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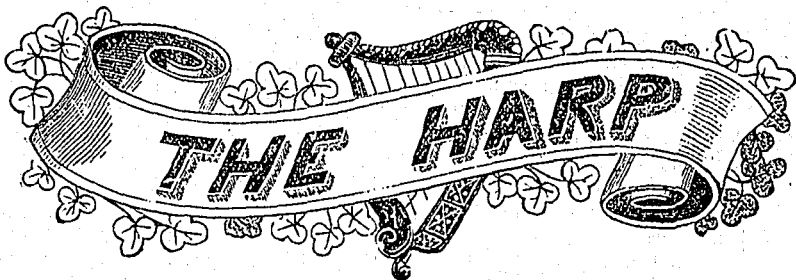
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A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1875.

No. 12.

MY FAITH.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

If 'tis a crime to love the land
Wherein my fathers rest,
Where first my mother's hand
My infant form caressed,
Then doubly dyed in gullt am I,
And traitor to the core,
For deep within my Irish heart
I love my native shore.

I hold it as a precept true,
And strong as gospel light,
And mark it, suffering brothers, you
Who struggle for the right,
That he is a soulless clad,
By earth and heaven banned,
And false to justice, truth and God,
Who's false to motherland.
—*Irish World.*

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The glided halo hovering round decay."
—*Byron.*—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER XXXV

MR. JER MURPHY MAKES A MISTAKE.

The unsuspecting victim dashed into the Pass, the bailiff a few yards behind him with his hand on his pistols. Does the bailiff fear there will be murder in the Pass of Cahá?

Now behind the thicket the blunderbus is levelled at the advancing horseman—there is no quiver now in the murderer's nerves—his aim is deadly. Now the baronet is within a few yards of him—now abreast of him—his hand is on the trigger—

Hark! There was a flash—a sharp short report—a smothered cry—and horseman and horse roll together to the ground.

But it was not *Páde Ryan* that fired! His trigger has not fallen—he starts back paralyzed with astonishment—murder has been done; but he is not the murderer

Mr. Jer Murphy flings from him a pistol that has been discharged, and grasping the other, springs from his horse, and rushes towards the murdered man. Rider and horse lie rolling and struggling together by the ditch: but only the horse has been wounded—the rider has only been stunned by the fall—and now disengaging himself from the saddle by a supreme effort, Sir Albin Artslade staggers to his feet.

"Murderer and villain!" he shrieks, rushing with blind fury towards the bailiff.

But Mr Jer Murphy's other pistol is levelled—is fired pitilessly—and ere the report dies away, Sir Albin Artslade totters, reels, falls heavily to the ground. This time the work is done.

The assassin stands for a moment rooted to the spot with the coward's terror; then glances shudderingly around, and catching courage from the utter solitude of the place, grins a hideous grin of triumph.

"Dead as a doore nail!" he exclaims, raising the head of the murdered man, and letting it fall again heavily. "Now for the goold!"

Then for the first time was the mystery of Mr. Jer Murphy's action explained to the stunned watcher behind the thicket, for he saw him spring across with all the miser's lust to where the struggling horse lay, and detach from the saddle the bulky leathern sack and tear it open and gloat upon its heaps of glittering gold. The miserable ruffian, foiled in the attempt to profit by the betrayal of Gerald O'Dwyer, saw his master receive this golden treasure in Clonmel, and into his crafty mind there came a diabolical plan for possessing himself of it. There was a rumor that Sir Albin Artslade's life was to be taken; that was why he was equipped and armed as his escort; if his life were taken, who could ever tell by whom? And now it had been taken, Mr. Jer Murphy would put the treasure where no human eye would ever follow it till he wished,

and would carry to Ashenfield a cunning tale of Sir Albin Artslade's murder and his own hair-breadth escape, and would point to his empty pistols in proof that, if his master fell, it was for no lack of stout defense on his part.

And now the plot progressed gloriously, and in the very ecstasy of success the assassin hugged his bloody gains when, with the spring of a panther, the watcher behind the thicket was over the ditch, and grappling with the murderer.

"You mane thievin', villian!" he cried, with indignant passion. "Surrinder this minnit, av you don't want a brace o' slugs sint through yer divvil's-carcase!"

He, who a minute before would have imbrued his hands in Sir Albin Artslade's life blood, now revolted as impetuously against the crime of his murderous plunderer. The would-be murderer for revenge rose up to wreak justice on the murderer for gain, in the very purity of unselfish indignation!

With a cry of surprise, the wretch dropped on his knees in abject terror: trembling in every limb.

"Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!" he bawled, pitifully.

But when glancing timidly up, he saw it was Tade Ryan who represented justice, a new resource suggested itself.

"Tade Ryan, are you mad?" he asked as the other seized him violently by the collar. "You wouldn't play the traitor on wan that's done yer own work for you?"

"Not mine, you false-hearted villian. I'd cut my right hand off afore doin' sich a job as this."

"No lein! how tindhler-hearted you are all o' a suddint! Which of us, I like to know, has the best rayson to hurroo over ould Orshlade's corpse? Corp on dhoul, man, 'tis a lucky murderer for you."

"Av I wanted to murder him," said Ryan, with contempt, "I'd do it myself like a man, an' not be depindin' on a thremblin' engichore like yerself. But you ate his bread, you double-dyed thraithor. You sowl body an' sowl to him to do his dirty work, an' pocket his dirty goold; an' now you turn about like the black reprobate you are, to murder him like a dog-when you should be the fusht to save him—an' all for robbery, Mистер Jur Murphy, for filthy skulkin' robbery!"

The assassin was white as a sheet.

"Don't be an otshuich, Tade Ryan," he urged, insinuatingly. "There's lashin's in this bag"—and he tapped the bulky treasure—"to make

min of both of us, av we only have the sinse to make a proper use of it. We have it all to ourselves. Nobody on earth can tell who done this job. We'll slip away to France as aisy as winkin', an' thin' our fortune's med for iver more."

"Why, thin, you limb o' the divvil, is it timptin' me you are wid yer plundherin' schemes?" cried Ryan, boiling with indignation and disgust. "Not another syllable out o' yer gob, or be the 'tarnal frosh! you want live to see a sighth o' Clonmel gaol itself, an' that you'll see soon an' suddint, av you've no fancy for jinin' yer masther be the side o' the ditch beyant."

Desperation was working miracles in the coward's face.

"Wan word more, Tade Ryan," he cried, with a hideous grin. "Av you're a maniac enough to give up riches that there's no countin', and betray me when no wan else on earth could betray either of us—remiuber this—there's only your word agin mine, *no bouchul*, an' I know purty well who'll be believed, the thrustured servant or the noted rebel!"

Tade Ryan relaxed his hold. It was the first time he thought of that.

The assassin saw his advantage, and followed it up.

"You'll have to confess too, my fine officer of justice," he went on. "You'll have to confess you wor here yerself—inside the ditch, too—waitin' for Sir Albin Orshlade, eh? *no bouchul*. An' may be you'd be after explainin' what little game you were after in the Pass of Cahá wid that innocent lookin' blunderbus o' yours? Eh? my par-tikler frind of law and ordher?"

Ryan saw the force of the threat—saw the probabilities weighed overwhelmingly against his bare assertion of the fact.

"New, praps you'd be thinkin' betther of your vertuous indignation? P'raps now you'd have no objection to pocketin' half the cash an' biddin' me a civil good evenin'? Eh?"

"Niver, be my sowl, niver!" cried Ryan, bursting with indignant rage. "Whatever this blunderbus *cen* here for, 'twill stay till it sees you in the body o' Clonmel gaol—that I promise you! They may hang me if they like—they'd hang me in any case, an' it don't make any matther how soon, now that *he's* out o' the cowl—but I'll spile *your* little game, you thievin' coward, if I wor to swing for it."

"We'll see!" shouted, the assassin, now nerved to desperation; and with the spring of a

tiger, he leaped on his captor and sought to wrench the blunderbus from his hand. In the collision the shot went off, startling the evening echoes far and wide.

The men were locked in a life and death struggle. With all the force of despair, the coward was transformed into a blind furious machine; over and over again he sought with supreme effort to fling his antagonist bodily to the ground; his strength was trebled, but he had to deal with a giant of iron nerve, unshakable as a rock. The conflict could not last long, Murphy's feeble courage was soon exhausted, and was pressed heavily to the ground, struggling obstinately still.

Then, as he found his chances growing more and more desperate, the ruffian filled the Pass with shrieks of "Murder!" and "Help!" bellowed again and again at the top of his voice till the whole country through the calm evening air seemed to be ringing with the cry of "Murder!"

Ryan knew what his object was, but made no effort to stifle his cries: only, as he continued to struggle with might and main, pressed him down more securely.

But suddenly there came a response to the assassin's cry for help, and the noise of horses' hoofs clattering along the road from Clonmel at a gallop, came faintly at first, then louder and louder. Help was at hand. Who could they be?

Then the bailiff redoubled his shouts of "Murder!" and Ryan tightened his hold on the captive, as two horsemen at full gallop clattered into the Pass, and reined in their steeds with a sudden shock as they came upon the dreadful scene, where on one side lay the murdered baronet, on the other two armed men locked in deadly encounter; one horse lying lifeless beside its master, the other galloping away in wild terror.

"Good Heavens! what is this?" exclaimed one of the new-comers—a frightened white haired old gentleman, whom his best friends would barely recognise as Mr Sackwell, M. P., so much had the rash courage that would have led Monard Fenicles to death or glory long ago, shrunk into its boots at sight of the slaughterous scene; and as for the great Smile of Universal Benevolence, it had assumed a similitude, which would have passed muster in any school of small boys as the overture to "a big cry." "Good Heavens. What is this?" exclaimed Mr. Sackwell again, rubbing his eyes incredulously.

"Murder! Murder! Murder!" bellowed the bailiff: then, as Ryan released him, he leaped to his feet and rushed towards Mr. Sackwell, who backed away nervously before him. "Oh! Mistor Sackwell! 'twas an angel that sint ye! The masher has been murdered!"

"Sir Albin Artslade murdered! Oh! horrible!" exclaimed Mr. Sackwell. "I told him to-day how 'twould be—he would not have the escort. And who—who—who—is—the—murderer?"

"Shure you see him yerself, yer honor," whined the bailiff, pointing to Ryan. "He'd have med as short work o' me as of the poor masher only for yer honour cem up—I was thryin' to howld him, an' shure he has the life a'most strangled out o' me, the cowld-blooded villian!"

"It is a lie as black as hell," shouted Ryan at first awed by the ruffians easy impudence. "Av you hear me, sir," he said advancing towards Mr. Sackwell, more coolly, "I'll show you this is the rale murderer—an' robber to boot."

"P—please s—s—stand a l—ittle further back, my man," said Mr. Sackwell, with a nervous shudder: then turning to his son, who accompanied him, and who was surveying the scene with philosophical calmness: "Ch—Charlie, l—let you speak to those men—y—you have the pistols."

"Sir, this is the murderer o' Sir Albin Orshlade," Ryan continued, vehemently, "God is my witness! I see him fire the shot that kilt him. He murdered him for the goold in that bag there beyant, an' he wanted me to share the plunder. I'd sooner die fush—I was going to carry him this minnit to Clonmel Gaol, whin you cem up an' see me thrying to howld him."

"Ahem! that doesn't—ah—seem very likely," said Mr. Sackwell, senior, timidly.

"A cunnin' tale indeed, yer honour," cried Murphy, sneeringly. "'Tisn't 'Dd be likely to commit murder whin there was a notorious rebel in the neighborhood. Plaze yer honour! shure ye see him yerselves, how he was within ame's ace o' sindin' me ather the poor masher—God rest his sowl this night! av it isn't superstitious to say it."

"Curse you for a driveling hypocrite!" cried Ryan, in utter disgust.

"I thank God, humbly, you can't call me a murderer nor rebel," retorted Murphy, with a malicious leer.

"Gintlemin, will ye b'lieve this lyin' coward?

Look at his pistols—they are discharged—while mine—”

He paused, as he remembered his weapon, too, had been discharged in his collision with the bailiff, and started with damaging confusion.

“Well, what about *yours*?” cried the other, tauntingly. “Ha, ha, you know well I discharged mine in defence o’ my poor murdered master; maybe you’d give as good an account of the bullet you sent to his poor heart? an’ pray who gev *you* lave to carry this purty blunderbus you have, eh?”

Ryan bit his lips with rage. Every circumstance convicted him. He remained doggedly silent: ready to strangle the foul coward that accused him; but to what purpose?

“This is horrible—most horrible!” exclaimed Mr. Sackwell, glancing in terror from the murdered baronet to his murderer, and then again to his accuser, and wiping away the big beads of perspiration that gathered on his forehead. “As one of His Majesty’s Justices of the Peace, I—I really don’t know what to do.”

“Isn’t it easy?” said the philosophical Charlie. “Each of those men says the other is the murderer. If they’re in earnest, let them keep one another company till we get to Clonmel and have the thing investigated, and if either of them stirs a peg to escape in the meantime I’ll shoot him dead. That’s all.”

“Y—yes that’s most admirable,” cried Mr. Sackwell, with great relief. “For *you* it’s quite a stroke of genius. I—I think I’ll go away—this sort of thing doesn’t do you know for my nerves. I—I sincerely trust the murderer—whoever he may be—mind I’m not prejudging the case—not by any means!—whoever he may be I sincerely trust will be brought to justice.”

“I am ready to go,” said Ryan, boldly. “I’ll say no more; but av the dead could spake—”

“Bah!” cried the bailiff loudly, but with some show of trepidation in his manner; for all his braggadocio, “you wouldn’t be so anxious to hear him, only you know well he’s stone dead.”

“I’m not so sure of that,” said Charlie Sackwell, who had alighted from his horse and was engaged examining the body of the murdered baronet.

“What!” cried Mr. Sackwell, who was still within hearing; and “What!” cried the other two men simultaneously, the one in a voice of deadly terror, the other of eager expectancy.

“He is not quite dead,” said Charlie Sackwell, calmly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A WITNESS FROM THE DEAD.

“Not quite dead!”

In an instant the four men were huddled eagerly round Sir Albin Artslade’s body. Charles Sackwell, who, with all his easy stupidity, combined some practical resource upon occasion, made a deliberate examination of the wound and its consequences. He laid his hand on the wounded man’s heart, and waited. There was a feeble flicker of life, rare and dull, but growing quicker.

The assassin’s cheeks were ashy pale: his heart beat furiously. What if Sir Albin Artslade lived?

But the wound was a mortal one. The bullet had entered below the left breast, and must have lodged somewhere in the region of the heart. But the worst sign of all was that it left but a faint bluish puncture in the skin,—there was no blood flowing—none but what flowed within.

Young Sackwell watched the flickering life as it struggled fitfully to assert itself, and assisted its struggle by every means in his power. By degrees he forced a draught of brandy down the wounded man’s throat, and and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the limbs quiver feebly, then move more freely; and then with a convulsive shudder, Sir Albin Artslade woke to consciousness once more.

His eyes wandered for a moment heavily around as if to collect some sense of the situation, and closed again as if in pain. But when they opened a second time they fixed themselves with unearthly steadiness on the murderer; who stood rooted to the spot in mortal terror.

“Hush! he is going to speak.”

Of a sudden, a fierce light was kindled in the heavy eyes, which seemed to pierce the murderer to the soul.

“Murderer!” he cried, jerking himself up violently, and clenching his fist fiercely in the very face of the bailiff. But the effort awoke all the agonies of his wound, and with a groan he sank back, pressing his hand wearily against his side.

“He is dead,” cried the bailiff, with intense relief. “He must have been ravin’.”

“He is not dead,” said Charlie Sackwell, supporting the wounded man’s head as tenderly

as a woman might. "He is not dead, and we will see whether he has been raving."

Another draught of brandy brought the baronet back to painful consciousness.

"Did I not see Mr Sackwell here?" he asked in weary gasps.

"Y—yes, my—my dear friend," responded that worthy gentleman, who had taken to his handkerchief. "I—I'm so sorry—n—never got such a shock—n—never, indeed. I hope you—ah—feel pretty well—ahem! at least under the circumstances?"

"I am dying fast," gasped the wounded man, his hand still pressed to his side, as though to staunch the pain. "Be quick and come closer to me. There. I want you to take my dying deposition. I want you to have him—my murderer—hanged, hanged, hanged—tortured, if he can be tortured—anything, so he dies like a dog!"

"Do not exert yourself so," urged Charlie Sackwell, appalled at the vengeful passion even within reach of death. "Speak lower and more calmly. Remember you are near death."

"I will," Sir Albin Artslade said.

"Sorra the much ravin' about him now, Mister Jer Murphy," whispered Ryan, collaring the trembling assassin, as he glanced desperately around for some means of escape.

In a few words Sir Albin Artslade told the story of his murder and identified the murderer. Mr. Sackwell took down his words with judicial care, though scarcely with judicial serenity, and Charlie and Ryan were the witnesses of the deposition. Mr. Jer Murphy had clearly made a mistake—clutched at fortune and only caught the gallows!

"On this information," pronounced Mr. Sackwell, the dignity of his office gradually emboldening him, "I will have no hesitation—ahem!—in committing this man, Murphy, to Clonmel Gaol for wilful murder—wilful murder is no name for it—most wilful, wilful murder! Ryan, you will take charge of the prisoner!"

Ryan answered only by giving his shivering captive a shake that told eloquently how congenial the charge was.

The dying man recovered again from a spasm of pain, this time more faint.

"Do you wish anything to be done for you—anything to be said to—to your daughter?" whispered Charlie softly.

The question seemed to recall thoughts that were vanishing like shadows in his chaotic brain.

"If I could be taken home to Ashenfield to die."—He murmured, almost plaintively.

Charlie thought removal would be fatal, but was looking round for some means to gratify the desire, when with another great groan of agony the dying man whispered:

"No—no—it is too late. I am dying—dying fast. It is getting dark, dark as the grave."

"Remember, sir, you have a daughter—will you not send her your blessing?"

"Daughter—daughter!" exclaimed the dying man wildly. "Yes, yes—tell her this—tell Rose Marton—"

"Rose Marton!"

"Yes,—tell her—tell the world—she is my lawful child—the proofs—Oh God, I am forgetting—the proofs—it is too late! Tell her—no, no, tell her nothing more," and he sank back again fainter and fainter.

"Is there nothing else you have to say?—nothing to G?" said Charlie Sackwell solemnly.

"Nothing!"

The pain was over. "Nothing!"—that awful word—seemed to echo through eternity. With "Nothing!" on his lips, "Nothing!" in his heart, Sir Albin Artslade went from this world. Peace in Power at last!

"God bless us!" remarked Mr Sackwell, piously.

This was all his funeral song.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LIGHT IN THE PRISON.

It is time we should return to the fortunes of Gerald O'Dwyer, who has been all this time, while the plot against Sir Albin Artslade's life hurried to its strange issue, an inmate of the Prison of Clonmel, awaiting the inevitable doom of the rebel.

Waiting for death! It is a gloomy business, all the gloomier when one is shut up with his own thoughts within four narrow walls; said four walls setting their faces hopelessly against hope; staring coldly on their unhappy tenant's misery, and denying all shadow of consolation, even sunlight; and every impish minute of the twenty-four hours knocking at the cell-door, peeping grinningly in, to see if the tenant is awake, awake to his own miserable thoughts, And Death must be the end of Gerald O'Dwyer's incarceration. Some despatches from France found upon his person formed, of themselves, sufficiently strong presumption of his guilt to pass for proof in times when there was little nicety in the law of evidence. But all doubt on this subject was set at rest by the announce-

ment, carefully conveyed to him, that a conspicuous member of the Revolutionary Directory in Dublin had turned King's evidence to save himself, and had put the government in possession of all the details of the conspiracy, in which, of course, Gerald O'Dwyer's name figured as that of a prominent culprit. He was informed, furthermore, that even in Kilsheelan the authorities were embarrassed with offers of information about his plans and movements since his arrival. Indeed it was hinted broadly, with refined cruelty, that the information which led to his capture came of the sordid treachery of his lieutenant and favorite, Tade Ryan. And this was the cruelest blow of all to one who reckoned treachery among crimes the very foulest, and who could only fret helplessly under the suspicion.

But Gerald O'Dwyer was growing accustomed to the thought of Death. The nearer it came, the fairer it seemed. It was an ignominious death, indeed, that awaited him; but no earthly humiliation had any terrors for him, and hanging was no more than doing spitefully what bullets would do bravely, or age lingeringly. He remembered no crime which should unnerve him before the Accusing Angel. His mind was of that tranquil, spiritual, ambitionless texture which glides softly into thought of higher things. In this world what had he to leave behind but a sad story? what to regret at the leaving? The nett result of his life was—Failure! It tracked him from his childhood when his princely eminence was crumbling away under his feet, to this moment when he lay at Death's doors, like a forsaken child in its ruins. There was no more Kilsheelan—only Ashenfield. Strangers everywhere, but in the old churchyard at Killeary, where the old people slept in peace. The very name of O'Dwyer Garv was a tradition in his own country, as void of life as the bare walls of his Castle. A new order of things had sprung up by Fortune's ordinance, and there was nothing for the old but to decay and die. True he had dreamed of building old and new into one fair edifice of happiness—the sanctity of the old with the vigour of the new—he never ceased to hear his father's dying words, "Restore Kilsheelan!" ringing in his ears like an antique Mission—it had been his mission—he had striven as a man might to bring it to pass—he had succeeded, almost succeeded, when a wayward Destiny tossed his success like a frail toy into an ocean—but now all that was over, and he stood like a lone traveller by the seashore, of whose sands

he built a life-scheme, waiting for the tide that was to carry him away.

But there was one unspiritual thought in his musings, which was only a little unspiritual after all, in that it reminded Gerald O'Dwyer there was still in the world a magnet-mountain which wrenched from thoughts of death and drew to its own bosom one half the total power of his being. His love for Rose Marton knew no law: burned the brighter and fiercer with every dash of hopelessness. He knew how silly it was for him to think of love, when he should be thinking of God alone; he knew he had no right to expect ever again to see her, but still her image filled his cheerless cell with light: the last soft pressure of her hand thrilled him with pleasure ever knew: her last spoken words, "I shall never forget you!" sounded like music always in his ears, wooing him from the prison to a rosy world which was neither earth nor heaven, though perfumed by the airs of both. Of course he had heard nothing of Rose Marton since his capture; but some unknown friend supplied his food, such delicacies as he had not tasted for many a day, and once on opening the package of his good angel there dropped out a scroll on which in female handwriting was written the single word "Hope!" And he kissed the fair inscription many and many a time, he asked delightedly of his own heart who else could have written it except *she*? Who else could care for him? Who else bid him hope? He never thought of Miss Cressy Artslade, in whose heart lurked the timid explanation. Hope! He looked at the thick walls, at the iron bars—thought of his ruthless enemy—of his ruined house—of his rebellion against English law—of the gallows—and sought in vain for hope, in vain till he looked beyond the gallows, just a step beyond, and felt there his hope was, and no longer here.

It was the second evening of his incarceration. The speck of sunshine which the iron bars left in was growing dim. The cell was bathed in that sombre twilight which harmonizes best with the prisoner's thoughts. He was thinking the old thoughts over again, perhaps for the thousandth time within these two brief days; sitting at his little table, with his hands supporting his head, his eyes travelled to the little speck of sunshine, watching it fade shade by shade till he judged the sun must have fallen below the hills; comparing with his own short day of life in which the twilight was already dusk; and wandering, not altogether sadly,

how soon the night would come, when he too, like the fabled sun, would descend into the Eternal ocean to rest.

From these peaceful speculations he was aroused by the unwonted arrival, with much cracking of whips and clattering of horses, of a travelling carriage drawn by four travel-stained greys, which dashed into the court-yard of the prison amid all the obsequious flourishes that attend the movements of great personages.

Gerald O'Dwyer climbed up to the narrow window of his cell to seek the explanation of the unusual excitement, but his view only reached a blank wall opposite. Presently, however, he heard a commotion in the Prison itself. Usually at such an hour there was peace in the stormy heart of the place, nothing sounding but the gaoler's footfall once in a way in the vaulted passages. There must be something uncommon in the wind that caused this irreverent breach of the monotony.

Hark! The footfalls came into the corridor which led to Gerald O'Dwyer's cell—not the measured tread of the officials, but a hurried unofficial tramp; of feet, and voices,—two or three voices—talking aloud—even laughing. Gerald thought in wonder, as the unusual sounds echoed through the strong solitudes.

Now they stopped before the door of Gerald's cell, and he heard the gaoler's well-known voice, as he jangled the keys, exclaim obsequiously:

"This is the place, my lord."

Gerald's heart beat furiously—he could not tell why. Perhaps it was a warrant for his removal: perhaps an order for his death (for such things there were without the intervention of judge or jury). What then? He did not fear: yet there was a strange throbbing in his breast.

The heavy key turned in the lock. The door rolled back, and the gaoler, making a reverential salaam, bowed two visitors into the cell, with:

"There's the gentleman, my lord."

And then obsequiously withdrew.

"Hallo, Gerald, my boy 'tisn't preparing for death you are in that dark corner? They haven't quite knocked the breath out of you yet I hope? Ha, ha, that's right."

And a big warm hand clutched Gerald's with a grip of life and safety.

"Father John!"

"That's me, if you'll excuse the grammar," cried the rich voice of Father O'Meara, "and here's a very much more distinguished visitor,

Gerald, if you haven't got so grand with high treason that you won't know His Majesty's Chief Secretary for Ireland."

"Lord Atholston!" cried Gerald O'Dwyer, almost speechless with amazement, as a prim old English gentleman, whose air of stiff severity a certain homely kindliness of features belied, stepped into more distinct light. The old gentleman, who keenly enjoyed a little sensation, witnessed Gerald's amazement through his spectacles with a mild delight. "Lord Atholston."

"Uncle Tom, if you please, Gerald—I like the name better."

"But, my lord, your visit astounds me. I had no right to expect it."

"I hope it does not displease you my boy."

"No, my lord, I have no words to express my sense of your kindness in thinking of me at all," said Gerald earnestly; "but—"

"But what, my boy? I don't bring a warrant to see you hanged, drawn, and quartered," said the old gentleman with a genial smile.

Gerald coloured in some confusion.

"It is not that, my lord, but you must remember—"

"Remember! I'm not likely to forget that I've been for the last three years hunting the world for a young lunatic who ran away to the wars for fear of being the heir of Atholston, and because he thought the world would believe what none in their right senses would ever dream of, that he began at restoring Kilsheelan by burning it down to the ground."

"A thousand thanks, my lord; you at least do justice to my folly. But you must be aware why I am here? You must know—"

"My dear boy, I know all," cried Lord Atholston gaily. "Father O'Meara has told me everything, everything that could satisfy me you are the most romantic rebel out of the story-books"

"His must have been too kind a picture, I'm afraid, of one whom you find within four bare walls, much like any sheep-stealer of eminence waiting to be hanged. But seriously, my lord, I trust Father O'Meara has not led you to believe that between the rebel and the Cabinet Minister there can be no ground for compromise."

"Saints above!" cried Father John. "The boy is actually thinking I've been and sold the whole conspiracy to your lordship, and engaged in consideration of getting Gerald O'Dwyer four bones out of the surgical treatment of the hangman, he would then and there give such infor-

mation as would hang a few baronies, and swear then and for evermore upon the bones of Cromwell to be a loyal, true and pious Sassenach."

"An oath that I'm afraid you yourself would wince at, good father," smiled the old nobleman, "though, of course, you are a loyal man."

"Pardon me if I have wronged you even in thought, Father John," cried Gerald earnestly. "God knows, I ought not. But perhaps those in my position have need to be suspicious of kindness—"

"And turn a cold shoulder to their nearest and dearest friends," remarked the Earl, reproachfully.

"My lord, if you had not been Cabinet Minister, and this had not been a traitor's cell, I ask you to believe I would have known how to welcome you, though perhaps I can never know how to thank you as I ought. But it is a condition of the fate I have earned for myself that there should be no grumbling, no begging for favours, no receiving them when they offend our poor principles, such as they are."

"But," rejoined the old nobleman, good humouredly, "suppose that, having travelled pretty much at lightning speed all the way from Dublin, with our good friend here, Father John, on purpose to do you good service; suppose, after all my break-neck hurry, a wayward boy gets into sublime sulks and says he'll have none of my good service; and suppose I, like the stubborn old man I am, say I won't go back to Dublin with a fool's cap for my pains, but will make myself at home whether you like it or no, and force my favours like good physic down your throat—what will you say to that, sir?—supposing one of these favours is your liberty?"

"My liberty! Then, my lord, I should think of the conditions."

"But suppose I say I will have no conditions. Suppose I turn you outside this prison door, and lock it forever in your face?"

"Then—then—Oh my! lord, you do not, cannot mean it?"

"Gerald, I do!" cried the old nobleman, embracing the youth with childish enthusiasm.

"Your free pardon is in my pocket. You are a free man this moment!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RATIONAL REBEL.

Whether Lord Atholston cried more behind his spectacles than Father John did behind his

red pocket handkerchief, or which of them made the bravest show of utter and unchristian indifference, we will not pretend to decide, but that both one and the other were so happy they were prepared to stand on their heads or give any other equally convincing proof of hilarious blessedness, no right-minded historian would dare conceal. As for Gerald O'Dwyer the announcement of his freedom was for some moments a dizzy ravishment of sense, such as one might feel who had been suspended by a thread over a fathomless abyss and was suddenly safe. It was Freedom?—the being snatched from the grave into atmosphere of life—to feel the young blood of hope throb in veins almost frozen with Despair!

The cold walls stared in white wonder at the irreverent scene of happiness they were forced to witness. The rats in their dark burrows agreed it was a scandalous desecration of the place. But such scenes should be unviolated.

For a space Gerald hung on his uncle's neck without speaking a word. His heart was too full. At last he could say:

"I did not deserve this from you, Lord Atholston."

"You will never deserve it as long as you persist in calling me 'Lord Atholston,' and talking as if 'twere quite an heroic achievement to save only my nephew's life by a pen-stroke. If there are any compliments in the way, why thank Father O'Meara, my boy, and say all the nice things you can of him, for, if Father O'Meara had not travelled to Dublin and told me your whole story, you might have died, my poor boy, and I, who could save you by only stretching out my hand, would most probably have never heard of your danger till it was too late."

"It is not my first obligation to Father O'Meara," said the young man, gripping the priest's hand fondly.

"And if Father O'Meara is to have a word at all," broke in the priest, good humouredly, "he'd say he's repaid cent per cent by knowing there's *one* Cabinet Minister at last under the sun who has a heart inside his vest, and that there's *one* dear old rebel who has a head on his shoulders and is likely to keep it. The only thing I want now before I sing my *Nunc dimittis* is to see the roof on Kilsheelan Castle, and to finish just one tumbler of punch in the old dining-room with O'Dwyer Garv."

Gerald smiled sadly. The aspiration recalled to his memory that he was only free to be once more a homeless wanderer on the earth, for

dependence, even on his uncle, had its old horrors.

"By the bye, my lord," he asked hurriedly, "I presume my pardon leaves me at liberty to return to France?"

"To France!" exclaimed Father O'Meara. "The boy is mad!"

"To France!" exclaimed Lord Atholston, and his voice trembled, and the colour left his cheeks. "Gerald, you are not serious. My boy, you are not."

"My Lord, I am," said Gerald, quietly. "I am a soldier of France. My duty lies there."

"But—but I thought your duty was here—here in Kilsheelan. I thought your father left you a mission—are you surely going to abandon it?"

Gerald's heart answered he was no millionaire, but a penniless outcast—why think of restoring Kilsheelan? But he only held down his head, as he said quietly:

"That was a dream, my lord—a youthful dream. It is all over now."

"A dream!" exclaimed the old nobleman, with sudden energy. "Why bless the boy! it is a reality as substantial as flesh and blood."

"A reality, my lord? I do not understand."

"Don't understand?"

"Upon my honour, my lord," cried Father O'Meara, "I believe we've forgotten all about that. Actually, we've only told him half the good news, and left out the best half."

"Oh? Lord bless us, so we did!" cried the old nobleman, the eyes behind the spectacles dancing most un-Ministerially. "This whole business has so upset me, I really half doubt whether I'm in my right senses. We didn't tell you all about the prize-money?"

"The prize-money, my lord?"

"Bless the boy! you don't forget it? That they seized with you off Cornwall, when you were invading us ere-last year?"

"Yes, yes, my lord? You do not mean?"—

"It will be restored to you, my boy—every penny of it! There now, no words about it—thank Father O'Meara again, if you must thank any one! It will be a pious fraud, I'm afraid, to set you down as a peaceful British subject, waylaid by a nest of Cornish pirates, but it shall be done."

"The Chief Secretary's cloak will cover a multitude of sins," said Father John.

"Especially with a parish priest for particeps criminis," laughed the Secretary.

Gerald O'Dwyer's brain was swimming with joy. He could think of nothing—only feel.

"Oh! this is too much!" he cried in bewilderment. "Lord Atholston—"

"Uncle—uncle Tom," the old nobleman put in obstinately.

"If you really wish it, my lord—"

"Wish it, you wilful boy! Why will you think me always an old ogre? Think I have no one else on earth to call me uncle—no one else to remind me I am not altogether alone in the world."

"Then uncle be it!—my dear, good uncle, no words of mine can ever thank you as I ought. If there be any way of repaying you ever so unworthily, believe me I will never neglect it."

There were tears behind the spectacles; but Lord Atholston would not have admitted it for all the world.

"Nonsense, my dear boy, nonsense—the lupinus is all mine to have been able to save you. But now that you are rich and think you have something to be grateful for, promise me you will never frighten me again, who have had so much trouble in finding you, by talking of flying away to France the moment you're found, and losing your life to make a great military mountebank a greater curse to humanity."

"But promise instead," finished Father O'Meara, "that like a good Irishman that you'll give your heart and life to Ireland—that you'll make the old people flourish once more in the old place—that you'll be a true O'Dwyer Garv of Kilsheelan—and that you'll give the tumbler of punch I'm waiting for in the old dining-hall before I die. Promise me that, and, please God, if all the evils of Job come upon my head, I'll live as happy as a king till that day comes."

The young man held down his head in thought.

"Gerald, you do not answer," cried the old nobleman in dismay.

"I will do my father's will," said Gerald, calmly. "If I live I will restore Kilsheelan—"

"You will?"

"And as far as I can, I will put the old people, such of them as are left, in the old place—"

"And my tumbler of punch?"

"That, too, I hope, we will discuss some day; but when I have done that much, I fear I cannot stay in Ireland!"

Like a bombshell came the deliberate announcement, and scattered their gathering joy to the four winds.

"Cannot stay in Ireland!"

"Cannot?"

"Yes, uncle, it may be ungrateful to you, but my life in Ireland should be a lie. I have been a rebel—a rational one, I hope, but still a rebel—and I'm afraid even my pardon has not converted me."

"I do believe he wants to be hanged after all," interjected father John, in great disgust.

"Gerald, I am one of his Majesty's Ministers," said Lord Atholston, gravely, "and should not hear this."

"Better hear it now, my lord, then when the object of your clemency might disgrace your loyalty. To accept a pardon, and to stay in Ireland in enjoyment of English rights would be to make a treaty of honour with English wrongs, which my heart will not let me make or violate hereafter. If there cannot be a bridge between loyalty and rebellion, such as an honest Irishman can cross, I will remain to the end on the more desperate side."

Lord Atholston was dumb with amazement.

"And is that all?" cried Father O'Meara. "You can't stay in Ireland because you are a rebel? Why, if every rebel in Ireland was to say the same, we might as well emigrate *en masse*—at least I'm not sure that there would not be a vacancy for parish priest in Kilsheelan, if there wouldn't be a vacancy too for a congregation."

"If I believed our poor people could ever be better than hellots under the existing order of things I would be in earnest in my loyalty to it—I have no love for revolution—but, as I do not believe that, I cannot pretend to."

"And because you can't work out loyalty like a quadratic equation you go proclaiming from the housetops that you are a blood-and-thunder rebel, and get your head transferred from your shoulders to one of the spikes over Clonmel Gaol! You may call that rational rebellion; but 'tisn't *my* sort," said the priest."

"No, no," cried Lord Atholston. "I think I understand your scruples, my boy. It may be because I am an Englishman that I don't see much sense in them; but then they're like all your other Irish ideas—lovable with all their faults. Gerald, I pride myself that I shall turn over a new leaf in the Government of your Ireland. I shall look for honesty, wherever I find it, and cherish it."

"That will be indeed turning over a new leaf," laughed Father John.

"I think I know something of this matter," proceeded the Chief Secretary, self com-

placently. "There are the two classes in Ireland that have reason (as the French say) and are in earnest—those who are loyal by tradition, and those who are rebels by—everything. We English seldom or ever get at either of these classes in their purity. Official life is, so to speak, still a sort of English Pale in Ireland, filled with a lot of homeless political acrobats, who are loyal for pay, or afraid to be disloyal. These rascals turn red, orange, and green in the most perplexing way, and we go away with the conviction that nobody can understand them, and that they can understand nothing but brute force. If I wish to get at the men who are in earnest—and I honestly do—whatever their opinions may be—if I wish to bring them together like men and let them see for themselves whether we are really born to hate and strangle one another—and if you and our good friend here can unlock the popular heart to me, won't all sense, all patriotism, all affection for me, tell you it's your duty to give me, at least, a fair chance of making you and your people loyal?"

"You do, indeed, put my duty in a new light, my lord," Gerald said, thoughtfully. "Perhaps it is the novelty of such sentiments in the mouth of an English Minister that makes them sound—pardon me, dear uncle!—chimerical."

"Of course you will call them chimerical—as you do, no doubt, believe 'tis sober common sense to set about pulling down the Empire—but I am older than you, Gerald; and, if you are only a *rational rebel* (as I believe you are) I for one am quite easy about your loyalty, if you give me only the chance of making you loyal."

"The chance will be a very poor return indeed my lord, for all I owe you," laughed Gerald; "but if you wish you shall have it. I will gladly stay in Ireland to test the experiment, and this much, at least, I can promise you, my lord, with my best gratitude to yourself, that I will be loyal if I can, a rebel if I must."

"Upon my conscience, I could not promise that same," muttered Father John.

"At all events, whether I pacify Ireland or no, we'll hear no more of *la belle France!*—I call her *la belle sauvage!*"

"That, my l—, at least, uncle," stammered Gerald, "that depends upon—upon—Do not ask me just now for a final answer. Perhaps—perhaps—"

"*Whew!*" cried Father John, coming to his

relief with a prolonged whistle. "Why I was forgetting there's somebody else to be consulted about *that* bargain, a most essential party to the contract, too. Come, Gerald, you needn't forswear yourself—your cheeks are telling the plain truth.

"Somebody else?" queried Lord Atholston.

"Nonsense, uncle, there's no *one else* on earth who feels the slightest interest in my movements."

"Baythershin, Gerald—I can keep a secret—but I won't have any penitent of mine committing manslaughter, if I can help it."

And despite all Gerald's protestations, there was light in his eyes and a scarlet colour on his cheeks, which told Lord Atholston, plain as words could tell, that there was something Gerald O'Dwyer longed for more than life—prized more than pardon and Kilsheelan; and Lord Atholston, having dim memories himself of one whose treason in far-off purple youth doomed him to a lonely life of old-bachelorhood was not shocked at the discovery, but shook his nephew's hand, and said young men would be young men to the end of the chapter.

The old nobleman was by no means satisfied that the nephew he had so providentially found might not still slip through his fingers in some Quixotic humour; but he saw there was no use in pressing him into further engagements just now, and the trio were preparing to leave the Prison together, when they were delayed by another commotion in the court-yard, and while they were wandering what was the cause, the guoler burst in on them, with frightened face, to announce that Sir Albin Arslade of Ashenfield had been just murdered on the road to Kilsheelan.

"Murdered?" "Killed outright?" The guoler shook his head.—The body was below. It had just been brought in, there being no one to remove it to Ashenfield.

"And the murderer?" Fortunately he had been caught in the act—case clear as light—he was that moment in the prison-yard.

Gerald looked at the priest, and exchanged glances of dismay.

"Let me see this prisoner," the young man cried, and rushed after the guoler, his companions following him, till they reached the prison-yard, and there sure enough, verifying his worst forebodings, Tade Ryan was the first that met his eye.

"Tade, Tade, this is terrible!" he cried in dismay.

"Hush, Masther Gerald," replied Tade with a significant wink. "'Tisn't half as bad as it might be."

"But it's murder—how could it be worse?"

"Av 'twas my nick was in the halther an' not Jur Murphy, the rinegade's," whispered Ryan.

Then for the first time, looking around, Gerald O'Dwyer saw the miserable murderer being pinioned by a few warders; and beside him Charlie Sackwell with a loaded pistol to his ear; and old Mr. Sackwell, now secure from all his terrors, looking the very impersonation of the outraged majesty of the law, and farther off, where a few peasants had just laid down their lifeless burden, his eyes fell on the white face, harsh and unbending even in death, of the old enemy of his house, the bold adventurer who had levelled for the time the pride of Kilsheelan, Sir Albin Arslade, first and last baronet of Ashenfield.

And then to his unutterable relief, he learned Tade Ryan was not the murderer, but the deliverer to Justice of the wretch who had fattened in his victim's pay.

The prisoner was led away to his cell, and the corpse in the white sheet despatched under suitable escort to the mourning household at Ashenfield, and Charlie put up his pistol, and Father John used the red pocket-handkerchief, and Lord Atholston reflected with a quiet shudder what a terrible thing a real Irish murder was; when Mr. Sackwell, no doubt thinking sufficient gravity had shown itself on his benevolent face for the last few hours to do ample honour to the memory of his murdered friend, and to the poignant indignation which ought rend the magisterial breast in presence of so heinous an affront to the law, at length diffused the Immortal smile once more over his placid countenance, with a mourning tear still respectfully lurking in a corner of his eye, and burst into congratulations directed towards Gerald O'Dwyer on his escape from the Philistines (as he unmagisterially termed it).

"And so you are really free," he exclaimed, in a gush of benevolence. "And they are not going to hang you after all!—and poor Sir Albin Arslade (not a bad fellow, by any means, though a very little self-conceited) is murdered! and you will build up the old place and be lord again in Kilsheelan! My dear young friend—you will permit me to call you so—I always said so—always!"

And Mr. Sackwell triumphantly turned to Master Charlie for witness; but as that young

gentleman's face threatened to say bluntly, "No, you didn't!" Mr. Sackwell turned to Lord Atholston, and repeated "always!" courageously in the teeth of His Majesty's Chief Secretary for Ireland.

"A boneless man!" reflected Lord Atholston inwardly.

"Gerald," pursued Mr. Sackwell, affectionately, "you and your friends are not engaged for the night? Say you are not?"

"Not here, at all events—thank Heaven!" laughed O'Dwyer, glancing round with a pleasant shudder at the hard prison walls.

"Then come to Monard—a quiet family party—Mrs. Sackwell and the girls will be delighted to see you—delighted!"

"I thank you, sir," said O'Dwyer, quietly, "but I fear I would be hardly equal to visiting strangers to night. If Father O'Meara will allow me, I'll invite myself and the whole of you to his dear old cottage, where I'll warrant you a *caedh mille faille* and—"

"A brimming *Cruiskien Lauen*, my boy," finished Father John, with a chuckle of delight. "If there's a good drop in Tipperary, you'll have it and welcome to-night!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DAWNING.

On the night of the murder of Sir Albin Artslade, when the clay wrapped in the white shroud was brought to Ashenfield, and the wail of affliction rose through the manor-house, the Marchioness of Babblington kept her own room. Doubtless in real grief, she paced the apartment up and down as if a life depended on her speed paced it far into the night, with an unlovely cloud on her amiable brow which made her son (who sat watching her mutely, having nothing consoling to say) shiver and start every time it travelled in his direction.

Early next morning, while the weary watchers still hovered around the coffin, a travelling carriage came to the postern door, and a number of black trunks and bandboxes were hurriedly bestowed into it, and the Marchioness of Babblington, heavily veiled and cloaked, was ready to follow, while the slender young man at her side still paused and seemed to hesitate.

"Get in—quick!" commanded the Marchioness, imperiously.

"But think, 'ma," expostulated the slender young man, timidly. "Mightn't I have some chance still with Cressy?"

"You?" exclaimed her ladyship, with infinite scorn.

"Ma, I love her—indeed I do," pleaded the youth, mildly. "Perhaps—perhaps she does not quite dislike me."

"Fool! she despises you, the little mix, and so will I," said his mother, rudely, "if you don't get into the carriage this moment. Come! this place sickens me."

And one of the astonished domestics, seeing the carriage roll away, and finding the Marchioness' room empty, whispered Miss Cressy that the Marchioness of Babblington was gone—gone without one look at the dead, one word of compassion to the living. And Miss Cressy raising her streaming eyes to Heaven, only said, "Thank God!"

Time plodded on at his own impartial pace, and Sir Albin Artslade's dark ambitions were buried with himself, and became dust and ashes, even like his mortal past, and faded into a tradition. The autumn leaves fell in the valley; the wintry frosts came and went, and a new spring was born in flowers and sunshine. A magician's change wrought those months in Kilsheelan.

True to his promise, the Earl of Atholston managed to procure the restitution of the little treasure, won by the good fortune—lost by the ill-fortune—of war, by Gerald O'Dwyer. On a lawyer's examination of the mortgages under which Kilsheelan had passed away from the O'Dwyer's Garry, it was found that this sum covered them amply; and, accordingly, no time was lost, under the clauses of redemption in the mortgage-deeds, about discharging the debts and procuring the reconveyance of Kilsheelan Castle, with all its princely appanage, to Gerald O'Dwyer. Sir Albin Artslade having died intestate, and without appointing any legal representative, Mr. Sackwell of Monard insisted on becoming guardian of his children, as being the eldest and most intimate friend of the family; and he, of course, acting on the wishes of his wards, offered no obstacle to the reconveyance of the estates, but, on the contrary, had it speedily completed, and so all the old place (except the Ashenfield property, which, having been mortgaged by O'Dwyer Garry long before the security of his whole estate was imperilled, was not made subject to redemption) passed back in peace into the hands of the old people.

The mission of his life set thus unexpectedly and fairly on the road to accomplishment, Gerald entered on the work of restoration with enthusiasm. The fire had left almost uninjured the solid masonwork of the Castle walls; its massive outlines still fronted the valley nobly. Symbolical of his purpose, the young lord

founded his new Castle in the solid framework of the old, retaining all its venerable strength, all its ancient traditions, but allying to these the modern grace and light-ful beauty which smoothed aught that age produced of vice or harshness. And so the massive towers began to rise again in beauty, as if in their ruined age they had found the immortal elixir at last, and its fresh current of life was coursing joyously through their old veins, smoothing out the deep wrinkles of trials and time, and flushing their fair front with the bright colours of beautiful youth.

He proceeded on a similar scheme in rescuing the remnants of the old people from the ruins of heart and hope that had almost overwhelmed them. He restored them not to the barbarous indolence which had made them an easy prey to the first stroke of misfortune—not to the squalid happiness, which had sapped their energy and left them only capable of being faithful slaves—but to a solid footing of independence, where, not mutilating the loyal fabric of family unity and love, but elevating it on a higher principle, only industry and manly self-reliance were the instruments of happiness. Nor did he reject the worth and industry of the new people, nor pull down the neat white cottages because they were white, but built more of them full as white, and brought old people and new to dwell together in community of peace and plenty. And so the dream of his youth was coming literally to pass—he was building the old and the new into one fair edifice of happiness, wedding in eternal bonds the sanctity of the old with the vigour of the new.

But there was one void in Gerald O'Dwyer's heart which no wealth of prosperity could fill—one greedy longing which not all the revered lustre of his house, not the thought that his father rested happily at last in Killeary, not all the blandishments of worldly friends (who had thronged round him again in prosperity) not all the jubilant happiness of the good old people, could satisfy. All human happiness seemed to him now to be an empty shadow without one loved being to substantiate it, and that one came no nearer, rather retired farther and further away, for his brightening fortunes.

In Ashenfield, when the Angel of Sorrow first lifted his wings and stole softly away, there bloomed a tranquil happiness too. The history of Rose Marton's birth was not fully authenticated, and the sisters lived in one another's love. When their father's vast riches had been realised they were both mistresses of an ample fortune, and were, of course, beset with the adorations of

many a proud and titled suitor. Mr. Sackwell of Monard executed so faithfully his self-imposed guardianship, that he virtually transferred the whole Sackwell family—Mrs. Charlie, the girls and all—to Ashenfield, where they maintained perpetual watch and ward over their precious trust: especially Charlie, who, it was observed, frequently kept his large earnest eyes fixed on Miss Cressy's face for a whole hour together, without a word of explanation. Gerald O'Dwyer was of course a frequent visitor at Ashenfield; but he was mortified to find that, warm and tender as were always Cressy's welcomes, and assiduously as the Sackwell girls and their dear mamma laid siege to his good opinions, she whose smiles he coveted most treated his earnest advances assuredly without encouragement; with studied indifference, as in the bitterness of his heart he thought. Rose always spoke kindly to him, thanked him many and many a time with enchanting fervor for his services the night old Richard Marton died; but never saw him alone, never would speak of love unless with melancholy. He might have seen that she treated other suitors as coldly, and if he had studied closely he might have seen still more; but what could a lover see but that he loved, and that his love was rejected? In this temper he grew moody; the work of restoration went on, but he was losing his interest in it! he began to thirst once more for the adventurous wars, in which to quench his disappointed love. Day by day the thirst grew.

Till one morning in Spring, when the violets and primroses were flowering by myriads in their old nooks in the Wood, and a glad atmosphere of life and hope overspread all the happy valley, Gerald O'Dwyer went with heavy heart to pay his farewell visit to Ashenfield. He was going to France. As usual he was making a short cut through the gardens, when the flutter of a lady's dress drew him to a sequestered arbour, where his abrupt entrance surprised Rose Arslade. She started up, crimson all over, and would have fled but that he recalled her. She turned to greet him—her eyes were red with weeping, and there was a sadness in her face which was unutterable. There and then, by an impulse he could not control, O'Dwyer fell at her feet, and poured forth the confession of his love in Love's own passionate tongue.

She listened and trembled. Her hand was in his and he felt it tremble like an autumn leaf. But when he implored her passionately to be his wife, she withdrew her hand suddenly, as if stung, and cried passionately:

"Oh! no, no, Mr. O'Dwyer, anything but that! If you love me, you will never again speak of love to me. I cannot hear it!" and she burst into a torrent of tears.

"Cannot! Say *will* not, Miss Artslade, and I promise you shall never again hear of my love."

"In pity do not press me. Indeed, indeed, I can not! Mr. O'Dwyer, I do not deserve such love as yours," she went on, more calmly. "I have fixed on another fate in life and ought not listen to it. Once poor Cressy is happy, a Convent will be my home."

A pang of melancholy pleasure struck O'Dwyer's heart. At least she would not be another's.

"Is the world all so cold and cruel, Miss Artslade, that its brightest angels must desert it? Is there no truth in human love?"

"Perhaps," she answered, with averted head. "But it is my will."

Gerald bowed to his rebuke.

"Pardon me, Miss Artslade," he said sadly. "Drowning men do not easily relinquish their last plank of safety."

"Nonsense! Mr. O'Dwyer!" she cried, trying hard to seem gay, "young men like you are not used to drown for want of saviors. There are others—there is one I could name who will be worthier of your love than I am, and will requite it. If you would let me plead for *her*—"

"Now you mock my love—mock it cruelly."

"Oh! believe me, I do not!" she cried, earnestly. "I speak of one as lovely and good as an angel. She deserves your love—may I tell her she will have it when my poor image fades as it must fade from your heart? If once I could see you two happy together—"

"You would wish it?"

"I would wish it," she said bravely.

O'Dwyer staggered against the arbour-door as if he were shot. But as his eyes fell on Rose Artslade again she seemed to totter. She might have fallen, but that he caught her fainting in his arms, and, with new hope in his heart, whispered passionately in her ear:

"Rose—darling Rose—you do not mean this! Oh! say you do not!"

But she startled like a frightened fawn from his embrace, and, confronting him firmly, said with wonderful composure:

"Mr. O'Dwyer, I *do* mean it—before Heaven, I do! I shall ever think kindly of you—if you wish, I will be your friend—happier still to be your sister—but in mercy never talk to me again of love."

"It is enough, Miss Artslade," the young man said: a fixed light of despair now settling in his deep eyes. "It would be cruel to prolong a scene, which must be painful to you, and to me is—death! I ask you only to dismiss the cruel thought that any other being can ever fill the place you have left lonely in my heart. Heaven bless you! Farewell!"

"Farewell? We are not going to part for ever? Oh! do not say so!"

"For ever, yes. I leave for France to-night. Farewell!"

He took her hand and kissed it once: then rushed blindly from her presence; rushed as into chaos.

She sank in utter anguish on the seat; and the long pent floodgates of her heart were burst by torrents.

"Gone!—for ever!" she moaned, wringing her white hands helplessly. "Lost to Cressy—poor Cressy!—lost to me. O Heaven! all, all lost and shattered!"

She started in dismay as her bright little sister, Cressy, glided into the arbour, her golden curls dancing laughingly around her.

"Dear Rose, I have been hunting for you everywhere!" she cried, in her own impulsive way. "Whatever could have happened poor Gerald! I passed him just now, looking so terrible! He never saw me—his eyes seemed to be worlds away. Ah! cruel sis, you must have been teasing him, poor Gerald! Why, Rosie, you have been crying! What has occurred? You positively frighten me!" and she shrank back with instinctive terror, as now for the first time, she saw her sister's distress.

Rose strove desperately to calm herself, but it was to no purpose. She could only fall helplessly weeping on her sister's neck and murmur:

"Oh! Cressy, he is going—away to France—going for ever!"

"Going!—to France!—for ever!" repeated Cressy, in blank dismay: then suddenly a light came into her mind, and she cried eagerly; "Now, I see it all! Fool, that I did not see it before! Gerald O'Dwyer loves *you*, not poor silly me, and you love him—nay, do not start, Rose—I know it—who would avoid loving Gerald? He has asked you to be his wife, and you have refused him in tenderness to my foolish love, and he has gone away with a breaking heart, and your heart is breaking too! Oh! Rose, Rose, what have you done? But it is not too late!"

Rose made a last faint effort to restrain her:

but Cressy broke from her arms impetuously, and before many minutes overtook Gerald O'Dwyer with news that made his breaking heart bound again for joy; and in that hour half an hour afterwards, hand-in-hand, sat the two happiest lovers under the sun, and one other near mortal forgot her aching heart in joy for the blessedness of those she loved better than herself.

CHAPTER XXXX.

FULL NOON

And now our work is done. We have seen a vicious, albeit a luring Conservation pass into natural decay; we have seen it flourish again when at its lowest, flourish in new strength and beauty, with a nobler principle of life and progress to make its bloom perennial. We might linger under its now happy shade, and see it shed from all its growing branches fresh flowers and peaceful perfumes as the procession of the seasons moves over all the happy land; but we cannot.

The only task that remains, according to revered example, is to satisfy (or dissatisfy) the kind reader as to the fate of some of those they knew in these pages, after the old people and the new struck a happy alliance in Kilsheelan.

To begin with the unpleasantest topics. Mr. Jer Murphy, cobbler, politician, rebel, renegade, spy, thief and murderer, closed the varied occupations of his career with a short apprenticeship to the gallows, and was so enchanted with the connection that he forsook all further worldly concerns for evermore.

The amiable Marchioness of Babblington was not heard of again in the Kilsheelan neighborhood; but it is not doing her ladyship any violent injustice to suppose she knew something of a certain Marchioness, well known in fashionable society, who, the papers hinted a few years after, was about to bestow her hand and—well, never mind—upon an aged drysalter who, beside being rich, had a peculiar affection for "natural" people. And, as the drysalter, being a widower, had an antique daughter (rich, too), who possessed the true drysalting strength of mind, such as boyish ninnyhammers will luxuriate in, it is more than likely that Adolphus didn't die in single wretchedness, either.

Of the new people, some deserted Irish Kilsheelan, in despair of the fate of cleanliness and Godliness. Mrs. Byles, the housekeeper, went off to her ancestral halls (St. Giles, Cripplegate) and eventually, we believe, to Heaven, of an affection of the liver, aggravated by dis-

gust and beer; but, as there was a new little house-keeper by this time at Ashenfield, Mrs. Byles' awful departure did not produce an earthquake. Mr. Langton, the valet, also took the earliest opportunity of intimating that, like many other illustrious gentlemen of his country, he couldn't understand Ireland now; and with the hundred pounds he had extorted from Sir Albin Artslade for his betrayal of Gerald O'Dwyer's whereabouts, he and Sarah Jane betook themselves once more to the happy Arabia of the Squares, where, it is to be devoutly hoped, the moustachioed gent in the Blues ceased from troubling, and the wanderers were at rest.

Others of the new people were not so relentless. Mr. McLaren, who had never been wicked except under protest to his conscience, now settled himself down to be a good *con amore*, and was in a short time an excellent farmer of fifty good acres, and did more by advice and example to improve the cultivation of the Kilsheelan estate than ever he had done before to improve the tenants off the face of it. The new public-house, too, flourished apace; and, though the young lady in ringlets thought proper to unite her fortunes with those of a heavy dragoon (as young ladies sometimes will), the drams and half-drams lost none of their sweetness; and in the long winter nights, when the red green and blue brandy-bottles in the window were glittering, and the big fire in the kitchen roaring pleasantly, the new publichouse did a more prosperous trade than the most charitable housewife in Kilsheelan could wish it. As for the dragoons themselves, they grew into famous friendship with the natives, and were very idols to the sham-battling young heroes of the village. Their officer, too, Captain Bolder, a frequent and welcome visitor at the Castle, and there is reason to believe, is not wholly insensible to the charms of Miss Araminta Sackwell; indeed that young lady's excellent mamma has been seeing about a wedding *trousseau* of late, wherein young ladies may see some meaning.

And the dear old people—they who had drained the dregs of sorrow, and had now at their lips a gold goblet of joy's own nectar! It was not without a pang that they saw the black mud hovels which were the homes of their wretchedness, go down, and the neat white cottages rise up instead, like washed children. But they got used to it: they loved the white cottages better than even the old reeking huts. The oldest inhabitant did not go to Killeary till he could carry a joyous tale to the sleepers there. Jacky the fiddler found plenty of work

once more for the revived glories of his lute, for the girls had learned to dance again and the boys to say wicked things in their poor foolish ears; and the happy era came to pass anew, so long deplored in the village council, when "Jacky, the fiddler, needn't want for a bite nor a sup in the three baronies." As for our respected acquaintance, the knowledgeable woman, there came soon to Kilsheelan a diplomatic gentleman, who has rather taken the shine out of her therapeutic renown; but in the washerwoman business she triumphantly bids defiance to all the diplomas from Bannagher to Ballinasloe (if, in that classic region, any such be found).

With all his faults, may we hope there is some one longing to know what became of Tade Ryan? The charitable Christian will at least be glad to know that ever since (through Lord Atholston's favour) he received a full acquittance for all past transgressions against British sovereignty, he has been faithfully engaged in performing the most tremendous penances in Father John's repertoire, and is so eminently alive to the enormity of his iniquities, that he has been heard to say he would take treble the penance again for the same cause. At all events, settled down on his comfortable farm, in his cozy little home, with old Mrs. Ryan aging placidly by the hob, and his arm around young Mrs. Ryan's waist, and Tadeen and a variety of smaller editions romping about, it is more than likely he will not think of shooting his landlord any more. Indeed when they say the Rosary of winter nights there is one prayer that is never forgotten—it is a thanksgiving that that trigger did not fall too soon in the Pass of Cah.

Not without many "Baythershins!" did Mat Hannigan consent to have the crumbling old forge replaced by a new one, in which comfort and whiteness were for a long time grievous eyesores. As years went on, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing the walls blacken once more till every stain of whithwash was virtually effaced; and a storm having carried away half the roof one dark night completed his happiness. He still sticks to "Baythershin!" as the best of political creeds; but there is a general impression that in the silence of his own stomach he sometimes laughs a jovial laugh, as who should say, "I'm a happy old fellow for all that," and the iron cap, now solid as adamant, is frequently and enthusiastically brought into requisition to eke out Mr. Hannigan's sufficiently striking emphasis; and as the hair

under the iron cap grows greyer, though the treasure of the Castle vaults still waits to be disintombled, the blacksmith is beginning to think there may be something for it after all beside the pike.

Good old Father John! We see him still quaffing the promised tumbler in the Castle dining-hall, and we clasp his big warm hand, for he seems happiness personified. He has grown white, but it is with unselfish joy: he has the same big heart as ever, the same big tumbler, the same little cottage, but garnished once more fit for the visitation of an Archbishop at least. And, wherever the money came from, certain it is that not the little altar of his dreams alone, but a bran new chapel in all its Gothic glory, has risen on the mountain-side, just as majestically as if Father John had never cut up his big coat to make blankets for the Kiltys. And the prophetic Biddy, telling her beads by the kitchen fire, with a world of stitches of bacon hanging up around her, and a sky-high rick of turf piled against the kitchen window, and a small Exhibition of poultry making music in the yard, has gone out of the prophet-business, and declared it is the wonderfullest world ever she came across (which, as she has never travelled out of the Kilsheelan world, is quite an impregnable truth).

Lord Atholston is a hale old bachelor for his years. Whenever he is not engaged in sustaining the weight of empire, he is sure to be found at Kilsheelan, one of the cheeriest and happiest of the village circle. He has made his will long ago, and many a time chuckles to himself when he thinks that he can put his hand on the happy heir of Atholston; and on those occasions he always shakes Gerald O'Dwyer's hand exuberatingly: whatever they may mean. At latest accounts, his famous plan for the pacification of the rebels was not altogether a success; but he does not despair. He is greatly consoled by a suggestion of Father John, that he does better at "spoil five."

And our dear little Cressy, whom mayhap we love best after all! She bore it like a little hero, while she sacrificed her heart's youngest love to make two dear ones happy. But when all was over, and Rose and Gerald reaped their blissful harvest, her woman's courage gave way, and the bright cheeks began to grow pale, and the bright blue eyes to look dim, and the dear little heart to ache itself away in silence. And people were getting anxious about the sweet flower that was fading, when one fine morning (it must have been a blessed one) after Charlie

Sackwell had been staring into her eyes unusually long and earnestly, all of a sudden he asked her bluntly to be his wife! Charlie's! She had never thought of being stupid Charlie's wife before—and it seemed so absurd she laughed—but as she came to think of it again it did not seem so strange, and as she thought of it oftener and oftener, there came the memory of Charlie's long and faithful love, and it pleased her to think what a world of truth and tenderness there was behind those big blue eyes of his, and how cozy a place his broad strong chest would be for a weak little fairy like her to nestle in. If any one thinks she had reason to change that opinion, let him look in at Ashenfield Manor-house which Charlie Sackwell and his wife have made their residence. That is Snoozer, on the hearth, now arrived at venerable doghood, and looking well. That is Charlie bending rapturously over Cressy's chair; and that is sweet Cressy herself, with a little treasure at her bosom, which Cressy and Charlie would not give for all this world beside. This happy union, added to the prospective bliss of the *affaire Bolder* (as the French would say) sweetened to eternal sugar Mrs. Sackwell's motherly temper; and Mr. Sackwell, senior, now at the summit of earthly content (with the exception of a very few of the girls), hoisted the perennial Smile of his benevolent face never to be lowered again, till it was lowered into the grave with its benign owner. Thence to be elevated in due course among the highest of the angels of the Sackwell order.

Of Rose and Gerald need we say ought? In their union was consecrated the highest blenditure of old and new. Many a blissful year passed over Kilsheelan Castle, and ever with fresh access of happiness, till within the walls of the *new* old Castle there graned no sound but that of children's glee—no echo but the praise of happy hearts.

And now we take farewell of Kilsheelan. It is a calm evening in May. The sun's radiance lingers fondly over all the royal valley. The dew is falling on the blue Galtees, the birds sing their evening songs in the wide-reaching woods that encircle the old Castle. The evening sun makes the Castle windows flame with gold, makes the Castle towers smile like hoary men. By the calm river, and in the rich fields, there is the lowing of cattle. All the air is scented with fragrance. On the village common the dance goes merrily on; with the old people round the forge-door looking on, and the young people learning to know the use

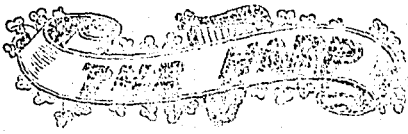
of lips and eyes. At the broad bay-window of the old drawing-room at the Castle Gerald O'Dwyer Garv sits, his arm around the neck of his beautiful wife, her thick black hair resting in a little ocean on his shoulder; her deep heavenly eyes opening their wonder-world to his, and they look out over the royal valley, as another O'Dwyer Garv did once before when the sun was going down on Kilsheelan; and they drink in the joyous mirth of children—their children!—at play in the Park below; and the soft evening air brings on its bosom the sounds of joy in the village, the sights of joy in the fields and in the skies; and far on the eastern horizon where an evening star trembles in peace and love, they fancy they can see Killerey, and think how calm must be the sleep of the sleepers there to-night. And so the sun sets and the stars come out over Kilsheelan.

THE END.

WAITING.

Reader, have you ever sat watching, waiting, for some one, perhaps far away, but oftentimes near—too near to be absent from the loved ones who gather around the home circle? How sad it is to have one chair vacant, when evening comes, and we gather around the cheerful grate fire, the lamps all aglow, shedding a subdued light over all, the toils and cares of the day passed! How contented we feel if our home circle is complete! But, ah! if one is absent, how changed the feelings! A brother or perhaps a father is missed; how one heart is clouded over with grief! The younger ones can enjoy themselves, for youth does not indulge in grim forebodings; but the mother, the wife—who can betray her anguish as she sits, night after night, watching in vain? Hours have passed since the younger ones said their pleasant "good-night," and now have forgotten the petty cares of the day in quiet slumber; but still the wife is waiting for him who promised to cherish and protect her.

Where is the protection! Instead, she is left alone, when she needs sympathy the most. In the evening, after keeping the domestic machinery in motion all day, never flagging, but keeping on to the last, satisfied if she can spend but an hour with the one she loves, her hopes are dashed to the ground by an unthinking hand. So little will satisfy an aching heart, that it is hard to have that refused. After waiting until daylight streaks the eastern horizon, her lord comes home, and she is met with rebuffs, curses, because she is still up.



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MONTREAL, APRIL, 1875.

This number of THE HARP closes our first volume, and we take this opportunity of thanking our numerous friends throughout the Dominion, as well as those across the border, for the active interest they have taken in the success of the Magazine. In publishing a magazine such as THE HARP is, we knew that we were meeting a long-felt want. We were convinced that Montreal, the metropolitan city of the Dominion, was the place where an Irish Magazine ought to come from; therefore we determined on giving the Irish people of this, and the neighboring continent a welcome monthly visitor at a low price, which would be interesting, instructive, and racy of the soil.

We have spared no cost to produce the best Irish reading, Irish poetry and Irish music, with national and Catholic editorials. Believing that nationality and religion should go hand in hand, we have always defended Catholic as well as national interests, and will continue to do so in the future; but bigotry of any kind shall not appear in our pages.

We have made several improvements in THE HARP during its short existence; among others we have succeeded in obtaining a very beautifully illustrated title page, upon which the Press of the Dominion and the States have bestowed the highest praise. Speaking of the Press we cannot go further without returning our several newspaper friends our most sincere thanks for their continued kindness towards us.

In the first number of our second volume we will give the opening chapters of a serial story, "The O'Donnells of Glen Cottage," a tale of the famine years in Ireland, by D. P. Conyngnam, LL.D. This is a well written story, full of tragic interest, toned down by a sympathetic and touching pathos. The scene selected by Mr. Conyngnam will be highly interesting to our readers. The trial and hanging of the

Cormack brothers at Nenagh for the murder of the land agent, Ellis, form excellent materials for an interesting story; and when "The O'Donnells of Glen Cottage" will have been perused by the readers of THE HARP, we are convinced that they will be of opinion that Mr. Conyngnam handled the matter well. We will also give biographies of Irish Bishops at home and abroad, commencing in our next number with that of Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto.

We will continue our sketches of public men, and illustrations of several places of interest, and Irish poetry and music will as usual find a place in our columns.

Having thus given a few of the features of our second volume, we would ask the Irish people of the Dominion and the United States to do their part. It is not easy now to get a magazine suitable for the Irish Catholic home, and therefore Catholic families would do well not only to subscribe themselves, but get their friends to subscribe for a magazine which cannot fail to prove interesting to them. Besides having amusing reading and good illustrations, they will find Irish affairs shown in their true light, and while not attacking any sect, they will always find THE HARP a warm defender of Catholic interests.

If our friends put forth a little increased energy, we have not the slightest hesitation in announcing that we will be in a short time able to enlarge THE HARP beyond its present size, and add some new features. The matter lies in a great part in their hands, and if they assist we are ready to do our duty.

THE LATE JOHN MITCHEL.

Another of the bravest souls that ever trod on the green sod of Ireland has passed away; a man who fought to the last against bad government; a man who in '48 was sent manacled from Ireland, has breathed his last at his home in Newry—we refer to John Mitchel.

The public are perfectly familiar with the state of Mr. Mitchel's health for a long time. He had been for a considerable time complaining, and left New York last year for Ireland for the purpose of recruiting his health in the pleasant air of his native land. After remaining a short time in the old country, he returned to New York, where he delivered his celebrated lecture, "Ireland Revisited," in which he treated the Home Rule movement rather severely, but still gave the leaders credit for the starting of

an Irish party and breaking down the old party cries of the English Government. He had no faith whatever in the success of the movement; his only motto was opposition to the English Government, and continual opposition till independence was gained. Mr. Mitchel subsequently delivered several lectures through the States, and was to have been presented with the freedom of the city of Baltimore on a visit to that city, but a telegram having arrived from Tipperary announcing the retirement of Col. White, one of the county representatives, Mr. Mitchel at once left by steamer, and before he arrived in Cork he was elected by acclamation to represent the gallant people of Tipperary in the Imperial Parliament. We cannot say whether Mr. Mitchel intended to take his seat or not; we are of opinion that he would not have taken the oath of allegiance, but however that may be, the leader of the government, Mr. Disraeli, did not give any time to see what course Mr. Mitchel was going to pursue, for, on the very night his election was telegraphed to London, Mr. Disraeli gave notice of motion that Mr. Mitchel being a "convicted felon," he should not be allowed to take his seat. Some of the Home Rule members happened by chance to hear that Mr. Disraeli was speaking on the subject, and having turned into the House of Commons, they attacked the government in strong language. The following Thursday a debate took place on the motion, in which the Home Rulers stood well for Mitchel; some of the Liberal members, such as Gladstone, the Marquis of Hartington, &c., also voted with the Home Rulers, but on a division Mitchel was expelled by a large majority, and a new writ issued.

Again there was excitement in Tipperary; the people's wrath at the act of the Government was raised to its highest pitch, and they determined to again elect Mitchel whatever the consequences might be. Nomination day again came, and at the last hour a Mr. Moore, of Barne, a Conservative, was nominated, also Mr. Mitchel. As was expected, Mr. Mitchel was elected secondly by nearly three thousand majority.

Events passed on since, with newspapers criticising the "trouble" it would cause, &c., until Saturday morning, the 20th ult., when the painful news of Mr. Mitchel's death was announced.

Tipperary, however, deserves everlasting honor for the undying spirit it showed in twice electing Mitchel, who fought to the last in the Press and on the Platform for the rights of the

Irish people. The English Government thought to make capital out of Mitchel's election, and wanted to goad the Home Rulers into putting forward a candidate, by saying, "this is the sort of Home Rule you want; you elect Mitchel, a man who is a direct enemy of the English Government and in favor of separation;" but the Home Rule League knew better, and allowed the unanimous voice of Tipperary to be heard and assisted by placing John Mitchel at the head of the poll, simply because he was "John Mitchel of '48."

Now that Mitchel has gone to his long home; that his brave spirited heart is laid low forever, we hope that a suitable representative will be placed in his stead, and we also hope that the nationalists of Ireland will join in erecting a suitable monument to the memory of John Mitchel, the '48 hero.

WISE COUNSELS.

Ten years ago, or thereabouts, an Irishman who loved his country wisely and well, and who was ever solicitous for the welfare of her exiled sons in every land, came over to America, for the purpose of seeing with his own eyes, and judging with his own mind, how Irishmen were situated, and what they were doing in the United States and Canada. John Francis Maguire—rest his soul in peace!—made no hurried visit nor pleasure tour. At every step he collected useful and interesting information, noting with the minuteness and impartiality of a judge everything he saw and heard connected with the object of his presence down in our mines, on our wild prairies, in our busy streets, and deep in our woods, so far away from his own beautiful, loved city of Cork. His experience was, on his return home, published in a book entitled "The Irish in America," which appearance was most favorably noticed by the sensible Irish press at home and abroad, and which has since gone through several large editions.

The pages of this valuable work teem with wise counsels to the Irish settler, which, if followed to the letter, would in very short time raise Irishmen in America to a far higher grade on the social ladder than they, as a class, at present occupy. For instance, if those who are not artisans—and their name is legion—would avoid the cities, and take to the rural districts, as the author advises, we would not find so many of our countrymen working with pickaxes and spades on our streets, or hodding

brick and mortar, or breaking stones, wearing out their scanty wardrobe in thankless and unremunerative labor, and exposing themselves to the temptations of the gin shops and slums which abound on every side, to the fines of the police court, and the disgraceful confinement of the prison.

On this subject, Mr. Maguire says (p. 214): "Ireland, whence a great tide of human life has been pouring across the Atlantic for more than half a century, is rightly described as 'an agricultural country;' by which is meant that the far larger portion of its population are devoted to the cultivation of the soil. In no country have the peasantry exhibited a stronger or more passionate attachment to the land than in that country from which such myriads have gone and are still going forth. And yet the strange fact, indeed the serious evil, is, that notwithstanding the vast majority of those who emigrate from Ireland to America have been exclusively engaged in the cultivation of the soil—as farmers, farm-servants, or out-door laborers—so many of this class remain in the cities and towns, for which they are not best suited; rather than go to the country, for which they are specially suited, and where they would be certain to secure for themselves and their families, not merely a home, but comfortable independence, I deliberately assert that it is not within the power of language to describe adequately, much less exaggerate, the evil consequences of this unhappy tendency of the Irish to congregate in the large towns of America." Elsewhere he continues, "It is easy enough to explain why and how those who should not have remained in the great cities did so; but it is not so easy to depict the evils which have flowed, which daily flow, which unhappily for the race must continue to flow, from the pernicious tendency of the Irish peasant to adopt a mode of livelihood for which he is not suited by previous knowledge or training, and to place himself in a position dangerous to his morals, if not fatal to his independence. These evils may be indicated, though they cannot be adequately described."

The hereditary enemies of the Irish race have frequently predicted that it shall always be our lot to be their "hewers of wood and drawers of water." It is time that we should begin to give the lie to these vaunting prophets, at least as far as Canada is concerned. There are millions of acres of waste lands in this Dominion, and on them every Irishman who is now a mere drudge in some great city, who

wishes to earn an honest and honorable livelihood, and to whom Almighty God has given the assistance of two stout arms, should settle while the opportunity offers. The fertility of the soil and the favor of Heaven would, in few years, reward his toil with a comfortable homestead and bright prospects for his children, who would not be compelled to hew wood and draw water for the black stranger.

A project was lately set on foot by a few wealthy Irishmen to advance monies to the Irish Farm Laborers whom Mr. O'Leary proposes to send on in bands or colonies to Manitoba, so that they may on their arrival favorably compete with the Mennonites and others. A very good and wise movement; but we hope that the days of wholesale emigration from Ireland have gone, never to return, and that Mr. O'Leary's threatened exodus will never take place. At the same time, we are far from thinking that the project referred to ought, in the main, to be abandoned. There are hundreds of Irishmen in different parts of the Dominion who can hardly keep the wolf from their door, and who would gladly avail themselves of such pecuniary assistance to secure farming lands in the north-west; and it seems to us that our Irish Canadian capitalists and philanthropists, instead of encouraging more emigration from Ireland, should lend a helping hand to their less fortunate countrymen, who would gladly escape from the bondage they are compelled to endure in crowded cities, to follow the pursuit for which they were by nature adapted. Let us by all means try to help those who find it impossible to help themselves.

So much for the question of land.

But one more counsel, or warning, will we cull on the present occasion from the admirable pages of "The Irish in America." It is expressed by Mr. Maguire in the following earnest and forcible language: "Fascinated by the coarse sirens—Drink and Politics—many an Irishman, fitted by nature for better things, has first become a tool, then a slave, then a victim; helping to build up the fortunes of some worthless fellow on his own ruin, and sacrificing the legitimate gain of honest industry for the expectation of some paltry office, which, miserable at least, ever eludes his desperate clutch. It requires no little moral courage on the part of the eager and impulsive Irishman to avoid being entangled in the fatal meshes of the pothouse and its politics; yet if he has the good fortune to resist the temptation, or the energy to break through the toils, he is amply rewarded in his

safety and independence. An enlightened interest in public affairs becomes the freeman; thankless drudgery and inevitable debasement are only worthy of the willing slave."

We are not going to inflict a temperance lecture on our readers, but we will invite them to consider the part Irish Canadians have taken in the politics of the country. Have they, as becomes freemen, taken an enlightened interest in public affairs? Or, rather, have they suffered themselves to be the tools and willing slaves of demagogues and wire-pullers? Have they allowed their religions and their national faith to be sacrilegiously dragged into every petty contest, and used to build up the fortunes of worthless adventurers? Have they, for party purposes, tried to lower the Irish Catholic body to the same level with the Orange Association, and make of it a mere political machine? We do not say that they have done any of these things, but we do say that the abuse of Politics, independent altogether of Drink, has brought ruin and dishonor into many an Irish Canadian family. We may return to this subject again. For the present, we strongly urge our readers to think well on it.

IRELAND IN CANADA PATRIOTIC AND CATHOLIC.

If there is one thing more than another which comes prominently before other nationalities different from their own, it is the staunch Catholicity of the Catholic Irishman. We have often heard it remarked, and have known it to be the case, that you may be associating for a long time with a Catholic Englishman or a Catholic Scotchman and you would never know what religion he belonged to. It is entirely different with the Irishman. If you go in company with a Catholic Irishman a few times, you are sure to know in what way his sympathies run. You will not be long in the dark with regard to his religion.

In remarking thus, we do not want it to be understood that it is wrong in the Catholic Englishman or the Catholic Scotchman to keep their minds to themselves more than the Catholic Irishman, but we believe that there must be some reason why it is that the Catholic Irishman is so outspoken. There must be something at the bottom of it. There must be some good reason for it.

Everyone knows that for many years Irish Catholics at home were hunted down like dogs. Everyone that knows anything with regard to

Ireland, is familiar with the manner in which the priests had to conceal themselves in fences around the country to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is well known how the Irish Catholics, hunted down and tyrannized over as they were, would go a distance of several miles to attend at this mass. We do not say the rising generation know anything personally about this, but from their infancy they have been accustomed to hear it spoken of by their parents at the fireside. Has this anything to do with the strong Catholic feeling in the breast of every Irishman? Has this anything to do in preserving the faith so strong in the Irish people, no matter where they go?

We believe that it has. We believe that the manner in which the Irish Catholics were hounded down some time ago in their native country, taken in connection with the strong faith which they inherited from their ancestors since the time of the glorious Saint Patrick, has planted that faith so firmly in their hearts, as that no coercion, no terrorism of any kind can make them conceal it from friends or enemies, not to speak of abandoning it.

Another question comes to our mind in connection with this. Has the love of country, for which Irishmen are remarkable, anything to do with religion? We again answer, we believe it has. We are convinced that every true Irish Catholic is a true and patriotic Irishman. We believe it is the manner in which the faith is preserved in the old land, that has made her people so patriotic and unpurchasable. Where is the good *Soggarth aroon* at home that his flock would not fight for till death? They will obey his orders faithfully. Priest and people! There is something in this coalition which defies attack. When priest and people go together, where is the power that can defeat them?

And this is what they have done in Ireland for years. Religion and Patriotism go hand in hand, and thus they have earned for themselves in that noble country a name which sounds with grandeur all over the world. Our Irish missionaries are to be found everywhere, in all climes, furthering the faith of their fatherland. Our Irish patriots, too, can be found in all nations under the sun, and found they will be in honorable positions, reflecting credit on their native sod by their actions.

Even here, in Canada, the national spirit is alive. Look at all our Irish pic-nics in summer time, and our Irish concerts and balls in winter. It is pleasant and cheering to the native born Irishman to see Irishmen and the sons and

daughters of Irishmen celebrating these grand re-unions. Unfortunately at home there are not now many of the youth of either sex to be seen at such places, as the bone and sinew of the land are forced to emigrate, some through misgovernment, others who have not actually to leave through this cause, leave to go to their relatives who at an earlier period were compelled to do so.

We have then at this side of the water a second Ireland as it were, and we should do all in our power to keep the national spirit alive. Irishmen should all join one or other of our national societies; enlarge their ranks; cultivate a taste for Irish literature and everything Irish; teach their children who are growing up what a grand and noble country their ancestors belong to; teach them the history of Ireland from their infancy, and make them understand that wherever they may turn their steps in after life, they should always cherish a love for Ireland, and take pride in proclaiming that they descended from Irishmen.

Are we Catholic here? Yes, thank God, we Irishmen are Catholic here, and staunch Catholics. We care little for attacks of rabid newspapers and lying lecturers. We can afford to treat them all with the most supreme contempt. Those of us who were born in the old sod have the instructions which we received in our youth indelibly written on our hearts, and those of us who are born on Canadian soil have not only the benefit of instructions from our Irish parents, but we also have been brought up under the care of good Irish priests and teachers who are remarkable for the assiduity with which they labor in the education of the Irish youth. We point with pride to the two retreats which have taken place in the city recently—one in St. Ann's parish and the other in St. Patrick's, that will show our traducers whether the Irish young men of our city are staunch Catholics or not. A short time previous there were similar retreats conducted for young females in these parishes. What a grand sight! Two thousand young men and an equal number of females attending every morning and evening at the exercises of their holy religion, and then the grand close they brought it to by confession and communion. It is cheering and consoling in the extreme. It makes an Irishman look with pride on his young countrymen and women. It shows how Ireland preserves the faith of her forefathers unflinchingly, no matter how other nationalities may waver. A fig for newspaper attacks or mean, low, lying lecturers; we can

proclaim to the dear old land across the seas, and to the whole world, that Ireland in Canada is patriotic, and Ireland in Canada is Catholic.

THE DOMINICAN PRIARY.

KILMALLOCK, CO. LIMERICK.

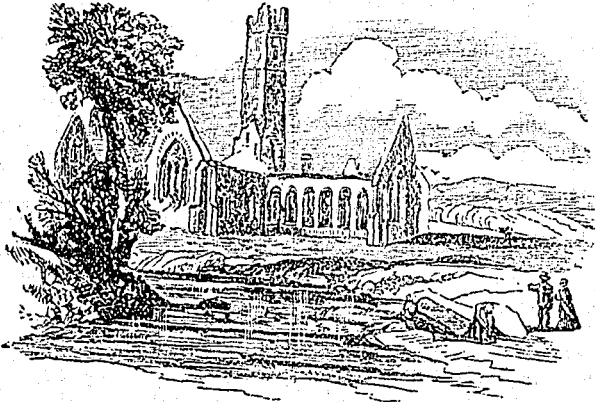
Kilmallock has been termed "the Balbec of Ireland;" it is a place of high antiquity, and is said to have been a walled town before the invasion of the Anglo-Normans. The monastery was founded here in the early part of the seventh century by St. Mochelloc, who died between the years 639 and 656. The place is now a mass of ruins; miserable dwellings are propped up by the walls of stately mansions, and "the ancient and loyal burgh"—for so it was styled so recently as 1783, when it retained the privilege of sending two members to Parliament—is a picture of fallen grandeur, we regret to say, as humiliating as could be found in any country in the world:—

*"The peasant holds the lordly pile,
And cattle fill the roofless aisle."*

The ancient houses, or rather the remains of them, are of hewn stone, and appear to have been built on a uniform plan; they were generally of three stories, ornamented with an embattlement, and tasteful stone mouldings; the limestone window-frames, stone mullions, and capacious fire-places, are carved in a bold and massive style, and retain nearly their original sharpness. Unfortunately, however, there is no care for the preservation of these interesting remains; much of the fine materials may be found built up in the neighboring cabins, and much more has been broken up to repair the street. A few—very few—of the massive and elaborate residences of the ancient burghers still endure; and the castellated gate houses which guarded the entrances to the town from the Limerick and Cork sides, still stand in tolerable preservation. The walls, although rather ruinous, still surround the town, harmonising in their dilapidation with its altered fortunes. The abbey and church being, of course, held sacred by the peasantry, are in a better state of preservation than the houses. The most remarkable of all the ruins, because the most uncommon, are the remains of a wide street, with a range of houses on each side, the walls of which, built of hewn limestone, are as fresh as the day they were finished. The plans of these houses are nearly all the same; they present two or more gable ends to the street, and are divided into three stories. The

entrances by spacious portals, with semi-circular arches, open into small halls, which communicate with broad passages, that probably contained the stairs, whence there are door-ways leading to the principal apartments. The windows, of a square form, and small in proportion to the size of the rooms, are divided into compartments by one or more uprights, and sometimes by a cross of stone. The chimney-pieces are large and lofty, and the fire-places calculated for containing huge piles of wood. All the ornaments are of a very simple kind. Tradition relates "that when the commander of the Parliamentary army entered Kilmallock, he was so struck with its uncommon beauty that, contrary to the dictates of that cruel policy which led to the destruction of every fortified town, and every castle and habitation of the Irish, he resolved to spare the place; but having

A distinguished English antiquary, the late Sir Richard Hoare, observed of this Friary, "it surpasses in decoration and good sculpture any I have yet seen in Ireland, but does not," he adds, "seem older than the reign of King Edward the Third; the last window is in chaste and elegant style;" and there are many parts of the building that merit notice, and furnish good subjects for the pencil in a variety of points of view. A great part of the cloister still remains; but it was never of an ornamental character, the ambuloerum having been formed only of timber. In the choir is a handsome canopied niche. A fragment of the tomb of the White Knights also lies on the ground, a small hollow in the middle of which, it is said by the peasantry, to be never without water. This they call the *Braon skinsker*, i. e., the drop of the old stock. We could say a good deal



THE DOMINICAN FRIARY.

afterwards learned that nearly the whole of the inhabitants bore the same name, he judged it imprudent to leave so powerful a confederacy in quiet possession of their property, and, adding another to the numerous examples of vengeance which had already been exercised to strike terror into the enemy, he gave orders to demolish the city." An author changes the name of Saint Mochelloc into Malloch, who, he says, adopted his name from the city of Malloch, that is, the sun, or Apollo; and this city was the Macollium of Ptolemy, *hodie* Kil-mallock.

The Dominican Friary, of which we give a view, is situated at the north-east side of the town. It is subdivided into a church and convent, the former is again separated into a choir, nave, and transept, a tall steeple standing at their intersection, the west wall of which, as well as the south wall of the steeple has fallen down.

more of interest about Kilmallock, but we are compelled to close from want of space.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Reviewing Mr. Bayle Bernard's "Life of Samuel Lover," the London, Eng., *Athenaeum* bears the following kindly testimony to the late Irish novelist's abilities and geniality of disposition. The writer says:—"They who knew this thoroughly lovable Irishman will look with a melancholy pleasure at the portrait which serves as a frontispiece to Mr. Bayle Bernard's book. The pleasure will be derived from the perfect presentation of that face when Lover was in middle age, high health, and abundant spirits. The pleasure will be modified by remembering how, in latter years, and indifferent health, and under a sense of a career closing,

the jocund features were shaded by a quaint perplexed gravity. The once modestly-asserting face wore a half apologetic look. Lover glided to the piano, as if he were asking to be excused for doing so, and he sang and accompanied himself with a meek playfulness, as though it would be well if his (really touched and delighted) audience were not rendered conscious of the efforts of the minstrel. Next to Moore, and with smaller vocal powers than Moore—small as *they* were—no singer could send straight to the heart a phrase made up of humor and sentiment so deliciously as Lover did. It would be an offence to common sense to presume to explain—why. As an author of stories, Lover was at his very best in "Rory O'More." On that subject he founded a triple glory, and Lover's "Rory O'More" in story, song, and drama was the greatest success of the day. It was altogether only a "little day," but a bright "little day" all the same; and Lover passed so softly and unassumingly along the various paths of life trodden by him that nobody was offended; and as he trod on nobody's heels, and no one had especially to get out of his way, he created no jealousy. He was born in Dublin, in 1797, but the first work he exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, was the famous Paganini miniature, in 1833. Long before that date this son of a Dublin stockbroker had successfully practised as a miniature portrait painter in his native city, where, in 1828, he was made a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy. He had refused to stick at a desk in his father's office. He had started in the world as a painter (marine and miniature) self-taught, and he had made a name as a song-writer in Ireland before he came and set up his easel and painted in London. Having, moreover, to fight the battle of life, he married in 1827, and did as well thereby as in other things, for he was happy in all. Lover, it appears, missed painting a miniature of the Princess Victoria through temporary inability to leave Ireland; and consequently, perhaps, as the wits remarked, the office of "Miniature Painter in Ordinary to the Queen," instead of falling to a Lover, fell to a Hayter! Lover, after he settled in London, would have been an artist rather than an author, if he had depended on himself. Lover, however, was tempted away from his vocation; and we have all profited by his yielding to the temptation. For years he was known and appreciated as a writer of Irish stories, in which the Irish characters were not altogether gross exaggerations. They

did not live in a condition of continual drunken revelry; and they were not monstrosities such as keep the stage in a roar, and were never seen in Ireland or out of it. Their wit is the wit that comes of simplicity, and which creates by its simpleness a surprise, such as the remarks, the replies, and the unintentionally searching questions of children often do.

Artist, author, composer, Lover also became a public entertainer; and he carried his "Irish Evenings" from England to America. He amused the States from New York to New Orleans, made some money and damaged his health, as so many have done who have gone the same course. On his return, he again united art with authorship. His last work, "The Kerry Post on Valentine's Day," was exhibited in 1862. If he will not be remembered as an artist, despite undoubted merits, he will be cherished in public memory as an author. Some of his stories will always be readable; some of his dramas will always be enjoyable; and his songs will be heartily welcome. His "Angel's Whisper," his "Molly Carew," his "Rory O'More," his "I'm not myself at all," his "Pastoral Rhapsody," and others equally well known, will carry his name down the stream of Time, till it ceases to run. Lover was inimitable in his Irish ballads when he put up a swain upon argument. For instance, in "I'm not myself at all":—

I'm not be in myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear!
Till you my own I call.
Since a change o'er me there came,
Sure you might change your name,
And 'twould just come to the same,
Molly dear, Molly dear!

Oh, 'twould just come to the same,
For, if you and I were one,
All confusion would be gone,
An' 'twould simplify the matter entirely.
An' 'twould save us much bother,
If we'd both be one another!
So, listen now to raison, Molly Brierly.
Oh, I'm not myself at all.

And again, the easy lover, in the "Pastoral Rhapsody," tries to overcome the prudent scruples of his sweetheart, by pointing out to her that—

The purty little sparrows
Have neither ploughs nor harrows;
Yet they live at ease and are content,
Bekase, ye see, they pay no rent!
They have no care nor flusterin',
About diggin' and industerin',
No foolish pride their comfort hurts,
For they ate the flax, and they wear no shirts!

The truly gentle bard gently declined. A pension of £100 was granted to him—one of the civil-list pensions, which, in this case, was

not grossly misapplied. Lover passed some time at Seven Oaks. Perhaps the last invitation he ever received to dine out was sent to him by a small club, members of the Society of Antiquaries, who call themselves "The Cocked Hats," and who would have been delighted if he had joined their joyous band at the Royal Crown. Lover's spirit was not joyous enough for the occasion, and he sent a characteristic note, full of a sad, sweet humor, which elicited corresponding sympathy in those to whom it was addressed. In 1868 the writer died in Jersey. His grave is at Kensal Green.

JOHN MITCHEL.

DEATH OF THE VETERAN PATRIOT.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

John Mitchel died at Dromalane, near Newry, County Down, Ireland, March 20, 1875.

Death has ended the struggle between John Mitchel and the English Government. His strength did not prove equal to his enthusiasm, and the excitement and fatigue consequent on his contest with the London Parliament were rapidly out a constitution already repaired. Among his own people he will be revered as a man who never flinched from any danger or sacrifice he thought would serve the cause of Irish independence, which found in him one of its ablest and truest advocates. The return of John Mitchel to Ireland, in defiance of the sentence pronounced against him by the law officers of the Crown, restored him to a commanding position among the leaders of the Irish people.

John Mitchel was born in the year 1814 at Dungiven, in the county of Londonderry, within the ancient domain of the O'Neils. He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who had himself been a member of the "United Irishmen," who struck for freedom in 1798. From his father he early imbibed ideas hostile to the English connection, and all his surroundings were calculated to deepen his dislike to the foreign domination which weighed so heavily on his country. Within sight of his house O'Connell's ruined castle stood a monument of the subjugation of Ireland, and no doubt the old ruin, with its crowding historic memories, exercised on Mitchel's mind a strong influence. Born on the territory of the O'Neils, his first important literary work was an intellectual tribute to the greatest prince of their house—his life of Hugh O'Neil, who battled so long

against the power of Elizabeth, a work remarkable for its research and the intimate knowledge it displays of the men who took part in the events of which it treats. In 1830 he was entered as student in Trinity College, and five years later, having completed his collegiate studies and legal apprenticeship, he married the daughter of Sir Richard Verner, and established himself as a solicitor in Newry. When O'Connell was arrested and imprisoned John Mitchel came from the North the bearer of an address from the men of the county Down, one of the most Protestant districts in Ireland. His first interview with O'Connell took place in the prison. It was a strange scene. In the midst of the garden rose a handsome tent, surmounted by a green flag. Here the liberator received the thronging deputations arriving from all parts of the country bearing addresses of sympathy. There was an infinite capacity of thought revealed by his broad brow and deep brain, while the mobile features and brilliant eye marked the man apt at repartee, gifted with might to call a slave to manhood and the greater power of allaying a passionate people's wrath. The rigid Northerner's reserved manner and saturnine humor were in strong contrast with the genial *bo. homie* of the popular tribune. This was their first meeting. Their last differed in every circumstance. This visit was a turning point in Mitchel's life. It drew close the bonds of his acquaintance with Davis until the warm friendship and admiration thus formed now shaped his existence. Constant counsel increased their intimacy, and their feelings went together, when, wearied of parades, Davis gave him the "Artillerists' Manual," saying, "This is what they should begin to study." But suddenly, in 1845, Thomas Davis died. No man more than he seems to have won the affection of his fellows, whether opponents or acquaintances. The great tribune kept for him among the mountain solitudes of Kerry as for a son. Mitchel in the North mourned him as one mourns an only and dear brother, admired for his genius and loved for his kindness of heart. But the void should be filled in the editorship of the *Nation*, and Mitchel was chosen to succeed his departed friend. If the journal lost in some qualities, it lost nothing in force. Most young writers of that day believed the cloak of Carlyle had fallen upon them, but Mitchel was saved from any undue influence by originality of mind, intensity of purpose, and a sarcastic humor which whetted his incisive style. The consequence of the change

soon became manifest. The Ulsterman, born to rights not accorded to all, bred up in the enjoyment of privileges from which the Catholics had long been debarred, had not been trained to cautious reticence and long waiting. When an English writer denounced Ireland he retorted with a denunciation of England. His spirit was as proud, his voice as free, as the best of them, and he felt it intolerable that their reckless vituperation of all things Irish should be passed over in silence. The London ministerial journal, when thus expounding the wickedness of Irishmen, advocated coercion,

army in Ireland was employed in seizing the crops for rent, as it had been for tithes some years before. The coincidence led Mitchel to advise the peasantry to consider whether they should not repent the anti-tithe tactics and organize a general strike against rent until they had secured a sufficiency of food. These views he suggested in the *Nation*; but finding that Duffy, its proprietor, could not endorse his project of passive resistance with an occasional conflict, he left the journal in company with his friend Devin Reilly. They advocated this programme orally in club and committee, until



JOHN MITCHEL.

and took trouble to show that the railways then being made would bring every part of the island within a few hours' drive of Dublin, and make its provinces of easy access to troops. Mitchel, through the *Nation*, retorted that railroads could be made impassable, troops intercepted on them, and that rails could be hammered into pike heads. The government could not understand such a repartee. Duffy was indicted. Mitchel undertook to conduct the defence, and retained the venerable Robert Holmes, who he knew would not flinch from the cause of clients whose principles he held. The

Smith O'Brien, hastening to Dublin, introduced certain resolutions into the Confederation disavowing their views, and objecting to the use of such language in the organization. John Martin presided, and the resolutions were passed after two days' debate, in which all the Young Ireland chieftains opposed the two friends, with the exception of Eugene O'Reilly, afterward a Turkish colonel. In consequence of the decision Mitchel and his adherents, to the number of 200, withdrew from the confederation. Thus, the secession from the newspaper, which took place in December, 1847, was followed two

months later by his secession from the Confederation, on the 5th of February, 1818. Mitchel resigned his office of Inspector of Clubs in Ulster, where numerous repeal organizations had been formed among both Protestants and Catholics. On the following Saturday appeared the first number of the *United Irishman*. The excitement it caused was extreme, the demand for it enormous; for, as Lord Stanley stated in the House of Lords, copies were eagerly purchased for half a crown apiece. Nor was the stir unaccountable, for the opening article was in the form of a letter "To the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, Englishman, calling himself her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland." That viceroy had not increased his popularity by his employment of a notorious hack to vituperate the young Irishmen. The scandal of the quarrel between employer and employed noised the secret far and wide. Mitchel challenged him to open strife. He declared he would mystify him by candid speech, confessed the creed of ninety-eight in all things. He was willing to admit any detective whom the viceroy should send, provided the man was "sober and honest." In fine, he declared he would make the viceroy abandon the pretence of constitutional form and pack a jury to try him, or else he would have an acquittal. In either case he should obtain a triumph, by extirpating the last shred of "constitutional agitation," against which he now resolutely set his face and shot his sharpest shafts. To cap the climax of excitement, before the third number had appeared, news came that the French had dethroned their king, Louis Philippe, and soon the whole continent of Europe caught the contagion, and the fever flush of revolution quickened the popular heart and set every eye astare with anticipation. Sicily had risen, Lombardy had risen, the grave Teutons were going wild. The Austrian kaiser and the Prussian king bowed from their balconies, uncovered before their excited citizens, and none could tell what the end might be. In Ireland this intelligence brought the Mitchel party and the confederation together. O'Brien, in the middle of March, moved an address to the French Republic and proposed the organization of a "National Guard." Meagher supported him, and for the speeches then made they were indicted. The visit to France followed; the Irish tricolor of green, white and orange was decreed, martial clubs were organized, and the talk was of pikes and barricades. It was a time of hot speech;

for even the staid Recorder of Dublin had declared defiance to any government which should mutilate the Bible, and was ready to cry, "To your tents, O Israel!" The first trial of O'Brien and Meagher (for sedition) resulted in divided juries, and as the trial of Mitchel approached several journals openly urged the government to destroy the constitution in order to convict. There were rumors of an intention to accede to this plan, and the proceedings were watched with jealous care and sharp suspicion. When it was found that the juries drawn were even more favourable than the former, the two prosecutions entered against him for sedition were dropped on the 13th of May; but in the evening he was arrested on the charge of having committed the new offence known as "treason felony." This infamous act was passed at the instigation of a hireling scribe, named Birch, who was employed by the Castle to defame the leaders of the popular movement. Birch was a noted blackmailer, and his connection with the government was proved very conclusively in an action which he took against Lord Clarendon to recover the wages of his infamy. The expected day at length had arrived. Mitchel stood in the dock where Robert Emmet had stood and spoken his memorable speech. His counsel was that patriotic youth's brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, who had never entered that court since the day when his relative was borne thence to the scaffold. Almost the first words of his counsel was a comment on the three indictments. "The foreman of the Grand Jury," he said, "having been asked if the jury had found bills against the prisoner, replied, 'Oh! yes; we find him guilty of sedition.' 'Gentlemen,' said the officer of the court, 'he is not indicted for sedition. 'Well,' said the foreman, 'we find him guilty of treason.' 'But, gentleman,' again interrupted the officer, 'the charge against Mr. Mitchel is for felony.' 'Oh! no matter,' said the foreman, 'sedition, treason or felony—it is all the same to us.' And so it would be with the Attorney General, provided only you find him guilty." A vigorous speech followed, and the stern old Roman rose after the trial to declare himself responsible for every sentiment he had uttered as counsel. The verdict of guilty, anticipated from the jury, was pronounced amid profound silence; but the severe sentence was followed by murmurs that were stilled suddenly, as the voice of the prisoner was heard. "The law has done its part," he said, "and I mine; I have challenged Lord Clarendon, and have

conquered; for I have shown that her Majesty's Government sustained itself in Ireland by packed juries, by partisan judges, by perjured sheriffs." Baron Lefroy interrupted him. He declared he repented of nothing, "The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes promised that 300 should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three?" he asked, indicating his friends—Reilly, Martin, and Meagher. But a cry arose, "Promise for me—and me—and me." Then gazing round he exclaimed: "For one, for two, for three?—aye, for hundreds!" Amid a scene of intense excitement the judges hastily withdrew, and the prisoner was carried back to his cell.

He was a few days after conveyed in irons to the convict depot at Spike Island in Cork Harbor, where a Government order was received to treat him "as a person of education and a gentleman." He was soon conveyed thence on the sloop-of-war *Scourge* to Bermuda, and, after ten months' passed there, re-transported to Australia. In Australia he encountered his associates, Smith O'Brien, Meagher, O'Donoghue and others who had been arrested in July, 1848, sentenced in October of the same year at Clonmel, and sent out to the antipodes in July 1849.

Mr. Mitchel remained six years in Australia. In July, 1854, he resigned his parole and effected his escape, reaching New York at the end of November.

Mr. Mitchel's return to Ireland, and his reception by his countrymen, as well as his double elections for Tipperary, are so fresh in the minds of our readers that it is needless to repeat the incidents here. His health had been for a long time failing; but, true to the old cause, and to the promise he had made his people, he started across the ocean, in the most inclement period of the winter season, to head a struggle against English domination in the "Premier County" of Ireland. There is no doubt that the hardships of such a voyage, and the excitement of a political campaign, told on his constitution, already worn down by the toil and sufferings of years. The spirit that, as he said himself, would "never give up" succumbed at last in the hour of triumph; and John Mitchel,—"the noblest Roman of them all,"—fell in the front of Ireland's battle as truly as if he had died upon a stricken field amid the roar of cannon and the crash of volleying rifles. His name will ever be enshrined among those of her patriots who struggled and perished in the effort to make her a free nation,

WEEP HIM NOT!

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

Weep him not—let the foeman not gaze on our grief,
Nor hear from the bosom a sigh,
Shed no tear o'er the grave of our true-hearted chief,
For he died as a freeman should die,
He died with his face to the front of the foe,
Defiance and acorn on his brow,
And though from our souls tears of sorrow would flow
Yet shall we not weep for him now.

But deep in our hearts let the red vengeance lie,
Nor breathe we the patriot's name,
'Till his wrongs are avenged and our banner on high
Leaps upward to freedom and fame.
When our lines are arrayed on the hill-side, and when
The foeman shrinks back from our blow,
Let our red bayonets weep for the patriot then,
And their tears be the blood of the foe,
—Irish World.

VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE.

The picturesque old town of Galway, which makes so respectable a figure in the past history of Ireland, can proudly boast of being the birth-place of the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, the renowned preacher of the Dominican Friars,—a religious Order which has produced some of the greatest pulpit orators in the world. Father Burke was born in 1830; and at a very early age gave evidence of the ability for which he has since been distinguished. Even while yet a boy his natural gifts as a speaker attracted attention; he was the "orator" of his schoolmates and associates; and at a time when the agitation of public affairs in Ireland had brought out a host of intellectual giants, foremost among whom were the enthusiastic Nationalists, who in the name of "Young Ireland," had sprung into the front ranks of their country's struggle it was confidently predicted that "young Tom Burke" would, at a not distant day, make a figure as prominent as any of them in the political arena. But providence had destined him for a different field of usefulness: and his own inclinations led him to make choice of the life of a religious, at a period when the ideas of most youths have scarcely received the bias that effects their after-course. At the age of seventeen (in 1847), he went to Rome, and from thence to Perugia, where he entered the Order of St. Dominic, commencing his novitiate and the study of philosophy. From thence he was again sent to Rome, where he studied theology at the Colleges of the Minerva and Sancta Sabina. After having thus spent five years in Italy, he was sent by the superiors of his Order to England, where he was ordained. He spent

four years on the English mission, in Gloucestershire; and was then sent to Ireland, to found a novitiate and house of studies for his Order, at Tallaght, near Dublin. This he successfully accomplished: and for the next seven years he was busily employed in the care of the new establishment, and in giving missions in the different parts of Ireland, the results of which foreshadowed the great and constantly augmenting success he was yet to

sermons in English, at the church of the Sancta Maria del Popolo. When he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and had to proceed to England, his place was taken by Dr. Manning, the present Archbishop. The news of Cardinal Wiseman's death reached Rome before the commencement of the Lenten season; Dr. Manning was obliged to leave suddenly for London; and Father Burke was called upon, at short notice,



Faithfully yours

Thomas N. Burke, O.P.

attain as one of the most effective preachers of the Dominican community.

He was next sent to Rome as Superior of St. Clement's—the oldest Basilica in the “Eternal City,”—around which cluster so many glorious reminiscences of the zeal, virtue, and learning of the Irish Dominicans. He was not long there when his services were put in requisition. The late Cardinal Wiseman, while in Rome, had been wont to deliver the customary Lenten

to supply his place; which he did, and continued to preach the Lenten sermons for five years after. There are few Americans who have been in Rome that have not heard him; and his fame as a preacher is as well known throughout this continent as it is in his native land.

After his return to Ireland, Father Burke was attached to St. Saviour's, the Dominican church in Dublin, which replaced the well-

known old chapel in Denmark Street; but his time was constantly occupied in preaching charity sermons in all parts of the three kingdoms, and in conducting retreats for the clergy.

The visit of the eloquent Dominican to the United States is too fresh in the minds of the community to need any extended comment. During the twelve months which he spent in this country he delivered over three hundred discourses, and addressed a larger number of hearers than probably ever listened to any preacher or lecturer in the world in the same space of time. His speaking before an audience of thirty-five thousand persons, in the Boston Colosseum, on the 22nd of September, 1872, was a feat that few public characters within the range of history can be said to have performed. But the crowning glory of his career, which will ever endear him to the hearts of Irish people all over the earth, was the promptitude with which he stepped into the arena of historical discussion to meet and refute the slanders of the English "historian," Froude, against his race and nation. The complete triumph he then achieved, which was acknowledged by even hostile and indifferent critics, did much to elevate the Irish national character in the estimation of the American people, who during that now famous controversy obtained a deeper insight into the true history of the relations between England and Ireland than they could have got under any other circumstances. The English advocate had cited the Irish nation before the bar of American public opinion, calculating upon obtaining a verdict by default; but his charge was met and hurled back upon his own clients by the eloquent Dominican, and the integrity of the Irish people vindicated in the most triumphant manner.

Since his return to the Old World, Father Burke has been engaged in preaching and conducting missions almost as constantly as while in America, and is everywhere listened to by delighted thousands. Of his preaching and its effect upon his auditors, a distinguished American writer says:

"What kind of a preacher is this Dominican Father Burke? What is the power by which he holds, hushed and breathless, each one in a crowded congregation; alike the most learned and critical, and rough men with little either of sentiment or education? A natural gift of oratory no one can mistake in him. He has the richness of voice and the persuasiveness of

accent that God has lavished so largely on his countrymen. But these are 'tricks of the tongue,' that the man of trained intellect can arm himself against, even while he admires them. But *Fra. Burke disarms* this trained intellectual listener, because, in him, it is neither *trick* nor *art*. It is the *gift* God has given him, and that *he has consecrated* to God! The honey-dew that drops from his lips is distilled from a soul consecrated to God, and an intellect saturated and steeped in the learning and piety of the Saints and Doctors of the Church."

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven,
How the little child-angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day;
How she said to the stately warden—
He of the key and bar—
"Oh, angel, sweet angel, I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar,
Only a little, I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar."

"I can hear my mother weeping;
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
Where the gates shut after me.
Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far!"
But the warden answered: "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar!"
Spoke low and answered; "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar!"

Then up rose Mary, the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, the Mother of Christ;
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and the touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar;
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!
In the little child-angel's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

'And this key for no father using,
To my blessed son shall be given,"
Said Mary, Mother of Jesus—
Tenderest heart in Heaven.
Now, never a sad eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar;
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar;
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates forever ajar!

Accustom yourself, from your youth, to do no wrong to your neighbour, neither to his body, in ill-treating him; nor to his soul, in causing him to commit sin through your words or your example; neither to his honor, in saying evil of him, nor in his goods, by causing him to loose them unjustly. You would not like others to do any of these things to you, then do not do them to others

THE FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

All the Apostles were insulted by the enemies of their Master. They were called to seal their doctrines with their blood, and nobly did they bear their trials. Schunnacher says:

St. Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with a sword, at a distant city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been cruelly dragged through the streets of that city.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in the classic land of Greece.

St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil, but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterwards banished to Patmos.

St. Peter was crucified at Rome with his head downward.

St. James the Greater was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a lofty pinnacle of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to his persecutors until he died.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonicæ.

St. Paul, after various tortures and persecutions, was at length beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Nero.

Such was the Fate of the Apostles, according to traditional statements.

MRS. PRIM ON SCANDAL.

No, my dear—goodness be thanked! no person can say that I scandalize any one, not even my worst enemy, no matter what he or she may do! I've had chances enough to talk, if I had a mind to, as every one in this town knows full well. Of course, living here right in the high street of the town, I can't help seeing a great many queer things; and when our windows are open and the blinds in the summer time, I can hear them, too! But I never repeat them; I scorn to make mischief. I never lisp a word, except when I get hold of some safe person, like you, my dear, that I know I can trust. And if a body is never to open her mouth among her own intimate friends, why,

the world isn't worth living in, is it? But that isn't scandal you know. I hate and abhor that just as much as you do, and I don't think any one can say I was ever guilty of it in all my life.

But then, as I said before, it isn't for want of the chance. Why, only last evening as ever was, who do you think I saw walking up by here, in the bright moonlight, as brazen as you please, but Miss Lemox and Colonel Purkel! Fact, as sure as you sit in that chair! And they walked close together, and talking so confidential.

I suppose you know all about that disgraceful affair with the school girls? No! My dear, you must really live in the ark! Why, they have been writing a lot of anonymous letters to people here in town, and the postmaster suspected what was up at last, and he just kept a quiet lookout, and caught some of them putting the letter in. I don't know what Miss Cluket will do. Expect them, I hope; great girls like these have no right to act so.

That's just the way, my dear. I presume she has been down to the shop for a fowl, or get a half penny or two worth of a bit of meat. She's the best of a good many dear; it would really make your heart ache to hear the way she munnies her own eyes! And there is her husband, one of the richest men in the town, and folks do say that he can't get a decent meal of victuals in his own house. Wouldn't you—

What! going? Can't you stay any longer? Well, do come again very soon, won't you? Good-bye.

Thank goodness, she has gone! I really thought she was going to stay all night. I heard a nice story about her, by the way, last week—how scandalously she treats all her servants! Suppose she thinks I don't know it. I might make mischief enough in her family, if I choose. But I abhor scandal!

The really virtuous man fulfils his duties in their order, and makes little duties give place to greater ones.

One should bring to this exercise religion (prayer) a pure heart, a soul disengaged from worldly occupations, and closed to every feeling of hate or revenge. When we pray with these dispositions, the Son of God prays with us, for he is our Mediator, our Advocate with God, the High-Priest who receives and presents our obligations, nor is it Christ alone who prays with us, but the angels also, and the souls of the just.

Selections.

THE BEGGAR OF THE STEPS OF ST. ROCH.

A TRUE STORY.

A young priest attached to the Church of St. Roch, at Paris, in the year 18—, had been in the habit of giving occasional alms to a beggar whom he passed every day as he went into the church. This man used to sit on the steps of the front entrance, and to solicit the charity of the faithful as they passed to and fro. He was old, and his countenance stern and sad. If any one addressed him, he answered briefly and abruptly; nor had his features ever been seen to relax into a smile. He was known as "old Jacques of the steps of St. Roch;" and none had troubled themselves to inquire into his history, or ascertain his origin. The good priest who had frequently relieved him, remarked that he was never seen *within* the Church, and endeavored at different times to find out from him whether he indeed neglected his religious duties, or performed them at such times as had escaped his observation; but he always returned evasive answers to his questions, and shut himself up in the deepest reserve. Once or twice the Abbe——had perceived that he wore round his neck a black string, to which was attached a small enameled cross. When his eye had fixed itself upon it, Jacques had hastily hid it from sight, and since that day had taken care to keep his poor ragged coat buttoned over it. It so happened that the priest was called away from his post during the winter that followed his first acquaintance with Jacques, and remained absent for some weeks. At his return he missed the beggar from his accustomed place, and when after a few days he still did not appear, his charity prompted him to make inquiries about the poor man. He found some difficulty in discovering his abode; but it was at last pointed out to him, his informant adding at the same time, that, though Jacques was very ill, it was no use for a priest to visit him, as he had absolutely refused to send for one, and seemed determined to die in sullen obstinate silence. This account only confirmed the Abbe——in his resolution to seek him out; and as he bent his steps towards the narrow street which had been pointed out to him, he thought of the cross which he had noticed on the old man's bosom, and wondered that one apparently so poor should wear so rich an ornament, or one so

irreligious the symbol of our redemption. After groping up a narrow staircase in the house to which he had been directed, he succeeded in finding the garret in which Jacques was lying. His worn and emaciated appearance, heightened by the progress of disease, had greatly increased since he had last seen him; the dark lines about his eyes and mouth, and the restless twitching of his limbs, seemed to indicate that life was drawing to a close. There was little furniture in that miserable room; the bed, if bed it could be called, occupied one half of it; a piece of stained, discolored silk hung against the wall in the shape of a curtain. There seemed no particular reason for this contrivance, which scarcely harmonized with the squalid, neglected aspect of that poor abode. Jacques lifted up his eyes as the Abbe approached, and made a sign of recognition. When the priest kindly addressed him, he held out his hand and murmured a few words of thanks; but when his visitor, after alluding to his illness, and proposing certain measures for his relief and comfort, proceeded to speak of the preparation every Christian should make for death, and to express a hope that he would avail himself of the means of grace which a merciful God was placing within his reach, the old man's face darkened, the lines about his mouth grew harder, and he exclaimed with impatience that it was all of no use: that he had nothing to say to a priest, and only wished to be left alone.

"You are satisfied, then, to die in your present state of mind, my dear friend," the Abbe said with gentleness. "You feel easy at the prospect of death?"

"Easy, easy as the damned," murmured Jacques, with an accent of such despair that it startled his companion.

"You are not an infidel, Jacques; I know you are not; then why will you not die as a Christian? I have observed that you always wear a cross."

Jacques looked up wildly at these words, and muttered:

"It scorches my breast."

The Abbe——knelt down by the side of the bed, and with earnest words that faith and love suggest in such an hour, he argued with the dying man. He implored him not to reject his good offices, and if he would not speak to him as a priest, to treat him at least as a friend, and disclose the secret that sealed his lips and withered his heart.

"My secret!" said Jacques. "Would you

hear my secret? It will make your hair stand on end, and cause you to fly from my side with scorn and loathing. Well, be it so; when you know what a wretch you have been pleading with, you will give up the vain attempt to console him, or bring him to repentance. You will confess that there is no repentance possible for such guilt as mine. Remorse, indeed there is, but no hope of pardon. Was Judas pardoned?"

"He might have been pardoned if he had not despaired," said the Abbe, in a low voice.

"Well, I will tell you my story," exclaimed Jacques; and he leaned his head on his hand, fixed his wild expressive eyes on the calm, earnest face of the priest, and spoke as follows: "I was born on the estate of a nobleman who had been for many years the protector of my family. He took me into his service when I was very young, and I had lived some time in his house when the Revolution broke out. He was a kind, generous master, and his wife an angel of goodness. The rich respected, and the poor worshiped her. I used often to think, when she knelt in the village church, or visited the sick, or gave alms at the door of the castle, that she was just as good as any of the saints in the calendar. Her two daughters were as good and as beautiful as their mother; and her son, who was but a little fellow at the time I am speaking of, the joy of their hearts.

"Well, the Revolution came, and a strange madness took possession of men's minds. We were told that we were all equal; that masters were tyrants, and kings oppressors. We heard nothing else from morning to night, till we dreamt of riches and freedom, and doing our own will and not that of others, and cursed in silence every duty we had to perform as laborers, or as servants. My master was not very eager about public affairs, but he hated new notions, and spoke out in favor of the King and of the Church, whenever an opportunity offered, and went on much in his usual way, shooting over his grounds, visiting his neighbors, and little dreaming of the storm that was ready to burst over his head. His wife thought more about it than he did, and we could see that she was longer at her prayers than usual, and there were often traces of tears on her sweet face.

"The young ladies, poor things, were as merry as if there had been no such thing in the world as the revolution, and, except in my discontented and restless heart, there was peace in the old castle, till the day, when a Genialis-

snire from Paris took up his abode in the neighboring town, and drew up a list of persons accused of being counter-revolutionists and enemies of the people.

"My master's name was foremost in the list, and he received a friendly message that informed him of the fact, and enjoined him to seek a place of concealment for himself and his family. The announcement took him by surprise; but madame instantly suggested their retiring to a cottage amongst the hills, where an old maid-servant of hers resided, and which was as likely to escape observation as any spot in the neighborhood. Thither they went by night; I helped them to pack up; I carried little Paulin in my arms part of the way. O my God, if that day, if that hour, could but return! Could I but feel again that child's warm breath on my cheek, as I ascended the steep mountain-path; or hear once again the sweet voice of his mother, as she urged me to sit down and rest! Rest! "There is no rest for the wicked." The curse of Cain is upon me. It is years since I mentioned their names; I had never thought to do so again; but now that I have begun, I will go on with my dreadful history; but I cannot linger over it. It must be short, as the time that I have yet to live. Well, I returned to the Castle, and the Commissaire and his crew came one day and took possession of it. They broke into the cellar, and they brought out wine and drank all night, and I drank with them. They talked of the grand doings of the people at Paris, and sang wild songs till my brain was confused, and I sang and vociferated louder than any of them. They cheered and applauded; they called me a good patriot, and I felt as if a new world was opening before me. There was a man amongst them who drew me aside, and showed me a printed paper, in which the revolutionary committee announced that they would bestow the property of the prescribed nobles on any true patriot who would discover their hiding-places. He assured me that by revealing my master's abode, I should become entitled to the possession of his castle and of his lands; and my brain maddened at the notion. I forgot all about the Revolution and an equal division of property, which we had been talking about a moment before, and I saw myself at once the lord and master of that house where I had spent my early years in servitude. I asked what they would do to my master, if they should happen to discover and arrest him. The same man told me that, in that case, they would send him to join the exiled princes,

who would be sure to provide handsomely for their dear friends, the aristocrats. I had heard my master speak of joining the emigration, and said to myself, that there would be no hardship in his being carried there by force where he had wished himself to go. Still I could not resolve to betray him, but *drank again and again*, and talked boastfully of knowledge I could but would not give. They *beset me sorely*, and began to threaten also. They displayed the proclamation, and described all I should gain by giving information to the committee. They called me a cowardly slave, a miserable hireling, who dared not stand up for the people or denounce its enemies; and when on the one hand I saw imprisonment, and death perhaps, staring me in the face, and on the other riches and grandeur offering themselves to my grasp, the evil spirit got possession of me, and in an ill-fated hour I spoke the words that sealed the doom of my master and of his family. I cannot dwell on the subsequent details; I cannot speak of the agonies I endured. I saw them hurried into the town. I saw their pale faces; my master's gray head bowed in anguish on his breast. I saw her, that gentle saint, whom from my earliest childhood I had revered, hooted at and jeered by the mob, and her young daughters weeping by her side. The little boy too, rougher arms than mine were carrying him now, and when he saw me standing amidst the crowd (for a strange fascination made me follow them on their way to the prison), he called to Jacques to come and take him. 'Tis strange that a man lives through such a moment. I need not tell you the rest. They murdered them all—all but the boy. Him they kept in prison a long while, and then sent him away, I know not where, for I left my native place soon after my old master's execution, and became a wanderer on the face of the earth, a very Cain, with the stamp of reprobation on my brow.

"As might have been expected, I never reaped any worldly advantage from my crime. The man who had lured me to it got possession of the count's estates. I know not in whose hands they have remained. Now can you wonder that I have never ventured since to put my foot into a church; that I have lived an excommunicated outcast; and that I die as I have lived?"

A fearful groan burst from the breast of the unhappy man, and turning his face away from the priest he remained silent.

"The cross?" said the Abbe.

"The cross!" Jacques exclaimed. "She sent me this cross. She never knew that I had betrayed them. She was grateful to me for having favored their escape. O, my God, it has often seemed like an instrument of torture, this cross, which she begged the jailer's wife to give me, and with it her dying thanks and her blessing.—Look, look!" he cried, as he convulsively grasped the little enameled cross, "there are her initials, E. M.; and *there*," he continued with a still more despairing accent, and lifting up at the same time the curtain from the wall near his bedside,—"*there is her picture*. I knew where it was hanging in the summer-house of the chateau, and one night I stole it and carried it away with me. But I cannot bear to look at it, nor to part with it, and so I hung that curtain before it. Are you going away, Monsieur l'Abbe?"

The priest had gazed a moment at the cross and then at the picture. He had retired to the opposite side of the room, and knelt down in silence. There he remained for a few minutes with his face buried in his hands, while Jacques watched him with a secret uneasiness. At last he rose from his knees; his face was as pale as death, but perfectly calm. Returning to the bedside of his penitent, he spoke to him with great mildness, but at the same time with an irresistible energy of voice and manner.

"Jacques," he said, "there is *no sin* which the Precious Blood cannot wash away. It is never too late to repent; and if you repent, as I know you do, I can absolve you from this and all your other sins. I charge you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ your God and mine, instantly to make your confession, and to seek that pardon which I am authorized to bring you."

There was something in the priest's manner which awed and subdued the hitherto intractable sinner. He meekly complied with the injunction, and, in a voice broken by sobs, he made a general confession: and when he had accused himself of having, Judas-like, betrayed his master, for the first time his tears flowed freely. The Abbe—addressed to him a few touching words of exhortation, moved him to a yet deeper and more tender contrition; and then, as he saw there was no time to lose, he gave him absolution. The blessed words were pronounced; the dying man forgiven; and in that narrow chamber angels rejoiced, for a sinner had repented. Peace stole over the face so lately hardened by despair.

"And now," said the Abbe—"now

have reconciled you with God, it only remains that I add to His pardon my own forgiveness."

"Yours, M. l'Abbe!" faltered the penitent; "how have I offended you?"

"Jacques," solemnly replied the priest, "it was my father, my mother, and my sisters that you sent to the scaffold. I am the little Paulin that you once carried in your arms up that mountain-path; our Blessed Lord has forgiven you, and I, too, forgive you with all my heart."

Jacques fixed his eyes on the priest's face, gazed on him an instant in unutterable astonishment, gave one deep groan, fell back, and died. The son of his victims prayed fervently and long by his remains; closed his eyes with pious care, and then went on his way rejoicing that God had sent him to attend the last moments of one in such need of the absolution which as a priest he had given, and of the forgiveness which none but himself could have granted.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

Among all the customs, of the Catholic Church which are calculated to inspire the hearts of her children with the spirit of prayer, none are more potent than the sweet tones of the *Angelus* bell, which recall us from the emments of the world to turn at morning, noon, and eve, to the throne of grace, and there ask a blessing upon our labors. Its origin is thus described by a contemporary:

In the fifteenth century at the first toll of the *Angelus*, there was not a Frenchman, either in the fields or in the streets, who did not immediately fall upon his knee, and invoke the name of Mary. This duty over, the travellers and wayfarers arose and continued their journey. Louis XI., in 1475, instituted the *Angelus*, as it is now practised among us, in honor of our Lord's incarnation, and expressed his desire that, besides the daily evening prayer for peace and concord among all Christian States, a special prayer should be offered at noon for the tranquility of the kingdom. It was ordained that all Frenchmen, knights, men-at-arms, and civilians, should place themselves on both knees at the sound of the mid-day-bell and bless themselves devoutly and offer up a prayer.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a care, how many a look,

how many a kind word, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a crib or cradle stands silent now which last Saturday night held the rarest treasure of the heart.

A week is a life. A week is a history. It marks events of sorrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man of business! Go home to your family, erring wanderer! Go home to the chair that awaits you, wronged waif of life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by.

Leave your books of complex figures—your dingy office—your busy shop! Rest with those you love, for Heaven only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and battles of life which furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the love embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless Heaven for giving his children so dear a stepping stone in the river of the internal, as Saturday night.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

A good housewife is one of the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value upon the qualifications of their partners after marriage, however they may weigh with them before, and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life than recklessness or want of knowledge of the new house-keeper of the duties which belong to her station. Men admire beauty, order, and system in everything, and men admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will see their chief enjoyment at home—they will love their home and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers who study the welfare of their daughters, will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life, and daughters who appreciate the value of these qualifications, will not fail to acquire them.

PROVIDENCE has, so to speak, bound the feet of every man to his native soil by an invincible attraction.

"DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY."

AIR—NEW LANGOLEE.

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

In moderate time, with much warmth of expression.

Dear Harp of my country! In darkness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers, This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.

When proudly my own Is-land Harp? I un-bound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song!
Go, sleep with the sun-shine of fame on thy slumbers, 'Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness Have waken'd thy fondest, thy live-li-est thrill; But so
If the pulse of the pa-tri-ot, soldier, or lover, Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo-ry a-lone; I was

oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness, That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still;
but as the wind, pass-ing heed-less-ly o-ver, And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thine own!

* In that rebellious, but beautiful song, "When Erin first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—
"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gail, near Finn's palace, at Almhalm, where the attending harps, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the ODE TO SAUL, THE SON OF MORNI, IN MISS BROOKE'S RELIQUES OF IRISH POETRY.