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A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

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MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 8.

O'NEILL'S WAR-SONG.

BY MICHAEL HOGAN, THE BARD OF THOMOND.

Air: "O'Donnell Aboo."

Fierce is the flame of the vengeance of Erin
 When roused by the blast of the battle to shine;
 Fierce is the flash of her broadsword uprearing
 To strike for her rights and her altars divine.
 Haste—snatch the spear and shield,
 Rush to the battle-field;
 The Saxon is come from the towers of the Pale;
 Sons of the vale and glen!
 Children of mighty men!
 Swell the dread war-note of conquering O'Neill.

Lightly the band of terror is streaming
 Like a fire-cloud of death on the hills of Tyrone;
 Brightly the spears of Clan Connall are gleaming,
 Like thunder flames set in the beams of the sun.
 Hark! the wild battle-cry
 Rings thro' the sounding sky;
 Hill, rock and mountain are blazing with steel.
 Eagles and forest deer
 Rush from the heights with fear,
 Sacred at the war-shout of conquering O'Neill.

O'Donnell descends from his father's dark mountains,
 His comes, glorious prince, to the strife of the Gael,
 He comes like the rush of his own stormy fountains,
 Sweeping impetuous o'er moorland and vale.
 On to the Yellow Ford
 Chiefs of the flashing sword!
 Charge the proud Sassenach back to the Pale.
 Fierce to the scene of blood,
 Wild as the mountain flood,
 Rush the strong warriors of conquering O'Neill.

Our war-shouts shall ring, and our musket peals rattle
 Our swords shall not rest from their hot bloody toil;
 Our plains shall be drench'd with the red shower of
 battle,
 Till the godless invaders are swept from our soil.
 Pikeman and musketeer,
 Korne and cavalier,
 The wolves and the ravens are scenting their meal;
 Carve to them red and fresh
 Plenty of Saxon flesh—
 Follow your princely chief, conquering O'Neill.

Onward, O'Neill, with the red hand of glory,
 Thy sword lighteth thousands to conquest and fame,
 The annals of Erin are emblazed with thy story,
 Her valleys are filled with the praise of thy name.
 On with the bloody hand,
 Shake the dread battle brand;
 Woe to the spoilers of green Innisfail.
 Lo! their red ranks appear—
 Up, every gun and spear;
 Charge, Charge, O'Donnell and conquering O'Neill.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."
 —BROOK.—*The Gleaner.*

CHAPTER XX.

A QUERER OLD MAN.

"Rose!—Rose, I say! Where *can* the girl have gone to?"

"Father, I am coming," cried Rose Marton, as she hastened from the embraces of her young friend to meet her father who, in loose morning dress, stood at the door of his rooms, peevishly awaiting her coming.

"I thought you never would have come, child. I called you several times."

The old man spoke irritably, almost harshly.

Richard Marton was a strange man. Naturally tall and gaunt, the weight of years and perhaps of sorrow had stooped his shoulders, and gave a sharp twitching restlessness to his thin features. His face must have been originally a kindly one, but long seclusion from the world and the constant companionship of his own brooding thoughts gave it an aspect of un-couthness that was nearly repulsive. The traces of long physical agony were also visible in his worn cheeks and in the unhealthy light of his eyes, and in the nervous movements of his bony hands. Thin gray hair and gloomy eye-brows completed the strange effect of his appearance. Such was the man, who, with a skull-cap perched carelessly on his head and a long snuff coloured coat hanging around him, and leaning for support on a heavy walking can, thus testily received his daughter.

Rose saw he was in ill-humour, and, going up to him meekly, she put her arms around his neck tenderly.

"Father, I am so sorry you have been waiting. I did not think you would be up so early,

and Miss Artslade, who came over from Ashenfield to see me, kept me talking. You don't look well to-day."

"Nonsense, child I never do look well."

Rose knew that any further questions would only provoke him, and hurried into the apartment used by them for the common purposes of sitting room and kitchen, where she was not long in making preparations for breakfast.

The old man toddled in painfully after her and threw himself without a word in his great arm-chair within a few feet of the fire (for, though it was in the height of summer, his limbs shivered with cold). It was a gloomy place, such as his sympathies leaned to. A dark and faded tapestry screened the blank and grimy walls from view. The sunlight barely crept through two ancient embrasures that served for windows. The uncertain glare of the fire sometimes dimmed the daylight altogether. The grotesque carvings over the chimney-place were darkened and defaced by age. The furniture, too, which was chiefly improvised from such articles as were for generations abandoned to decay by the owners of the Castle, was of a sombre cast that did no violence to the prevalent gloom. The only thing out of place seemed to be the bright creature who was its goddess (or, shall we say, its victim?) Light florid in gloom; life in death.

Old Richard tossed and groaned painfully in his arm-chair while Rose, like a good fairy, flitted about the little breakfast-table and soon set it out with enticing fare. A cup of fragrant hot coffee and some well browned slices of buttered toast (Rose's special manufacture) sweetened by the tender little offices woman's love alone can imagine, speedily dissolved his crusty humour. A look of tenderness came into his face, and sat there so well—illuminating, softening, shining with a pale light, but still shining—that tenderness must have made it a favourite dwelling long ago, before years, thought and sickness wrought on it their woful patterns.

He looked at her fixedly for a few moments, as she busied herself with an angel's devices for his comfort,—now cheating him into an over allowance of coffee, now couching the leg in which paralysis lurked on a soft restment of footstool and pillows.

"Rose," he said at last, "come here."

She knelt beside him, and stroking her dark silken tresses, he said:

"Rose, I spoke harshly to you just now—"

"Dear father, I know you did not mean it harshly."

"I did not, child, indeed I did not. I know I am very cross and unreasonable, but I suffer a great deal. To-day I was in a worse temper than usual."

"Perhaps you did not sleep well last night?"

"I never do sleep well."

"Ah! father, if you would only go about more in the air—it is so mild and delicious now—you would soon be all right again."

Old Richard shook his head mournfully.

"The air would only make my pains the worse," said he. "But it was not they disturbed me so much last night."

Rose started.

"You did not see anything last night?" she asked, eagerly, "anything in the western tower?"

Her father looked at her half-sternly, half in bewilderment.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Rose with a shudder—"I suppose it was fancy, but I thought—I am almost sure—I saw a red light last night in the western tower, and I even fancied," and she shuddered again—"I even fancied I saw something like the shadow of a man crossing the courtyard."

"Pooh! child, that comes of your walking late at night on those lonely battlements. There are no ghosts outside our own imaginations."

"Then you did not see the light or the man's shadow?"

"Of course not. But I had a terrible dream."

It was now his turn to shudder. Beads of cold perspiration stood on his forehead.

"A dream!" said Rose, "surely if you don't mind ghosts, that could not have troubled you."

"It did deeply," said the old man, bending down as if absorbed in unpleasant reflections; and with good reason," he added, speaking aloud as it were involuntarily.

Rose waited in silence till he spoke again.

"Yes," he cried, suddenly, as if his resolution was taken. "It was an evil dream. I dreamed I was entrusted with a secret—a secret of vital interest to one as dear to me as even you are, Rose—with an injunction to reveal it at the proper time. When that time came, I thought I selfishly kept the secret, wronging this dear one deeply, lest I should lose a treasure by the revelation. I was always fixed upon disclosing it, but I thought I kept putting it off, putting it off till one day I found myself on my death

bed, and when I tried to tell the secret I dreamed that the words choked me, and with me the secret died. Oh! it was a dreadful wrong!"

Strange and to her inexplicable as was the narrative, Rose somehow felt it enkindling deep interest in her own heart. The strong emotion of the old man, his swelling veins and the wild glare of his eyes, assured her there was in his words something more than the description of an empty dream—something that mayhap gave the key of his mysterious life—something, she felt, which concerned herself: the sunlight, it might be, to melt away those clouds in which her history was buried.

She turned to ask him one question—why did the dream afflict him so?

For a moment it seemed as if he were going to give the answer voluntarily. His gloomy abstraction threatened every moment to burst into a disclosure. But if he had anything to disclose, he appeared to have conquered an impulse to disclose it, for suddenly raising his head and looking straight at Rose, with a look that frightened her, he said, laughing strangely:

"It was only a dream, after all—only a dream—nothing more than your ghosts, Rose."

He was silent again; and thinking.

"Why should the words choke me? That was a queer idea. Choke me and let the secret die! Ha, they may choke me, but they won't choke the secret. Ha, ha, that's secure—that's very secure."

Old Richard attempted to rise from his chair but sank back with a groan.

"Oh! those dreadful spasms!" he cried, painfully. "How they rack me! Rose, wheel me over my writing-table."

Rose transferred it from the window, where it was her father's habit day after day to sit writing something that, it seemed, never would end.

Richard opened the writing desk, a moth-eaten relic of once costly rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The interior was a complicated system of spring and secret drawers.

"Come here, Rose," he said, firmly. "I am old, and my diseases multiply. I may not have long to live."

"Father, do not speak so despondingly," said Rose, in tears. "It makes me very sad."

"No, child, it is better you should face it now. Perhaps—may certainly—you will be happier when I am gone."

Rose looked at him in amazement.

"I mean," he said, hurriedly and in some confusion, "you will go into the world, and

your beauty will be admired, and you will be worshipped for your goodness. How much a brighter prospect for you my poor child, than nursing a tedious sick old man!"

"Oh! father, how can you say that?" cried Rose, embracing the old man tearfully. "The world is a desert to me. I have no one to love there but you."

An expression of wonderful love came on his worn face as he gazed into the deep true eyes, like blossoms on a leafless tree in winter.

"Heaven, forgive me for so abusing your love," he cried. "But what could I do without you?"

"Father, have I ever given you reason to speak so?"

"No, no, child, but I feel it all the same. But enough of that. I want to tell you, if—anything should happen me—anything sudden, you know—don't tremble, Rose—it may be only a fancy—but if anything should happen, you will find in this little drawer that which will make a great provision for you, child—that which will make you a little princess as proud as Sir Albin Artslade's heiress."

As he spoke, he pointed out behind a slide in the bottom of the desk a little drawer securely locked, and at the same time gave her a little brass key of peculiar construction which unlocked it.

Rose took the key mechanically. Her poor brain was in a whirl of doubt and amazement. How she longed to burst open the little drawer at once, and steal away its secret! Her father's confidences were so strange, so much at variance with his habitual reticence, she knew not what to think, unless that in that drawer lay the talisman of her life.

But, after all, the great provision he spoke of might be only gold—perhaps the hoard that cost him all his lonely years of misanthropy. The thought chilled her anxiety at once. Even to be a "princess as proud as Sir Albin Artslade's heiress" charmed her little, if it filled not the void in her heart, nor satisfied her longing for human sympathy. What avail golden toys to a child that is hungry?

She sighed deeply, and looking on into the future, when the grass grew over Richard Marton's grave, saw in a old convent cloister one who might have loved, fading painfully into a world where love will be eternal. She did not sigh again. Resignation shone in her face like a glory from the empyrean.

Her meditations were cut short by an abrupt question from her father.

"Did I hear you say anything about Miss Artslade?"

"Oh! yes, she was over this morning to see me—she is very kind and good."

"They have returned from London, then?"

"Dear! you don't forget I told you yesterday of their coming?"

"Ah! true, my memory is bad, very bad—unless in some things, Rose—some things I can remember all my life! Rose, I want you to like Sir Albin Artslade."

"Like him!"

"My child, I want you to try and love him—love him as you love your father," the old man said, solemnly.

She was about to seek some explanation of this strange request, when a footstep in the passage called her thither.

It was the tall, wretched looking woman we have seen in the circle round the forge fire. She came to beg "jist the laste sign in life o' new milk," to make whey for her little boy, Dinny, whose skull had been opened the day before as one of the pastimes of the enthusiastic gentlemen from Clonmel.

"Poor boy," said Rose, gently, "what did he do to provoke them?"

"Wisha, I dunno, asthore, unless it might be he was hungry, an' in no humour to shout for thim that left him an empty stummach. The dirty spawn o' H—, may the curse—"

"Hush, hush, do not curse. We all have our trials and ought to bear them patiently."

"I axe God's pardon an' your's Miss, but 'twould take the angels out o' Heaven to bear wid'em, the murderin'—"

"There, now, say no more. Is the boy very ill?"

"Alanna, he's dyin' o' the drooth intirely, an' I wid no more than a dhrink o' cowlid wather to fetch him. Wirristhree, I'm indhred its a faver he's in for, God help him!"

"Stay a moment and I'll go down with you to see him."

And in a few moments, Rose Marton was hurrying along to the village, with a little basket of delicacies under her cloak so absorbed in Dinny Doyle's troubles that she quite forgot her own.

Old Richard struggled to the door and watched her till she disappeared behind the trees. Then he said:

"If ever there was an angel on earth that's she. Ay there was one more—her mother."

And hobbling back to the old arm-chair, he stirred the fire, and fell a-thinking again.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. LANGTON'S LITTLE PARADISE.

Lest the world should have any dark misgivings as to the fate of Mr. Langton, the valet, whom we last saw alive (and kicking) in a plebeian dung pit one summer evening long ago—lest a dire whisper should go round that he never rose from this untimely grave, unless to go to Heaven—and lest a calamity so dreadful should convulse the universe, we hasten to assure whom it may concern that head-ache and some dirty linen, and some enlightened ideas about Ireland and the Irish were the worst results of that unhappy adventure.

In witness whereof, we only pray a visit of a mellow harvest evening to the kitchen of Ashenfield Manor-House, where that distinguished personage is discovered discussing with the cook and housemaid a skeleton turnkey and a ham that has seen better days, with a little delicacy in a brown jug which is *not* spring water.

"Happiness" was not painted in large capitals on Mr. Langton's forehead, but what dullard need be flogged into reading it, plain as print, in the expression of sublime philanthropy (the Irish always excepted) which suffused his face, in the flowers of Christian content which blossomed over his nose, and in a placid expanse of flesh which heaved beneath his waistcoat? The cook, who relished a drumstick and did not disdain beer, setmed immeasurably vulgar in his neighbourhood, and the housemaid, who was sentimental, gazed on him with a respectful rapture which seemed to say, "Isn't he a duck?" There was dignity, repose—everything that could satisfy his gentle ambition (for ambitions spare not even minds like his) that, if society were arranged with any eye to the proprieties, he knew who would be master of Ashenfield and who would be valet. Nor did these high thoughts ruin his appetite, which absorbed turkey and ham with appropriate washings—down to an extent that convinced the housemaid, after all, that human lions, like their brothers of the menageries, have their feeding-hours.

These happy externals were only the reflections of Mr. Langton's good fortune for the last few years. His star was in the ascendant every where. His Irish enemies were degraded; his master exalted to his heart's content. Then there were the London seasons, which now restored him regularly to Cockaigne—the glittering society of the squares—the "Sundays out" at Camden Town—the gorgeous scarlet and

gold of his livery in the Row. But the crowning glory of all was the engagement of the immortal Sarah Jane as ladies' maid to the Sackwell girls, whom that excellent creature soon taught to say "cawnt" in the most approved fashion, and (unhappily for their gentility) further to adopt the Seven Dials' theory of the rules of the letter H. The lovers were thus brought into constant and charming communication. And when, for their sins, they came to Ireland after the recess, they contrived to endure it heroically. Between Monard and Ashenfield there was no great distance, and in the fine evenings there was many a rendezvous in the wild wood, where along with love there could be discussed the refined gossip of the kitchens—how Sir Albin ate fish with his knife—what Miss Albin Armintha did with her back hair—and with what inhuman parsimony Mrs. Sackwell cut down the beer. All which made them as happy as the days were long, and (sum-
 mery though they were) happier.

"Lor' bless us, Mr. Langton, you've bin' a' eaten all the turkey," said the respectable cook, Mrs. Byles, suddenly awaking to the fact.

"Ma'am?" said Mr. Langton, in an austere half-interrogative, that was meant to be annihilating.

"I say, sir," said Mrs. Byles, "as how you ain't left a morsel on the breast bone, no, not as much as would choke a hinfast, (the Lor' save us from all sitch!)"

"Indeed, ma'am!" said Mr. Langton, loftily. "Jenny, fetch me another pint of beer."

The sentimental housemaid did as she was desired, cheerfully, and, drawing another foaming pint, presented it to the great man.

"Jenny, you're a precious little gal, you are," said Mr. Langton, coaxingly, and, as he took the tankard, took also a kiss from the pretty pair of lips upheld to his.

"Law, Mr. Langton, you're very impident, I remonstrated the housemaid, scarlet all over, but not very indignant. "What would Sarah Jane say?"

"Sarah Jane be blowed," said Mr. Langton, gallantly, as he drained the measure.

"Well, these men is horful!" reflected Mrs. Byles, in pious remembrance of a poor man of her own who went a-soldiering out to the Pyramids and forgot to come back.

Without noticing the calumny on his species, Mr. Langton transferred himself leisurely to one of the wide window sills, which he selected for his after-dinner snooze on two accounts—the sun's rays paid the spot their last visit before

going to bed behind the Galtees, and the prospect was not too fatiguing to the fancy—only a little space of backyard, shut in with stone walls, where the water-butt, some disabled saucepans and an hypochondriac wall-flower found asylum. Here, while Miss Byles was discussing with herself the uselessness of the masculine gender, and thanking God that cooks were not like those publicans, Mr. Langton calmly lighted his pipe and fell asleep—a dignified sort of sleep which deadened his senses to all unpleasant emotions, but left him very wide awake indeed to the pleasant ones—say, thoughts of Sarah Jane, evening meditations, and the narcotic.

So when a roguish head and shoulders peeped in at the door, and a crouching body and legs followed them, and when said fox-like form glided over to Mr. Langton with intent to give him a playful surprise, Mr. Langton intimated by a cough that he was not to be caught napping.

"Ah! Misther Langton, it's hard to come over you," smirked Mr. Jer. Murphy (the new-comer.)

"Yawwz," drawled the valet, smoking peaceably away.

"It's a fine evening, Mr. Langton, isn't it?" said the other, huffing uneasily at his cold reception.

"Yawwz," said Mr. Langton, more calmly than ever.

"Mr. Langton, I want a word wid you," whispered the bailiff, with a hideous leer. "Are we alone?"

"Certainly. Jenny, you take a walk in the back yard for a while, there's a good gal. Cook's been and fell asleep or drunk. Now 'ave you henything 'alarming to communicate?"

"You niver had any great *grau* for Tade Ryan, I make bowld to imagine?"

"If you mean I'd tear him limb by limb, you're right," said the valet, with sudden energy.

"I suspected as much. Iver since the bla-guard soused you wid potheen an' left you kickin' like mad in the dunghill—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Langton, whom the reminiscence made furious. "I 'ope you aint a-going to be hoffsensive."

"By no manes, Mister Langton, by no manes—far from it. I was jist goin' to tell you how you may pay off owld scores wid ininterest on these same byes, an' especially Tade Ryan."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the valet, all at once awakened to excited interest. "You wouldn't mind 'aving beer, would you, Mr. Murphy?"

"Jist a scintilla, sir, thank you—jist a scintilla," said Mr. Murphy, graciously; and more than one scintilla having been disposed of between the gentlemen, the conference became much more cordial and confidential.

"It's a great saycret I'm goin' to tell you," said Mr. Murphy, in a solemn undertone, "an' av we only do the thing properly, it may be the makin' o' both av us."

"Lor! you don't say so?"

"Faith, I do, an' mane it. There has been quare goin's on of late in the owld Castle over, an' many an hour I flagellated my brains till I found what it's all about. There's a rebellion brewin' over in that owld Castle as sure as my name is Jur!"

"A wot?" screeched Mr. Langton, jumping from his seat as tho' it were a powder-barrel ready to go off.

"A rebellion—a bloody rebellion!" repeated the other, solemnly, well pleased with the effect of his communication. "Bless yer simple heart, you don't know what a rebellion is? Why the devil a *gosssoon* in Ireland that hasn't seen a couple of them at the laste."

"Yawz—to be sure, yawz," said Mr. Langton, resuming an awful air of intelligence. "I've seen a score of the creatures myself, I'ave."

"Lord, you aren't jokin'?" I kind o' thought they wor niver seen unless in these parts."

"Aint they though?—they allus keeps a few o' that sort in the Zlog'cles—cage next but one to the crocodiles."

And as Mr. Murphy's acquaintance with Natural History or its haunts, was as slender as his friend's stock of politics, neither ventured to carry these abstruse topics further, but after staring at one another in exquisite bewilderment for several minutes, Murphy solved the difficulty by asking knowingly:

"You wouldn't be after makin' a guess who's at the bottom of it?"

Mr. Langton had to confess with humility he had not the slightest idea, unless 'twas the elegant as kept the keys and the 'ansome young 'oman up at the Castle.

"The owld angishore! 'tis more likely 'tis diggin' his grave he is than pike-makin'. No, but it's a *bouchal* Sir Albin Artslade 'ud sooner get into his clutches than a crock o' gold. Listen! That ould 'oman's safe, eh?"

"Drunk as a fiddler. Go on!"

Murphy leaned over mysteriously and whispered in the valet's ear, making his confident jump again, but now with joy.

"Eavenly jingo. 'Im! 'Im! You aint serious?"

"I'd know him in a million. Aisy, aisy, you *omadhaun*: keep dark, an' we're "made" min! I heard his whole story—how he was away in the furrin wars wid Bony, an' how he was sint across here by Bony himself to rise a rebellion; so av we don't spoil his hand, we'll have a Frinch army over in no time, an' all sorts o' ructions an' bloodshed, an' iU's tin to wan av you an' I an' ivery other dacent man like us isn't cut into pound pieces be the Papiests 'idout gettin' jidge or jury."

Mr. Langton, who was now beginning to have a vivid notion of what Rebellion meant, shuddered visibly at the doleful prospect, and exclaimed, "Eavenly jingo!" with much more pious significance than before.

"But we *will* spoil his hand," said the bailiff, chuckling unpleasantly. "As safe as he thinks himself in his hiding hole, I have him settled as nate as a sum in Jawmethry. An' it isn't him alone—"

"No!"

"Faith it isn't, but yer particular friend, Tade Ryan, that's actin' a kind o' *lifenant* o' the rebels, an' that foolish owld father-in-law o' his—we'll be able to root out the whole nist of 'em, and feather our own nists illigantly into the bargain."

"Well, you are a precious un!" cried Mr. Langton admiringly. "I should never o' thought it; but appearances are so deceitful! However did you find it hall hout?"

"Lave that to me," chuckled Mr. Murphy, slyly.

And Mr. Langton was forced to admit that he seemed every inch a man for any iniquity possible to crafty cowardice.

"Not but I had my share o' patient watchin', an' often ivery bone o' my body thrimblid' wid terror, for I knew well they'd slaughter me like a dog av they wanst got a sighth' o' me. But, be my sow!, 'twas worth all the throuble. Sir Albin 'ud give one half the blood in his vanes to catch that young fellow red hot in rebellion, an' get him hanged or transported straight off."

"Why not tell him immediately, then?"

"That 'ud spoil the whole beauty of the thing. I know young O'Dwyer is hangin' somewhere about the Castle, but I don't know his hidin' place exactly, an' if I had only half the story to tell Sir Albin I wouldn't get half the thanks. I want to thrack him shure into his lair, an' thin come down on him like thunder. Now, Mistor Langton, that's why I towtl you a word about it, because I haven't the whole

story yet to my satisfaction, an' I want you to help me."

Mr. Langton was silent. He could not see of what use he could be, unless to share the profits (the only part of the business that was quite rose-colour in his eyes).

"You see," Mr. Murphy went on, "I'm already a marked man wid these Papist varminits, an' as shure as iver they caught me on awars that moment 'ud be my last. Now, I've had enough o' the spy business, an' I want you to do the rest for me. You're safe enough, but my life isn't worth tin minnits purchase."

Mr. Langton now saw the explanation of his friend's generous confidences. Looking into the bailiff's livid face, he saw depicted there an arrant cowardice, which all the man's desire of wickedness could not overcome. For, as is Irish bravery bravest of the brave, so is Irish cowardice the most contemptible of poltroonery.

The valet hardly liked better the task sought to be transferred to him. Of all his earthly possessions, he valued chiefly his skin, which, no doubt, he thought more handy as it was than as it would be, punctured by a score or so of rebel pike-heads. Indeed a tooth-drawing could not have convulsed his face into wryer grimaces than did his amiable friend's proposition.

"You see," said Mr. Murphy, noting his hesitation, it is out of pure frin'ship' for yerse I mentioned the matter to you at all, for I might aisyly ha'done it myself an' pocketed the goold like a miser. Av coorse, whin you don't want—"

"I didn't say that, Mr. Murphy," said Mr. Langton hastily, as the other made a motion to go. "I'll be most 'appy, I'm sure, to do henny thing for so—so hexhilarating a hobject."

"Come, now, that's what I call manful talk," said the bailiff, encouragingly. "The thruth is, the work is all done before you, an' all we want is to have some one thrack the bird right into the nist so that there may be no mistake about it. You can do that to-night, an' thin we'll have the reward all to ourselves."

"To-night?"

"Aye! I heered 'em last night in the orgo appointing a great meetin' o' the rebels for to-night at Monard. I'll show you the place, an' the man, an' thin you have only to keep your eye on him, an' follow him at a safe distance right to the door of his hiding-place, wherever it is."

"And is that all?" said Mr. Langton, swallow-

ing a deep draught of beer to screw his courage to the sticking-point.

"Do that much, an' the prize is ours," said the bailiff. "But, mind!—av you aint mighty cautious our game is up, an' they'll lave the daylight through yer ribs as sure as you have a head on yer shoulders."

"Eavenly jingo!" cried Mr. Langton, piously, "adn't we better say a prayer?"

"Better another quart o' beer, av you're inclined to say anything," said the bailiff.

"Well, ere's your very good 'ealth, Mr. Murphy! 'Ere's success to our little game! And 'ere's, if the worst do come to the worst, 'ere's that Sarah Jane may never take on wid the black-whiskered fellow in the Blues!"

"I looks to-wards you, Misther Langton," said the bailiff, draining the quart of beer at a draught.

CHAPTER XXII.

SNOOZER MAKES A SENSATION.

As night deepened into midnight, Mr. Langton and his tutor in spy-science set out by bye-ways and dark places for the rendezvous of the rebels at Monard. As the night was pitchy dark, and their way, in order to the avoidance of inquisitive eyes, lay through woods and lonely lanes, neither of them was in heroic mood, and their journey was a succession of starts and spasms, of teeth-chattering and knee-knocking, which threatened momentarily to collapse in helpless terror.

Murphy was, however, much the worst coward of the two. Though reckless bravery did not count among Mr. Langton's failings, there were occasions which corked down his nervousness Jack-in-the-box-wise; and such a one was the present, when the chances of martyrdom were outweighed by the tempting reward, by the trifling services that would win it, and (in no remote degree) by the liberal supply of beer pressed into the service to supplement his courage.

Whether this last item had anything to do with creating ghosts in every dark corner they passed, and peopling their path with imaginary rebels, armed to the teeth and blood-thirsty to their toe-nails, we do not pretend to decide. Certain only that Mr. Langton said several edifying prayers *en route*, and Mr. Murphy a few oaths that must have inevitably appeased the Devil, if the sable potentate ever dreamed of harming so dear a friend.

They reached their destination at last unharmed of man or spirit, and found to their satisfac-

tion that they were in time to select a place of concealment at leisure, for none of the rebels had as yet arrived.

The place of rendezvous was a small open field on a rising-ground behind Mr. Sackwell's mansion at Monard, and skirted on three sides by a thick belt of trees, which in one place joined the dense woods stretching away up the mountain side, and thus offered an inviolable retreat in case of alarm. A stout fence overgrown with hawthorn and wild creepers ran along the field at this side, and here, where the shelter was best and darkest, our worthy friends ensconced themselves in a nest of thorns which gave them an homœopathic dose of physical agony to relieve the mental.

With hearts panting, and limbs shivering and bodies pressed so close to the fence that seemed anxious to amalgamate with it altogether, they awaited in breathless silence the event.

They had not long to wait. Very shortly men began to pour into the field from all quarters, some arriving singly, others in small squads, till the whole space was crowded with groups of men, who moved about silently and conversed in whispers. The spies were ready to die of terror a few times when some fresh accessions to the gathering came through the wood a few yards from where they lay; but their fears were groundless—the rebels passed on, little suspecting how near they were to bruising vipers' heads.

The light of the moon, which was just rising, made their movements clearly visible. After a good deal of confused processes, they began to assume something of military regularity, dividing into small compact bodies or companies, more or less numerous, while their commanders busied themselves about the ranks, dressing them into better discipline, and telling off to their places such newcomers as arrived.

The different bodies were then silently put through some of the simplest movements of military combination, the manœuvres partaking the character of a rude review.

While these exercises were going forward, Mr. Murphy's ferret-like eyes were directed cautiously along the ranks, searching in vain for their commander.

"It's no use," he muttered disconsolately. "There's sich a sighth of 'em, there's no knowin' which is which."

"I suppose it's hall hup," whispered the valet, whose courage was not much improved by a view of the dark masses of rebels, "'adn't we better go away?"

"Aisy a while. Something may turn up."

Mr. Murphy's hope in Providence was not misplaced. Presently the companies broke up and the men scattered in groups all over the field. As it chanced, one cluster of about a dozen men betook themselves to the very corner of the field where the spies lay concealed; and their first terror on seeing them approach was changed to joy when they perceived that the strangers halted a few yards from the ditch, where they were out of hearing of the rest of the body, and engaged in low and earnest discussion.

It was easy to gather from their looks and words that they were the rebel leaders—most of them rough, brawny peasants. But Mr. Murphy was not long in marking out one of them, wrapped in a fine broadcloth cloak, and wearing a military hat, whose erect figure, and graceful easy movements, identified him easily as chief among his associates.

"I am well satisfied with what I have seen and heard to-night," said he, to the peasants who gathered round him with instinctive reverence; speaking low, but loud enough to reach the ears of the spies. "The men only want arms and a little better training. Tell them this from me—I received news from France this very day that the fleet is ready to sail for Ireland. Let them be of good heart a little longer—let you abate none of your preparations, but rather redouble your zeal—and if another month does not bring us freedom, then slavery must be a destiny for Ireland."

"The speaker drew back his cloak, and a flood of moonlight falling on his face, discovered Gerald O'Dwyer to the watchers.

"'Tis he—'tis he!" whispered Murphy, exultantly, to his companion. "Now you have yer eye on him, don't lose sighth av him this night till you see him home wherever it is he's goin'. Mind, av you blunder as much as a hair's-breadth, they'll hang you like a dog! I'll wait no longer."

He was slipping cautiously from their lair, when a noise of rustling and crackling in the wood behind startled them both.

"Look! Look! 'Tis the Devil!" murmured the valet, in a tone of mortal terror, as, clutching his companion like a drowning man, he pointed to two blazing eyes, stuck in a head of inhuman shape, that were peering in at them through the bushes.

"Hush! or we are dead men!" cried the bailiff, himself rigid with fear.

"Look! Look! it is coming nearer!" groan-

ed the other, as the two blazing eyes with the diabolical shape that owned them moved nearer and nearer, the horrid apparition sniffing and snorting as if it smelt human blood. "O God! 'tis tugging at my boots. I must screech!"

And screech he did, during all consequences—a screech that in the silent midnight startled the whole valley. And at the same time there arose an unearthly growl, and then a shout of alarm and dismay, that re-echoing from the mountain with added dread, threw the assembled rebels into a confusion which was nearly a panic.

In an instant dozens of them leaped to the spot whence the noise seemed to proceed. As they did so a voice was heard in the wood crying, "Down, Snoozer, down, sir!" and immediately after a young man emerged from the trees and jumped from the ditch into the very midst of the astounded peasants. At his heels, still howling with affright, a huge bull-dog followed, howling afresh as he came in sight of the excited crowds of men.

The first moment of astonishment was succeeded by a vengeful fury on the part of the peasantry. With angry shouts of "Spy!" "Down with him!" &c, they gathered in swarms round the unfortunate youth, who was instantly engulfed in a maelstrom that threatened to be his grave.

"Stop, men; fall back!" The command rose high and clear over the tumult, and in a voice of authority that brooked no paltering.

Like the wind demons at sight of Neptune, the shouting mass of men held silence, and all but a few released their grip of the unhappy prisoner, who, with face pale as death and eyes ready to start from their sockets, gazed around in utter bewilderment at his wild assailants.

"In the name of God who are you?—what do you want?" he exclaimed at last, scanning every fierce face about him, as if he doubted it was not all a dream.

"Stay, men, he may not be a spy, after all," said Gerald O'Dwyer, struck with the prisoner's tone of innocent bewilderment. He walked up calmly to where he stood, and, tapping the pistol he held in his hand significantly, said: "Now, if you value your life, answer me truly: Who are you?"

The prisoner started back, at sound of the voice; and, somehow moved by the act, Gerald O'Dwyer started, too. They were quite close to one another now, and a bright stream of moonlight disclosed their features clear as day.

"Gerald!" "Charlie!" passed their lips at the same moment, and the next, to the open-mouthed surprise of the peasants, the young men were embracing one another enthusiastically.

"Why, Gerald, it's yourself after all," said Charlie Sackwell, after satisfying himself with some dozens of cordial handshakings that it was no ghost he was embracing.

"It is, indeed, old fellow, if you haven't frightened me out of my own likeness;" then, turning to the bewildered peasants: "This was all a mistake, friends. Mr. Sackwell is a dear friend of mine, and I'll vouch for it, he hasn't turned spy since I knew him long ago. 'Tade," he added, turning to his trusty lieutenant, "let the men disperse as soon as possible—this affair may bring inquisitive eyes upon us."

Young Sackwell who had been all this while collecting his scattered senses and trying to realise his position, suddenly burst out with:

"Isn't it all queer, Gerald?"

"A perfect Comedy of Errors, and very near being a tragedy to boot. I hope we didn't frighten you, Charlie?"

"You did, indeed," said Charlie, sentimentously.

"If it's any consolation to you, the fright was mutual. If it isn't impertinent to ask, what on earth brings you out of your virtuous bed at this hour of night?"

"Cressy" was the brief response.

"What! composing sonnets in the moonlight, like any mad poet! Charlie, I thought you were made of sterner stuff."

"Look here, old fellow," said Charlie, confidentially "I don't mind telling you I'm a fool about that girl—not only a fool but a madman. Gerald, I love her like—like—I don't know what."

"Well, my boy, she deserves all the love you could give her, and I wish you all success in your suit."

"You do?"

"I do sincerely. Why do you doubt it?"

"Because—because I thought—at least I know she—that is, I think, she is ever so fond of yourself. She's always talking of you."

The memory of the golden-haired, bright-eyed fairy came to Gerald's mind and entranced it for a moment with the old witchery; but a newer, he thought a nobler, image outdazzled it.

"Me? Nonsense!" he cried. "Miss Art-slade and I may never meet again, and, if we

should meet, it will not be to make love. But you have not yet shown the connection between Miss Artslade and your midnight rambles."

"Well, you see, I can't bear it any longer—I must either tell Cressy my mind or do something desperate—so I determined for good or ill to make a clean breast of the thing to-morrow. But, though I've been puzzling my brain all day, and hunting all the poetry books in the library, I couldn't fix on anything that would say exactly what I want to say. I suppose I must have made a fool of myself, for the girls were quizzing me the whole day because they caught me on my knees in the library rowing love to the arm chair, and dad went so far as to say I had taken too much port. At an rate Snoozer and myself left them there, and rambled up the mountain. I suppose I made a fool of myself there again, for, after rehearsing the whole scene with Cressy fifty times at least, and always making more blunders than before, I fell fast asleep in sheer disgust, dreaming all sorts of queer dreams about Snoozer and Cressy and poetry, till I woke half an hour ago half-frozen with the cold. I had no notion it was so late, and I was strolling home leisurely through the wood, when poor Snoozer came upon one of your friends in the ditch yonder, and—you know the rest."

"Then it wasn't you gave that unearthly squeal we heard first of all?"

"I did not open my lips."

"I suppose it was some of our fellows loitering about there," said Gerald, reflectively. "Though I did not see a single one of them near this corner of the field at the time. Could anybody else have been there? Pooh, it's not likely. At all events 'tis too late to think of it now."

The reflection was not pleasant, but, dismissing it, he turned again to young Sackwell and impressed on him the necessity of keeping their meeting a strict secret. But there was little fear of impertinent curiosity, or disclosures of other people's business on Charlie Sackwell's part: he was too much occupied with his own weighty thoughts to think of Gerald's strange apparition for a moment, as requiring explanation, or to form theories of why he found him drilling a small army in Monard by moonlight. The head, front and feet of his troubles was "Cressy"—"Cressy"—"Cressy," and when the young man parted, with a cordial shake-hands, he might still be heard enchanting Snoozer and the spirits of the night with rhapsodic rehearsals of the morrow's ordeal.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CRESSY'S PAIR OF LOVERS.

"Dolph, you are a stupid boy."

It was the Marchioness of Babblington who thus summarily estimated the calibre of her son. Mother and son were together in the Marchioness' dressing-room—mother leisurely replenishing the peachy bloom of her cheeks out of a perfect artist's repository of pots and powders—son looking out the window in a sort of good-humoured inattention.

"Dolph, you are a stupid boy."

"I suppose I am," cheerfully assented 'Dolph, as if he found supreme delight in disavowing human capacity. "But you do the cleverness for me. You're so clever, mother!"

"'Clever' is not a nice word, my dear," smiled the Marchioness, viewing in the glass with mild pride, one cheek whose adornment was complete, and then turning in true workmanlike way to the other. "Only men ought to be 'clever.'"

"Ought to be—yes," said the Marquis, contentedly, "but—"

"Pray don't get metaphysical, my dear, or you will be ridiculous, and forget what I want to impress on you—that my dear little friend Cressy is as love-sick as somebody I know, and only wants the invitation—"

"Mother, do you think so? I never thought any one would fall in love with me."

An unlovely sneer curled the Marchioness' lip, and an unlovely fire darted from her eyes, making revelation.

"Boy," she cried, almost fiercely, "remember you are the Marquis of Babblington, and she—" the Marchioness shrugged her pretty shoulders expressively. "But really, Adolphus, your silliness provokes one into rudeness, which I hate above all things. My sweet little friend only wants good birth to make her perfect, and even that she can have by allying herself with rank. If she could call herself Marchioness of Babblington, for instance, she would quite outshine Lady Clare in our set, she is so much more *natural*, you know."

"She is a perfect angel!" cried the Marquis, with unusual animation.

"Why don't you tell herself so?" innocently observed his amiable mother, effacing an unruly wrinkle with a last dexterous touch of violet powder. "Why don't you tell herself so, my dear?"

"I can't," blubbered the Marquis, disconsolately. "I always break down, and make a fool of myself. There was that fine thing about the

stars and blue eyes and that sort of thing—what you were trying to hammer into my head the other day, you know—”

“Hush, boy, it was love inspired it, not I.”

“At any rate, ’twas no use. I broke down in the middle—where you speak of love—lit something-or-other, you may remember—and d—me—”

“Adolphus !”

“There’s no other word for it, ma—d—me if I could budge another step. I took my hat and rushed out of the room, and I believe she nearly died of laughing.”

The Marchioness could not repress a smile at the droll seriousness of his narrative; but she soon banished it for a severer expression, one of annoyance that only for her amiability would be downright anger.

“Adolphus, you are incorrigible. You seem to be forgetting how *necessary* it is for both of us that you should at once explain your feelings to Miss Artslade.”

“Forget! Her eyes makes me forget everything.”

“Nonsense, boy, a woman’s eyes are only painted shells—pretty toys, but nothing in them. Once for all, think how we are situated—those troublesome tradesmen will not wait much longer, and we have no way of meeting them—no way unless you marry Miss Artslade, or—” (The alternative was muttered *sotto voce* and with a fugitive look at my lady’s graceful reflection in the mirror). “You are aware that your father (I hope sincerely God has forgiven him!) died miserably poor, and you know also the family estates are not what they used to be.”

“True—the income keeps me in four cigars a week.”

“Adolphus, you are atrociously vulgar,” cried the Marchioness, angrily. “You have not the least moral delicacy.”

“About telling the truth—none,” said the Marquis, laconically.

“I believe, Adolphus, you treat me unkindly,” cried his mother, taking refuge prettily in a fit of tears. “Here I am wasting the best years of my life trying to make you an honour to our house, and leave you rich and happy when I am gone; and you, cruel boy!”—The climax was too much for her ladyship, who dissolved into an hysterical sea of sobs.

“Don’t cry, ma—indeed I didn’t mean it,” exclaimed the youth, putting his arms around her neck in real concern. “Come, I’ll go this moment and throw myself at her feet, if you

wish it. I don’t care if I blundered a thousand times, I’ll do it!”

“Then fortune favours you, Dolph,” cried the Marchioness, suddenly serene as a sea after a storm. “There is sweet little Cressy herself in the garden below. How lovely she looks!”

“What will I say to her, mother?” asked the son, abashed again at sight of his fair *Snamorata*. “How I wish I had all your poetry in my head, now!”

“Come, we will go to meet her,” said the Marchioness glancing once more in the mirror for assurance that it was a thing of radiant beauty reflected itself there. “Come along, and remember—you *must* not fail!”

Cressy—we will still call her Cressy—ran to meet them, looking enchanting in a morning-dress of pure white, with her yellow hair floating free to the wind, and a bright healthy glow of exercise in her cheeks.

“Good morning, Lady Babblington,” she accosted the Marchioness with. “I hope the headache has quite left you. My lord, we missed you at breakfast this morning?”

“My dear, your early rising is quite shocking,” said the Marchioness, beaming on her with her full sun-power.

“I’m afraid I am very provincial—I’ve been up and stirring those three hours. By the way, Lady Babblington, I want to show you our gardens. Papa says they’re hideous.”

“My dear, your papa always underrates what is his own.”

“Then I wish he wouldn’t, for I think our gardens lovely, and I want you to see for yourself and tell him what bad taste he has.”

“My dear, I will be enchanted, some other time—I love flowers passionately, they are so fresh and natural, after the fatiguing pleasure of *our* society—but I will have to defer the treat. There is the dear Duchess of Blunderhead that has written me three long letters without getting a reply, and the Grosvenor people will hardly ever forgive me, I’m so sad at correspondence. I will sacrifice myself for once, and try to appease them. But if you would accept Adolphus in my place—I’m sure he’s a perfect enthusiast in flowers—”

“Yes, indeed—a perfect enthusiast,” repeated the Marquis.

“Oh! I shall be delighted,” said Cressy, laughingly, “if he promises not to be too cruel a flatterer.”

“There are those who cannot be flattered, Miss Artslade, and, if you are one of them, why complain?”

With which gracious saying, thrice graced by the manner of saying it, the Marchioness swept back into the house, kissing a fascinating adieu as she went, and with a parting whisper for her son's behoof, which made that young person jump nervously.

Cressy piloted her companion through all that was worth seeing of the Ashenfield gardens, chatting all the way. Here was a labyrinth to be merrily threaded, there a glimpse of sylvan landscape to be criticised. Every flower-bed had its own little history, every exotic in the green houses its interesting pedigree. And her "primrose prattle" was punctuated ever and anon with enraptured commentaries by her companion, who, taking all she said for granted, kept looking into her eyes in one unbroken stare, as if they chained him magically.

"Now, here," said Cressy stopping before a gaudy line of hollyhocks, "here is the very ugliest spot in the gardens; don't you think so?"

"Oh! exquisite!"

"I think it execrable."

"Very charming indeed."

Cressy raised her eyes to his for the first time in surprise, but quickly lowered them again in confusion on finding his gaze resting upon herself fixedly, and in a sort of sensible immobility.

"I do believe, my lord," she said, blushing in spite of herself—"I do believe you have not seen the flowers at all."

"Flowers! Oh! I assure you I have enjoyed them delightfully," said my lord, with all the idiotic earnestness he could muster. "I wish I could be always seeing flowers with *you*, Miss Artslade."

"Thank you, my lord, but I'm afraid we'd tire of it—'always' is so long."

"I would never tire. Oh! there's a lovely arbour! Shall we go in, Miss Artslade?"

"Then you are tired already, my lord," laughed Cressy. "Well, I have been, tedious, so I suppose I must allow you a rest."

They entered a little palace of an arbour, formed of rare wicker work, twined with irragrant creepers which weighted the air with perfume, and looking out upon a lovely glimpse of woodland, where it opened up a prospect of the valley with its mountain sentinel. The romance of the situation instantly overcame his lordship, who all of a sudden, like a giant triumphant over an army of doubts and fears, exclaimed:

"I must—now or never!"

"Merely, my lord, you frighten me!" cried Miss Artslade, really alarmed at the expression of desperate resolve his face wore. "I hope you are not sick."

"I am, very—love-sick," rejoined the Marquis, in a tone of piteous awkwardness, which, under other circumstances, would have made laughter irrepressible.

"Gracious, love must be a dreadful thing to make one look so desperate," she answered, gaily. "I hope yours is not a hopeless case?"

"Not if you wish it, Miss Artslade."

"I? Now surely you are joking, my lord."

The moment was come—for good or ill.

"No, by all the stars I swear it!" he cried, sinking to her feet, and calling into his face and words whatever of the theatrical his good mamma had thought him. "One small word of yours will raise me to—to—at least, to bliss unutterable; or dash me down to—"

What further, poetical and soul-stirring, might have followed, we cannot know; for just at this interesting juncture, when Cressy's girlish merriment was changing to real embarrassment, her eyes fell on the huge form of Charlie Sackwell, who stood, motionless as a statue, in the entrance, surveying the scene within with stoical coolness, and apparently without the smallest suspicion that he was an intruder; and, at his heels, Snoozer, shaking his big head philosophically, as if in mild deprecation of the scene.

In that instant a lightning picture floated on Cressy's mind, nearly striking her dead in a funny transport. The contrast between the lovers—the one idiotically adoring the stars, undignified in the gutter—his little soul aflame, his ashy energies at their height—the other dully looking on, without emotion, serious where another would roar, rooted in a spot which of all others he should have fled—the two so identically stupid, yet of so varied a stupidity, ranging from the merely stolid to the imbecile—the group, garnished with philosophical Snoozer, and with the remembrance of her own absurd part in the solemnity, formed a deluge of comicalities which overpowered even her appetite for fun, and caused her to vanish quick as thought through the back of the arbour.

The Marquis, blissfully unconscious of the reason of her flight, was proceeding to pick himself up with as much grace as his crest-fallen condition allowed, when turning round, he encountered the stolid stare of Charlie Sackwell, whose equanimity, like Snoozer's, suffered not a whit by all the grotesque ridicule of the scene.

"The Devil!" cried the kneeling nobleman.

"No. Sackwell's my name," said imperturbable Charlie.

The pair of young stupids contemplated one another speechlessly for a few moments, in which they seemed to be deliberating within themselves whether they ought to laugh, cry or fight. At length the spirit moved the Marquis to say in very sheepish mode:

"Oh! good morning, I was just—ah! trying my shoe, which got undone."

"You were not," said Charlie Sackwell, coolly, advancing into the arbour. "You were asking Miss Cressy to be your wife. I came to do the same."

"How queer! And how very sharp of you!" cried his lordship, with the facile sleekness of all weak minds.

"Did she accept you?" asked the other in the same way, "for if she did, I intend to shoot myself—or you."

"No, no—not at all," returned his lordship, twitching nervously in prospect of a duel with his big rival. "In fact—ha, ha!—you came on the scene before she could say anything."

"I'm glad to hear it," said young Sackwell, much relieved; and then, as if suddenly recollecting the absurdity of the situation, he laughed outright. "'Tis droll, upon my honor! Isn't it?"

"Y-yawz, v-very!" stammered his lordship, with much the same enthusiasm as the condemned criminal who cracks jokes with Mr. Jack Ketch.

"You needn't blush, my lord—I'd have done the same myself, 'bliss unutterable' and all. Upon my soul, though, it was awkward—I always do come at the wrong moment."

"Ha, ha, d-dont mention it," grinned his lordship, with many incoherent hums and haws.

"'Twas all a mistake, purely a mistake, I assure you. I was making a short-cut through the gardens to see Miss Arslade once for all, and—ahem!—do what you're after doing, when I heard voices in the arbour here, and just turned in to find you—"

"Yes, yes!" cried the Marquis, groaning under this keen surgical hacking and hewing at his wound.

"However," proceeded Charlie, with unabated seriousness, "if you think we *must* fight, I suppose—"

"Oh, no!—decidedly no!" cried the Marquis, with sudden energy. "There's no offence, not the least!"

"Very well, then, my lord, we'll shake hands. There now, get your gun and come with me—"

"E-eh?"

"I'll give you a famous day's duck-shooting at Monard."

"O-oh! Delighted, I'm sure!"

And they went for duck, much to Miss Cressy's relief, who was beginning to fear a marriage or a murder might be the issue of their collision.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.

Pleasant surroundings go far to produce a happy life. It is false economy to get along with the cheapest and poorest home possible. Money spent in surrounding yourself with elegant and substantial comforts is money well laid out. It will repay you interest—aye! and compound interest—every day of your life. We are, after all, very much creatures of circumstances. A cheerful, well furnished home is calculated to produce ideas, and it is by ideas that men make money and govern the world. Elegant surroundings tend to soothe, gratify and elevate the mind. Not only are these effects produced upon one's self, but, in an increased degree, they are produced upon the wife and family. The good wife dearly delights in an elegant, well-furnished home. Next to her husband and her children, it is her special pride. The taking care of it gives employment to her thoughts, and the admiration of it, which visitors are sure to evince, is to her a continual gratification, and—our word for it!—it is a grand thing to thus gratify the mother of your children. Then the lasting effects produced upon the minds of a growing family by the pleasant character of their surroundings—who shall tell them? What man with soul so dead who does not recall to himself every chair, lounge, and piece of furniture in that old house at home? He may go forth into the world and forget the oft-repeated lessons of his boyhood, but that dear old arm-chair in which his mother sat, when she so often took him on her knee—forget that? Never! As we write, the memory travels back, and every piece of furniture in that home seems to have an individuality that speaks to us of the loved ones, some of whom have gone to their long homes, while others search their fortunes in many lands. If pleasant surroundings produce such lasting memories, it follows that it is true economy to furnish our homes to the very best of our ability.



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IRELAND DURING THE PAST YEAR AND AT PRESENT.

Since the first publication of *THE HARP* we have, in every issue, made some reference to the progress of the Home Rule movement in Ireland. We think and believe it is our duty to do so, as it is the unanimous wish of our countrymen at home and abroad that Ireland should and *must* have self-government. We are proud to see by the receipt of Irish national journals that the enthusiasm in its favour is in no way abated, and that agitation is the rule of the day.

In several counties and cities in Ireland demonstrations have taken place in favor of the movement, and it is creditable to see that, notwithstanding the predictions of the English press, every meeting, &c., has gone on smoothly and with the greatest success that could be wished for by the most ardent lovers of Ireland.

Cork city—that brave “Rebel Cork”—has renewed its pledge to give the movement its valuable aid. Wexford, which stood for Ireland in memorable '98, has renewed its pledge of fealty to the Home Rule cause; and last, though not least, we have the “City of the Violated Treaty” giving a splendid reception to its representatives, one of whom is the “Father” of Home Rule.

Limerick city should be proud of having the two members which are now its representatives. Of Mr. Butt, nothing need be said; but of Mr. O'Shaugnessy, his colleague, who was an untried man until elected by the patriotic citizens of Limerick, it is gratifying to see the practical business man he has proved to be.

Every year Mr. Butt goes to Limerick, to give an account of his “stewardship,” and he has done so on the 26th of October last to as large an audience as ever listened to his splendid orations in that ancient city. He gave a full account of how the Home Rule members

worked during the last session of the English Parliament; their agitation for Home Rule, Amnesty, &c.; and also pictured the entire absence of the British Constitution in Ireland.

In commencing his speech he said: “Mr. Mayor and people of Limerick—I come now for the third time, according to custom, and I think it is a wholesome one, of giving what I technically call an account of what I, as your representative, have been doing. I rejoice to meet the people of Limerick. (Hear, hear.) I say, emphatically, the people, because I represent, as the Constitution supposes, the entire people of this city—not the mere electors—to protest against the unjust policy that has been pursued towards Ireland; and, I think, the more we trust and the more we take the people into our councils, the stronger we will be.” (Cheers.) He spoke about the momentous events that passed since he had last the pleasure of addressing his constituents. Since he last gave an account of his stewardship, they had given him the renewal of his lease at the general election. He thanked them for it, but he thanked them more so, because they had given him a colleague of which he was proud. They had 60 members out of 103, which is a larger majority than the Conservative government had out of the entire Parliament. Therefore, he said, he was justified in saying that Ireland had unequivocally, and by a most decided majority, declared in favour of Home Government. If they (the Home Rule members) had only in the last session accomplished the one thing of forming a consolidated Irish party, who resisted the allurements held out to them to throw in their lot with English parties—if they only did that, he believed they had done a great deal for the country. He explained the opposition they had given to the infamous Coercion Bill, which is already well known to our readers, and he believed in his conscience that if Ireland was tranquil during this winter, this infamous Coercion Act would never be renewed. “My complaint,” he says, “of our present system of government is, that Ireland has nothing like a constitutional or free Government. That is apparent in every department of Irish government, and in every branch of Irish legislation. I want to convince the Irish people of this, that the whole system of governing Ireland is one gigantic, complicated, and well-devised plan for excluding us from the benefits of the Constitution of England.” He showed how, in England, every householder is entitled to vote for the Town

Council, while in Ireland; a poorer country, you must live in a house rated at £10 to entitle you to vote. This is one of the greatest drawbacks to Ireland. The *people* can't possibly be represented under the present system, as they have not power to vote for the man of their choice. Mr. Butt says: "I proposed a measure which would assimilate the corporate franchises of Ireland and England, but it was resisted and thrown out. I then proposed a bill to give the Irish corporations the same privileges that the English corporations have; but the English press, almost with one consent, cried shame upon the resistance to equalize the franchise, and give assent to the bill. It was referred to a select committee, and some changes were made in it, but not by me, but by the representatives of the Government. The bill was, in fact, the bill of the committee, and not mine. In the House of Lords it was thrown out. Why did they give it support in the House of Commons which they withdrew in the House of Lords? Every minister voted for it, but it was thrown out; and the position we now stand in is: A gentleman wishing to be Sheriff of Limerick, instead of looking to the people of Limerick for it, he must go to the Castle. In England they go to the people for the honour." Mr. Butt may add, that, consequently, all the men appointed sheriffs are well-known flunkeys, and must be men who are admirers of the government of England. He made some remarks about the Irish fisheries. Mr. Lyman, member for Limerick county, moved a resolution in the House of Commons to the effect that the Irish fisheries ought to be helped, and they carried it with a majority of two; consequently, the Government has given Ireland a fund to aid the fisheries. Mr. Butt will introduce the question again next session. After again referring to the franchise question, Mr. Butt came to the all-absorbing topic of religious education. Because he (Mr. Butt) advocated religious education, it was said to him: "Oh, you are an Ultramontane; you are in league with Cardinal Cullen, with the Jesuits, or with somebody else. You want to give over the education of the country to Cardinal Cullen." Mr. Butt believed that the time had come when men should take their stand by one another; when the great question, is religion to be banished from their educational institutions, without inflicting a blow upon Christianity, is to be decided. The contest that was coming was between a low materialism that

would degrade man far below the descendant of the ape; between an Infidelity that would deprive them of all the hopes which the Christian religion, in all its forms, held out to them, the consolations of heaven, and the hopes of heaven which guide and strengthen them. The Home Rule debate in the House was the next topic referred to by the honourable member. Sixty-one members voted in favor of the movement, of whom eleven were Englishmen. When O'Connell, in 1834, brought the Repeal question before Parliament, he had only thirty-three voting for him, and only one Englishman. That was a better start, Mr. Butt said, than was made in '34. He believed that the English people were impressed with their cause. He did as much as he could to put his case forcibly; he would not say he did justice to the great question, as it would be hard to do that. Nobody denied that Ireland was without constitutional government. Nobody denied that the Union called it forth. Nobody denied that Ireland was disaffected, and nobody denied she was suffering from coercion. He could appeal to his friend (Mr. O'Shaughnessy) to say that a number of English members came to him and said that they would not vote against Home Rule—that the argument was too strong, but they were not yet ready to vote in favor of it. "Where shall I turn," Mr. Butt continued, "for proof that we have not free government? To whom shall I put the question without the answer coming back, emphatically, 'No?' Shall I ask it of you? Do you believe that your feelings are consulted in the government of Ireland? You answer no. Ireland, from every fibre of her frame, martyred and torn by an alien government, answers no. The same answer comes from our exiled brethren beyond the Atlantic, who have been driven from their native land because we had not a free government. The same comes from the ruined homesteads desolated by oppressive laws. It comes from the dungeons in which men are still suffering, because Ireland has not a free government. It comes from the high places to which men have often been elevated for betraying their country. It comes from the revelers of the Castle, where Irish patriotism is being mocked; and going back into the ages, it comes from the graves of the martyrs who died because Ireland had not a free government. In the name of our country, let us assert our right to freedom—our right to constitutional government; and, above all, let us assert it in the only way it can be

asserted—by a Parliament once more assembled in our own House at College Green." It is needless to add that the honorable gentleman was enthusiastically cheered throughout, and after a speech from Mr. O'Shaughnessy, a vote of confidence in both members was unanimously passed.

We have quoted Mr. Butt at considerable length, as we felt no words of ours could better show the state of Ireland at present and the work done during the past year. Mr. Butt deserves the thanks of Irishmen at home and abroad.

EX-PREMIER GLADSTONE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A subject which is creating a great deal of discussion now at each side of the water, is the controversy between Mr. W. E. Gladstone, ex-Premier of England, and Archbishop Manning. We don't know after what we said about "W. E." in our last number, is it necessary to show him up further; but the man has turned out to be such a wretched individual that although, to use a common phrase, it is "throwing water on a drowned rat," still we will throw it.

Mr. Gladstone says "that no one can become a convert to Rome without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another." Is this the man that was considered to be a Catholic at heart—nothing less than a "disguised Jesuit?" We are not at all surprised to hear that it is. When he was Premier of England he promised to do justice to Catholics and govern Ireland "according to Irish ideas." Did he do this? No. The Catholics of the United Kingdom gave him such a crushing defeat on the Irish University Bill, that it requires nothing else to show the sort of justice he was giving. The Coercion Bill in force in Ireland shows how he went according to "Irish ideas" in the government of that country.

When the leader of a party gets out of office, he is capable of descending to the lowest means to try and regain the confidence of "the party" and the country in general. Mr. Gladstone got a great defeat both in England and Ireland. What was he to do to create excitement and draw attention to some new and important discovery. He remained silent for some time, and, after careful consideration, he decided on a "No Popery" platform. He knew well that

in England there were people so anti-Catholic that they would believe anything he might say about the Pope or Catholic Church, no matter how extraordinary it may be. He also considers that by keeping up this anti-Catholic excitement the English people will be induced to give him their support. We don't know or care whether they will or not; but we will anxiously watch how Mr. Gladstone will fare. We know that Mr. Gladstone, when, he states "that no one can become a convert to Rome without renouncing his moral and mental freedom," does not state so through ignorance; he states so smarting under the defeat he received from the Catholics of the United Kingdom, and Irish Catholics in particular. He does so through motives of strong, bitter, religious prejudice, and does so knowing that he is guilty of wilful misrepresentation, or, to use plain language, an unfounded *lie*.

Mr. Gladstone says Ireland will in future be governed without reference to Catholicity. We tell Mr. Gladstone that he touches dangerous ground, as he knows well from his defeat on the Irish University Bill, when he refers to Catholicity in Ireland in his scurrilous pamphlet. Let him read Father Tom Burke's lecture at Glasgow, of which the following is the concluding paragraph, and hang his head with shame:

"That Catholic faith," Father Tom says, "remained deeply rooted in every Irish heart. That Catholic faith remained—that glorious church—a tower of strength rising from the green soil of Ireland's faithful land. That Catholic faith remained a tower of David; a thousand shields hang upon it, all the armour of valiant men. A nation defends it, a nation in heaven keeps it, for the hand of God's Vicar blessed it, and around it lie blanched the bones of all the enemies that ever dared to raise their hand or draw the sword against Ireland. (Cheers.) That glorious church remains crowned with every crown of sanctity, of martyrdom, adorned with every virtue that a supernatural race and people can produce in the action of divine grace. That glorious church remains sending forth to-day, as of old, not merely an isolated apostle, not merely a single messenger of truth, but the whole race in their millions scattered over the face of the earth, and bearing in every land the glory of the cross of Jesus Christ. That Irish Catholic church remains, and nations are gathered round her, and over that nation she flings the shadow of her robe—a nation whose love for

her has been deepened by centuries of sorrow—a nation whose mystic sacramental marriage with her has been sealed with a nation's blood. That Catholic church remains the grand rallying point of Irishmen all over the world, the brightest gem in the past history, the grandest, the truest guarantee for the fulfilment of every legitimate ambition and every highest hope that ever entered into the heart and hope of a Catholic Irishman." (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

A drawing appeared in an Irish-American paper, some time ago, illustrating Bismarck and the Devil. The first-named had a rope around the tower of a Catholic church, and the last-named asked him what he was doing. "Oh," he says, "I'm going to pull down this church." The other gentleman said he was at it for centuries and could not succeed in doing it. Let "Billy" Gladstone now take Bismarck's place and try can he pull it down. The whole Catholic world can shout, "No, not for William."

AMNESTY.

Christmas is near hand again, and the anniversary of our Saviour's birth will bring joy to many a homestead. Yet although it will bring joy to many a home, it will bring sadness to a few, and to none more than to the wives and families of the Irish political prisoners. Several Christmases have passed over since these men were thrown into prison. Several petitions have been presented for their release. Several monster demonstrations have been held throughout Ireland, and even in England and Scotland, which show that the Irish people unanimously demand their release; yet they are still pining away in their prison cells, tortured and insulted by English jailors.

At the commencement of the last session of the English Parliament, there were steps taken by the Irish National, and several other Irish, English and Scotch members, for their release. Mr. Butt thus describes the proceedings to his constituents at Limerick:

"A declaration, which was extensively signed by the Irish and English members, was presented to the Prime Minister. We were refused, at least we were told we would get an answer in the House of Commons, and that answer was that nothing would be done. Now, I do believe that no English statesman really in his heart wishes to prolong their imprisonment. I believe there must be some pressure brought to bear upon them from some quarter. I

thought, and believed, and the wisest amongst us concurred that, under the circumstances, it would be unwise to make a motion; but we have declared over and over again, that as long as a single political prisoner remains in English dungeons, the Irish people will never believe that any Government was inclined to pursue a policy of conciliation towards them, or were really in earnest in their conduct, and that we regard their continued imprisonment as an insult to Ireland. There are three persons in prison connected with the Manchester rescue. There are two persons who were convicted of treason-felony—Davitt and Wilson,—and if this return I have be accurate, only thirteen soldiers now remain in prison. All but two of these are under sentence of penal servitude for life, and of these thirteen several have been sent to Australia, and the return says that the Government don't know the prison they are in in Australia. All the remaining prisoners are in England. I cannot deliberately conceive anything more unwise on the part of a government that has released 100 of these prisoners, and released men who planned and attempted the insurrection, than mar the effects, as they have marred, I regret to say, that act of justice—at the same time one of mercy—by retaining in prison these thirteen men, not one of whom was as active a participator in the insurrection as those whom they have released. The Amnesty Association are about directing attention to this matter. Whatever release there has been of political prisoners, has been by Mr. Gladstone. Nothing has been done by the Minister who has taken his place. I don't think we should forget that. Mr. Gladstone has released 100, and Mr. Disraeli has not released one. He may, perhaps, think it worth while to conciliate the Irish people, but I say there is no conciliating them without an entire and unconditional amnesty for offences committed in a political movement which it is admitted had provocation, and, at all events, some cause." He also recommended more demonstrations in favor of their release.

It is certainly an insult to Ireland to keep these men still in torture, and we hope, whether through a sense of justice or through pressure, the Government will give these men their liberty at this festive time.

The influential men of a province, a city, a village, or a hamlet will have to answer, not only for their own souls, but for a great number of souls.

CHURCH AND STATE IN CANADA.

Notwithstanding his widely-advertised pretensions, the writer of "Current Events" in the *Canadian Monthly* is not, never will be, a statesman. An inveterate religious bigot, he is, like all bigots of the kind, narrow-minded, and, consequently, incapable of discussing with due fairness any political question in a country like this, whose government is democratic, and whose population, in point of religion, is about half Catholic and half Protestant. In his hands—we allude to Professor Goldwin Smith—the *Canadian Monthly*, which at its inception promised to be national in spirit and tone, has become a low sectarian institution, not less offensive to Catholics than its contemporary, the *Dominion Monthly*, which at least has the decency and honesty to appear under its true colours, a purely Protestant periodical. Thus, in the November number of this *pseudo Canadian Monthly*, we find the Catholic Church spoken of as "anti-national," and her priests as "foreign Jesuits," an unmeaning expression employed by the professor to denote contempt and give offence. These gratuitous insults, be it well understood, proceed from a member of the Ontario Council of Public Instruction, not from a bumpkin scribe; we must, therefore, attribute them to the *malice*, not to the *ignorance*, of their author. With such a man, it would be folly to reason, for, although ignorance, in whatever degree dark, may be dispelled by the light of instruction, yet malice, deeply rooted in the heart, is proof against all the powers of an exterior mind, indeed yields only to divine grace. It is not, then, the writer, but the readers, of "Current Events," we now propose to address on the subject of the Catholic Church considered in its relations to the Canadian people and Government.

Our thesis is this: That the Church in Canada, far from being anti-national, is to the State what a mother is to her child in arms; that as the child, without the support of the mother, must fall, so, too, must fall the State without the support of the Church.

The State is the whole body of people united under one government. Our own government, although attached to the crown of England, is in its constitution a democracy; that is, administered by the people, through their representatives, for the popular weal. Mark well the words, *popular weal*. They do not imply for the good of this province at the expense of that; of the majority to the preju-

dice of the minority; but of the *whole people*, weak province as well as strong province, minority as well as majority. The popular weal requires popular liberty, the liberty of order, not of revolution. This liberty is the life of the State, and it must be maintained. By whom? By the government. But the government is administered by the people, therefore the people should preserve their own liberty. They *should*, but *will* they? What guarantee have we that the people, if left to themselves, will maintain liberty as we have defined it—the liberty that knows no license, and conserve their existence as a State? Who or what will control their passions?—(the sovereign people have passions)—what will regulate their interests?—(all interests are not common)—so that they will do no wrong, so that province will not jar against province, so that the strong will not oppress the weak?

The Constitution—the Act of Confederation?

Bah! It is the property of the people; they take care of it; they amend it as they please. It cannot, it *does not*, sustain popular liberty. Under it, a minority is cruelly persecuted in one province, and confusion reigns rampant in another.

Education?

As it obtains with us it is godless. It is controlled by the people, and we are trying to find something to control them.

The Press?

Worse still. Mighty lever as it is called, it does not mould public opinion. It is the slave of the people, a vile panderer to their prejudices, their passions, and their vices.

What remains?

Religion. Religion alone can direct and control a people, whether considered individually or collectively. All Christian communities admit this truth in theory, but few care to profit by it in practice. Religion! There are a thousand different forms of religion! There are; but nine hundred and ninety-nine are classed under the general term of Protestantism, and the one remaining, outnumbering all other in adherents, is called the Catholic Church.

Well; does our trust lie in Protestantism?

God forbid! It is a mere tool in the hands of the people. Far from controlling the people, it is controlled by them? Far from sustaining popular liberty, it is at the mercy of the caprices of the individual. It was born in revolution, it exists by revolution, and revolution by it. Protestantism of a certainty does not answer.

What of the Catholic Church?

The Church founded by Jesus Christ himself! The Church which was sent to teach and rule the whole world! The Church that triumphed over the Roman emperors! The Church which did not quail before the savage mob and the bloodthirsty beasts of the amphitheatre! That Church to-day is the only power dreaded by Kaiser and Communist, because its mission is to govern both. That Church is to the State what a mother is to her child in arms, a necessary support. In what sense a support? Let Dr. Brownson, whose line of argument we have in the main adopted, say:

"If we recognize the sovereignty of the people in matters of government, we must recognize their political right to do what they will. The only restriction on their will we contend for is a moral restriction; and the master we contend for is not a master that prevents them from doing politically what they will, but who, by his moral and spiritual influence, prevents them from willing what they ought not to will. The only influence on the political or governmental action of the people which we ask for Catholicity, is that which it exerts on the mind, the heart, and the conscience; an influence which it exerts by enlightening the mind to see the true end of man, the relative value of all worldly pursuits, by moderating the passions, by weaning the affections from the world, inflaming the heart with true charity, and by making each act in all things seriously, honestly, conscientiously. The people will thus come to see and to will what is equitable and right, and will give to the government a wise and just direction, and never use it to effect any unwise or unjust measures. This is the kind of master we demand for the people, and this is the bugbear of 'Romanism' with which miserable panders to prejudice seek to frighten old women and children."

This is the only power the Church in Canada claims over the State. Professor Smith knows it, and yet he calls the Church "anti-national." Do all Protestants agree with Gladstone's Canadian henchman?

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Woman's first and only place is her home. Within its sanctuary she will find her mission. Its duties are loving and grand, but onerous, and they require her constant and entire attention.

She is destined by Providence to make her home a blissful spot to those around her. It should be full of the merry sunshine of happiness—a cloister wherein one may seek calm and joyful repose from the busy, heartless world—a retreat illumined by the presence of a sweet personification of love and kindness.

If the duties of home are well performed, there will be no time nor disposition left to mingle in the tumult which unceasingly goes on outside its portals. To her lord will be left the taking part in the framing of laws and the government of the realm. Her kingdom is not of this world, worldly. The land she governs is a bright oasis in the desert of the world's selfishness.

We would have women employed in a better, more pleasant and more suitable work than political strife.

There is one thing worthy of remark. It is this: All the women who are ardent movers in this bold and ridiculous agitation for what is called "women's rights," are parched-up old spinsters, without an atom of good nature or feminine embellishment in their composition; venomous as adders; their evil tempers, so to speak, jutting out distortedly in every promontory of their peculiar angular beauty; women without a particle of real sympathetic feeling, or the attributes of true womanhood.

We all, I hope, can appreciate the greatness of a good woman. We know that women have sometimes transcended men in strength of character and greatness of soul. History is replete with noble examples of woman's courage, self reliance and power. But we hold that these are blessings when mingled with tenderness and exercised in their proper sphere; and the true woman is content only within that sphere.

Nature is against extending to her such a vocation as the advocates of "women's rights" seek; God's law is against it; and woman herself does not want it.

MR. DAUNT.

William J. O'Neill Daunt, of Kilscaun Castle, county Cork, is probably one of the most widely esteemed and respected of Irish political leaders, linking, as he may be said to do, in his person, two memorable chapters in the Irish national struggle. For nearly half a century he has been more or less prominently associated in the great political movements of the time; and stormy as was the period, it is a

singular fact that he is one of the few prominent public men against whom not even an enemy's voice ever cast an imputation. He was born on the 23th of April, 1807. He is the son of the late Joseph Daunt, Esq., of Kiltascan, county Cork, by his first wife, Jane, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Wilson, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and Rector of Ardstraw, in the county Tyrone; a gentleman whose political principles were eminently national and patriotic. The branches of the Daunt family in Cork county descend from a

display a passionate devotion to the cause of our legislative independence. He joined the Repeal Association founded by O'Connell in 1840, and became one of its most active members. He essentially promoted the cause of Disestablishment by his efforts to unite the Irish Catholics and the English Voluntaries in combined action for its achievement. The Home Government Association was, not long in being when Mr. Daunt joined it; and the public are too well acquainted with his noble and important share of the present agitation



MR. DAUNT.

very old Gloucestershire family, of which some members settled in the south of Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was his sad fate, in his very boyhood, to lose his father, to whom he was devotedly attached, by a tragic event which considerably influenced his character, feelings and fortunes; his father having been shot dead in a duel in which young Daunt long firmly believed his parent had not got fair play. Mr. Daunt at an early age took the deepest interest in the question of the Repeal of the Union; and all his public utterances

to render necessary any special reference there to. He has written "The Wife Hunter," or "Memoirs of M.P.'s;" "Hugh Talbot;" "Saints and Sinners;" and "The Gentleman in Debt;" novels illustrative of various phases of Irish life. He has also written "Ireland and Her Agitators," which is to a great extent an anecdotal chronicle of the Repeal Agitation; and "A Catechism of the History of Ireland," of which 35,000 copies have been printed.

Mr. Daunt is a Catholic; and, while deeply attached to his church, he regards with intense

abhorrence all legislative restrictions or disqualifications imposed on the members of other religious communions.

For many years past, his physical health and activity being much impaired, he has lived in great seclusion in the picturesque Castle of Kiltascan, the battlemented turrets of which may be seen topping the wooded demesne on the left hand of the tourist who travels from Bandon westward by the railway. Yet, with a heart and spirit as strong and active as in the days of his youth, he has never failed his colleagues in the national cause whenever they called upon him for active service by voice or pen.

Mr. Daunt has two children—a daughter and a son; the latter a splendid young Irishman, who, if he cared to enter the lists, could teach the Wimbledon ideas how to shoot in good earnest.

THE RIGHTS OF IRELAND ASSERTED.

Owing to the importance the Home Rule movement has for all patriotic Irishmen, we don't think an apology to our readers is necessary for placing before them, in season and out of season, every thing bearing on it, and with this view, we place before the readers of *The Harp* the following splendid speech of that sterling patriot, W. J. O'Neill Daunt, than whom there is no more ardent lover of his Country to be found within the four seas of Ireland. A great Home Rule meeting having been held at Cork, recently, Mr. Daunt, who on coming forward was received with loud cheers, said:

I should do exceedingly great injustice to my own feelings if I did not at the outset express the high gratification which I experience at the honor the Home Rule Association have done me in associating me as a co-deputationist with my excellent friend the Rev. Joseph Galbraith. He and I are as one on every Irish principle. I stand before you as an old Nationalist. I derive my national principles from the teachings of older members of my family. I have held them from my boyhood upward, and although my efforts may have been very insignificant, as they were exceedingly humble, still they have been earnest. From the time I have been able to form an idea of Irish politics that idea has been this—that the union is intolerable to the Irish people, because in its political aspect it is a usurpation, and in its financial aspect it is an abominable swindle. I have no sectarian

politics; I have no Roman Catholic politics for Ireland—I have no Protestant politics for Ireland. My politics are equality of privilege, equal fair play to all Irishmen of all religions, a fair stage and no favor. I now repeat as a declaration of sentiment what I have frequently said before, that if I was given my choice between an Irish Parliament, exclusively Protestant, sitting in Dublin governing Ireland, and a Roman Catholic Parliament, exclusively Catholic, sitting in London, and governing Ireland from that city, I would say, "Leave me the Government of my native Parliament, Protestant though it be, and pitch the other Parliament to the dickens." It is to me a source of inexpressible gratification to witness the uprising of the national spirit of our countrymen.

For years I have looked for this time, and I have been anxiously asking myself, shall I see the revival of the old public spirit in Ireland? Most of us remember the black years of famine, and the apparent apathy that seemed to overspread our political horizon. A Conservative gentleman said to me in a triumphant manner at that time, "How completely politics have died out." It was indeed true that the hard necessity of the times, the terrible and often unsuccessful attempt to keep body and soul together, suspended the political exertions of the people; but it would have been a great mistake to ascribe their political inactivity to indifference to the rights of their country; or to suppose that it arose from acquiescence in the legislative union. I, for one, never despaired of our ultimate success. The patriotic flame which burned so brightly in former agitations had indeed sunk down, but I knew that the sacred fire still burned beneath the smouldering embers, and needed but the breath of a few earnest friends of Irish constitutional liberty to fan it into renovated life and vigor. Such were my feelings, and I am happy to find that the expectations I had in the worst of times are now in progress of realization. I never despaired for Ireland, for I hold that there is undying and indomitable spirit in the country. I never was able to understand how any intelligent and well-informed Irishman could oppose Home Rule. It seems to me as plain as two and two make four that the inhabitants of a country are of all men living the most deeply interested in its prosperity, the most competent to judge of its wants, and from local knowledge the best able to govern it for the national benefit. Charles Kendall Bushe called the rights of self-

government the rights of nature. When we claim those rights, how are we opposed? By quibbles of sophistry, or the falsification of history, or the screams of fanatical bigotry. Gentlemen parade statistical figures that look as if they had been shaken in a hat, and which are meant to show the vast increase of our national wealth. They tell us that the value of live stock has largely increased, but they do not tell us that this increase is largely overbalanced by the decrease in the value of crops. They are unable to show any progress in native manufactures, any resuscitation of the different branches that were paralyzed by the operation of the Union. Not a word about that. They do not expatiate on the enormous decrease of the Irish population. Lord Macaulay, as an instance of the evils of war, tells us that during the Seven Years' War the Prussian population diminished ten per cent. Under the influence of our present connection with England the Irish population has diminished, not ten, but thirty per cent., since 1846. Indeed our friends of the English press sometimes glance at the exodus as if it were a positive advantage to Ireland; taking care to forget that Ireland could with ease support a far larger population than she ever possessed, if she governed herself and had the consequent power of turning her own resources to her own benefit, and of expending her wealth within her own shores for the advantage of her own people, instead of having that wealth dragged out of her in annual millions for the benefit of England, under the pretext of Imperial incorporation. This state of things is perfectly intolerable, and if the Irish nation were base enough to bear it patiently, they would richly merit the scorn of all Christendom. Then history is falsified to show the beneficent purposes of the Union. England loved us so tenderly that she wished to clasp us in a closer embrace. It was in order to enrich us, to stimulate our productive industry, to promote the manufacturing enterprise of Ireland, that Pitt destroyed the Irish Parliament. Now, this is a point that is worth our attention. There was infinite profession of friendship to Ireland at that time. We were to become a great manufacturing country by our legislative incorporation with England. The very men who tried to cajole Ireland by this expectation were thoroughly conscious that it was unfounded. They were guilty of intentional falsehood. In the first place the whole policy of England towards Ireland from the days of King Charles II., had been a policy of inveterate, insatiable

hostility to Irish manufacturing interests. In what possible way could the Union alter that hostility? The hostile animus is undeniable. It is even admitted by Froude, the adverse historian, because he says in so many words that the industry of Ireland was crushed into nothing by the commercial jealousy of England. Were our jealous rivals, whose enmity had been incessantly and ruinously active previously to the movement of the Irish Volunteers—were these rivals to be converted into friends by getting Ireland more completely and more hopelessly into their grasp? The Irish Parliament was the only effectual barrier between Irish manufacturing interests and English rapacity, and it was therefore a prime object with the English Government to destroy it. In the next place, Pitt, who was the leading author of the Union, and who encouraged the idea that his measures would develop our native manufactures, knew perfectly well that such a result from his Union was impossible. In 1785 he proposed some commercial arrangement between England and Ireland. The English manufacturers took alarm, and got up a tremendous outcry that their interests were about to be sacrificed to Ireland. Pitt found it necessary to allay their apprehensions and told them, in his place in Parliament, that they had nothing to fear. Here are his words: "He (Mr. Pitt) most earnestly entreated the house not to suffer themselves to be carried away by the ideas that a poor country merely because she enjoyed some comparative exemption from taxes, was therefore able to cope with a rich and powerful country; the fact, he was ready to contend, was by no means so." This declaration suggests two remarks. The first is, that if comparative exemption from taxes did not enable Ireland to cope with England in rivalry of manufactures, it follows, *a fortiori*, that when that exemption no longer exists the inability of Ireland is intensified. The other remark is this: Mr. Pitt said with truth that a poor country cannot compete with a rich one. The Union, therefore, by prolonging the poverty of Ireland, was certain to render the manufacturing competition with England impossible.

Mr. Pitt's idea was not solely his own; it was in fact, a truth too obvious to escape thoughtful men. Dr. Campbell, in his "Philosophical Tour in the South of Ireland in 1785," says: "It is demonstrable, and it has been demonstrated by Dr. Tucker, that a poor nation can never carry away from a rich one those manufactures, the cheapness of which depends chiefly

on large capitals and complicated machinery." It was therefore a primary object with our English neighbors to keep Ireland poor, and to deprive her of the means of accumulating capital. Of all conceivable measures, a legislative union was incomparably the best calculated to effect this purpose. It at once, and effectively, gave supreme control over Ireland to a power whose perpetual hostility is a matter of undeniable history. Of course, we did much to pull up our losses under Grattan's system of free trade and free constitution. But a union was required to put a stop to our progress, and to place us in as bad, or a worse condition than we had occupied prior to the Volunteer movement. It created a new drain of revenue. It trebled the absentee drain. It created a drain of another kind, and of vast magnitude—namely, money sent out to the country for the purchase of English manufactures, which obtained a monopoly of our domestic markets by the ruin of our own. There are other minor drains; but the three I have named amount in the seventy-four years of union, on a very moderate computation (£5,000,000 a year) to £370,000,000. And this large sum by no means represents the whole loss on those three heads, for money judiciously expended fructifies; so that Ireland has lost not only the money taken out of her, but the profits that would have accrued at home from its expenditure among us. It requires capital and skill to establish and profitably work any branch of manufacture. Capital consists of savings from income, and Irish income is swept off in such vast sums that it cannot accumulate into national capital. Then as to skill, it is surely needless to say that hereditary skill is destroyed by the destruction of the manufacture on which it has been employed. In 1785 an Irish master manufacturer (Mr. Brooke) had invested £80,000 in the Irish cotton trade, and employed a multitude of hands. In 1780, as we learn from the Castlereagh correspondence, the cotton trade at Belfast, Balbriggan, Dublin and Cork employed great numbers, and Mr. Hamilton, of Balbriggan, then stated that it retained in Ireland £250,000 per annum. Mr. Clarke set up the cotton business at Palmerstown in the county Dublin, with a capital of £20,000, and the employment his establishment gave afforded support to 1,000 men, women and children. Where is now the Irish cotton trade? Or rather let us ask, to what extent would it not have been laid prostrate by the English competition to which the Union gave fatal facility. Now, any Irishman who oppose Home Rule, declares

himself in favor of the absentee drain, and of the exportation of our surplus revenue. He declares himself in favor of drains which have reached, on a moderate estimate, £370,000,000 since the Union was effected. We are often told that we, the Home Rulers, are visionaries, that we are not practical men, and that in pursuit of a sentimental object we neglect the practical avenues to national wealth. I deny it. I say we are practical men. I say there cannot be a more practical object than to recover the practical control of our national concerns.

Again, it is sought to enlist the religious prepossessions of one side or the other. I was personally attacked—indeed the Home Rule Association was attacked *in globo*, in a very disgraceful manner about this time twelve months in Dublin, as being enemies to the Catholic religion—to Catholic education—that we sought to set aside the sacred cause of Catholic education and substitute for it the Home Rule movement. The gentlemen who circulated that calumny against us knew very well that they were wrong, and that we never intended such a step. Protestant prepossessions were also sought to be excited against us. Terrible things were said about what the Protestants would have to endure if left to the mercy of their Roman Catholic countrymen. As another proof of his argument the speaker instanced the case of Rev. Denis O'Donoghue, of whom he spoke in glowing terms, who, during the Kerry election, notwithstanding the pressure that was brought to bear on him, supported the Protestant candidate against a Catholic candidate. He proceeded—That is another one of the multitude of proofs I could give, strongly demonstrating that there never was a body of men so perfectly willing to place all religionists in Ireland on a platform of equality, disregarding all sectarian prepossessions, as the Catholics of Ireland. The London *Spectator*, in an article on Mr. John George MacCarthy's capital answer to Mr. Freeman, recently called attention to this matter, and seems to patronize both these contending views, for it says that Home Rule would leave the English Catholics at the mercy of the Irish Catholics. As to the terrible perils the Irish Protestants have to apprehend from their Catholic countrymen, I need do no more than remind you of the awful predictions to this effect that preceded Catholic Emancipation. Catholics, it was said, would never vote for a Protestant Mayor or a Protestant member of Parliament; Catholic judges would never give a Protestant litigant fair play when opposed by a

Catholic. I challenge any man to show one single instance in which the judicial decisions of Catholic judges have been swayed against justice by sectarian partialities. And as to Catholic voters for mayors or for Parliamentary representatives, every one in Ireland knows with what hearty readiness Catholic suffrages are given to patriotic Protestants. But the *Spectator* is afraid that Home Rule would damage the poor English Catholics by leaving them at the mercy of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Now, I have a fair share of regard for the English Catholics, but I confess I have a much greater regard for the Irish Catholics, and to English Catholic interests, but I am not prepared to sacrifice the bodies and souls of my own Catholic fellow-countrymen and country-women to those interests.

The Union has hunted millions of Irish Catholics out of their country, who, under a system of Home Rule, would have had plentiful employment at home. Just let us ask how multitudes of those Irish Catholic emigrants have fared, spiritually as well as materially, on the other side of the Atlantic. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Toronto has described their state in graphic words, which I beg to read to you; "The large majority of the Irish come absolutely penniless, and hence they cannot reach the interior of the country, and are obliged to look for the cheapest lodgings in the cities; and everyone knows that such places are the haunts of vice. The consequence is, they and their children are lost to morality, to society, to religion, and finally to God." The Bishop adds much to corroborate this painful statement. I will read a few more passages: "The number of good Irish girls who arrive in New York and the other seaboard cities is prodigious. Many of them are destitute of means and friends. They are obliged by their poverty to take situations wherever they can get them, and as soon as possible. Hence they fall, not an easy prey either, but after many struggles, into the thousand snares which profligate cities throw in their way. It is humiliating, indeed, to see numbers of poor Irish girls, innocent and guileless, sitting around in those large depots in seaport cities waiting to be hired. Men and women enter those places, and look around to find out the girl that would apparently answer their service. How many of them found the protection of the wolf is known only to God." The Bishop quotes the late Right Rev. Dr. England, of Charleston, for the statement that the loss of Catholics to

the Church in America could be counted by millions. He adds that in Texas he passed through a village which, from the great number of purely Irish names upon the signboards, he judged to be an exclusively Catholic settlement; but on inquiry he found only one man, a store-keeper, who acknowledged himself a Catholic. Now, all those unfortunate emigrants were driven out of Ireland by the operation of the Union, which crushed out nearly every Irish industry except the agricultural. It is not claiming too much to say that if they could have found industrial support at home they would not present the sad spectacle of havoc and degradation to which the Bishop of Toronto bears witness. When, therefore, the *Spectator*, or any one else, tells us that the Union must continue in order to enable Irish Catholic members of Parliament to protect English Catholic interests, we reply that the moral and material perdition of multitudes of our own people is rather too high a price to pay for the privilege of taking care of the Catholics of England. I must now say a word or two about the duties of the Home Rule public. If all Ireland were polled, I take for granted that at least eleven inhabitants out of twelve would vote for Home Rule. At the last election the people behaved nobly, and the Home Rule members, with scarcely an exception, were true to their promises. At the next general election I expect we will increase their number. But it is not enough to vote for representatives. It is absolutely indispensable to sustain the Home Rule League. Political campaigns cannot be conducted without money. On this point, and indeed on every point of working detail, we may advantageously take a lesson from the English Liberation Society. Their machinery is admirable, and their perseverance is characteristic of that dogged, indefatigable, unwearied energy that forms one of the best elements of John Bull's mental structure. Bent on ultimately disestablishing the English State Church, they leave scarcely a hole or corner of Great Britain unvisited. This incessant agitation cannot be conducted without money; and accordingly they are raising a special fund of £100,000 to enable them to carry on the war. They send able lecturers every where; they circulate numerous and effective tracts in advocacy of their principles. They are not deterred by difficulties or occasional defeats; if they gain a point they make it a foothold for a farther step in advance; if beaten in any particular quarter, their spirit rises against disaster, and they collect fresh

energy to recover their losses and advance to further gains. Let us do likewise. There are over five millions of people still in Ireland, notwithstanding the exodus. If one-fifth of these contributed the sum of one shilling a year to the League, the Home Rule income would be £50,000 per annum; an amount that would enable the League to diffuse their principles by innumerable meetings, publications and addresses, and by all other constitutional means that from time to time might be expedient. The prize in view is of incalculable value. It is no less than whether we Irish shall possess and enjoy the great national blessings which God has bestowed upon our country, or remain in tributary servitude to a neighboring nation. What we claim is our own—our own most emphatically—and if a parliamentary defeat, or a score of parliamentary defeats, could damp our courage or turn us aside from the pursuit of our just rights, we should prove ourselves unworthy of the acquisition. It took fifty-one years to obtain Emancipation; and is not Emancipation well worth the time it required to obtain it? Our cause has the inherent strength of truth and justice. We have men who can support it well in parliamentary debate. Majorities are there against us; but in the fluctuations of parliamentary parties it must often happen that the opposing Whig and Tory forces will be so nearly even as to make the Irish Home Rule representatives absolutely masters of the situation; and believe me that if they act on each such recurring occasion on a concerted policy, they can render it exceedingly inconvenient for the Government to refuse our most righteous demand. All depends upon the fidelity and perseverance of the Irish people and of their representatives. Old as I am, I hope before I die to see our triumph. Under our restored domestic legislature every element of national prosperity will be rendered productive by the ennobling, invigorating consciousness that we are masters of our own household and arbiters of our destiny; and by the sense that it is we ourselves, and not another nation, that will reap and retain the fruits of our own industry.

AN EPISODE OF '98.

BY J. A. H.

'Twas a warm day, that of the 9th of August, in the ever-memorable year of the Irish Insurrection. Groups of the hardy peasants of Mayo might be seen on all sides; some busily

engaged in cutting down the rich golden corn; others rigorously putting into effect the olden precept, "make hay while the sun shines." Here is a party of the hilarious natives puffing and stopping about washing the prolific, long-wooled sheep, at but an indifferent dam; there, under the cool shade of that cluster of towering elms, squat a number of youngsters, laughing and cracking jokes, as befitting their light hearts and unthinking age. Such, briefly, was the situation of affairs as witnessed by a pair of mounted and heavily-armed dragoons, as they gained the summit of a short but steep hill on the road from Swinford to Foxford, and at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the former. I may note the fact that, in those days, Foxford was one of the principal military stations in Mayo, whereas Swinford could not boast even a slated house, nor a soldier of any description.

At the sight of such an unusual spectacle (from the effects of the cause already mentioned), the sun-broiled corncutters dropped their shining hooks; the haymakers rested on their rakes; the sheep-washers made for the banks of the refreshing stream, and stood, arms akimbo, gazing at the soldiers; the squatters got on their legs and proceeded to discuss the question of the unexpected visit, in which we may presume they found themselves "as much at sea" as their elders, the general question being: "What business has the sojers comin' this way?" The sequel solves the problem. In the midst of their conjectures they suddenly became passive—almost breathless—as they witnessed the following scene:—

Barely had the horsemen halted when they observed a man coming towards them on the left. They made signs to him to approach. The man complied, in no way deterred by the scowling glances of the soldiers.

"I guess," said a corporal, "this be Swinford, my rebel Papist?"

"Yes, it is," quietly answered the peasant.

"Do you know a Papist traitor named O'Keaveny—Pat O'Keaveny?"

"In troth, then, I do, as well as I know meself," was the answer.

"Then tell us where we may fall in with the traitor dog," spoke the corporal.

"Ah, then, good people, may I make so bold as to ask ye what ye want wid the decent man?" questioned the seemingly unaffected peasant.

"Decent man!" thundered the corporal.

"Decent man, do you call him? Eh, Gibbs,

you hear that. Decent man he calls the rebel traitor! Now, hark you, my Papist dog, answer us truly and in haste, or, by the bones of Cromwell, I'll hang you on yon tree."

"I beg ye're pardon, gentlemen," exclaimed the countryman; "but if it's a poor creature like me you'd go to hang, poor 'ud be ye're reving. Jist give a creature a chance for his life. If ye tell me what ye want O'Keaveny for, maybe I might sarve ye."

"Well, confound me," ejaculated the now irate dragoon, "if I ever heard such presumption. See here, Gibbs, what ought we to do with the viper?"

"Why, mon, jist tell the dog what we want the traitor for; and, my body to perdition, if he don't tell us quickly I'll run him through the carcass."

"Here, then, you frieze-coated spawn of h—l, as you are so infernally stiff in your purpose, I'll tell you; and hark you, if you don't tell us before—let me see—five minutes, by the skull of the good Queen Bess, I'll send you, body and soul, to the warmest corner of h—l. Here, then, is what we want him for; we have a warrant from the Right Honourable Denis Browne for his arrest. Remember your fate in your refusal to inform us," exclaimed the corporal.

During the latter part of this rather lively conversation, the countryman kept intently looking on the ground. After a short time he sidled between the dragoons, who still occupied the same positions, as if for the purpose of conveying his information privately to the most responsible of the two. Putting a hand on each saddle, he seized both pistols, which, being already loaded and on full cock, he presented at the astonished dragoons. Having executed this bold stroke, the suddenness of which absolutely confounded its victims, he addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, turn about is fair play—it's my turn now. What would ye think of takin' up ye'r quarters in the warm country you promised me? Your lives are in my hands. Stir but a single finger to harm me, and your minits on earth are numbered. I'm the man you're looking for. I'm Pat O'Keaveny. But I can guess from your looks that ye'd be quite satisfied wid keepin' your lives and goin' to your quarters without your prey. Now, corporal, you needn't shake that way; I'm not so cold-blooded as you think. Howanever, I'll jist put ye thro' a little bit of field exercise, to keep your blood runnin'. Dismount! dismount! I say, or take the consequence."

Seeing that their new commander was not to be trifled with, they complied.

"Off wid your soords and every other clap-trap ye have on ye, outside your pockets," was the next order. They obeyed.

"Sojers, are ye hungry? Ye're like chaps that didn't get a bit to eat for the last week. Now, I'll jist give ye a smart taste of lunch. Take out the warrant, tare it in two halves, and each of ye eat half of it."

To this the corporal objected; when a bullet whizzed past his ear, which had the required effect. In a short time the warrant was out of sight—devoured by the ashy-pale dragoons.

"Go now; for mercy sake I give ye your lives, and tell your master that ye met O'Keaveny, that he stripped ye and sent ye home, without soord or pistol, gun or horse, nor nothin' but your bare clothes; and when ye come this way again jist keep a civil tongue in your heads, or, by the life I owe to God, if I lay hands on ye again I'll send ye to where ye won't return from in a hurry."

At the expiration of this ominous threat the dragoons took their departure, sadly and on foot, internally vowing vengeance on all the "Papist traitors" in Christendom.

O'Keaveny having gathered up the spoils of his adventure, including the prancing steeds, returned to his home, eagerly pressed by his sympathising neighbours for details of his victorious encounter with the minions of foreign domination.

CATECHISM OF IRISH HISTORY.

(Continued.)

Q. What did Sussex do on his return?

A. He enforced the royal acts for establishing Protestantism, and persecuted the priesthood.

Q. How did O'Neill act?

A. He visited Queen Elizabeth's court in London, and was promised her favour and full justice.

Q. Was her promise kept?

A. No. The Queen's Irish government goaded O'Neill into taking up arms, his allies were bribed to desert and betray him, and he and his followers were massacred at a banquet.

Q. Who committed this frightful deed?

A. Sir William Piers, the governor of Carrickfergus, induced a Scotch garrison to murder O'Neill, his Ulster estates being seized and divided.

Q. When was the Earl of Sussex recalled?

A. In 1564, when he was succeeded by Sir H. Sidney, his deputy, who fostered quarrels between the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, seizing the latter, and sending him to the tower of London.

Q. What ensued ?

A. Sir Peter Carew and other English commanders massacred unarmed people wholesale, both women and children.

Q. What was the condition of the Catholic clergy at this time ?

A. Though driven from their parishes, the priests still celebrated the sacraments in the caves and thickets to which they were hunted.

Q. What Irish chieftain successfully opposed Elizabeth's power ?

A. The great Hugh O'Neill, who threw up the English title of Earl of Tyrone to assume that of Prince of Ulster.

Q. Was O'Neill victorious ?

A. At Blackwater he overthrew the English army completely, and took Armagh.

Q. What did Queen Elizabeth do ?

A. She sent over Essex with a large army to crush O'Neill, but the Earl was obliged to conclude a truce, and returned to England, leaving lord Mountjoy and Sir George Carew in command.

Q. Did these wretches renew the massacres ?

A. Yes, they burnt the houses, and destroyed the crops, and murdered the defenceless people of both North and South.

Q. What English and Protestant authorities record these outrages ?

A. Leland and Hollinshed, the historians, and Spenser, the poet.

Q. What was the end of O'Neill's campaign ?

A. The gallant chief, urged by his Spanish allies, attacked and was beaten by Mountjoy, and had at last to save his few followers from famine, by making terms.

Q. Did the small remnant of the Spanish allies return home ?

A. They did, and were accompanied by many Irish chiefs, who settled in Spain.

Q. When did Elizabeth die ?

A. In 1603, and was succeeded by James I, king of Scotland.

Q. How did King James act towards the Irish ?

A. He acknowledged O'Neill as Earl of Tyrone, O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, and appointed judges for the several shires.

Q. What wicked policy was also adopted ?

A. The fearful penal laws against Catholics were again enforced, the two great Ulster earls, wrongfully accused of treason, had to fly the country, and nearly the whole of Ulster was divided amongst English and Scotch adventurers.

Q. What marked Lord Strafford's vicereignty in the reign of Charles I. ?

A. He encouraged linen manufacture in Ulster, but crushed the woollen trade, lest it might compete with English manufacture. He also pillaged the Connaught proprietors of their land, and sanctioned many outrages.

Q. What occasioned his recall to England ?

A. Troubles in Scotland, and the civil war in England fomented by the Parliamentarians under Cromwell.

Q. Was an Irish rising now organised ?

A. Yes, in 1641 Sir Phelim O'Neill headed a rising of the Ulster clans to secure the restoration of lands and legal rights to the Irish, and justice to the Catholics, English and Irish.

Q. What massacre grieved the Irish leaders to action ?

A. The English and Scotch garrison of Carrickfergus murdered the inhabitants of Island Magee.

Q. What did O'Neill proclaim at Dungannon ?

A. He disclaimed all intention of harming the King's English subjects, and only meant to defend Irish liberty.

Q. How did the English Government act ?

A. Orders were issued to Lord Ormond's English troops in 1642, for the indiscriminate slaughter of all Irishmen capable of bearing arms.

Q. Did the Irish Confederate leaders retaliate ?

A. No, they met on the Hill of Crofty, in Meath, and while wanton aggressions on persons or property were condemned under severe penalties, they declared they would only take up arms "to maintain the royal prerogative and make the king's Irish subjects as free as those in England."

Q. Who opposed the Confederated Irish ?

A. The treacherous Earl of Ormond, and the ferocious Sir Charles Coote, who committed frightful cruelties in Wicklow.

Q. When was the national synod of Kilkenny held ?

A. In May, 1642, the Catholic prelates met and formed a provisional government, and in the following October, the General Assembly of Irish spiritual and secular representatives drew

up an approved form of government and administrative authority.

Q. How did Ormond act for the king?

A. As the Irish troops had been victorious at Fermoy and elsewhere, and were receiving encouragement and assistance from Pope Urban VIII. and the French court, Ormond, in 1646, concluded a year's truce with the Confederates, on condition of their paying the king £30,000.

Q. What was the result?

A. The term of inaction produced dissensions among the Confederate leaders.

Q. What occurred at this time in England?

A. King Charles, unable to cope with his own rebellious subjects, fled to Scotland, but was sold by the Scotch Puritans to the English Parliament, by whose orders he was at last beheaded, in 1649.

Q. Did his Irish Catholic subjects fight for him?

A. Yes, in 1646, Owen Roe O'Neill and his Catholic troops fought the glorious battle of Benburb, and intirely defeated the great parliamentary army, under Monroe.

Q. What had the Earl of Ormond been doing?

A. After signing a treaty with the Confederates, to secure their services for the king, he tried to make terms with the Parliamentarians, but, being threatened with arrest, he fled to France, whence he returned in 1648, and signed another treaty granting the Catholics all concessions.

Q. Did Charles II. confirm this treaty?

A. Yes, while he was in exile in Holland; but when he landed in Scotland in 1650, to please the Puritans he sanctioned the extirpation of the Paptists, and declared all Irish treaties null and void.

Q. Did the English Parliament accept his professions?

A. No. He had to fly from England, where a Commonwealth was now established, under Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan general.

Q. When did Cromwell land in Ireland?

A. At the close of 1649, when he stormed and took Drogheda, and slaughtered all the people in cold blood. O'Neill being dead, Cromwell marched south, besieged Wexford, and murdered 300 women assembled under the cross, the city having been treacherously given up by its Royalist commander, Captain Stafford.

Y. Where was Cromwell held at bay?

A. At Waterford, Limerick, and Clonmel.

Q. When did Cromwell leave Ireland?

A. In May 1650, after for nine months ravag-

ing the country, destroying the crops, battering down castles and churches, dividing the lands of his murdered victims among his blood-thirsty followers, and passing the severest measures against clergy and people.

Q. Who continued his bloody work?

A. His son-in-law, General Ireton, took Waterford, Dungannon, and Athlone, and besieged Limerick, where the governor, Hugh O'Neill, nobly held out, till the inhabitants, cut down by famine and the plague, were betrayed by a Colonel Fennell, who admitted Ireton's army.

Q. How did the Cromwellians act?

A. They hanged the Bishop of Emly, and several priests and gentry, and pillaged the whole city.

Q. What was the fate of the murderer and the traitor.

A. Under the curse of the martyred Bishop O'Brien, Ireton died of the horrible plague in 1651, and Fennell was hanged for his treachery.

Q. What was the Act of Settlement?

A. In 1652, the "Long Parliament" decreed death to all the Catholic clergy and loyalists, the forfeiture of their property, and the banishment of all the Irish who had not taken up arms across the Shannon into Connaught, thousands of children being sold in slavery in the West Indies.

Q. When did Cromwell die?

A. In 1658, and King Charles II. was restored to the throne 1660.

Q. What was his gratitude to the loyal Irish?

A. He confirmed their Cromwellian plunderers in their possessions, gave them supreme power in the new Irish parliament, and settled the Protestant prelates in their usurped sees.

Q. What atrocity marked Charles II's reign?

A. In 1681, the illustrious Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, was charged with conspiracy, arraigned at London, condemned without his witnesses being heard, and hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Q. When did Charles II. die?

A. In 1685, being succeeded by his brother, James II., who appointed the Earl of Clarendon his Irish Viceroy, and as a Catholic declared equal privileges to all classes of his subjects.

(To be continued.)

A wicked intention destroys the good which we do, and a good intention is not sufficient to excuse the evil which it produces.

Selections.

DID HE LOVE HER?

Everybody spoke of Vere Clark as a wild boy, and many believed that he was thoroughly bad and wicked.

Mabel Vane did not concur in this opinion. To her young fancy he was a veritable saint—the best of all living youths, and she loved him devotedly and well. Even when Vere was expelled from college in his junior years, and sent home with disgrace branded upon his name and house, when his father and mother turned their backs upon him and refused him admittance to the family circle, she clung to him with woman's blind idolatry, and would not believe but that he was innocent and the victim of a conspiracy.

Even the old neighbours and friends, and the old playmates of childhood, gave him the cold shoulder, and there was but one who smiled upon him—Mabel.

To her he went in this new affliction, and she received him with open arms and kind and consoling words.

Mabel had been his favourite since the day he bore her in his arms, and she a "wee mite" of a thing six months old. But she had never given him sign or token since she had blossomed into womanhood to lead him to the conclusion that he was beloved by one so pure and good.

Now he knew it, and he said to her :

"Mabel, I am glad that this trouble has fallen upon me, for I now know something that makes me very happy. Can you guess what it is?"

She hung her head, blushing, and he continued :

"It is that you love me, and I have wanted to know it so much for very many months, Mabel. You do not think me guilty?"

"No," was her firm, confiding response. "I know that you have been wild and imprudent, dear Vere; but you have never done anything mean or wrong."

"Thank you for this confidence," he answered.

A tear trembled in his eye, and he drew the beautiful girl to his breast, and kissed her gently, tenderly.

"This confidence," he continued, "nerves me. I shall do better now, Mabel. If you had gone back on me, I should have went to the dogs fast enough. For your sake, for my

own, I shall be wild no more. No old-fashioned clock shall be more steady than I. Farewell, Mabel, and may the sweet angels bless you. Think of me, darling; be true to me, and all will come out well in the end."

He left her, and Mabel returned home, happier than she had ever been in her life before.

Vere Clark's father was very wealthy, and his family more haughty than the aristocrats who visited there during the hot summer months. Their dresses, and jewels, and ways, had often caused Mabel to stare at them with a feeling of awe and terror.

Mabel's father was poor and unfortunate—one of the poorest of Mr. Clark's tenants, and entirely beneath the notice, he or his family, of those whom he served.

All but Vere and Mabel. They had been warm friends from infancy, but all unknown to Madame Clark, Vere's haughty mother.

As much as Mabel loved and admired the handsome Vere, she had never thought of him as more than the lover—never dreamed of him in connection with that other nearer and more blessed tie. She knew how impossible it would be for them to marry, because of his family and their cruel pride.

But now that a broad gulf lay between her idol and his parents, she knew that she could pass over to him, and become all his own. He had not asked her to come in so many words, but she knew that he meant it; and from that day she looked upon herself as Vere Clark's betrothed wife.

Days passed rapidly, but she saw no more of her lover, though wondering much at his absence. She did not know that he had gone to the "far West," to make a man of himself, and to win fame and fortune that he might lay them at her feet. No one knew it. He had kept his purpose and destination a secret.

In a month or two she went to the great house as a menial, her father's affairs becoming so bad that she felt called upon to do something to help him out of poverty. She found her fellow servants discussing the probable whereabouts of poor Vere, and learned that his parents had repented themselves of the wickedness they had done him in driving him from their door, and were secretly trying to find him.

Then Mabel wished that she had his address so that she might send him the good news forgetting that his reconciliation with them was the death knell to the hopes that caused her heart to beat so happily. But a remem-

brance of this fact would have made no difference. She would have done her duty all the same.

Two years passed away, and no word came from the truant, brilliant boy, who had been expelled from college in disgrace.

One morning Mr. Clark received a letter, the handwriting of which was not familiar to his eye. It was the confession of a fellow student, who was jealous of young Vere Clark. His was the hand which had stolen the watch, and secreted it in his rival's trunk.

No one was more rejoiced over this proof of Vere's innocence than Mabel, who was now daily wondering why her lover did not send her some word, telling her how he prospered and that she was as dear to him as of old. But Mabel knew that it was so—that if Vere Clark was living, she alone filled his heart, and made him glad with the fullness of joy. She would not think of him as false to the old professions, which had kept her heart young and happy for more than two years.

That same day brought Mabel a letter. She found it at her father's when she runs over to tell him the news in the evening. It was from a cousin. The greater part of it was uninteresting, but its close swept every vestige of colour from her cheeks. It read :

"You remember, Mabel, the boy called Vere Clark who used to tease us so terribly when we were little girls. He was very handsome. Where is he now? I ask, for the reason that there is now a young man in Des Moines by the same name, who looks as, I think Vere does. He is a lawyer, has been very successful, brilliant. He is very popular with the ladies, and it is said he will marry Miss Aller, the heiress, this winter. Is he our old Vere? Tell me, and if he is I shall scrap an acquaintance, on the credit of old times."

After that Mabel failed in health, and the roses left her cheeks.

There was a terrible dread at her heart, but she could not bring herself to say she had lost faith in her lover. She tried hard to believe that she was his Mabel now as before. But it looked as if it was not so.

The next morning she showed Mr. Clark her letter, and that gentleman immediately betook himself to Des Moines.

When he returned Mabel had left his household, and with her father had emigrated.

The route of the travellers led them through Des Moines, and it was dusk when they rolled into the city.

Mabel leaned out of the railway window.

Why did she tremble so, and why was her head so quickly drawn within?

A few words will explain.

Vere Clark was standing upon the platform, and upon his arm leaned a tall, queenly creature, richly dressed, proud, and intellectual.

"Miss Aller," thought Mabel, as she buried her face in her hands, fearful that her old lover had seen her.

"I shall never see him again," she cried. "Oh, Vere! how could you be so false?"

The train just then started, and Mabel thought that Vere Clark had passed out of life for ever. She even glanced out of the window for the last look, but he was gone, and the beautiful woman with him, whom he was to wed. Our little heroine arose, and went to the other end of the car, and sat down by herself, where her father could not hear her sobs.

Suddenly she felt an arm encircling her waist, and looking up, she saw that Vere was sitting by her, his face lit with an expression of love and happiness that was beautiful to behold.

Explanations followed. Miss Aller was his cousin, and knew of his *penchant* for Mabel. She had accompanied him to the station, knowing that his journey East was for this same Mabel, whom he loved.

It so happened that Vere had caught sight of Mabel just as she drew her head through the window, and he had only time enough to enter the train as it swept swiftly from the building.

Mabel soon learned that the parent and son were reconciled, and that consent had been obtained to their marriage.

Need we say more?

TALKING.

This is reputed to be an amusement particularly liked by ladies, but there is no reason for believing that it is looked upon with disfavour by gentlemen. On the contrary, some gentlemen devote much time and attention to it, with most satisfactory results—to themselves. Still, ladies are the talkers *par excellence*, and one important result of their efforts is that they often induce other people to say a great deal.

The experienced talker knows that there is a time to talk and a time to keep silent.

A time to keep silent is when you are in your own house, and surrounded by your own friends. It is worse than useless to waste your eloquence on the latter, who are quite aware of your abilities and merits without the same being demonstrated to them. It would be all the same if they were not, as they will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, do just as much for you if you

habitually sulk, as they will if you endanger your health and put yourself into a perspiration in order to please them. This is a fact that should be remembered.

A time to keep silent is when you have been asked out to dine by a host who has invited you in the full expectation that you will help him to amuse his other guests. In the event of your not doing this, you cannot fail to be greatly charmed and gratified by the look of mingled chagrin and disappointment that will gradually overspread his features. You may also derive much pleasure from the contemplation of his preposterous efforts to talk himself and set other people doing so. Nothing can be more amusing than to see a rather stupid man endeavoring to entertain a party, each one of which seems to consider it a sin against good taste to laugh or to say more than three words at once, and to deem it the acme of good-breeding to assume a stereotyped and ghastly smile.

A time to be silent is when you have nothing particular to say. You will find that this will so often happen that, if you always observed this rule you would not be able to make yourself a nuisance to your neighbors. Under these circumstances, it may be remarked that a man may break it whenever he feels inclined to do so.

A time to keep silent is when you are bathing, and a party of ladies unconsciously sit by your clothes and remain there for half an hour, the water in which you are immersed being decidedly chilly. This is recommended as a means of strengthening your powers of self-restraint. You are not, of course, debarred from addressing such trifling remarks to yourself as you may deem fit.

A time to keep silent is after you have spent an evening with sundry friends, during the course of which you have paid marked attentions to a bowl of milk punch. After you have apparently fallen asleep on the pavement your friends may ask you how you are, and, in the event of their receiving no reply, may display an amount of anxiety and feeling that cannot fail to be highly gratifying to you. Silence, under these circumstances, moreover, may result in your being sent home in a cab and the fare being defrayed by some one else.

A time to talk is when you are at a theatre, and one of the most interesting scenes in a play is being enacted. If you cannot think of anything else to say you can tell those who are sitting around you what is coming next. Unless you have tried this little device you cannot

imagine the looks of gratitude which you will receive from all quarters, and which will, probably, have the effect of urging you on to fresh and grander flights—unless you are summarily ejected by the box-keeper, which, however, it may be remarked, is an event not at all likely to happen.

A time to talk is when you are assisting at a concert. By doing so you will prevent yourself being bored by the music. You will also, perhaps, bring yourself not only before the notice of a portion of the audience, whose countenances will show their appreciation of your efforts, but also before that of the performers, who, you may be sure, would reward you if they could.

A time to talk is when you have some particular hobby which most people do not care to straws about, but of which you are laudably determined they shall hear a great deal.

A time to talk is when you, who neither smoke nor drink, meet some one else who does.

A time to talk is when your next door neighbor elopes with her gardener. It is also a time to talk when you have detected young Mr. Brown in the act of speaking to young Miss Smith, and looking as if he liked doing so. By a little judicious chatter you may, probably, succeed in making it "hot" for these two innocents, and of rendering them almost ashamed of being seen conversing with each other.

In addition to there being a time to talk and a time to keep silence, there is a right way and a wrong way of doing these things.

When you are in a room, and a bashful person commences, in a subdued voice, a story which promises to be good, talk in your loudest voice, as if you imagined everybody was deaf. The probability is that the bashful person will then collapse. Upon this, you may congratulate yourself upon the fact that for once, at least, in your life you have permitted yourself to be outshone, and that you have given your rival a lesson which will, probably, cause him to remember you to the end of his days.

When you are talking to people for whom you have no particular affection, make a point of continually dropping your voice towards the end of your sentences. This will have the effect of aggravating them to the last degree, and of persuading them against entrapping you into conversation more times than they can help. You will increase the effect of your efforts if you pay no attention to half of what they say.

Always talk as if you defied opposition. When you contradict some one else's statement

do so in a manner that may lead him to understand that you consider him a nincompoop, and, if it were not for the rules of politeness, you would tell him so.

As you talk, laugh. He must, indeed, be a poor noodle who cannot laugh at his own jokes. At the same time never laugh at any one else's. You will find that there is no sooner way of silencing a would-be (or genuine) punster, wit, or humorist, than by persistently declining to see his good things.

Above all, remember to talk for your own amusement and profit, not for those of other people. This is the principle which guides the conduct of a large number of persons, and judging by the persistency with which they adhere to it, one is justified in assuming that they find it answers very well.

MEELAN'S ROCK.

A LEGEND OF DHALLOW.

About a mile to the southwest of Newmarket, overhanging a beautiful and romantic valley, through which the Dalloo rolls its winding tide, lies the wooded slope of Shree-lawn. The chief object of interest in it is Meelan's Rock, which is situated up the wood, a short distance from the river, and to which the visitor has access by a path running quite close to the water at one point. This passage is not at the present time a very agreeable one, as the river has made incursions upon it, and rendered it a good deal more rugged and dangerous than before. There is another way of approach from the top of the wood, which is much to be preferred to the other, as a person here avoids all danger of being tumbled into the river. The rock itself is a medium-sized cave, on whose sides parties have from time to time engraved their names. Some of those are very legible, others, like the Phooka's scroll, are only to be discerned by their mysterious owners. It got its name from the daughter of one of Duhallow's most potent chiefs, the gentle Meelan M'Auliff, who was, to use the poet's words—

"Mild as the lambkin that crops the lea,
And pensive as cowslips pale."

Many curious tales are related with respect to this young lady, one of which I will refer to here. One fine summer's evening, ere night's dark mantle enveloped the earth, as the feathered warblers made hill and dale resound with their joyous strains, and all the eye could rest on seemed, as it were, a miniature Paradise, Meelan and her maid left Glenorma castle, the

residence of her father, and roved along the margin of the river, to feast their eyes on the golden charms of Nature, and drink in the music of the water's ripple and the wood-birds' pleasing carol. They had not rambled very far together when Meelan bade the maid remain behind, and went on by herself. Her object in thus acting was, it appears (as afterwards recounted by her maid), to afford herself a full opportunity to comb her lovely tresses, of which she was, like so many sister charmers of the passing hour, most passionately fond. While adjusting her wavy locks, the maid beheld her young mistress suddenly borne across the valley by some invisible agency to the grotto which now bears her name. On approaching it she placed her hand on the face of the rock and left thereon the impression of her fingers. This mark was subsequently removed by one John Beecher, a resident of the town, through a drunken freak. The unfortunate man paid the penalty of this rash act, for his hand mortified, and he soon passed to his account. H. A. O'R.

COUNSELS TO YOUNG MEN.

If thou art high or low, be just, be kind, and noble in all your actions. To gain the love and friendship of all around you, be honest. Never indulge in any vicious habits. Guard against evil company, for, if you don't, you'll be enticed slowly and surely into vice and corruption.

For company, seek the learned and intelligent class, that you may become one of them. Heed and pay attention to the instructions of your superiors. Guard against pretended friends, for he is not a friend to you who, when you are in want, will cast you aside. There are far too many such friends, young man, and I pray you to be on the alert, and throw not your earnings away with these worthless vagabonds, that seek your company only for your money. When your money is gone their friendship will fly with the winds, and they will laugh at you with scorn and contempt in your penniless condition. Remember—

"That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile and base."

Keep your engagements, and man will put faith in you. Always be in readiness, be watchful, so as to gratify the wishes of your employers. Be polite and gentlemanly, whether in the company of the rich or poor. Strive to make it your object to keep a clear conscience, and you'll surely live in peace and happiness, which is "the tenderest flower of spring."

Seek not so much for riches, but be content with a little, so that you may ease your design, be pure, and carry no burdens. Employ your spare moments in study and doing good. Prepare yourself in youth for old age, for then you may enjoy the pleasures of a faithful life. Be a staunch, temperate, faithful and upright man. To make my article concise, take heed—

“Keep the Commandments of God in mind.”

THE BLISS OF MARRIAGE.

Time whirls along the down-hill path of life with the velocity of a locomotive, but we have one comfort—we can make love on the road. What the negro preacher said of Satan may be said of love: “Where he finds a weaker place, there he creeps in.” There is a warm corner even in the coldest heart; and somebody, if that somebody can only be found, was made expressly to fill it. Thousands of both sexes live and die unmarried simply for want of a proper introduction to one another. What an absurdity! There is not a woman nor a man of any age who might not find a suitable partner by using the proper means. The fact is, that affection is smothered, choked down, subdued and paralyzed by the forms and conventionalities of this etiquettish world.

“Society” attaches a ball and chain to the natural feelings of the heart. The fair girl, with her bosom running over with love for a worthy object, must take as much pains to conceal the fact as if it were a deadly sin, and Heaven had not implanted within our bosoms the tender spark that bade us “to love and be loved.” Is this natural? No, it is artificial. Why should innumerable marriages be prevented by chilling rules and penalties? Nature is modest, but she is not a starched up prude. Look at the birds. There are no old bachelors and old maids among them. The hearts that flutter under their feather jackets follow the instinct of love, and they take to billing and cooing without the slightest idea that courtship should be a formal affair. Why should there be forlorn bachelors and disappointed old maids, and lonely widows and widowers among the unfeathered any more than the feathered bipeds? Oceans of happiness are lost to both sexes every year, simply because parties who wish to be married are not permitted by etiquette to make the fact known. These unfortunates might very properly say to the happy married folks, as the frogs said to the boys who were pelting

them with stones—“This may be fun to you, but 'tis death to us.”

TRUE PRINCIPLE.

The first and highest study of life should be to cultivate an absolute and positive reverence for moral truth and power. The spirit of every high and noble work stands upon the solid foundation of truth, and no enterprise is worthy of respect or admiration unless this is the corner-stone. The old adage, that honesty is the best policy, is not the best saying in the world. Sometimes there is counterfeit change in full circulation; there are false words and false reputation, and sometimes policy is the cause of much seeming honesty. Doing this or that for the sake of policy, without regard to principles of justice and honor, is a poor excuse for honesty. When one stops to think of policy instead of duty, then honesty becomes a questionable character. Joining a party just to be popular, or because some one else has done the same, may betray a selfish and unprincipled spirit, but not rare wisdom or marvellous piety.

Right doing, for the sake of right, is the only true exercise of the mind. He is not wholly free who looks to others for the rule of right that binds his thoughts and actions. Always be true for truth's sake, and too brave to speak or act against conscience. The inclination to allow any other motive to control one's actions is a temptation to do wrong. Acting in an unprincipled way is acting a lie. The most expedient way may not always be plain; but one may follow his highest ideas of right, and that life stands highest in the scale of humanity that is most perfect and truthful. Only the sophist can say that it is hardly possible or desirable to have an honest heart and tongue. There is no real advantage gained from a deceitful face, or a double tongue. Double dealing seldom brings even a present and temporary reward. It is plainly written that “the lip of truth shall be established forever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment.” To cunningly boast of having “come it” over others, in any way or shape, is a species of boasting that deserves a combination of pity and contempt. Discretion and perfect sincerity do not require one to turn the heart inside out to gratify the inquisitive; but good will and good sense will show what it is to be true in principle—true to self and others.

FRIENDSHIP is the union of two souls for good.

ROMANTIC ESCAPE OF AN IRISH OFFICER.

Several officers were known to have known refuge with the Macleans of Mull when they were persued by the Covenantors. Maclean of Dowart was compelled to surrender them to their enemies and "fourteene verie prettie Irishmen" were led out to death. The circumstances under which the only survivor escaped the fate of his companions is both curious and interesting. Just as the victims were brought out to prepare for death, Marriion of Dowart, youngest daughter of the chief, accompanied by a kinsman on horseback, was taking her departure from the Castle of Moy, the seat of the Maclean of Loughboy, and happening to pass the spot where the late guests of her father's halls were at that instant preparing to meet their doom, overcome by the distressing sight she fainted away and fell to the ground. Her kinsman immediately jumped off his horse and flew to her aid. At the same time her fall caught the attention of one of the gentlemen of the melancholy group, who exclaiming, "Ye heartless murderers, will none of you save the lady?" rushed forward, and vaulted, with the quickness of thought, into the deserted saddle of the young lady's kinsman, galloped off, and was soon out of reach of pursuit among the mountains. Whether the fit and fall of the Maiden of Dowart were premeditated design or the result of accident must be left to the reader to determine; it is however the fact that by the instrumentality of the same lady, the gallant fugitive had a boat provided for him on the south side of the Mull, by which he finally escaped.

THE PEST OF SOCIETY.

The law protects us against the depredations of the sneak-thief, the plunderings of the burglar, the assaults of the rowdy; but it does not stand between us and one who is a greater pest of society—the rum-seller. The law licenses him to sell liquor to our sons, and make drunkards of them. He is permitted to keep a public place where old inebriates entertain young men with rose-colored reminiscences of the pleasures of the past sprees. The son of a respectable family, the son to whom the world presents opportunities of a bright career, the son on whose success rests the welfare of dependant parents, listens to the oft-told tales of experienced dissipators, and begins to think that real hap-

piness can only be secured by getting drunk. Rum is the magic elixir under whose influence mortals may be always jolly. Rum is the antidote for every ill, the balm for every grief. The old inebriate speaks of associates who could carry the contents of three bottles without a hiccough, a stagger, or a wink of the eye. The youthful listener thinks a "three bottle man" a distinguished individual, and to prepare himself for that honor his libations are frequent and deep. He commences with wine, but soon finds his appetite craving something stronger. Instead of improving his mind by reading, his evenings are spent in the grogshop, amid vicious companions, with whom he is "hail fellow, well met!" while his money lasts. When that is gone, when irregular habits have lost him employment, his days as well as nights are passed in the school of infamy, the dramshop. He is now a lounge, ready to drink with any stranger who invites him—ready, perhaps, to relieve the pocket of any straggler who reel insensible to the floor. He is now fairly started on his downward career; every day he becomes more degraded. The youth of whom such flattering anticipations were held by his parents, instead of being a help to them, has disgraced them. He is a burthen, a living shame, to his best friends. Oh, how happy would they be had the grave received him ere he had become the victim of the rum-seller.

DEAL KINDLY WITH THE AGED ONES

Deal kindly with the aged ones,
Give them thy tenderest cure,
Altho' though they sometimes fretful be,
With patience sweet forbear,
The lines of anguish, grief, and pain,
Deep written on their brow,
Tell of the days when storms beat hard;
Oh, do not grieve them now.

Deal kindly with the aged ones,
Let them not sigh or pine,
With no soft voice to sooth them on,
Through this life's last decline.
As rain-drops, falling from above,
Gladden the fragrant bowers,
So kind words sprinkled round their hearts
Brighten their loney hours.

As LABORERS sow the ground in order to reap the fruits of the earth, so Christians sow in the heavens the fruits of their charity.

Give with a good grace; a gentle manner adds a new value to the present one desires to make.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.

HARMONIZED FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES.

With melancholy expression.

Piano introduction in G minor, 6/8 time. The music features a melancholic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with some chords marked with a '3' for a triplet.

FIRST VOICE.

First voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the first line of lyrics.

1. She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And lovers are round her sigh - ing :

TENOR.

Tenor voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the first line of lyrics.

2. She sings the wild song of her dear native plains, Ev'ry note which he lov'd a - wak - ing ; —

Bass voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the second line of lyrics.

3. He had liv'd for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were all that life had en - twin'd him ;

First voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the third line of lyrics.

Bass voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the third line of lyrics.

First voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the fourth line of lyrics.

But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - ing.

Bass voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the fourth line of lyrics.

Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains, That the heart of the minstrel is break - ing.

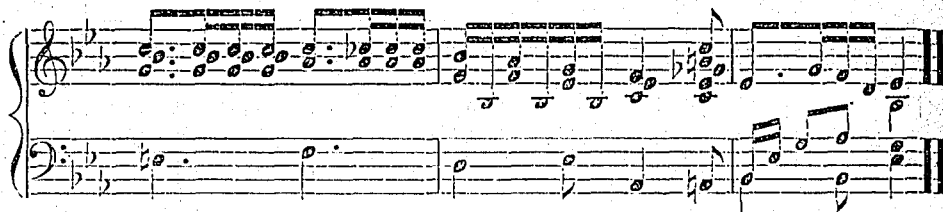
Bass voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the fifth line of lyrics.

Nor soon shall the tears of his coun - try be dried, Nor long will his love stay be - hind him.

First voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the sixth line of lyrics.

Bass voice musical staff in G minor, 6/8 time, corresponding to the sixth line of lyrics.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND. Concluded.



4 Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow!
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
 From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

Poetry.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

The mighty God, the Prince of Peace,
 Took flesh in virgin's womb;
 And He, whose name is Wonderful,
 To this dark world is come.
 The government is his, and all
 The nations own his sway;
 His enemies shall prostrate fall,
 And vanish soon away.
 A brighter star than e'er before,
 Gilded the sky with light—
 To show the Saviour's meek abode—
 Cheered the lone hours of night.
 The angels tuned their harps of fire,
 And, from the deep blue sky,
 With songs proclaimed the boundless joy
 That filled the world on high.
 In a stable's lowly manger
 Was the infant laid to rest;
 But his Virgin Mother near him
 Soothed and took him to her breast.
 Thus the Eastern Magi found him,
 And, adoring at his feet,
 Offered gifts of hidden meaning,
 Gold, and myrrh, and incense sweet.
 The gold they gave him as their king,
 The myrrh means mortal grief and care;
 To God the censor's smoke ascends,
 Emblem of faith and prayer.
 Adorable Jesus! Blessed Mary!
 Shield us with protecting love;
 Guard our souls from sin forever,
 Take us to the world above!

BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
 Be sure you don't forget!
 The dear little dimpled darling!
 She ne'er saw Christmas yet.
 But I've told her all about it,
 And she opened her big blue eyes,
 And I'm sure she understood me,
 She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, dear! what a tiny stocking!
 It doesn't take much to hold
 Such little pink toes as baby's
 Away from the frost and cold.
 But then for the baby's Christmas
 It never will do at all;

Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
 For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby:
 I've thought of the very best plan;
 I'll borrow a stocking from grandma—
 The longest that ever I can—
 And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
 Right in the corner, so,
 And write a letter to Santa,
 And fasten it to the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking
 That hangs in the corner here,
 You never have seen her, Santa,
 For she only came this year;
 But she's just the blissestest baby,
 And now, before you go,
 Just cram her stocking with goodies,
 From the top clear down to the toe."

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Ye merry bells, ye merry bells, I love your dear old
 chimes,
 Those magic sounds fresh thoughts recall of pleasant
 happy times,
 While softly o'er the willing mind fond Memory weaves
 her spell,
 And charms me back to hours gone by, and friends I
 loved so well.

Ye merry bells, ye merry bells, I love your blithesome
 lay,
 Your welcome accents whisper hope on this auspicious
 day;
 For Christ to Bethlehem is come, the Prince of Peace
 and Love,
 And angel choirs, in gladdest strains, his praises sing
 above.

Chime on, chime on, ye happy bells, in adoration
 sing,
 Now join with blessed choirs to chant the praises of
 our King;
 And ardent prayers from mortal lips like incense rare
 shall rise,
 From Earth's vile habitation freed, to float above the
 skies.

God bless the bells, God bless the bells, and may we
 hear them long,
 Fresh hope and gladness bringing in their ever-wel-
 come song,
 Recalling pleasures long since past, old memories and
 old times,
 And breathing words of comfort in the music of their
 chimes.