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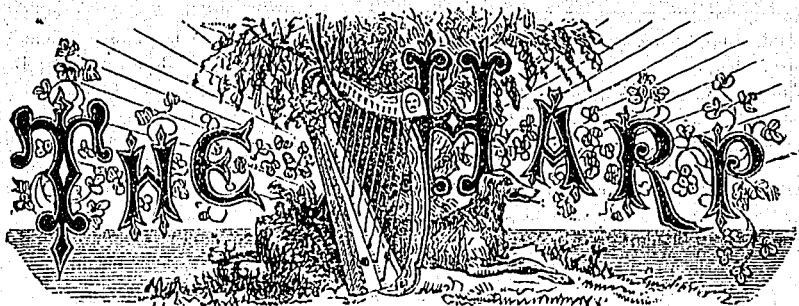
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CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

Under the tree the farmer said,  
Smiling, and shaking his wise old head :  
"Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,  
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe ;  
We can gather the cherries any day,  
But when the sun shines we must make our hay ;  
To-night, when the chores have all been done,  
We'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun.

Up in the tree a robin said,  
Perking and cocking his saucy head :  
"Cherries are ripe! and so, to-day,  
We'll gather them while you make the hay ;  
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,  
No cows to milk, and no corn to mow."  
At night the farmer said : "Here's a trick !  
Those roguish robins have had their pick."

THE O'DONNELLS  
OF  
GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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

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

Now national pastimes are fast dying out ; we seem to get ashamed of everything national. The famine years, no doubt, did away with a great deal of the elasticity and cheerfulness of character of the Irish peasant. They seem now as if doomed to serve but a probation in the land of their birth. They look to other lands as the land of promise where their toil is rewarded with peace and plenty. Despite of all the ties of home, so dear to an Irishman's heart, despite of all fond family associations, despite of his wish to sleep with the bones of his father in the old church yard, still he must move on. God's earth is wide and he must toil and live. Man has cursed his own green fertile land, so he must move on. On, on, to make room for the beasts of the field! Poor peasant, you and

your cabin, and your fond wife, and your little prattling babes are in their way. Move on, I say! Such is the *ukase* that has gone forth from despotic landlords to their serfs! Such is the *ukase* that government has connived at, because the victims were aliens in blood and religion, and had the manliness to tug at the shackles that bound them. Ah! the millions of corpses that rot in pauper graves, that are tossed about by the ocean waves, or that sleep in far off lands, slain by the miasma of some pestilential swamp, will yet rise up in judgment. Well, well, let us draw a veil over this for the present, and as I am shortly going to describe all the horrors of the famine years, let us take a view of the merry green where the youths and maidens are dancing, hurling, playing hide and go seek, and the like pastimes. These arcadian scenes are now fast dying away ; will some kind spirit rise up and revive them ? Will you, good kind old priest, and fear not that you are infringing upon God's law ? Will you, young man of influence and energy, and think not that it detracts from your dignity ? Will you, maiden fair, with the soft beaming eye and light step, join our dance on the green, and listen to the music of the blind fiddler ?

"It's not fashionable."

"Pooh! Who told you so?"

If laughing, gay, and merry hearts are not fashionable; then away with fashion for me, and let me rollick with that gay company of peasants yonder. Well, as I have said, I must describe a hurling match for you ; for our exquisites of the present day dare not venture to one, lest they would injure their dignity or knock the polish from their boots. As I said before, let us take a peep at an Irish hurling. The place selected was generally some broad, level, green field.

Old and young, matrons and maidens, all

brimful of anticipated enjoyment, collect to the resting place.

The young men, in groups, collect from different parts of the country. They came on leaping over hedges and ditches, laughing, shouting, and singing in reckless joviality.

All preliminaries being arranged by the elders, twenty-one young men at a side were selected. The spectators then retired to the ditches, and the ball was thrown up among the rival parties.

The ball was struck here and there, often pucked up in the air, then hit again before it reached the ground. Such lucky hits were acknowledged by cheers from the spectators. Then by tumbling, tossing, feint blows, and the like, at length one party succeeded in driving it to the goal, amidst a peal of shouts and hurras from the friends of the victors.

It was a glorious sight to see these fine athletic young fellows, stripped off in their linen, their damp hair floating around their faces, and a handkerchief, which they got from some coteen who wished them luck, bound around their waists—to see them thus, with flushed brows and kindling eyes, striving for victory.

All this time the old men and women were looking on, and encouraging the combatants, and prognosticating their future greatness from their feats. To hear their expression of natural pride out of their own sons, and their ecomiums on their neighbors. To hear one old man, with a sigh, regretting to his neighbour their young days.

“When the priest and the gentlemen used to head us, and we were all dressed out like jockeys in jackets and caps, and the green was all roped; thim were the times, Bill, when we used to have the fun.”

“True for you, Jack; God be with thim times.”

And both sighed at the degeneracy of the days they had lived to see.

An Irish hurling was a glorious sight, no doubt; so think we, and so thought Louis XVI., when the young students from Munster and Leinster, dressed in green and white silk jackets and caps, amused his majesty and court by a game of Irish hurling match.

All Paris went to see them, and the strong athletic young fellows, fired with national pride; strove in glorious rivalry, until the King and court, and all Paris too, cried out that no exercise ever surpassed it.

When the hurlers have wiped their damp

brows and hair, they retire to make a match of leaping, or of casting a stone; or more likely to join the girls, who are dressed out in all their finery, with their hair nicely combed behind their ears, and braided with the utmost elegance, and who are enjoying themselves at “drop the glove,” “hide and go seek,” or some other amusement equally innocent. There was an elegance in their fine natural movements, their light floating dresses, their blushing cheeks and smiling faces, which gave a fascinating beauty and picturesqueness to them.

Most likely the old traveling piper has set up his stand in some corner, and is puffing away at the “Humors of Glin,” “Rory O’Moore,” “The Fox hunter’s Jig,” or the like. Then to see the boys and girls twisting, capering, jumping, timing the music with their heads, their hands, and feet; turning and shuffling as if they were bit by a tarantula. Oh! it was grand! it showed the elasticity and exuberance of spirit of the Irish peasant. But now, what has become of all this fine genuine feeling? Oh, the famine years and a grasping landocracy have crushed and broken all the finer feeling of their nature; have made them what they wished them to be—helpless slaves in their own green land.

Alice had the tea-things laid before Father O’Donnell. The nice fresh cream, the yellow butter, the hot smoking cakes, and the clean cups and saucers looking so pleasant and tempting that he rubbed his hands with delight, and wondered to himself how Mrs. Hogan couldn’t make things look so comfortable at all. What made the fire burn so bright and cheerily? What made Father O’Donnell feel so very happy as he reclined in his arm-chair, and looked about him the perfect picture of content? What made Carlo frisk and leap with joy as he did? and what made puss purr his cronann longer than usual on the warm hearth-rug? As I am a bachelor I cannot well answer the question myself; but this I say, if I were in Frank O’Donnell’s place, I would think that Alice had lent some witchery to the whole.

“This is comfortable, my children,” said Father O’Donnell, as he rubbed his hands again, and looked at the tea-table and then at Frank and Alice; “it is comfortable to have a home to cover one’s head from the storms and sneers of the world—to have peace and plenty with all, and a few fond hearts to enjoy it with one; even for an old priest this is pleasant. O God, grant me these, and shower down riches upon the avaricious, and fame and glory

upon the ambitious "Thou wilt!" When Father O'Donnell had lowered his eyes and hands, which he had raised in an attitude of prayer during his pious exclamation, he sat silent for a moment.

"Shall I get the tea, sir?" said Alice.

"Yes, my child; yes, do."

Alice took her seat at the head of the table, and Frank and Father O'Donnell sat one at each side of her.

As she poured out the tea her hand trembled, and she sighed.

"What's the matter, Alice; your hand is trembling as if you had the ague, and you are sighing as—— I'm blest but there is another sigh. I hope, child, that your true love hasn't run away from you; but no, I'm sure, your little heart hasn't—heigh-ho, what's this they call him? ay, I have him, Cupid. Well, I hope Cupid hasn't seized on your little heart yet?"

"Who is he, Father?" said Alice, with an arch smile at Frank.

"Oh, you don't know, I suppose; but then you are too young. Wait a little, though, my little baggage, I warrant you that one of the first hearts he'll steal will be your own."

"Sure you would not let him, father?"

"That's good, though—a poor old priest to prevent him; if Frank, there, had any pluck, he is a likely young fellow, he might take the start——Pooh, there is another sigh from Frank. I am blessed but it's infectious—but Alice; Alice, child! What the deuce—God forgive me; Alice, stop! don't you see that it is into the sugar-bowl you are pouring the tea?"

Both Alice and Frank blushed and smiled alternately. Father O'Donnell looked at them and sighed too; and then mused and muttered—"Could it be?"

Now, we must try and make out what Father O'Donnell was hatching in his precious noddle when he muttered—"Could it be?"

"That will do, child; take away these things and bring us the makings of a glass of punch."

Alice did so, and then sat beside the fire playing with Carlo and puss. Carlo and puss received her attentions with evident pleasure; for Carlo frisked about and jumped into her lap, and puss purred and curled up his tail, and rolled on the rug, and then looked up as if envying Carlo his happiness; and then thinking that he had as good a right to be in her lap—he also jumped into it. Carlo, not liking his company, grinned. "Now Carlo, don't; you

naughty little dog, let pussy alone; do you be quiet and sleep together, poor pusseen cat. I will tell you something, pusseen cat; you ought to get in love with Carlo, and then you will be quiet." Though Alice said this in a whisper, Frank overheard it, and blushed and looked into his glass, watching the dissolution of a lazy lump of sugar. Father O'Donnell, too, overheard it, and stirred his punch, and took a spoonful to see was it strong enough, and then, not finding it exactly to his liking, he put a little more whiskey into it, and again tasted it, and, not finding it to suit, put another lump of sugar into it, and then gave a "Pooh—can it be?"

Having finished his glass of punch, he leant back in his chair and seemed to reflect.

He leant back in his chair and reflected for some time, and then he slapped his thigh with his hands, and exclaimed half aloud, "I will ask them!"

"Ask whom, Father O'Donnell?" said Alice.

"Oh, nothing, love," said he.

"Now," said he, or rather thought he, to himself, "what an ass I was near making of myself,—ask them, indeed,—why that would be playing the deuce with it entirely, but then it can't be,—in love, in love! and they so young—two children, that used to be climbing my knees a few years ago! no, it cannot be; but then, sure I didn't feel them growing. Look at how big they are!" and he gave a side look at Frank and Alice, as if to see how far they had grown beyond the standard of children. "What will I do with them? I'll tell you; I'll send Frank home; I could not tell that laughing little baggage to go;" here he gave another sly look at Alice, who was busily engaged with Carlo and puss.

"Stop, Frank," said Alice, saucily; "stop, and don't be pinching Carlo; look at the way they are fighting," and as Frank had pushed near her to join the fun, she saddled him with the grave offence, in the priest's eyes, of pinching Carlo.

"Now, Frank, child, don't pinch the poor dog," said Father O'Donnell.

"There again, Frank," said Alice, as Carlo gave a squeal, and no wonder, for she had pinched puss, and puss laying the charge to Carlo's account, stuck his paw in his woolly ear.

"Come here, Carlo, from them," said the priest; and Carlo jumped over to him, leaving puss in undisputed possession.

"Well, well; what will I do with her, any yet, I cannot live without her," thought the priest. "I don't blame the boy to be in love with her; look at her, isn't she a noble looking girl? I don't blame him after all; sure it's natural, why wouldn't he love her—she's so pleasant and winning, sure it's natural; and it makes the poor children happy, who would grudge them their happiness? Not I; I'm sure. I don't see what objection any one can have to it; they are a little young, to be sure, well, when they get a little older, bedad I'll marry them myself—why wouldn't they be happy?" Father O'Donnell rubbed his hand and looked at them and smiled, and rubbed his hands again, and exclaimed, "I will make you happy, my children. Come, Frank, what are you thinking about?"

"Not much, sir."

"Oh, no matter, boy, when you are a little older I will settle all, my children; sure you couldn't conceal it from me—but no matter, I will settle all, I will, Frank; give me your hand, and you, Alice, God bless you;" and he looked so happy; no wonder that he was, for the angel of goodness and mercy was fanning him with his wings.

Alice sat beside the good priest, and laid her hands upon his knee, and looked tenderly and confidently into his face; a tear of joy and gratitude trembled on the lashes of her sparkling blue eyes. Father O'Donnell patted her cheek, and then threw back the golden hair that clustered around her brow.

"Alice, my child, believe me, there is a happy future in store for you; and now go and sing me one of your songs."

She did, and with a soft, silvery voice, trembling with emotion, she sang Davis' "Annie Dear."

"That is very sad, Alice; why didn't you sing something pleasant? No matter; Frank sings Davis' 'Welcome'."

Frank did so in a fine manly voice.

"Now, children, let us retire for the night."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE OFFICERS QUIZZED—FATHER O'DONNELL PEN-  
PLEXED.

Mrs. Inchbald says that "love, however rated by many as the chief passion of the heart, is but a poor dependent, a retainer on the other passions—admiration, gratitude, respect, esteem, pride in the object. Divest the boisterous accession of these, and it is no more than the

impression of a twelvemonth, by courtesy or vulgar error called love." Now, Mrs. Inchbald, what do you mean by all this? If you chance to be a crusty old maid I could forgive you; but no, you are most likely a mother. I say then that Mr. Inchbald must be a musty custom-er, without a particle of love to warm your heart and his, or you never would write such nonsense. Love, a vulgar error! a sentiment of courtesy! Hear this ye love-sick swains and unaided! Hear this, Master Cupid! I tell you, madam, it is a passion, and one of the deepest and strongest in our natures, too; if not why did many a poor d— take it into his head to drown himself for love. How would Alice Maher define it that night as she retired to her room? Would she call it a sentiment or passion, I wonder?

Alice sat beside her little bed, thinking about many things that had never come into her little head before.

There she sat, her slight graceful person leaning on the bed, and her head resting on her left hand, while her right played with her golden hair that fell about,

"Showered in ripple ringlets to her knee."

Her thoughts must be sweet, for her breast heaved, and she smiled, and whispered to herself:—

"Frank, I love you!"

And then braided her hair, and retired to her bed.

"Nestling among the pillows soft,  
A dove, o'er wearied with its flight."

Sweet were Alice's dreams that night, for the passion, or sentiment if you will, of love had thrown its witchery around her heart.

Frank remained at Father O'Donnell's for a few weeks. He was a constant visitor at Mr. Maher's where he had made himself particularly agreeable to Alice's little brothers and sisters, by joining in all their childish amusements.

Mrs. Moran declared that "he was a nice young man," but she hoped he wouldn't be going on with his palavering on Miss Alice, and trying to coax her;" then giving a sly wink, as much as to say, "I know what's going on, don't I?"

Mr. Maher, too, felt a great interest in him, and frequently took him about to see his stock and farms; if Mr. Maher noticed anything like what lovers call a mutual attachment springing up between him and Alice, he allowed it to take its course, for he looked upon Frank not only as a worthy young man, but also as a

suitable match for his daughter. They spent the evenings in the parlor, singing, and chatting and romping about. Little Willy called him his brother, and often took him to ride, and hunt about with him. Alice, too, joined in some of their rambles, and then, mounted on Willy's pony, she rode around the fields with Frank and Willy her escort.

It was in the evenings when collected around the parlor fire they presented a true picture of domestic bliss. After tea, Mr. Maher and Frank took a quiet glass of punch, whilst Alice, seated at the piano, poured forth her mellow, thrilling songs. Frank often sat beside her, and joined in the song. These were pleasant nights, and as Frank rose to return to his uncle's, he felt happy, for there was one fond heart he could call his own. Alice called over to Father O'Donnell's on the day on which Frank was about returning home. They spent the morning rambling about their favorite walks, renewing their vows of love, and building fairy palaces for the future. Frank had sent home his horse, so he set out through the country with his gun and dog, and Shemus-a-Clough as a companion.

After travelling a few miles, and meeting with but little shooting, he sat down to refresh himself. Shemus, with his club, took his seat beside him. Shemus's feet were of immense size. This was owing, in a great measure, to the frost and cold, for Shemus never wore shoes but on one occasion.

"Don't your feet be sore, Shemus?" said Frank, looking at his swollen cracked feet.

"Sometimes, sir; they are used to the road now though; use makes masher."

"Why wouldn't you get shoes, Shemus? I'll get a pair made for you this winter."

"No use, sir; Father O'Donnell gave me a pair once, and I couldn't wear them."

"Why so, Shemus?"

"I'll tell you all; shure I couldn't carry them."

"Try another pair now; I'll get them for you."

"Divil a bit; it would be only throwing away money for nothing; for the priest said to me one day, 'Shemus, will you have shoes; if so go down to Toomy, and tell him that I sent you for them; and be the same token, tell him, that it was yesterday he sold me boots,' so down I goes. The priest told me get a pair of shoes says I. 'Did he?' says he. 'To be sure he did; so hurry out wid them.' 'O, wait for your time,' says he, 'there is luck in leisure.'

'By my soukens, thin, I will go back and tell his reverence.' 'O, don't,' says he; 'come in and try some.' So in I goes; phoo! I might as well go whistle jigs to a mile-stone. Shure divil a one would come near me at all. 'Now go home and tell his reverence to get a pair of lasts made for you, and I will make the shoes.' So I did, and well he done of him, but went out to the carpenters and tells them to make lasts for me; so they set to work, and when they were finished I set out wid one under each arm. O, mustha, but they were as big as two rousing pins. If you wor to see me with me new shoes and a fine bran new pair of stockings, that Mrs. Hogan made for me out of an old blanket, for any others would not fit me, begor I was grand intirely, and I had a new hunting coat and cap.

"'Shemus,' said the priest, 'you must run to Cashel of a message for me, and don't let a blade of grass grow under your feet, for I'm in a hurry.'

"Off I started like fun; after two or three miles they began to shlap and clatter on my feet. Bad scan to ye's, says I, shure ye are playing the dickens with me entirely. By and by I looked down, and there was my heel all skinned. I took and flung the fellow in a field of wheat; after a short time the other got as bad; I flung him after his brother."

"What did my uncle say?"

"What did he say? Shure he was mad; but how could I help him; shure I could get him for him afterwards; for one day I went into a cabin and there I saw my beautiful shoe turned into a cradle for the baby."

"I believe I might as well not get any for you so?"

"Sarra use thin."

"Is it long since ye had any hunt, Shemus?"

"Last Tuesday; begor we had the fun intirely. Isn't it pleasant work, Mither Frank; shure we met a fox at Grove, and thin to see all the jintlemen with their red coats and caps and they collected around the cover, and the huntsmen bating the bushes this way," and Shemus jumped up and struck a bush with his cudgel; "and, thin, to see the hounds this way," and he threw himself all fours, and ran along the ground, crying "bow, wow, wow!" and thin to hear thin when the fox got up; begorra it was as good as any music to hear the cry they set up, and thin the jintlemen fell at cracking their whips and shouting 'yoicks tallyho! yoicks tallyho!' and away they dashed.

Shure I was houlding Mr. Ryan's horse, and he gave me a shilling, and off wid him. To see them dashing over ditches and hedges, some of them routing head over heels, wasn't it pleasant?"

"It was pleasant enough to be looking at, Shamus."

"They ran on for Kileash, and I crossed the field. I was going over a ditch where there was a big boggy place, when I saw Lord Cleall riding towards it, and he standing in his stirrups trying to look over the ditch. 'I say, fellow,' said he to me, 'is that place sound outside?' 'Oh, it's very sound at the bottom,' says I, purtinding not to know him. Wid that he jumps out, and to see himself and the horse routing and splashing in the bog hole. Begor, they dray water up a half a mile in the air—shure myself couldn't help laughing at him."

"'You scoundrel!' says he, looking up, 'why did you tell me that this had a sound bottom?'"

"So it has, says I, but you are not half the wit that you was, and left him to get out as best he could."

"Why did you do that?"

"'Why did I do it?' Och! Misther Frank, shure he is a bad man—he pulled the house down over me and my aunt and she sick wid the fever, and the poor woman died in the ditch side. Oh, to hear her raving and crying calling her children; but you know they wor all gone to Merika, and her husband was sick too; and the neighbors were afeerd of the fever, so they had no one but myself. I made ashed for them in the ditch wid the thatch and sticks, and I placed my coat around them, for it was snowing and very cowl. My aunt was talking about her children, and to take her home; but near day she said she'd shleep, and I placed my coat and bundles of straw about her; but whin we went to wakin her she was dead."

"That was too bad, my poor fellow," said Frank, with a sigh. And Frank thought on the contrast between that proud aristocratic nobleman, that refined educated gentleman, the admired of gay saloons and balls, that turned out that poor old couple under a frigid snow to die in the ditch side, and that poor simpleton that acted the good Samaritan.

"But I had my revenge, though; hadn't I? Oh, to see him tossing in the mud, and his fine coat and cap all puddly; wasn't it funny?" and Shemus laughed and rubbed his hands with delight.

Shemus' simple narrative touched a tender

chord. Lord Cleall was Frank's landlord; there fine farm would be out of lease in a few years, and what if he should carry his clearance system so far as to evict them; but, no, it could not be; and Frank banished the evil foreboding, and proceeded on his journey.

After Frank's departure, Father O'Donnell went to attend a sick call, and Alice feeling the place too lonely, also set out for home, as it was only a pleasant walk across a few fields to her father's house. When passing out of the little lawn she was interrupted by a company of soldiers, who were on their march; so she leant on the wicket to let them pass. Captain Fry and Lieutenant Done, who were in command, saw her passing down the little avenue.

"By Jove, Fry, there is a divinity for you; look beyond!" and he pointed to Alice.

"Aye, faith, she looks a perfect Juno—how sylph like! Isn't there grace and elegance in her movements?"

"There is. Do you know, but I am a fervent admirer of sylvan nymphs. Give me a graceful creature, with all the playful charms of a Ninon, and I will leave your starched, staid votaries of fashion to whom you please."

"Very fine, my dear fellow; all very fine. She might be just the thing for an arcadian life; but introduce her into high life—high-ho! I think you would wish your nymph at—. No, I won't say it; but here she is at the gate—a perfect beauty."

"I say, we will have a park with her. An oyster and a champagne, supper but I will pick up an acquaintance, and get an assignation." And the handsome lieutenant stroked his moustache and whiskers, as much as to say "Let her resist these if she can."

"Done, my dear fellow; I would willingly pay forfeit for an acquaintance."

As they came up to the gate, Lieutenant Done doffed his cap in the most approved fashionable style and bowed.

"May I take the liberty, miss, of asking you how far is the town of Clonmel from us?"

"About ten miles, sir."

"A gay place, I suppose. We, officers, are such votaries of fashion, that gaiety is necessary to our existence."

"Well, I think you will find plenty of it there."

The officers stared at her, and then exchanged glances. Alice noticed this; besides, she overheard a part of their former conversation, so she resolved on having her revenge, if they only gave her the opportunity.

"What a quiet-looking nest this is?" said Done, looking at the priest's house. I am sure one should feel very happy here; if he only had some loving spirit to share it with him, it would be an Elysian."

And the lieutenant sighed, and looked at Alice. Alice blushed and then smiled, and replied:

"I fear you would shortly grow tired of your paradise; as soon as it would lose its novelty, it would lose its charms."

"I vow not," and he made a most obsequious bow to Alice. "I wish I were favored with the chance of a trial."

"Well," said she, blushing, "as you seem to admire the place so much, if you do not think the journey too far, I am sure my father would be most happy to see you at dinner in his humble cottage any day."

"Bless my soul! you overpower us with kindness, miss. We shall, then, with your kind permission, do ourselves the favor of dining with you on Thursday next. Now, may I ask to whom have we the honor of speaking?"

"Miss O'Donnell."

"I am lieutenant Done. This is my friend, Captain Pry; allow us to present our cards."

They then bowed most politely, and took their leave.

"Well, Done, what do you mean to make of this? You have the devil's lot of pluck. I dare say the poor young thing is in love with you already; did you see how she blushed?"

"Heigh-ho!" and he stroked his moustache again. "Heigh-ho! you are in for the supper, boy."

"I confess it; but tell me, what do you mean to make of it? That poor thing will jump into love, as naturally as we would into a trench. Now, it wouldn't be honorable to gain the innocent creature's heart, and then leave her. She is handsome enough to be a countess."

"Don't know—we'll think hereafter—carry on a pleasant *liaison* at least—how your pretty country nymphs fall into love, my dear fellow?"

Alice, on reflection, did not know whether she had better cry or laugh at the joke. She was afraid that she might offend Father O'Donnell. There was no help for it now, so she left the good priest to receive his unexpected guests as best he might.

According to promise the two officers drove up to the priest's gate in a beautiful phaeton.

All the dogs and idlers of the village were after them, but they were above heeding such curiosity. They certainly were two fine-looking young men, dressed out in spotless kids and ties, ready to besiege the heart of any young lady, and sure of an easy conquest of Miss O'Donnell.

They had laid wagers with their brother officers as to the result, they betting largely on their success; one thing puzzled them—how none of their acquaintances knew Miss O'Donnell, of Clerrihan—but then, she was young, and didn't make her *debut* in society yet.

They drew up at the priest's door and rapped very gently. Father O'Donnell was after enjoying a beefsteak, when he heard the noise of the phaeton, and then the knock.

"Bless my soul! who is come now?" said he, starting from his seat; "how will I stand it; a poor priest cannot enjoy himself after his steak, ay, and yesterday a fast day, and I after riding. Let me see, from the widow Delany's; the poor woman is very bad; I told the butcher to give her a pound of fresh meat and a loaf of bread every day, until she is well; she wants it poor woman—how would I feel myself, if I were sick, to want it. I went from that to Tom Casey's, and back to Harry St. John's, about fifteen miles; I must get a curate, but then the parish wouldn't afford to pay him; bless me, there's the knock again; who's that, Mrs. Hogan?"

This was addressed to our old friend, Mrs. Hogan, who poked her head through the door.

"Two gentlemen, your riverance, that wants to see you; I think they are officers."

"Officers, Mrs. Hogan! in God's name, what do they want me for?"

"Don't no, I am sure."

Now, it happened that Father O'Donnell had a great dread of law, as he was once nearly ruined by a heavy suit; so, being a simple kind of a man in the ways of the world, he carried this dread to all officers in general.

He proceeded to the hall. As soon as he made his appearance the officers bowed most politely, and introduced themselves with, "I am lieutenant Done; this is my friend, Captain Pry."

Father O'Donnell stood before them not well knowing what to say, whilst behind, at a safe distance, came Mrs. Hogan, and bringing up the rear, Neddy, ready to rescue the priest from the grasp of the law, if needed; for they all participated in Father O'Donnell's horror



of law-officers, and feared a repetition of the old suit.

"Your humble servant, gentlemen," said Father O'Donnell; "to what do I owe the favor of this unexpected visit.

"You don't mean unexpected, sir; I presume your daughter has apprized you of the favor she has done in asking us to dine with you to-day."

"My daughter, gentlemen! There must be some mistake."

"Not the least, sir, not the least. Be good enough to inform her that we are waiting." The priest looked at Mrs. Hogan for advice.

The officers whispered—"Strange old cove this—Jewlish pretty daughter, though—will make amends for all."

Mrs. Hogan, not knowing what to make of it, only raised her eyes in bewilderment.

The priest turned to his guests, "Ready, gentlemen, there must be some mistake. I am the parish priest. Oh, Alice, Alice! you mal-cap, this is all your doings; will you never rest!"

The officers looked bewildered, and were proceeding—"Good sir, we met your daughter —"

"Arrah, hold your whist," said Mrs. Hogan, who, seeing that she had nothing to fear, stepped in to her master's assistance. "Did any one ever hear the likes of it? Oh, holy Joseph! Out of the house wid ye,—to say the likes of that! ugh, ngh, out wid ye. O, blessed Saint Patrick, if there was any one any good listening to yez, they would tach yez how to respect the clergy. Oh, Holy Mother!" and Mrs. Hogan raised her eyes to heaven, and then her apron to her eyes, and then began to sob.

Neddy O'Brien could not bear this appeal to his feelings, particularly from Mrs. Hogan. Her cold ham and turkeys, and the like, crossed his mind. In he bounced into the hall with a whoop, that would do credit to a red Indian, and cutting capers, and whirling a poker in a manner that might win him a civic crown at Astley's. Neddy also felt pretty certain that reinforcements were near, for he had very prudently sent a gorsoon to apprise the villagers of the priest's danger.

"Who dare insult his reverence now?" said Neddy, whirling the poker.

"Stop Neddy, you blockhead, stop," said Father O'Donnell; "these gentlemen did not come here to insult me; they come here under a mistake, and as it happened so, I will feel favored if they take a beefsteak and a glass of punch with me."

"With pleasure, sir," said the officers, for to tell the truth they felt ashamed to return home without dinner to be bantered by their companions.

Father O'Donnell had to make a regular speech to disperse the motly group that had collected around the phaeton. Mrs. Hogan dressed the beefsteak; though at first rather distant, she relaxed after a time, and when the officers slipped a piece of silver into her hand at parting, she vowed that she never met the likes of them. Neddy O'Brien, too as he jingled his two shillings, was of the same opinion. As for Lieutenant Done, and Captain Pry, they vowed that they never spent so jolly an evening. The old priest was so full of tales and anecdotes, that he kept them in roars. After a time, though, the whole joke leaked out; they were so quizzed about how they were done by an "innocent country girl," that they had to get themselves removed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### VILLAGE CELEBRITIES—THE HENPECKED TAILOR—THE HOP-MERCHANT AND THE BLIND PIPER.

The village, which has been the scene of many of the incidents narrated in this story; possessed many other remarkable and interesting characters not introduced into this work. Our boyhood had been so impressed with their originality and eccentricities that we are resolved to give a few of the most prominent of them a separate chapter to themselves, feeling confident that our readers will not be displeased at the digression.

Most readers of Carleton's humorous and graphic sketches of Irish life would be inclined to think that he drew largely on his imagination for his leading characters, there is something so ludicrously absurd in their bungling good-humored eccentricities and oddities.

But to one brought up in the country, whose young days have been spent among the gay, light hearted Irish peasantry, each and every one of them appear as natural as life. How often have I seen a prototype of poor Neal Malone, who was "blue moulded for the want of a beatin'," in some prim little excomb, who strutted about with all the pride of a luttan cock, until he was thoroughly sobered down by a termagant wife. How many a Paddy-go-easy is to be found, even to-day, smoking his dudeen in the neighboring shebeen, complacently awaiting some one to drop in either to give him a treat, or to discuss politics and the

affairs of the parish, while his garden lay untilled—the rain poured down through his cabin and his children ran about half wild and naked.

As a specimen of the Neal Malone style of blatant heroes, we remember a little hop-of-my-thumb of a tailor, who kept the village in which he resided, in a continual broil by his bellicose, quarrelsome disposition. He strutted about like an inflated gobbler, fuming in rage at the most trivial reasons, and always ready to fight with some one. He was so small in appearance and so pugnacious in disposition that the boys of the village treated him with that pitying contempt a huge mastiff bestows upon a quarrelsome cur. But they soon had their revenge for the tailor got married, and his wife proved to be a perfect vixen, the compound essence of vinegar and gall. The poor fellow soon sobered down and insensibly dwindled away almost to a shadow; yet, he occasionally made a shew of authority; but the rebellion was soon nipped in the bud, and Billy subsided into a patient, submissive subject. Having broken out on one occasion into a violent rebellion against the ruling powers, he walked up and down the streets flourishing a huge stick and shouting out, "There isn't a man in Ireland but what I'd lick, and some women too!"

Now, Billy was right in qualifying his notes of defiance, for he knew from bitter experience that one woman, at least, always came off best in the contest. With a crowd of urchins at his heels, who cheered him on, Billy paraded the streets with all the importance of a conqueror, and to prove that he was lord and master he stopped in front of his own house, or rather his wife's, and gave a rousing hurra, and a brilliant flourish of his stick, as he shouted out his war cry.

Scarcely had he given vent to his defiant whoop, when a woman was seen to rush from the cabin, and make for him. The poor tailor seemed paralyzed, the stick dropped from his hand, and he was unable to offer the least resistance as the Amazon seized him by the collar and flung him over her shoulder, as if he were a child, and as she pummelled his head with her right hand, she held him tight with the other, and thus bore him off in triumph, amidst the shouts of the assembled villagers.

Billy, though vanquished, was not conquered, for in a few hours afterwards a neighbor called to borrow a pot, to boil the goose that was killed in honor of St. Martin. "I have no pot,"

gruffly replied the tailor's wife. "You have!" shouted a voice from under the bed, where the poor tailor had to fly for refuge. The wife ran over and, kicking at him, angrily said: "Hould your tongue there, you sprissauun."

"How can I?" exclaimed the poor crestfallen tailor, "for I have too much of the man in me."

The neighbor shook his head, and walked out as he muttered: "However I'll manage to cook my goose, your goose is cooked for you, poor fellow."

It is true that such characters are fast disappearing, but yet enough of them remain to remind one of the good old times, of which we have heard so much.

There are few townlands in Ireland that do not still possess the traditional blind piper and his inseparable companion, the dancing-master. Though we must confess that the race is pretty well thinned out, we have a vivid recollection of a wandering minstrel, who traveled from place to place as musician and kind of servitor to as odd, as humorous, and as eccentric a professor of the light fantastic art as has ever been painted by writer or artist.

We have often wondered to ourselves how it was that nearly all of these traveling musicians were blind, and in our youthful ignorance thought that they were either born so, or, as a part of the Orphean Mysteries, they had to be deprived of their sight.

The poor, meek-looking, old, blind piper, with a little boy as guide and prop, is familiar to most of our Irish readers, and they cannot forget with what thrilling joy and gladness they hailed his arrival, and how the neighbors collected to hear him play "The wind that shakes the barley," "Garryowen," "Patrick's Day," and other favorite tunes.

Ah! those were merry days and happy times: for the gay, light-hearted peasants passed good-natured jokes, told amusing stories, and danced to the music of the blind piper with an abandon and relish that was really as fascinating as it was natural.

The honest farmer's house was a palace the night the blind piper visited it, for a *cead mille failte* sparkled in his good-natured face, and his laugh was the heartiest, and his shout the loudest to greet some funny story, or some ambitious pair of dancers who strove to tire each other down. When the dancing-master, Billy O'Carroll, was present "teaching" the ignorant the art of dancing by grammar," much of this abandon and innocent hilarity had to be

kept in check, for Billy had marshalled his pupils around the room with the regularity of a drill-sergeant, and if a luckless wight indulged even in a titler he was at once upbraided by the indignant dancing-master as "an ignomish, who knew no better; for, poor crathur, shure he never thravelled or mixed wid the quality."

It is said that Charles Dickens took a special delight in giving strange and sententious names to his characters, but, to his great surprise, he soon found out that not a single one of them but had living representatives; and, to crown the climax, he was one day passing a tailor's establishment in the environs of London, and, to his utter surprise, found the name of the firm was "Dembey & Son." So it is with writers of Irish stories, and of fiction in general; no matter how improbable the characters they create, they learn to realize the fact that the truth is stranger than fiction.

As the classic village which is the scene of our story has been famous for producing a strange compound of oddities, full of laughable eccentricities, whose extravagant actions and farcical behavior would make a hermit laugh, we will just notice a few of them before we proceed with the adventures of our leading characters.

A bridge crossed the little stream near the site of the old mill from which the village derived its name. This was, time out of mind, the head quarters of a boccagh or simpleton, and no sooner had one gone the way of all flesh, than another mysteriously appeared, to take possession of the boasted privilege.

As the Salic law was not in force in this Arcadian realm, the ruling sovereign was just as likely to be a woman as a man.

Biddy Mortimer, a strange, half-witted creature, was the last of a long line of ragged, besotted rulers. A more strange character than Biddy could not be conceived. She was always dressed in torn, filthy rags, while she carried under her arm a bundle of straw, wrapped up in a dirty counterpane. This was her bed and covering at night. In one hand she carried a tin-can, which received the indiscriminate contributions of potatoes, soup and meat the shopkeepers and others contributed to her support, while in the other she usually carried a lot of saucespans, kettles and tea-pots, strung together. Biddy's head-dress was the crowning feature in her strange attire. Like all her sex, she had a passionate liking for bonnets, and every one she could find was transferred to

her wardrobe, which was no other than her head; so that it was no unusual thing to see her with a pile of bonnets rising from her head like a tattered steeple, while beneath them hung her straggling locks and bunches of gray and faded ribbons. When Biddy became too feeble to levy contributions upon her subjects, she was carted to the poor-house. But, bless your soul, she was not there a day when she raised a perfect revolution, and she had to be sent back to her filth and independence. It was equal to a repeal meeting when Biddy was driven into the village. There she sat on the jaunting car, with her bonnets bobbing up and down upon her head, her kettles and pans jingling, and she flourishing the straw bed in triumph, while a crowd of her youthful subjects followed, laughing and shouting in mad discord. Biddy was not disturbed during the remainder of her reign, and a few years since she was laid to rest with the long line of rulers who had preceded her.

Another strange character was Shaun Hicks, the peddler. Shaun was a withered-faced, puckered-eyed looking creature, and might pass for a brother to any decent monkey. Shaun flourished though, and waxed wealthy, for his wife kept a little huckster store, which added considerably to their income. She was a sharp-eyed, shrewd viper, and though she blinked fearfully, she always kept an eye open for business.

In one of poor Shaun's tramps through the country to sell his goods, death seized the old man, and he scarcely had time to reach home to prepare for the dread summons. He took to the bed, and called for the priest, but his matter-of-fact wife first brought in the village school-master to make his will.

The poor man who never had a will while living, was not compelled to leave one when dying, so he meekly submitted and then began.

"Put down, Mr. ——— owes me five pounds, which I leave to my dear wife."

"Ah," sobbed the heart-broken woman—"poor, dear Shaun is sensible to the last!"

"And Mrs. ——— owes me three pounds two, which I will to my wife."

"Dear me, what a good memory and clear head he has," sobbed the bereaved woman.

After enumerating all that was due to him, which he left to his afflicted wife, amidst her frequent comments upon his virtues, he resumed.

"And now, put down six pounds, which I owe Mr. ———, and which I enjoin my wife to—"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed the sobbing woman, "stop; the poor man is raving. Oh, Shaun, I know I am a widow at last—God help me! What will become of me, a poor lone widow? Let him sign his name to the will at once, for I know he is going, and it's a sin and a shame to be distressing him, now that he is going fast, besides, I want to call in the priest—sign it, Shaun, achorra, at once!"

Poor Shaun was brow-beaten into affixing his signature to the will, and the afflicted woman had the consolation of finding that a nice sum was left her, while she had not a single shilling of debts to pay.

She went into mourning for Shaun, but in three weeks she had a much healthier and stronger man in partnership with her.

But of all the odd characters which the village produced, perhaps Billy O'Carroll, the hop merchant, was the most amusing and interesting. It was not because Billy dealt in hops, or malt, or anything of the kind, that he was called the hop merchant. Not at all, poor Billy was a dancing master, but thinking the name too vulgar, he dignified himself by the title of hop merchant, and his pupils, and the peasantry in general, humored the poor man's eccentricity to his unspeakable gratification.

Billy generally patronized the farmers for miles around the village, and instructed the younger members of their families in all the mysteries of heel and toe, cover the buckle, and Sir Rodger de Coverly.

It was really amusing to see with what importance he strutted around as he ranged his pupils in order before him, and gave them their instructions, not forgetting occasional advice to the blind piper, such as, "go easy, the colleens can't keep up wid you," or "strike up, man alive, faster, don't you see we're all fallin' ashleep wid your music."

Billy himself was the most remarkable figure of the whole group. His very dress indicated his importance. His white linen pants always looked as if they had only just come from the iron; his well-worn but clean dress coat, was adorned with shining brass buttons as large as a small plate, his vest and tie too, were immaculate in their way, and the shine of his slippers was only equaled by the polish of his hat. The clothes, like himself, seemed endowed with the power of always keeping from growing old; for though we knew him for years, we believe he never bought a new suit of clothes, nor ew a day older, at least in appearance.

It is no wonder that our hero should look

upon himself as a person of no small importance, and on the poor, meek, blind piper, who squeezed all kinds of, outlandish music out of his dirty bag-pipes, as a necessary appendage, merely to be tolerated.

Billy always marshalled out his pupils with the regularity of a general, and then with a smirk and a bow, would address them thus, "Miss Nelly Quin, what are we going to dance this evening?"

She most likely would reply, "A double jig."

"A double jig, anagh; would nothing else do you? throth, you want to get into grammar before you're out of your al-phabat!" Billy would most likely reply, for a double jig was his master-piece, and was reserved for advanced or favorite pupils. If she persisted, Billy yielded with a very bad grace, and called on the old piper to strike up the Fox-hunter's jig. If she did not dance it to his satisfaction he retaliated by sneeringly remarking, "So you wanted a double jig, anagh; well to be shure, how high you want to jump; faith in troth, the next thing you will be asking for is a husband!"

This sally, of course, set the audience in a roar of laughter, and the young girl blushed, and most likely sat down to hide her confusion. When a favorite pupil was dancing Billy ducked and bobbed around like a jack in the box, flinging out his arms and feet as if they were attached to his body by some mechanical contrivances, in his engerness to teach her his steps; and if her dancing was to his satisfaction, he cried out in ecstasies, "That's it, stick to that, ma colleen! four times that—raise off and double there! that's it—stick to that; that's none of your common dance—I have grammar home in the box for that—throth, you'll soon be as good as meself; maybe you wont astonish them at the crass of Cappanagraun a Sunday; faith, Mrs. O'Flynn, your darther is a prodigy, and you'll soon have to be lookin' out for the coleen, for somebody will be stallin' her heart."

Poor Billy, like the "good old Irish jittle-man," outlived his time, and when quadrilles and other fancy dances began to supersede the good old Irish dances, he could not patiently submit to his fate, so he moved around from farm-house to farm-house, railing against the degeneracy of the times, and as he repentedly shook his head, he emphatically exclaimed, "Well, well, this new fangled dance is like everything else that comes over from England, there is not much good in it, and it makes the colleens as proud as peacocks, and as stuck up

as a trussed turkey, to think that they can dance like the quality!"

Thus the poor hop merchant lingered on, reviling at the changed times, and shaking his head until he, at length, gave it the final shake and dropped off the stage.

(To be continued.)

## ERIC WALDERPHORN.

### CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

Left without a father when they were yet infants, the three boys soon knew what the cares and sorrows of the world meant. Their right to their inheritance was contested for years, and more than once the mother had been obliged to fly by night to carry her children to a place of safety, and often had she known what it was even to want bread and a place of refuge. During all these trials—which came to a close when Ernst was twelve and Eric ten—the care of the elder brother for the younger was something beautiful to witness; and after they were restored to their estate in peace and safety, his care and solicitude for him seemed to increase. It was Ernst who had taught him all the athletic exercises in which he was so well skilled; Ernst who had carried him home half-dead through a snow-storm; Ernst who had killed the wolf whose teeth were at his throat; and, when the indescribable longing had seized him to be an artist—to see Rome—it was Ernst's entreaties which had obtained the mother's reluctant consent to his departure. It was not surprising, that he loved Ernst with all the strength of his impassioned soul; that to him all his thoughts turned in success, in despair; that to him he poured out his heart in long letters—all his yearnings, his hopes, his fears; that to Ernst were sent the first successful creations of his pencil, of his chisel; and that at Ernst's summons he should have left his beloved studio, his unfinished picture, and journeyed to the north, to be present at the crowning of his brother's happiness, which he knew would have been incomplete without him.

This Carl knew partly. Eric from time to time had told him enough of his past life to make him understand the bond which bound the brothers together, and made their affection appear so beautiful to him. It was as much to see this Ernst, of whom Eric spoke so constantly, that Carl had consented to go with him to

Kronenthal, as the desire to hunt wolves, to skate, or enjoy the other amusements of a Pomeranian winter.

"When shall I see your bride?" said Eric. "And you will not tell me her name?"

"No," replied Ernst, "I want to surprise you. She is an old friend of yours."

"Who can she be?" said Eric.

"You will see to-night," replied Ernst. "We are going to Rabenstein to spend a few days. She will be there. You must drive our mother, Eric; and your English friend and I will take the other sleigh."

While Carl was in his room preparing for this visit, Eric came in to him.

"Carl, don't say anything about the wolves or the snow-storm to Ernst as you go to Rabenstein; it will make him uneasy, and my mother will be sure to find it out if it is spoken of. I would not have her know it just now for a great deal; her nerves are still trembling." After a pause, he continued, "I must ask Ernst if he knows the Mellintheus. I can't remember the name."

"She is a beautiful creature," said Carl, as he continued his occupation of culling the contents of a large portmanteau and transferring them to a smaller one.

"Carl, Carl, she is mine. I have won her!" said Eric. "At least, I know she loves me. For the rest I do not foresee any difficulty. My mother and Ernest are so universally beloved and respected in the neighborhood, that I do not think I shall ask her parents for her in vain."

"I wish you joy, dear Eric," said Carl, warmly pressing his hand. "You will find that there is a great difference between pure love and the devouring fire of passion."

"It was the last I feared," said Eric. "I know too well what I suffered all last summer—what it cost me of my life and power as an artist, and how much time I lost in fruitless longings. But it is a quiet joy which fills my heart since I became certain that Marie loves me. I shall tell Ernst all about it when we return from Rabenstein. Carl, were you going to Rabenstein, when I met you at Stettin?"

"Yes, I was going to see Franz Von Wedel. He lives there, does he not?"

"Lives there!" said Eric; "yes, and is a great friend of ours. It is he whom we are going to visit. Rabenstein castle belongs to his father. It is close to the town. You must take care of your heart, Carl; Franz has some very beautiful sisters, I hear. I knew them when

they were little girls, and I was a boy of fourteen. I hear they have grown to be perfect beauties. When I was here two winters ago, they were in Paris with their aunt; so I did not see them."

On their arrival at Rabenstein, the travellers were shown into the rooms prepared for them. Carl had one allotted to him close to those of the two brothers; and Eric had been gossiping with him, and had not quite finished his toilet, when Ernst came into his room. His face was radiant with some great joy. He stretched out his hand to his brother Eric, and took hold of his, which he pressed warmly.

"How well you look, Eric, this evening!" he said. "You are as handsome as a young bridegroom going to see his betrothed. Or shall we make this your betrothal night? There are such beautiful young ladies downstairs, you must choose one. But come; I want to present you to my bride; she is all impatience to see you."

As the three young men descended the wide staircase of the old castle, and just as they had reached the last step, Ernst said to his brother, "Eric, why did you not tell me all about your adventure with the wolves the other night, and your ride in the snow-storm?"

Eric started. He looked at his brother.

"Who told you? Did Carl?"

"Not I," said Carl.

"Ernst! how came you to know anything about it?"

"Come and see who told me," said Ernst, smiling, and he laid his hand on the door.

Eric's heart beat quickly, his eyes became dizzy. Who told Ernst about the wolves? His bride? How came she to know? Who told her? Had Marie? Did she know Marie? Was Marie there? No; she was at Strahlen, thirty leagues off. Then he remembered her sister's parting words, "You will see us sooner than you expect." A light flashed through his mind. It was she—his brother's bride—whom he had rescued from death! She was on her way to Rabenstein when he had met her. She, Marie, whom he had loved with all the strength of his soul! He looked around; he would have fled. Quick as lightning this truth must have flashed through his mind; for almost before Ernst had done speaking, the door was opened, and there, in a brilliantly-lighted room, stood his mother; and, beside her, robed in pure white, the golden curls falling round her beautiful face, stood Marie. Marie, his Roman

dream. Marie, his beloved. Marie, his brother's bride!

There were other persons in the room. He saw only her. Mechanically, as in a dream, he followed his brother: as in a dream, he heard the voices of those around him; a confused whirring filled his ears. He saw Marie advance towards him, again holding out both her hands, smiling with an angelic smile. He looked at her. All present saw his face was of a deadly pallor; then a wild, unearthly gleam shot from his eyes. He advanced to meet Marie as she approached; then turned and fled.

All stood amazed. In the first consternation none thought of following him; and when Ernst and Carl did so, it was too late. He was nowhere to be found. He was gone; fled out into the night.

Soon the woods round Rabenstein rang with the voices of men and hounds. "Eric! Eric!" was heard on every side in the voices of his friend and brother. Ernst and Carl sought everywhere, and Schwartz bounded into the woods, baying loudly. "Heaven be praised!" said Ernst; "he is on his track." But hour after hour passed, and neither Schwartz nor Eric re-appeared.

"Can I have a sleigh?" asked Carl. "I will go to Stettin. I think he will go there."

"I will go with you," said Ernst.

"I think it will be better that you should stay here and direct the search, both here and at Kronenthal," answered Carl. "We had better divide our exertions. Depend upon me for leaving, on my part, nothing undone. I will write to you from Stettin, and tell you where I go next; if my researches there are unsuccessful; and you can write to me there, and let me know whether you find any traces of him."

So Carl arrived at Stettin, and went to the Geldersterne, which he had only left a few hours before.

#### CHAPTER V

Eric had rushed from the room into the hall; caught up his cloak and cap, which still lay there, opened the outer door, and fled—fled out into the brilliant night; fled over the hard frozen snow; fled, whither he knew not. One idea, one thought, scorched his brain, lent wings to his feet. Ernst's bride! His brother's wife. At first he could think of nothing else. Then the remembrance of the two days passed at Stettin came back in a flood to his memory. Looks, tones, words, seared him as with a hot iron. Yes,

his brother's bride; he loved her, loved her to madness. He felt—now when he knew she was lost to him forever—the full force of the burning passion with which he loved her. Why should his brother stand between him and Marie? Had he rescued her from death? Had he borne her through the storm? And Marie herself. Why had she deceived him; why had she given him a false name? And when he had spoken of Ernst, why had she not told him all? Even the ring of betrothal, he had never seen; had she even laid that aside to deceive him? If she had but told him all, when she found out who he was, he would have conquered his feelings whilst they were yet undeveloped; at any rate, they would not have reached their present height; and, had he found that he could not contemplate his brother's union with her with composure, at least he would he would have returned to Rome—could have made some excuse. But now everyone had been a witness to his madness, and his crime was known to all. On he fled! Day broke, and night came, and day broke again, and still he fled—onward, onward.

At last, exhausted nature could bear no more; and one day he awoke, weak and trembling, like a child, and found himself in a small but poorly-furnished room—the best bed room of the small inn of a little town, scarcely better than a village. He was told that he had been picked up on the road, apparently dead, and had been brought in. He had been there ten days; he had been delicious, and had had frightful dreams. He tried to rise up in the bed on which he lay; but he fell back on the pillow. Recollection returned to him. Was it a continuation of the horrid nightmare of his delirium, or was it a reality? The whole truth soon re-entered his mind; but he no longer raved when he remembered all; he was too weak. He would write to Ernst; he would tell him how involuntary his fault was, and how deeply he repented it.

And Marie, she who had been a pure and holy ideal to him so long—a form to place in heavenly visions—she, a worthless, vain, heartless woman, who cared not who suffered ruin, if she could only win admiration. Ah! why did he not leave her to the wolves that night? Better that Ernst should have wept for his bride, than to have been betrayed by her. Why had he not perished in the storm? Better that Ernst should have wept for him, than have been betrayed by his brother, who owed him everything. Then the thought flashed

across his mind, might she not be innocent? Yes, she was innocent, pure as an angel. She knew he was Ernst's brother; it was as a sister that she had answered his looks of love; as a sister she had allowed his lips to rest on her forehead, her head to lean upon his heart. And then, had he not saved her from a cruel death? Gratitude alone would impel her to show affection to him, greater even than could have been granted to the brother of her betrothed. Oh, he alone was the criminal; and he alone would bear the punishment. Let Ernst and Marie be happy.

And so he wandered on—no longer flying but listless, despairing—he scarcely knew where. He had some faint recollection of selling a ring of some value, which he found on his hand; and then of modelling a dog—a wolf-hound—and selling that for very little money, for his wants were few.

At length, one day, he found himself in Rome, walking up the street where he had lodgings, in what had once been a palace. Entering the door, a pretty young woman dropped him a curtsy, and led the way up a broad staircase. She unlocked a door; he entered. It was his room. There was the unfinished picture which he had left, to obey Ernst's summons to Kronenthal, where his presence had turned that happiness into sorrow.

He sank upon a chair and hid his face in his hands. "Is the signor tired?" asked the pretty young woman in her soft language. "Can I bring him some wine? Will he not take something?"

Eric looked up. He made a sign to her that he wanted nothing. "Is this the signor's beautiful dog?" she inquired, pointing to a large wolf-hound that lay beside his chair, panting. "Poor hound, he is tired; he seems quite footsore. I will fetch him some water." And the young woman went out.

Eric stooped down to look at the dog. It was Schwartz who lay there, Schwartz who had traced him out on that fatal night; who had followed him all through his wanderings. Unconsciously Eric had fed him; unconsciously patted and stroked him; unconsciously modelled him and sold the model one day, to pay for his night's lodging. Her dog! Marie's dog! Why had it clung to him? Why followed him? At first he felt tempted to chase him from his sight; but Schwartz got up, put his large paws on Eric's knees, and looked into his eyes. Eric looked at him. It was his own dog, the dog he reared himself, the dog he had taken out for his

first hunt, the last time he had been at Kronenthal. Ernst had given him to Marie; but the dog preferred his old master. How was it that he had not recognised him before?

"Poor fellow, you are more faithful than I have been. I am not worthy to have you as my friend; but remain with me, Schwartz."

He found several letters waiting for him. Two or three bore the post-mark of Stettin. These he thrust into a drawer, and locking it, threw the key out of the window. "Nothing shall tempt me," he said, "to read those letters. Who knows if I might be able to resist their entreaties to return?" And then he wandered out, day and night, in the first days of the young spring. The faithful Schwartz followed him everywhere; and when he sat down on some venerable old ruin or green moss bank covered with purple violets, the dog would crouch beside him, and look up into his face.

One day he approached his unfinished picture; he wiped the dust off. His eyes rested on it for some time; then he took up a pencil, made some alterations in it, looked for his palette, put fresh colours on it, and was soon absorbed in his painting. Day after day he sat at his long-neglected easel. Peace came gradually back to his soul, and a calm look to his eye.

"Why should I lose my youth," he thought, "inventing a fault I have not the power to undo? Time will conquer these feelings, and then, perhaps, I may be able some day to return to Kronenthal to my mother, and look upon Ernst—yes, even upon Marie—his wife—unmoved." Then he thought he would look at the letters he had shut up in the drawer when he first came home; but the drawer was locked, and the key nowhere to be found. During his researches after it the letter which he had received from Ernst, asking him to come up to his marriage, fell under his hand. He opened it; it was full of joyous affection and buoyant happiness. Eric's heart throbbled with sympathetic affection, even as it throbbled when he had first read the letter. It ran thus:

Northernmost hot Eric, my soul's beloved brother; your presence is necessary to complete my happiness. I have weeded and won a pearl of surprising beauty. Come and be a witness to our union. Pardon me, dear Eric, if I have not told you of this before, but I was loth to trouble your brotherly heart with all my hopes and fears. The sun has at length broken through the clouds, and when you are here it will beam in full splendour on our marriage. Come as soon as you receive this; as soon as you arrive it will take place. Our mother is well; she hopes soon to have the joy of seeing you again. She counts the hours till you come

as impatiently as I do. Do not refuse to come; without you our joy will be clouded with sorrow.

Your loving brother,

Ernst.

P. S.—I do not tell you the name of my bride. I want to surprise you. She is an old friend of yours, though you have not seen her for years. Perhaps curiosity will speed you on your way.

There was the fatal mistake! Why not have told him who she was? Why not have described her? Why not have lingered with a lover's fondness over every feature? He would have recognised her at once; and at least he would have been innocent. For, he felt it now; he knew that he had loved her from the very day in which he had first seen her in the Sistine Chapel. But his heart was so calm, he was so self-possessed, even until the very moment in which he came to her rescue, that it would not have been difficult to repress all beyond.

The reading of this letter of Ernst's, and the painful thoughts it renewed, threw Eric back in the progress he had made towards recovering his peace of mind. He resolved to make no attempt to open the drawer, and to leave the other letters where they were. On the arrival of another letter, with the same post-mark, he put that away, resolved to do nothing which could renew thoughts that he knew would only be a source of pain to him. His better feelings at last triumphed. His picture advanced. It was nearly finished. It was the *Temptation in the Wilderness*. And, whilst Eric put the last finishing touches to the white angels appearing in the foreground, he felt as if angels were ministering to him too.

He had triumphed; he had conquered the material life; he had regained the spiritual; and he thanked Heaven, and was happy.

One bright early summer day, who should stand beside him but Carl! Carl, his own dear friend! Schwartz bounded up joyously, and leaped upon him. "Carl, dear Carl!" cried Eric; and Carl could not speak for amazement.

"Sit down, Carl, I will tell you all." And Eric began from the night in which he made the fatal discovery that he loved his brother's bride. He hid nothing.

"It was only afterwards," said Carl, "whilst wandering in search of you, that I began to understand what discovery could alone have impelled you to such a flight. I have traced you from town to town, dear Eric. I recognised this ring of yours," producing it, and placing it in Eric's hand, "I also knew the



model you made of Schwartz. His being with you helped me a good deal. I had some difficulty in persuading the possessor to let me have that model; but I have it safe. He thought a good deal of it, and the strange young man who sold it to him. I lost your track for some time when you passed through the Tyrol. It was not until a week ago that I heard from Ernst you had returned to Rome; and then I came here as fast as I could."

"And Ernst? Have you heard from Ernst lately? Is he married?"

"He is married. On his receiving your letter telling him you were at Rome, his marriage took place. It is now about three months ago. It was at your mother's desire that it was done. Ernst wanted to see you first." But Carl did not tell Eric that the marriage was solemnized when all thought his mother was dying. He reserved that for another time.

Gloomy thoughts did not remain long with Eric now: he had only to put them from him, and the cloud passed away. Carl and he worked together and walked together as of old, and their life was as happy as before. Carl cut a beautiful group of Schwartz struggling with the wolf in pure white marble, for Katrine, as he had promised her, and the two friends packed it and sent it to Kronenthal with a loving letter from Eric and friendly greetings from Carl. Carl told him by degrees of his mother's illness. He did not know much about it; he only knew that she had been very ill. Ernst's letters were very short, and he had only spoken of it in two—one at the first, when he had given it as a reason for not being able to leave her and go in search of Eric, and one in which he had told Carl under what circumstances his marriage was to take place. Eric's heart bled within him.

"I will go to them soon," he said. "I will go to my poor mother!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

Autumn was drawing near, and Carl declared that he must have a holiday: he had been working so hard.

"Come with me, Eric. Let us go and have a ramble somewhere. What do you say to Venice? It is four years since we were there."

"I can't go with you, Carl. I must finish my picture of the Wolf Hunt before Christmas. It is to be my wedding present to Ernst, you know, and I want to take it with me. Remem-

ber, too, we have work cut out besides. I shall have enough to do to get through it all."

"So you still abide by the resolution not to go to Kronenthal before Christmas?"

"I do not think I shall go before that," said Eric, smiling faintly. "I believe that I am heart-whole now, but it is as well not to try my strength too soon. You are coming with me, Carl."

"Well, considering that I was cheated out of my visit last last year, I think I will; and I shall keep a better look out after you this time. Why, you might have died in that small auberge in Savaria, and no one have been a bit the wiser for it."

"I am glad I did not, Carl. I should not have not have known what it is to conquer temptation and tread evil thoughts under foot."

So Carl departed, not for Venice, but for a fortnight's trip with some friends of his on a short cruise in a yacht to some of the Mediterranean islands. And Eric returned to his picture, and worked with redoubled pleasure, when he thought how pleased Ernst would be with it. And Schwartz sat for his portrait again, and slept at his master's feet between each sitting. It was a representation of the self-same hunt in which Ernst had saved Eric's life, and Schwartz was grappling with one wolf whilst Ernst, standing over his prostrate brother, held another at bay. Eric smiled and thought of the time when he would unpack his picture before the eyes of Ernst and his wife. He thought of calling her sister! He was strong now and could bear it.

Carl had been gone nearly ten days; he would be home soon; and Eric thought he would go down to the quay to inquire if the marble had arrived out of which the two friends were going to cut a group. He had been hard at work all the morning, and wanted a little fresh air. So, calling Schwartz, who lay under the table sleeping, he went out, not even locking the door; and telling the young matron who kept his rooms for him and acted as portress that he would be back very soon, he went down towards the quay. Turning the corner of a street, he suddenly met two ladies, face to face. One of them was Marie! He saw her for a moment; felt a sudden choking, a violent throbbing in his head, and saw no more. He turned before he had been recognised. He flew over the burning pavement, nor stopped till he got into the country far beyond the suburbs. He could not rest till miles and

miles he had left the city far behind him ; and then he sat down and thought. Was this his boasted strength ?

He rose and walked on. A cooler breeze was beginning to temper the fierce heat of the afternoon. He saw a small village at a little distance. The fierce emotions which had arisen in his breast on so suddenly meeting Marie began gradually to subside. The road he followed wound through rich fields ; where the purple grapes blushed through the green leaves of the vines, twined in the trees and fell in luxuriant festoons from branch to branch. The bright cicale sung lustily among the stones which formed the low walls, the boundaries of fields where the yellow corn fell beneath the sickles of the sunburnt labourers, their swarthy brows bound round with bright-coloured handkerchiefs. Further on, a beautiful little brook murmured over the large loose stones in its bed, and fell into a small hollow, where some dark, curly-headed children, with sparkling eyes, were dipping a brown pitcher, and where Schwartz cooled his hot tongue. But Eric heeded not all this beauty ; which, at another time, would have excited his warmest admiration. He was holding fierce communion with himself.

He reached the village he had seen at a distance. As he entered it, he looked round for some one of whom he could inquire the way, or ask where he could find a lodging for the night. He was determined that he would not return to Rome—any rate not till he had heard from Carl. He would wait in that village ; he would write to Carl from thence. When Carl could assure him that she was gone, then he would return ; but he must give up all thoughts of Kronenthal that winter. He and Carl would spend it somewhere else ; perhaps in Paris, perhaps London ; but trust himself where she was—no ! he dare not do that, now !

*(To be continued.)*

### A STORY OF THE CURFEW.

To many hearts in the old country that cherish its traditions, the curfew recalls a story of love's devotion.

In the time of Cromwell a young soldier, for some offence, was compelled to die, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the curfew." Naturally such a doom would be fearful and bitter to one in the years of his hope and prime, but to this unhappy youth death was doubly terrible, since he was soon to

be married to a beautiful lady whom he had long loved.

The lady, who loved him ardently in return, had used her utmost efforts to avert his fate, pleading with the judges, and even with Cromwell himself, but all in vain. In her despair she tried to bribe the sexton not to ring the bell, but she found that impossible. The four drew near for the execution. The preparations were completed. The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner, and waited, while he sat was setting, for the signal from the distant bell-tower.

To the wonder of everybody it did not ring. Only one person knew why. The poor girl herself, half wild with the thought of her lover's peril, had rushed unseen to the winding stairs, and climbed the ladders into the belfry loft and seized the tongue of the bell.

The old sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal moment. He threw his weight upon the rope, and the bell, obedient to his spated hand, reeled and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from the metallic lips.

Again and again the sexton drew the rope, but with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every movement made her position more fearful, every sway of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the high tower window, but she would not let go.

At last the sexton went away. Old and deaf he had not noticed that the curfew gave no peal. The brave girl descended from the belfry, wounded and trembling. She hurried from the church to the place of execution. Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to demand why the bell was silent. She saw him—

— "and her brow,

Lately white with sickening horror, glows  
with hope and courage now ;

At his feet she told her story, showed her  
hands all bruised and torn,

And her sweet young face still haggard with  
the anguish it had worn,

Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his  
eyes with misty light—

'Go, your lover lives,' cried Cromwell ; 'curfew shall not ring to night.'

If you can give, give ; if you cannot give,  
be kind, for God accepts the good-will when he  
sees that you can give nothing.



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MONTREAL, JULY, 1875.

### O'CONNELL.

The personal history of Daniel O'Connell is identified with the History of Ireland—actively for the first half of the present century, and in effect and by influence from his death, in 1847, to the present day. Born at Carhen, about a mile from Cahirciveen, in the County of Kerry, on the 6th August, 1775—a time rendered memorable by the commencement of the contest between England and her American Colonies—he died at Genoa (the Superb), on the 15th May, 1847, filling up the intermediate time, from the days of early manhood, with earnest and eloquent and enduring effort for the cause of fatherland, and notably achieving Civil and Religious Liberty for all classes by the success of his labors for his co-religionists. "Catholic Emancipation" is the best epigraph for O'Connell's monument.

We cannot follow in detail in this number the records of the active life of the Liberator; and we would not impair the effect of the Memoir by a meagre outline. We, however, give a likeness of the great man, and its fidelity is avouched by those who knew him best; our portrait is executed by Walker & Wiseman, of this city, and those who have seen the bust from which the sketch was copied will admit that if the sculptor succeeded in his effort to "Chisel the likeness of the Chief," so have our local artists won a triumph in the reproduction of his great work.

In the next number of THE HARP we shall give some interesting sketches, from original sources, of the career of "The forum's Champion and the peoples' Chief," with some details of our local celebration of the Centenary. The preparations for the world-wide demonstration in honor of the day that gave to the cause of "Civil and Religious Liberty" for all peoples, and to Ireland her most effective advocate, promise a monument to his memory in the heart of the nations.

We append here as the best tribute to O'Connell's memory Thomas Davis' pen and ink portrait of "the Chief." No need to present any other picture of the great man whose name and fame at this moment fill the world with grateful prayer and praise.

### O'CONNELL'S STATUE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[Addressed to the great Irish Sculptor, Hogan, when commissioned by the Irish nation to execute the statue of the Liberator, now almost hidden away in the Royal Exchange, Dublin.]

Chisel the likeness of The Chief,  
Not in gaiety, nor grief;  
Change not by your art to stone,  
Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan.  
Dark her fate, and none can tell  
Its fearful chronicle so well,  
Her frame is bent—her wounds are deep—  
Who, like him, her woes can weep?  
He can be gentle as a bride,  
While none can rule with knightly pride,  
Calm to hear and wise to prove,  
Yet gay as lark in soaring love,  
We'll weep posterity  
Should have some image of his gloe;  
That easy humor, blossoming  
Like the thousand flowers of spring!  
Glorious the marble which could show  
His laurellet sympathy for woe,  
Could catch the pathos, flowing wild,  
Like mother's milk to craving child.

And tell how princely were the art  
Could mould his mien, or tell his heart,  
When sitting sole on Tara's hill  
While hung a million on his will!  
Yet, not in gaiety, nor grief;  
Chisel the image of our Chief;  
Nor even in that haughty hour  
When a nation owned his power.

But would you by your art unroll  
His own, and Ireland's secret soul,  
And give to other times to scan  
The greatest greatness of the man?  
Pierce defiance let him be  
Hurling at our enemy,—  
From a base as fair and sure  
As our love is true and pure,  
Let his statue rise as tall  
And firm as a castle wall;  
On his broad brow let there be  
A type of Ireland's history;  
Pious, generous, deep, and warm,  
Strong and changeful as a storm;  
Let whole centuries of wrong  
Upon his recollections throng—  
Strongbow's force, and Henry's wife,  
Tudor's wrath, and Stuart's guile,  
And Iron Strafford's tiger jaws,  
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws;  
Not forgetting Saxon faith,  
Not forgetting Norman stealth,  
Not forgetting William's word,  
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword.  
Let the Union's fetter vilo—  
The shame and ruin of our isle—  
Let the blood of 'Ninety-Eight  
And our present blighting fate—  
Let the poor mechanic's lot,

And the peasant's ruined cot,  
 Plundered wealth and glory flown,  
 Ancient honors overthrown—  
 Let trampled altar, riled urn,  
 Kneel his look to purpose stern.  
 No uid all this into one thought,  
 Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught;  
 Still let our glories through it gleam,  
 Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,  
 Or like a flashing wave at night,  
 Bright,—mid the solemn darkness bright.  
 Let the memory of old days  
 Shine through the statesman's anxious face,  
 Dath's power, and Brian's fame,  
 And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame,  
 And the spirit of Red Hugh,  
 And the pride of Eighty-two,

Let whole armies seem to fly  
 From his threatening hand and eye;  
 Be the strength of all the land  
 Like a falchion in his hand,  
 And he his gesture sternly grand.  
 A braggart tyrant swore to smite  
 A people struggling for their right—  
 O'Connell dared him to the field,  
 Content to die, but never yield.  
 Fancy such a soul as his,  
 In a moment such as this,  
 Like cataract, or foaming tide,  
 Or army charging in its pride,  
 Thus he spoke, and thus he stood,  
 Preferring in our cause his blood.  
 Thus his country loves him best—  
 To imago this is your Lehest.  
 Chisel thus, and thus alone,  
 If to Man you'd change the Stone.

### CHINESE IDEAS ABOUT DEATH.

The Chinese are almost indifferent to the phenomenon of dissolution, and frequently compass their own end when life becomes wearisome. A wife sometimes elects to follow her husband on the starlit road of death; and parents will destroy their offspring in times of famine and great distress rather than allow them to suffer. Still more remarkable is the custom of selling their lives in order that they may purchase the superior advantage of obsequies, which are considered to insure the body in safety for the future resurrection. A wealthy man condemned to death will arrange with his jailer to buy him a substitute for a certain sum of money, to be spent upon the poor wretch's interment and preservation of his body. Should he have parents, so much is usually paid to them in compensation for their son's life. Chinamen invariably help to support their parents; filial respect and devotion is the great Chinese virtue and religious precept, in which they rarely fail. Regarding death as inevitable, he makes the best of a bad bargain; and cunningly and comically gets paid for dying. The wholesale destruction of life in this coun-

try is greatly the result of indifference. Hence the massacre of Europeans, so terrible to us, seems to them a matter of little moment, and they cannot comprehend why we should make a fuss about it. They regard our indignant protestation very much as we might treat our irate neighbour whose dog we had shot. "Well, well, he pacified; if it was such a favorite, I am sorry; but it is only a dog, and there are plenty more. How much do you want to be paid for it?" "You English think so much of a life," argues the Chinese; "have you not plenty of people at home?" Death in China is awarded as the punishment for the most trivial offenses, and frequently for none at all, except being in somebody's way. A story was told to me as a fact that, during the visit of one of our royal princes, a theft was committed of a watch or chain belonging to the royal guest. The unfortunate attendant was caught with the property upon him, and, without farther ceremony, his head was chopped off. The mandarin in attendance immediately announced the tidings to the Prince as a delicate attention showing how devoted he was in his service. To his astonishment the Prince expressed his great regret that the man's head had been taken off. "Your Highness," cried the obsequious mandarin, bowing to the ground, "it shall immediately be put on again!" so little did he understand that the regret was for the life taken and not the severed head. In times of insurrection or famine the mowing down of human life like corn-stalks at harvest time is appalling to European ideas. I must confess to a nervous shuddering when I stood upon the execution ground at Canton—a narrow lane or Potter's field—where so many hundreds had been butchered per diem during weeks together, the executioner requiring the aid of two smiths to sharpen his swords, for many of the wretched victims were not allowed to be destroyed at one fell swoop, but sentenced to be "hacked to pieces" by twenty to fifty blows. I was informed by a European who had travelled much and seen most of the frightful sides of life, that witnessing Chinese executions was more than his iron nerves could stand; and in some of the details which he was narrating I was obliged to beg him to desist. And yet he said there was nothing solemn about it, and the spectators looked on amused. It was the horrible and grotesque combined.

For insult given, the noblest vengeance is forgetfulness for ever.



DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BORN IN KERRY, AUGUST 6th, 1775.

DIED AT GENOA, MAY 15th, 1847.

"HIS MEMORY GREEN IN OUR HEARTS."

## THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN ENNIS.

On the eve of the O'Connell Centennial Celebration the world over, we could not present, next to the picture of the Liberator, any illustration more appropriate or acceptable than that of the O'Connell Monument in Ennis. The sketch we give is from an original drawing made specially for us on the spot, and engraved by Walker & Wiseman of this city. The monument, the finest in Ireland, stands on the site of the old Court House of Ennis, the scene of many a well-fought struggle for Faith and Fatherland, and rendered almost a shrine of Catholic and Patriotic devotion as the very spot whence was issued in 1828 the proclamation of O'Connell's election to Parliament by the brave and unpurchasable forty shilling freeholders of Ireland's premier county—glorious Clare!

It looks like living over the old time again to go back in memory to the old place, and call up the thunder tones of eloquence of patriotic priests and laymen uttered from this spot in pride of past triumphs and in promise of final success. Some, many of these familiar tones are now hushed in death, but the pride and the promise still fill the ears of survivors with a perpetual echo; and we can hear even at this distance of time and locality, the boastful words of O'Connell, in his own magic and mellifluous accents: "The bones of my ancestors rest in Clare—do they not, O'Brien?"

The history of the Clare election, and the interesting episodes associated with it, we shall, in due course, present to our readers; meanwhile we cannot permit the publication of our sketch to go unaccompanied with a compliment to the man above all others, to whom the credit of the erection is due. The clergy and people all over Ireland—aye, and in England too—gave hearty and zealous aid to that which we may well designate, the national monument to O'Connell's memory; but the motive power, the unflagging zeal, the unselfish disregard of personal ease in pursuance of a public object—the energy exercised in all seasons and in all weathers, amongst friendly peoples, and in circles antagonistic to the movement, were all supplied by a man of, and from, and ever with the people; a working man, influenced by that devoted spirit which in other ages would have elevated its possessor to the position of a hero before his fellows. Michael G. Considine of Ennis, Secretary of the patriotic body, the Congregated Trades of that town—is the man to whom above, and before all others, the credit

of the conception, and realization of this noble monument is due; and the inscription designed by Sir Colman O'Leighlin, M.P., for the entablature at the base of the column will tell to all time the name of its promoter and founder.

This Monument to the Memory of

O'CONNELL.

WAS ORIGINATED BY A WORKING MAN OF  
ENNIS, MICHAEL G. CONSIDINE, AND  
BY HIM SUCCESSFULLY BROUGHT  
TO ITS COMPLETION, AIDED  
BY THE CLERGY AND  
PEOPLE OF CLARE AND THE TRADES OF ENNIS.

Considine still lives within sight of this great achievement of his life—still unselfish, still true to Ireland—still poor in the world's wealth but rich in the consciousness of designs purely conceived, and results honorably attained.

This splendid column, surmounted by a full length figure of O'Connell—in his idealized classic pose of the Great Tribune,—stands in a most commanding position. It is the first object that commands the attention of the stranger visiting the quaint old town on the Fergus side—so rich in other features of historical interest; and to stranger and resident alike it is an object of special pride and veneration. The statue is by an eminent Irish sculptor, and is a striking likeness; and the column was built under direction of a local architect, Mr. William Carroll, whose part of the great work has been executed in a manner that adds to a fame for skill and efficiency in his profession already wide-spread and profitable.

Soon after the erection of the monument, events of an exciting character occurred in Ennis. It was proposed to place at the base of the statue two Russian guns, captured at Sebastopol as a trophy of British prowess. Considine regarded this design as a disregard of the Liberator's memory and opposed it. Day after day he harangued multitudes in opposition to the "honor," and our sketch presents him on one of these occasions—on the improvised platform of a sugar-barrel—addressing his townsmen on the subject. We mention the incident to give opportunity of introducing a letter written to Considine on this question by the late lamented Wm. Smith O'Brien, and which has never before been printed:—

CARRMOYLE, NEWCASTLE-WEST,

February 6, 1858.

SIR,—I trust that the Congregated Trades of Ennis will not think that I am wanting in re-

spect for them if I decline to send, for the purpose of being read at their meeting to-morrow, such an address as that suggested in your letter of the 4th inst., in relation to the proposal of the Town Council of Ennis to instal as a trophy in the town of Ennis one or more of cannon which were taken at Sebastapol. The expression of my opinion on this subject is both needless and unavailing. Last year I took occasion to show that the people of Ireland ought to have taken no part in the war with Russia, because the Russians had never done any harm to Ireland, and because their Emperor had agreed, before the war commenced, to make such concessions to the demand of Europe as ought to have satisfied the British Government; and, further, that by the operations of the war the prestige of England in regard of martial fame had been greatly impaired, whilst that of France, and even of Russia, had been augmented.

Recently at Limerick, I endeavored to show that the guns which the Corporation of that city had begged the British Government to bestow upon them were taken by the French, not by the English, it being known to all mankind that the French succeeded in their attack upon the Malakoff, whilst the English were repulsed with ignominy from the Redan; but that, if they were to be considered as trophies of success, rather than as memorials of failure, they were British, not Irish trophies. Within a few days after the expression of this opinion, which appeared to command the assent of a very large audience, the worthy burghers of Ennis implore the British authorities to condescend to honor their town by sending them one of the guns which were taken at Sebastapol. What avails it that I should reiterate the expression of sentiments which are evidently unwelcome to many whose kindly feeling towards myself I greatly appreciate? I agree with you in thinking that the erection of a monument to O'Connell would be a proceeding worthy of the inhabitants of the county of Clare. That would be, indeed, an Irish trophy, because it would commemorate the event by which, as well as by whom, Catholic Emancipation was finally achieved. But surely such a proposal ought to originate, not with a Protestant, but with the leading members of the community, whose vigor and determination at the Clare election of 1823 supported and gave an effect to the eloquence of their illustrious champion. May we not expect that the Catholic Members of Parliament, whose ambition has been satisfied—that the Catholic

officials whose purses have been filled by the results of the great Clare election—that Catholic judges—that Catholic Attorney-Generals—nay, even the Catholic Town-councillors, whose social importance has been increased by admission to those corporations from which they were formerly excluded, should be the first to take a prominent part in regard to the erection of such a trophy? I agree with you in lamenting that the town of Ennis is represented by a gentleman\* who, not content with prosecuting clergymen of his own persuasion at the dictation of of the British Parliament, has resorted to a species of persecution of which every generous-minded member of that Parliament must disapprove. But what avails it for me to condole with the trades of Ennis upon their being thus represented, when I find that the feeling now generally prevalent in Ireland, sanctions every proceeding, however mean and degrading, which is undertaken by any official who receives English pay, and distributes the petty favors of English patronage?

There was a time when the Irish people felt an interest in questions which affected either the welfare or the honor of their country—under the present *regime* of patronage all public questions are considered subordinate in importance to the advancement of individuals. See what is now passing in Limerick! The social harmony of that city is disturbed by a contest between two Catholics, one of whom is supported by hundreds to whom he was a complete stranger, on an understanding (scarcely disguised—certainly not disavowed) that he is to go into Parliament to advance his own personal interests and those of his connections by adherence to the British Minister.

Scarcely a voice has been heard in favour of that *independence of action in Parliament* which I believe to be essential to the protection of the interests of Ireland. I agree with you, also, in deploring the extinction of the ancient language of our country. To prove to you that this is not a mere sentiment, I may mention that I am endeavoring, even at my advanced period of life, to make myself master of the language which was spoken by my forefathers. I am also doing all in my power to make known and to preserve the remains of Irish literature which are still extant, and which are much more copious than they are generally supposed to be. But I regret to find that we have to contend

\*The Right Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald now Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland.

not only against positive hostilities to Irish memorialists of every kind on the part of the British functionaries who direct, to a great extent, the education of our people, but also against a still more vexatious apathy on the part of the clergy whose religion was preserved during nearly three centuries in this country by being kept apart from the influence of English persecution in an unknown tongue; and also against the apathy of many Gaelic families, whose position in society depends much more upon the traditional antiquity of their race than upon their own personal merits. Upon the whole, I avow that I find little to satisfy or encourage me in the present tone of public opinion in Ireland, and am, therefore, much indisposed to intrude my sentiments upon the minds of my fellow-countrymen, although I receive almost daily solicitations requesting me to address them. The only satisfactory assurance which I can tender to your appeal, is that my affection for the county of Clare is *unextinguishable*.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Mr. M. Conidine, &c., &c., Ennis.

### MAXIMS OF CARDINAL DE RETZ.

Some of the most celebrated aphorisms ever given to the world are those of Cardinal de Retz. As a writer, the fame of De Retz rests upon the "Memoirs," "a most striking and brilliant work." But his maxims have their value, as the reflections which a great and able man formed from long experience and practice in great business. This was Lord Chesterfield's opinion, and he adds "They are true conclusions, drawn from facts, not from speculation." We subjoin a few of them:—

I am persuaded that greater qualities are required to form a good party leader than to form an emperor of the universe; and that in the order of the qualities which compose him, resolution should walk hand in hand with judgment—I mean heroic judgment,—the principal use of which is to distinguish the extraordinary from the impossible.

Upon men of small understanding nothing makes so deep an impression as what they do not understand.

When fear rises to a certain height it produces the same effects as Lemerity. Fear never applies the proper remedy.

We should never play with favor; we can-

not too closely embrace it when it is real, nor fly too far from it when it is false.

A man who distrusts himself never truly confides in any one.

Men never believe others can do what they cannot do themselves.

The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and I maintain that they are far vaster than those of the most violent passions.

I have remarked that ill-founded enmities are ever the most obstinate. The reason of this is clear. As offences of that kind exist only in the imagination, they never fail to grow and swell in that receptacle, too fruitful in evil fancies.

To common place people the extraordinary appears possible only after it has been executed.

### A VAGABOND PHILOSOPHER.

An old man of very active physiognomy answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought to the police court. His clothes looked as if they had been bought second-hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None: I'm a traveller."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong. Travellers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travels without money, and the former without brains."

"Where have you travelled?"

"All over the Continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to command, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at."

"Hump! what do you command?"

"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher who will preach short sermons, a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

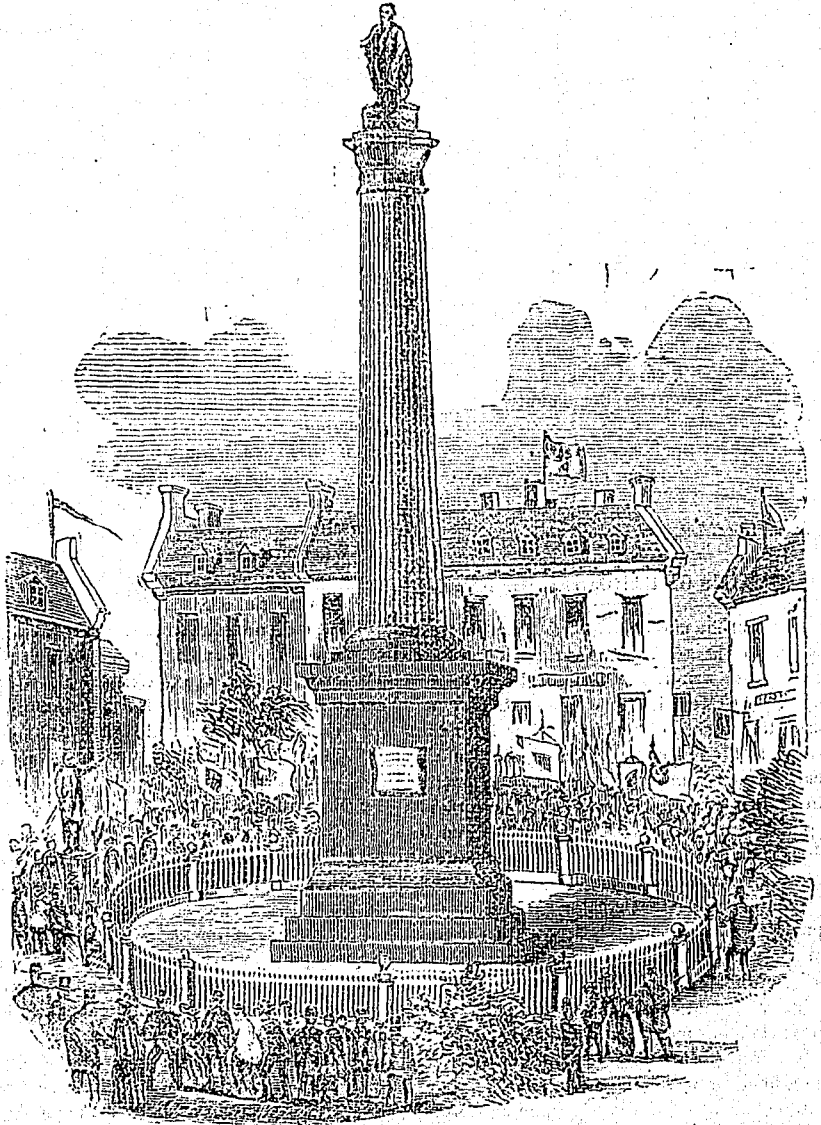
"What do you censure?"

"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing, a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands, and the people who would elect bad men to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who respects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications do not merit.





THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN ENNIS.

ERECTED ON O'CONNELL SQUARE, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD COURT HOUSE, IN WHICH THE  
LIBERATOR WAS DECLARED DULY ELECTED MEMBER FOR CLARE, JULY, 1823.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF  
IRELAND.—CONTINUED.

## CHAPTER IV.

*The Reign of Henry the Second, concluded*

Q. What are the earliest traces we have of parliaments in Ireland?

A. About the year 1169, we find Roderick O'Conner, king-paramount of Ireland, convoking a general council of the princes and nobles of the land, at Tara. But this council did not possess the representative character which attaches to the modern House of Commons.

Q. Did Henry the Second call a parliament in Ireland?

A. He did; and that parliament passed a law arranging the executive government of Ireland.

Q. Was Ireland peaceful during Henry's reign?

A. It was, at the commencement of it, so long as Henry remained in Ireland to overcome resistance by his presence.

Q. How long did he remain in Ireland?

A. Six months.

Q. After he quitted it what occurred?

A. Civil war succeeded the short peace which had prevailed during his stay.

Q. How did it arise?

A. From the discontent excited by the grasping rapacity of Henry and his followers.

Q. Give an example of this.

A. He granted away the entire kingdom of Meath, the royal patrimony of the house of M. Mchlin, to Hugh De Lacy, an Anglo-Norman knight.

Q. What was the extent of land thus transferred to De Lacy?

A. About eight hundred thousand acres.

Q. In whose occupation had this territory been prior to Henry's seizure of it?

A. In that of O'Ruare, to whom it had been temporarily given by Roderick O'Connor.

Q. Did O'Ruare endeavor to obtain amends?

A. Yes; he asked redress from Hugh De Lacy, who appointed Tara Hill for a conference. They met, with a stipulated number of followers upon each side. The two chiefs, unarmed and at a distance from all the rest, conferred together with the help of an interpreter.

Q. Did their conference end peaceably?

A. No; a strife arose, and O'Ruare was slain by a relation of De Lacy's named Griffith. His corpse was beheaded, and buried with the heels upwards, in token of contempt. His head was exposed on a stake over one of the

gates of Dublin, and finally sent to England, to the king.

Q. Where did the celebrated Strongbow at this time reside?

A. At Ferns, in Leinster, the residence of his father-in-law, King Dermot Mac Murrough.

Q. Was he engaged in civil war with any of the native chiefs?

A. Yes; with O'Dempsey O'Faley.

Q. What was the cause of the quarrel?

A. O'Faley had refused to attend the court of Strongbow; whereupon the latter invaded his territory.

Q. With what success?

A. Strongbow at first being unresisted, spread destruction in his progress. But on his return he was attacked by O'Faley, at the head of a party, who slew a number of Strongbowian knights, including Strongbow's son-in-law, De Quiney, and captured the standard of Leinster.

Q. In what year did that skirmish occur?

A. In 1173.

Q. Did any commotions take place in the following year?

A. Yes. In 1174, Strongbow sent his relation, Hervey de Mount-Maurice, to attack Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick. A large reinforcement of Strongbow's army, however, were surpris'd at Ossory, and almost totally destroyed by a party whom Donald O'Brien commanded.

Q. What was Strongbow's revenge for this defeat?

A. He sent Raymond, one of his best military commanders, with a large force to besiege Limerick. The assailants succeeded in taking the town, notwithstanding a gallant defence.

Q. How long did the English keep Limerick?

A. Until May, 1176. Raymond was then obliged to repair to Dublin, Strongbow having died; and being unable to leave a sufficient force to occupy Limerick, he surrendered it back to Donald O'Brien, pretending to rely on O'Brien's future loyalty to the king of England.

Q. How did Donald O'Brien act on obtaining possession of the town?

A. Ere Raymond's forces were out of sight, Donald set fire to the town, saying, "that it should never again be made a nest of foreigners."

Q. Where was Strongbow buried?

A. In the cathedral of Christ's Church, Dublin.

Q. Did Meath continue peaceful all this time?

A. By no means. De Lacy had given the castle of Slane, in Meath, to one of his followers, named Fleming. The Irish chief who had been dispossessed surprised the English garrison and inhabitants of Slane, put them all to the sword, and recovered possession of his castle.

Q. What further results followed?

A. The English in Meath were so terrified, that the garrisons of three other castles, built by Fleming in that territory, evacuated them on the following day.

Q. Did King Henry enter into a treaty with Roderick O'Connor, king-paramount of Ireland?

A. He did, in 1175.

Q. What were the terms of this treaty?

A. Henry was bound to protect Roderick in possession of his territories, provided that Roderick consented to hold them as Henry's tributary. Roderick, on the other hand, was bound to compel the Irish princes to pay tribute, which was to pass through his hands to Henry. In case of any rebellion against Henry Roderick was empowered, by the terms of the treaty, to judge and punish the insurgents.

Q. Q. What was the amount of tribute stipulated?

A. One hide for every ten head of cattle slaughtered within the kingdom.

Q. Was this treaty observed?

A. No; in the turmoil and confusion of the times, its observance was impossible.

Q. Did the Irish and their invaders blend into one nation?

A. Not at that period. The greatest hatred, in general, animated the two races against each other.

Q. What, then, prevented the Irish from combining to drive the invaders out of the land?

A. They were too busy quarrelling with each other for any such great national effort. Their bravery, their enterprise, their mental abilities, were all rendered unavailing by their unhappy internal divisions. It often happened that they joined the English forces and fought in their ranks against some hostile native chieftain.

Q. Did not the English also often contend against each other?

A. Yes; English troops were sometimes to be found on opposite sides fighting in the ranks of contending Irish chiefs. And the English

leaders themselves were occasionally influenced by their mutual jealousies to assume an attitude of armed hostility against each other.

Q. Did not some of the new settlers intermarry with the native Irish families?

A. Yes. We have seen that Strongbow married Eva daughter of Dermot Mac Murrough, and Hugh De Lacy, to whom Meath had been granted, married the daughter of King Roderick O'Connor. There were also several other such alliances.

Q. To whom did Henry grant Ireland?

A. To his son John.

Q. What was John's character?

A. He was cruel, profligate, extravagant, and vain, destitute alike of moral principle and political wisdom.

Q. In what year did John arrive in Ireland?

A. He landed at Waterford in 1185.

Q. What was John's conduct?

A. He commenced by offering personal insults to the Irish chieftains who came to offer their respects to him as the son of their sovereign. He and his courtiers plucked their beards, ridiculed their dress and manners, mimicked their attitudes, and finally turned them out of the presence.

Q. How did the chiefs act?

A. They resented the insolence of John by a strong effort to throw off the Anglo-Norman power.

Q. How far did they succeed?

A. Their triumphs were partial. The prince of Limerick destroyed the English garrison of Ardmanan. At Lismore, Robert De Barry and his entire troop were cut off. In Ossory, Roger De la Poer was slain and his force destroyed. Two gallant knights named Fitz-Hugh and Canton, were also slain by the Irish. The English garrison of Mogevo, in Tyrone, was routed with great slaughter by O'Loughlin, prince of that territory.

Q. Was the English power in Cork assailed by the natives?

A. Yes; McCarthy, prince of Desmond, very nearly succeeded in capturing the city. He was, however, foiled by the gallant defence of Fitz-Walter.

Q. Was the English power in Meath attacked?

A. It was, by the northern Irish, who were with great loss and difficulty repulsed by William Petit.

Q. When King Henry learned these tidings what steps did he take?

A. He recalled his foolish and profligate son, and appointed John De Courcy, earl of Ulster, lord deputy of Ireland.

Q. Did De Courcy put down the insurrection?

A. Yes. Even at this most critical juncture, the old curse of Ireland—the mutual quarrels of her chiefs—rendered them liable to easy defeat.

Q. What became of King Roderick O'Connor?

A. He was dethroned by his own sons, and ended his days in the monastery of Cong.

Q. What schools did he found and endow?

A. The schools of Armagh.

Q. When did King Henry die?

A. In the year 1189, at Chinon, in Normandy.

#### CHAPTER V.

*The reigns of Richard I., John, and Henry III.*

Q. Who succeeded Henry as king of England?

A. His eldest son, Richard.

Q. Did King Richard assume the control of Ireland?

A. No; he left the management of the country to his brother, John, to whom the late King Henry had granted it.

Q. What was John's first measure?

A. He began by removing De Courcy from the office of lord deputy, and appointing Hugh De Lacy to the government.

Q. What was the result of this step?

A. Open hatred on the part of De Courcy to his successor.

Q. Did De Lacy long continue lord deputy?

A. No; he was soon removed, and replaced by William Petit, who, in turn, was displaced to make room for the late Earl Strongbow's son-in-law, William Earl Marshal.

Q. What steps did the lord deputy Earl Marshal take?

A. He proceeded to Munster to subdue the insurgents there.

Q. With what success?

A. His campaign began unpromisingly. O'Brien, prince of Thomond, encountered him at Thurles, and overthrew his forces, putting to the sword a great number of knights. The English were routed from Maraget, with the sole exception of Cork, which was fortified by an English garrison.

Q. Did the Irish make any effort to obtain Cork?

A. Yes; M'Carthy of Desmond, who had previously been repulsed from Cork by the English garrison, under Fitz-Walter, now renewed his attack on the city; the army sent to reinforce the defenders, had been cut off by the Irish, and the garrison, having exhausted their provisions, surrendered to M'Carthy.

Q. Did the Irish chiefs improve this success to establish their own power on a lasting basis?

A. Unhappily not. M'Carthy, prince of Desmond, jealous of the power of O'Brien, prince of Thomond, actually invited the English to assist him against his rival, and even permitted them to build the castle of Breginnis in Desmond, the better to enable them to harass O'Brien.

#### A TOUGH MULE STORY.

There is a man out in Oregon who has a mule. A few weeks ago he was driving it across the prairie, when it suddenly stopped. The man left his waggon and attempted to induce that mule to move on, but without success. He beat it, he coaxed it, he threatened it, but it refused to budge. He tied fire-crackers to its tail and exploded them, but the mule merely turned his head in a languid sort of way, examined the fireworks, and calmly winked at the man.

Then the man thought perhaps the mule had forgotten something and wanted to go back, so he tried to turn him around, but the mule showed a firm determination not to go home. The man became desperate, and thought he would build a fire under the mule; but as fast as he would kindle it, the mule, standing on three legs, reached over with its other leg and kicked the flames out.

Then he tore his hair and swore—the man did—and he rushed to the waggon and got twelve pounds of gunpowder, and he dug a hole under that mule and built a mine. Then he covered up the charge and laid a slow match and stood off a little piece while he lit it. There was a rumble, a roar, then a terrific explosion. Amid the clouds of dust and upheaved rocks the mule was observed to fling its hind legs in the air and to support itself upon its fore feet in that position until the black was over, when it quietly resumed its old attitude; and a gentle smile passed over its features, as it perceived its master lying down groaning and cursing the day on which he was born.

STEPHEN J. MEANY.

*(Continued from our last.)*

[In THE HARP for June we gave the first part of a memoir of Stephen Joseph Meany, abridged from John Savage's valuable work, "Fenian Heroes and Martyrs." In this month's number we continue the sketch of his eventful career, taken from a memoir by John Augustus O'Shea, of Paris, and published in neat book form by R. Pigott, of the *Irishman* office, Dublin. We make the change because of the greater fulness of interesting detail, and of the fact that the report of Mr. Meany's Speech from the Dock in Mr. O'Shea's work supplies many defects and omissions of other publications of it.]

## PART II.

The Writ of Error—The Case for the Crown—The Court Divided—Verdict Affirmed by a Majority of the Judges—Gleams of Hope—The Spy Manufacture in Prisons—Retreat of a very Zealous Official—The Day of Doom—Meany's Speech from the Dock—Vindication of the Rights of American Citizenship—The Sentence.

While incarcerated in Naas the case on the Writ of Error came on for hearing before eleven Judges; the twelfth, Mr. Justice Morris, who had been the Prosecuting Attorney-General, was debarred by etiquette from sitting. Seven of their lordships were on the side of the Crown, four spoke on the side of right. It will, perhaps, aid a thorough appreciation of the injustice done, if I here give in full the "Case" prepared by the judges in the Commission Court for the consideration of the judges in the Court of Error.

*Court for Crown Cases Reserved.*

THE QUEEN *v.* STEPHEN JOSEPH MEANY.

The Defendant in this case was tried at the Commission Court for the county and county of the city of Dublin, before us, sitting under the ordinary Commission for the county of the city of Dublin, on the 15th February, 1867.

The Indictment (of which we annex a copy), charged the Defendant, in three counts, with the several felonies of compassing—

To depose the Queen from the honor and royal name of the Crown of the United Kingdom,

To levy war against the Queen in Ireland, in order to compel her by force to change her counsels,

To stir up foreigners by force to invade Ireland,

And of uttering the said several Compassings by certain overt acts alleged in the Indictment, some of which were conspiracies to effect the several objects aforesaid.

In the Indictment the same overt acts were charged in each count.

The venue in the Indictment is the County

of the City of Dublin, and the Indictment does not charge the felonies, or any of them, to have been committed without the realm.

The Defendant pleaded "Not Guilty."

Sufficient evidence was given on the part of the Crown that the Defendant was an active member and officer of an association of persons in the United States of America, called "The Fenian Brotherhood," having for its objects the several objects aforesaid stated in the Indictment.

Sufficient evidence was given on the part of the Crown that the Defendant was born in Ireland, and was a subject of the Crown of the United Kingdom.

Sufficient evidence was given on the part of the Crown that there existed in Ireland an association of persons, which bore a similar denomination to that of the said association in America, and having the same objects.

Sufficient evidence was given on the part of the Crown of the connection of the said associations in America and Ireland, as parts of one and the same society, having for its objects the several objects aforesaid.

Sufficient evidence was given on the part of the Crown of acts of members of the said association in Ireland, not named in the Indictment, in promotion of the several objects aforesaid, and done within the county of the city of Dublin, to sustain some of the overt acts charged in the Indictment, supposing them to have been the acts of the Defendant himself.

But no evidence was given on the part of the Crown or otherwise (save as aforesaid) of any acts done by Defendant himself in Ireland, or that the Defendant was, antecedently to his apprehension and arrest, in Ireland, at any time during the existence of the said associations either in America or Ireland.

The Defendant was apprehended and arrested in England, and thenceforth continued in custody to the time of his trial, and was in custody in the County of the City of Dublin, at the time

of the first sitting of the Commission Court, and thenceforth until and at his trial.

Upon the evidence aforesaid we allowed the case to go to the Jury, who convicted the Defendant.

We reserved for the consideration of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved the following questions, that is to say—

1st—Whether the said Commission Court had jurisdiction to try the Defendant for the said alleged felonies, or any of them.

2nd.—Whether we were right in directing (as in fact we did direct) the Jury, that there was evidence on which they might find that some or one of the said alleged overt acts were or was done, and the said felonies committed by the Defendant in the county of the city of Dublin.

We postponed judgment until the questions so reserved by us shall have been considered and decided, and we committed the Defendant so convicted to prison.

F. A. FITZGERALD.

HENRY GEORGE HUGHES.

After several days occupied in argument, during which time Mr. O'Loghlin, and Mr. Molloy, and Mr. Lawless did earnest battle for the prisoner, judgment was postponed, and it was not until the 20th May that the final decision was pronounced by the judges. Four judges we have already said declared on the side of right. I give an abstract of their opinions, and it will be seen that the names prefixed to them are those of the lawyers soundest and most respected on the Irish Bench.

Mr. Justice O'Hagan thought that the decision of the Court should be in favor of the prisoner. No evidence was given of any acts done by him in Ireland, or that he was at any time in Ireland since he became connected with the Fenian Society. It was plain he was guilty of treason-felony in America; but the treason-felony statute made no provision for the trial of a person who had done no personal act within the realm.

Baron Fitzgerald—one of the judges who had presided at the trial in the Commission Court—said that the prisoner had not been proved to have ever come within the verge entertaining an intention published in acts performed elsewhere, and he was not of opinion that a man might be tried in a particular country where he had never been before, merely because his co-conspirators had offended there. The case might have been different if he had

been indicted for treason without the realm; but as that was not the case, judgment should be for the prisoner.

The Lord Chief Baron said the proof in the matter did not show the prisoner ever was in Ireland at all up to the period of his arrest. Now, he (the Lord Chief Baron) while he found it was the law that a man might act by deputy, could not for a moment entertain the preposterous idea that he could think by deputy. The Defendant was tried for compassing within the county of Dublin, and he (the Lord Chief Baron) could not see the possibility of there being any evidence to maintain a conviction on that charge.

Mr. Justice O'Brien concurred in these opinions, and gave judgment for the prisoner.

The seven others—Whiteside, Monaghan, J. D. Fitzgerald, Hughes, George, Deasy, and of course Keogh, thinking otherwise, the judgment of the court below was affirmed, and the requirements of the law were satisfied.

Chief Justice Monahan, however, qualified his opinion. He said he considered the case one of extreme difficulty, and the opinion which he entertained that the conviction was right was not arrived at without doubt.

While these proceedings were winding their slow length along, the tortured prisoner was chafing against his prison bars in Naas; but a ray of consolation came into his cell—a letter from his solicitor announcing that owing to the division of the court and the peculiar circumstances of his case, his liberation was not only probable but almost positive.

Paragraphs to the same effect began to appear in the newspapers. On the 14th of June, an escort arrived at Naas, to convey him to Dublin, and the hope that he was about to be formally discharged grew to certainty. On re-entering Kilmaham, the salutation of Governor Price further confirmed him in his cheerfulness.

"I thought you were a fool," said the jailor, "to refuse the offer of the authorities some months ago; but now I see you have acted wisely."

"Is it true that I am to be released?" asked the prisoner.

"I have no official information to that effect," was the answer, "but semi-officially, I am led to believe that you will simply be brought up at the Commission Court, one of these days, and discharged."

A refinement of cruelty in all this!

The prisoner ordered clothes from his friend, Mr. D. Downey, a former fellow-prisoner, wrote

to Liverpool to secure passage to New York, and acquainted members of his family with the happy news.

Sensational events in Kilmainham; a group of new faces in the yard; they are those of the Jackmel prisoners; Meany recognises Costello, Nugent, Nagle, Warren, and others. What can this mean?

Arrives some explanation on the Monday after. Whilst the prisoner is standing at his meagre evening meal, Mr. Samuel Lee Anderson enters, unbidden and undesired.

"Oh! Mr. Meany, I see they have brought you back from Naas."

"Hardly a necessity to inform me of that, and no need of surprise on your part; I could not be here without your knowledge."

"I'm come to tell you that you shall be brought up for sentence" (with stress on the word) "on Thursday."

The dream of coming freedom was rudely dispelled.

"Sentence!" echoed Meany, "I had been led to believe I was to get my discharge on condition of leaving the country."

"What put that into your head?" and the smile that accompanied the query was grim.

"Newspaper report and information volunteered me by officials."

"Oh! dear no; you couldn't expect that the Crown, after establishing the liability of the subject in foreign countries, could so far nullify its own proceedings."

"Very well; I am prepared for the worst the Crown can do."

Mr. Samuel Lee Anderson made a motion as if to retire, but checking himself said carelessly:

"By-the-by, do you know any of those men arrested in Dungarvan, and now here?"

"What men? what Dungarvan?"

"Oh! Nagle and Warren and Costello—those you have seen at exercise."

The prisoner discovered the drift of the conversation: the lawyer had come with a threat of punishment in one hand, a temptation to turpitude in the other. And the prisoner met him—how? Rising indignantly to his full height, with swelling breast and fire in his eyes, he exclaimed—

"Mr. Anderson I know you. I have no wish to bandy words with an amateur detective. I know I am a prisoner, and I hope I have respect for myself; but if you do not speedily leave this cell there is danger of my being a prisoner for other offence than treason-felony."

The lawyer got white as nacre, endeavoured

to mutter some excuse; but the prisoner, rushing to the table to seize the plates on which his meals were served, Mr. Lee Anderson grew phenomenally active as a paste-board merry-andrew, and effected a precipitate retreat.

On the following Friday, the 21st of June, Meany was brought up for sentence in Green street, before Thomas O'Hagan and J. D. Fitzgerald. His speech, in reply to the question why sentence should not be pronounced, even his enemies had to admit, would be a masterly speech if it were not made against them. Clear, close reasoning, a bold, plain vindication of the rights of American citizenship, and keenest sarcasm—all in language most rhythmically eloquent. It was the argument of a tribune, not the apology of a prisoner—a splendid address; and it was repaid by a compliment from the judge and FIFTEEN YEARS PENAL SERVITUDE.

Mr. Smart, Deputy Clerk of the Crown, was proceeding to read the charge on which the prisoner was convicted, when

The Prisoner said—My lords, I wish to have a consultation with my solicitor before the sentence of the court is pronounced.

The prisoner was again placed in the dock, and in reply to the Clerk of the Crown if he had anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be passed upon him, delivered an address, which has now become an historical record of Irish patriotism as well as a text of logical reasoning on the right of naturalized citizens.

[We reserve the speech for our next number, anxious not to injure its effectiveness by dividing it, which pressure on space would compel. We shall present the Speech from the Dock in its entirety in THE HARP for August.]

### PART III.

In Penal Servitude—Convict Life in Mountjoy Prison—Removal to England—The Hardship and Humiliation of Millbank—Invalided—Shadows and Sunshine—"Tom Burke of ours"—Patrick's Day at Woking—Release—Reception in America—Return to Europe—L'envoi.

Meany was sentenced to "Fifteen Years' Penal Servitude," and was soon made to feel what that meant. In an hour he was shorn of beard and moustache, and the wealth of hair on his head reduced. Next morning, a black board with "3,468" in choice Arabic numerals chalked thereon was hung round his neck and his photograph taken; the following, the third day of his penal servitude, he was threatened to be put on bread and water for the high crime and misdemeanour of having attracted birds

round the window of his cell. On the 3rd of July a flourishing lot of Penians was conducted to the dock of Halpin's Pool at the North Wall, and put on board the gun-boat *Earnest*. Tom Burke, remarking the name, cried "now we're going to the devil in earnest." The day was wet. "Long to rain o'er us," sung out Meany. "God save the Green!" added McCafferty. "Order there!" cried the warder in charge. The *Earnest* went on ahead, pitched and rolled the legitimate time, and came in sight of Holyhead after an eight hours' passage. The pier was black with a curious crowd attending the distinguished arrivals, and the captain of the gun-boat had some doubts lest it might be an army of sympathisers waiting to gobble him up and free his charge. On through Wales and England, to smoky London, and the bastille on the side of the Thames, Millbank, not inappropriately termed "the slaughter-house." The discipline there is not new to the public, and from no portion of it was the journalist exempt. Turning the crank is pleasantly alternated with coir and oakum-picking, and scouring the stone floors with cleaning saucepans. Meany was brought up once on the charge of not having sufficiently brightened his tin. A few days after a warder accused him of having his tin too bright!—"3,498, you are making a looking-glass of it." Each inmate is put to learn a trade; the journalist was apprenticed to the tailoring, and learned to hem, to fell, to back-stitch, and side-stitch—in fact, he was free to practise any branch of the art, except to *cut out*. Doubtless, if the opportunity of "cutting out" had been afforded, he would have improved the occasion; but he was an indifferent tailor; his *slop-jackets* were worse made than those of the *slop-shops*. On one occasion he was summoned before the Director of Convict Prisons, Colonel Henderson, on the charge of having broken more needles than his work would replace!

"Can't help it," he pleaded; "not reared to the occupation. Give me more congenial work."

"What d'ye call congenial work, haw?"

"I've been newspaper-editing all my life. Now, if you could let me write a few articles weekly for the *Irish People* of New York"—

"You're facetious, sir, haw!"

"Facetious! My cell is a minute's walk from this; visit it, Colonel, and you'll see, in all its details and surroundings, what provocation I have to become facetious."

"Prawps you object to tailoring, haw."

"On the contrary I accept the fact of my being assigned to that trade as a compliment to the United States."

"Really! How?"

"The President has been a tailor!"

Number 3,498 was let down that day. Up to the occurrence of the Manchester rescue the political prisoners had some opportunity of being together, though not in communication; but the exploit which liberated Kelly and Dacey locked them up more rigidly. The utmost care was taken to prevent any convict dying of plethora; and bile and indigestion, arising from excess in the luxuries of the table, were unheard of. After Meany had been nine months in solitary confinement he was visited by the doctor, and ordered out to be weighed. On his admission to Kilmainham he had turned the beam at 17 stone 5lb. This day the register was 10 stone 4lb. *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*, weighed in the balance and found wanting. Withered convict! Had Edmund Yates foreseen this operation, and its result, he would hardly have found it in him to joke on Meany's arrest as he did, in the *flaneur's* columns of the *London Star*, by the application to his case of the scriptural record of the handwriting on the wall.

Transferred to the hospital wards, the convict had the melancholy consolation of being permitted to assist at Edward Duffy's death-bed. The poor consumptive boy sighed out his soul with his hand in that of his fellow-convict, and his last words in reference to outer affairs were "Meany, if you ever obtain your liberty, for God's sake, get those men" (meaning the rival wings) *to give up their insane dissensions!*" The period is full of incident, but space warns me to be brief. The Clerkenwell explosion, of course, gave rise to further restrictions. The political convicts were compelled to associate with the "malingerers" and the "balmy blokes"—individuals who had a chartered liberty of speech on account of their pretended madness, and employed it solely to indulge in blasphemy and obscenity. Winter came and passed, and on the 27th of February, 1868, Burke, Stack, and Meany, who had been invalided, were conveyed to Woking prison in Surrey.

Here again I draw upon the *Shamrock* for Meany's narrative of his second Patrick's Day in penal servitude.

"I have said that a day would come," and a day did come. Patrick's Day, 1868, was a red-letter day in my calendar. I pass over the long twelve months of living death since that



day a year before—the sentence—the degradations following sentence—the weariness of Mountjoy and the miseries of Millbank, and I came to the 27th of February, when Tom Burke, William Moore Slack, and myself were taken from the hospital wards of the latter prison—mustered in one of the corridors, first handcuffed separately and then chained together, and, after some preliminaries conducted under escort, and in our motly dress, through the streets of London to the Waterloo station. No hint was vouchsafed as to our destination. Putting the fact of our leaving hospital and Waterloo Station together, however, we inferred that we were bound for the Invalid Convict Depot at Woking in Surrey. And we were right; Dr. Gover, the medical officer of the prison, and Dr. Pocklington, his assistant, of whose humanity and consideration in our regard too much cannot be said in praise, had certified to our total prostration in health, and this removal was the result. Here was a change—free and unrestricted conversation during the railway journey! We whose every look was jealously watched at Millbank—in whom a significant glance one to another would be crime—around whom, to prevent any contact or intercourse, by speech or otherwise, special guards were placed—in whose regard in the warder's room there were significant instructions posted that Burke, McCafferty, and Meany should be specially watched. Here were we now in the presence of prison officers, speaking freely—I cannot say fully—of the past, present, and future. Indeed, we were so full of inquiry and information that we could not speak fully—we were, so to speak, powerless from the excess of power. It was like liberty again; but, alas! our chains were there; a sad reminder of British tyranny; and, glancing at these, Burke, regardless of the presence of the servants of that tyranny, exclaimed—

Should the chain for an instant be riven,  
Which tyranny hung round us then;  
Oh, it is not in man or in heaven  
To let tyranny bind them again.

And then for the first time since our entering Millbank, on the 4th July, he had cheered for American independence, the three convicts ventured on something like a cheer for old Ireland!

"For God's sake, gentlemen, think of your position—think of ours," exclaimed the Chief Warder in charge, a gentleman to whom we are indebted for many courtesies. We yielded to the suggestion as far as noisy demonstrations went: but it was somewhat strange, perhaps

unexampled, that for the remainder of the journey the Penian convicts, in their garb of penal servitude, and to the accompaniment of rattling chains, regaled their escort with songs and ballads of old Ireland: "Clare's Dragoons" alternated with "Fontenoy;" and the "Ballad of Freedom" with "Who Feels to Speak of '98?" Was it not a realization of Moore's prophecy:—

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 o'er the songs of their captives and weep.

And the officers, if they did not weep, were certainly sympathetic. They appeared to like that sort of thing.

Arrived at Woking Prison, fresh surprises awaited us. Inspected by the doctor, we were consigned, all three of us—not to cold, damp, solitary cells, with stone floors and bare walls—no, we were informed that for the present we should occupy one room, a sort of anteroom, communicating with one of the hospital wards. In this room were three beds, and here we were allowed to read together and talk together during the day—to talk ourselves to sleep at night if so minded. There was hardly a supervision, and certainly no attempt at unpleasant interference. Just think of it! After fifteen months of solitary meals, allowed to breakfast, dine, and sup together—after long months of herding at exercise with the vilest criminals, without opportunity of exchanging look, sign, or word—suddenly permitted to walk by ourselves in a special part of a beautiful esplanade overlooking on the beautiful Surrey Hills.

"What's up now?" exclaimed Burke, as one by one these contrasts from our Millbank experiences developed themselves.

"Is it a dream? Here pinch my arm, and wake me if it is," was my reply.

"Oh, no," interposed Slack, "for mercy's sake let us dream on."

But that gallant Cork man, Byron Dillon, who, then an inmate of the hospital, shared our walk, sagely and sententially observed, "Yes, friends, Burke is right. There is something up! This killing kindness does not come for nothing"—and then, after a pause, "Would you like to have the solution?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, then, one amongst you is about to be released. From the peculiarity of the case, and the disagreement of the judges, Meany is the man. They want to create a good impression before the event, calculating on a good report out of doors afterwards."

"Well, perhaps so. God send it—but, for the good report, the least said the better."

That evening from the windows of our room—our room! mind that for traitor-felons!—well, from the windows of our room we saw, and exchanged recognitions with the good and gentle Charles Kickham, and the irrepressible Pagan O'Leary; subsequently, we saw at a distance Roantree, Mulcahy, and O'Keefe; but it was not until the following Sunday at chapel, when all seated together, the opportunity presented itself of grasping one another by the hand, and whispering words of hope and encouragement.

During the remainder of my stay in Woking we often met. We spoke to our friends with our eyes and hearts, if not with our tongues. Those I have named were at different occupations—some knitting stockings, some acting as bricklayers' laborers; but we, the three newcomers, were still permitted to occupy our "apartment," and we spent our time in reading—writing on slates—and tuition. Yes, tuition! Tom Burke was rapidly, under my instruction, acquiring a proficiency in short-hand, and Stack was deep in the mysteries of French genders, and the conjugation of the irregular verbs. But this was not all. Higher and higher duties were not disregarded. Portions of the day were devoted to prayer, and some who pronounce and denounce the Fenians as infidels, or worse, would be, perhaps, surprised to have heard the muttered responses of the Rosaries and Litanies, in an English convict prison, in those evenings of Lent.

But my business is with Patrick's Day, 1868! It was, as I have said, truly a red-letter day for me. We were permitted the privilege of attending Mass on that day. Some amongst us partook of Holy Communion. The occasion gave me the last glimpse of Kickham, Mulcahy, O'Leary, Dillon, Roantree, and O'Keefe. Breakfast with Burke and Stack afterwards. At half-past eleven a summons to the Governor's office; and then was read to me, with all formality, a missive from the Home Office, intimating that Her Majesty, by and with the advice of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had granted me a conditional pardon—the condition being "that he do quit the United Kingdom, and that he do not return thereto."

I need not say that I accepted the condition, or I am here a free man. Why, it was the very favour I would have asked had I been disposed to ask a favour.

The news preceded me to the room where

Burke and Stack anxiously awaited my return for a confirmation. I know not now who was most glad or who most sorry—my friends were joyful in my joy—I sorrowed for their continued detention. We grasped hands, we laughed, we cried together—Burke glad that one bird had escaped the fowler's net who would bring messages of peace, love, and, above all, "no surrender," to friends and relations beyond the grand old sea; and I, in the midst of their natural jubilation at such unexpected good tidings, tearfully regretful that I should leave after me men whom I had learned to love as brothers. Ah! friend O'Shea, a few weeks of imprisonment give you better opportunities of knowing characters and forming friendships than would a life-time of ordinary association in the outer world.

At exercise on Patrick's Day! A glorious spring sunshine over head—ay, and even in the prison grounds a fresh green grass under foot and the budding lilacs around. Beyond the walls from our elevated position we could see the freedom that I was destined soon to enjoy. Of course we talked of old times and old friends, of the great processional demonstrations in New York and the American cities, perhaps at that moment in the process of formation; of the home celebrations on the dear old soil; and we too felt a desire to participate, in spirit, in the enjoyment and wear the Shamrock in actuality if we could find one.

We sought it on the green sward and o'er all the dewy ground.

But no Shamrock like to Erin's on that English soil we found.

But still we found the next best thing to it. There was trefoil in abundance, and as we tore up the roots and placed them in our convict caps, we felt we were "Paddies evermore"—ay, every inch of us. The Shamrock worn by Burke on that Patrick's Day was the most acceptable offering to his noble-hearted mother on my return to New York; while the sprig that decorated my head-gear will be preserved while I live, as a memorial of my last Patrick's Day in Penal Servitude. The "last"—perhaps? Well, I have given my early youth-time and my mature manhood to the one glorious cause; and if I am spared to an old age, I am ready to continue my devotion and to abide all the consequences—aye, even to more Patrick's Days in Penal Servitude, or even to a last glimpse of earth with "a sea of white faces" surging round me. And the latter would be the preferable fate a view of the living death of the solitary

convict cell, and the humiliations and heart-breaking of convict discipline. These may be hard of belief; but those only who spend twenty-three out of every twenty-four hours "cabin'd, cubbed, confined" in cold and cheerless cells—nine feet by six, and have to endure in the cells and out of them the insults of "authority," can be accepted as competent judges of the choice.

There, friend O'Shea, you have what you desired of me—rough notes of my recollections of two St. Patrick's Days spent in prison. Pray lick them into shape!

Lick them into shape! Not I, if faith, I leave them as they are, in the familiar but most impressive form in which they came into my hands, and only hope they may as generously affect the reader as they did me towards those earnest political prisoners.

Well then, on March 17th, date of happy omen, the letter of pardon arrived for Fenian convict No. 3, 498, with the condition that he should leave the United Kingdom in thirty days, and not return thereto. He naturally concluded that those thirty days would be at his disposal to visit his family and friends. Vain hope! He applied to the Secretary of State for permission to go to Ireland to see his mother and sister—the one aged and infirm, the other a cloistered nun (on neither of whom he had laid eyes for thirteen years), and added a request to be allowed a conversation with his daughter, a *religieuse* in England. The answer was, *on no account* would he be allowed to visit Ireland; but that, accompanied by prison officers, he might visit the convent in which his daughter resided! Cruel are the tender mercies of the wicked. On Saturday morning, 21st of March, he shook hands with Burke and Stack, waved adieus to Kiekham, Mulcahy, Roantree, Brian Dillon, and Pagan O'Leary; and the father, restored to a restricted freedom, availed himself of the hour's grace of speaking with his child in her London convent-home, two jail-warders at hand. These drove with him to the Victoria Docks subsequently, saw him on board the William Penn steamer, raised the gangway to the steamer with him, crossed the Channel with him, and it was only when the bluffs of Havre were in sight the late Fenian convict No. 3, 498 was handed his parchment certificate of pardon and release. This document is really so good that I must give it in full. But let me not do the prison authorities an injustice. Superadded to the money gift were two loaves of bread and two pieces of cheese, given—*generously* given—to

sustain the released convict until he should have reached his ship, and thus obviate the necessity of entering any house for refreshment on the way.



[No. 407.]

"INVALID CONVICT PRISON, WORKING.

"I hereby certify that I have this day discharged from custody Stephen Joseph Meany (described on the back of this certificate) in consequence of his having received her Majesty's conditional Pardon."

Amount paid the Bearer  
on discharge.Given under my hand and  
Seal, this 21st day of March  
1868.

	£	s.	d.
Gratuities	0	0	0
Private Cash	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0

[Seal] W. D. J. BRAMLEY,  
Governor.

\*If the pardon is conditional, the condition on which it is granted is to be distinctly stated on the back of this certificate.

"Conduct while under Sentence.

Mountjoy Prison, Ireland—Not stated.

Millbank Prison, London—Good.

Woking Prison, Surrey—Good.

"N.B.—If a favorable report of conduct cannot be made, this part of the certificate is to be cut off at the black line.

"Condition of Pardon, if any.

Pardoned—On condition that he do quit the United Kingdom within thirty days after this date, and that he do not return thereto.

(Signed)

"GATHORN HARDY,  
10th day of March, 1868.

"True Extract from Royal  
Pardon.  
W. J. D. BRAMLEY,  
Governor."

## TAMING THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says that the humming-bird has been tamed, and writes as follows: "I succeeded in securing an uninjured captive, which, to my inexpressible delight, proved to be one of the ruby-throated species, the most splendid and diminutive that comes north of Florida. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts of loaf-sugar with one of fine honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. While my sister ran to prepare it I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually 'playing 'possum'—feigning to be dead most skilfully. It lay on my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes to peep

whether the way was clear and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it. But when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon the point of its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver teaspoon. When satiated it refused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger, and plumed itself quite as artistically as if on its favorite spray. I was enchanted with the bold, innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen black eyes to survey us, as much as to say, 'Well, good folks, who are you?' By the next day it would come from any part of either room, alight upon the side of a white china cup containing the mixture, and drink eagerly, with its long bill thrust into the very base. It would alight on my fingers and seem to talk with us endearingly in soft chirps." The writer afterward succeed in taming several of the same species. He gave them their liberty occasionally and they returned regularly. At the time for migration they left for the winter, but the next spring they sought their old quarters and accepted the delicious nectar kindly provided for them, and by degrees brought their mates."

#### THE VALUE OF A CENT.

It is an old saying that, "A pin a day is a great a year;" by which common expression some wise man has intended to teach thoughtless people the value of small savings. We shall endeavor to show the value of a somewhat higher article, though a much despized one—we mean a cent.

Cents, like minutes, are often thrown away, because people do not know what to do with them. Those who are not economists of time, (and all the great men on record have been so) take care of the minutes, for they know that a few minutes well applied, each day, will make hours in the course of a week, and days in the course of a year; and in the course of a long life will make enough of time, if well employed, in which a man, by perseverance, may have accomplished some work useful to his fellow-creatures, and honorable to himself.

Large fortunes, when gained honestly, are rarely acquired in any other way than by small savings at first, and savings can only be made by habits of industry and temperance. A saving man, therefore, while he is adding to

his general stock of wealth, is setting an example of those virtues on which the very existence and happiness of society depend. There are saving people who are misers, and have not one good quality for which we can like them. These are not the kind of people of whom we are speaking; but, we may remark, that a miser, though a disagreeable fellow while alive, is a very useful person when dead. He has been compared to a tree which while it is growing, can be applied to no use, but at last furnishes timber for houses and domestic utensils. But a miser is infinitely more useful than a spendthrift—a mere consumer and waster—who, after he has spent all his own money, tries to spend that of other people.

Suppose a young man just beginning to work for himself, could save but five cents a day—and we believe there are few that cannot do it. Who could not save this amount daily from his expenditures, without lessening his comforts? Yet this, with the accumulating interest, in the course of ten years, will amount to the sum of two hundred and thirty dollars, sixty-four cents; in twenty years, to six hundred and sixty-three dollars, fifty-eight cents; in thirty years, to one thousand three hundred and ninety-six dollars, sixty-seven cents; in forty years, to two thousand eight hundred and fifty-five dollars, forty-two cents; and in fifty years, to five thousand three hundred and fifty-four dollars, thirteen cents.

It will appear, from this mode of calculation, that the amount doubles in about ten years. Let the process be continued two hundred years, and the trifling sum of five cents each day will produce a total of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars; equal, perhaps, to all the banking capital in the United States.

Two ladies caught small-pox from wearing dresses which they had hired to go to a ball in London. One died, and the other brought suit against the proprietor of the costume shop. The latter argued that he did not rent the small-pox with the dresses. The lady took it without his permission. The case is still going on.

\*—Owing to the mechanical derangements in our Printing Apartments, consequent on removal of our offices from Notre Dame street to Craig street, The Harp is behind time in publication this month. We are however enabled now, from increased facilities, to promise punctuality of issue in the future.

# OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE?

AIR—SIOB AGUS SIOB LIOM.

*Splitted.*

1. Oh! where's the slave so low - ly, Condemn'd to chains un - lo - ly, Who,

could he burst His bonds at first, Would plue be - neath them slow - ly? What soul, whom wrongs de

grade it, Would wait 'till time de - coy'd it, When thus its wing At once may spring to the

*Slow and Melancholy.* *tr*  
throne of Him who made it? Farewell, E - rit. farewell all, Who live to weep our fall

2. Less dear the laurel growing,  
 Alive, untouch'd and blowing,  
 Than that whose braid  
 Is pluck'd to shade  
 The brows with viet'ry glowing.

We tread the land that bore us,  
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,  
 The friends we've tried  
 Are by our side,  
 And the foe we hate before us, - Farewell.