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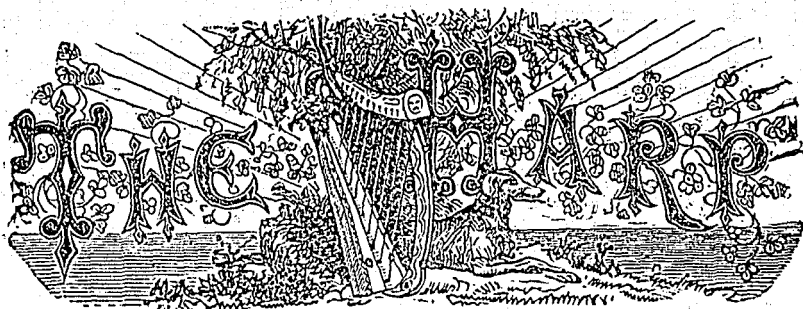
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A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1875.

No. 6.

THE FARM AND THE CITY—TWO VIEWS.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be."

Amid the city's constant din!
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! could I only trace once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

THE O'DONNELLS

OF GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"

"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"

"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

"A little, sir," said Mary, looking most coquettishly at Frank, and then tossing back her hair with a shake of her head.

Mary was evidently a coquette; it was in the sparkle of her eye, it was in the toss of her head, it was in her pretty dimpled face, it was in every braid of her auburn hair.

"I fear, Mary, you are a coquette; take care that you don't burn your wings like the moth," said Frank.

"O! sórra fear of that, Míster Frank; I only pay back the boys wid their own coin; they think, wid their palavering, they have 'nothing' to do but coax poor innocent colleens; 'faith, they'll have two dishes to wash wid me, I am thinkin'."

"Take care, Mary, take care; we are often caught when we least expect it; it is time for us to go now, Willy; good-bye,

Mary, and take care of the boys," said Frank, extending his hand with a smile to her, "and you, nurse, good-bye."

"Take care, yourself," said Mary, with a sly wink at him. "I don't know is it devotion takes you to see your uncle so often; ha! ha! ha! I take that."

Frank blushed up.

"Ha! Mary, you are too many for me, I see."

"Don't mind that hethler-akethler, Míster Frank," said Mrs. Cormack.

"I believe you are right, ma'am," said Frank, "so good day."

"Good-day, and God bless ye!" replied Mrs. Cormack.

"Go to Clerihan on Sunday; there does be some one in a front pew there, looking out for Míster Frank," said Mary.

"She is a pretty girl, Frank, and can banter well," said Willy.

"She is," said Frank, with a sigh.

"I think there were some grains of truth in her bantering though," said Willy with a smile; "at least, Frank, you got very red in a minute."

"Hem! maybe so," said Frank; "I didn't turn poet yet though, Willy, and begin to make songs, and call her 'Cathleen dear.'"

It was Willy's turn now to blush.

"Oh! don't change colors that way, man," said Frank; "you see we both have our secrets; and, Willy, my dear fellow," said Frank, taking him by the hand, "if I have judged your secret rightly, I will respect it, and be your friend, too."

"God bless you! Frank, God bless you! it is just like your noble, generous nature. I see there is no use or need to conceal it from you. I love her dearly, Frank; she has been an angel to me: she has rescued me from the grave: she—"

"That will do now, Willy; we all think the woman we love an angel, at least, until we get married; but married men say that there are no such things as human angels at all, and they ought to know best; but she is a noble girl no doubt, Willy. Get on as well as you can, my dear fellow, and you will find a firm

friend in me," and he squeezed the student's hand in his.

"When must you return, Willy?" said Frank.

"To-morrow!"

"To-morrow! Will you promise to spend the Christmas with us? I will then introduce you to my lady-love."

"I shall feel most happy, Frank."

After crossing several fields, and meeting with but little game, Frank stopped:—

"Willy," said he, "I must pay a visit of charity to a poor widow here below. Kate told me that she is very ill, and as her poor children must be badly off, I will just call and see them."

"Why, Frank, will you not allow me to act the good Samaritan too?"

"As you please; here is the cabin below."

There was nothing peculiar about Nelly Sullivan's cabin; it was like Irish cabins in general, low, smoky, and badly ventilated. Small bundles of straw, stuffed into holes in the wall, answered the double purpose of keeping out the air, and keeping in the smoke; or rather, as Nelly herself said, "of keeping the cabin warm."

"There is some one inside, Frank; I hear them speaking," said Willy, as they reached the door.

"We'll shortly see, Willy."

They had to stoop to enter the low doorway. In one corner, upon a bed of straw, lay the invalid, Nelly Sullivan; beside her, with her feverish hand in hers, sat Kate O'Donnell. Three or four wretched children were collected around some bread and broken meat, near the fire; beside Kate was a basket, in which she had brought some nourishment for the sick woman and her wretched orphans.

"Ha! Kate, is this you? So you have forestalled me," said Frank.

Kate looked up and blushed; for true charity, like true piety, seeks no other applause than the consciousness of having done right.

"It is she, Mistor Frank, Lord bless her! only for her I was dead long ago."

"Good-bye, Nelly, I must go; I will call to-morrow," and she rose to depart.

"Can I do anything for you?" said Frank.

"Could you bring her the doctor, Frank?" said Kate.

"Certainly, I will have him come at once; poor woman, you should not be so long without him; take this now," and he slipped a piece of silver into her hand.

Willy remained after them, and gave his mite to the widow.

"Don't tell any one," said he, as he went out.

"I think, Willy," said Frank, as the latter came up, "I will go over by the

glen; there ought to be some game in it; you can see Kate home."

"With pleasure," said Willy, "and I wish you success."

"Oh, as successful as yourself, boy, I expect," said he, with a careless air, and whistling to his dogs, stepped over the ditch.

Kate and Willy walked on in silence for some time.

"Kate," said he, "isn't there a great deal of misery in the world?"

"Yes, Willy; the poor are afflicted sorely here; their reward, indeed, must be great hereafter."

"To feed the hungry is one of the works of mercy, and our Saviour says, what we give to these poor forlorn outcasts, we give to Himself."

"It's true, Willy, 'Charity covers a multitude of sins.'"

"And shows the true Christian, Kate: why, love, if you were adorned with precious stones and jewels, you would not appear so charming to me as you did beside that wretched bed."

Kate blushed.

"I have only done my duty, Willy. God does not give us riches to close our hearts upon them; no, Willy, but to relieve His little ones."

"There would be less misery here, Kate, if we had fewer proud Pharisees, who wallow in the luxuries of wealth, and forget that the poor are their brothers."

"God help them! I fear they will have a black account to settle."

"I fear so too, Kate."

"Kate," said Willy, and he took her hand in his.

"What, Willy?"

"Frank knows our love."

Kate blushed and held down her head.

"You needn't feel so, Kate, love; he promises to be our friend."

Kate brightened up.

"Does he? Frank, noble, generous brother! but how did he know it?"

"I think he heard me singing the song in the bower yesterday evening; besides, Kate, he has, I know, some love secrets of his own, and the heart that once loves sees its workings in another as if by intuition."

When they reached home Frank was before them, and dinner ready. After dinner they retired to the garden. The drizzling rain had ceased, and the heavy clouds had passed away, leaving the evening fine and calm. The garden was behind the house; a French widow opened from a small parlour into it. The little garden was tastefully arranged, and nicely interspersed with gravel walks bordered with box, sweet-william, forget-me-not, bachelors' buttons, and the like. In a corner was a small summer-house, made of young larch trees, cut into various shapes; beside it was a rivulet, over which was built a reckery of curious

and grotesque stones, honey-suckles, sweet-brier, rose trees, and other parasitical plants and shrubs. There was a rustic seat around the interior; here they agreed to have tea. With light hearts and smiling faces, our party sat down to their delicious beverage, sweetened by the perfume of the aromatic shrubs, plants, and flowers that yet remained as if loth to fade away, and above all, by contentment—that inward balm, that sweetens the humble fare of the peasant, and often makes it more delicious than the sumptuous dishes of the peer.

Bessy strayed about the garden to pick the few flowers that were, like the last rose of summer, "left blooming alone." She then after presenting a bouquet to Kate, gave another to Frank and Willy.

"Thank you, Bessy," said Willy; "these flowers are like yourself, the emblem of innocence and purity."

"You're fond of flowers then, Willy," said Kate.

"Oh, yes, Kate; there is a dazzling joy about flowers that thrill through us like loving words; they speak to the heart of man. Look at a neat parterre when in bloom; how beautiful, how gorgeous they look. Are they not a type of all that is grand and fair? God has made them the purest language of nature—they speak to the soul. The Persian revels in their perfume, and woos his mistress in their language. He tells his tale of love in a rose-bud or pansy. Thus he speaks to her of his hopes and fears. They deck the marriage couch and the bridal feast; they crown the youthful bride, and twine her brow; they strew the warrior's path—a nation's mute but grateful tribute; they garland the lonely tomb, as a symbol of the decay of life; they festoon the altar, mingling their odor with the soft incense that ascends in grateful worship to the Most High—such are flowers."

"Yes, indeed," said Kate, "flowers are beautiful; they are nature's own painting; a skilful artist may paint them to some perfection, and heighten their gaudy colors, still, they want the fragrance, the perfume, the reality of nature. Can the pencil of a Rubens or an Angelo paint the rainbow, or take off the varying colors of the sky? As well might they attempt to give its true and natural life to a rose."

"Are you as fond of music as of flowers, Willy?" said Kate, after a moment's silence.

"I cannot say I am; still I love music very much; though I must say, I have not a very fine ear for it; still, I love its sweet sounds and soft influence over the senses; I always like the soft and melancholy; I believe it is more in accordance with my own temperament."

"As for me," said Kate, "I think I could not live without music; when I feel

heavy or lonely, or when anything displeases me, I play a few lively tunes, sing a few songs, and in a moment I forget that the world has either care or sorrow. I am, as Richard says, 'myself again.' But come, I think the genius of melancholy is stealing over us; get your flute, Willy, and Frank, your clarinet, and let us set up a perfect oratorio. Come now, I will sing with you."

The soft notes of the lute, the sweet, low, impassioned voice, the still silence around, gave it something of the air of those fabled bowers into which Sylvian nymphs decoy mortals. The evening was beginning to get chilly, and a low, fitful breeze was moaning among the trees.

"I think," said Frank, as he looked at little Bessy nestling under his coat, "the evening is chill; we had better go in."

"I think so, too," said Kate.

CHAPTER XII

SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. ELLIS—AN IRISH AGENT.

It must be recollected that we are writing of a state of things that existed before the famine years. We are, so far, painting the peasantry in their gay, light-hearted, holiday enjoyment. Even then there were cruel, heartless task-masters, like Mr. Ellis, who hardened the hearts of the landlords, and pointed with the finger of scorn at the poor straggling farmhouses and cabins of the tenantry, and then with an air of triumph pointed out his own comfortable house and offices, his well-tilled, well-sheltered fields, his trim hedges, his model farm, as much as to say, see what industry, skill, and perseverance can do. Who would be looking at such wretched hovels, such abject misery as we see around us, when he could delight his eyes with indications of taste and luxury? Who would tolerate such a lazy, indolent people to incur the soil?—people on whom precept and example are lost—people who will not be taught, but persist in their own barbarous, ignorant ways. He did not tell the landlord that he had a long lease of his holdings at a moderate rent, and therefore felt secure in his outlay; he did not tell the landlord that these poor tenants had neither lease nor protection; that they were living merely in a state of suffering; that if they built houses or improved the land, they should pay an increased rent; that by his artful contrivances, notices to quit, and the daily fear of eviction and the like, he has damped their energies, and made toil without a prospect of gain hopeless; and that he has made them bend their necks to the inservile state with apathy and indifference. The tenants must then naturally regard the landlord as a cold, unfeeling tyrant, incapable of pity or remorse, whose sole

object, is to crush and grind them down, until chance gives him an opportunity of exterminating them.

As I said before, I have, up to this, been describing a state of things existing previous to the famine years. The population had increased in rapid proportion. This was owing to the great facility there existed of procuring the necessaries of life. Parents felt no uneasiness about the support of their offspring when food was so easily procured. The potato was the manna of heaven to the Irish peasant; it supported him in ease and plenty at least.

The potato grew almost spontaneously; it grew luxuriantly, placing abundance within the reach of the poorest; their moderate wants were amply satisfied. A peasant and his family, collected around a dish of meaty potatoes—if they had the addition of a sup of milk—felt that they were happy in their frugal enjoyment.

They then clung too closely to the land of their fathers, the land of their hope and love, to seek wealth or distinctions elsewhere.

The Indian does not leave his hunting ground or the bones of his fathers with more reluctance than does the Irish peasant his humble cabin, and the grave-yard, where rest the bones of those he holds dear. He will suffer persecutions in order to cling to the green fields of his youth, to the home of his affections. There was a charm for him besides in the light rollicksome humor, the merry dance and play, the kind and social intercourse that characterize our peasantry.

The famine came and changed all this. The heartless indifference, the experimental philosophy of the English Government, the cruel, unchristian conduct of Irish landlords, in laying waste the country, in levelling the poor man's cabin, and sending him and his family to a pauper's grave, have wonderfully changed this state of things.

It is true, that in the autumn of '45, the time of which I am now writing, there was a partial blight of the potato crop; and as all other crops were luxuriant, the people did not bring home to their minds the dreadful chances of famine arising from a more general failure.

It is time that we say something about Mr. Ellis. Beyond the few hints thrown out already concerning him, there is little to tell our readers.

He was a Scotchman, and had come over some twenty years before as a steward and agriculturist to the late Lord Clearall. With the canny foresight of his race, he improved his position, until he was able to lend large sums to the young lord, whose travelling and expensive habits forced him to make frequent calls on Mr. Ellis's purse. After the death of his father, young Lord Clearall settled on his fine property, and was guided in its management by the

sagacious Mr. Ellis. On account of the large sums he had advanced, Mr. Ellis came in for farm after farm, agency after agency, until the exclusive management of the property remained in his hands. Mr. Ellis had his own ends in view; he was a deep thinker, and for near twenty years his heart was set on becoming proprietor of at least a part of the estate. All his plots, all his schemes, had this grand object in view. He impressed the landlord with the benefit of improvement, for improvement with him meant eviction first, and then to enrich himself and his friends upon the spoil. He drew the attention of the landlord to his house and farms; nothing could be better managed, nothing could be neater; then he pointed out the rudely-tilled fields of the tenants, whose weedy corn was evidence of their laziness and improvidence. Thus did he school up the landlord with the spirit of improvement, until farm after farm, estate after estate, were cleared off their hard-working, but oppressed tenantry, and then handed over to Mr. Ellis's reforming care. When this was done, Mr. Ellis was sure to recommend some of his Scotch friends as tenants. The landlord took this very kindly of him, thinking that he was, in his zeal for his service, providing for him industrious, enterprising tenants.

It is true that large sums had been expended on the improvement of the land and in building houses, and after all, the so-called lazy Irish were paying as high, if not a higher rent, but then, there was such an appearance of neatness and improvement about the estate. Had Lord Clearall but given leases, or afforded protection to the old tenants, he need not expend these large sums that were sinking him in debt; his property would be well managed, and he would have raised about him a grateful and happy tenantry. Lord Clearall did not know that Mr. Ellis had got large sums from his Scotch friends for his kind offices in their behalf. Thus is the spirit of the people broken down, and their hearts demoralized by a system of cruelty and oppression peculiar to unfortunate Ireland,—a system which has poisoned the deeply reflective and imaginative minds of our peasantry, and has derverted their gay, light hearts, sparkling with wit and humor, into morose sullen spirits, thirsting for vengeance upon their oppressors.

It is better that we should let the reader see the subtle machinery used for regenerating the unfortunate tenantry.

The Lodge, as Mr. Ellis's residence was called, was situated about two miles from Mr. O'Donnell's. It was formerly the residence of some unfortunate farmer; it was repaired and ornamented, and some new wings built to it by its present occupier. It was converted into a very tasty-looking residence outside, and a very comfortable one within doors. It commanded an ex-

tensive view of a broad, fertile valley thickly dotted with trees, with their green foliage waving in the breeze. About a mile further down the glen, seated on a rising ground, stood the proud residence of Lord Clourall, or, as it was styled, the Castle. This, with its surrounding groves of shady trees, added to the picturesqueness of the view from the lodge. Behind the cottage was an extensive range of farm-houses, and a large haggard of hay and corn, well thatched and secured. Care and wealth marked everything, from the tasty dwelling, down to the humblest shed. If, without all were gay and well cared, within the appearance was not less pleasing. The large flagged kitchen was well lit with a huge peat fire, and well stored with tins, pans, pots, and all the accessories of kitchen use, not forgetting several fitches of bacon that hung from the ceiling. A hall, with stone steps reaching it from the outside, ran through the centre of the house. Off this hall branched a drawing-room and parlor. At the end of the hall, with a passage leading to it from the kitchen, was an office, where Mr. Ellis transacted his business with the tenants and servants. As we have no business there for the present, we will just walk into the parlor.

This was a comfortable room, covered with a Brussels carpet. Its furniture consisted of an elegant oval table in the centre of the floor, two lounges, some easy chairs, a side-board, and a piano. A large gilt mirror was suspended over the chimney-piece; whilst on the latter were placed a few pretty vases filled with flowers, and some rare china ornaments. In an arm-chair, to the right of the blazing coal fire, sat Mr. Ellis. He was a man of about fifty, years of age. His dark hair was streaked with grey, and deep lines of care, that betokened his plotting nature, ran across his forehead. He was of middle size, and spare in flesh. His eyes were grey and penetrating. His lips were compressed about the angles of the mouth. On the whole, there was an expression of deep cunning and acuteness in every feature of his rather sinister-looking face. His dress was of the costume of the present day, to wit, a frock coat, tweed trousers and waist. At the other side of the fire, deeply engaged with some papers, sat a young man of about twenty-five. He bore evident likeness to the other. This was Hugh Pembert, nephew to Mr. Ellis.

There was a cunningness about the small grey eye, about his narrow wrinkled brow, and coarse, sensual-looking face, that made you feel not at ease in his company. He pored over his papers with a certain air of half assurance and uneasy diffidence; that ill became one so nearly related to Mr. Ellis. At the end of the table, with her head resting on her left hand, sat a young girl reading a book that lay open before her. She was about

eighteen; her figure, of middle size, was gracefully moulded. Her face was rather long and fair. So delicate did she appear, that you might easily see the net-work of blue veins that traversed her forehead and hands. There was in her countenance, though, something of a dreamy listlessness, that gave her an air of childish dependence. Such was Lizzy Ellis, the daughter and only child of Mr. Ellis. There was nothing of the crafty cunningness of the father about her; she must have inherited her pale face and gentle, unassuming manner from her mother. Lizzy was alone, her mother had died a few years before, and as she had no society, for her father was seldom at home, she spent her time reading novels and religious tracts without due regard to their merits. Perhaps to this excessive, and I must say, unnatural study for one so young and susceptible, was owing her inactive listlessness of character.

"Well, Hugh, my boy," said Mr. Ellis "have you made it out yet?"

"Na, sir," said Hugh; for Hugh being but a few years from Scotland had not yet got rid of its dialect.

"Well, then, let them alone until tomorrow; we will have a glass of punch, for I have good news—ring the bell, Hugh."

Hugh did so, and a servant shortly made her appearance.

"Get some hot water and spirits," said Mr. Ellis.

"I must tell you, Hugh," said he when the servant disappeared, "that his lordship has appointed me agent over the Ballybrack property."

"Na, indeed," said Hugh; that is muckle kind of his lordship."

The servant had now laid the glasses and decanters. "That will do; you may go," said Mr. Ellis. "Come Hugh, lad, fill a glass and let us drink a health to his lordship."

"With muckle pleasure," said Hugh; and they emptied their glasses to the toast.

"How long do you think am I living with his lordship?"

"Five years, I ken," said Hugh; counting from the death of the present lord's father."

"No, no, that's not what I mean. How long am I in this county altogether?"

"I dinna ken, I'm sure," said Hugh.

"Let me see—," and Mr. Ellis leant back in his chair in a state of deep reflection; "yes, that's it! exactly twenty-five years next March, Hugh. I had three pounds in my pocket when I commenced as steward under his lordship. I am now worth in cash alone, Hugh, about ten thousand; which is in his lordship's hands, so you see I got on well, and Lizzy here," said he, looking at his daughter, "will have a nice fortune."

"Ay, indeed, sir," said Hugh: "and

and stock and all will make a pretty penny for a braw little lassie as Missy is."

"You are right, Hugh, you are right; of course she'll have all—and I think that his lordship will make over the fee-simple of this house and land on me shortly for a handsome consideration."

Lizzy looked up from her book and smiled at her papa. Hugh knit his dark brows, and a frown clouded his face, and he muttered to himself, "she will na have all if I can prevent her."

"You must give notice to the Ballybruff tenants to come over in a few days, say Wednesday next," said Mr. Ellis.

"I dinna ken the use, sir," said Hugh, submissively; "ain't they noticed?"

"They are, they are," said Mr. Ellis; "but when they come over, they will think it is to get a settlement, so they will bring what money they can; and as there is a year's running gale, which answers a year's rent, we can put them out afterwards."

Hugh smiled the smile of a demon.

"Let us soak them as dry as a sponge before we throw them away."

"What of the Ballybrack tenants?" said Hugh.

"They are safe just now, safe just now; they have leases, but they will be up in a few years, and then let them look to themselves; you may be living in that cosy nest of the O'Donnell's yet, Hugh."

Hugh gave a grim smile of satisfaction, and Lizzy raised her heavy eyes from the book and said:—

"Papa, isn't it wrong to turn people out of their houses; now, the O'Donnells are good, kind people; isn't it a pity to turn them out?"

"No, child; the people are lazy and indolent, and it is better for them to be earning their day's hire, or to go to some foreign country, where they can live better than here, than be spoiling the land. Look at the difference of my farm here, that was all waste when I got it, full of furze, gardens, and useless fences, that the wretched tenants had made. It was then as bad as any of the places you see around; look at it now, pet."

"I see, papa; it is a beautiful place, indeed; but sure the O'Donnells have a nice place, and you need not turn them out; besides, papa, it must be a terrible thing to be turned out of one's house."

"It must, child, for persons having a comfortable house like ours," and he looked about the warm, tasteful room; "but for those poor cabins, I'm sure it's a blessing to knock them down."

It is hard to say from what motive Lizzy's advocacy of the O'Donnells proceeded, as she seldom interfered in her father's business. She had been lately reading some romantic novels; and as she was walking through one of the fields, a few weeks previous, she became very much alarmed at the appearance of

a young bull that bellowed at a good distance from her. She screamed, and might have fainted, had not Frank O'Donnell jumped over the fence, with his gun on his shoulder, and escorted her home.

He was courteous and gentlemanly, and as it generally is in some way of this sort romantic ladies meet with their lovers, there is no telling what notions crossed her precious little head.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN IRISH AGENT AND HIS VICTIMS.

The rent day is a very important day to Irish tenants in general. Those who have the rent must wear a look of grateful complacency, and those who have not, of abject dependence. They know that their fate lies in the hands of the great man, whose bad report to the landlord is as sure destruction to them as the ukase of the Emperor of Russia to his serfs; therefore the Irish serfs must study the humor of their lord and master, and adapt their line of policy accordingly. It is a nice point of dispute who will go in first, but the decree generally falls upon some one able to meet his rent in full. As soon as he comes out, he has to answer a regular fire of questions in Irish, such as:—

"What humor is his honor in, Bill?" says a poor fellow who, perhaps, is back a few pounds.

"Will he allow half the poor rates, Bill?" says another, who has scraped his up to that point.

"I don't know will he take my cow at a valuation; it is better to be widout the sup of milk itself than the cabin, God help us?" says another poor fellow.

Even their appearances must be adapted to their circumstances, or rather to the circumstances in which they would wish to appear.

The poor man that wants time, until he sells his cow, or his slip of a pig, generally borrows a good coat from a neighbour to let the agent see that he is well dressed; and that a little time with him is only a matter of convenience; while the comparatively rich man, with his rent in his pocket, appears in his every-day garb, lest his wealth would draw down upon him the cupidity of the agent.

It must be recollected that I am painting the dark side of the picture. It is true that there are many such men as Mr. Ellis in Ireland; but it is equally true, on the other hand, that there are landlords who would be ashamed to acknowledge such a man as their agent—men of honorable and Christian feelings, who treat their tenants with kindness and consideration—who take a pride in their welfare.

It is said, in defence of slavery, that slave masters were generally kind to their slaves; but there are some masters who use the power of life and death, with

which they are vested, with a vengeance—who gloat over the sufferings of their victims, as they writhe to the torture of the lash and the stake—who laugh at their frantic cries, as the flame fattens on their flesh. Yes, there are such demons on earth; for when man's heart becomes hardened, there is no demon in hell more cruel.

Is it a sufficient plea for slavery that there are some good, kind masters, such as St. Clair? Certainly not! Well, then, is it a sufficient plea for leaving the white slaves of Ireland at the mercy of men as cruel and hardened as the brutal planter, Legree? Certainly not. But then you'll tell me the law protects the Irish peasant; he cannot be whipped or scourged—he is a freeman. Ha! it is true they manage these things better in Ireland than they did in Kentucky. They have a keen, systematic way of doing things, less savage in its execution, but not less sure in its results. They manage to kill the body by a slow process of petty persecution, by energies crushed, by the fluctuations of fear and hope deferred, to end in ruin; after which they too often try to kill the soul, by holding out the bribes of Judas to their victims. Believe me, we are drawing no ideal picture, dear reader. The enlightened statesmen of Europe wonder why the boasted, humane laws of England would not step in between the Irish Legrees and their victims. The attention of Europe is turning more and more every day to this anomaly. They know it is impossible for a country to progress and gain material wealth where power is used to crush, in the hearts of millions, all those feelings, impulses, and incentives to industry that beget a nation's wealth; for a nation cannot be advanced by destroying in the hearts of the many the motives of industry. Lord Brougham, one of England's greatest statesmen, talking of the vested interests of slave-owners, says—“ . . . I deny the right, I acknowledge not the property. The principles—the feelings of our common nature rise in rebellion against it. . . . In vain you tell me of the laws which sanction such a claim. There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times. . . . It is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man.”

How applicable to the white slaves of Ireland and their masters!

Mr. Ellis sat at his desk with a ledger before him; Hugh Pembert was writing near him.

“Are the Ballybruff tenants collected yet, Hugh?”

“I dinna ken; I shall see, sir,” said Hugh.

“No, no; go on with your accounts, I will call Burkem,” and he rang the hand-bell.

“Tell Burkem,” said he, to the servant maid, “to come up, I want him.”

“Yes, sir.”

Burkem made his appearance with an air of the greatest deference. He held his hat in his hand, and bowed to the great man.

It is necessary that we should say a few words about Burkem, whom we have seen before at Mr. O'Donnell's. He was for some time in the police force, but discharged for some good reasons. He then got into Mr. Ellis' employment, where he acted as bailiff, doing all the dirty work for him. The scoundrel was so keen, and had such a consummate address, that he passed off among the people as a good kind of person, forced to act contrary to his wishes, in order to keep his place. He took care to impress this very slyly upon them. So that he was more pitied than hated.

Mr. Ellis raised his head from the ledger:

“Well, Ned, are the Ballybruff tenants outside?”

“They are, your honor.”

“Have they much money, do you think?”

“Sorra much; I'm sure I don't know where the lazy set would get it; one or two of them druv cows to see would your honor take them at a valuation.”

“I suppose, Hugh, we had better; there is no use in letting anything back.”

“Ya'as sir,” said Hugh, looking up from his accounts.

“Burkem, show them in.”

The tenants were collected in groups about the yard, discussing their position with the gusto of American politicians. There was in one corner three or four cows, with as many men sitting near them, keeping guard, with the most abject misery depicted on their countenances; near these was a woman with ten geese, to make up her little rent.

“God help us,” said one of the men; “I dunna what the childer will do, the cratures, widout the sup of milk, and sure the praties are no great things this year; that blackguard blight has made them black and soft.”

“I fear we are near hard times,” said another, “though what harm if we could keep the cabin over us.”

“Sorra harm, Jem; there is no fear of a man wid a house over his head; it's bad enuff to want the bit or sup, but when a man wants the roof to cover him, och, mavrone, he's done entirely.”

“I dunna what is his honor going to do wid us; shure if he were going to put us out he wouldn't send us word to make up a year's rint.”

"That's thrue, he wouldn't," said another; "Mr. Burkem told me that he only served the notices to hurry us in."

"I hope so," said the woman, with a sigh; "God help us, we are bad enuff as it is, widout being worse; see, I have brought these ten geese to make up the last pound; I'm sure he won't refuse them from the poor widow."

"And it's you had the nice job to drive them too, Mrs. Dunne; begor, you'd think the cratures knew where they were goin' to, they cackled and hlew at such a rate."

A large group was all this time collected near the kitchen door, some thumbing o'd receipts, some looking over their little money, some in deep abstraction.

"As soon as Mr. Burkem made his appearance there was a general rush around him.

"What news, Mr. Burkem?"

"Is the master in good humor?"

"Will he take the rint from us?"

These and similar questions were put to Mr. Burkem.

"Begad, I think he is," said Burkem, "for he said to me, 'Burkem, go tell these poor people to come in. I hope they have the rent; for, God knows, I rather that they had than be turning them out;' 'I think they all have it, sir,' says I, 'and it would be a pity to turn them out when they can pay their way;' 'that's true for you, Burkem,' says he."

"You know, boys, there is no harm in having the good word."

"Sorra harm, Mr. Burkem, and may God bless you for it."

"Thanks be to God!" were the general exclamations of the expecting crowd.

"Now," said Mr. Burkem, let ye that have the money plentiest, go in first; come with me, Mr. Doyle, I know you have the shiners; nothing softens a man like them, Mr. Doyle."

"How do you do, Mr. Doyle?" said Mr. Ellis, in a very bland manner.

"Well, thank your honor," said Mr. Doyle, with a most obsequious bow.

"I suppose you have your rent, Mr. Doyle, £21 14s."

"Yes, your honor; by allowing me half the rates."

"I cannot allow it this time, Mr. Doyle; so I will give you a docket for the present; will that do?"

"Yes, your honor; but I'd sooner get the resate; Mr. Burkem told us that you'd allow it."

"Mr. Burkem, that's good! how did Burkem know; ay, Mr. Burkem?"

"Shure I only thought so, your honor."

"Well, you needn't be telling what you think, Mr. Burkem; however, it makes no difference; I could not give a receipt until I see his lordship about these notices. You know I am only a servant, Mr. Doyle; must carry out his lordship's wishes—write a docket for Mr. Doyle, Hugh, £21 on account."

"Well, Mrs. Cormack, have you the rent, ma'am?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Fifteen pounds, ten shillings, ma'am."

"Here is fifteen pounds, your honor; and may God bless them that gave it to me."

"Pray, who gave it to you, ma'am," said Mr. Ellis; drawing the money towards him.

"Young Mr. O'Donnell; God spare him, he is the tender-hearted young man; he comes into me and asked me had I the rent. I told him—"

"See, that will do, ma'am; I'm sure he is a good young man; but," said he, in a mutter too low for Mrs. Cormack's hearing—"A fool and his money soon parts."

"Ten shillings more, ma'am, if you please," said Hugh.

"Ten shillings! arrah, hav'nt you it all there except the poor rates?"

"We cannot allow any poor rates now," said Mr. Ellis; "the next time though, the next time; it makes no difference; give her a docket, Hugh."

"What about the notice, your honor?"

"I'll see his lordship about it; I'm sure when he hears you all paid he will withdraw it; you know I am only a servant to his lordship, and must consult him."

"Well, good woman, have you the rent?"

This was addressed to a miserable-looking poor creature, whose patched garments were scarcely sufficient to cover her shivering form.

"All but a thrifle, your honor."

"Well, I cannot take it without the full."

"God help us! shure your honor knows that a great deal of the pratics war black and four pounds is too much entirely for a cabin and haggard."

"Come, good woman, don't be taking up my time; I'm sure it wasn't I made the potatoes black; as for the rent, why did you engage to pay it? it's only what you are paying always."

"Call some other one, Burkem; this woman goes out. Mark her down to be ejected, Hugh."

Burkem whispered something to Mr. Ellis.

"Have compassion on the poor woman, your honor; she has some geese—maybe she'd sell them to you."

"God bless you, Mr. Burkem—I have, your honor; but I thought to sell them to buy a stitch of clothes for myself and the orphans; have compassion on us, your honor, and God will have mercy on you."

"To be turned out, Hugh; we can't lose any more time."

"Take them, your honor," said the poor woman, with a sigh; and she wiped the tears from her eyes with her tattered apron.

"There are ten in it, but leave me the old ones, and here is three pounds; God knows it's by pinching and starving myself and children I made it up."

"That will do, ma'am; Burkem, get the docket, and when this woman gives you the ten geese—ten is little enough for a pound—give it to her."

"Yes, your honor."

"God help myself and my poor orphans!" groaned that wretched woman.

It is unnecessary that we should follow the worthy Mr. Ellis seriatim through all the tenants; it is enough to say that the geese, the cows, and some slips of pigs, were all disposed of in like manner.

There was one poor fellow, and it was most affecting to see him take his leave of his cow. Magpie was enjoying the luxury of a sop of hay when he returned to her, after her fate being sealed inside.

"Poor Magpie, poor baste, what will you do ather you; come here, poor Magpie."

Magpie left the hay, and placed her head between his hands, as if to sympathize with him.

"Poor baste," said he, kissing her; and then he wiped the big tears from his eyes—"poor Magpie, your corner will be lonely to-night, and the childers will miss you, and cry for you! och, mavrone, it's the bitter news I have for them; but God's will be done," and he wiped his eyes again; and he left the yard, he looked back, and Magpie looked after him, and followed him.

"No, I can't stand it," said he, and he blubbered out as he went away.

On the whole, the tenants were well pleased with their day.

"He was hard enuff on the poor," said Mr. Doyle; "but anything is better than to be turned out of the house."

"Thru. for you, Mr. Doyle; what fear is there of us? hav'nt we the cabins over us, and our health, the Lord be praised!"

"Well, it is not a bad day's haul," said Mr. Ellis, as he closed the books. "Poor fools, if they but knew the mercy they are to get. Is it on account you have given all the receipts, Hugh?"

"Ya'as, sir."

"Give that woman's docket to Burkem, and let him go for the geese; and mind, let him say it was to buy them I did."

"Take it down to him yourself, and leave me alone."

"Ya'as, sir."

Mr. Ellis lay back in his chair, and thus soliloquized to himself:

"So far so good; things are going on smoothly; we must keep these Ballybruff tenants on hands until after the elections, for his lordship has assured me that an election will take place in spring, and Sir W. Crasby will represent the conservative interest. We must get all these to vote for him; I know these d—d priests will

oppose us; no matter—let them refuse, if they dare. Well, if we gain our point, I know I will be made a J. P.; ay, faith, a J. P. Hugh Ellis, Esq, J. P., sounds nicely; doesn't it, though; ha, ha, great change since the day I came here with a few pounds in my pocket. In any case, after the election, we will evict the Ballybruff tenants. Here are two letters"—and he pulled them from his pocket, and read them over, and then he put them into a private drawer. "One is from John M. Nale, offering me five hundred acres at a fair rent and a long lease; another from his uncle, offering me the same for about three hundred acres; three and two are five, just what's in the Ballybruff property. I know his lordship will want a few thousands shortly about that building of his, and that will leave me able to give it. Capital, that building of his—how I got him on with that, for fear he wasn't running down hill fast enough. Well, who knows for whom he is building it. Heigh ho! what would the world say if I were living there yet—heigh ho! eight and two are ten thousand; no joke of a mortgage, heigh ho!" and he leant back in his chair, evidently well pleased with the state and prospect of his affairs.

(To be continued.)

MACAULAY'S TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, and fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

In setting out with the army (said Gen. de Sonis) I condemn myself to death. God will reprove me if He pleases; but I will have Him always in my breast, and you know well that God surrenders never! no, never!

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road;
If our lips could taste the worm-wood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memory back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track?
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violet
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume
Come to us in sweetest accents
Through the portals at the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the griefs from out our way.

RETRIBUTION.

Leontine was the only child of Madame de Neuilles, a lady of fashion; in fact, one of the leaders of the *beau monde* of Paris.

Leontine de Neuilles was upon the eve of what was considered a most brilliant marriage, but although the event was near at hand, she seemed oppressed by sadness, and her mother was at a loss to explain the reason of said dejection. For some time the young girl had refused to consent to the marriage; but at length, to the surprise of all, accorded a voluntary yielding to the wish of her family. Madame de Neuilles tenderly questioned her daughter upon the subject, wishing to read her heart.

"I am willing to marry," responded Leontine.

"But are you happy, my child," inquired her mother.

"As happy as I can be," was the sad reply.

The Baron de Neuilles, anxious res-

pecting his daughter, questioned his wife frequently. "I am pleased that Leontine has acceded to my wish," he said; "but fear that she entertained a prior attachment for Maurice Dorval."

"You are right," replied Madame de Neuilles; "she has long been attached to Maurice, but she has reason to believe him false, and so consents to wed another."

"Has she the proof that Maurice Dorval is false?"

"Undoubtedly; and a love once trilled with is destroyed."

"You may be right," added the Baron, "but I fear that Leontine is romantic, and she will learn, when too late, that life is earnest."

The morning fixed for the marriage arrived, and Henri de Tremont was united to Leontine de Neuilles in the Chapel of St. Cloud, both being surrounded by a host of admiring friends and relatives.

The last eight days of her girlhood life had been passed by Leontine in a sort of stupor. She seemed dead to all that surrounded her. Each day her mother had assisted at her toilet, had embraced her tenderly, and yet she did not seem to realize the fact that additional and devoted attention was accorded her. Every thought was given to the past, to Maurice Dorval and his treachery.

Arrived in her white robes, and shielded by her veil, Leontine was driven to church and led to the altar without one thought of the terrible sacrifice she was making—the sacrifice of heart, soul and pride—woman's pride; that pride which, once stung, will recoil in bitterness.

Madame de Neuilles, seeing Leontine's unnatural condition and death-like composure, besought her to reflect and weigh well the importance of the step she proposed.

"If this marriage is displeasing to you," she said, "there is yet time to avert the evil. Speak, my darling child; it is not yet too late."

"You are mistaken," responded Leontine; "this marriage must take place, mother—it is inevitable."

In making sacrifices women are more courageous ordinarily than men—their will is inexorable; like Sappho, they would throw themselves into an abyss rather than fail.

The marriage was celebrated with much pomp in the Royal Chapel. The court attended the ceremony and great was the display of grandeur.

The newly-married couple passed the day at the chateau, where the scene of gayety was brilliant in the extreme. Leontine had never looked more lovely; her bridal robe and wreath of orange blossoms seemed to enhance the pure, immaculate style of her beauty, lending her an exquisite charm.

Not a ray of color tinged the marble pallor of her fair cheeks, and in the

creamy depths of her dark, lustrous eyes there was deep meaning. Many comments were passed upon the appearance of the bride, and all were struck by her marble-like calm.

"What ails you, Leontine?" questioned the Princess de P —, in a low whisper.

"Nothing," responded the bride.

"Why, then, do you look so sad, so cold and calm?"

"It is the effect of getting married," replied the Countess de V —, who had overheard her words. "When we women marry we all look more dead than alive. Some say it is pure devotion to the object of our choice." The words were followed by a merry laugh. The young bride smiled sadly, and without response, turned away.

"It is said that Leontine has a secret attachment," added a listener, "and if so, this marriage will not end happily."

"My dear friend, you are mistaken; she adores her husband, and it is a marriage of hearts as well as hands," replied the Countess de V —.

During the evening Leontine was frequently seen to raise a small gold vinaigrette to her lips, and then hide it quickly in her handkerchief. The precious stones with which it was encrusted could be seen through the fine lace of the handkerchief.

At one o'clock the Baroness de Neuilles led her daughter to the room she had always occupied. Nothing had been changed except the bedstead; the little snow-white bed, which had formerly invited rest, was gone, and in its place stood one of regal appearance, surrounded by rich lace curtains, and covered by a damask spread. Upon the mantel were ornaments of gold and fragrant flowers. All the candles were lighted in the chandeliers, and in all respects the nuptial chamber looked bright and beautiful.

After lingering some time, the Baroness at length embraced her daughter and retired.

"Try to be reasonable and happy, my child," she said at parting, "and remember, you are now married."

"Not for long," murmured Leontine when the Baroness closed the door. "Not for long; but although married, I will never consent to be the wife of the man whose name I bear. I was asked by the priest if I would be his wife. My lips, but not my heart, murmured yes. In the silence of my heart I hate him—hate him; and think only of Maurice—Maurice, my only love." As Leontine ceased speaking she examined the sagon hidden in the folds of her handkerchief. "Happily," she continued, "I have drunk it all. It is a quarter of twelve, and I commenced to take the drug at seven o'clock. It requires but five hours for the poison to do its work. In fifteen minutes I will be dead. Death is near me, gathering closer

and closer around me. My body is already chilled and my heart oppressed by heaviness; surely this must be the beginning of the end."

As she ceased speaking she arose, and, approaching her prie-dieu, she bowed her head, and, kneeling in prayer, folded her hands devoutly before the crucifix.

"Let it come quickly," she murmured.

"Oh, God, grant my earnest prayer, and let death anticipate his coming."

She then removed her bridal wreath and veil, the jewels and satin dress. Her hair being unbound fell around her shoulders covering her form like a mantle; its luxuriance heightening her marvelous beauty.

In the large mirror that hung opposite, she contemplated her changing features. As she did so the mirror suddenly turned upon its hinges, and another chamber stood revealed. Scarcely had she realized this fact when, to her surprise, a man, beautiful as the Archangel of Eden, stood upon the threshold.

"I am here," said the stranger, calmly.

At first Leontine deemed herself either the victim of some supernatural manifestation or thought the poison had rendered her delirious; but in an instant she recognised Maurice Dorval.

"Is it indeed you, Maurice," she murmured, "and are you dying also?"

"Dying, Leontine?" he exclaimed, seizing her hand. "Why, what do you mean?"

"That I have lost all desire to live."

"Late as it is," he continued, "I must have some explanation from you before you become that man's wife."

"What explanation do you require?" responded his listener. "You know that you deceived me."

"You were mistaken, and have been deceived, terribly deceived. The man you married forged the letters that calumniated me, and held me a prisoner until this damnable deed was accomplished. This chateau was once my father's. I knew of the secret door, and came to you."

"But I am dying, Maurice, truly dying."

With a cry of terror he raised her gently and carried her into the adjoining chamber, and, having placed her upon the bed, he quickly turned the mirror and then, approaching Leontine, encircling her with his arms, he called her name again and again. At length he pressed a kiss upon her lips, and shuddered at the chilling touch.

"Speak, Leontine; oh, speak to me," he cried in agony.

Leontine did not reply; her lips were colorless, and on her forehead the cold dew of death had gathered.

"A physician!" exclaimed Dorval, suddenly. "If I can but procure a physician, it may not yet be too late."

"It is useless," whispered Leontine

feebly. "Do not leave me, do not summon any one, for I am dying."

"Dying? Oh, surely you are mistaken. This is but a sudden weakness; it will pass, and you will be strong again."

"No," responded his companion. "Listen to me; rather than belong to another, Maurice, rather than become the wife of any man but you, I have taken poison. But even the pain of dying I hail with joy, for in your arms, close to your heart, I will breathe my last. Press your lips to mine, and let me feel your warm breath upon my cheeks. One kiss, Maurice, and know that I have died for my love of you, for the sake of a love that the grave shall preserve sacred."

"Oh, Leontine, my love," murmured Dorval, as he clasped her to his breast and pressed kiss after kiss upon her cold, trembling lips. "Oh, what have you done, my beloved? Surely this cannot be death."

"It is death, Maurice, and I rejoice in my escape. I have, in inviting this fate, done my duty. Forgive me," she continued feebly, "for suspecting you. Adieu, my love, and may God comfort you."

The words were scarcely audible, and Maurice Dorval bowed his head to catch the sound. As Leontine ceased speaking, she trembled violently; a sigh of weariness parted her lips, while a smile, celestial in its exquisite sweetness, crept over her face. "Maurice," she whispered faintly, and, in an instant more, the spirit of Léontine de Neuilles had fled from earth.

For a few moments Dorval remained in silence beside the dead woman he had so fondly loved: It seemed to the man, in this terrible hour of agony, as though the world itself was passing away: then, realizing that the still form no longer contained the soul, despair seized upon him, and he rushed forward and drew Leontine to his breast convulsively.

The stillness of the room was broken by the clock striking the hour of midnight. As the last stroke vibrated upon the air, the noise of steps was heard in the corridor, and in a moment more the door of the chamber opened and De Tremont entered.

"Leontine," he said, "where are you?"

"Here," exclaimed a strange voice, suddenly. The tone was dreary and sepulchral. De Tremont shuddered at the sound, and turned toward the spot whence it came.

Once more the mirror had turned, and before him he saw another room brilliantly lighted, and upon the bed the pale, still form of a woman. Beside the couch of death stood Maurice, as pale and almost as motionless as the dead girl. His dark eyes were fixed upon De Tremont, and in either hand he held a pistol.

De Tremont's astonishment was such

that he could not articulate a syllable. He looked at the scene before him, but could not comprehend the meaning.

"What does this mean?" he inquired.

"Retribution," responded Dorval, pointing to the silent sleeper.

"I do not understand you," replied his listener.

"Then I will explain. Leontine de Neuilles, whom you married, now lies dead before you. We meet in the sacred presence, and one of us must join her.

De Tremont could not speak, the words seemed frozen upon his lips.

"Your sin has found you out, and I proclaim you a liar," continued Dorval. "You deceived the woman I loved, and who loved me. I learned the truth too late to save her from death, but not too late to avenge the wrong done to both. I know you well, and long to discover if, indeed, it is blood that flows in your veins. We will fight without witnesses, and here in the presence of the woman you have tortured by doubts and falsehood. Of these pistols but one is loaded." Maurice Dorval advanced with a firm, determined step. As he did so De Tremont retreated until his back touched the wall.

"Death is in one of these weapons. I know not which," said Dorval. "Choose."

Realizing his danger De Tremont grew calm, and quickly turned his eyes toward the door, but his companion intercepted the glance.

"Choose instantly, or I will kill you," exclaimed Dorval, in a voice full of stern command.

For an instant De Tremont looked scrutinizingly at the pistols, but the cold iron revealed nothing, and, yielding to chance, he grasped the one nearest him.

The two adversaries stood confronting each other, hate expressed in the fierce, relentless glance of their dark eyes. De Tremont looked like Satan, Maurice as an avenging angel. The scene was solemn, and for an instant not a sound broke the stillness of the room.

Not one regret for his misdeeds troubled the mind of De Tremont; his every thought was centered in the desire to kill his enemy.

"If you have aught to prepare before dying," he said, turning to Dorval, "do so quickly, for you and not I will fall."

"Perhaps," responded Maurice.

They approached and placed the muzzles of their pistols each above the heart of the other, and at the same instant fired. The household was suddenly aroused by the sound of a loud report. The Baroness de Neuilles rushed to the chamber of her daughter. On entering the room she saw Maurice Dorval bending over the dead body of the Baron De Tremont.

Jesus Christ was to the last faithful and loving to his ungrateful country.

A HORATIAN LYRIC.

"*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis.*"

O blest is he, from business free,
Like the merry men of old;
Who tills his land with his own stout hand,
And knows not the lust of gold.

No sailor he on the stormy sea,
No soldier, trumpet-stirred;
And he shuns the town and the haughty frown
Of the courtiers' fawning herd.

But he bids the vine with her tendrils twine
Around the poplar tall,
And he adds a graft, with a gardener's craft,
To the tree that climbs his wall.

Or a grazer keen, o'er the pastures green
He sees his oxen feed;
Or he shears his flock, or he brews a stock
Of his rustic nectar, mead.

And when autumn at length, in his manly strength,
Has raised his fruit-crowned head,
He plucks the pear with its flavor rare,
And the grape with its clusters red.

With his knee on the sod he thanks his God
For His mercies and favors free:
And he lays him along, while he lists the song
Of the thrush in the old oak tree;

While the waters glide with their rippling tide,
And the zephyrs softly creep
O'er the quivering leaves 'midst the murmuring trees,
And lull the sense to sleep.

But when thundering Jove, from his stores above,
Sends wintry snows and rain;
And rock, and wood, and field, and flood,
Lie bound in his icy chain.

With many a hound, in the woods around,
He hunts the grisly boar;
And ere daylight fade, his gleaming blade
Is red with the monster's gore.

When the sun has set he spreads his nest,
And the partridge, fluttering, dies;
He takes the hare in his crafty snare,
And the crane, a goodly prize.

'Mid joys like these what ills can tease,
Who could remember pain?
He feels no wrong, and he laughs at the throng
Of cares that swell love's train.

If a loving wife—best staff of life—
Be his, and children dear,
The fire burns bright with its ruddy light
His homeward step to cheer.

At the cottage door, when his toil is o'er,
She stands with her smile so sweet,
And holds up her face with a modest grace,
His welcome kiss to meet;

And his children glad swarm round their dad,
But the hungry man must dine:
So she spreads the cloth and he sups his broth,
While she pours out her home-made wine.

The heart will commonly govern the head; and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will soon inatuate the wisest of men; therefore, the first part of wisdom is to watch the affections.

THE ABBE DE SAINT PIERRE'S STORY.

Amid the many domains which the house of Villars possessed in Normandy in the seventeenth century, was one known by the name of Motteville, situated near the Vire, and of which the extent was only a few acres. The river nearly formed it into an island shaded with willows, birch-trees, and poplars, in the midst of which the late owner had laid out a garden, small in dimension, but an exact copy of the *parterres* of Versailles. There were the same elm fences, the same thickets, the same sculptures, all in miniature, and made of the stone of the country, in lieu of bronze and marble. The fame of Motteville had extended throughout Normandy. People from many miles round came to visit the gardens of M. le Marquis, and the country gentlemen averred that they who had seen Motteville need scarcely take the trouble to go to see Versailles.

When the marquis died, the Chevalier de Castel and the Viscompte Beauvilliers, who inherited his fortune as the nearest collateral relatives, hastened to meet each other, bringing in their suite expert legal advisers, who were to give their counsel on this important occasion. They found at the castle one of the relatives, Charles Irenee de Castel, better known by the name of the Abbe de St. Pierre, who, having come to spend some weeks with the marquis, had been with him at his death. The two cousins were personally acquainted with the abbe, whom they cordially greeted, and insisted on his remaining with them.

Irenee de St. Pierre was one of those men to whom people are instinctively attracted. He spoke but little, but his thoughts were always occupied with the happiness of others, and he deserved the eulogy pronounced on him by d'Alembert, that his whole life could be expressed in two words: *to give and to pardon.*

The chevalier and the viscompte were perfectly agreed with regard to the division of property; so long as it was a question of farms, woods, and chateaux they could arrange as suited each best; but when it became a debate as who should own *Motteville*, each declared that he must have it at any price. In fact *Motteville* constituted the dignity of the heritage, of which the other demesnes formed only the profits. Whoever remained master of it would pass in the eyes of everyone as the real heir of the marquis, and as the inheritor of his honours. With *Motteville* the possessor would acquire a sort of celebrity; people would be sure to talk of him, and the Norman *noblesse* would pay visits to the castle; without *Motteville* the other heir would simply be rich. One month earlier the cousins would have been perfectly

contented with this last condition; but prosperity rendered them exacting; each persisted in his claims. The discussions which ensued engendered bitterness, then hatred. They passed from recriminations to threats, and the two adversaries, excited by contradiction, declared that they would rather engage in a lawsuit which would last all their lives, than yield up Motteville to the other.

The Abbé de Saint Pierre watched this disunion with grief, and ventured to make a few observations; but good advice is apt to have the same effect upon anger as water thrown upon a red hot iron—it generally boils and bubbles up without in any degree diminishing the heat of the glowing metal. The abbe quickly saw that his words were useless, and he was obliged to renounce the hope of re-establishing union between the cousins.

They had begun hostilities in good earnest by putting their affairs into the hands of lawyers. Every day there were consultations, every day fresh expenses, to meet which the litigants had to borrow money at heavy interest. Both squandered the harvest, before having gathered it in.

However, some remains of good sense and good taste had made them decide to allow their claims to be weighed in the law courts without mixing themselves up in the matter more than necessary. They continued to dwell at the castle, and to meet in familiar intercourse, whilst their respective lawyers carried on hostilities in their names.

The Abbé de Saint Pierre, neutral in the strife, received by turns the confidences of each of the belligerents. One day especially the chevalier and the vicomte had communicated to him successively their need of money to continue the law suits they had commenced. The sums already consumed were considerable, but for that very reason each of the litigants persisted in going through with the matter, so as not to lose the benefit of such expenditure. The Abbé de St. Pierre did not offer any severe remonstrances; he seemed on the contrary to enter into the hopes of each; and having thus favorably disposed them he asked permission to read to them that evening a few pages he had just written, and on which he wished to ask their opinion. The cousins assured him of their incapacity to act as critics, but consented to listen to his composition, and promised at least to give him their true opinion of his performance. They met at the hour appointed, and the good Abbé began to read the following story:

"Amid the numberless islets which are scattered over the Mississippi, there are two of small extent but of an unparalleled fertility; oats spring up in abundance and without culture, the ground is laden with pine-apples, the trees with nourish-

ing nuts, and even the bushes produce luxuriant crops of plums. This fertility attracted elks and goats, which kept the hunter well supplied with game; finally, the bays formed by the different points of shore of the islands are stored with myriads of bright-scaled fish which could be caught without trouble. Each of these isles had, however, a single inhabitant; that of the Green Isle was named Maki, he of the Round Isle, Barko. As their two domains were contiguous, they often visited each other in their canoes of bark, and lived on terms of complete amity. Maki was the best hunter, and Barko the most expert fisher, so occasionally they made a barter of their spoils, and thus varied each other's stores.

"In everything else their tastes were the same, their riches equal, both lived on the produce of their islands, both dwelt in huts constructed of branches and reeds, made with their own hands. Both alike had for clothing but the skin of the elk they had taken in hunting, and for ornament eagles' feathers, or dried grasses from the luxuriant thicket.

"But one day it came to pass that Barko whilst opening some fishes which he had just caught, found in the entrails of one of them, a half circlet of gold, enriched with precious stones of different colors. A civilized man would have seen at a glance that it was the top of one of the elegant combs with which Spanish women were wont to decorate their hair; but Barko had never seen anything like it. After having shouted and leaped for joy at the sight of this marvellous ornament, he tried it on, first as a crown, then as a collar, as a pendant to his nose, finally as an ear-ring. This last use seeming to him most suitable, he remained satisfied, and the semi-circlet firmly fixed in his left ear, hung elegantly to his shoulder, so as to be seen to the best advantage.

"The first care of our savage was to hasten to Maki, to whom he related his good fortune. The latter remained dumb with admiration at the sight of his neighbor's ear-ring. He had never seen nor dreamed of anything so splendid. Barko's new ornament gave him the air of a demigod!

"But unhappily admiration is bounded by a steep incline, which conducts very swiftly to jealousy. Into this descent Maki glided; at first unwittingly, then deliberately and consciously. Why had his neighbor found such a treasure sooner than he? Was he more beautiful, stronger, more courageous? The fishes of the *father of oceans*, did they not belong to Maki as well as to Barko? Besides where was Barko fishing when he discovered the ear-ring; was it not on the shore of the Green Isle and consequently in his, Maki's, domain?

"These reflections at first made to himself were soon repeated aloud. Barko re-

plied with the pride which his recent good luck inspired. 'The fish,' said he, 'had been caught in the middle of the river; the crescent of gold therefore belonged rightfully to him, and he would know in case of need how to defend it.'

"They separated in discontent.

"When alone, Maki could think of nothing else than his neighbour's ear-ring. He was angry at his good fortune and insolence; he recalled to mind all the acts of encroachment on his little domain which he had permitted on his friend's part, and resolved to stop them. Next day an opportunity presented itself.

"Barko seeing a buffalo cross the stream, pursued it in his canoe, and came up with it in one of the creeks of the Green Isle, where he killed it. Maki hastened up at once, declaring that the animal belonged to him. The debate soon became hot, and from words they passed to blows. Barko, being wounded, took refuge in his skiff, but swearing to be avenged.

"The inhabitant of the Green Isle had no need of this threat to take his precautions. He knew too well what he had to fear from a brave and vigilant enemy, so he resolved to be beforehand with him. Taking advantage of the darkness of night, he noiselessly embarked, reached the Round Island, and crept stealthily to Barko's hut, upon which he rushed battle-axe in hand. But the hut was empty! He was obliged to content himself with setting it on fire, and hastened back to his own domain.

"Just as he reached it, flames were rising in the midst of the trees which sheltered his abode. He anxiously ran to the spot: his cot had been just set on fire by Barko!

"The same idea of revenge had occurred to both: and both thus found themselves equally without a home, or shelter.

"This was but the prelude to the war just declared. From that day Maki and Barko lost all peace, and the abundance they had hitherto enjoyed. Hidden in thickets their one occupation was to lay snares; or to avoid them, neither dared go out of his retreat: to obtain necessary food, they dared not yield to sleep, and their hatred slowly increased in proportion to the miseries which one inflicted on the other.

"Several encounters without any definite results, but in which both were wounded, served to make the foes irreconcilable. Maki felt his jealousy increase with his rage. Every time that he saw Barko from afar, with his glittering pendant, his heart swelled with anger; it was like a fresh defiance. What did these blows matter to Barko; of what consequence to him were the watchings and hunger he had endured; he still possessed his ear-ring. At least he could contrast

that with the poverty of his enemy. All the efforts of Maki had been in vain; and the golden circlet still hung triumphantly over his shoulder!

"These thoughts excited transports of rage in Maki. Unable any longer to support the partial triumph of his enemy, he resolved to come to a decisive struggle. He armed himself with his axe and his knife, swam across the stream which separated him from the Round Island (for both his own canoe and that of his neighbour had been destroyed long since) glided to where Barko was and attacked him unexpectedly, uttering a savage yell. But the owner of the ear-ring avoided the blow, which must otherwise have killed him, seized his weapons, and offered a desperate resistance to the fury of his assailant.

"Both were soon covered with wounds. Maki felt his enemy's hatchet fall several times on his head, but carried on by the whirlwind of his rage he did not pause, but continued to strike. At length one final blow stretched Barko at his feet: he rushed upon him with a cry of victory, to which the savage replied by a last sigh—he had ceased to live.

"Intoxicated with pride and joy, Maki stretched out his hand and seized the long-coveted ear-ring. At last it was his! So many sufferings, delays and combats were now to be recompensed; he held in his hand the trophy which would for ever bear witness to his victory.

"After having gazed at it with a savage laugh, Maki pushed back his hair saturated with blood, to deck himself with the golden crescent, but suddenly the two hands which he had raised to his head were arrested; he uttered a cry!—the blows of Barko had taken effect, and the disputed jewel henceforth was useless!—The two ears of the conqueror were struck off!

"Maki stood still bewildered, and looked around him with despair!

"But his eyes rested on nothing but the ravaged islands, the ruins of the two huts, some fragments of the canoes of bark, and the corpse of him who had been his friend."

The Abbe de Saint Pierre stopped. The vicomte and the chevalier had listened to his reading with an attention at first only that of courtesy, then embarrassed and thoughtful. Several times they exchanged looks; at length both rose, and having briefly thanked their guest they quitted the chamber without speaking.

The next day when the abbe came down to breakfast he found the litigants before a large fire, into which they both successively threw bundles of legal papers. At the sight of M. de Saint Pierre, who had stopped on the threshold, both turned towards him laughing.

"For heaven's sake! what are you doing there?" asked the abbe surprised.

"We are making a practical comment on your American anecdote," replied the

vicompte. "The Norman Maki and Barko clearly see that if they persist in disputing Motteville, they will infallibly be ruined, and they understand that the conqueror stands a chance of 'having the circle of gold without ears whereon to hang it.' We have just drawn lots for the disputed domain, and the possession of it legitimately falls to the chevalier."

The abbe rejoiced with the two cousins over this happy arrangement which saved their fortune as well as their mutual regard. This reconciliation was one of the brightest and sweetest remembrances of his life. He often recalled it, and even among his friends, it became a proverb, whenever there was a question of a lawsuit, or a war from which no good was to be expected :

"It will be the Story of Maki the Indian, who lost his two ears whilst victoriously winning wherewith to ornament them."

BEWARE OF THE ONE GLASS.

In the glass lurks a world of evil. Even one glass disturbs the quiet and workings of the human system ; and if it contains much spirit it will produce a certain amount of intoxication. But we should look at its tendencies to see the delusion and danger involved in one glass.

It is the one glass at dinner, or for medicine, that has gradually created a liking for liquor on the part of thousands, and which has ended in their ruin. It is the one glass in the saloon that leads to a second and a third, and which often ends in drunkenness with all its terrible consequences. It is the first glass ordered by the doctors to delicate youths that creates the appetites for stimulants, and often leads the poor sufferer to excess. It is the one glass taken at the social board, or at their father's table, that has led to the dissipation of so many young men, almost to the heart-breaking of their parents. It is the one glass on the part of many tradesmen, that leads to their expensive habits and to the neglect of their business, ending too often in ruin. Oh ! if people would calculate the dreadful consequences lurking in the one glass, they would dash it from them as their greatest foe !

Every case of drunkenness begins with the one glass ; and suicides, manslaughter and murder proceed from the same cause. Behold the degradation of many of the female sex through intoxicating liquor ! This all commenced with the one glass.

What a mistake for persons to say, "One glass will do nobody harm." A single spark from a passing train has fired many a fine forest, destroying farms and villages, and caused in many instances a fearful sacrifice of human life. There is no good either in the first or second glass, and therefore shun it as you would your greatest enemy.—*Catholic Umon.*

HOW A VENTRILOQUIST FOUND EMPLOYMENT.

A good tale is told of a sensational scene recently enacted in a Paris cafe, though whether it is true or not we must leave others to determine. A gentlemanly-dressed man entered one of the cafes chantants, in the Champs Elysees, the other day, holding in his arms a very young child, dressed in white linen. He set it down on the ground and began to use the most violent language to it. "Walk," he cried, "you little imp !" "You know I can't, dear papa," replied the child, "my right foot is lame." "Hold your tongue !" cried the brutal father, "or I will strike you." The child began to weep, and the audience gathered round the pair. "Walk," again cried the father, and, as the child did not move, he struck it a cowardly blow on the head. A thrill of horror ran through the crowd. "Is that child yours ?" said a man as tall as he was broad. "What is that to you ; mind your own business," replied the father. Several people advanced with a threatening air. "Take care," cried the child, "he has a knife, and he will kill you !" "Yes, that I will !" exclaimed the now exasperated father, brandishing a formidable dagger. Several people rushed at him, but he beat them off, and suddenly sheathed his weapon to the hilt in the body of his child. "Help ! he has killed me," came from the lips of the child, as, with a cry of inexpressible anguish, it fell to the ground. Everyone in the cafe was now aroused, and the man was secured and bound. "Pray do not be alarmed, messieurs," he said, in the politest accents, "the child is of wood, and I am a ventriloquist. I am named Peter Anderson, and I come from New York. The proprietor of this cafe has hitherto refused to engage me, as he doubts my talent. I hope I have now satisfied you. Pray accept my apologies." The man was engaged on the spot.

TIPPERARY HISTORY.

A valued correspondent has addressed us on a topic which, although local in character, has yet a general interest for Irishmen. It having been asserted that the county Tipperary never was famous for anything except shooting landlords, he has asked us to give a brief sketch of the history of the county, with an explanation, if possible, of its title, "the premier county." As a matter of strict fact we think Royal Meath has a prior right to the title premier county ; but Tipperary is ancient and illustrious, and very notable in our history. Tipra-Rae signifies in Irish "the well of the plains." The town is situate at the base of the Slievnamuck hills,

which form a portion of the Galtees range. Ptolemy has a considerable notice of Tipperary, the inhabitants of which he calls *Coriondi*. In the Fifth century the King of Munster gave a portion of South Tipperary to the powerful tribe of the Desii, who then held Waterford. The Desii boasted a separate sovereignty, and waged protracted and successful war with the earliest English invaders. The O'Flahertys, the O'Briens, and the O'Hennessys were then the powerful families. In 1172 Henry in person advanced into Tipperary, and received the submission of the southern chieftains. He was hardly gone when they relented, and waged war on Strongbow, who was then at Cashel. An auxiliary force coming from Dublin was attacked by the O'Briens and defeated. Prince John caused several castles to be erected in the county so as to strengthen the royal power. Then we come to the rebellion of Daniel O'Brien, who met the English at Thurles and routed them with great slaughter. After years of contest most of the county was overrun by the stranger; and Henry II. granted the whole of its lay possessions to Theobald Walter, who had accompanied Prince John. He was also made "Chief Butler" of Ireland, a dignity which gave name to the family. Edward III. granted to a Butler, then Earl of Ormonde, the regality fees, and all other "liberties" in the county, and the prisage of wines in Ireland. This Royal liberty (we think) gained for the county the designation "premier;" and it is curious that similar liberties having been granted subsequently to other counties, that of Tipperary was maintained up to about 1700, through the power and tact of the Butlers. From 1641 until 1650 Tipperary was a big battle-field. Charles II. gave to James Duke of Ormonde a confirmation of all his paternal property. The Marquis of Ormonde still retains the honorary title of Chief Butler, but the profits were purchased up by the Crown for £216,000. Of the qualities of Tipperarymen it is needless to say a word. In the British army everywhere, and notably in the Peninsular campaign, they covered themselves with glory. It was to a batch of Tipperarymen that Picton once cried out with more fire than dignity, "Come on, you fighting scoundrels!"

THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW YORK.

Amongst modern ecclesiastical structures the cathedral of New York, commenced during the Episcopacy of the late lamented Archbishop Hughes, and now rapidly approaching completion, stands out easily first in grandeur and in greatness. The

GRAND ALTAR

is now in course of construction at Rome and at St. Brienne, France, and which will

cost, when completed, \$250,000. The design is by Mr. James Renwick, the architect of the Cathedral. The altar will occupy the eastern extremity of the building, and be supported by a platform to be reached by three broad marble steps rising from the floor to the sanctuary. The table will be of white marble, resting on columns of precious marble. The larger niches will contain representations of the Passion of Christ, and the smaller, statues of the Apostles. The altar is to be twelve feet four inches long by two feet four inches wide. Extending its entire width behind the altar are to be two marble steps inlaid with precious stones, on which will stand the candelabra of gilt bronze. The tabernacle is to be of Carrara marble, inlaid with precious stones, and adorned by exquisite Roman mosaics representing sacred emblems and the crown of thorns. The stylobate at the rear of the altar is to be thirty feet in length by ten feet in height, divided into five parts. The first story of the central tower is six feet square and sixteen feet high, having two clustered columns of red and green marble, with white marble bases and foliated capitals standing on each side of the central niche, which has a background of white marble, decorated with foliage. On the Gospel side will be St. Peter, and on the Epistle side St. Paul, each nearly six feet in height. Between the central and side towers are six niches, with traceried heads and groined ceilings, three being on each side of the central tower. The niches will contain the figures of six angels bearing shields, on which are carved the emblems of the Passion of Jesus Christ. These are all of white marble, five and a half feet high. The main roof of the great edifice is nearly completed. The groining of the arches in the interior has already been commenced. The stained window-panes are soon to be put in place.

Few things are more galling to a woman than the loss of social position. If she goes out to a trade, takes in sewing, sets up a shop, or does anything else she is fitted to do, she is considered to have fallen, and considers herself fallen, in the social scale. Yet men may step down from masters, become almost servants, and still, in a large measure, preserve their standing in society. But the moment a woman begins to labor with her hands for her daily bread she also begins to descend the rounds of the social ladder. This is the reason that women so invariably fly to teaching or writing to gain a subsistence. They do not undertake these departments of work because they have any talent or fitness for them, but because the idea is prevalent that in following either of these professions they do not lose caste. Is there no way in which manual labor for woman may be made as honorable and respectable as it is for men?

THE HARP.

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

\$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Communications to be addressed to CALLAHAN & MEANY, Printers and Publishers, 698 & 700 Craig Street, Montreal.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1875.

THE CAUSE OF IRELAND'S CONDITION.

We have more than once given expression to the truism that in the past five-and-twenty years Ireland has lived centuries. Woes and miseries—whose name was legion—came upon her, and the spring of her youth departed; she was bowed to earth; her step grew feeble and her heart grew heavy; premature age, the age which takes its wrinkles from disappointment and its feebleness from hope deferred, relaxed the sinews of her frame and froze the blood in her veins; and she sat in sackcloth and ashes by the grave of her glories, weeping for the day when the sword of O'Neill parried the blows that were aimed at her life.

And these five-and-twenty years—such years—contained evil seeds, and are bearing bad fruit to-day. They formed an era which is written on graves. They are chronicled in blood. The rank grass which sprung from the flesh of the murdered men of Skibbereen—the depopulated fields of Clare manured with the bones of “the finest peasantry”—the Churchyards choked with the bodies of those who died of Soyer soup and the workhouse—the white bones, stripped of their covering by the tooth of the wild dog or the beak of the hungry bird, which glistened in the ditch-side and the valleys as if a Upas waved over the land—the empty cottage, memorial of Fever's triumphs—the untilled fields, historians of famine's victims—the counting-house of the Merchant stripped of its desk and its occupants—the work-shop of the artizan, no longer musical with the notes of labor, silent as its master who feeds the worms—the emigrant ship filled with rags, and dis-

ease; and misery; steered by Death and manned by broken hearts—the sneers and jeers of the executioners who held the writhing sufferer and grinned as every sinew cracked—the laughter of the Nations at the “Celtic race” that perished in its “patience and perseverance” to the accompaniment of hymns and homilies; and oh, worse—worse than all—the “sympathy” and “charity and “ameliorative measures” of those who robbed and ruined that Irish people—then flung a few coins, that they might buy coffins. These form the pages of that black book, in which is recorded the history of a quarter of a century.—But then, sure they were “mere Irish,” unworthy of any institutions save pestilence and taxes; deserving no “remedial measures” but those which the Great Premier, Death, introduces—as unfit for trial by jury as the Hottentots, [these were the words:] would that they knew as little of it—“Stupid procreators, little less enlightened than the Bosjesmans”—“worms that should be scrunched”—the sore of the universe and the blot of humanity. And, what matter—they died, and rotted where they died.

Thus the Irish character was degraded; and this is the cause of Ireland's condition. Starvation and chained spoons destroyed the self-respect of the people. Public Works did their work well, and swept away whole thousands of them. Home-made politicians assisted foreign government. They grew enthusiastic about “Law,” that blessed entity! and jingling with careless hands the blood-money which they received, advised their brethren to stretch in the ditch-side and die, that they might wear the martyrs' crown. And the people gave ear to their treachery. Each new sun that rose shone upon thousands of new graves—their earth yet fresh and red; nay, sometimes flung its rays upon the graveless dead, who died without friends and rotted without shroud, or coffin, or covering of clay. And when the politicians saw these sights, they raised their hands, and in tones of admiration called the world to witness the patience and perseverance of the Celtic race. And thus the

Irish nature was changed, and the Irish character debased.

Such was the past; and "the present reaps the sowing of the past." To-day inherits the glory or degradation of yesterday; and Ireland of the present moment is a fair example of what wonders may be achieved by "comprehensive measures," such as the Church Disestablishment Act and the new Land Law. Some of the people are rushing blindly to the Emigrant ship—others stand in listless apathy waiting for a miracle—the "better classes" sell themselves for a place or an occasional dinner at "the Castle"—and bigots are still bold in the endeavor to antagonize a Christian people and show the potency of the old-time policy of ruling a nation by its divisions. And strange to say, Ireland's vanity survives Ireland's dishonor, and, weak as the people are, they are as vain as ever. Faugh! This is the cause of Ireland's condition.

"ONLY AN IRISHMAN."

An American paper, in an article under the title of "Only an Irishman," called forth by the flippant remark of a young fop who, reading of an accident, said "After all, it's only an Irishman," says:

Berkeley, the philosopher, was only an Irishman.

Curran, the inimitable orator and wit, was only an Irishman.

Ossian, the last of the bards of the heroic ages, was only an Irishman.

Kavanagh and Prince Nugent, marshals of Austria, were only Irishmen.

Marshal Nial, the celebrated engineer, was only an Irishman, by descent.

Sarsfield, Marshal of France, and the hero of Fontenoy, was only an Irishman.

Drs. Kane and Hayes, the Arctic explorers, were only Irishmen, by descent.

Donegan, editor of the most comprehensive Greek lexicon, was only an Irishman.

Charles O'Connor, the head of the American Bar, is only an Irishman, by descent.

Robert Fulton, the inventor of steam navigation, was only an Irishman, by descent.

Duns Scotus, the most subtle philosopher of the Middle Ages, was only an Irishman.

Captain O'Hara, Burke, the explorer of the continent of Australia, was only an Irishman.

Patrick Cleburne, "the Stonewall Jackson of the South-west," was only an Irishman.

Tom Moore, "the poet of all circles

and the idol of his own," was only an Irishman.

A. T. Stewart, the most successful merchant in the United States, is only an Irishman.

Marshal MacMahon, the present head of the French nation, is only an Irishman, by descent.

McCormack, the inventor of McCormack's Steam Reaping Machine, is only an Irishman.

Doyle, the caricaturist, perhaps the most volatile of modern artists, was only an Irishman.

Horace Greeley, the great journalist, statesman, and sociologist, was only an Irishman, by descent.

William H. Seward, the ablest Secretary of State America ever had, was only an Irishman, by descent.

Maclin, the great actor, was only an Irishman. It was of his impersonation of "Shylock" that Pope wrote—

"That is the Jew
That Shakespear drew."

Edmund Burke, the greatest statesman that ever stood in the British House of Parliament, was only an Irishman.

Marshal O'Donnell, Field Marshal, Prime Minister of Spain, and Dictator at one time, was only an Irishman, by descent.

St. Brendan, held by eminent authorities to have been the first discoverer of the continent of America, was only an Irishman.

Virgilius, a bishop who flourished in the eighth century, and who was the first to discover the sphericity of the earth, was only an Irishman.

O'Connell, the Hercules of moral force agitators, pronounced by Wendell Phillips the most powerful orator he ever heard, was only an Irishman.

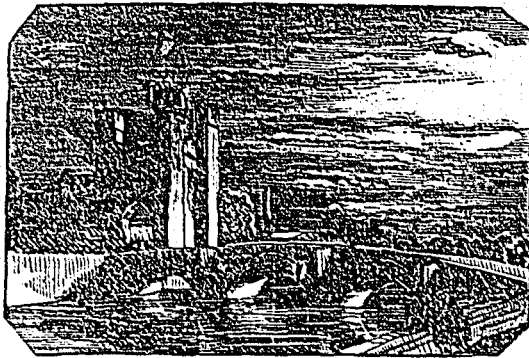
Grattan—ever-glorious Grattan—

"With more than Demosthenes wanted,
and
And his rival, or victor, in all he possessed"

so Byron says—was only an Irishman.

Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, who administered the total abstinence pledge to upwards of five millions of persons, who accomplished more in his day for the cause of temperance than all the Anglican and Anglo-American temperance speechifiers that ever shouted themselves hoarse on a temperance platform, was only an Irishman.

Hundreds of others, all famous in art, science, and literature, we might easily name, without alluding at all to the "Scalawag Irishmen," such as Palmerston, Wellington, Gough, the late Earl of Mayo, Tyndall, or hundreds of others who, though classed by England among her greatest men, are in reality Irishmen whose birth-right has been bartered away for some English bauble.



THE BARRACK BRIDGE, (FORMERLY THE "BLOODY BRIDGE,") DUBLIN.

BARRACK BRIDGE, DUBLIN.

The Liffey, at Dublin, is crossed by no fewer than nine bridges, within a distance of little more than three miles. One of the most remarkable of these, the "Barrack Bridge," was formerly called the "Bloody Bridge;" tradition traces its ancient title to a sanguinary conflict fought in its vicinity A. D. 1408, between the native Irish, led by a chieftain of the O'Kavanaghs, and the army of the Pale, under the command of the Duke of Lancaster, who was mortally wounded in the encounter. The erection of a grand Gothic gateway—the entrance to the "Military Road"—gives to the bridge a peculiarly striking character, and, in a picture at least, restores it to the olden time.

THE TOMB OF MARSHAL MAC-MAHON'S FATHER.

The following from the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* will be read with sympathetic interest in this country:—

A Bonapartist journal fancies, no doubt, that it can make itself very annoying to the President of the Republic by publishing the following inscription:—

Interment—Perpetual Grant—Cemetery of the South—2nd Division—1st Section.

Here repose

MacMahon (Patrick),
Doctor of Medicine and Librarian of the
Faculty of Medicine of Paris.

Born in Monaghan, Ireland, Sept. 25, 1772.

Died the 23rd of December, 1833.

The good life of this sincerely devoted

friend was consecrated to study, to

piety, and to charity; and to his

last breath he prayed for

the independence of

Ireland.

De Profundis.

We see nothing in this that the Marshal has to regret, and moreover it is not yesterday only that the claims of his father to public esteem have been known. The spiteful sheet will, therefore, waste its malignity for nothing.

THE POPE ASKS A FAVOR.

In a French biography of the Pope it is related that a freethinker once accompanied a Catholic family to an audience, but unlike the other members of the party, he refrained from asking any favor of the Pope. The Pope remarked this, and turning to him, said: "And you, my son, have you nothing to ask from me?" "Nothing, your Holiness," was the reply. "Really nothing?" said the Pope. "Nothing, your Holiness," repeated the freethinker. "Your father still lives?" inquired Pius IX. "Yes, your Holiness." "And your mother?" said the Pope. "She is dead, your Holiness." "Well," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "I have to ask something of you for her." "And what is that, your Holiness?" "That you will kneel down with me," said the Holy Father, "and we will recite a *Pater* and an *Ave* together for the soul of your mother." The Pope and the freethinker knelt down together and recited the *Pater* and *Ave*. When the brief prayers were concluded, the face of the freethinker was bathed with tears, and sobbing, he left the audience chamber.

God never takes back His gifts. If He ever gave you a sight of His truth and love, you have it still. Clouds may pass between you and the sun, but they shine on, permanent and pure, behind the driving rain, and will again look out upon you with their calm eyes, and say, from their inaccessible and infinite heights, "Be patient, little child, be patient! and wait till all storms and all darkness shall have passed away forever."

If the memory is more flexible in childhood, it is more tenacious in mature age; if childhood has sometimes the memory of words, old age has that of things, which impress themselves according to the clearness of the conception of the thought which we wish to retain.

Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

One lovely evening in August two students sat down under the shade of some fine old chestnut trees within the gate of Moorby churchyard. They had walked many miles that day and had still further to go, but the shade of the trees looked so inviting, that they both agreed a little rest would be a help rather than a hindrance to them on their journey.

"Arthur, look here," exclaimed one of them, "here is a grave with a white marble cross, and a wreath of *immortelles*, but no name,—how strange."

"Perhaps somebody quite unknown, or unworthy of his name," replied the other. "If your curiosity is excited ask the old man coming down the path whose grave it is."

They looked up, and saw an old man, leaning upon his stick, approaching. In reply to the question the old man stopped and said with energy, "Tell you whose grave that is, indeed I can! If there is no name over it, isn't it because not a soul in Moorby parish will be likely ever to forget Victor Le Marchand? More shame if any of us ever could forget *him*!"

The old man spoke so earnestly, and his heart was so evidently in his subject, that the young men were anxious to hear more, and asked if the old man could spare time to tell them who Victor Le Marchand was, and why his name was so dear to Moorby.

"Yes, I can spare the time," the old man said, as he slowly took his seat on the grass by the side of the grave. "I am never too busy to speak of Mr. Victor; to talk of him does my old heart good. But to begin, sirs, you want to know who he was; and how he came to live in such a place as this. Mr. Victor's father was the owner of a large estate some ten miles from Moorby. Every year Mr. Le Marchand seemed to be growing richer; he bought up all the land for miles round his own place, until at last he bought nearly the whole of the parish.

"Soon after he had bought it the discovery was made that it contained a great deal of coal. That discovery changed Moorby from a small hamlet to the smoky thickly populated village you see it to be now.

"But the change was worse than this. Men from all parts of England came to seek work in the mine, men some of them of evil lives, and wicked ways. Some thirty of them took up their abode in some new cottages Mr. Le Marchand had built. Soon two or three public-houses were opened—a gaming-house was set up.

"There was plenty of sin then, and but little good. You see this church, sirs? At the time I speak of we had no church; the people who cared to go anywhere, and they were few, used to walk to the next

village to church, and dreary work it was for them, when they got there. So you see we were left to battle with evil as best we could; though if truth be told there was but a sorry battle fought. Sin just had its own way, and that was a terrible one.

"Two years had passed away since Moorby mines were first opened. Moorby had earned a name in that time, a name of shame it was known as the most swearing, drinking and fighting village within many, many miles. At the end of those two years, we heard that Mr. Le Marchand's eldest son, Mr. Victor, who had just come home from a long sojourn in foreign lands, was coming to live amongst us. We thought, as he was the Squire's eldest son, he would build a grand house, and be a great man amongst us. So you may imagine how greatly we were surprised when we learned that Mr. Victor had taken priest's Orders, and was coming to be Moorby's parish priest.

"A little humble cottage was prepared for him to live in, and one day, a carriage from the Hall arrived at it, and out of that carriage Mr. Victor descended. He was a fine, handsome fellow, over six feet, with clear blue eyes which seemed to reflect Heaven's own light; and his manner was so noble, we all said he was only fit to be a king.

"In a very few days we all seemed to know him, he came to see us all; and I can never forget the first time he ever set foot inside my cottage. He had been going round the village, and by the time he came to my door, he was almost broken down by the sights of sin and sorrow he had met with in the place.

"It used not to be so bad, I said to him one day, when I saw how grieved he was. 'We were a simple enough people before the mine was opened, and those strange men came amongst us.'

"It is just that thought that nearly breaks me down, Martin,' he said. 'We have grown rich at your expense, my poor people, and at the expense of God's honor; but please God, His name shall not be forgotten any longer here. We must have a church, Martin, at once, and we who love our God must never cease to weep and pray that Moorby may be lifted out of this misery and sin.'

"He talked with me some time longer, and when he left, I could only feel that God had sent a saint amongst us poor sinners, and bless His Name for His goodness.

"It was not long before his church was built, sirs, but until it was, we had service in a room hired for the purpose. The first Sunday the room was crowded, many came for curiosity, and many because Mr. Victor was the son of their employer. But when he turned to speak to us all—it was more than a sermon—I could only hide my face in my hands, and feel

unworthy to look him in the face. He seemed all on fire with the love of God, and spoke to us poor men and women with such ardour and with such charity, that many hard, stony hearts were touched, and before he had ended, there was hardly a dry eye amongst us. After Mass was over, we went to our homes in silence—it was too solemn and too beautiful to talk about; but some of the men began to abuse him, and to say their lives would be spoilt, if that saint of God had it his own way. I knew it would be so, but it made me feel how strong and awful the devil's power must be to keep captive men's hearts when Jesus had so sweetly striven, by His servant, to gain them over to His side.

"I will pass over the first year of his work amongst us, sirs; only this I will say, every day he offered the Holy Sacrifice in our midst: every day he went about reproving, exhorting and beseeching men to love God. He had men's classes, schools and missions. He would go near public-houses, and, gathering the men around him, he would talk to them lovingly as to brothers, of holy things—and so many a soul was kept from being a drunkard and a castaway. If any were sick, his hand was always open to help them, and many a night he watched beside sick people.

"At the end of his first year amongst us a dreadful fever broke out in Moorby. Mr. Le Marchand, as soon as he heard of it, drove over to take Mr. Victor away. We watched the carriage go by, and many a prayer went up to Heaven that God would let Mr. Victor stay with us. We waited anxiously till the carriage should drive through the village back again. At last we heard the wheels, and I hardly dared to look into the carriage, though I knew in my heart he would never leave us, but only Mr. Le Marchand was in it—Mr. Victor had refused to give up his post to another.

"'I shall not die sooner than God will,' he said to his father, we heard afterwards, 'but you must not ask me to leave my duty. If I am to die, I must die as a soldier of the Cross, not as a base deserter.'

"That was a dreadful time; the fever raged furiously. In one month there were thirty deaths. The wonder was that Mr. Victor never caught it; he was day and night among the sick and dying, doing everything that could be done for them. He sent for several nurses, and had the best doctors; but for a long time, it seemed of little use.

"I used to watch Mr. Victor go home every night, which he always did about seven o'clock, and every day he seemed to me to be growing paler and thinner, and many a time I begged of him not to kill himself for our sakes, but to rest awhile; he used to smile and say,

'Don't fear for me, Martin, but oh, pray for these poor sick-people. Many of them are sick both in body and soul, and we must do all in our power to help them.'

"When he was not with the sick, Mr. Victor was generally to be found in the church, on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament. I know he won for us many a blessing; he never seemed to think of himself for one moment. Deeply he felt the deaths which took place. Some were bad ends, but he had the joy of seeing the greater number die in penitence and faith.

"After each death he seemed to go about his work with a more abstracted air, giving us who watched him the idea that he looked to die himself the next, and he used often to say, 'We must watch, perhaps our own time on earth is nearly over—we must watch and pray.'

"At last the fever ceased to rage; but sad desolation had been made. There were widows and orphans, then, sirs. Mr. Victor preached a sermon to us upon the lessons we might learn from the affliction we had suffered; but as he said himself, the best sermon was the newly-covered graves. For some time Moorby seemed a changed place: drunkards became sober; thieves became honest, and people seemed afraid to sin in the face of God's judgments. The church was crowded, you would have thought every day was a Sunday, and people were passing in and out to worship God all day long. When Mr. Victor passed down the village, the cottagers would come out to catch a glimpse of his dear face, and to bless him.

"He was thankful, very thankful, and gave all the glory to God. 'God is working great things amongst us, Martin,' he said one day to me; 'we must love Him very much, and trust Him more and more.'

"Another year passed on; Moorby had thrown off being so altogether a religious place; the good were not to have it all their own way, else it would have been heaven, not earth, but still the greater number were earnest and steadfast Christians.

"One Sunday we were all assembled in the church, but Mr. Victor did not come. He was always so punctual—we wondered, but waited on. At last he came; he stood for a moment at the altar, and then he turned to us and said, 'I am very sorry, but I feel so ill, I cannot say Mass for you to-day. If I possibly could, I would—you understand, my friends.'

"We understood, alas! too well; and our hearts sank; but it was no time for useless weeping. Mr. Victor tried to walk down the steps, but had to ask for help, and the next instant he fainted. Tenderly the strongest amongst us bore him home, and then the doctor was sent for, and a message to Mr. Victor's father.

"Again the carriage from the Hall came to the priest's cottage, and this time Mr. Victor did not refuse to go; he was too ill to be of any use to us, and so he went.

"We all gathered round the church gate (*this gate, sirs*) to see him drive away. We all hoped to have a last smile; but as the carriage drove rapidly by, he leaned back behind his father, so that we could not even catch a glimpse of his face.

"Some said he did not know we were all at the church gate, waiting to see him pass; but he must have known it, for the whole village was out and gathered there, and we all blessed him as he passed. I think it was his humility: he always liked to be kernt in the background, and only God to be exalted.

"I walked over to the Hall the day after he left us to ask after him, but the butler told me he was gone to London to see some celebrated doctor; adding he vowed we should soon have him back. I knew we never should, but how fervently I longed we might, no heart but mine knew.

"A few days after, a letter came to me from Mr. Victor himself, which he wished all his people to hear. He had seen the doctors, he said, and they had pronounced him to be *very* ill, so ill that only a residence in a foreign land could prolong his life.

"So I am going abroad, he wrote; and whether I live or die I am content, so only that God may be glorified. Let us all love Him very much, and try to please Him, in all we do. Remember, my dear friends, to watch and pray, for the time is short, and the longest life is but a shadow which soon departs. Let us all strive so to live, close to our Lord and under the kind care of our Blessed Lady, that we may, through infinite mercy, meet one day in our sweet country—Heaven."

"His letter went the round of the village, sirs. I think it was copied by every one. Then for some months we heard no news of him. We were beginning to hope as the warm days of spring came on, we might still have him back again, but such was not God's Will. We were all excited one morning by seeing the carriage from the Hall drive by to the cottage; it was so like old times. I ran after it to ask after Mr. Victor.

"There was a strange gentleman inside, and when I breathlessly asked what news of Mr. Victor, he turned quickly round and said,—

"Have you not heard that he is dead?"

"I fell back, and without waiting to hear another word I went home. My wife met me at the door, but I suppose she knew from my face he was dead, for she did not ask any questions; but only said, 'Go in, poor husband, go in and pray.'"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Victor came back to us, you see," the old man continued, after a lengthened pause, "but he came back to us as the dead. Three days after the gentleman's visit to the cottage, they brought Mr. Victor to be laid in our churchyard; it had been his own wish.

"It was a grand funeral; there were lords and ladies, coaches and grand carriages, and a host of relations and friends to follow him to his grave. We poor folks kept outside till it was all over, and then we went into the churchyard, and we stood round his grave.

"We were silent all of us, only for our tears which we could not keep back. At last one voice began to sing one of his favourite hymns, and we all joined as well as we could, and I suppose it sounded pretty well, for those who were just driving away in the carriages waited to listen. At the close of the hymn, a slight figure in deep mourning approached the grave, and said in a low sweet voice like Mr. Victor's own:

"Good people, I am *his* sister, and I want to thank you all for your love to my brother; he loved you all too. I was with him when he died' (her voice trembled, but she went bravely on), and you will like to know that he died as a true Christian should die, calmly resting on Jesus and trusting his soul to His dear Hands. He was very penitent, though to us short-sighted mortals he hardly seemed to need that, and very thankful and patient."

"He left a message for you, his people."

"She waited and looked round, we all pressed close to catch every word. 'His message was—Tell my people to watch and pray and to live as God's dear children, and do all for God's glory. And you will remember his message, my friends, and try to be all he would wish you to be, and pray for us and for him.'

"The young lady turned to go, but she was unprepared for our grief; we all wept as though our hearts would break. Weeping, we followed her to her carriage. She, dear lady, was greatly overcome; 'These people loved him so much,' she said to her father, and she smiled to us through her tears.

"I went along that night to the grave; the mason was there, taking the size of the grave. There was to be no name over the grave, only a cross,—Mr. Victor wished it so. That is my story, sirs, and you see a name over his grave is not needed to make us remember our young priest—he will live in our hearts till we die."

"The old man arose to depart; the students warmly thanked him for his story, and begged him to accept a trifle; but he refused."

"It is a pleasure to speak of the blessed dead. I could not do it for money; thank you kindly, sirs, all the same," and, wish-

ing them good night the old man walked away.

Shall we live in the hearts of any after death? Our parents, brothers and sisters—our friends may grieve for us, and probably would—but the question is, shall we have given cause to any to mourn for our loss? The poor, shall we have tended them; shall we have clothed and fed them? Have we instructed the ignorant, and those out of the way; comforted the sorrowful; visited the sick; directed sinners to a Saviour? Oh, shall we not see to it that our life is of use, that we live not to ourselves, but to the glory of God, and to the praise of His Holy Name?

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

It seems certain that animals, birds, and insects have a means of communicating with each other analogous to our language. A close observer of the habits of the world of creatures we are pleased to term lower, tells us that one day a wasp entered the room in which the family were at breakfast; he settled on a piece of white of egg, left on one of the plates, and after trying in vain to remove and carry it away, he disappeared through the window. This was, however, only to return with another wasp, who accompanied him to the piece of egg, and between them they carried it off. More egg was placed on the plate with a suspicion of what might occur, and in a short time so many wasps flocked to the table that by following them when they left it their nest was discovered about half a mile distant.

We have some of us heard of a "rook parliament," but without exactly knowing to what the expression applies. An invalid lady, reclining among shawls, and concealed by a window curtain, gives an account of one of those meetings after the following manner. The rooks, now called crows, assembled in a circle, and in the middle was one bird looking very downcast and wretched. Two other rooks took their places at his side, and then a vast amount of chattering went on. At last the two birds who seemed to act as accusers, pecked the central bird and flew off. All the others then set on the condemned bird, pecked it nearly to pieces, and went away, leaving the mangled body on the ground.

The Indian crow holds the same kind of meetings. A resident in India says he has several times seen these assemblies. Four or five crows will alight upon an open space. Two or three will begin cawing, and presently some forty or fifty will come flying to the place by twos and threes from every quarter. They form a kind of ring round one crow, and remain still for some minutes, the culprit making no attempt to escape. Then all of a sudden five or six of them attack the prisoner, pecking him and striking him with their

wings, and perhaps leaving him dead on the spot.

We will turn to something more agreeable. At the flour mills of Tubberakeena, near Clonmel, there was a goose which lived a solitary life. Now the miller's wife had set a hen upon some duck's eggs, and of course the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water; the hen was in a sad pucker, her maternal love and her instinct being at issue.

Meanwhile up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly meant, "leave them to my care," she swam up and down with the ducklings, and when they were tired she consigned them to the care of the hen.

The next morning the ducklings again came down to the pond, the goose was waiting for them, and the hen was again in trouble. Whether the goose invited her does not appear, but at all events the hen jumped on to her back when she was near the shore, and then the ducklings swam up and down the pond with the goose and hen after them.

This occurred day after day. The hen on board, the goose attended her ducklings up and down the pond till they were too old to require any guardian.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

"On his brow
Genius was seated; shame degrades it now;
And self-reproach. Grand works within his
brain
Divided to nothing but a shadowy train;
His great Intentings—all—have come to
nought.

All perished in the ruin he has wrought.
"Trial of Sir Jasper," by S. C. HALL.

It was the picture of the year. Royalty deigned to notice it. London crowded to see it, and saw—what is always seen in these cases—each other's backs. It was hung in the fourth room and in the lowest row of pictures, and if those in the front had not been pressed too close upon the picture by the eager throng behind, they would have had a good view of it. But in spite of this slight drawback, London crowded to see it, and it was a success. Last, and by no means least, it sold for £2,000 and adorned the suburban retreat of a great *connoisseur* in pictures, who had developed his knowledge after his father had made a fortune by contracting to remove the dust of the metropolis. Each sight-seer turned to the catalogue to see the name of the fortunate artist and saw "Arthur Somerville," then turned again to the picture.

It pictured the strife between a good and bad angel for the soul of a young man. He was kneeling on the sloping edge of a precipice. Close beneath him lay a yawning pit whence issued flames that curled over the edge, and shot their lurid tongues almost to where he stood,

as if eager for their prey. Beside him, like a living emanation from the flames, hung suspended a hideous being, who, partly by an iron chain, of which one end was in hell, the other round the young man's waist, and partly by the weight of his own body, was dragging him down. A strange contrast was the bright and glorious spirit behind, who strove lovingly with gentle means rather than by force, to draw him back.

The most striking part of the picture was the young man's utter heedlessness of the fearful struggle of which he was the subject. His whole faculties were absorbed in drinking long draughts of a liquid which streamed towards his lips, in spite of the gentle restraining touch of his guardian angel.

The picture was not finely conceived and executed, but it appealed powerfully to the feelings of many there. There were others too who knew the artist's story and knew that the picture showed the struggle between good and evil still going on in his soul.

Fortune had smiled upon him, and for a time all had gone well. But, highly gifted with that artistic temperament that suffers so acutely because it enjoys so keenly, it was impossible but that Arthur Somerville should have moments of the deepest depression, if only as the reaction from his hard work and the excitement in which he lived. At such times the labour of invention, the necessary drudgery of the details (usually a pure delight to him) became insupportable; and then it was that he craved for some stimulant to spur him on when the love of his art and the desire for fame failed. What might be counted excess in another man he called the stimulus necessary for his body wasted by his efforts. And if he had but used stimulants to repair his faded energies all might have been well; but, confident in the ennobling power of his art, of his own high aspirations, strong in his own strength, he went further, until, the craving for drink increasing with the indulgence in it, he drank for drink's sake, and became that miserable blot on humanity—a drunkard.

In his inmost soul he loathed himself for the detestable sin that fettered him, and loathed the sin; one manly effort would save him yet, he knew, but the efforts he made were feeble and irregular. Daily he became more of a slave; and although nothing could entirely smother the genius within him, its light was fitful and sometimes dim, and at last he could not hide the reason why his hand had lost its cunning. The world, so lavish of its smiles upon his success, began to frown upon his failures. Why he failed was very little matter; that he did fail was everything. The world has a delicate intuition in these matters, a fine perception; it is down upon a failure at once, and

cries shame upon the unsuccessful sinner.

So Arthur Somerville added to the weight of his sin and the remorse of his conscience the biting sense of ingratitude and injustice. Conscience was not dead; it constantly urged him to repent, to turn back while there was yet time, and he could not altogether turn a deaf ear. The struggle followed him even in his sleep, and tinged his dreams with pictures of the evil he was bringing upon himself.

It may have been in his sleep that the first germs came to him of the conception that he afterwards made famous on canvas. It is painful to note that the picture in which the struggle was necessarily left undecided was only too truthful a representation of the artist's fate.

WOMEN AND DRESS.—Love of finery has long been called the ruling passion among women. If we credit the following story we must believe that the possession of a bunch of artificial flowers will induce the sex to face starvation. Among a group of factory girls assembled outside of a certain cheap cook-shop during dinner-hour was one ragged, scantily-clothed child of about fourteen. She stood for a long time, wistfully looking in at the window. All the others had made their purchases and departed, but this forlorn object still stood there, rattling a few half-pence in her hand. Finally, with a longing look at the precious display, she paused for a last sniff at the open door, and then dashed off down the street. The observer might naturally have thought she was seeking a cheaper store, and felt sorry for her. But she stopped at a shop where second-hand finery was for sale, entered, and in a few minutes returned with a somewhat faded but still gorgeous bunch of artificial flowers, consisting of a rose full-blown, a poppy or two, and a fair sprinkling of wheat. With a glow of triumph on her wizened face, she cast an eager glance to the right and left, and spying close at hand the secluded gateway of a timber-yard, darted across the road, and crouching in a corner, was soon busy with her battered hat on her knees, trimming it.

Cahir Castle stands on the Suir near the town of Cahir, which in former times it protected. It is said to occupy the site of a structure of the remotest antiquity, one of the old earthen forts or duns which are so common in Ireland.

The castle, which is of considerable extent, but irregular outlines, consists of a great square keep, surrounded by extensive outworks, forming an outer and inner ballium, these outworks being flanked by seven towers, four of which are circular, and three of larger size square. Cahir Castle has often been mentioned in Irish history. It was besieged and taken by the Earl of Essex in 1599, and again by Cromwell in 1650.



MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

This College was founded in 1795, by an act of the Irish Parliament, which passed both Houses without a dissentient vote. A sum of about £8,000, subject to certain deductions, was annually voted by the Irish, and afterwards by the Imperial Parliament, for its maintenance, from 1795 to 1807, when £5,000 additional were voted for the enlargement of the buildings. The annual vote from 1808 to 1813 was £8,283, and from 1813 to 1845 it was raised to £8,928. The annual grant for the first four years was principally expended in erecting and furnishing the front range of the College: the cost of the other portions of the buildings, successively erected in 1808, 1815, 1824, and 1835, was defrayed partly from the specific grant of £5,000 for that purpose, partly from several unconditional donations to the College, amounting to £6,000, and partly from the accumulated savings on the entrance-fees, and pensions of the students. The total amount of donations and bequests to the College, including the sums funded for bourses, was £31,681, besides all the fee-simple estates of the late Lord Dunboyne, in the county of Meath, which now return to the College £460 per annum. The entrance-fees and pensions of the students, from 1813 to 1844, amounted to more than £84,000. The number of students increased with the enlargement of the buildings from 50 to 250; then gradually rising to 400, it amounted in 1836, and the three following years, to 478; but between 1841 and 1845 it fell to an average of 430; of these 260 were charged on the Parliamentary vote; the others paid an annual pension for their maintenance. By the act of 8 and 9 Vic. c. 25, the College was placed on a new footing, and permanently endowed for the maintenance and education of 500 students, and of 20 senior scholars on the Dunboyne foundation (which has been uniformly since that time the total number of students) by a grant from the Consolidated Fund, of £26,360 per annum. Besides providing for the annual cost of commons, &c., for these 520 students, of allowances to the 20 Dunboyne students, and to 250 students of the three senior classes, and of salaries to the President, Superiors, and Professors,

the Act moreover vested in the Commissioners of Public Works a sum of £30,000 for erecting the buildings necessary to accommodate the enlarged number of students. No applicant can be received as a student of Maynooth College unless he be designed for the priesthood in Ireland, be sixteen years of age, recommended by his bishop, and answer satisfactorily at his entrance examination.

In the year 1784, Dr. Nihill was consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilfenora. There were present at the ceremony the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, Dr. Butler, and Father Walter Kirwan, as he was then called, a Franciscan friar. Bishop Butler was a man of noble descent, a scion of the family of Dunboyne, a branch of the great House of Ormonde. By the unexpected death of some relations, the peerage of Dunboyne came to Dr. Butler. Thus he was Catholic Bishop of Cork and Baron Dunboyne. He was himself nearly the last of his family; in case of his dying without issue, the peerage was to descend on those who were remotely connected with him, the next successor being separated in the genealogical line by no less an interval than that of a hundred-and-forty years. Lord Dunboyne had all the feelings of an aristocrat; he did not like to see his branch of the family expire, and the honors descend in the collateral line. He applied to the Court of Rome for permission to marry; his request was scouted with contempt. Then ensued a struggle in his mind. After much hesitation he resolved to conform to the Established Church. He married, but was disappointed in the hope of having children. He then resolved to return to his old Church. The last years of his life he spent at Maynooth, to which he bequeathed the sum of £10,000, which formed the foundation known as the "Dunboyne Establishment." His will was contested by his heirs, who contended that it was rendered null and void by his relapse to Catholicism. The suit was long pursued, but though there was no doubt about the fact, the legal proofs could not be obtained. His confessor, Father Graham, an Augustinian friar, defied all the threats of Lord Clare, and refused to answer in what faith Lord Dunboyne had died. A compromise subsequently took place.

THE IRISH MERMAID.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A Mermaid once, 'tis said,
Came near Irish cliffs to dwell,
And to her cave there often sped
A gallant rolling ocean Swell.
He curld his head when'er
He paid his visits there,
The affections to ensnare
Of this Irish diving belle.

One day this Swell was borne
To the Mermaid's shadowy cave,
With some trifles he had torn
From the wreck of a galleon brave.
"Here," said he, "I bring my fair
A comb and glass of beauty rare,
With which to trim her sea-green hair
As she floats upon the wave."

"Oh, be nisy, if you please,"
Said the Mermaid to him mild;
"Is it by presents such as those
That you'd think I'd be beguil'd?
Don't I know you've struck and wrecked
Some noble ship, and do you expect
That in her plunder I'll be decked,
You young thief of the waters wild?"

"By the honor of my crest,"
Half indignant he replied,
"A ship's my prey—and I hunt my best
When I would strip her for my bride.
But no more of these vexations—
I'll give up my deceptions—
And in gentle undulations
Evermore with thee abide.

"Say your mine, I'll lay my head,
With all those curls so many crave;
On your precious oyster-bed,
Which spreads beneath your ocean cave.
By-the-bye, I hear they are numbered
As much as six shillings a hundred,
And with such wealth, we'll ne'er be sun-
dered
But spend in comfort all we have."

"Ah! get out of that," says she;
"Now I see your tricks too well,
What a fool you'd make of me,
My palavering ocean Swell!
You only want to plunder me,
And sell the bed from under me—
Get out now!"—and it's a wonder she
Escaped the rogue so well.

THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

It was Saturday evening, and the close of a long and arduous week of toil. The immense warehouse of the sign of "The Golden Fleece," in the Rue St. Denys, in Paris, presented a scene of bustle and unusual activity, as the hour approached for closing the house, and winding up the week's business previous to the Sunday holiday, Monday also being a fete day as it was Whitsuntide. M. Bertrand, the proprietor of the establishment, was engaged in superintending the refolding and clearing away of the large bales of cloth and other goods exposed for sale during the day.

"Come, my men," he exclaimed to his assistants, "make haste, in an hour all will be finished; to-morrow is Sunday, which you can spend at your ease!"

In a short time everything was in perfect order in the warehouse. The merchant surveyed his well-stocked shelves,

glanced with an experienced eye over the numbers, and then sat down with satisfaction to review the state of his large commercial undertakings.

M. Bertrand was a man of about fifty years of age; laborious, energetic, and an excellent and generous master. The death of his father left him, when only twenty-seven years old, proprietor of the business, which he had greatly increased by his industry. In almost every town in France M. Bertrand's name was worth ready money. Esteemed by all his colleagues, he had an unlimited credit, and his word was as good as his bond. His wife, whom he had chosen from a highly respectable family soon after he had succeeded his father in the business, had been dead about eighteen years, and the one pledge remaining to him of his lost happiness was an only daughter. Marie was the living image of her mother, and all her father's affection was centred in her; a look, or a smile of hers, would dissipate the lines of care which the anxieties of his business oftentimes imprinted on his forehead.

The clock of the counting-house striking the hour roused him from his reverie.

"Marie is late in getting home," he said to himself impatiently; "nine o'clock and she is not yet back." He rang, and an apprentice entered.

"Pierre," said he, "go in the direction of the church of St. Mary, and see if you can meet Mdlle. Bertrand with her maid."

"Well, Charles," he continued, entering a private study, "how does the work progress?"

A youth of nineteen years of age, with bright, sparkling eyes and an open countenance, was seated at a desk. He was surrounded by huge ledgers, and appeared so absorbed in his calculations that he did not hear his patron.

"Well," repeated the latter, placing his hand on Charles' shoulder, "are your calculations satisfactory?"

"The year has not been a good one," replied the clerk; "the two bankruptcies at Rouen cost us sixty thousand francs. Here is the balance of your two debtors; the sale of their effects will scarcely cover the interest owing to you."

"This loss will be repaired sooner or later. But do not work any longer now; no doubt you are wearied, my boy."

The youth rose and placed the ledgers in order on their shelves; at the same moment a slight rustling was heard.

"My daughter," said M. Bertrand, gladly.

The colour rose in Charles' face as the young girl entered. Marie Bertrand was seventeen years of age; she was exceedingly beautiful and was as refined in mind as she was good. She had been well and carefully educated, and it was impossible to see her without feeling the charm of her disposition and character.

"My child, you are late," said her father, as Marie entered the apartment. "Was not the service at church ended so soon as usual?"

"Yes, papa," answered Marie, "but I asked Martha to go with me on my way home to visit a poor woman who is ill; but that was not all, we went afterwards to fetch from the embroidery shop something which I have been working for your birthday. Will you accept this?" she said, placing in her father's hands as she spoke an exquisitely embroidered smoking cap. "Dear papa," she continued, affectionately, "I wish you a happy birthday."

M. Bertrand tenderly pressed his daughter to his heart, and then began to examine his present, which he pronounced beautiful.

"Poor child," said he, "how hard you have worked! Has she not, Charles?"

"Yes indeed, and it looks beautiful," replied Charles, who had scarcely taken his eyes off Marie since she entered.

"Ah! I see you knew all about it. Thank you, thank you, my dear Marie, for your pretty present. This birthday," continued M. Bertrand, "if you like we will spend part of it at the Bois de Boulogne. There is a fair at Passy, and we will go to that."

"Yes, certainly, papa," said Marie, glancing at Charles as she spoke.

M. Bertrand understood the look. "You can come with us, Charles, if you have nothing better to do."

"Oh, no, sir, I shall be delighted," replied the youth.

It was late, so M. Bertrand and Marie wished their friend good night, and retired to their apartments. Perhaps there was not a happier home in Paris that evening than that little household.

Charles made one more visit to the warehouse to see that all was secure, then taking his lamp retired for the night.

Charles Merivale was an orphan when he entered the service of M. Bertrand. His youth and misfortunes interested everyone, and he was soon noticed for his diligence and industry. The first in the warehouse, he was the last to leave it: Unassuming, attentive, kind, and industrious, he won the esteem of his patron, who treated him as his own son. The poor boy who was without a friend in the world, lavished all his affection upon the family who had so generously received him. Marie was then still a child, but when she was sixteen years old, the young man who had loved her as a brother, felt sometimes another hope spring up; but then when he compared his position with that of Marie, the beautiful heiress of the wealth her father had amassed, he felt this hope to be an illusion, and he sank into a profound despondency.

Whit-Monday, the expected holiday, dawned gloomy and wet; Marie rose

early, and drew aside her window-curtain, disconsolately watching the ruin which the wind beat against the panes. She felt an undefinable presentiment of trouble which she seemed unable to shake off, and though she tried to compose herself to sleep again, she found it impossible.

When she descended to the breakfast room, she found her father awaiting her.

He greeted her with a smile. "Well, I am afraid our plan is drowned in the rain!" he said.

"Yes, papa," replied the young girl, gloomily.

"What is the matter my child? You look pale."

"I passed a restless night papa, and I feel depressed, though I cannot say why."

"Foolish child," said the merchant, "do you believe in presentiments? Look, Marie, at the sky and forget your fancies; the weather is clearing up."

And so it was, the rain had ceased, the clouds had slowly dispersed under the influence of a brilliant June sun, the sky was azure blue, and the pavement was rapidly drying up. An hour later and M. Bertrand, Marie and Charles were on their way to Passy.

An immense crowd of pleasure-seekers filled the drives of the Bois de Boulogne; splendid equipages and humbler vehicles side by side; rope-dancers, mountebanks, boatmen, swarmed in the midst of the mob. Shows, fireworks, amusements of every kind, all in fact that Paris could offer to amuse its inhabitants was there, and contributed to the enjoyment of the holiday makers.

In the evening they walked in the shady glades of the wood, and enjoyed the coolness and quiet after the bustle and glare of the day. At length the deepening shadows and the rich glow of the sunset warned them that the time for their return was approaching. "I think, my children," said M. Bertrand, "we must now find a carriage, for it is getting late."

The involuntary expression "my children," struck Charles, and he glanced at Marie. Their eyes met for an instant, and they understood each other.

When the party arrived at the Rue S. Denys, they were startled by finding that the boulevards were blocked up by a dense, immovable crowd, which the gendarmes and soldiers of the line had some trouble to keep in order. The glare of a conflagration lighted up the street and dense volumes of smoke obscured the soft twilight of the June evening. Struck with fear M. Bertrand stopped the carriage and sprang to the ground. Charles Merivale rushed into the crowd, made his way through a line of soldiers, and found himself in the midst of the firemen at work with the engines. His worst fears were realized, and he beheld in place of his patron's house, a heap of smoking ruins. Notwithstanding the almost intolerable

heat, he approached the burning wall. "All gone," he cried, "all is lost!"

In fact not anything was distinguishable on the blackened front of the warehouse through the blinding smoke and flames—all was a scene of irremediable ruin. The youth remained a moment as if stunned; but rapidly recovering himself he ascertained that he could not render any assistance, and hastened to find M. Bertrand and his daughter. A neighbour had received them; they knew all.

When Charles entered, the merchant pressed his hand, and cast an agonized look upon Marie. "Poor child," he sighed, "so young and already so unfortunate! It is terrible—were I alone I should nerve myself to recommence my career; I am still young enough, but she—Oh! God have pity on us!"

"Charles," whispered Marie, through her tears, "try to cheer my poor father and sustain him; think only of him, not of me."

Every effort to discover the cause of the fire was useless, and M. Bertrand was in a most critical position. The fire had destroyed everything, furniture, goods, papers. Not anything was insured. M. Bertrand was ruined. But all that was nothing compared with his compromised reputation for probity. Not being able to fulfil his pecuniary engagements, he soon saw his name in the list of bankrupts, and this last misfortune was the heaviest to bear. M. Bertrand's health was completely shaken, and with this he lost all hope of being able to pay the hundred thousand francs which he owed.

Some days after M. Bertrand and his daughter were installed in an upper story in the Rue S. Antoine.

Marie soon found an occupation in an embroidery warehouse, and young Merivale a situation as clerk in a banking-house. Under pressure of his troubles M. Bertrand felt crushed by inactivity, so his friends succeeded in obtaining a post in the exchequer office.

Every evening Charles fetched Marie from the embroidery shop, and the three took their meals together. While the father, worn out with his day's work slept, Charles made the copies with which he was charged from his office, and Mdlle. Bertrand embroidered. Often the dawn of day found them still at their work. Then they parted to seek a few hours repose before the labors of another day commenced.

A year had passed since the catastrophe which had ruined M. Bertrand, and overthrown all his projects. More sad than usual he was seated with his daughter and Charles at their little table; a fresh anxiety which all shared alike had come upon them; for Charles had to draw lots for the conscription on the following day.

"Dear Charles," said Marie, "we must not be cast down; I am sure God will not forsake us."

"Yes, yes," added her father, "we must have courage; who knows, my son, but you may draw a favorable number."

"There are so many who lose," ejaculated Charles; and they parted very sadly.

Next day the family met at an early hour. The fatal moment approached and the three repaired with heavy hearts to the town hall, where the drawing of the lots was to take place. When Charles Merivale's name was called, he presented himself, and walked slowly but firmly forward to the gendarme, who handed to him the urn which contained the numbers.

"Come, young man," he said, roughly, "you must decide, or M. le Maire will draw for you."

Charles took one of the balls and gave it to the gendarme without looking at it. The latter read aloud, "316!" Only one hundred men were wanted.

Charles hastily retired, rushed out of the hall, and threw himself into the arms of M. Bertrand.

It was a joyful day for all. After having assisted at Mass, they returned to their day's work with hearts overflowing with gladness.

Four years had now passed; fortune seemed to smile upon the family. Marie, who had shown as much industry as talent, was now the head of the establishment into which she had entered as a simple workwoman. The proprietress had retired from business, and had given her the stock of the warehouse. The indefatigable Charles had become cashier at the bank, with a share in the business, which he had managed so admirably. M. Bertrand appeared less sad than formerly, though at times a sigh escaped him, when he thought of the bankruptcy which had dishonored him, and of the hundred thousand francs which he had not the slightest hope of being able to repay.

One day Charles presented himself at M. Bertrand's. "Father," said he, "the sun shines brightly this morning; if Mademoiselle Bertrand is willing, we will walk with you to your office."

"I will be ready immediately," replied Marie, "but how smart you are this morning, M. Charles," she added gaily, glancing at his festal attire.

"Because this is a gala day for us! Will you too dress in your best, and you also, M. Bertrand, for I repeat, it is a holiday?"

"Ah! my son, holidays are over for us. However, since you both wish it we will go," and he hastily dashed away a tear which trembled in his eye.

When they reached the boulevard, M. Bertrand, seeing that they were quitting the ordinary route, said: "But are you not going with me to the Exchequer Office?"

"Pray, come on, M. Bertrand, I have a little *detour*: to make first—indeed you must come, I am sure you will not regret it," exclaimed Merivale.

"Tell me, Charles," said Marie, in a whisper, "what does all this mean?"

"Not just yet," he replied, smiling, "but very soon."

After traversing a few streets they emerged in the Rue S. Denys. M. Bertrand stopped. Since that fatal evening which had witnessed his misfortunes, he had not had the courage to revisit that part of the town. Charles took his arm as they entered the street. M. Bertrand allowed him to lead him without raising his eyes; he thought everyone would read in his face the shame and sorrow that oppressed him. At last they stopped. "Look up, my father," cried Charles.

They found themselves before an extensive linen draper's shop; above the door was conspicuous the sign of "*The Golden Fleece*," the same that had formerly denoted M. Bertrand's establishment.

The old man's heart beat violently. Marie looked at Charles, but she could not as yet comprehend what it meant.

"Enter, monsieur," said Charles to M. Bertrand.

The shopman bowed respectfully to M. Bertrand, who was bewildered to see the warehouse in order, as if he had left it on the preceding evening. There were in their old places the large armchair, the private chests, the counting-house, the little private study, all were reproduced. When they entered the latter, the manager withdrew at a sign from Charles.

"M. Bertrand," he then said, handing to him a stamped sheet of paper, "I have the happiness of presenting you with the quittance of your creditors, and of telling you that you will very soon be restored by a legal judgment to your former rights. You are here in your own house."

"Re-established! In my own house! But, Charles, do not dare to jest with a man of my age! Oh, my God! if this is a dream, deign to prolong it indefinitely!"

"No, my father, it is not a dream, it is reality. Marie and I have worked hard trusting to obtain this result, and Heaven has blessed our efforts beyond our brightest anticipations. In our altered circumstances I venture to ask the hand of Marie in proof of your satisfaction."

The young girl blushed deeply; her father extended his arms and pressed his two children to his heart.

A month after this event, a line of carriages proceeded from the Rue S. Denys to the Church of S. Mery, where the nuptials of Charles and Marie were celebrated. Their marriage placed the crowning point on M. Bertrand's happiness, and he thanked Heaven as he embraced his beloved children for the joy they had been the means of bestowing upon him in his old age.

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel.

MURPHY'S ELOPEMENT.

William Gilmore Simms, in his "*Life of Marion*," alluding to the prompt and valuable services rendered by the Irish and their descendants all through the Revolutionary War, says: "The bitter heritage of hate to the English which the Irish brought with them to America was transmitted with undiminished fervor to their descendants. They knew that the power which had trampled upon the affections of their fathers and tyrannized over their rights in the old world was aiming at the same objects, in the case of their children in the new. At one remove only from the exiled and suffering generation, the sons had as lively a recollection of the tyrannies of Britain as if the experiences had been immediately their own. To this cause our recruiting officers owed much of their success. It was the spirit which these Irish brought, and to which the genius of Marion gave lively exercise, that imparted a peculiar vitality, at all times, to this little brigade.

From the ranks of Morgan's Rifles, too, many a brave Irish Celt, clad in his hunting shirt, sent ringing from his trusty rifle the messenger of Death into the English ranks. Of one of these, who stood by America in her hour of trial, we have the following reminiscence, from an old number of *Emerson's United States Magazine*:

MURPHY'S ELOPEMENT.

The name of Murphy often occurs to the reader in the history of the attack on the Middle Fort of the Schoharie Valley, by Sir John Johnson, in 1780. The biography of this brave and energetic member of Morgan's rifle corps would furnish many incidents of intense interest to those who delight in deeds of daring boldness, and instances of cool, deliberate courage. The first time we meet him is at Bemis' Heights, or "Stillwater," where he killed the British General, Frasee, with a ball from his unerring rifle. He served in Sullivan's campaign, and was one of the party under the unfortunate Lieut. Boyd, who was cut off, tortured and beheaded by the Indians. He was stationed at Schoharie, and while here his term of enlistment expired; but he preferred to remain in arms, and fight on his own account, to returning home. Numerous accounts of his prowess are on record, in which his coolness, intrepidity, fleetness of foot, and unerring aim, are set forth; and the reader who peruses them would scarce imagine that a man of such iron nerve and unconquerable bravery should be made captive by the boy-god, and surrender himself to the charms of the gentler sex: Kings and rulers of the earth have, however, yielded themselves to their wives, and a hardy rifleman was a striking proof of the fact that all conditions of man — the highest and the lowest, the richest

and the poorest—must succumb to the power of love. The enemy who had overcome the lion heart of the man who had clothed his name with terror by his deeds of prowess was a young girl of sixteen, named Margaret Freeck, who resided with her parents in the Schoharie Valley, a short distance from the fort where he was stationed. Margaret was a bright, buxom lass, with a lively blue eye, in which mischief was plainly written—with auburn hair, and a figure such as exercise in the open air, freedom from the restraints of corsets, and all those appliances of "fashion" with which the women of a later generation deform themselves, under the infatuated idea of "improving their shape," would give. We do not intend, however, to enter into an elaborate eulogy of the character and person of the maiden, in the inflated style of modern novelists, and describe with minuteness her "wavy, golden hair," her "dimpled cheeks," and her "ruby lips," as that would be surpassing the bounds of our information. It is sufficient for our readers to know that Murphy saw and became enamored of her, and that his affection was reciprocated by the object of it. Whether it was that the parents of the damsel thought her too young, or that there was too great discrepancy in regard to age (Murphy was twelve years her senior,) tradition does not relate; but they strenuously opposed the intimacy and forbid the lover to enter their house. But Murphy was of an ardent disposition, and opposition only strengthened his determination. He therefore resolved not only to see his dulcinea, but to take possession of her and appropriate her to himself. A faithful friend on the banks of Schoharie Creek served as a mutual confidant in the affair, and through his aid the lovers were enabled to meet and arrange a plan for escaping the vigilance of her parents, and of consummating their happiness by marriage. Notwithstanding the watchfulness of Margaret's father and mother, who had instituted a careful surveillance over her "coming and going," it was arranged that on a certain evening they were to meet on the banks of the "Veil," and clope to Schenectady, where the ceremony which would bind them for life could be performed.

At the appointed time the young woman, under pretence of going to milk, some distance from the house, stole away from home to meet her intended husband. The circumstances prevented her attiring herself in any but her ordinary apparel, and when she made her appearance at the appointed spot, she had but little of the semblance of an expectant bride. She was barefoot and bareheaded, and wore the "short gown and petticoat" so much in vogue among the females of that day as a "morning dress," but beneath that humble garb beat a heart as free, frank and

ingenuous, as ever beat beneath the robes of royalty.

She was the first at the place of rendezvous, and there waited with impatience the coming of her lover; but no lover came. Twilight was fast fading into darkness, and yet he came not. What was she to do? It would not answer to return home, for she had been gone already too long; the cow had not been milked, and if she went back now, suspicions would be aroused, which might prevent the meeting of the lovers again. She was not long in making up her mind, therefore, that, as there was no withdrawing, the only course was to "go ahead;" and she resolved to go to the fort in search of her beau. To do so, it became necessary to cross the stream. This was a slight difficulty, however, and without hesitation she prepared to wade the ford, which was shallow and of inconsiderable width. When she arrived on the opposite bank, she found Murphy in waiting for her. He had been detained by duties at the fort, and had ridden up just as his lady-love commenced to cross the stream. For a moment she was disposed to pout at her lover for not having kept his appointment more punctually, particularly as she thought of the display she had made in crossing the stream under his eye. It required no great effort, however, on his part to smooth her brow and bring back the smile to her lip, and, mounting behind him, they were soon on their way to the fort.

Murphy was a general favorite among the garrison, and there was not an individual among all the number who would not have aided and assisted him in his nuptial enterprise. His plans were well known, and when the joyous couple rode into the gate, they were received with three hearty cheers from the men and the congratulations of the women. The latter determined that the bride should make a becoming appearance, and went to work with a will to fit her out with the proper attire. Various choice articles of apparel and ornament, which had served a similar purpose, perhaps, on former occasions, were brought forth, and by morning everything was ready except a proper dress. This, Murphy decided to get in Schenectady, whither it was necessary to go to find a minister to perform the ceremony. As time was precious, they started at dawn of day, and reached Schenectady—a distance of twenty-five miles—in about four hours. A handsome silk dress was here purchased, and placed in the hands of several dressmakers, who completed its making up in the afternoon. The bride was arrayed, and they then repaired, in company with some of their acquaintances, to the house of the Rev. Mr. Johnson, where the solemn rite which bound them as man and wife "while life shall last" was performed, and the happy pair returned to the house of their friends

to spend their wedding night. On their return to Scholarie, the parents of the bride were exceedingly wroth at the disobedience of their daughter, and the presumption of the daring rifleman, and for a time refused to be reconciled with them; but reflecting that no opposition could alter or recall the act, they at length concluded to overlook it and receive them into their home. The match proved a happy one, and they lived together in mutual affection for nearly thirty years. In 1812 Mrs. Murphy died, and six years afterward he married Mary Robertson. In 1818 Murphy was attacked by a cancer in his throat, of which he died at the age of sixty-eight, leaving behind him the reputation of an honest, upright and generous man. He was uneducated, but possessed of a strong will and an amiable disposition, he made friends; and over the minds of a certain class of men he exercised an unbounded influence. The late Governor Bouck was one of his warm and ardent friends, and owed much of his popularity in early life to the exertions of Timothy Murphy, the rifleman.

THE POPE ON O'CONNELL.

The Roman correspondent of the *Tablet* gives in last Saturday's issue of that journal an account of some interesting observations of the Holy Father on O'Connell. The correspondent says:—

The Pope gave a special audience to Monsignor Rinaldini on his return from Dublin, where he represented the Propaganda at the O'Connell festival. Monsignor Rinaldini related his visit—to Ireland, and the Holy Father was much gratified by the manner in which Monsignor Rinaldini had been received. O'Connell was again the subject of conversation. Perhaps it may be interesting to your readers of the *Tablet* to know the words actually used by the Pope in reference to the great Irishman on the occasion of receiving the Irish College students on the day before the Centenary. "To-morrow," said the Holy Father, "Irishmen are to honour the memory of a great and gifted man, Daniel O'Connell. One of the most striking features in the character of the great champion of the religious freedom of the people of Great Britain was his firmness and constancy of purpose. This, his distinguishing characteristic, was singularly shown forth in his labours for his country; and it may be said that it was it which shaped and formed his political career. In his efforts in the great work of Emancipation he had to contend with very many difficulties. He suffered from the malice of open enemies and the trachery of false friends. He was abandoned, calumniated, imprisoned, but he was still firm and constant, never losing sight of the grand object of his life—the Emancipation of his Catholic compa-

triot. This, my dear children, may be an example for you. You also will have many difficulties to battle against in the way of justice and virtue. But remain firm and constant in your determination always to walk in the fear of God and to avoid everything which might displease Him, never giving ear to the suggestions of the devil. O'Connell," continued the Holy Father, "in all his labours, was actuated by a spirit of faith. This was his moving and guiding principle, and this it was which brought down the blessing of Heaven on his actions, which were in the end crowned with so signal a success. You, too, ought always treasure up carefully and jealously guard the holy faith with which God has blessed you, and never admit anything which may in any way jar with the teaching of the Catholic Church. Remain always closely united with the Holy See and obedient to your ecclesiastical superiors. O'Connell during his life was most devoted to the Holy See, and towards the close of his days he desired nothing more than to see the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, to receive from him the Apostolic Benediction, and to hear with his own ears the words he should speak. With this desire he left his native land in order to come to Rome, and when he had arrived at, I might say, the very walls of the city, he received the message of death. Thus his ardent wish to see the Pope was left unsatisfied. Just as a stag which, parched with thirst, and having in vain sought for water with which to refresh himself, hears at length the murmuring of some distant fountain, and instantly runs in the direction whence the sound proceeds. Having at length come within the sight of the waters, and pressing forward more eagerly as he draws near them, he entangles his leg in the net of the hunter, and is thus held fast on the very brink of the fountain in which he longs to quench his thirst. So it happened to O'Connell. His eager desire to see the Vicar of Christ was at the moment of its fulfilment left ungratified. It may be this very disappointment tended to shorten the time of expiation which he and all have to endure in a greater or less degree. To-day O'Connell is in heaven and is praying for Ireland. For, much as he had done on earth, much yet remains to be accomplished, and he now advances by his prayers in heaven the completion of the work he began while on earth. You, too, my dear children, must assist by your praying this holy work which O'Connell during life but partly accomplished. Many burdens which the Irish people are forced to endure are yet to be lightened."

It is a gold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy something which does not represent your life and talents, but the goldsmith's.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Reigns of Edward IV. and V. and Richard III.

Q. What was the war-cry of the O'Briens of Thomond.

A. "Lamb-laidir-aboo!" or "Hurrah for the strong hand!"

Q. What of the O'Neills?

A. "Lamb-dhearg-aboo!" or "Hurrah for the red (or bloody) hand!" The Fitzpatricks of Ossory adopted as their war-cry, "Gear-laidir-aboo!" or "Hurrah for the sharp and strong!" And the gathering shouts of all the clans contained similar allusions, either to the castle of their residence, or to some quality on which they prided themselves.

Q. Of what description were the native Irish soldiery at that period?

A. The cavalry of the chiefs and barons were mounted on small, but very strong and active horses. These horses were called "hobbies," and their riders "hobelers." From all ancient accounts, it appears that the Irish were eminently skilful as horsemen, and active and dexterous in the use of their weapons on horseback.

Q. What were their weapons?

A. Short spears and sabres; also battle-axes. They had scarcely any armour.

Q. Describe the foot-soldiers or infantry.

A. Of these there were two sorts; a heavily-armed infantry, called "gallow-glasses," accoutred with iron head-pieces, efficient coats of armour, and bearing a broad axe and sword.

Q. How were the light infantry accoutred?

A. They wore little or no armour save the iron head-piece; they bore a long spear or javelin, and a long knife called a *skian*.

Q. Did the quarrel of the Butlers and Geraldines disturb this entire reign?

A. Yes; their unhappy contentions were protracted with varying fortune; the Butlers sometimes gaining the advantage, and the Geraldines again recovering the mastery. In reward of Desmond's service in defeating the Butlers of Wexford, Edward made Desmond lord deputy of Ireland.

Q. What was his first act as lord deputy?

A. He made war upon the Irish septa in Meath.

Q. Did he defeat them?

A. No; they took him prisoner. He was however soon set free by his friend, O'Connor of Offaly.

Q. What was his next act?

A. He made war on O'Brien of Thomond.

Q. With what success?

A. O'Brien gained a rapid advantage over the lord deputy, who bought him off by engaging that he should be paid a regular tribute.

Q. Was Desmond removed from the government for these failures?

A. No; the king continued him in the viceroyalty, until at last the Queen became his enemy.

Q. How did he offend the Queen?

A. By speaking incautiously of the meanness of her birth.

Q. What steps were then taken to destroy him.

A. He was removed from his office; supplanted by lord deputy Tiptoft, attainted by parliament on several charges, and executed without a trial.

Q. Meanwhile, how did the Butlers conduct themselves?

A. John of Ormond, the late earl's eldest living brother, contrived to obtain the favour of the king.

Q. What benefit did the Butler family derive from the royal favour?

A. An act of parliament was obtained, repealing the former act of attainder and forfeiture, and restoring the old honours and estates to the heir of Ormond.

Q. How long did the Butlers continue uppermost?

A. Not very long. We find the earl of Kildare made lord deputy in 1478.

Q. Did not the King desire to remove Kildare, and appoint lord Grey to that office?

A. He did; but Kildare held the office in defiance of the king; and so strongly was he supported, that the viceroy appointed by the king was obliged to quit Ireland.

Q. What Milesian alliance did the earl of Kildare make?

A. He gave his daughter in marriage to the son of the chief of the O'Neills.

Q. What use did Kildare make of the influence he gained by his connexion?

A. He used his influence to preserve Ireland in peace during the short feeble reign of Edward the Fifth, and the short reign of Richard the Third.

Q. In what year did Richard the Third die?

A. He was slain at the Battle of Bosworth, in 1485.

CHAPTER XI.

The Reign of Henry VII.

Q. When Henry the Seventh ascended the throne, whom did he appoint lord lieutenant of Ireland?

A. He continued the earl of Kildare in that office.

Q. What remarkable event occurred in Ireland in 1486?

A. A low impostor, named Simnel arrived in Dublin, accompanied by one Richard Simmones, an Oxford priest, who had

trained him to personate the earl of Warwick.

Q. Who was the earl of Warwick?

A. Son of the late duke of Clarence, and grandson of the duke of York who had been viceroy of Ireland.

Q. Where was the earl of Warwick at that time?

A. In the prison of the tower of London.

Q. Why did the king detain him there?

A. From his jealous fears that Warwick, who was heir to the house of York, should lay claim to the throne.

Q. How was the impostor Simnel received in Ireland?

A. His tale was believed; he was received by Kildare and many other leading Irishmen as their lawful king, and as such, he was crowned in Dublin, under the title of Edward the Sixth.

Q. What then became of him?

A. He went to England to give battle to Henry the Seventh; was defeated, made prisoner, and employed by the king as a scullion in the royal kitchen.

Q. How did the Irish lords and chiefs employ themselves?

A. In petty wars.

Q. Mention some of them?

A. The Geraldines of Desmond defeated the M'Carthy's and O'Carrolls, and obtained large tracts of their lands. The lord lieutenant's brother-in-law, O'Neill, went to war with the chief of Tyrconnell.

Q. What was their quarrel about?

A. Tribute. O'Neill had written to Tyrconnell, "Send me tribute; or else ——" To this, Tyrconnell answered, "I owe you none; and if —"

Q. What was the result of the war that followed?

A. The clan of the O'Neills was defeated.

Q. Who was Perkin Warbeck?

A. He was an impostor, calling himself duke of York the second son of Edward the Fourth.

Q. When did he land in Ireland?

A. He landed at Cork in 1492.

Q. Did he raise any faction in Ireland?

A. Nowhere except among the citizens of Cork.

Q. How long did he remain in Ireland?

A. Only for a few weeks, at the end of which he departed to France.

Q. Who was lord lieutenant in 1494?

A. Sir Edward Poynings.

Q. What was enacted by the remarkable law called "Poynings' Act"?

A. It enacted, that, prior to the holding of any parliament in Ireland, the lord lieutenant and privy council should first certify to the king the cause of assembling such parliament, specifying also such acts as they deemed it requisite to pass.

Q. Was this law an infraction of the rights of the king's Irish subjects?

A. Yes; a very grievous one.

Q. But did the Irish thereby in any degree forfeit their full inherent right to self-legislation?

A. By no means; any more than the English nation would forfeit their right to self-government by any servile surrender of power on the part of their parliament.

Q. What is the duty of the people in regard to all such unjust laws?

A. To struggle in every legal, peaceful mode to get them repealed.

Q. Did Perkin Warbeck land again in Ireland?

A. He did; but, being defeated at Waterford, he fled to Scotland.

Q. Did the Butlers at this time try to ruin the earl of Kildare?

A. Yes; they had got him attainted by Poynings' parliament, and he now was obliged to meet his accuser in the king's presence.

Q. In what year was this?

A. In the year 1496.

Q. When the parties met, what did the king say to Kildare?

A. He advised him to procure for himself the help of able counsel.

Q. What was Kildare's answer?

A. "I chose the best counsel in the realm," said he, seizing the king's hand; "I take your majesty to be my counsel against these false knaves."

Q. Did the king resent this freedom?

A. No; he looked on it as a proof that Kildare was honest.

Q. What was alleged against Kildare?

A. High treason was alleged against him, but he easily cleared himself.

Q. Was there any other charge made?

A. Yes; he was accused of burning the church of Casbel.

Q. What was his defence?

A. "It is true," said he, "that I burned the church; but I did so because I thought the archbishop was in it."

Q. What effect did this defence produce?

A. The oddity of it convulsed the king and all present with laughter.

Q. What did Kildare's accusers then say?

A. "All Ireland," said they, "cannot govern this earl."

Q. What was the king's answer?

A. "Then this earl shall govern all Ireland;" whereupon he immediately made Kildare lord lieutenant of the kingdom.

Q. How did Kildare discharge the duties of that office?

A. As soon as he was taken into the king's confidence, he went to war against his own fellow-countrymen.

Q. Where—and on what account?

A. He brought the king's troops against his son-in-law, Ulick de Burgo, in Connaught, to punish that chief for maltreating his wife, who was Kildare's daughter.

(To be continued.)

Answers to Correspondents.

"BLACK DIAMOND."—We can but give you the calculations as we find them in our excellent London magazine contemporary, *The Lamp*. Few can realize the power stored in coal for man's use. It is stated as a scientific fact that in a boiler of fair construction a pound of coal will convert nine pounds of water into steam. Each pound of steam will represent an amount of energy or capacity for performing work equivalent to 746,000 foot pounds, or for the whole nine pounds, 6,720,000 foot pounds. In other words, one pound of coal has done as much work in evaporating nine pounds of water into nine pounds of steam as would lift 2,332 tons ten feet high.

"A BANKER'S CLERK."—No; Bank of England notes are never re-issued when once paid in to the Bank, but are at once cancelled. They are then preserved for seven years, so that inquiries relative to forgeries or frauds on which the notes may throw light may be answered. The stock of paid notes for seven years numbers 91,000,000, and fills 18,000 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach three miles. Pile the notes one on the other, and the pile would be eight miles long. Join them end to end, and you will have a ribbon 15,000 miles long. Arrange them side by side, and you may more than cover Hyde Park with them. Finally, their original value was over £3,000,000,000 sterling, and their weight more than 112 tons.

"N. R. McC." (Plattsburg).—The first great and extensive railway enterprise was "the Liverpool and Manchester," commenced in October, 1825, and opened September 15, 1830. We read that there were tramways in and about Newcastle-upon-Tyne so early as the middle of the seventeenth century. In the "Life of Lord Keeper North," published in 1676, these tramways are thus mentioned: "The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery to the river exactly straight and parallel, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coal, and is of immense benefit to the coal merchant." The first railway in the United States was the Quincy and Boston, to convey granite for Bunker Hill monument, 1827.

"STUDENTIS" is wrong. There were laws in Ireland under the Penal Code restricting education; nay, more, prohibiting it altogether. Carey, in his excellent work, "Vindiciae Hibernia," tells us that "To brutalize and barbarize the Irish, to plunge them into the abysses of Climmerian darkness, they were, at one stroke, cut off from education," and we find in Robins' "Abridgement of the Statutes," (Dublin edition, page 612) this decree of banishment or death against any Catholic guilty of the offence of teaching school: "If any Papist shall publicly teach school, or instruct youth in learning in any private house, or shall be entertained to instruct youth as usher or assistant to any Protestant schoolmaster, he shall be esteemed a Popish regular clergyman, and prosecuted as such, and shall incur penalties and forfeitures as any Popish regular convict is liable unto." Children of parents subjected to this worse than Draconian law are still living, and yet we hear occasionally, in polite circles, and in high-toned newspapers, such phrases as "the ignorant Irish," "the brutalized" and "barbarous" Irish, etc.

"MILES."—The facts have been frequently given in detail in newspaper columns. The following, however, is a summary of the returns: The strength of the British Army, exclusive of commissioned officers, is 177,678 men, of whom 117,701 are English, 15,885 Scotch, and 44,092 Irish. In the infantry of the line the Irish proportion is very large.

"MERCATOR" asks "What is the meaning of 'Law's Bubble,' now so frequently referred to in the public journals in respect of monetary affairs?" The phrase refers to the famous Mississippi scheme devised by John Law, for paying off the national debt of France (1716-1720). By this French "South Sea Bubble" the nation was almost ruined. It was called Mississippi, because the Company was granted the exclusive trade of Louisiana on the banks of the Mississippi.

"CHRONOLOGIST" is wrong. This is the nineteenth century, though "the enumerations are in the 'eighteens'"—The matter is very simple. The first century of the modern and Christian calendar began with the birth of Christ. Therefore the second century must have commenced with the year 101. Follow this up and you will find that the first year of the eighteenth century was 1701, and that, therefore, we, who are now living, live in the nineteenth century.

"M. R. O'S."—We have once more to state that we do not desire to turn the "Answers to Correspondents" into a medium for the decision of wagers. However, we give you the information you seek. The phrase, "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," is not in either the New or Old Testament. It occurs in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," but before Sterne's time, in a collection of French proverbs, published in 1591 by Henry Estienne. It is given: *Dieu mesure le vent a la brebis tondue.*

"SINCERITY."—The author of "Don Quixote" was Cervantes. The book is not an immoral one; though called a romance, it is a merciless satire on the chivalric romances of the Middle Ages, and had the effect of putting an end to this sort of literature. Your second question, namely, "If persons attending the death-bed of a person are more affected than the dying one" is somewhat of a puzzler. We have never been in either position; and cannot write from experience; but it is said, and we believe truly, that the dying are vouchsafed a certain resignation to the inevitable, which is peace compared to the poignant grief of friends.

"W. C. D."—We find, opportunely enough, floating through our exchanges, the information you seek. Here it is, as given by our namesake of New York: There are six European kingdoms, ruled by crowned monarchs, which have each a smaller population than the State of New York, the last census of which shows it to be on the verge of five millions. These kingdoms are Holland, Portugal, Belgium, Denmark, Bavaria and Greece. New York State is just about equal in population with Belgium and Bavaria; it is a million above Holland; two millions above Portugal; three millions above Denmark; and three and a half millions above Greece. Its population is nearly twice that of the republic of Switzerland. It is up to that of the Persian empire, though we should say there were only estimates for Persia. It has twice the population of the republic of Peru, and half that of the empire of Brazil. The two cities of New York and Brooklyn have by themselves a population greater than the kingdoms of Denmark, and New York alone is almost as populous as the kingdom of Greece.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AIR—THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Moderate time, with expression.

1. As slow our ship her foam-y track A-
 2. When round the bowl of vanish'd years We talk, with Joy - ous
 cleav-ing, Her trem-bling pen-nant
 seem-ing, And smiles, that might us

still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas leav - ing. So loath we part from all we love. From
 well be tears, So faint, so sad their beau - ing, While mem - ry brings us back a - gain Each

all the links that bind us, So turn our hearts, wher - e'er we rove, To those we've left be -
 ear - ly tie that twin'd us, Ohi sweet's the cup that cir - cles then To those we've left be -

bind us.

3 And when in other climes we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting;
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If Heav'n had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us!

4 As travellers oft look back, at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave,
 Still faint behind them glowing.
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us!