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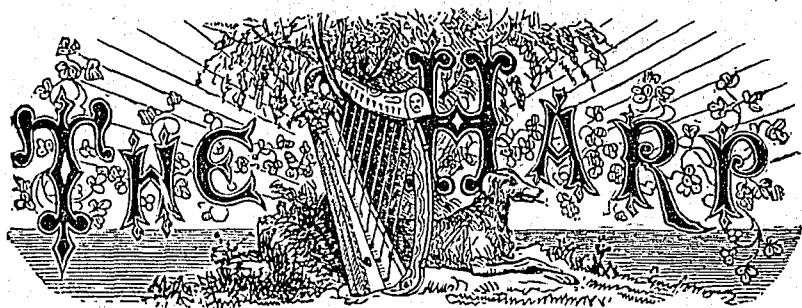
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No II.

NATIVITY OF THE B. V. M.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

The following Processional Hymn for September 8th (Nativity of the B. V. M.), we could scarcely imagine to have been written by a Protestant clergyman :

Hail ! of light and joy the day
Told of yore by sages ;
Clouds of doubt have passed away
After darkest ages.

Wave the censer ! chant the song,
Loudly swell its chorus—
Mary's banner, borne along,
Floats in triumph o'er us.

Type to fact hath given place,
Gifts for every station ;
Ave ! Lady, full of grace,
Mother of salvation.

This her natal day who came
Sun of justice bringing—
Praise her work and love her name,
Render'ing God thanksgiving.

Fairest pearl of Time's broad sea,
Brightest star of even,
More and better love we thee,
Queen of earth and heaven !
Lead thou to thy Son and God,
Drear the way before us ;
He himself that path hath trod,
And His love is o'er us.

Intercede, when sin is strong,
Christ thy voice is heeding ;
Desert paths are parched and long,
Our desires misleading.

Pray a prayer that rise we may
When we fall or stumble ;
So we wait the break of day,
Trusting, patient, humble.

As Time's festals come and go,
Autumn's tints are waning—
Faith and love and hope must grow
For great Easter's dawning.
Thy sweet smile is for us still,
Victors, homeward wending,
Then stand round God's holy hill,
Share the song unending.

Wave the censer ! Jesus' love
Sing in healing chorus ;
Mary's banner, borne above,
Floats triumphant o'er us.
Type of Truth up-bear the light,
Fall we not nor falter,
Until Faith gives place to sight
At the Lamb's high altar. Amen.

—London Weekly Register.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

A SKETCH OF THE PAST.

(Continued.)

It is the sixth of May, 1776. So far nearly all our remarks have been confined to Quebec and the events that have taken place in its vicinity. But Quebec up to this period has been the key of Canada, the object in chief for which armies fought. Quebec was the scene of all their grand endeavors. The nation that held Quebec likewise held Canada, therefore does the old fortress city stand forth in the first rank, in the most conspicuous place in our earlier history. But while we have been studying the events around the old capital of the new country other places have been rising into existence and becoming more and more worthy of notice. Montreal is already a rival of Quebec and promises to, one day, surpass the old strong-hold in size, in commerce and in importance. Toronto, under the name of York, has made its appearance in the West. Kingston and other towns are passing from Indian villages into miniature christian cities. On the banks

of the Ottawa, Bytown has been built; a spot destined to play a great roll in the future history of the land. Further up the Ottawa the white man has cleared away small portions of forest and, here and there, villages are to be seen—few indeed, but numerous when compared to the age of the country. With rapid strides Canada advances until in 1791 it is divided into two great portions—Upper and Lower Canada.

A parliament house has been built at Montreal—laws have been framed and England has sent her governors to represent the king in the new Colony. At this period the bloody wars between the European nations and the Indian tribes have ceased,—the inhabitants are nearly all converted to christianity and England's claim to the possession of Canada is undisputed. Men who no longer meet upon the field of battle now contend in the political arena. Two great parties have been formed, taking their origin, to some extent, in the great political parties of the Mother Country.

It is about this time in 1836 and 1837 that the country is shaken by the volcanic action of a revolution or rebellion as it is called, the effects of which were mighty in the time and the influences of which have come down to our day. It is not our intention, nor do we deem it within our sphere, under present circumstances, to discuss the rights of those who thus sprang up in their indignation and fought for until they obtained the privileges of which they considered themselves unjustly deprived. Our object is merely to follow our country along in her career of progress—to give facts as they exist, without hazarding an opinion or judging of motives.

The struggle of 1837 was continued by a second out-break in 1838. The people being satisfied with the result of their exertions, peace and harmony were restored to the land. From that period we might say Canada commenced her career of commerce and industry. Lord Elgin was sent out as successor to Lord Metcalfe. The great political parties of the state were led by men of eloquence, wisdom and energy. In 1840 the provinces were united in one. At that time the lumber trade was in its vigor. The forests furnished ample supplies and for years it was the source of

prosperity and increasing wealth to the land. Daily our villages became more numerous, daily our cities grew into importance. Bytown was changed into Ottawa—Hull, Pembroke, Hamilton, London, Windsor, Sherbrooke, Three-Rivers, Sorel, and a number of other places became more and more known. Twenty years rolled away and Montreal became the commercial metropolis of the country; Quebec became the city of relics and olden monuments; Toronto became the *rendez-vous* of the great West; Ottawa became the capital of the Dominion; Manitoba was now and then visited and mighty projects with regard to the North-West were dancing in the minds of our statesmen. The forests no longer line our rivers, the Indian tribes have "gone towards the setting sun," lengthy railways traverse and intersect the land, every thing is stamped with the seal of civilization.

Still progressing along the highway of success, we find ourselves at the date of 1867. Here we may pause a moment. Casting, as we have done, a rapid glance over the short but fertile history of our land, do we not perceive the workings of an Almighty Hand? Methinks, that the Providence who guides the destinies of nations, the Providence whose all-seeing eye reaches from end to end, has seen and guided our land along its course—drawn it from the night of barbarism into the full glow of Christian Civilization.

In the general acceptance of the terms the word—past means all that has gone by up to the present moment—present means that fleeting instant that we might say, never exists, and still continues to exist, and future, that space unmeasured and unmeasurable that extends from the present into the lengthy endless cycles of eternity. For our purpose, let us call Canada's past that period which has elapsed from the day upon which Jacques Cartier discovered the land down to the period at which we have now arrived, let us consider the present as that lapse of time which extends from 1867 to the present year—and the future will still be, as it ever is, the endless space in which we never exist.

Ireland's grand poet, Denis Florence McCarthy, has expressed in a most beautiful manner the idea of a nation

reaching the epoch at which we now find ourselves—

“Yes! the Past shines clear and pleasant,
and there's glory in the Present;
And the Future, like a crescent, lights the
deepening sky of time:
And that sky will yet grow brighter, if the
Worker and the Writer—
If the Sceptre and the Mitre join in sacred
bonds sublime.
With two glories shining o'er them up the
coming years they'll climb,
Earth's great evening as its prime.”

It was the morning of the 1st of July, 1867, the cannon boomed from the citadel of Quebec, flags floated from the spires, the day was one of national jubilee. Canada has been proclaimed a NATION. The great act of confederation has been accomplished; Ottawa has been created the capital of the new and glorious Dominion;—The brightest gem has been set in England's diadem;—The last plank of her American ship-wreck has been saved,—Canada has been raised to the rank of a nation. The first precept of the past was being fulfilled—“the Worker and the Writer” are going hand in hand. The former by force of physical strength is on the one side, opening out a broad future for the country, the latter, by intellectual power is carving a bright destiny for the nation. The one is executing, the other is forming the noble and gigantic schemes of the day. And by their joint efforts the cities are growing into size, the land is flourishing—all points are connected by the lines of railway, while the vision of the great Pacific road is flashing in the minds of our statesmen. Manitoba has since been joined to the confederation and our Dominion now extends over an almost boundless space. It matters not how scenes may shift and change in the interior—the nation still progresses. Governments may rise, flourish and fall—Administration may succeed administration—party may contend with party—still onward in her march, Canada ever is drawing towards the grand goal of her destiny.

Since 1867, we have suffered little change. Commercial prosperity and commercial depression have been enjoyed and suffered; the scenes in our Parliament house have been various and manifold, the alternate rise and fall

of political parties have been comparatively numerous, still we are gaining ground. Here the stranger has a welcome home; here the sufferer or persecuted may find a refuge; here the exile may stay in safety, with laws which are equal to all, with a government of the nation itself, without the competition or opposition of other countries, without the national evils that infect less favored regions, with a climate healthy and an atmosphere pure, with mighty tracts of forest land, still unmeasured and unexplored, with boundless wealth of mineral production and fertility of soil, with union and peace amongst its people, with all the blessings a bountiful Providence could shower upon a land, here there is ample room for full and unbridled freedom.

With such a land for a home we cannot be surprised at an Irish Canadian Poet when he thus addresses the country of his adoption—

“To guard this land Victoria's brightest
gem,
To save it ever from disaster dire,
To crown it with Truth's radiant diadem,
And every soul with freedom to inspire:
Oh, Canada! adopted land of mine,
Accept this humble tribute of my song!
May peace, dear land, and happiness be
thine,
And countless ages all thy joys prolong!”

In our first essay we spanned two hundred years of our history—in this our second effort we have attempted to arrive at our own day. We desire if possible to form a chain which can be taken up at any point and followed link by link, to its origin or its end. With this object in view we will continue in our next production the series of ideas and events which we desire to place before the public.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that “time was his estate.” An estate indeed which will produce nothing without cultivation; but which will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than use.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

SECULAR AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

WE would ask the attention of our readers to the following words, spoken by Father Tom Burke, in London, England:

The world may teach the child. The secular instructor may come full of knowledge, knowing all things under heaven. He may open the eyes of the child's intelligence and convey to it his magnificent light of scientific knowledge. He may give that child all that human intellect has ever opened up or ever mastered. He may open up that intelligence to the hidden things of nature, and the laws that guide them; he may unroll before that young soul the page of history and teach the great lessons that are contained there; he may make that young intelligence a mine, and almost a miracle of knowledge; yet if Jesus Christ be not there, if the love of God be not there, if the strength to raise up and make use of that very sight of God, for the purpose of feeling grace, be not there, of what avail is all that knowledge—that glorious opening of the eyes of the soul? In these days of ours, when knowledge abounds, it seems that according to some teaching we are destined to arrive at a conclusion that denies the attributes and the existence of God. Even the highest human knowledge is a stagnant pool, where the knowledge of God is not found, and in the greatest perfection does not contain a living principle or motive power to save a man from his own passions and from sin. At the present day, there is no form of knowledge truly believed which comes from God, which opens the eyes to God and puts strength into the soul, not only to keep down what is base in a man, but to teach all holy and higher influences, and to enable a man to make his knowledge the knowledge which assuats, like that of the blind man in the Gospel, in rising up and following the Lord. And where is this knowledge to be found? It is only to be found in that education directed, animated and learned throughout by the divine vessel and by the sacramental grace of the Catholic Church. Here only it is that the young soul recognizes

God in the first elements of its knowledge. Here only it is that the man, in passing from one sphere of knowledge to another, is also ripening into the greater knowledge of Jesus Christ, and into the feelings of his manhood in God. This secondary and holier and more perfect knowledge does not exclude the first, but takes it all in. When Christ Our Lord gave His word to the blind man, He gave him the power to enjoy every thing he beheld. He could enjoy every thing that pleased the eye, just the same as any other man, but He gave him in addition the knowledge of grace and the love that prompted him to follow God, and so Catholic education in no wise differs from secular education by way of deficiency, but by way of supernatural grace. The highest education that the world can give is still deficient—still wanting. It is no education, at all if we take the word in its true sense. To educate means to bring out the whole soul of man; it means to raise, to develop, and to mature every single faculty of the soul, and if one faculty of the soul be left untouched, undeveloped, then it is no education in the highest and truest sense of the word. Now, among the powers in the soul of man, there is besides the intellect which requires education, the heart which requires purity and grace, and it is this heart and will of man that form his moral nature, just as the intelligence is the basis of his intellectual nature. The education, therefore, that fills the mind with knowledge, but has no grace to touch the heart, no purifying influence to strengthen the will, cannot be called, in a true sense, education at all. It is only a development of one feature, and that by no means the most important feature of the soul of man. The Catholic Church, in her idea and in her system of education, lays hold of the entire soul in its integrity, contemplates the intellect, and provides for that intellect in every walk of knowledge—excluding nothing. The experience of past ages, the researches of science, the growth of investigation of natural phenomena on every side, are taken into the youthful mind, which is flooded with this natural knowledge is carried on the training of the will and the purifying of the young soul. Who can deny that the

Catholic Church is sometimes taunted with want of zeal in the cause of education? and where may I ask, in reply to this strange assertion, where is there a body in the whole world that has ever labored in the cause of education as the Catholic Church has labored? Where is there so prolific a mother of knowledge and the creator of knowledge as the great Church of God. Among a thousand arguments with which she appeals to all men, I will select one. One of her greatest and most powerful institutions was founded by one of her greatest and most illustrious saints—Ignatius, of Loyola—for the express purpose of teaching the world; and if we take the annals of this great institution, we find that it has mainly and directly sought to train the heart and the mind to the salvation of the soul. The history of the order and their annals afford a magnificent proof that no scientists, no philosophers, have ever sifted more deeply the secrets of nature, never torn to pieces her laws and brought forth her hidden treasures with greater skill and intelligence than the Jesuits. They have been foremost in the ranks of knowledge at all times, and have ever been foremost in spreading the truth. Their education, like the light that Jesus Christ gives, excludes nothing that nature can show to man in the natural order of knowledge, but it super-adds to this that knowledge which ought ever to be present—the knowledge of the love and the power of following Jesus Christ. The first claim of the children of the poor is for this divine knowledge; they have a right to it; the blind man of the Gospel, when he clamored to the Lord for sight, was only calling for his right. God had given him eyes; God had given him organs of vision, though they were closed; but they were there, and were created for the light; and when he said, "Lord, that I may see," he only asked for his right, and it was given to him by the Lord. And so the children of the poor clamored for their light. They also have their organs of mental vision. They have intelligence, and that will and intelligence would surely be properly trained or perverted. That will is destined, no matter how humbly, to act upon mankind for good or evil, and our first duty is to provide

for them a means by which they can come to the knowledge of divine truth and divine life. Our first duty to our neighbor is to exercise charity and mercy. This we can do in a thousand forms. It may take the form of food, of clothing, of harboring the houseless. This is a mere corporal and temporal mercy—magnificent and angelic when it attaches us to God. But there are other claims and more urgent that the children of the poor have upon our charity and mercy, and they are the spiritual wants of mercy, the first of which is to provide for them a Christian and a Catholic education. This is the most urgent of all causes. The nature that teaches the soul in mercy is like the nature of God Himself—that immortal, incomparable and eternal soul. But it is not only for those poor, but for our own peace, that we are so deeply and so practically interested in this great work of Catholic education. Of many arguments on this point I will only ask you to consider one. First of all, consider that education alone can create what is called conscience. We cannot live in society without conscience. We cannot enjoy one hour of happiness, unless those around us are trustworthy and conscientious. Many of you are dependent for your comforts upon your servants. What, if you cannot trust them? If you had to live among a society of men and women who had no conscience, life would be a burden to you. What is conscience? Is conscience the grace of God to do what is right? It is intellect knowing what is right and what is wrong. The Catholic Church has been accused by her enemies and calumniators, not only of want of zeal in the cause of education but even of opposition to principles of education. How strange that this divine institution, which educated the whole world and all races of men—this institution which alone was able to take up the broken threads of a disorganized and ruined world after the destruction and breaking up of the Roman Empire, and out of this broken and tangled skein, to weave again the splendid fabric of modern civilization—how strange that this Church, which has always brought its influence to bear in the cause of education, whether in ancient or modern times,

should be assailed as the enemy of civilization? But above all, how strange that this word should be spoken, when we Catholics know and feel that the Church of God cannot exist without education. The Church of God is founded on faith. Now faith means knowledge. Faith means the attending to the words and the will and the voice of him who speaks the word of God. St. Thomas says, "Faith is an intellectual virtue, and resides in knowledge." Therefore, the very existence of the Church is dependent upon her having an educated people. Again, every single duty that the Church commands, with, perhaps, the exception of fasting, is intellectual, and requires not only a trained intellect, but, in some senses, an intellect trained in the very highest form of knowledge. It is a duty incumbent upon all Catholics to frequent the sacraments, and among those the sacrament of Penance. What does this preparation for confession involve? A thorough knowledge of God's law, that we may know in what we have offended, and a knowledge of our own souls, which the ancient philosopher declared to be the acme of all knowledge. It involves the greatest intellectual power of being able to realize that God acts invisibly and powerfully in the sacrament of Penance and the other sacraments. All these duties are incumbent upon the poorest Catholic as well as the highest. Are they not intellectual acts of the very highest kind—knowledge so high that the most ancient intellects of the pagan philosophers of old, as well as some of the very highest and most cultured intellects of the present day, are unable to realize what it is. And yet this is what, the Catholic Church teaches.

CHAT-CHAT.

—Martin Luther was not an amiable man. What Anna Boren found in him to put in the balance against her soul we wot not. But then one must not dispute about trifles. But Martin was more than *unamiable*; when roused he was a *brute*; "bellowed in bad Latin" as his confreres have it, which clearly points out the particular animal through which he had "levelled up" from the polipods. In the "battle for life" Martin

Luther had brought up with him a large proportion of bull-nature, and unfortunately for mankind was always showing it. The critics having taken him to task for certain *dishonesties* of translations in his new bible, especially the insertion of the words "only and alone" in certain passages he thus *bellows*:

"You may tell your Papists on my behalf, if you choose," (it is a great apostle of the Reformation who speaks, gentle reader:) "that had I foreseen, that all the Papists put together were smart enough to translate correctly even one chapter of Scripture, I would have the humility to ask their aid and help in translating the New Testament. But as I know and see plainly that none of them (except Martin of course,) know how to translate or speak German I spare them and myself the trouble.

"In the next place you can tell them that I have translated the New Testament to the best of my power, and according to conscience have compelled no one to read it, but left it to his choice. * * * *No one is forbidden to make a better.*" (Here our friend is doing something that looks very like *fibbing*, since he took good care to procure edicts from the German Protestant Princes to forbid the printing and circulation of Emser's German (Catholic New Testament.) "Whoever will not read may let it alone. * * * It is *my* Testament (*there* you spoke the truth: Jew) and *my* translation, and *mine* it shall remain. If I have committed any fault in it—though I am not conscious of it, and *would not willingly mistranslate one letter*—(brave Luther!) I will not tolerate Papists as my judges. Their ears are too long and their I-ka! I-ka! (braying) is too weak to judge my translation.

"But to come to the point, if your Papist annoys you with the word "allein" (only) tell him straightway—Dr. Martin Luther *will have it so*—Papist and ass are one and the same thing. "Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas." (So I will it, so I command, and let my will stand for reason.) For we will not be scholars and disciples of these Papists but their masters and judges. We'll bully and brag with these dunces and as Paul boasts against his crazy saints, so will I boast against these asses of

mine. Are they doctors? So am I. Are they learned? So am I. Are they preachers? So am I. Are they theologians? So am I. Are they debators? So am I. Are they philosophers? So am I. Are they dialecticians? So am I. Are they dialecticians? So am I. Do they write books? So do I. And I will boast further, I can interpret Psalms and Prophets *they cannot*. I can translate; they cannot, I can read the Holy Scripture; they cannot. I can pray; they cannot. And to come down, I know their dialectics and philosophy better than all of them put together. And I know, too, that not one of them understands his Aristotle. And if there be one amongst them all, rightly understands preface or chapter in Aristotle I will let them toss me in a blanket. I am not saying too much; for from my youth up I have been educated in all their arts. They know well that I know every thing they know. Yet these godless people deal with me as if I were a stranger to their profession, who had only arrived this morning and had never seen or heard what they teach and know. * * * But by way of answer to their prattle and outcry I must sing with that wench

‘Full seven years agone

I knew that horseshoe nails were made of iron.’

Let this be your answer to their first question, and I beg of you to give such asses no other answer than this “Luther with have it so and he is a doctor above all doctors in Popedom. This ends the matter, I will henceforth despise and hold them in contempt as long as they are such peoples—asses I mean. * * * How much art and labour are needed for translation I know from experience; hence I will allow no Pope-ass nor mule to judge or blame me. Whoever will not have my translation let him give it the go-bye; the devil’s thanks to him who censures it without my will and knowledge. If it has to be censured I will do it myself. If I do not, let it be left in peace and let each one do for himself so good-bye to him. * * * If the daubers and Pope-asses abuse me, pious Christians with Christ their Lord praise me, and I am richly rewarded if even one Christian account me a faithful labourer. I care not for the Pop-

asses, they are not worthy to appreciate my work, and were they to praise me it would grieve me to the bottom of my heart. Their abuse is my highest honor and glory. I will still be a doctor,—yea—an *uncommon doctor*, and this name they will never take from me down to the last day; of this I am sure.”

Did we not say right, gentle reader, when we said that Martin Luther was not an amiable man. And yet he was an apostle (of the *Reformation*) withal.

—And yet this “uncommon doctor” and we might add “uncommon apostle” had his moments of unguarded candor. Listen to him again.

“Translation is an art that is not within reach of every one as these crazy saints imagine. For it there is needed a *right pious truthful diligent reverned Christian learned practiced experienced heart*; hence I hold that no false Christian nor *sectarian* can translate honestly.”

This is a somewhat crucial test for Luther’s pet bible, that misshapen bantling of which the poor besotted father appears so proud. Without taking into consideration the “*one thousand and forty errors*” (according to Emsler) in the translation, will any sane man affirm, that its fuming and foaming author with his “Pope-asses” and his sic volo-sic jubeo was “a right pious truthful diligent reverned Christian learned practiced experienced heart? That “the great Luther” thought himself each and all of these great things, we can admit, but a man’s own estimate of himself is scarcely the reliable one; genius is ever proud; self esteem run rampant is “hardly ever” an impartial judge.

And what else was this “uncommon doctor” himself but a *sectarian*; one cut off? standing alone? “Solus eram” (I stand alone) as he himself elsewhere describes himself. How then on his own shewing could his translation be aught else but a dishonest one? And these be thy Gods, O Israel!

—Where did *all* the books go to? *All* did you say? Well that is a very hard question. But we know where *some* of them went, and they came to no very glorious end, thanks to the zeal for learning of a Reformation-run-rampant. Whole

libraries were destroyed (Lett of Em. Per from the Bod I 278) or made waste paper of, or consumed for the vilest purposes. The splendid and magnificent Abbey of Malmesbury which possessed some of the finest manuscripts in the kingdom, was ransacked and its treasures either sold or burnt to serve the commonest purposes of life. An Antiquary, who passed through that town many years after the dissolution, relates that he saw broken windows patched up with remnants of the most valuable MSS on vellum, and that the bakers had not even then consumed in heating their ovens the stores they had accumulated. This is hard on the Reformation as an intellectual movement, but it does not exhaust the fact. In a certain seat of learning in England, Oxford, to wit, with a certain Dr. Coxe as chancellor and chief instigator of vandalism, any manuscript that had on it a cross or other religious emblem was torn to pieces and the fragments scattered to the winds. Many books of mathematics were treated in the same way, because the figures were supposed to be Popish emblems of devotion. The rest were carted away and sold for waste paper. The learned editor of the *Athenæ* (*Ath. Ed. Bliss. I.*) gives us a curious instance of this phase of papaphobia. "The mischief committed at this time," he says, "can scarcely be conceived. I have seen some fine old chronicles and volumes of miscellaneous literature mutilated because the illustrations were supposed by the reforming visitors to represent *Popes and saints* when they were really intended for the portraits of *Kings and warriors*; nay, some were absolutely *mathematical figures*! The malice of these barbarians was only equalled by their ignorance." (P. 468.)

Surely such facts as these hardly bring out the Reformation as an *intellectual* movement; and would lead us to say of it, what the old woman said of bad grammar "it is more than wicked, it is vulgar."

—"But all this vandalism," Mr. Cunningham Geikie has the courage to say "was not the work of the Reformers." Unfortunately Mr. Cunningham Geikie's assertion is not borne out by facts. We take it for granted that as "the receiver

is as bad as the thief," so the rewarder of a crime is as bad as the actual perpetrator. Let us see how the "Fourth National Synod of the Reformed Churches of France held at Lyons 10th Augt. 1563, the third year of the reign of Charles IX King of France—Mr. Peter Viret then minister of the Church of Lyons being chosen Moderator and Secretary"—treated this vandalism? Was it to uphold? or to scold? A certain Abbot "having come to the knowledge of the Gospel" having broken his idols, *burnt his titles* and having shewn himself faithful even unto bearing arms for the maintenance of the Gospel it was asked of the Synod if such a one should be received to the Lord's Supper? Answered by the assembled divines *Yes.* (*Aymon Syn Nat. Tom I p. 45.*) The affair is thus quaintly and honestly withal, entered on the Index. "Abbot—received to the Lord's Supper for having burnt his titles, destroyed the images of his church and convent and carried arms for the maintenance of the Reformed Preachers." This looks very much like upholding the vandals.

The great Protestant Tradition! What a tremendous engine for evil! and what a barefaced liar!

No less a personage than Brueker in his *History of Philosophy and Analysis* has accused Pope Gregory the Great of "*driving the mathematicians from his court.*" The evident animus of this accusation is to prop up the often repeated accusation of "hostility towards learning" on the part of the Popes. Such an accusation from such a man ought to have a certain weight; and yet when followed up, on what a foundation of sand it is found to rest! John of Salisbury who lived six hundred years after Pope Gregory is the first and only writer before Brueker, who makes the accusation. This one fact alone ought to have taught Brueker a certain caution. Had he been writing in any other interest than that of the great Protestant Tradition he would have hesitated before accepting as certain so uncertain a testimony; the more so, as this John of Salisbury has made other assertions about this Pope, which on the very face of them are lies. Would any sane man pay any heed to the unsupported testimony

of one who should have the hardihood to assert, that Gregory prayed daily for the Emperor Trajan, and never stopped crying, and praying until he had obtained the release of the Emperor's soul out of hell! John of Salisbury appears to have been as poor a theologian, as he evidently is an historian.

But what does this redoubtable historian on whose *bare word* a great Pope's character is to be destroyed, really say? What are this most unreliable of monk's actual words? "This most holy doctor Gregory * * * ordered the mathematicians to retire from court." This is all—nothing more—nothing less. He does not say, mind you, that the Pope forbade the Catholics to study mathematics, that he put mathematicians in the stocks; all he says is that he *told them to leave his court*. Surely this is somewhat slender evidence whereon to convict a man of hostility to learning! But who were these *mathematicians*? for there is the rub. Brueker knew, or if he did not know, ought to have known that long before Pope Gregory's time these mathematicians had earned a bad name. The laconic Tacitus had centuries before written hard things about them. But Brueker knew more than this; he knew (or he had read his John of Salisbury to small purpose,—in fact he himself tells us,) that these mathematicians were in reality astrologers. Now, everybody knows that these astrologers were as often necromancers, professors of the black art, as any thing else. It is disingenuous then of Brueker to bring so *grave a charge* against so *august a person* on so *slender grounds*. But then Brueker is writing in the high and holy cause of—the Great Protestant Tradition. Any port in a storm! Any thing is right in war time.

And this leads us to another of Brueker's disingenuous assertions that "Pope Gregory burned the Palatine library." This is too bad. John of Salisbury evidently points to that part only as having been burnt in which especially were "those works which appeared to reveal to man the mind of celestial things and the oracles of the superior beings." Pope Gregory was only committing to the flames books of false science and diabolical practices.

H. B.

HUGH O'NEILL.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS EVENTFUL CAREER.

HUGH O'NEILL, Prince of Ulster, and by the favour of Elizabeth the "Virgin" Queen of England, created Earl of Tyrone, was born at Dungannon, in the year 1540. While yet an infant his father, Matthew O'Neill, Baron of Dungannon, was slain in a contest with his (reputed) half-brother, Shane, the proud, and the future hero was, for reasons of State, taken under the protection of the English. But little is known of his early life, except that, until his thirty-seventh year, he resided alternately in Dungannon and London or Greenwich. While in Ireland he devoted his talents to preparing for the great struggle on which he had set his heart—the uprooting, for once and all, of the foreign brood from his ancestral territory. To this end he exerted himself to heal the feuds of the native chiefs, and turn the strength which they expended in harrassing one another into a combined effort against the common enemy. But until the time came for throwing off the mask, he kept up the semblance of loyalty. To grace his dignity as "Earl of Tirowen" he maintained, in his stronghold at Dungannon, a retinue of six companies of soldiers (ostensibly in the Queen's name). It was strongly suspected, however, that these soldiers were relieved, as fast as they were drilled, by fresh recruits; and then the *ship loads* of lead required to roof that fortalice of his were believed, by the authorities of Dublin Castle, to be converted into bullets,—and for whose benefit? Ah! that was the problem that puzzled them. He did not neglect his foreign policy in the meantime. When some of the vessels of the Spanish Armada were wrecked on the northern coast, he received the fugitives with honor, foreseeing the advantages to be derived from a Spanish alliance.

At length the northern confederacy being firmly united, and an alliance formed with the Leinster chiefs, the "*Red Hand*" was unfurled, and O'Neill appeared on the Blackwater, stormed and demolished the fortress of Portmore,

and, in conjunction with Red Hugh O'Donnell, who had burst into Connaught, and put every man to death *who could speak no Irish*, soon brought her Majesty's representatives to propose negotiations, but without effect.

The battle of Clontibret, in which the English under Norreys, sustained a signal defeat, was also rendered famous by the single combat between O'Neill and Segrave—a gigantic English officer—in which the later was slain.

The annexed details of this remarkable combat, together with the circumstances which led to it, we take from such reliable authorities as we find available. There are two versions of the fight, both of which we give. The first, and in our opinion, the most authentic, we find in John Mitchel's admirable "Life of Hugh O'Neill," which account is mainly derived from Philip O'Sullivan's celebrated "Hist. Cath. Hibernia:"

"About the beginning of June, 1595, Bagnal had marched with a strong force from Newry into McMahon's country, relieved Monaghan, and compelled the Irish to raise the siege, and shortly after, the deputy and General Norreys made good their march from Dundalk to Armagh, after a severe skirmish with some Irish troops at the Moyry pass. On the approach of these forces O'Neill burned Dungannon and the neighboring villages, and retired into the woods, hoping by the show of terror and hasty retreat to draw the enemy further into the difficult country and destroy them at his leisure. But Russell contented himself with stationing a garrison at Armagh, and returned to Dublin, leaving the northern forces under the command of Norreys."

"The Castle of Monaghan, which had been taken by Con. O'Neill, was now once more in the hands of the enemy, and once more besieged by the Irish troops. Norreys, with his whole force, was in full march to relieve it, and O'Neill, who had hitherto avoided pitched battles, and contented himself with harassing the enemy by continual skirmishes in their march through the woods and bogs, now resolved to meet this redoubted general fairly in the open field. He chooses his ground at Clontibret, *about five miles from Monaghan,

where a small stream runs northward through a valley inclosed by low hills. On the left bank of the stream the Irish, in battle array, awaited the approach of Norreys. We have no account of the numbers on each side, but when the English general came up he thought himself strong enough to force a passage. Twice the English infantry tried to make good their way over the river, and twice were beaten back, their gallant leader each time charging at their head, and being the last to retire. The general and his brother, Sir Thomas, were both wounded in these conflicts, and the Irish counted the victory won, when a chosen body of English horse, led on by Segrave, a Meathian officer of gigantic bone and height, spurred fiercely across the river, and charged the cavalry of Tyr-Owen, commanded by the prince in person. Segrave singled out O'Neill, and the two leaders laid lance in rest for deadly combat, while the troops on each side lowered their weapons and held their breath awaiting the shock in silence. The warriors met, and the lance of each was splintered on the other's corslet; but Segrave again dashed his horse against the chief, flung his giant frame upon his enemy, and endeavored to unhorse him by the mere weight of his gauntleted hand. O'Neill grasped him in his arms, and the combatants rolled together in that fatal embrace to the ground:

"Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

There was one moment's deadly wrestle and a death-groan; the shortened sword of O'Neill was buried in the Englishman's groin, beneath his mail. Then from the Irish ranks arose a wild shout of triumph as those hills had never echoed before. The still thunder-cloud burst into a tempest—those equestrian statues became as winged demons—and with their battle cry of *Lamh dearg aboo*, and their long lances poised in eastern fashion above their heads, down swept the chivalry of Tir-Owen upon the astonished ranks of the Saxon. The banner of St. George wavered and went down before that furious charge. The English turned their bridle reins and fled headlong over the stream, leaving the field covered with their dead, and worse than

* *Chlain-tiburaid*. "The lawn of the spring."

all, leaving with the Irish that red-cross banner, the first of its disgraces in those Ulster wars. Norreys hastily retreated southward, and the Castle of Monaghan was yielded to the Irish."

The other versions of the combat we derive from what purports to be an official despatch from Sir Ralph Lane, Muster-master-General of the English

arm around the earl's neck, O'Cahan's son came up and struck off Segrave's arm, thus disabling him, and leaving O'Neill free to stab him under the shirt of mail.

We must acknowledge that we attach but little credit to the Englishman's account of the event, for two reasons: In the first place, it was and is so na-



HUGH O'NEILL, EARL OF TYRONE.

forces in Ireland, to Lord Burghley. This document was first published in *Duffy's Hibernian Magazine* for July, 1861. After doing full justice to the gallantry and discipline of the Irish troops, the despatch states that while Tir-Owen and Segrave were struggling on the ground, with the latter's

tural for an English official to lie when, by so doing, he can in any way detract from the merit of an enemy, especially when that enemy had, as in O'Neill's case, so recently humbled the pride of his nation; and secondly, we think that if O'Cahan interfered at all on behalf of his chief, he would have struck off

Segrave's head instead of his arm; for in those days of our fighting ancestors, men were not in the habit of doing such things *by halves*. We therefore, pin our faith to the original historical account of the translation—O'Sullivan's—which has remained on record *uncontradicted* for two hundred and fifty years.

O'Neill's crowning victory was at *Beal-an-atha-buidhe*, in which the English received the greatest defeat they ever sustained on Irish soil. Two thousand five hundred of them being slain in the battle and fight, and thirty-four standards, with all their cannon and a rich booty being captured.

Our limited space will not permit us to trace the subsequent career of this mighty chieftain. To those who would follow his waning fortunes in Ireland, and his weary exile on the continent, ending with his death at Rome, on the 20th of July 1616, we would recommend John Mitchel's "*Life of Hugh O'Neill*," and "*The Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell*," by the Rev. C. P. Meehan.

LOOKING INTO DEATH'S EYES.

THE power of the eyes is most strikingly illustrated by the fact that when two bodies of infantry meet in a charge of bayonets, the front rank, on one side or another, almost invariably gives way directly the bayonets are crossed; that is before the cold steel enters the body of either party. The front rank gives way, the rear ranks are generally broken, and a rout ensues. The dreadful passion and fixed resolve in the front rank on one side overpowers that of their antagonists, whose hearts fail before them. Calculations have been made to supersede this, by the order that each soldier's bayonet shall not take the man directly in front of him in the enemy's ranks, but the next man to the left. A systematic mutuality of reliance was thus provided, and the effect of the enemy's eyes superseded. It was a horribly clever idea. But in vain; the eye of the weaker will only shimmer, and wavers between the two—trembles for the mandrill—and no doubt gives preference to the man whose bayonet point is within a few inches of the *juste milieu*. Between the two he gene-

rally fails or takes to flight. The single-minded glare of the devil of war reflects the perfulent horror of the cold steel point. It is remarkable, on examining the dead bodies on a field of battle, after there has been a successful charge of bayonets, how few have been killed by the point in charging thrusts. The men have died from thrusts during flight, or from the clubbed, *i. e.* butt-end blows, or have been pierced when on the ground, or trampled in death.

TO IRELAND.

My country wounded to the heart,
 Could I but flash along thy soul,
 Electric power to rive apart
 The thunder-clouds that round thee roll,
 And, by my burning words, uplift
 Thy life from out Death's icy drift,
 Till the full splendors of our age
 Shone round thee for thy heritage—
 As Miriam's, by the Red Sea strand
 Clashing proud cymbals, so my hand
 Would strike thy harp
 Loved Ireland!

She flung her triumphs to the stars
 In glorious chants for freedom won,
 While over Pharaoh's gilded cars
 The fierce, death-bearing waves rolled on;
 I can but look in God's great face,
 And pray him for our fated race,
 To come in Sinai thunders down,
 And, with His mystic radiance, crown
 Some Prophet-Leader, with command
 To break the strength of Egypt's band,
 And set thee free,
 Loved Ireland!

New energies, from higher source,
 Must make the strong life-currents flow,
 As Alpine glaciers in their course
 Stir the deep torrents 'neath the snow.
 The woman's voice dies in the strife
 Of Liberty's awakening life;
 We wait the hero heart to lead,
 The hero, who can guide at need,
 And strike with bolder, stronger hand,
 Though towering hosts his path withstand
 Thy golden harp,
 Loved Ireland!

For I can breathe no trumpet call,
 To make the slumbering Soul arise;
 I only lift the funeral-pall.
 That so God's light might touch thine eyes,
 And ring the silver prayer-bell clear,
 To rouse thee from thy trance for fear;
 Yet, if thy mighty heart has stirred,
 Even with one pulse-throb at my word,
 Then not in vain my woman's hand
 Has struck thy gold harp while I stand,
 Waiting thy rise
 Loved Ireland!

IRISH HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

BRUCE'S CASTLE, ISLAND OF RAGHERY.

On a precipitous cliff, near the northern angle of the island of Raghery, stand the ruins of an ancient fortress, called "Bruce's Castle," from its having afforded an asylum to that heroic chieftain, when in exile, in the Winter of 1306-7. The greater part of the building has fallen down, and the remaining portion is mouldering in the last stages of decay; still even its very fragments are peculiarly interesting, from their presenting the singular fact, that the lime with which the castle is built has been burnt with sea coal; the cinders are still visible in the mortar, and bear a strong resemblance to those of the Ballycastle coal; thus demonstrating that the use of sea coal in Ireland is of greater antiquity than has been imagined.

According to tradition, this castle was erected by the Dames, who are said to have exercised the utmost tyranny over the people of Raghery, who at length effected their deliverance in the following manner:—Having to furnish, on demand, straw, fuel, and necessaries, for the use of the garrison in the castle, they contrived to conceal, in each *creel*, a sturdy native, armed with a *skein*, or dagger, who, in the following night, despatched the guard, and having admitted their friends from without, put to the sword the garrison, with whom expired the Danish power in Raghery.

At a little distance from the ruin, on the beach, is a natural cavern, with a wall in front, evidently intended for defence, called "Bruce's Cave," which oral history states was also used as a place of retreat by the Scottish chieftain; and it is here worthy of record, that in the Summer of 1797, every male adult in Raghery, except the Parish Priest and one other gentleman, took the test of the "United Irishmen," in the gloomy recesses of Bruce's Cavern.

Adjoining is a small haven, called *Port na Sassanach*; and near it, a field of battle is pointed out,—called the "Englishmen's graves,"—in which a pit or hollow remains, where the dead were probably interred in one common grave. This action is believed to have

taken place in 1551-2, when an English army, who landed here, were totally defeated by the M'Donnells.

Bruce, during his exile here, was accompanied by some of his principal followers amongst whom were Sir Robert Boyd, Sir James Douglas, and Angus M'Donnell, Sixth Lord of the Isles, sovereign of Raghery, which island was, at this period, accounted part of his dominions. Early in the Spring of 1307, Angus returned to "*Kyntyre*," to circulate a report of the death of Bruce, and also to secretly draw together a body of troops, to act when occasion might require in behalf of his illustrious friend. Soon after, Boyd and Douglas also took leave of Bruce, and departed for Arran, and effected their landing in safety. Ten days after, they were followed by Bruce, who, receiving, by his spies, favorable intelligence from the main land, landed at Tunberry, in Carrick, and, with 300 followers, cut to pieces a body of English quartered in that neighborhood. However, soon after, succors arriving to his enemies, he was obliged to seek shelter in the wilds of Carrick, the patrimonial country of his family.

THE USE OF BOOKS.

II.

EPHEMERAL LITERATURE.

"Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print
A book's a book, although there's nothing
in't.—LORD BYRON.

In the last number of THE HARP we speculated upon the "Use of Books," in this one we intend to consider the *benefits* which may be derived from a perusal of some of the innumerable *éditions de luxe* that fall continually from the press in overwhelming torrents. Some writers flatter themselves with the belief that the greater the number of books written and published the better it is for the public. Oliver Goldsmith, the best-natured and gentlest of Erin's gifted sons, held this opinion and gave it expression in one of his immortal essays. When applied to thoughtful and virtuous composition the remark holds perfectly good, but when we remember the thousands of vile and sensational novels, with their abominable plots of "love and murder" we prefer to say in the

words of John Ruskin, that, "Life being short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books."

In the proportion of the increase of light literature has been the decrease of brilliant authors and talkers; so that there are fewer Americans who are celebrated for their wit, than there are Americans who are celebrated for having none. The shelves of our Booksellers bristle with countless volumes of painfully light matter, and a search amongst them for a work of weight or profundity would resemble the proverbially useless one of searching for a single grain of wheat in a barn filled with chaff. Men sit down to write books without possessing a solitary idea, and manage to turn out whole tomes of words and sentences without rhyme or reason, thus realizing the truth of Lord Byron's caustic couplet which we have chosen as a motto for this paper. The man who takes away life commits a great crime; he who writes a bad book commits a still greater. The one is a murderer plain and simple; the other is a monster who destroys a legion souls. We are tempted to inquire, why do so many eagerly search for and use these useless productions of imaginations rarely raising to mediocrity? The reply is plain; people read thoughtless and consequently worthless books because they are more common than the better kind, and may be scanned with little or no intellectual stress. Be this as it may, if we once overcome the difficulties of perusing a profound and thoughtful work, we will soon find it not only the most profitable but the most pleasant also. "If you would fertilize the mind," says Hare, "the plough must be driven over and through it. The gliding of wheels is easier and rapider, but only makes it harder and more barren."

It is for the young that we must feel the importance of this subject. Much is said at this day about the great advantages that are enjoyed for education; and nothing is more frequently pointed to in proof of this, than the children's bookshelves. Now, we confess we look upon this multiplication of books, or, to speak more accurately, upon the use which is made of them, with more distrust and

doubt than upon any other department of early discipline. To the heights of knowledge there are no steps but rugged steps. Novel-reading, the pondering of the easy-chair, the dreaming book of poetry—those are not the steps by which we ascend those serene heights. There is no way of intellectual advancement, but the way of strenuous effort and patient toil.

The subject has wider bearings. It concerns the national character, that a healthful and manly taste be cultivated. It concerns the national literature. Authors write to be read; and if nothing will be read but what is easy and amusing, or if the prevailing and craving demand is for that species of composition, if profound disquisitions of learning stands but a poor chance with the people, if all science must be brought within the compass of "Libraries of Entertaining Knowledge," if the deeper meditations of genius must give place to the light and flashy productions of extemporaneous wit and fancy, it is not difficult to predict the result.

We shall have a light and trifling literature. We shall have the songs of the Troubadours back upon us, We shall hear again that flagitious reasoning, as abandoned in morals as in taste, that talks of soft and voluptuous forms and features from which severe intellect is banished, as the forms and features of beauty. We shall hear that light and graceful drapery wherewith imagination clothes its creation, and which cannot bear the eye of reason. We shall become excessively afraid of good sense, and account that dull, which is, if it can be understood, the grand and predominant quality of real genius.

Heaven avert the plague from our young and rising literature! The truth is, that the same law obtains in the cultivation of the mind, that governs all other success,—the law of labour. All the nobler efforts of the mind are intense, laborious, patient efforts; all real genius, all true originality, all lofty poetry, all powerful writing and speaking, consist in these, and in nothing else.

M. W. C.

As the prickliest leaves are the driest, so the pertest fellows are the most barren.

THE WILD GEESE;

OR,

THE RAPPAREES OF BARNESMORE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS,

Author of "The Rose of Mourne," "Rapparee Ballads," &c., &c.,

*"The wild geese, the wild geese! 'tis long since they flew
O'er the billowy ocean's dark bosom of blue."*

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

MR. OGILBY was lying on a sick bed. The doctor had just left, after just bandaging his wound, which was not of a very serious nature, but rather painful, and he was rapidly coming over in his mind the events of the last week when Hamilton knocked at the door. Being desired to come in, he entered, and in a respectful and kindly tone inquired after his master's health. The latter replied in a familiar and affectionate tone, for he loved the rough old soldier for his integrity and manly traits, and besides he was in good humor, considering his circumstances, for the doctor assured him he would be able to leave his bed in a week.

"So the rascals nabbed you, Hamilton, and put you in jail," said Mr. Ogilby, after his inquiries had been answered, "Why, the Rapparees treated you better than that. But no matter. I'll see that you'll loose nothing by your devotion to me and my daughter. Poor Lucy, how I wish she was here! Do you think, Hamilton, you would be able to reach Dummamanna to-night, and start with Lucy in the morning?"

"Your Honor," replied Hamilton, who feared to break the intelligence to him, "I hope you will not be offended with me for telling the truth. I obeyed orders as far as I could, and delivered Miss Mullen into the hands of her brother; but I am sorry to tell you that Miss Lucy is along with her, and they are both on board the French man-of-war now in the harbor."

"God of heaven! Hamilton, what did you say? My daughter on board a French man-of-war! Tell me, tell me, how is this?" Despite his wound he raised himself in the bed and clutched Hamilton by the collar. "This letter from Miss Lucy herself will explain all,

Your Honor. And here are others from parties who are friendly to her, and I know when Your Honor reads them you will say I fulfilled my duty to the letter.

Mr. Ogilby grasped the letters with a trembling and feverish hand. A frown was on his brow, and he shook with excitement as he broke open the seals Lucy's was the first he read, and, as he proceeded, the frown visibly relaxed, and towards the conclusion his face assumed its natural and peaceful aspect.

"This is an unlucky business, Hamilton, but I exonerate you from any share of blame. You carried out my instructions, and therefore it was no fault of yours. But it is a very unfortunate affair, and may involve me in difficulties."

"Will Your Honor please read the other letters, there's a man outside waiting for an answer."

"O! yes, I forgot. Poor Lucy—how unfortunate. Who is he, Hamilton?"

"He's one of the Rapparees, sir, who is waiting to convey your answer to the ship. He gave me the letters."

One by one Mr. Ogilby scanned the contents of the letters, and after their perusal, shading his brow with his hand, remained for a few moments in thought. Hamilton remained standing at a respectful distance, waiting the commands of his master, and watching the varying changes of his face. At length, as if come to some sudden determination he turned to the domestic and asked:

"Who did you say brought the letters?"

"One of the Rapparees, whose name is Bog."

"Where is he now?"

"He's in the town, Your Honor."

"How did he escape the vigilance of the soldiery?"

"He kem disguised as a fiddler, sir, an' is the drollest looking man you ever saw."

"Well, Hamilton, go to Mr. Elliott, the lawyer; he lives beside the barracks, and tell him to come to me immediately. As soon as you see the fiddler bring him to me; but before you go bring me some writing materials."

Hamilton did as requested, and in the course of a quarter of an hour the lawyer entered Mr. Ogilby's room. A long conversation occurred between them,

which it is not necessary to repeat here, and more than two hours elapsed before Mr. Elliott took his leave. Hamilton returned without having seen the fiddler, but dispatched Phil in all haste to the widow's for him.

"You must ride to Dunnamanna to-night, Hamilton, or part of the way at all events. I have been in consultation with an old friend of mine Mr. Elliott, and we have formed a plan of getting Lucy here without exciting any suspicion. But we can't do anything until we see this Beg, this fiddler of yours."

"He will soon be here, sir; I think I hear him scrapin' at the barracks beyond; yes, that's him; he's playin' the 'Protestant Boys.'"

"He must be a strange character, Hamilton, and a shrewd and fearless fellow, to trust himself so near the soldiers."

"He's the strangest and drollest man, sir, you ever saw."

"Well go down and bring him here; for we have no time to lose."

Hamilton obeyed, and soon returned, leading by the hand the innocent but accomplished Shamus Beg. Mr Ogilby was prepared to meet a strange character, but his wildest imagination could not have pictured anything like what appeared before him. Astonishment and wonder were the first feelings that took possession of him; but when he looked at the idiotic and unmeaning face (Shamus had assumed it for the occasion) and thought of his beloved and only daughter in the company of such a wild and barbarous ragamuffin, his astonishment gave way to anger, and in a passionate and furious voice he exclaimed:

"Hamilton, what infernal nonsense is this? My God! is this the man I must entrust my daughter's safety to? Could Brian or Hugh not send a decent Rapparee with a face like a Christian? or were they all afraid but this driveling and ragged idiot?"

Mr. Ogilby clasped his hands on his head, as if to still the pains raging there, and threw himself back on the bed with a groan.

Hamilton was as much astonished as his master, and stood gaping, mute and motionless, at the face before him. It certainly was not the face of the fiddler he had met on the street, and he at last, thinking he had made a mistake, cast his

eye over his clothing to assure himself that it was a case of mistaken identity. But the costume was the same. There was no mistaking that, and, wondering and bewildered, he cast a sheepish and humiliated look upon the ground.

"Hold up your head, Hamilton," said Shamus: "mine is not the first fair face that desaved you in your time, maybe, or you, Mr. Ogilby; so luk at me and don't be afeared."

They both looked up and were again astonished to see his face suddenly assume a bright cheerful and happy look; in fact, the natural face of Shamus Beg.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Mr. Ogilby, staring at him with undisguised astonishment.

"It simply manes," replied Shamus, "that you should never take the book by the cover. An' ould tattered waistcoat may hide a heart as warm an' bowld as the goolden trappin's that cover a king, an' a bare-footed fiddler may be able to do to-night what Mr. Ogilby an' all the Queen's throops would be afeared to attempt."

"And what is that?" doubtfully queried Mr. Ogilby.

"Bring Miss Lucy, God bless her purity face; back to the arms of a lovin' father!"

"And how do you intend to do it?"

"Wait awhile. Let me sit on the windy and play you the 'British Grenadiers,' or some other loyal tune. There's a crowd below waitin' for me, an' there's no knowin' but a spy may be among them. I'll break a string, an' while I'm fixin' it I'll tell you my plan."

Seating himself on the window sill so as to be seen by those in the street; he played a few old airs soft and feelingly, then changing burst out into the military quickstep of "The British Grenadiers." Suddenly a string snapped, and put an end to the performance.

"Just what I expected," said Shamus, putting his head out of the window, and speaking in a half whisper to the crowd. "As long as I play the ould ancient Irish airs the strings are agreeable, but the minnit I try an English one, they snap an' snarl an' are contrary. Like ourselves, they don't care for anything foreign. There now, it will take me half an hour to fix this string."

He descended from the window and

taking a seat near Mr. Ogilby's bed, in a serious and earnest voice inquired:

"Did you read the letters?"

"Yes."

"Have you the answers ready for me to take to the ship to-night?"

"I have."

"Have you formed a plan to bring Miss Lucy here without excitin' suspicion?"

"I have thought of one, but want your opinion?"

"What is it?"

"It is this: To send Hamilton on horseback, seemingly to Dunnamanna, but in reality to stop at the old road leading over the mountains, and there await her coming. If you and your friends can manage to get her as far as the old Ballysbannon road, Hamilton will conduct her here by noon to-morrow, and no suspicion will be aroused."

"Your plan is good, Mr. Ogilby. Let Hamilton start at wanst. In the meantime I would advise you to take Phil Moloney, a friend of mine, to act in Hamilton's place till he comes back. You can trust Phil. He's as cute as a fox. Send him a message to the barracks, an' he'll report all over the town that Miss Ogilby's coming in the morning to nurse her father, an' take care of him till he gets well. An' now I'll hide the letters in my waistcoat an' be off to the ship. You can rest aisy, Mr. Ogilby; your daughter will be over the mountains before sunrise in the mornin'."

"But how are you to leave the town; won't you be noticed in daylight?"

"To be sure I will. I'll fiddle myself out of it, as I did into it. Phil has reported that I'm goin' to a weddin' near Drunbar to-night, an' that I won't be back for a day or two. So, you see, I have the whole plan cut an' dhray."

"Well, send your friend Phil up to me and I'll employ him, and may God bless you in your endeavors, for I am longing to see my child again."

"Mr. Ogilby, there is not a man of us but would die before we would see one hair of the purty crayture's head dishonored. Since the night you came to poor widow Mullin's wake, an' knocked the conceit out of young Crosby: since that night, I say, we would give our lives for you and yours; an', tho' you are a Protestant, you were always an' honest an'

honorable man, an' niver a priest-hunter."

"No, thank God, I never was, nor joined in their bloody and inhuman sport."

An' for that you have the blessin' of God and the friendship of the poor and persecuted Catholics."

"I hope so," said Mr. Ogilby, scrutinizing the speaker's face in a more searching manner than he had hitherto done. But tell me what is your name—I don't remember to have seen you the night of the wake."

"I was there and saw you. Call me Shamus Beg."

"Well, Shamus, will you accept of a small compensation from me for your service, for the risk you run in restoring to me my child? Will you accept of a small sum of money that may aid you?"

"Money!" exclaimed Shamus, and a crimson glow flashed into his sun-browned cheek. "Would you offer money for doing an act of friendship? Would you bribe the warm pulses of the heart with the cowl'd glitter of English gold? What would Hugh and Mabel say? An' what does a 'Wild Goose' want with gold? To-morrow or the day after, on the fields of France, my life's blood may ebb out, an' a foreign sun shine upon my unburied corpse! Unknown and friendless, I'll pass away without a grave, perhaps, and with nothing but the snow or the leaves drifted by the wind for my shroud. Here, in my native village, where the bones of my fathers for ages lie, I am an outcast and an outlaw! and this because I loved the land and faith of my fathers—because, like them, I could not yield my birthright without a struggle. I have two brothers in Hugh O'Reilly's band, and they would not leave Ireland if there was a chance to strike a blow in her defense. But there is not and so we must seek in other fields what we cannot find at home, and there deal out to them a bloody vengeance and a bloody retribution!"

Shamus had risen to his feet in the excitement of the moment, and, despite the rags that covered him, and poor and lowly as his position was, commanded and received the admiration of Mr. Ogilby.

"Pardon me, Shamus," he exclaimed, extending his hand, "Is it any wonder

I was mistaken in you, clothed in such a garb?"

"I told you not to take the book by the cover, Mr. Ogilby, for many a proud heart beats under rags. But I must be going. I see Hamilton with his horse ready, an' there is Philgavin' up through the window. If you would like to do me a good turn," he added as he was about to leave the room, "keep Phil Moloney in your service. His mother is a widow, an' has none to depend on but him. He has a young brother in Hugh's band who is goin' with us, and the poor ould woman has none left but Phil. The other boys went with the Wild Geese long ago."

"I shall not forget him, believe me, Shamus; and so good-bye, and remember me to all my friends, and give them my kindest wishes for their safety and success."

"Good-bye, sir, an' may God bless you!" said Shamus, squeezing his hand and rushing hurriedly from the room.

CHAPTER XX.

"Sad the parting scene was Mary,
By the yellow flowing Foyle."

—McGee.

THE moonlight gleamed upon the waters with mellow and tranquil light; the stars shone down with soft and radiant beauty upon the bay, and the fair and lovely islands encircled by its waters. Not a breeze disturbed the serenity of the night or ruffled the quiet bosom of Donegal bay. The winds and waves were hushed, and the quiet calmness that reigned around added a charm and zest to the scene that no heart, however rude, or mind, however practical, but would be enchanted and enthralled by the glorious beauties that shone before the eye and the deep and the heavenly thoughts which they inspired.

Bright and beautiful is the orb of day as he rises over the mountain tops and shines upon the green valleys and pleasant hills of Ireland. Bright is the smile that gilds the lakes, and sweet the melody that fills the air, as the lark soars up to greet his rising beams; fair are the streams that sparkle from the hills, and, with bounding laughter, come dancing down to mingle with the rivers; the air is vocal with melody, and the per-

fume of a thousand flowers, redolent of sweetness and beauty, wantonly diffuse their sweets to every wind that blows, and charm the delighted senses with an odor fragrant, as if wafted from heaven! The sun loves the flowers and shines and smiles upon them with all the brightness and glory of a God: but the moon, as they close their petals at night, folds them to her heart with all the sweetness of a mother's love. The sun was made for splendor, the moon was made for love. How often do we turn from the garish light of day and try to forget the thoughts that drag and charm us to the earth, and, freeing ourselves, it may be with an effort, from the dull and practical gaze on the chaste moonbeams as they shine upon us, and dream of happier and brighter days. Then the thoughts of youth, which have long lain dormant, or been chilled by the rough usage and buffets of the world, come back into our memory, and gazing into the recesses of the past, live again in the bright world of boyhood and of hope, with a clear sky above us and a winged, ambitioned mercury to guide our feet. O, soft is the sunlight on the Irish hills, but dearer and fairer to me are the mellowed moonbeams on the Irish lakes and its sparkle on the Irish waters.

Then the heart, forgetful of its sorrows and its cares, flies from the stern and dark realities of life to dream and muse within itself, living in a world of its own, and communing with nature in her softest moods. Then when silence reigns around, the mind divested of its worldly dreams and fretting thoughts, seeks a brighter atmosphere and commingles with the stars, until earth passes away and the soul becomes wrapped in a voluptuous languor, sweet, and pleasing, as ever dreamed outside the portals of immortality.

Such were the thoughts that filled the mind of Owen Mullin as he sat on the deck and gazed upon the lovely scene outspread before him in the moonlight. Thus communing with his own heart and recalling to his mind the sad and eventful history of his family, his early associations and friendships before he had left his native land to mingle with the world, the ambition he had cherished when a boy of some day returning with the Wild Geese to right that land,

or if need be die in her cause—these and a thousand other thoughts took possession of him as he sat alone, and so absorbed was he in contemplation that the footsteps of Mabel and Lucy were unheard, and he was only conscious of their approach when the former, putting her hand on his shoulder, smilingly said:

"You seem melancholy to-night, Owen. We have been watching you from our cabin, and stole away from Alice and Brian to find out the cause of your melancholy."

"I have been admiring this lovely scene in the moonlight, Mabel, and, though I have seen many that the world calls bright, this to me is the fairest and dearest for it is a scene of my childhood. It may be that I shall never gaze upon it again, and I like to drink in all its beauties, and imprint them on my heart, to cherish them in my remembrance forever."

"But to you who have seen so much of the world," said Lucy, "you who have visited its sunniest parts and beheld the magnificence and grandeur of happier and more favored lands, surely this scenery must appear tame when contrasted with theirs."

"No; to me it is always fair, and brighter than the brightest spot that Nature has worn in her garland of nations."

"Does not the grandeur and beauty of foreign scenes obliterate the impressions of those of home and teach us to forget or despise them?"

"No; they only teach us to love our own the more. As an Irish heart grows old the more it yearns for home."

"I well believe it, Owen," said Mabel; "I think I never loved Ireland so much as now, when I am about to leave it forever."

"But your brother may revisit it, Mabel," said Lucy addressing her interrogatively, and half glancing at Owen.

"That I cannot tell," he answered; "there is no knowing where we may be ordered; I have never been on the Irish coast before since I joined the French navy."

"And while this terrible war lasts I can never hear from my friends in France," said Lucy, in a melancholy tone.

"O, if my father were only with me, how I would like to go to Paris and live with Mabel and Alice."

"We might meet there yet," replied Owen. "There are many Irish families residing there, and many English ones, too, to my own knowledge, who on many occasions have crossed the Channel."

"You shall hear from us as soon as possible, Lucy, and every opportunity that offers shall bring you a letter from your friends," answered Mabel.

"I shall feel very unhappy after your departure Mabel, and shall never forget the happy days we spent in *Dunnemana*. Be sure, when I sit in the old spot by the river side, where we used to sing, my heart will revert to you, and in fancy I'll see you sitting by my side, and accompanying me on the harp."

"There is one song of yours, Lucy, that I love; we have often sang it together; it is a sad one, and, as we are in a melancholy mood, I wish you would sing it to please me. It is to the old air of '*Gramachree*,' and addressed by a lover to his faithless mistress."

"I know it well, and will try to sing it; it is fitting for the moment."

SONG.

Ah, once the world had joys for me,
And love and hope beat high,
Among the flowers like Summer bee
The time flew gently by.

The lark that warbles o'er the plain
Was not so blithe and gay.
I knew not pain till Nellie came
And stole my heart away.

But, ah! that voice no more I hear,
So soft, so sweet and low,
Like Summer winds fall on my ear,
Or music's sweetest flow.

I wander by the sunny stream
Where we were wont to stray,
And all alone I fondly dream
Of Nellie far away.

When Spring returns the flowers will bloom,
And daisies deck the lea;
But rosy Spring can never bring
Back hope or joy to me.
I sit alone, and pine and sigh
Throughout the weary day;
Sweet Nellie come again or I
Will sigh my heart away.

The sweet tones of her voice rose in beautiful cadence over the waters of the bay, and seemed to linger around it long after the song had ceased. The simplicity, tenderness and melancholy she

breathed into the air touched and melted the hearts of her listeners. Owen gazed in silent admiration on the face of the beautiful singer, and when she concluded the tears were streaming down Mabel's cheeks.

Brian and Alice, hearing her voice, left the cabin and joined them. They were scarcely seated when the quick eye of Owen discovered a boat in the distance. It was making rapidly for the ship, and soon approached it. When challenged by the look-out, the answer could be distinctly heard;

"Friends and Shamus Beg."

"We part to-night, Lucy; my heart tells me so," said Mabel, throwing her arms round her and kissing her cheek.

"I fear so, Mabel; but oh, how my poor father has suffered during my absence! How I long to hear from him!

"I hope Shamus brings good news," said Brian; "he has been long enough away, and must have found it difficult to meet your father. But here he comes."

Shamus, arrayed in the same costume as when he left Donegal, appeared on deck, and drawing the letters from the inside of his vest, presented them to Alice and Lucy. Mr. Ogilby's letter to his daughter was couched in the most affectionate and fatherly manner, but his orders were peremptory for her to return immediately with Shamus Beg. She was shocked at the intelligence of his sickness, and questioned Shamus regarding his wounds, but felt happier on being assured of his convalescence. She had been kept in ignorance of the disaster which occurred to him in the fight with Hugh, as were also Mabel and Alice, and their grief was profound on hearing it.

Lucy was anxious to return to her father, and, handing the letter to Owen, asked him how soon he would be ready to take her ashore?

"The boat is waiting for you, Miss Lucy, he replied, "and four of the best oarsmen among the crew."

"We have no time to lose," said Shamus; "I promised to meet Hamilton soon after twelve o'clock. Two horses are saddled and ready on the strand to take us across the mountains. I must be back before daylight to return the

horses; I borrowed them from a friend at the cross roads."

"Are you coming back to the ship, Shamus?" asked Owen.

"I don't know till I hear what Hugh says."

While Lucy retired with Mabel and Alice to the cabin to make ready for her departure, a consultation was held between Hugh, Brian and Fergus. Hugh held Mr. Ogilby's letter to Alice in his hand and read it to them. He stated that on account of his wound he would not be able to leave his bed for a week; but that in the meantime a friend and lawyer of his, Mr. Elliott, would get the necessary papers drawn, and, as it was absolutely imperative that Alice should attach her signature, he left it to her own decision whether to return with Lucy to Donegal or wait until such time as he could meet her himself, on the strand or anywhere else she would designate. Mr. Lindsay was also wounded and sick, but becoming convalescent, and he hoped to have him along with Mr. Elliot as a witness. Whatever conclusion they might arrive at, he wished them to communicate it immediately by Shamus Beg.

"Then I'll have to go back and tell him," said Shamus.

"Yes, and you may probably have to remain a week," replied Hugh. "The boats will be kept along the shore day and night, so if you are hunted you won't have far to run."

"Hunted," said Shamus with a grin, "why, they trate me like a gentleman. I got a shillin' yesterday from the captain of the Derry men, for playin' the 'Boyne Water,' an' a sergeant gave me thruppence for playin' the 'Protestan' Boys.' It seems the 'Boyne Water' is thought more of than the 'Protestan's' are among them."

"I suppose you have been at your owd tricks again, Shamus," said Fergus, "coortin' the Widow McKeown."

"Troth, I didn't get much time for love makin' since I left you. I tried to take care of my neck as well as my heart, an' not havin' my Sunday clothes on I didn't call upon her."

"She'd be taken intirely with your nate appearance," said Fergus, dryly; "but I know some in Donegal who

would take you sooner than she would if they got their hands on you."

"Troth would they: but I'll take care they don't. But good-by—I must be off."

The parting between Lucy and Mabel was very tender. Both Mabel and Alice were weeping, and as they kissed her their tears were mingled with hers. Hugh and Brian were affected at parting, and even Fergus seemed touched. When she gave her hand to Owen to bid him farewell he took it in his, and as he did so felt a thrill in his heart.

"I am going ashore, Miss Ogilby," he said, "if you give me permission to accompany you. Besides, I would like to stand once more on my native soil and pluck a shamrock from it."

She willingly gave her consent. Owen conducted her to the boat, and waving a farewell to those on deck, she disappeared from view, while Alice and Mabel retired to their cabin to weep and pray.

The boat soon touched the strand, and as the horses were a little distant from it they proceeded on foot to a little green mound near which they were tied. As they reached it Lucy, stooping down, plucked a bunch of shamrocks at her feet, and, giving them to Owen and smiling through her tears, said: "You wished for a shamrock. Here are some for you; none the worse for being plucked by an Irish girl. It is the only gift I can offer. Receive it from me. Perhaps when in a foreign land you may look at the emblem of your country and think of her; they may remind you of one who shall never forget your kindness or cease to pray for your welfare."

"Thank you, Miss Lucy; I shall keep them and wear them next my heart until we meet again."

He kissed her hand as he spoke, and hid the shamrocks in his bosom.

Shamus now had the horses ready, and Lucy, being mounted, bade Owen farewell, and with her companion journeyed toward the mountains. Owen watched her until she was out of sight, and then slowly retraced his way to the boat. She was soon launched, and in a few minutes he reached the ship, where he remained pacing up and down the deck till morning. The next day about twelve o'clock, Lucy, accompanied by Hamilton, entered Donegal and was soon in the arms of her father.

CHAPTER XXI.

Adieu! the snowy sail
Swells her bosom to the gale,
And our bark from Innisfail
Bounds away.

WILLIAMS.

NEXT morning the *La Belle Helleno* hoist anchor, and, with a favorable breeze left the Green Islands and sailed out into the Atlantic. The Frenchmen were getting weary of the calm and quietness that prevailed for the last week, and as Owen and his friends were apprehensive of an effort being made by the enemy to bring all the disposable troops in the three adjoining counties, with the batteries of Derry and Culmore, to their assistance, and perhaps attack the ship during a calm, and while not a breeze was stirring, he communicated with the captain, who was an invalid and confined to bed, and, acting under his orders, put out to sea. His object was to cruise around for a week, and at the expiration of that time return to meet Mr. Ogilby, and also to take on board as many of the Wild Geese as Shamus Beg would succeed in enlisting.

At that time there was not an English man-of-war stationed on the northern coast of Ireland. The British fleet was not then so numerous and powerful as it afterwards became in the reigns of the three Georges. The reign of Queen Anne, which lasted twelve years, was a continual struggle against France. The victories gained by the celebrated Marlborough shed a lustre on her name which time has not yet dimmed, and the campaigns so ingeniously planned and successfully carried out by him are perhaps some of the brightest in English history. At the very beginning of her reign bigotry and intolerance became rampant in Ireland, and the first of the Penal Laws were enacted. As she had no fears of a French invasion, the people being too weak and dispirited to aid them if they did succeed in landing, she had no need of keeping her fleet in Irish waters when it could be used to better advantage elsewhere. An odd cruiser here and there was used around the coasts to check smuggling, which was then extensively carried on between Ireland and France, and prevent them from carrying away the youth and manhood of the land who pro-

ferred to serve as soldiers of King Louis rather than be the helots of Scotch and English adventurers at home.

These smuggling vessels and other craft had for many years, or since the capitulation of Limerick, been employed in the lawless and contraband traffic, and so adroitly and secretly did they carry on their work, that thousands were transported yearly across the channel and safely landed in France despite all the efforts and energies of the Government to suppress it. This was owing to a want of sufficient ships on the coast, for, as we have said, the fleet was engaged elsewhere, and though some ships were detailed to watch and punish those engaged in it, the smugglers generally eluded their vigilance and landed their cargoes safe at their destination. For months an English ship-of-war could not be discerned on the Ulster coast, that province being given over exclusively to English and Scotch Loyalists, on whom the Government depended to put down without its intercession all signs of turbulence and rebellion. They were empowered to act with all the means at their disposal to quench in blood all outward show of revolution, and they never hesitated, but often went further than the law allowed in carrying out the behests of the Government.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

Beware of censuring people whom you do not know intimately; you can judge no one by appearances. There is really some good in almost everyone—something admirable in most. The stiff and solemn serious man may be a model of integrity and purity, though the gay Bohemian gins at him. The Bohemian at whose approach the sober man shudders may really be warm-hearted, generous, and self-sacrificing, though many libations flush his face, and he seldom saves enough to buy himself the coffin for which he makes himself prematurely ready. The business man whom others think a creature of shillings and pence, doubtless fought in his youth a very Apollyon of discouragement, and is secretly more tender-hearted and charitable than he dare let the world know. It is a fact that people despise their opposites to much. Let us not be hasty in our judgment.

NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

BY SISTER MARY FRANCIS O'GARE,

Author of the "Illustrated Life of St. Patrick," "Illustrated History of Ireland," "History of the Kingdom of Kerry," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

A timid, hesitating knock at the window, often repeated, at last attracted his attention. He started, as a guilty man might start. No robber would thus announce his presence. Who could this be who came in such a fashion, and at such an hour.

Another knock, and he thought he heard his own name repeated softly. He became still more alarmed, and though he possessed utter incredulity about the supernatural, yet, as is frequently the case, it only needed time and opportunity to raise that latent belief in the unseen, which is never entirely extinguished in the human heart.

"Mr. Edward!"

He knew the voice now: it was Billie McCarthy's; but the apparition of a spirit could scarcely have surprised him more. He hastened to the window, and opened it.

"Ellie!"

"Yes, sir;—I mean, my Lord," the girl replied, so gravely and modestly, that he at once banished his first idea, that she had heard of his intended departure, and wished to see if he would renew his offer of making her his wife. He was about to close the window and fasten it, after she had entered the room, but she stopped him in a manner that was not to be gainsayed.

"If you please, my Lord, the window had better remain unfastened—a friend is waiting for me just outside."

"Very prudent, I must say; I suppose your priest knows of this visit?" he added, with a sneer.

"He does, sir; and only for his Reverence it would never have been made."

"And pray, may I ask for what reason am I indebted to you for the honor you pay me, and the interest your priest takes in my affairs?"

"Oh, sir, I came—I came to beg of

you for the love of God, to save Ned Rusheen, and—"

"Fugh! I thought he was your lover, and now I see I was right; let him save himself, or get your priest to save him; they can meddle enough when they chose, let them meddle now and show their power."

"You know, my Lord, it is your evidence at the inquest that got him his sentence; and you know it was false," she continued, growing bold with the very difficulty of her position. "Oh, sir! you know you all but swore away the life of an honest boy—and you may hang him yet. But as sure as there's a God in Heaven you will suffer for it. Shame on you, sir—how could you—how dare you tell such lies, and take your oath on them! I'd rather be the poorest beggar woman that walks God's earth to-night than be you, my Lord, with your black dirty soul, and all its villainy!"

Lord Elmsdale smiled. It rather amused him to see Ellie's fiery eagerness. He admired the flash of her eye, and even the scornful curl of her lip. She paused for a moment, thinking from his silence that she had made some impression; but when she looked up and saw his false smile, she knew words would have little avail.

"I see, sir, I am only wasting time. There's one last word to say, and its soon said—but it's hard to say. My Lord! if you will not tell the truth: I will tell it out before Judge and Jury, and all of them; and how you beat Ned before my eyes, in this very room, when he tried to save me from—"

"Do, Ellie! I'd advise you: and I'll swear that I found you and Ned here in this room together, and that you would not leave it or leave him, 'till I put him out of the window, like a dog. You know what I said at the inquest; I'll say more now, and swear to it—by—, I will!"

Ellie was utterly unprepared for this. Lord Elmsdale saw his advantage, and continued:

"You may swear what you like, and say what you like—but who will believe your word against mine, and I will let the whole world know you are swearing false to save your lover. Now go home and tell your priest that."

Ellie had stood still and firm through all the interview until now: but dismayed, aghast, at such utter baseness, and in the direst perplexity how to act, she sank back on a low seat near the window. She covered her face with her hands and swayed her slight, graceful form to-and-fro, with that motion peculiar to the Celtic woman when in sorrow, and which is rarely discontinued by those who have been accustomed to witness it in childhood, however they have been educated out of national customs in other matters.

"The girl did not notice that Lord Elmsdale had come nearer to her—she started at the change in his voice.

"There, Ellie, don't fret about it. I did not intend to frighten you. There's one way Ned can be saved, if you will be quiet and reasonable, and do what I ask you. Will you, Ellie?"

She looked up hesitatingly, but she had no suspicion of his real meaning.

"Anything, sir—any thing, my Lord, that will save the poor innocent boy from a cruel death!"

"Well, Ellie, it won't be hard—it's the last chance you will get to be a real lady, and have all the money and all the pleasure in the world. Promise me you will come away with me after the trial, and I will get Ned off—upon my soul, I will!" he added eagerly, for he thought she was relenting at last.

"Your soul! Upon your soul! with all the crime that's on it!—and the guilt of tempting a poor girl by your artful words!—Never, sir! never, sir! Not if you made me Queen of all the world! I did what I could to save you from disgrace, for the sake of my Lady and Miss Mary, that they might never know your evil ways—but it's no use now." With a light step she sprang to the window, which had not been entirely closed, cold as the night was. As she stepped out into the darkness Lord Elmsdale started after her, mad with rage at being baffled by a girl.

"I'll keep my word to you—by—, I will!—and we'll see what chance your lover will have at the trial. Confound you for an impudent girl, but you will rue this night's work! I'll be at the trial—by—, I will!"

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

"Colonel Everard, my Lady. He says he wishes particularly to see your Ladyship, and he hopes you will excuse his calling at such a time. I was to be particular to give the message exactly as he gave it, my Lady."

The speaker was the exact and conscientious Barns.

Lady Elmsdale tried to look resigned. She had hoped for a day's quiet before leaving home, where she had spent so many years—the home which was home to her in a sense in which no other place could be. Here she had been brought, a young, fair bride, by a husband who loved her tenderly, who had always loved her, and with whom she had never had any of these quarrels, which, if all we hear of the outer world be true, seems to be a necessity of the novels and a normal condition of life in the nineteenth century.

To Mary Elmsdale and to the twins, the change was painful, but they could not feel it as the mother did. To them, it was the first wrench of the fibres from the old tree to which they had begun to cling; to her, it was a wrench of fibres which had grown and intensified in youth, year after year, until they became almost a part of that which supported them.

Lady Elmsdale descended slowly to the apartment where Colonel Everard was awaiting the interview which he had solicited with his usual self-possession. An acute observer might have noticed a slight nervousness in his manner—diffidence there was none.

"I have done myself the honor, Lady Elmsdale, to wait upon you, even at the risk of causing you some inconvenience, on an important subject," he paused, manifestly he thought he had done the lady an honor, as well as, perhaps rather more than himself.

"We are just in the unpleasant bustle of preparation for leaving," she replied, feeling that some reply was required, but very much at loss in what fashion to shape her answer.

"I have come to request your interposition—your interference in fact——"

"Indeed, Colonel, Everard, you must excuse me. My son has left Elmsdale—

left Ireland, in fact, this morning, and, even if he were here, I could not open the subject again."

The Colonel smiled with the air of a man who had his enemy at an advantage, and who knows it, but intends to be benignant, and overlooked the superiority of his position.

"My dear Madam, I was not alluding to your son; I was alluding to your—daughter."

Lady Elmsdale had never been indifferent to the prospect of marriage between her daughter and the wealthy Colonel. Even when Lord Elmsdale had spoken of the disparity of years, and the stern, reserved manner of their neighbour, she had treated these obstacles lightly. He was a gentleman—a man of good position—but above all, he was a man of wealth. I do not think that Lady Elmsdale was more worldly-minded than her neighbors—indeed, I am quite sure she was less so than many—but she had no idea of marriage as a sacrament—how indeed, could she—and she had herself suffered in ways known only to those who move in higher circles of society, with the pecuniary means to enable them to hold their position on a perfect equality with their fellows. She wished to save her daughter from these trials, and, thinking as she did, we cannot blame her overmuch. But whatever golden opinions she may have had of the Colonel in the past, at the present moment, undoubtedly, she thought him extremely tiresome.

He did not expect a reply, which afforded her considerable relief, for his observation was one which it would have been difficult to answer.

"You are doubtless aware, Lady Elmsdale," he continued, with a self-confidence which would have been amusing if he had not been so entirely characteristic; "you are doubtless aware of the preference I have entertained for Miss Elmsdale. Have I your permission to express that preference to the young lady herself?"

Was *this* love? Notwithstanding her sorrow, notwithstanding the preternatural gravity of her visitor, Lady Elmsdale could have indulged, then and there, in a hearty fit of laughter, if the usages of society—which, for the nonce, take the place of Christian charity—had

not interfered to compel silence. Ah! those usages of society, what do they not oblige us to do and to suffer? and with what patience they are obeyed, with what exactitude they are fulfilled!

Lady Elmsdale was obliged to answer. Her reply was certainly not very connected. "I really—that is—I suppose—I believe——"

Colonel Everard interposed with courtly condescension. He would have been equally polite, and equally dignified at the execution of half a dozen Indian rebels—or the hanging of Ned Rusheen—which he would have considered a holocaust due to the offended dignity of British Law, without any particular reference to the innocence or guilt of the person sacrificed.

"I quite understand, Lady Elmsdale." It never occurred to him, for an instant, that her hesitation could proceed from any indifference to himself, personally, or that she could be indifferent to the importance of such a connection for her daughter. "I can assure you, I have thoroughly considered the matter." It did not appear to have occurred to him that any consideration on the other side was necessary; possibly, he acted on the principle, "when the gods speak, let men obey." "Miss Elmsdale is young," he continued, with the air of a man who saw objections, but considerately waived them, "but I can make all necessary allowances: she will find me indulgent, Lady Elmsdale, within all reasonable limits"—(Lady Elmsdale wondered what he would consider reasonable),—"and, I may add, I think, I really think under the circumstances, it is my duty to say that she may find herself elevated in rank by her marriage. I am correct, Lady Elmsdale" (who ever doubted his correctness), "I am speaking strictly within the limits of truth, when I say that Miss Elmsdale may wear a ducal coronet if she consents to honor me with her hand. I have not said much about it—in fact, I prefer being received everywhere on my own merits,—but I am next heir to a dukedom, and I feel it right to inform you that it is so."

What Colonel Everard said was literally true. He was not a man to lay claim to an honor of which he had not a fair prospect. Different minds have

different ways of manifesting their pride, and reticence was the Colonel's fashion. He was too proud to proclaim himself heir to the title, while there was life between him and his expectations, a frail, uncertain life—but still a life.

If Lady Elmsdale had been fascinated by the prospect of wealth, she was altogether unmoved by the prospect of rank. Strange that that which can, at best, last but a few brief years, should so enthrall our imaginations, and kindle our desires. If rank and wealth could be kept in the possession of one individual some thousand years and more, we might be excused for rating its value so highly.

"I am aware that the time may scarcely seem opportune, but you will kindly remember the circumstances. I had intended to address you on this subject immediately after Miss Elmsdale return from England; in fact, I only waited for the conclusion of her educational pursuits, to say what I intended, and then, Lord—I mean"—he hesitated with some little degree of feeling—"of course"—he continued, almost ashamed of a departure from his usual dignity—"of course I could not have spoken sooner—I would not have spoken now had I not feared that new scenes and new influences might make your daughter less favorable to my suit."

Lady Elmsdale was distressed, perplexed, and somewhat pained. Never, since her husband's death, had she felt his loss more keenly. Who was to advise her—who should she consult? It did not occur to her that her child might, in after life, need help and a friend on whom she could rely; who could be, at once, adviser and comforter, and that she could scarcely find such a resource in the cold, stern, self-sustained man who wished to unite his lot with hers.

Colonel Everard saw her embarrassment. He scarcely attributed it to the right cause, but he believed it. He took out his watch; a faultless repeater, studded with precious stones. It never varied a second in the twenty-four hours; his watch could not be guilty of such an impropriety. He looked at it methodically, as if he were calculating the time of court-martial. "I shall

wait in the grounds, Lady Elmsdale, for half an hour; and at the expiration of that time, if you will permit me, I shall return and wait your reply. If it is favorable, I shall hope for the honor of an interview with your daughter."

Lady Elmsdale felt as if she almost hated her intended son-in-law, but she did not say so. Indeed, she did not say anything, for there was nothing to be said. The Colonel seemed to consider himself the arbiter of the whole affair, and it was a condescension on his part to allow half an hour for reflection. His manner, his tone, his quite assurance had almost persuaded Lady Elmsdale to take his view of the case.

Mary was in her mother's room, which she seldom left now. Large packing cases were scattered here and there through the apartment, and all of the paraphernalia of a lady's wardrobe lay in the disorder of preparation for a long absence from home. Harry and Freddy were both with her. It was long since the twins had been together: perhaps the approaching separation from home had revived old recollections, and banished for the time more recent troubles. Discord they had never seen, and where discord is absent reunion is easily effected. They were talking almost with their old boyish impetuosity when Lady Elmsdale opened the door, and they did not discontinue the conversation; neither did she by sign or look interrupt them; she was but too happy to witness any approach to their old freedom.

"But I say, Fred," Harry was observing, "its all that horrid old foggy Colonel Everard: he has got some Indian notions about hanging men as an example, and all that you know, as they do out there; and I suppose it's all right in its way; but, you see, it's hard when it comes to a fellow like Ned, that you know or care about."

"Well, I dont see what's to be done," replied Fred, rather dolefully, "I'm sure I'd take a half-a-dozen of Baines' worst cannings with pleasure if it would save him. By jove, though, I've thought of it! I say Mary, I think the Colonel used to be a trifle sweet on you. Now if you'd speak to him, maybe he would hold his tongue, and that's all he is wanted to do, it seems, in the present case."

"There's the mother," exclaimed Harry, with some of his old animation. "I say, mother, can't we do something to save Ned. I can't bear to leave him here to be hanged." He added the last words with a touch of the very depressed manner which had become habitual to him.

"If he is not guilty, it certainly is very dreadful."

"If he is not guilty! I know he is not," Harry added, impetuously; "and I know who ought to be where he is now."

Lady Elmsdale looked greatly surprised, and greatly distressed.

"My dear boy, take care what you say. I am pleased at your eagerness to defend poor Rusheen, but you have uttered very serious words. If any stranger heard you, they might think you really knew who was guilty, and——"

"Perhaps I do know!" the boy retorted, defiantly, and then dashed out of the room to save himself from bursting into the flood of passionate tears which he was trying to choke back.

Fully a quarter of an hour had passed since the departure of her exacting Colonel, and Lady Elmsdale felt extremely uneasy. There was not—there could not be—the very least ground for hope that he would be unpunctual.

"Perhaps, Fred, you had better go after Harry. I do not understand his strange mood, and I wish to speak to Mary alone. You might tell Harry that I think she could interfere to prevent Colonel Everard giving evidence. Perhaps it will help to calm him."

They little knew that there was other evidence, even then, in preparation, which would be of infinitely greater importance.

Fred left his mother's room with little hope of finding or consoling Harry—though he would have been only too thankful, if he could have succeeded in his mission.

"I fear my dear child, that what I have to tell you will be a surprise. I am not sure whether it will give you pleasure or not; but," she concluded abruptly, "it must be told."

Mary looked an inquiry, but did not speak. She had some faint suspicion of the possible subject of her mother's

communication. She knew Colonel Everard had been with Lady Elmsdale that morning, but he had paid a similar visit a few days previously, and she had not heard that there was any reference made to her on that occasion.

"You know, perhaps, that Colonel Everard has been with me some time to-day: indeed he has only just left the house. You may, perhaps, guess the object of his visit."

Mary looked curious, but she did not attempt to help her mother even by a smile.

"I suppose, my dear, I had better tell you, at once, what the object has been. He has asked my permission to pay his addresses to you and I have promised to give him a final reply when he returns in half an hour. His conduct has been altogether most gentlemanly and extremely correct." (Perhaps Mary would have admired it more if it had been a little less so, but she spoke never a word.) Of course I do not wish to bias your choice in a matter of such importance. You are very young; this is your first offer. You are perfectly free to act as you please, but I think it right at least to point out to you the advantages of such a marriage." (Mary knew them perfectly, quite as well, or nearly so, as her mother did.) "You know, my dear," continued Lady Elmsdale, "this property has been very much encumbered, and has only lately been cleared. You know, also, that your poor father died without a will, so that we are entirely in Edward's power, and I fear we cannot expect much from him. You will only have your share of the fortune secured to younger children by marriage settlements, and I fear your chances of a good marriage hereafter will be proportionably lessened."

"What would you wish me to do, mamma?" It was a strange question for a young girl under such circumstances, and the indifference with which it was asked seemed yet more strange. But Mary Elmsdale had been well educated, in the fashionable sense of the word. She had been taught to believe in money as the great and beneficent power which could confer unlimited blessings on the fortunate possessor. She had been taught to dread poverty as the most dire of evils; to take every

possible means of avoiding it. She had been taught to love the comfort of luxuries of life, and to consider the possession of them rather a necessity than an advantage. She had certainly heard certain pages read from a Book, which one was taught to believe Divine, about love of poverty, about desire of abjection, about the snare of riches, about the value of humility; but what of that? She came home and found all those things, against the excessive use of which she had heard these warnings, esteemed as the highest possible good; how, then, could she think otherwise? The lessons of Holy Scripture might be intended for some people: for whom, she did not stop to inquire; manifestly, as far as the opinion of those about her went; they were not intended for her, and we cannot wonder that she did not feel called upon to practice them. She had, indeed, heard of monks and nuns who carried out the counsels of poverty to their utmost extent, but they had been invariably described to her as fools, or knaves—though why the former, when they followed the advice of the Eternal Wisdom; or why the latter, when they sacrificed all that the world holds most dear, she never asked, and never was told.

But there was no question now of celibacy, or question of poverty, but of marriage which, by the law of Protestant nations, has been reduced to the level of a mere civil contract. Why, then, as such, should it not be made the subject of speculation like any other contract?—and, like any other contract, annulled at pleasure. Mary had simply to consider the question from its worldly point of view. She had not yet formed any attachment; she had suspected for several years that Colonel Everard had admired her; she had heard his wealth extolled, and made an excuse even for his peculiarities; or, at least, for tolerating them. She was, on the whole, prepared to listen favorably to his offer of marriage, but she wished to ascertain her mother's opinion of the matter.

"What would you wish me to do, mamma?" Colonel Everard would have highly approved of the question, if he had heard it. Such prudence, he would have said, was rare in one so young.

"Well, my dear, If you really wish

for my advice, I think you ought to consider the question very seriously before you give a final reply in the negative. You know all the advantages that such a connection offers. Of course, a marriage cannot take place for a time under our present circumstances. If you wish, I have no doubt that Colonel Everard would give you a few months for consideration. There is one circumstance, however, which I have thought it right to withhold from you until I saw that you were, at least not averse to the marriage. Colonel Everard has informed me that there is only one life between him and succession to a dukedom, and that life is extremely precarious. Do you see, Mary, you may be a duchess some day!"

"A duchess, mamma?"

No other word was said, but Mary looked very thoughtful. Poor girl! she had yet to learn that duchesses were subject to sorrows, like other people; that dukes must die; that the griefs, or trials, and cross-purposes, and family troubles, which haunt the poor tradesman's family, are felt with equal keenness in the nobleman's household. If she had but *thought*, she might have remembered that a title had not saved her own father from a terrible and sudden death, or her own mother from days and nights of anguish. But she did not think. So near may truth be to us without having the least influence on our actions, in moments of the gravest importance.

A servant had already announced the return of Colonel Everard. "I suppose I may tell him to hope, Mary," observed Lady Elmsdale, with a smile, as she left the room. "You had better ring for Lucy to dress you. I will come for you presently."

But Mary Elmsdale did not ring for her maid, and did not change her morning dress, which she had made every excuse for retaining as late as possible in the day. In this instance, however, she had simply taken no notice of her mother's words: she was absorbed in thought of the new prospect in life which awaited her. "A duchess, mamma?" She was even yet musing upon the charming, the fascinating possibility.

Freddy came in suddenly. "There's old Everard below, Mary—if you would

only go to him—I do believe if you could get him off giving evidence, it would be the best thing you ever did in your life, for I am sure it would recover Harry. I cannot think why he has taken all this so to heart. Go now, there's a good girl;" and he stooped to kiss her with the half patronizing, half-commanding manner, which boys will assume towards sisters, even when they are their seniors by a year or two.

"I think--that is—I believe—I mean--mamma——"

"Remarkably clear, and most beautifully explicit. Hollo, Mary, what's up now—why, your face is scarlet,"—An idea had begun to dawn on him of an entirely novel character. "Surely it's not possible! Well, Mary, it's all in taste; but if you are thinking of marrying that old——"

"For shame, Fred, you know he was a great friend of poor papa's."

"So it's true, then: well, I'll shut up," and then, with a characteristic impetuosity, he added: "I say, though, Mary, it ain't true, is it?"

Lady Elmsdale came in at the moment and relieved her daughter from some embarrassment, but only to be herself still more so.

"My dear you have not changed your morning dress, and Colonel Everard is so very exact, I am sure he will not like to be kept waiting," but as she looked at the fair young girl, she thought he could not see her to better advantage than in the very attire she then wore. "Well, perhaps it is best as it is, I can bring him to your own room; I suppose the fire has been kept up there."

The fire had been kept up, certainly and blazed brightly—the only bright looking object in the room. It was in all the confusion of preparation for departure. Piles of music flung down on the ground in one corner; piles of books in another. Heaps of half-finished work, a portfolio of school drawings, fearfully and wonderfully done, and chiefly remarkable for the utter absence of even the least resemblance to nature, which they so cruelly outraged by the very fact of their existence.

There was an impossible sunset over a sea such as no mariner ever had or ever would have navigated. The rays of light from the departing luminary

extended through space regardless of optics and circumstances. There was an unhappy young lady, in the costume of a country which has not yet taken its place in the cycle of time, standing by the sad sea waves. Her attitude was supposed to express despair. Her face was considerably turned towards the melancholy ocean—this condition of things being the result of several polite attempts on the part of the young artist to "do" a side view of the lady's face with the expression which benefited the occasion. The expression would not come. The eyes, which should have contained volumes of tenderness and grief, simply squinted at each other, and declined acting in concert; the mouth had an inexpressible tendency to the left ear, which did not contribute to the general effect so much desired. The face was, therefore, very properly omitted, and only that fearful and wonderful sun, at which the lady was supposed to gaze (if you could have seen her), could tell what expression her countenance exhibited. Perhaps on the whole it was as good an arrangement as could have been made. The sun was evidently too entirely occupied with a desperate struggle to get himself down straight into the water to make any very pungent remarks on his admirer. There was also a ship, or, to be more correct, there was a brown object surmounted by a white sail—the sail was very white, indeed; remarkably so. Of the vessel in general it need only be said, it was not known at Lloyd's. And though the honorable Mary Elmsdale had obtained the first premium for drawing and perspective at Miss Mounthrasher's establishment we doubt whether her ship would have been classed as "A 1" elsewhere.

Colonel Everard did not admire the appearance of the apartment; but he behaved very well on the whole, and bowed courteously in reply to some observations of Lady Elmsdale's on the subject of the disorder caused by "packing." He handed Mary Elmsdale a chair, when she entered the room, with a characteristic combination of patronage and deference. She looked as she was, rarely beautiful; and her manner, at once timid and conscious of her power over man whom few ever had

subdued, gave her an additional charm.

Colonel Everard opened the campaign with the confidence of a man who is fully aware that he is performing an act of condescension—who is, in fact, stooping to ask when he might simply command.

"I presume, Miss Elmsdale, that Lady Elmsdale has informed you why I have solicited the honor of an interview?" He paused; Mary Elmsdale made no reply. What, indeed, could she say to such a question? "I hope that her favorable opinion will be confirmed by you, and that I may have an assurance from yourself, before you leave Ireland, that I may persevere in my suit."

Mary was still silent. Neither by look, nor word, nor sign, could he gather what her opinion might be, and he began to have some slight misgivings. Was it possible she could be so blind to the advantages he offered her? But Mary was by no means blind. The words she had said just before were still ringing in her ears, "A duchess, mamma!"—and she had no idea of losing a prize of which she knew, or fancied she knew, the full value.

"If there is anything I can do to prove —" he paused, at a loss, possibly, for a word. But Mary Elmsdale spoke now; her brother's pleading were still ringing in her ears. She loved them, and for them she could do and dare what otherwise would seem impossible.

"If you would—if you will—" The strangeness and abruptness of the request she was about to make came before her, and she knew not how to continue.

"If I will! Surely, you know you have only to express your wish, that it may be obeyed"—and the strange, hard man spoke with more real feeling than he had yet shown.

"Oh, Colonel Everard! my brothers are so anxious—all about Ned Rusheen," and Mary looked up at him in her excitement with her pure, sweet eyes.

The face she looked at was dark, and it darkened more than she cared to see. She shrank back, and though Colonel Everard was not a keen observer of other people's looks or feelings (he was too much absorbed in himself for that), he could not help noticing her expression, and he hesitated between

his natural habit of command and the new feelings which were actuating him almost unconsciously. "You surely would not have me interfere with the cause of justice, Miss Elmsdale."

"Oh! not that. But I know—I am sure—Ned is not guilty."

"Woman's logic," said the Colonel to himself; but to her: "My dear Mary, I am afraid impressions in a person's favor would not be of much value in a court of justice. But——"

"Oh, if you would only stay away, and not give evidence at all." Her pretty, impetuous manner was certainly very attractive—singularly attractive to this man always accustomed to be obeyed—and, pleased with the little contradiction of his will—as men will be, who, in greater matters, will not brook a word of opposition.

"And if I yield to you in this matter, will you yield to me?" He came near her, and drew her gently to him.

He thought he heard her say, "Yes," but it did not much matter.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

It was the night before the celebrated murder case was called. Ned sat, cold and still, in his lonely, lonely cell. To-morrow he would know his fate—possibly, by that time to-morrow. He would know whether he was to be once more a free man—free to go whither he would, to do what he willed—or, horrible thought! whether the law would sentence him to a felon's doom: to be "hanged by the neck until he was dead."

Can any one for a moment imagine what a man's feelings must be who thus awaits his doom? If he knows that he is not guilty, he is, perhaps, bowed down by the sullenness of despair; but he feels his almost certain condemnation as deeply, if not as keenly, as if he were innocent. What would he not give now for a hope of escape? Nay, there have been many men who, sooner than face the dreadfulness of men's justice, have dared to fling themselves, in their guilty horror of their fellow men, before the very tribunal of their God; who have escaped the punishment due to them here by the commission of a second crime, without

one thought of the infinitely more awful punishment which awaits them hereafter!

The priest had been with him that morning, and had tried to prepare him—as only a priest can do—for the best and worst. In either case there was the danger of revenge. It is hard for men to submit to false accusations without attempting to retaliate on those who have wronged them. Revenge is sweet for the moment, but—as Father Cavanagh had truly said—for the moment only. A momentary gratification is dearly purchased by hours of agony and remorse! And, if we die in the deadly hatred of revenge—ah! what would be the shame of ten thousand public executions, in comparison with the shame of the execution of an eternal sentence! And the pain and dismay, and the agony and horror of the cruelest of human punishments, what are they when compared with an eternity of woe!

It was an awful night for Ned. The few sounds which were heard in the prison, had, it seemed to him, something fearful in them which they had never observed before. The clanging of iron doors grated on his very soul. The heavy tread of the wardens crushed him down. It seemed as if they were walking upon his heart. He thought they were mocking him; that they were marching a march of triumph for his pain. So wonderfully do our inner feelings act upon our exterior senses. These men—if they thought of him at all—only thought of him in pity, and would gladly have done anything in their power to afford him consolation.

Some bell rang out clear and strong on the evening air. It was too late for the Angelus; he knew that. He had intended to watch for it, for the Sister had promised to say a prayer for him every evening when it rang, and he had missed it now in the great absorption of his grief. This bell was to call the nuns to the last office of the night; not, indeed, the last time they prayed—for they never ceased to pray—but the last time they prayed together in the choir. He remembered about it now, though he had forgotten the name of the office they said, and hitherto he had generally been asleep at this time. To-night he could not sleep.

Then he remembered some things the priest had been saying to him. It was about a night that his Blessed Lord had spent in prison. He thought it all over—it is wonderful how we realize what touches ourselves or our own case. If Ned had never spent a night in prison he would not have thought about it in the same way; would not, perhaps, have cared very much about it, as they do who, not having had the experience of such sorrow, yet love Him so much who endured it, that His suffering becomes, as it were, their own. He thought of the patience of that Victim; of the meekness of that Victim; and how He who could have revenged every injury with an eternal, with a most terrible vengeance, had willingly pardoned them, and would have saved them from the eternal punishment of their fearful crime if they had only repented of it. And as Ned thought about holy things, holy resolutions came to him by the assistance of God's good grace, and the more he listened to good thoughts the more grace he obtained to act upon them, until at last, at midnight, in his desolate cell, he knelt before the great Creator of Heaven and Earth, who for love of him had suffered such treachery and cruel wrong, and promised a solemn promise that with the help of His holy grace he would renounce for ever all feelings of revenge, however his trial might end, and that if it ended in a condemnation for a crime he had not committed, he would bear it patiently, and suffer for God's love and for his country. He had learned now a beautiful, a high, a holy fashion in which he could suffer for Ireland, for the country he loved so well; and he had learned already that to suffer for those we love is often harder than to work for them or to fight for them. Then he fell into a peaceful quiet slumber, and when he was awakened in the morning he was at least resigned to whatever might be the result of a day on the events of which so much depended.

The court was crowded. The trial was look forward to with extraordinary interest, in consequence of the parties concerned. The details of the inquest had been published in full, and eagerly read; and a case in which both Mr. Forensic and Mr. O'Sullivan were

engaged was always looked forward to with special interest. The Judge—Mr. Justice Cantankerous—was not a pleasant President, but this made the trial all the more attractive to outsiders. The counsel were not exactly of the same opinion.

The supreme moment came at last, as such moments will come, whether they bring sorrow or joy.

Ned Rusheen, or Edward Rusheen, as he was formerly termed in the indictment, was arraigned for the murder of Lord Blmsdale. He was desired to plead guilty or not guilty. He pleaded not guilty, but that did not go for much. The plea was taken as a mere matter of form.

The time which he had passed in prison had altered him considerably; he did not make as favorable an impression as at the inquest. He looked sullen and careworn—the light, buoyant ease of his natural manner had been quite crushed down. The confinement had told on him very much, more than it would have done on a person less accustomed to free, out-of-door's life. Those who did not know him, naturally attributed his appearance to the effect of a guilty conscience: so much for poor human judgment of others, which is often, even with the best intentions, furiously astray. Well for us when we stand at the bar of eternal justice, we shall be judged by One who knows all.

There was some delay—not much—in challenging the jury. It had been made an agrarian case of, and there was a tendency in some quarters to make "an example" of the prisoner. Of course, not unless he was guilty! But his counsel knew very well how public opinion influences the minds of jurymen;—they would cease to be human were it not so;—and in Ireland, public opinion in general—on some occasions party opinion in particular.

Mr. Forensic opened the case for the Crown. He took a calm, comprehensive review of the whole affair, with the air of a man who was convinced that the jury were too sensible, too intelligent, not to agree with him. He had found that line of pleading effective before. The delicate compliments implied in his high opinion of their judgment prepared them to listen favorably to his.

Mr. O'Sullivan was extremely quiet. It had the effect of making Mr. Forensic a little anxious, as Mr. O'S. intended it should. Mr. Forensic took the agrarian line. It was fearful, he said, that a nobleman like the late Lord Elmsdale, could not walk a mile from his own lodge gates without falling a victim to a cowardly assassination. That the case was one of murder—and wilful murder—he believed his learned friend would be ready to admit. The question was, Who fired the first shot. There had been two shots fired, one from a fowling-piece, one from a rifle. The rifle shot had been fatal, and a curious chain of circumstantial evidence pointed to the prisoner as unquestionably the person. One of his most important witnesses—indeed, two of them—had left the country; but he trusted this would not influence the jury. The reason, doubtless, was a merciful wish to avoid incriminating the prisoner by their evidence. He then proceeded with the details, which we already know, laying considerable stress on the torn comforter, and winding up with an appeal to the jury to do impartial justice, which, according to his view of the case, meant to find the prisoner guilty.

Barns was the first witness called up. He described the finding of the body in the manner already related at the inquest. His voice was tremulous with emotion; he had cause to fear, and feel deeply, for he was now left in charge of Elmsdale. The family to whom he was attached—as only an old and faithful servant can be—had left for England two days before. Their return was never spoken of; every preparation had been made for a prolonged, if not for a permanent absence.

He was cross-examined by Mr. O'Sullivan. Every particular of the quarrel in the library which he could tell was brought out, but nothing seemed gained thereby for the defence. He was asked how many years he had lived in Lord Elmsdale's service, and replied—with a sadness which made a general impression—"Since I was a boy." Had he known the prisoner long? Oh! yes, for years; for the last twenty-eight years. He had been very much with the present Lord Elmsdale since he was a boy. Had they ever had any quarrel?

He thought not. (Mr. Justice Cantankerous interposed. He did not see where the evidence was leading to. Mr. O'Sullivan replied, with profound respect, he hoped it was leading to the point.) Did he know if the late Lord Elmsdale had ever done anything which could have caused any feeling against him on the part of the prisoner? He was sure he had not. He had been pressed on this point, but swore positively that he was sure his late master had always trusted him and liked the prisoner. He was certain there never had been any disagreement. In answer to a question from the counsel for the prosecution, he said he was sure if there had been any disagreement he would have known it.

The police were examined next, and Mr. Forensic continued to get a strong point against Ned out of Egan's evidence, when he described the comforter of the prisoner, and the young man's emotion; also the manner in which he spoke of the present Lord Elmsdale, and the words he used which adroitly turned to imply that there was some reason why the deed had been done, and by him.

Jack the Runner was next called up for the crown. Mr. Forensic had had quite enough of him at the inquest. He was to have the pleasure of cross-examining him later in the day, but he was not aware of it then.

Lord Elmsdale had left Ireland—no one knew what his destination had been—and his absence, and that of Colonel Everard—who also failed to answer his name when called—placed Mr. Forensic in difficulties. He made the most of the witnesses he had.

Mr. O'Sullivan opened his defence with an admission which startled his audience, surprised Mr. Forensic—who was not easily surprised—and made Mr. Justice Cantankerous utter an exclamation which, though it consisted purely of sound without words, surprised the counsel for the crown, and, indeed, the whole bar, more than the first sentence uttered by the counsel for the prisoner. Mr. Justice Cantankerous was not in the habit of betraying emotion of any kind, however he might betray temper, and he was ashamed of himself.

"There can be little doubt," observed Mr. O'Sullivan, "that a wilful murder

has been committed, and that the pale finger of suspicion points in the direction of my client." He paused, apparently unconscious of the effect his words had produced. He proceeded when he was quite satisfied that his words and his pause had attracted the entire attention of the jury, and that they were listening to him with a degree of interest which they had not bestowed on Mr. Forensic. This accomplished, he proceeded quietly, but with steady observation of every look, of every movement, of every expression in the jury box. "I have said that the finger of suspicion has been pointed at my client; but when I have said that to gentlemen who have the knowledge of the world possessed by those whom I have the honor to address, I have said what will at once convince them that there is the strongest probability in the world of my client's innocence." The compliment was a *quid pro quo* for Mr. Forensic's, and it told upon the jury, as it was intended to do. "Suspicion! suspicion! why, just Heaven, where shall we find a man who has not been at one time or another of his life a subject of suspicion? It is a breath—a fancy; lighter and less tangible than the snow-flakes which are falling at this moment outside the court-house, and yet you are asked to hang a man upon such—I will not call it evidence; it is not evidence; I can only give the fitting name to it, and call it what it is—suspicion." He had lowered his voice until the last word was uttered in a tone of withering scorn, and in a whisper—but in a whisper which, with Mr. O'Sullivan's wonderful mastery of elocution, was heard in every part of the court. He took the tone now of a man who is simply stating a matter of fact, and who has too good an opinion of his audience to suppose that they would not believe him. My learned brother will say that he has circumstantial evidence; that certain circumstances which have been sworn to by the witnesses who have just been examined point to the prisoner at the bar as the person who was probably guilty of the murder. I pass by the question of the value of probability, and proceed to show you that there is not one link of circumstantial evidence against the accused in the whole case. An impression has got hold of the

public that this has been an agrarian outrage. When I inform the jury—as I shall do when the witnesses for the defence are examined—that the Rusheens never held so much as half an acre of land under Lord Elmsdale, they will see the utter untenableness of this idea. This was not an agrarian murder: there is no evidence to connect it in any way whatsoever with a landlord and tenant dispute."

Mr. Forensic interrupted: "The evidence at the inquest went to show it was." Mr. O'Sullivan denied it, but asked, if it were so, why the witnesses were not produced at the trial? A dispute ensued. Mr. Justice Cantankerous having "ruled" them both down with some acrimony and tolerable impartiality of snubbing, the case proceeded.

"Granted that there had been some evidence at the inquest bearing on this point, it was not produced here; and this, in itself was sufficient to prove its utter worthlessness. The first witness was Barns, a respectable servant, who had been years in the family service; and he deposed distinctly that he knew of no cause of disagreement between Lord Elmsdale and the prisoner. There was no possible, no conceivable motive adduced, which could connect him with the crime. But there was one point to which he desired to call the special attention of the jury, and that was the evidence given by Barns on cross examination, which showed that there was a feeling on the part of his Lordship, against Rusheen. He had witnesses to produce who, he hoped would throw considerable light upon this subject. (Mr. Forensic looked up.) They had heard something of the disappearance of a girl, who had lived for some years in the family—Ellie McCarthy. He would call her forward presently, and he believed he would satisfy the jury that there had been some serious false swearing at the inquest. He would be the last man in the world to throw odium on a noble family; but in the interest of common justice, as well as in the interests of his client, he was bound to see that there was no suppression of truth. The great point relied on for the prosecution was the torn comforter—and, what did all the evidence on this subject amount to?

A peice of worsted stuff was found on the hedge, where, it was admitted, it could not have been caught unless the wearer had stooped almost to the ground; and further, the finder, Mr. Egan, an officer of great intelligence, admitted that the twig on which it was fastened was not strong enough to tear it off—a sufficient evidence that the fracture had not occurred there, as the prosecution attempted to suggest. How the piece of stuff had come there, he was not prepared to say. There were frequently circumstances, even in ordinary life, which it was most difficult to explain, and yet when their real cause and occasion were known, were often most ordinary and simple. He admitted that the piece found corresponded exactly with the piece wanted in the scarf, or comforter, which Rusheen wore when arrested by Egan, but he really could not see how this proved anything against the prisoner. Why, he and his learned friend had both been staying in the neighborhood at the time. If, when shooting in the woods, a fragment of cloth had been torn from either of their coats, and caught in a bush near the scene of the murder, would any gentleman say that it was an evidence of his or his learned friend's connection with so foul a crime? And if they, because of their position in life, were to be exempt from suspicion, why should not a man in a lower class, of stainless character, be equally exempt. He advised the jury to dismiss this matter entirely from their consideration. They had been shown the scarf. He admitted that the piece produced had formed a part of the original garment—and a very comfortable garment it was—but he denied, and denied indignantly, the suspicion which was attempted to be found on so slight a basis. Surely it was possible that a man whose nights, as a matter of duty, were very frequently spent in patrolling the woods, might have a portion of such an article of apparel torn—might, in fact probably would, pass on without pausing to recover the fragment. The night was stormy—he remembered that himself—and he was sure his learned friend remembered it also, and would admit it, with his usual candor. What more likely than that this piece of fragment had been blown about by the wind, and

had caught on the hedge from which it was taken. To found even a suspicion on such a circumstance was not evidence—was not justice—was not ordinary rectitude."

The strong point of the prosecution thus disposed of, the witnesses for the defence were called.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CASE IS DECIDED.

"Your name is Ellie McCarthy?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long did you live in the late Lord Elmsdale's service?"

"I am not sure, sir; I was very young."

"You were very young when you went into service. Well, did you live five years with the family?"

"Yes, sir; I think about that time."

"You remember the night of the 14th of December, 18—?"

"Yes, sir."

Every eye was turned on Ellie, and the poor girl's color deepened painfully; but though her answers were given in a low tone they were still sufficiently clear and distinct to satisfy even an exacting counsel.

"Have you any particular reason for remembering that night specially?"

"Yes, sir; we expected visitors from England, and, as upper housemaid, it was my duty to stay up and attend to the fires."

"And did you remain up for this purpose?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what rooms were you desired to keep up the fires?"

Mr. Justice Cantankerous interrupted the examination. He could not see to what the examination was leading; thought Mr. O'Sullivan was wasting time. Mr. Forensic made a grim joke, and suggested that he wished to throw light on the subject, though it was only fire-light. Mr. Justice Cantankerous could not see it. But as Mr. O'Sullivan was markedly polite and deferential—and at the same time addressed the Judge much as he would have done a child whose comprehension was not very brilliant, but on whom, nevertheless, he was prepared to bestow all possible pains—his Lordship thought it best to subside. He had the satisfaction of knowing that

he had lost ten minutes for nothing, and that Mr. O'Sullivan would very likely remember the interruption.

The question was repeated. Ellie replied :

"In the library, in the drawing-room, and in the great dining-room." There was a smaller dining-room used occasionally, when the family were few in number, or for special purposes.

"What members of the family were at home on the night of the 14th of December?"

Mr. Forensic objected, and quoted the case of Stubbs v. Snubbs—another ten minutes was lost. It made no matter to any one but the prisoner at the bar, who seemed to be the last person on whom any consideration was bestowed; and yet how precious every moment was to him. What if the case should not close that day, and if he should spend another night of mental agony and suspense?

The learned Judge ruled for the defence. Mr. Forensic requested he would make a note of it. He did so, and it reposes at present in his private memoranda.

The question was repeated, and Ellie replied :

"My Lord and Lady Elmsdale were at home, and the two young gentlemen arrived late in the evening, and Mr. Elmsdale——"

Her color visibly deepened as she said the last words, her tone was embarrassed, and the jury noticed it.

"I am informed that there was an attempt made at house-breaking on that night by the prisoner!"

Every one looked the amazement they felt. The line of defence opened by Mr. O'Sullivan for his clients was generally original, but it was something entirely new in the annals of jurisprudence to charge a man with house-breaking who was indicted for murder. No answer from Ellie. Mr. O'Sullivan did not expect one.

"At what hour did you go to make up the fire in the great dining-room?"

"It was after twelve, sir."

"Can you tell the hour exactly?"

"It was just two o'clock, sir."

"Can you swear to it?"

"Yes, sir. I heard the town clock, when Mr.——"

"When Mr. Elmsdale came into the room?"

"Yes."

"Now, remember you are on your oath, and your evidence is of the most serious importance to the ends of justice. For what purpose did Mr. Elmsdale come into the room?"

"I—Oh, sir! I can't tell."

"Did he come to look for you?"

"Yes."

"Did he ask you to marry him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had he ever done so before?"

"Not exactly."

"Thank you, we understand. On your oath, did he ask you, in plain words, to marry him, on the night of December 14th, 18——?"

"He did, sir."

"Did he use any violence to you?"

"He took out his revolver."

The whole court was hushed, and the lowest words could be distinctly heard in any part of the building.

"Did he threaten to shoot you?"

"Yes, sir."

Ellie firmly believed that such was his intention.

"And how were you saved?"

"Ned broke in at the window, sir."

Mr. Justice Cantankerous interrupted gruffly: "Ned who?"

"Ned Rusheen, my Lord."

Even the Judge, who was more cantankerous in name and in manner than in heart and nature, was attracted by the girl's extreme modesty and gentleness. Ned's heart was beating very fast, the next question brought it down very low. It was asked by the Judge.

"The prisoner is a friend of yours, I suppose?"

"No, my Lord—I mean——" but she was not asked what she meant. Mr. O'Sullivan continued:

"I believe there are no window-shutters at Elmsdale Castle?"

"No, sir."

"Then, as I understand, a person standing outside could see into the room at night, when there was a light?"

"Yes."

"Were there curtains?"

"Yes, very heavy curtains." (Ellie knew it to her cost, and said it rather plaintively: she had had to take them down several times.)

"Were the curtains up or down on the night of the 14th of December?"

"The curtain near me was up, sir."

"How was that?"

"I had put it up to look at the moon on the snow."

"Then if Rusheen was outside, he could have seen you and Mr. Elmsdale, and could have witnessed the production of the revolver?"

"Yes, sir; he broke in at once, when Mr. Elmsdale took it out."

"That will do now."

(To be Concluded in our next.)

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CHILDREN'S GIFT.

Homeward ran the happy children,
 Laughing through the shadows grey—
 Homeward from the flowery forest,
 Where they played the live-long day.
 Rosy faces shone in glee,
 Rosy faces shone in glee,
 Flowers that many a home would gladden—
 Fisher homes beside the sea,

Came the children to the churchyard:
 Sank their songs to silence there,
 For they stood where slept the playmate
 Who was with them yesteryear,
 Then they twined their flowers together,
 Gazed and kissed them o'er and o'er,
 Laid them on the little headstone,
 Saying "We can gather more."

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOYS WHO PLAYED ROBINSON CRUSOE.

"ALL hands to the pump! Cut away that rope! Steady, men, steady!" shouted the captain, as he grasped the mast to prevent himself from being thrown overboard.

The waves were dashing on the frail craft, which groaned and creaked as though it would soon go to pieces.

It was no wonder that the boat pitched about so fearfully, for up in the prow stood Tommy Jones doing his best to wreck it, and as the boat was small, and Tommy a large boy, nearly succeeded in capsizing it.

The captain, Willie Smith, again called out in as hoarse a voice as possible, "Stand by there; larboard your helm, you lubber!"

The lubber, Jimmy Evans, put the helm to the larboard and starboard, and

shouted and assisted Tommy in giving as much motion to the boat as he could.

"Land, ho!" shouted the captain, "land on the weather beam; steady, men!"

The men were anything, but steady, though they shouted and pulled ropes as though their lives depended on it.

Not a sail was on the masts; but they had not been carried away by the wind; in fact the boat had never any sails, yet she glided through the shallow water as fast as Johnny Read, with the help of a pole, could push her.

"Will she reach the land?" anxiously asked Jimmy Evans of the captain.

"If you lubbers do your duty and obey orders," was the answer.

"Take a reef in your topsail!" "Let go there!" "Stand ready!" were the orders that followed each other in rapid succession.

The rocking and pushing continued, and volleys of orders were shouted by the captain, as the boat rushed quickly towards the shore. A moment after she stuck hard and fast in the mud, and Tommy fell into the water, which was almost up to his knees.

The captain and all hands shouted, and threw planks and ropes over to their comrade, who meanwhile was quietly walking ashore.

The captain now glanced (through his paste spy glass) anxiously around. What was to be done?—The worst danger was evidently passed, for since Tommy Jones had fallen overboard, the boat was perfectly quiet.

In the midst of such excitement, boards were taken from the boat, where they had been put expressly for this purpose, and a raft was built; the captain then ordered Jimmy to take some of the provisions and try and reach the shore.

A basket neatly packed by Willie's mother a short time before, was put upon the raft, and off Jimmy started, the captain giving him strict injunctions to be careful of the provisions, and to report if there were any cannibals on the island.

It was a breathless moment of suspense (at least they said it was) to those on board as they watched their comrade, as he pushed the frail raft towards the

shore; if he should wet the provisions, what would become of them.

Happily, the raft reached the shore without accident, and Jimmy pushed it back to the boat. Then Johnny took the axe and a piece of canvas and started, leaving the captain still on board, for he had insisted upon being the last man to leave the vessel.

Another moment of suspense, and but a moment, for Johnny was rather clumsy and slid off the raft, and had to wade the rest of the way ashore; again the raft was pushed out to the stranded boat, and the captain, after taking a line from her, so that she could not float away, reached the shore in safety.

And now, what was to be done?—Here were four shipwrecked mariner boys, half a mile from home, on a desert island in a lake, with nothing but a basket of provisions, an axe, and some canvas, and a whole day before them to enjoy themselves.

The first thing to be done was to build a house. Robinson Crusoe had built one, and it was a proper thing for shipwrecked boys to do.

Now the trouble began. If there had been but one shipwrecked individual, he could have had his own way; but here were four of them, and each one thought he knew best, and was not disposed to yield. Johnny thought that the first thing they should do, was to eat their dinner.—He was dreadfully hungry he said, after so much shipwreck. Jimmy wanted all hands to take a swim, but Tommy said that he had had enough of bathing in muddy water.

"If you boys would only listen to me," said Willie, "we would get a long well enough. I got up this expedition, and you know we intended to play Robinson Crusoe for the day. What we have to do is to build a house and make ourselves comfortable, then have our dinner, and then—well, we shall find something to do after that, at least I am sure Robinson Crusoe did."

"Why, yes, he went chasing the goats around the island, and looking for his man Friday," said one of the boys.

"Well, there no use in trying to find our man Friday," said Willie; "so let us go to work."

The boys took Willie's advice and

went to work. They cut down some small trees; and with the help of the canvas which they had brought, they soon completed what they all declared to be a splendid house; they then spread out the tables on the table which had been made out of a part of the raft.

They had excellent appetites, and the provisions disappeared very rapidly; soon dinner was over, and the boys, after sitting around telling stories for awhile, again became restless and wanted something to do.

"Playing Robinson Crusoe, is not so much fun as I thought it would be," said Tommy. "What are we going to do all this long afternoon!"

"Whoever wrote these verses about Robinson Crusoe was pretty nearly right," said Jimmy; "the solitude must have been fearful; for he was all alone, while there are four of us. What do you say to going home?"

"Yes! let us go home," said all but Willie, and he, finding himself so much in the minority, said nothing.

Now all was bustle and excitement. The canvas was removed from the temporary house, the raft was put into the boat, and off they started, very glad that they were not—what in the morning they had wished they were—real Robinson Crusoes.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG AND THE MARKED SHILLING.

I MUST now tell you a story which many believe, but which others consider "too good to be true."

A gentleman who owned a fine Newfoundland dog, of which he was very proud, was one warm summer's evening riding out with a friend, when he asserted that his dog would find and bring to him any article that he might leave behind him. Accordingly it was agreed that a shilling should be marked and placed under a stone, and that after they had proceeded three or four miles on their road, the dog should be sent back for it. This was done—the dog, which was with them, observing them place the coin under the stone, a somewhat heavy one. They then rode forward the distance proposed, when the dog was dispatched by his master for the shilling. He seemed fully to understand what was

required of him; and the two gentlemen reached home, expecting the dog to follow immediately. They waited, however, in vain. The dog did not make his appearance, and they began to fear that some accident had happened to the animal.

The faithful dog was, however, obedient to his master's orders. On reaching the stone, he found it too heavy to lift, and while scraping and working away, barking now and then in his eagerness, two horsemen came by. Observing the dog thus employed, one of them dismounted and turned over the stone, fancying that some creature had taken refuge beneath it. As he did so, his eye fell on the coin, which—not suspecting that it was the object sought for—he put into his trousers pocket before the animal could get hold of it. Still wondering what the dog wanted, he remounted his steed, and rode rapidly on to an inn nearly twenty miles off where they proposed passing the night.

The dog, which had caught sight of the shilling as it was transferred to the stranger's pocket, followed them closely, and watched the sleeping room into which they were shown. He must have observed them take off their clothes, and seen the man who had taken possession of the shilling, hang his trousers over the back of a chair. Waiting until the travellers were wrapt in slumber, he seized the garment in his mouth—being unable to abstract the shilling, and bounded out of the window, nor did he stop until he had reached his home.

His master was awakened early in the morning by hearing the dog barking and scratching at his door. He was greatly surprised to find what he had brought with him, and more so not only to discover the marked shilling, but a watch and purse besides. As he had no wish that his dog should act the thief, or that he himself should become the receiver of stolen goods, he advertised the articles which had been carried off; and after some time the owner appeared, when all that had occurred was explained.

The only way to account for the dog not at first seizing the shilling is that grateful for the assistance afforded him in removing the stone, he had supposed that the stranger was about to give him

the coin, and that he only discovered the mistake when it was too late. His natural gentleness and generosity may have prevented him from attacking the man and, trying to obtain it by force.

Patiently and perseveringly follow up the line of duty. When I see a boy studying hard at his lessons, or doing his duty in any other way, I can say, "Ah, he is searching for the marked shilling; and I am sure he will find it."

LITERATURE.

BRENNAN'S LIFE OF CHRIST.—New York: Benziger Brothers. We have received parts 13 and 14 of this praise-worthy work. Father Brennan the author, has recently received from the Faculty of St. Francis College, New York, appreciative recognition of his literary labours by having conferred upon him the degree of L. L. D. We take pleasure in publishing the approbation which His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of New York has been graciously pleased to accord to the work:—

"The high commendations which have been given by many distinguished Prelates to Father Businger's "Life of our beloved Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and of His Virgin Mother," as published in the original German, abundantly attest its excellence. We are, therefore, happy to be able to welcome the appearance of this most instructive and edifying work in its English translation: we have reason, at the same time, to be thankful to the Rev. Translator and to the enterprising publishers for having thus placed it within the reach of a wider circle of Catholic readers who, doubtless, will appreciate the benefit conferred—We give to it our cordial approbation with the expression of our earnest wish and hope that it will receive a generous patronage.

"New York, Oct. 15, 1878.

"† JOHN CARD. M'CLOSKEY,
"Archbishop of New York."

THE ILLUSTRATED CELTIC MONTHLY.—New York: James Haltigan. This excellent magazine continues to improve with every issue. The August number, to hand, contains a very fine portrait and biographical sketch of John Boyle O'Reilly, the able Editor of the *Boston*

Pilot. The magazine throughout is interspersed with beautiful engravings of Irish scenery and is filled with Serials, Poems, Essays, Sketches, Biographies, etc. etc., by the best Irish writers of the day. Two new Serials have been commenced in the present issue,—“The Angel of the Scourge,” by Dennis O’Sullivan; and “Through Night to Light; or, Waiting for the Dawn,” by Mary Kavanagh, which promises to be very interesting. The Editor, Mr. James Haltigan, deserves the hearty support of the Irish people for furnishing them with so readable and interesting a periodical, and we hope he will get it. Yearly Subscription, \$2.50; half yearly, \$1.25.

F A C E T I Æ.

An honest failure is the rarest work of man.

“Is there any clove or cinnamon,” asks a despairing moralist, “that will sweeten the breath of scandal.”

A young woman in Chicago, who had lost her speech by a severe cold, had twenty offers of marriage in one week.

Some think diphtheria is of recent origin, but it isn’t. The Baptists have had the dip theory ever since they started.

A little girl, after profound reflections, sitting in her chair by the fire, asked, “Mamma, how does a stepmother walk?”

An observing politician says that the difference between those in and those going out of office is mainly this—the former are sworn in, and the latter go out swearing.

The lover who vows that he is willing to die for the object of his choice means no more than the man who borrows five dollars and “agrees to drop around to-morrow.”

WHAT IS A HUSBAND?—He is (said a scolding wife); a snarling, crusty, sullen, testy, froward, cross, gruff, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, splenetic, surly, brutish, fierce, dry, morose, waspish, currish, boorish, fretful, peevish, huffish, sulky, touchy, fractious; rigged, blustering, captious, ill-natured, rusty, churlish, growling, maundering, uppish, stern, grating, frumpish, humorsome, envious, creature.

No man can ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

Speak of a man’s marble brow and he will glow with conscious pride, but allude to his wooden head and he’s mad in a minute. Language is a slippery thing to fool with.

Two lawyers, bathing at Santa Cruz, being chased out of the water by a shark, one of them said to the other—“It strikes me that that was a flagrant want of professional courtesy.”

UPRIGHT LEGISLATOR.—“What, sir! You take me for one who can be bribed? You insult my sense of honor. But in case I really was such a man, how much would you give?”

Butcher: “Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson’s chops, and put Mr. Smith’s ribs in the basket for him.” John (briskly): “All right, sir, just as soon as I’ve sawed off Mrs. Murphy’s leg.”

A PEN WORTH RECOMMENDING.

WE have been favored with samples of the celebrated Spencerian Double Elastic Steel Pens, and after trying them feel justified in highly commending them to our readers. They are made of the best steel, and by the most expert workmen in England, and have a national reputation for certain desirable qualities which no other pens seem to have attained in so great perfection, among which are uniform evenness of point, durability, flexibility, and quill action. It is thus quite natural that the Spencerian should be preferred and used by professional penmen, in business colleges, counting-rooms, government offices, public schools and largely throughout the country. Indeed, so popular have they become, that of the “Number One” alone, as many as eight millions are sold annually in the United States.

The Spencerian Pens may be had, as a rule, from any dealer; but, when not thus obtainable, the agents, Messrs. Alexander Buntin & Co., 345 St. Paul Street, Montreal, will send for trial, samples of each of the twenty numbers on receipt of twenty cents.

I've Gathered them in; or, the Old Grave Digger.

BASS SONG.

Words and Music by C. A. WHITE

Author of "Hope Beyond," etc.

Introduction: TOLLING BELLS.

Musical notation for the introduction, consisting of five measures. The first measure is marked *mf*. The second and third measures are marked *p* and *mf* respectively. The fourth and fifth measures are marked *p* and *mp* respectively. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a common time signature, and various musical symbols such as accents and slurs.

Musical notation for the first two lines of the song. The first line contains the vocal melody with two verses of lyrics. The second line contains the piano accompaniment. The first measure of the piano part is marked *f*. The lyrics are: "1. I've gathered them in, from the rich and the poor, I've gathered them in, still there's / 2. I've gathered them in, now they lay side by side, The fa - ther, the moth-er, the".

Musical notation for the last two lines of the song. The first line contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The second line contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "room for more. The toll - ing bell tells me now they come, I've / child, the bride. Yes, all soon will come to the grave dig - ger's inn; The".

dug it deep, and my du - ty I've done; I've dug them deep thro' the
rich and poor, He will gath-er them in. I've dug them deep, and I've

snow and rain, Death comes and goes, and comes a -gain; My
well been paid, Ah! man - y souls to rest I've laid: My

spade and my pick thro' the church-yard have been, And still I'm left to gather them in.
spade and my pick thro' the church-yard have been, And still I'm left to gather them in.

REFRAIN—*with feeling.*

I have seen the wid - - ow's tears
Oh, I've seen the or - phaned child,

The first system of the refrain features a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with triplets of eighth notes and a left-hand part with quarter notes. The lyrics are: "I have seen the wid - - ow's tears / Oh, I've seen the or - phaned child,"

Roll - ing down her checks so thin,
Mourn - ing for its on - - ly kin,

The second system continues the refrain with the same musical structure. The lyrics are: "Roll - ing down her checks so thin, / Mourn - ing for its on - - ly kin,"

And the fa - - ther, gray with years,
Weep - ing, pray - ing, near ly wild,

The third system concludes the refrain. The lyrics are: "And the fa - - ther, gray with years, / Weep - ing, pray - ing, near ly wild,"

Still I'm left to gath - er them in.
 Still I'm left to gath - er them in.

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff shows the bass line with simple harmonic support.

I'm here, I'm here, I'm here to gath-er them in.
 I'm here, I'm here, I'm here to gath-er them in.

The second system continues the piece with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) has a melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) features a more active bass line with eighth notes and rests, and a treble line with chords and moving lines.

p *mf* *dim.*

The third system concludes the piece with three staves. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) features a complex texture with many sixteenth notes and rests. The top staff has a melodic line with dynamics *p*, *mf*, and *dim.* indicated. The system ends with a final chord and a fermata.

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in September.
1	Mon	The first number of the revived NATION Newspaper published, 1849.
2	Tues	ST. SENANUS. The Irish Pontifical Brigade occupy Spoleto, 1860.
3	Wed	ST. MACNISSE, Patron of Connor. Cromwell commenced the Siege of Drogheda, 1649. Oliver Cromwell died, 1658.
4	Thurs	Sentence against Repeal State Prisoners reversed in the House of Lords, 1844.
5	Fri	Cardinal Wiseman preached in the Metropolitan Church, Dublin, 1858.
6	Sat	O'Connell and Repeal Prisoners liberated, 1844. Fergus O'Conner died, 1855.
7	Sun	Oliver Bond died in Newgate (soul play suspected), 1798.
8	Mon	NATIVITY OF THE B. V. M. Surrender of Humbert at Ballinamuck, 1798. John Martin born at Loughorne, county Down, 1815.
9	Tues	ST. KIERAN of Clonmacnoise died, 459. Cromwell summoned Drogheda to surrender, 1649. Murrugh O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, "Murrough an tothane," died, 1674. Charles O'Brien, Lord Clare, Marshal of France, died, aged 66, 1761. Thomas Russell arrested by Major Sirr, 1798.
10	Wed	Red Hugh O'Donnell died in Spain, 1602. Synod of Thurles concluded, 1850.
11	Thurs	Massacre at Drogheda by the troops under Oliver Cromwell, 1649.
12	Fri	ST. MOLISE, founder of the Monastery of Devinish Island, died, 563.
13	Sat	Steam Packets first sailed from Dublin, 1816. Doctor Brinkley the Astronomer of Trinity College, died, 1835.
14	Sun	O'Neill and the O'Donnell, with their households and families, sailed from Lough Swilly, 1607.
15	Mon	Truce with Ormond by the Irish Confederates, 1643. Irish Bishops resolve against the Veto, 1808. Seizure of the office of the <i>Irish People</i> Newspaper, and arrest of Fenian leaders, 1865. Death of John B. Dillon, one of the founders of the NATION, 1866.
16	Tues	Thomas Davis died, 1845.
17	Wed	Heroic defence of Spoleto by a detachment of the Irish Pontifical Brigade, only 312 strong, against Fanti's Sardinian Corps of 8,000 men, 1860.
18	Thurs	Battle of Castle Fidardo. The Irish contingent gloriously distinguish themselves, 1860. Rescue of Kelly and Deasy at Manchester, 1867.
19	Fri	Massacre at Wexford by Cromwell, 1640. J. J. Callanan; poet, died, aged thirty-four years, 1829.
20	Sat	Robert Emmet hanged, 1803.
21	Sun	First Orange Lodge formed in the village of Loughnagall, in the year 1795.
22	Mon	The Duke of Grafton mortally wounded at Cork, 1690.
23	Tues	ST. EUSAN, or ADAMNAN, Patron of Raphoe. Spaniards landed at Kinsale, 1601. Bishop John England born in Cork, 1789.
24	Wed	Bartholomew Teeling, leader of the United Irishmen, executed, 1798.
25	Thurs	ST. FINBAN, Patron of Cork. First election of reformed Municipal Council of Dublin. Daniel O'Connell, M. P., elected Lord Mayor, 1841.
26	Fri	Limerick surrendered to De Ginckle, general terms of treaty being agreed upon, 1691.
27	Sat	The "Rebellion" of 1641 declared at an end 1653.
28	Sun	Cork surrendered to the Earl of Marlborough, 1690. Articles of Treaty of Limerick, finally settled, 1691.
29	Mon	MICHAELMAS DAY. Donagh O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, perfidiously hung at Limerick by the English, though previously "pardoned," 1581.
30	Tues	English defeated at Wandewash in India by French under MacGeoghegan, of Irish Brigade, 1759. Matthew Tone (the brother of Wolfe Tone), executed, 1798.

Quietness and peace flourish where reason and justice govern; and true joy reigneth where modesty directeth.

The lessons of blunder, disappointment, and humiliation impress more than a thousand masters.

Nature so intertwines the grave with the gay, that the color of the web is dark or bright, according to the humor of him who handles it.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.

When thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, and the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth.—*Marcus Aurelius.*