

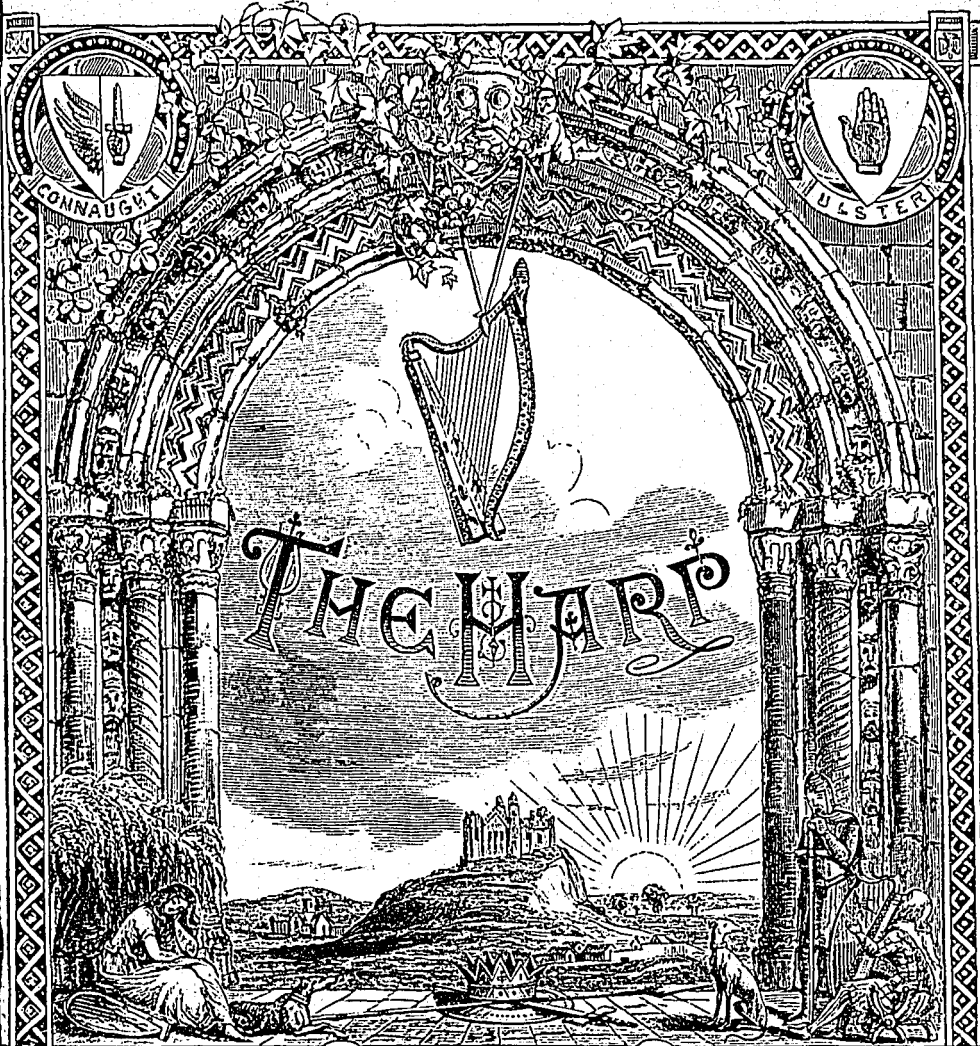
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An Illustrated Magazine of General Literature.

VOLUME I.

MONTREAL: 1874-'75.

F. CALLAHAN  
 PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, MONTREAL



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# THE HARP

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. 1.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1874.

No. 1.

## THE HUMAN HARP.

There is a harp for each human breast,  
The strings of which are never at rest;  
Where music forever breathes and lingers,  
Awaked by thousands of voiceless fingers,  
That play, like the hum of fairy wings,  
Their notes on its thousand quivering strings.

This heaven-born harp is a priceless boon,  
In its mortal frame, with its strings in tune;  
But, whether the tones of this living harp  
Are gentle and tender, flat or sharp,  
When louder rung, depends always  
On the ear that hears, and the hand that plays.

How touchingly tender is its moan,  
As it gives to sorrow its monotone;  
When touched by the pulsed hand of fear,  
It vibrates quick on the startled ear;  
And its strong-wrought frame in frenzy leaps,  
While passion its diapason sweeps.

But happier spirits are hovering near,  
And the music they play we love to hear;  
And they throng each harp with the grave and gay,  
And many a note I've heard them play—  
So often, too, are they playing the same,  
That we know their touch, and call them by name.

There is Love, who comes on his fluttering wing,  
And how it thrills when he touches the string;  
Fame thinks he is heard all over the land,  
As he strikes the chords with a master hand;  
But to Faith and Hope is the mission given  
To touch the notes that are heard in heaven.

They linger still, when the rest have gone  
And left the frail harp broken and lone;  
And, when death plays the last sad strain,  
And breaks the cords he shall ne'er touch again,  
They bear it away, with joyful wing,  
And string it anew, where the angels sing.

## "KILSHEELAN"

ON,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."

—BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

### CHAPTER I.

CRESSY.

"Curses on them for pompous bankrupts!"

This was the malediction, which, though it was not shaped in words, burned in the heart, and stamped itself in passionate fury on the face of Mr. Albin Artslade, as, at his breakfast-table, he snatched up letter after letter from a pile that lay before him, and as rapidly flung them from him as though an adder lurked in each.

One he read with special wrath. It was simply this:

"Kilsheelan Castle, April—, 1799.

O'Dwyer Garv begs to decline Mr. Albin Artslade's invitation."

All the rest were equally cold, equally formal, but this one seemed to sting him worst. He tore it into fragments, and cursed now in loud and naked fury.

"Dear pa, how you frighten me!" cried a lovely lithesome child, who abdicated her presidency over the cups and saucers to run to her father's side, and put her chiding face up to his.

His gloomy passion dared not look in the face of so much innocence. Mr. Artslade's soul was not a soft one—he was one of those over-manly men who are ashamed of emotion—but he had some share of tenderness for his daughter, partly because he could not help it, partly because he had nobody else to be tender to, partly also, alas! because in his far reaching speculations he saw in her beauty a ware for his marketing ambition.

But he was too angry now to give much heed to her caressings.

"There, there, Cressy," he cried, disengaging himself testily from her arms. "It's nothing that you should tease about. My toast will be quite scorched if you don't look to it, child."

The prospect of having the toast scorched was too dreadful to Miss Cressy, who had much pride in her character of housewife. She was not convinced, but she left papa to his sullen passion while she busied herself in giving a proper complexion to the toast, and in heightening the relish of his fragrant dish of tea.

No tea for Mr. Artslade this morning. His breakfast was untasted, while he hid himself behind his newspaper, and in that shelter allowed his face to settle into a terrible picture of disappointment and rage.

This was the very inopportune moment at which Cressy thought proper to unburden herself of a question which has been puzzling her little head ever since she and her father came to Kilsheelan, away from smoky, foggy London.

"Pa," she asked innocently, "why don't we visit at the Castle? Everyone else goes there—the Sackwells, the Thorntons, the Bingham, everybody. Why don't we?"

She stopped in dismay, seeing the evil scowl her idle query had called up to Mr. Artslade's face. It had rankled a wound deep down in his heart.

"Why do you ask, child?" he said, sourly.

"I—I didn't think 'twas any harm, pa—indeed I did not—only Gerald—"

"Well, well, what about him? He has not been annoying you, the whelp?"

"Oh! pa, is it Gerald. No, but he'd be so glad I went to the Castle like the rest of them—it's such a grand old place, and they have such fun! Why nobody ever comes here only the tithe-procter. Only for Gerald—"

"D—Gerald!" exclaimed Mr. Artslade, savagely. "Cressy, I forbid you to see that boy again. I hate him for a proud puppy."

"Oh, please don't talk of Gerald that way," cried Cressy earnestly, the tears starting to her bright eyes. "He is the only friend I have except yourself, papa. He plucks me flowers, and thrashes all the bad boys, and teaches me those horrid lessons, just as easy as if they were nice. Oh! pa, if you only knew Gerald! Why I should be dead if I hadn't him and stupid Charlie Sackwell, but he's nobody."

Mr. Artslade groaned, and turned to a deep bay-window to hide his agony—for to Cressy's eulogy there was no answer.

Suddenly a loud bugle-note sounded through the valley outside.

"The hounds, the hounds!" cried Cressy, rushing joyously to the window, as the pack with their merry huntsman and scarlet-coated retinue swept past on the road below, and mounted the acclivity on which the Castle of Kilsheelan stood.

Mr. Artslade turned from the sight as if it blinded him, and tore from the room in fury.

What can be the matter with papa, to-day! said Cressy, with a puzzled look. "He's crosser than usual, and—" this with a little shudder—"he's always cross enough. Poor papa! why can't he be like O'Dwyer Garv and all the rest of them—ride to hounds, have grand dinners, and

be happy? Isn't he as rich as they are? Ha! 'tis something in those nasty letters—"

She paused as her eye fell on the disordered pile of them that lay on the table. "Might I have one little look I wonder?" Only the un-ripe curiosity of a woman! The little culprit cast a guilty glance around, and peered into one of the open letters. Hardly had she read it through, when a silvery peal of laughter broke from her; but the giddy child soon changed to a graver mood as she reflected:

"Poor papa, he always does such queer things! Fancy his inviting people to dinner who never visited us at all! If he would only ask me what to do—"

And the little fairy sighed as though she were wisdom personified.

"Why doesn't papa like Gerald?" she went on in the same contemplative mood. "I'm sure everyone dotes on Gerald. But oh! dear, there 's ten o'clock, and I promised to meet him to go for primroses to the wood—the new bank he found out yesterday—every flower as yellow as gold! Mary, Mary, my hat! Do run, please, I'm in an awful hurry."

With her shining yellow hair streaming free to the wind, and her straw hat grasped carelessly in her hand, Cressy hurried through the lawn, up the little *borheen* that led to the wood, and almost into the arms of a tall, handsome boy who leaped out of the wood to meet her.

"Dear Gerald, am I late?" she cried, breathless with running. "Won't the day be lovely? We'll have a grand time in the wood!"

"I can't go to-day, Cress," said Gerald.

"What! no primroses to-day! The boys will have every one in your bank before morning. You bold boy, why can't you come to-day?"

"I wish I could, Cress, but I must go to the hunt. You know we close the season to-day, and papa will have a grand rout at the Castle to-night. I'll be going to College to-morrow; so papa wouldn't hear of my leaving the hunt. We're to have a great day at the Mountain Cover."

"I wish I could go with you, Gerald," sighed Cressy, looking tenderly up into his clear, earnest face.

"You little fool! What would you do if you came to a stonewall?"

"Why you'd help me over, of course. Wouldn't you?" was the saucy reply.

And if Mr. Artslade saw the caress with which Gerald answered her, and if he saw the light hearted pair as they looked among the green trees this sunny April morning, the sight might

have strengthened certain vague notions that occasionally flitted through his mind on this same subject.

For, though both of them were children in innocence and artlessness of thought, they were old enough in years to excite the comment of a world they hardly dreamed of. Gerald O'Dwyer was verging on seventeen, and only a deep spiritual nature saved him from knowing more of the world and its ways than Kilsheelan's simple ethics could teach him. As for Cressy, she was for years without a mother, almost without a friend; and now, at the age of fourteen, in the first engaging bloom of girlhood, she was as artless and impulsive in her likings and dislikings as though she were still a baby.

They knew only that it was sweet to go to the wood for flowers together; to romp in the park together; to climb the blue Galtee mountain together, and look at the children playing in the village below. What recked they beyond, save only of the thunder storm that might spoil their rambles, or the winter that might shrivel up their trees and flowers?

"Cress, I must be off," said he at last. "The primroses will wait till to-morrow morning."

"But you'll be going to that horrid college."

"Not before I pluck you the primroses. Hallo, Cress, why shouldn't Charlie go with you? Here he's up the lane."

"Oh! he'll do lovely," cried Cressy, running down the lane to meet a dull-looking boy at whose heels yelped an ugly bull puppy. "Charlie, you must come to the wood with me to pick primroses."

"Very well," said Charlie Sackwell, staring leisurely at Cressy and her companion through his large blue eyes.

"You're a darling."

"But I must feed the pup first," said Charlie, in his own simple way.

"You're a brute!" cried the girl, with a pert shake of the head.

"Very well," said the impassive Charlie. "Come Snoozer." And he turned to go.

"You're not; you're not," she cried, running after him. "You're a dear Charlie, and so is Snoozer."

"Will we go picking the primroses so, Cressy?" said the boy. "Snoozer can wait for his dinner. Can't you, Snoozer?"

Snoozer said he could, as graciously as any bull pup of his weight and age could say it. So Cressy and Charlie and Snoozer went to the wood for primroses, while Gerald scampered over the fields to Kilsheelan Park, and in the

twinkling of an eye was seated firmly in the saddle among a myriad of boisterous fox-hunters.

## CHAPTER II.

## PLOTING.

Mr. Albin Artslade, when he left the breakfast-room in rage, took refuge in the sanctum, which, for want of a more appropriate name, he called his study. It was a well furnished room with no other pretence to the character of a study than a few musty law books and pile of dirty sheets of vellum heaped around an escritoire near a window gave it. Into a chair he flung himself doggedly, and buried his face in his hands.

It is time for us to let the reader know all that was known of him. Mr. Albin Artslade was an upstart—not one whose nobility had triumphed over circumstance, but one who had cunning and unscrupulousness to advance a vulgar ambition. Such account of his antecedents as reached Kilsheelan, averred that he had amassed money as a law attorney and money-lender in London. About a year before our tale opens, he came to Tipperary as the purchaser of Ashenfield—a large tract of the estate of the Lord of Kilsheelan, forfeited on a mortgage debt by his wild improvidence. He did all that money could do to embellish the place and add to his own consideration. But the stamp of vulgar pretension was on everything he did. Besides, the reckless, caste-loving squires of Tipperary resented his intrusion as a menace to themselves; for they, too, had their encumbrances and their mortgages to make them sympathetic with O'Dwyer Garv of Kilsheelan, the very pattern of the Irish gentlemen of his day. They put himself and his money-bags in a social quarantine, whence all efforts of flattery, or menace failed to release him. He found himself shunned and despised—his uncouth vulgarities laughed at; his wealth, even, a reproach. The one advance he obtained in political dignity, made him only the more obnoxious to his neighbors. He was by the influence of the government, made member of parliament for the close borough of Pethard—a post that none of the native gentry would accept, since it involved acquiescence in the detested project of a Union. Mr. Artslade had no such scruples, and, if he had, would have immolated them cheerfully to so tempting a prospect of advantage; but the result was that the magic words M. P., far from unlocking society to him, left him in still colder and more hopeless isolation.

If Mr. Artslade was only a common pretender, he might have bowed under the galling humiliations, but he was more. He had a native energy of character, which burned to demolish obstacles; and he was a deep hater. Every insult buried itself in his passions, there to be envenomed and saturated with poison until vengeance should find a bow to shoot it back upon its author. He could fawn, even to slavishness; but it was in the fixed belief that slaves would also one day fawn upon him. And woe to him who should seek mercy in that day of triumph! As well invoke mercy from a bull that has been worked into infuriation.

There were some indications of this character in Mr. Artslade's face, which was red, vulgar, and mean-featured; yet bore, in the small, sharp eyes, and in the firm lines of the mouth, some likeness of the strong will which hid behind that patched and smirking mask.

Such was the man we saw bowed over the escriptoire in a strong spasm of rage and pain.

He had sat there for a long time without moving when he was aroused by a tap at the door, succeeded by the entrance of his English valet, Langton.

"The Dublin mail, sir, just arrived," said he laying a bundle of letters on the table.

Mr. Artslade glanced carelessly over them till his eye fell on one, which bore the official stamp of Dublin Castle.

He tore the seals hastily. It came from the office of the Under Secretary of State, and read thus:

"April 22nd, 1799.

Sir,—You will, I am sure, bear in recollection the subject of our late interview. I endeavoured to impress upon you then, that a Legislative Union with Great Britain has become a vital necessity to the government of this country, as, indeed, to all good citizens. Since that time it has become more necessary to make all exertions to counteract the growing hostility to this measure. No effort can be spared to carry it swiftly and effectively. I write to you with the frankness that is due to you as a recognized supporter of the king's government; but my present object does not so much concern yourself, about whose loyalty the Ministry feel no anxiety, as some of your Tipperary colleagues whose obstinacy gives them grievous embarrassment. To convert their hostility into friendship would be a service which, added to your present claims, would merit and receive the highest recompense the Ministry have it in their power to bestow. In particular I would direct your attention to

the county members, O'Dwyer Garv of Kilsheelan, and Mr. Sackwell of Monard, whose conversion would be a tower of strength to the loyal in those parts. O'Dwyer Garv is known to be ruinously in debt. If by any means his creditors could be discovered, we would at once have an engine to bend him to our wishes. Of this you will have a care. You will understand me fully when I say a *precious end is worthy precious means*. Be this your warrant in the achievement. Early in the session I trust to receive from yourself, advertisement of your success, whereunto you have my heartiest commendations."

As he read the letter over and over again, an unpleasant smile, half grin, half sneer came over Mr. Artslade's face. With every moment's reflection, his triumph grew, till he leaped from his seat and slapped the table boisterously.

"The proud beggars! my turn has come at last!" he cried, rubbing his big red hands together in a paroxysm of excitement. "If this union affair don't bring them to my feet, then there's no reading plain facts."

He rang the bell hurriedly.

"Langton," he cried, "Brandy."

"Yes, sir," said Langton, marvelling much at his master's unwonted exhilaration.

A decanter and glass were shortly at his side.

"That will do," he cried gruffly. "Go."

"Hall right sir." And Langton went, mourning for the thousandth time over his misfortune in exchanging the polished society of Coekaigne for realms where plush and civilization were so sadly outraged.

Mr. Artslade helped himself generously, almost fiercely to the brandy, which made the fire in his eyes burn brighter and the veins swell till his forehead was like a corded diagram of passion.

"I'm an upstart, am I?" he cried, with a laugh that was more like a snort. "I must be shunned like a plague?—all my offers of friendship, flung in my teeth?—I must be driven back to obscurity by a pack of conceited profligates! And all because I am a nameless Englishman—because I can't ape gentility—because I can't reckon a score of pompous thieves and beggars on my family tree! Bah! I'll have my revenge for all this. I'll make them bow—the proudest of them—to the upstart yet."

In the same excited spirit he leaped to the window, and snapped his fingers fiercely at the residence of his arch-enemy, O'Dwyer Garv of Kilsheelan. The old place looked provokingly grand. Its time-worn frou rose in the wooded park with a calm majesty that seemed to anni-



hilate his pultry wrath. Every ancient token of an ancient line seemed to rebuke his littleness,

Mr. Artslade felt humiliated; but his humiliation was one against which his soul mutinied. He could have buried the whole scene in destruction; he would have gloried in tearing down the haughty old castle, stone by stone; he could have uprooted every oak in the park; strangled every proud deer that roamed there. Even the blue Gallees behind, offended him, for were they not old and dignified? Had they not a history which poured the lustre of eventful centuries around Kilsheelan? Were they not all partners in the conspiracy to blast the ambition of his life?

And yet in spite of himself, there was a stamp of greatness upon all these things, even as upon their haughty master, which awed an idolator of greatness such as Artslade was, and made him sigh rather for participation in their grandeur, than triumph in their annihilation. Fain would he embody himself in the picture, rather than efface it.

"If there was any way of conciliating O'Dwyer—," he reflected, his passion giving way to imbecile sycophancy. "Would anything induce him to vote for this Union? If so, I would be at once his confidant and his benefactor! He's nigh beggary—it is in my power to make him a rich man again, and that for one pultry vote. 'A precious end is worthy precious means.' So says the Secretary. It means riches—title—anything. Will he accept? Pshaw! am I mad?" he cried suddenly. "O'Dwyer Garv accept a favor from me? He'd burn in hell's flames first. Be it so; he shall accept, or quit Kilsheelan."

Going to the *escritoire*, Mr. Artslade unlocked it, and from one of the drawers produced a roll of parchment deeds, which he untied and perused glotingly.

"Poor fool!" he exclaimed. "Little he thinks what an asp he was dealing with when he trod me under foot. Little the Secretary thought what a good quarter he was applying to for information of his debts. 'O'Dwyer Garv is known to be ruinously in debt. If by any means his creditors could be discovered——' Ha, ha! His creditors! Say rather his creditor, for there isn't an acre of land in Kilsheelan that isn't mortgaged in these," and he laid his hand triumphantly on the deeds. Not an acre! "Little notion he has of who his London creditor is. He doesn't mind debts, forsooth!—never thinks of paying them! He never will, but he'll pay the forfeit! By heaven he will!"

And if the fate of Kilsheelan lay in those parchments, woe indeed for its glories!

"Mr. Sackwell sir—called to see you, sir—shall I say your *rup*, sir, sir?" said the valet, popping his head into the room.

"Sackwell—oh! yes. Show him in," said Mr. Artslade, refolding the mortgage-deeds hurriedly and replacing them in the *escritoire*. Then to himself: "If I loathe anybody more than myself it's this smirking hypocrite—he seems to be forever grinning behind my back while he robs my pocket. Never mind, he's an aristocrat, and doesn't spit upon me like the rest. He's come in good time, too; I must sound him on this Union business; of him, at any rate, I'm sure."

Before the door opened, Mr. Artslade found time to restore to his countenance that seeming of slavish complaisance it wore in the world.

"My dear sir, I'm so honored—so delighted," he muttered, with a profusion of bows and awkward wriggles, as he ushered into a seat a blooming old gentleman, whose face was like some intricate piece of smile-making machinery. Eyes and eye-brows, nose, mouth, cheeks and chin combined to produce one all-embracing smile, a gentle-blooded smile; none of your vulgar guffaws, but a sedate essence of benignancy and good-breeding.

The smiling gentleman was Mr. Sackwell of Monard, who possessed three grand classes of earthly property—the smile aforesaid, a numerous family, and an empty exchequer—to harmonise which was the business of his life. In purple youth he had been a patriot and a spendthrift—shouted with Grattan, vowed with the Volunteers, roystered right royally at Monard—but Mrs. Sackwell, and a succession of baby Sackwells, with all their expensive appurtenances, had changed all that, and had set to him the serious puzzle how to reconcile rank with broken fortune. He was neither a good man nor a bad man, had neither principles nor antipathies, save only as far as they affected this one grand problem; but, whatever complexion his thoughts had, his face beamed with a sempiternal proclamation of "peace on earth to men of good will."

Mr. Sackwell shook hands very daintily with his host, and ensconced himself with dignity in an arm-chair.

"Very warm, isn't it?" was his first remark, "I declare I'm quite exhausted with the walk."

"Certainly!" exclaimed Mr. Artslade. "You must be exhausted. Will you try brandy?"

"Oh!—dear no!" said Mr. Sackwell, rather

shocked at the rudeness with which his hint was taken. "But if—you don't like Canary, do you?"

"Canary? Oh yes, very much," said the other, rattling to the bell. "Langton, let's have a bottle of Canary."

Which having been supplied, and quaffed with due relish by Mr. Sackwell (who liked it so well that, on behalf of Mrs. Sackwell, he accepted a case of it for Monard), the conversation turned on other topics.

"By the bye, Mr.—Mr.—" commenced the M. P., fidgetting in seeming confusion for a name he had good reason to remember.

"Artslade, sir, Artslade," suggested the owner of that name, with ill concealed disgust.

"Oh! my dear Sir—of course it's Artslade," cried Mr. Sackwell with one of his sweetest smiles, "I forget names sometimes in a most astonishing way. But I was just going to say I met my Charlie, and your dear little daughter down near the wood as I was coming. They were picking primroses, I think, or something of that sort. She's a lovely child, Mr. Artslade," he said, with the air of a man ready to defend his assertion with his life.

"Thank you, sir. She is a nice child," said Mr. Artslade, with a modest smile; adding mentally "I see this fellow through and through now—he thinks my heiress would not be a bad catch for a young pauper. Still, he's Sackwell of Monard."

"Pity you don't let her go more into society, Mr. Artslade," persued the M. P., with winning innocence.

Well he knew how deep a wound his words caused; but they served his purpose, and they were eminently courteous—two qualities that almost made up perfection in his eyes.

Mr. Artslade cursed deeply within himself but made no reply.

"If she would come over occasionally to Monard, Mrs. Sackwell and the girls would be delighted to see her," Mr. Sackwell said, overflowing with gracious bows and motions.

"I'm sure, sir, you're very kind," said Mr. Artslade meekly, all the while chafing under the helplessness imposed on him by those cruel kindnesses.

But he could bear it no longer. He felt he had the means of turning the tables and making himself the benefactor instead of the insulted beggar. He was not long or delicate in turning it to account.

"Mr. Sackwell," he broke in suddenly, "I wish to speak to you on a very important matter."

There was just a shade of uneasiness on Mr. Sackwell's benning countenance, for he was not sure that the "very important matter" might not have reference to a certain mortgage, whose period of redemption was just expiring.

"They say you're going to vote against the Union," said Mr. Artslade, just as abruptly.

"Well, yes,—oh! yes, certainly—that, is unless"—said Mr. Sackwell with a very peculiar smile "unless I see very good reason to change my opinion."

Mr. Artslade saw his object was won, and, as he was no great master of diplomacy, he left the despatch itself from the Under-Secretary to do the rest. He produced the letter and handed it to Mr. Sackwell.

"Read that, sir," said he, already feeling somewhat of the confidence of power.

Having placed his gold-rimmed spectacles with enough nicety and deliberation to impress on Mr. Artslade that, if the despatch was his death-warrant, it would not disturb his serenity, the member for Tipperary, glanced leisurely over the writing, expressing his emotion only by a single "Hem!" which did not commit him to anything. He refolded it just as leisurely, and returned it to its owner, whose vulgar glee was a good deal sobered by Mr. Sackwell's coolness.

"Ve—ry singular!" mused the latter, half in soliloquy. "The Union has become a necessity to the government, as, indeed, to all good citizens, that I regard as the pith and marrow of the whole thing."

Mr. Artslade thought about "precious ends and means;" but, of course, Mr. Sackwell was not sordid enough to notice that part of the communication.

"The Secretary did not write that without grave cause" continued Mr. Sackwell, subduing his smile to a befitting seriousness.

"Decidedly not, sir," said Mr. Artslade.

"The country must be in danger. Perhaps another Popish rebellion brewing?"

"Nothing more likely" said Mr. Artslade.

"I tell you what, my dear sir, I hope I'm as great a lover of the old land and all that sort of thing as any man"—Mr. Sackwell drew out his handkerchief, but, remembering there was no occasion for tears, only blew his nose sentimentally—"but I say, and I have always said"—which was a lie—"authority must be supported at all hazards. Cripple authority and what security have we, the oldest or the highest of us?"

"Very true" assented Mr. Artslade, who, though he was behind the scenes in the pantomime, saw that all this mummy had its meaning.

"Therefore," pursued Mr. Sackwell, "therefore, when authority says the Union is a necessity, 'tis time for every loyal man to think seriously of it."

"I agree with you entirely, sir," said Mr. Artslade; adding mentally, "Curse the fellow's hypocrisy: why don't he name his price?"

"How-ever," said the old gentleman, smiling blandly while reflecting that this vulgar commoner should have no easy triumph, and perhaps the government's no cheap purchase. "However, 'tis well the government should know that in all Tipperary, there's hardly a supporter of the Union. The men of note are all opposed to it"—the "all" was emphasized most delicately—"and I need not tell you how the common people go."

"True" said Mr. Artslade. "The government would have all the more reason to be grateful for support given in the face of so much opposition. Beside," he added, with an awkward bow, "such support as yours would not be long attracting others."

"Well, well," said Mr. Sackwell, rising to go, "I'll think the matter over as every citizen should. If you should be communicating with the Secretary, you may tell him I will be happy to hear from him some reasons for supporting the Union: at present I see few."

"Be assured he will satisfy you, sir," replied the other, without the least disguise of language.

"By the bye, Mr. Artslade," said his visitor, as if suddenly recollecting it. "There's a little mortgage between us, I think—a trifle of £1,000, if I don't mistake——"

"My dear sir, don't mention it," said the other. "This is its proper place," and singling out the mortgaged-deed from among a bundle he thrust it into the fire.

"Oh! come, that's too bad!" cried Mr. Sackwell in a very amiable fit of wrath, "I would not have wished it for ten times the amount."

He was at length, however, persuaded into Christian resignation, and by the time he reached Monard, was so well reconciled to the sad fate of the mortgage deed, that if tradition lie not, he performed something flavoured of an Irish jig for the edification of Mrs. Sackwell and her interesting half dozen of daughters, who thereupon concluded that hope was going mad and executed more correct fits of hysterics.

(To be continued.)

The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the quicker the sands of her life run out.

## THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

"Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly  
Never met, or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

In the barony of Fermoy, and on the bank of the river Funcheon, lie the ruins of the ancient church of Molaga, celebrated for the crowds of devotees that resort there to testify their respect for the Saint and to invoke his intercession. An ancient tradition of the country also relates that this cemetery contains the remains of two lovers, whose matchless constancy and melancholy fate will only be forgotten when the currents of the Funcheon cease to flow.

Mary Fleming was the daughter of a rich farmer that held extensive lands in the fair and fertile tract of Glanworth, or the Golden Vale, so called from its yellow harvests. He claimed descent from the Flemings, the magnificent remains of whose stately castle crowns the bank of the Funcheon at the vilage of Glanworth, which anciently was a considerable town. Mary Fleming was an only child, and her father, a sordid man, was anxious to procure for her the hand of a wealthy suitor—one whose herds and pastures would equal his own. Many of the neighboring farmers, no less smitten with Mary's fortune than captivated with her pleasing exterior and graceful, unaffected manners, at the occasional patron or rural dance of a Sunday afternoon, offered her those tender attentions the meaning of which the most untaught of Eve's daughters are not slow in understanding, but she received their advances with cold civility. Some young men ventured to make formal proposals to Fleming, and though the character and means of those suitors were unexceptionable, yet she unaccountably rejected them. At length a wealthy person from a remote district came and sued for her hand. The advantages of this proposal were too obvious to be contemned. Fleming accepted him as his future son-in-law, and when he placed in review before his daughter the good qualities and extensive pastures of her suitor, she declared with that bluntness of simplicity which is characteristic of the female mind when untainted by the simulating affectations of refinement, that she would not wed the greatest man in the four provinces, for it would be the death of Shamus Oge O'Keefe, who she knew loved her better than his own life.

Some ten months after this, in the twilight of a gloomy November evening, a tall figure wrap-

ped in a large, dark cloak was seen slowly to wend his course along the Funcheon towards the well of St. Molaga. It was Shamus Oge O'Keefe in whose favor Mary Fleming declared herself as above related.

At that time he was a tall, commanding figure, where strength and agility finely blended. His family were in decaying circumstances at his birth; but he received a liberal education, for he had been brought up by his uncle, a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, who dying when he was young, left Shamus no other inheritance than poverty; and he returned to his widowed mother's cottage to share her scanty means, and assist in the cultivation of a few fields which remained from the reck of their ruined fortunes.

When her father heard Mary's abrupt declaration in favor of Shamus Oge O'Keefe, he stood aghast with surprise; for though that young man immediately after his return to his mother's cottage, was fortunate enough to preserve Mary Fleming from drowning, a stranger to the warmth of gratitude himself, he hardly reflected on the extent of the obligation due to Shamus Oge, or thought that his daughter's intimacy with her deliverer exceeded the bounds of mere acquaintance. He procured one whose influence ought to have been directed to better ends, to tamper with the simplicity of the untaught girl, who, by authority and persuasion, so wrought upon her religious feelings that she was induced to believe that entertaining a secret passion for any person contrary to the wishes of her father, was in direct opposition to the laws of God; and that to atone in some measure for her crime, and to avoid eternal misery hereafter, she should promise to marry the husband of her father's choice. The weak girl, terrified by the artful representations of one whom she was taught to look up to as the interpreter of every doubt, yielded reluctant consent—promised to abandon Shamus Oge O'Keefe forever—and the day was already fixed for her marriage with the wealthy stranger to whom we before alluded.

During the progress of this baleful proceeding, her unfortunate lover made frequent attempts to see her, but his endeavors were baffled by her father's vigilance. The ruin of his hopes, the rumored inconstancy of the maid he idolized—the consuming restless flame that burned within his breast—all preyed with fatal activity upon his constitution. At length he heard that the day had been fixed for Mary Fleming's wedding; he resolved to see her once more, to bid her eternal adieu. to catch a part-

ing view of one he loved so tenderly, and then return to his bed of death, or to eternal exile from his native land. Let fate do its worst, he was prepared to suffer. For this he sought an interview, and Mary promised to meet him by the twilight hour on this day, at the well of St. Molaga. When Mary Fleming arrived in the haze of the twilight gloom at the appointed place she could scarce believe that the emaciated figure which bent before her was the gay and accomplished youth who delighted her eye a few short months before. The calm despair that sat on his marble brow; the death-like paleness of his cheek—and the faint glance of his glazed and sunken eye, appalled her, and flinging herself upon the chilly snow, wild and broken bursts of feeling seemed to convulse her very soul.

"O Shamus Oge! is this the reward of your faithful love? Are that sunken cheek and hollow eye Mary Fleming's gifts for rescuing her from certain death, on that day when the waters of the rapid Funcheon were closing over her head? O! had I then died I should not now be the ruin of your health, and the destruction of my own soul."

"Surely you do not apprehend that to trample on my sacred feelings, and, with more than woman's inconstancy, despise that honorable passion which you yourself approved and encouraged, can merit the exemplary punishment you mention?"

"O, poor bewildered heart!—did not Father F——, the priest of God, who know more than a thousand like me—did not he say there was an eternity of pain for disobedient children?—that I could not innocently have a liking for any young man, unless with my father's approbation;—that what young people call love is but a snare of the tempter's to lead souls to perdition. O! he bewildered my brain—every night in my dreams I saw hell open to receive us; and last Sunday I swore to renounce you for ever; and marry Myles Mahoney."

"Mary," said he, with a calm and collected tone, "I forgive you; and may God forgive them that practiced on your simplicity of heart. My feelings are not like those of other men, my love has been as fierce as the lava-fire which burns in the bowels of Etna. It has consumed the marrow of my bones; this is the last time I shall obtrude my accents on your ear. Never, never more shall this unfortunate wretch cross the pathway of your future life. Mary, farewell for ever."

The wretched Mary Fleming gave her re-

luctant hand to Myles Mahoney on the next Sunday, and it is said that the unfortunate girl heard the mournful howling of O'Keefe's little dogs \* during the marriage ceremony. This denoted that a descendant of the race of O'Keefe was dead, and the report soon prevailed that Shamus Oge O'Keefe had breathed his last. The bride, in all settled calmness of despair, with a firm, subdued tone and tearless eye, requested her husband's permission to weep one half hour over the corpse of Shamus Oge O'Keefe; it was the request of her bridal night.

Nor did he deny the melancholy boon. She came, and the following is a literal translation of the dirge or *caoine* she uttered over her beloved youth. The original words are sung to a melancholy air by the peasantry of Roche's Country:

"O! deep despair! O dreadful doom to view there laid low in death; beloved by the tears of the wretched many."

"I little thought when I gave thee the vow that I should send thee to an untimely grave; but Heaven beholds I would yield my life to preserve thine."

"We exchanged in mutual love a token and never shall I break the holy promise. I will prize forever the sacred pledge that bound me when thy chaste, modest arm encircled my waist."

"Ye fair maidens whose pearly tears are falling, whose bosoms are melting with generous compassion, ye are sensible that Shamus Oge had many a charm to win me; and warm into love the heart that now breaks in my bosom."

"His was the speech of the wild roe of the mountain, the unrivalled blush of the rose, the mildness of the dove; the retiring modesty of the cowslip. Many a virgin sighed for his love."

"Our favorite thorn has heard the vows we plighted, and though artifice has doomed me the bride of another, I shall be thine, pure and undefiled; though my father basely sold me for gold, I shall fly to thy embrace—no powers of earth can restrain me."

"A hated husband—let other arms embrace him. The virgin bridal bed shall be the grave of his lover. His blest spirit shall hover on the wing till his betrothed fly to his eternal society."

"Wait, wait a while! My soul warm, sighs to rejoin thee. Our greeting shall be unalloyed in the realms of peace, and our bridal sleep shall know no waking. This song of sorrow

shall cease, for Shamus Oge calls his beloved—  
I go! I go!"

Her song of lamentation was hushed.

She laid her bosom on that of her lifeless lover and heaved one deep sigh—it was her last; for when the mourners who attended the corpse sought to remove her, they found her heart and its sorrows hushed in eternal repose.

Fleming would not permit that the remains of his unfortunate daughter should repose in the same grave with Shamus Oge O'Keefe; they rest in the respective burying places of their families, which were contiguous; and the next spring beheld two trees planted by unknown hands unite in midway; and form, by their intervening branches, the figure called a true lover's knot, emblematic of their changeless fidelity in life and death.

\* It is said that the approaching death of an O'Keefe is announced by a supernatural melancholy cry resembling the howling of dogs. A man in Duhallo lately assured me that he both saw the three little dogs and heard their howling at the time the last representative of the O'Keefe family died.

#### TO MARY.

Ah I wait me, Holy Virgin, to sublimer thoughts of thee,

While a theme, so full of beauty, thrills me with its melody.

On the pinions of my fancy do I mount th' empyreal dome,

To behold the nameless splendor of your glorious seral home.

O! Maria, thou hast ever watched and guarded me thro' youth.

Thou hast aided, when I faltered, in the narrow path of truth.

O I love thee—dearly love thee—and I yet shall bless thy name.

While my spirit breathes within me, while I feel life's short-lived flame.

I shall bless thee, ever bless thee as the guardian of my life:

As the light that ever lit me thro' its never-ending strife.

And I pray thee to continue all this love thou hast for me,

'Till my soul, in radiant glory, shall unite in bliss with thee.

Aid me in life's dreary pathway, on my journey to the grave,

Fading; with thy brighter splendor, all the clouds that round me wave.

Oh! from out thy home of glory—from thy bright celestial throne—

Guided with surpassing brightness and a splendor of its own.

Look on me, a weary exile, on a sea of sorrow cast:

Glad me with thy smiles of gladness, 'till the storms of life are passed.

Let thy spirit hover o'er me; let it light my lonely way,

'Till I feel the joy of Heaven, that shall never pass away.

'Till I gaze upon thy beauty, with a bright immortal eye,

Queen of all the hidden glory of the realms beyond the sky.

AN EXILE, (Clonmel.)

# THE HARP.

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

51.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

All Communications to be addressed to F. CALLAHAN,  
Printer and Publisher, 35 St. John Street, Montreal.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1874.

It is right that we should acknowledge, as early as possible, the generous response that has been made to our appeal in favor of THE HARP. From all parts of the Dominion we have received cheering communications, enclosing substantial aid. We heartily thank our many friends, and again promise our best exertions to requite their kindness, and to render THE HARP a good publication in every sense.

**HOME RULE.**—We have stated in our Prospectus that this question would be always regarded as important in these columns, and we propose, in this, our first issue, to furnish proof to this effect, to consist of facts, and reasoning therefrom, such as will, we trust, ensure, at least, attention and consideration. At the outset, however, we would take occasion to deprecate a feeling of disrespect, or of levity bordering upon it, on the part of all who approach the study of this grave question. A distinguished English writer, GOLWIX SMITH, commences a recent letter on Home Rule in these solemn words:

"Not all the actual wrongs of Ireland have made a worse impression, or done more to prevent the cordial union of Ireland and England, than the want of courtesy with which a large section of English writers and speakers have habitually treated the complaints and aspirations of the Irish people."

And Mr. SMITH further advises this class of critics that:

"Home Rule, however undesirable in English eyes, is, at least, a public object. To those who sincerely believe in it, it is a patriotic object. It is better than corruption, servility, or mere wealth-worship. It is at least as good as our national beverage and our national religion. If ability and public spirit have anywhere a chance of success in elections against money, it is rather in Ireland than in England."

This rebuke, and this instruction are alike correct. It is time that Englishmen, and those who have become Anglicised, we mean on Irish

questions, should understand that "Ireland is a separate island, not a group of English counties;" and that we have the admission of the best English historian, LISGARD, that when Henry the Second projected his invasion of this island, "the Irish were a free and unoffending people." With this admonition, conceived in all fairness, we shall proceed with our views of Ireland's right to Home Rule, and the necessity of such a regime, not only to her material prosperity, but to the continued existence of her distinctive and noble nationality.

With regard to her right to regulate her internal affairs, the *dictum* of Mr. MILL expressed with simplicity and clearness, and may be said to be the sum of all that has ever been said on the subject:

"Every civilized country is entitled to settle its internal affairs in its own way, and no other country ought to interfere with its discretion, because one country, even with the best intention, has no chance of properly understanding the affairs of another."

England's experience as regards Ireland fully establishes this. Allowing that she has had the best intention, and this is hard to allow, it is yet admitted by Mr. FRODE, and patent to the universe, that seven hundred years of interference shows that her understanding of Irish affairs is fatally defective, producing only disorganization, distress, and hatred.

What is the present condition of Ireland? Is it better than O'Connell described in 1843: "Exporting cattle we ought to eat, and importing goods we ought to manufacture?" Let a most reliable Irish authority answer, the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, a most carefully conducted paper, always free from dangerous enthusiasm. Its number of the 6th January, 1872, thus speaks:

"It is hard to glance in retrospect at the year which is dead without lamenting its likeness to years which have rolled by and made no change in the commercial condition of the Irish nation. We cannot fasten upon one scheme, one enterprise. We have long been in the wake of nations; have been *perforce* compelled to lag when nations less gifted have made advance."

In another authentic statement we find this established more in detail,—and such details! It is shewn that the decrease in the money value of cereal and other crops in Ireland in 1871 as compared with 1851, amounted to the enormous sum of £19,697,059; and again, that the decrease in 1872 as compared with 1852, was

£20,765,985. The last returns of the Registrar-General tell the further tale that there was less land under crops in 1873 by 261,804 acres, than in 1872, and if we estimate the decreased production at £10 per acre, we shall have to add to the above deficit not less than £2,618,040.

Much is said of the increase of live stock of late in Ireland, but it does little, indeed, towards compensating for the loss of the crops. What is the extent of this increase? In twenty years it amounted to £4,364,719, and when this is deducted from the falling off in the value of other productions in the same period, viz., £23,384,025, where, we ask, has been the gain to the nation by the cultivation of bullocks? The gain! Why the fact is, that because of so much land being given up to these bullocks, food has to be imported. In 1845, with a population three millions larger than the present, £5,284,079 worth of corn was exported. In 1872 corn was imported to the value of £8,874,171.

There is another important source of wealth and industry also declining, the fisheries. These were of great importance at one time in Ireland. Not less than twenty acts of the Irish Parliament are to be found relating to them affording encouragement from time to time. They furnished 10,000 trained seamen to the Royal Navy at one time, and on the 12th April, 1782, men from that body composed the ship's companies which, under the command of Lord Rodney, obtained a brilliant victory over the Count de Grasse. In 1848 there were 19,652 vessels engaged in these fisheries, with 81,717 men and boys; in 1872 we find only 7,914 vessels, with only 31,311 men and boys so engaged!

Much is said about increased deposits in Savings Banks in Ireland. It appears that the average deposits in the year 1844, '45, and '46 were £2,842,141; in 1870, '71, and '72 the average was £2,818,526, a decline of nearly £40,000 annually,—not much, it may be said, but twenty-five years of the prosperity talked of by the English press should shew very different figures. And with all this the taxation of Ireland for Imperial purposes has been increasing! The amount of taxes from 1833 to 1852 was £84,230,020. In the twenty years following, that is, from 1853 to 1872, the total was £132,135,406, or a sickening increase of £48,000,000!

Here is a sad picture. In the short period of twenty years the population of Ireland has decreased three millions; the material resources

of the country have been declining, land falling out of cultivation; and taxation for Imperial demands increasing enormously!

In no other country in the civilized world has such a state of things existed in modern times; on the contrary, the last quarter of a century has been remarkable for the wonderful material progress of all the other nations of the earth.

Now, what is the remedy for Ireland? Is it to continue the present form of connection with England?

The present form of connection!

A continued renunciation of self-government!!

On the 28th February, 1843, O'Connell spoke thus. The wisdom of his words are more striking to-day than ever;

"Let me ask you," he said, "do you know any country which has submitted to slavery that has not purchased poverty along with it? What country has ever given up her power for self-government but brought ruin on its people? And do you know any country that has risen to liberty without achieving prosperity at the same time? Look to the United States of America, look to Venice, to Switzerland, look to Belgium, but the other day a pitiful Province of Holland, taxed most enormously for the bread, the meat, and, in fact, everything used in the country, and now look to the prosperity that extends throughout its surface. Again, to Norway, an instance that I like to cite, for although Belgium offered to take a separate legislature when it was refused to her she withdrew altogether; but in Norway the people have a separate and independent Parliament, involved in no concerns but its own, and though Norway had been overloaded with a disproportionate share of the public debt by Sweden, her native Parliament has succeeded in paying off every penny that they owed.

"Though a barren and sterile land, frozen in winter, and overheated in summer, it has, through the exertions of a domestic Parliament, acquired a degree of prosperity never before known amongst its population."

It would appear, then, that Ireland wants what Norway secured,—a domestic Parliament, in other words, HOME RULE. But some, ignorant of what Norway was or is, ask what is Home Rule? And others, who pretend to know what it is, say it is impracticable. Was it so from 1782 to 1800?

Under the Irish Parliament as it previously existed, we grant that little good was done.

On the contrary, England's aggressive policy—which, according even to Froude, showed "the meanest and basest spirit of commercial jealousy,"—was acquiesced in; but the reason is soon told. It was not an Irish Parliament. It was composed of Orangemen, who, as BANIM has well said, have no country, and who were under such obligations to England for upholding them in Ireland, against every principle of public right, that they had to yield to her exactions, however severe. England demanded that the trade and manufactures of Ireland should be made subject and subservient to her own, and the Orange-ascendancy party, fearful of losing their ill-gotten gains, basely laid the dearest interests of the country at the feet of her jealous and unjust rival.

But, here we would observe that bad as this Parliament was it was better than none. It was the right thing perverted, but still susceptible of being again made useful by the breath of sound public opinion. In the chapter on "Political Progress" in Mosely's "Political Elements," it is said, that "a new bad law is better than none at all, for even a bad statute is good in this, that it affords a means of framing a good one upon it. It is even that bad statute that gives rise to, that formed the necessary groundwork for a good one, that shows us what a good one was, or would be." LORD MACAULY in his grand essay on the life of WILLIAM PITT, tells, that "the Whig Ministers of George the First and George the Second were compelled to reduce corruption to a system, and to practice it on a gigantic scale."

But he adds, "the remedy was surely not to deprive the House of Commons of its weight in the State. To destroy corruption by introducing despotism would have been to cure bad by worse. The proper remedy, evidently, was, to make the House of Commons responsible to the nation, to place every member on his trial before the tribunal of public opinion, and by so reforming the Constitution and the House that no man should be able to sit in it who had not been returned by a respectable and independent body of constituents."

This change was, to a great extent, at length effected in the Irish House of Commons. GRATTAN arose!

"Ever glorious Grattan, the best of the good."

His vivifying and purifying eloquence soon secured for his adored country a Parliament worthy of the name, one true to her honor and interests.

The victory of 1782 was won! Commercial

freedom was secured, foreign and colonial markets were opened to Ireland's trade and manufactures; and what a rush of prosperity do we not then witness!

PITT testified to it in the English House of Commons.

LORD CLARE declared "that no nation on the habitable globe had advanced with the same rapidity in the same period."

LORD PLUNKET spoke of the country "advancing with a rapidity astonishing even to herself; her revenues, her trade, her manufactures, thriving beyond the hope or the example of any other country of her extent."

The Right Hon. JOHN FOSTER, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, spoke of the Constitution of 1782 as having "showered down the blessings of trade and affluence."

THE DUBLIN GUILD OF MERCHANTS declared, in public meeting on the 14th January, 1799, that "the commerce of Ireland has increased, and her manufactures have improved beyond example since the independence of the kingdom was restored by the exertions of our countrymen in 1782."

That this Parliament became extinct, and by its own act, is no answer. It terminated its own existence not because it was an Irish Parliament, but because it had ceased to be one, because of acts on the part of English agents, "so flagitious and treasonable," says Sir JOHN BARRINGTON, that, "for the sanctioning of them," he continues, "PITT should have lost his head." The men whose votes abolished that Parliament were not Irishmen. "They were a despicable gang of scoundrels," says WALTER SAVAGE LANDER, in a letter to O'CONNELL. "You are right, sir," replies O'CONNELL, "but they were English and Scotch scoundrels."

Before CASTLEREAGH bought seats for these men,—English and Scotch pensioners, residing in Ireland,—the Irish Parliament was not perfect, no Parliament was then, scarcely have we reached perfection yet, but we have seen what great good it had effected; and we find further important testimony in its favor from O'CONNELL. In the speech we have already quoted from he says:

"But for the Union we should have been emancipated by our Protestant fellow-countrymen long before. In 1778 they restored the Catholic to the full enjoyment of all property they then held, and enabled them to acquire long terms of years in lands. In 1782 the Irish Protestants restored the Catholics to the capacity of acquiring any species of freehold



property, and to enjoy it equally with Protestants. In 1792 and '93 the learned professions were, to a certain extent, opened to Catholics,—the grand jury box, the magistracy, partial rank in the army, were all conceded by the Irish Protestants to their Catholic fellow-countrymen. But, grandest of all, the elective franchise was restored. Under these circumstances, but for the Union, full and complete emancipation could have been conceded before 1803."

This was much liberality for that day; and had such a legislature been allowed to go on, it would have gone on and prospered. The guidance and goodness of GRATTAN and his like would, undoubtedly, have fully developed its powers of usefulness, and Ireland would this day be a different country from what we have describing.

But, as we have said, some will ask,—What is Home Rule?

Briefly, it means a Parliament in Ireland which would stand towards the Parliament in England in the same relation as HALIBURTON describes "Colonial Assemblies":

"The one supreme in all external, the other in all internal matters."

But to be more explicit, we will copy the authorised declaration of the principles of the Irish Home Rule League, as we find it in a publication just received from Dublin:

It is hereby declared as the essential and fundamental principles of the League, that the objects and the only objects contemplated by its organization are:

To obtain for our country in accordance with the ancient and constitutional rights of the Irish nation, the privilege of managing our own affairs by a Parliament assembled in Ireland, and composed of the Sovereign, the Lords and the Commons of Ireland.

To secure to the Irish Parliament the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland.

To leave to the Imperial Parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the Imperial Crown and Government, legislation regarding the Colonies and other dependencies of the Crown, the relations of the Empire with Foreign States, and all matters appertaining to the defence and stability of the Empire at large; as well as the power of granting and providing the supplies necessary for Imperial purposes.

To secure to the Irish people the advantage of constitutional government, by making

it a part of such Federal arrangement that there should be in Ireland an administration of for Irish affairs, controlled, according to constitutional principles, by the Irish Parliament, and conducted by Ministers constitutionally responsible to that Parliament.

To obtain these objects by legal and constitutional means.

And next we will submit an equally clear, and most admirable exposition by an Englishman, Mr. JENKINS, member for Dundee in the Imperial Parliament, and the recently appointed agent for Canada in England. In a paper on IMPERIAL FEDERALISM, published in the *Contemporary Review* of January, 1871, and since that given to the public in pamphlet form, Mr. JENKINS thus speaks:

"I have left to the last, because it is a local and subordinate object, though very important, and in some quarters put forward as a main argument for Federalism—the consideration of the part which Ireland has in this great question. Latterly, at least, she cannot justly complain of Imperial inattention, though it is not so clear that she can be grateful for the Imperial estimate of her requirements. One of the questions which recently convulsed the empire, I mean the land question, was properly local, and its final settlement might even now be facilitated by leaving it to an Irish House of Commons. There is no denying that at present Ireland is governed by superior force, moral and physical, from without herself, and such a relation must be, *may ought to be*, a source of discontent. The contingent which she contributes to the Imperial legislature is so overpowered by the other representatives as to divest of anything except pretence the notion that her people are governed in accordance with their wishes. All that they can do is to chaffer with successive ministries, buying concessions at one time for votes given at another. This is an ignoble position for us, a dastardly position for a high-spirited race like the Irish. It is neither the status of an independent community, nor of a society coherent with our own. Can we wonder that the Irish people are jealous of our sincerest attempts to bless them, and we indignant at their honest attempts to damn us? The most earnest thing we ever did for Ireland, the Irish Church legislation, disquieted the only party in the country that had persistently been loyal to our interests. Is not this a lesson that in such a community it is better to suffer forces to balance themselves, and not by the importation of

foreign make-weights to throw them still more thoroughly out of gear? Would it not be policy to let the Irish people manage their domestic affairs for themselves? Would not the re-establishment of a provincial government, with such limited powers as Federalism must necessarily leave them, elected by household suffrage, reconstruct, encourage, awaken, educate the whole of the Irish society, *which needs all this from top to bottom?* The antagonisms of faith, the difficulties of educational or property legislation, the evils of absenteeism (not so much felt in any single State of the American Union because each protects herself), would be *compulsorily* subdued by the necessity of mutual concession, when no help from without, except the Imperial arm to maintain peace at any cost, could be hoped for by either party. I have already adduced the instance of Lower Canada, where the Protestants obtained from a Roman Catholic minister and a legislature, overwhelmed by Roman Catholics, a liberal educational measure.

"In Ireland I should anticipate similar results from Federalization. The conditions of the establishment of a local government would be different now from those under which the Irish Parliament existed. Society and politics have changed their features. What is needed to complete the regeneration is to cast upon her people the responsibility of their own future. They would know that their action must be regulated by certain principles of liberty which would be enforced for the benefit of the whole Empire. No possibility of Church and State establishment; no chance for preponderating numbers to injure the rights of Imperial citizens within their province; no power to restrict the enjoyment of the franchise."

But all this being said, we are still met by the most extraordinary statement, from Mr. GLADSTONE, too, that there is no way by which to define what are Irish questions; or words to this effect, we quote from memory. Now, one would think that Mr. GLADSTONE, of all living men, knew that there were questions relating peculiarly and distinctively to Ireland; and we dare affirm that had Mr. DISRAELI ventured upon such an assertion a year or two since, Mr. GLADSTONE would have found "a way" of answering him. We entertain deep respect for the ex-Premier, and should be most unwilling to allege that any equivocation was meant by such words, although Dr. NEWMAN says the English House of Commons is the greatest school of equivocation in the world. Be this,

however, as it may, we think, and so must the mass of educated mankind, that it is quite easy to discover what are Irish questions. The very terms, *Great Britain and Ireland*, indicate this plainly enough. And what have the press and politicians of England been complaining of for years but that Irish questions and parties have been the bane of their peace, and their great alarm and anxiety in time of war. Let us glance at a memorable Irish question brought before the House of Commons by the late Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, in the year 1847. It consisted of a railway measure which would have ensured this: expenditure in Ireland of six millions of pound a year for four years, and was meant to combat by means "of prompt and profitable employment" the terrible effects of the famine of that day. The Government resisted this measure, and induced the Irish members to co-operate with them upon a distinct promise that they, the Whig Ministry, would at once introduce a bill to reclaim the wild and waste lands of Ireland, which, it appears, comprise, (after 700 years of England's paternal rule!) nearly ONE-FOURTH OF THE ENTIRE ISLAND.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK'S measure was defeated. But did the promised Government bill ever appear? It did; and, horror of horrors! in a few days "it was abandoned without remorse, and scarcely with decency;" says a contemporary writer; the result to poor, duped, insulted, outraged Ireland, being that in 1851 her circulation was  $4\frac{1}{2}$  millions, instead of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  millions sterling, as certified in 1846; and her population, which in 1846 had reached  $8\frac{1}{2}$  millions, was *cut down* to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  millions.

"So great a diminution of population in so short time," says DISRAELI, "is not to be found in the history of any civilized people, and fills the mind of the statesman with almost appalling thoughts."

It would be far from complimentary to the intelligence of our readers for us to point out the means to which an Irish Parliament would have resorted, ay, *instinctively*, to avert these dire calamities.

"Cork was the most distressed part of Ireland at that time," says DISRAELI, "yet in this year Cork had sent us more than 386,000 barrels of grain. If, then, the people of Cork were starving, *it was not for want of food.*"

What a tale hangs on this admission!

Would not a domestic legislature have found means to apply this food, and the other large quantities which were exported from various parts of Ireland, to the saving of the lives of

the people whose labor had produced it?

It would not be difficult to enlighten Mr. GLADSTONE as to the existence, at this hour, of many questions affecting Ireland in a manner peculiar and marked.

For instance, Sir ROBERT KANE, in a most valuable book, "The Industrial Resources of Ireland," speaks of a district in which "lay around his path masses of iron ore, equally rich with the best employed in England, hills where were concealed all the materials for successful industry;" and yet, "a population starving, and eager to be employed at any price; a district capable of setting them at work, if its resources were directed by honesty and common sense, but all sacrificed to the stock-jobbing speculations of a few men, acting on the gross ignorance and credulity of others."

What a field of operations for Home Rule! How soon would it, necessarily, dispose of these "few men," and dissipate this ignorance!

In a future number we shall say more, for much, much more can be said.

#### PRO PETRI SEDE.

This is the feast of St. Gregory, the 25th of May, a remarkable day for the beginning of a Catholic work. The augury is significant in these days of trouble to the Church; and if its inspiration be understood, there may be awakened from the HARP strains of martial music reminding the Catholic of the "*Deus id Vult*" of the early crusades.

Eight hundred years ago Pope Gregory VII., whom as a Saint the Church honors to-day, occupied the seat of Peter, and, as have been alike his predecessors and those who succeeded him, was an object of attack to the enemies of God. For three years he was besieged in Fort St. Angelo, and he ended his days in exile, because he loved justice. To-day, after so long a lapse of years, we find the infernal spirit of hatred to religion unchanged, and its concentrated *vim* directed against the Head of the Church. The anniversary of St. Gregory cannot fail to make all true Catholics reflect both on their own indifference and the unrelenting, untiring malice of their enemies. To-day our Venerable Pontiff, Pius IX., is a prisoner.

Does it not concern us, sons of Catholic Irishmen, to see our aged Pontiff in captivity? Would we be worthy of our Irish ancestry did we forget our duty to Pius IX.? Thank God, our countrymen have protested against the invasion of Papal rights, and at Castelfidardo and

Mentana have freely mingled theirs with the best blood of Christendom in defence of the Papacy.

The unhappy days of September, 1870, when Rome saw rush through the breach a worse horde of Vandals than ever followed an Atilla, remain unavenged. "Christendom demands the restoration of Rome, its capital. So when Christendom shall make that armed demand, let us not be surprised, but ready to take part as becomes our country and our creed.

Be without a doubt that day is fast approaching; things cannot long remain as at present. The atmosphere is charged with portentous mighty changes, and the minds of thoughtful men see the coming storm. Let it come; but may we be prepared at its outburst; let those who feel within them the Crusader's spirit hold themselves in readiness, for the time is not far off.

At this present moment an open war is being waged against our faith throughout the continent of Europe, almost throughout the world. Let us not deceive ourselves, nor be willingly deceived. There is no peace, for they who preach it most, have essayed to destroy the authority of him who is the appointed arbiter of peace on earth. The organ of the English and Irish Pontifical Zouaves, in a late number says: "When Kings and Emperors refuse peace to the Church of God, how can they dare to promise it to their subjects?" It is in the interests of permanent peace on earth that the Sovereign Pontiff be restored, even at the risk of war.

Among Catholics this is being recognised, and in England and Ireland, Belgium and France, in the United States and here in Canada among our countrymen of French origin, there are established organizations for restoring to his lawful rights the successor of him whose independence as a temporal prince was established by a wise Providence, and confirmed at the hands of Pepin and Charlemagne.

Let us then learn something of these organizations. In our city is established the headquarters of a society organized to promote this end. Its active members have already served as Zouaves. Its name is the "*Union Allet*," whose President at present is Le Chevalier Alfred LaRocque, who, while a Zouave in the Pontifical Army, fought and was gloriously wounded at Mentana. The association is called after Colonel Allet, of the Papal Zouaves. Its Vice-President last year was an Irish-Canadian—Lieut. Hugh Murray, Chevalier of Pius IX.—

who had served ten years in the army of the Pope. He also was wounded at Mentana, and to-day the "Union Allot" wears mourning for the heroic death of their Irish comrade. He had gone in August last to fight in the Catholic cause of Don Carlos VII., of Spain, and on the 6th of February fell mortally wounded at the taking by the Carlists of the town of Manreza.

Perhaps few Irish-Canadian Catholics knew that from among them had gone so noble a man. It was his modesty that prevented his great worth being known. His was a truly Irish heart, and next to his faith he loved everything Irish. Once in Italy, when, after a long fatiguing march under a sun that had compelled many to fall out and stay behind, Lieut. Murray's company, principally composed of Irishmen, reached their destination without a single straggler. Colonel de Charette called him up to compliment him on the behaviour of his company, which he commanded in Capt. d'Arcy's absence. "Colonel," said Murray, "the Irishmen give the step and the others have to follow.

Hugh Murray's has been a grand example for young Irishmen, and may encourage others when the time comes to follow the path he traced for them.

In England there is an organization similar to the "Union Allot." It is called the "League of St. Sebastian." Honorary membership is open to Catholics in America, and may be obtained on application to Mr. James Tracey, of Albany, N. Y.

In New York there is also the St. Michael's Association, whose object is to afford aid and relief to the wounded, or otherwise suffering Pontifical Zouaves and other crusaders, who now are, or may hereafter be in arms, under lawful authority fighting for the liberties of the Pope and of the Catholic Church.

Could there not be formed among us here a society such as some of these? There could easily be established a branch of the League of St. Sebastian. Or, joining with our friends of French descent, no doubt they would allow us an honorable place in the ranks of the "Union Allot."

The Irish are a Celtic race, accustomed to place their confidence in a leader. Let one now appear in this matter to direct us in our wish to prove our devotion to Pius IX.

K.

"HAVEN'T I a right to be saucy, if I please?" asked a young lady of an old bachelor. "Yes, if you please, but not if you displease," was the answer.

## MIDNIGHT MASS IN THE PENAL DAYS

The candles are lit in the lonely glen,  
The priest is vested, the clerk is there:  
A stone for an altar, and women and men  
Are gathering around in the midnight air;  
Gathering up from the spreading vale—  
Gathering down from the mountain pass;  
This Christmas Eve, none must fail  
To tell their beads at the Midnight Mass.

Silently falls the drifting snow—  
Falls as the feet of angels light;  
Still through the thickening gloom they go—  
Go like spectres across the night:  
Stealthily, watchfully over the moor,  
Wary of tarn and deep morass,  
Till they stand by the soggarth's side secure.  
In the Glen of the Gorse, at Midnight Mass.

Grouped together, the young and the old,  
Maiden, matron, sire and son;  
Grouped together the brave and the bold—  
Banned in the valleys their fathers won—  
Kneel they there on the muffled sod,  
Sighful and tearful, alas! alas!  
Bending low in their prayer to God  
For succor and help at the Midnight Mass.

Slowly, solemnly tinkles the bell,  
Raises the priest the roost on high—  
Rises upward with surging swell,  
A sorrowful people's prayerful cry.  
Save us, O God, from the bloodhound's tooth,  
The bigot's wrath, and the scaffold's doom;  
Keep us, O God, in the paths of truth,  
In our woeful journey toward the tomb.

Ruined altar and rifled fane,  
Scattered homestead and blighted hearth,  
Brethren banished and kindred slain,  
These are our trials, Lord, on earth.  
O, let our wail in Thy sight ascend,  
Poor and forlorn we turn to Thee;  
Turn to Thee, as the sufferer's friend,  
For pity, Lord, in our misery.

The rite is over, the Mass is said,  
The blessing is given, the chant is sung,  
The Litany told for the living and dead,  
And scattered again the old and the young.  
Timid and sad on their homeward way,  
Down by the vale and up by the pass,  
Praying to God for a better day [Mas  
For themselves and their faith in the Midnight

Ceases the white snow's ceaseless fall,  
The sickly moon through a pile of clouds  
Shines on the glen where the fleecy pall  
Claps the cold earth in a frozen shroud—  
Was that a shriek on the wind?  
And that the glint of a steel cuirass?  
O God, the wolf's again in the fold,  
And the lamb is slain at the Midnight Mass.

Down in the glen on the Golden Gorse,  
His altar stone for a rigid bier,  
A saintly soggarth lies a corse,  
His bosom pierced with a trooper's spear.  
Still the angel who bears his soul away,  
And sees his heart's blood drop on the grass,  
Will witness bear at the Judgment Day,  
For the priest and his flock at the Midnight Mass.

## MR. BUTT, Q.C., M.P.

The distinguished Irishman, Isaac Butt, Q.C., whose portrait we present to our readers, was born at Glensfin, in the county of Donegal, on the 6th of September, 1815. He received his early education at the Royal School of Raphoe; entered Trinity College in November, 1828; was elected Professor of Political Economy, in June, 1835; called to the Bar in November, 1838; made Queen's Counsel in November,

one of the ablest and most trusted leaders. Mr. Butt is the author of many able works in different departments of literature. His books and pamphlets on Irish affairs are distinguished by fulness of information, clearness of thought, precision of language, liberality of idea, and hearty national sympathies. His "Liberty of Tenching Vindicated," "The Irish People and the Irish Land," and "Plea for the Celtic Race," are works of great value, containing lessons that statesmen and patriots, rulers and



ISAAC BUTT, Q.C., M.P.,

PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH HOME RULE LEAGUE.

1844. In May, 1852, he was elected Member of Parliament for Harwich, and in the same year he was elected for the borough of Youghal, which seat he held until the General Election of 1856. In early life Mr. Butt professed Tory principles; but, like other distinguished men whose services to Ireland will never be forgotten, a fuller acquaintance with the condition, the wants, the wishes of the Irish people, brought him round to the popular ranks, of which he is now

people, would do well to lay to heart. Mr. Butt continues to give the services of his splendid intellect and thoroughly Irish heart to the cause of his country; and there can be no doubt that his valuable labors will be largely conducive to its assured triumph. On the 11th of November, 1869, Mr. Butt lectured on "The Irish State Trials," before the Catholic Young Men's Society of Dundalk, after which, at a banquet given him by the Society, he delivered a magnificent address, which concluded with

the following passage:—"I have cast in my fortunes with my country, and it may be that the triumph of the Irish people will come when they will only remember me as they do some of those of whom I have spoken to-night. Be it so. I am content. But, let my life be long or short, I will endeavor to do my duty to my country. I think I see when and how that duty is to be discharged. The prospect is not very far off. A very few months will show that it is the duty of every Irishman to struggle for the self-government of this, his country. I will endeavor to do that. The

among those who have struggled for and suffered for the cause of Ireland."

MR. WILLIAM SHAW, M.P.

MR. WILLIAM SHAW, member for the one-time inveterately anti-Irish borough of Bandon; Chairman of the Great National Conference, is a gentleman whose conduct of the business of this momentous assembly well vindicates the wisdom of the choice which placed him in a position of such honourable eminence but serious responsibility. It is said the Conference



MR. WILLIAM SHAW, M.P.

day of the triumph of Irish self-government is as sure to come as any event that can be predicted to follow by the infallible laws of physical science in the physical world. Self-government will come as sure as the revolution of the world will bring round to-morrow's sun; and if I don't live to see it I'll be perfectly content to look forward to the day when, perhaps many years hence—when there is a government of our own in Ireland—when some future individual may come down to lecture to the Catholic Young Men's Society in the town of Dundalk, and record my name

Committee deliberated long, and consulted leading friends of the Home Rule movement all over the country, as to the choice of a chairman, and that name was *unanimously* returned as that of the man pre-eminently qualified for the post. He is a man of grave and solid character; eminently a man of great common sense; a practical, cool-headed business man, who does not lightly enter into any enterprise, but who grips hard and holds on with quiet but determined perseverance to whatever he once takes in hand. He is a man of large wealth; and may be called the founder of the Munster Bank,

of which he is Chairman of the Board of Directors. Mr. Shaw, who is a native of Monaghan, is a Protestant Dissenter, and in early life was destined for the ministry, in which he officiated for some time. But soon after his marriage with a lady in the south of Ireland, he retired from these duties, and devoted himself to commercial pursuits, in the prosecution of which he has risen to a position of great eminence, with the respect, confidence and esteem of all who know him. The presence of men like Mr. Shaw in the ranks of the Home Rule movement attests the fact that it is no ebullition of mere enthusiasm, nor yet any wild scheme of social disruption, but a movement in the success of which a practical, common-sense man with a large stake in the country sees the assurance of real security for property as well as for civil and religious liberty in Ireland. Mr. Shaw is in his fiftieth year, and has been in Parliament since 1868.

#### THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

Life embraces in its comprehensiveness a just return of failure and success as the result of individual perseverance and labor. Every person carries within the key that unlocks the door to either branch. And what shall it be? A failure or a success? All desire the latter; but the great difficulty lies in making it such. Nothing is easier than talking, planning and thinking. The wonderful power consists in acting. To dare to do in defiance of every obstacle, secures the goal desired.

This alone leads step by step over difficult paths to the summit that is to be gained. And marching up is hard work, very hard work. A steady aim, with a strong heart, willing hands, and a resolute will, are the only requisites necessary for the everlasting conflict which begins anew each day, and writes upon the scroll of yesterday the actions that form one mighty column wherefrom true worth is estimated. One day's work left undone causes a break in the great chain that years of toil may not be able to repair. Yesterday it was ours, but it is gone. To-day is all we possess; for to-morrow we may never see; therefore in the golden hours of the present the seeds are planted whereby the harvest for good or for evil is to be reaped.

Working diligently on, turning neither to the right nor to the left, is a great monitor that points onward to the desired end; nor can that long wished end be reached without severe

toil. It comes not to us; but we, plodding on, must secure it upon a hard, rough way. No royal road is found, for that abounds with will-o'-the-wisp, whose deceiving lights lure into the mires and quicksands of life. The one true road, hard to find and difficult to travel, is marked by sign-posts along the route. First, Labor, rattling his tools, invites all to join in the busy hum. Then Punctuality opens her hand, and beckons along the way. Perseverance displays her iron links, and gives a smile of welcome. Honor meets the eye, and points with a finger onward. And Honesty, spreading her large white hands over the whole, confers a blessing.

"It is by going on, and on, without fear of dirty hands or tired brains, that brings success. Dirty hands in business are no disgrace if they are covered with honorable dirt. And no matter how thick it sticks when in the work-shop, there can be that about an individual that will compel respect from those whose respect is worth desiring.

The true man shines, through broadcloth and darns alike. It is the persevering element that makes the man mighty; whether at the pen, the bar, the engine, the saw, the hod, the brush, or the white-wash bucket. All wield a power indispensable and highly valuable. The master-hand in each particular case depends upon a thorough knowledge of that particular branch. Not first trying one, then another, and another, becoming Jacks of all and masters of none; but by beating, banging, knocking, and toiling at the one until that is conquered, and then marching forward with it. It is this that secures the final end and caps the glory.

If a change of business is desired, be sure that the fault lies with the business instead of the individual. For running hither and thither generally makes sorry work, and brings to poverty ere the sands of life are half run. The North, South, East and West furnish vast fields for enterprise; but of what avail are they, when the seeker visits all four corners, and then is not satisfied, and returns home with empty pockets and idle hands, thinking that the whole world is wrong, and he himself is a misused and shamefully imposed-upon creature. The world, smiling at the reproof, moves on, while he lags behind groaning over misusage, without sufficient energy to roll up his sleeves and fight his own way through.

It is impossible to succeed in a hurry. As those articles are most highly prized that re-

quire the greatest amount of labor, so the road that leads to the top of the ladder is rough and slippery. What matter if a round does break, or a foot slip, such things must be expected, and being expected they must be overcome. Rome was not built in a day, but proofs of her magnificent splendor are still to be seen. We each prepare a temple to last through all eternity. A structure to last so long, can it take but one day to build it? The days of a lifetime are necessary to build the monument mightier than Rome, and more lasting than adamant. It is hard, earnest work, step by step, that crowns with success; and while energy and perseverance are securing the prize for steady workers, others sitting down by the wayside are wondering why they cannot be successful. They surely forget that the great key is hard, honest labor; and that nothing but a strong, resolute will can turn it.

### Selections.

#### BISHOP DUPANLOUP AND MARSHAL MACMAHON.

From a Book entitled, "Men of the Third Republic."

From a book entitled, "Men of the Third Republic," recently published in London, and written by an author with strong republican sympathies, we take the following sketches of Marshal MacMahon and Bishop Dupanloup. They will be found very interesting.

Marie-Edme-Patrice-Maurice de MacMahon was born in Sully, near Autun, in the department of Saone-et-Loire, on the 13th of July, 1808. He descended from an ancient family of Irish Catholics, who followed the fortunes of the Stuarts, and took refuge in Burgundy. His father was one of the few personal friends of Charles X., who remained King of France just long enough to open the great gates of life for the future marshal, and show him the way through. He first fleeced his sword and won the Cross of Honor at Algiers. He was aide-de-camp to General Archard at the siege of Antwerp, and was promoted to be a captain at twenty-five. His military services have been more numerous and splendid than those of any living officer in the French Army. He was at the storming of Constantine in 1837, was wounded there, and behaved with signal gallantry. His courage, indeed, was a proverb. Having been ordered on one occasion to carry an order from General Changarnier to the colonel of his regiment, which was separated from the corps d'armée by a vast horde of Bedouins, he was told to take a

squadron of dragoons with him. "They are too few or too many," he replied, "too many to pass unseen—too few to beat the enemy. I will go alone." And he went.

It was he who led the famous assault on the Malakoff, which decided the issue of the Crimean war; and Marshal Pelissier, seeing his extreme danger, twice sent him orders by an aide-de-camp to retire from the perilous position he had taken. "Let me alone," roared MacMahon, at the second message; "I am master of my own skin." It was he again who put down the dangerous expedition of the Kayblea in 1857, and drove them from their mountain fastnesses, which had previously been thought inaccessible. It was he who won the day at Magenta, and turned defeat into victory. Finally, it was he who put down the terrible civil war which devastated France after her defeat by the Germans, and who saved Paris from destruction by fire. Such deeds have no faint claims to a nation's gratitude, and France has given him all she had to bestow. It is not going too far to say that he is the most popular man in the country. He lives a retired, unostentatious life, and though he displayed extraordinary pomp when sent, a few years ago, on an embassy to Prussia, his manners are unpretending, and his dress plain. He seldom appears in uniform, and the only mark of distinction he wears is the red ribbon. His most marked characteristics are a love of children and a fondness for study. He made the triumphal entry into Milan with a little girl, who had offered him a nosegay, perched upon his holsters. He is probably as well versed in military history as Faidherbe, and is often busy with a child and a map upon his knees. His favorite amusement is riding. In society he is shy, almost sad, and seems ill at ease. He likes to saunter about the boulevard, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar eternally in his mouth, when he is not on horseback; and he is seen to most advantage at home surrounded by his family.

The writer, who to the utmost of his power, is very candid, ascribes to Mgr. Dupanloup quite a saintly virtue, but as MacMahon suffers from not being republican, so the Bishop of Orleans has a drawback in being devoted to the Pope. It must be considered, therefore, that the following proceeds from the pen of a hostile writer:

But the powerful Bishop of Orleans is not a prelate of the Wolsey or Richelieu type, nor is he Mazarin. He is—Dupanloup; that is, a priest who will leave his individual mark as one of the most perfect embodiments of clerical



ambition allied to private sanctity that the country has seen. It is customary to write of all bishops that they lead saintly lives; in this instance the saying would be no more than strict truth. Frugal as a hermit, an abstainer from wine, sleeping on a bed like a monk, and rising at 4 o'clock, summer and winter, Monseigneur Dupanloup supports an existence which would seem penal servitude to many a so-called workingman. Read all that Victor Hugo says of Bishop Myriel in his "Miserables," and you will get a notion of Monseigneur Dupanloup's charity, which is so munificent as to have left him occasionally in very straitened circumstances. Recall everything that has been stated of Fenelon's exquisite sweetness of voice and urbanity of demeanor, and you will have no exaggerated conception of what Monseigneur Dupanloup is in his conversation with strangers. But this is the Dupanloup of private life. See him sweep up to his throne in the cathedral of Orleans, with his head erect, his body clothed in lace and jeweled vestments, and a resplendent procession of thurifers and priests chanting before and behind him, and you will understand why so many have stigmatized him as a proud prelate of the old school, who arrayed himself in violet cashmere and cambrie, and would only eat, like Monseigneur de Narbonne, of spendthrift memory—off gold plate. Nothing is too rich or majestic, according to Bishop Dupanloup, for the ceremonies of the Church, nor for his own adornment in taking part in them. He holds that the Church should speak to the eye and ear as well as the mind; that she should be supreme in the State; that nothing should be done in education or government but through her or by her; and he is quite consistent with himself when, humble and unpretending at home, he shows himself surrounded with all the pomp he can command when officiating as a bishop.

Here again we have some very charming traits of the Ultramontane prelate:

But though cheerful in his morality, M. Dupanloup was always as austere as an anchorite towards himself, and while Vicar of St. Roche some rich penitents subscribed to furnish his room, which was uncomfortable enough to excite their commiseration. When the upholsterer came with his goods and showed his receipted bill, the vicar smiled and answered, "A few sticks are sufficient for me. I beg, therefore, that you will sell those fine things and pay the money to the clergymen of your parish. I shall always be too well lodged

while the poor are hungry." Indeed, his charities were so large, that he once gave his pastoral staff in pledge to a beggar, having nothing else; and it had to be bought back again for him.

Every week he invites the workmen of Orleans to his house, where they pass the evening in playing dominoes, chess or draughts; but no cards are allowed. On these occasions he gives moderate refreshments and homely advice, not unmixed with shrewdness, to anybody who asks for it, and they generally go away well pleased with their visit, though some of them complain of the episcopal tea, which, according to the French country people, should only be offered to the sick.

As soon as he is up the bishop has several secretaries hard at work upon his correspondence, and employs others in pamphleteering. His conception of an idea is lively, and his dictation rapid; but he returns again and again to the first draft of a book, and corrects every line minutely. Publishers and printers are driven to despair when they find he wants as many as twenty proofs of a single sheet; and probably nothing but the prodigious sale of his writings when thus laboriously polished would reconcile them to have anything to do with him. From long before dawn, often till deep into the night, he toils unceasingly, and when exhaustion overtakes him at last, he seizes a stout stick for support, and sets off for a walk by the banks of the Loire. If his mental fatigue resists this rough treatment, he takes a journey to Switzerland, and seeks health in his native air, wandering about on foot among the Alps, where his reputation has gone before him—fortunately; for in one of these pedestrian tours he was benighted in a storm, and could not get shelter in a curate's house till he had assured the worthy man that he was "the bishop of the newspapers."

He was asked some time since, if he thought the conversion of Tallyrand was sincere. He replied, "Yes, certainly; a man often dies impenitent. A man often dies impenitent, but he never tries to dupe his Maker." Then he told how that old diplomatist had resisted the attempts of all the clergy in Paris, till he found a simple way to that callous heart. A niece of the prince was about to make her first Communion, and he caused her to be led in her white frock to the bed where he lay dying. The child knelt down, and her tears rained fast upon the withered hand he stretched out to her. A terrible sigh of anguish and remorse burst from him. "Go, my child," he said, "go and pray for me."

He was an altered man after that. "He confessed and received absolution very humbly," asserts Monseigneur Dupanloup.

### WOLFE TONE'S GRAVE.

On Sunday, 22nd of April, Bodinstown church-yard, near Sallins, county Kildare, was the scene of a remarkable demonstration. Some six months ago, a new slab was placed over the grave of Wolfe Tone, in the locality just mentioned, to replace the original one, which had been injured and broken by persons chipping off portions of it to carry away with them as relics. To save the new stone from meeting the fate of the old, the men of Kildare have recently enclosed it with an iron railing, which arches over at the top, at a height of about eight feet, and effectually protects it from all chance of injury. The railing is of a tasteful pattern, and displays a range of spear-heads and shamrocks on the crown of the arch. There is a door to the enclosure, for which two keys are kept, one by the Wolfe Tone Band, Dublin, and the other by the Kildaremen, who have taken part in this patriotic work. A large number of persons, including the Wolfe Tone Band and the Volunteer Band, left Dublin on that morning. The fine brass band of the coopers proceeded in a drag, drawn by four horses, and displaying their trade banner, for the place of meeting. There also attended contingents numbering hundreds with bands from each locality. When all were assembled it was computed that there were about 3,000 present. All were well dressed, orderly, and intelligent people, and amongst them was a considerable number of the fair daughters of Kildare. The platform was erected close by the grave of Tone, beside the ivy-grown wall of the ruined church, in which past generations of the faithful people of Kildare worshipped their Creator. When the people had all gathered in front of the platform, the proceeding of the day commenced. On the motion of Mr. Mooney, seconded by Mr. Keegan, the chair was taken by

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN.

The chairman was enthusiastically received. Cheers for his brother, A. M. Sullivan, and cheers for Louth were also called for and given very heartily. Mr. Sullivan thanked the meeting for the honor they had done him in calling on him to preside on that impressive and solemn occasion. They had assembled there to perform a pious act, to honor the memory of a great and gifted Irishman who gave his life for Ireland

(cheers). They were to complete by that meeting the work of the young men of the Wolfe Tone Band of Dublin, and the men of Kildare, who had taken measures to preserve from injury the slab that covered the honored relics of Theobald Wolfe Tone.

Mr. Mooney briefly proposed the following resolution:—

"That in dedicating this tomb—restored by the Wolfe Tone Band of Dublin, and enclosed by the patriotic men of Kildare—to the memory of Theobald Wolfe Tone, we desire to give a testimony of our admiration for his labors in the cause of Irish independence, to honor the zeal, the courage, and the devotion which he displayed in the service of his country, and to declare our fidelity to the great principle of self-government for Ireland, which he died to maintain."

Mr. Richard Keegan, in seconding the resolution, said that the men who had just completed this holy task, considered it but a simple act of duty: but, silently and unostentatiously as they had carried it out, their conduct would be widely known and talked of, and to many thousands of their countrymen would be spread far and wide through the land. It would be borne across the ocean to the other Irish nation in the great western land of promise, bringing to the home of many an Irish exile the joyous assurance that a spark of the spirit of the old land still survives. A generation of men has passed away since the fatal midnight when Theobald Wolfe Tone was laid here to rest. More than the allotted span of human life—the traditional three score and ten—have elapsed—

"Yet still the tale of his young life sets Irish hearts adame."

At the recital of his sorrows, the starting tear dims the eye and moistens the cheek of beauty. The story of his wrongs calls up the flush of indignation to the brow of young, lusty manhood, and with the memory of his mighty achievements, strong hands were clenched and stout hearts throbbed with bright hopes and high resolves. The speaker then, in referring to the glorious career of Tone, said that the whole history of his life, and that of many a brave brother, might be summed up in the words of the poet:

"He drew his sword 'gainst Ireland's foes,  
He died in '96."

He said that in commemorating the glorious achievements of Wolfe Tone, they should also record their veneration for the many others who like him gave their life for Ireland. Fellow-

countrymen, continued the speaker it is a reflection full of glory in the past, and of bright hope for the future, that neither force nor fraud, though both were applied with all the energy and persistency that cruelty and wickedness could prompt, could ever crush out or eradicate that spirit of Irish nationality, in defence of which Wolfe Tone died. It may slumber for a while, it may in the hour of dire trial appear for ever dead, but like the shamrock, the triple emblem of Ireland's faith, her fertility, and her love of freedom, though long trodden down, it is but to spring up again with a new life green and vigorous. It may be asked what is meant by this spirit of Irish nationality. I will explain what I mean by the phrase. It is the full confidence of the Irish people in the complete qualification of this country to sustain, in every sense, the position of a nation; their belief in the indisputable right of the Irish nation to frame and administer laws for the government, protection, and welfare of the Irish people; and their determination to struggle for ever and ever, or place Ireland in the possession of her national rights. This spirit of national integrity is the birthright of the Irish people. It has been fostered by our fathers, and nourished with their best blood for ages past. It is the theme to-day as it was when Wolfe Tone died asserting it, the same as it was in the remoter days when Hugh O'Neil upheld its principle with his strong red hand. And it will continue to increase in power and brilliancy until its long struggling flame shall burst forth in all the dazzling glory of the Sunburst of Ireland's independence (loud cheers). Fellow-countrymen, ours is a country of grand natural advantages and capabilities—a fatherland worthy of all our love and of every sacrifice. God and country, faith and fatherland, are kindred sentiments. Next to the homage we owe our Creator comes the devotion and fidelity due to our native land. This is the creed of the world, and the man who proves false to it, meets the reprobation of all men worthy of the name. The dusky savage, with little more than animal instincts, will up with his rude spear or hatchet, and war to the bitter end against the invader of his hunting ground. It is the same from the burning tropics to the regions of perpetual ice; love of country is a natural instinct, one of the strongest and most abiding of the human breast (cheers). What should be said to the Irishman, then, who would abandon his country, the fairest on the face of God's world, to a state of

conquered, craven subjection? And the deplorable fact that this country is in a state of enforced subjection is but too fatally apparent. A Union between this country and England should be an arrangement for the mutual advantage of the two countries. When we take part in the toils and dangers of her battles, we should be entitled to a share in the advantages arising from victory. When we contribute our share of money and brain and sinew to develop and extend her trade and commerce, we should have a claim to a proportion of the prosperity derivable therefrom. Is there a living man possessed of the hardihood to say that this is the case? No, before the honest judgment of the world, the lamentable fact must be recognized, that since the fatal hour of the enforced and fraudulent Union, it has been a time of dismal decay of the Irish nation and the Irish race (cheers). Fellow-countrymen, our mission here to-day is a holy one, and here in the presence of the mighty dead, we plight our undying fidelity to the holy cause of Erin, the motherland of saints and of heroes, the nurse of the bright and the brave, of Grattan, O'Connell, and Davis, of Emmet, Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone (loud and prolonged applause.)"

The chairman then put the resolution, which was carried unanimously and amid great cheering.

(FOR THE HARP.)

### THE EXILE'S DEATH.

BY MABLE LYNN.

They lifted him up gently,  
And his dying words came slow,  
But he whispered, "Let me look towards  
Old Erin ere I go."  
His arms hung limp and powerless,  
And his eyes were fading fast,  
But westward, ever westward,  
His dying gaze was cast.

He murmured, "Mother, Erin,  
Though seas between us roll,  
I love you as that Heaven  
That soon will claim my soul.  
Went, sorrow, care and misery  
Drove me far from your shore,  
And here I die an exile—  
I'll never see you more."

Far, far away in India,  
With strangers by his side,  
Thy youthful son, O Erin,  
Lay wearily down and died.  
And when they spoke and asked him  
Where is it you would rest,  
He gasped and said, "O lay me  
With my face turned to the west."

Again his eyes turned westward,  
Then wearily drooped his head;  
A gasp, a sigh, O Erin,  
Thy exile son is dead.  
His dead hands clasped a shamrock  
Above his y. ulth; I breast,  
And when sunset came they laid him  
With his face turned to the west.

## ST. GREGORY VII., POPE AND CONFESSOR.

In a line so glorious as the succession of the Pontiffs it is not for us to pronounce as to their comparative greatness. Nevertheless, as "star differeth from star in glory," we may say, that among the most resplendent of the successors of Peter, none surpasses in majesty the Pontificate of Grgeory the Seventh, saint and confessor.

St. Gregory the Seventh, by name Hildebrand, was born at Soana, in Tuscany, about the year 1013. He was educated in Rome. From thence he went into France and became a monk at Clugni. Afterwards he returned to Rome, and was engaged for many years in high employments and trusts of the Holy See during the Pontificates of St. Leo IX., Victor II., Stephen X., Nicholas II. and Alexander II. He was employed in the discharge of the most difficult offices in a time of profound corruption; when disorder and secularity, through the despotism of the civil powers, had widely infected the ecclesiastical state. Three great evils afflicted the Church at that day, namely, simony in the buying and selling of ecclesiastical offices; concubinage, and the custom of receiving investiture from lay hands. Against these three corruptions St. Gregory contended all his life. As Legate of Victor II., he held a Council at Lyons, in which simony was condemned and punished. He presided over the Council of Tours, in which Berengarius retracted his heresy on the Real Presence. After the death of Alexander II., Hildebrand, then Archdeacon of Rome, was elected Pontiff. He was consecrated on St. Peter's Day, in the year 1073. As Pope he at once put forth his apostolic power and called upon the pastors of the Catholic world to lay down their lives rather than betray the laws of God and of the Church to the will of the princes. Rome was in a state of turbulence and faction through the ambition of Cenci. St. Gregory excommunicated them for their manifold crimes. They in revenge laid hands on him in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore during the solemnities of Christmas night, wounded him by a sword cut in the hand and threw him into prison. He was next day rescued by the people. After these contests had ceased, arose the chief conflict of his life. The Emperor of Germany, Henry IV., after having confessed his crimes, and after being absolved of simony, and of usurping the right of investiture and of selling bishoprics and spiritual offices to his favourites and courtiers, once more openly relapsed into the same sins. In revenge at the remonstrances

of St. Gregory, he called together a council of schismatical bishops, involved also in simony, at Worms, in 1076, and pretended to depose the Pope. He sent this infamous sentence with an insolent letter to Rome. The Pontiff received it in St. Peter's in the midst of the cardinals and prelates. The life of the envoy who delivered it was only saved by the personal intervention of St. Gregory from the indignation of the people. The Pope then in a council at Rome excommunicated the Emperor. From that date began the conflict which ended in the deposition of the Emperor by the princes and electors of Germany, by the voice of the people and by the authority of the Pontiff. The Estates of Germany, unable longer to endure his tyranny, vices and perfidies, took up arms against him. Finally he was compelled to submit and to seek absolution and peace with God, at the hands of St. Gregory, at Canossa. But the Emperor did not persevere in his good resolutions, and endeavoured to ward off his humiliation by creating a schism. He set up Guibert, the excommunicated Archbishop of Ravenna, as anti-pope. He also, in 1085, besieged the Pontiff in the Castle of St. Angelo. This outrage of the Emperor and the turbulent state of Italy and of Rome drove St. Gregory to seek protection of Duke Robert of Calabria at Salerno, where on May 25, 1085, about the 72nd year of his age and in the twelfth year of his Pontificate, he entered into his rest. His last words were full of a divine wisdom and patience. As he was dying he said "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." His faithful attendant answered, "Vicar of Christ, an exile thou canst never be, for to thee God has given the Gentiles for an inheritance and the uttermost ends of the earth for thy possession." Such was St. Gregory the Seventh, a man of God's right hand, inflexible in justice, full of tender compassion, consumed with zeal for the purity of the Church of God; invincible against its enemies.

Eight hundred years are past, and we see the same conflict renewed before our eyes. Once more an Emperor of Germany rises up against the Vicar of Jesus Christ. But the circumstances of the conflict now are widely different. Then many of the bishops of Germany, France and Italy were courtiers of the imperial powers and traitors to the Church. Now, the bishops of Italy, France and Germany are united in an invincible fidelity to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Two archbishops and a bishop in Germany are already confessors for the faith. The enemies

of the Church were then in sheep's clothing and within the fold. They are now outside—put out by the just sentence of the Holy See, and known as heretics by a name of their own choosing. Never wereth episcopate or the priesthood more pure, independent and separate from secular corruptions. Archbishops and bishops of the Church are now in prison in vindication of its liberty in the choice and commission of its pastors. The empire of Germany is for a moment in the hands of a people fallen from Christianity: held together by military force, without the cohesion of moral unity or bonds of faith. The Pontiffs have little fear from such an antagonist. In their warfare of eighteen hundred years they have withstood and have overthrown mightier and more perilous assailants. The emperors of Germany, whom the Pontiffs had consecrated, were within the unity of the Church, and their sway and influence over its internal action were intimately dangerous to its purity and internal strength. No Caesarism on the outside has comparatively any formidable power. It may persecute, imprison, banish and slay; but it cannot touch the unity and purity of the Church, which are deepened and perfected by the excesses of civil despotism. Pius IX. has no fear for the undying Church of God; as, before him, St. Gregory was fearless and invincible in the same imperishable See of Peter.

Easter Week, 1874. † HENRY EDWARD,  
Archbishop of Westminster.

#### THE IRISH BRIGADE IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

The splendid military record of the Irish troops in the French service—from the end of the seventeenth to the same period of the eighteenth century is founded not upon poetic tradition, but upon the irrefutable testimony of the official reports of the several engagements in which the Brigades were engaged, filed in a quarter least likely to exalt Irish valor at the expense of Gallic vanity—the Bureau de la Guerre, or French War Office, at Paris. These documents were condensed or copied by two able Irish military historians—Matthew O'Connor and John Cornelius O'Callaghan. Their works—especially O'Callaghan's recently published—give every detail of the Franco-Irish organizations, and both writers have been extremely careful to assert nothing that might give the enemies of Ireland a chance to impugn their veracity. It was somewhat re-

markable, but none the less true, that English chroniclers, who, as a rule, have taken a mean pleasure in aspersing Irish courage at home, changed their tone when Irish valor in the armies of Europe became their theme. It was easy enough to account for this policy. If English writers maligned the Irish soldiers of France, Spain or Austria—for Irish regiments were plentiful in the armies of those States—they knew that their slanders would be promptly met and proudly refuted by the military annals of the Continent. Such witnesses they could not easily ignore, and thus Lord Macaulay and Mr. Froude—both bitter enemies of the Irish nation—had been compelled not alone to acknowledge, but also to compliment the prowess of the Irish soldiery of France in the wars waged by nearly all Europe against Louis XIV. and his successors, or by these monarchs against all Europe. This much, the lecturer said, was by way of preface, and that none of his auditors might mistake his utterances for “the wild vagaries” of what some people called “Irish imaginativeness”—a disease by no means limited to natives of Ireland.

To explain the causes that led to this warlike exodus from Ireland to France, the speaker gave a passing glance at the English Revolution of 1688, which led to the deposition of James II. and the establishment of the Prince of Orange on the British throne, under the title of William III.

Ireland, when the English banished King James, drew the sword in his behalf. James like all of his house had some faults. He was headstrong, and, as a consequence, arbitrary; but his great offense, in English eyes, consisted in the fact that he was a zealous Roman Catholic, and wished to give his co-religionists of “The Three Kingdoms”—who were then laboring under numerous disabilities—equal rights with their fellow-subjects of other denominations. Moved by interest as well as influenced by gratitude, Ireland then, as now, for the most part Catholic, sprang to arms in defense of the Stuart dynasty, and to preserve such rights as still remained to her. Whatever James might appear to Englishmen, to Irish he was a champion in the path of English bigotry, being the only British monarch that ever strove to rule the Irish people from an Irish standpoint. The Parliament summoned by James to meet in Dublin in 1689 was composed equally of Protestants, Catholics, and Dissenters, and the King solemnly pledged his royal honor to support in perpetuity, by him

and his successors, the equal rights of all his subjects. In that generation, as in this, said the speaker, the English, however jealous of their own freedom, could not frankly allow its blessings to others—especially to the Irish, whom they hated with a savage intensity. So Ireland fought for King James—representing to her civil and religious liberty—from 1688 to 1691—the Anglo-Irish Protestants, with some liberal-minded exceptions, espousing the English side of the quarrel. For three years Ireland, with her poor resources; her untrained population, distracted by foreign and domestic hatred—abandoned, at the outset of the war, by the King for whom she dared and lost all—feebly seconded by France—maintained her integrity in the face of the armies of Protestant Europe, led by William and his ablest marshals. Unfortunate in many battles, she exhibited her ancient heroism in all,—covered herself with glory at the first sieges of Athlone and Limerick, in 1690; and made King William fly the country in disgust, after failing signally at the breach of the latter fortress. On the memorable 12th day of July, 1691, the battle of Aughrim was fought and lost by Ireland. Gen. Saint Ruth, commanding for James, was killed at the very moment of victory. His French troops lost heart, wavered and broke. The victorious Irish were outflanked by the enemy, who renewed the fight on witnessing the death of the French General, and a terrible disaster ensued. But Aughrim, although fatal to Irish liberty, cast no shame upon Irish valor, for even the English historians acknowledge that no braver battle was ever fought on any soil. Ireland made her last stand at Limerick—being the second siege of that stronghold, called “The Irish Saragossa,” during this war. Baron de Ginkell, commanding for William, sat down before the brave old town in the middle of August, and, for more than six weeks, 100 pieces of cannon and numerous mortars poured shot and shell upon the place. Limerick was riddled like a sieve, but, under the indomitable Sarsfield, still held out. Treason, however, accomplished that which gunpowder and iron had failed to achieve. Two Anglo-Irish Generals in the service of James—Lutterell and Clifford by name—uncovered the city, on the Clare side of the Shannon, and enabled the English, by the use of pontoons, to seize Thomond Bridge—the key to the citadel. Even yet the Irish refused to surrender. Ginkell, struck with admiration at their gallant bearing, offered favorable terms. Despairing of aid from France—Louis XIV.

being pressed by other wars—his provisions running short, winter approaching, and Limerick in ruins—Sarsfield, with a bursting heart, agreed to an armistice. The arrangements were soon completed, and, on October 3, 1691—a black day for Ireland—Limerick capitulated with honor. The Dutch General conceded almost everything demanded. Such Irish officers and soldiers as desired to join the army of William were to retain their grade and receive higher pay. All who wished to take service in France were allowed to do so—Ginkell agreeing to furnish fifty transports and two men-of-war to convey them to that country. The civil articles—for Sarsfield would not surrender until all was made secure—promised freedom from persecution, rights of conscience, and the undisturbed possession of property to all the Irish people at home. The latter portion of the “Treaty of Limerick” was shamefully violated by England before the Irish soldiery had reached the ocean; but, for this, bloody revenge was taken on foreign fields in after times.

The garrison marched out by the Thomond Gate, “drums beating, colors flying, and matches lighting!” They retained all their arms, baggage and artillery. Without the walls two flags were planted; those of England and of France. Of the 15,000 soldiers who marched out of Limerick, 1,000 wheeled to the left, and the English banner blushed redder yet with shame as they stood beneath its folds. The rest, 14,000 strong, wheeled to the right dressed their ranks beneath the *Fleur de Lis*, and, dashing tears of agony from their eyes, cheered for Ireland and King James!

Immediately after the surrender, the Count Chateau Reneaud, with a French fleet and army, all too late for Ireland, cast anchor in the Shannon. His ships were useful in conveying the Irish soldiery to France. In all—including the garrisons of Galway and Sligo—20,000 Irish troops sailed from Limerick and Cork, under Sarsfield and Lord Clare, for the French ports. These soldiers, with Mountcashel's Brigade, exchanged by King James for 6,000 French troops before the battle of the Boyne, formed a corps of 25,000 men—called the “Old” and “New” Brigades. They were all in the pay of Louis, but were sworn to support James in any effort which he might put forth to recover his throne.

The Irish troops of France were prominently engaged under Louis XIV. in the war of the League of Augsburg, waged by Europe against him, from 1688 to the peace of Ryswick, in 1697; in the war of the Spanish succession—

waged by Louis to support his grandson, Philip of Anjou, on the Spanish throne—commenced in 1700, and concluded by the peace of Utrecht and Treaty of Rastadt 1713-14; and under Louis XIV., in numerous minor wars with Germany, and especially in the war of the Austrian succession—France supporting the claim of Charles VII., of Bavaria, against Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, daughter of the last Hapsburgh Emperor of Germany, Charles VI. This war was begun in 1740. France took sides in 1743, and it was concluded by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748. In each of these contests, France and England were on opposite sides—a circumstance favorable to the bloody development of Irish hatred. After the last of the wars specified, the Irish Brigade, having no warlike food on which to flourish, covered with laurels and “worn out with glory,” faded from the fields of Europe.

The “Old” Brigade scaled every Alpine fortress, drove the vengeful “Vaudois” from their savage hills, and laid the country under fire and sword, leaving a reputation for military prowess fresh, at this day, amid the mountains of Savoy.

In Flanders, in 1692, under Sarsfield and Lord Clare, the “New” Brigade won immortal honor at Steinkirk, where Luxemburgh routed King William. At Landen, or Neerwinder in July, 1693, William held his ground desperately against the bravest efforts of the French. Luxemburgh was in despair, when the fierce war-cry, “Remember Limerick!” rent the clouds, and the Royal Irish Foot Guards, led by Sarsfield, shattered the English centre, broke into Neerwinder, opened a path to victory for the French Household, and William was hurried up into the River Geete, while the Irish shout of victory shook the plain like a clap of thunder. Sarsfield received his death-wound, but his dying gaze beheld the sight he most loved to see—the English flag in shameful flight.

This same year, in Italy, under Catinat, the “Old” Brigade made its mark at Marsaglia, where it defeated the Savoyard centre, drew the whole French army after it, and chased Victor Amadeus almost to the gates of Turin.

Thenceforth, Lord Mountcashel having died of his wounds, the two Brigades were united as one. The younger Schomberg, son of the hero of the Boyne, fell before the Irish bayonets at Marsaglia. At the battle of Montgry, in Spain, fought in 1694, by the French against the Spanish, the “Brigade,” under Marshal de Noailles, renewed its laurels, and the Irish charge proved potent in bringing the Spaniards to reason.

This war terminated, gloriously for France, by the Peace of Ryswick.

The war of the Spanish succession broke out in 1700. England and Austria supported the Archduke Charles against Philip of Anjou, the Bourbon heir. This struggle brought upon the stage the Duke of Marlborough, for England, and Prince Eugene, of Savoy, for Austria, two of the greatest generals of modern times. Marshals, the Duke of Berwick, Catinat, Villeroy, Vendome, Villairs, Booflers and Noailles, commanded the armies of France. In this frightful struggle, the Irish flag always blazed in the vanguard of victory—in the rearguard of defeat, and the Irish name became the synonym of valor.

In the winter of 1702, the citadel of Cremons, in Northern Italy, was held for France by Marshal Villeroy, with a strong garrison. The French gave themselves up to revelry, and the walls were poorly guarded. Carrioli, an Italian, informed Prince Eugene, the Austrian commander, of the state of affairs. The traitor agreed to let in a portion of the enemy by means of a sewer running from outside the walls under his house. At the same time the French sentinels at the gate of St. Margaret, badly defended, were to be drawn off, so that Eugene himself, with a strong body of cuirassiers might enter and join the other party. Count Merzi was to attack the “Gate of the Po,” defended by an Irish company, and Prince Vaudent and Count Freiberg were to support the attack with the cavalry of their respective commands. The attack was made at midnight and the plans were admirably executed. The Austrians were in possession of the town before the garrison was alarmed. Count Merzi, however, met bad fortune at the “Gate of the Po.” The Irish guard, chatting over old times by the Shannon, the Barrow, or the Suir, kept faithful watch. The clatter of hoofs aroused them, as Merzi, attended by several regiments of dragoons, rode up to the gate and called upon them to surrender. The Irish replied with a sharp volley, which laid some of the Germans out in the roadway. The fire aroused the sleeping Irish regiments of Dillon and Burke, who, in their shirts only, as they sprang from bivouac, grasped their muskets and hastened to the rescue. They were met in the square by Eugene’s cuirassiers, who charged them fiercely. Major O’Mahony formed his Irish into a square and let the Austrians have a fusillade. The cuirassiers, urged by Eugene and Freiberg, dashed madly at the Italian bat-

teries, but, despite the bravest efforts of this iron cavalry, the Irish actually routed them and slew their leader, Baron Freiberg. Marshal Villeroy was made prisoner. Macdonald, an Irishman in the Austrian service, and the French General second in command shared the same fate. But the Irish still held out, fighting desperately and losing half their men. This prolonged resistance alarmed the French, who now, thoroughly alarmed, gallantly seconded their Irish comrades, and, after a terrible carnage of eight hours duration, Prince Eugene, with all that remained of the flower of the Austrian cavalry, gave up in despair, and was hurled pell-mell through the gates of St. Margaret, by the victorious garrison. This exploit of the Irish saved Northern Italy to the French monarch—the Austrians retreated to the Alps. All Europe rang with applause. Louis raised the pay of his Irish troops, and made O'Mahoney a General. He also decreed that Irishmen should thenceforth be recognized as French citizens, without undergoing the form of naturalization.

At the first battle of Blenheim, Bavaria, in 1703, the Irish, under Marshal Tallard, contributed to that victory. The regiment of Clare, encountering the Austrian Guards was, for a moment, overpowered, but, immediately rallying, it counter-charged with such fury that it not alone recovered its own flag, but gained two colors from the enemy!

The second Blenheim, so disastrous to France, was fought in 1704. Marlborough commanded the English right, facing Marshal Tallard, and Eugene commanded the allied left, facing Marshal de Marcin, with whom was the Irish Brigade. Tallard was dreadfully beaten, and Marcin fared little better. The French suffered great slaughter and were dreadfully beaten. The "Brigade," however, would not lose heart. Closing up its ranks, it made a superb charge on Prince Eugene's lines—broke through them, being the only corps in the French army that saved its colors that day—and covered the retreat of France to the Rhine!

In the summer of 1705, the Irish again, at the battle of Cassano, where they fought under the Marshal Vendome, paid their respects to Prince Eugene. They fought with a bravery that electrified the French and paralyzed the Austrians. Vendome's flank was badly annoyed by a hostile battery on the other bank of the River Adda. The stream was broad and deep, but two Irish regiments, under cover of the smoke, swam across it, and, under the very nose of the Great Eugene, captured the Austrians

cannon and turned their fire upon the enemy! This intrepid action decided the day, and France was once more triumphant by her Irish arm.

Marshal Villeroy, in May, 1706, allowed himself to be cooped up by the Duke of Marlborough in the village of Ramillies, in Flanders. The French were utterly overwhelmed, and many thousands of prisoners were taken. Lord Clare formed the Brigade into the column of attack and broke through the victorious enemy. The regiment of Clare, in this charge, met the English regiment of Churchill—now the Third Buffs—full tilt, crushed it hopelessly, captured its battle flags, and served a Scotch regiment, in the Dutch service, which endeavored to support the British, in the same manner. The Brigade then effected its retreat on Ypres, where, in the convent of the Benedictine Nuns, it hung up the captured colors—sole trophies of Ramillies' fray,—where they waved, for many a generation, a fitting memento of the faith and fame of the Irish exiles.

In April, 1707, the Brigade next distinguished itself, at the battle of Almanza, in Spain, where it fought in the army of Marshal the Duke of Berwick. The English and Austrians were commanded by Ravigny—the Williamite Earl of Galway—who signalized himself at Aughrim. The Brigade paid him back that day. It charged with a fury never excelled in any fight. The Allies were overthrown, Ravigny disgraced, and the crown of Spain was placed on the brow of Philip V.

In defeat, as in victory, the bayonets of the "Brigade" still opened up the road to honor. When the French retreated from Oudenarde, in July, 1708, Marlborough felt the Irish steel, as the gallant fellows hung doggedly behind the retiring French, kept the fierce pursuers at bay, and enable Vendome to reorganize his beaten army. The battle of Malplaquet, fought in August, 1709, was the bloodiest of this most sanguinary war. The French fought with unusual desperation, and the English ranks, led by Marlborough and seconded by Eugene, were decimated. It was an unmitigated slaughter. At length, Marshal Villairs, who commanded the French, was wounded, and Marshal Boufflers ordered a retreat. Again the Irish Brigade, which fought with its usual courage all through that dreadful day, had the honor of forming the French rear-guard, and, although many flags, captured from France, were laid at the feet of the victor, no Irish color graced the trophic of Marlborough, who, with the ill-judged battle of



Mulplaquet, ended his grand career as a soldier. After that fight the war was feebly waged—France being completely exhausted—until the Peace of Utrecht and Treaty of Rastadt, 1713-14, closed the bloody record.

From the fall of Limerick, in 1691, to the French Revolution, according to the most reliable estimate, there fell in the field for France, or otherwise died in her service, 480,000 Irish soldiers. The Brigade was kept recruited by military emigrants, borne from Ireland—chiefly from the Province of Munster—by French smugglers, under the romantic and significant title of "Wild Geese,"—in poetical allusion to their eastward flight. By this name the "Brigade" is best remembered among the Irish peasantry.

After the death of Louis the Fourteenth, the Irish Brigade had comparatively very little wholesale fighting to keep them occupied, until the war of the Austrian Succession, thirty years later. They made many expeditions to the smaller States on the Rhenish frontier, with which France was in a chronic state of war, under the Duke of Berwick. In every combat they served with honor, and always appeared to the best advantage where the haul of death fell thickest. At times, like most of their countrymen, they were inclined to wildness, but the first drum roll or bugle-blast found them ready for the fray. On the march to attack Fort Kehl, in 1733, Marshal Berwick—who was killed two years afterward at the siege of Philipsburg—found fault with Dillon's regiment for some breach of discipline while en route. He sent the Colonel with despatches to Louis XV., and among other matters, in a paternal way—for Berwick loved his Irishmen—called the King's attention to the indiscreet battalion. The monarch, on reading the document, turned to the Irish officer, and, in the hearing of the whole Court, petulantly exclaimed—"My Irish troops cause me more uneasiness than all the rest of my armies!" "Sire," immediately rejoined the noble Count Dillon—subsequently killed at Fontenoy—"all your Majesty's enemies make precisely the same complaint!" Louis, pleased with the repartee, smiled, and, like a truer Frenchman, wiped out his previous unkindness by complimenting the courage of the Brigade.

The great war of the Austrian Succession inaugurated the fateful campaigns of 1743 and 1745, respectively signalized by the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy. The former was a day of dark disaster to France, and Fontenoy was a mortal blow to the British.

At Dettingen the Earl of Stair commanded the English and Hanoverians, although George II., and his son, Cumberland, were present on the field. Marshal de Noailles commanded the French, and was badly worsted, after a desperate engagement. The Irish Brigade, summoned from a long distance, arrived too late to restore the battle, and met the French army in full retreat, hotly pursued by the allies. The Brigade under the orders of Lord Clare, opened their ranks and allowed the French to retire, and then, closing steadily up, they uttered their charging cry, and, with leveled bayonets, checked the fierce pursuers. Thus, once again, the Irish Brigade formed the French rear-guard, as the *Fleur de Lis* retired from the plains of Germany.

The celebrated battle of Fontenoy was fought May 11, 1745. The French were besieging Tournay with 18,000 men. A corps of 6,000 guarded the bridge over the Scheldt, on the northern bank, of which Marshal Saxe, accompanied by Louis XV., and the Dauphin, having with him 45,000 men, including the Irish Brigade, took post, to cover the siege of Tournay, and prevent the march of the allies, English, Dutch and German, under the Duke of Cumberland and Prince Waldeck, to its relief. The Duke was a brave soldier, but fierce and cruel as a tiger. History knows him by the well-won title of "the butcher Cumberland." His business was to raise the siege of Tournay and open a road to Paris. He had under his command 55,000 veteran troops, including the English household regiments.

The French lines extended from the village of Rhamecroix, behind De Barri's Wood, on the left, to the village of Fontenoy, in the center, and from the latter position to the intrenchments of Antoine, on the right. This line of defense was admirably guarded by fort and flanking battery. The Irish Brigade—composed that day of the infantry regiments of Clare, Dillon, Bulkeley, Roth, Berwick, and Lally—Fitz James' horse being with the French cavalry in advance—was stationed, in reserve, near the wood, supported by the brigades of Normandie and de Vassieux.

Prince Waldeck commanded the allied left, in front of Antoine. Brigadier Ingoldsby commanded the British right, facing the French redoubt at De Barri's Wood, while Cumberland, chief in command, was with the allied center, confronting Fontenoy.

The battle opened with a furious cannonade, at 5 o'clock in the morning. After some hours

spent in this manner, Ingoldsby attempted to carry the redoubt, but was ignominiously repulsed, and could not be induced to renew the attempt. This refusal subsequently led to his dismissal from the army on a charge of cowardice. Prince Waldeck fared no better at Antoine, being defeated in two attempts to force the lines.

Cumberland growing impatient, loaded the unfortunate officers with imprecations. He took the desperate resolve of beating the French at any cost, by a terrible attack on their center. For this purpose he formed his reserves, consisting of the English Guards, several British regiments of the line, and some picked Hanoverian troops, into a massive column, full 15,000 strong—preceded and flanked by twenty pieces of cannon. Lord Charles Hay drew his sword and prepared to lead the attack. Then Cumberland ordered the battle renewed all along the line, and the French were hard pressed at every point. Their batteries replied with spirit, although the men were fast becoming exhausted and despondent. Antoine held out heroically, despite all the efforts of Waldeck against it.

The decisive hour had now come, and the great English column received the word, "Forward—march!" On they came, with free and gallant stride, between Fontenoy and De Barri's Wood—the French artillery plowing their ranks with a storm of shot and shell. In the teeth of the artillery, exposed to the deadly fire of the French Infantry charged by the cavalry of the household—that scarlet wave of battle rolled proudly against the ranks of France. Falling by hundreds they got beyond the line of fire from the redoubts—crossed the slope and penetrated behind the village of Fontenoy—marching straight on the head-quarters of the King! The column was quickly in the middle of the picked troops of France, tossing them contemptuously aside with the ready bayonet, while the cheers of anticipated victory resounded from their ranks far over the bloody field. Marshal Saxe, pale with rage, beheld the column sweeping steadily onward, and, in frenzy, asked what was to be done. Count Lally, an Irish officer, riding near him, cried out, "There are four field pieces in reserve—let them batter the head of that column and give the Irish Brigade, which has not yet been engaged, orders to fall upon the English flank!" Duke Richelieu, aid-de-camp to the King, seized the idea from Lally, and galloped to Louis, who instantly gave the necessary commands. Still the Eng-

lish column, marching and firing steadily kept on its terrible course, and crashed every French regiment that came before it. Had the Dutch carried Antoine at the moment, the French army could not have escaped. Already the column, bleeding at every stride, was within the sight of the royal tent. The English officers actually laid their canes across the muskets to make the men fire low. Just then the fire of four field pieces opened on the head of the column, and the foremost files went down. The English cannon replied stoutly, and the march was resumed. But now there came a sound from the side of De Barri's Wood, which made Lord Hay start as if struck by a bullet. It swelled above the crash of artillery and the rattle of musketry. "Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before" that "fierce hurrah" bursts upon the ear of battle! The English have heard that shout before and remembers it to, their cost. They halt and dress their ranks "to face that battle-wind." Again that wild cheer, "Remember Limerick!" rings along the plain, and, like the ocean foam that breaks upon Slinehead, the Irish Brigade, with bayonets thirstily flashing, rushed up the slope and sprang upon the foe! They never fired a shot as they came on. The English waited until the Brigade was within twenty paces, and then fired one withering volley. "Revenge! Remember Limerick!" from 4,000 Irish throats, replied, and, before the smoke had cleared away, their steel was reddened to the socket in English blood. The clubbed muskets of the Brigade beat down the English ranks, while that furious war-shout rang to the very walls of old Tournay. The French Corps of Normandie and Vassieux seconded the Irish charge, and within ten minutes from the time that the Brigade struck the column, no English stood upon the Slope of Fontenoy!

Bulkeley's regiment slew the Coldstream Guards, almost to a man, and captured their colors. In this superb charge, the Irish captured fifteen out of the twenty field pieces that led and covered the British attack.

This victory saved France from invasion; but it cost the Irish dear. Count Dillon was slain, Lord Clare disabled, while one-third of the officers and one-fourth of the men were killed or wounded. King Louis, next morning, publicly thanked the Irish, made Lally a General, and Lord Clure was soon afterwards created a Marshal of France. England met retribution for her cruelty and faithlessness to Ireland; and King George vehemently cursed the laws that

drove the Irish exiles to win glory and vengeance on that bloody day.

The last great exploit of the Irish Brigade was performed at the battle of Laßelt, Flanders, in 1747, when, for the second time, they mainly aided in defeating Cumberland and avenged his massacre of the gallant Highland Clans at and after the battle of Culloden.

This triumph effectually humbled England, and led to the peace of Aix la Chapelle in the succeeding year.

Thus gloriously terminated the active career of the Irish Brigade of France. The hand of a king inscribed its noble epitaph, when, in 1792, the Comte de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII., presented to the surviving officers, a *drapeau d'adieu*, or flag of farewell—a gold harp, wreathed with shamrocks and *fleur de lis*, on a white ground, with the following touching words :

"Gentlemen: We acknowledge the inappreciable services that France has received from the Irish Brigade in the course of the last one hundred years—services that we shall never forget, though under an impossibility of requiting them. Receive this standard as a pledge of our remembrance, a monument of our admiration and our respect; and, in future, generous Irishmen, this shall be the motto of your stainless flag—

'1692—1792.'

*Semper et Ubique Fidelis!*"

"Always and every where faithful." Well might Prince Louis so express himself. In defense of his house there died nearly 500,000 of Ireland's daring manhood! What wonder that with them departed much of her warlike spirit and reckless courage! She could gaze without a blush, albeit with many a tear, on the record of her soldier-sons, beneath the *Fleur de Lis*. Her "Wild Geese," as they were fondly called, will never fly to her bosom across the Eastern waves. The cannon of Europe have pealed above their graves the soldier's requiem; the prayers of stricken Ireland have heralded their brave spirits to the happier world, where angels chant around them the chivalric legend inscribed by the Bourbon Prince—" *Semper et ubique fidelis!*" So may Irishmen ever remain to the cause of their native land, which—despite every ill that has crushed it in the past or that may assail it in the future—shall triumphantly outlive even the fame of her brigade and the empire of her oppressor.

## VARIETIES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE wild boar is one of the most dreadful animals in nature, except the *tame bore*.

The greatest friend of truth is time; the greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility.

A MAGISTRATE censuring some boys for loitering in the street, asked; "If everybody was to stand in the street, how could anybody get along."

THE question of where all the Smiths come from is answered. A factory in an adjoining city bears the sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

A MAN advertises for "a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine," he adds "that it will be profitable to the *undertaker*." No doubt of it.

THE latest instance afforded by a fond mother of her son's cleverness is said *son's* correcting her for saying he was all over dirt. He said the dirt was all over him.

AN editor says that the only reason he knows of why his house was not blown away the other day, during a severe gale, was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

ARE you unfortunate? And would you really like to test the sympathy of the friend who has given you the warmest and most cheering words? Ask him to loan you a dollar.

"MOTHER, can I go and have my photograph taken?" No, I guess it isn't worth while. "Well, then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled out, I never go anywhere."

"I don't mean to reflect on you," said a coarse would-be wit to a man whom he had insulted. "No," was the reply, "you're not polished enough to reflect on anybody."

"PRETTY bad underfoot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes, but it's fine overhead," replied the other. "True enough," said the first; "but then, very few are going that way."

A CLIENT calling at his lawyer's office, in which there was a blazing fire, exclaimed: "Why, your office is as hot as an oven." "Why shouldn't it be?" retorted the lawyer, "since it is here that I make my bread!"

"THAT dog of yours flew at me this morning, and bit me on the leg, and I now notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he is not mad. What's he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad."

OUT OF DANGER.—A Paris journal mentions the attempted suicide of a criminal under sentence of death, and adds, "Medical assistance being promptly administered, he is now out of danger, and will to-morrow undergo the sentence of the law."

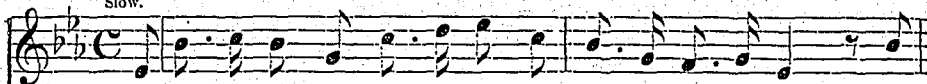
A MAN one hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made. The shop-keeper suggested that he might not live to wear them out, when the old man retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one.

# "THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS."

Written by Thomas Moore.

Music by Sir John Stevenson.

Slow.



1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now  
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells; The



hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled: So  
chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus



sleeps the pride of former days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And  
free - dom now so seldom wakes, The ou - ly throb she gives Is



hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!  
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

