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A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1874.

No. 7.

LINES BY ROBERT EMMET.

Genius of Erin, tune thy harp  
To Freedom, let its sounds awake  
Thy prostrate sons, and nerve their hearts  
Oppression's iron bonds to break,

Long and strong then strike the lyre,  
Strike it with prophetic lays;  
Bid it rouse the slumbering fire,  
Bid the fire of freedom blaze.

Tell them glory waits their efforts,  
Strongly wooed, she will be won;  
Freedom shows, by peace attended,  
Waits to crown each gallant son.

Greatly daring, bid them gain her,  
Conquerors, bid them live or die;  
Erin in her children triumphs,  
Marked by glory if they die.

But if her sons, to long oppress,  
No spark of freedom's fire retain,  
And, with sad and servile breast,  
Basely wear the galling chain—

Vainly then you'd call to glory,  
Vainly freedom's blessing praise;  
Man debased to willing thralldom,  
Freedom's blessing cannot raise.

Check thy hand and change thy strain,  
Change it to a sound of woe,  
Ireland's blasted hopes proclaim,  
Ireland's endless suffering show.

Show her fields with blood ensanguined,  
With her children's blood bedewed;  
Show her desolate plains,  
With their murdered bodies strewed.

Mark that hamlet, how it blazes,  
Hear the shrieks of horror rise;  
See the fiends prepare their tortures,  
See! a tortured victim dies.

Ruin stalks his haggard round,  
O'er the plains his banner waves,  
Sweeping from her wasted land  
All but tyrants and their slaves.

All but tyrants and their slaves  
Shall they live in Erin's Isle?  
O'er her martyred patriots' graves,  
Shall Oppression minton's smile.

Erin's sons, awake! awake!  
Oh! too long, too long you sleep;  
Awake! arise! your fetters break,  
Nor let your country bleed and weep.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,  
THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."  
—BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

"Over and over again, parties from the division were detached to try the approaches; but once out of the defile they were in a tempest of shells which drove them back to their shelter. A few light field-guns ventured out, to be immediately overwhelmed and silenced. Some others dragged up the mountain sides in hopes of finding the Castle within range, sent their shot wildly and irregularly around, but to no effect. The provoking little fortress impeded the march of the whole army. It was a vital necessity with Napoleon to secure the pass before night, or his movement would be discovered; yet here the day was flying, and the only position from which the pass could be assailed, was absolutely under the dominion of an inaccessible fortalice.

"Aides-de-camp and staff-officers galloped up by the score with angry orders, and rode away again dejected. Hours precious as gold were wasting, and still nothing done. At last the First Consul himself galloped furiously up. He passed the mouth of the defile alone and rode straight into the enemy's fire. His eye traversed rapidly every feature of the situation, and then he rode back again to the lines.

"'You see that flag yonder,' he cried, turning to the soldiers and pointing to the Austrian flag that waved provokingly above the Castle. 'The soldier who first lowers it will be the owner of that Castle.'

"He had hardly spoken when a stray shot from one of our guns fairly shivered a side of the great entrance-gate. In a moment, with

the shouts of demons, a full thousand sprang out into the hell fire that swept the valley. It was a perfect race with death: every instant brought its frightful crop of casualties; but, with the eye of Napoleon on them, with the splendour of their reward, who thought of death? With myself it was not courage—it was a phrenzy that took account of nothing but the prize, and of that only as it achieved fortune at a stroke.

“How we got through that unsheltered valley, Heaven only knows, but we did, and plunged into a deep water course which gave some shelter as we climbed like mad-men the height on which the Castle stood. A nearer view proved what we anticipated, that the Castle was more a pleasant residence than a regular fortress. The fosse was quite dry, and the immediate approaches through orange and citron-groves were indifferently guarded. In truth the position seemed so inaccessible that it was on the battery of artillery within the walls the commandant relied wholly to discourage assault, and once at close quarters we found our chances redouble. Beside, what cold sense of duty could withstand the onslaught of men fired beyond human courage by such a reward as ours?”

“I believe I was half a demon in that terrible onslaught. We dashed into the very jaws of the cannon, tore into the breach, dared death to all extremities. The defenders fought bravely, but as well fight against the elements unless they could annihilate us, every man. They were few in number, too, and though hardly a tithe of our men remained, we were still numerous enough to overbear them like a torrent. In through the breach we swept—into the Castle hall—every eye straining madly for the flag that still waved over the tower. I can tell you no more. I remember confusedly scenes of blood and fury that even yet make my blood run cold. I believe even among our own men bloody struggles marked every inch of our progress. All I can tell is a delirious remembrance of a death-struggle for the flag with the old Austrian commandant, each striving to fling the other from the dizzy top of the battlements. My brain still reels to recall it—I saw the dark body going down with a cry of despair, and I clasped the torn flag in fiendish glee to my breast.”

The priest shuddered, and said a silent prayer.

“War is a terrible thing!” he exclaimed, musingly.

“It is painful for me even to think of those

scenes,” the young man continued, gravely, “and I will spare you my reflections on them! Enough to say that this inhuman exploit (for which, God knows! I seek no credit) at once made me famous. I was saluted Colonel on the spot, and the Castle confirmed to me for ever. But my thoughts were no longer, if they were ever, bent on this barbarous glory. All my pleasure centred in the thought that, my prize once converted into ready money, I could return to Ireland and claim the inheritance of my fathers. On a closer examination, the Castle exceeded all my anticipations. It turned out to be the Castello d’Ugolina, the summer residence of the Austrian Governor of Milan, furnished, as I have said, more for pleasure than for war, surrounded with beautiful gardens and plantations, and crowning one of the richest and mildest of transalpine valleys.

“It was, of course, worth incomparably more than for my purposes I required; but the grand difficulty was now how to abandon the army, for every day would bring fresh battles and fresh deaths, and—I own it—I began to fear, now that I had the object of my life almost assured, some stray bullet might step in to rob me of my triumph. But how was I to cover my abandonment of a career that seemed so inviting? Desertion might end in ignominious death: explanations would be only sneered at as the apologies of a coward.

“I was canvassing this dilemma gloomily in my tent that night, and devising all manner of impossible solutions, when, to my surprise, I was summoned to headquarters by order of the First Consul. I found the General seated before a mass of papers and maps, with a few of his chief lieutenants on either hand.

“He scanned me swiftly with that terrible eye of his, and then said abruptly:

“You are an Irishman?”

“My name is the assurance, General,” I replied.

“You are not an Englishman?” he asked again, with peculiar emphasis, reading me all the while to the very soul, as it seemed to me.

“I understood his meaning and replied:

“The characters are inconsistent, sir!”

“He conversed rapidly for a few moments with one of his generals, and then addressed me again:

“I saw how you fought to-day, and liked it. I am going to entrust you with a mission to Ireland.”

“My heart bounded so with astonishment and delight, I believe I must have betrayed it in my

face, for Napoleon eyed me more narrowly still, and looked displeas'd at my eagerness.

"You are pleas'd, sir, at leaving the army," he remarked, sternly.

"To go to my native land, sir," I said, in some confusion.

"He deliberated for a moment; then took up a packet of papers before him, and handed it to me, saying:

"You have your instructions there. Go immediately, and do not stain my confidence. That is all."

"I bowed, and, taking the packet, left the tent."

"So far, at all events, Fortune was your most obedient servant," remarked the priest.

"So far,—yes," said O'Dwyer. "But I'm afraid, I must recur to another of your tumblers, Father John, to fortify me for the sequel."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### ITS MISFORTUNES.

The punch having generously smoothed the way, Gerald O'Dwyer proceeded:

"I lost no time, you may be sure, in resigning my commission in the legion, and hurrying back to Paris, where as I took good care to procure due confirmation of my title to the castle, I readily found a market among the rich adventurers whose trade it was at the time to traffic on the conquests of the army. Haste being all important, I made over my title to a Jewish money-lender for 200,000 francs in ready cash, a sum ridiculously beneath the value of the property, but still ample for all my purposes.

"I had then leisure to consult my instructions, and was agreeably surpris'd to find that they refer'd me to an intimate College friend of mine, who was in Paris at the time as agent of the revolutionary party in Ireland. He inform'd me—what I have no hesitation in informing you—that Ireland was being organized for another attempt at revolution—that the people could no longer endure their abject state of slavery—and that the French Republic would assist them to shake off the English yoke by an invasion upon an enormous scale. I knew well that Napoleon was long looking to Ireland as the weak point in the armour of his arch-enemy, England, and that for some time he had been despatching officer, after officer to report on the practicability of an invasion. A similar mission was to be mine. I was to inquire by personal observation into the disposition of the people and the extent of the revolutionary organization: to supply to the First Consul ac-

curate information as to the nature of the country, and its capabilities of defence and attack; and if I found any tangible organization to place myself with other French officers, at the disposal of the Revolutionary Directory and forward their preparations. You will be surpris'd to hear how little concern I felt at turning rebel to England."

"I am rather surpris'd you felt any," cried Father O'Meara.

"I had long satisfis'd myself that if ever our poor people were to be happy, it cou'd only be by absorption into Britain, which was impossible, or by successful revolt, which, up to that time, seem'd equally chimerical. But it was quite another thing with the enchanted power of Napoleon on their side. He had only to point his finger and Victory obey'd him. Much as I knew of the horrors of an invasion, hardly any conceivable fate seem'd to me so inhuman as that of a whole people wallowing helplessly in the very vilest degradation. In short I embraced my mission ardently, and, from the restoration of Kilsheelan, my hopes widened till they embraced the renovation of a grand old people.

"It was a perilous thing to trust my treasure to the uncertainties of such a voyage, but to leave it behind with society shiffling its moorings by the hour, and the prospect of a long war to sever communication between Britain and France, was fully as dangerous. I had it pack'd in the smallest possible space, and with a carelessness calculated to disarm all suspicion of its value, and one fine summer's night, we dropp'd out of a little creek near Bardeur, in an Irish coasting smack, having on board two French officers disguis'd like myself, the captain and two sailors and my treasure. We succeeded in eluding the English cruisers, but we were hardly in the Channel when the wind and waves seem'd to conspire for our destruction. All that night our little craft was toss'd like a cockle-shell in a furious tempest; we were hurried we knew not whither, every moment expecting to be engulf'd. Morning brought no abatement of the storm. Fortunately none of the English fleet were in sight: but the waves seem'd determin'd to do their work. A day of agony brought a night more dreadful still. The crew lost all control of the vessel, which fled and groan'd like a demon in the midst of the storm. To his dismay, a flash of lightning reveal'd to the captain a low coast-line right ahead. He had hardly hail'd it, when the ship was dash'd furiously on a rock."

"Merciful Providence!" cried the priest.  
 "And that was how your treasure melted?"

"Not exactly. The small boat was a stout one. We had barely time to launch it and transfer ourselves and such valuables as we could lay hands on aboard, when with a fearful gurgling roar our craft went down. For some time, the boat wavered between life and death, tossing blindly in the darkness; but the sky soon cleared, and we could see lights moving on shore and then a number of boats evidently putting out to our relief. How was our joy turned into mortification when the old captain informed us we were on the Cornish coast, and that our friends in the small boats were as eager to catch us to relieve us!

"In sheer desperation we turned our boat from the shore, and made all speed to put the waves between ourselves and our unwelcome rescuers, preferring all the chances of the sea, though we were without provisions or compass in a rickety small-boat, to the worse horrors of capture as prisoners-of-war. But the fates fought against us. The people on shore were not long in remarking our manœuvre, and immediately saw we were enemies in distress. Fresh boats put out, and, while we battled helplessly in the open sea, we saw them gain on us every moment till at last a shower of bullets in our vicinity warned us how hopeless our chances of escape were.

"Why dwell on the inevitable end? We were conveyed as prisoners to the little town of St. Ives, not far from which our vessel foundered. We had no object in disguising that we were French officers, and I was very glad to take advantage of my excellent French pronunciation to pass myself off under the name of Benoit, as a native Frenchman, for I well knew the penalty that awaited me, if it were discovered I belonged to Ireland. What happened the unfortunate crew of the smuggler, I have never learned; my companions and myself were after a short examination committed as prisoners of war; and my two hundred thousand francs were declared forfeited as prize-money to the Crown, notwithstanding my earnest protestations that it was private property. In my own heart I could hardly quarrel with the fortune which robbed me of my prize as capriciously as it bestowed it; but the thought that Kilsheelan was once more torn from me added, you may be sure, many a bitter pang to my sufferings in captivity.

"For nine months, we dragged out a miserable existence in a dingy Scottish garrison-town,

the fame of our army's exploits in Italy coming from time to time to aggravate the miseries of our helpless inactivity. At last peace came and we were set at liberty; but all my representations about the forfeiture of my two hundred thousand francs brought me no prospect of their recovery. I had no doubt but Lord Atholston's influence with the Ministry would have easily procured me satisfaction; but, even if I could apply to him after my strange conduct before *in his regard, I had still to keep up the character of a Frenchman, which saved me, perhaps, from summary execution.* I returned to France, and laid my case before the First Consul, who really seemed to take an interest in it, and, though he held out no hope, addressed a strong remonstrance to the British Cabinet.

"But before any definite answer was given, war broke out afresh between France and England. That was in May last. The project of invading Ireland again seized on the First Consul. I was once more despatched to Ireland with the brevet title of General, and after many a narrow escape *en route—here I am!*"

Father O'Meara remained buried in reflection for several minutes after his young guest had concluded.

"It is a strange story," he said at last, gravely. "A wonderful story, indeed! Then we are on the eve of—"

"A revolution,—yes. The country swarms with French officers, and the people want only arms and the signal to be up and at it."

"Gerald, it is a terrible word—revolution. There is a more terrible word still—rebellion—unsuccessful rebellion. Our wretched people have learned its meaning bitterly before!"

"I know it, sir, and as far as I can, they shall never have the lesson repeated. Be assured I will never be a party to hurling unarmed peasants against the power of an empire. A French army must be in the field before one life is put in jeopardy. But it *will* be in the field."

"Heaven order it for the best!" said the priest, fervently. "However it may turn out, it cannot be much for the worse, as far as our poor people are concerned. I am a minister of peace, or I might be myself—Well, no matter, I am apt to be passionate on this subject, so we will drop it. But why on earth have you made that lonely old ruin your head quarters? Bad as the times are, I have still a feather-bed to spare."

"My dear sir, I could not abuse your generosity. Besides my presence here would attract suspicion, while there I am beyond all human

search, and lonely as the old place is, it is full of a sad interest to me. Oh! by-the-bye, talking of the Castle, can you at all enlighten me as to my fellow-lodgers there—the old man, you know, and—and, I suppose, his daughter?"

The priest looked suddenly up and smiled as he detected the heightened colour on his young friend's cheeks.

"Ah! so old memories are not the only attractions there. Eh, Gerald?"

"I readily acknowledge your penetration, sir," cried Gerald, enthusiastically. "That girl is the loveliest being I ever—"

"My boy, she has turned your head."

Gerald checked himself in some confusion.

"Perhaps I have no right to speak so warmly of one I never saw but once."

"You lucky dog! how did you see her even once?"

"Strangely enough, in truth. I was enjoying my moonlight promenade on the roof of the western wing the other night—it was always a favorite haunt of mine—when I heard a step ascending the stairs at the inhabited side of the wing. I had barely time to conceal myself when she came on the roof and began walking up and down in the moonlight, just as I used to do myself—stopping betimes as if in a sad reverie and looking earnestly up to the moon. I saw her face several times, as she passed my place of concealment, and I thought it the most glorious—"

"At the superlatives again! Come, Gerald, this will never do for a revolutionist. But, in seriousness, my boy, she is as good as she is beautiful and as proud as she is beautiful and good."

Gerald could ill conceal his eagerness to hear more of her, and the priest, rallying him good-naturedly upon his excited looks, nevertheless gratified his wishes by telling all he knew himself on the subject.

"The girl is a little mystery in her way. Her name is Rose Murton, and she came here with an old man, her father, about a year ago, from England—that is nearly all any one knows about her. They live up there alone among the ghosts and rats: the old man never stirs abroad, and when Miss Rose does, she never makes acquaintance, unless indeed among the very poor, who idolize her. Stranger still, she is a devout Catholic—my dearest penitent—while her father is—nobody knows what. She is as gentle as a child, and yet so proud that she would not even make me her confidant in any beyond religious matters. But I say, Gerald—your eyes

are tell-tales, my boy. If I go any farther, I shall have you mad in love with Miss Rose."

A voice deep in Gerald's heart whispered vaguely that the madness was already upon him.

Some hours later when Gerald O'Dwyer was crossing Father John's back-yard to gain the shelter of the wood, a noise in one of the deserted outhouses attracted his attention.

"Did you hear a man's step?" he asked, quickly.

"No; I suppose it was the donkey," said Father John.

Their steps died away, and from the outhouse the figure of a man glided cautiously over the wall and into the wood, then slunk down to the road and never halted till the dazzling white cottage sacred to Mr. Jer. Murphy was reached. Then the owner of the figure chuckled unpleasantly, and muttered confidentially to himself: "I knew it was he!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### GREATNESS.

It is one of the penalties of greatness that the vulgar will persist in offering homage to the risen sun; and Sir Albin Artslade, like all other great men, had to be patient under the world's nauseous adulation. Wornied by his labours in the Imperial Parliament he came to Tipperary only to find that his greatness followed him, that, turn where he would, an affectionate people saluted him with uproar. It was provoking.

Not, indeed, that Kilsheelan on the morning of the great man's arrival, betrayed its emotion offensively. Up to an advanced hour in the forenoon, it would have been quite possible to mistake the arrangements for those of a respectable funeral, only for the triumphal arch predicted by the knowledgeable woman, which in its gorgeous arrangement of laurel and red calico transcended anything that was seen in Kilsheelan since a traveling circus, which, tradition says, visited the village when the oldest inhabitant had still front teeth. The new public house was the great centre of excitement. Here assembled the loyal people of the white cottages, dressed in their holiday costume, and seeming to be deeply impressed with the gravity of the occasion. The men of the party—a few dragoons, three or four solemn Scotchmen and the process-server—whiled away the time with drams of raw whiskey, which they discussed in impressive silence, to the great disgust of Mr. Jer. Murphy who, acting as a sort of Muster of

the Ceremonies in virtue of his office, told them plainly that he would be damned if he'd give them another drop 'unless they gev more tongue o'at of 'em,' whatever that might mean. The women were similarly sedate in their enthusiasm; they looked at each other with a vacant sort of smile and interchanged Christian remarks betimes about the state of the weather, but appeared to be in no immediate danger of hysterics. And the children—the genii of noise—looked so straight and white in their clean bills and clean faces that they might have been wooden children, if they were not tugging their mother's aprons discontentedly, or clawing the laurel branches kindly provided for them by Mr. Jer. Murphy, or blundering hopelessly through the formula—"God bless our gracious master!"—which, also, that benevolent gentleman had enjoined on them as the meekest expression of the delight which ought to overcome them at sight of Sir Albin Artslade's fair face. It would have been downright dull only for the lovely creature in ringlets, whose ordinary avocations were those of retailing whiskey across the counter and flirting with the dragoons, but who now, in flaming green costume, supposed to represent Erin, was spelling through an address of welcome from the inhabitants of Kilsheelan (once more the generous gift of Mr. Jer. Murphy) which Erin was to present to the lord of the manor, and was meanwhile getting off by heart; and, as Erin was an indifferent scholar, and the address pentasyllabic in every second line, the rehearsal was by no means a smooth one, such terms as "irrepressible manifestations," taking frequent somersaults into such as "infernal mystifications," and one touching allusion to a certain "empyrean daughter," getting painfully connected with "whiskey-and-water."

Erin's orthoepic troubles were not funny enough, however, to relieve the scene of its solemnity, and it was hard to say which group belonged to the festive party, or which to the funeral—the new people ranged around the new publichouse, or the old people huddling together in their dirt and rags around the old forge over the way, in sullen inactivity.

Between cuffing the youngsters to stimulate their ardour, and cursing the lady in ringlets, and swearing all round at the phlegmatic whiskey-drinkers, Mr. Murphy was growing desperate, when he was cheered by the arrival of Duncan MacLaren, Sir Albin Artslade's Scotch steward, who brought in a long car of reinforcement to the loyalty of Kilsheelan in

the shape of some half-a-dozen of the choicest rowdies of Clonmel and a starved-looking Highland piper, imported, regardless of expense, to supply the place of Jacky, the refractory fiddler. The gentlemen from Clonmel were not as nice in their enthusiasm as the cottagers. Rigged out in shillelchs and canbeens, beautifully typical of the Irish peasantry, they proceeded forthwith to sustain the character by gobbling up whiskey until they were insane, whooping savagely for 'Ortslade an' ould Ireland!' dancing grotesque jigs, wheeling their shillelchs, playfully hopping them off one another's heads—"jist to see av they had brains in 'em"—with many such familiar illustrations of the cottagers who formed an admiring circle round the funny Irish, and to the peculiar satisfaction of Mr. Duncan MacLaren, who, in gracious confidence, whispered in the ear of the rent-warmer:

"I'm no' snc sorry to ha' g'iven the mscals five shillings, after a'."

While Kilsheelan was thus loyally employed in organizing the great man's welcome, the great man himself was traveling from Clonmel in a bright silver-mounted carriage, with the arms of the Artslade family flaming on its panels (The College of Heralds had discovered an Artslade or two among the eminent barbarians of the middle ages). Three years of greatness had made the baronet a new man. He was vulgar still, but it was a vulgarity which could make laws for itself. Having cringed and endured enough himself, the time came that brought him his revenge on the world, and in all arrogance and insolence he wreaked it. On the outskirts of English society, indeed, not to speak of its haughty inner circles, he was still a parish; tolerated and forced to tolerate; but in Ireland his path was a *via triumphalis*, over the necks of those that scorned him and in suzerainty of those that used to be his patrons. The union decayed Irish society to the core. Of all the high-blooded esquires that tabooed Sir Albin Artslade from companionship, long ago some were dead or ruined, the rest turned into permanent absentees, and the few that remained so essentially mean and coloured with so large an inflow of *parvenus* and middlemen that their society lost all distinction, and made them ready vassals in Sir Albin Artslade's train. As for the common people, to whose antiquity he took mortal offence, the only thought of the baronet was to crush them into humility, or, if that was impossible, to efface them wholly, or replace them with his own idolators. The

change in his circumstances might be read in his face; harsher and colder than ever, in which a keen spite against the world hardly hid itself in decent condescension. There was no happiness there, but a malicious satisfaction—satisfaction for triumphs achieved, greed of others he was compassing.

Sir Albin Artslade was not alone. With him travelled Miss Cressy, now in the full flush of golden beauty, bright and gay as a flower, practised in some of society's arts, but still fresh from nature—and two people who, do doubt, represented the "sighth o' quality" of whose coming Judy Carty had given timely warning.

One of these was a sickly, milk-and-water sort of young man who was making idiotic love to Miss Cressy, and in him the reader will have no trouble in discerning the Marquis mentioned in the prophecy—the Marquis of Babbington, by your favour, owner of a proud title and—of little else. The other—we have advisedly given precedence to the weaker—was said Marquis's amiable mamma, the Dowager Marchioness of Babbington, a well preserved middle-aged lady who, behind an ocean of sweetness, had a strong will which was not long coming to the conclusion that the young people were made for one another, and, that once established, perhaps the old people— But this is an unfair translation of her ladyship's winning ways, which, considering that the late Marquis was unkind enough to leave the world before her, and worse still, to leave nothing behind to her, might fairly be classed as rare traits of essential kindness and Christian charity.

Such was the fair company that were coming to recruit themselves from London excitements in the pastoral calm of Kilsheelan.

"And so this is your dominion! What a charming valley!" so said the Marchioness in a poetic ecstasy, as a turn in the road brought them in full view of the green-and-golden plains that lay stretched in calm beauty under shadow of the blue hills. "Ah! how happy you should be, Sir Albin, in such a place, away from the world! I wonder our noisy society can ever draw you or your sweet daughter away from such a paradise. One could live and die here with those one loves!"

The baronet mumbled something about the necessities of public life, and in his own gloomy thoughts fell a-thinking would Kilsheelan ever be a Paradise for him; while his amiable companion rambled on in delightful reflections on natural beauty, illustrated with plentiful sket-

ches of her own experiences in every land in search of the picturesque.

"Oh! there is a noble old Castle! Whatever could have blackened it so?"

"Curse the old ruin!" muttered the baronet in soliloquy. "I will have to tear down every stone of it before it ceases reproaching me." Then addressing himself hurriedly to the Marchioness: "Some old place the Dames or people of that sort destroyed long ago, I believe," he explained, without moving a muscle of his face.

Cressy looked at her father with amazement; but saw that he meant what he said.

"Dear me, how interesting!" exclaimed the Marchioness, clapping her small hands in innocent glee. "I should have thought it was burned down quite recently. I think I heard of this before,—very likely it's Tara, or Brian Boru, or some of those other charming ruins you have in Ireland."

"Very likely," was the curt reply. Her ladyship's extensive information on paleontology rather frightened him.

"Ah! there's the village—how lovely!—and here—What on earth is the crowd about? I don't think they're killing one another, but it looks very like it."

Cressy laughed merrily.

"Oh! dear, no, your ladyship—they're only coming to welcome us home."

The Marchioness had to put on an extra force of amiability to conceal her confusion.

"Of course they are!" she cried, on a nearer view. What grateful creatures, to be sure! Ah! Sir Albin, much as we may value the world of fashion, it is beautiful to live in the hearts of one's people."

Sir Albin Artslade's modesty was spared a reply by a deafening uproar of voices from the village, and presently the carriage was besieged with the interesting features of the gentry from Clonmel, whose savage drunkenness was only equalled by their enthusiasm. The young Marquis of Babbington at first had a nervous feeling that murder must be their object, but the later arrival of Mr M'Laren, Mr. Murphy, and other responsible people soon gave assurance that the demonstration was one of pure though *rather* enthusiastic affection. Not being well up in the history of the Artslade family, the representatives of the bold peasantry somehow got it into their heads that the occupants of the chaise were a marriage party, of whom of course they conceived the young people to be hero and heroine; and, to the great embarrassment of all



concerned, loaded Miss Cressy and the young Marquis with declarations that—"Begor, they wor as purty a couple as iver broke bread!"—and wishes for increase and multiplication in a yearly ratio.

It was not without all manner of grimaces from Mr. M'Laren, who several times gave the rascals in charge to the devil for crackit loons, and some energetic blessings from Mr. Jer. Murphy, that the enthusiasm was directed in the right channel. But to make up for the blunder, they redoubled their screams for "Orshalde an' ould Ireland!" and, some sort of procession having been formed, with the Highland piper like an infernal spirit shrieking his melodies in front, and the orderly cottagers ranked four deep under command of the process-server, and they of the canbeens and shillelals yelling and wheeling *passim*, the *cortege* moved on in lordly triumph to the new public-house.

Here, under the triumphal arch, they halted, and Mr. M'Laren, with many graceful sayings, introduced Erin, who was scarlet to the roots of her hair and green to the soles of her feet, and, having unhappily encumbered her dress with a lengthened train, approached the carriage in a series of clever stumbles, till a few of the Clonmel gentlemen having established themselves firmly on the tail of her dress she could go no farther, and was forced to declare to Sir Albin Arslade at a respectful distance that the patriotic men and women of Kilsheelan took this auspicious opportunity of informing him that they hailed his advent as the dawn of a new era, whose effulgence would do a number of poetic things which, for all her rehearsals, Erin found to be unspeakable.

This might have been awkward, for the Niobe of Nations was proceeding realistically to spell through the first syllables of 'iridescent,' letter for letter, for the edification of the company, when Mr. Jer. Murphy's delicate tact relieved them all of the embarrassment. Flourishing his cap over his head, he shouted:

"A cheer for our noble landlord! Now, boys!"

The canbeens went high in the air, and the noble tanantry bawled like maniacs, and the Highland piper, deeming the ceremony of presentation all over, burst into a terrific rendering of "We'll ha' nae king but Charlie!" which put them all in good humour and left Erin and her address to find their way back to the public-house as best they might.

Sir Albin Arslade partook in the face solemnly. He thanked the insane drunkards

(he called them affectionate hearts) around him for their welcome to Kilsheelan, and assured them this day would dwell in his memory as one of the proudest of his life.

Whereat, on signal from Mr. Murphy, the Irish roared again, and the cottagers applauded decorously, and the Marchioness declared in confidence to Sir Albin Arslade that all the world seemed to love him—and his sweet daughter, she added in afterthought.

"But who are these wretched-looking creatures over there?" she asked, as her eyes rested on the little band of natives collected in blank listlessness round the old forge. "They don't cheer like the rest. They really look frightful."

The baronet glanced angrily at the recusant mob—so angrily and with such an evil fire in his eyes that the Marchioness shuddered. There was something unnaturally impressive in the silent wretchedness of a people used to be demonstrative.

"They must be strangers," he said sharply. "Probably skulking beggars."

"Why, pa, that's Mat Hannigan the blacksmith," Cressy cried, "and that's Tade Ryan, and that's—"

The angry look in her father's face checked her.

"They should not be here," muttered the baronet in an undertone of annoyance to Mr. M'Laren.

"They shouldn't be here," whispered Mr. M'Laren to Mr. Murphy.

"They *will* not be here," said Mr. Murphy, determinedly, and he whispered to a few of his trustiest myrmidons.

In a moment "Down with them!" became the rallying cry, and with savage yells and uplifted bludgeons the ruffians from Clonmel rushed upon the inoffensive natives. A tumult followed. The ragged, half-starved women were trampled under foot by the insane brutes: the oldest inhabitant fell in a pool of blood: the blind fiddler had his rebel instrument smashed to shreds: Mat Hannigan's sledgehammer alone stayed the onslaught; all changed to confused and noisy strife, unless Mr. Jer. Murphy, who stood like Æolus criticising the work of the storm he had unloosed.

"I think it's time for us to go," said Sir Albin Arslade, coldly. "M'Laren, have the military out to see that those people don't murder one another."

"How dreadful!" cried the Dowager as the carriage drove away and she began to realize

that she had clung unreasonably close to her companion in the terror of the moment. "Dear Miss Artslade, I wonder you're not more afraid!"

There was something very like a tear in Cressy's bright eye as she answered carelessly:

"We see so much of these things in Ireland."

"Yes," said her father, sharply, "it is their way. They break one another's heads just for amusement, and I believe it does them good."

"Dear me!" remarked the young Marquis, reflectively, "I should have thought it rather inconvenient. Fellows are apt to get softening of the brain, you know. What do you think, Miss Artslade?"

"I agree with you perfectly, my lord—where one has any brains to be softened."

"By Jove, yes!" cried the Marquis with a hearty laugh, as if that had never struck him before. "Miss Artslade, you're a genius—you really are."

"Oh! fie, my lord, you're a naughty flatterer."

"No, 'pon my word, I always said so, and ma, too. Didn't you ma?"

Ma smiled her sweetest.

"Mercy!" cried Miss Artslade, laughingly. "I hate geniuses. In pity say I'm a kangaroo."

"Will I say you're an angel?" he whispered, his cheeks tingling at thought of his audacity.

"You haven't time, my lord. This is our front gate," said Cressy, with a saucy smile.

The Marchioness was enraptured with Ashenfield and all its works and pomps, and was expatiating for the twentieth time on the view from the bay window (by some fatality or other, for ever recurring to the beauties of the old Castle,) when visitors were announced, and the entire Sackwell family were ushered into the drawing room.

Mr. Sackwell and the girls, themselves only after returning from the London season, came to hear the very latest things from town—whether their dear friends the Dalrymples had gone to Homburg yet?—how had the Duchess of Blank's garden-party gone off?—what was doing at the opera-house?—and *did* that charming lieutenant in the Guards, whom they met in Grosvenor Square, really turn Benedict after all?

The vital questions settled, there were murmurs against that miserable savage, Sackwell, who would not give the girls even one month in Brighton, where one might meet somebody, and not have the dear children cooped up in a stupid

desert like this. And here there were congratulations on their good luck in having the Artslades and their distinguished visitors so near Monard, with sundry delicate innuendos that to one at least of the girls (Araminta—the eldest and bonniest) Kilsheelan would be a Heaven as long as Sir Albin Artslade was in the vicinity.

At which the Marchioness remarked languishingly that all the world were of the same opinion—a remark which set Miss Araminta thinking that perhaps she had a rival, and set her mamma wondering in the solitude of her heart how old women could be so wicked.

Then, Mr. Sackwell had a budget of weighty political matters to discuss with his dear friend, Sir Albin Artslade—what had they done with the Parks' Bill since he left town?—had Napoleon any notion of peace?—how was Pitt since his last attack?—had Atholston any chance of the Chief Secretaryship?

As for Charlie Sackwell, now grown into a big-boned, broad-shouldered, good-hearted stupid, all his attention was absorbed in Miss Cressy, who laughed and blushed a good deal under his ardent glances of admiration, and found some difficulty in adjudging who was the more stupid—the young Marquis, or the young rustic.

"But you haven't told me a word yet about my friend, the pup?" said Cressy, anxious for some diversion of his seemingly petrified stare.

"Snoozer! what a jolly name!" hisped his lordship. "He must be a fine fellow with such a name."

"Yes—kills a rat every morning of his life for breakfast."

"Lord bless me! Do you—at least don't you object to rats for breakfast?"

Cressy broke into a rippling laugh.

"Eh?" queried his lordship, who was floundering for an explanation. "Pon my word, you must excuse a fellow's ignorance. I don't think we ever get rat for breakfast in town."

Not without difficulty Cressy composed herself to say:

"Why, my lord, Snoozer is a bull-dog!"

"A bull-dog! Oh!" exclaimed the Marquis in a prolonged and doleful strain. "I'm afraid I never shall understand Ireland."

"Mr. Sackwell will teach you all about it, my lord," said Cressy, who took a malicious delight in contrasting the stupidity of her queer admirers. "He's so fond of Ireland, he never leaves it!"

"Do you shoot?" queried Charlie, abruptly.

The question awoke fearful memories of twelve paces and fighting families in the mind of his lordship, who answered doubtfully:

"What?"

"Duck, grouse, pheasants, anything?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the Marquis in great relief.

"Yes—at least a little."

"Ride to hounds?"

"A—a very little."

"Dance! Oh! I adore dancing."

"Well, that's all I know about Ireland."

"Is that all?" cried the Marquis, raising his brown eye in wonder. "I thought there was—ah—something more."

"So there is," said Charlie, complacently. "But the soldiers and the rebels settle that between them."

"Do you know," said Mrs. Sackwell, as her worthy family tumbled home in the big family coach. "Do you know, I think that old woman's airs odious. She positively simpers like a girl of sixteen."

"But I think the Marquis very nice," put in the youngest of the girls, with a romantic sigh.

"And I," said Miss Araminta. "I think poor Sir Albin is looking very unhappy—his life is so lonely."

"What do you think, Sackwell?" said Mamma tenderly.

"I agree with you perfectly, my dear," smiled her affectionate spouse.

"But what do you think, Charlie?" asked one of the girls, wickedly.

"I think it's time for dinner," said Charlie solemnly.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

ROSE.

There was a little spot in one of the wildering gardens of the Castle which Sir Albin Artslade permitted the old caretaker to cultivate, as though to publish the more loudly to the world the desolation of all around. Here, when the rheumatism was asleep, old Richard Marton used to amuse his lonely hours in gardening, and here, on the morning after Sir Albin Artslade came to Kilsheelan, Rose, his pretty daughter, was engaged in trimming a border of simple flowers everyone of which she knew from its infancy, and every blossom of which was a dear friend.

The morning being a sunny harvest one, she was attired carelessly in a dress of pure white, a broad straw hat left her long black hair flow

in masses over her shoulders. We have heard that Rose Marton was a mystery. It might be read in her face. The very image of simple innocence, it yet suggested questions to which the history of the Martons gave no answer. She was poor, humble, the cheerful daughter of a gloomy and querulous old man—yet there was a natural dignity and refinement in her air which was always struggling with the belief that she was what she seemed.

In truth, Rose Marton was a mystery to herself, and many a lonely hour she strove in vain to interpret it. Far as her memory reached, she was Richard Marton's darling child, beloved with a strange melancholy love; her daily task to lighten his gloom, to pray, and to shudder lonely in the great solitude of London. She never recollected to have seen her mother alive; but old Richard had a portrait of her on which he would gloat for hours at once; and in the dark olive skin, in the large almond eyes and passionate beauty of that face, Rose found new food for wonder, new grief in her lonely moments to think she only knew that her mother died. Richard only spoke of her goodness and beauty—never of the history Rose pined to hear—never of his own history—never of his own gloomy grief.

How bloomed so glorious a prison-flower in the atmosphere of such a life? How came the sun to unfold the petals, to nourish the tender stem, to flower it with exotic blossoms? The shadow of those melancholy years hung around her, but so rarefied by gentleness, so glorified by the heroism of virtue, that it was as a halo. It left no stain on her beauty, but rather gave it preternatural charm. Her face shone with that ideal purity Da Vinci sought to paint—a combination of southern warmth and softness with the chastity of northern beauty—features as clear and regular as those of a Venus de Medici—rich, clear colour in the cheeks—and eyes full of that shifting light which no pencil can ever fix—which, sometimes beaming gently as the violets in spring, deepens anon into a passionate love-light, gleaming deep down in the soul, and again flashes darkly with an awful dignity.

Yet it was a human face, a face that spoke the heart's eloquence with silver tongue. Innocence and gentleness it always spoke—an innocence that might have captivated a savage—a gentleness equally powerful to soothe her father's querulous temper and to charm away the miseries of her helpless neighbours—a gentleness which, in asserting nothing, com-

passed all. But behind the pride with which she guarded her reserve—behind the sweet, uncomplaining cheerfulness which all the world knew, and which her silent sorrows never dimmed—there shone in her deep earnest eyes some image of the heart within—a heart that in its deep solitudes, yearned for sympathy, a lonely Paradise, a vast golden tovenime that to its deepest core pined for the light of kindred love. It was an angelic nature alone that could have flourished where her life flourished; but hers was a woman's nature, too, which whispered life was not all a sacrifice, not all bound up in nameless griefs, and ascetic virtues, and ghostly ruins.

Some such thought seemed to have come upon her now; for she halted in her task of watering the flowers to listen in a posture of exquisite attention, to a pair of thrushes which were singing their matin songs joyously in a neighbouring tree. The sweet notes chiming clearly in the morning air seemed full of love's language and purity.

A tear came softly to her eye as she listened. The birds sang so happily. With a little sigh, she was turning again to the flowers, when a light footstep behind startled her, and turning she found herself clasped in the embrace of Cressy Artslade, who hugged her again and again fondly, and showered kisses on her lips and cheeks.

"Dear Rosie, I didn't frighten you, did I?" cried the impulsive girl, laughing merrily. "You know we only came yesterday—papa and I and the rest of us—and I could not be easy till I saw you. Indeed, Rosie, you're the only one I care to see in Kilsheelan now; you and—perhaps the old Castle. So I thought I'd just run over and give you a great jolly fright."

"Dear Miss Artslade, it was very kind of you to come to see me," said Rose, kissing the bright face of her little friend tenderly.

"Don't, please, call me that horrid name again, or I shall go away. My name is Cressy. I hear enough of 'Miss Artslade'—'Miss Artslade,' from the Marquis."

Rose smiled and said:

"It is well somebody is allowed to keep the proprieties."

"You don't know the Marquis, Rosie?—But of course, you don't. Oh! he's such a precious torment!"

"Poor child! What can he be?"

"Only a lover."

"Is it so terrible to have a lover?"

"No, Rosie, if he was a nice one. But such

queer lovers as I have! There's Charlie Sackwell that will do nothing but stare into your eyes for a whole hour together, and the poor Marquis— Well I do believe he is a little fond of me, but he's such a silly boy! He's for ever mixing up love and the stars and his London slang, and I'm afraid to be alone with him for a moment, for I know he'd be on his knees and asking me to be his wife. And then there would be such a scene! Fancy his writing a sonnet about my eyes—that's his latest tease—"

"Blame those wicked eyes themselves," said Rose, gazing with admiration at her companion's fresh joyous face. "The Marquis had been blind if they did not inspire him."

"Nonsense! Rosie, are you, too, going to join my tormentors?"

"To tell you how beautiful you are—yes."

"Why what is my poor beauty besides yours, Rosie?" cried the generous girl, putting her cheek up to her companion's as if to contrast them. "If the Marquis only knew *you*, his poor brain was surely doomed."

A shadow of pain came on Rose's beautiful face, which made her mouth quiver for a moment and drew tears into the large pure eyes.

"Please do not speak that way, Miss Artslade," she said, earnestly. "It is not right you should. I am a poor caretaker's daughter, while you are—"

"Your devoted lover, darling," cried Cressy, clasping her again to her breast. "But there, as you don't wish it I'll say no more. What do you wear in that locket? No young gallant, I'll be bound, but perhaps some nasty old saint or other?"

An enchanting blush stole over her cheeks and brows which Cressy was quick to notice, and kissing her affectionately, cried:

"I beg a thousand pardons, dear—I never thought it was anything particular."

"Nor is it anything particular," said Rose, smiling, and detaching the locket from the simple ribbon by which it hung from her neck. "I found it in one of the halls of the old Castle, and we see so few new faces here, I kept it just for company. See, the colouring is very beautiful."

It was now Cressy's turn to crimson all over. The first glance at the picture enshrined within the locket stirred up thoughts that were slumbering for years, visions which in the world's glare, had grown dim and faded. It was a coloured miniature, exquisitely life-like, of the

head of a youth who had chivalric manliness glowing in every clear line of his face, truth and earnestness in his eyes, and on his high white brow, set in a disordered sea of chestnut curls, the dignity of lofty thought.

Cressy felt her heart beating strangely at sight of that face; her thoughts wandered back over the years, till her eyes swam in soft tears.

Rose marked the change with astonishment.

"You know that face, then?" she said, gently.

"Know it! Don't you?"

"How should I, who only knew father and you?"

"Oh! Rosie, he was the dearest friend I ever had. That face of Gerald O'Dwyer's—he who ought to be the owner of the Castle."

"What! Is that a picture of the young man who burned down the Castle for revenge?"

"He never did, Rosie. Do not believe it—he was the very soul of honour."

"Is he, then, dead?" asked Rose, betraying an interest she could not account for.

"Alas! nobody knows. Since the night the Castle was burned, he has never been seen in Kilsheelan. They say he went away to France and became a soldier. If so, I suppose he died—all noble soldiers do."

"What a strange story!" Rose exclaimed, reflectively. "But he may not be dead. Perhaps it is not right to keep the portrait."

She stopped, deliberating, and Cressy looking up into her sweet face saw a revelation there.

"You like it?" she said quickly.

Rose blushed again and her eyes fell gently beneath their lashes.

"It was only a picture to me," she said softly, "and it has lightened many of my lonely moods."

Cressy twined her arms lovingly around the marble neck and kissed her lips.

"Dear Rosie," she whispered, "keep it."

For a moment a tear trembled in her eye and she seemed to hesitate.

"No; I ought not—I cannot," she cried, firmly; and before a second thought could come, she had crushed the frail miniature under her heel and shivered it ruthlessly to pieces.

Cressy stared at her in blank amazement.

"You are a strange girl!" she cried, breathlessly.

Rose laughed—perhaps a little sadly.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, gaily. "What would a young man think who found me appropriating his portrait?"

"What would he think if he found you destroying it?"

"But he won't. And now it's done," she added, as if anxious to change the subject, "and it's nearly father's hour for breakfast."

"How is he, Rose? He used to be eternally in doors?"

"He never stirs out—hardly ever. Sometimes he writes, and at other times I read for him, and other times again he falls a-dreaming for hours—when he is not very sick."

"Dear Rosie," said her young friend, with a shudder, "how lonely you must be in that great dusty old ruin always by yourself?"

"Sometimes I am lonely," and she sighed gently, but with unutterable sadness, "the Castle is so old and desolate."

"I should die for fear of the ghosts," said Cressy, with a pretty look of terror. "Papa might have rebuilt it and lived here only for me."

"I have become used to them," said Rose, with a sad smile. "Sometimes I begin to fancy I must be a ghost myself. But it is naughty to be talking this way while there is a God above us."

Cressy gazed wonderingly into the pure face and again embraced her fervidly.

"Dear Rosie, I wish I was like you," she cried, resting her cheek fondly against her's, and leaving her laughing golden hair mingle with Rose's thick ebony tresses.

The girls embraced lovingly, in an impulse that was all human, a secret sympathy that seemed a link of sisterhood.

A thin petulant voice from the caretaker's room interrupted them.

"Father is calling: I must go," cried Rose, hurriedly disengaging herself. "I thank you deeply for coming to see me, Miss—"

"Will you ever learn my name?"

"Cressy, then, as you wish it. Indeed it is a joy to me to see you."

"Then I'll come and tease you often while we're in Kilsheelan, and you'll hide me from the Marquis. But I never will forgive you for breaking poor Gerald's portrait."

"Why dear?"

"For if you had not kept it, I would. There now, Rosie, don't think me naughty. Good-bye!"

(To be continued.)

Do not stop to examine the evil which others do, but think only of the good that you should do yourself.

(For the HARP.)

## A TRIBUTE

*To the Memory of our own Loved,*

TO M. OF LORETTO.

BY A. M. D. G.

Those who were best acquainted with her unobtrusive but genial nature feel most keenly the loss sustained by the wide circle of friends to whom she had endeared herself in numberless ways. Her superior talents, elevated and rendered more beautiful by their immolation to the service of God have left their holy impress on all hearts. So sweet and powerful was her voice, that the title of "The Nightingale of Loretto" was unanimously accorded her. She was a native of Montreal, her name being Miss Annie McGinnis. An intimate friend of hers begs to offer the following tribute of affection to the pure young soul who has gone thus early to her reward:

*"Not lost but gone before."*

Oh no! she is not lost, thou loved and cherished,  
Thou'st slumbering deep beneath the churchyard's sod;  
'Tis but the worthless casket that has perished,  
While she has gone before us unto God.

She is not lost! in youth's bright sunny morning,  
She gave her heart with all its hopes to God,  
Then from the world and all its allurements turning,  
She meekly walked the path her Saviour trod.

She is not lost! her lamp was trimmed and burning,  
When rang the midnight cry, "Behold he is here!"  
And bright as dawn of the eternal morning,  
It shone in Death's lone vale serene and clear.

She is not lost! for with a love undying,  
She gently hovers o'er the friends left here,  
And towards the "Pearly Gate" is ever striving,  
To draw the wandering feet of those so dear.

Oh no! she is not lost, the loved and cherished,  
She lives in heaven to fade and die no more,  
And when this tenement of clay has perished,  
May my soul greet her on the Eternal Shore.

\* She was disinterred and taken to the Convent at  
at Niagara Falls, where she now lies.

## DEAD BUT NOT BURIED.

When a friend dies and is buried, there's an end of him. We miss him for a space out of the daily existence; we mourn for him by degrees that become mercifully less; we cling to the blessed hope that we shall be re-united in some more perfect sphere; but so far as this earth is concerned, there's an end of him. However near and dear he was the time arrives when he does not form a part of our daily thought; he ceases to be even an abstraction. We go no more with flowers and tears into the

quiet cemetery; only the rain and the snow flakes fall there; we leave it for the fingers of spring to deck the neglected mound.

But when our friend vanishes unaccountably in the midst of a crowded city, or goes off on a sea voyage and is never heard of again, his memory has a singular tenacity. He may be, to all intent and purpose, dead to us, but we have not lost him. The ring of the door-bell at midnight may be his ring; the approaching footstep may be his footstep; the unexpected letter with foreign postmarks may be from his hand. He haunts us as the dead never can.

The woman whose husband died last night may marry again within a couple of months. Do you suppose a week passes by when the woman whose husband disappeared mysteriously ten years ago does not think of him? There are moments when the opening of a door must startle her. There is no real absence but death.

## THE WITCHERY OF MANNER.

Almost every man can recall scores of cases within his knowledge where pleasing manners have made the fortune of lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants, and, in short, men in every walk of life. Raleigh flung down his lace coat in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on, and got for his reward a proud queen's favor. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with, becomes instantly his friend. The very tones in which he asks for a pinch of snuff are often more potent than the logic of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within it. Civility is to man what beauty is to woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament—the most beautiful dress that a man or woman can wear—and worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn. The gruffest man loves to be appreciated; and it is oftener the sweet smile of a woman, which we think intended for us alone, than a pair of Juno like eyes, or "lips that seem on roses fed," that bewitches our heart, and lays us low at the feet of her whom we afterwards marry.



A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

\$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Articles for publication solicited.

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Printer and Publisher, 35 St. John Street, Montreal.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1874.

THE HARP.—We have to thank our friends for the numerous letters of encouragement they have sent us, and are very glad to hear that they appreciate our efforts in endeavoring to make THE HARP what an Irish-Canadian Magazine ought to be. We have also received communications approving very much of the design on our cover, of which we here give a rough description for the benefit of our readers. The design is thoroughly Irish. The arch, which is a beautiful specimen of old time architecture, is from King Cormac's Chapel in the Rock of Cashel. On the right of the design is a female figure emblematic of Erin mourning for her country under a willow tree, with her harp unstrung; an Irish wolf-dog at her feet in chains. On the left is represented a warrior in a pensive attitude leaning on his sword listening to the music from an Irish bard of the olden time. In the centre is a distant and admirably executed view of the Rock of Cashel with the celebrated ruins thereon. In front of it is the ancient Crown of Ireland, several specimens of ancient sculpture, &c. Underneath the Rock to the left is a head of the red deer of Ireland, with a bow, hunting-horn and battle-axe, and to the right is an ancient Irish Cross adorned with shamrocks. On the corners are represented shields bearing the arms of the four provinces of Ireland, while the outline is decorated with shamrocks, ivy, &c. The border is also taken from ancient Irish carving. An Irish war harp is slung in the centre of the arch. The artist is Mr. J. H. Walker, 437 St. James Street, who is an Irishman, and on whom the design reflects the highest credit. It was engraved by Walker & Wiseman of this city. To our friends of the Press we desire to return our warmest thanks for the kindly notices we receive at their hands. In conclusion we assure our patrons that we will leave nothing undone to make THE HARP useful, instructive and entertaining.

## INTEMPERANCE—ITS ONLY REMEDY.

Intemperance properly means excess in eating or drinking, but it is commonly used to express excess in drinking spirituous liquors. Its legitimate offspring is drunkenness, which Webster defines as "a state in which a person is overwhelmed or overpowered with spirituous liquors, so that his reason is disordered, and he most commonly reels or staggers in walking." In its effects, drunkenness is portrayed by Dr. Challoner thus: "It often robs men of their reason, destroys their health, brings upon them a variety of diseases; it shortens their lives, consumes their substance, disturbs the peace of their families, withdraws from their wives and children their necessary subsistence, gives scandal and bad example to neighbors, foment the passions, shuts the gate against the grace of God and all good, and opens it to all evil."

Intemperance is, indeed, a terrible vice, but we do not believe that it is "the root of all evil," or the "mother of impurity," as some earnest temperance lecturers are wont to affirm. "Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum, et in peccatis concepit me mater mea," says the psalmist. And the church teaches that we were all born children of wrath, with a corrupt nature, and propensity to all kinds of sin. The most heinous offences against the laws of God and society, the blackest sins, are committed in cold blood, when the passions are not excited by alcohol. Take for example idolatry, or fornication, or murder, or extortion, or theft. The brain of the idolator is not fired by rum; nor is that of the polished seducer, nor that of the crafty extortioner. And what greater criminal can be imagined than the cool and deliberate murderer? What greater rogue than the professional thief? If Our Lord has said that the drunkard shall not possess the kingdom of God, so also has He said of the thief, the extortioner, the murderer, and the adulterer. Why, therefore, intemperance has been selected from a long category of vices as a special target for the social reformers of our day to shoot at, we do not understand.

The disease or sin of intemperance is similar to any other carnal sin—impurity, for instance. Both have their root in our fallen nature; both attack the peace of the family; both undermine society. How do we arrest the progress of impurity, and banish it from the system? By enacting and enforcing in the courts prohibitory laws? No! By forming societies

whose individual members are pledged to abstain from impurity in thought, word, and deed? No! How then? By the confessional; by the sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist; by prayer. These remedies, and these only, can subdue the passions, and restore health to the soul. Ten thousand prohibitory liquor laws, all rigidly enforced, will never destroy an appetite for liquor, and, therefore, will never banish the disease of intemperance. Total Abstinence societies and the "pledge" are useless without frequent confession, communion, and prayer. To fight and conquer evil, no matter under what form, we need not become members of this "society" or that "union," if we are faithful members of that most perfect union, the Catholic Church, if we obey her in all things, and frequently approach her altars. We know that Total Abstinence societies, when and where properly established, have the approval of the clergy, and we do not wish to disparage them. We do not, however, believe, for reasons above stated, that they are at all necessary, and we fear that they will before long serve, passively at least, for purposes alien to the holy virtue of temperance. Already wily politicians are trying to use them as stepping-ladders to the legislatures. "Elect me, and I will vote for a prohibitory liquor-law," is becoming a favorite campaign cry. It would be sad, indeed, to see societies professedly Catholic handled as the vilest political tools. But there is no need to look into the future, however near, for serious objections to societies of this kind. As they stand at present, their defects are the most powerful arguments that can be used against them. Is it not true that, unless continually under the eagle eye of the priest, they are apt to drift into heresy—material heresy at least? It is rank heresy, pure Manicheism; to say that spirituous liquors are not creatures of God, that they are intrinsically evil, and that whoever uses them is thereby guilty of sin. Frequently members of Catholic Total Abstinence societies, in their attacks on liquor dealers and liquor drinkers, fall, without knowing it, into this heresy. We have noticed it more than once; the Bishop of Salford (Eng.) has noticed it, too; and, in order to provide against repetitions, he has instructed the Salford Diocesan crusade against intemperance (which, by the by, differs from our T. A. societies) to adopt a resolution declaring that "no person can be a member of the Salford Diocesan crusade against the vice of intemperance who

does not from his heart reject this (Manicheism), and every other heresy condemned by our Holy Mother the Church."

The more we reflect on Intemperance and its effects, and the closer we watch the working of Total Abstinence societies, and Protestant associations of Good Templars or Sons of Temperance, the stronger grows our belief in prayer and the sacraments as the only remedy for a most mischievous vice. Sweet prayer! The recollection and the contemplation of heavenly truths! "This creates in the soul another kind of appetite for the things of God, and gives her a disgust for all sensual and carnal satisfactions. The relish of truth, and the consideration and meditations on God's eternal banquet, in which He will inebriate His guests with the never-failing plenty of His house, and make them drink of the torrent of His pleasures, are abundantly sufficient to wean the soul from all sensual affections and the delight of taste."

#### THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

It has never been supposed, we trust, that the strong desire shewn in the several pages of this periodical for the honor and interests of our native country precludes proper consideration on our part for the land we live in. Certainly it has been no part of our intention while contending for just and salutary government for Ireland to deprecate the rights of Canada, or encourage indifference to their value and importance. Any such views would be simply wrong, whether in this country from choice or necessity it is the duty of Irishmen to cherish a patriotic desire for its advancement, its elevation; and, to that end, to discharge faithfully, from day to day, all the obligations of citizenship. Hitherto they have not been wanting in this duty towards Canada. It is of official record that in trying times they have been eminent for their "fidelity and loyalty;" and it is equally true that they have contributed largely to the sound statesmanship and constitutional rule by which the country has been so much benefited in modern days. This is as it should be; and we are proud to say that our race has shewn a similar aptitude for good work in every country to which, from the earliest days of misfortune, destiny has directed them. A pen not given to eulogize the Irish—though not often malicious—Macaulay's, has written that soon after the conflict between James and William, resulting in the treaty of Limerick, 'Irishmen distinguished themselves in every



Court in Europe,—the McMansons of France, the Nugents of Austria, the O'Donnells of Spain, the O'Duyls of Portugal;—“méin,” he adds, who, had they remained in Ireland, would have been annually insulted by the miserable squireens who drink the glorious, pious, and immortal memory.” Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has rendered eminent services, as a statesman, to Australia; Thomas Francis Meagher, in the United States, entered most loyally into the nation's cause against a vile foe; and the Hon. T. Anglin has been elevated to the dignity of the first Commoner of the Dominion in acknowledgment of able and long-continued exertions in behalf of his adopted country. Nor can it be denied that Canada is worthy of the best love of her sons, whether by birth or adoption. Her early history is full of interest; her present position is certainly important, being, according to Mr. Blake—high authority—“far in advance in the application of real republican principles of the government either of England or the United States;” her future it is difficult to predict—in all likelihood it will be one of distinction and superior nationality. The past of this country has much in it of special interest to the Irishman.

The struggles which preceded the establishment of *Home Rule*, and the marked, beneficial results of the change, are instructive as well as interesting. We see that prosperity, as in the case of every country,\* was greatly influenced by the development of freedom. Before the historic period of 1840 the system of government was virtually oligarchical. There was a Parliament in each of the then Provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, but such measures only were passed as the Governor of the day indicated or directed.

\* “It was only after the establishment of their independence that the American people seemed to consider themselves as anything but sojourners in the land of their nativity. Before that era, their inventions, their wealth, and their glory, centered in the Isle of Britain as unerringly as the needle pointed to the pole. Forty years of self-government has done for them what a century and a-half of dependence was unable to achieve.”—Cooper's “Spy,” opening of 25th chapter.

*Per contra*—John Bright says of India, “In a single English county there are more travelable roads than are in the whole of India; and the single city of Manchester, in the supply of its inhabitants with the single article of water, has spent a larger sum of money than the East India Company has spent in fourteen years, from 1834 to 1848, in public works of every kind throughout the whole of its vast dominions. In India there is scarcely a decent road, the rivers are not bridged, there are comparatively no steam engines, and none of those aids to industry that meet us at every step in Great Britain.”—Speech on second reading of Indian Bill, June 24th, 1858.

Progress was, therefore, much retarded; immigration was discouraged; and the aspirations of the people for local improvement and expansion were repressed by an irresponsible, selfish, and often corrupt Executive. In fact such was the disreputable condition of Upper Canada, in particular, that Lord Sydenham, who was sent from England to re-model the government, declares in a letter to his brother, published in his life, that had he been in the country in 1837, he would have been a rebel himself.

Under responsible or Parliamentary Government, secured in 1841, general improvement soon commenced. Old questions of difficulty were judiciously disposed of in almost rapid succession; education, especially of the elementary kind, received an extraordinary impetus; and the material prosperity of the country was shown by an increase in the public revenue from a million of dollars under the old system to close upon six millions, three-fourths of which was derived from customs duties. Our canals were extended so as to reach a total of 235 miles; and in a short time not less than fourteen railways were constructed. The principal of these, the Grand Trunk, extends from *Riviere du Loup* in the East to Sarnia in the West, a distance of nearly 1,100 miles. The most striking feature of this road is its more than magnificent Tubular Bridge, crossing the St. Lawrence at West Montreal. No description could enable the mind's eye to realize the grandeur of this work. It must be seen! Its cost was not less than two millions of pounds sterling, or nearly \$10,000,000. Its height above summer water-level is sixty feet; twenty-five thousand tons of stone and seven thousand five hundred tons of iron are imbedded in it; the contents of its masonry are three millions of cubic feet; and its total length, from bank to bank, is ten thousand two hundred and eighty-four feet, or fifty yards less than two English miles. Some \$20,000,000 was expended by the Canadian Government, from 1853 to 1863, in aiding the construction of the Grand Trunk and other railways; a wise expenditure, however, seeing that led to the investment of at least \$100,000,000 of English capital in these several works.

There can be no doubt that the railway system contributed largely to the advancement of the country. In less than ten years after it came into operation the census showed that the population had increased from one million eight hundred thousand to two millions five

hundred thousand, a rate of nearly forty per cent. In the same period, the customs advanced some seventy-five per cent., and the aggregate trade of the Province from fifty-four millions of dollars (imports, \$30,000,000; exports, \$24,000,000).

But Canada, like most free and prosperous countries, could not escape debt. In 1853 the aggregate of her liabilities was \$19,000,000; in 1863 it was more than \$65,000,000; and when Confederation was proposed, in 1869, it reached the startling amount of \$77,000,000. Much of this—we should, perhaps, say most of it—was properly borrowed, and judiciously expended.

Still, it must be admitted that financial blunders, if not crimes, were committed; and this was so evident in England, where, no doubt, the question was carefully examined, that on the 14th September, 1865, the *Times* solemnly stated that “nothing but the unscrupulous profligacy of her financial administration limits the supply of British capital to Canada;” adding, in view of a future possible connection with the United States, “and unless this were first effectually reformed American capital would not be forthcoming.”

One of those acts of “unscrupulous profligacy” was the immediate cause of Confederation! Strange as this may appear to some of our readers, it is yet a fact, and not a solitary one of its kind in the history of nations. From such have sprung, in all time, great and entire changes—sometimes for the better, often only to perpetuate crime and enlarge its area.

In a future number we shall speak of the history of the Dominion of Canada; that is, of the nature and results of Confederation.

#### THE HOME RULE MOVEMENT AS IT STANDS.—A CONTRAST.

Since Catholic Emancipation and Repeal of the Union were under discussion, there is nothing that there has been so much said or written of as Home Rule. It would be entirely out of place to review at this time the whole proceedings in connection with this movement from first to last, but we are of opinion that much has to be said and written of it before outsiders can be made really understand what is the meaning of it. To the Irish-born man who has been brought up in that country, it requires very little explanation, as he is fully conversant with the real gist of the thing from the time he had sufficient intelligence to hear and

read, and understand a summary of the history of his country. When some Irishmen leave home and go to other countries they entirely forget they had anything ever to do with their native place; never mention anything about it; but, in fact, learn the custom of their bigoted companions, and sneer at everything Irish or at anything in connection with Ireland. These undoubtedly are the fewest in number, but still they are to be had even without going a hundred miles from Montreal. A branch of the organization has been in working order and holding regular meetings here for some time past, and it must be said that for the number who attend there they do very well—as much, and more, perhaps, than any other branch of a similar size or kind; but still, by properly reflecting on the matter, it comes into one's head that it is very far backwards from what it ought to be. If you ask some of your neighbouring countrymen why is it they do not join and help in the working of the movement, they will tell you they are waiting to see the “ball rolling”—to see the thing in proper working order; to see what good it does, and how it works. But are these people aware that the “ball” would never “roll” if left to individuals of their manner of thinking to shove it on?

On the 19th of May, 1870, some of the leading citizens of Dublin held a private meeting at the Bilton Hotel, in Sackville street, out of which the movement as it present stands arose. The resolution unanimously adopted at that meeting was—“That it is the opinion of this meeting that the true remedy for the evils of Ireland is the establishment of an Irish Parliament with full control over our domestic affairs.” There were forty-six gentlemen then present, who were appointed as a general committee to carry out the principle laid down in the resolution. It is needless to point out how the movement was at once taken up by every grade in Ireland,—Fenians, and every other description of societies, who had previously worked as their consciences directed, and it must be admitted wrenched some important concessions from the hands of the Government,—all agreed to join in one mass the movement for the control of their own affairs by a separate Parliament in College Green.

On the 18th July, 1871, a deputation was received by the Corporation of Dublin, at the City Hall, in reference to the movement, and, “mindful of the traditions and records” of that assembly on the subject of Ireland's legislative independence, they solemnly renewed their

vows of devotion to the great cause, and pledged themselves to sustain it by every legitimate means in their power. All the Municipal bodies, Town Commissioners, Boards of Guardians, and Farmers' Clubs in the country, followed the example of the Metropolitan Corporation, and gave the movement their hearty approval. Branches were at this time formed in every town and hamlet, and never was any movement for the regeneration of the country taken up with such enthusiasm. In September, 1873, it was suggested that the feeling of the people should be taken on this most important question, and accordingly it was agreed that a requisition should be framed and circulated. This was done, and in a month from the time the document was taken out of the printer's hands, upwards of 25,000 signatures were returned to the Conference Committee. These signatures, it must be perfectly understood, were not canvassed for in any way: the document was merely laid in some public place, and any person that so wished signed it. In response to this requisition a Conference was summoned for the 18th of November following, and about nine hundred tickets were issued, enabling the holder to take part in the proceedings. The deliberations of the assembly, which included twenty-eight members of Parliament, were carried on for four successive days, and never, we believe, was anything so anxiously watched as the result of the deliberations. Representatives of every section of Irish national opinion were assembled at that Conference—Repeal men, Fenians, etc., and all unanimously agreed to stand on one platform—that of the Irish Home Rule League, to agitate for the freedom of their country from the absenteeism and coercion, under which it at present groans, and obtain the right of self-government. It is worth while here quoting some remarks of Mr. Butt on the first day of the Conference, with reference to Canada:

"The argument to be drawn from the example of Canada is a strong one. In 1839 Canada was with difficulty held by force of arms for the British Crown. Canada was in open rebellion. Canada was at a distance from England—close to a great Republic, which was certainly not unwilling to incorporate the Canadian provinces with their States. The experiment was tried of giving Canada Home Rule. It has not disintegrated the empire. Canada had two provinces differing in race, in religion, in language and in law. Lower Canada contained a great French population hostile to England, alienated

from her by the memories of recent conquest, and Catholic in their religion; Upper Canada was chiefly peopled by English Protestant settlers—by Puritans from Scotland, and Irish Orangemen from the Bann. Home Rule was granted to Canada. The two Provinces were united under one parliament—with all these elements of distraction, and disaffection, and danger—is the empire disintegrated? Has Canada flung herself into the arms of the United States? Is Canada torn by domestic dissensions? Canada, instead of being as it was in 1839 the most rebellious dependency of Britain, is now the most attached to English connexion, the most loyal in allegiance to the British Crown. If this was the result of giving a domestic parliament to Canada, what reason have we to doubt that similar results would follow it in Ireland? If Canadian Home Rule is no disintegration of the empire, why is Irish Home Rule? If the one has strengthened the integrity of the empire, why should not the other do so too?"

Ah! there is the rub. You will get a British Canadian enjoying Home Rule here, and he would scorn the idea of having Ireland enjoy it, even that he knows nothing whatever about Ireland—merely knows that there is such a place, still the prejudice is too deeply implanted in his heart to form any other opinion.

If a further proof of the unanimous opinion of the country in favor of the national movement was required, it was found by the return of a sweeping majority of members of parliament pledged to the programme laid down at the Conference, which programme is so thoroughly familiar to our readers that it is unnecessary to further refer to it here. We believe with the leader of the movement, Mr. Butt, that the only means of preventing the spirit of Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and later on, O'Donovan Rossa and his co-patriots, to break out again, is to treat the Home Rule movement fairly and not send it out of the House with wicked condemnation, such as recent harangues delivered by some gentlemen (?). We believe that one way or the other the banner will not be cast away till it flies proudly over the portals of the "Old House at Home"—that old house which is associated with memories of great Irishmen, and has been the scene of many glorious triumphs. We believe that the parliament of regenerated Ireland will achieve triumphs more glorious, more lasting, more sanctified and holy than any by which her old parliament illumined the annals of our country and our race.

### MR. DISRAELI'S INTENDED VISIT TO IRELAND.

It seems that after all the waste of time by writing "leaders," and waste of printers' ink in putting them into a readable position for the public, the great Conservative leader, Mr. Disraeli, is not to visit Ireland this year, owing (as the cable informs us) to an attack of bronchitis. It is surprising how the journalists who devoted so much of their time and space in announcing his visit got over the shock! All the Dublin Tory dailies were for a considerable time blustering about the reception he'd receive, the good he'd do, &c.; and the scribes of the provinces followed in suite. What was the surprise when it was discovered that at the very moment these journals were endeavoring to point out the view in which the intended visit of the Premier should be regarded by the Irish people, the London *Times* was conveying to the public an authoritative statement that the idea of a visit was abandoned, or at least postponed. Some of the Dublin Tory papers could scarcely believe it, as they said the announcement should be given through the Belfast Conservatives, as it was they at first sent "an invitation," and not through the columns of the *Times*. However, they found out that the statement was correct in every particular.

Some ingenious person sent a report beforehand that Mr. Disraeli would recommend, before going over, that a free pardon should be given to all political prisoners—John Mitchel included. This statement, which was given on "reliable information," was at once contradicted by the Amnesty Association in Dublin, as they very justly said they heard nothing of it, and, in plain words, did not believe it. Now, everyone of us will remember that it was also generally believed—in fact, stated authoritatively by Conservative journals—that Mr. Disraeli would, when he was getting into power, let out these prisoners, but when the vast majority of the Irish members went as a deputation to solicit their release, what was the answer he gave? "The law should take its course." That is where the Tory leader's trickery comes out. He leads the public on to believe that he is going to do these things, or at least does not contradict the reports which state he is going to do so, but when it comes to the scratch he is as incorrigible as ever, and prepared to give a blank refusal.

We have no doubt but it is very desirable

that whoever is in power should make himself acquainted with the wants and wishes of the people, and this is particularly requisite with regard to Ireland, as its rulers never know anything of it personally; but we must say that Mr. Disraeli should expect a very cold reception indeed if he went over without intimating his intention of releasing the Fenian prisoners, or withdrawing the hideous coercion code under which the Irish people are now living. Ireland is remarkable above all other nations for her hospitality to visitors, and we believe Mr. Disraeli would be received respectfully; but to have anything like a popular ovation or "*Ceas Mille-Failthe*" in his favor, under existing circumstances, would be entirely out of the question. We have also seen in an Irish paper that if he attempted to make a speech at any Conservative meeting and denounce Home Rule, as he has done before in calling it "veiled rebellion," that counter-demonstrations would be at once got up. Certainly that would be decidedly the time to do so, and let him see, if he does not already believe, that the people unanimously demand it, and also see and hear, by the tenor of the speeches, that it is not rebellion, open or veiled, but fair constitutional agitation.

From the time that O'Connell pointed out Mr. Disraeli as the descendant of the impatient thief, he has never performed a single act which would lead us to believe that he is capable of treating Ireland fairly, or with greater generosity than any of his class. But we would say this much with regard to the Fenian prisoners who have now suffered so much. Mr. Disraeli must know the disappointment he causes, not alone to the prisoners' families, but to the Irish people all over the globe, when he allows statements to go forward and not act in accordance with their import. Every grade of politics admit that they have suffered enough, and, indeed, far too much. Let him do one good act and open the prison doors for these men; let him make a promise to withdraw the infamous coercion code under which the people are now labouring; let him act in these cases honestly and without trickery, then, and not till then, can he expect to receive anything more than a freezing reception in Ireland.

### TEARING OFF THE MASK.

When Mr. W. E. Gladstone was Premier he was the idol of the Irish Catholic Whigs, who were under the impression that, owing to his

having agitated for the disestablishment of the Irish (English) Church, he was not a bigot, but was determined to treat Catholics with the greatest justice. Depending on their support, and seeing that he could not possibly survive the defeat which he suffered on the Irish Education Bill, the public were startled one morning by the announcement that Parliament "dissolved" and an appeal was made to the country. Then there were addresses from himself and his followers, all of whom made a slight reference to Home Rule. They would be satisfied to agitate for some sort of a committee to sit in Dublin for the disposal of some petty Irish affairs, but would not at all give their sanction to any movement which may lead to "separation." The result of the elections, as every person knows, was that the Irish people returned a vast majority of members pledged to the Home Rule programme, and turned out the Whigs. The English and Scotch returned Conservatives, and also turned out Gladstone's followers. Then the Whigs raised a cry about the ungratefulness of the Irish people towards Mr. Gladstone, the man who carried the "Church Bill," "Land Act," &c.; but to the credit of the people, be it said, that they never placed any reliance on the principles of this man, notwithstanding all his "concessions." What will the Catholic Whigs say now when they read Mr. Gladstone's essay entitled "Ritualism and Ritual," which has recently appeared. Being so incensed against Catholics for turning their backs on him, he tried the "No Popery" dodge, and in the course of the article descended to the vulgar rant and used the wretched stuff which is only known to members of an Orange lodge. Bravo, second edition of Lord John Russell, you have thrown off the mask. The Irish people now see that it was not through a sense of justice you granted any concessions, but simply to throw dust in their eyes and pacify the promoters of a movement which was then in such a position as to be rather disagreeable to your Government.

#### A PRESUMPTIOUS, VULGAR BARONET.

Every phase of political news was getting on quietly in the United Kingdom till the residents were one morning brought to their senses by hearing that an obscure baronet, named Sir J. D. Astley, made a "speech" at a ram-shaw dinner, in North Lincolnshire, England. It is not the mere matter of his making a speech that caused any excitement, but to people who

have not before heard of this notorious spoiler, we may inform them that he is a Conservative, and made some reference to the Irish Home Rule members on this occasion, which for ignorance, vulgarity and bigotry, have been as yet unequalled. Speaking of the English House of Commons, he said—"There were, besides, a lot of Irish chaps in the House who sometimes made him very angry. He thought there were about sixty of these fellows in the House, and he believed about forty of them were the most confounded rascals he ever saw. He entirely lost his patience when these copies came into the House and took up the whole of an afternoon, and carried far into the night, when some pressing motion was coming on, talking about their little rotten Ireland." There is the stamp of an English Tory. These few lines we are after quoting show at once what the character and intelligence of that gentleman (?) must be. If he is a type of Mr. Disraeli's followers, the Tory leader may well feel proud. There is a reason for granting self-government. What can Ireland expect from men of his class. But, lo! see how soon he was made swallow his words. He did not fancy going for an interview "behind the mountain." One of the "rascally" members for Wexford sent a friend to him "to demand explanations and satisfaction." The result was the publication of the following withdrawal of the words by the audacious tory:

Elsham Hall, Lincolnshire,  
September 14th.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst., and to state that I did make use of the expressions to which you refer, and at the request of your friend, the gallant Member for Wexford, I hereby withdraw them.

I remain, Sir,  
Your obt. servt.,  
J. D. ASTLEY.

This shows that when they pour abuse on Ireland and the Irish, they don't believe the very words they are at the moment uttering; but, owing to bigotry and hatred of everything Irish, they cannot possibly refrain from their ignorant, vulgar denunciations. We are glad to see that it will not stop at this with Mr. Astley, or with another of his political friends, who called the Home Rule members "a disreputable band," but that they will have to be reprimanded, or apologise, when Parliament sits.

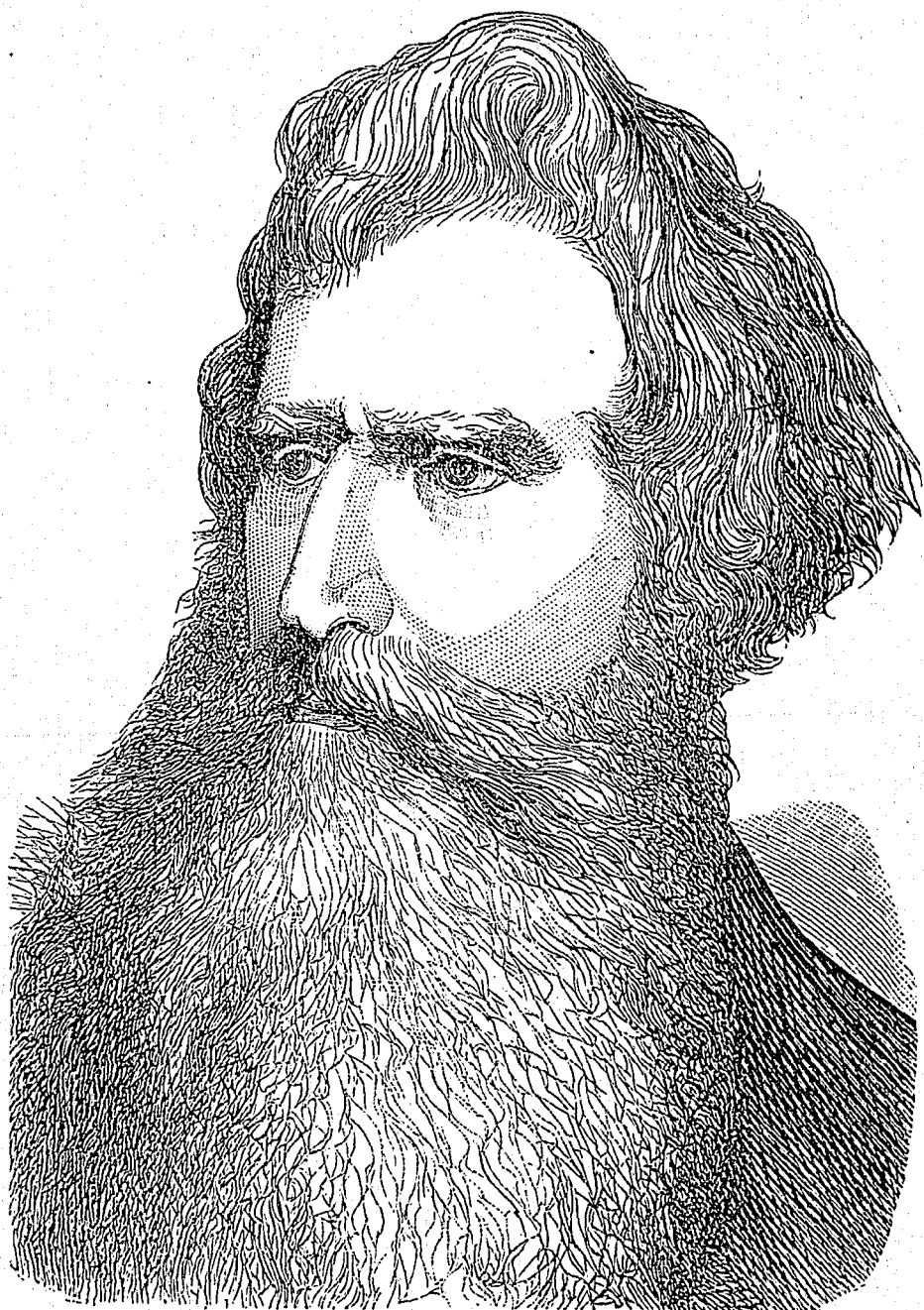
At the hour of danger, what is necessary to save nations? I can see nothing but devotedness. Woe to the people among whom devotedness is extinct!

## THE O'GORMAN MAHON.

Among the leading celebrities of Irish popular movements assembled in the Conference Hall, not one attracted more of attention, or excited more interest, than Colonel The O'Gorman Mahon, the famous veteran of Emancipation times. The sight of the man was enough. To hear of him as present, was just as if we heard that Achilles or Ulysses had revisited the earth; or as if Brian of the Tribute, or Art MacMarrough, or Godfrey of Tyreconnell, or Owen Roe, had reappeared among us; so completely had the name and the fame of the aged hero been associated, in the popular mind, with the struggles of bygone times. His very appearance was impressive. He is a splendid figure even now with the snows of nearly eighty winters on his brow. In youth he must have been the beau ideal of a handsome and dashing Irishman. Tall, soldierly, erect as "an uplifted lance," his handsome, open, and fearless countenance bronzed by the sun of foreign climes; his hair, now almost white, as profuse and flowing in wealth of tresses about his head as in early youth; his eye sparkling with a native fire and energy—all, everything, pointed him out a man *sui generis* in the throng. His eventful life would, if written, leave the wonders of romance behind. He lives to-day to renew his pledges to his country, after having *no less than thirteen times* stood on "the sod" to put his life on the hazard of combat for Ireland in those desperate times when the pistol was a recognised and frequent weapon in party conflicts. In the struggle for Catholic Emancipation he was the most dauntless and daring of the men who, fighting the people's cause, had to carry their lives in their hands, so to speak; and even the boldest of the ministerial duellists had to quail or fall before The O'Gorman Mahon. For nearly a quarter of the century he has lived in France; his visit to this Conference having been the first time he has seen Ireland for more than twenty years. The O'Gorman Mahon is the lineal representative of one of the most ancient and illustrious families in Ireland—being descended from Mahon, eldest brother of Brian, the victor of Clontarf. Fifty years ago he was a young Irish Catholic gentleman of property in Clare; proud, chivalrous, daring; idolised by the people, welcomed by the Catholic leaders, and feared by the oligarchical foes of emancipation. His career it would be impossible to trace even ever so briefly here in any adequate manner. He was a leading personage in Irish

popular movements from 1825 up to 1845; and even for some years later he continued to represent his native county in Parliament. In the short narrative of the events of the Clare election given in Shiel's Speeches is the following sketch of a characteristic incident in which The O'Gorman Mahon, then a young man of twenty-five, figured:—

The election opened, and the court-house in which the sheriff read the writ presented a new and striking scene. On the left hand of the sheriff stood a cabinet minister, attended by the whole body of the aristocracy of the county of Clare. Their appearance indicated at once their superior rank and their profound mortification. An expression of bitterness and of wounded pride was stamped in various modifications of resentment upon their countenances; while others who were in the interest of Mr. Fitzgerald, and who were small Protestant proprietors, affected to look big and important, and swelled themselves into gentry upon the credit of voting for the minister. On the right hand of the sheriff stood Mr. O'Connell, with scarcely a single gentleman by his side; for most even of the Catholic proprietors had abandoned him, and joined the ministerial candidate. But the body of the court presented the power of O'Connell in a mass of determined peasants, amongst whom black coats and sacerdotal visages were seen felicitously intermixed, outside the balustrade of the gallery on the left hand of the sheriff. Before the business began, a gentleman was observed on whom every eye was turned. He had indeed chosen a most singular position; for, instead of sitting like the other auditors on the seats in the gallery, he leaped over it, and suspending himself above the crowd, afforded what was an object of wonder to the great body of the spectators, and of indignation to the high sheriff. The attire of the individual who was thus perched in this dangerous position was sufficiently strange. He had a coat of Irish tabinet, with glossy trowsers of the same national material; he wore no waistcoat; a blue shirt lined with streaks of white was open at his neck; a broad green sash, with a medal of "the order of Liberators" at the end of it, hung conspicuously over his breast; and a profusion of black curls, curiously festooned about his temples, shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, a great part of which was occupied by whiskers of a bushy amplitude. "Who, sir, are you?" exclaimed the high sheriff, in a tone of imperious solemnity, which he had acquired at Canton, where he had long resided



THE O'GORMAN MAHON.

in the service of the East India Company. "My name is O'Gorman Mahon," was the reply, delivered with a firmness which clearly showed that the person who had conveyed this piece of intelligence thought very little of a high sheriff and a great deal of O'Gorman Mahon. The sheriff had been offended by the general appearance of Mr. Mahon, who had distracted the public attention from his own contemplation; but he was particularly irritated by observing the insurgent symbol of "the order of Liberators" dangling at his breast. "I tell that gentleman," said Mr. Molony, "to take off that badge." There was a moment's pause, and then the following answer was slowly and articulately pronounced:—"This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman (pointing with the other to the sheriff), that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, that this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him." This extraordinary sentence was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the court-house. The high sheriff looked aghast. The expression of self-satisfaction and magisterial complacency passed off of his visage, and he looked utterly blank and dejected. After an interval of irresolution down he sat. "The soul" of O'Gorman Mahon (to use Curran's expression) "walked forth in its own majesty;" he looked "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." The medal of "the order of Liberators" was pressed to his heart. O'Connell surveyed him with gratitude and admiration; and the first blow was struck which sent dismay into the heart of the party of which the sheriff was considered to be an adherent.

The O'Gorman Mahon was a near relative of the late Richard O'Gorman, Esq., of Dublin, one of the best and purest Irishmen that ever lived; and is consequently related also to Major Purcell O'Gorman of Waterford, and to Mr. Richard O'Gorman of New York.

### THE GLOOM OF SADNESS.

When a young heart grows weary and sorrowful over the little ills of life that no one can hinder, it is better to hear than to murmur. It is always better to turn away from troubles than to add to it by brooding over it in sadness. The heart ever feeds freely on the food we prepare for it. If the mind is busy with scenes and achievements of the pure, the good and the

beautiful, little room will be left for despair. Do the trials of life thicken about us? So have they done to others. Is the journey of earth darkened by defeat, hope hid away in the chamber of disappointment? So has it often been to others of our race, and so it will be through all generations.

But in the darkest of life's dreariness some bright memories will steal over us, and from the prayer of the never-forgotten past will be found a volume of good thoughts wherever bitterness has been sweetened by hope; and sorrow may be mellowed by gladness. None are so poor but others have tasted of poverty's cup before them; none are so grieved but others have borne sorrow equal to their own; and none are so cast down as to be below the lowest of their race.

Some friends may prove treacherous, others will be true. Some hearts may betray us, others will support and comfort us. We may be strangers cast in a lonely country, with little to enliven or encourage good living, but nearer than ever will come back the joys of other days, and more fond than ever will be their memory.

It's something to have lived some good days; something to have known what joy is, and what happiness is, when it is rightly understood. It would be a rare life and a rarer history to find a whole life of unalloyed enjoyment; it would be wonderful if more than half of our days should pass in perfect pleasure. Courage, then, is the cure for disappointment. A busy life full of good thoughts, useful employment and self-denial—a heart overflowing with love for humanity will clear the blue sky of its darkness, and let in the sunshine of brightness and good cheer.

### CATECHISM OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY JOHN F. M'ARDLE.

This little catechism is intended to give a reliable outline of all the principal events of Irish history in a readable and easily-remembered form. The information, though condensed, is so complete that all who render themselves familiar with the leading facts presented will be fairly conversant with Irish history, and stimulated to a study of the more extensive works already existing.

- Q. How was Ireland anciently called?  
 A. Ierne, Erin, and (by the Romans) Hibernia.
- Q. By whom was it first peopled?  
 A. By a colony of Phœnicians, or Scythians, who came originally from Asia, but sailed to Ireland from Spain.



Q. Name the five ancient tribes by whom Ireland was invaded.

A. The Nemedians, the Fomorians, the Firbolgs, the Tuatha de Danaans, and the Milesians.

Q. How was Ireland afterwards divided?

A. Into five kingdoms—Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, Munster, and Meath, the King of Meath being chief sovereign, and living at the palace of Tara.

Q. How was the country governed?

A. The succession of the kings was regulated by the law of Tanistry, and the people governed under the Brehon law.

Q. What was Tanistry?

A. The election of a Tanist, or royal successor, who might be other than the King's eldest son, but should belong to the royal family, and be free from moral and personal blemish.

Q. What were the chief features of the Brehon law?

A. The office of Brehon or Judge was hereditary, and murder was punished by a money fine.

Q. What was the worship of the ancient Irish peoples?

A. They were pagans and worshipped fire or stone idols.

Q. Name some of the most famous Pagan kings?

A. Ugaire Mor, Conn of the Hundred Battles, Cormac MacAirt, Nial of the Nine Hostages, and King Dathi.

Q. When did the latter reign?

A. In the fourth century.

Q. Who first preached Christianity in Ireland?

A. St. Palladius, bishop, sent from Rome by Pope Celestine A. D. 430.

Q. Was his mission successful?

A. No, he was repulsed from the island.

Q. Who then was the great Apostle of Ireland?

A. The glorious St. Patrick, born about the year 373, in Armorica Gaul, near what is now Boulogne, in the North of France.

Q. Who were his parents?

A. Calphurnius, and Conchessa, niece of St. Martin of Tours.

Q. Briefly describe St. Patrick's life and mission?

A. In his sixteenth year, he was taken captive, and sold as a slave in Antrim, to Milcho, and employed as a shepherd. After six years, he escaped, and returning home, studied at

Tours, under his uncle, St. Martin, also with St. Germanus. Stimulated by a vision, in 432, he returned to Ireland, and on Easter Sunday, visited King Leoghaire, at Tara, who permitted him to continue his divine mission, wherein he abolished idolatry and converted the whole of the island. He founded the See of Armagh, about A.D. 455, died on March 17th, 493; and was buried at Downpatrick.

Q. What was the result of St. Patrick's labours?

A. Everywhere churches and monasteries flourished, and Ireland became, and was called "The Island of Saints."

Q. Did other nations share her blessings?

A. Yes, Irish missionaries spread the light of learning and religion through Britain and the whole of Western Europe.

Q. What great saints laboured after St. Patrick?

A. St. Brendan, who first visited America, St. Columba (or Columbkille), St. Columbanus, St. Malachy, St. Bridget, and St. Laurence O'Toole.

Q. When did the Danes first invade Ireland?

A. In 795 they ravaged the country.

Q. How long did they remain in Ireland?

A. Till 1014, when, on Good Friday, King Brian Boru, defeated the Danish army at Clontarf, near Dublin, being himself slaughtered while praying in his tent.

Q. What happened after this good King's death?

A. The whole country was torn by contentions among the chiefs.

Q. How was the English invasion brought about?

A. In 1168, King Dermot McMurrough being driven out of Leinster, invoked the aid of King Henry II. of England?

Q. What ensued?

A. McMurrough succeeded in procuring the aid of some Norman knights. Robert Fitzstephen with an army landed at Bannow in May, 1169. Richard de Clare (or Strongbow) the chief of these military adventurers landed afterwards, and McMurrough gave him his daughter Eva in marriage, with a promise of succession to the throne of Leinster.

Q. When did Henry II. visit Ireland?

A. In 1171, when he confirmed Strongbow in his conquests, the invasion being said to be sanctioned by Pope Adrian IV., an Englishman, the Bull of authorisation ascribed to him being considered by some distinguished authors as forgery.

Q. Did the Irish oppose the invaders.

A. Yes; and but for internal dissensions might have driven them from the soil, as the Anglo-Norman settlers also were jealous and quarrelsome with each other.

Q. How did succeeding English Kings govern the portion of Ireland under their sway?

A. Through Viceroy's who nearly always plundered and oppressed the people.

Q. When were parliaments first held?

A. By King Henry III. in 1253 and 1269, and afterwards by Edward I. in 1295.

Q. What happened in the reign of Edward the Second?

A. King Robert Bruce, of Scotland, defeated the English at Bannockburn, and afterwards, in 1315, his brother, Edward Bruce, landed in Ulster, and, aided by the Irish chiefs, drove the English thence.

Q. How did Edward Bruce next act?

A. Favoured by the clergy and some of the barons, he had himself crowned King of Ireland at Dundalk, thence advanced southwards into Munster, whence he had to retreat before a larger force from England.

Q. What was his end?

A. While awaiting the arrival of his brother, the Scotch King, he fought a battle at Dundalk, in 1318, with Sir Richard Bermingham's army, and died in a single combat, with an English knight, named Malpas, who also fell in the fight.

Q. Had King Robert Bruce landed?

A. Yes, but on learning the defeat of his brother's army, he at once returned to Scotland.

Q. When did the Irish clans next attack the invaders.

A. In 1327, taking advantage of quarrels among the English, O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, engaged and defeated them in Leinster.

Q. When was the infamous statue of Kilkenny passed?

A. In 1367, and it forbade the English settlers to marry with the Irish, to use the Irish language, adopt Irish names, harbour Irish subjects, or even allow an Irish horse to graze on their lands.

Q. What occurred in Edward the Third's reign?

A. An Irish Parliament, which he summoned to meet him in London, refused his demands for money supplies.

Q. Who was his successor?

A. Richard II., who twice visited Ireland, held a Parliament there in 1395, provided good

judges, and at one time tried to conciliate the chiefs and people.

Q. How did he defeat his own schemes?

A. He concluded an iniquitous treaty with Mac Murrough, Prince of Leinster, obliging him to yield up that province, and repay himself by seizing any other lands by violence.

Q. Was this treaty kept?

A. No; Mac Murrough uprose with several Irish clans; the Earl of March, the king's lieutenant, was slain, and the king himself openly defied, till he was obliged to return to England, where he lost his crown.

Q. Who dethroned King Richard II?

A. Henry of Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, who became King Henry IV.

Q. What occurred in his reign?

A. The English parliament forbade Irishmen to come to England, for any purpose, and banished them from Britain.

Q. Why were such measures passed?

A. Because the intermarriage of the Anglo-Norman settlers with Irish families had made them national in spirit, and anxious to unite with the native chiefs against English injustice.

Q. What Earl had obtained great power by such intermarriages?

A. The Earl of Ormond, appointed Lord Lieutenant by King Henry VI.

Q. Did he use his power wisely?

A. He did at first, but quarrelling with the Earl of Desmond, he was supplanted by Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

Q. What calamity occurred about this period?

A. Ireland was ravaged by a fearful plague, in 1447.

A. Who succeeded Talbot as viceroy?

A. Richard, Duke of York, in 1449, who kept faith with the Irish and tried to conciliate the chiefs.

Q. How were his designs frustrated?

A. The rebellion of Jack Cade in England, obliged the Duke of York to return, when Henry VI. was cast into prison.

Q. Did the Duke of York receive royal honours?

A. Yes, but the army of the Yorkists was defeated by Queen Margaret, and the Duke had to fly to Ireland.

Q. What did the Irish parliament do?

A. They hailed him with joy, and defied the English parliament to molest him or his followers.

Q. What was the Duke's end?

A. With Irish assistance and a Yorkist army, he set up his standard in England, but was defeated and slain at Wakefield.

Q. What great event signalled the long reign of Henry VI.

A. The declaration by the Irish Parliament of its perfect independence of England.

Q. Who succeeded Henry VI?

A. The throne was seized by a Yorkist, Edward IV.

Q. What harsh measures marked his reign?

A. In 1463 a law was passed sanctioning the wilful murder of Irish subjects on the slightest suspicion, and the Irish within the Pale were ordered to swear allegiance, and assume English names and costumes.

Q. Was the English power strong at this time?

A. No, for it was confined to the districts round Dublin, and might have been easily crushed, but for want of unity, and the dissensions among the chiefs.

Q. Is Ireland the only country remarkable for eternal dissensions?

A. Such contentions mark the history of every nation, especially of England and Scotland.

Q. Mention facts for this statement.

A. Civil wars often desolated England, from the days of the Heptarchy to the Wars of the Roses, in which over one hundred thousand English perished; and almost every king had to wade to the throne through blood.

Q. What great feuds distracted Ireland at this period?

A. The quarrels of the Butlers and the Geraldines.

Q. Who was viceroy during the brief reigns of Edward V. and Richard III. the usurper?

A. The Earl of Kildare, whose daughter married the son of the great chief of the O'Neills.

Q. When did Henry VII. die?

A. In 1509, being succeeded by the infamous Henry VIII.

Q. Did Kildare find favour with Henry VIII?

A. Yes, for a time, till Cardinal Wolsey, Henry's Prime Minister and favourite, had the Earl of Surrey appointed Viceroy in his place.

Q. Was Kildare soon reinstated?

A. Yes; he was appointed to punish the Earl of Desmond, who had assumed the dignity of a sovereign prince, and made an alliance with Francis King of France.

Q. Did Kildare punish his kinsman, Desmond?

A. No; he busied himself in conflicts with the Ulster clans, and was summoned to England for his disobedience, and imprisoned in the Tower.

Q. What occurred in his absence?

A. His son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, hearing a report of his father's execution, attacked the Dublin garrison, was implicated in the murder of Archbishop Allen, and excommunicated.

Q. What was his end?

A. The Geraldine castle of Maynooth being captured by Sir William Skeffington, Lord Thomas carried on a guerilla war among the hills and woods, but being promised protection, surrendered to Lord Grey, who sent him and five of his uncles to England, and all were hanged at Tyburn, in 1573. His father, the great Earl, died of grief at his son's rash outbreak.

Q. What great event marked Henry VIII's reign?

A. Because the Pope would not sanction his divorce from Queen Catherine, he renounced the Pope's supremacy, and established Protestantism, seizing all the church's lands and revenues.

Q. Did Protestantism take root in Ireland?

A. No. Only a few English officials renounced their faith, the Irish people to this very day remaining steadfast in the religion of St. Patrick.

Q. How did Henry VIII and his successor Edward VI. seek to establish Protestantism in Ireland?

A. By wholesale plunderings and confiscations, the abbeyes and cathedrals being appropriated.

Q. When did these monarchs die?

A. Henry VIII died in 1537, Edward VI died in 1553.

Q. Who succeeded them?

A. Edward's sister, Queen Mary, who restored Catholicism in England, and also in Ireland, where the Catholics treated their persecutors kindly.

Q. When did Queen Mary die?

A. In 1558, when Queen Elizabeth succeeded, restoring Protestantism by fearful persecutions.

Q. Who was her Irish lord lieutenant?

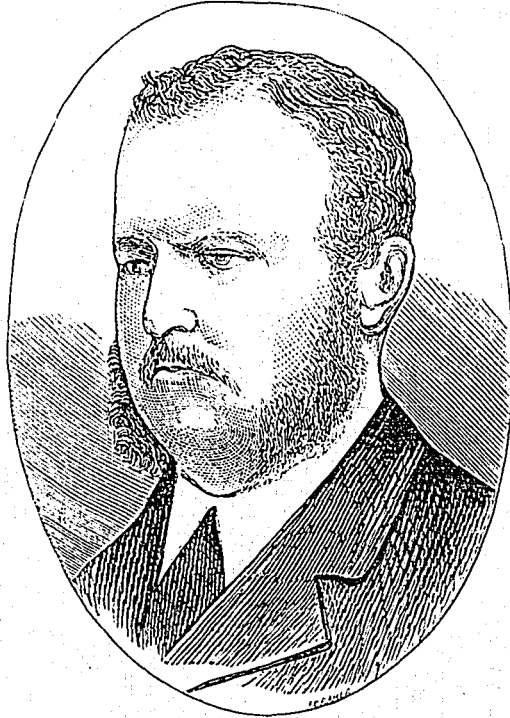
A. The Earl of Sussex, his deputy being Sir Henry Sidney, who made friends with Shane O'Neill, chieftain of Ulster, and they agreed to have all matters of dispute settled by the Queen.

(To be continued.)

## CAPTAIN NOLAN.

Captain John Philip Nolan, of Ballinderry House, county Galway, whose name will ever be proudly identified with the memorable Galway Election and Petition of 1872—the (intended) victim of the Keogh judgment—the man in whose vindication the Irish race at home and all over the world spontaneously raised the largest voluntary tribute known in our history since O'Connell's time—is a comparatively young man, being now only about thirty years of age. He was the eldest son of the late John

by the landlord party, whom it fearfully incensed)—will be fresh in the memory of our readers. Since the disfranchisement of Galway County, and the return to parliament of Mr. Trench, by the three votes of Judges Keogh, Morris, and Lawson of the Common Pleas, Captain Nolan has quietly devoted himself to the scientific pursuit of his profession, in which he seems likely to win an European reputation. He is the writer of several very remarkable treatises on gunnery and military engineering, and is the inventor and patentee of "Nolan's Range-Finder," which has, we



CAPTAIN NOLAN.

Nolan of Ballinderry, a man whose memory is held in benediction by the poor of the neighbourhood, and by the tenantry on the Nolan estates. The Nolans of Galway County are an old Irish Catholic family of the Pale, who were "transplanted" from Leix by an edict of Cromwell, and we believe the title-deeds of some of the Ballinderry property are, in fact, "assignments" of that period in lieu of their property in Kildare wrested from them by the "Lord Protector." Captain Nolan's noble conduct in the matter of his Portincarron tenantry—conduct so bitterly and persistently misrepresented

believe, been adopted by Russia and other continental powers. Captain Nolan is no superficial student of politics. He is a man of remarkable ability, who has thoughtfully studied at home and by travel most of the great public problems of our age. He has resided in Hungary, in Russia, in Austria, and in Germany; and his speeches on Home Rule show that he has deeply and accurately studied the Austro-Hungarian case. He is also a contributor to several of the literary and scientific journals of the day.

When you pray to God, ask great things of him.

## DUBLIN.

The precise period at which a city was first erected at the head of the tideway of the Liffey must be forever shrouded in obscurity. The geographer, Ptolemy, who lived about A.D. 130, enumerates several illustrious cities which existed in Ireland long before his time, and among them Eblana, which he describes as a maritime city situated about the centre of the eastern side of the island.

Marcianus Heracleotus, who flourished in the third century, and who, as he himself informs us, drew up a compendium of the Elyen Books of Artimodorus, who flourished in the 169th Olympiad, or one hundred and four years before the Christian era, thus speaks of Ireland:

"Juvernia, a British isle is bounded on the north by the ocean called the Hyperborean, on the east by the ocean which is called the Iberian, and on the south by the Visgivan Ocean. It has sixteen nations, and eleven illustrious cities, fifteen remarkable rivers, five remarkable promontories, and six remarkable islands."

Tacitus asserts that the ports of Ireland were better known from commerce and through commercial men, than those of Britain.

Cormac MacArt, Monarch of Ireland, whose reign commenced in the middle of the third century, wrote instructions for his son, Carbry, of the Liffey, in which he advises him to invite ships to import valuable wares across the sea.

The first mention we find made of Dublin in the remnant of ancient Irish history that has reached our times, is in the Annals of Tighernach, under the year 166, where he tells us, that "Con, of the hundred battles," and Mogha Nuadhat (Mow Nooath) divided Ireland into two parts by a line drawn from Athelhiath Dublinne to Atelhiath Meadhraidhe, or from Dublin to Clarins bridge, near Galway. It is added in other accounts that Mogha Nuadhat, who was otherwise called Eogan the Great, thought himself overreached in this partition, because the half of the harbor of Dublin, which he observed to be commodious for traffic, and visited by ships, did not fall within his allotment.

Dublin, therefore, has just claim to an antiquity of two thousand years, as it is manifest that it must have existed several centuries before Ptolemy's time, else he would not have called it a city, or even have heard of it.

Under the year 291 we find it recorded that Fiacha, Monarch of Ireland, quelled the rebellious inhabitants of Leinster, in a battle fought near Leinster.

We read in the life of St. Patrick that, in 448, "he held a synod in Armagh, after which he took his journey to Leinster, through Meath, and, passing the river Pinglas, came to Bally-Ath-Cliaith. The people, not unacquainted with his fame, flocked out in multitudes to welcome him, and the king and his people were converted by the saint, and baptized in a fountain called, after him, St. Patrick's Well south of the city. He built a church near this fountain, on the foundation of which the noble cathedral which bears his name has since been erected."

The Annals of the Four Masters record the death of St. Beradhb, Abbot of Dublin, under the year 650, from which it is evident that there had been a monastery erected in the city at some earlier period.

It has been asserted that Dublin was founded by the Ostem or Danes; but as it was not till the year 820 that these marauders made their first incursion into Ireland, it is evident from the records given above, that the city was in existence for many centuries before their arrival. Bally-Ath-Cliaith, the Irish name of Dublin, signifies The Town at the Ford of the Hurdles, and the name of that part of the Liffey on which it is built was Dubhlinn, or The "Black Water."

In the year 836, the Northmen or Danes first became masters of Dublin, and though they were several times expelled, and the city reduced to ashes by the native chiefs, yet they invariably returned, and, either by force or on suffrance, managed to maintain a footing in the stronghold up to the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion. All this time, they kept up an active intercourse with their kindred at home, and likewise with the Danes of England, the Isle of Man and the Orkneys. The united forces of Dermot McMurrough and Miles de Cogan stormed the city and expelled the Danes in revenge for a treacherous murder perpetrated on the father of the former by the citizens who had invited him to a feast, and then slew him.

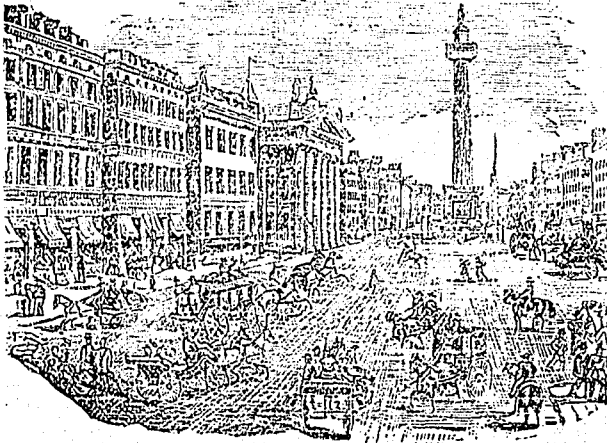
The Danish King, Asculph M'Torcall, with difficulty escaped to his shipping in the bay, and having raised a strong force among his countrymen in the north, made another attempt to repossess himself of the city, but, after a desperate and protracted assault on the fortress, the superior military skill of the Normans prevailing over the numbers and fierce valor of their assailants, the Danes were repulsed with heavy loss, and the remnant who escaped driven to their ships, and thus ended the dominion of the Danes in Dublin. They were a cruel and

trencherous race, but nothing worse than their successors. Let us hope that the fair city by the Liffey will soon cease to be ruled by a scion of either stock, least of all by one of the amalgamated breed.

Built in the midst of a fertile plain, fronting upon its superb bay, there are but few cities in the world that can boast of a finer situation than the Irish capital. Neither are there many that can vie with it in the beauty of its streets and squares, the magnificence of its public buildings, the variety of its literary and scientific associations, and the number of its benevolent and charitable institutions. Sackville street is universally acknowledged to be one of the finest streets in Europe. It is about three quarters of a mile in length, and 120 feet in breadth, perfectly straight, with broad side-

events took place before that unsightly effigy of Nelson squinted down on Sackville street, else perhaps the irate Tandy might have been tempted to make a target of the monstrosity which obstructs the most magnificent city panorama in the British Islands.

But if any of our readers who have not yet seen Dublin should visit that city, we would direct them to more interesting localities than even Sackville street or College Green. Let them go to Thomas street, and any person they meet there will point out the spot where the dogs licked up the blood that flowed from the headless body of Robert Emmet. Within a pistol shot of "where gallant Robert died," and on the opposite side of the street, stands the house of Nicholas Murphy, the feather merchant, in which the gallant "Lord Edward"



SACKVILLE STREET.

walks and lined with splendid houses. In the days of the Independent (!) Irish Parliament, we are informed that over thirty peers and double that number of commoners had their residence in this street, and as many of these kept a retinue of from twenty to forty servants, and spent their incomes with proverbial prodigality, it may well be surmised that the houses now occupied by thrifty shopkeepers presented a somewhat different appearance in the days when Grattan thundered out his demand for independence in College Green, backed by the "moral force" of one hundred thousand bayonets in the hands of the volunteers, with Napper Tandy's artillery audaciously labelled—"O Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouths shall sound forth thy praise." Well those

battled against such fearful odds for life, liberty and Ireland. Let them then go to the Church of St. Michans, and the sexton will point out the incorruptible courses of "The Brothers." Should they seek for more mementoes of Ireland's gallant dead, let them visit Glasnevin; where repose in Irish soil the ashes of Curran; O'Connell and Macmanus, each of whom breathed his last far away in the land of the stranger. But above and before all, let them not forget to visit that beautiful cemetery near Harold's Cross, where, in the vault beneath that splendid statue which the love of his friends and the genius of Ireland's great sculpture contributed to raise, lies the mortal remains of the greatest Irishmen this century has produced.

THOMAS DAVIS.

## Selections.

### THE BLUE LIGHT.

There was once upon a time a Soldier who had served his King faithfully for many years; but when the war came to a close, the Soldier, on account of his wounds, was disabled, and the King said to him: "You may go home, for I no longer need you; but you will not receive any more pay, for I have no money but for those who render me a service for it." The Soldier did not know where to earn a livelihood, and full of care, he walked on the whole day ignorant whether he went, till about night he came to a large forest. Through the darkness which covered everything he saw a light, and approaching it, he found a hut wherein dwelt a Witch. "Please give me a night's lodging, and something to eat and drink, or I shall perish," said he to the old woman. "Oho! who gives anything to a worn-out Soldier!" she replied; "still out of compassion I will take you in, if you will do what I desire." The Soldier asked what she wished, and she told him she wanted her garden dug over. To this he willingly consented, and the following day, accordingly, he worked with all his strength, but could not get his work finished by evening. "I see very well," said the Witch, "that you cannot get further to-day, so I will shelter you another night; and in return you shall fetch me a pile of faggots to-morrow, and chop them small." The Soldier worked all day long at his job, but as he did not finish till quite the evening, the Witch again proposed that he should stop the night. "You shall have but a very little work to-morrow," said she; "I want you to fetch me out of a half-dry well behind my house, my blue light, which floats there without ever going out." The next morning, accordingly, the old Witch led him to the well, and let him down into it in a basket. He soon found the blue light, and made a sign to be drawn up; and as soon as he reached the top, the old woman tried to snatch the blue light out of his hand. "No, no!" cried the Soldier, perceiving her wicked intentions, "no, no, I don't give up the light till both my feet stand on dry ground." The Witch flew into a passion when he said so, and letting him fall down into the well again, went away.

The poor Soldier fell without injury on the soft mud, and the blue light kept burning; but to what use? he saw well that he should not

escape death. For a while he sat there in great trouble, and at length searching in his pockets he took out his tobacco-pipe, which was only half smoked out. "This shall be my last consolation," said he to himself; and lighting it at the blue light, he began to puff. As soon, now, as the smoke began to ascend, a little black man suddenly stood before the Soldier, and asked, "Master, what are your commands?"

"What are my commands?" repeated the astonished Soldier. "I must do all you desire," replied the Dwarf. "That is well," said the Soldier; "then help me first out of this well."

The Dwarf, thereupon, took him by the hand and led him through a subterraneous passage out of the well, while he carried the blue light with him. On the way he showed the Soldier the concealed treasure of the Witch, of which he took as much as he could carry; and as soon as they were out of the ground he bade the Dwarf fetch the old Witch, and take her before the judge. In a very short time she was brought riding on a wild cat, which made a fearful noise, and ran as swiftly as the wind; and the Dwarf, taking them before the judge, quickly returned to his master, with the news that the Witch was hung on the gallows. "Master what else have you to command?" inquired the Dwarf. "Nothing further at present," replied the Soldier, "and now you can go home, only be at hand when I summon you again."

"All that is necessary for that," said the Dwarf, "is that you should light your pipe at the blue lamp, and immediately I shall present myself." With these words the little man disappeared.

Then the Soldier returned to the city from whence he first came, and going to the head inn ordered some fine clothes, and bade the landlord furnish him a room in the most expensive style. As soon as it was ready, the Soldier took possession of it, and summoned the black Dwarf, to whom he said, "The King of this city I served formerly for many years, faithfully, but he sent me away to suffer hunger, and now I will take my revenge."

"What shall I do, then?" inquired the Dwarf. "Late in the evening, when the King's daughter is asleep, you must fetch her out of her bed, and bring her here to wait upon me as my maid-servant."

The Dwarf expostulated with the Soldier, but to no purpose, telling him that though it would be an easy matter for him to bring her, it might cause him danger if it were found out.

Accordingly, when twelve o'clock struck, the Dwarf appeared with the Princess. "Aha! you are there," cried the Soldier, to the Princess; "come, fetch your brush and sweep the room." When she had done that, he called her to his seat, and, stretching his feet out, bade her pull off his boots. This she did, and, as he threw the boots in her face, she was obliged to go and wash herself. But all was done by her with eyes half shut, without complaint or resistance; and at the first crow of the cock the Dwarf carried her back again to bed in the royal castle.

The next morning when the Princess arose she went to her father, and told him what a curious dream she had had. "I was carried," she said, "through the streets with lightning speed, and taken to the room of a Soldier, whom I waited upon as his maid, even sweeping the room, and polishing his boots. But it was only a dream, and yet I am as tired as if I had really done all this work."

"The dream may have been real," said the King, "and so I will give you this piece of advice. To-night, fill your pocket with peas, and make a hole in it, so that if you are fetched again, they will drop through as you go along, and leave a trace on the road."

While the King spoke this the Dwarf was standing by and overheard all he said; and at night he strewed peas in every street so that those dropped by the Princess, as he carried her along, were no guide afterwards. The poor maiden had again to do all sorts of hard work till the first cockerow, when the Dwarf took her home to bed.

The next morning the King sent out his servants to seek traces of his daughter's journey; but it was all in vain, for in every street the children were picking up the peas and saying, "It has rained peas during the night."

"We must think of some other plan," said the King, when his servants returned unsuccessful; and he advised his daughter to keep her shoes on when she went to bed; and then if she was carried off, she must leave one behind in the room whether she was taken, and in the morning it should be searched after. But the black Dwarf again overheard the plan, and counselled the Soldier not to have the Princess that evening, for there was no remedy for the stratagem her father had planned. The Soldier, however, would be obeyed, although the finding of the shoe would be a serious offence; and the poor Princess was obliged again to work like any servant; but she managed to

conceal one of her shoes beneath the bed before she was taken back to the palace.

The following morning the King ordered the whole city to be searched for his daughter's shoe, and it was discovered in the room of the Soldier, who, however, at the entreaty of the Dwarf, had slipped out at the door. He was soon caught and thrown into prison, but, unfortunately, he had left behind his best possessions—the blue light and his gold, and had only a single ducat with him in his pocket. While he stood at the window of his cell, laden with chains, he perceived one of his old comrades passing by. So he knocked at the bars, and beckoned his comrade, whom he asked to go to the inn, and bring back a bundle which he had left behind, and he should receive a ducat for the service. The man ran away and soon returned with the wished-for bundle. As soon, then, as the Soldier was alone, he lighted his pipe and summoned up the Dwarf. "Be not afraid," said the black mannikin; "go whither you are led, and let everything happen as it may, only take with you the blue light."

The next day the Soldier was brought up to be tried, and although he had done no great wrong, he was condemned to death by the judge. When he was led out for execution, he begged a last favor of the King.

"What is it," asked the King.

"Permit me to smoke one pipe before I die." "You may smoke three if you please," said the King; "but do not expect me to spare your life." Thereupon the Soldier drew out his pipe and lighted it at the blue light; and before a couple of wreaths of smoke had ascend up the Black Dwarf appeared holding a little cudgel in his hands, and asked, "What are your commands, master?" "Knock down first, the unjust judge, and his constables, and do not spare the King even, who has treated me so shabbily." The little Black Dwarf commenced wielding his cudgel, and at every blow down went a man, who never ventured to rise again. The King was terribly frightened when he saw this, and begged for mercy, but the Soldier only pardoned him on conditions of his giving him his daughter for a wife, and his kingdom to rule; and to this the unhappy King consented, for he had no choice.

#### A STORY OF CHARLES DICKENS.

"I chanced to be traveling some years ago," he said, "in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Besides myself there were



two ladies and a gentleman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once that a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the *Times*, when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three others persons in the carriage with reference to myself and my books. One of the ladies was perusing 'Bleak House,' then lately published, and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking what book they were reading. On being told the author's name and the title of the book he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writings of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seem never before to have suspected; but when he attacked the author's private character and told monstrous stories of his immoralities in every direction, the volume was shut up and consigned to the dark pockets of a traveling-bag. I listened in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself, which if they had been true, would have consigned any man to a prison for life. After my fictitious biographer had occupied himself for nearly an hour with the eloquent recital of my delinquencies and crimes, I very quietly joined in the conversation. Of course I began by modestly doubting some statements which I had just heard touching the author of 'Bleak House,' and other unimportant works of a similar character. The man stared at me, and evidently considered my appearance on the conversational stage an intrusion and an impertinence.

'You seem to speak,' I said, 'from personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?'

'He rather evaded the question, but, following him up closely, I compelled him to say that he had been talking, not from his own knowledge of the author in question, but he said he knew for a certainty that every statement he had made was a true one. I then became more earnest in my inquiries for proofs, which he arrogantly declined giving.

'The ladies sat by in silence, listening intently to what was going forward. An author

they had been accustomed to read for amusement had been traduced for the first time in their hearing, and they were waiting to learn what I had to say in refutation of the clergyman's charges. I was taking up his vile stories one by one, and stamping them as false in every particular, when the man grew furious and asked me if I knew Dickens personally.

'I replied, 'perfectly well; no man knows him better than I do, and all your stories about him, from beginning to end, to these ladies, are unmitigated lies.'

'The man became livid with rage, and asked for my card.

'You shall have it,' I said coolly, and taking out one, I presented it to him without bowing.

'We were just then nearing the station in London, so that I was spared a longer interview with my *truthful* companion; but if I were to live a hundred years, I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a withered vegetable, and as if his legs belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and bidding them 'good-day,' I stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station the man had mustered up strength sufficient to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven, that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution: 'Before you make charges against the character of any man again, about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are so utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after Truth, and avoid lying as you would eternal perdition.'

#### EXECUTION OF JEANNE D'ARC.

In view of the fact that the canonization of Jeanne D'Arc has recently been mentioned in the European correspondence of the Catholic press, the following account of her death will be interesting:

The unhappy maid called on Christ with much agitation and asked for a cross. An Englishman who stood by broke his staff and made a small cross for her. She kissed and meekly placed it in her bosom. Immediately after, probably wishing for the holy emblem that had been in a sacred place, she requested the apparitor and the monk Isambard to get for her a crucifix high enough to be held up before

her sight, that as long as sight remained she might look upon it until she expired. They procured one from a church that was near, and brought it to her. Long and ardently did she embrace it. There were thousands of weeping eyes and aching hearts around her; but no one dared to make an effort to tear her from the ferocious men-at-arms, who became impatient to see her burnt, and have it over. It was the duty of the magistrate who represented the secular power to give the order for the execution. He lingered, as if he could not find courage to do it, when two subordinate captains, with some of their detestible followers, seized Jeanne, and brought her down from the scaffold where she had listened to the sermon and sentence. The magistrate found he could do nothing; the rude soldiery would not suffer him to read the form he had prepared for the announcement of the sentence, so loud were the cries of their impatience to "burn the witch, burn the witch." All he could do was to wave his hand, and say, "take her, take her!" A long and deep groan was heard from the crowd, and such was the impatience and clamor of the archers that they reproached the priests, who continued praying with Jeanne to the last moment, and brutally asked the true servants of God in this charitable act, "if they intended to keep the men-at-arms on that spot to have their dinner?" So horror struck were several of the assessors who had given their verdict against her, and many of the clergy who had not been on the trial, that they could not remain to see the end of the victim; and fled in haste from the scene. From some motive or diabolical malice, the pile had been constructed to lengthen the period of her suffering, and from its vast height the executioner would be unable, as was usual in some way known to his craft, to shorten the agony with the life of the victim.

The maid was at length placed on the funeral pile, supported between L'Ayvenn and Lsanbard. They resumed their prayers for her with much ardor, as she kept her eyes fixed on heaven, her only refuge from the cruelty of men, as if glad to avoid looking on the shocking realities of earth that environed her; her fervent prayers and tears were unceasing. Strange does it seem that when the executioner came to bind her to the stake she was heard repeatedly to call aloud on St. Michael, as if his form, now in the last moments of her life, was before her as it had been in the commencement of her career, when she declared that it was St. Michael who appeared to convey to her the

commands of God. She was bound without the slightest resistance. The executioner arrived with the fatal torch in his hand. She screamed and then spoke in hurried accents to her confessor. A great shout of exultation arose from the soldiery. In the midst of the tumult she was heard calling upon "God, Jesus, Maria! my voices, my voices." Could there be a doubt, in the moment of expiring life, in the midst of the tortures of her cruel agony, whether she believed in the reality of her mission? "Yes," she repeated, when the flames were ascending around her, "my voices were of God. No, my voices did not deceive; my revelations were of God!" The flames increased, and ascended still higher. The monks at her side did not heed them—they thought only of Jeanne; she saw their danger, and bade them descend. They obeyed, but remained at the base of the pile holding up the crucifix, the emblem of her Lord's sufferings, that it might if possible, be the last thing that met her eyes before her spirit was admitted to the light of the martyr's glory. Nothing was heard from her but invocations to God, interrupted by the cries of her long drawn agony. So dense were the clouds of smoke that at one time she could not be seen. A sudden gust of wind turned the current of the flaming whirlwind and Jeanne was seen for a few moments. She gave one terrific cry, pronounced the name of Jesus, bowed her head, and the spirit returned to God who gave it. Thus perished Jeanne, the Maid of Orleans.

#### BRAY, COUNTY WICKLOW.

Nestling close to the foot of Bray-Head, a noble promontory which towers majestically to a height of seven hundred feet above the sea, lies the picturesque little town of Bray.

The town is situated on the Borders of the counties of Wicklow and Dublin, part of it lying in either county; it is divided into parts by the river Bray or Dargle, which also forms the boundary between the two counties the part on the north, or Dublin side of the stream, being called Little Bray. Bray proper, is built on the south, or Wicklow side of the Dargle. It is a handsomely constructed town of about three thousand inhabitants, and has lately become a fashionable watering place, for the denizens of the metropolis, from which it is distant about twelve miles. Bray was formerly incorporated, and even Parliaments were sometimes held there, but its chartered privileges are now confined to the holding of a manor court once a

month, and petty sessions once a fortnight.

Bray has little or no manufactures, a few small establishments for manufacture of linen and coarse frieze, being all it can boast of. It formerly possessed a considerable fishery of cod, haddock, and herrings, but this dwindled away beneath the blighting influence of a foreign government, whose settled policy it has been to destroy every commercial and manufacturing source of Irish prosperity.

The harbor of Bray is barred by a bed of shingle, which has to be cut through annually to admit vessels of any considerable size. According to John O'Donovan it was here that St. Patrick landed when, on his second visit to Ireland, he came to preach the gospel to our pagan forefathers, and a very churlish reception he met with there it seems, for the Annals of Clonmacnois inform us that on the saints landing at *Inber Degadh* he was opposed by the Leinstermen, one of whom struck one of his companions on the mouth with a stone, and knocked out four of his teeth, for which reason he was afterward called *Mantatus*, or the toothless, and the Church of *Cill-Mantain*, now Wicklow, is said to have taken its name from him.

An ancient bridge serves to the town its suburb of Little Bray. This was formerly defended by a castle, built, evidently by some of the Norman settlers of the Pale, to guard against the incursions of the fierce clansmen of O'Toole and O'Byrne, whose frequent forays from the mountain fastness kept the garrison continually on the alert; evidently their bed was not one of roses. The same old castle is still a fortress in the hands of the foreigners whose representative holds sway on Cork Hill, in the neighboring city of Dublin; for it affords shelter to half a score of the modern men-at-arms, known as Royal Irish Constabulary. In other words it is a "peelers' barrack."

But in these degenerate days, the garrison leads a life of inglorious ease, except when they are occasionally employed under the auspices of the "crowbar brigade," in rooting out the descendants of the old warriors, whose battle cry, echoing through the neighboring glen, so often roused the former garrison of that old castle from their slumbers. Of late this Bailiff-protecting occupation has been occasionally diversified by the great excitement caused by the influx of foreign tourists whose route to the glorious scenery of the Wicklow hill lay across the old bridge over which the vigilant aspirants to chevrons kept watch and ward, taking special note of the cut of the beard or boots of the

adventurous traveller, whose fancy or business led in the direction of the favorite haunts of *Faugh Me Hugh*, and Captain O'Dwyer. But alas for the victims of promotion, even this opportunity has passed away without affording stalwart drivers of stray goats and marauding donkeys a chance of exhibiting their devotion to the powers that be, and so they are fain to lounge listlessly over the parapet of the old bridge, and hope for more stirring times, which may Heaven send them soon and sudden.

It is not our purpose at present to enter into any description of that region of sublimity and beauty to which Bray is the entrance. We shall close this notice by the following interesting legend of the origin of the name given to one of the most beautiful defiles in all Wicklow, the "Devil's Glen," which we find in that most able of all our Irish periodicals, the *Dublin University Magazine*:

"Our earnest explorer," it says, "sought in all directions from books and living men, and at last made out a legend of which we submit an epitome.

"Long ago the deep and rugged glen was merely a long, low hill, with many trees scattered over its surface. In its neighborhood was a convent, the ladies of which, especially the novices, would enjoy the free air under the shade of these trees; and to the extreme annoyance of many young princes and chiefs, the lovely Adoife, daughter of a neighboring magnate, entered the convent as a postulant for the veil. Young aspirants to the hand of the insensible princess came from near and far to endeavor to shake her resolution. The rules of the convent not being strict, it was not difficult to gain sight and hearing of the princess, but every suitor left the convent with a civil and decided refusal.

"Among the crowd of rejected who occasionally stamtered in company under the trees on the slope of the neighboring hills and administered such consolation to each other as they could afford, was an ardent young prince whose voice joined in most musically with the united chorus of the praisers of the fair recluse. Being frequently annoyed by the mocking expressions on the countenance of a dark visaged man among the suitors, when the rest were loudest in their eulogies, he at last civilly asked him did not the princess deserve even warmer encomiums than what she had as yet received.

"There is no woman in Erin," said he, "who would not be won from what she considers right conduct, by manly beauty or profuse riches."

'Princess Adoife would be proof to both,' said the youth.

'Be at the entrance of the convent to-morrow at noon and I will convince you of your mistake. She shall be subjected to the influence of beauty to-morrow; if that fails, gold shall be tried next day.'

"As the prince was sitting sadly enough on a stone before the gate at the hour appointed, he heard the sound of horns executing an enchanting melody, and beheld a mounted chief approaching, from whose jewel covered dress light flashed at every step of his steed. His face and form were those of a most beautiful and well formed youth, and his retinue wore the most costly clothing. As he passed the prince he said to him in the tones of yesterday's acquaintance, 'I am going to try the constancy of your adored princess. If you choose you may efer among my train.

"The prince endeavored to shout 'treachery!' at the sound of his voice, but an attendant touched him with a wand which left him powerless to move or speak. There he remained until the glittering youth came out again, rather humbled in demeanor this time.

'Beauty has failed for once,' said he. 'Gold must exert its power to-morrow.'

"When the train had passed out of sight the prince recovered his faculties.

"At a high point on the hill was an old stone cross, and near it was the issue of a spring, but the neighborhood was marshy, and the course of the little brook scarcely discernible with flaggers, and rushes, and shrubs encumbered the banks. As the prince mournfully sat and ruminated at the foot of the old cross, he at last fell asleep. During his slumber a beautiful form, clothed in white flowing robes, and her long hair encircled by a wreath of shamrocks, appeared to him.

'I am the Sighe,' said she, 'to whom the care of this stream is entrusted, and I wish that it should dance and sparkle in the bright sunshine, and the sound of its ripples and falls should come to the ears of man and woman. You can accomplish this for me, and punish the demon who seeks to turn Adoife from her duty by—'

"What followed seemed to be felt by his inward thoughts without meeting his ears.

"Next day, as he sat on the stone, there came by the handsome and richly clad youth, with slaves and horses laden with gold and precious stones, and behind and beside the treasures the same richly-dressed train which had been in

attendance the day before. This time the prince entered the court to witness the conference. The gold, and diamonds and pearls, had no more effect on the right-minded Adoife than the supernatural beauty of the wooer. He begged and prayed, but in vain, and he fell into such agitation that his tail escaped from under his sparkling tunic and began to lash about in fury. This was what the prince was waiting for. He flung his praying chaplet round it, and the demon gave such a spring as took him out over the court and on to the green hill side. He sped to the spring, but the shade of the stone cross was on it, and he dared not come near.

"Overcome by the power of the sacred taiman he flung himself down and rolled about in agony, tearing away the soil and stones, and flinging them far on each side. Thus he hurrowed, tore up and flung out earth and rocks for the entire length of the present gleb, when the prince, seeing no further impediment to the free course of the stream, relieved him of the torturing beads. When released he turned on his tormentor to tear him into pieces, but a glance at the chaplet sent him through the air faster than the stone hurled from a sling. The fairy had now the joy of seeing her stream soon increased to a goodly river, leaping from ledge to pool, and rejoicing in its course in the free air and sunshine. If the prince did not persuade Adoife to be his bride, she induced him to become a monk in the neighboring monastery. When God really calls, it is sinful not to obey."

One must never say, I will do such and such a thing because I wish to do it, but because I have reason to do it.

I will point out to you a terrible adversary to the country, a deadly enemy of the republic, of the empire, of royalty, and of all forms which public justice and authority can take amongst us: it is impiety.

Some have said that the Christian religion, by representing heaven to us as our true country, detaches us entirely from that in which we live on earth, and causes us to neglect the duties of society. This reproach is clearly false, since our religion teaches us that we can only reach heaven by fulfilling our duties to society and our country. Experience teaches us enough who are the truest patriots, those who believe in a God and in a future life, or materialists who believe neither in heaven nor hell.

# FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.

*Despondingly.*

1. For - get not the field where they perish'd, The truest, the last of the brave—All

gone! and the bright hope we cherish'd Gone with them, and quench'd in their graves.

2 Oh! could we from death but recover  
Those hearts, as they bounded before,  
In the face of high heav'n to fight, over  
That combat for Freedom once more:—

3 Could the chain for an instant be riven  
Which Tyranny flung round us then.  
Oh! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,  
To let Tyranny bind it again'

4 But 'tis past, and tho' blazon'd in story,  
The name of our Victor may be.  
Accurst is the march of that glory  
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

5 Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
Illum'd by one patriot name,  
Than the trophies of all who have risen  
On Liberty's ruins, to fame!