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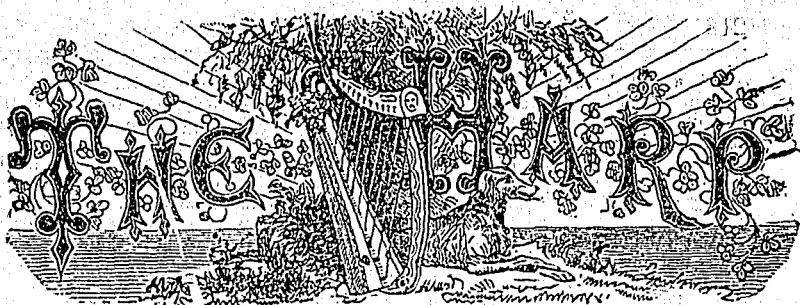
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A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. II.

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No. 7

THE EVERLASTING PITY.

As lies the blue behind the thunder cloud,
As lurk the snowdrops 'neath the drifted
snow,
As the bright buds, till April calls aloud,
Hide deep within the black and leafless
bough,
So, despite care and sorrow, loss and fret,
God's loving pity guards His children's
fates;
Oh, in our darkness let us trust Him yet,
Whose Comforter each patient soul
awaits.

Believe the rankling wound in love is sent,
Believe the grief in chastening mercy
comes,
And so the bitter "why" to faith will melt,
And sorrow smile among her darlings'
tombs,
Watching the violets gem the grassy lane
That late in desolate winter-chill we trod,
Let the sweet flowers preach to the lone
path
The everlasting pity of our God.

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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

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

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

When Hugh Pembert went into the kitchen in search of Mr. Burkem, he found that worthy regaling himself on some cold meat and crisped potatoes.

"Taking care of yourself, maun, I see," said Hugh.

"Ay, faith, Mr. Pembert; a man wants something after such a dry day's work."

"Will you please slip into my room when done?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

When Burkem went into Mr. Pembert's room he found him with a case of pistols on the table before him.

"Weel, Mr. Burkem, take a seat."

"These are purty pistols, Mr. Hugh."

"Weel, weel, there's nae fear of them, maun."

"Ye gang for them geese; Mr. Burkem, ye war spacking about; here is the docket." Mr. Burkem took the paper.

"Hang them for geese; it's a shabby thing for a man to be going after geese, at least," said Burkem.

Weel, weel, maun, Mr. Ellis sends a chiel on many a poor mission."

"True for you, sir; it's well if he don't get skylight made through some of us some of those fine days, if he goes on as he is."

"He dinna no such thing, Mr. Burkem; we maun do our duty; I'm sure ye weel be well paid."

"Sorra a bit too well at all for the risk I run, Mr. Hugh; if ten shillings a week and my chances is good pay for ene risking his life every day, I don't know what to say."

"It's sma'; it's no the thing, no doubt; but then I dinna mind adding a mickle to it. Here maun, drink my health," and he handed him a pound-note.

"Ye maun like one of these braw things?" and he handed him a double-barrelled pistol.

"Thank you, Mr. Hugh," said the other, "I will not forget your kindness."

"Ye maun see that, when I'll be master here by-and-bye, Mr. Burkem, I will na forget those that serve me."

"You may rely upon me, Mr. Hugh; you may be sure I will serve you faithfully."

"Weel, I dinna doubt it, so good-bye now."

"Good-bye, sir, and God bless you."

"I dinna ken, can I depend on that fellow? Weel, I think, I maun; he'll do anything for the baubee," said Mr. Pembert to himself, when alone.

"What the devil is he up to now; he must have something in view, when he gave me a pound, for he's as close as the old shaver. No matter, I'll play my card between them; and I am thinking I won't lose either. I will go over to Mr. O'Donnell's to see that little baggage, Mary Cahill; upon my soukens I am afraid that young Cormack is cutting my cabbage fast; if he be, let him look to himself.

That I may never die in sin—but no mat-

ter—it would be as well for him not to crass me," and he whistled a song, as if to keep off the bad thoughts that were working within him.

When Mrs. Cormack returned to her home, her two sons and daughter were sitting around the fire, eagerly expecting her.

James, the eldest, was a fine specimen of the peasant class. He was above the middle height, with fair features and sandy hair. There was an impulsive, honest expression in his open countenance; his eye was dark and sparkling. He was evidently one that could love deeply; but could impulsively revenge a wrong. His dress was that of the peasant class—a corduroy trousers, heavy shoes, or brogues, with an overcoat or jacket of flannel.

John Cormack was a few years younger than his brother. The razor had not yet touched the down of manhood that covered his chin. Mrs. Cormack was proud of her two fine boys—and well she might; for a mother never reared more loving nor more dutiful sons. She was also proud of her gay, sprightly daughter; and it must be confessed, there was not a lighter foot in the village dance, nor a gayer smile, nor a sprightlier laugh than Nelly Cormack's.

"Nelly, alanna! will you go out and see is mother coming. My heart is heavy, somehow, until I hear the news. If I knew which road she'd take, I'd go meet her," said James.

Nelly went out, but returned immediately.

Here she is, up the road," said Nelly; "and she in shanachus with some old cosherer. I hope, James, it's not going to bring in a step-father over us she is. If so, some pretty girl I know would have a poor chance." Here she looked most roguishly at James, as much as to say, "you see I know all about ye."

"Bad seran to you, Nelly, can you ever sthoph, or hould your tongue," said James, blushing.

"Och, indeed, what color is red now, James? Shure it's no blame to you, avick machree. Faith, if I were a lump of a boy myself, I'd be in love w'd her—and a nice boy I'd make;" and she looked complacently at herself. "It's I'd have the girls crazy."

"Whist! you scatter-brain, you; and throw out the praties, and put down an egg for mother; she must be hungry. Here she's in, and the Rover too."

"Welcome, mother—and blur-an-ages is this you. It's a week of Sundays since we saw you—cead mille failte! Nelly, help mother to take off her cloak."

"Thank you, James," said the Rover. "That'll do, Nelly," said Mrs. Cormack.

They looked at their mother, to read the news of the day in her face. It is strange that when there is some event of impor-

tance at stake we do not like asking about it—we wish to keep from our minds the bitterness of disappointment as long as possible.

"Sit down, mother—you must be tired; and, Nelly, roll out the praties."

Mrs. Cormack sat down; then looked about the house, and then at her children.

"Thank God, we have the house over us, another stharr, anyway," said Mrs. Cormack.

"That's good news, anyway, mother," said James.

"It is, achorra, the Lord be praised, he was in the good humor; oh! it's pleasant to go near a man when he has the smile and kind word for you."

"That's thrue, mother; the Lord bless him for that same to you, bad as he is."

They had now collected around the table of potatoes and noggin of milk, to enjoy their frugal meal.

"Nelly," said Mrs. Cormack, "bring down that miscawn of butther in the room; shure it's not every day the Rover comes to us."

"Not every day we do have the good news, mother," said John Cormack.

"Thrue enuff, avick mastore."

"Och, and faix I will, wid a heart and a-half," said Nelly.

"There's a good dale of these black, Mrs. Cormack," said the Rover, as he shoved the potatoes aside.

"There is, the Lord be praised; but then it's nothin' I hope; what would the poor do, if they ran black on them?"

"Sorra a one of me knows, ma'am; they wouldn't live at all; shure it's hard enuff for them to manage now."

"God is good!" said James, sententiously.

"He is, achorra; praise be to His holy name!" said Mrs. Cormack, piously raising her hands in prayer, and a tear of gratitude glistened in the widow's eye.

"Did he say anything about the notices, mother?"

"Yes, John, achorra; he gave us dockets, and said that the notices were to frighten the tenants and nothing more; he should see his lordship about them."

"I never like to trust the old bodagh," said the Rover; "there is no time he's so dangerous as when he has the palaver; he has a bad set about him too; as for the nephew, he's as hard and as dark as himself; and as for Burkem—"

"He put in the good word, to-day, anyway, for us; I heard them sayin' he spoke up to his honor; and told him it would be a shame without taking the money from us."

"Well, achorra, praise the fool as you find him."

"I will go down to Mr. O'Donnell's; I am sure Master Frank will be glad to hear the good news."

"Do, James, ashore; God bless him,

but for him shure I could not make up the ment."

"Take care, James, that you do not see some other one," said Nelly, with a smile.

"Bad scran to the olier one I want to see," said James, stooping down to tie his shoes.

James pulled very hard at that tie, for he broke it, and when he raised his head, his cheeks were very red; no doubt from the hard pulling.

When James went into Mr. O'Donnell's kitchen, Mary Cahill was alone at the fire, baking bread.

"God save you, Mary," said James, with something like a stammer in his voice.

"God save you kindly, and you're welcome: sit down."

"That I will, alanna," said he, placing his seat near her.

"You might keep out from a body, though, James, and not be going on with your cunnethers," and she pushed her seat over from him.

"Och, mousha! how contrary the people is getting," said James, pushing after her, and taking a stocking she was knitting in his hand.

"How the deuce do ye knit, Mary, I could never larn it?"

"Shure you ought," said she with a laugh; "and make a sheelah of yourself!"

"Ye do have as many twists and turns and ins and outs in it as there do be in a woman's heart."

"And as many crooked ones as there do be in men's, take that, James."

"I dunna, faix, what turns does be in men's hearts, at all; for when a purty colleen, like you, Mary, puts the soft sawder on one of them, sarra bit they know what they do."

"Faix, James, ye do be chicken-hearted entirely; och, botherashun to ye and yer blarney," and Mary looked at him with a most provoking, roguish look.

"Deuce the blarney then, Mary. Shure, darlin', your funny eyes and pouting lips would burn a hole in any man's heart."

James moved his chair nearer to her, and placed his hand around her waist.

"Arrah, will you sthoph, James; look at the bread the way its burning," and she hurried away from him.

"Faix, I know somebody's heart that's burning worse, Mary."

James placed his hand most pathetically over his to show where the volcano lay.

"Bad cess to 'em, can't they throw water enuff upon it," said Mary, taking her seat again. "Now, James, if you don't sthoph I won't sit here another min."

"Mary, will you——?"

"Arrah, whist, James."

"Will you?"—and he took her little hand in his; "will you tell me——?"

"Now, can't you have patience, James."

"I want to know iv you——"

"Oh, James, don't be in such a hurry," and Mary blushed and held down her head.

"Shure, Mary, it's time," and he squeezed her hand closer; "shure it's time that——"

"Oh don't James; give me time to think; don't be in such a hurry."

"About what, Mary?"

"About asking me."

"Jja, ha, Mary, alanna, I was only asking you to tell Masther Frank to come down to me."

Mary withdrew her hand.

"Bad scran from you, James; shure I thought it was going to ask me to marry you you were."

"Faith an' may be I'll be axin' you to do that same, some of those fine mornins, achree, as soon as I have things settled."

"Choke your impudence; I know you hadn't the cotrage, sorra a bit."

"Maybe I havn't, Mary, my darlin'!" and he pressed her to him, and imprinted a kiss upon her pouting lips. "Mary, my love, will you be——?"

Here his declaration, whatever it was—and there are few of my bachelor readers but could give a good guess as to what it was to be, at least,—was interrupted by the opening of the kitchen door, and our friend, Ned Burkem, walked in with a most innocent look, and a "God save all here."

Mary and James' confused manner was enough to betray them, if Mr. Burkem had not witnessed any of the interesting love drama—but he did; for, hearing the voices inside, he looked through the key-hole. A scowl of revenge, dark as that worn by Satan, when he saw Adam and Eve in the garden of Paradise, crossed Mr. Burkem's features. The demon of revenge had entered his heart, but the smile of Judas was on his face, as he opened the door.

"God save you, kindly, Ned!" said James Cormack, as soon as he recovered his composure. "Sit down, Ned. This is a fine evenin'!"

"It is, the Lord be praised; and it was a fine day altogether. The tenants got on well to-day, James."

"So my mother told me; and you wor no bad friend to them either, Ned, I can hear. Give me the hand for that."

"Shure it's only natural I would do anything I could for my neighbors. God help me, I often do things I'd rather not; but thin if I didn't another would, and maybe he wouldn't keep the light hand, as I docs."

"Thrus for you, Ned; shure the tenants all feel that. Tara-an-ages, but it would be the bad day if you should take it into your head to give up."

"Sorra a bit of me likes the business at all. It's only for their sakes I'm sticking to it."

The servants were now home from their work, so the conversation turned on general topics.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

"Hark! where it rolls!—It thrills the sons of art, and binds the knee;
He comes, who blesses the wedding feast
In Cana of Galilee."

When the poor wandering minstrel that wrote "*Home, sweet home*" rambled about the streets of London, without a roof to cover him, and heard the sad voices of wretched ballad singers chanting "*Home, sweet home!*" how his desolation must have crushed his mind. The world was before him, but no home for him that sang of a happy home. Verily, the tender sensibilities of fine minds are often tried with a vengeance. He who felt most keenly the charms of home and domestic bliss could never call them his own.

"Home, sweet home!" How little do we think of home when intoxicated with the gaieties of fashionable life; yet home is the haven of rest, where the weary spirit seeks repose, where the affections bloom and blossom. If assailed with bodily or mental trouble, where can we turn for pure sympathy but to home. You may have wealth, and wealth without sympathy, but not without admiration and envy. Admiration will not make us happy without love and sympathy; and where will these be found in all their depth and purity, but at home. Home is the union of all those social ties that bind brothers and sisters, parents and children, in one holy bond—a holy bond of mutual love and brotherhood.

A man of a loving heart, with good moral resolution, and the genius of moral discipline, can make home a paradise indeed. Home is woman's province; the sphere of her love and duty; it is her kingdom; and how grandly does a wise woman rule her little empire. Her words are words of peace and love. She rules her household with a moral influence that delights the heart of her husband.

Young men are too apt to be taken with the allurements of society; still these charms possess nothing so endearing as the sweets of domestic affection. These expand the heart with the truest sensations. What artificial enjoyments can compare to the greeting smile of a fond wife or the prattling of pretty babes. There is no charm of society so dear as that arising from the confidence and mutual thoughts and plans fostered and designed by man and wife.

He who is worthy of love, and can appreciate all its fervor and purity, will find them in the endearments of his wife and children. Man seldom appreciates the gushing warmth of woman's affections. There is a purity in her devotion that our

rougher natures cannot well appreciate; we seldom comprehend the depth of her love, the purity of her intense affections.

Such a home as I have attempted to describe was Mr. O'Donnell's. It never witnessed those little domestic scenes, those family broils, that generally alienate the affections and deprive home of its truest blessings. Mr. O'Donnell was a kind, affectionate father, but not a too indulgent one. As for Mrs. O'Donnell, home, indeed, was her little kingdom, which she ruled with all the moral government of a well-ordered state.

Her family sat around their little table, quiet, cheerful, and friendly; without an unkind word; without a frown to mar their happiness.

In such a home as this how happy must our friend, Willy Shea, find himself, even if there were not the sacred tie of love to bind him to it.

Alice Maher, too, had come over to spend the Christmas at Glen Cottage.

Kate was visiting at her uncle's, and when returning home got leave for Alice to accompany her.

It was Christmas-day—that day of high festival—and there were merry hearts in cabin and hall. The village bells were pealing forth in merry tones; and seemed to say: "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer." The bells were pealing, and happy faces crowded along the village way. Men and women and children throng the way, for the merry bells seemed to grow joyous, and clang out—"It's Christmas-day, Christmas-day." And they chimed and they chimed, until merry hearts took up the burden of their song, and wished each other a happy Christmas.

"A merry Christmas" greeted our friends as they proceeded to the village Mass.

"Ay, a merry Christmas, and a great many, too,"—for Mr. O'Donnell and his family were beloved by the poor.

How often did he get some friend, for form sake, to secure a poor man in his bank, for his rent, to keep the house over him. For form sake, I say, for well did that friend know, that if the poor man failed, he would not be called on to pay. How often did his son, Frank, give from his scanty means to make up the widow's rent, and his wife and daughter pay visits of charity and mercy to the sick and needy. It is no wonder, therefore, that they were greeted from every side with, "a merry Christmas, and a great many, too!"

Why was the sublime feeling of adoration purer, warmer, and more ardent to-day than any other? To-day, for it was Christmas-day; it took its inspiration from that pious and mystic ecstasy created by the solemn and awe-inspiring belief, that we are commemorating the birth of a God

that died to save sinful man from eternal perdition.

The sleet was pattering on the windows, and the wind was moaning dismally around the houses, but few heeded it, for it was Christmas night, and there were bright fires and brighter hearts within.

A bright fire, and smiling faces and merry voices, are a cheering picture of domestic bliss.

There were light hearts and merry voices around Mr. O'Donnell's hearth that Christmas night. He sat, as usual, in his easy chair, and around him were seated his wife and family, and their two welcome guests.

Bright lights streamed from the table, and bright sparks glowed from the yule-log that burned in the grate, for they loved and cherished the good old customs yet. A Christmas tree, with its glittering fruit, and eart, and ribbon, and gold and silver ornaments, stood in all its effulgent grandeur, upon the centre table. Holly and ivy and berries were entwined around the frames and cornices; even the very kitchen was a perfect wilderness of them. The mistletoe hung from the centre, and many a laugh, and joke, and kiss, were interchanged beneath it that Christmas night. The kitchen rang with the song, and tale, and jest: for they were merry with good drink and cheer, and kept Christmas night a jubilee.

"Here is a health to the good old year, that's fast dying out; and may we live to enjoy its offspring," said one.

"Amen! Amen!" shouted the others, and emptied their glasses.

"Here is that the holly, the ivy, and the shamrock, may grow green for ever," said the Rover.

"Hip, hip, hurra!" and the kitchen rang with merry shouts.

"Here is that we may have good hunting next year; tallyho! tallyho! in the mornin'," shouted Shamus-a-Clough.

"Here is a health to the brave; and may the laurel wreath their brows, and beauty's smile cheer their hearts," said Uncle Corny.

"That's it, Sergeant; that's a purty toast," said the Rover.

"Here is the thrush in the bush, and the bush in full bloom; my love in my arms, and that very soon," said James Cormack; who had come over to spend Christmas night at Mr. O'Donnell's.

James, to carry out his toast, jumped up and caught Mary Cahill. Mary, of course, struggled and cried out, "won't you stop, you schemer; bad scran to me if I don't call them out to you." Despite all this, however, she got over, somehow, very easy under the mistletoe, where James caught her two hands to prevent her from clasping them on her mouth; and then impressed a warm kiss on her pouting lips.

"Bad scran to you; did anyone ever see

the likes of you; look at the way my hair is all tossed wid you," and Mary gave him a harmless slap on the cheek.

"Take that now, you schemer; maybe you won't do it agen."

"Och! musha, Mary, but you have blinded my eye," said James, putting up his hand; "you must marry me now."

"Arrah! the deuce take your impudence."

"Well, here, if you don't, take back your kiss," and James returned it with interest, amid the shouts and laughter of the company, and the slight struggles of Mary.

There were light and loving hearts in that old kitchen, on that Christmas night. We need not wish them a merry Christmas, for their own hearts joyously rang out—"A merry Christmas."

The French have a saying, that peace is first-cousin to *ennui*; but it was not so with our happy party in Mr. O'Donnell's parlor; for the yule-log blazed and sparkled; the candles shone forth, and the Christmas tree glittered and glistened as if some fairy had touched it with her wand. The tea table lay spread near; the shining tray looked temptingly; its rich butter, its yellow cream, and its hot cakes cut in fantastic shapes—all Miss Kate's making. Our party near the fire were on easy terms with one another; for they laughed, and sang, and joked, and gave and solved riddles and conundrums.

They now took their tea, and then a glass of wine; and Mr. O'Donnell took an additional glass of punch, and rubbed his hands, and looked at the young folks so happy, and rubbed his hands again, and laughed, and felt superbly glad and contented.

After playing at "Acrostic Charades," "I love my love with an A—," and such like, they had a game of forfeits. Nor did Mr. O'Donnell chide, but laughed heartily at the fond kisses beneath the mistletoe. Then,

"The game of forfeit done, the girls all kissed beneath the sacred bush—"

Our party assembled around the fire, and sang and chatted away.

They then drew their prizes from the Christmas tree.

The hail and snow pattered on the windows without.

"Let it dash away," said Mr. O'Donnell, looking at the blazing fire, the cheerful room, and more cheerful faces. "Let it dash away. It won't reach us."

"But, papa," said Bessy, and she left her hands upon his knees, and looked into his face; "papa, how many a poor person without a home to-night, without a fire to warm them, or good cheer and fond hearts to make them happy!"

"That's true, darling," said Mr. O'Donnell; and he kissed that frail looking child. "That's true, darling. There is misery in the world, no doubt; but then, if we allow those feelings to overcome us,

we will only make ourselves miserable, without making others happy."

"But papa, shouldn't every one try to make as many as they could happy?"

"Yes, darling. If they did this, there would be no real misery in the world. This is the true spirit of charity."

"And why don't they do it, papa?"

"Really, I cannot say, my pet. You see our Saviour was neglected in a manger, and forgotten by those He came to save."

"Oh! weren't they cruel, papa?"

"Yes, indeed, child, but I fear we are not a bit better. Our Divine Master says, as often as we relieve the poor we relieve himself; and now tell me, puss, what have you done for the poor this blessed Christmas?"

"I will tell you, papa; in the first place, mamma made up a basket of meat and bread, and tea and sugar for us, and then Kate and I went up to poor Mrs. Sullivan's, and—"

"Ha," said Kate, "little tell-tale; you know the Scripture says, let not your left hand see what your right hand giveth."

"True," said Mr. O'Donnell. "And now, Bessy darling, go sit near your mamma."

Bessy did sit near her mamma, and nestled her head upon her bosom, and prattled with her in low tones.

While this conversation was going on, Willy Shea was in a deep reverie. His elbows rested on his knees, and his face upon his open palms. Of what was he thinking?

Ah! he thought of the good old home where he spent many a Christmas night such as this; where father, mother, brothers, and sisters all joined to make it a merry Christmas. Where the yule-log burned, and the Christmas tree glistened, and where light hearts, and merry faces, and jocund laughter made a merry Christmas indeed. Where were all these now?

On such a Christmas night as this did his kind gentle mother—the last of her race—sleep for the first time in her cold grave. As he returned to his bleak home, the sleet and rain pattered without, but there was no yule-log, nor Christmas tree, nor fond hearts to greet him within.

"Ah! my good tender mother, where are you?" he exclaimed, half audibly, as the tears trickled between his fingers.

"Willy, what ails you?" said Kate, leaning her hand upon his.

"Nothing, nothing dear!" and he brushed away the tears, and tried to look cheerful.

"Come," said Alice Maher, "Willy, get your flute and come to the kitchen, we will set up a dance there."

"Agreed, agreed!"

And the kitchen became merrier, and resounded with the song and dance of light and loving hearts, until the old clock in the hall chimed twelve, and then that merry Christmas had passed away.

When Willy rose in the morning, he went to the window to look out. The ground was covered with a slight sprinkling of snow. He looked towards the farm-yard. A long range of ricks of hay and stacks of corn crowded behind the house. The noise of the flail resounded from the barn.

In the yard was Kate O'Donnell and Mary Cahill, with a whole troop of gabbling turkeys and geese, cackling hens, and ducks around them. Over and about these fluttered a lot of busy pigeons. Kate, in a plain dress, with her sleeves tucked up, was feeding them with oats from a sieve, which Mary held.

A pigeon was cooing from her shoulder jealously at another that was busily pecking on the sieve.

"This is happiness, indeed," said Willy; "and with such a noble, loving girl I would gladly live and die amidst such scenes."

When he came down to the parlor, Alice Maher and Frank were enjoying a pleasant *te-te-a-te-te* on the settee near the fire.

They seemed very happy, and evidently on very good terms with one another.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell shortly joined them. Kate and Bessy soon came in with two plates of hot butter cakes, which they were after baking in the kitchen.

After breakfast, as the day was too unpleasant to go out, our party amused themselves playing drafts, backgammon, and other games. Then they sang and played on the flute and concertina, and read amusing books alternately.

About noon, their recreation was enlivened with the most discordant attempts at music imaginable, proceeding from the little lawn in front.

"Come here," said Alice, looking out of the window; "come here," and she laughed heartily. "Such a motley group I have never witnessed; what the deuce are they?"

They all ran to the window.

It was no wonder that Alice laughed, for a more picturesque group of rags and patches you could not see.

"The wren boys, the wren boys," exclaimed the party.

The wren-boys, or, as they called themselves, the wren boys, now came up to the window, and commenced to puff and blow their spasmodic instruments.

One fellow had an old flute which would elicit for him, despite all his puffing and blowing, only a few shrill whistles. Another was scratching at a fiddle, whilst another was trying to force the wind out of an old asthmatic bagpipes; but all these were completely thrown in the shade by an old drum.

Their appearance was not less ludicrous than their music.

Some had petticoats and gowns, mounted with ribbons, drawn over them; others had shawls for sashes and hatbands.

The fool or harlequin was the most laughable of all. He had a mask made of an old hat, with holes for his eyes, nose, and mouth cut in it.

The front was painted red, with plenty of hair stuck to it with pitch.

Some stumps of quills protruded from the mouth for teeth, and his dress—this was the crowning point of all. He had an old red gown buttoned over his body. It was split in the middle and the lower part sewed over his legs to answer a trowsers—something in the Turkish fashion.

His bare feet were painted red.

This fellow cut many antics and capers, and showed his teeth in a manner to please the servants, who had now collected from all parts to see them; and I must say also that he amused our friends in the window.

Mary Cahill went near him, when he ran to take a kiss of her; this, of course, set Mary screaming, and all the others laughing.

Another held the wren dressed out most gaudily in a bush, and sang under the window—

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day he was caught in the furze;

Altho' he is little, his honor is grato,
So git up, madam, and give us a thrate."

"Why is he called the king of all birds?" said Frank.

"Shure I'll tell your honor," said the other. "You know, your honor, there was a great competishen intirely betune all the birds to know who'd be king; well, they couldn't agree at all, so they settled that whatever bird could fly the highest he was to be king. Begor, sur, the eagle was mighty proud intirely, for he was shure of winnin'. 'Let ye's all meet on such a day, and we'll set off together,' says he. Well becomes them, they all assembled. 'Where are you goin'?' says he to the wren. 'Begor to see the sun, your honor,' says the wren. So they all laughed at the poor little wren. While they were settin' ready, well becomes the wren the stuck himself in the fethers under the eagle's wing. 'Away now,' says the eagle. Shure after a time they all felt tired but the eagle, and he flew on until he got tired. 'I'm king now,' says he; 'I may go home; I am not able to go another peg.' 'Not yet,' says the wren, flying from under his wing as fresh as a daisy. Begor the eagle was fit to be tied, he was so mad; but divil a use in it. That's the way he became king, you see. Throw something to the boys, your honor."

"Thank ye; long life to ye, and that ye may be all married this day twelvemonth. Begor, if we met every house as good as this, nabochish."

Mary and all the servants gave their mite to the wren-boys, who went off well pleased.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW ST. PATRICK'S DAY IS KEPT IN IRELAND.

All the world knows that St. Patrick's day falls on the 17th of March, and that Irishmen revere the saint's memory with all due honors.

Mrs. Butler took care to have an additional supply of poteen, and a few barrels of beer in for the occasion.

A big red-nosed horseman swung over her door, with a pint of creamy ale in his hand, and announcing, "Entertainment for man and horse;" and a fiddler scraped away inside, to let people know that Mrs. Butler's establishment was alive and stirring.

Mrs. Butler came frequently to the door, and looked very anxiously about, and wondered people were not coming to pay their respects to the saint.

"The Lord be praised, what's become of the people, at all, at all; maybe its haythens they will shortly become," and Mrs. Butler looked askance at the two barrels of beer, and sighed at the growing depravity of the times. She then commenced practising a little sum in arithmetic on her fingers' ends.

"Fiveteen and fiveteen is thirty—thirty shillings; I want to know where it's to come from, though, if they don't come to drink it; that's the thing; but whist, here is somebody; ocl, shure it's only the Rover." And Mrs. Butler sighed in a manner that implied that the Rover was not likely to add much to the required sum.

It so happened, too, that the Rover was after making a resolution, that he would pass Mrs. Butler's house without going in to drink.

"Now," thought he to himself, "if she sees me, she'll be out with me, and she's not a bad sort of a woman; and, faith, there she's at the door. O, murther, what will she think of me, at all, and there's the music, too; bad cess to me, what a time I made you."

"Good evenin', Mr. Delany," said Mrs. Butler, in her blandest of tones.

"Good evenin', kindly, ma'am; how are you?"

"Well, thank you. Won't you come in?"

"I'm in a hurry, ma'am, I thank you."

"Well, I dunna what's the world coming to; look at that fellow, that I often threated to a shanga and a glass, too, and he wouldn't come in; well, well," and Mrs. Butler looked horribly shocked.

"What will I do?" said the Rover. "I have it! shure I only promised to pass the house, I didn't say anything about turning back,—well, done, resolution, I will have a glass on the head of you," and he slapped his thigh, and returned to Mrs. Butler's warm corner.

"Arrah, faith, I thought you warn't

goin' to come in, Shawn," said Mrs. Butler.

"Faix, I thought so, too, myself, ma'am; shure I made a resolution not to come in, but I tricked it, though."

"Mr. Delany!" said Mrs. Butler, looking very dignified and highly offended—"Mr. Delany, would you have the condensation to tell me what I did to you, or what's to be hid at my decent door, that you should make a resolution not to enter it: ay, Mr. Delany, would you tell me that? O, holy Mother! maybe it's resolutions them all made, oh, oh!"

It is strange how very polite people become when they wish to be otherwise; now, Mrs. Butler seldom addressed Mr. Delany otherwise than as Shawn: however, she emphatically addressed him now, Mr. Delany, and nodded her head to him with each word, and then raised a soiled red calico handkerchief to her eye.

"See, now, Mrs. Butler, sorra a one of me—"

"Oh, oh," sobbed Mrs. Butler, "any shur to be thrown upon me decent house and karakter. O, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Delany?"

"Arrah, hold your tongue, woman, and listen to rason; divil a shur anyone could cast upon your house nor karakter either. Shure it is only the last seshins his lordship said to me, 'She keeps the decentest house from this to Cashel.'"

"Did he say so, Shawn?"

"Ay, faix I never see anyone drunk nor shouting there; and shure if she sells a dhrop itself, she's a poor, lone widow, that must be let live," says he.

"Faix, his lordship is the right sort; not like other spalpeen magistrates, that would be tryin' to hunt a poor, lone widow out o' the house," replied Mrs. Butler.

"True, for you, ma'am. This fish makes a body very dry," and Shawn spat out a couple of times.

"Faix, it does, though; maybe you'd have a drink of beer, Shawn?"

"Wid pleasure, ma'am, if pleasing. Here is your health, ma'am, and that you may shortly have some one to mind the house for you."

"Git out, Shawn; shure it's not a woman of my age, after rearin' her family, you'd have thinkin' of the like."

"Why not, Mrs. Butler? there is Nell Creak, that got married the other day; I'd take the Bible, she is not a day under fifty: now, I'd swear you are not forty."

"Just forty-one next Lady-day, Shawn. I was married at eighteen, and my poor man is dead six years, God be good to him; he was the good man, Shawn;" here Mrs. Butler indulged in some lachrymose reflections. "Ah, he was the kind husband, Shawn; shure isn't it surprising, the impudence of some people, to think of Nelly Creak gettin' married; oh, oh, she's

every day of fifty years, Shawn. Shure I recollect when she was a child I was a slip of thackeen myself; oh, oh, at her time of life; what's the world coming to!"

Shawn was all this time taking an inventory of the stock of the concern, and just considering to himself, "wouldn't it be a great deal pleasanter to sit in his own corner, drinking Mrs. Butler's—Mrs. Delany's, though—porter, than be trudging from place to place;" he appeared to have come to a very satisfactory conclusion, for he rubbed his hands and smiled.

"She's over sixty, though as sure as she's a day; what harm? sure it's not I'll be picking her bones; she has a snug house and place," said he to himself.

"Who could blame the poor woman, after all," said Shawn, taking Mrs. Butler's hand affectionately in his; sure it's pleasant to have one's own house."

"True for you, Shawn"—and Mrs. Butler looked about with an air of great satisfaction.

"To have some one to talk to—to keep us comfortable—to console us when sick, to—"

"Ah, Shawn, Shawn, you spake the truth," and the widow sighed at her own desolate condition.

"To have some one to cheer and console us in time of afflictions"—Shawn squeezed the widow's hand, and she looked gratefully to him—"to have," he continued, "to have some one to love, to"—here his pathetic discourse was interrupted by shouts and laughter from the outside.

"They are coming, the Lord be praised," said Mrs. Butler, jumping up.

"Dhoul take them!" muttered Shawn.

"Mushal ye'r welcome, boys; how is every mother's soul of ye," said Ms. Butler to her new arrivals; "and the colleens, too, God bless them."

"What the dickens use wid we be wid-out the crathure; throth they are the life and soul of us, Mrs. Butler," said James Cormack, leading in Mary Cahill, smiling and blushing,

"Where's the musishner? Oh, here he is stretched ashleep; get up, man alive, and give us a blast to warm our toes," and he shook the fiddle to waken him.

"Aye, what will ye have?" Patrick's Day in the Mornin', I suppose."

"That will do; up wid it; anything at all man, to knock the cobwebs from our hearts." Then four couples took the floor, and danced until they began to get wearied, when they were replaced by others.

"That's it, Mary, lie into it; duce a bit but you'll tire him out."

"Success, Jem; don't be to hard upon the colleen."

"Lusha then, that for his best!" says Mary, snapping her fingers playfully in his face.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM.

OUR DARLING JOHN PATRICK.

Sweetly sleeping is our darling,
 Free from age, from pain and woe,
 'Neath the pines that crown the hill-side,
 Where spring flowers soonest blow,
 Where the wild birds sing most sweetly
 Thro' the long, bright summer day;
 Where the sunlight seems to linger,
 And the moonbeams love to play.

'Tis a fair, bright spot; but fairer
 Was the gentle form we laid
 Underneath the turf, unfeeling,
 In his cold and narrow bed.
 Yet we knew 'twas but the *casket*
 We had hidden from our sight;
 In the Father's crown the jewel
 Gleams forever pure and bright.

So we try to haw in silence
 'Neath the blow that on us fell,
 Knowing He whose hand hath dealt it,
 Ever doeth all things well
 But we miss him, sadly miss him,
 And we list, alas! in vain,
 For the sound of coming footsteps
 We shall never hear again.

Oft at eventide, in fancy,
 I hear we still his boyish prayer;
 But no cherished form now lieth
 On the time-worn, vacant chair.
 Ice-cold now the rosy fingers
 Clasp'd so oft and raised to Heaven,
 Pale the sweet, red lips that murmured
 "May my sins be all forgiven."

O! the loneliness and sorrow,
 In our hearts, and in our home,
 When we know in on to-morrow,
 Will the absent darling come.
 But not "without hope" we mourn him:
 God, Who took our *idol*, knew,
 If our *treasure* were in Heaven,
 We would long to follow too.

LA ROSIERE; OR, THE TRIUMPH
OF GOODNESS.

In France there is an old and very graceful custom, called the *fete of la Rosiere*. On this occasion those in authority present a garland of roses to the best and most beautiful girl in the village. This custom had its origin deep in national feeling and morality; but, alas! wheresoever human passions can creep in, they leave their slime upon the roses of life—the *fete of la Rosiere*, like other triumphs, too often becomes an affair of jealous rivalry and petty intrigue.

Angelique Duroy was one of the very prettiest of her bewitching countrywomen. Her clear dark eye was neither flashing nor languid—it had a quiet, deep expression, brilliant yet thoughtful; her complexion inclined to olive; but the perpetual colour that mantled there gave her cheek the tempting ripeness of tropical fruit; while the laughing dimples on either side came and went, like whirlpools in a sunny stream. Everything in her look and motion argued an exuberance of life and happiness. Her voice had the clear, gushing melody of the thrush; her little, nimble, graceful feet made one think of a swallow just ready to take wing; and altogether she was so small,

so airy, so pretty, so gay, and so musical, that she interested all who saw her.

The young men all admired Angelique, because she was so lady-like and unaffected; the old people loved her because she was such a good child to her parents, and always so kind and respectful to the aged—while the children, when asked, were always ready to say, "we love Angelique best, best because she is always so good-natured and obliging, and she knows how to make us so many pretty things." Indeed, Angelique was famous for her ingenuity and industry. After examining anything, she always found out how to do it without being taught; and what she did she always did well. The prettiest dresses and bonnets in the village were made by her; and her artificial flowers were so natural, that I think the very honey-bees would be deceived by them. Some told her if she went to Paris she would make a fortune by her ingenuity; but Angelique blushed, and said she had rather live with her good mother, than grow rich among strangers.

It is strange this artless little French girl should have enemies; for she never had an uncommonly pretty cup, or garland, that she was not perfectly willing to make her young companions one just like it; and but great griefs, if borne ever so meekly, do excite envy—Angelique had her enemies. The daughter of the *Maire* of the village was eight or nine years older than Angelique; and she never from her childhood had been either pretty or amiable. She was very rich, very idle, very haughty, and very jealous. It vexed her that her fiery neighbor, unadorned, save by her own tasteful industry, should be so much more admired than she was, with all her jewelry and Parisian finery. Besides, she had long been in love with the son of a wealthy *proprietaire*; and this young man when urged by his father to make suit to so great an heiress, openly declared that his affections were engaged to Angelique. This made the father very angry—he called it a boyish passion. "Antoinette is the only child of the *Maire*, and he has immense wealth and high character; will you give up such an union, when father and daughter both evidently wish for it, merely for the sake of a pretty plaything, a giddy little butterfly, like Angelique Duroy?" said he.

The young man insisted that Angelique was as good as she was pretty; and that she was also industrious, modest, and noble-hearted. "As a proof of it," continued he, "every one in the village, except Antoinette, says the *Cure* will crown her at the *fete of la Rosiere*."

The *proprietaire* was a kind-hearted, wise, old man; his neighbors called him odd, but his oddity was always of a benevolent kind. "Well, Jacques," said he "if you think the girl has so many good qualities, besides her pretty looks, your

choice will meet with our approbation. I know Angelique has resolutely refused to receive any attention from you without the knowledge and approbation of her mother and myself—this speaks well—but how do you know that the young lady will smile upon your suit?"

Jacques looked down, blushed slightly, hesitated—then looked up with an arch look, and said, "if she knew you gave your approbation, I at least might try."

The old man smiled—"Well, well," said he, "I see how it is. The girl, though not rich, is highly respectable. I will attend the *fete* of *la Rosiere*; you shall dance with the crowned fair one; and if I think she deserve this distinction, Angelique shall be to me as a daughter."

Jacques knelt down, and kissed his father's hand with overflowing gratitude. He had not expected to gain his point so easily; for he knew his father had very much set his heart upon joining his estates to those of the *Maire*. "You are the best father in the world!" exclaimed he. "You call me so, Jacques—the world will say I am an old fool; but, after all, what do we live for, if not for happiness?"

Away went the young man, in the fullness of his joy, to impart the tidings to Angelique; and she, above all petty coquetry, heard it with unaffected delight.

The *fete* of *la Rosiere* was anxiously awaited. Everybody so often repeated that Angelique would certainly be crowned, for she was both the most beautiful and best; and, modest as she was, she could not help expecting it. The important day came—and who do you think was crowned? Antoinette, the ugly, idle daughter of the *Maire*—she was crowned the best and most beautiful! The *Maire* gave a great ball that night. Angelique went; for she was above showing any resentment. She saw Jacques dancing with *la Rosiere*—she saw that his father observed her closely; and though she could not be gay, she was cheerful and dignified. Antoinette whispered to her companions, "See what bold airs she puts on; I should think she would be mortified, when she and all her friends have been boasting that she would be crowned." The old *proprietaire* heard one or two such speeches as this, and he shook his head expressively. He disappeared from the room a short time. While he was gone, his sister, a maiden lady, came up to Angelique; "My dear child," said she, "there is something wrong about this affair; all the village said you would be crowned." "My friends flattered me," said Angelique, modestly; "I knew they thought more highly of me than I deserved." "But think of crowning Antoinette!" continued the lady; "such an ugly thing as she is!"

"Her dress is very becoming," said Angelique; "and I think she is the best dancer in the room;" the tears came to

her eyes as she said this; for Jacques was again dancing with *la Rosiere*, and her garland of Provence roses was very beautiful.

Angelique retired very early that night—not without a kind look from Jacques, and an expression of benevolent approbation from the old *proprietaire* and his maiden sister. As soon as she reached her own little bedroom, she knelt down, and, bursting into tears, prayed that all envious and repining thoughts might be subdued within her heart. The prayer proved to be a strength and a consolation; and she soon sunk to sleep as sweetly as an infant.

Jacques came the next day. He was loud in his complaints. He said the whole village was indignant about it. Much good might the crown of roses do Miss Antoinette! Nobody thought she deserved it. He knew one thing: the *Maire* had given the *Cure* a splendid suit of clothes just before the *fete*; and he himself had seen Antoinette's diamond ring on his finger. No wonder the *Cure* gave the crown to a rich man's daughter. "Nay, I do not think the *Cure* could do so wrong as to take bribes from any body," replied Angelique; "and I beg you will not say so." "All the village think so," replied Jacques; "and they always will think so. I danced with her, because my father said it would give offence if I did not, on such an occasion; but I will never dance with her again." "I am sure she is one of the best dancers I ever saw," answered Angelique.

Nothing soothed by her gentleness Jacques went away more indignant than ever that so good a girl should be thus wronged.

A week or two after, a great ball was given by the *proprietaire*. He himself called to invite Angelique; and in the intervening time, hardly a day passed without his spending an hour or two at her parent's dwelling. The more he saw of her, the more he was convinced that she was a good girl, and worthy of his son. When the evening of the ball arrived, Angelique and her family were received at his large mansion with distinguished kindness. "Before the dancing begins, I have a whim to be gratified," said the kind-hearted but eccentric old man. There was an universal hum of assent among the assembly; for the wealthy old landlord was very popular; and a proposition of his could at any time be carried by acclamation in the village. The old gentleman smiled, and, holding up a wreath of roses and orange-buds he said, "there was once two Popes in the church; why should there not be two crowned *la Rosiere*? As he spoke, he placed the garland on the head of Angelique. "I crown her, because I have proved that she cannot be tempted to speak ill of a rival," said he; "the roses are my own gift—the orange-buds came from a younger

hand." Angelique blushed crimson; for orange-buds form the *bridal* wreath in France. She looked up timidly; Jacques was at her side, the music struck up, and the exulting lover led her to the dance amid the applause of the guests.

Angelique afterwards found that the good maiden lady had been instructed to try her generosity, and that the father of Jacques had been a concealed listener to her replies.

Antoinette was not invited to the *propriétaire's* ball. He said he had learned instances of her art and selfishness, which had destroyed all esteem for her; but that he would not openly insult her by the triumph of one she had always tried to injure.

Soon after, Angelique actually wore the white veil and the orange-buds to the village church, and the *Maire* and daughter left a place where they had never been popular, and now were odious. By the influence of the *propriétaire*, a new *Cure* was appointed before the next *fete* of la *Rosiere*.

THE POETS OF IRELAND.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Thirty-five years ago, when the author of the "Irish Melodies" was reposing under the shade of the bays which his muse had so gloriously won; the subject of this sketch was at the zenith of his fame. He occupied the ground from which Moore had retired—though his songs bore no more comparison to Moore's than the twittering of the goldfinch does to the carol of the lark; still, at the time to which we refer, Samuel Lover was (next to Moore) our most popular Irish poet. For Thomas Davis had not as yet become aware of the wealth of that rich vein of poetry which lay hidden in the depth of his loving Irish heart. It is true that Griffin and Banim, so immeasurably Lover's superiors as novelists, also occupied the poetic field at the same time; but their songs never attained the popularity of Lover's, though the latter never wrote anything as full of genuine Irish feeling as "Gille Machree" or "Soggarth Aroon." It is to his comic songs he owes his popularity with the masses of his countrymen, though the "Angel's Whisper," "Fairy Boy," and "Four-Leaved Shamrock" are some of the most beautifully-rendered illustrations of those exquisitely poetic legends which take such a hold on our imaginative and simple-hearted people; and such songs as "The Land of the West," "True Love Will Ne'er Forget," "The Letter," &c., are worthy the popularity they attained in castle and cottage; still they never were, and never can be, such favorites as "Rory O'More," "Molly Bawn," "The Widow Machree," or "Molly Carew."

Samuel Lover was a native of Dublin, in which city he first saw the light in the year 1797.

He commenced life as a portrait painter, and soon became so successful in his profession that he received the patronage of some of the leading members of the Irish aristocracy, including the Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Cloncurry, and a host of other noblemen. In 1828 he was elected an Academician of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts, of which he subsequently became Secretary. When our great national poet, Moore, visited Ireland, and was so splendidly and enthusiastically welcomed in his native city, his young townsman composed a song in his honor, which he sang, at the grand banquet given by the Irish capital to her most gifted son. Moore was highly pleased with the poetry and the music, and passed a flattering, though well-merited, eulogium on the young aspirant to poetic fame; which at once placed him prominently before the public on the road over which he travelled so steadily and successfully for the ensuing twenty years.

It was while yet following his profession as an artist that Lover wrote his series of "Legends and Stories. Illustrative of Irish Character," which were so favorably received that his fame as an author was at once assured, and he became one of the most welcome guests at the houses of the Dublin aristocracy. In 1837 he removed to London, where he speedily obtained employment both for his pen and pencil, for his fame as an artist and writer had preceded him to the great metropolis. There he completed his "Irish Sketches," which he published in two volumes, and soon after he commenced his novel of "Rory O'More," which is destined to remain one of the most popular of all his works of fiction. This was followed by "Handy Andy," which, though it contains several spirited passages illustrative of Irish life half a century ago, it would be well for Lover's fame it had never been written; as, on the whole, the work is a vulgar and impudent attempt at caricaturing the national character. Some of its most telling passages, too, such as the "Legend of Tom Connor's Cat," "Andy Robbing the Post Office," &c., are but rehashes of old stories which had been floating around the firesides of the Irish peasantry before Lover was born, but which our poet thought palatable enough to serve up to his Cockney admirers. However correct he may have been in his estimate of English taste, every intelligent Irishman or woman cannot but feel that it was a gross insult to his countrymen, unworthy of Lover, and rather to be expected from the author of "Paddy Go Easy," the most abominable piece of vulgarity that ever disgraced the shelves of an Irish publishing house.

Immediately after "Handy Andy," appeared "Treasure Trove" and some other works of fiction, which still remain deservedly popular.

Lover dramatized several of his own works. The best known of his plays are "Rory O'More," "The Happy Man," and "The White Horse of the Peppers." Of all the so-called Irish plays, these are the best of their kind.

Lover's next production was a volume of "Ballad Poetry," after which he prepared a humorous entertainment entitled "Irish Sketches," in which he sang his own songs and executed his own music so well that it became exceedingly popular both in England and Ireland.

Lover subsequently paid a visit to the United States, where his entertainment was received with universal satisfaction. He returned to England in 1848, and soon after produced a second entertainment, embodying his American experiences, which was also very successful. Of late years he had been very feeble in health, and for a long time previous to his death he had written nothing worthy of his reputation. He had been for some time the recipient of a small annual pension from the Literary Relief Fund; and at length this genial, gifted son of Erin, after having for many years eaten the bitter bread of exile, breathed his last on a foreign shore. He died about five years ago, in the Island of Jersey, at the advanced age of seventy-one years. Nine days afterwards his remains were interred at Kensal Green, London. Peace to his ashes. It will be a long time before his vacant place is filled, for it is but seldom that such versatility of talent is found combined in one man. Poet, musician, painter, novelist and dramatist, Lover ran "through each mode of the lyre and was master of all."

Lover was not an Irish nationalist, nor, in the true sense of the word, an Irish poet; and consequently he never wrote a truly national song.

WAS EY. R. POET SO TRUSTED BEFORE?"

The kindest friend of Oliver Goldsmith asked when the simple-minded author of "She Stoops to Conquer" died in his chambers in the Temple, leaving a host of friends to lament his loss, a name which posterity will not willingly let die, "but never a penny of monie." Nay worse, poor Noll died nearly two thousand pounds in debt—a circumstance which awakened the well-nigh incredulous query of Johnson: "We are afraid that, but for the pension bestowed on the Doctor by the British Government, even the accounts of the great lexicographer, all frugal as he was, would have exhibited on his demise the reverse of a favorable

statement on the credit side of the ledger. As it was, the Doctor, from the savings of his pension, for he had earned little by literature during the years immediately preceding his death, left a modest competence, sufficient to pay his debts, leave a few legacies to his friends, and gave a comfortable pittance to his faithful negro servant Frank. Similarly modest but sufficient has been the *peculium* left by the famous Danish poet and romancer, Hans Christian Andersen, who, like Samuel Johnson, had been for many years, and that right worthily, the pensionary of a grateful country. The total amount of Mr. Andersen's property amounts, it is said, to a little less than four thousand pounds sterling, and it is in beautiful consonance with the modest, loving, faithful nature of the man that he has left the bulk of his savings to the kinsman of his earliest benefactor, the kind Danish Councillor of State, who was the first to discover his merit, encourage him, and even provide the means of getting a little bread and meat till fame and fortune came. By the side of his patron the poet now lies buried. Some legacies, too, he has bequeathed to his native town of Odensee; while his rarest manuscripts, and a superb edition of the works of Charles Dickens, with an autograph dedication from the author are left to the Royal Library of Copenhagen. Among his more intimate friends he has distributed his trinkets and other small *souvenirs*. There could not, we take it, be a much better will. Some surprise has been expressed that an author of the world-wide fame of Hans Christian Andersen, and one whose works had passed through so many editions, should not have died the possessor of much greater wealth. Why should he have left more money? *Cui bono?* He was alone; he had enough to satisfy his modest needs; and the wonder is that he died worth anything at all. Yet this is sometimes the way in which Fortune, the inexplicable and the incorrigible, treats poets. The good La Fontaine never had a sou. His long life was spent as a mere dependant and *protege* of people who adopted his genius and loved him for his kindness of heart; yet, when the *bon homme* died, it was found, to the universal astonishment, that he had left a will and quite a round little sum in *ecus de six livres* for distribution among his friends.

Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray; nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converg'd light on a mirror, it reflects itself with redoubled brightness. Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.

In adversity be spirited and firm, and with equal prudence lessen your sail when filled with a too fortunate gale of prosperity.

CAROLAN, THE IRISH BARD.

Carolan, or to give him his full original name, Thurlough O'Carolan, was born in the year 1670, at Newton, near the village of Nodder, in the County of Westmeath. He boasted of ancient Milesian descent; but the land on which he was born had been wrested from his ancestors by the family of the Nugents, on their arrival in Ireland, with King Henry II. His father was a poor farmer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which afforded him a scanty subsistence.

According to one account, somewhat too marvellous perhaps to be strictly true, Carolan evinced no marks of talent till his eighteenth year, when he entirely lost his eyesight by small-pox. The thoughts which had hitherto wandered over the external world, were then turned inwards, and he became pensive and meditative. Near his father's house, there was an artificial mount, called in Ireland a *mote* or *rath*, one of the numerous remains of early fortifications still scattered over the island, or perhaps a seat of justice in primeval times. On this place, which country people in latter times supposed to contain a fairy palace, the poor boy had been accustomed while possessed of eyesight to play with his companions. Now, when unable to join in their sports, he used to cause himself to be led out to it, and would there stretch himself for hours under the genial rays of the sun. While thus solitarily reposing, he would be observed to start up suddenly, as if under the influence of some excess of enthusiasm. His friends could assign no better explanation for his conduct than that he was visited occasionally with preternatural visions, through the influence of the fairy queen. In one of these raptures he called hastily to his companions to lead him home; and when he reached the house, he sat down immediately to his harp, and in a little time played and sang the air and words of a sweet little song addressed to Bridget Cruise, who had already become the object of his tenderest regards. So sudden is said to have been this visit of the muses, and so captivating was its product, that the people, firmly believing him to have been at that moment gifted with poetic and musical power by the fairies; and they still keep in remembrance the spot where he desired, on this occasion, to be led home.

A memoir, less striking, but more probable, states that Carolan lost his eyesight at an earlier period of life, and that he endured the bereavement with cheerfulness, saying:—"My eyes are transplanted into my ears." It also states that his musical genius was soon discovered, and procured him many friends, who determined to aid its cultivation; and at the age of twelve, a master was engaged to instruct him on the harp.

"His diligence in the regular modes of instruction," says this memoir, "was not great; yet his harp was rarely unstrung; his intuitive genius assisting him in composition, whilst his fingers wandered amongst the strings, in search of melody."

His love for Bridget Cruise not being successful, he married Mary Maguire, of the County of Fermanagh, who proved proud and extravagant, but never lost his affections. On his marriage he fixed his residence on a small farm near Moshill, in the County of Leitrim. Here he built a small house, in which he practised hospitality on a scale more suited to his mind than to his means; so that, in no long time, he was thrown nearly destitute upon the world.

The trade of the wandering minstrel, or bard, had long ceased in Ireland, but the forms of society which it suited had not altogether been superseded. The Irish gentry, and many beneath that rank, had still leisure to be amused by, and liberality to reward, the talents of the musician and the poet. Carolan was eminently both. His songs were already widely famed. His manners and conversation were also of a pleasing character. He therefore found no difficulty in beginning the erratic life which he persevered in to the close of his days. It must not be supposed that he appeared as an ordinary mendicant. He was invited as a friend to live with those who were pleased to patronise him; and in general there was a competition among the gentry of Connaught for the honor of entertaining him. It is recorded that messengers would sometimes be in pursuit of him for several days from place to place, to obtain the honor of a visit from the blind harper. In many instances he signified his gratitude by composing a song in honor of his host, or of some member of the family. He is said to have, in all, composed about two hundred airs, to most of which he gave verses. His compositions have all the wild grace and pathos which characterize Celtic music and poetry, and which shine so peculiarly in the melodies of Ireland.

Notwithstanding the desirableness of his society, it has been mentioned that once, when he was on a visit at Lord Mayo's house in the country, his lordship, having also as a guest the eminent Italian musician Geminiani, was so much occupied in doing honor to that accomplished performer, that he quite overlooked Carolan. The native bard complaining of this neglect, his lordship said, "When you play in as masterly a manner as he does, you shall not be overlooked."

Carolan immediately wagered with the musician, that though he was almost a total stranger to Italian music, he would follow him in any piece he might play; and that he would himself afterwards play

a voluntary, in which the Italian should not follow. The proposal was acceded to, and Carolan was victorious.

It appears that, much as Carolan's company was generally desired, he would not stay in any house beyond a reasonable period. Being pressed, on one occasion, by a hospitable friend, to prolong his stay, he answered in a stanza which has been thus translated:—

"If to a friend's house thou should'st e'er
repair,
Pause and take heed of lingering idly
there;
Thou may'st be welcome, but 'tis past a
doubt,
Long visits will soon wear the welcome
out."

It is related that an Italian music-master, who had settled in Dublin, hearing much of the musical genius of Carolan, resolved to put it to the severest test he could devise. He singled out an excellent piece of Italian music, which he mutilated here and there, but in such a manner that none, he thought, but the most skillful judges, could detect the alterations. Carolan, unconscious that he was subjected to a trial, listened with the deepest attention to the performance, and at the conclusion said it was an admirable piece of music; but, to the astonishment of all present, added, in a humorous tone, in his own language, "*Tu se air chois air bacaiǵhe*," as much as to say, "how oddly it limps here and there!"

He was desired to rectify the errors if he could; and the Italian no sooner saw the amendments, than he declared that Carolan had been by no means overrated by his countrymen, for none but a musical genius of the first order could have so nearly restored the air to its original perfection.

Carolan was so unfortunate as to contract, in early life, a love of whisky, which greatly increased as he advanced in years. In his latter days he never composed without a bottle by his side, being of opinion that it was necessary to stimulate or awake his powers. Having injured his health by this indulgence, he was told by a physician that, if he did not abandon it, he could not live much longer. He obeyed with reluctance, and made a resolution that he would never again allow whisky to pass his lips. Habits, however, whether good or bad, enter into our nature, and a sudden cessation of them is like tearing away a part of ourselves. For several weeks Carolan seemed a totally changed being. His wonted spirits forsook him, he lost all relish for society. His harp lay in a nook in his mansion, neglected and unstrung. He wandered about in a state of abstraction and melancholy, pitiable to behold. It is related that one day when in this state, passing a grocer's door, in the town of Boyle, County of Roscommon, he could not resist the temptation to step in. "My dear

friend," said he to the lad behind the counter, "you see I am a man of constancy. For six long weeks have I refrained from whisky; was there ever so great an instance of self-denial? But a thought strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel enough to refuse one gratification which I shall earnestly solicit. Bring hither a measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell to, but indeed shall not taste." The lad indulged him on that condition, and the poor bard was as good as his word. The smell, however, was sufficient to rouse his dormant energies; his countenance brightened up; and he pronounced over the forbidden cup a soliloquy of the most animated and affecting eloquence. Not long after, he once more gave away to actual indulgence in whisky, and becoming in some degree restored to his ordinary condition, he regained his poetical and musical powers. His well-known and much admired song, *Carolan's* (sometimes called *Stafford's*) *Receipt*, was the first effusion of his revived muse. He commenced the words, and began to modulate the air in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning he sang and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr. Stafford's parlour at Elphin. Serviceable, nevertheless, as whisky was to him on this occasion, it would have obviously been better for the poor poet if he had never so far vitiated his constitution as to make indulgence in that liquor in any degree necessary to him.

In 1733, when advanced to old age, Carolan lost his beloved wife, and the event was attended with that extreme grief which belongs to a nature like his. Carolan did not long survive a calamity which, at his age, few can bear with fortitude. But, if a jest might be indulged on so mournful a subject, it might be said that his end was like that of his countryman:

"Lord Mount-coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
Who killed himself for love, with wine, last
year."

The inordinate draughts of liquor which he took after his wife's death, brought on a lingering illness, the crisis of which arrived while he was living at the house of his friend, Mrs. McDermot, of Alderford, in the county of Roscommon. Feeling his end approaching, he called for his harp, the less perishable partner of his bosom, and played his well-known *Farewell to Music*, in a strain of tenderness which drew tears from all present. It has also been related that at this melancholy moment, he called for a cup of his favorite beverage, which, after many vain remonstrances from his friends, was brought. The dying bard attempted to drink, but could not. He said it would at least have been hard if two such friends as he and the cup should part without kissing—gave away the liquor, and expired. Carolan died in

the month of March, 1738; when he had attained his sixty-eighth year. He was interred in the parish churchyard of Kilmoran, in the diocese of Ardagh, his funeral being attended by sixty clergymen of different denominations, a number of gentlemen from the neighboring counties, and a vast concourse of country people, who, rude as they were, had often enjoyed the strains of their national bard. His friend O'Connor, many years after, when his own end was approaching, paid a visit of sentiment to the grave of Carolan, which he found covered with a heap of stones. As often happens in Irish burial-grounds, the skull of the bard had been disinterred, and left amongst other skulls above ground. "I found it," says O'Connor, "in a niche near the grave, perforated a little in the forehead, that it might be known by that mark." McCabe composed an elegy on his friend, or rather an unrestrained effusion of grief, which has been presented by Mr. Furlong, in his account of Carolan, as descriptive of a genuine poet and musician who rose up in his nation untutored, and without education, and employed his faculties to the delight of all who could understand him: When we know that the Celtic Irish produced a Carolan so recently, we can no longer wonder that the common people in various countries possess bodies of vernacular poetry, in the shape of ballads and songs, capable of commanding the admiration of the educated and refined. Unrecorded Carolans must have been, in general, the authors of those compositions—men who sprang up in the night of our literary history, and flowered and died before it was yet dawn.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

There is a story told of a former Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who was desirous of visiting a lunatic asylum near Dublin, in order to satisfy himself upon some points of its management and administration. None of the officials of the establishment were to be previously apprised of the intended visit, his lordship's object being to see the asylum in its every-day working, and to judge for himself as to the matters which interested him.

For this purpose the Lord Chancellor repaired thither alone, and quite *incognito*. One other person only was in the secret. This was an eminent medical man whom the chancellor had requested to meet him in the waiting room of the institution at a certain hour on a particular day. When his lordship, punctual to the minute, got to the place, he found, upon inquiry, that the doctor had not arrived. He said he would wait, as he wanted particularly to see the doctor. Fifteen minutes passed, but the medical man did not make his appearance. The Lord Chancellor began to

show signs of impatience, not unobserved by an official in attendance.

High functionaries must not be kept waiting, and this one was notoriously seditious and short tempered. He kept looking at his watch every two or three minutes, and at length gave vent to his impatience by stamping his foot on the floor, and muttering something which bore a strong resemblance to a good round oath. His manner attracted the attention of the attendant, who began to suspect the visitor of madness. The attendant kept his eye on him, and prepared for an emergency. Half an hour elapsed—still no doctor. The great man could stand it no longer. Starting from his seat, he paced up and down the room hurriedly, uttering angry ejaculations the while. The official, now satisfied of the insanity of the visitor, made a rush at him and called out for help. One of the keepers appeared on the spot, and the unlucky chancellor was soon secured.

Not without a fierce struggle, however. Against the indignity he protested loudly and lustily. He declared with all the emphasis possible that he was perfectly sane, and threatened condign punishment to the officials. But the men only smiled. Having made up their minds that he was a dangerous patient, they at once proceeded to forcibly remove him to one of the wards. Seeing that his protests and threats were useless, and that the matter was serious, the chancellor thought to turn the scale in his favor by divesting himself of his *incognito*. Accordingly he declared himself to be the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and that Sir — (naming the physician) was his personal friend.

The officials knew better. Each gave a sly wink to the other.

"Oh yes, I dare say," quietly remarked one of the men, "we have already two Lord Chancellors up stairs, besides the Duke of Wellington and the Queen of England." And not only was the unhappy chancellor removed, but he was actually placed in a straight waistcoat, each successive manifestation of his rage at the proceeding being only regarded as a stronger symptom of lunacy.

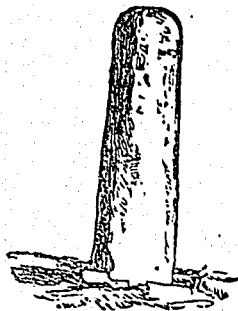
Luckily Sir — arrived at the asylum immediately afterwards. Entering the waiting room he anxiously inquired whether a gentleman had called and asked for him.

"A gentleman had called," was the reply, "but he became so violent that it was necessary to remove him up stairs."

"Good God!" exclaimed the physician, "why it is the Lord Chancellor. What is the meaning of this?"

The officers were horror-stricken, and it need hardly be added that the unlucky Lord Chancellor was released instantaneously with many apologies.

Truth hath a quiet breeze.



PILLAR-STONE ON THE HILL OF TARA.

PILLAR-STONE.

On Tara Hill is a very remarkable pillar-stone, which formerly stood upon, or rather by the side of a small mound, lying within the enclosure of *Rath Righ*, and called *Dumha-na-n-Giall*, or the Mound of the Hostages, but which was removed to its present site to mark the grave of some men slain in an encounter with the King's troops during the rising of 1798.

It has been suggested by Dr. Petrie that it is extremely probable that this monument is no other than the celebrated *Lia Fail*, or the Stone of Destiny, upon which, for many ages, the monarchs of Ireland were crowned, and which is generally supposed to have been removed from Ireland to Scotland for the coronation of Fergus Mac Eark, a prince of the blood-royal of Ireland, there having been a prophecy that in whatever country this famous stone was preserved a king of the Scotch race should reign. Certain it is that in the MSS. to which Dr. Petrie refers (the oldest of which cannot be assigned to an earlier period than the tenth century), the stone is mentioned as still existing at Tara; and "it is an interesting fact that a large obeliscal pillar-stone, in prostrate position, occupied, till a recent period, the very situation on the hill pointed out as the place of the *Lia Fail* by the Irish writers of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries."

Dr. Petrie, after remarking upon the want of agreement between the Irish and Scottish accounts of the history of the *Lia Fail*, and on the questionable character of the evidence upon which the story of its removal from Ireland rests, observes:—"That it is in the highest degree improbable that, to gratify the desire of a colony, the Irish would have voluntarily parted with a monument so venerable for its antiquity, and deemed essential to the legitimate succession of their own kings."

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe.

LOW NOTRE DAME WAS SAVED.

In a book just published on the "Commune of 1871," the Abbe Riche relates the manner in which the cathedral of Notre Dame was saved from destruction. On the 25th of May he had been charged by the court-martial with the painful duty of preparing for death the insurgents ordered to be shot. Among them was a young workman, who, on learning the fatal news, was so overcome that he fell to the ground. He then struck his head with his hand and exclaimed, "Ah, I knew it would bring me ill-luck!" Surprised at that remark, made with an air of poignant sincerity, the Abbe begged him to relieve his mind by stating what he knew. The man hesitated a few minutes, and then said, "I will confess all to you, but make haste; in an hour it will be too late. Yesterday evening I myself carried to Notre Dame two barrels of gunpowder and two carboys of petroleum. I placed the powder in the pipes of the warming apparatus, one above and the other below; the petroleum I put, one jar in the large pulpit, not where they preach, but where they sit (meaning the archiepiscopal throne), and the other in the loft under the organ. But lose no time," he added, "in hastening to Notre Dame to have them removed! What hour is it?" he asked. "Half-past nine," replied the Abbe, looking at his watch. "It was between nine and ten that the place was to be set on fire." Not a moment was to be lost. The almoner at once informed the Prevost-Marshal of the revelation so made. A body of sergeants-de-ville left immediately for the cathedral, taking with them the condemned man as a guide. What he said proved exactly true, and some of the chairs and carved woodwork were already burning; but the danger was averted. The Abbe had then really a Christian inspiration. Taking aside the Prevost, he said, "You cannot now shoot a man to whose disclosures we owe the preservation of Notre Dame. Think that only a few paces off is the Hotel-Dieu, filled with patients. If the church had blown up what a terrible catastrophe might have occurred! You must spare this man." A council was held, and the Abbe gained his point. The man was not executed.

Clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for these windings and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which moves basely upon the belly and not upon the feet.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

"LITTLE CHILDREN."

Little children half angels!
To our older eyes ye seem
Like a keopsako or a relic
Of our childhood's vanished dream,
When like you, we sat and babbled
By the softly flowing stream.

Little children! your to-morrow
Seems e'en brighter than your now;
Hurled are the seeds of sorrow
That will one day round you grow,
Robbing from the cheek its color,
Streaking with deep lines the brow.

Little children, soft and shining!
Guardian angels o'er you bend,
May they, ne'er their charge resigning,
Guide you to th' journey's end,
There to hand you safely over
To His charge Whose flock they tend.

Little children round us clinging!
Never yet hath subtle doubt
Come, amid Faith's gentle singing,
With a whisper or a shout,
Till you closed your ears in anguish,
Truth and falsehood shutting out.

Little children! strong temptation,
Making war against your faith,
Hath not taken yet its station
On your daily, hourly path,
There to dog your steps for ever,
Till kind Jesus sends you death.

Little children! white and glistening,
Nothing of their glory gone,
Are th' robes which, at y^r christening,
All unconscious ye put on;
Where are ours? We dare not answer—
Though they once as brightly shone.

Little children, come and kiss me,
Ere upon my way I go;
If at last in Heaven you miss me—
Christ avert it! you will know
That I failed to learn the lesson
It is yours to teach and show.

OLD ROME AND NEW YORK.

A sign of the speedy dissolution of the ancient republic was that even men of known virtue were compelled to make use of those known to be bad in order to accomplish anything with the people; thus confessing that public virtue had become impotent, while vice held the balance of power. Thus, such men as Clodius, with their hired gangs, were the tools of either party until they became the masters of both. Even Cato, whose name was the synonym for Roman integrity, accepted their fellowship in order to retain a hold on public affairs. Just as to-day we are told that no party can succeed in the plain name of principle; it must use policy, by which is too often meant entering to the scamps it ought to hang. Our honored rulers complain of being under the necessity of appointing the vilest of men, whom they would not receive at their homes, to the most responsible subaltern positions. There is no need of illustrating this remark by any reference to the Custom House system, or by a description of the beggared, thieving desperadoes, who at a recent election guarded the sanctity of the polls, wearing

upon their uncollared breasts the badges of special United States Marshals.

Still another sad omen for the living which we find in the history of the dead republic, was the unsettled state of the laws. A law once made was originally regarded as permanent, unless stern justice or strong necessity demanded its modification or repeal. But the laws at length came to be subject to the caprices of each party acquiring power. The new legislator did not regard himself as in any sense a custodian of the law and a guardian of the existing order of civil affairs, but as a law-maker and originator of some new order of affairs which should last during his time and facilitate his projects. Thus the people soon lost all reverence for the code, since they knew not how soon it might be changed. And when the people lost their regard for law as a permanent bulwark against the fluctuations of parties and the emergencies of temporary passions, the last prop of social and political order moved from its base. And if ever we are driven to demand a dictator, it will be by the blundering conceit of a set of Bohemians, who, through popular ignorance, are annually permitted to call themselves legislators, and to tamper with the laws of the land.

It is said that if you keep anything whatever long enough you will at last find a use for it; and there are those who experience a pleasure in preserving odds and ends of no value—a pleasure which is payment in itself. Commonplace books are sometimes mournful monuments of misdirected industry and persistence; but sadder still is the case of an old woman in Bridgport, Penn. For 40 years she has been collecting medical recipes and pasting them into a scrap-book. She has now 5,000 of them—prescriptions for every complaint which flesh or bone inherits. Possibly the handling of so many formulas may have exercised an occult but beneficial influence upon the health of this ancient dame, but at any rate she has never been sick a day in her life. She is naturally growing a little discouraged; but does she find no relief in doctoring her fellow-creatures? If she doesn't she must be a remarkable old woman.

Everything holy is before what is unholy; guilt presupposes innocence, not the reverse; angels, but not fallen ones, were created. Hence, man does not properly rise to the highest but sinks down from it, and then afterward rises again; a child can never be considered too innocent and good.

We sometimes meet an original gentleman, who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them.



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THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

The Gaelic language shows symptoms of weakness so great as to justify the serious apprehensions entertained by its admirers for its continued existence. Prof. Blackie, in a lecture lately delivered at Oban, strongly protested against the ill-treatment the Gaelic language receives, and complained of "the ignorant superciliousness with which a certain class of persons in Scotland have been accustomed to look down on Gaelic and everything Celtic." "We are all," said the Professor, "very much to blame for the superficial superciliousness with which we have looked down upon the language spoken by the inhabitants of our romantic Highland glens, but it appears to me that a special grilt has been incurred by the Gaelic people themselves. Except in conversation among themselves and in pulpit addresses, the language of the Highland glens is never known; no shop shows a Gaelic sign, no shop window a Gaelic advertisement; not even a gravestone in a country churchyard shows a Gaelic epitaph. This is a sort of literary snobism which the Scottish Gaels, in thus devaluing from the laudable use of their Welsh cousins, have committed on themselves, and which can be laid to the door of no Sassenach."

We are pleased, in view of this extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to read in our Irish exchanges that a revived interest attaches to the cultivation and scholarly appreciation of the old Celtic tongue in Ireland. It is impossible to overrate the importance of its own language to a people. The identity, the independence, the very existence of a nation is connected with it; and long after the earthquake of revolution has stricken down the bulwarks of power, that language will give to patriotism a species of immortality.

See Greece and Rome. The phalanx of the one, the invincible legion of the other—the civil power of both are passed away. Is their language? No. The Parthenon has crumbled—the wild steed of the North has been stabled in the Capitol—the very sites of the proudest monuments of their glory have become objects of antiquarian research and learned speculation; but the language of Greece and

the language of Rome exist, as unfading to-day as they did two thousand years ago.

Still, there is in a nation's language something of infinitely greater importance than this. As long as it is preserved every man within the nation feels that he has a country; his is no slavish jargon imposed by an invader at the bayonet's point; he does not feel it necessary to hang on the words of his taskmasters that he may learn how to speak. The speech he uses carries with it associations of his fathers' glory and stimulates him to deeds of renown. Tyrants understand this well. Though they crush a nation—though they slaughter, exile or enslave its people, and parcel out its fair fields to the instruments of their guilt—it is not enough: they are never satisfied, they will never feel secure till they have exterminated its language. Take Poland for example. Look at the fate of that noble and chivalrous people. In 1791 they were overpowered and slaughtered without cause by a horde of Russian serfs at the command of Catherine the Second. Poland's freedom was struck down; but her language remained; the living words with which John Sobieski fired his countrymen—the scathing war-cry of Kosciusko—were on the lips and in the heart of every Pole; mothers taught them to their offspring; and the children of Poland as they knelt to pray, asked of God, in the cherished accents of their own tongue, another deliverer—another Sobieski.

Forty years passed away. Again the flame of revolution burst forth in France; it spread to Belgium. Poland caught the holy fire, made a mighty effort, and fell. Her nobles were exiled or slain. Was not this enough to secure subjection? Was not this sufficient to glut the vengeance of offended tyranny? No; the Autocrat Nicholas was not yet satisfied; he declared war against the language of Poland, and no one is now allowed to hold the meanest office in that country unless he can speak the semi-barbarous dialect of the oppressor.

Ireland had a language. She was a nation, too. Are both gone? Are the observations of the Scottish professor applicable with equal force to our own dear land far away? Ireland's nationhood is,

Indeed, gone for the present; but is her language? for if it be, that nationhood is not only gone, but gone for ever. This is a severe truth; still it is better it should be spoken—better that the Irish, in heart, should know it. But we are glad this Gaelic of ours is not extinct. It was like every other thing Irish, long a proscribed rebel; it had to live in bogs and mountains—so had the schoolmasters, the priests, and the princes of the land. None of them were anything the less Irish for that. Far nobler was it for the Celtic race to carry with them their language to Connaught than to sicken and die of slavish submission and mean obsequiousness to the Pale. Honor to the schoolmasters who taught the Gaelic in those times, to the poets who sang it, to the priests who preached it—but above all, honor to the Celtic people who thought it akin to heresy to say their prayers in any other tongue.

Well, the Pale is once more invaded; not now by the antique spear or modern pike of the Celt, but by eighteen alphabetical characters, of a shape strange, for the most part, to Saxon eyes—we mean the components of our national tongue. It has some strongholds in the Pale already. Over seventy years ago it fortified itself in Maynooth, on the very spot where the Geraldines did battle in their time, and it has kept its ground there, and will keep it. Later it was assigned apartments in Colomba College in the very heart of the Pale, in which establishment it takes its place beside the classic languages of Greece and Italy. It has ventured to the Irish metropolis: *litterati* are proud to make its acquaintance; and we are not sure that it is not at this moment parturient of Irish patriotism in some corner of Dublin Castle. From Munster and Connaught it has never been dislodged; and in St. Jarlath's at Tuam to-day, under the fostering care of one of its most loving guardians—the venerable Archbishop—it holds itself proudly erect. Those who utter Saxon thoughts in Saxon tongue may laugh at us. Well, be it so. But give us one who learns, or attempts to learn, the Irish language, and you give us a thinker, not a brawler—not a political tool, but a patriot. We say attempts to learn; for if he only

acquire a few phrases or words, and is proud of them, it is enough; the raw material of nationality is in him, and it will be manufactured some day.

THE TRAPPISTS.

A HOUSE OF THE ORDER TO BE ESTABLISHED
IN MARYLAND.

The abbots of Mount Mellary in Ireland, Sept Fonds in France, and Mariastern in Turkey, all monasteries of the Trappist order of monks, have decided to purchase land in Maryland to establish a house in the United States, and have appointed as their agent Brother Francis de Sales, who has probably already presented his credentials to the Archbishop of Baltimore.

The Order of Trappists is the severest in the Church. Perpetual silence is one of their vows, and dispensation is given to speak only when necessity demands it, or to those few of the brothers who fill offices in the monastery which demand occasional conversations. They are not allowed meat, eggs, butter, cheese, fish or oil. They sleep on narrow beds of straw, raised a few inches from the ground. They dig and refill, and dig again and refill, from time to time, their own graves as a reminder of their mortality. They rise hours before dawn, and after prayer and meditation, betake themselves to their respective employments. Among them are blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, farmers, dairymen and millwrights. The Trappist monasteries named above are very wealthy, but their wealth has accrued from the industry of their members. These monks lack no charity, and consequently Brother Francis de Sales was able to say that he has not journeyed to America with a subscription list. He asserted that the monastery of Sept Fonds, in France, alone offered to defray the expenses of the new mission. A temporary house is to be rented, and, in December, 200 Trappist monks, selected from the three monasteries, will occupy it.

Brother Francis de Sales is a Frenchman by birth, but he speaks English without much peculiarity of accent. He is sanguine of the success of the mission he is sent to superintend. He says that the Abbott of Sept Fonds in France was a Count of great wealth; that the Abbott of Mount Mellary in Ireland was at one time a candidate for election to Parliament, and that the six feet-two Abbott of Mariastern, in Turkey, is an Irishman.

The barriers of faith and revealed morals, so far from being obstacles, are ramparts of human governments.

LOST AND WON

BY JERROLD H. POST.

"Then that is your final decision, Alice?"

"It is; I will not be circumscribed in my choice of acquaintance by any man's approbation or aversion, even though I am betrothed to him."

Alice Thornton loved society, and, like all its lovers, had a strong propensity for the admiration of its most popular devotees of the opposite sex. Lawrence Gerald, a few weeks previous, made his appearance, and being reputed wealthy and possessing an aristocratic manner, with a handsome form and countenance, had gained an easy access to the fashionable circle.

Henry Clifford, the lover of Alice, had marked the particular attention bestowed upon his betrothed by the new comer, and had made special inquiries in regard to his character. He could learn nothing definite, but was convinced that Lawrence Gerald was not what he was represented to be. A number of times he had warned Alice to be careful how she encouraged his attentions.

Wayward and wilful, Alice had disregarded his caution; and now the wily tempter began to wind his coils around her heart—not that her love for Henry Clifford was on the wane, but there was a fascination about the other that seemed irresistible.

Many of both sexes, even when united by the law of both God and man, have come in contact at some time with one who has charmed the thoughts away, for a season, from loyalty to their companion and the attachments of home.

"If you were not jealous," continued Alice, "you would have no objection to my accompanying Mr. Gerald to-morrow evening. You did not interpose any objection last week when I accompanied Mr. Walsh in his afternoon drive."

"Alice," replied the lover, "I do not wish to trifle in this matter. If I should permit you to receive the attentions of one whose character is, to say the least, suspicious, I should not be doing my duty to either you or myself; and that Mr. Gerald's character is suspicious, I have no doubt. From what I have heard, he is no companion for the lady of my love."

"Only a ruse of yours," lightly replied Alice, "to have me discard him from my train. But it is of no avail. I must have more than hearsay to convince me."

"Then you are going to-morrow night?"

"Yes," was the pettish answer; "and, more than that, shall henceforth consider myself free. I shall not be hampered by a promise that confers a right on any man to dictate what I shall or what I shall not do."

"Alice," said her lover; "think of what you are doing. I do not wish you to deprive yourself of pleasure, or confine yourself to my society. I have never been an exacting lover, and I have now only your own welfare at heart."

"You are very considerate," was the reply; "but my intellect is not comprehensive enough to appreciate it. I hope the next time you call you will be in a less contradictory mood."

"I imagine that is a hint that my presence is no longer endurable," answered her companion, in reply to her last sentence.

"If you wish to interpret my meaning so," was the unfeeling rejoinder.

"Good night, Alice."

"Good night, Henry. Call the day after to-morrow, and I will give you a description of to-morrow evening's entertainment."

He made no reply, but departed. Alice saw him on the walk, returned to the room, threw herself on a sofa, and was lost in thought. She felt that she had been hasty in dissolving her engagement; for, in truth, she really cared more for her lover than she had been willing to admit. Her feeling for the other man she knew was similar to the emotion with which we listen to a new piece of music—charming while the novelty lasts, but no sooner is that gone than the power of attraction is over. Her wilfulness had caused little breaches between them before, but she had never failed, when they met, to bring him to her side again and effect a reconciliation. She trusted that the present breach would terminate the same way.

The next evening Alice went with Mr. Gerald, but did not enjoy herself as well as she anticipated. On returning home she resolved that a note should be sent to her discarded lover the next day inviting him to call, when she would make a clean breast of it, and break off her connection with Mr. Gerald. The note had been dispatched but half an hour when the evening paper arrived. Opening it, she ran her eyes down the columns, and came to the following notice:

"SAILED.—This morning at 11 o'clock, the steamship Morning Light, for San Francisco. Several residents of this city were among the passengers. Mr. Henry Clifford very unexpectedly to his friends resigned his position in the Custom-House and took passage. May fortune attend him in the Golconda of the west."

Ten years passed. The spacious salons of Mrs. Rexford were filled with the *elite* of the city. The hostess was promenading the room, leaning on the arm of a tall man with a bronzed complexion. By her attention she appeared to be very much interested in the account he was giving of a narrow escape from a band of robbers while passing between one of the mining districts and a city of California.

Another arrival—a rather late one-announced. The gentleman paused at the appearance of the newcomers, and bent a quick, searching glance toward one of the ladies of the company, but seemed disappointed at the utterance of the name, as he immediately resumed his narrative—the hostess, after the reception, returning to his side.

The recital of his adventure ended, and the party fast arrived having recognized and spoken to their acquaintances, Mrs. Rexford wended her way to where the lady, who, she noticed, had been followed by the eyes of her companion was standing.

"Miss Burdenott, permit me to introduce to your acquaintance my friend—recently from California—Mr. Clifford," said Mrs. Rexford, presenting the latter.

"Miss—Miss Burdenott," mused Henry Clifford; "if Mrs. Rexford had said Mrs. Burdenott I should say she was the once Alice Thornton."

Miss Burdenott took Mr. Clifford's arm.

"Miss Burdenott," said the latter, by way of opening the conversation, "you remind me of a friend I had some years ago, and were it not for your name, I should believe you were the same, allowing the changes wrought by time."

He felt a slight quivering of the hand resting on his arm, but did not attribute its origin to what he said. Without waiting for a reply he continued:

"However, in features the likeness is complete; but in expression I can see some difference."

He ceased speaking, and, receiving no answer, cast his eye toward her countenance, and noticed that it was pale. Surprised, he changed the subject. Soon afterward he surrendered her arm to an acquaintance, but his eyes still wandered in her direction, and his mind recurred to the effect of his observations. Once or twice her eyes met his, but she would instantly drop them or turn one other way.

He retired from Mrs. Rexford's house bewildered. During all his years of absence he had not heard from Alice Thornton, and he supposed that she had long since become the wife of another. Miss Burdenott's resemblance to his early love recalled the past, and but for the name he would have addressed her as his yet loved Alice.

Moved by conflicting thoughts, he entered his own room and threw himself in a chair.

"What if Alice repented of the course she was pursuing when I left? What if she has waited all these years, hoping for my return? But no; it cannot be. Ten years is a long time. The thought is a chimera, and I will dismiss it as such," were the reflections that coursed through his brain.

The next day snow was falling. Accustomed to exposure, and tired of his confinement, after dinner he sauntered forth. Everywhere enterprise had produced change. Dwellings had been changed into large warehouses. Where he once had listened to the merry chime of the sleighbells was heard the hum-drum noise of carts and trucks.

He was thinking of the change, when a little hand was put up before him, and a childish voice said:

"Please give me something to buy some coal with and something to eat. Ma hasn't had anything to eat since yesterday."

Casting down his eyes he beheld a slight, frail figure, scantily clothed. Having a taste for adventure he inquired:

"Where does ma live?"

Being informed, he told the little one he would accompany her. Pleased with his readiness, she moved off briskly. He was conducted to a narrow street, through a short alley, up two flights of stairs, and ushered into a room. Scanning it hastily, he saw that the meagre furniture was tidy, and that a woman wasted by disease, was lying on a bed in one corner. No fire was burning and the room was cold and cheerless.

Taking out a piece of money, he asked his little guide if she could go to the nearest store and order some coal and wood, and something to eat, and have them sent in immediately. Waiting a few moments, the needed articles arrived, and, taking the wood, with his own hands he soon had a cheerful fire blazing in the grate. He was on the point of starting out in quest of a physician when the door opened, and another girl, evidently a couple of years older than the one with him, entered, accompanied by a muffled lady bearing a basket. The lady, on beholding a man bending before the grate, at first drew back; but, as he rose, she recognized him, moved forward, and, throwing off the hood of her sack, exclaimed:

"Mr. Clifford!"

"Miss Burdenott!" was the response.

A few words sufficed to explain that the sick woman was one with whose circumstances Miss Burdenott had become familiar, and had employed as seamstress. Miss Burdenott having been away from the city for some time, and having returned only the day before, had not learned until that morning of the woman's helpless condition.

Mr. Clifford with alacrity procured a physician, and, when he returned, the sick woman was drinking a cup of tea.

After the departure of the physician, and when the woman was comfortable, they took two of the four rickety chairs, sat down by the fire, and talked as though they had been acquainted for years instead of having only met the night previous.

Two hours glided away, and at last

darkness began to set in. Miss Burdenott rose hastily, saying that she must return home, or search would be made for her. Mr. Clifford proffered himself as escort, and was accepted. He offered to obtain a hack, but as the snow had ceased to fall the lady said she preferred walking. Arriving at her residence she invited him to enter. Passing to her own room a few moments, on her return he was struck more than ever with her resemblance to Alice.

Alice, for Miss Burdenott was no other than Alice Thornton, noted his perplexed gaze, and tendered an explanation. Her mother's only brother, an eccentric bachelor, had been opposed to his sister's marriage with her father, and at his death, her mother and father both being dead, had made a will, leaving his wealth to her with a *proviso* that she should adopt the maiden name of her mother. She told him of the note she had forwarded the day he started for California; her surprise, mortification and sorrow when she had learned he had gone; her hope that he would return at some subsequent time; her patient waiting, determined to live single until she either heard of his death or that her place in his heart had been filled by another.

"Our experience of the past," he said, folding her in his arms, "will qualify us the better for enjoyment in the future."

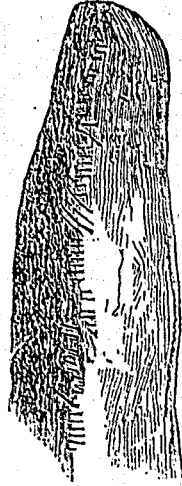
Her eyes, beaming with love and happiness, were raised toward his, and his lips touched hers as she softly whispered—

"Lost and won."

ENGLISH AS SPOKEN IN ENGLAND.

Col. J. W. Forney, comes to the rescue of Americans who are ridiculed by Englishmen for their nasal twang, but is a "lectle" too sweeping in his assertions. He writes in one of his London letters: "Let me admit at the start that there is nothing more delightful than the conversation of an educated Englishman or Englishwoman; but the moment you pass from their circle you are assailed at every quarter by a mingling of dialects, and in many cases a most incomprehensible jargon. I often find it difficult to understand an English clergyman, and it is the common remark of Americans who visit the theatres that they lose a large portion of the play in consequence of the rapid and indistinct enunciation of actors in subordinate parts. The same observation may be made with justice of most of the speakers of the House of Commons. Take out Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright and a few more, and it is next to impossible to comprehend what nearly all the others say."

Genius makes its observations in shorthand; talent writes them out at length.



OGHAM STONE IN TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

OGHAM STONE.

Several of the Irish pillar-stones bear inscriptions in the Ogham characters, a species of writing supposed to have been in use in Ireland previous to the introduction of Christianity, but which is occasionally found upon remains of a period long subsequent to the fifth century.

The accompanying engraving of a portion of an ancient pillar-stone furnishes an example of this kind of writing, upon which the characters are marked very distinctly. It is preserved in the museum of Trinity College, and originally stood in the county of Kerry, where stones so inscribed are numerous. Perforated stones, very similar to the ordinary pillar-stone, are found in many parts of Ireland and Scotland, and even, as appears from Mr. Wilford's Asiatic Researches, in India. Abroad, as well as at home, their origin is shrouded in the deepest obscurity, nor is it likely that the subject can ever be elucidated.

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William, Prince of Orange, on his accession to the throne, was "*Non rapin sed recessit.*" (I did not steal it, I received it.) This being shown to Dean Swift, he said, with a sarcastic smile, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

We must provide ourselves with anchors and ballast—that is to say, with opinions fixed and constant; and we must keep our ballast, and cast our anchors without drifting away. Let the streamers fly and the sails swell, the mast only should remain immovable.

POOR ZAC.

We had not many "spins" in our little South African village, but of the few there were, Sally Hill was the acknowledged belle. Old Hill was the village carpenter, and Sally was his only daughter, and, as he somewhat vaguely remarked, "the apple of his and his missus' eye," implying that the worthy couple were in a visionary partnership. But putting aside this extravagant simile, there is no doubt that old Hill uttered the words with all the genuine sincerity of an affectionate paternal heart. Moreover, his love was not confined to hollow words, for although he had long earned a very comfortable competence, he still labored on, and despite his sixty years, could do his day's work with the youngest of his trade. There was no occasion for him to toil thus, since his means were ample for his requirements, but, as he remarked, his girl would some day wish to get married, and he wasn't going to send her to her husband's home a beggar. Since he had held these sentiments for the last ten years, and had been making a very good thing of it all the time, the general opinion was that Sally would have a very "tidy" little dot.

Sally was a very pretty girl, fresh and lovable. Her golden hair, blue eyes, and delicate complexion drew more worshippers to the village church than any of the Rev. Samuel Scissors' classical sermons. The young pastor soon became aware of this, and, growing jealous, preached at her as often as he decently could, bringing all the most fertile language of his poetical mind to war against lavender kids, gay feathers, ambitious flowers, and other insignia of the fiend incarnate. But Sally never took any notice of these somewhat spiteful verbal assaults (for she seldom listened to the sermon), and continued to be as regular at church as her pastor. So, by degrees, through her instrumentality, the congregation, once scanty, grew larger and larger, and to a stranger, the sight of so many gay young blades going regularly to church every Sunday would have suggested constitutional sudden death in their several families, or chronic heart-disease in themselves. And a kind of heart-disease it certainly was.

But if Sally did good indirectly by being the primary cause of these youths' attendance at church, she also did harm, and as indirectly and unwittingly. All these young men were her admirers, some secret and some declared, and the rivalry that existed between them certainly created an ill feeling for which jealousy was no adequate expression. They hated one another with that malignant hate which is so well nurtured by the fear of losing something dear which another may obtain; and the friendships of many a long

boyhood were in not a few cases utterly destroyed by an ill-timed winking smile, or an ill-judged tender glance from the courted siren.

In order that she might test the qualities of her various devotees without compromising herself, Sally gave out that she was engaged to be married to a young gentleman in the Mauritius, who, luckily for herself, was an imaginary individual altogether, for had he been gifted with life and being, and had he ever come forward to claim the lovely girl who blushing acknowledged herself to be his, there is little doubt but that he would have met with foul play, for, forgetful of their own cruel misfortunes in the face of this universal disaster, Sally's local admirers had, one and all, banded together, and nobly sworn to bury their own wrongs and aspirations in oblivion, until the common foe was utterly "squeezed" and "wiped out." "After that," they added briefly, but meaningly, "we'll see!"

Now, of these admirers Robert Derney was the one on whom the cognoscenti, or knowing ones, were inclined to bet—the Mauritius man was scratched. Derney was a handsome young fellow and a great favourite with the fair sex. His relations with various damsels in the village had often been the topic of the hearth. It was well known that two or three young ladies (it would be invidious to name them) still changed colour at the mention of his name; and appetites had fallen off and complexions grown pale in a most unaccountable way, unaccountable unless caused by the discontinuance of Derney's attentions.

And now Derney made desperate love to Sally Hill; whereupon people shook their heads, and said no good would come of it. However, Sally Hill was a strong-minded, honest girl, and though she was fond of dressing and of "gadding about," and perhaps a bit of a flirt, yet she was "all square" as they said in the village. And so when it became apparent that Robert Derney was bent on permanently hanging up his hat there, people began to think better of it, and said he had turned over a new leaf, was doing well in his business (he was a blacksmith), and really, after all, it might be a very desirable match for both parties.

After Robert Derney, at a very discreet distance, came a crowd of other languishing lovers who, in the language of the ring, might be termed "outsiders." There was Ned Maidstone, Dick Phillips, Will Duffie, and half-a-dozen others, and, last of all, Zachariah Vanderstein. The odds against them were enormous, and indeed when Sally showed a decided partiality for Derney, people began to say that it was too bad of the "young fellows" to go pestering the gal. "Hahn't she spotted the one she was tender on, and warn't that enough? Were they dogs, and had they

no pride? Let be?" And no pity or compassion was felt for the disappointed swains who could not take a "whipping" manfully. It is but fair to add that these remarks did not apply to the last-mentioned lover, and this is why.

Zachariah Vanderstein was a transport-rider. He was neither handsome nor elegant nor educated, but the body of a giant, the pluck of a brave man, and the tender heart of a woman, went a good way towards making up for these deficiencies. Unfortunately he had one failing for which nothing could atone, at least in a country where Negrophilism is accounted a vice rather than a virtue. He had black blood in his veins—a touch of the tar-brush, as they expressed it in the village—four annas in the rupee, as the old Anglo-Indian major, who owned the coffee estate up on the hill, described it with mathematical precision. The fault lay with Zachariah's grandfather, an old Dutchman who took unto himself a black wife, and whose offspring was Zachariah's father, Reuben Vanderstein, who, having been very successful in various trading trips, had married a young English woman, given up his roving existence, and settled down on British soil. Five children were born, of whom Zachariah was the eldest and the least loved. When he was eighteen years of age his father gave him a span of oxen, and intimated that his chamber would be useful if strangers chanced to drop in. Zachariah immediately took the hint, retired to his room, packed up his not very extensive wardrobe in a sack, waved his hand to his parents by way of adieu, cracked his whip and left the village never to return to it again. He soon got on, and began to put money by, for he was a steady, hard-working young fellow. In a few months he invested in an erf—or plot of building ground—situated in the village where Sally Hill lived, and built a house thereon, fenced it round, and planted the garden with tobacco. He continued to prosper and put money by, and then, when he found he had more than enough for himself, he began to think of getting someone to share it with him. He turned his ardent gaze towards Sally, and as he was comparatively rich and getting on capitally, the little flirt allowed him to get fond of her. Whenever Zachariah went into town, and his wagon was generally engaged to take estate produce once a week, he brought some present back for Sally. One day a shawl—gaudy perhaps, but proportionately dear; another time a parasol or a work-box; but always something very acceptable and often expensive; and the heartless girl never for a moment scrupled to accept it. Things went on thus for a couple of months, and then, one day Zachariah brought a ring back with him from town, and going up to Sally's house he presented it to her, and

gave her to understand that accepting it was tantamount to accepting the giver. Now jewellery had always been Sally's ambition, and the ring sparkled so finely that she took a fancy to it, and, holding it in her hands, she puzzled her brains to find out how she could accept the ring and nothing more.

At last she said to him, "I'll accept the ring, Zachariah, but you must give me time to think about yourself;" and the good natured fellow was only too happy to consent. Sally had really about as much intention of marrying Zachariah as she had of joining her destiny with that of the young man of Mauritius, but the ring with its glittering Cape diamonds was irresistible.

Matters went on like this for some time, and then Robert Derney appeared on the scene, and, being an old stager, he soon captivated Sally. One day he saw the ring on her finger.

"What do you call that thing?" he asked, somewhat scornfully.

"A diamond ring, stupid," she answered sharply.

"I'd never allow a girl I love to wear such a thing as that—it's paste!" he remarked, with a sneer, knowing about as much of diamonds as he did of Hebrew.

"Well, I shall wear it till I get a better," said Sally, casting her eyes down and "fishing."

"I'll give you a better one if you'll return that to the person who gave it you," offered Derney, who, deeming all fair in love and war, would stoop low accordingly.

"Very well," answered Sally, quietly, thinking it would be a good opportunity of freeing herself from poor Zac.

And so the next time Zachariah came to see her she gave him back the ring, and said she didn't feel inclined to wear it any longer. He turned pale and gasped out:

"Won't you have me, Sally?"

"No," she answered resolutely, yet half-ashamed of herself.

"You jilt me then, Sally!" said Zachariah, with unwonted sternness.

Now Sally couldn't bear being lectured, or being thwarted, and moreover she didn't recognize Zachariah's right to do either, and being called a jilt nettled her, so she flushed up as suddenly as a white squall, and answered with a sneer:

"What would my relations say if I was to marry a nigger?"

Zachariah answered nothing, but he blushed crimson. Then he rose, threw the ring out of the window, gave her one look and stalked out of the room, out of the house and away, leaving Sally half-frightened, yet half-relieved.

And that was the end of Zachariah Vanderstein's courtship.

Robert Derney bought the promised ring and Sally accepted it. She was, however,

rather disappointed with it, for it was small and mean-looking, and not at all what she expected. When Derney gave it to her, he at the same time asked her to be his wife; but he was too early; for the worm had no intention just yet of being gobbled up. So Sally answered and said it was not in her power to say "Yes;" and, when he pressed her to tell him why, she pretended she did not know what her parents would say.

"But suppose I get your parents' leave?" argued Derney—for in the colony the paternal benediction is only a secondary consideration.

Sally driven into a corner grew desperate and mumbled something about "another young man in—er—er—Mauritius; but it wasn't quite settled, and she'd be very happy to keep friends with him (Derney), and if the young man in Mauritius changed his mind—well! she'd see about it."

Derney unable to get anything more definite out of her, went away, determined to slaughter that young man of Mauritius if ever he met him, and at the same time feeling pretty confident in his own heart that Sally would eventually be his.

Now when Sally came to consider over the whole affair, she thought it would be just as well for the present to keep up the delusion about the imaginary lover, which would always be a trump card in her hand if she desired to change her mind (for, being a woman, she was naturally changeable), or wished to rid herself of an obnoxious sweetheart.

Misfortunes never come singly, and Zachariah Vanderstein soon found this out. Sally's refusal had come upon him like the avalanche that falls across and blocks up the traveller's only path. There was always before him an insurmountable horror—the continual remembrance of that insulting refusal—which he had not the power to overcome. He could only sit and brood over it, and, according to the laws of disappointed suitors, curse the day whereon he was born. And so things went on, and he neglected first himself, then his oxen, then his business, then everything. By-and-bye the lungsick came and decimated his span, and the red-water finished it off entirely. He bought another with his savings, but alas! these new bullocks were only just out of the country, and were not inoculated, and in another month he found himself for a second time with a wagon and nothing to draw it. Then in his despair he sold his wagon and his home, and took a situation as transport-rider, where he had the charge of three wagons that usually worked between the city and the port, and this took him away from the village and away from Sally. But it was a great come down in life for him, and affected him terribly; and he grew thin and gaunt and sorrow-sticken. Then people began to

really pity him and to say Sally had been too hard upon him, and they spoke of him as "Poor Zac" from that time.

About six months after this, Sally Hill began to think seriously about getting married. Her parents had taken to lecturing her about her light behaviour; the Zachariah episode had earned for her, as a local title, the somewhat opprobrious one of "flirt;" and moreover Robert Derney had told her: "I like my fruit ripe, and if I can't pick it then, it's ten chances to one but I toss it aside!" Sally was sharp enough to apply this little allegory to herself, and as her parents suggested it was about time to choose the man she loved best and marry him, she announced that the engagement between herself and the young man of Mauritius was at an end, and a fortnight afterwards she was engaged to Robert Derney.

The wedding was fixed to take place in a month, and in the meantime old Hill's house was a sort of rendezvous for female friends who stepped in to give a hand—and more often a tongue—towards making the trousseau; for these damsels—though they were horribly jealous of Sally and hated her accordingly—felt that if she was once "off the cards" there would be a chance for them.

A fortnight had gone past, and one day poor Zac appeared in the village, and, making his way to the canteen, he entered, called for a glass of beer, and sat down in a corner almost unnoticed. Presently the conversation turned on the coming wedding, and someone casually remarked that Robert Derney wasn't "very flash o' stamps somehow, for he couldn't even run to a gold watch and chain for the gal, which he oughter." Shortly afterwards Zac got up quietly and left the place, and the next morning he was back with his wagons and "treking" up to the city.

A fortnight more, and the wedding morning dawned bright and rosy. The Rev. Samuel Scissor was to officiate, and the little wooden church was decorated in a rustic way by the friends of the happy couple. About nine o'clock in the morning a Kaffir knocked at old Hill's door. Mrs. Hill went to see what he wanted, and he handed her a small white parcel directed to "Miss Hill," and then turning round he went quickly away. Mrs. Hill was naturally rather surprised, but she took the parcel to her daughter, who, on opening it, found that it contained a gold watch and chain, nothing else. She naturally thought it was from Derney and her delight passed all bounds.

About ten o'clock she was dressed—or rather was dressed by her mother, aided by a small mob of female assistants—and she wore her watch conspicuously. They then went to church, and half-an-hour afterwards she was no longer her own mistress, but part and parcel of a lord and master. The ceremony was finished, and,

hanging upon Derney's arm, she hid the church. But as she stepped out of the door she gave a start and uttered a little scream. Zachariah Vanderstein was there waiting for her.

"Sally!"—that was all he said, in a low, broken voice.

She could not answer him, nor look at him, but she clung closer to her husband.

"What do you want?" asked Derney, savagely.

"I want what I can't get," answered Zachariah mildly: I want the wife you have robbed me of. I—

"Stop your row, you vile nigger," shouted Derney, passionately. "There are lots of Kaffir women to be had. They are good enough for your grandfather, and they are good enough for you."

With a great effort Zac restrained himself as he heard the cruel insult so publicly given; then he turned abruptly round and walked away. He had too much respect and love for Sally to strike her husband, and moreover it dawned upon him that he had been very foolish to come there at all and thus lay himself open to this degradation. But an irresistible impulse had attracted him to the spot, and now that all was over he retired a sadder, but a stronger man.

The wedding party returned to the bride's house for the somewhat primitive breakfast; and then Sally took the opportunity of thanking Derney for the "beautiful, beautiful watch and lovely chain."

"What watch and chain, Sal?" he asked, rather surprised.

"This watch," she answered, as she pulled it out, and showed it to all.

"That's no present of mine," said Derney, rather curtly.

"Is it not? Who could have sent it me then, Bob?" she answered, and then she told the story of its arrival. Not till then did it strike Sally that there was some connection between the present and her old sweetheart, but she rather kept her suspicions to herself, and she treasured the watch none the less.

Time wore on, and a son was born to the Derneys. On the day of the christening there came another mysterious present—by post this time, and for the baby—a silver knife, fork and spoon. Derney did not like it, and said so plainly; but his wife pleaded so piteously, and she was at the time in such weak health, that he reluctantly allowed her to keep it, on the understanding that it should be the last. They had got on fairly well together, and, barring an occasional difference of opinion, and now and then a few hard words from him, their life might have been called a happy one. People said Derney did not treat his wife as well as he ought, that he flirted now and again with some of his old sweethearts, and, what made it infinitely worse,

before his wife's face. Then again, he never went to church now, and passed his Sunday afternoons in the canteen, taking not seldom more than he could conveniently carry away. Sally loved him as a woman now; before, her affection was that of a child. If ever they did fall out he was always the first to begin it, and she the first to end it. Marriage had sobered her down a good deal, and the little baby had broken the last link between her girlhood and her womanhood.

Since her wedding-day she had never again seen Zac; and since the arrival of the present to her baby—the nearest lane to a woman's heart—the watch had risen to double its value in her estimation—not pecuniary value, but the value we set on things which are associated with those dear to us.

Occasionally business brought Zac's wagon through the village, but he always drove right through, and never outspanned as was usual, but proceeded on three miles to the next halting-place. The Derneys' house was situated on the high road, and it was noticed that whenever Zac passed it he allowed his wagon to move between it and himself, so that he might not see it, nor be seen.

One day in January—the height of the South African summer—Derney came home as usual to dinner at twelve o'clock, and sat down to the substantial meal which Sally had prepared.

"How's the mite?" he asked, as he nodded towards the cradle, in which the first-born lay (screaming).

"Pretty well, Bob," said Sally. "It's his teeth, you know."

And thereupon she entered into a long disquisition about domestic dentistry, regarded from a maternal point of view.

Then they began dinner, and talked about various matters, and, the meal finished, Derney lit his pipe and sat down to smoke till one o'clock.

"By-the-bye, Bob," said Sally presently, "I want you to do something for me."

Bob being in good humor granted for her to go on.

"I want the old barrel there in the garden," said Sally, "brought and placed alongside the kitchen-wall, so that I can put the waste in it for the pigs. I wish you'd move it now."

"All right," answered Bob, and he stepped out to do it there and then.

It had been raining all the morning, and now it came on to pour again, so Sally stopped in the house, and taking up the baby began to croon over it, and try to soothe it. Suddenly she heard a yell from her husband, and a moment afterwards he came tearing in, pale as death, exclaiming: "I've been bitten by a snake!"

South Africa abounds with snakes, which generally make their appearance during the summer, or rainy months. There

are many species, but perhaps the most dangerous are the green and black mamba, and the puff-adder—a bite from any of them, if no remedies are at hand, being almost synonymous with death.

Derney had been lifting the cask, and had just got it into his arms, when he felt a sensation like something pricking him in the leg. Looking down he saw a huge, thick, ugly puff-adder gliding away. He had the presence of mind to dash the empty cask down on it, and then he rushed into the house, threw himself on a chair, and pulling his trousers up saw a small spot. Sally uttered a scream and all but fainted away, but she comprehended that the danger was too imminent for any conventional show of sympathy or alarm, so with a great effort she managed to retain her senses, and placing her babe in its cot, she rushed up to her husband and threw herself down at his knees.

"What shall I do, Bob?" she cried, "tell me what I must do?"

"I can't say, Sally, I can't say. I feel it spreading even now. I'm a dead man. Run to the canteen, darling, for help—send some one for a doctor, and ask the first man you meet to come here."

Sally started up, gave him one passionate kiss, and then dashed through the rain in the direction of the canteen, which was nearly a mile off. She had hardly left the garden-gate when she saw a wagon in the distance, and in her excitement she screamed out: "Help! help!"

The driver heard her, and recognized her—for it was Zac. Bounding down, he left his wagon and rushed towards her, and in a few seconds was by her side.

"Sally, what is it? what can I do for you? tell me!" he had forgotten her cruel words, her husband's insult—everything, except that the woman he once loved was in trouble and wanted help.

"Oh, Zachariah! My husband! Save him! He has been bitten by a snake, and is dying at home. Oh! save him, Zachariah, if you ever loved me!" and she began to break down. Her eyes swam, her head turned round and round, and in another moment she would have fallen to the ground had not Zac caught her and held her up. She soon revived, and Zac exclaimed:

"Quick! take me to your husband—you love him, Sally, don't you?"

She looked him full in the face, half angrily, half contemptuously. "Love him!" she cried, "aye, better than my life, better than my child, better, perhaps, than my chance of Heaven!"

Zac grew pale, but dashing his hand across his forehead with an air of resolution he answered hoarsely: "Sally, for your sake I'll save him if I can. Come on!" and half dragging, half leading her, he ran towards the house.

They found Derney sitting as Sally had

left him. She entered first, and he looked up wildly, and asked:

"Is the doctor coming, Sally? How long you've been! You've been away hours, Sally. Do you want me to die?"

Then catching sight of Zac he turned despairingly to him, and cried: "Oh, ho! you've come here to take your revenge on a dying man, and to gloat over my agonies, and Sally with you! That is how the land lies, is it? Oh, Sally, Sally! you don't love that nigger—do you?"

Poor Zac grew crimson and then white. He stood irresolutely, feeling inclined to leave the man to his fate; but he glanced at Sally and saw her piteous face; then he looked at Derney and saw his desperation; and he heard the child wail in its cot, and Sally's voice, broken with sobs, as she cried: "No, no, Bob—darling Bob! He has come to save you—to give you back to me. He will save you, I know, he is so strong and big. Oh, my husband, my darling! you must not die and leave me! Take me and our child with you, but do not leave us behind and alone!"

"Where is the bite? and when were you bitten?" asked Zac, stepping forward.

"About six hours ago, it seems to me—but Sally 'll know," said Derney, showing Zac his leg.

"Oh! it couldn't have been more than four or five minutes ago," cried Sally. "Save him, Zachariah, save my husband!"

"Sally!" answered Zac, with a look of strange meaning in his face, "if any man can save the husband you love so well, I will." Then before Derney was aware of what was happening Zac had stooped down, and was sucking the spot where the snake had bitten him.

"No, no!" exclaimed Derney, "not that, Zachariah, not that, you will kill yourself. I have treated you badly. It was my fault that Sally gave you back the ring—" (Zac winced as though he was being branded)—"I insulted you on our wedding-day, and I have just now insulted you. Oh! I can't allow you to do this. I will die, I have deserved it."

"Oh! save him, save him!" implored Sally, "for Heaven's sake, Zachariah, save him! oh, darling Bob, let him save you for your child's sake, for my sake, oh, Bob!" and she sank back into a chair and moaned piteously.

Zac looked at her just once, and then stooping down again he seized Derney's leg in his vice-like grasp, and continued sucking the wound. He went on alternately sucking, alternately spitting out the saliva, which was tinged with blood and tainted with poison. Sally lay sobbing in the chair, and Derney surveyed Zac with a look of veneration, exclaiming every now and then: "Oh! you are too noble, too generous!"

Presently Zac asked: "Have you any spirits?"

"Sally rose and opening the cupboard produced a flask of gin not half full. "That is all," she said.

"It's quite enough," answered Zac. "I think we have saved him;" and pouring out the liquor into a tumbler, which it nearly filled, he bade Derney drink it.

"That will do," said Zac, as he placed the empty tumbler on the table, "now we must wait and see."

They all sat down and watched. No worse symptom appeared. Presently Derney seemed a little stronger, and gradually recovered from the semi-torpor into which he had fallen. And so half an hour passed by.

"I feel better," said Derney presently; "I am getting stronger and stronger. The cold dead feeling I had is passing away, and a new life seems to be surging through me. Oh, Zac! how can I thank you? What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," answered Zac in a voice so solemn, so low, so full of terrible mystery, that both man and wife started up in terror.

"What is the matter, Zac?" asked Derney in a terrified tone.

"I am dying," answered Zac. Then he rose and made his way towards Sally, and, laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder, he said: "Sally, I loved you once, as a man can only once love in a life-time; and when you asked me to save your husband I remembered that love, and for the sake of it I saved him. It was an awful fight, Sally, an awful fight—for I have had a sore on my gum for the last few days, and I knew it was not quite healed. I felt that in sucking the wound I was running a desperate risk, but I did it for you, Sally, and did it willingly, right willingly. There is no hope for me—you need not run for assistance. It is too near the vital part—the poison can't be stopped. But, Sally, tell me that you are sorry. I do not want you to say you love me, but simply that you are sorry that you made me love you, and then broke my heart, and ruined—poor Zac!"

Sally could not answer, for the words stuck in her throat. She just threw her arms round him with a look of inexpressible anguish, and, burying her head on his shoulders, sobbed as if her heart would break.

"I have not many minutes to live, Sally," continued Zac, "for I feel the poison making its way on. Say a word to me, Sally, one word!"

"Oh, Zac, Zac! forgive me, forgive me?" she sobbed; "you are killing me, Zac, with your nobleness. Oh, Zac, Zac!"

Then her husband stepped up, and taking Zac's hand in his he press'd it; and looking towards his wife with a strange look he whispered: "Oh, Zac! I wish she were yours. You are a million times more worthy of her than I."

"No, no!" said Zac, faintly, "not that! not that! I did not mean that, Bob, oh, no! I *did* love her once, but that is all over now. God bless you both! help me, Bob—it's coming—help me to sit down!"

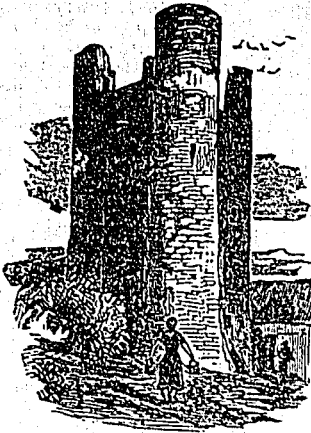
They led him to the sofa, and laid him gently down upon it, and for a few moments he closed his eyes. Then he opened them again, and said softly: "Bob, will you let Sally give me a kiss? it would soften the agony of this hour so much! just one loving kiss."

Sally knelt down by him as though she were performing a solemn religious duty, and kiss'd him again and again; and Derney stood by with bowed head, and wept bitterly.

"I am going fast—" gasped Zac, as he detained one of Sally's hands in his, and laid his cheek on it with the trusting tenderness of a child—"fast, fast. Oh, Sally! it is hard to part. But, thank God! *he* is saved. You love him, Sally, love him always—always. God bless you, Bob! take care of her—and God bless you too, Sally—for ever, Sally—and for ever. Good-bye—You'll think sometimes, Sally—won't you—and not unkindly of—poor Zac?"

A shudder passed through his body and an awful contortion, as if he were suffering greatly; a deep gasp escap'd him, followed by a sibilant sound, as though he was once more trying to call her by her name; then his head fell over Sally's hand, and the next moment God had brought relief to Poor Zac.

NEW YORK CATHEDRAL—ITS HISTORY.—About one-half the northern portion was transferred in 1779 by the New York city authorities to Robert Lyburn for £405, subject to an annual payment of 4 bushels of wheat, or their value in gold or silver coin, to the Mayor, Aldermen, etc. Robert Lyburn transferred it in 1814 to Francis Thompson and Thomas Cadle, who sold it to Andrew Morris and Cornelius Heenev, and thus it passed through various hands until it was purchased by the trustees of St. Patrick's and St. Peter's churches in 1829, always subject to the yearly payment of 4 bushels of wheat to the Mayor, Aldermen, etc., of N. Y. city. In 1852 a release of the yearly payment of 4 bushels of wheat was obtained from the city authorities by the payment of \$33 32, the interest of which sum would probably purchase the 4 bushels of wheat. The other half, or southerly portion, was transferred by Wm. McMurray, Master in Chancery, in 1846, to Michael McAirney, who in 1847 transferred it to Frederick Hadley, who in 1849 transferred it to Rev. Michael Curran, Jr., who in the same year transferred it to Most Rev. John Hughes, who in 1853 transferred it to the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral. —*New York Express.*



SCURLOGSTOWN CASTLE.

The Castle of Scurllogstown, here figured, stands by the roadside, and commands a most extensive prospect around; and though but possessing little architectural adornment, its outline is particularly pleasing. It was one of the strongest built watch-towers of the Pale, and its having so few external apertures, its massive and gloomy walls, its tall towers, and unbroken battlements, give it such a stern appearance that on passing it one still expects to hear the warder's challenge from its gate. It was built in 1180 by William de Scurlog, one of the Anglo-Norman fief-holders of Meath. Its outward wall is still quite perfect, as are also some of its stone floors; it may be considered the type of several other English castles in this part of the country, as, for instance, at Asigh and Trubly, &c.; consisting of a square keep or donjon, with round towers at the diagonal corners. These turrets, having circular stairs in them, were entered by small doors from each of the floors, and they rise somewhat above the square portion of the castle. A perpendicular crack traverses the entire extent of the eastern wall of this building, said to have been caused by the balls of Cromwell, whose progress up the Boyne from Trubly, where he slept the night after the siege of Drogheda, the constable of Castle Scurlog was hardy enough to challenge; but, like many similar recitals of Cromwell's "crowning mercies" in Ireland, this rests for its authority more upon tradition than written history.

Duty is the grandest of ideas, because it implies the idea of God, of the soul, of liberty, of responsibility, of immortality. It is also the most generous, because independently of it there is neither pleasure nor interest.

GIRLS IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

One of the most melancholy features of this question of middle-class girls' education is that the very children who are now growing up under inefficient governesses and without even that useful household training which was given to their grandmothers, are to be our governesses of the future. A professional man dies; his daughters are left unprovided for. Friends interest themselves in getting them situations, and have no compunction in seeing them undertake work which requires years of special training. These helpless young women mourn their sad fate, but are obliged to accept a small salary, or even none, for the sake of a roof to shelter them. This does not, however, prove that they are fit to be governesses. Many a clergyman sees the children in his parish school getting a really better education than he can procure for his own. He tries to persuade himself that a smattering of European languages, and the power of playing Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" wrong on the piano, will make up for the want of the solid foundation which the certificated master, who has learnt to teach, is able to give to the laborer's child. At any rate, he thinks he has no choice, for he cannot afford to spend more money than he already does. It perhaps cannot be expected that he should dispense with a governess, teach his little girls Latin *à la croquet*, imbue them with a love for the best literature in their own language, encourage them to spout Shakespeare and make their own clothes. After all, it is not so much matter what children learn so that they acquire the power of concentrated attention. When they strike out a line for themselves, as they are almost sure to do, if they have the gift of application, they will get on. Lady Duff Gordon was not the less well educated because she was not taught what are called accomplishments. She learned to use her eyes, and her memory, and her reason, and truly valuable she found her desultory but excellent training. The great aim of education ought to be to teach children how to make use of their own minds. The mental activity which is at first an effort will gradually become a habit, and a good and enduring foundation will be laid. The mental indolence which girls now acquire in the school-room is fatal to intellectual development. They learn it partly from being helped over difficulties instead of being made to master them, and partly from the dawdling and waiting to say their lessons which it is almost impossible to help when each child of a number is in a different stage of proficiency.

Gaming finds a man a cully and leaves him a knave.

THE GRAVE OF GOLDSMITH.

Mr. Charles Reade, the novelist, has been writing a series of letters in the *Pull Mall Gazette* on "The Rights and Wrongs of Authors." The twelfth letter, which runs as follows, contains some information in reference to Goldsmith's grave which, we think, will surprise most people.—

Sir—Permit me to head this short letter "The Impenitent Thief." This is a character disapproved in Jewish history. But he has it all his own way with us in Anglo-Saxony. One of his traits is to insult those whom he pillages. He puts one hand in our pockets, and shakes the other fist in our faces. As an example I note some sneers by a Mr. Pascoe, and other professors of moral and arithmetical fog, that authors, in asking for international copyright, show an excessive love of money. That remark applies more to those who covet the property of others than to those who only covet their own. It is a sneer that comes as ill from salaried writers, who cannot be pillaged, as it does from pensioned lawyers; and it is a heartless sneer; for they know by history—if they know anything—that authors have passed through centuries of pauperism, misery, and degradation, and have only arrived at modest competence and decent poverty. Popular authors are rare and even *their* income does not approach that of the prosperous lawyer, divine, physician, actor, or actress. There are two actors about, who have each made one hundred and fifty thousand pounds by playing a single part in two plays, for which the two authors have not received two thousand pounds. The painter has two great markets, his picture and his copyright. The author has but one. International copyright will merely give him two, and raise him to the painter's commercial level. No author has ever left a fortune made by writing. Dickens, the sole apparent exception, was a reader and a publisher. As a rule, when a respectable author dies, either he had independent means, or the hat goes round. If authors are to be respected in Anglo-Saxony they must not be poor; they must have better terms at home, or international copyright, to meet the tremendous advance of price in the necessaries of life. Three or four stray individuals, such as Milton and Spinoza, have been poor and dignified. But they were *rare aves*. Dignified poverty in a class is a chimera. It never existed. The character of a class is the character of the majority in that class; now no majority has ever resisted a strong temptation, and that is why all greatly tempted classes fall as classes. Johnson knew more than Camden, and he says, "Poverty is the worst of all temptations; it is incessant, and leads, soon or late, to loss of self-respect, and of the world's respect." The hypocrite Camden demanded an author

with aspiring genius and no eye to the main chance. The model he demanded crossed his path in Goldsmith; but the hypocrite Camden treated his beau-ideal with cold hauteur, because his beau-ideal was poor; the same hypocrite was to be seen arm-in-arm with Garrick, for he had lots of money.

Oliver Goldsmith, next to Voltaire, was the greatest genius in Europe; on the news of his death Burke burst into tears, and Reynolds laid down his brush and devoted the day to tender regrets.

I now cite a passage verbatim from the notice on Goldsmith, in the "Biographia Dramatica":—"It was at first intended to bury him in Westminster Abbey; and his pall was to have been supported by the Maquis of Lansdowne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Garrick. But a slight inspection of his affairs showed the impropriety of incurring so great an expense. He was privately interred in the Temple burial-ground, attended by Mr. Hugh Kelly, Mr. Hawes the Rev. Joseph Palmer, and a few coffee-house acquaintances."

If the deceased genius was poor, Reynolds, and Garrick, and the rest, were rich. They could have secured for him the place he deserved in the national temple. But no: he was poor; and observe, those who were ready to lay genius in Westminster Abbey had it been wealthy, would not even follow it to the Temple church when they found it was poor. The fact is, that great, immortal genius was flung into the earth like a dog, and to this day nobody knows where he lies.

I now cite verbatim from the "Life of Mrs. Oldfield":—"The corpse of Mrs. Anne Oldfield was carried from her house in Grosvenor street to the Jerusalem Chamber, where it lay in state, and afterwards to the Abbey, the pall being supported by the Lord Delaware, Lord Harvey, the Right Honorable Bubb Dodding-ton, and other men of ton."

This lady was a good actress, and had lived in open shame with Mr. Mynwaring and Brig Churchill, and had lots of money. Therefore this artist was buried in the Abbey, and the greater artist, Goldsmith, being pure, but poor, had the grave of a dog.

In these two extracts you see the world unmasked by its own hand, not mine. This, my Lord Camden, is that dirty world, of which you were a gilt lump. This is the real world at it is, and was, and always will be. Many authors are womanish; so they listen to the satteries that cost nothing, and, when they find it is all humbug, they sit down and whine for a world less hollow and less hard. But authors who are men take the world as they find it, see its good sense at the bottom of its brutality, and grind their teeth, and swear that the public weasel shall not swindle them into that unjust poverty which the public hog despises in an author, and would in an apostle.