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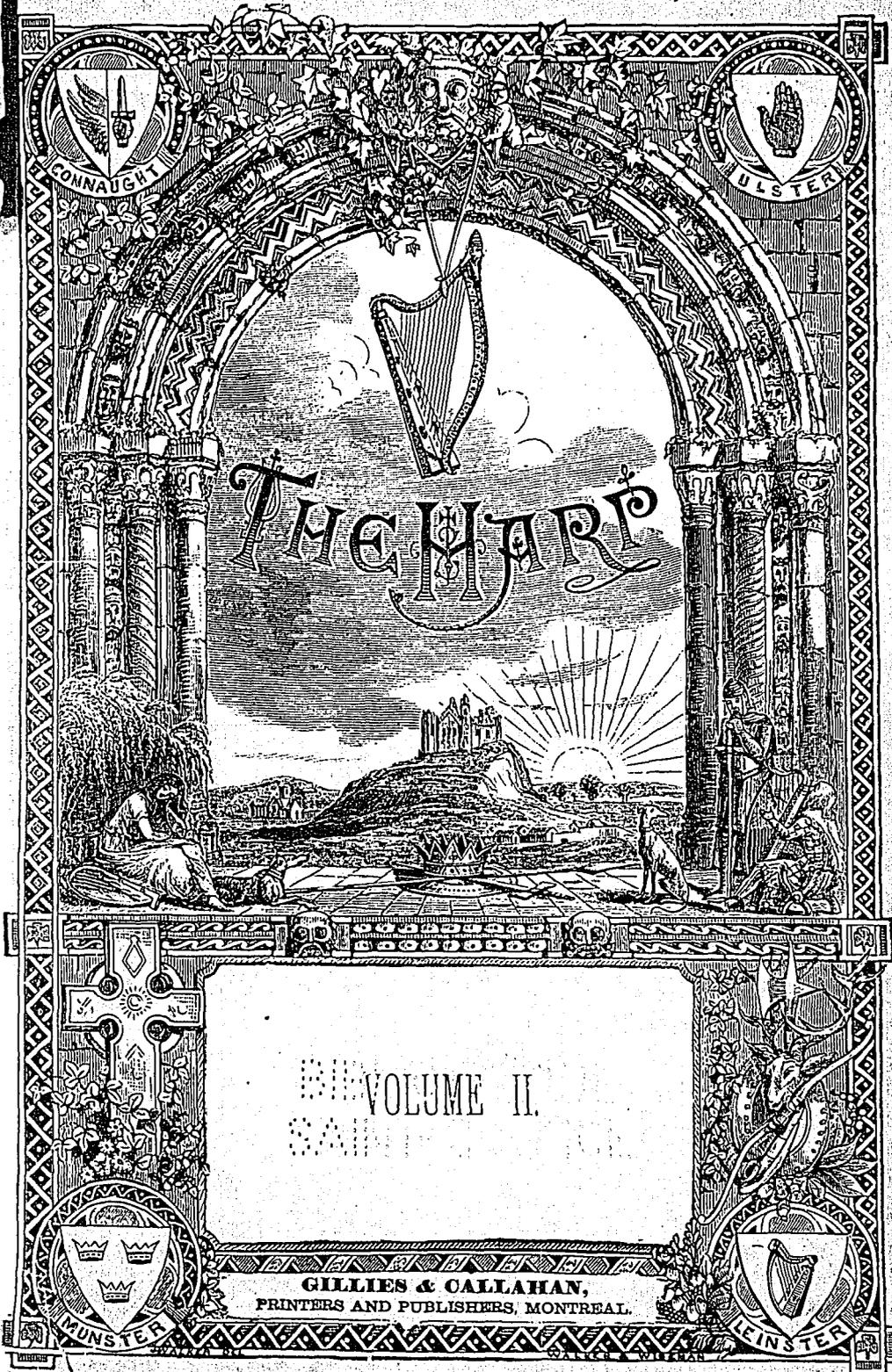
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THE HARP



VOLUME II.

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INDEX.

SERIALS.	
The O'Donnell's of Glen Cottage, Pages 2, 37, 73, 109, 145, 181, 217, 247, 277, 313, 343, 375.	
Eric Waldenthorn, Pages 11, 47, 84, 117.	

IRISH HISTORY.	
Catechism of Irish History, Pages 213, 60, 97, 136, 167, 213, 273, 309, 333, 366, 403.	

SHORT TALES.	
	PAGE.
A Story of the Curfew,	89
A Tough Mule Story,	99
Uncle Toby and the Bench,	122
A Danbury Dog Story,	143
Romance and Reality,	154
The Water Witch,	170
An Eviction,	176
Retribution,	190
The Abbé de St. Pierre's Story,	193
The Artist's Dream,	204
The Sign of the Golden Fleece,	207
Murphy's Elopement,	210
La Rosiere; or, The Triumph of Goodness,	225
Lost and Won,	236
The Story of '98,	256, 302
Poor Zac,	239
A Story of '45,	259
Ruined by Drink,	266
The Triumph of Grace,	270
The Mystery of the Heath,	297
The Haunted Tree,	323
The Paris Express,	325
Halls of Tara,	362
Without a Blemish,	382
The Heroines of Jemappes,	398

POETRY.	
Learn a Little Every Day,	1
O'Donnell Abooi	29
Song to Erin,	37
Poem,	63
Cherries are Ripe,	73
Oh! My Bird,	109
What are the Stars,	142
An Exile's Dream,	164
My Swan—Song,	145
The Farm and City,	184
If We Knew,	190
The Irish Mermaid,	207
The Everlasting Pity,	217
In Memoriam,	225
Little Children,	233
Faithless,	247
The Memory of the Dead,	255
Old Christmas Days,	259
Waiting,	263
A Lover's Fancy,	277
The Irish Maiden's Song,	335

EDITORIALS, ESSAYS, &c.	
	PAGE
Patriotic Song,	313
The Exile,	343
Ode to Bishop Conroy,	361
Dies Ire,	398
Death of honest John Martin,	17
Death of another great Irishman,	17
The noblest Patriot of them all gone,	17
John Mitchel and Negro Slavery,	18
Father Quaid,	53
The Impending War,	53
O'Connell,	90, 123
Stephen J. Meany on the late Sir John Gray,	54
Education,	55
The Ethics of Journalism,	160
The Cause of Ireland's Condition,	198
"Only an Irishman,"	199
The Irish Language,	224
Merry Christmas,	264
Education in Ireland,	294
To Our Readers,	329
English Stealings,	330
The Comforts of Religion,	359
Gratitude,	359
A Monument of the Revolution, by Mitschalet,	360
Lessons for Young Men,	360
The Government of Our Thoughts,	391
Dr. Faustus and Queen Elizabeth,	392
Pilgrimage to Rome,	394

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.	
The Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch,	19
Mr. John Martin, M. P.,	25
Stephen J. Meany,	64, 100, 128
O'Connell,	92, 163
Thomas Francis Meagher,	126
Carolan, The Irish Bard,	229
Smith O'Brien,	268
Father Murphy,	272
Father Lynch,	296
The Martyred Archbishop of Ar- magh,	352

MISCELLANEOUS.	
Dreaming,	11
The Dying Star,	16
Killing Time,	19
Ireland's Attachment to Rome,	28
Faults,	29
The Ride of Sarsfield—The Siege of Limerick,	30
A Good Suggestion,	32
The Tomb of the Blessed Virgin,	33
Learn a Trade,	34
True Politeness,	34
Forbear to Judge,	35
"If I Had Leisure,"	35
Young Men,	52
Heroes and Heroines,	55

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
Parental Duty,	63	The Jesuits in America,	269
Praise and Flattery,	69	Bainbridge,	285
The Little Courtesies of Life,	69	A Fight in the Mountains,	288
Practical Knowledge,	70	The Pulse,	290
The Rock of Doon,	70	Grandfather's Watch,	291
Chinese Ideas About Death,	91	Remedy for Scarlet Fever,	293
The O'Connell Monument in Ennis,	93	New Year's Anthem,	293
Maxims of Cardinal de Retz,	95	Before Folk,	295
A Vagabond Philosopher,	95	How the Popes Live,	304
Taming the Huming Bird,	109	Christmas Customs,	305
The Value of a Cent,	107	The Franciscan Order,	305
Pleasures of Memory,	115	By Words,	306
Living Among the Lepers,	125	The Irish Language,	307
A Celestial Paper Carrier,	135	Noted Converts,	308
Ireland: Her Position, Population, and Productions,	139	A Story of Cúrran,	308
The Evil of It,	140	Four Things to be Remembered,	328
The Wise Choice of A Wife,	141	Editors and their Subordinates,	331
Without a Moment's Warning,	141	The Escape of the Pope from Rome,	341
Inconveniences of a Short Memory,	142	St. Peter's,	351
Andrew Johnson's Love Affair,	142	A Poetical Bellman,	355
Memories of Ireland,	143	Why the Turks adopted the Cres- cent,	355
The Wanderer,	157	A Useful Establishment,	356
Ruined by Drink,	157	Limit Your Wants,	356
An Exile's Last Glimpse of Home,	159	Stick to the Broomstick,	356
The Cedars of Lebanon,	159	MacMahon at the Malakoff,	357
How to Procure Sleep,	161	An Old Sea-Dog,	357
How to Make Good Servants,	161	Faith from Reading,	364
Modern Dress and Manners,	162	Three Things,	383
Mice and Matches,	164	What O'Clock,	384
The Flight of Time,	164	The Modern Drama,	385
Promised Land for Women,	164	The Leaders of Dublin Society,	386
Dangers of Tainted Atmosphere,	165	The Wonders of Vibration,	401
O'Connell's Monument in Rome,	165		
Dressing as a Fine Art,	166	MUSIC.	
The Depth of the Great Lakes,	166	"Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore,"	36
The Sleeplessness,	169	"O'Donnell Abou!"	71
The Crucifix of the Devil,	171	"Oh! Where's the Slave,"	108
Progress of Catholicism in England,	173	"My Gentle Harp,"	144
Domestic Servants in the Olden Time,	173	"As Slow Our Ship,"	216
First Principles,	174	"Oh! Breathe Not His Name,"	276
Housekeeping 100 Years Ago,	174	Avenging and Bright,"	312
Myles Sweeney,	175		
Answering Letters,	179	ILLUSTRATIONS.	
Macaulay's Tribute to a Mother,	189	The Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch,	19
A Horatian Lyric,	193	Mr. John Martin, M. P.,	25
Beware of the One Glass,	196	Holy Cross Abbey,	28
How a Ventriloquist, &c.,	196	Castle of Trim,	59
Tipperary History,	196	Stephen J. Meany,	64
The Cathedral of New York,	197	O'Connell,	92
The Tomb of Marshal MacMahon's Father,	200	The O'Connell Monument in Ennis,	96
The Pope Asks a Favor,	200	Thomas Francis Meagher,	126
The Nameless Grave,	201	The Battle of Aughrim,	162
The Language of Animals,	204	Round Towers,	172
The Pope on O'Connell,	212	Barrack Bridge, Dublin,	200
Poets of Ireland,	227	Maynooth College,	206
"Was Ever Poet so Trusted Before?"	228	Pillar Stone,	232
Keep Your Temper,	231	Ogham Stone,	238
How Notre Dame Was Saved,	232	Scurlogstown Castle,	245
Old Rome and New York,	233	The Quintessence of Covetousness,	262
The Trappists,	235	Smith O'Brien,	268
English as Spoken in England,	238	Father Murphy,	272
Girls in the Schoolroom,	245	Father Lynch,	296
The Grave of Goldsmith,	246	Québec,	332
Old Coaches and Sedan Chairs,	262	Armagh Cathedral,	389
Ireland and the Faith,	263	Cahir Castle,	397
A Visit to the Pope,	267	Answers to Correspondents, &c.,	72, 180, 215, 275, 311.



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No. 1.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play,
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them;
As they pass us on our way,
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page,
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sun shines, making hay!
Thus we may, by help of heaven,
Learn a little every day.

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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

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

CHAPTER I.

FATHER O'DONNELL.—A STROLL THROUGH "THE ROCK OF CASHEL."

It was an autumn eve; one of those beautiful evenings that seem to linger, as if loath to leave us to winter's chilly blasts.

In a cosy little parlor, in a comfortable cottage, near the village of Clerihan, sat an old gentleman, reading a large volume which lay on the table before him.

He was a stout, full man, with a good humored appearance, that told more forcibly than words could do that he was at peace with himself, and the world besides.

A crucifix stood on the chimney-piece before him, and several prints and pictures of Our

Saviour and the Holy Family hung around the walls.

From these, and from his black dress, and closely shaven face, it was evident that he was a priest.

"*Deo Gratias!*" said he as he finished a chapter from his breviary.

Father O'Donnell closed the book, leant back in the arm-chair, and placed his feet on the fender, near the little fire that burned so brightly before him.

His little dog, Carlo, seemed to enjoy the quiet of the thing, too, for he dozed away upon the hearthrug, occasionally opening his drowsy eyes, and taking a sly peep as he moved, to see would he be reprimanded for his rudeness.

At the other side of the fire, puss, rolled up in his sleek coat, and his lazy paws stretched out from him, purred a contented *ronaun* for himself, as a contented happy cat should do.

Having finished his office, the priest leant back in his chair, and fell asleep.

A graceful young girl, with a world of fun and mischief sparkling in her laughing blue eyes, stole along the hall; she peeped in at the door, and seeing the priest asleep, noiselessly slipped behind him, and clapped her hands upon his eyes.

"In God's name who is this? who dare do it?" exclaimed Father O'Donnell very indignantly, as he strove to pull off the hands.

"Ha! ha! ha!" rang a very musical voice behind him; "Guess who's in it?"

"Go along, you baggage, and take your hands; isn't this a respectful way to treat an old priest, I ask you?"

"Now, don't get vexed with me, Father, O'Donnell," said the young girl, flinging back the curls from her pretty face, with a toss of her head, "sure I was only joking."

"Well well, sure I might easily know who it was, for none other but mad-cap Alice would

do the like," said the priest, relaxing into good humour.

"That's it," said the other playfully; "you now look like yourself; but you had such a cross look that time, you nearly frightened me; now you look like a Christian, but these faces"—and she hung her brows, curled her lips, and pursed her mouth, in imitation of Father O'Donnell—"pooh! it frightens me."

Father O'Donnell leant back and laughed heartily at the caricature.

"Well, well, Miss Madcap, I can never make anything of you. The face certainly was a good one," and Father O'Donnell laughed heartily again.

"Well, then, Father O'Donnell, I have some news for you, so I came over all the way to tell it."

"And pray what is it, Miss?"

"O! I am not going to tell it here, though. Come out in the garden, until we pluck the flowers and hear the birds singing, this beautiful evening. How do you live in this stifled room; it is as close as a bee-hive; I couldn't live five minutes in it."

"Now, Alice, don't go on at such a rate; if you were as tired as I am, after travelling through the parish—really, I don't know how a poor old priest like me can stand it. I first went——"

"That will do now; if you get into a history of your day's adventures, I fear it would be night when they'd be concluded. Now, I have but fifteen minutes to honor you with my precious company, as I have left my car at the village, and ran up to see you and tell you the news."

"Well, then, let us have it, if you please; but I'd much sooner you'd leave me here."

"Not a bit of it; here is your old hat; good gracious! why don't you buy a new one; it is a regular scarecrow; put the good side in front though; now come out."

Father O'Donnell followed, greatly perplexed as to what the important news was that should disturb him from his quiet nap—that should bring her up from the village to tell him.

"Well now," said he, standing in the middle of the walk, and facing Alice, "tell me what you have to say?" Alice looked at him with a rich humor sparkling in her eyes. She then tossed her head to fling back some straying curls that floated about her face.

"I tell you what, Father O'Donnell," said she, "you poor old priests, like old bachelors, don't know how to address a lady. Just think

of it, to tell me I must do a thing; but then, poor creatures, ye don't know better, ye don't know how to enjoy life cosily and comfortably at all; not you, who could tell you; not a time but I find your books and glasses and other things in one rich state of confusion, whilst you think them all right, because Mrs. Hogan, who in your imagination is an immaculate house-keeper, placed them so."

"Do you know, Alice," said Father O'Donnell, striving to look as if such light conversation detracted from his dignity, "I often think that Lady Morgan must have met you somewhere, and taken you as her model for her 'Wild Irish Girl.' I need not read the work anymore to learn all the pranks of her heroine while I have such an original before me."

"There are more of your mistakes. Now, I believe I was scarcely born when the 'Wild Irish Girl' was written."

"Well, well! you're right, child; but now, out with your news?"

"I suppose I must; then, in the first place, I and papa will go to the races to-morrow, if you come with us."

"No, no, child; a race is no place for an old priest like me; I am become insensible to the sports of this life; besides——"

"Now, Father O'Donnell, I will not be let go unless you come, and I have set my heart on going, so do not disappoint me," said Alice, eagerly.

The priest looked at her, as a shade of sadness crossed her handsome sprightly face.

"I don't know, I don't know; I don't like to disappoint you, child, yet——"

"Do come, Father O'Donnell!" said she, pleadingly; "besides, Frank O'Donnell, or as you call him, 'your child,' though he's a young man over twenty years of age"——

"What about him?" said the other, eagerly.

"He's to ride the Fawn for the Rock Stakes: won't that induce you?"

"Frank O'Donnell to ride a steeple-chase!" said the priest raising his eyes, and looking the very picture of surprise.

"Now, if you put such a horrid phiz upon you again you'll frighten me away. What is there wrong in it; would you have him become a Trapist, and not have a spark of life in him; as for my part, I should like to see him riding, he will look so grand when well dressed."

"Child, child! you know not what you say; can an O'Donnell descend to become a jockey?"

"There you're wrong again; the best of gentlemen ride; look at Lord Waterford—but it's getting late; will you come?"

"Yes, I will go; I'll meet ye at the little gate in the morning, so good-bye now."

"Good-bye, and don't fail," said Alice, as she tripped away.

"I will be there, sure enough," said Father O'Donnell to himself, "to prevent him from riding; this racing brings on such habits of illness and dissipation, I must try and save him."

There is a splendid view from the picturesque and majestic Rock of Cashel.

Extending along beneath you, in one beautiful fertile plain, lies the golden vale, so called on account of the great fertility of its soil. Villages and the ruins of abbeys and castles dot the landscape, while here and there are gentlemen's seats and farm houses. The silvery Suir flows through this beautiful tract of country, and the stately Gaultees, Slievenamon, and Knock-nael-down, raise their towering heads in the distance. The city, with its ruins of abbeys and churches, lies in one panorama at your feet. What shall we say of the Rock itself?—once the seat of kings, and even now bearing the impress of kingly grandeur upon its brow. Though the hand of time has pressed heavily upon it; though the zeal of rude fanatics has pressed heavier still, yet there it stands, proud, stately, and majestic even in its decay, a living monument of the zeal and power of Catholicity in the olden times.

On the day with which our tale commences, there was nothing of that sleepy indolence that too often characterizes our decaying towns and villages, about the city of kings; no, the people appeared joyous and happy, for it was a races day.

On such occasions strangers and sightseers take a run through the Rock before the races; you might see crowds of boys and poor men, who eagerly pay their penny, to run about its vast ruins, and to wonder and speculate for what it was built at all.

But look at these respectably dressed men, with their guide carefully explaining every part to them; they have paid their shilling and entered their names in the visitors' book, for the edification of future tourists. They nod assent to everything the guide says, and he, honest man that he is, tells them a great deal, be it true or false; no matter, he gives them the full value of their money.

Apart from the rest strolled two men; one was our friend, Father O'Donnell, the other was a young man of about twenty; he might be a few years older. He was of middle height, with a light, elastic step, and a pleasing appearance. His hair was dark, and clustered in thick curls about his ample forehead. His eyes were dark, but intelligent looking; and though a smile played occasionally around his handsome mouth, still, an air of sadness, that ill became one so young, overshadowed him by times.

The two stood for a time without speaking, for Father O'Donnell seemed to have something heavy upon his mind; at length his young companion said: "I'm sure, uncle, it is not to see the races you came, for I think you were never an admirer of them."

"No, Frank, it is not; what would a poor old priest like me want to races?"

"Why, sir, the old require enjoyment as well as the young, and after your heavy duties a little relaxation would serve you; for the mind requires rest as well as the body."

"True enough, child; but when the mind grows old, and the body totters on the verge of the grave, all our amusement should consist in the performance of those duties we owe to God and man; there is a terrible reckoning hereafter, Frank, moreover, for a poor old priest entrusted with the salvation of others."

Frank said nothing, but commenced an inspection of a stone effigy of St. Paul that lay at his feet.

Father O'Donnell laid his hand upon Frank's shoulder, and then after a few hems, said, "Tell me, Frank, are you going to ride to-day?"

Frank held down his head, and seemed to commune with St. Paul.

"I know, Frank," continued the priest, "you won't tell me a lie. I see it is true, child. It is a poor ambition, Frank, for an O'Donnell; I always thought you would fill my place when I'd be in my grave. Despite your mother's solicitations, you have given up the Church, and now you are going to descend so low as to become a jockey."

Frank still held down his head and was silent.

"Frank," said the priest, taking him tenderly by the hand; "you know I love you, my dear child; do this now to gladden the heart of your poor uncle; give up this racing; nothing good can come of it; I have come here on purpose to ask this favor of you."

The tears stood in Frank's eyes as he replied—"My dear uncle, I would do anything to please you, but I have promised to ride the Fawn to-day; now, you have always taught me to keep my word. Perhaps I was wrong in promising; I know I was, but, as I have, allow me to ride this time. It will be my last."

"Well, since you have promised, be it so, but never do it again."

"I pledge you I will not," said Frank.

"Well, then, go now, my boy, I'll meet you in the evening; but stop, we hav'nt seen much of the rock; that mad-cap, Alice Maher, that brought me here, Frank, you know her don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I have met her at your house."

"She is a wild girl, Frank, and after all, somehow I'm fond of her; if you heard how she fought for you yesterday, I'm sure you'd be fond of her too."

All this time Frank was turning the unconscious saint over and over; he examined it at all points; in fact, he might become a statuary, and carve one for himself, so closely had he tried it in all its bearings. Father O'Donnell wondered at his silence, but like most old men he loved to have all the talk to himself, so he did not mind. He did not know, so little was he versed in the intricacies of that strange thing, the human heart—he did not know, when he told Frank that he ought to be fond of Alice Maher, that Frank had dutifully anticipated his advice. Five years had passed since Frank had met Alice at his uncle's. Father O'Donnell hoped that Frank would replace him, in his house and place, and as pastor and law-giver to the village of Clerihan, and the adjacent parish. Frank's mother, too, longed for the day that her son would be a blessed *soggarth-aroon*, but contrary to all their expectations, Master Frank O'Donnell found that he had no vocation for a clerical life. He made this discovery about two years before we introduce him to our readers; some thought that the sparkling eye and roguish ways of Alice Maher had a great deal to do with it. Father O'Donnell—poor innocent man that he was—still persisted in looking upon Alice and Frank as children. He little knew what a deep passion was agitating their young bosoms.

"Come, now, let us have a look at the rock, Frank; I know it pretty well, so I'll be your guide. See, Frank, see this magnificent cathedral, look at these grand Gothic jointed arches, see how beautifully they are chiselled,

how fine the tracery is; it is said to be founded about the year 1152, by Donald O'Brien, King of Munster; some think that it was built by the celebrated Cormac M'Cuilenan, king of Munster and Bishop of Cashel. He was killed in the year 908; be this as it may, it is a grand structure. Look at all these tombs, effigies, and monuments, that lie scattered about. That old stone coffin beyond belonged to King Cormac. Look at that richly carved tomb with the effigies of the twelve Apostles near it. Of all these monuments, perhaps that erected to Milor M'Grath is the most remarkable. He apostatized, and was translated from the bishopric of Down to that of Cashel in 1670. This is an effigy of him in a recumbent position with his mitre on."

"The following is a translation of his quaint epitaph which he wrote himself:—

The verse of Milor McGrath, Archbishop of Cashel, to the traveler. The most sanctified Patrick, the great glory of our soil, first came into Down. I was also in Down the first time; though succeeding him in place, would I were as holy as he. I ser. ed the English fifty years, and pleased the princes in the raging war.

Here, where I am placed I am not, I am not where I am not, neither am I in both, but I am in both places. He that judgeth me is the Lord. 1st Cor. 4 Chap.

"Let him that standeth take heed lest he falleth."

Father O'Donnell mused, and looking about him on the crumbling monuments, said,—
"Kings, and bishops, and lords lie mouldering beneath our feet; how far does their pride or ambition avail them now, Frank; one kind act, a cup of cold water given in the name of the Lord, would smell sweeter before heaven than all their vain pomp and parade. The poor peasant that moulders in his humble grave beneath the canopy of heaven has a sweeter sleep than these lordly ones in their storied urns."

"They then passed into Cormac's Chapel.

"This," said Father O'Donnell, "was built by Cormac M'Carthy, in the early part of the twelfth century. It is cruciform, of the decorated Norman style. All its capitals and traceries are embellished with grotesque heads of men and animals. Near it is a fine round tower in a good state of preservation."

As they passed beneath the splendid arch which springs from the centre of the Cathedral, and is about fifty feet high,

"Look," said Father O'Donnell, pointing upwards; "this was the belfry; it was battered in 1647 by Cromwell's troops under Murrough

O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin. What a strange medley of good and bad these O'Briens were. There was in the hall at Dromoland a rough marble table, on which their progenitors were wont to behead their refractory subjects, but this was in accordance with the spirit of the times, when, as their motto has it, '*lamb aulhir amuaktha*,' or the strongest hand uppermost."

"Here is the castle at the west end, the residence of the ancient kings, were

Stately the feast and high the cheer,

that echoed through its halls. Now let us pass out. Beneath this rough stone cross the kings of Munster were crowned. Look at all these abbeys around; there is a whole host of legends about St. Patrick, Ossian, an enchanted bull, and an enchanted lady, that decoyed people to *Tir-ne-nogue*; but I must reserve them for another time. So you see, Cashel was a place of importance in its day."

"I know you are impatient to go now, Frank," continued Father O'Donnell to him as he stood counting the chimings of a neighboring clock that struck eleven. "Well, go, child, and God bless you; and as for me, I'll return to commune with myself among these deserted halls and cloisters. It is pleasing to listen to the music and chirping of the little birds in these grey old ruins. They seem so happy amidst the surrounding desolation, none of our cares or troubles disturb their joyous existence.

These sculptured walls and architraves do not recall any feeling of the past to them. These lonely graves do not speak to them of decay, nor can they conceive the desolation of the sublime spirit that makes us shudder at death; but, then, there is hope, for angel voices above us inspire us with the belief that God shall accept our good works, and hearken to our humble prayers.

"While you are enjoying yourself, Frank, I will people these ruins with mailed warriors and ladies fair; with thronging worshippers bowing before their prelate and their king; with priests and monks around the sacred shrines, chanting God's endless praise,

"———In deep and measured flow,
Of psalmody and hymn!"

CHAPTER II.

IRISH RACES—NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

As Frank returned to the city the streets were thronged with people; conveyances, too, of all kinds dashed rapidly on. There was the coach-and-four with its liveried servants and

fair inmates; next came the tax-cart, with its dandy driver in white kids and immaculate tie; then the jaunting-car, laden with the wealthy class of farmers' sons and daughters; and lastly the Scotch car, with its rosy-checked laughing occupants, reclining upon trusses of hay or straw, and modestly blushing at the bantering jokes of happy swains, whose blarneyed tongues and good looks proved irresistible passports.

The hotels and shops were crowded with lounging squireens, smoking their cigars, sipping their brandy, and betting and speculating.

There were, too, plenty of wet souls fortifying themselves with spirituous comforts, and loving souls coaxing their sweethearts to take the least "tint of wine against the day; shure the dear creatures would want it."

Seldom did the old royal city of Cashel witness such a concourse of drinking jovial souls, bent on fun and enjoyment; not, perhaps, since the shouts of a quarter of a million human beings from the priest bill startled the old rock and the quiet dead therein reposing, with the glad tidings that Ireland was to be free. O'Connell said so, and the people hailed him with lusty lungs.

Strange all this time pauperism was beginning to overspread the land; the people were treading upon a mine; they rushed on with light hearts, whilst starvation was unfolding them with its sable wings.

As Frank approached the hotel, a most ludicrous scene blocked his way. There, elbowing and crushing one another, was collected a ragged group of beggars. Some of them hobbled on crutches, others on dishes, others had crying children in their arms to create sympathy.

Jarvis, too, were vigorously whipping their jaded rosinantes. "A seat, sir, only sixpence, a splendid drive, sir," shouted a squat, little fellow, with red handkerchief tied around his neck, to Frank.

"A beautiful drive, indeed; oh, masha, do you hear that; into the pond, I suppose, where you are after leaving Mrs. Parse and her family; the day is fine enuff, glory be to God, to take a swim; up here, your honor; I have got the horse," shouted the rival.

"Ay berrin' the two spavins and the blind eye" retorted the other; "begorra, sir, it will be as good as travellin' in a balloon; the beautiful way he has of dashin' you up with the hind feet."

"Goin' out, sir, just goin', wants on'y one; jump up. Arragh hould your prate, every mother's sowl of yes; this is the horse that ran aganist the rock."

"No wonder," said another, "considering that he hasnt a sthem; shure he's always running aganist rocks and cars."

"I mean Captain Rock, your honour, he only won by a neck."

"Was it this races twelve months, Jim," enquired another, "that he broke Mr. Ryan's leg? You see, your honor, when he heard the bugle, he ran away and upset the car upon the poor jintleman; shure we had a dacent berrin' upon him; the scarf I got made a shirt for my little boy."

There was an old gentleman settled very comfortably upon the car with his rug loosely about his feet, but the old gentleman became very pale and jumped off; the driver insisted that he should remain, but the old gentleman wisely paid his fare and decamped.

"This is the horse, your honor, that does the thing handsomely," shouted another, as he whipped up to the old gentleman.

"I think I won't go at all," said the old gentleman, doubtingly.

"Arragh do, your honor, he's as quiet as a lamb," and he drove up to him among the ragged group, whose devotions he disturbed.

"One penny for the good of your father's sowl."

"A weeny sixpence betune a lot of us, poor forlorn women: do, your honor, and God reward you."

The old gentleman looked bewildered among the group.

"Bad luck to you, do you mean to drive the horse on top of us."

"Arragh, will you look before you, you *oma thawn*, and not rush on the top of the poor!"

"Out in five minutes; lay the way, ye set."

"The curse of Cromwell attend you, Jack Lanty; who'd go upon your broken-kneed, broken-winded garron?"

In truth, Jack's horse showed evident signs of being a pious horse, and also of a breaking constitution; the chief sign was a dry, asthmatic cough, that almost shook the driver from his perch.

Jack whipped the horse more fiercely among the group, which set crutches and dishes in active use. The old gentleman vowed that he wouldn't go at all, and succeeded in elbowing his way through the crowd.

"For God's sake, will you let me pass in?" said Frank.

"Throw a weeny sixpence betune us, your honor."

"Musha, faith, the young blood doesn't have much to spare now-a-days; God be wid owld times," said an old cynical beggar, with a short duden in his mouth.

"He has the good face, any way," said another.

"Many's the good face carries an empty pocket, though," said the cynic, drawing out his duden to indulge in a good whiff.

"Here," said Frank, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Long life to your honor. Shure it's Mr. O'Donnell; it's kind for him to be good to the poor. Shure he's to ride the Fawn, and may he win; he's the handsome gentleman, God bless him."

"Whoop, tallyho there! lay the way for Mr. Frank," shouted a voice from behind.

Frank turned around and beheld a nondescript figure dressed in a red hunting frock and cap, and whirling a club that might do credit to a Cyclops.

"Its only *Shemus a Clough*, a poor simpleton, your honor," shouted the group.

"Ah! is this Shemus," said Frank, turning to him.

"Sarra another, Misther Frank; whoop, tallyho."

"Shure you won't forget us, you honor," said the beggars.

Frank flung some coppers among them, and while the lame and blind and halt were mixed in one scramble, he got into the yard with Shemus, who, as was his habit, was all the time singing snatches of songs.

"Some loves to kiss a pretty lass,
Some loves to toss a blowing glass;
But I loves a sporting pack
A chasing reynard in their track.
Tallyho, tallyho in the morning."

"Isn't that beautiful, Misther Frank. Hurra, I am glad to see you here, and you'll win, Misther Frank; shure I know it, for something here," and he placed his hand over his heart, "tells me the good news always, you know. I can sing and laugh then, and I can sing and laugh now."

"Some loves their horse and hounds,
Some loves their pleasure grounds;
But I loves a sporting pack
A chasing reynard in their track.
Tallyho, tallyho, in the morning."

"And Shemus, poor fellow, you have come all the ways to the races?"

"Faith, in troth I have. Isn't it pleasant, Mistor Frank, though I was scarcely able to come, for I fell into the big quarry of Garryleigh last week; we were in such a chase we never saw it until I rolled head over heels into it, along with Spanker and Dido; wasn't it pleasant?"

"Poor fellow, I think not. Why did you come here, for really you look ill?" said Frank, compassionately.

"Mistor Maher got me taken to his house, and I'm there since with his colleen of a daughter; I'm fond of her, for she's good to poor Shemus. Well, when I heard that you were to ride the Fawn, whoops; I jumped out of bed this morning, for they wouldn't show you fair play if I wasn't there; well, I stole away, and shure when they overtook me, Miss Alice took me up beside her; aye faith. I'm fond of her; she's a colleen bawn."

"Her cheek's are rosy, and her sparklin' eyes
Are like two stars in the azure skies;
Her voice is sweet, and her golden hair
Floats as soft and free as mountain air.
My colleen bawn dhias Machree."

"Isn't that purty, Mistor Frank?"

But Frank did not heed him, so occupied was he with his own thoughts.

"I'll sing the rest of it; shure she deserves it."

"Not now, Shemus, not now. Here, take this to get your dinner, and meet me after the races."

Shemus' simple tribute of praise to the girl of his soul awoke a delicious feeling in his bosom; a chaste desire thrilled his heart, and suffused his cheeks with its warm glow. Frank, with a sigh, turned away, muttering to himself, "Alice, sweet Alice!"

A number of gentlemen, jockeys, and other lovers of the turf were collected around the centre table in the parlor of the hotel. Some decanters of wine and whiskey were upon the table, and, from their consumptive state, it was evident that they were done ample justice to.

"Ah, here's O'Donnell," said one. "Come, my dear fellow; where were you all day? Try a drop of this, and let us be off."

Frank drank a glass of wine.

"Can I travel out with you, O'Ryan?" said he to a young man near him.

"Certainly, my dear fellow; I hope we won't be the worst friends by and by. You see, if I fall, O'Donnell, you must pick me up, and *vice-versa*."

"Nonsense, man, I wont kill you if I can avoid it."

"It will be, as the old saying is," said another, "the devil take the hindmost." Ha, ha, ha, shouted the company.

"I fear, then, I will come in for his share, for I'm always looked upon as his child," said O'Ryan.

"Then you ought to have the devil's luck," said another; "however, I think we had better be moving now."

An Irish races, and, I suppose, an English one too, is a very important event; it affords a fire-side gossip to the peasantry for some months previous. They speculate on the merits of the contending horses; they lay by their little savings for the grand occasion; even the young maidens look forward to it with the greatest anxiety, and no wonder, for many a colleen meets her sweetheart there, and arranges how some relentless father or guardian is to be propitiated; many a sedate father meets his neighbor to arrange that little affair between the colleen and his gorssoon.

An Irish peasant is a most incomprehensible being; though steeped in poverty, though, perhaps, the agent has distrained his last cow, still he will rush into the gayest scenes with a kind of reckless pleasure. This unaccountable levity after grief, like sunshine after a storm, is, as he says himself, "to kill grief, for an ounce of care never paid a pound of sorrow."

It is hard to fathom an Irish peasant's heart, agitated by all the feelings, passions, and virtues of other men; his unrequited labor, his unceasing struggle for existence, his blighted prospects, too, often stir up the worst passions of his mercurial nature, and fill his heart with that wild spirit of revenge that too often brings desolation in its track.

The day was fine, beautifully fine; the roads were crowded with masses of people, and cavalcades moving towards the course, which was about a mile from the city. As Frank and his party reached the showy stand-house upon the top of the hill, it was crowded with gentlemen with their cards stuck jauntingly under their hat-bands. Some used opera-glasses, which they invariably pointed towards the long range of cars and carriages at the other side.

Gallant cavaliers often rode up to the carriages trying to make themselves particularly agreeable to their fascinating occupants. There was occasionally a hearty laugh at the expense of some dandy, whose dusty coat showed that he had come to grief in trying his bit of blood at the hurls.

This scene was enlivened with cries of

"The color of the rider, and the rider's name."

"Twenty fuses for a half-penny."

"Who rakes and sports again, who rakes and sports again."

"Five to one on the Fawn, five to one on the Fawn."

"Three to two on Harkaway."

"Three to five on Slinger."

"A cigar, sur, a cigar sur; a light, sur, a light, sur."

"A card, sur, a card; a true and correct bill of the races."

"Three ballads for a half-penny; a full account of the execution of the Codys, and how they tried to kill the hangman, glory be to God! all for one half-penny!"

The weighing-ground was a walled-in space beside the stand-house, and after some minor races, the bell rang for the great event of the day—the steeple-chase for the Rock stakes.

Frank threw off his over-coat and stood in his green silk jacket and pink cap, a perfect type of a gentleman rider. His slight, graceful and well-built frame looked to advantage in his picturesque dress. The riders now mounted and cantered their horses about the roped-in space to put them in movement.

As Frank passed on he cast a hurried glance at the cars; he was greeted with a friendly nod and kind smile.

They now returned as the last bell tolled and were formed into a rank. As the signal was given, away they dashed in beautiful style.

They took the small wall leading to the pond, in a-breast, then swept over the pond, keeping well together.

As they dashed up the hill in the heavy ground, Frank allowed the strong horses to lead him, for the Fawn was a slight mare highly bred, and possessed of immense speed. Two rolled over at the kiln fence, but Slinger, New Light, Harkaway, Fawn, and a few more, kept their places well together. As they turned the rise of ground, Fawn took the lead at a fearful pace, but slackened against the hill near the stand-house. Harkaway now dashed in front, followed by New Light, Chance, and then the Fawn. Frank noticed a white handkerchief waving to him as he shot by. Now they were nearing the pond again; down went New Light, and Chance. Frank raised the mare and thought to jump her over the sprawling horses and riders. As the Fawn dashed over them with one fearful spring, she rolled heavily abroad with Frank beneath her,

"There are two in the pond," shouted the spectators from the hill. "Whist, the Fawn is down, he's killed, she's on top of him!"

Alice leant back pale as death.

"What's the matter, child?" said her father, anxiously.

"Hurra! he's up again!" shouted the people.

"Nothing, papa, I'm well now," said Alice, as she heard the shout.

The Fawn had scarcely rolled over, when Frank was pulled up and flung upon her back; neither of them was much hurt.

"Hoorah! whip away, Misther Frank; you'll win yet," shouted Shemus-a-Clough, as he flung him into the saddle.

As Frank recovered himself, Harkaway and two others were contending hard for the next fence. They were about a hundred yards a-head.

Frank, depending upon the mare's breeding and speed, gained upon them until he came up to the kiln fence. As they turned the fall, Fawn took the lead, and they came nearly a-breast for the last jump. The mare's high breeding and mettle now stood to her, for, though hard pressed by Harkaway, she ran in winner by a length.

"Come, my dear fellow," said Mr. Maher, taking Frank by the arm, as he left the scale: "you got on cleverly, we have a bit of lunch for you, so you must come and join us."

Frank assented, and drew his top-coat over his riding dress.

As they passed through the crowd, a wild chorus of cheers and a flourish of alpeens greeted them; but high above the rest Shemus' voice and cudgel were equally prominent.

"Alice!" said Mr. Maher, to his daughter, "I have caught the lion of the races for you, and I am sure he wants some refreshment now; so I brought him to you."

"You are always kind, papa," said she, with a sweet smile, as she reached her trembling hand to Frank.

"Alice," whispered Frank, as he pressed that fair hand.

There must be some electric power in the human touch, for Frank's heart beat high, and Alice blushed and busied herself about the lunch.

"Frank, my boy, fill a glass of wine, you look pale and agitated; no wonder, it was fierce riding; my heart jumped to my mouth

when you fell, and some imps, confound them! cried out that you were killed. I hadn't much time to see whether you were or not, for just then Alice took it into her head to get a weakness like; you can't know when these women will fall upon your hands; but why the deuce am't you drinking your wine, man alive; you look as pale as a ghost," said Mr. Maher.

The glass trembled in Frank's hand, and Alice was very busy looking for something she couldn't find.

"Ha, O'Donnell! is it there you are, boy; right old fellow; remember the supper, the winner to stand all, you know; devilish nice swim I had in the pond," shouted a young man from the seat of a tax-cart.

"I shan't forget, O'Ryan," stammered Frank.

"Stop, though, will we take you in, a seat for one?" and O'Ryan pointed to a vacant place, and winked to his companions.

"You can travel with us," whispered Alice.

"No, O'Ryan; I'm too comfortable as I am to change."

"So I thought; good-bye until dinner," and O'Ryan whipped his steed.

CHAPTER III.

A RACE DINNER—THE GUEST'S STORIES.

The dining room of the Hotel was quite crowded. The little front parlor was occupied with a roulette table, surrounded by a number of gentlemen, some betting others reclining on sofas or chairs, taking a nap. A waiter, with a white apron before him, and flourishing a napkin, announced—"Dinner, gentlemen, dinner," and he gave another flourish to the napkin.

"I say waiter, will you waken Mr.—there?" "Yes, sir. Mr.—come to dinner," and the waiter pulled him gently by the coat.

"Yes, honey; sure it is that cursed O'Ryan, bad luck to the scamp, made me drink; aren't we better go to bed, love."

A general roar of laughter convulsed the company, which made Mr.—open his eyes, yawn, and ask, "Where am I?"

"Here, sir," said the waiter; "the company is going to dinner, wont you come?"

"Oh, certainly," said the other, "go on, I'll follow you."

It would not be easy to meet a more gay or jolly company than crowded around that dinner table.

There is something peculiarly gay about the Irish people. This is evident, not only among the peasantry, but also among the higher classes of society. Whether this is owing to our nature, to our soil, or climate, I cannot tell; but it is true, at least, and happy for us that it is so, for this pliant elasticity supports us through the many trying vicissitudes that have harassed our country. The passionate elements of our strong nature seem but ill adapted to the state of sufferance under which we live. How often will you see depicted on the face of the deep and deadly suffering peasant that dogged indifference that tells of sufferings that would steel the heart of any but an Irishman against all the finer feelings of human nature; yet express but one word of sympathy, do but one trifling act of kindness for him, and the haggard, death-like face will brighten up, and a tear of gratitude will glisten in the eye so dull and stupid with despair a moment before.

"Will you help me to some turkey, gentlemen?" said a fat puffy man, from the end of the table. This puffy one always ended his subject with a long "pooh."

"Certainly, Mr. Baker," said another. "Doctor, pray dissect that turkey near you."

"Ay do, doctor; you ought to be good at dissection, you know. Pooh, pooh."

Mr. Baker pursed up his mouth, leant back in his chair, and indulged in a very long "pooh."

"I say, Mr. Baker," said O'Ryan, who sat near him, "would you give us a change of air?"

This created a general laugh.

"Hand it to the coronor; let him try it," said the doctor.

"Which?" said Coronor Mara—"the air or the turkey?"

"Both, Mr. Coronor, both! we want a *post mortem* examination."

The dishes were removed, and the drink circulated freely, enlivened with song, and jest, and story.

"Will you tell us, Burke," said one, "what Sergeant Purcell O'Gorman said to the priest?"

"Aye, faith, that was a good one," said Burke.

"I had some business to the session at Ur-lingford. After the Court broke up, I called to see the sergeant about some special business."

"Ah, glad to see you Mr. Burke; just done dinner; will you have a glass of punch?"

"With pleasure, sir," said I. So we got on

from glass to glass, until we had a dozen each.

'Ring that bell, Mr. Burke, if you please.' I did so, and the servant shortly made his appearance. 'John,' said he, as John poked his head through the door, 'John, get a broil; I feel a little sick, and don't mean to retire until late.' 'Yis, sur,' says John, with a bow. So we were quietly brewing another glass, and the grateful steam of the broil was ascending when we heard a rap at the door. John soon made his appearance. 'Who the devil is that, John?' said the sergeant. 'The priest, your worship; he wants to see you.' Show him up—and John take care of the broil.' 'Yis, your worship.' Father—was shown up. 'Ah, welcome, Father. This is Mr. Burke. Will you have a glass, 'With much pleasure,' said the priest who had a point to carry. 'John, a glass for Father—.' 'Yis, your worship.' 'I have a case for your worship to-morrow,' said Father—. 'Ah, now, justice must be done you of course.' 'In your hands I am confident of that,' said the priest, with something like a sneer. 'It is a case of ejectment, in which I am defendant. I go more on the principle of the thing, as it is an important one, than on—.' 'Oh, certainly we will see all about it; now take your punch. Your health, Father—.' 'Good health, sir.' Father—rose to depart. 'John, show Father—down stairs.' 'Yis, your worship.' They had scarcely gained the landing when he called out—'John.' 'Yis, sir,' shouted John. Sergeant O Gorman was puffing and blowing all this time, and now thinking the priest had left, he called out 'John.' 'Yis, your worship,' shouted John, from the middle of the stairs. 'John, bring up the devil, the priest is gone.'

"Father—was all this time standing with the door ajar, undecided whether he'd go or return to impress his case more forcibly; but when he heard of the devil, he made a hasty exit. I think it served his case, for when it was called next day, the sergeant ordered it to be dismissed, giving as his reason, that the priest would not defend it if it were a just case."

"Faith, that was a novel reason," said one.

"Ah, you know little about the law, or you wouldn't say so," said Mr. Burke.

"O'Ryan, will you tell us how you killed the gauger?" said another.

"Killed a gauger!" said all the company with surprise.

"Aye, faith," said O'Ryan, "and waked him too."

"Tell the story, anyway."

"Well, there was a gauger hunting for a still; he called to me one evening just as I was going to dinner; I was after a spree, and half-drunk. 'You didn't dine,' said I to the gauger. 'No, but—' Oh, now, no excuse, my dear sir; we are just going to dinner, so you will take pot luck with us.' The gauger assented. After dinner we fell at the punch. I had a bottle of tincture of opium, and whatever devilment seized me, I let some of it spill into his punch. Bedad, he shortly fell off into a comfortable heavy doze. I had Ned Wright and a few more scamps with me; what did we do but take the poor man and stretch him on a long table; we then threw a sheet over him, and lit candles around him. I rang the bell; 'Bidly,' said I to the servant, 'the gauger is dead; don't make any noise about it.' Bidly stood at the door almost petrified, with her mouth and hands opened to their fullest extent, and her eyes staring at the supposed corpse. Bidly, like a good, dutiful girl, being told not to make any noise, ran out into the street as soon as she was able, and told it to every one. The people crowded in, and before we could rouse up the gauger the room was full. When he came to himself, I never saw a man so angry; he told me that I would never have a day's luck, and I believe he told the truth. Here, shove around the bottle."

"It was a sporting trick," said O'Donnell.

"Faith, then, so it was. Bye-the-bye, who was that fair ono you were so engaged with, when I accosted you on the course?" asked O'Ryan.

"Oh, she is a noted belle," said another. "She wouldn't favor the races to-day but to see how a certain gentleman in green and pink would look."

Here he gave a wink at O'Donnell.

"Pooh! O'Donnell," said another, "don't blush that way, man-alive, 'like a maiden with love overladen.' You see I am getting poetical. Here, man, fill a bumper, and let us pledge this unknown goddess."

Frank smiled, and filled his glass.

"Now, all of you," and the glasses were emptied, amidst a regular chorus of "hip, hip, hurrah!"—"She is a right good fellow"—"To lady's eyes, around, boys, we can't refuse, we can't refuse"—"The glass of punch, the glass of punch."

"Fill again," said O'Ryan, "for another toast."

"Not after that; I will not drink another to-night," said Frank.

"Well, all right, boy," shouted the company.
(*To be continued.*)

DREAMING.

What wondrous consolation come to us in those blessed hours when the body lies resting. The spirit roams at will, nor distance, space, or time can separate us from our loved. The treasures snatched away by death is ours again. Forms only dust to-day, are with us in by-gone years. The same tint of hair and shade of eye; the same rich coloring of tip, and expanse of brow; the same expression. The little peculiarities that endeared them to our hearts, make dreaming a blessed reality.

How apt are we to exclaim, when waking, "Oh, could I dream the same again!" Bereaved mother you are comforted when your baby nestles in your arms again; the little fingers thrill you when wandering as of old. The wee face breaks into smiles at your caress!

You would hold your baby thus forever. Alas! you must awake—awake to find an empty cradle, empty arms, and a longing heart.

There is more pleasure in dreams than in realities. The awakening embitters both. Brother, sister, have you awakened from the sunny dreams of youth? Are the hopes you cherished dead? Have friends forsaken you? Has disease claimed you for his prey? Because that was so bright, and this so dark, will you allow your life to be a failure? If you cannot be what you would will you not be what you can? Can you kindle ashes? Will you live a night?

ERIC WALDERTHORN

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I.

"Eric!"

"Carl!"

These exclamations of surprise proceeded from the lips of two young men, who, after discombering themselves from various wrappings of cloaks and furs, found themselves suddenly face to face, in the middle of the coffee-room of one of the principal hotels of Stettin. In their haste to approach the fire, which was blazing as merrily as logs heaped with coal could blaze, they had nearly knocked each other down, and it was in turning simultaneously to ask each

other pardon that they had each recognised a well-known face. The light fell full upon their animated countenances and sparkling eyes, as they stood in the middle of the room, their right hands locked in a hearty grasp, and their left still placed where they had seized each other by the shoulder. They were both fine specimens of early manhood. One, the tallest of the two, had a noble Teuton countenance. Rich brown hair fell back from a forehead of the finest intellectual development, whilst beneath eyebrows of a somewhat darker hue, looked forth large eyes of deep violet, which, what ever expression they might wear in repose, now beamed and flashed almost as brightly as the fire. The other, who had been addressed as Carl, had a Saxon countenance, the fair hair, the bright blue eye, the rounded chin, and despite the fair skin, the bold fearless bearing which distinguish that hardy race amongst all others.

"Why, Eric," said this last, "it seems but yesterday that I parted with you in sunny Rome. I little thought to have met with you here, in the frost and snow of a Pomeranian winter."

"And little did I expect to meet you here to-night, my dear Carl. Where are you going?"

"I am going to Rabenstein, to the house of a friend who lives in the neighborhood. I made his acquaintance in Munich last winter, and he promised me, if I would go and see him, to give me some wolf-hunting. And, as I was tired of Paris and the Carnival, I thought I would try Rabenstein by way of a change."

"A change, I should say, very much more to your taste, my Carl. But you are going my way; why not come with me, an old friend, instead of going to see this new friend? I am on my road to Kronenthal, as you may guess. Ernst is going to be married, and I am to be his best-man. Come with me; you will be a most welcome guest, and we can have some wolf-hunting together. My brother has a rare pack of hounds. Have you told your friend to expect you?"

"Oh no," answered Carl. "I reserved to myself the privilege of accepting anything by the way, I might meet with more attractive; and I would rather go to Kronenthal with you, who have asked me to accompany you there so often. But your brother—what will he say to the presence of a stranger on an occasion when none but friends are usually present."

"Ernst will make you heartily welcome; besides you are not so great a stranger to him as

you may think. I have often spoken of you to him in my letters, and he generally asks after my friend Carl, the eccentric young Englishman."

"Too bad of you, Eric," said Carl: "I dare say you have given him a fine character of me."

"I have told him, Carl," said Eric, laying his hand on his friend's arm, as they both stood near the fire, "what you are to me, my dearest, best, and truest friend. Ah, Carl! many a time but for your encouraging voice prompting me to fresh efforts, I should have despaired of myself. It was you, and you only, who enabled me to battle with the arduous trials which beset my path as an artist, and now—"

"And now, dear Eric, you are what you would always have become, with me or without me, not only an artist heart and soul, but one who possesses the power to render his ideas visible. And this, owing solely to your own undaunted courage, energy, perseverance, and strong faith in yourself, under and through great difficulties. But, come, what do you say to some dinner? I am furiously hungry. What a keen air one breathes in these night rides."

"By all means let us have something to eat, Carl; but it must only be a hasty snatch, for we have another ride before us. I want to get to Kronenthal to-night. Ernst is to send his travelling sleigh for me. It will be a glorious ride by this glorious moonlight. The distance is but three leagues."

"Don't go to-night, Eric, it is so comfortable here, and I had made up my mind to remain here to-night. It is cold out there, and I am tired; I have come a good long distance to-day."

"Don't have one of your lazy fits, Carl; we will have something to eat, and after that you will be all ready for a fresh start. I know you Englishmen; you are something like your own horses; there is nothing like a good feed for putting your mettle up."

So the young men rang the bell; and the waiter appearing, something to eat was ordered to appear as quickly as possible. Whilst it was being prepared, a cloth, which rivalled the snow outside, was spread on a table, drawn up close to the fire; and the young men chatted as young men do, who have lived together the rich artist-life of classical Rome.

"By the way," said Eric, interrupting himself, "waiter, can you tell me whither any message from Kronenthal for me, from Baron Ernst Walderthorn?"

"I cannot say, honoured sir," replied the waiter; "I will inquire of Herr Wirkmann, the landlord."

"Do," said Eric, and the waiter vanished to re-appear presently, ushering in no less a personage than Herr Wirkmann himself, whose bald polished head shone again in the bright light of the blazing fire.

"Noble sirs," said he, bowing low to the two young men, "to whom shall I give the letter, directed to the hands of the well-born Eric Walderthorn, arrived to-day from the honourable castle of Kronenthal?"

"To me, worthy Herr Wirkmann. I am Eric Walderthorn. So the sleigh is here, mine host?" said Eric, after reading the letter.

"Yes, honoured sir, and will be ready whenever your excellency chooses to order it."

"Then let it be made ready at once," said Eric, and the landlord withdrawing, the young men sat down, and discussed, with keen relish, the excellent production of the kitchen of mine host of the Geldernstern, worthy Herr Wirkmann.

In less than half an hour, they again stood at the door of the hotel, wrapped up in their cloaks and furs. Before the door, a sleigh was drawn up, well-lined with skins of the reindeer: while two huge black bearskins lay all ready to form the outer wrappings of the travellers. Two fine gray horses, evidently of the English breed, pawed the ground impatiently, and snorted, anxious to be off. Their crimson body cloths, ornamented with silver, sparkled in the bright moonlight, and the silver bells which hung from their head-gear, filled the rarefied air with fairy-like music every time they tossed their heads.

"What a pretty turn-out," said Carl, biting off the end of his cigar previous to lighting it: "I give your brother credit for his taste, Eric."

"Ernst is a fine fellow every way," replied Eric, "and you will say so when you know him, Carl. Herr landlord, are the pistols put in?"

"Yes, honoured sir, they are here," replied the landlord, pointing to the holsters fastened on each side of the reversed dashing-board.

"All right," said Eric.

"Pistols! do we expect to meet robbers?" said Carl, laughing.

"The wolves have been very troublesome this winter, honoured sir," returned the landlord; "but since the last grand hunt to which his excellency's brother, the noble baron, treated

them, they have not been quite so obstreperous."

"What a chance, if we could get a shot at a wolf-to-night," said Carl. "And what a night! how bright the moon is! and the air how clear! One might see anything by such a light."

Carl stepped into the sleigh. Eric, gathering up the reins, settled down into his place; the bear-skins were spread over them, and tucked in all around; and then, with a Good night to all, responded to by a chorus of grooms and stable helps, who had gathered round to see the handsome sleigh and the beautiful English horses, he gave a touch of the lash to these last, and they bounded forward: the sleigh skating smoothly over the frozen snow. The silver harness glittered in the bright moonshine, and the silver bells tinkled merrily in the cold night air, as they left the streets of Stettin, and emerged into the open country beyond.

For some time they proceeded in silence, as if each were communing with his own thoughts, or were awed by the deep stillness of the night. Not a sound was to be heard, not a creature to be seen. They seemed to be traversing a vast desert of snow. Everything was wrapped in the same dazzling uniform, by which the eye was almost pained. The light of the moon reflected from the thousand points of snow, sparkling like silver in its rays, was increased to an intensity which almost equalled the light of day. The trees of the forest, along which they now skirted, stretched out their branches encased in sheaths of glittering crystal. At first, the moon reigned alone in the deep blue sky; but now, small fleecy clouds began to appear, every now and then overshadowing her brightness. Presently a low moaning sound began to make itself heard, as if the wind were rising in the depths of the leafless forest. Eric seemed to listen uneasily, and to watch anxiously these ominous signs.

"I hope we shall reach Kronenthal before a snow-storm sets in," said Carl. "I have no desire to be buried in a snow-wreath."

"I do not think it will be here so soon," answered his companion, "though I expect we shall have it before long. The sky looks a little brighter again now. However, I will drive the horses as fast as they like to go."

So saying Eric touched their flanks slightly with the long lash of the sleigh whip, giving them their heads at the same time. The noble creatures again bounded forward with a speed which promised to outstrip all pursuers, snow-storms included.

"By the way, Eric," said Carl, breaking the silence after some time, "what became of your last spring adventure? Did you ever see the lady of the Sistine chavel again? And did you find out who she was?"

"Yes, and no," said Eric. "Yes to the question as to whether I ever saw her again. I saw her three times after you and I saw her that morning, but I never could find out who she was, or where she had gone to, and I did not even wish to find out after a time."

"Not wish to find out, Eric? I thought you were madly in love with her, even the first time you saw her."

"Call it love I felt for her then, if you like, Carl; but it is with a holier feeling I think of her now, than any earthly passion. It seems more to me now, as if she had been the vision of some saint or angel. I have her still before me there; those heavenly blue eyes upturned in rapt devotion; those twining locks of pure gold descending on the falling shoulders! I was very glad when she disappeared from Rome. Those three visits of hers to the gallery were I was making that study of Conova, nearly drove me wild. Day after day I looked for her anxiously; and nearly gave up everything to hunt her out; but my better angel prevailed: I righted myself at last, and recovered, not only my serenity, but also my communion with the spiritual, which is so essential to the life of an artist who would accomplish anything, and I seemed to have almost lost."

"What have you done with the sketch you made her, kneeling in the chapel, with the dark background of the long aisle behind her? I thought you were going to make a picture from it, and send it to the exhibition?"

"The picture is finished, and I have brought it for my mother's oratory. I could not summon up the courage to send it where it would be stared at by a hundred indifferent eyes. I could not bear to let others have a glimpse of a vision which seemed so entirely my own. Except you, Carl, no one knows I ever saw her; and I doubt much, if you had not been with me that morning, whether I should ever have told you, much as you are to me."

"Well," said Carl, taking the end of his cigar out of his mouth, and lighting another with it, "if that is not what is called being in love, I do not know what it is. What would you care who knew what impression she had made on you, if you did not love her?"

"I do not love her, Carl, and I do not wish to love her."

"Not wish to love her! Why, Eric, what on earth do you mean?"

"Would you have me find that my angel, my vision of purity and holiness, was nothing but a mere woman, perhaps a captious one, too; enough to drive one mad with whims and follies of all sorts. Besides I never mean to be in love if I can help it. But, Hark! What is that?"

"It is the moaning of the wind," said Carl. "No!" he exclaimed, springing up in his seat, as a shrill, wild, piercing cry for help, rang through the still night. "Hear that cry?"

"Sit down Carl, I beseech you," said Eric, "you will upset the sleigh! Look at the horses how they tremble. I can scarcely manage them as it is, they are so wild. That is the baying of a hound, a wolf-hound," he said listening to fresh sounds, his head bent, at the same time that he kept urging his horses on, continually and smartly applying the lash to them, without which road they would certainly have come to a stand-still. "That is the yell of a wolf!" he exclaimed, as a loud yell reached their ears, whilst wild shrieks again followed in quick succession, and a cry of agony and terror, so prolonged, that the blood froze in the veins of the listeners.

"That is the cry of a horse beset by wolves," said Carl, the truth now flashing upon him. "Let me out, Eric, let me out, that I may fly to their assistance. Where is my rifle?"

"Sit still, Carl, I implore of you; our only chance of getting up to them in time for help, is to trust to the speed of our horses, if I can only keep them going. Get the pistols ready; they are loaded. Can you manage to get at my hunting-knife? it is in the case which the landlord put under the seat."

"All right," said Carl, who having secured the weapons, now sat, his teeth clenched, his eyes straining forward in the direction from which the cries seemed to come.

"There they are," he exclaimed at last, "right a-head. Heaven! there is a sleigh and two women in it; the horses are on the ground and there is a battle going on between a wolf and a large hound."

The bright light of the moon revealed the scene distinctly to the eyes of the two young men. Eric forced his now frantic horses alongside the sleigh which Carl had described. Standing upright in this was a young girl, clasping in her arms another, who appeared to have fainted. Her hood and cloak had fallen off, and her golden curls streamed in the winds

from under a light blue Polish cap, bordered with ermine: her large blue eyes were raised to Heaven as if seeking from thence that help which her wild cries had vainly implored from Earth.

Eric stood for an instant transfixed in amazement, but it was only for an instant, the next moment both he and Carl had sprung to the ground.

"Lay hold of the horses' heads, Carl! Don't let them go, for God's sake! We shall need their best speed soon."

Seizing his pistols and the hunting-knife, Eric ran round to the side where the battle was going on between a large wolf and a magnificent wolf-hound. This latter had seized his antagonist by the throat with a gripe the wolf tried in vain to escape from. They now rolled over and over on the snow together; fierce snorts coming from the hound, and faint stifled cries from the wolf. As Eric approached the scene of the fray, two wolves who had been going themselves on a prostrate horse lying behind the ladies' sleigh, sprang fiercely upon him. These, however, he soon despatched, after some little difficulty; one he shot through the brain, so close to his own face, that the flash of the pistol scorched his eyes; the other received a thrust from his hunting-knife, which penetrated his lungs, and he fell beside his companion suffocated in his own blood. Eric once more free, approached to the help of the noble hound. It was well nigh time. The wolf had extricated his throat from his teeth; and was now making strenuous efforts to free himself from the gripe which the desperate hound still fastened on him. It was some time before Eric could give him any help, so closely were the two antagonists locked together. At last, watching his opportunity, he was able by a well-directed blow to plunge his knife into him. The wolf rolled over and over, dyeing the trampled snow with the life-blood streaming from his wound. The hound rose slowly, shook himself well, and then rushed to the sleigh and leapt fawning upon his young mistress.

Meanwhile, Carl struggled manfully with the plunging horses. It required the full strength of his nervous arm to keep them from galloping off wildly to the forest. But when the scuffle with the wolves was over, and Eric came round with blood and snow, he patted them, and the sound of his voice quieted them.

Eric then flew to the side of the ladies' sleigh

The wolf-hound stood with his paws on his mistress's knees, vainly trying to induce her to look up. She had sunk back on her seat. Her face was concealed in her hands, and she wept aloud. Her companion, still insensible, lay beside her, totally unconscious of the deliverance which had been wrought for them.

"Gracious lady," said Eric, in his gentlest tones, "you are safe now. Will you not look up and tell me whether there are any more of your party in need of our assistance?"

The young girl looked up, and said through her tears, that there were two men servants with them: that one of them, who had been driving, had been thrown out of the sleigh when the wolves first attacked them, and another on horseback, after trying in vain to stop the horses who had galloped off in affright, had disappeared all at once, and she did not know what had become of him.

"Here he is!" said Carl, who having contrived to fasten Eric's horses so that they should not escape, was searching in the wrecks around them. "Here is a poor fellow half smothered under his horse. I think the horse is dead. Yes; his throat is cut—no doubt, by the wolves' teeth."

"That is what those brutes were about when they jumped upon me, as I came round," said Eric, stooping to help Carl to remove the dead horse from the top of his rider, in which operation they were assisted by the wolf-hound, who alternately scratched in the snow and fawned upon Eric. When they had succeeded in getting the man disinterred from the mass which half suffocated him, they found he was quite whole as far as bones were concerned: but so bruised he could hardly stand. Whilst they were busy with him, another man ran up from the direction of the forest.

"God be thanked!" he said, "are the young ladies safe? Noble gentlemen, you have saved us all from death. I was thrown out of the sleigh a quarter of mile away—when the horses first bolted. Heaven be praised for your arrival. I expected to find my dear young mistress dead."

All this had taken some time. The wind now blew in strong gusts, and the clouds were coming up fast before it.

"We must decide what had better be done next, Carl," said Eric; "we have no time to lose, the storm will be upon us soon. I think the ladies had better go back to Stettin in our sleigh, it is the nearest shelter. If you will drive them I will get these fallen horses

up, and will follow you with the man who is hurt, as soon as I can."

But Carl insisted on staying behind. Eric pleaded the coming storm.

"You do not know, my Carl, what a snow-storm is; I do. Let me remain to get the fallen horses up and bring the sleigh back, while you make the best of your way to Stettin with the ladies; and send more assistance to us; but if we make haste, we shall be in Stettin now, before it comes."

It was of no use. Carl was inexorable as fate, he said—

"You had better lose no more time, Eric; but take the ladies as fast as you can."

He helped Eric to put them in the sleigh. The lady who had fainted, had now partly recovered and sat close nestled beside her sister. There was scarcely room for three; they were obliged to sit close. They were now ready for a start, and Eric, pressing Carl's hand, said:

"I shall be back in less than an hour. Make haste, dear Carl, and whatever you do, keep moving. I know you do not want for energy and a strong will. Have you your cigar-case? Is it well furnished?"

"Yes, here it is, and plenty of cigars; and here is the brandy-flask. I shall do well enough, don't fear."

Eric turned the horses' heads in the direction of Stettin. He had no need to touch their flanks now with the lash. They flew back along the road they had so lately come, winged with the double terror of wolves and the coming storm. The sleigh glanced over the ground like lightning. The wind now raged in furious squalls, tore off the icy branches of the trees and showered them on the heads of the fugitives.

"We shall have a frightful storm, I am afraid," said his golden-haired companion, who now sat next to him, muffled up in her cloak and hood. "O, why have you left your friend to save us; your friend whom you seem to love so dearly. Do, do, let us go back; it is not too late; we will wait till he is ready to come with us."

At this moment, the moon broke through the thick mass of clouds driving before her, and fell full upon the upturned face of the beautiful speaker. Eric gazed down upon her in mute rapture; but, for only answer to her entreaties to go back to wait for Carl, he shook the reins, as he raised his head from that silent gaze. On they flew, and the ringing of the

silver bells, sounded faintly through the increasing din of the coming storm. On they flew, and alongside the sleigh the noble wolf-hound galloped in company.

Eric's head seemed to whirl; he thought he must be dreaming. She, she sat behind him, she who had been his thoughts for months, by day, by night; she, his pure vision; he had rescued her from a frightful death; he was carrying her away from the dreadful storm: and, now, there she sat, and whenever he turned to look at her, her blue eyes swimming in tears, sank before his ardent gaze. His heart beat fast, his eyes flashed with an emotion which seemed too great for words. He sat silent till the light of Stettin gleamed through the darkness before them; and now they stood before the door of the *Geldenstern*.

In a moment, all its inhabitants were astir. Every one poured out to inquire why the beautiful grey horses were returned. Every one questioned, every one answered. The wolf-hound jumped up, and fawned upon Eric, as he handed the ladies out of the sleigh; and amidst the confused words of "the wolves—the gracious ladies—the noble hound—the storm—the broken sleigh—the snow wreaths;" the panting horses were led back to the stable, and the rescued ladies and the well-patted hound, to a room blazing with light, and the genial warmth of a comfortable fire.

Eric did not follow them, but as soon as he had consigned them to the care of the landlady, he called the landlord, who, after listening to him with respect, said, "Yes, your excellency," and vanished. In a few minutes, a saddle-horse was led to the door, and the landlord, after placing some pistols in the holsters, looked to the girths himself, and held the stirrup whilst Eric mounted, and watched him along until he had vanished down the street.

CHAPTER II.

When the rescued ladies, who were evidently sisters, were left alone in the room to which they had been conducted, they threw themselves into each other's arms, and kissed each other with an affection heightened by the joy of their miraculous escape. She who had fainted in the sleigh, seemed a year or two older than the sister who had supported her in her arms. She had hair rather darker than that of her sister, but there was a great likeness between them; and, except that she was a little taller, a stranger would have been puzzled for

a time to distinguish between them. On closer observation, however, he would have found that they were different, especially in their eyes—those of the tallest being of a deep brown, whilst those of her younger sister were of that beautiful deep blue, which had so fascinated Eric's gaze.

"O, Marie, Marie!" said the eldest to her golden-haired sister, "you must have thought it so cowardly in me to faint."

"No, dear Katrine! I never thought it cowardly. The sight was frightful enough. I certainly did feel when you fainted, as if you were dead, and I were left alone in the world; left to the mercy of the horrible wolves. And, yet, not alone, either; did I forget you, dear old Schwartz?" and the beautiful girl, kneeling down, flung her arms round the neck of the wolf-hound, who had been thrusting his black nose into her small white hand.

"Ah, noble Schwartz! ah, dear Schwartz! brave hound," said Katrine, kneeling in her turn to pat and kiss the delighted animal, whose huge feathery tail swept backwards and forwards on the ground.

"Katrine, do you know," said Marie, rising from beside the dog, "who it was that came to our rescue?"

"No," said her sister. "I did not see him at first, when the moon shone so brightly, and afterwards as we were in the sleigh with him it was so dark."

(To be continued.)

THE DYING STARS.

Like these drooping, dying stars, our loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light shines ever before us, leading on and up, they suddenly fade from the firmament of our hearts, and their place is empty and dark. A mother's steady, soft and earnest light, that beamed through all our wants and sorrows; a father's strong, quick light that keep our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light so mild, so pure, so constant, and so firm, shining upon us, from gentle, loving eyes, and persuaded us to grace and goodness; a brother's light forever shining in our souls, and illuminating all our goings and our comings; a friend's light, true and trusty—gone out forever? No! no! The light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars where there is no night and no darkness, forever and forever.



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DEATH OF HONEST JOHN MARTIN.

In our last issue we announced the death of the uncompromising patriot, John Mitchel. We deeply regret, indeed, to have in this issue to announce the death of his brother-in-law, "Honest John Martin."

March was an unhappy month for the Irish nation. Great and wide-spread as was the grief in consequence of John Mitchel's death, it did not give the people such pain as the sudden decease of John Martin. John Martin was truly honest, and he worked in the Irish cause with a right good will. He died, at one time, the same feelings as his friend, Mr. Mitchel, with regard to the manner in which the Irish nation should be redeemed from slavery and oppression, but after being elected for Meath, he worked in the English House of Commons moderately and well for the Irish cause. He clung to the Home Rulers firmly, and placed implicit trust in the success of the movement. At first when he went to Parliament, he used to take part in the debates, but not vote; he afterwards, however, found it was better to vote, and did vote on every Irish question while he was in the House up to the time of his death. The deceased was born at Loughorne, County Down, on the 8th of September, 1812; was the eldest son of Samuel Martin and Jane Harshaw, both natives of that neighborhood, and members of old Presbyterian families. In 1833 he devoted himself to the study of medicine, but abandoned it, owing to a delicate, nervous organization, and attacks of spasmodic asthma. He was for some time a prominent member of the Repeal Association, and the government, after paying close attention to him for some time, condemned him to ten years' banishment. He received conditional pardon in 1854. In 1868 he married the youngest sister of John Mitchel, which made a friendship of many years standing more dear, if that were possible.

He was elected as a representative for Meath in December, 1869, and re-elected in 1874. In John Martin, Ireland has lost one of her truest sons, an honest, straightforward man. Resolutions of condolence have been passed by societies here in our city, in the States, and in nearly every city, town, and village in the old country.

DEATH OF ANOTHER GREAT IRISHMAN.

We have again to chronicle the death of another of Ireland's gifted sons—Sir John Gray, Editor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* and member of Parliament for Kilkenny. He was born over fifty years ago in the town of Claremorris, and became, at an early age, a medical student, but all his aspirations were for literature and the press. Shortly after the starting of the Repeal movement, he brought out the *Freeman's Journal*, and from that up, played a leading part as a daily advocate of the cause, and was imprisoned by the Government along with O'Connell and the other Repeal martyrs. He ably assisted Duffy, Lucas and Moore in establishing and guiding the Tenant Right movement of 1851-'52. In 1866 he undertook the lead in Parliament of the agitation, which resulted in the disestablishment of the Anglo-Irish Church Act. He was a member of the Home Rule party, and was possessed of great influence. As a member of the Dublin Corporation he always used his influence for the passing of every measure of service to the city. As a member of the Imperial Parliament for Kilkenny, he always gave his vote with the Irish national party, on every Irish measure. Although a Protestant, his paper was the organ of the Catholic Bishops, and it may be remembered that the article which appeared in the *Freeman*, at the time of the celebrated Keough judgment on the Galway election, was the means of having money enough subscribed to free Captain Nolan from all costs,—not from the merits Captain Nolan possessed, although he was a good member, but in consequence of the uncalled for tirade made by the notorious Judge Keough on the Catholic Bishops and Priests. The death of Sir John Gray will be sorely regretted by the Irish people.

THE NOBLEST PATRIOT OF THEM ALL GONE!

Poor Father Quaid! Can it be possible that the noble patriot priest of O'Callaghan's Mills is gone the good *soggarth aroon* that was in

splendid health a few months ago; Father Quaid, whose name was received by all Irishmen with the greatest respect. Who has not heard Father Quaid addressing his Irish countrymen and women (he never forgot mentioning the women, especially when speaking in Limerick, as well as the men) that would not shed a tear at his death. Ireland is, indeed, sorely troubled. Some of her bravest men are going. May God rest poor Father Quaid's soul, and preserve Ireland from further troubles, and may the troubles which have recently occurred be only a preliminary to some glorious triumph for the green sod.

JOHN MITCHEL AND NEGRO SLAVERY.

"There is but one painful retrospect in Mitchel's history. It is that which reminds us of his attitude on the question of slavery. While we must to our dying day honor Mitchel for his pure and unselfish love of Ireland; and while we shall ever hold his name in grateful remembrance for his expatriation and its entailed suffering and persecution; still we must always regret that he should have sullied his fair fame by advocating and upholding the abominable curse of Black Slavery. It should never be said of him, or any other Irishman, that while fighting for the liberty of the white man, he withheld the boon of freedom from the negro. No; this is not Irish; if anything, the sentiment is rather the offspring of Mitchel's hereditary enemies—the Saxon race."

We regret that the above paragraph forms part of an article, excellent in other respects, on the death of John Mitchel in our respected contemporary, the *Irish Canadian*. It strikes us as unjust to the memory of Mitchel, and to the united Irishmen of the Southern States who shed their generous blood on many a hard-fought field, not to uphold the curse of Black Slavery, but to resist the curse of Centralization. It is true that the sympathies of England were with the South during the late struggle, but what does that prove? Simply that England's foreign policy was not then, as it is not now, in consonance with her home policy. The red-handed robber of Ireland's rights should have assisted in robbing the Southern States of their rights; the inveterate enemy of Home Rule for Ireland should have joined heart and hand in the attempt—alas! the successful attempt—to deprive the South of Home Rule. But if England was inconsistent, John Mitchel was not. The bold and undaunted opponent

of Centralization in the land of his birth, he protested with voice and pen, aye, and with the life's blood of his sons, against Centralization in the land of his adoption. He and the Irishmen of the South cared little—just as little as the *Irish Canadian*—for English sentiment on the question of Black Slavery, or any other question; and loving their independence dearly, prizing it highly, they rushed to their guns when that liberty was menaced, without pausing to inquire through which channel English sentiment would likely flow.

It is not well to look at the South through Northern spectacles, for they are a distorting medium. Better far the naked eye of our own common sense. The whole loyal population of the South was not opposed to the emancipation of the negro, as the Northerners pretend and the *Irish Canadian* apparently believes. No Catholic, no Irishman, was. Certainly not John Mitchel. He, as well as thousands of others, was willing to extend the boon of freedom to the negroes, when they would be prepared to receive it, when they would know how to use it, but not before. You will search the columns of the *Southern Citizen* (Mitchel's paper) in vain for an article "advocating and upholding the abominable curse of Black Slavery," in any other sense than it was "advocated and upheld" by the great Bishop England of Charleston, the late Bishop Whelan of Wheeling, General Cleburne, and other eminent Irish Southerners.

Bishop England, of whom it is written that "when the poor negro was in health, he would turn from the wealthy and the learned to instruct him in the truths of religion; and when stricken down by the plague, of which the black verrat was the fatal symptom, his first care was for the dying slave."—Bishop England, who loved the negro with a true Christian love, wrote in 1840 a series of letters opposing the "Abolitionist" party on two grounds: 1st—Because the interference of other States, or of Congress, in that question would have been subversive of the American system of government, the question being one of those reserved to the authority of each State; and 2nd—Because emancipation, however desirable, should be conducted with precautions which the Abolitionists were unwilling to listen to. To accuse Bishop England of "advocating and upholding the abominable curse of Black Slavery," would be a manifest libel, a gross injustice, and John Mitchel was no more guilty than his Lordship of Charleston.

Bishop Whelan, too, was unsurpassed in his love for the negro, and favored gradual and prudent abolition, and yet so strongly was he opposed to the North during the war, that on one occasion, while the Federal troops occupied the city, he boldly confronted them in the act of raising the "stars and stripes" upon the Cathedral tower, and by the sheer eloquence of his protest forced them to desist. And John Mitchel was not more guilty than his Lordship of Wheeling.

General Cleburne, the "bravest soldier of the war," who deplored as sincerely as any "abolitionist," the wretched condition of the slave, and favored emancipation as Bishop England and Bishop Whelan favored it, fought and died for the independence of the South. No truer Irishman ever lived than Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, the military leader of the Irishmen of the South. To say that he "advocated and upheld the abominable curse of Black Slavery," would be to set at naught and trample under foot the evidence of oral and written history. And John Mitchel was no more guilty than General Cleburne.

We could also refer to Bishop Verot of Savannah, and Bishop McGill of Richmond, and many other dignitaries of the Church, who while loving the slave, as no "Abolitionist" loved him, stood by the Southern cause during the struggle which terminated so fatally to Home Rule. But we think we have already advanced sufficient testimony to prove to our esteemed friend, the *Irish Canadian*, that the fact of John Mitchel being on the side of the South is no evidence to convict him of "advocating and upholding the abominable curse of Black Slavery."

KILLING TIME.

People are incessantly talking of killing time unmindful that it is time that kills them. Everything but actual, practical work they regard as a means to that irrational, and, in truth, impossible end. They read, not for instruction, not for interest, not for enjoyment even; but, as they say, simply to kill time. Without exercising discretion or taste in what they read, they take anything that is near at hand, provided they feel confident that its perusal will require no mental effort; will preserve them from the need of reflection.

There are a great many books of this sort—the more is the pity—so many, indeed, that it is harder to miss than to hit them. But there is neither reason nor excuse for making their

acquaintance, unless you are literally suffering for some occupation, and think any occupation better than none. There is neither virtue nor advantage in reading unless your mind be stimulated by what you read, and your memory retain, at least, a part of it. To read a worthless book is worse than wasting time; since wasting time is negative, and such reading may be positive harm.

The error of these would-be time-killers, is in their thinking that works of any solidity, scholarship or reputation, are either a tax on the understanding, or extremely wearisome. They seem to forget that many of the best books, best in every sense, are the most interesting; that, if they once fairly began these, a new and higher pleasure would be opened to them, and they would leave off with ten times as much reluctance as they had begun.

If they doubt this, let them try the experiment, and be convinced. They will be certain to find such a difference between good books and poor books that their appreciation of the former will entirely cure them of their liking for the latter.

Even if killing time be the sole object, it is just as easy to kill time to advantage as to disadvantage; and, after a certain experience with able authors, be they philosophers, historians or poets, they will come to value time as altogether too precious to be wasted. Nothing is more tedious than a book whose only purpose in being was to get itself printed.

THE MOST REV. JOHN JOSPEH LYNCH, FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

The subject of the present sketch was born on the 6th of February, 1816, near Clones, in the County of Monaghan, Ireland. Soon after his birth his parents removed to Lucan, where he made his elementary studies. He began a course of classics in the Carmelite College, near Clondalkin, and finished it in St. Vincent's College, Castleknock. Called by Almighty God to a religious life, he placed himself under the direction of the Lazarist Fathers, at their mission in Paris, where he received the tonsure and minor-orders on the 26th March, 1842, and on May 21st was ordained sub-deacon. In August of the same year he returned to Ireland, and was ordained deacon by Archbishop Murray on the 9th of June, 1843, and priest on the following day. Three years afterwards, in response to his own earnest request, he was sent out as a missionary under the jurisdiction of Mgr. Odin,

then Vicar Apostolic of Texas, and afterwards Archbishop of New Orleans. On this mission, Father Lynch labored with the zeal of an apostle, yielding to no hardship, labor, or sacrifice, until prostrated by a fever then epidemic in the territory. After his recovery, which, under God, was due to the careful nursing of the good Ursuline Sisters of New Orleans, he was named chaplain to the military hospital, at that time

the general sessions of the Lazarist Order, held in Paris, in 1849 and 1855. On his return to the United States after the last session, his health began to fail, and he was obliged to leave Missouri for a more salubrious climate. Invited to Buffalo by the late Bishop Timon, he there repaired, and founded the Seminary of the Holy Angels, which was soon afterwards transferred to its present site, near the Suspension



THE MOST REV. JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH.

filled with the wounded and dying soldiers of the Mexican war. In 1848 he was sent to Missouri as President of the little seminary of Notre Dame de Barnes, and under his wise administration the number of students rapidly increased. While attached in the above capacity to this institution, he was delegated one of the representatives from the United States to

Bridge, Niagara Falls. On the retirement of the Right Rev. Dr. Charbonnel, in November, 1849, Dr. Lynch, who some months previously had been consecrated Bishop of Echinus, in *partibus infidelium*, was appointed to the See of Toronto. While in Rome, in 1870, assisting at the Council of the Vatican, the ecclesiastical province of Quebec was divided, and the Bishop

of Toronto received the charge of Metropolitan of the new province, embracing the arch-diocese of Toronto, the dioceses of Kingston, Hamilton and London, and the Vicariate Apostolic of Sault St. Marie.

The above is, we fear, a very imperfect sketch of the principle events in the life of the great Archbishop of Toronto, so highly respected, so justly revered, so well loved by the priests and faithful under his charge, and by the Irish people all over Canada and the United States. As a theologian, Archbishop Lynch holds a high rank; in a course of lectures recently delivered in St. Michael's Cathedral, he travelled over the whole field of controversy, expounding the dogmas and doctrines of the church with a clearness, and rebutting the attacks of her enemies with a force that startled the Protestant owls of Toronto from their crevices, and sorely puzzled the secular press throughout the Dominion. A Catholic first, an Irishman after, His Grace is a pronounced Home Ruler, and has written many able letters to the Irish papers in favor of the movement. To the serious attention of every Irishman, we commend the following extract from his brilliant pastoral letter on the feast of St. Patrick, March 17, 1875:—

"In order to draw the practical lesson from this great festival of St. Patrick, we most earnestly recommend to his spiritual children:

"1st.—To cherish a love for their fatherland, and the faith of their ancestors. These two loves come from God. They are virtues, and their impulses are most noble.

"2nd.—To give a good Christian education to their children. Without a Christian education they are lost; without a good education they are almost useless to themselves and to others.

"3rd.—To cultivate the good, sound literature of the age. You have, for instance, the lives of the Irish Saints now brought to light, from the archives especially of foreign countries, by priests and patriots of the highest order of talent and merit. For the history of this providential people is more studied in foreign countries than in their own. Their undying perseverance in faith and nationality, against the greatest odds, has challenged the admiration of the world. Read, then, the lives of your country's saints; read, too, of her heroes, raised for her by God in her adversities. Read, and learn from their example. Learn, too, the present state of your country. You can do this by hearing lectures, by reading good Catholic

newspapers. They are an immense means of instruction and improvement.

"4th.—We recommend to the national societies the care of the poor, of emigrants, and especially of the orphans. They bear in their hearts a treasure above all worldly riches—that is, the faith which is our victory. Let it not be lost. For faith, to the Irishman, is his consolation in the darkest hour of affliction, his hope when the world frowns upon him. His church is the bosom of his home and country. When lonesome in a foreign country, he seeks consolation from his God alone. His faith to him is everything, for it promises him an eternal reward in the enjoyment of God and of his friends in heaven.

"5th.—We most earnestly recommend the formation of temperance societies, wherever there are ten Irishmen. Would to God that, during the last fifty years, temperance societies had been as numerous as at the present time. Tens of thousands of unfortunate Irishmen would have to-day happy homes and beautiful families.

"6th.—To lend a helping hand in all peaceful and constitutional struggles of the Irish at home.

"And lastly, let Irish mothers cultivate amongst their sons the holy spirit of the priesthood. And let Irish families in this country, as in Ireland, make it their chief glory to have a priest of their own blood to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for them."

Worthy successor of St. Lawrence O'Toole! Worthy contemporary of "the Lion of the Fold!"

"Shall not the patriot ranks enfold
The holy priest, as oft, of old,
To guide the peaceful strife aright,
Or bless the banners for the fight?"

O Priests of Ireland, ever true,
They little know, they never knew
Your hearts of love, who wildly say
You're with poor Ireland's foes to-day."

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Original Inhabitants of Ireland.

QUESTION. Whence was Ireland first peopled?

ANSWER. There are many accounts of the origin of her earliest inhabitants: the most probable belief is, that Ireland was peopled by a colony of Phœnicians.

Q. Who were the Phœnicians?

A. They were a branch of the great nation of the Scythians.

Q. How did the early inhabitants divide Ireland?

A. Into five kingdoms.

Q. Name them?

A. Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, Munster, and Meath.

Q. How were these five kingdoms governed?

A. Each by its own prince; and the king of Meath was also paramount sovereign of all Ireland.

Q. Did these kingdoms descend from father to son by hereditary right?

A. No; the succession was regulated by the law of Tanistry.

Q. What was Tanistry?

A. Tanistry was a law which restricted the right of succession to the family of the prince or chief; but any member of the family might be elected successor, as well as the eldest son.

Q. What does Tanist mean?

A. Tanist was the title borne by the elected successor, during the life of the reigning prince or chief.

Q. What qualities was it necessary that the Tanist should possess?

A. He should be a knight, fully twenty-five years old, his figure should be tall, noble, and free from blemish; and he should prove his pedigree from the Milesians.

Q. Was Tanistry a good custom?

A. No; for the struggles of the different candidates to be elected, caused great warfare and bloodshed.

Q. Where did the king-paramount of all Ireland reside?

A. At the palace of Tara, in Meath.

Q. What was the ancient law of Ireland called?

A. The Brehon Law.

Q. What was the most remarkable in the Brehon law?

A. The nearly total absence of capital punishment.

Q. How was murder punished?

A. By a money fine called an *eric*.

Q. Had the lenity of the Brehon law in that respect a good effect?

A. Not always; for the friends of the murdered person often deemed the penalty inflicted by the law too slight; and in avenging their own wrongs, bloody feuds and clan battles often occurred.

Q. How were men appointed to the office of Brehon?

A. The office of Brehon was hereditary in certain families.

Q. Were the other great offices in Ireland, in like manner, restricted to certain families?

A. Yes; in those days all great offices were thus restricted.

Q. Can you state any ancient custom of those early times which still exists in Ireland?

A. Yes; the custom of *fostering*. The children of the chiefs and nobles were always suckled by the wives of the tenants.

Q. Was the link thus formed considered a strong one?

A. As strong as the tie of actual relationship. Nay, foster brothers and foster sisters often loved each other better than if they had been the children of the same parents.

Q. Can you mention any other ancient custom?

A. Yes; that of *gospred*. The chiefs and nobles frequently became godfathers to the children of their vassals and dependants.

Q. Had these old customs any good effect?

A. They had; they helped in some degree to connect different classes in the bonds of affection with each other.

Q. Are there any remarkable remains of early Irish buildings?

A. Yes; there are fifty-two round towers in Ireland, of a very high antiquity.

Q. What was the origin and purpose of those buildings?

A. Both their origin and purpose are unknown: there is, however, a rather probable opinion, that they were intended for the fire-worship of the pagans, before the Christian religion was brought into Ireland.

Q. Are there similar round towers in any other part of the British islands?

A. No; excepting two which still remain in Scotland.

CHAPTER II.

The Irish Christian Church.

Q. Who was the first Christian bishop with local jurisdiction in Ireland?

A. Saint Palladius.

Q. By whom was he appointed?

A. By Pope Celestine, in the year 430.

Q. Whence did the whole Irish nation receive its Christianity?

A. From Rome.

Q. Who states these facts?

A. They are stated by many ancient historians of the highest credit; namely, by Saint

Prosper of Aquitain, in the year 434; by Saint Columbanus, an Irish perlate, A.D. 610; by the Abbet Cumman, another Irishman, in the year 650; by the Venerable Bede, an English monk and historian, A.D. 701; by Probus, an Irish writer of the ninth century; by the Annals of the Four Masters; by Marianus Scotus, an Irish writer in the year 1059; and by Saint Siegebert, the monk of Gemblours, who wrote in or about the year 1101.

Q. What are the words of St. Prosper of Aquitain?

A. He says: "By Pope Celestine is Palladius ordained and sent the first bishop to the Irish, believing in Christ."

Q. What are the words of Saint Columbanus?

A. Saint Columbanus wrote a letter to Pope Boniface the Fourth, in which he thus speaks to that pontiff: "As your friend, your scholar, your servant, not as a stranger, will I speak; therefore, as to our masters, to the steersmen, to the mystic pilots of the spiritual ship, will I freely speak, saying, Watch! for the sea is stormy: watch! for the water has already gotten into the ship of the Church, and the ship is in danger."

Q. What do you notice in those words?

A. I notice that this Irish prelate acknowledges the Roman Pontiffs to have been the spiritual teachers of the Irish Christian church; and also that he begs of the Pope to defend that church from the dangers that beset it.

Q. Who was Cummanian?

A. He was an Irish abbot in the seventh century.

Q. Did Cummanian acknowledge that the Irish received their faith from Rome?

A. Yes.

Q. What are his words?

A. He says: "We sent those persons whom we knew to be wise and humble men, to Rome, as it were children to their mother."

Q. What does the Venerable Bede say?

A. He says: "In the eighth year of the reign of Theodosius the younger, Palladius was sent by Celestine, Pontiff of the Roman Church, to the Irish believing in Christ, as their first bishop."

Q. What are the words of Probus, the Irish writer of the ninth century?

A. He says: "The Archdeacon Palladius was ordained and sent to this island [Ireland] by Celestine, the forty-fifth Pope who occupied the Apostolic chair in succession from Saint Peter.

Q. What does Probus call Rome?

A. "The head of Churches."

Q. Do the ancient annals of Innisfallen attest the connexion of the early Irish church with that of Rome?

A. They do.

Q. In what manner?

A. They tell us that, in 402, two Irishmen, Kiaran and Declan, having sojourned in Rome, came thence to preach Christianity in Ireland; that, in 412, St. Ailbe of Emly came from Rome to announce the faith in Ireland; and that, in 420, Ibar Invarensis (another Irishman who had studied in Rome), came thence to Ireland.

Q. Have we got traces of any earlier connexion than this, between the Irish and the Roman Christians?

A. Yes, so far back as the year 360, a certain Christian priest had been sent from Rome to Ireland to teach the Christian faith there; and it was from him that Saint Ailbe of Emly received baptism.

Q. Who was Marianus Scotus, and when did he flourish?

A. He was an Irish scholar and writer, and he flourished about the year 1059.

Q. What are his words?

A. He says, that "in the year of Christ 432, to the Irish believing in Christ, Palladius, ordained by Pope Celestine, was sent the first bishop; after him Saint Patrick, who was a Gaul by birth, and consecrated by Pope Celestine, is sent to the Irish Archiepiscopacy."

Q. There were Christians in Ireland, then, before the arrival of Palladius and Patrick?

A. Yes; a very small and scattered number.

Q. By whom had that small number of Irish Christians been first taught the faith?

A. Probably by the Roman priest who visited Ireland in 360, and who baptized Saint Ailbe of Emly.

Q. Who was the great Apostle of the faith to the Irish nation?

A. Saint Patrick.

Q. Where was he born?

A. At Boulogne, in Armoric Gaul.

Q. Who was his father?

A. Calphurnius.

Q. Was Calphurnius in holy orders?

A. Not at the time of his son's birth. He was then a layman: but at a later period he separated from his wife, and took holy orders in the church.

Q. On what authority do you state these facts?

A. On the authority of the ancient writer of Saint Patrick's life, Joceline.

Q. Had Saint Patrick great success in his mission?

A. His success was perfect. He converted the entire of Ireland to the Christian religion: thus gloriously finishing the work of Saint Palladius.

Q. Did Saint Patrick teach spiritual obedience to the Pope?

A. He did. Among the canons or rules made in the synods which he called together, and over which he presided, we find it ordained, "That if any questions arise in this island, they are to be referred to the Apostolic See."

Q. Can you state this ancient canon at length?

A. Yes; it is as follows: "Moreover, if any case should arise of extreme difficulty, and beyond the knowledge of all the judges of the nations of the Scot" (that is, the Irish, who were then called *Scoty*), "it is to be duly referred to the chair of the archbishop of the Gaedhill, that is to say, of Patrick, and the jurisdiction of this Bishop [of Armagh]. But if such a case as aforesaid, of a matter of issue, cannot be easily disposed of [by him] with his counsellors in that [investigation], we have decreed that it be sent to the Apostolic seat, that is to say, to the chair of the Apostle Peter, having the authority of the city of Rome."

Q. Where is that canon preserved?

A. In the Book of the Canons of Armagh.

Q. Did other prelates of the early Irish church practise the obedience to the Pope which Saint Patrick taught?

A. They did.

Q. How does the Irish Saint Columbanus, in the sixth century, address Pope Gregory the Great?

A. He calls him the "*Holy Lord and Roman Father in Christ*"; "*The chosen Watchman, possessed of the divine theory of the Treasurership*." He speaks of him as "*laughingly sitting in the chair of Saint Peter the Apostle*"; and he begs the Pope to decide for him how he ought to act in certain cases.

Q. How does St. Columbanus address St. Gregory's successor, Pope Boniface the Fourth?

A. He calls him "*the Holy Lord, and in Christ the Apostolic Father*."

Q. Does Saint Columbanus elsewhere recognise the Pope's supremacy?

A. Yes; in another letter to Pope Boniface IV., he calls him "*the Head of all the churches of the whole of Europe*"; he also terms the Pope

"*the Pastor of pastors*." In the same letter, Columbanus says: *We are, as I said before, bound to the Chair of Saint Peter. For though Rome is great and renowned, it is through this chair only that she is great and bright amongst us.*"

Q. Did not a dispute arise in the Irish church about the time when Easter ought to be kept?

A. Yes; towards the end of the sixth and beginning of the seventh century.

Q. What did the Irish abbot, Cummian, say, with regard to that dispute?

A. Cummian quoted St. Jerome's words: "I cry out, whosoever is joined to the chair of Saint Peter, that man is mine.—What more? I turn me to the words of the bishop of the city of Rome, Pope Gregory, received by us in common."

Q. Did the Irish Christians fall into a wrong mode of computing Easter?

A. They did.

Q. Who reclaimed the Irish from that error?

A. Pope Honorius; about the year 628.

Q. Did the Irish resist the Pope's settlement of this question among them?

A. So far from that, they yielded to it a ready and cheerful obedience.

Q. Had Pope Honorius a legate in Ireland about this time (628)?

A. Yes; he appointed St. Lasreun, an Irish prelate, his legate in Ireland.

Q. Do we find other proofs in history of the close connexion between the early Irish Christians and the Apostolic chair?

A. Yes; the missionaries from Ireland used to go to Rome to do homage to the Pope, and beg his leave and his blessing, before they went to preach to pagan nations.

Q. Do you know the names of any who did so?

A. Yes; St. Dichul, or Deicolus, did so. About the year 686, St. Killian and his companion missionaries did so. Saint Willibrord (a saint of English birth, who had long lived in Ireland) did so.

Q. Did Irish bishops take part in Roman councils?

A. Yes.

Q. State an instance.

A. Among the bishops who attended the council held at Rome by Pope Gregory II, in the year 751, were Sedulius, an Irishman, bishop of Britain; and Fergustus the Pict, bishop in Ireland.

Q. What means were taken to get Waterford made a bishop's see?

A. King Murtogh, his brother Dermot, and the four bishops, Donnald, Idunan (of Meath), Samuel (of Dublin), and Ferdonnach (of Leinster), petitioned Anselm, the archbishop of Canterbury, to erect Waterford into a bishopric.

Q. Why did they apply to the archbishop of Canterbury?

A. Because he had at that time primatial authority over the Irish Christian church, as well as over the English.

Q. What was the language of the applicants?

A. They begged Anselm would appoint a bishop, "in virtue of the power of primacy which he held over them, and of the authority of the Apostolic function which he exercised."

Q. Did Anselm indicate the Pope's primacy, in his communications to the Irish prelates?

A. Of course he did. In writing to the bishop of Dublin (the aforesaid Samuel), he says to him: "I have heard that thou hast a cross borne before thee on the highways. If this be true, I order thee to do so no more, because this belongeth only to an archbishop confirmed by the pall from the Roman Pontiff"

Q. What was the language of Gilbert, bishop of Limerick, in the year 1090?

A. He says: "All the church's members are to be brought under one bishop, namely, Christ, and His Vicar, blessed Peter the Apostle, and the Pope presiding in his chair, to be governed by them."

Q. Does this ancient Irish bishop add anything more on this subject?

A. Yes; his words are: "To Peter only was it said, 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my church;' therefore it is the Pope only who stands high above the whole church; and he puts in order and judges all."

Q. What remarkable occurrence took place in the twelfth century?

A. Malachi, the primate of all Ireland, visited Rome, and was appointed by Pope Innocent the Second his legate in Ireland.

Q. What was the particular purpose of his visit to Rome?

A. To obtain from the Pope the honour of the Pall, or *pallium*, for the Irish archbishops.

Q. What was the *pallium*?

A. An ensign of legatine authority.

Q. What was the Pope's answer?

A. He told Malachi that he would grant his request, but that it should first be made by the

general body of the Irish prelates assembled in Synod.

Q. Was this promise fulfilled?

A. Not immediately; for on Malachi's next journey to Rome, to obtain the performance of the promise, he fell sick, and died at Clairvaux, in France, in 1148.

Q. Were the Palls granted?

A. Yes; Pope Eugenius the Third granted that privilege, through his nuncio, Cardinal Paparo, who visited Ireland in the year 1151.

Q. What happened the following year?

A. A council was held at Kells, at which there were twenty-four Irish prelates, and Cardinal Paparo presided; and Ireland was there divided into four archbishoprics.

Q. Name them.

A. Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam.

Q. When was the council of Cashel held?

A. In the year 1172.

Q. Did any other event of importance happen about that time?

A. Yes; in 1171, Henry II., king of England, landed in this country, and received the allegiance of several Irish prelates and princes as king of Ireland.

Q. Was that allegiance tendered to Henry by the council of Cashel?

A. No; the council of Cashel had nothing to do with it; the allegiance of the prelates had been tendered to Henry at Waterford.

Q. What were the decrees of the council of Cashel?

A. They were aimed against certain evils of the time, such as marriages performed within the forbidden degrees of relationship; informality and carelessness of baptism; extortion committed by powerful laymen on the church lands; neglect of due solemnity of burials, &c.

Q. Was there any other important decree of the council of Cashel?

A. Yes; it enforced the payment of tithes to the clergy.

Q. Had tithes existed in Ireland previously?

A. Yes; they had been introduced about twenty years before, at the council of Kells, held under Cardinal Paparo.

(To be continued.)

MR. MARTIN, M.P.

We take the following biographical sketch from "Speeches from the Dock":—

"John Martin was born at Loughorne, in the lordship of Newry, county Down, on the 8th of September, 1812; being the eldest son of Samuel

Martin and Jane Harshaw, both natives of that neighborhood, and members of Presbyterian families settled there for many generations. About the time of his birth, his father purchased the fee-simple of the large farm which he had previously rented, and two of his uncles having made similiar investments, the family became proprietors to the townland on which they lived. Mr. Samuel Martin, who died in 1834, divided his attention between the management of the linen business—a branch of industry in which the family had partly occupied themselves for some generations—and the care of his land.

John derived his inclination for literary pursuits, and learned the maxims of justice and equality that swayed him through life. He speedily discarded the prejudices against Catholic Emancipation which were not altogether unknown amongst his family, and which even found some favor with himself in the unreflecting days of boyhood. The natural tendency of his mind, however, was as true to the principles of justice as the needle to the pole, and the quiet rebuke that one day fell from his uncle—'What! John, would you not give your Catholic fellow-countrymen the same rights that you enjoy yourself?'



JOHN MARTIN.

His family consisted of nine children, of whom John Martin—the subject of our sketch—was the second born. The principles of his family, if they could not be said to possess the hue of nationality, were at least liberal and tolerant. In '98, the Martins of Loughorne were stern opponents of the United Irishmen; but in '82, his father and uncles were enrolled amongst the Volunteers, and the Act of Union was opposed by them as a national calamity. It was from his good mother, however, a lady of refined taste and remarkable mental culture, that young

having set him a-thinking for the first time on the subject, he soon formed opinions more in consonance with liberality and fair play.

“When about twelve years of age, young Martin was sent to the school of Dr. Henderson, at Newry, where he first became acquainted with John Mitchel, then attending the same seminary as a day scholar. We next find John Martin an extern student of Trinity College, and a year after the death of his father he took his degree in Arts. He was now twenty years old, and up to this time had suffered much

from a constitutional affection, being subject from infancy to fits of spasmodic asthma. Strange to say, the disease, which troubled him at frequently recurring intervals at home, seldom attacked him when away from Loughborne, and, partly for the purpose of escaping it, he took up his residence in Dublin, in 1833, and devoted himself to the study of medicine. He never meditated earning his living by the profession, but he longed for the opportunity of assuaging the sufferings of the afflicted poor. The air of the dissecting-room, however, was too much for Martin's delicate nervous organization; the kindly encouragement of his fellow-students failed to induce him to breathe its fetid atmosphere a second time, and he was forced to content himself with a theoretical knowledge of the profession. By diligent study and with the assistance of lectures, anatomical plates, &c., he managed to conquer the difficulty; and he had obtained nearly all the certificates necessary for taking out a medical degree, when he was recalled in 1836 to Loughborne, by the death of his uncle John, whose house and lands he inherited.

"In 1833 Mr. Martin sailed from Bristol to New York, and travelled thence to the extreme west of Upper Canada to visit a relative who had settled there. On that occasion he was absent from Ireland nearly twelve months, and during his stay in America he made some tours in Canada and the Northern States, visiting the Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Pittsburg, and Cleveland. In 1841 he made a brief continental tour, and visited the chief points of attraction along the Rhine. During this time Mr. Martin's political ideas became developed and expanded, and though, like Smith O'Brien, he at first withheld his sympathies from the Repeal agitation, in a short time he became impressed with the justice of the national demand for independence. His retiring disposition kept him from appearing very prominently before the public; but the value of his adhesion to the Repeal Association was felt to be great by those who knew his uprightness, his disinterestedness, and his ability.

On the seizure of his devoted friend, John Mitchel, and the suppression of his paper, John Martin, with a boldness that startled many people, stepped into the breach, and launched *The Irish Felon*. Of course Lord Clarendon came down on that journal too, and soon John Martin lay in a Newgate dungeon.

"On Tuesday, August 15th, John Martin's trial commenced in Green-street courthouse, the

indictment being for treason-felony. 'Several of his tenantry,' writes the special correspondent of the *London Morning Herald*, 'came up to town to be present at his trial, and, as they hoped at his escape, for they could not bring themselves to believe that a man so amiable, so gentle, and so pious, as they had long known him, could be—this is the Englishman's way of putting it—an inciter to bloodshed. It is really melancholly,' added the writer, 'to hear the poor people of Loughborne speak of their benefactor. He was ever ready to administer medicine and advice gratuitously to his poor neighbors and all who sought his assistance; and, according to the reports I have received, he did an incalculable amount of good in his way. As a landlord, he was beloved by his tenantry for his kindness and liberality, while from his suavity of manner and excellent qualities he was a great favorite with the gentry around him.' At eight o'clock, p.m., on Thursday, August 17th, the jury came into the court with a verdict of guilty against the prisoner, recommending him to mercy on the grounds that the letter on which he was convicted was written from the prison, and penned under exciting circumstances."

Next day he was sentenced to transportation for ten years beyond the seas:—

"A short time after Mr. John Martin's conviction, he and Kevin Izod O'Doherty were shipped off to Van Diemen's Land on board the *Elphinstone* where they arrived in the month of November, 1849. O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue had arrived at the same destination a few days before. Mr. Martin resided in the district assigned to him until the year 1854, when a pardon, on the condition of their not returning to Ireland or Great Britain, was granted to himself, O'Brien, and O'Doherty, the only political prisoners in the country at that time. Mr. Martin has seen many who once were loud and earnest in their professions of patriotism lose heart and grow cold in the service of their country, but he does not weary of the good work."

In 1863 Mr. Martin married the youngest sister of Mr. John Mitchel; and in the same year he and Mrs. Martin sailed for New York on a visit to their friends in the United States and Canada. It was during Mr. Martin's absence the memorable Longford election took place; an event which, painful as it was in the suffering and sacrifice and conflict which it involved, must ever be credited with the glory and the honor of preparing the way for the great na-

tional movement now so proudly powerful throughout the land. It was the one event in our century that incontestably and all-sufficiently proved that the union in political action between priests and people in Ireland was not, as had often been calumniously asserted against the latter, the blind subjection of serfs, but the exercise of free will and the homage of well-grounded trust and affection, a trust that had been given because it was justly deserved, but that would be firmly though respectfully withheld if ever it was sought to be misused. Had an Irish Catholic constituency consented to turn aside from a man like John Martin for a hair-brained little fool like Mr. Reginald Greville, without a political idea in his head, merely because a secret council of Catholic clergymen with regrettable unwisdom decided to give away the county to the latter, no Protestant minority could ever be expected to trust their lives or liberties to such slaves and ingrates, the worst prejudices against Catholics would be hopelessly intensified, and the rightful and just influence of the Catholic clergy—(an influence almost invariably used with true wisdom, with noble courage, and with unselfish devotion)—would be cruelly misunderstood and hatefully misrepresented. Happily, this injury to country and religion was averted by the gallant stand made by the "immortal six hundred" of Longford, who, if they did not win the seat, saved the honor of Irish Catholics, and taught to all whom it might concern a lesson, the salutary effects of which will never disappear from Irish politics.

In December, 1869, a vacancy having occurred in Meath, Mr. Martin at the last moment consented to be in nomination. Before there was an idea of Mr. Martin's canditure, the most of the Catholic clergy had pledged themselves to the Hon. Mr. Plunkett, son of Lord Fingal, a gentleman with many claims on his Catholic neighbors and friends. But, unlike their revered brethren of Longford, the Meath clergy while they held honorably by their own pledges, made no quarrel with their people who preferred John Martin, and, after a sharp contest, he, the Protestant patriot, was triumphantly returned over a highly respected Catholic local gentleman, of merely "Liberal" politics, by probably the most Catholic constituency in Ireland.

Kind words are the bright flowers of earth's existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed down spirit glad.

HOLY CROSS ABBEY.



Three miles from Thurles, on the road to Cashel, is a splendid relic of church architecture, said, according to an undisturbed tradition, to have been built as a depository for a fragment of the Holy Cross, presented to one of the O'Brien's.

The Abbey was founded and richly endowed by Donogh Oarbragh O'Brien, King of Limerick, in 1182; and its superior was a mitred abbot, with a seat in parliament as Earl of Holy Cross.

The ruins consist of the nave, choir, and transepts of the church, with a lofty square tower, supported on four gracefully-pointed arches. There are also several chapels, which, with the tower, are of marble and limestone and of much more elegant design and richer embellishment than the other parts of the structure. Among the tombs is one with a sculptured cross but without inscription, ascribed by local tradition to the "good woman" who brought the portion of the "True Cross" to this place; and between two chapels on the south side of the choir is a double range of pointed arches and twisted columns, where the ceremony of "waking" the monks used to be performed; there are also remains of the cloisters, chapter-house, and conventual buildings, which being mantled with ivy on the margin of the Suir, have a very romantic appearance.

IRELAND'S ATTACHMENT TO ROME.

Father Burke never loses an occasion, wherever he may be, to give honor to his native land. His patriotic fervor is next to his religion, and from both springs his wonderful eloquence. At the Cathedral of Saint Mary's in Cork, recently he exhibited his love for his country amid one of his bursts of eloquence. He said:—

"Ideas came into certain people's minds that the early original Church of Ireland, the Church that had been founded by St. Patrick, was by no means the Catholic Church of to-

day; that on the contrary, she had no connection with the Pope of Rome until the 11th century *or so*, but they quite forgot the fact that St. Patrick left words behind him that totally destroyed so ridiculous a theory—they forgot that St. Patrick told the people, the Bishops and the priests, if ever they had any serious difficulty amongst themselves, not to settle it themselves, but to apply to Rome—to the Pope—and see what he had to say in regard to it.

"The attachment of the Irish people to the Catholic faith, the religion of their fathers, was known all over the world. He was travelling upon a railway in America, when two strangers seeing a priest on the cars, commenced speaking in a very disrespectful manner of the Pope and of Catholics, but observing a fine, big man coming towards the carriage at one of the stations, they said: "Here comes an Irishman: we had better cease;" and shortly afterwards they left the carriage. The person thus indicated, who proved in fact to be an Irishman, sat opposite to me, and upon having been informed of what had occurred, he exclaimed, "If your reverence had only told me that before, 'tis smitherens I'd have made of them."

"This illustrates the well founded feeling that exists in the minds of the people throughout the world that an Irishman and a Catholic meant very much the same thing. It was a wonderful thing to consider how tenaciously, through poverty, persecution, and exile, Ireland clung to the Catholic religion and that in spite of all that had happened to her during her varied history, the people were more Catholic to-day than they had ever been. Some persons would doubtless say that it was because of the hatred that the Irish people bore to England; and according to that, if England had become Catholic, Ireland would be Protestant, simply to spite them. That could not, however be the reason, for England had been as deeply hated before she had turned Protestant as she had been since. The fact of England's having become Protestant did not increase Ireland's hatred—the record of cruel injustice and of tyranny was slightly aggravated by the addition of the element of religious discord.

"What was it that kept Ireland Catholic, and would keep her so until the day when the Archangel would go forth to summon all men to judgment? The reasons chiefly were the grace of God, and the deep sympathy that is manifested by the Irish character for the truths

of the Catholic religion, and the wonderful harmony between the Church and her doctrines and the Irish aspirations. The great gift of the people of God's Church was the virtue of faith, which was a Divine light: by it they had a belief in the Real presence—a belief which came as natural to them as the air that they breathed, and it was because they had faith that they were Catholics. God had given this gift of the faith, in an especial manner to Ireland, and that was the reason that she had never yet, nor never would, lose her original fidelity to God and the truths of the Catholic religion that she treasured."

O'DONELL ABU!

A. D. 1587—By M. J. M'Cann.

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale,
Fleety the steed by Loc Suilig is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Salmear's green vale
On, every mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear!
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!
Bennought and Gallowglass
Throng from each mountain-pass!
On for old Erin—O'Donnell abu!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing,
With many a chieftain and warrior-clan;
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,
'Neath the borders brave from the banks of the
Bann—

Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail:
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring,
Borne on the breeze's wing,
Tyrcornell's dread war-cry—O'Donnell abu!

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling—
All, all who would scare them are banished or slain!
Grasp, every stalwart hand,
Hackbut and battle-brand—
Fay them all back the deep debt so long due:
Norris and Clifford well
Can of Tir-Connall tell—
Onward to glory—O'Donnell abu!

Sacred the cause that Clan-Connall's defending—
The altars we kneel at and homes of our sires;
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—
Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires!
On with O'Donnel then!
Fight the old fight again,
Sons of Tir-Connall all vallant and true!
Make the false Saxon feel
Erin's avenging steel!
Strike for your country!—O'Donnell abu!

FAULTS.

Who, looking into the depths of his own heart, and outward to his everyday life, can be satisfied and say he had no faults? There are none who are free from some secret fault which is an enemy to their happiness, and which is

occasionally manifested in their lives. In this respect we are all akin, each liable to err. However, this fact fails to impress us, and while we judge unjustly, we make ourselves subjects for reproof. Sometimes small faults are observed by others sooner than greater ones, the latter being more guarded by their owners, while a petty habit or natural tendency will not be considered necessary to conceal. Indeed, this negligence in regard to a trifling fault often dims the moral beauty of many really conscientious persons, and, in regarding their errors, we often fail to give a due acknowledgment of their real goodness.

Those who distinguish merit only from appearances, and have not the gift of discernment, are liable to many erroneous estimates of personal value; for while many, truly honest and true-hearted, are diffident in revealing their innate goodness and efforts to a purer, higher life, others, in haste to assume the character most likely to please, only present their most amiable, most lovely, qualities of mind and heart, while their secret actions and aims of life are in an opposite channel.

"All's not gold that glitters," is suited to all classes and at all periods; and it is only after friendship is tried, or men's sayings proved simply analogous to their actions, that we can estimate their true merit. Some prove to be so truly amiable and lovable that their faults are only as the shadows on the landscape which heighten the beauty and sweetness of sunshine. However, we can all appreciate and enjoy as much goodness and beauty as this world can give; for paramount above all other desires in a true soul is the longing for purity of mind and life, for purity is the essence of beauty, and the only glimpse we have of heaven.

Every one, however reserved, cannot fail to give an occasional glimpse of his true feelings, and what his secret heart possesses. The power to see ourselves as others see us, has never been perfectly realized by any one person, yet there is some sense of perception in every one which whispers to the selfish heart whose ways bring unhappiness to near and dear ones, and chills the perfect harmony of home.

Each man and woman is responsible for those habits which are not curbed in their first aspirings, when their unpleasant effects can be foreseen. How beautiful to see the impulsive quell the words of contention; the naturally envious or jealous banish even a thought of ill-will; and so on with every evil disposition that disturbs the human family. A life of help-

ness and endeavor to spread plenty and happiness is more sincerely regretted and mourned at its close than one which has been crowned with highest honor and wealth, yet failed to alleviate want or sorrow. The beauty of heart and life, in which men strive to grow better and aspire higher, is truly admirable, and worthy of all commendation.

THE RIDE OF SARSFIELD—THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

Early on the 9th of August, 1690, William drew from his encampment at Caherconlish, and, confident of an easy victory, sat down before Limerick. That day he occupied himself in selecting favorable sites for batteries to command the city, and in truth, owing to the formation of the ground, the city was at nearly every point nakedly exposed to his guns. He next sent in a summons to surrender, but De Boisselieu courageously replied "that he hoped he should merit his opinion more by a vigorous defence than a shameful surrender of a fortress which he had been entrusted with."

The siege now began. William's bombardment, however, proceeded slowly; and the Limerick gunners, on the other hand, were much more active and vigorous than he had expected. On Monday, the 11th, their fire compelled him to shift his field train entirely out of range; and on the next day, as if intent on following up such practice, the balls fell so thickly about his own tent, killing several persons, that he had to shift his own quarters also. But in a day or two he meant to be in a position to pay back those attentions with heavy interest, and to reduce these old walls despite all resistance. In fine, there was coming up to him from Waterford a magnificent battering train, together with immense stores of ammunition, and, what was nearly as effective for him as the siege train, a number of pontoon boats of tin or sheet copper, which would soon enable him to pass the Shannon where he pleased. So he took very coolly the resistance so far offered from the city. For in a day more Limerick would be absolutely at his mercy.

So thought William; and so seemed the inevitable fact. But there was a bold heart and an active brain at work at that very moment, planning a deed destined to immortalize its author to all time, and to baffle William's now all but accomplished designs on Limerick.

On Sunday, 10th, the battering train and its

convoy had reached Cashel. On Monday, the 11th, they reached a place called Ballynecety, within ten or twelve miles of the Williamite camp. The country through which they passed was all in the hands of their own garrisons or patrols; yet they had so important and precious a charge that they watched it jealously so far; but now they were virtually at the camp—only a few miles in its rear; and so the convoy, when the night fell, drew the siege train and the vast lines of ammunition wagons, the pontoon boats and store-louids into a field close to an old ruined castle, and, duly posting night sentries, gave themselves to repose.

That day an Anglicised Irishman, one Manus O'Brien, a Protestant landlord in the neighborhood of Limerick, came into the Williamite camp with a piece of news. Sarsfield at the head of five hundred picked men, had ridden off the night before on some mysterious enterprise in the direction of Killaloe; and the informer, from Sarsfield's character, judged rightly, that something important was afoot, and earnestly assured the Williamites that nothing was too desperate for that commander to accomplish.

The Williamite officers made little of this. They thought that the fellow was only anxious to make much of a trifle, by way of securing favor for himself. Besides they knew of nothing in the direction of Killaloe that could effect them. William, at length, was informed of the story. He, too, failed to discern what Sarsfield could be at; but his mind naturally reverted to his grand battering train—albeit it was now only a few miles off—he, to make safety doubly sure, ordered Sir John Lanier to proceed at once with five hundred horse to meet the convoy. By some curious chance, Sir John—deeming his night ride needless—did no greatly hurry to set forth. At 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning, instead of at nine o'clock on Monday evening he rode leisurely off. His delay of five hours made all the difference in the world, as we shall see.

It was indeed true that Sarsfield on Sunday night had secretly quitted his camp on the Clare side, at the head of a chosen body of his best horsemen; and, true enough also, that it was upon an enterprise worthy of his reputation that he had set forth. In fine, he had heard of the approach of the siege train, and had planned nothing less than surprise, capture, and destruction.

On Sunday night he rode to Killaloe, distant 12 miles above Limerick on the river. The

bridge here was guarded by a party of the enemy; but favored by the darkness, he proceeded, further up the river, until he came to a ford near Ballyvalley, where he crossed the Shannon and passed into Tipperary county. The country around him now was all in the enemy's hands; but he had one with him as his guide on this eventful occasion whose familiarity with the locality enabled Sarsfield to evade the Williamite patrols, and but for whose services it may have been doubted if his ride this night had not been his last. This was Hagan the rapparee chief, immortalised in local traditions as "Gallopimg Hagan." By paths and passes known only to riders "native to the sod," he turned into the deep gorges of Silver Mines, and ere day had dawned was bivouacked in a wild ravine of the Keeper mountains. Here he lay *predu* all day on Monday. When night fell there was an anxious tightening of horse-girths and grinding of swords with Sarsfield's five hundred. They knew the siege train was at Cashel on the previous day and must by that time have reached near to the Williamite lines. The midnight ride before them was long, devious, difficult, and perilous; the task at the end of it was crucial and momentous indeed. Led by their trusty guide, they set out southward, still keeping in bye-ways and mountain roads. Meanwhile, as already mentioned, the siege-train and convoy had that evening reached Ballynecety, where the guns were parked, and bivouacked. It was three o'clock in the morning when Sarsfield, reaching near a mile or two of the spot, learned from a farmer that the prize was not far off ahead of him. And here we encounter a fact which gives the touch of true romance to the whole story. It happened, by one of those coincidences that often startle us with their singularity, the password in the Williamite convoy on that night was "Sarsfield!" That Sarsfield obtained the password before he reached the halted convoy is also unquestionable, though how he came by his information is variously stated. The painstaking historian of Limerick states that from a woman, wife of a sergeant in the Williamite convoy, unfeelingly left behind on the road by her own party in the evening, but most humanely and kindly treated by Sarsfield's men, the word was obtained. Riding softly to within a short distance of the place indicated, he halted and sent out a few trusted scouts to scan the whole position narrowly. They returned, reporting that besides the sentries there were only a few score troopers, drowsing besides the watch-fire on

guard; the rest of the convoy being sleeping in all immunity of fancied safety. Sarsfield now gave his final orders—silence or death, till they were in upon the sentries; then, forward like a lightning flash upon the guards. One of the Williamite sentries fancied he heard the beat of horse-hoofs approaching him; he never dreamt of foes; he thought it must have been one of their own patrols. And truly enough, through the gloom he saw the figure of an officer evidently at the head of a body of cavalry, whether phantom or reality he could not tell. The sentry challenged, and still imagining he had friends, demanded the "word." Suddenly, as if from the spirit land, and with a wild, weird shout that startled all the sleepers, the "phantom troop" shot past like a thunder-bolt, the leader crying as he drew his sword, "*Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!*" The guards dashed forward, the bugles screamed the alarm, the sleepers rushed to arms, but theirs was scarcely an effort. The broad-sword of Sarsfield's five hundred were in their midst; and to the affrightened gaze of the panic-stricken victims that five hundred seemed thousands! Short, desperate, and bloody was that scene; so short, so sudden, so fearful, that it seemed like the work of incantation. In a few minutes the whole of the convoy were cut down or dispersed; and William's splendid siege train was in Sarsfield's hands! But his task was as yet only half accomplished. Morning was approaching; William's camp was barely eight or ten miles distant, and thither some of the escaped had hurriedly fled. There was scant time for the important work yet to be done. The siege guns and mortars were filled with powder, and each muzzle buried in the earth; upon and around the guns were piled the pontoon boats, the contents of the ammunition waggons, and all the stores of various kinds, of which there was a vast quantity. A train of powder was laid to this huge pyre, and Sarsfield, removing all the wounded Williamites to a safe distance, drew off his men, halting them, while the train was being fired. There was a flash that lighted all the heavens and showed with dazzling brightness the country for miles around. Then the ground rocked and heaved beneath the gazer's feet, as with a deafening roar that seemed to rend the firmament the vast mass bursted into the sky, and all was suddenly gloom again. The sentinels on Limerick walls heard the awful peal. It rolled like a thunder storm away by the heights of Cratloe, and awakened sleepers amidst the

hills of Clare. William heard it too; and he at least needed no interpreter of that fearful sound. He knew in that moment that his splendid siege train had perished, destroyed by a feat that only one man could have so planned and executed; an achievement destined to surround with unfading glory the name of Patrick Sarsfield!

Sir John Lanier's party, coming up in no wise rapidly, saw the flash, that, as they said, gave broad daylight for a second, and felt the ground shake beneath them as if by an earthquake, and then their leader found he was just in time to be too late. Rushing on, he sighted Sarsfield's rearguard; but there were memories of the Irish cavalry at the Boyne in no way encouraging him to force an encounter. From the Williamite camp two other powerful bodies of horses were sent out instantly on the explosion being heard, to surround Sarsfield and cut him off from the Shannon. But all was vain, and on Tuesday evening he and his Five Hundred rode into camp amidst a scene such as Limerick had not witnessed for centuries. The whole force turned out; the citizens came with laurel boughs to line the way, and as he marched in amidst a conqueror's ovation, the gunner on the old bastions across the river gave a royal salute to him, whom they all now hailed as the saviour of the city.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

A saving woman at the head of the family is the very best savings bank established—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the women would imbibe in it at once they would cultivate and adhere to it, and when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a security in a storm time and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to work in. The best way to make her comprehend it is to have an account kept of all current expenses. Probably not one woman in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty yet not prompting of avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon the woman as well as upon the man.

Selections.

THE TOMB OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

On quitting Jerusalem by St. Stephen's Gate on the east side of the city, one descends through a ravine into the depths of the valley of Josaphat, having to the right and left the Mussulman cemetery. After passing the bed of the torrent Cedron, which is always dry, you perceive on your left the facade of the Church of the Assumption, which is built at the foot of the Mount of Olives and at some little distance from the grotto where Our Lord sweated blood on the eve of His Passion. Forty-eight steps, which the feet of thousands have nearly worn away, conduct to a dark and vast chamber cut out of the living rock, and, like that of her Divine Son, covered with white marble, so that pilgrims may not commit any act of vandalism by carrying off fragments thereof. One may repeat of this tomb what Chateaubriand said of the Holy Sepulchre, that "it will have nothing to yield upon Judgment day;" for tradition says that the body of Mary was assumed into heaven three days after her death. St. Helena built here a noble church in honor of Our Lady; but the builders, following the bad example of the architects of the Holy Sepulchre, isolated the tomb from the rock, leaving only just the block on which was the tomb itself intact. The walls of the church have all been cut out of the solid mountain, and it is large, but damp and dark. This church contains the tomb of Melisinda, the wife of Baldwin II, and mother of Baldwin IV, Kings of Jerusalem. This princess conducted the affairs of the Kingdom for thirty years as regent. Her tomb is to the right on entering the sacred edifice, and it is reported that the vaults below contain also the tombs of Joachim, St. Anne and St. Joseph. But this is probably an error, founded on the well known fact that the Jews usually choose one burial-place for all the members of their family. Arculp, who visited the tomb in the seventh century, mentions a church above the ground, probably built by St. Helena. It was round, like the London Temple. In the year 1100, Geoffrey de Boulogne established here a convent of Benedictines, but in 1263 Queen Joan of Naples signed a treaty with the sultan, whereby the church passed into the hands of the Franciscans. In the seventeenth century the Greek schismatics obtained possession of it; but in 1666, Count La Haye, French Ambassador to the Sublime Port, caused the Franciscans

to be restored as guardians of the sanctuary. In 1757 the Count de Vergennis obtained from Turkey a firman whereby the rights of the Franciscans were clearly defined; and since that period, as at the Holy Sepulchre, the Greeks and Latins have shared the spot between them. Some authors seem to think that the Holy Virgin died at Ephesus, but this opinion is only founded on a chance phrase inserted in a synodal letter addressed by the Fathers of the Council, A. D. 471, to the clergy and people of the city of Ephesus, which contains this unfinished phrase: "The heresy of the Nestorians was condemned in the town where John the theologian, and Mary the Mother of God—". But the Fathers of the Council did not say that Mary died here, but seem only to have wished to call attention to the great respect paid to her at Ephesus, as is easily proved by Father Russell, a monk of the Holy Land, in his work "On the Dogmatic Definition of the Assumption of Mary Most Holy."

Tradition says that she died at Jerusalem, in the Cenaculum, on Mount Zion, and not at Ephesus. Dionysius the Areopagite, a contemporary of the Virgin, thus expresses himself in the book of "Divine Names," (Book I, chap. III,) in speaking to Timothy on the subject of the death of Mary: "You remember that when we were assembled near our pontiffs (the disciples,) and filled with the Holy Ghost, with many of our holy brethren we revered that holy body which was the asylum of the Author of life; James, the brother-cousin of the Lord, and Peter, the great ornament and principal column of theology, were with us. After contemplating this holy body, all the pontiffs praised the goodness of the Lord, and Gerotides more than all the rest." Saint Meliton of Sardis, who wrote towards the year 170, says in his book *De Transitu Virginis*, that the Mother of God died in Jerusalem. Polyocrates, Bishop of Ephesus, who lived in the third century, affirms also that the Blessed Virgin died at Jerusalem; and Juvenal, Bishop of the city, in reply to a letter addressed by the Empress Pulcheria on the subject of the tomb, answered that princess thus:

"We have an ancient and very true tradition that Mary most holy died in Jerusalem, and was buried in the valley of Jehosaphat—and that all the Apostles were miraculously gathered together around her death-bed, having been summoned from all parts of the world for that purpose, for they were greatly dispersed upon its face." St. Gregory of Tours also wrote, in

the sixth century: "Mary was buried near Jerusalem, and over her tomb Helena, wife of Constantine, built a fine church." In the sermons of Andrew of Crete, Archbishop of Jerusalem, we find this allusion to the subject: "O Zion, receive the new Queen! prepare for her a tomb, and enrich it with spices." Gueric of Tournay, in his second discourse on the Assumption, says: "No one doubts that the Holy Virgin was buried in the Valley of Jehosaphat, where her tomb is venerated." Urban II., at the Council of Clermont, A. D. 1095, says: "St. Mary the Virgin died at Jerusalem, and was there buried." The ancient Greek monology thus speaks of the death and Assumption of Mary: "It pleased God to call Mary, His Mother, to Himself: He sent her an angel to announce to her her death. The news filled her with joy. She ascended to the Mount of Olives and there prayed, after which she returned to her house and prepared for her end. Her Son appeared to her. Afterwards a rumbling sound like thunder was heard, and all the Apostles were gathered together, having been brought to her bedside by angels. Having blessed them, Mary expired. They then buried her, and three days afterwards God raised her body, and took her to Himself." Another monology states that "the Apostles saw her rise up into heaven," and that "her tomb was filled with roses." The day of the death of Our Lady is believed to have been August 15th, the day on which the Church commemorates her glorious Assumption. The origin of the feast dates back as far as the fourth century.

LEARN A TRADE.

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—news-paper work, job work, book work and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is as a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing-office or the artisan's bench; or, if you please, to the farm—for, to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that branch off into whatever profession you please.

You have heard, perhaps, of the clerk who had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boyhood to manhood. On the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday, he went to his master and told him his time was up, and he certainly expected important promotion in the merchant's service. But Stephen Girard said to him:—

"Very well. Now go and learn a trade."

"What trade, sir?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade; and when you have made a perfect barrel, bring it to me."

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make.

Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him,—

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room; but henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come, you have a good trade always in reserve."

And so may a man become truly independent.

TRUE POLITENESS.

As regards etiquette, independent thought is absolutely necessary to form the manners of a true gentleman or lady. Your would-be lady or gentleman is for ever anxious about small matters. Their teeth, their hands, their nails, their hair, their whole persons, are always in a condition to offend no one. Their boots, gloves, linen and dress, are faultlessly neat. Such persons have all the externals that ought to stand for an inward virtue. They betray themselves by sneering at shabby people, and showing that they are ashamed of their poor cousins. Not for worlds would they be seen on the street with Aunt Jemima in her rusty alpaca gown, patched boots, and mended gloves. They forget, or rather they have never learned, that true gentlemen and ladies are the most intensely but quietly independent of human beings. In truth, good breeding and politeness are unselfishness in small things and manifest themselves in small sacrifices and concessions, which contribute to the happiness of others. This motive renders the care of the person, attention to health, the modulation of the voice, the control of the muscles of the face, the positions of the body, the study of a bow, a smile, a glance of the eye, the minute attention to matters of taste in dress, and the nice observ-

ance of the rules of etiquette a high duty, involving nothing frivolous or unworthy of our attention. If, however, a selfish and egotistic motive urges us to become refined and polite in the society sense of the words, then we have made a sad mistake. We have mistaken the shadow for the substance. We have substituted an outward for an interior grace. The politeness which is based on selfishness will always bring dissatisfaction and disgust to those who practice it and those who behold the exhibition.

FORBEAR TO JUDGE.

How often do we read or hear of one's personal character being attacked! and we find ourselves believing the slander without ever stopping to think of the social position and standing of the slanderer. No matter how insignificant the man is who ridicules his neighbor, it will always be a stain on the party attacked. The slandered party may be a man of virtue and good standing in the community, and his accuser a low and unprincipled man; but public opinion will decide that the charge is a bold one, and is evidently true. How mean and low it is to speak ill of another! Often a man's reputation is attacked because he has attained a high position in society, and become wealthy and influential among his fellow beings. Oh, reputation! you are difficult to gain, but how easily lost! And when a good name is lost, we are thrown out of society into the depths of degradation, never, perhaps, to raise our heads to the level of our lost position.

How various are the characters of the people in this world! Some are ever ready to lend a helping hand, while others will dig deep into the history of their fellow beings, vainly endeavoring to find their vices, so that they can go forth and proclaim them to the world, hoping to gain favor by it. Investigations of such a nature should commence at home; then this world, in my humble opinion, would be pure and good.

A man with ever so little judgment and common-sense will ever be prepared to conceal his friend's vices, and, instead of exposing him, will endeavor to raise him higher in other's estimations by speaking of his virtue. If you cannot speak well of your fellow-beings, never speak ill of them; because there is no character so mean, low and unprincipled, as the character of a slanderer. Therefore I say, "Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."

"IF I HAD LEISURE."

"If I had leisure I would repair that weak place in my fence," said a farmer. He had none, however, and while drinking cider with a neighbor the cows broke in and injured a prime piece of corn. He had leisure then to repair his fence, but it did not bring back his corn.

"If I had leisure," said a wheelwright last winter, "I would altar my stovepipe, for I know it is not safe." But he did not find time, and when the shop caught fire and burnt down he found leisure to build another.

"If I had leisure," said a mechanic, "I should have my work done in season." The man thinks his time has been all occupied, but he was not at work till after sunrise: he quit work at five o'clock, smoked a cigar after dinner, and spent two hours on the street talking nonsense with an idler.

"If I had leisure," said a merchant, "I would pay more attention to my accounts and try and collect my bills more promptly." The chance is, my friend, if you had leisure you would probably pay less attention to the matter than you do now. The thing lacking with hundreds of farmers who till the soil is not more leisure, but more resolution—the spirit to do it now. If the farmer who sees his fence in poor condition would only act at once, how much might be saved? It would prevent breachy cattle from creating quarrels among neighbors that in many cases terminate in lawsuits, which take nearly all they are both worth to pay the lawyers.

The fact is, farmers and mechanics have more leisure than they are aware of for the study and improvement of their minds. They have the long evening of winter in which they can post themselves upon all improvements of the day if they will only take ably conducted Magazine and read them with care. The farmer who fails to study his business, and then gets shaved, has nobody but himself to blame.

A MODERN (American) philosopher says that "A wise man keeps his own counsel; consequently has no jobs for strange lawyers." And in order that there may be no mistaking of cases, he adds further:—"When a man comes to know that he doesn't know everything, he then becomes wise."

THE oldest bet of which we have any authentic record is the alpha bet. It is also the safest.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

AIR—THE SUMMER IS COMING.

Moderate time.

1. Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her
2. "La - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly, tho'

1 2
wand she bore; bore; But oh! her beau - ty was far... be -
this bleak way? way? Are E - rin's sons so good or so

yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white wand. But, oh! - ner
cold As not to be tempted by wo - man or gold? Are E - rin's

beau - ty was far be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white wand.
sons so good or so cold As not to be tempted by wo - man or gold?"

3 "Sir knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of ERIN will offer me harm;
For, though they love woman and golden store,
Sir knight, they love honor and virtue more!"

4 On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest forever was she who relled
Upon ERIN's honor and ERIN's pride.

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of BRITEN, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a Journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her house, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. 1, Book 10.