"The Harp that Once—— I!"
A STORY OF CONNAUGHT AFTER HUMBERT.

HER Ladyship the Dowager said they were loyal and gallant gentlemen, who had served their King, and that they must be entertained in noble fashion and have of the best that the kitchen and cellar could afford. Her pretty grand-daughter Mabel, when she heard this news from Mrs. Kelly, her old nurse, stamped her foot and said she would not sit to dinner with a party of butchers. So she called the officers of a company of Hussars that had come to the Castle gate, and, asking leave to water their horses, had been bid to stay and dine—the men in the courtyard, the officers with her Dowager Ladyship and Mabel.

"What do you say, Farmer," said the captain to a lieutenant next in command when the invitation was conveyed to him. "Our duty is urgent in the town. There is no time to be lost. And yet—and yet—we must dine somewhere. The men and horses must feed somewhere—as well in the Castle here as in some wretched village hostelry, where the people will look as if they would like to poison us?"

"We will lose no time by going up to the Castle, no more than the time occupied in riding up the avenue," said Lieutenant Farmer, who read from his captain’s face that he desired to stay. Her Ladyship’s invitation was accepted. Therefore, the troopers had dismounted in the courtyard, attended to their horses and then to their own requirements. The captain and two lieutenants clinked their spurs in the drawing-room, talking courteously to the Dowager, but keeping all the time their eyes on the door, for rumour had noise abroad that her Ladyship’s grand-daughter was the belle of the county.

The said belle meantime, as you have heard, stamped her pretty foot and vowed she would not dine with them.

"Oh, Miss Mabel," said Mrs. Kelly, bursting into tears, "Oh, darling, dear; is it down to the village beyant the red-coated scoundrels are goin’?"

Mabel nodded. Mrs. Kelly threw up her arms and
THE SHAN

screamed. "He's lost then for certain! He's lost, Alannah!"

"Who is lost, Nursey, dear?" And the young girl put her arms round the sobbing woman's neck. Softly the latter whispered, "Denis! My one boy. Him, that was your little foster brother, but me own child."

"But Denis is in America," said Mabel in bewilderment.

"He came back, dear; he came back—he's in the village now."

"But, then, Nursey, you should be glad."

"Glad! Oh, Alannah, can't ye see what I'm manin'. He came back with the French."

"With the French," said Mabel. "Oh, I see, I see. He has been fighting all these weeks. That's why you've been so down looking and me not to know! Nursey, you might have told me."

"And now," said the poor woman, "the soldiers are going down to make a search. There will be some that know him, for he was seen in Killala the very day he landed. His name's on a list, and there's those that will swear to him. Oh, my fine boy, my one boy, that he should be lost from me!"

"Send him word," whispered Mabel. "Go yourself, Nursey."

"There is no time. The captain has given the men word to be ready and mounted on the stroke of eight. The cook has the dinner ordered for seven on the stroke. There's but an hour, and it's two hours' walkin' for my slow feet. There's no other I can trust."

"I would go—I could ride—but there's no one to saddle my horse. The courtyard is full of troopers or I would do it myself." Mabel puckered her brows.

"My own bird, as if I would let you! Oh, not even to save his life."

"Thea, Nursey," she said, almost laughing, "see if I don't keep them from starting at the stroke of eight. Get ready and slip off. Walk as fast as your poor dear old feet can carry you. Trust to God and trust to me."

So after all her Ladyship's lovely grand-daughter did dine with the "party of butchers" and made herself particularly agreeable to one and all of them, but perhaps most particularly to the captain. Let me explain that the reason why Mabel had not been inclined to honour them with her presence was that her heart had gone with the people in the great struggle that was now dying down in her native Connaught. She had been frightened, it is true, when she heard the French were coming and the British flying before them, but frightened and all as she was she wanted them to win. By her mother's side she came of an old Gaelic noble house that had fought for Ireland at Athlone and Limerick and Aughrim. There was rebel blood in her veins, and it had been warmed to flame in this year '98 by the stories she heard of the people's sufferings. Her old nurse had poured such tales into sympathetic ears. Then once in Dublin she had seen Lord Edward and his lovely little French wife. She treasured the memory and wept hot tears when she heard of his death and poor Pamela's sorrows.

It was with a feeling of ill-conceived antipathy that she first greeted the captain. He was quite a distinguished person—had done good service against the rebels. Mabel knew what that meant; knew, too, what errand he was bound on that very night, and made up her mind to foil him by a woman's wit.

Ere they passed from the drawing-room to the dinner, she smiled very archly and asked if he cared for music. "Tis but poor entertainment we can offer to a gentleman who has been in London and heard all the opera singers; but if you are not too hurried I would be pleased to have your judgment on some of our old Connaught airs."

What could mortal man say in answer to this? What especially could a man say who had but his soldier's pay to live on, and who knew that the lovely girl who thus graciously addressed him was heiress, in default of a male heir, to broad lands in Connaught, to a Castle, to family portraits,—heirlooms, silver, jewels—jewels that were now flashing on a round, white neck and snowy arms. Could he deny himself the pleasure of seeing those white arms stray along the harp strings, those lovely lips chanting exquisite music? Captain Warren was but mortal man, and in spite of his thirst for military glory, could deny himself none of these things. Dinner concluded promptly before eight. "We have some minutes to spare, your Ladyship," said he to the Dowager, "quite ten minutes, I see, and since your charming grand-daughter has deigned to promise us some music, I will just send orders to the men, and for ten minutes we can indulge ourselves." He said this for the benefit of the lieutenant, to whom he would not for the world have shown himself a lax disciplinarian; but when he talked of ten minutes he had not reckoned on the time a harp takes in tuning. Mabel seemed a long time about it, and he dared not look at his watch. Perhaps he was delaying her, for he kept quite close to the instrument, feigning great curiosity to see how it was done, and Mabel graciously chatted a good deal to him during the process. At last she swept her fingers over the chords, pronounced all ready, threw back her head, showing a lovely profile and dazzling white neck, with bewildering brown curls dancing around her ears and forehead. The white arms swept from the strings a weird, sweet melody. The lieutenant stood spellbound. The captain was enchanted. He had lost all thought of fleeting time before six bars had been played, then suddenly Cri—ee—ack went something.

The captain jumped as he never did when bullets whizzed past him.

"A string gone! How provoking!" said Mabel. And yet she smiled. There was a roguish dimple in either rosy cheek. She had screwed that string so tight. "You are
not in such a hurry, Captain Warren. You must let me mend it."

The fixing of a string was a more tedious process even than the tuning. The captain had vowed a little while before that he thought the harp the most delightful instrument in creation. He did not think so now. It was nearly ten minutes before Mabel had all ready, and then "The Coolin" was only beginning. It seemed that it would never end. Mabel played and played and played, and all the time she smiled to herself triumphantly. The captain threw discretion to the winds and tried to enjoy himself. All the time he had an uneasy feeling that it was not a very wise thing to ride within a few miles of a place which you wanted to make a sudden raid on and stop at that distance, leaving time for the news of your coming to be there before you.

At last the strains died away. Mabel rose; the captain too. Rapturously he thanked her. The strains of that enchanting melody would haunt his ears till death. He had to tear himself away. Duty must be done.

Mabel courtesied; did not give him her hand, as he had presumed to hope she would. There was mockery in her smile. Bowing low to her and kissing the Dowager's hand he passed from the room.

"I'll be hanged," said one of the officers to the other, "if that little lady was not tricking the captain. There was mischief in her eye. If she were not the grand-daughter of her very loyal Ladyship I would say she had delayed us on purpose. It will be a bad thing if any of those fellows get off."

The troop rode into the night. They rode quickly. Halfway to the turn a woman stood into the ditch to let them pass. The captain called halt. No loyally disposed person should be out at that hour of the night. He shouted at her to come down to his side; then, bending from his horse, peered into her face. "Who are you? What's your business?"

"I am from the Castle, sir. Your men saw me in the hall this evening when they arrived."

A trooper here was called forward and verified her statement.

"Name!" said the captain curtly, "and your business."

"Business for Miss Mabel, sir! I am her Ladyship's nurse, Nancy Kelly."

"H'm," said the captain. "Ride on, men." And to the lieutenant he added, "I fear the pass is sold."

In the village that night they found not one of the rebels whose hiding places informers had told them of. None of the arms they expected. No documents. Nothing! Nancy Kelly knew why. So did Mabel.

* * * * * *

Whilst the Hussars raged through the village, up in the Castle Nursey sat with her arm around her darling young lady. "I saw my Denis," she said. "He is gone in safety. Please God, he will get to Galway, then out to America. How did you work it, my love?"

Mabel laughed. "I tuned my harp; I tuned it very slowly. I broke a string; I strung a new one. Then I played "The Coolin." I played it over and over again. He can never forget it, while he lives—that horrid captain; and oh, Nursey, he will never forget me either. I was never so sweet to anyone in my life." Rising, she surveyed herself in the mirror.

"I think I looked well tonight, and that what with my dimples and my diamonds I made an impression. I actually played the coquette. It was very, very naughty; but, then, Nursey, dear, it was to save your Denis!"

ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

**Kitty of the North.**

When flax is in flower
And there's bloom on the may,
Through sunshine and shower
For the length of a day
Young Kitty keeps singing and singing away.

I sit in the gloom
Looking out at the door,
With the clank of the loom
In my ears evermore,
But the twist of her song I can hear as before.

When the red's in the sky
And the dew's on the briar,
I see her go by
With her cows from the byre,
And to hear her sweet singing is all my desire.

When the hawk's on the hedge
And the bird's on the bush,
And the wind's in the sedge
And there's plumes on the rush,
Then Kitty comes singing as wild as a thrush.

Though the cottage is dark
And small it would be
As a cage for a lark—
Yet sure she can see
That she's singing and singing the heart out o' me.

THOMAS E. MAYNE.

**From the Celtic Past.**

**VII.—THE PURSUIT OF DIARMID AND GRAINNE.**

(Continued).

HEX Diarmid and my Princess, still intent only upon finding a resting-place secure from the vengeance of Fionn, came in their journeying to the Forest of Doonas, in the territory of Hy-Fiafra, and here the knight determined to make an abode for his dear lady, safe in the heart of the leafy shade, quiet and remote.

"Shall we venture into this thick, dark wood, dear love?" said Grainne when they had reached its verge, tired out with the travel of many days. "I am very weary, and would rest; yet what if Fionn should lurk beyond there and his tracking men?"

"Nay, sweet one," laughed Diarmid, "drive that fear away from thy heart. Fionn would not dare to follow us to the tree of Sharvan the Surly."

"Tell me of him," she besought. "Is he another danger thou hast yet to face?"

"A danger truly if I meddle with the quicken-tree he guards for the Dedannans—his fairy kinsfolk. Otherwise we may dwell in peace anear him. The tree grew in Doonas from a berry of their sacred food brought from fairy-
land and dropped unheed] when the Dedannans passed through on their way to Loch Lein for a game of hurley with the Fiana. And hence it came that, hearing afterwards of the growth of this magic tree, the fairy people sent Sharvan the Surly to guard it, so that none might eat the berries save such as were of their own race. For those little red-clusters thou may'st see glowing like a robin's breast among the green leaves, O Grainne, possess the power to change an old man of a hundred years, frail and toothless, into one of thirty, straight and agile and beautiful in form and feature, if he should but eat three of their number. And to the tongue their flavour is sweet as of honey; one who hath tasted them shall feel his spirit grow cheerful as if his lips had dipped into the luscious richness of old mead, and pain and conflict had no longer power to trouble him. Therefore, thou see'st, my fair one, that many would dare danger for sake of plucking three berries of this wonderful tree, but Sharvan sleeps not night nor day; fire cannot burn him nor water drown, nor can any weapon known of man make the least little wound in his body save his own great club, which is tied to an iron girdle round his waist. Three blows of it in a strong hand will leave him silent for evermore—yet what man in Eirinn would willingly seek battle with such as he?"

"Go not near him, O Diarmid," said Grainne tearfully, "save in peace. Thou hast had knowledge of war and unequal combat; now let us have a little quiet home to ourselves under these shadowy boughs." And Diarmid consenting, kissed the bright, clear drops from her lovely eyes ere he went to hold parley with the giant-guardian of Dooras.

When Sharvan saw the warrior come stepping boldly down the green pathways of the forest he rose up from his seat at foot of the quicken tree, showing his enormous proportions and the direful ugliness of his dusky face. He was of the wicked race of Cain; his features were thick and sullen, and in the middle of his black forehead gleamed one broad, red, fiery eye. To him Diarmid spoke bravely, seeking leave to dwell in the forest and hunt its wild animals for food. Whereupon the giant, in brief and surly speech, told him he might hunt or dwell where he would so long as he sought not to lay hands upon the sacred quicken berries.

Without delay Diarmid built for himself and Grainne a hunting-booth near a spring in the heart of the Forest of Dooras, and round about it, in a clear space, he raised a fence of strong stakes interwoven with tough withes, through which the only passage was one well-barred door. Here they abode in love and peacefulness, drinking the water of the well and eating the food that each day Diarmid brought down in the chase.

But Fionn MacCumhail had not forgotten his cause of anger against Diarmid, and night after night he brooded during his sleepless hours over the injury that had been done him by my Princess and her husband. Many were the plans he wove in the dark silences as to how the death of Diarmid should be encompassed, yet when morning dawned, with its flame of trailing glory in the east, the memory of O'Dubhne's world-famed prowess came back to him, and he knew that by no ordinary means could this man's downfall be assured.

In this wise he kept his hatred active as the fire of fever, and the passion of his bitter mood was at its height when one day there arrived at the palace on the Hill of Allen a strange company of fifty horsemen led by two warriors taller and nobler and more radiantly clad than the others. They bowed low in greeting to Fionn, relating to him in courteous tones the reason of their coming.

"We are thine enemies of the Clan MacMorna, chieftain, Angus, the son of Art, and Aed, the son of Andala MacMorna. Thou did'st outlaw us because our fathers fought against and slew thy father Cumhaill at the battle of Knocka, though they afterwards atoned for that crime with their lives at thine own hands. It is not meet that we should suffer longer for sake of this ancient feud, seeing that we are blameless, for we had not opened our eyes upon the earth at the time this harm did happen thee. Therefore, we beg thee now to make peace with us and grant us our father's places in the ranks of the Fiana."

"Even that shall I promise ye," said Fionn tardily, "provided ye pay eric to me for the death of my father."

"What may that eric be?" they questioned humbly, "for we have neither gold nor rich garments nor cattle to offer."

"It is only one of two things, O sons of Morna—namely, the full of my hand of quicken-tree berries or else the head of a warrior whom I hate."

Then were they to reply, Oisin the Bard raised his silver voice for their heartening, and said, "Take this counsel from me, O sons of Morna, for well I know the thoughts that darken the soul of Fionn, and would warn ye against your own undoing. The head my father seeks is that of Diarmid O'Dubhne, than whom no braver warrior abides in the land of Eirinn, and little chance would ye have of overthrowing him in combat. As for the berries, O youths, they are those of the quicken-tree of Dooras, which is guarded by a giant, whose even the Fiana hold in dread, and the Danaan people shall cast their spells upon whosoever seeks to touch its leaves or fruit against their wishes."

But the two chieftains, in answer to the counselling of Oisin, replied that they had rather pay the eric demanded by Fionn than return to their own country again; so they set forth on their quest for the Wood of Dooras and the hunting-booth of Diarmid and Grainne. When the knight, hearing the sound of their approach, had gone forward to meet them, and had learned the object of their mission, he laughed out loud, a clear, deep laughter, at the foolhardiness of the errand they had undertaken.

"I fear ye will find it no easy matter to deprive me of my
head, ° sons of Morna, and as for the quicken-berries, Sharvan the Surly keeps a watchful eye upon them night and day. Hath Fionn told ye the tale of this giant—how he cannot be burned with fire, or drowned with water, or wounded with weapons? And which will ye fight for—my head or the quicken-berries?"

"It is with thee we shall deal first," said they eagerly.

Then Diarmid proposed that they should throw aside all their weapons and in this combat rely upon their bodily strength alone. But the wrestle was, indeed, a short one, for he overcame them easily and bound them in close and bitter bonds even as he had bound the three great sea-kings on the hillside above Tonn Torna.

Now this contest between Diarmid and the MacMornas was witnessed by Grainne, upon whom there suddenly came a strong desire to taste the berries of the quicken-tree, and after striving against the craving, at last she told Diarmid she would surely die unless he brought to her a cluster of the ripe red fruit. The request troubled Diarmid exceedingly, for he had no wish to quarrel with Sharvan, yet he could not deny his love, seeing the longing that was in her face.

Thereupon the sons of Morna, speaking from the ground, where they lay, exclaimed, "Loosen our bonds, O hero, and we will go with thee to fight the giant." And Diarmid loosed them gladly, for their aid was welcome to him.

At the foot of the fairy-tree they found Sharvan asleep, and Diarmid dealt him a heavy blow to waken him. He lifted his huge head, glared at the three with his great red eye, saying:

"Art thou come in enmity against me, with whom thou hast been at peace, oh foolish warrior?" and Diarmid made answer in this wise:

"It is not in strife I come altogether, but my wife, Princess Grainne, the daughter of King Cormac MacArt, longs to taste of those quicken-berries, and if she does not eat them she will die. Therefore, I pray thee, give me a few that her desire may be satisfied."

"Nay," replied the other, "if she were dying in very truth and that one of my berries would avert her death it should not be plucked for her."

At this a rush of fury filled the heart of Diarmid, and seeing that he was intent upon fight, the giant struck three great blows at him with his club, which the knight had trouble to ward off and which hurt him sorely. But watching narrowly his chance, he swiftly threw down his sword and spear and sprang upon his foe, taking him unguarded. He clasped his strong arms round the ungainly body, and, heaving him with his shoulder, hurled him with mighty shock to the earth; then, seizing the ponderous club, he dealt him three powerful blows, dashing out his brains upon the forest leaves.

Weary and aching in every limb, Diarmid sat down to rest, bidding the sons of Morna drag the slain giant into a secret place of the wood and bury him there, lest Grainne should see and be afraid. Then when at their calling she had come from her house of saplings Diarmid pointed to the tree:

"The way is clear to the quicken-berries, my dear one. Take thou and eat." But she replied softly:

"It is only from thy hand shall I eat them, beloved." So Diarmid, standing up, drew down a glowing branch and filled the little white hands extended towards him. He gave also to the MacMorna, speaking thus in his generosity:

"Take these berries to Fionn, O youths, and pay your debt, throwing him, if ye choose, that Sharvan the Surly fell by your prowess alone."

And they thanked Diarmid, bidding him farewell, and went their ways to the Hill of Allen, taking with them the one handful stipulated for by Fionn.

Afterwards Diarmid took Grainne to live in Sharvan's hut among the broad waving branches high above the ground, and they discovered that the topmost berries were the sweetest of all—so sweet and so life-giving that they pined not for other food, but dwelt in peace and bliss in their airy home wrapped in the security of their passionate devotion for one another.

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When the sons of Morna reached the Palace of Fionn and he asked them had they brought him their eric, they handed him the cluster of quicken-berries in answer.

"How came ye to do this deed?" he questioned, looking closely the while at them out of the corners of his keen, shaggy-browed eyes.

"The surly giant of Dooras is slain, O Fionn," and we have brought thee the eric demanded for the death of Cumhalh, thy father. Surely that is all it beseemeth thee to know?"

But Fionn smelled the berries three times, and exclaimed:

"It was Diarmid O'Duibhne who plucked these from the quicken-tree and not ye, untruthful youths, for I know his touch. And well I know it was he, and he alone, who slew the giant. Therefore, it shall avail ye nothing to have brought me these, since ye have made peace with mine enemy, and I shall still hold ye to an eric before ye attain to a place in the ranks of the Fiana. But for myself I shall go to the Wood of Dooras to learn if Diarmid abides in its solitudes."

So the chieftain took with him the choice men of the seven battalions of the Fiana and marched away to the territory of Hy-Fiachra. They found Diarmid's tracks to the fairy-tree and eat, until they were satisfied, of the ruddy fruit. Then Fionn, being weary, said:

"We shall rest here until the heat is gone and evening comes, for well I know that Diarmid O'Duibhne is on high among the branches."

Said Oisin, "Truly this jealousy hath tainted thy mind with unworthy suspicions since thou dreamest that Diarmid would wait for thy approach on this tree, knowing that his head is thy quarry." And Fionn, smiling bitterly, made no reply, but called for a chess-board and men to be brought to him. He and Oisin played the game together until there
remained but one move left to the Bard, over which he sat puzzled and silent.

From his seat on a swaying bough Diarmid had watched the father and son prove their skilful knowledge of chess, but now he felt grieved that Oisin should be the loser, and flinging a berry down with true aim he struck a chessman that Oisin might move it. Thereupon his friend moved the man discreetly and won the game against Fionn.

Immediately they started a new game, which went on until the same pass was reached and the same difficulty had be-fallen Oisin. And again Diarmid threw down a berry and struck the right man, and again Oisin moved him and won the game.

A third time the game went on and the chessman was struck by Diarmid as before, so that Oisin won yet again. Then Fionn gave vent to bitter taunting of his son:

"It is no marvel that thou shouldst have beaten me in this game, Oisin, seeing that thou hast acted by the prompting of Diarmid O'Duibhne?"

"Foolish, indeed, thou art, O Fionn," spake Oscar the Valiant, "to dream that Diarmid remains within thy reach above on the tree-trunk."

"Now, say which of us tells truth, Oscar or I, O Diarmid?" cried Fionn, gazing up into the dark-green shadows.

"Thou, Fionn," came Diarmid's familiar voice, like the echo of a clear-toned bell. "I am here with the Princess Grainne, my wife, in the hut of Sharvan the Sorly."

Then the Fiana, darting eager looks overhead, saw them there together; and when Grainne began to tremble for fear of danger O'Duibhne put his arm round her and comforted her with three warm kisses before them all.

"Those kisses but add another to the score thou shalt yet pay me," muttered Fionn between his clenched teeth, "so now defend thy head if thou art able." And he offered a suit of armour, arms, and a high place among the Fiana to any man who would climb into the tree and bring him Diarmid alive or dead.

Garva of Slieve Cua cried out eagerly, "Let mine be the task, for it was Diarmid's father, Donn, who slew my father, and I would avenge the deed."

But Angus Oge learning that his foster-son was in deadly peril travelled to him on the pure cold wind, and without the knowledge of the Fiana came to his aid. His approach brought great joy to the hearts of Grainne and Diarmid, for Garva was creeping nearer them from branch to branch, and below the eight other Garvas waited to assist their kinsman if he needed help.

When he had well-nigh reached the hut Diarmid struck him a blow with his foot which dashed him to the ground among the Fiana. And they cut off his head in a trice, because Angus had caused him to take the shape of O'Duibhne, but after he was slain he became like unto himself again, so that all knew it was Garva of Slieve Cua that had been killed.

Then in anger at the death of their chieftain, in succession the eight Garvas tried to destroy Diarmid, until one by one they met with the same fate—namely, Garva of Slieve Crot, of Slieve Gora, of Slieve Mucka, of Slieve More, of Slieve Luga, of Ath-free, of Slieve Mish, of Drom-more. And the soul of Fionn was harassed with agony beholding this appalling slaughter.

"Now I shall descend to do combat with mine enemies, O Angus," said Diarmid, "and if I live till evening I shall follow to Bruga of the Boyne, whither thou shalt take my dear one," and he bade a sorrowful and most loving farewell to Grainne. Angus threw around her his magic mantle, under cover of which they flew away invisible to the watchful Fiana.

The clear voice of Diarmid was heard speaking then to Fionn:

"Since thou are resolved to encompass my death, why should I fear to meet it now or at any other time? yet before thou shalt lay me low on the sward, O chieftain, many of thy hirelings shall wend before me through the dark gates. Often in the press of battle did I shelter thee, and when leaving the field I was ever behind, thy shield and thy friend, nor is it meet to-day that thou shouldst be arrayed against me. Yet, be it so, I shall not fall tamely nor in dishonour."

"Truly doth Diarmid speak," said Oscar. "Let him have mercy and forgiveness, for he hath suffered much."

"Neither peace nor forgiveness shall I grant him," answered Fionn; "his head must be eric for the injury he hath done me."

"Shame on thee for that speech," did Oscar reply to the grim and jealous old man. "And now I take the body and life of Diarmid into my keeping, under the protection of my knighthood and valour, so that from henceforth no man in Erin dare harm him. Come down in safety, O Diarmid, my friend and brother; Oscar is here to give pledge for thy keeping."

Then Diarmid, walking carefully along a thick branch unseen until he was beyond the circle of the waiting warriors, sprang forward and downward with a graceful airy bound, and alighted outside the host that stood with joined hands round the tree-trunk, and in a moment he was distant from the reach of sword and spear. After him came Oscar, before whose threatening backward glances the pursuing Fiana fell back afraid.

So the two heroes travelled together to Bruga of the Boyne, where Angus and Grainne waited their coming, and Diarmid's sweet lady almost swooned with joy in her gladness at beholding him again.

The passionate wrath grew yet more active in the soul of Fionn when he saw Oscar and Diarmid depart together, and he vowed that the latter should not escape his vengeance any longer. Leaving the Wood of Doonas he marched to Allen and gave orders that his best ship should be made ready and provisioned for a voyage. Now this voyage to Tir Tairngire on which he set forth was to his old nurse, an old woman well skilled in magic, to whom he related his cause of enmity against O'Duibhne, and his will that means should be found to bring his enemy into safe custody. She promised to abet him in his evil designs, and returned with
It so chanced that Diarmid hunted alone in the forest that day without Oscar, which being known to the witch-hag, she caused herself to fly into the air by magic on a water-lily leaf, having by her spells turned it into a broad flat millstone with a hole in the middle. She floated straight on, borne along by the clear, cold wind, until she hovered straight above the hero, and began to aim deadly darts at him through the hole. This was the worst distress Diarmid ever endured, for the darts having had venomous spells breathed over them stung him through his shield and armour, so that no part of him was likely to escape from their piercing. Seeing that death was, indeed, his portion unless he slew the wicked enchantress, he seized the Ga-derg, and, leaning backward, flung it with sure aim at the millstone. It flew right through the hole, piercing the heart of the hag, who fell lifeless at his feet. He beheaded her and brought the vile head to Angus Oge, relating to him and Grainne the story of their wonderful encounter and his escape.

Angus meanwhile, seeing that the quarrel between Fionn and Diarmid could not go on in this way for ever, went to the Chieftan of the Fiana and invited him to make peace. Fionn, knowing well that he had been worsted in every attempt made against Diarmid's life, consented for he was weary of the quarrel and of the loss of his brave men. Then Angus approached King Cormac MacArt with the same intentions, and he also agreed to be at peace with O'Duibhne, being sorrowful at the woe and trouble arising from the enmity between these warriors.

Afterwards the Druid returned to Bruga and told Diarmid the result of his embassy. The latter stipulated that he should be reinstated in his father's possessions and land—namely, the cantred of O'Duibhne without rent or tribute to the King of Eirinn, also the cantred of Ben-Damis—that is, Durnam of Leinster. These two to be granted to him by Fionn, and a restriction made that neither MacCumhaill nor any of the Fiana were to hunt over them without leave. And from the King of Eirinn he demanded the cantred of Kesh-Corran as dowry with his daughter Grainne.

Again Angus went to Fionn and afterwards to King Cormac MacArt with these conditions. And they were granted, so that peace was made between all, and the land became once more restful and law-abiding.

Then Diarmid and Grainne went to live in Kesh-Corran, far away from Fionn and Cormac, building themselves there a house called Rath-Graine, in which they abode many years in quiet and joy. And in time there came to them four sturdy sons and one little daughter, plenty and prosperity flowed upon them, so that people said there was no man of his time so rich in gold and silver and jewels, in sheep and in herds of cattle, as Diarmid of the Bright Face.

(To be continued.)
“The shaw van Voehr.

About this time our quartermaster on watch reported to the officer of the deck that the “Ruby’s” gig was coming in our direction.

The gig is the boat retained on board a man-of-war for the captain's use. When a captain is about to make an official visit to another ship he hoists his pennant in the bow of the gig, and by this means the other ships are apprised in time of his visit, so as to be ready to render him the official salute on coming aboard. The captain of the “Ruby” held the rank which the English call “post-captain”—i.e., besides commanding his own ship he also performed the duties of admiral for his squadron. On his approach being notified to our admiral, the latter (who sat in a white wicker-chair on deck enjoying from a respectful distance the songs and stories of Paddy Kavanagh and Co. in the interval of the music), was annoyed, and answered peevishly that he did not want to see the “lime-juicer.” A “lime-juicer” in American naval slang is an English sailor, and in an extended sense any Englishman. The admiral used the word intentionally, as his orderly was an Irishman, and the “old man” desired in a quiet way to make himself popular with the crew; he knew that the orderly would repeat the story on the forecastle, which he did. The captain of the “Ruby” was not, however, a “lime-juicer” according to his own account. He had found out the admiral's dislike of Englishmen long ago, and passed as an Irishman. His name was Kennedy. I think he is now a rear-admiral in the English navy.

“He is not really a flag-officer,” said the admiral to his orderly, “and his movements should not be reported to me. Tell the captain to receive the lime-juicer, and don't let the band stop playing—tell it to go ahead.”

The orderly obeyed. The “lime-juicer” was now alongside, and mounting the steps of the gangway, where our captain was presented to him. The orderly had the band “primed,” and just as the “lime-juicer” stepped over the side of the ship he gave the signal—in the admiral's name—and the band struck up “The Wearing of The Green.” The Britisher bowed to our captain, and the side-boys saluted, while the chorus on the forecastle, led by Billy Hayden (from Dublin), lamented that

“The shawrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.”

Captain Kennedy had a very long face on him while he interchanged a few words with our captain; he refused to prolong his visit, he had other calls to make, he said, and passed over the gangway into his gig, and rowed away in the direction of the “Bengale,” while the Irish chorus echoed over the waters—

“An' if the colour we must wear be England's cruel red,
Oul' Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that she has shed!”

The Admiral, sitting on the hurricane-deck, heard the boatswain's whistle as the Englishman came aboard, and in quick succession the strains of “The Wearing of The Green.” He smiled, thinking it, no doubt, a funny coincidence; he never dreamed that his orderly, Turlogh Devanny from the Claddagh, had a hand in the making of the coincident.

The forecastle was astir with delight when this occurred, and the “ou' man” (as admirals and captains are familiarly termed) was the hero of the moment. His popularity depended entirely on not stopping the band out of respect to the Englishman; but it went up several points when Devanny came off watch, and circulated the fiction that the “ou' man” had himself given the order that the band should play “The Wearing of The Green” when the “lime-juicer” came aboard.

“A skin” had been smuggled aboard, and contributed much to the evening's enjoyment. For the mere land-lubber's information, I may explain that “a skin” is a sheep's or pig's entrail filled with whisky and divided by threads into divisions, each of the size and form of a sausage. There are usually five or six of these “sausages” in

“the skin”—that is to say, a bottle of whisky. As alcoholic stimulants are prohibited in the U.S. Navy, this means is taken of defeating detection, as “the skin” can be tied round the waist of the smuggler under his blue shirt. Detection means trial by a summary court-martial and imprisonment of from three to twelve months, with perhaps a dishonourable discharge from the service. The smuggler therefore who brings “a skin” on board is considered a daring fellow, provided he does it “for love of the stuff;” but if done for money (five dollars are often paid for “a skin,” i.e., a dollar a sausage) he is not “well thought of” amongst the sailors, and is generally known aboard as “the ship's Jew” or “the Shoony”—Sheeny being the American word of contempt for a Jew.

In the present instance “the skin” had been brought off by an apprentice, Paddy Hill, who was generally considered the biggest “divil” aboard, and a favourite with men and officers, with very few dissenting voices.

Paddy Kavanagh had sung “The Boul' O'Donoghoo,” and was forcing Big Jack O'Dwyer to “give us a good Fenian song.” At length Big Jack consented.

“Oh, here I am, an Ennis man,
From Munster all the way.”

“Divil a bit o' ye knows what yer sayin’,” said Paddy Kavanagh, interrupting.

“Do ye want me to sing or do ye not?” said Big Jack, angrily.

“We want ye to sing sense,” said Paddy; “how the divil cud ye be a Munster man if ye come from Ennis?”

“An' why not, wud ye tell me?”

“Becase,” said Paddy, with the air of a man who knew Irish geography thoroughly, “becase Ennis is in the County Clare!”

“Well, of course, Ennis is in the County Clare—an’ what do ye make o' that?” said Big Jack, who was a Clare man himself.

“Well, if ye knew anything about jography,” said Paddy agitatingly, “ye wud know that the County Clare is not in Munster.”

“Well, becorrah—an’ where is it?”

“It's in Connacht,” said Paddy, resolutely—“‘erything to the west of the Shannon is in Connacht.”

Big Jack was dumbfounded, especially as several of those present sustained Paddy in his “jography.” Big Jack, though rough-spoken and rude was a very fairly educated farmer's son, with a taste for mathematical problems—on the whole a pupil much above the average of those produced by the un-Irish “National schools.” Paddy Kavanagh's obstinacy on the matter annoyed him, but he had partaken less of “the skin” than Paddy, so that he readily referred the question to arbitration. Paddy, sure that he was right, left the question to “Irish” to decide. I was familiarly known as “Irish” aboard. I decided that if Clare was not in Connacht it should be, as it was certainly west of the Shannon. This decision vexed Big Jack, who made ugly remarks about “the schoolsnatter that learnt ye;” and he obstinately held out that Clare was not in Connacht, that he was not a Connacht man, and that he was born two miles from Kilkee on the road to Lisboonvarna.

Paddy Kavanagh was elated, and offered to leave the decision to “everyone that knows.” There was one other Clare man aboard—a fireman—and he was a third cousin of Big Jack's.

“Call Welsh!” said Paddy.

Welsh was in the fire-room, and came on the forecastle on being called to decide the question. Paddy had previously arranged that nobody should suggest anything to him, and that the simple question, "If ye a Munster man or a Connacht man?" would be put.

Welsh looked at all the inquiring faces, and wondered if there was "a thrap" laid. He looked at his cousin, Big Jack, who stared back at him, fearing for his education.

“Well, if ye goin' to answer?” asked Paddy Kavanagh.

"Shure I'm sib to Big Jack, there beside ye,” he answered at last—meaning that he came from the same province, as relatives generally live in the same district.
"Nivir mind who yer sib to; answer the question; a haythen from the Black North might be sib to Big Jack," said Paddy.

Big Jack's patience was visibly wearing out.

"Throth, then, I'm a Munster man; shure I was born in the same townland with Big Jack, an' me own mother's brother keeps a public-house in Lisloovarna," answered Walsh.

"Divil a bit av ye knows what yer talkin' about"—then looking at his supporters Paddy pointed to the two Clare men. "Here's two Connacht men that don't know what part of Irelan' they belong to; yet often heerd av the Connacht people how ignorant they was—.

"Where did ye get yer edycation?" asked Big Jack, satirically.

"Och, throt not like ye in the National school; I was learnt be the Christian Brothers, an' there's somethin' to show for their throuble," said Paddy, more with the intention of expressing gratitude to his teachers than blowing his own horn.

As Big Jack was rapidly working up to white heat, I tried to turn the conversation into another channel by complaining that Paddy Kavanagh had called the inhabitants of Ulster "haythen," and that as an Ulster man I would not tolerate it. But Paddy did not want to fight with me.

"Och, that's all right, Irish," said he, smilingly, "shure we know that ye're from Dinnaghl, an' divil a better Irish there's in all Irelan'—shure they're as good as the Corkonians." (Paddy was a "Corkonian" himself).

"Wan wud think to hear ye spakin', Paddy Kavanagh," said Jimmy Tracy, "that there was nothin' good in Irelan' but the Corkonians."

Tracy was a most aggressive Tipperary man, and from his method of address and livid face (he had helped Paddy to drown his shambles) it was evident that another quarrel was about to commence, this time between Cork and Tipperary. Several protested—somebody wanted Big Jack to continue his song, but he had resolved to chastise us for our obstinacy in backing up Paddy Kavanagh's geography, and could not be prevailed upon. So Billy Hayden, our "smart" Dubliner, volunteered. Billy sung an old song of the American naval war with England in 1812.

"Ye carpet-knights of England,
Ye Lords and Commons too,
Consider well what you're about,
And what you mean to do."

Paddy Kavanagh found no geographical mistakes in this song, and heartily applauded it. Big Jack was again called on, but refused; then an Irish-American apprentice, Kirke, stirred up by Billy Hayden's version of the war of 1812, thought that the glories of John Paul Jones, the daring privateer in the Revolution, should not be forgotten, and volunteered another old song well-known and respected in the navy.

The song describes Paul Jones' exploits in the Irish sea, and how the whole English fleet had formed a line across the Irish Channel to catch him coming out. After giving such necessary information in a naval song as the direction of the wind—

"The whistling wind from the west-nor'west
Blew through her pitch-pine spars"—

it goes on to state:

"With her larboard tacks on board, my boys,
She hung upon the gale,
On an autumn night, as we raised the light
Of the Old Head of Kinsale."

As this song is a classic in the U.S. navy, fancy everybody's astonishment when Paddy Kavanagh again interrupted—

"The man who wrote that ballad didn't know the difference between a tack and a sheet."

Of course this was rank heresy; every body protested; Big Jack chuckled with delight to see Paddy discrediting himself.

"Ye'll be findin' mistakes in the history of Irelan' nut, it's myself is thinkin'," said Big Jack.

But Paddy could not be suppressed. He stood up—everybody was seated on the forecastle—and called on any able seaman to explain how a craft heading down the Channel with "the wind from the west-nor'west blowing thro' her pitch-pine spars," could have "her larboard tacks on board." Nearly every sailor on the forecastle had a good idea of the place and matter in question, and Paddy carried his amendment, to Big Jack's chagrin—for Big Jack was compelled to admit that it should be "starboard tacks on board," and so indeed says the old song, but the words 'larboard and starboard' from the equal applicability in the verse led to the error.

When this matter was cleared up, Clinton sang "Patrick Sheehan."

Clinton (whose right name was Gilmore) had been a soldier in the English army in India, and was accustomed "spinnin' yarns" about the progress of Fenianism in certain regiments in that part of the world. His song was well rendered and duly applauded, and Paddy Kavanagh recommended him to take the lesson to heart—"as ye shud hev done before ye went to fight in Indy for the widdy, had luck to her!"

Then another Irish-American apprentice named Brady gave a well-known naval song, celebrating the doings of the first American admiral, "Sassy Jack Barry." The song relates how an English man-of-war hailed him on the high seas, demanding to know, "What ship is that?" and how he replied—

"This is the ship "Alliance" from Philadephia town,
That proudly bids defiance to England's king and crown;
As captain on her deck I stand, to guard her colours true,
Half Yankee, and half Irishman, and who the — are you?"

Furious applause greeted these lines, and Paddy Kavanagh insisted on shaking hands with the singer, apparently confounding him with the hero of the song.

And so the evening wore into the night, and the song was abandoned for the dance, the admiral having authorised the captain to delay "pipe down" (the naval tattoo) until eleven o'clock.

And when everything was over and "lights out," I could not help thinking how indicative of our national ways it all was. We, the howling and singing patriots on the forecastle, were the hewers of wood and drawers of water, while the Englishman who came on the scene represented our masters. While we were quarrelling about Cork and Clare and Tipperary (mere English divisions of Ireland) he rowed away in the stern-sheets of his boat. If the strains of "The Wearin' of the Green" annoyed him, he was too dignified to show it. While our patriotism translated itself entirely into song and shout, his was represented by the silent guns of the "Ruby," which explains the relative positions of Ireland and England among the nations.

Miss Mac-na-Gaethil.

NOTICE TO AGENTS.

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Those who are not supplied by any Wholesale Agent order direct from Office—65, GREAT GEORGE'S ST., BELFAST.
The Brown Wind of Connaught.

The brown wind of Connaught—
Across the bogland blown,
(The brown wind of Connaught),
Turns my heart to a stone;
For it cries my name at twilight,
And cries it at the noon—
“O, Maigread Ban! O, Maigread Ban!”
Just like a fairy tune.

The brown wind of Connaught,
When Dermot came to woo,
(The brown wind of Connaught),
It heard his whispers too;
And while my wheel goes whirring,
It taps on my window-pane,
Till I open wide to the Dead outside,
And the sea-salt misty rain.

The brown wind of Connaught
With women wailed one day
(The brown wind of Connaught),
For a wreck in Galway Bay;
And many the dark-faced fishers
That gathered their nets in fear,
But one sank straight to the Ghostly Gate—
And he was my Dermot Dear.

The brown wind of Connaught,
Still keening in the dawn,
(The brown wind of Connaught),
For my true love that’s gone.
Oh, cold green wave of danger,
Drift him a restful sleep—
O'er his young black head on its lowly bed,
While his weary wake I keep.

Ethna Carbery.

John O'Mahony.

I have just read Mr. Michael Cavanagh’s direct, familiar, and impressive tribute to O'Mahony in the December number of the “Shan Van Vocht.” It is cast, I doubt not, to do service in two languages, and if its Gaelic rendering fully preserve and voice the sustained, yearning, minor tones of profound sorrow which suffice the whole composition, our dead friend—who never housed his soul in the foreign tongue except as an involuntary wayfarer—must himself rejoice at being added to the glorious consistency of his forebears in the very style and speech of the uncontaminated Gael. Indifferent to praise generally, he was hungry for the unique relationships and assimilations connecting him with the tribal groupings; he never really put his mind in accord with modern, social or political conditions, even in a half-hearted way, and I am convinced, from my long and intimate conferences with him, that, Irish Freedom and Nationality assured, he would have betaken himself for highest satisfaction to the resolute propagation, not merely of the ancient language, but to the advocacy and revival of quite a number of our ancient institutions.

More than O'Donovan, more than O'Curry, more than Keating, more than the “Four Masters” even, was O'Mahony the expression of personal revolt against change—because it was change—and herein find his grip on our sincerest esteem and his attractiveness to men of strong will and more diverse and, it may be, more timely conceptions.

A railroad and a tunnel have no quarrel with a mountain, yet they detract to the eye of the sentimentalist from the natural grandeur of the scenery, and one's suffrage, and, certainly, natural affection, goes out to the aboriginal lord of the landscape. Its fitness and place cannot be questioned; it exacts respect; it is its own charter for being; it is, surely and truly, the land itself, and other things—man himself—mere accessories.

The author could not, therefore, have over-paised or over-lamented O'Mahony, for he was indubitably the very truest natural representative of the old race that can be found in our later political history. There were multitudes of more brilliant men, thousands excelling in one faculty or another, and of equal self-denial and persistence to the death for principle, and, in general, several of greater achievement; but “our John,” to my mind, and, I suspect, to that of others, will succeed in cuddling closer to the Irish heart betimes than many whom we honour and love with a reverent and unstained and deserved devotion. Whoever helps towards this consummation is putting every countryman of ours under a personal obligation, and I expect one of these days to recur to “ranning,” and to make the best argument I can, in that form, in favour of Keating’s translator and one of the sincerest souls it became my early fortune to know and one of my greatest griefs to lose.

New York City, Jan., 1898.

B. DORAN KILLIAN.
John Mitchel on "Gaelic Ireland."

"The Western and South-Western coast, from Derry round to Cork, is surely the most varied and beautiful coast in all the world. Great harbours, backed by noble ranges of mountains, open all around the Western coast of Munster, till you come to the Shannon's mouth: there is a fine navigable river opening up the most bounteously fertile land in the island—Limerick and Tipperary. North of the Shannon, huge cliff-walls, rising eight hundred feet sheer out of deep water, broken by chasms and pierced by sea-caves, "with high embowed roof," like the choir of a cathedral; then the Bay of Galway, once thronged with Spanish and Irish ships, carrying wine and gold—but now, it appears, dangerous and fatal (statio mala fide carinis) to steamships bound for America. Westward from Galway, and round the circuit of Connaught, the scene becomes savage and wild, with innumerable rocky islands—deep inlets, narrow and gloomy, like Norwegian fords—and grim steep mountains hanging over them. But the most desolate region of all is found in Ulster. As you travel northwards from Killybegs, by way of Ardara, Glenties, and Dunglow, you pass for nearly forty miles through the dreariest region of moor and mountain that is to be found within the five ends of Ireland—wide tracts of quaking bog, interspersed with countless dismal lakes, intersected by rocky ridges, and traversed by mountain rivers roaring in tawny foam to the sea. The two or three wretched villages that lie along this road give to a traveller an impression of even more dreariness and desolation than the intervening country; a cluster of ragged-looking, windowless hovels, whose inhabitants seem to have gathered themselves from the wastes, and huddled together to keep some life and heat in them; a few patches of oats and potatoes surrounding the huts, and looking such a miserable provision for human beings against hunger in the midst of those great brown moors; hardly a slated building to be seen, save one or two constabulary and revenue police-stations, and a court-house in Glenties, for dealing out 'justice,' and close by that a certain new building—the grandest by far that those Rosses people ever saw—rearing its accursed gables and pinnacles of Tudor barbarism, and staring boldly with its detestable mullioned windows, as if to mock those wretches who still cling to liberty and mud cabins—seeming to them, in their perennial half-starvation, like a Temple erected to the Fates, or like the fortress of Giant Despair, whereinto he draws them one by one, and devours them there—the Poor-house.

"This is the estate of a certain Marquis of Conyngham; and for him those desolate people, while health last, and they may still keep body and soul together, outside the Poorhouse, are for ever employed in making up a subsidy, called rent; which that district sends half-yearly to be consumed in England; or wherever else it may please their noble proprietor to devour their hearts' blood and the marrow of their bones.

"So it is; and so it was, even before the famine, with almost the whole of that coast region. The landlords were all absentees. All the grain and cattle the people could
raise were never enough to make up the rent; it all went away, of course; it was all consumed in England; but Ireland received in exchange stamped rent receipts. Of course there were no improvements—because they would have only raised the rent; and in ordinary years many thousands of those poor people lived mainly on sea-weed some months of every year. But this was trespass and robbery; for the sea-weed belonged to the lord of the manor, who frequently made examples of the depredators.

"Can the American mind picture a race of white men reduced to this condition? White men! Yes, of the highest and purest blood and breed of men. The very region I have described was once—before British civilisation overtook us—the abode of the strongest and the richest clans in Ireland; the Scoite MacCauras; the French Clan-Gerralt, (or Geraldin, or Fitzgerald)—the Norman MacWilliams (or De Burgo, or Burke)—the princely and munificent O'Briens and O'Donnells, founders of many monasteries, chiefs of glittering hosts, generous patrons of Ollamh, Bard, and Brehon; sea-roving Macnamaras and O'Malleys, whose ships brought from Spain wine and horses—from England fair-haired, white-armed Saxon slaves, 'tall, handsome women,' as the chroniclers call them, fit to weave wool or embroider mantles in the house of a king. After a struggle of six or seven centuries, after many bloody wars and sweeping confiscations, English 'civilisation' prevailed—and had brought the clans to the condition I have related. The ultimate idea of English civilisation being that 'the sole nexus between man and man is cash payment'—and the 'Union' having finally determined the course and current of that payment, out of Ireland into England—it had come to pass that the chiefs were exchanged for landlords, and the clansmen had sunk into able-bodied paupers."

We would ask authors and publishers to favour us with copies of new works on Irish history, literature, language and national biography for review in this paper, which circulates widely among the Gaelic and literary societies.

FAINNE-AN-LAE.
A Weekly Bi-Lingual Newspaper,
For the Advancement of the Irish Language.

9, UPPER ORMOND QUAY, DUBLIN.

BERNARD DOYLE, Gaelic Printer and Publisher.

MRS. BOLAND, Tobacconist
WEXFORD STREET, DUBLIN,
(Widow of the Late James Boland),
Solicits a trial of her Stock of PIPES, TOBACCOS, and Cigars.

The Shan Van Vocht kept on day of issue.
is right enough, but some of his labouring men might be glad enough to do an ill turn."

"You can go," said the outlaw. "Now that I see the place I've no need for your company since it was given unwillingly."

"Make your way to the front of the house and tap on the window-pane to the right of the door; the man of the house sleeps there."

The outlaw thanked him curtly, and, followed by the old crone, stole up to the window and tapped lightly.

He had to knock louder and yet louder before the occupant of the room, startled from his slumbers, rose to draw aside the curtain and peer out into the summer dawn with still sleepy eyes; but no sooner had he had one look at the face pressed so closely to the window than he was wide awake with alarm and had all his senses about him.

"Good Heavens!" he ejaculated. He here and the country swarming with the redcoats and not a man better known to them in this end of Ireland?"

Hastily dressing he was at the door and grasped the hand of the outlaw.

"Come—come," he said, "before anyone sees you. Ye can't hide in the house; not but that ye would be welcome to the best, but the servant girl here is not to be trusted, and the soldiers are in and out constantly on one excuse or another. But who is this?"—and James Kennedy, the sturdy Meath farmer, stared in utter bewilderment at the uncouth, ragged figure of old Katty.

In a shrill, penetrating voice she commenced to introduce herself, talking without reserve of battles in Wicklow and Kildare in which she had lost her friends.

The outlaw put his hand over her mouth. "Hush," he said, "if you value your life; there are redcoats and Yeos about the place. Do you want them to hear you announcing yourself a Croppy?"

"I wish I could get rid of her," groaned the outlaw; "again and again she has been within an ace of betraying me." Kennedy took old Katty by the shoulder and gently but firmly pushed her into the house. "Stay there," he said, "and hold your tongue. If you behave yourself you shall feast on the best, and I'll send you to Dublin with my com-sacks. If you go on with your prate the Yeos will catch you, and you will swim in a sack as sure as heaven's above us this day."

Terrified into silence, old Katty subsided at the kitchen corner. Kennedy returned to the outlaw and guided him towards the barn. "In here as fast as you can," said he, "there's a recess in the wall in behind that heap of grain. There! An armful of straw on the top of your face and you're hidden, yet you can see out and breathe. I'll get you some breakfast in two two's."

Kennedy stepped to the door of the barn, and to his horror saw two soldiers hanging over the gate and surveying his back premises with evident interest.

Without turning his head Kennedy threw a word or two of warning back to the man whom he had left in the barn.

"Redcoats at the gate! Lie close. There's a scythe in the corner if it comes to the worst."

Then with an effort to appear unconcerned, he shouted out a hearty "Good day! What news with ye so early?"

The redcoats, to his surprise, started back as if alarmed, the fact being one of them had been taking up with the farm-girl, whom he hoped to see before long coming out with her milk pails to the meadow. The farmer was not usually about at this hour. However, he quickly recovered from his start and answered coolly to Kennedy's "What news?"

"The best of news, farmer. We are getting rid of those damned militia men, for the rebels are all killed or scattered, and the militia will be sent away now!"

"I'm hanged if they aren't worse than the rebels," said the other soldier, "for they've brought a bad name on the army, and not a decent girl in the country will look at us now, giving us credit for all the villainies of the other lads that only come to the front when the battle's over to murder and plunder the unarmed."

"Come, landlord," said his comrade, "get us a glass of new milk. We've been doing night picket work on the lookout for some of the Croppies that are straying round the country."

Kennedy came down and got them a can of new milk and some oatcake. They drank greedily, and he chatted as if fain to detain them; but wiping their lips with a smack of satisfaction, they lit their pipes, shouldered their muskets, and marched on. The farmer watched them out of sight; then returned to the barn, bringing the can of milk from which the soldiers had so lately drunk to the almost famished outlaw. Other good things were added. Then Kennedy said, "I'm sorry I can't let you stay here, friend. The truth is there isn't a more unsafe house than mine anywhere. The soldiers do be dropping in for refreshments, for fodder for their horses, for quarter. Those two fellows are a sign to me that there's more of them near. They go in twos, but there'll be a whole company of them scattered about. Get up and come with me and I'll bring you to a safe house."

The poor outlaw was fain to rest a bit. His feet were blistered. His limbs ached and his wounds were burning. He was besides sleepy after walking all night, and would have liked nothing better than to have stretched himself in the barn and gone to sleep.

Kennedy roused him up and they got ready to start. As they crossed the farmyard old Katty came out ready for the journey. Kennedy uttered the most frightful threats, and by this means alone dissuaded her from following her former companion. He now led down to the Boyne, and crossing it at a ford the two men struck on a path that led up-hill through a shrubbery.

"There's your way, good friend" said the kindly farmer. "I must not be missed from about the place nor leave that old woman to talk to the servant. Follow the path; enter the first house and you're in safe quarters once you make it known that you're a friend."

With heartiest thanks, the outlaw parted from his bene-
factor, and limped wearily along the path from the river. Suddenly he came over the shoulder of the hill and saw a comfortable farmhouse immediately before him.

A fine motherly-looking woman well on in years was feeding fowl from her apron. A slight young girl came out of a neighbouring field carrying her milk pails. Suddenly at sight of the stranger the elder woman showed some alarm. The outlaw advanced, and, acting on an impulse, gave the sign with which he would have greeted a United comrade.

"God and Mary with ye," said the matron with every expression of sympathy and pity. Ye're some poor wanderer from the wars. Come in, come in to the room. Mary Mavourneen, bring the fresh drink to the stranger."

The outlaw reeled almost with faintness. The young girl took his arm and supported him; then placing a chair for him, kneeled down and commenced to unloose the heavy boots. She was used to attend on weary wayfarers; this bright-faced peasant maid of Meath. For weeks back they had been dropping in at all times to give news of the war and receive refreshment and go on their weary way. She then brought a pannikin of tepid water and soft cloths to wipe the poor blistered feet. Meantime the mother was bending over the big chest that stood in a corner of the kitchen. From its capacious depths she took a snowy linen shirt that had belonged to himself who was dead and gone. Fine grey woollen stockings were next to hand and spread at the fireside. A round of oatcake was lifted from where it was crisp- ing, and with a big bowl of buttermilk made a simple meal.

"'Twill do to go on with, till I have the bacon and porridge ready for ye."

"No, no!" said the outlaw; "'tis not food I'm wanting, but sleep, this minute, for I had breakfast at James Kennedy's, who showed me the way here, but not a wink of sleep all night, for I was on the tramp."

"The bed's ready for ye above," said the good woman, pointing to a little hole in the ceiling and bringing a ladder. "Pull the steps up after ye and shut down the trap. It's not airy, but it's safe, and that's sayin' a deal."

It was near evening when the trap-door reopened and the outlaw again descended to the fireside. He found his clothes washed, his shoes cleaned, and an enticing meal spread at a table near the window. After they had eaten both women commenced to question him about the battles he had seen.

The story was a long one to tell, for this stranger had been through many a stiff fight.

"Och, now," said the mother, "but ye've been in the thick of it, and you must have been under General Holt." "No," said the stranger, smiling slightly, "I was not under General Holt."

"That's quare, now," said the young girl, shaking her brown curls and looking at him full in the face with wide blue eyes. "Very quare, now, it is, for all the men that came by this way from the battles you name were ever and always talking of General Holt."

"Ye were at Ballyellis, you say?" You must have seen him, for he's a great man all out. Och, but they're in the sore trouble about him, all the boys. 'Twould bring the tears to your eyes to hear them grieving for him.

"Och, och," said the old woman, "he was the great loss, and there's none to take his place at all from all they say."

"Is he dead?" said the stranger in a low, thrilling voice.

"Oh, aye," said the young girl. "He was shot crossin' the Longford bog. It would break your heart to hear the story."

The stranger, who was gazing fixedly at her, saw the big tears rise to her eyes. A thrill went through his heart as he thought of another woman far from here who knew not whether her husband lived or was dead, and who was weeping and praying for him that night. After all, why should this gentle-hearted stranger shed tears for General Holt?

He laid a kindly, fatherly hand upon her head.

"Do not fret, Mavourneen. General Holt is not dead. He is alive and well."

"Now God be thanked," she cried, clapping her hands for joy. "Oh, mother, mother, won't the boys' hearts be lifted up when they hear this good news."

In her gratitude to God she knelt there at the hearth and spoke a prayer for the success of the cause of Ireland, which she believed might revive now that there was news the general was not dead. The men who had come to this house were all of Holt's following, and talked of him alone; so the simple-hearted girl thought of him as commander-in-chief of all the insurgents.

"Thank God and our Blessed Lady and all the Holy Saints," said she, "that our general is not dead! But, sir," she added, "tell us more! Make us be sure that the good news is true."

There were tears in the stranger's eyes. His voice was husky and broken. "I know it well enough," said he, "for I am General Holt myself."

The scene that followed was beyond description. Mother and daughter again and again blessed God that it had fallen to their lot to help him.

"And won't the poor boys be glad!" said the daughter, "Oh, to have the tellin' of this good news."

It was late at night. The outlaw had gone to sleep on a couch in the adjoining room, which the good mother insisted he should have instead of the loft bed. An alarm was unlikely at night.

Suddenly there was a timid tap at the window. The mother opened the door and peered into the dark. A band of fugitives stood there to ask a bite of food and then return to the shelter of an adjoining grove.

"Come in, come in," said the good woman. And in a minute the room was crowded to the number of twenty-four. Oaten cakes and buttermilk were laid before them. Then as they sat hungrily eating the housewife drew up to one of the boys.

"You followed General Holt?" said she.

"I did that," said the boy. "I followed him to the end, for I saw him shot from his horse leaping a drain in Longford bog. God grant he's in glory this night."
"God grant he's no such place! Would ye know him, boys? Step this way. Not all av ye. That's enough! That's enough." But she could not keep back one of them from squeezing into the narrow room. On a low settlebed a man was stretched in deep sleep. There was one moment of breathless silence. Then a wild shout, "Glory be to God, boys, 'tis the general." The sleeper leaped up in wild alarm, taking his pistol from under his pillow. The soldiers had got him at last.

"No! No! These were not redcoats; they were not Yeos; only a party of his own boys that had thought him dead, and who, finding him alive, were half-mad with joy.

They would fain have taken him away with them that night. They swore that they would follow him to death. Twenty thousand men would flock to his flag if he was but back in Glenmalure. He could not walk. They would carry him, fight round him, die for him. Ireland's cause was not lost yet. The wars were only beginning.

Holt calmed them in the voice of command that had often silenced a whole army. "Make your way to Glenmalure, boys! Say that Holt is coming!"

They went as he bade them, first to bring the good news, and when in a short time the general arrived after hairbreadth escapes and adventures they had mustered a gallant army to follow in his lead and strike one more blow for the Green.

The Dark Palace.

There beams no light from thy hall to-night,
Oh, House of Fame,
No mead val seethes and no smoke up-wreaths O'er the hearth's red flame;
No high bard sings for the joy of thy kingly, And no harpers play;
No hostage moans at thy dungeon-rings As in Muthcherteach's day.

Fallen! fallen to ruin all in The covering mould;
The painted yew, and the curtains blue, And the cups of gold;
The linen, yellow as the corn when mellow, That the princes wore;
And the mirrors brazen for your queens to gaze in, They are here no more.

The sea-bird's pinion thatched Gormlaí's grain,
And through windows clear Of crystal pane, in her Ard-righ's reign She looked forth from here.
There were quills of cedar on her couch of eider, And her silken shoon Were as green and soft as the leaves aloft On a bough of June.

Ah, woe unbounded! Where the harp once sounded The wind now sings;
The grey grass shivers where the mead in rivers Was outpoured for kings;
The Min and the Mether are lost together With the spoil of the spears;
The strong Dan only has stood dark and lonely Through a thousand years,

But I am not in woe for the wine cup's flow, For the banquet's cheer;
For tall princesses with their trailing dresses And their broidered gear;
My grief and my trouble for this palace noble, With no chief to lead;
'Gainst the Saxon stranger on their day of danger Out of Aileach Neid.

IRIS OLKYN.
guage, laws and customs, and every inherited distinction which had kept in existence here in the Western outpost of Europe a race and nation other than English. But the Gaelic tribes, deprived of their native chieftains, driven from their clan territories, were nevertheless not extinguished. They thrived and multiplied among the bogs and mountains like sea-birds on the barren rocks.

As in the past, England strove to obliterate the Irish race with the weapons of plantation schemes, laws against our commerce, and penal codes. She is now turning against us less aggressive but more effective weapons. She gives us something that we consider at first sight a boon. For example, the National Education System, which even so wise and great a patriot as Thomas Davis rejoiced over, and beheld, in the course of one generation we discover that it has been like the gift of Ulysses' horse to the besieged in Troy. It is full of armed men, who have come into our citadel of Nationhood determined on its destruction.

It is quite idle, and, indeed, ridiculous for us to expect the English Government to take effective steps for the preservation of the Irish as a distinct Nation. The English, much as we may try to belittle them, are a wise and very powerful governing race, and they have been trying all along to obliterate the Irish Nation. They will not alter that policy. We would be fools to expect it.

When an English party decided to give us a Parliament in Dublin, it was not out of friendship to Irish Nationhood. It was simply because one of the wisest statesmen of this century saw that such a Parliament would be a more effective instrument of English rule than the existing arrangement.

Mr. A. J. Balfour and other Unionists responded to the claim of Irish Catholics on the University question. What was his motive? Not a desire to do justice to Ireland, but mainly to turn aside any probable inroad on the endowments of Trinity College, that strongest fortress of English interests and influence in this country. Now, England can never have any motive or reason to keep up the Irish language, such as has guided her action in regard to Home Rule (under the Liberals) or University Education (under the Tories). Being a wise and experienced ruler of an Empire of different peoples, she will not be caught acting against her own races. She knows what the spirit of Gaeldom is, and she has vowed to destroy and banish it. It is the duty of the Irish race to arise and defy her; it is the duty of the Irish clergy, bishops, pastors, and professors to stand out on one side or the other and declare once and for all whether they will minister to the Gaelic Nation, whose martyrs have preserved their Church in this island, or whether in the pulpits and at the altars erected by the piety of the Gaels they will do homage to Saxon supremacy. It is the duty of all men born in Ireland, of whatsoever religion and descent, to decide whether they will lend themselves to be mere instruments of England's colonial policy, or whether they will be Irishmen, as were the Geraldines, as were the men of '82, as were the United men. If they wish to be true to Ireland they must work for the preservation of the Gaelic people, they must desire to see them unfettered from Saxon forms of thought, education, social customs, and government, free to work out the Gaelic ideal of life and liberty, whatever that may be.

Gaelic Ascendancy, Gaelic Freedom is as yet to all appearances a far-off thing; yet must we who desire it work for it as ardently and as joyously as if we had good hope that our own eyes should behold it. Let us realise (and it is the plain truth) that we live at a time when the remnant of the Gaelic race in Ireland is threatened with expatriation or complete enslavement. In the present century the population of Ireland has dwindled at a rate which threatens its complete extinction before the year 2000. When the Gaels are weak and few the English colonist and trader will step in and turn this island into a suburban England.

There will be a Gaelic race in America, no doubt, twenty million strong, hostile to England, maybe; but even should they, at some remote era repossess this island and repopulate it, they could not bring back our English civilisation or recall the silenced language of Brian and Columcille to the lips of living men.

In the face, then, of famine and extermination and emigration, the Gaels of this generation are called upon to defend their race and Nation. It will avail us little to talk loudly of England's dangers and to prophecy the downfall of her Empire. Has it ever occurred to you that if England's Empire fell our Nation might be buried in the ruins? So closely is she linking herself to England's destinies, that the fall of that country's government and rule would not avail to make her independent.

In self-reliance is our only hope. We can achieve a great deal for our country without appealing for the change of a single law. Very much that is urgent must be done by Irishmen for themselves before they can dare hope to be framers or administrators of laws for this island in England's stead. Whose fault is it that Irish industrial products are not more used, that Irish literature has to be published in England to have any chance of a signal success? Had English tyranny anything to do with the disruption of the Gaelic Athletic Association, or does it compel the Irish race to limit the organisation which exists for the salvation of the Irish language to an income that would not be considered a respectable sum for the winter coal fund of a fourth rate English city.

Let us realise our responsibility at this crisis in our country's history and act up to it, so that when the time comes for judging the work of this generation it may be said of us: "They saved the Gaelic race from expatriation, and the Gaelic language from extinction."

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Preliminary Announcement.

NEW SONG, 
"MARY BANNAN:" A '98 Ballad.

Music by C. Milligan Fox. Words by Alice L. Milligan.

Now at Press.

The Story of Wolfe Tone's Life.

Price Sixpence Nett.

Sevenpence Post free from Office of this Paper.
The Mountain Waterfall.

[From three lakes on top of Sniaill, in South-Western Donegal, a river runs out, and bounds over the brink of the mountain, dash- ing down a precipice nearly a thousand feet high.]

Like lance from an ambushed one, shimmering, slung, over the brink of the mountain it's hurled; Like love to the arms of love, from the grim heights above, Headlong it plunges into a new world.

And, oh! of the seething, the writhing, the wrestling, the broil and turmoil, but a demon may tell; The cavernous thundering, like gods enraged, sundering, Riving, with strivings, the cauldrons of Hell.

Madly it bounds along, bawling its noisy song, Sweeping and leaping with riotous gleam— Oh, the wild course of it! Oh, the dread force of it! Maddened and gladdened its spirit is free.

Tossing like white-maned steeds, hissing like wind-swept reeds, Flashing, and crashing, wild wave over wave; Rising in anger, falling in clamour, Like armour-clad knights on a field of the brave.

Pushing and crushing, white-plumed ones rushing, Bursting to join in the chaotic fray; Frenziedly dashing, deftly dashing, The dust of the conflict congregated in spray.

To the skies shouting, all order flouting— Never was seen such astounding career, Dizzily swirling, wheeling and whirling, On and away by moor, meadow, and mere.

Gleaming and glancing, like thick-massed pikes dancing, Hurrying, skirrying, over the plain; Aught in the way of it? Whish! and away with it— Man, beast, or lumbering log off to the main!

So, from its caging, resistless and raging, So shall young Freedom swept over the land, To the skies above sending its long wild shout, rending The sentinel hills with its thunderings grand.

Its track be a red one, its course be a dread one, A mad one, a glad one, for who will be free, And, ah for the quaking knives! ah for the sons of slaves! Sash'nach's and soulless ones swept to the sea! M.A.C.

Robert Emmet on County Councils.

In the summer of 1803 Robert Emmet drew up a plan for the provisional government of Ireland as he intended it should be conducted after his projected revolution had put the power in the hands of the people. The plan was prefaced by a manifesto which we quote from, regretting only that we cannot afford to print it in full. It deserves to be even more widely promulgated than the famous speech from the dock. Copies of the document were found in the depot in Thomas Street when it was seized.

After appealing to the four provinces of Ireland and laying down rules for the humane conduct of the war of liberation, he proceeds as follows to arrange for the local and central government of the country. I begin at the fifteenth article:

15. The generals commanding in each county shall, as soon as it is cleared of the enemy, assemble the county com-

mittee, who shall be elected conformably to the constitution of United Irishmen. All the requisitions necessary for the army shall be made in writing by the generals to the committee, who are hereby empowered and enjoined to pass receipts for each article to the owners, to the end that they may receive their full value from the nation.

16. The county committee is charged with the civil direction of the county, the care of the National property, and the preservation of order and justice in the county, for which purpose the county committee are to appoint a High Sheriff and one or more Sub-Sheriffs to execute his orders, a sufficient number of justices of the peace for the county, a sufficient number of petty constables in each barony.

18. The county committee are hereby empowered and enjoined to issue warrants to apprehend such persons as it shall appear on sufficient evidence perpetrated murder, torture, and other breaches of the acknowledged articles of war and morality on the people to the end that they may be tried for these offences so soon as the competent courts of justice are established by the nation.

22. They shall appoint some proper house in the counties where the Sheriff is permanently to reside, and where the county committee shall assemble. They shall cause all the records and papers of the county to be there transmitted, arranged, and kept, and the orders of the Government to be there transmitted and received.

24. They shall keep a written journal of all their proceedings signed each day by members of the committee, or a sufficient number of them for the inspection of the Government.

25. The county committee shall correspond with the Government on all subjects with which they are charged, and transmit to the general of the district such information as they shall conceive useful to the public.

26. The county committee shall take care that all State prisoners, however great their offences, shall be treated with humanity, and allow them sufficient support to the end that all the world shall know that the Irish nation is not actuated by a spirit of revenge, but justice.

29. In the cities the same regulation as the counties shall be adopted; the city committees shall appoint one or more Sheriffs as they think proper, and shall take possession of all the public and corporation properties in their jurisdiction in like manner as is directed in counties.

A scheme for the election of an Irish Parliament as supreme governing body over these county and city councils is included in this document. The full manifesto may be given at a future date. These extracts will sufficiently show that a system of local government by county councils was put before the Irish people nearly a century ago, not by an English Minister, but by an Irish martyr. It is to be hoped that within the near future the Irish people will have profited by the system of self-government, which next year they will have the opportunity of using. We are convinced that it will result in knitting the Irish people together and fitting them for nationhood. It has come to us unmasked and without compromise of those other and higher hopes which Robert Emmet bequeathed to us.

The "Shan Van Vocht," having a large circulation amongst subscribers in Irish circles in Great Britain and the United States, is an excellent advertising medium for the products of home industry, and for all goods that can be dispatched by book post to America and elsewhere abroad.
Corbet's Escape from Kilmainham.

CONTINUED.

Even the guards of the prison were ignorant of my escape for several days. Blackwell fortunately got into his prison chamber, in the morning as we had done the day before, and the better to deceive the watchfulness of the guards they unmade my bed every day as if I had lain in it; they also asked my food and everything I was in the habit of making of it—they caused a strict inquiry through the prison; and the Chief Jailer was put in irons, suspected of having facilitated my escape. They afterwards thought that I saved myself disguised as a female, and this supposition was copied into all the journals of the day. The English Minister is still persuaded of it, and it is only by this relation he will have learned in what manner I escaped. Contrary winds detained me several days in Dublin. I had occasion several times to confer with the Irish Chiefs, and to receive from them the necessary instructions for the French Government. At last a captain of a vessel, an intimate of my friends, conducted me to his ship without being perceived by any of the crew. He made me conceal myself in the ship's hold, where he had prepared a retreat for me. He came to see me the next day and to bring me provisions, of which I had need. He informed me that the Government caused the strictest search to be made in the city, as also all the vessels in the port to be rummaged. He advised me not to stir until I was at sea, and that I would not see him again until then. I remained as quiet as it was possible for me, but my situation was most disagreeable. At the end of two days the captain came and told me we were at sea; he informed me at the same time that Major Sirr with four police were on board our vessel going in pursuit of me to Liverpool, where they imagined I had already repaired. However anxious the captain might have been to see me from time to time, to encourage me in my painful situation, I agreed with him that he should not come to me for twenty-four hours after the vessel arrived in port, and that when everything should be still, I would go out and repair unperceived to the house at which I was expected in Liverpool. All was executed exactly as we had arranged, and I left the vessel, without any person, except the captain, knowing anything of it. The individual who received me at Liverpool undertook to procure a passage for me in a neutral ship; a Prussian vessel going to Anvers was to sail in eight days; we induced the captain, by a promise of a large reward, to receive me and hide me in his ship. During all this time the police were making active search everywhere for me. A member of Parliament, who was then in Liverpool, dined at the house where I was, without knowing me; he told us that he had been followed in the streets by ill-looking men, who appeared to belong to Major Sirr; that, tired of their spying, he turned round quickly on them, looked and asked them in a determined manner why they followed him, and why he was thus tormented; he added that they were probably looking for some Irishman, and that being one himself, suspicion rested on him. Though this relation might have given me some uneasiness, the certainty I felt of setting off the next day prevented me from being unhappy. I engaged a boat to take me to the vessel, but I experienced a new contradiction. The crew, dissatisfied with the captain, seized this opportunity to show him their resentment; the sailors exclaimed that they saw he intended to take a suspected man on board who appeared to wish to escape from England. They declared they would not suffer it, for fear of becoming victims, as had happened a short time before to a crew of a vessel of their country. No alternative remained to me after this formal refusal but to get in the boat and regain the shore as quick as possible. As soon as I landed, the boatman hastened to tell what had passed to their comrades; I saw myself on the very point of being discovered; I hurried to the house of a friend, who immedi-ately saddled a horse for me, with which I gained the country, and, after having travelled three or four leagues, I sent it back, continuing my route on foot, following the cross roads to gain the direct path that led from Scotland to London. I went more than twenty-four miles out of the usual way, as I was known at all the hotels on the way. My intention was to gain Sheffield, where I arrived in two days. In this city I took the public coach, and repaired to London, without exciting the least suspicion, passing myself as a native of England. On my arrival at London I found that Major Sirr had preceded me, which obliged me to lie concealed both day and night. My friend undertook to procure my passage to the Continent, but unfortunately they could not meet a captain who would take me. I waited in vain for three weeks. Seeing that I had no other means of getting out of the country than to present myself at the Foreign Office at Gravesend, and to submit to the usual interrogatories, after having disguised myself as well as I could I went there, passing for a Liverpool merchant, going to Emden on commercial pursuits, showing at the same time letters to strengthen what I had advanced. I then obtained permission to embark in a neutral vessel for Emden. We quitted Gravesend, and after having lost sight of the English coast, we were met at sea by several English frigates, the officers of which entreated me to act as interpreter with the captain, seeing that I was the only person on board who spoke English. I would willingly have dispensed with an office which brought with it so much danger and trouble, and which endangered my being discovered; I, however, acquitted myself without awakening the least suspicion. Finally, we arrived at Emden; having rested there one day, I set out for the Hague, where I introduced myself to the Minister Serrnoville in order to obtain a passport to Paris. The joy that I felt at again finding myself in the French territory made me forget all my past sufferings during an absence of three years.

The "SHAN VAN VOCHT," Vol. II., 1897.
REVIEWS.

"When Lint was in the Bell." By Archibald M'Iroy. We are always glad to welcome a Belfast-printed book from the pen of a Belfast author. Mr. M'Iroy's sketches of the North of Ireland are decidedly interesting, and show not a little close observation as well as literary skill. The town of which he writes would seem to be very Scotch in character, the language spoken being a broad dialect of the Scottish lowlands. Clergyman, schoolmaster, precentor, and farmer are well and faithfullv represented in his pages. The character sketches entitled "Davy Bewhannan" seemed to us to be as good as anything of the kind we have read of late years. We shall probably hear more of this author in future. He has mingled much real humour and true pathos together, and has evidently written from intimate personal experience of his subject.

"The Martyrdom of Father Coigley." By George Hobart. Gill & Son, Dublin. This pamphlet (price two-pence) deals with the tragic history of the heroic priest who was executed at Maidstone on the 7th of June, 1798. The details of Father Coigley's connection with the popular movement and his untimely death are sympathetically condensed by Mr. Hobart into the space of twenty-nine pages, and such of our readers as are not familiar with the subject, we hope they may be very few indeed, could not do better than devote an hour to this little book, which will vividly before them. This is a sad but glorious Revolution of a hundred years ago. The editor quotes from Father Coigley's Address to the People of Ireland, in which he expresses a wish to the Dissenters of Belfast—"who were always kind to the little priest"—that some time they would erect a simple stone to his memory in their town, with merely his name inscribed upon it. We bring this wish of the martyr before our Belfast townsmen in the hope that something may be done during this commemorative year to show honour to an Ulster priest who died for Ireland.

"Ballads in Prose." By Nora Hopper. As a writer of poetic prose few names in literature deserve a more honourable place than that of Nora Hopper. The distinguished charm of her work is its artistic refinement of expression combined with a pure Celtic mysticism. The prose sketches which go to compose this volume are done with exquisite delicacy, and are steeped in the remote sentiments of awe and wonder which characterise the true Celt. A proneness to be stirred by the deeper inner emotions, a sensitiveness to the touch of the mysterious and inscrutable influences of nature are his in a peculiar degree, and these feelings are embodied with wonderful power in Miss Hopper's work. Such sketches as "The Three Bridges," "The Gifts of Aodh and Una," and "The Sorrow of Manannan," are exquisite pen-pictures full of wonderful half-lights and strange shadows, rich with suggestiveness not to be wholly expressed in words. The verses in the book are embued with the same charm. "The Wind Among the Reeds" and "The Fairy Fiddler" are little songs of persuasive and haunting sweetness.

"Under Quicken Boughs." By Nora Hopper. Amid such a wealth of beautiful verses as this volume contains, the difficulty will be to single out any particular piece for special praise. Each little poem is instinct and glowing with the true spirit of beauty, and musical, as it were, with the cadences blown faint and feebly to the ear from some rath where the fairies are playing their golden melodies. The mysticism of "Red Clay," "Fire and Snow," and "The Parting of the Ways," and the sweetness of "Finvarragh," "The Passing of the Shee," and "Cecil-Sidhe" cannot fail to impress every reader. We prefer, of course, the Irish portion of the book; but from cover to cover every poem has its own interest and beauty. Outside the Irish section, "The Faun to his Shadow" seems to us most noticeable for its sunshiny clearness of tone, which is purely Greek, and contrasts strongly with the veiled and withdrawn spirit of the Celtic pieces.

In the preface to the "Seanchas Mor," the great love compilation which is believed to have been compiled in the time of St. Patrick, we find the following poetical description of the nature and character of winds:

"He (the Lord) then created the colours of the winds, so that the colour of each differs from the others—namely, the white and the crimson, the blue and the green, the yellow and the red, the black and the gray, the speckled and the dark, the dull black and the grisy. From the east comes the crimson wind; from the south, the white; from the north, the black; and from the west, the dun or brown. The red and the grey are produced between the white wind and the crimson; the green and the grey are produced between the grisy and the white; the grey and the dull black are produced between the grisy and the jet-black; the dark and the mottled are produced between the black and the crimson; and these are all the sub-winds contained in each and all the cardinal winds."

This theory of coloured winds apparently refers to the more characteristic colours which the clouds assume about the rising and setting sun, and which to a certain extent seem to depend upon the wind which blows at the time.

"A Child's History of Ireland." By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Longman, London. 3s. 6d.

This beautiful volume has the attractive appearance of a gift story book—a handsome cover, with Celtic design in gilt, a coloured frontispiece, and several hundred illustrations. A great deal of information about Ireland can be gained simply in the pleasant process of looking through the pictures; so instructive are they and so well chosen. Here are fancy sketches of scenes from Irish history; but instead, authentic portraits of celebrated Irishmen, trustworthy views of historic spots, pictures from ancient Irish MSS., and old English chronicles showing the costume and weapons of our ancestors, photographs of Irish antiquities preserved in our museums, and as frontispiece a facsimile page of ancient illuminated manuscripts.

The book is calculated to give to any reader, young or old, an intelligent interest in their country's history and a sufficient knowledge of it. Those who make Dr. Joyce's acquaintance for the first time in this volume will, we trust, turn to each and every other of his books, The Larger History. The Books on the Names of Places, The Old Celtic Romances, Ancient Irish Music, and Irish Grammar. Dr. Joyce has worked in so many departments that the person who buys and studies all his books may claim to be well informed all round on Irish subjects.

CENTENARY LITERATURE.

"98 Club Notes."—This is the title of an instructive penny pamphlet by Mr. J. Dunne, of the Wolfe Tone Club, Dublin. It has on its cover a correct portrait of Tone, and contains an excellent outline sketch of his life, also a memoir of Napper Tandy. By-the-way, it was not at Rathlin Island (Antrim) but at Rath Island, Co. Donegal, that Tandy landed with the French. Mr. James Connolly's pamphlets, issued at 67, Middle Abbey Street, should be circulated by every club in the country. The Central Executive has brought out an excellent memoir of William Orr, price 1d., but we should have had it months ago.

Father Kavanagh's history is selling very rapidly—in the course of a few weeks, we learn, two-thirds of the whole edition sold off. We can procure it for our American subscribers if they send 2s. 6d. along with their subscriptions; that amount will cover postage. Others of our readers should order it from Messrs. Gay, Patrick Street, Cork, or make a local bookseller procure and keep it on sale.

OUR LIFE OF THE OBALD WOLFE TONE will be published this month. It aims at giving a striking narrative of the great patriot's life and times, some account of his friends and associates, and a clear exposition of his principles and methods.

The Irish Republic reports the proceedings of the General Centenary Committee in America and progress of the Wolfe Tone Monument Fund. 4s. Half-yearly, from the Office, Potter Building, Park Row, New York.
Notes and News.

“How is Old Ireland, and how does she stand?”

Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, the Catholic Bishop of Raphoe, announces in his Lenten pastoral that a Gaelic festival and industrial sale will take place at Letterkenny in the first week of November in this year. It is to be called the Feis Eunna, and the proceeds will be devoted to the building fund of St. Eunan’s Cathedral. Those who attended the St. Columcille celebrations last summer will understand how important this festival will be to the Gaelic movement. The date chosen almost coincides with the Centenary of Wolfe Tone’s arrest at Letterkenny, and we would suggest to the ’98 Clubs of Scotland and Ulster that a pilgrimage to Letterkenny would be very appropriate at the time of this great Gaelic Feis. Dr. O’Donnell has earned the thanks of all Gaelic workers by the way in which he uses his influence on behalf of the National Language.

Last month’s news.

Ireland has been conceded Home Rule of a sort. The Orangemen of Ulster are not going to war about it. On the contrary, Dr. R. R. Kane, speaking at an Orange function, has declared that it will afford Irishmen an opportunity of uniting for their country’s good. Nationalist Irishmen will look upon it as an apprenticeship to fit them for greater responsibilities.

Mr. Chamberlain announced one evening in the House of Commons that a French force in West Africa had entered British territory and ordered the Union Jack to be hauled down. There was a war sensation; but Lord Salisbury and Mr. Honnecourt have apparently agreed to ignore the incident, and restrain the belligerent spirit of both nations.

The English Alliance is practically at an end. An amendment to the Address, framed with a view to eliciting the views of the English Liberal party on Home Rule, resulted in their voting against the amendment en masse. Sixty odd Irish members voted together in support thereof.

Colonel Saunderson presided at a meeting of Irish members of all sections called together to consider the financial grievances of Ireland. He has realised that British rule is not an unmixed blessing.

We are unavoidably compelled to omit reports of societies sent in this month through pressure on our space. Our Gaelic material was not corrected for publication in time for insertion.

Musical notes.

Mr. William Ludewig, our most eminent National singer, has been doing good work for the ’98 Movement throughout the North by giving a series of concerts, at which the principal items were ‘98 ballads, such as the Memory of the Dead, The Croppy Boy, General Monroe, Billy Byrne of Ballymanus, The Boys of Wexford, The Wearing of The Green, and The Shan Van Vocht. Mr. Ludewig has attained a world-wide reputation in opera and on concert platforms. It is greatly to his credit as an Irishman that he should devote so much time to organising National concerts.

A new ’98 song will be published this month in London by Messrs. Haughton. It is called “Mary Bannan,” and is a ballad descriptive of a night scene in Connacht in ’98. The melody and setting is highly dramatic. The words are by the editor of this paper, the music by C. Milligan Fox. Miss Lucie Johnstone, our foremost Irish contralto, has made a special study of the song, and will produce it.

Mrs. John Morgan Richards sends us a copy of a song, entitled “A Message to Ireland,” of which this lady has composed both words and music. The burden of the message is intensely sympathetic with the Emerald Isle, and it is dedicated to St. Patrick.

The Feis Ceili will be the event of this summer in Belfast. It is to be hoped that the concerts will do something in the way of encouraging living Irish composers. With Mr. Villiers Stanford, Mr. Charles Woods, Arthur Somerville, Augusta Holmes, Alicia Needham, and Annie Patterson we need not depend entirely on the illustrious dead or “the strangers within our gates.”

Blackthorn blossoms.

Irish verses, by Thomas E. Mayne.

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There is a freshness and simplicity about these Verses which will attract many people.—Westminster Review.

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Murray’s Handbook for Ireland.


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