns and declines, through every generation that comes and goes, by every priest that sits in the tribunal of confession, witnessed by millions of people, of every race, of every profession, of every state and condition and line of life, from the king on his throne to the beggar on the street, from the polished courtier to the reclaimed savage, from the learned theologian and philosopher to the unlettered clown; witnessed by married and unmarried, rich and poor, by father and mother of many children, by their daughter, a girl at school; by their daughter, about to become a bride; by their daughter, a cloistered nun; by their son, a *Zouave in the army*; by their son, a student at college; by their son, practicing at the bar; by their son, a judge on the bench; by the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; by the convict under sentence of death; by the soldier on the eve of battle; by the evicted peasant, about to leave the land of his fathers forever; by the youth who has sadly lost it; by the matured man, after years of dissipation; by the hoary sinner on his dying bed.

Of the millions who in every quarter of the Catholic world are every day of every year crowding round the confessional, is there one who, going there with a sincere heart and upright intention, does not feel on leaving it that he has received a new principle of life, a new strength to fight the good fight, a new love of holiness, an odor of paradise scenting his soul, his youth renewed like the eagle's? He may fall again as many do—that is poor human nature; but well he knows, as all who have tried know well, that his only hope of rising again is in returning again to drink of the invigorating waters of that sacred fountain. Is there any other fact, has there ever been any other fact, on the face of God's earth, attested by such a body of witnesses, who themselves have felt, and seen, and known, stretching out from land to land, from generation to generation? Yet there has ever been as there will be, that infinite number of fools, of whom the wise man speaks, and who have ears and hear not, who have eyes and see not. Where these things are to be found, there, most assuredly, is the *great city* on the mountain, the City of God. Here surely is fulfilled, though it is not but part of the fulfillment of the prophecy of old: "O poor little one, tossed with tempests, without any comfort, behold I will lay thy stones in order, and will lay thy foundations with sapphires, and will make thy bulwarks of jasper, and thy gates of graven stones, and all thy borders of desirable stones. All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." Aye, and the children of that Church, who frequent this holy institution, this great means of sancti-

fication intrusted to her, feel that peace of God which surpasseth all understanding, that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, and feel it in the deepest depths of the soul. Ask them, you who are not of them, and with one voice they will tell you it is so. Then, "Why stand you here the whole day idle? Go you also into My vineyard."—*Dublin Review.*

THE MAID OF ERIN.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Methought I saw her, beauteous, stand
Where day-beams darkened down the west!
A golden harp was in her hand,
The sunburst sparkled on her breast;
And round about her shining hair
Was twined a wreath of shamrocks fair.

Serenely framed, in robes of snow,
Betwixt the glowing sky and sea,
A rosy splendor seemed to flow
From out her wind-blown drapery;
And lissom form and lovely face
Were full of rare majestic grace.

"O, peerless Beauty! Maiden sweet!"
I, kneeling, cried, with outstretched arms;
"The sea lies docile at thy feet;
The world is captive to thy charms;
The lights of heaven around thee shine,
The glory of the earth is thine!"

But lo! a voice in far-off tones,
That pierced the distance clear and low:
"O, child of Erin's martyred sons!
Why dost thou mock me in my woe?
Draw nearer still, and, closer, see
The glory earth has given to me.

Ah! then with strangely throbbing heart,
And forehead damp with falling dew,
I tore the veil of mist apart
That shut the maiden from my view,
And saw her as she stood,
Her feet and ankles bathed in blood!

Around her temples, pure and grand,
A crown of thorns was tightly press'd;
A cross was in her bleeding hand,
A lance was embedded in her breast;
And thro' her white robe flowed a tide
Of blood drops from her virgin side.

I could but kneel and kiss her feet—
All mangled like a broken flower,
Surpassing fair, surpassing sweet
She seemed to me that solemn hour;
For in her stigmas faith descried
The red wounds of the Crucified,

"O, more than martyr! Joy or fame—
What boots it all," I cried, "to thee?
More blest art thou in grief and shame
Than in earth's false felicity.
Heiress of wounds and woes divine,
The glory of the Lord is thine!"

THE WILD GEESE;

OR,

THE RAPPAREES OF BARNESMORE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS,
Author of "The Rose of Mourne," "Rapparee Ballads," &c., &c.,

"The wild geese, the wild geese! 'tis long since they flew
O'er the billowy ocean's dark bosom of blue."

CHAPTER XII.—(*Continued.*)

"ARE the men all here, Fergus?" the latter demanded, as he rode up.

"All here, an' ready to mount."

"Has Dan Daily arrived?"

"No."

"It is time he was here; but we'll give him another half-hour. Let us dismount, Brian, and sit down in the shade till he comes."

Hugh leaped from his horse, and was in the act of tying him to a tree when Brian exclaimed, in an excited tone:

"Hugh! Hugh! In the name of heaven, what is this?"

Hugh turned, and, looking in the direction of the hill, beheld a horseman galloping with great speed toward him. He was riding without saddle or stirrup, the bridle held in his teeth, and grasping in both hands a long and shining blade, which he whirled in circles above his head, lopping the leaves off the trees as they came in his way, and shouting at the top of his voice as he severed them to the ground. His horse was covered with foam and frightened at the shouts and gesticulations of his rider; but Cormick minded him not—for it was he—but sat at as much ease on his back as if at home by a blazing turf-fire near the hearth. The steed and his wild, untamed rider, dashed on at a furious pace until within a few feet of Hugh, who felt difficulty at restraining his own mettlesome horse, frightened at the unwonted apparition which appeared before him. But, Cormick, taking the bridle from his teeth and speaking softly a few words, reined in his charger as easily as he would a lamb, but panting and foaming and covered with dust from head to tail.

"Ho! ho! Hugh!" he shouted, still retaining his seat and brandishing a large scythe which he carried in lieu of a sword. "Look at the bully sword I've

got. Isn't it a slasher? That's a match for *Bride Bawn* any day. The divil a better you iver seen for sheddin' the heads off the troopers. But where's Fergus?"

"He is fixing a girth there, Cormick," said Hugh, pointing to the spot, "and I know he'd like to see you."

"Troth he'll feel proud of me, Hugh, an' I'll go to him."

The ludicrous appearance of Cormick on horseback, his naked legs covered with dust and dirt, his blackened face and matted hair, contrasted with the gorgeous uniform he wore, the splendid horse he bestrode, and the scythe half rusted and half bright, which he so proudly carried, presented such a laughable scene that Hugh and even Brian was forced to smile.

"What do you think of my new sword, Fergus?" he shouted, as he approached him; "isn't it a brave wan?"

"It is, indeed, Cormick; and where did you get it?"

"I got it in Ballindrate this mornin', an' throth I had great trouble in sharpenin' it up. I tried last night to get the ould Major's sword out of the 'Divil's Hole,' where I dragged him after he got shot an' drownded, but I couldn't get it; so I rode on to Mic..ey Dougherty's and got this wan in the haggard; but it was all rusty an' I couldn't find any wan to turn the grindstone for me until black Andy Grimes, the Scotch bailiff, came along, an' I tackled him at it. I don't like him, but I promised not to touch him if he'd help me. Between us we fixed it up, an' I let him go. He's a cowardly creature and got frightened when I showed him how to use it. Look! Fergus, here's the way. Ha! ha! won't I give it to the young Major when I catch him. *Look at this stroke!* Isn't that a slasher?"

"Troth it is, an' your a purty pair, Cormick."

"Ha! I knew you'd like it. Won't you let me sleep with *Bride Bawn* now, Fergus?"

"Yes, when we get to Barnesmore. There comes Dan Daily an' the boy behind him on horseback; we'll soon start now.

The majority of the Rapparees had crowded around Cormick and watched with intense satisfaction his peculiar display of sword exercise, and laughing at his uncouth and grotesque actions; but the moment their leader's voice was heard ordering them to mount, they sprang to their saddles and stood ready to march.

The shadows were growing deeper and settling darker on the landscape as Dan Daily appeared. He rode a fine black horse, and seated behind him was his nephew, who clung to the old man as the spirited beast plunged and reared, impatient to be off. As far as Hugh could judge in the dim light, he seemed to be a slight and delicate boy, and one who was too young to endure the rude hardships of a soldier's life. He kept his thoughts to himself, however, and immediately ordered the men to mount and form in line. Then, turning of Dan, he inquired what was the cause to his delay.

"I couldn't get a chance to get away until near sunset," replied Dan, "becaise them infernal troopers were round the Hall like a swarm of bees, an' the most of them wasn't drunk enough to let me pass without questionin'. Besides I wanted to get two horses, in case they might folly us, but I couldn't. So Willy had to get behind me, an' as Black Ben is not used to carryin' double that's what makes him unaisy. It isn't the weight of us, for he's strong enough to carry four like us."

"What have you hanging from your saddle, there?"

"A pair of blankets, Hugh, I've got a wheezin' cough, an' as the boy has been delicate this time back, I was thinkin' they might be useful on the mountains." Here Dan coughed, as if he was trying to extricate something entangled in his throat.

"You had better ride in front, Dan; the dust of the road won't blind you, and it is not good for your cough."

"You're right there, Hugh; but this divil of a horse may get frightened at the noise behind him, and run away with me or throw us both, an' I don't want the boys to be laughin at us."

"Well remain behind, then. In a few hours we'll be in sight of Barnes Gap."

The word was then given and the men rode forward; slowly at first, for the path was a narrow one and difficult for a horse to tread. Cormick rode in

front, singing and laughing, for he was in high glee, and cutting and hacking the branches in all directions. As they emerged from the woods and gained the road that led to Ballyshannon, Hugh halted the band. Two pickets were sent forward to scour the road and give warning of approaching danger, and two were left behind to guard the rear. This effected, the Rapparees resumed their march at a lively pace. It was a glorious Summer night, and as the moon rose over the distant mountains, revealing to their sight some well-known peak or height which they had often climbed in childhood, or some spot where later in life they had, maybe a brush with the soldiers when engaged in some smuggling enterprise, their spirits rose, and they shouted and sung in a very ecstacy of wild mirth. The mountains gave back the echoes and the startled eagles in their eyries peeped forth to catch the rushing sounds on the night wind, sung by men as free and unconquered as themselves. The gleam of a tiny lake, nestled among the mountains and shimmering in the glassy moonlight, burst upon them, but it was soon passed. The glint of a brawling torrent leaping down the hillside was for a moment perceptible and then lost to sight, and on they rode, their spirits rising higher as old familiar scenes appeared to view, until the morning sun, peeping over the mountain tops, shone upon Hugh O'Reilly and his hard-riding men within sight of Barnesmore.

Here they were met by the messenger whom Hugh dispatched to Sligo to obtain intelligence of any French ship that might be in the bay. None had lately appeared, and it was rumored that a French privateer had been captured off the coast of Kerry by an English war vessel and taken into Cork harbor. This news was not very reassuring, and Hugh looked disappointed. He knew that Crosby and the soldiers would be in pursuit of him before a week, and that he would be unable to cope with their superior numbers. These thoughts troubled him; but assuming a cheerful tone he said:

"Well, we must only wait until a ship arrives, and try and victual our camp. We may not have to wait long."

"I think I see cattle browsing among the bushes yonder," said Fergus, pointing to the place indicated, "an' I think it would be more convaynant to bring some of them along with us now than to be coming after them at night."

"You are right, my worthy Lieutenant, and no better man could undertake the business than yourself. Take ten men, and help yourselves to the Sassanagh's beeves. Our commissariat needs replenishing."

"I'll fill it before night, or I'm much mistaken," answered Fergus, as he started on his errand, followed by the men whom he chose himself. Cormick, who was ready for any undertaking, went as a volunteer.

Hugh and the remainder of his band then proceeded to their destination, which was but an hour's ride, and were soon safely ensconced among the rugged rocks and towering cliffs of Barnesmore. Dan Daily and his companion seemed in as good spirits as any, and as they climbed the mountain side laughed heartily at the jokes bandied among the men.

CHAPTER XIII.

A little, curly-headed, playful girl,
And mischief-making monkey from her birth!

JUAN.

—He was one of those
Who loved his friends and hated well his foes;
Ready for freedom or for right to bleed,
Generous to virtue, liberal to creed,
Kind and indulgent, open-hearted, brave—
No better dwelt on earth or filled a grave!

TIMMONS.

A WEEK had elapsed since Mabel became an inmate of Mr. Ogilby's hospitable mansion. Though her grief was as poignant and bitter as ever, her cheek was less pale and her step was more elastic; the rest and quiet which she had so long needed had a soothing effect on her spirits, and though she could not banish from her mind the terrible scenes through which she had passed, she became more calm and resigned as the days sped on. In the companionship of Lucy Ogilby, a playful and mirth-loving girl of sixteen, and who loved Mabel at first sight, she passed her time since her arrival at Dunemana, where Mr. Ogilby's residence was situated. Lucy was a bright and lovely

creature, full of heart and spirit, and one whom an anchorite might be tempted to love. Nothing dampened her ardor, no circumstances, however serious, provided it did not grieve those whom she loved, could mar her mirth or cast a gloom over the natural cheerfulness of her disposition. She was playful as a kitten, loving as a dove and wild and ungovernable in her innocent mirth as any young lady of fifteen. She was idolized by her father, spoiled by the servants and loved by all who knew her. About medium size, with golden hair falling to her waist, large blue eyes and a face half roguish, half modest, half mischievous, half demure, but taken altogether so bewitching and fascinating in its dimpled beauty that it was impossible not to admire and almost a miracle not to be taken captive at the first glance.

Different as their dispositions were Mabel being grave and serious, and Lucy gay and cheerful, they soon became loving and inseparable companions. With all her playfulness and light-hearted hilarity, Lucy had a heart that could feel. The only sorrow she had ever known was the death of her mother. which occurred when she was eleven years of age. But time, which ameliorates all things, had assuaged her grief, and at the moment we present her to our readers she was as good a specimen of a sweet, loving, innocent, cheerful mirth-loving girl as could be found in Ireland. Knowing Mabel's history, which she had heard from her father, she felt and sympathized in her distress, and her mirth was hushed and her playfulness concealed in her presence. But this soon wore away. As they became better acquainted, and as Mabel read the inmost recesses of her innocent heart and looked into her big, blue eyes, turned to hers yearning for love, she could not help but grant the boon they so earnestly pleaded for. And so, Mabel took Lucy to her heart and loved her with all a sister's fondness. In the morning, often before the sun peeped over the eastern hills, they wandered far into the meadows and woodlands that surrounded Mr. Ogilby's residence and plucked garlands of flowers wet with the early dew, or at evening sat by the stream that wimpled through the demesne, where Lucy often brought her harp, of which her father was passionately fond, and sung some endearing old Irish song that melted Mabel into tears. Mabel herself was a proficient on this instrument. She had been taught by Father Dominick in her childhood, and afterward by Father John, and as her voice was sweet and plaintive in its expression, her performance on the harp always elicited the mead of commendation, and sank into the heart.

One evening, as the two girls sat in their room, watching the sun sink behind the hills and wondering at the long absence of Mr. Ogilby, Lucy suddenly darted from her side, and, seizing the harp, began to play a sad and melancholy Irish air. Mabel listened and as Lucy, entering into the spirit of the air, warbled the words in the original Irish, she felt her soul melt into the music, and, despite her efforts to the contrary, could not conceal her tears. Lucy observed her, and, hastily throwing the harp aside, put her arms round her neck and tenderly inquired the cause of her sorrow.

"It is an old air my mother loved to sing, Lucy, and I never hear it but it makes me weep."

"Had I known that, Mabel, I would not have played it."

"Oh, I love to listen to it. There is something so weird and melancholy in those old Irish airs, and such fascination, to me at least, that I would not give them for all the boasted music of Italy and France."

"Nor I either. I do not know what put it into my head this evening—perhaps it was because we were talking about my father, and I never feel happy when he is absent. But he will soon be here. I wish he would come to-night."

"Let us take a walk through the demesne," said Mabel, "and try to put on a more cheerful look than we wear at present. I would not like him to come and find us thus."

"He does not like to see any one in sorrow," said Lucy; "for though he is of a jovial disposition, and sometimes boisterous in his mirth, he is a kind and good-hearted man and a loving and indulgent father."

"My brother and I have experienced

his kindness, Lucy, and can never forget it."

"Well, let us go; and since I have moved you to tears, let me try if I cannot move you to mirth. We'll take the harp with us, and play and sing on the banks of the stream."

"Let us not go far, Lucy. Your father may return during our absence."

"We can sit upon yon green knoll, within earshot of the house, and if he returns he can hear us."

Taking the harp with them, they wended their way across the lawn and through the shrubbery that led to the path toward the small stream that flowed at no great distance from the house. Seated on a moss-grown rock, with Mabel at her feet, Lucy tuned her harp, and, sweeping the chords for a moment with her fingers, as if collecting her thoughts or gathering her inspiration for the effort, she burst out into one of Carolan's famous and mirth-provoking melodies. Mabel heard it, and, though her companion seemed to put her whole soul into the glorious and exhilarating air, she did not smile. Her thoughts were far away. The recollections awakened by the previous air enchained her heart, and old memories came rushing thick and fast upon her. The happy days at Asseroe came back to her mind and revived within her a yearning for the scenes of her youth. The events that had passed since then, with all the sorrow and misery they had brought, appeared in array before her, and, though Lucy sung and tried to cheer her she could not shake off her melancholy.

"Why, Mabel!" exclaimed Lucy at last, seeing that her efforts were unappreciated, "if I had the harp and the genius of Carolan himself, I believe I could not win a smile from you.

"At any other time you could, but I find it impossible to banish my melancholy to-night. I am thinking of home."

"And can you not give us some sweet song about that home you love so well and are always thinking of? You may as well sing of home as think of it."

"I will try, Lucy," she answered, rising and seating herself beside her on the rock. "I will sing you one written by my brother Owen, which he enclosed to me in his last letter from France. Though far away, he, like every good Irishman, cherishes a love for the spot where he was born. Here it is:"

ASSEROE.

The south winds blow—on lake and rill,
The Summer sun shines bright,
And all around is calm and still,
A scene of love and light.
But though 'mid fairy scenes I be,
As bright as earth can show,
My heart flies back again to thee,
My own loved Asseroe.

I've seen the Rhine and Tiber's tide,
I've loved the Arno's shore,
But dearer far than all beside
Art thou to me, asthore;
For bright the golden sunlight shines,
And fair the wild flowers blow—
Oh, brighter than all other climes,
My own dear Asseroe.

The breeze that sweeps round Barnesmore,
The streams that greet the sea;
The fairy groves by Saimer's shore,
The flowers on mead and lea—
All these before my vision seem
In beauty all aglow,
And thus I see thee in my dreams,
My own loved Asseroe.

Be still, fond heart—'tis mine no more
To rove the glens among,
To list to lay of fairy lore,
Enshrined in soothing song,
The scenes I loved in life's young day,
The friends of long ago,
Are gone—and I am far away,
Far, far from Asseroe.

The tender melancholy of her voice and the expressive sweetness of tone which she threw into it blended so sweetly with the music and harmony of the air that Lucy hung enraptured on the last words, and remained motionless and silent, afraid to stir lest she might lose the faintest breath of the impassioned air as it died to silence on the night. Both remained silent long after the last echo had died away. Mabel's heart filled with thoughts of her brothers and of home, which Owen's song made her feel with more intensity; while Lucy gazed upon her lovely companion with a love and admiration too deep for utterance. She was about to press her arms around and clasp her to her heart, when at that moment a step was heard, and, looking behind her, she beheld Mr. Ogilby approaching.

"My father, Mabel; my father!" exclaimed Lucy, springing to his side.

Mr. Ogilby kissed his daughter with

all the love and fondness of a doting parent, while she, in the exuberance of her joy at his return, leaped around him like a young fawn, her sunny curls dancing up and down in confusion and disorder.

"Be quiet, Lucy. Let me go," he said, laughingly, as she clung to him and endeavored to throw her arms round his neck. "You forget Mabel is here, and I must welcome her to our poor house."

Mabel arose at his approach, her long, dark hair streaming behind, her face slightly flushed at his sudden and unexpected appearance, and her bright eyes beaming with confidence and gratitude upon him. Her benefactor affectionately kissed her forehead, and, taking her by the hand, welcomed her in the kindest manner to his home.

"You will find yourself happier here, Mabel," he said, "among the hills of Dunamana, away from the scenes of your former suffering, and you will find your spirits revive and the roses come back to your cheeks when you know that you are beyond the reach of persecution and under my protection. I can perceive a change for the better already," he added, again taking her hand, "and again I welcome you to my home. But I am afraid that this young mad-cap is not a fit companion for you; she is too wild and restless for one of your quiet habits."

"O! Mabel," cried Lucy, appealingly, and throwing her arms around her, "won't you free me from this odious charge?"

"Indeed I will, Lucy," replied Mabel, returning the caress. "You are as good and amiable as you are loving and light-hearted."

"Don't you flatter her, Mabel. She is spoiled enough already," returned Mr. Ogilby, looking with admiration on the two lovely beings before him. "I am glad she has been on her good behavior during my absence, and I suppose I must reward her accordingly."

"O! you have brought me something from Dublin. I know you have, and you must tell me!"

"Not to-night, Lucy. I must talk to Mabel about something else. I will tell you to-morrow."

"O! sir, you must tell me now," she cried, with a saucy turn of the head that again set all her ringlets a-dancing, and caused Mr. Ogilby to laugh outright. "You must tell me now. I couldn't sleep a wink all night thinking about it. Did you bring the shawl you promised me?"

"Yes, and the silks for you, and—"

Mr. Ogilby paused, and looked suspiciously at Mabel, as if fearful of offending her by concluding the sentence. Lucy observed the look, and her quick mind divined the cause.

"For me and Mabel you would say, my dear father," she exclaimed; "but you are too bashful to speak of your own goodness."

Mr. Ogilby blushed, and felt nervous as a schoolboy when caught in some bad act. Mabel grew pale for a moment, but, suddenly raising her eyes to his, she could read in his honest face the secret feelings of his heart. Her look reassured him, and he again spoke in a kind and affectionate tone.

"My dear Mabel, you must remember when you did me the honor of coming under my roof, that you came upon the highest terms of equality as far as social position is concerned, and that your birth and education entitle you to this. And now that you are here, I do not look upon you as a simple guest, but as a daughter, and I assure you I will feel very angry if you do not look upon me as a father, even as Lucy does. Acting upon the feeling, I brought a few trifles from the metropolis to present to you and Lucy, and surely, Mabel, you will not make me unhappy by refusing."

The kindness of his words and manner overpowered Mabel's feelings, and the tears started into her eyes.

"I would be more than unkind, Mr. Ogilby," she said, "were I to refuse the smallest gift you might offer me, but I know not how I can ever repay your kindness and generosity."

"By loving this little curly-headed girl of mine, and by remaining with us," he answered.

"I loved her from the moment I saw her, as who would not? and shall do so while I live; but I cannot promise to remain."

"Well, we'll talk about that some other time Mabel; and I may as well tell you what I brought for my children.

There are shawls and silks, and other trappings whose names I cannot remember. The milliner, however, has them all fixed with your names on them, and some trinkets which I promised Lucy long ago. There is a harp for you, Mabel, from one of the best makers in Ireland, and a large collection of Irish and Scottish airs. The latter, and also the harp, I had no difficulty in procuring; but the other articles, which I knew you would prize more than either silks or satins, were not so easily found. Not but there were plenty in the city; but I, being a Protestant, had to make many cautious inquiries until I obtained the kind I wanted. There is one of them."

Mr Ogilby took from his pocket a small package, and, unfolding it, displayed to her astonished view a crucifix of pure and solid silver. The figure of the Redeemer suspended to the cross was life-like, and done in the highest style of workmanship; the nails in the hands and feet were rubies, and the crown of thorns was studded with gems. It was a rich and costly gift; but the look of astonishment, of pleased surprise and becoming gratitude which Mabel flashed upon him, and the bright smile that lit up her features as she gazed on his face, repaid him for all his trouble and expense.

She was about to speak when Mr. Ogilby, feared that she would consider the gift too costly and return it, hastily observed:

"I brought you and Lucy some books, both French and English, and among them you will find some Catholic prayer-books and Bibles. I hope they are nothing the worse for being in the hands of a Protestant," and he laughed heartily at the idea of "aiding and abetting Popery," as it was called in the cant of the day.

"I really do not know what to say, Mr. Ogilby," said Mabel, embarrassed by his goodness; "but I wish all Protestants were as good as you."

"I wish they were as liberal, Mabel," he answered; "I do not believe in persecuting any one for worshipping God according to his conscience, no matter what altar he kneels at. Those who are most bigoted are generally the most irreligious, and are often ignorant of the principles of the creeds they profess or persecute. A good Christian was never a bigot or a tyrant."

"The teachings of the Church forbid both," replied Mabel; "but as there were Pharisees in our Saviour's time, so are there in ours."

"Ay, and will be to the end, I suppose. But it is getting late, Mabel, and I want to speak to you about my visit to Dublin, and tell you that my mission was successful."

"I am glad for your own sake as well as mine, Mr. Ogilby, that no harm will befall you from your encounter with Major Crosby."

"None whatever, Mabel. But, Lucy, run to the house and order supper; tell them we'll be there in ten minutes."

Lucy skipped away toward the house, singing and leaping as she went, while Mr. Ogilby resumed:

"I got an audience of the Duke of Ormonde, and truthfully stated the facts of the case to him. He listened to me with marked attention, and inquired into all the particulars. I gave them, just as they occurred. He did not condemn the conduct of old Major Crosby, but he despised the cowardice of the son. The boldness of the Rapparees surprised and annoyed him, and he felt irritated to think such scenes could occur under the very eyes of the magistrates. He blamed them for not doing their duty, myself among the number, and threatened if we did not catch and hang them he would relieve us of our commissions. Crosby has got orders to have his troopers ready in a few days. They will be joined by the garrisons of Coolmore and Derry, and every magistrate in Tyrone and Donegal will join in the pursuit and hunt them down. Of course I will be compelled to go; but I trust Hugh and his band by that time will be safe and out of our reach. Have you heard from them yet?"

"No. Hamilton was twice at the cabin, but could find no message. I have not seen him to-day."

"He came to meet me, and learned from one of his old friends the doings at Crosby Hall since I left. It seems that that madman, Cormick, nearly killed him, and he was confined to his bed for a few days, and since he got well has never been a moment sober. He swears

vengeance against us all, and threatens to exterminate the Rapparees. His sister Alice is sick and confined to her room, and Kitty, her maid, will allow *no one to see her*."

"I am sorry for poor Alice," said Mabel. "I am sure the events of the last two weeks have weighed as heavy on heart as on mine. Her brother, however, will find Hugh O'Reilly prepared for him, if they should happen to meet in the mountains. I was an unwilling witness to the scene that transpired beside the cabin on the night of the wake. I admired your manly conduct, Mr. Ogilby, when you thought yourself alone, and I have often wondered since how Scotland could produce such a bigot and coward, and at the same time such a true man and honest soldier. Ireland may produce bigots, but she has no cowards."

"I am not a Scotchman, Mabel. My grandfather came from the Highlands which was first peopled by the Irish, and where their language is still spoken, but I was born and nurtured upon Irish soil, and am an Irishman. Crosby is a Lowlander, possessed of more craft and cunning than courage, and, therefore to be feared. That he meditates a dark and fearful revenge I know, and with the soldiers at his back he will endeavor to carry it into execution. I wish Hugh and Brian were warned of their danger."

"You forget the last time they met, Mr. Ogilby," said Mabel, smilingly; "the bloodhounds boasted as much then as they do now, and you witnessed the result when they were met by *men*."

"Ah! but you forget, Mabel, that the regular soldiers are of a different stamp. Many are veterans and inured to war since their youth, and it would be wrong to contrast them with Crosby's men. Besides, they are more numerous than the Rapparees, and cannot number less than three-hundred. It is fearful odds, and I shudder when I think on the fate of your friends. But I do not wish to alarm you; I trust all may yet be well; but if we do not hear from them soon, I will dispatch Hamilton across the mountains to give them warning."

"I will trust in God for their safety," replied Mabel, "for well I know they are true to Him and to their country."

"And may He deliver them from the hands of their enemies," said Mr. Ogilby, fervently. "But let us wait and see what may happen on the morrow. But there comes Lucy to call us to supper. Let us go in."

They rose from the rock on which they had been seated, and Mr. Ogilby, taking up Lucy's harp, walked thoughtfully with Mabel to the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Rapparees were enfeebled by constant war, harrassed for lack of resources and material, and succored only by an occasional French legion, which was often more a hindrance than a help. An unequal contest surely—so unequal that, in looking back upon it, one scarcely knows whether amazement or admiration is uppermost.

—J. J. Clancy.

Barnesmore! Who that has ever visited the North of Ireland has not heard of the Mountains of Barnesmore, and of Barnes Gap? With the exception of the Giants Causeway there is no part of Ulster so well known or so famous. Legends and stories, dating before the Christian era, are told of it, every cliff and rock, and there are many, every gorge and glen, and ravine and pass has its story of glory or sorrow, and myriad-fold are the traditions connected with this legend-hunted place. Two lofty mountains, towering almost perpendicular to the skies, rise to the astonished view of the traveler, and feelings of admiration and awe creep over him as he stands in sight of their majestic presence. Nor are such feelings allayed as he passes through the wonderful "Gap," formed by nature, that leads between the two mountains. On either side the rocky ridges rise above him, casting their shadows, even at mid-day, on the Gap or gorge beneath, and shadowing it with a gloom painfully striking and awe-inspiring. Above him the scream of the eagle is heard, as she starts from her nest in the cliff and angrily looks down on the intruder, wakening the echoes of the solitude with her fierce and discordant cries. Huge rocks jut out, half covered with heather and moss, from the mountain sides, and seem so infirm and insecure

as to topple at any moment on the traveler's head. But they are as solid in their foundation as the very mountains themselves. It is a wild and picturesque place; wild in its rugged grandeur and sublime in its gloom, its shadows and its huge proportions.

But it is on the summit of Barnesmore, while the dew yet lingers on the purple heather, and the lark soars upward to greet the rising sun, while the mists of the mountain are dissolving, and the shadows disappear in the early gleam of morning, as the first ray of light reddens the grey East and tinges the waters with a purple dye; then, if the heart can feel or the eye appreciate what is grand and sublime in nature, the one will be ravished, the other electrified and enchained by the glorious panorama that bursts before them. A hundred hills are seen within the broad circle which the eye can sweep; a hundred streams rushing from the mountain slopes to the deep valleys beneath, and lakes as calm and placid as the morning itself, fringed with a zone of dark woods and glistening in the rosy light of a dawn.

Afar is Benbulben, rising like a giant from the ocean, and the Leitrim mountains casting off the mists that enshroud them as the sun advances appear to view. Sligo Bay, dimpled and streaked with the breath of morning, looks radiant in its calm and tranquil beauty; Slime League looms up, and the thrush, shaking the dew from her wings, pours forth a flood of melody among the green bushes on Sheegus Hill. And now the sun is up, and hill and plain and woods and waters are glowing in his warm beams, and from Camlin's groves to Asseroe, from Dooran to Tullen Strand, the air is vocal with melody, and the fragrance of the hawthorn and woodbine is wafted on every breeze. Here and there a tiny lake, mirroring the gorgeous sky in its quiet bosom, catches the eager sight. Many a brawling rivulet starts from its secret coverts in the tangled brushwood on the hillsides, and dashes headlong down the craggy steep, its rich murmur lingering in the ear like the song of some fugitive bird that had burst its fetters and soared away into its own joyous and skyey home. A thousand scenic beauties, which it is impossible to describe, are revealed and lie smiling at the feet of the mountains.

Barnesmore is rough and rugged; huge rocks are studded over its surface, and it is wild and barren, destitute of trees, but, like the majority of the mountains of Ireland, covered with heath or heather. As we have observed, the Gap is the only passage or road that leads between the two mountains, and this pass, if guarded by faithful and vigilant sentinels could bid defiance to twice their numbers. This Hugh O'Reilly knew well, and on the topmost summit overlooking the pass he determined to wait until such time as a French smuggler cast anchor in Sligo or Donegal Bay. He had often encamped here before, and on many an occasion worsted the Queen's troops sent to capture him. With every rock and gorge in the mountains he and his men were familiar, and many a cliff and crag had often afforded them shelter and served for a hiding-place when sorely pressed by their enemies. From the spot where the Rapparees were encamped they could command a view of the country for miles, and detect the approach of an enemy long before he became conscious of their presence. If possible, they wished to avoid a conflict with Crosby and his myrmidons, and hoped to escape from the country before they could collect a sufficient force to pursue and overtake them. But in this they were disappointed, as the sequel will show.

Close by a large rock a small cabin had been erected for the accommodation of Father John when he visited the mountains, and this assigned to the use of Dan Daily, he being the oldest man, and to his sickly nephew, young Tracy. The latter seldom left the cabin in daylight, but every evening, accompanied by Dan, sat for hours on the tall cliff overlooking the gap below. Brian and Hugh, like all the rest of the band, slept on the hill, with the heather for their bed and the sky for their covering. Cormick was never absent from Fergus' side, and since the morning of the raid on the fat beeves of Mr. Johnston, the owner and proprietor, felt himself expand into the dimensions of a Colossus, he having captured a fat bullock and almost frightened to death the worthy owner at the same time.

Messengers were dispatched at intervals to Sligo and Donegal, but no tidings came of a friendly ship, and Hugh and Brian were beginning to feel anxious. Often they cast their longing eyes over the waters, but no sail hove in sight bearing glad news for them. They had been a week on the mountain, and as yet no friend or enemy had appeared. At length they resolved to send a messenger to Hamilton, at the old cabin, and hear from Mabel and Mr. Ogilby.

Turlough McSweeney was dispatched, and arrived at the cabin three days after Mr. Ogilby's return from Dublin. From Hamilton he learned of the preparations in progress for the war against the Rapparees, and the employing of the Queen's troops to put them down. He also received a letter from Mabel addressed to her brother, and, without waiting longer than was necessary to obtain the information he sought, started back to Barnesmore.

A council of war was held among the confederates in the mountains on receipt of Turlough's news, and it was determined to hold their position at all hazards until succor arrived. Fergus was ordered on a foraging expedition, in order to revictual the camp, an exploit for which he was eminently qualified, and in which he proved highly successful. Thus the days passed on, days of anxious thought and restlessness to Hugh and Brian, but of mirth and hilarity to the rest of the band, who cared not which came first, their French friends or Crosby's troopers. With Cormick around the camp fire they spent their nights, those who were off duty, reckless or regardless of what the morrow might bring forth, but always ready to leap to arms at the order of their beloved leader.

One evening after sunset, as the twilight was falling and the shadows of night setting down, Turlough, who had gone to Donegal that morning, returned, accompanied by four men, dressed in the French naval uniform. They carried between them two large baskets, and as they ascended the mountain were forced to rest, wearied with the load they carried. Long before they reached the summit Hugh had been warned of their approach, and with Brian eagerly awaited their arrival. Fergus, followed by Cormick, rushed down the hillside to meet them and relieve them of their burden, and each of them taking a basket ran up the slope, followed by Turlough and his friends.

"What news, Turlough?" cried Hugh, as he appeared.

"Good news, Hugh. The French are in the bay, or if they're not in it they'll soon be. They're lying out in the offing an' sent these boys ashore to see if any of their friends were about. They tell me she's a big ship an' carries forty guns."

"You belong to a man-of-war, then?" said Hugh, interrogatively, addressing one of the sailors in the French language.

"I belong to a crew of four hundred of as brave fellows as ever trod a deck or hated a Sassanagh," answered the sailor in as pure Irish as ever was spoken in Connaught.

"Oh, you are an Irishman, then?" said Hugh, laughing.

"Troth, if you were over in Sligo you'd find the McDonoughs as plenty as blackberries."

"I know many of them, well. But tell me, my brave fellow, will your ship anchor in the bay to-night?"

"She will. Me an' my comrades must be on board in the mornin'. The first lieutenant is an Irishman, an' belongs to these parts, an' knows the place well. He will pilot her into the bay at midnight."

"When did you arrive?"

"We have been beatin' round the coast for the last two days, chasin' an Englishman, but he escaped in the fog this mornin'. We left the ship at daylight and made for shore, not far from here, where a friend of Phil Dougherty's lives. But meetin' with one of your men we thought we'd come up to the mountain and have a good night of it, especially as we brought something with us to enliven the boys, an' there's more in the boat, an' likewise we knew we'd be welcome."

"What port in France did you sail from?"

"Cherbourg."

"Have you ever taken any Irish soldiers to France?"

"Is it the Wild Geese you mane?"

"Yes."

"Ay, many a time; from Cork, an'

Kerry, an' Limerick, an' Galway. Troth I have heard as good Irish spoken in the streets of Paris as I iver did in Sligo."

"Well, I intend to go with you in the morning," said Hugh, "as I want to see your Captain. In the meantime, you can enjoy yourself with the men. Turlough will see that you are not stinted in hospitality.

"Troth, I'm in the habit of seein' to that myself, Captain; an', as I have got two Frenchmen with me, I must try an' use them as dacint as I can, so as not to give the place a bad name."

He turned as he spoke, and, taking his comrades with him, walked toward the centre of the camp, where Fergus and Cormick were preparing a large fire, around which the band intended to discuss the good things which their French allies provided them with.

Hugh and Brian immediately dispatched a messenger to Mabel, giving him instructions to hasten her departure, and to be careful to elude Crosby's soldiers by taking the road across the mountains. By doing so she could reach Ballyshannon, avoiding Barnesmore altogether, and thus in safety reach her friends. The messenger departed, and Dan Daily, who had heard of the arrival of the sailors, came to Hugh to inquire the news and ask if he intended to leave on the morrow. He was given all the information which Hugh could impart, and felt overjoyed at the prospect of leaving so soon, and immediately proceeded to his nephew to acquaint him with it.

Night had now fallen upon the mountain; the clouds looked gloomy and threatened rain. There was no moonlight, and bleak and sombre shadows fell around them. But they needed not the moon to cheer them; their hearts beat high with hope and of honors to be won on foreign fields. But at times a pang of regret would enter their hearts and fill them with sorrow for the old land they were about to leave. But, casting the thought from their minds, and hoping that they would again return to do battle for her cause, they joined in the merriment around the camp-fire on this their last night in Ireland.

Around a roaring fire, which cast its light across the mountain, and could be seen for miles, with their French guests in the centre, sat the band. The savory odor of roast beef diffused its fragrance on the night air, and filled with longing many an appreciative stomach. Small fires were kindled at a distance, at which goodly groups were engaged in the agreeable occupation of roasting potatoes. But the central figures around the large fire were Fergus and Cormick, both cooking; the latter with a huge piece of meat stuck on the end of his scythe and held over the blazing fire, from which the blood drooped out, adding more fuel to the flames, which leaped and roared as high as his head, swinging his shaggy hair and beard, and causing many hideous grimaces and contortions to his visage.

"Arrah! Cormick, how long are you goin' to keep us waitin'?" exclaimed a lank and red-haired outlaw, who lay reclined on the heather before the fire, interestedly watching his proceedings. "I'm as hungry as a hawk, an' my teeth's waterin' for the last half hour. The smell of that mate puts me in mind of good times, an' sure its done enough, Cormick; come over here an' give us a welt of it; you must be tired houldin' it; your face is as red as a paycock, an' you'll spoil your regimentals or get sunstruck, if you stan' much longer over the fire."

"You can make your mind aisy about that, Jack Gilligan," returned Cormick, "for divil resave the morsel of this you'll iver swolly or put into your dirty stomack. Troth ould Gordon of the Grange never fattened his two-year-old for you to ait."

"Arrah! the ould schamer; an' was it from him you tuk the cattle? Troth the very knowledge of it opens another room in my stomack, Cormick, and makes me feel as if I could ait his two-year ould, horns and all. Didn't the ould Scotch villin turn me out of the house an' home an' saize the only cow I had for the rent? The thoughts of it will do for saisonin' to the mate, an' I can ait it without salt or mustard. I knew there was somethin' interestin' about it the minit I smelt it."

"It smells good, an' you're welcome to it," said Cormick, with a grin; "but if you wait for a share of this I'm afeard

you'll go to bed fastin', I'm cookin' this for the strangers, the Frenchmen."

"Troth it will just lie as aisy on an Irish stomack as on a furrener's, Cormick, an' I'll join you in the mess. The poor Frenchmen must be hungry by this time. Take care an' don't spoil the temper of your sword over the fire."

"Why, I want to have it done rare, man—the same as they get it in their own country. Sure Fergus tould me," said Cormick, holding the meat before him and examining it with a critical eye.

"Troth it's *rare* enough we get it from ould Gordon," answered the other. "Anyway it's done enough; we're all hungry an' waitin' for you."

"Come with me, Cormick," said Fergus; "I'm roasted as much as the mait is, an' I can't stan' it any longer," and he wiped the perspiration from his face and fanned himself with a bunch of heather.

"Cormick must be a regular Sallymandher of a man intirely to stan' all that hate," said Gilligan, flatteringly, for he wished to keep on good terms with Cormick, at least until supper was over. "But it's not healthy to stan' so long over the fire; I'm afeard it'll spoil his complexion. Come on! There's Ned Doolan with a basket of potatoes, and we mustn't let them get cowld. See how the Frenchmen are looking at you! Troth, they'll be proud of your cookin', Cormick."

This last bit of flattery took effect on Cormick, and gained for Gilligan a place at supper. Cormick had his own favorites in the band, and it was his delight to cook and forage for them; and as *his* mess was the best supplied of any, many devices were tried to gain his favor and court his good graces. At his own desire he was allowed to wait on the guests who came so unexpectedly to the camp, and as two of them were entirely ignorant of English and spoke only in French, Cormick endeavored to make them feel at home by assiduously attending to their wants and talking encouragingly to them in Irish. McDonough, the sailor, served as interpreter between them, and many a hearty laugh they enjoyed at Cormick's expense, while he, unconscious of the merriment he created, looked grave and solemn.

There were neither chairs nor tables at the feast; the meat was placed, smoking hot, on the heather, and each man cut what he pleased with his skein or knife. There was an abundant supply of potatoes roasted in the ashes, and a little stream that rushed down the mountain side supplied them with water. This they drank out of large noggins, or wooden cups, an article still to be found in some old houses in Ireland at the present day, and at the time of which we write in general use in every cabin. Seated in a circle around the fire, they eat and laughed and joked until the hills echoed back their mirth. None enjoyed the scene more than the sailors. Their comrade, McDonough, exerted himself to the utmost to make them merry, and they entered into the spirit of the hour with all the vivacity and sprightliness of their nation. A running conversation was caught up between them and Hugh and Brian, interlarded with some original observations from Cormick, in the Celtic, who imagined that the Frenchmen could understand it. As he had waited on his favorites, and supplied them with the choicest bits of the *cuisine*, he was the last to sit down to supper. But, if native politeness and a tender regard for his guests obliged him to wait till the last, his was not the least part of the performance. He soon made up for lost time, and piece after piece of the savory meat disappeared, to the astonishment of the Frenchmen. This continued for some time, and probably would have continued much longer, had not McDonough, who was watching him, suddenly interrupted him.

"Arrah! Cormick," he shouted, "don't make a baste of yourself. Take that collop from your mouth an' bring us wan of them baskets that we brought in the boat to-day. I'm dry from drinkin' so much water. I see enough of it when I'm at say, an' it's poor *kitchen* for roast beef, anyhow."

"Troth, you're an able sayman, whoever you are," replied Cormick; "but when you get your own belly full it's little you think about your neighbors."

"My throat is as dry as a limekiln, Cormick; and Alphonse here is wonderin' why you don't bring on the liquor."

"Then, by my sowl! he'll wait till I

finish my supper," replied Cormick, "for I'm as famished as a wolf."

"Come with me, Cormick," said Fergus. "We must be kind to the strangers, you know, an' trate them dacent."

"Ay, you're right, Fergus; an' I'll go with you this minit."

Throwing down a large bone which he had been picking, he immediately rose and walked with Fergus to the cabin of Dan Daily, where the baskets were left. Dan and his nephew were seated at a distance from the cabin enjoying the scene around the fire, and laughing heartily at the jokes bandied from one to another.

"Here, take one of these, Dan," said Fergus, handing him a bottle from one of the baskets; "It won't do you or the boy any harm, though; faith, for a sick boy he's got a rosy cheek."

"It's only the light of the fire shinin' on him, Fergus, agra; sure, he hasn't been out of bed these two days."

"Well, let him try that; it's good medicine for a sick heart, an' easily taken."

"By Gor', you're a janius, Fergus. If I ever get sick I'll try your prescription," replied Dan, with a grin.

"Faith you'll try it before you get sick, or I'm mistaken," returned Fergus, as he followed Cormick to the camp-fire.

Every noggin possessed by the band was now brought into requisition, and copious draughts of the generous wine of France were drunk to toasts that smacked strongly of disloyalty to the English Queen, and of love and devotion to Ireland, and the land from which the vintage came. Stories were told, and anecdotes of old friends absent in France or Spain, and reminiscences of other days were recalled which brought back to their minds many a a hairbreadth escape and "imminent peril in the deadly breach." It was verging on midnight, and the clouds which had obscured the sky were clearing away and giving place to the stars which now twinkled in the calm vault above, when suddenly the booming of a gun fell upon their ears.

"There she is!" exclaimed McDonough, leaping to his feet; "there she is, anchored in the bay; the 'La Belle Helene, God bless her!"

"Come, boys, a health to her officers and crew, and a safe and speedy trip to France," cried Hugh, whose heart bounded at the news.

Nerved by one impulse every man leaped to his feet, and with a cheer that was distinctly heard on board the vessel, responded to his call.

"Give us a song, Hugh," cried Fergus, when the cheers had subsided and the toast been drunk. "Something to keep us in mind of our last night on Barnesmore. We are at home to-night, but may be 'Wild Geese' to-morrow."

"Ay, Fergus, it is the bitter truth; we must go to make room for the stranger and the foreigner, and in the land of our fathers we have nowhere to lay our heads. But though we go we carry with us a vengeance that may yet be wreaked on a foreign field. I cannot sing to-night, my heart is too full, but I will repeat to you some verses of Brian's, and I know that every thought contained in them is treasured and cherished by us all."

He then, in a bold and manly voice, declaimed the following verses. He was listened attentively to the end, and at the conclusion of the last stanza cheered to the very echo:

THE WILD GEESE.

On the sky of green Ulster a dark cloud appears,
And her maidens are stricken in sorrow and tears;
There's a wail on the wind like the lonely banshee,
As she sighs to the night on the shores of Loch Nea.
There is weeping and woe 'mong the vales of Tyrone,
From Mourne's gray mountains to dark Innishowen,
And the breeze, as from Carrib to Esker it springs,
Bears the sighing and sobbing of love on its wings,
All mirth has departed, the harp lies unstrung,
There is fear in the old, there is grief in the young,
And feeble and few are the words that are said
For the cause and the land that seem vanquished and dead,
For the stranger has come for his spoil and his prey,
And the Wild Geese—the Wild Geese must soar far away.

The bright hopes that led them can lead them no more,
They are scattered like foam on the sands of the shore;
They are gone like the dreams which our infancy knew,
As bright and as fleeting, as faithless, untrue.
The robbers rule now where our forefathers swayed,
Cold, cold are the hands that would clutch the bright blade;
When summoned for Erin by chieftain or king,
Ah! then how their cries o'er the valleys would ring!
And the glint of their spears and the gleam of their steel
Would flash in the sunlight to bulwark O'Neill,
And the plume of O'Donnell—his eye lit with love,
Dance bright in the breeze with his banner above.
They are gone—they are gone—and their glory and fame
Burns bright but to deepen our sorrow and shame;
And we can but wail o'er the dust of the dead,
And sigh for the hearts that for liberty bled,
And the Wild Geese—the Wild Geese no longer can stay,
They must soar on the wings of the wind far away.

But so long as their breasts are by freedom inspired,
By the red blood of vengeance and liberty fired,
While it leaps in the veins, while it burns in the heart,
As fierce and as strong as the red lightning's dart,
Each heart shall for Erin be succor and shield,
While one man for freedom can stand on the field;
And the Wild Geese—the Wild Geese, though far o'er the foam,
Shall strike for Tirconnel, shall strike for Tyrone!

While the wild, kingly eagle soars fiercely and proud,
And leaves the dull earth for his home near the cloud,
And on fetterless pinions in grandeur doth soar
With unwearied wing over black Barnesmore;
While the streams from the mountain in wild gladness flow,
And Heaven sheds its dews on the valley below—
While the rock meets the shock of the fierce ocean's tide,
And hurls it back foaming in fury and pride—
While the mother will cherish the babe at her breast,
While the dove, ever constant, flies home to her nest,
While one welded link of our bondage remains,
While one drop of blood courses free in our veins,
So long shall we cherish the love for our land,
A love for the flag that lies trampled and banned—
And struggle 'mid sorrow and torture and gloom,
Though each heart should be stricken in blood to the tomb.
And though vengeance shoud gleam from each foreigner's blade,
We'll meet him, and greet him alone—undismayed—
And the Wild Geese—the Wild Geese shall triumph or fall,
For the flag of Tirowen and wronged Donegal.

(To be Continued.)

Flowers.—Amongst all the pleasant things of life—and the all-bountiful hand of Providence has scattered the path of our days with innumerable pleasant things, if man would but enjoy them—amongst all the pleasant things of life, there are few more pleasant than a walk in the flower-garden before breakfast on a sunshiny morning. To see those mute and still, though not motionless, creatures—we mean the blossoms—opening their painted bosoms to the benificent rays which give them their color and their loveliness, welcoming the calm blessing of the light, as if with gratitude, and seeking, in their tranquil state of being, for nothing but the good gifts of God, might well afford a monitory lesson; for everything in nature has its homily, to us, the eager hunters after fictitious enjoyment. How calm do they stand in their loveliness, how placid in their limited fruition of the elements that nourish them—how, in their splendid raiment, do they sparkle in the sun, how they drink up the cup of dew, and gratefully give back honey and perfume in return!

Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.

CHIT-CHAT.

—There are many things that *are not as they ought to be; and many that are not as they seem.*

Amongst the *are-not-as-they-ought-to-be's*, the one perhaps most prominently before the public at the present moment is the "Clerical Buffoonery" of the Talmage school; or, as a Detroit paper styles it, "Pulpit Bouffe." The main ingredient of "pulpit bouffe," says our American confrere "is essentially the same as that of opera bouffe. It consists in the irreverent treatment of things, which people have been in the habit of looking on with reverence. When there has been a distinct decline in a man's sense of religion, his sense of the comical is always touched by seeing the old subjects of his worship treated with a smiling *disrespect and familiarity*. * * * The fatal defect in the system is that to keep it effective a steady broadening of the humor is necessary. The jokes have to become day by day more palpable, and the colors to be laid on deeper as the congregation's sense of decorum declines, and its appetite for amusement grows dull. The result is that a preacher of this school is condemned by the law of his method to continued progress towards *the low*. If he once begins to make points in order to send a smile around the pews, he cannot stop till his flock begins to watch for jokes in his prayers, or greet him in his sermon with the regular theatrical roar. It is desirable for the sake not of religion only, but of all the virtues on which society rests that such preachers should have no organization outside their own churches to be held responsible for them. For if there is *anything certain* in the lessons of history, it is that no community was ever long capable of great things in which the serious element in character has been successfully attacked, and either destroyed or enfeebled."

Another writer who signs himself "One who has suffered," describes this unfortunate clerical failing even more graphically. "A species of language which too frequently emanates from the pulpit consisting of *political harangues, invidious comparisons, slang phrases, attempts at witticisms* calculated to excite the risible faculties, with the not unfrequent use of *low expressions* such as 'old chaps,' 'old scamps,' 'old fogies,' 'old paddies,' and even coarser epithets, not forgetting no small amount of self-laudation."

This is *sufficiently* severe on the part of the Press against what it acknowledges to be a peculiarly Protestant institution.

It is much to be regretted that such a school of pulpit eloquence should exist in any country, bespeaking, as it undoubtedly does, the very lowest standard of religious sentiment in both congregation and clergyman. But the most astonishing part of this unwholesome business is, that it is precisely to the best educated congregations (save the mark!) that it is alone presented. It is, however, not a little consolatory to see the strong and healthy effort at last being made by the Protestant Press to frown down this unholy thing. "My house indeed is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Pew rents may fall but the thermometer of public morality at least will rise at each fresh attempt to stamp it out.

—Amongst the *are-not-as-they-seem's* by far the most remarkable is the rising and setting sun. Few men, perhaps, are prepared to bring so grave a charge as that of long and habitual lying against that most ancient and august personage old Sol of the steady habits. And yet, alas! it is but too true; we must acknowledge it; the old gentleman has been deceiving men (we wont be so rude as to call it *lying*) ever since the world began, and what is worse, he has been deceiving them with their eyes open and in the broad light of day, in fact it is absolutely with the light of day he has been deceiving them. For the last five or six thousand years, be the same more or less, he has been making believe to rise in the East and set in the West once every twenty-four hours with such unfailing punctuality, that his regularity has passed into a proverb ("as sure as that the sun will rise,") and yet, after all, it is no such thing, the sober old gentleman has done nothing of the kind, he has never risen at all and consequently has never set; it is all make-believe

instead of travelling incessantly from East to West, like a huge old tramp, routing people out of their beds by all *hours in a morning,* he has, in reality, most quietly and properly and with the greatest solar sobriety and decorum, been staying at home minding his business, never budging for a moment from the place in which he was first placed. In fact it is the world that is the *fly-about*, and the sun that is the stay-at-home. How innocent people do get blamed for what they are not guilty of; and how some guilty people get credit for virtues they never possessed!

Another of the *are-not-as-they-seem's* is *the wind.* Every sane man in the world will tell you that "the wind blows the trees" and that "the storm beats against the window;" and if the sane man happens to be a philosopher (which is by no means a necessity,) he will tell you that a gentle wind, such as we call a breath of wind, travels at the rate of three miles an hour, whilst a tornado goes at the rate of *eighty.* Now, here again, both sane man and philosopher are *wrong* if it is *an east wind* they are speaking of, and, much more right than they are aware of, if *a west one.* No East wind ever yet beat against a house; it is the house that beats against the East wind; no tornado, if it blows from the West, ever went at the slow rate of 80 miles an hour, but at the rate of thousands of miles added to the eighty. In other words an Eastern tornado is a calm, a calm is a high wind, and a Western tornado, as to velocity, is something fearful to contemplate. Let us explain. The earth revolves round its axis at the rate of thousands of miles an hour. As the number of thousands varies according to the distance of the particular spot North or South of the Equator, we will not specify the number any nearer. The earth revolves from West to East, which gives the Sun its apparent motion from East to West. When, then, we have *a calm,* the air is in reality going from West to East exactly at the rate (thousands of miles an hour) at which the earth at that particular spot is travelling; hence, as we have said, a calm is in reality a strong wind. When, on the contrary, we have an *East* wind, say of eighty miles an hour, the wind must in reality be going at eighty miles less than the rate of the earth, in other words, an eighty miles East wind is a calm less by eighty miles. But a West wind is something fearful to contemplate. Travelling with the earth so as to constitute a calm, it would be going at the rate of thousands of miles an hour. If blowing at 80 miles an hour from West to East, it must be overtaking the earth's thousands of miles an hour, by its own eighty. Verily, some things *are not as they seem.*

—*The Protestant idea.*—The first amongst the Christians to oppose the Catholic practice of veneration of the Cross was (in the West) one Claudius, a Spaniard, in the ninth century, and (in the East) the Paulicians in the same century. The Wicklifites called the images of our Saviour attached to the Cross, "putrid trunks less to be esteemed than the trees of the forest for they have life but the images are dead."

The Catholic idea.—"The mere sight of a crucifix," says Louis of Blois (Institutio Spiritual: cap VI.,) "is never useless to the soul of a good man." And in another place (Euchirid Parvulorum Lil I., doc. XII., append.) he writes, "a Christian of orthodox faith can never behold the image of a crucified Redeemer without great benefit." "The men of our day," says Bossuet, "are not unwilling to kiss the book of the Gospels before a judge—and what is a crucifix but the whole Gospels comprised under one sign and symbol? What is the Cross, but the whole science of Jesus Christ crucified?

—It is a fact well worthy of the prayerful consideration of our survival-of-the-fittest men, that *none* of our greatest poets and *few* of our minor ones have left any posterity. Neither Shakspere, Jonson, Otway, Milton, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Pope, Swift, Gay, Johnson, Goldsmith nor Cowper, have left any inheritors of their names. This is an awkward fact for Darwinism. Either our greatest poets are *not* "the fittest" (to survive); or "the fittest" do *not* survive. It may be just possible that our Darwinites do not believe in either poets or poetry, and that, consequently, *in their view* poets *are not* "the fittest."

But this will lead them into the assertion of a great many very ugly heresies:—that "mind is not the man,"—*that intellect is not desirable,—that* bones and thews and sinews are preferable to brain lobes and nerve cells and ganglions—or to bring it down to its last logical conclusion—that man is a brute and *not* a rational being. These are, indeed, very ugly heresies. That after having deduced man from apedom these Darwinites will not for a moment hesitate to relegate him back again to the region of brutedom, is certain; but then, will "the man who laughs," and "the man who thinks," and "the man who prays," accept this dictum? We think not.

—And there is another crucial test for this survival theory. What great men have had great men for sons? What great men have had noodles? We greatly fear the rule goes with the noodles. Where is there *a* Napoleon son of *the* Napoleon? Where is there *a* Wellington son of *the* Wellington? Where is there *a* Newton son of *the* Newton? And so on through every department of that fitness, which is the fittest?

—But, stay! we have forgotten to *define terms.* What is this "fittest?" It has always been supremely amusing to us to note how dogmatically these battle-for-life men assert the "survival of the fittest," whilst, at the same time, they are so religiously careful *not* to define this "fittest." Walter van Twiller believed that all *the good* would go to heaven, and when asked who were *the good,* answered—all Dutchmen. This, at least, was clear and precise. Walter van Twiller had the courage of his convictions. Not so our Darwinites. Ask them—who survive in the battle for life? They answer *the fittest.* Ask them—who are *the fittest?* They answer—*those who survive.*

—The very use of this term *the fittest* is unfortunate. The fittest—for what? For the battle of life? Surely, the battle of life is not the whole end of man? How grovelling these infidel minds are!—and how infinitely superior the story of revelation! "Man," says Darwin, "is the biggest calf in a buffalo herd, fighting his way continually to the biggest and sweetest tuft of grass, *and, surviving his fellows by virtue of* his bigness and push." "Man," says the divine story of revelation, "is created to love, honor and serve God, his Creator, in this world, and to be happy with Him in the next." Which will *you* choose, gentle reader? The biggest calf theory, or the love, honor and serve idea? Yes, gentle reader! Which?

H. B.

NED RUSHEEN;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

BY SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE,

Author of the "Illustrated Life of St. Patrick," "Illustrated History of Ireland," "History of the Kingdom of Kerry," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

The Coroner interposed. He thought Lady Elmsdale's evidence might be very important indeed, and would depute Dr. Kelly, who was still present, to see if her presence could be required without danger. Lord Elmsdale rose to accompany him, but the Coroner so peremptorily requested him to remain where he was, that he found it impossible to go with the Doctor. It was then suggested by Mr. O'Sullivan, who had been speaking in a low tone to Ned, that the two young gentlemen should be called in—only for a question as to time, but it was most important. It was possible that an alibi might be proved.

Lady Elmsdale came down leaning on Dr. Kelly. The whole court rose to receive her with the deepest respect and sympathy. When she was seated, the Coroner addressed her in a low tone, in which he manifested even deeper sympathy for her bereavement than for her rank.

"We are greatly distressed, Lady Elmsdale, to have been obliged to request your presence, but it is a serious case, and we are sure that you will not refuse to give any evidence which may be necessary for the ends of justice."

Lady Elmsdale replied by a slight inclination of the head.

"Can you tell us," continued the Coroner, "if the late—if Lord Elmsdale

had any serious disagreement with any one lately?"

"He had."

The tone was very low, but perfectly distinct.

"With whom, and when?"

"With—with—oh! must I say it!"

Every eye was fixed on Ned Rusheen: would she, indeed, give evidence, which would send him to a felon's doom? Every eye, I have said—I should have said, except one, and that one Mr. O'Sullivan's: his eye was on the young Lord, and he saw that again he was on the verge of a deadly swoon.

"I fear we must ask you to give the name."

"With my eldest son!"

The words were articulated rather than said.

If an electric shock had been given to every individual then and there in the great hall of Elmsdale Castle, the effect could hardly have been more remarkable. The crowd outside heard the words almost as soon as the people inside.

"I fear I must ask when this serious disagreement took place?"

"Yesterday morning, about an hour before——"

"Before Lord Elmsdale's death?"

"Yes."

"And you were present?"

"Yes."

"May I ask if any one else was aware of what passed?"

"I think our Butler, Barnes, knew something of it."

"I believe, Lady Elmsdale, we need not detain you further, at present; but if you will be so good as to remain at hand, it may be necessary to ask another question."

Dr. Kelly again offered his support, and led the poor lady, half-fainting, from the hall, but without the slightest idea of the effect her evidence had produced.

When she disappeared, Lord Elmsdale, who had quite recovered himself, started up angrily, and asked to be sworn.

His request was, of course, granted. But when he began to blame his mother in an angry tone, and to swear in a most solemn manner that all she had said was a lie—he corrected himself, a mistake—he could explain it all—but did not see why he should be accused in this way—the Coroner interrupted, and begged his Lordship to be calm, and to observe that no one was accusing him of anything: *that Lady Elmsdale had simply* answered the question put to her. If he wished to give any explanation of what had occurred, he could do so. The jury bent forward almost to a man and listened gravely.

"Perhaps," continued the Coroner, "your Lordship would wish to confer with Mr. Forensic first."

But he would confer with no one. He admitted that there had been high words between him and his father, but it was about the affairs of other persons. He did not wish to prejudice the case against the prisoner (Ned looked at him, but he turned his head resolutely away), but really, in self-defence—the Coroner reminded him again he was not accused. Well, he was obliged to say that Rusheen had been the cause of the quarrel. Had broken into the castle the night before (there was a general exclamation of amazement), and when he tried to expel him, he had used such violence as to leave him seriously injured.

He was asked if he knew why Rusheen—who was always known to be a quiet, respectable man—had committed this sudden act of house-breaking. He replied he did not know really, but thought it had something to do with a servant girl.

He was asked what time of night this had happened, and he stated the time and other particulars correctly, except his own share in the transaction. He accounted for being up at the hour by the late arrival of his brothers.

Did the servants, or any one in the Castle, hear of this house-breaking?

Yes, he believed they did—he was not sure. Oh, yes, he remembered now. In trying to get Rusheen out, and to protect the frightened servant, a revolver had gone off, and the noise had brought his father down, who blamed him, unjustly, for the disturbance.

Where was the servant—her evidence might be necessary? He could not tell, he knew nothing about the women servants. Inquiry was made, but the Coroner was informed that she had left the castle early on the morning before, and had not returned since. No one

know why she had left, or where she had gone.

It was, perhaps, as curious a complication of affairs as ever came out on a Coroner's inquest.

Mr. O'Sullivan suggested recalling Barnes. It was quite clear he knew a good deal more than he had cared to say.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VERDICT.

Barnes was sworn again.

"*Do you know if the late Lord Elmsdale, and his son, the present Lord Elmsdale, had any serious disagreement yesterday morning? Remember, you are on your oath—tell the whole truth.*"

"I believe they had, sir."

"Will you swear they had?"

"I—— Yes, sir."

"Do you know the reason of this quarrel?"

"I think."

"We want facts: not what you believe, but what you know to be a fact."

Barnes was harassed by this sort of unexpected cross-examination, and he seemed very much perplexed.

"I believe——"

"We don't want your belief, sir; we want facts. What do you know for a fact?"

"I know nothing, sir."

"How do you know there was a disagreement?"

"Because I heard loud talking."

"When was this talking, and where?"

"It was just after the family had left the breakfast room, sir, and my Lord desired me to tell Mr. Elmsdale he wished to see him in the library when he came in."

"And the interview took place?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know anything of what passed?"

"My Lord desired me to remain near the door while Mr. Elmsdale was with him, and not to allow anyone to enter the room until he left."

"Did no one go in?"

"Lady Elmsdale did go in sir—no one else."

He was asked did he hear the voices, and could he distinguish them?

He could hear the gentlemen's voices, they were so loud and angry; but he couldn't distinguish the words until Lady Elmsdale opened the door to come out.

Could he remember exactly what words he heard?

The *Coroner gave him* so many cautions to be careful, to remember he was on his oath, to say nothing but what he could swear to be true, that the old butler was nearly driven into hopeless confusion. But he had already seen the importance of his evidence. He thought perhaps Ned Rusheen might be saved by it; and while the Coroner supposed he was absorbed in thought, he was softly saying a Hail Mary, that he might remember exactly the very words he had heard. No one suspected what he was doing except the priest, who was watching the case very closely. He saw Barnes' lips move, and then he lifted his right hand as if to make the sign of the Cross, but let it fall back again, remembering the circumstances.

The Coroner put the question again. "Can you remember the exact words you heard?"

"Yes, sir. I heard Lord Elmsdale say, '*Try to tempt an innocent servant* to her destruction! I have told you what I shall do;' and I heard Mr. Elmsdale answer, 'And I defy you sir.'"

Would he swear on his oath these exact words were used.

He did so.

Could he say who Lord Elmsdale meant?

He would rather not answer.

But he must do so.

He supposed Lord Elmsdale meant Mr. Edward, to whom he was speaking.

Again Lord Elmsdale started up in a fury of excitement. He denounced Barnes as an old hypocrite—a two-faced, double-tongued villain,—and threatened to dismiss him on the spot. He was calmed with difficulty, but some of the jury began to think it was possible that the wrong person was in custody. Could the son have murdered the father? The idea, however, was dismissed as utterly unlikely. But Ned Rusheen's hopes of acquittal were rising high.

The priest went away. He had received an urgent sick call which he must attend. But he felt tolerably satis-

fied. The evidence—if it could be so called—against Ned Rusheen, was so trifling that it could not be acted upon. And, if he stayed, what could he do? He knew the truth, but he was bound, by a solemn promise to Ellie, not to reveal. If she were there, and knew the circumstances, she could have released him. As it was, only the most urgent necessity could induce him to speak. True, she had told him out of the confessional, but a promise made by a priest was a solemn matter. If all that had happened could have been foreseen, he would not have sent her to such a distance. But he had acted for the best at the time, and, with trust and confidence in God, he soon ceased to weary himself about circumstances which could not now be changed. Besides, he had a strong feeling against priests appearing in any way in a court of justice. If their presence was required by law or duty, it was right, because it was necessary. But if it could be avoided, he would almost go to the last extreme to do so. In the present case there really seemed no occasion for his interference; and, if he was *sworn*, would he be believed? Might not his statement—given at second hand—be questioned by lawyers and Coroner? No; better as it was. If there had been really danger of Ned's committal to jail, he would certainly have come forward. But he left the place with the pleasant assurance of seeing him free when he returned.

Colonel Everard had volunteered to give evidence. The jury were rather annoyed. They wanted to go home to their dinners. They were cold and hungry. Moreover, the Colonel was not very popular with any class or creed.

They had nearly made up their minds as to their verdict. How could they bring in Ned Rusheen guilty of wilful murder, when he might have only attempted manslaughter? There were two shots fired. Were there two assassins? It seemed utterly improbable. If not, then one shot was an accident; perhaps his was the accidental one. How were they to decide? Probably by not deciding at all.

Colonel Everard gave his evidence. He knew the late Lord Elmsdale very intimately—had very confidential conversation with him on the state of the country. Some one observed that that was the Colonel's favorite subject, but the offender could not be discovered, and consequently escaped with only the repudiation of his own conscience, if he had any on the subject; and the warm approbation of his neighbors, who committed another "misprison of treason," according to Colonel Everard's code, by not denouncing him on the spot. Had a long conversation with the deceased the day before his assassination.

"A grand word for ye! Can't ye say plain murther?" The same voice again; but the culprit undetected.

"Really, Mr. Coroner, in my experience of *law courts*——"

"Lord save them that ye had there!"

A desperate rush of police to the place from whence the interruptions had proceeded, and a general and most cheerful effort on the part of every single individual in the guilty quarter to find the guilty person, which, curiously enough, they failed to do.

"If the witness is interrupted again, I will have the hall cleared!" exclaimed Mr. Grimdeath, indignantly.

"You were saying you had an interview with Lord Elmsdale the day before his death. Did he mention any particular person or circumstances to you which would lead to a detection of his murderer?"

"He did!"

The crowd was hushed enough now. You might have heard their very breath.

"Be so good as to mention the circumstances."

"He informed me he had suspicions of a person—a dependent, in fact, of the family—who he believed had entered on very bad courses."

"Did he mention the name?"

Mr. O'Sullivan started up: he *objected* to the question. There was a good quarter of an hour's wrangling and questioning of precedents. At the end of that time it was agreed that the question might be put. The Coroner accordingly put it.

"Did he mention the name?"

"He did not!"

There was a shout of laughter, and Ned's friends began to breathe freely.

"Did you yourself know, or gather

from the conversation who was the person he complained of?"

"I did!"

"Do you feel certain enough to swear to this—to swear that it was a dependent, not a relative?"

"I do. I am certain it was the prisoner!"

The jury were again perplexed.

The twins were the last witnesses. They looked utterly bowed down with grief, poor lads! and their whole deportment formed a strong contrast to that of their elder brother.

Freddy was sworn first. The boy sobbed like a child, and he was asked as few questions as possible. He deposed to having gone out with his brother and Ned on the morning of the—— he could not say the fatal word—on yesterday morning, about ten o'clock. They had fowling-pieces, and Ned *had a rifle.*

Was he quite sure? the Coroner inquired.

Yes, he was certain of it; and he turned to Ned—prisoner and all as he was, with a touching confidence that moved all who were present—and asked:

"Hadn't you, Ned?"

We have not said anything of Ned's demeanor at the trial, because there was nothing to be remarked. He seemed sullenly resigned to his fate—with the sullenness of a deeply wounded spirit. But when the boy addressed him, with such artless assurance that he would speak the truth, he felt at least one person in the world trusted him, and he burst into a passion of tears—such as none who saw it ever cared to witness again.

Freddy was asked very respectfully, in a tone of deep sympathy by the foreman of the jury, if he had been with Ned and his brother the whole morning? He said at first he was not sure.

But when the Coroner explained to him the great importance of the case, and how absolutely essential it was that he should try to remember everything accurately, because the fate of the prisoner might depend on what he said, he at once roused himself from his grief, and became most anxious to remember and state everything with perfect exactness.

They were parted, he said, for a short time. Ned went after a deer with his rifle. The jury looked very grave. Harry went after a rabbit, he thought.

He was asked could he make out at what time this had happened, and how long Ned and his brother had been away?

He stopped to think for a moment, and the look of earnestness was as remarkable as his previous simplicity.

He thought the time was about a quarter to twelve. They had been separated about twenty minutes. It could not have been longer.

How did he know the exact time?

He was quite sure about that. There was some bell rung at the Convent every day at twelve o'clock, and he heard it ring a few minutes after Rusheen returned.

"Had Rusheen his rifle with him?"

"No; he said he had laid it down in the wood, where he had found Harry lying under a tree, apparently in a dead faint." He did not know what had happened to him. Ned had gone home with Harry, but he had remained behind.

In answer to other questions, he replied that he had heard shots fired at different times during the morning. Did not know in what direction they had been. Had taken no particular notice. Could not say whether the shot he heard after Ned and his brother had left him to return to the Castle, was fired in the direction where his poor father was found. Supposed it was, as he had gone down that way to see who was shooting.

No one could attempt to cross-examine him. In fact, it was evident that any pressure would prevent his recollecting anything.

Dr. Kelly said Mr. Harry Elmsdale was quite unfit to give evidence. In fact, he feared he would have a fever. He said, also, that no good could be gained by his examination. The difficulties of the case were very great, and the jury most sincerely and anxiously wished themselves out of it.

The Coroner summed up for the jury; but being, as before said, human, he unconsciously leaned to the side against the prisoner, and we all know what effect that has in a court of justice.

(*To be continued.*)

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LITTLE CRISS' LETTER.

A postman stood with puzzled brow,
And in his hand turned o'er and o'er,
A letter with address so strange
As he had never seen before.
The writing cramped, the letters small,
And by a boy's rough hand engraven.
The words ran thus: "To Jesus Christ,"
And underneath inscribed, "In Heaven,"

The postman paused; full well he knew
No mail on earth this note could take;
And yet 'twas writ in childish faith,
And posted for the dear Lord's sake.
With careful hand he broke the seal,
And reverently the letter read;
'Twas short, and very simple too,
For this was all the writer said:

"My Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,
I've lately lost my father dear,
Mother is very, very poor,
And life to her is sad and drear,
Yet Thou hast promised in Thy Word
That none can ever ask in vain
For what they need of earthly store,
If only asked in Jesus' name.

"So I am writing in His Name,
To ask that Thou wilt kindly send
Some money down; what Thou canst spare
And what is right for us to spend.
I want so much to go to school;
While father lived I always went,
But he had little, Lord, to leave,
And what he left is almost spent.

"I do not know how long 'twill be
Ere this can reach the golden gate;
But I will try and patient be,
And for the answer gladly wait."
The tidings reached that far off land,
Although the letter did not go,
And straight the King an angel sent
To help the little boy below.

Oft to his mother he would say,
"I knew the Lord would answer make
When He had read my letter through,
Which I had sent for Jesus' sake!"
Ah! happy boy, could you but teach
My heart to trust my Father's love,
And to believe where aught's denied
'Tis only done my faith to prove.

HEARTS AND HANDS.

One day a teacher said to his Sunday School class.—"Boys, you can all be useful if you will. If you can not do good by great deeds, you can by little ones."

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. They did not believe that they were of any use. So he said:—

"You think that this is not so, but suppose you try it for one week."

"How shall we try it?" asked one of the boys.

"Just keep your eyes opened and your hands ready to do anything good that comes in your way all this week, and tell me on next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or another," said the teacher.

"Agreed!" said the boys.

On the next Sunday these boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips, and eyes so full of light that they fairly twinkled like the stars.

He smiled as he looked at them, and said:—

"Ah! boys, I see by your looks that you have something to tell me."

"We have, sir, we have," they said all together. Then each one of them told his story.

"I," said one, "thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning, to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much and was so greatly pleased that I mean to keep on doing it for her."

"And I," said another boy, "thought of a poor old woman, whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day and read a chapter to her from a good and pious book. It seemed to give her a great deal of comfort. I cannot tell you how she thanked me."

A third boy said:—"I was walking along the street, wondering what I could do. A gentleman called me and asked me to hold his horse. I did so, and he gave me five cents, and I have brought it to put into the missionary box."

The next said:—"I was walking with my eyes opened and my hands ready, as you told us, and I saw a little fellow crying because he had lost some pennies in the gutter. I told him not to cry, and I would try to find his pennies. I found them, and he dried up his tears and ran off feeling very happy."

A fifth boy said:—"I saw my mother was very tired one day; the baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put the baby in my little waggon. She did so, and I gave

him a grand ride round the garden. If you had only heard him crow, and seen him clap his hands, teacher, it would have done you good, and oh! how much better and brighter mother looked when I took the baby in-doors again!"

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah me!
 What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
 Or to tie a tiny shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day,
 With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
 Another "good by" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
 Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
 And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
 When the children, one by one,
Will go from their home out into the world,
 To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby be left to cheer
 The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up the *garments* here and there,
 Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
 If nothing were displaced;
If the house were always as still as this,
 How could she bear the loneliness?

ONLY SMILES AND DIMPLES.

Mamma likes to see the face
 Clean and cheeks look rosy;
Little eyes washed nice, will look
 Bright as any posy.

In the garden little flowers
 Wake up very early;
Lift their sweet eyes to the sun,
 To the dew drops pearly.

They are not afraid at all,
 Of a little water,
Neither do they pout and fret,
 Like my little daughter.

So they grow up beautiful,
 With no cross grained wimples;
Not a tear stain on their cheeks,
 Only smiles and dimples.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life of Our Lord.—We have received parts Five and Six of this truly magnificent work. Every Number is embellished with several beautiful Engravings. The work when completed will be a most valuable, as well as a most interesting, addition to English Catholic Literature, and we heartily wish that we could place it in the hands of every Catholic family in the land. His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, has written a special letter to the Publishers in which he gives it his "cordial approbation with the earnest wish and hope that it will receive a generous patronage." The parts are only 25 cents each. Benziger Bros., New York, Publishers.

Donahoe's Magazine: Boston.—This is a periodical we can cordially recommend to every one of our friends. It has some of the ablest writers in the United States contributing to its pages, whilst its selected matter is the cream of our current Literature. It is well worthy of the veteran journalist—Mr. Patrick Donahoe. To every one subscribing direct for the Magazine, and remitting $2, Mr. Donahoe will send a beautiful steel engraving, entitled: "Erin's Home Treasures."

The Illustrated Celtic Monthly.—An Irish-American Magazine: New York.—This is a new candidate for the patronage of our people and right worthy of their support. To give our readers an idea of its merits we need only state that amongst its contributors are to be found: Rev. J. V. O'Connor, John Locke, John Savage, M. J. Heffernan, and numerous others, all accomplished *Literateurs.* James Haltigan, Editor and Publisher. Yearly subscription, $2.50.

The La Salle Advance.—This is a very handsome eight-page monthly, published in Philadelphia, by Mr. Stephen J. Burke, "Devoted to Literature, Moral Improvement and Mental Development of the Young," and, we believe, is performing its *mission in* an admirable manner. The subscription is only 50 cents a year.

FACETIÆ.

The greatest and most important of women's rights is the right to a husband.

If it would cost anything to go to church, people would run round like wild men for free passes.

Call the next baby Elaine, after Tennyson's heroine. Then, when she is cross, call her Mad elaine.

Why is a young lady who has just left boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

A would-be-wit, who asked a provision dealer for a yard of pork, was instantly supplied with three pig's feet.

One of the hardest things for a woman to do is to maintain economical notions while looking into a milliner's window.

A guileless Danbury man saw a beautiful chromo advertised for "fifty cents," and sent on the money and received the jack of clubs.

The difference between ladies and ducks is that the ladies are often dressed to kill, while the ducks are killed to dress.

When Emerson wrote "Every natural action is graceful," had he ever seen an angry woman throw a stone at a cow?

Chimney-sweep to old lady: "Want yer chimney cleaned mum?" "No, thankee; we had it cleaned in the other house before we moved."

The report of a benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

Appearances are deceitful. At campmeeting it is difficult tell from the background whether the man on the front seat is shouting glory or has set down on a tack.

Women do more hard work than men; that is, it takes some women four hours to do up their hair for an evening party, while a good smart man can do his up in three hours and fifty seconds, easy.

What is *domestic felicity* to a man, when his three-year-old climbs upon his knees and draws pictures on his boiled shirt with the gravy spoon?

Robert Browning calls the British reviewers "chimney sweeps" in his new poem. When they flue at him he *had a brush with them and* they didn't soot him.

A Western girl visited a music store and asked for "The Heart Boiled Down with Grease and Care," and when I Swallowed Home-made Pies." The clerk at once recognized what she desired.

"What object do you now see," asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."

Landlord, to tenant who is in arrear with his rent:—"Well, Pat, I won't be hard on you. I'll Knock off half what you owe me." "Be me sowl, then, I'll let no man outdo me in generosity. I'll knock off the other half," returned Pat.

The scientific expedition around the world may, perhaps, be able to tell us when it returns why a man always takes off his boots first when undressing, while a woman begins at her hair-pins.

"Say!" said the city youth to the modest countryman, "got the hayseed out o' yer hair yet?" "Wall," was the deliberate reply, "I judge not from the way the calves run after me."

A John Bull, conversing with an Indian, asked him if he knew that the sun never set in the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" said John. "Because Heaven is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the savage's reply.

It was the fault of the compositor. The editor headed a report of the wedding: "Another Happy Pair," and the printer made it read "Another Sappy Pair," and the bridegroom is mad about it. He has stopped his paper and withdrawn his advertisement —and yet some persons think the printer was more nearly correct than the editor.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

AIR—"KITTY TYRRELL." *HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.*

With expression.

1. Oh! blame not the bard,* if he fly to the bow'rs, Where pleasure, lies care-less-ly
2. But, a-las, for his coun - try—her pride is gone by, And that spi -rit is broken, which

smil -ing at fame; He was born for much more, and in hap - pi - er hours, His
nev-er would bend; O'er the ru - in her chil - dren in se - cret must sigh, For 'tis

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly describes in his state of Ireland, and whose poems he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is a great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

soul might have burn'd with a ho - li - er flame. The string, that now languishes

trea - son to love her, and death to defend. Unpriz'd are her sons, 'till they've

loose o'er the lyre, Might have bent a proud bow* to the war - - ri - ors' dart ; And the

learn'd to betray ; Un - dis - tinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires; And the

lip which now breathes but the song of desire, Might have pour'd the full tide of the

torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way, Must be caught from the pile where their

* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for *a bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following—"So that Ireland, (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years), was now become the land of concord." LLYOD'S *State Worthies*, Art. "The Lord Grandison."

pa - tri - ot's heart.

coun - try ex - pires !

3

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
  He should try to forget, what he never can heal ;
Oh ! give but a hope, let a vista but gleam
  Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel !
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down,
  Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
  Like the wreath of Hermodins, should cover his sword.*

4

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
  Thy name, lov'd Erin ! shall live in his songs,
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
  Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs !
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;
  The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
  Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep.

* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus,—" I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton, &c.

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in May.
1	Thurs	The English fleet under Herbert beaten by the French under Chateau Renaud in Bantry Bay, bringing supplies to James II., 1689. Archibald Hamilton Rowan escaped from prison, 1794.
2	Fri	Sir Cahir O'Doherty's rising, 1608.
3	Sat	St. Conlaeth, Patron of Kildare. Edmund Sheehy hanged, 1776.
4	Sun	Red Hugh O'Donnell inaugurated and proclaimed "The O'Donnell," 1592. Meeting of the "United Irishmen" in the Tailor's Hall, Dublin, dispersed, and their papers seized, 1794.
5	Mon	Napoleon died in St. Helena, 1821. Great Tenant-Right Meeting at Millstreet, Co. Cork, 1850.
6	Tues	St. John the Evangelist. An Irish Parliament summoned by James II., 1689.
7	Wed	Monster meeting at the Curragh of Kildare, 70,000 present, 1843.
8	Thurs	Battle of Lough Swilly, 1567.
9	Fri	Cromwell repulsed at the Battle of Clonmel, 1649.
10	Sat	St. Comgall. Assembly of Irish Bishops at Kilkenny to deliberate on the state of the kingdom, 1641. From this assembly was issued an address to the Catholics of Ireland declaring the war to be just.
11	Sun	Battle of Fontenoy. British routed by the Irish Brigade, 1745.
12	Mon	First Meeting of the Protestant Repeal Association in the Music Hall, Dublin, 1848.
13	Tues	Desmond, Earl of Kildare, founded Gray Friary, Adare, Limerick, 1464. Pope Pius IX. born, 1792.
14	Wed	St. Carthage, Patron of Lismore. Henry Grattan died, 1820. O'Connell's remains deposited under Round Tower, Glasnevin, 1869.
15	Thurs	St. Dympna. O'Connell entered the House of Commons, and refused to take the Oaths, 1829. O'Connell died at Genoa, 1847.
16	Fri	St. Brendan, Patron of Kerry and Clonfert. *Dies Infandum!* This is the anniversary of the first landing of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland, 1167.
17	Sat	Lord Camden's Proclamation against the "United Irishmen," 1797. Parliament rejects the Repeal Motion, 1844.
18	Sun	Rogation Sunday. Repeal meeting at Charleville, Co. Cork, 300,000 present, 1843. Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout) died at Paris, 1866.
19	Mon	Lord Edward Fitzgerald arrested and mortally wounded, in a house in Thomas street, Dublin, by Major Sirr, 1798.
20	Tues	Wolfe Tone left Dublin for Belfast on his way to America, 1795.
21	Wed	Henry and John Sheares arrested, 1798. Repeal Meeting at Cork, 500,000 present, 1843.
22	Thurs	Ascension Day. Samuel Neilson arrested, 1798.
23	Fri	Battle of Ramilies, Irish Brigade protected the rear of the retreating French, and took several standards from the English, who had been victorious. Irish Insurrection burst forth, 1798. Patrick Lynch, projector and editor of the *Irish American* newspaper, died, 1857.
24	Sat	Fiann Sionna, Monarch of Ireland, died at Tailtenn, in Meath, 916. "United Irishmen" take the town of Prosperous, 1798.
25	Sun	Edward Bruce landed in Ireland at Oldfleet, in the Bay of Larne, on the Antrim Coast, 1314. Carlow taken by the insurgents, 1798.
26	Mon	Turlough O'Brien executed, after having suffered a year's imprisonment, 1581. Richard Lalor Shiel died, 1851. Michael Barrett hanged in London, 1868.
27	Tues	Battle of Oulart Hill, County Wexford, 1798.
28	Wed	Thomas Moore, poet, born, 1779. "United Irishmen" capture Enniscorthy, 1798.
29	Thurs	Cromwell left Ireland, 1656.
30	Fri	"United Irishmen" win the Battle at Three Rocks, County Wexford, 1798. O'Connell and others imprisoned, 1844.
31	Sat	Massacre at the Curragh of Kildare of the Irish, after they had surrendered and laid down their arms, 1798. Third reading of the Irish Protestant Church Disestablishment Bill carried by a majority of 114, 1869.

Charity is frequently best displayed in helping others to help themselves.

Make no expense, but do good to others or yourself—that is, waste nothing.

An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier by being shared by those we love.