
The Irish Monthly, Volume 5

#Jesuits. Ireland

Title: The Irish Monthly, Volume 5

Author: #Jesuits. Ireland

This is an exact replica of a book. The book reprint was manually improved by a team of professionals, as opposed to automatic/OCR processes used by some companies. However, the book may still have imperfections such as missing pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were a part of the original text. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections which can not be improved, and hope you will enjoy reading this book.



THE

IRISH MONTHLY:

A

Magazine of General Literature.

FIFTH YEARLY VOLUME.

1877.

DUBLIN:

M. H. GILL & SON, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

LONDON: BURNS & OATES; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.



*Gift of
James Byrne
of
New York*

THE annual subscription to the IRISH MONTHLY is Six Shillings,
payable in advance (postage one shilling a year extra.)

The yearly Volume is issued at the beginning of each December,
bound in embossed cloth, price Eight Shillings.

· TO THE READER.

ON this leaf, otherwise doomed by the exigencies of binding to be left a blank, a few words may be set down, not necessary, indeed, but perhaps not useless, as a postscript to the present volume and a preface to its successor.

To "speed the parting guest," to commend our fifth yearly volume which is now happily completed, we trust that nothing more is needed than a glance at its table of contents. In many respects we neither expect nor desire to improve upon it, but in a few points we do. To those whose names appear there and to some who could not be induced to enhance the worth of their contributions by adding their names—amongst these last, notably to the author of "The New Utopia"—our most earnest thanks are due and are most sincerely given.

Let us with pride and gratitude assign a more permanent record in *this* place to a passage from one of our prospectuses which enumerates the following among the contributors who have brought the **IRISH MONTHLY** through the most critical period of its history: Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Miss Rosa Mulholland, Author of "Hester's History," "Eldergowan," "The First Christmas," &c. ; Miss Kathleen O'Meara, the biographer of Ozanam and Bishop Grant, who, under the name of Grace Ramsay, has published some excellent fictions in London and New York; the Rev. Joseph Farrell, Author of "Lectures by a Certain Professor;" Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S. J., the Rev. C. W. Russell, D. D., Aubrey de Vere, the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D. D., John O'Hagan, Q. C., Denis Florence MacCarthy, the Rev. R. B. O'Brien, D. D., Cecilia Caddell, Katharine Roche, Alice Esmonde, Ethel Tane, Wilfrid Meynell, Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J.,

Rev. Thomas Finlay, S. J., Edward Harding, Rev. Michael Watson, S. J., of Melbourne, Oscar Wilde, M. O'C. Morris Bishop, and among those whose names cannot be published, the Author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," the Author of "Tyborne," and the writer of the excellent sketches in our own pages of "Eugene O'Curry," and "Hogan, the Sculptor."

To these names of distinction or of promise our present volume joins, amongst others, Lord O'Hagan and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; and in our next volume we are allowed to hope for the co-operation of Lady Herbert of Lea, Lord Emly, Doctor Mapother, the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R., and, even amidst all his anxious labours, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Thus it is that our Magazine strives to put in practice, as regards its friends and contributors, the wise advice of Dr. Johnson: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

Our new Volume and its successors will begin at the natural date for beginning, New Year's Day. Home Subscribers will henceforth be good enough to defray the cost of postage, adding a shilling to the small annual subscription of six shillings, as our Australian friends have from the first added three shillings for this purpose, and Subscribers within the postal union (France, United States, &c.), two shillings a year. And all are requested to pour their subsidies into our treasury at once, and thus save the useless expense, labour, and delay of any further personal application.

So closes our first lustrum. Our sixth year begins with the best hopes, wishes, resolutions, and prayers. Let one of these prayers take the form of the genial greeting which shall soon be current, whilst we wish to our kind readers, and they in return wish to us and our Magazine, many happy New Years.

CONTENTS.

STORIES.

	PAGE
Aline. By Kathleen O'Meara.	
Part I.	559
II.	603
III.	675
In the Five Acre Field. By Katharine Roche.	
Chap. I. An Artist's Studio	723
II. The Five Acres	727
III. A Practical Man	731
Mon Capitaine. By Kathleen O'Meara.	
Part I.	121
II.	207
Passages from the Life of Joshua J. Jones, jun., Esq. By Isaac Tuxton	146
Robin Redbreast's Victory. By Kathleen O'Meara.	
Chap. I. She is sent for	1
II. She goes home	8
III. The Novel in the <i>Figaro</i>	61
IV. More puzzled than ever	68
V. The Midnight Watch	75
The New Utopia. A Tale.	
Chap. I. Grant.	160
II. Oakham and its Masters	165
III. The Grange	181
IV. Grant's Story	186
V. An Eventful Day	241
VI. Fresh Surprises	244
VII. Returning Home	249
VIII. The New Duke	299
IX. Exdale Manor	305
X. Degg's Escape	359
XI. Capitulation	362
XII. Glenleven	365
XIII. Utopia	419
XIV. Werner's Story	425
XV. Duc in Altum	479
XVI. The End	484
The Chances of War. By A. Whitelock.	
Chap. XXXVI. A Compact	42
XXXVII. The Funeral	46
XXXVIII. Another Victim	49
XXXIX. Woe to the Vanquished	94
XL. Good-bye	99
The Honey Mania. By Ethel Tane	597
The Legend of the Red Lilies. From the French of Louis Veuillot	756
The Graves of a Breton Household. By Louis Veuillot	470
Willie's Revenge. By Katharine Roche	441

SKETCHES OF PLACES AND PERSONS.		PAGE
Adelaide Procter. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.	691
Aubrey de Vere. By the same		645
An Australian Child of Mary. By the Rev. Michael Watson, S. J.	685
Aborigines of Australia. By the same		344
An Australian Holiday. By the same		511
Australian Exploration. By the same		170
Beyond the Rhine. By Kathleen O'Meara		257
Cecilia Caddell—In Memoriam		772
Coventry Patmore. By the Rev. Matthew Russell; S. J.	529
Day at the Odilienkloster (A)		400
From the Grotto of Lourdes		470
Francis Davis the Belfast Man. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.	569
Glaciers of the Alps (The). By the Rev. G. Molloy, D.D.	541
Laach. By A. Whitelock		613
My Saint: an Obituary in Mosaic		411
Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Thomas of Canterbury"		85
Nano Nagle and the Centenary of the Presentation Order		713
Old Houses Re-storied. By S. A.		26
Pilgrimage to Innismurray		433
Port Phillip. A Chapter of Colonial History. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy	627, 633	
Relics of Richard Dalton Williams	195, 287, 327, 391	
Relic of the O'Connell State Trials		177
Sugan Earl of Desmond (The). By the Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J.	275, 370, 489	
State Trials of the Seventeenth Century. By John O'Hagan, Q. C.	453, 516, 585	
Survivors of the "Strathmore"		642
Tomb of Keats (The). By Oscar Wilde		476
Thomas Irwin. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.	757
Victor de Buck, the Bollandist. By the same		228
Visit to an American Shrine. By Edward Reddy		639

ESSAYS.

Advantages of Popular Literary Institutes. By Lord O'Hagan	735
Dogberry and Verges. By T. E. B.		687
Dogberry as a Critic. By the same		747
Education outside the Schoolroom. By Richard O'Shaughnessy, M. P.	381
Lectures by a Certain Professor:—		
No. 17. About Self-possession		18
No. 18. About Independence		136
No. 19. About Impartiality		266
No. 20. About Youth		463
Pagan Testimony to the Unity of God		315
Relations of the Church to Society. By the Rev. E. J. O'Reilly, S. J.	
XXVII. The Temporal Power of the Pope		107
Some Recent Poetry. By Wilfrid Meynell		151
Thoughts on the Assumption		501
Wit. By Isaac Tuxton	341, 411, 578, 705	

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Mystical Flora of St. Francis de Sales.—Poems by the Hon. Mrs. Knox.		
Dr. Sighart's Albert the Great.—Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge.		
—Intemperance, an Ethical Poem.—Essays on Religion and Literature, edited by Cardinal Manning		55
The Life of Our Life.—Solar Physics.—God's Chosen Festival.—The Illustrated Almanac for the United States.—Way of Salvation, and Think Well On't.—Biographical Sketch of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, O.S.D.		
—Lisez nous		233

Contents.

vii

	PAGE
The Eucharistic Year.—Irish and English Freemasons, and their Foreign Brothers.—The Chances of War.—Rationalism in its two Phases	297
Poems for Catholics and Convents.—A Daughter of St. Dominic.—My Return to the Church of Christ.—Magister Choralis	354
Sir F. Doyle's Oxford Lectures on Poetry.—Rev. A. G. Knight's Columbus.—Lives of the Irish Saints	407
Father Maher's Memoirs and Letters.—Handbook of Essentials in History and Literature.—Life-Sketch of Sister Clare Boylan.—The Advantages of Glengarriff as a Winter Health Resort.—Behold thy Mother; or, the Motives of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.—Rev. U. J. Bourke's Lessons in Irish	473
The Homœopathic World.—Disputationes Theologicæ de Justitia et Jure.—Characteristics from the Writings of John Henry Newman.—The Nature, Excellence, and Advantages of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.—Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation	538
Comets and Meteors.—The Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries, and Memoirs of the Irish Hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century	593
Iza: a Story of Life in Russian Poland.—Miniature Lives of the Saints for Every Day in the Year.—The Winner Recorded.—The Alexandra Gift Book.—Holy Church, the Centre of Unity; or, Ritualism compared with Catholicism: Reasons for returning to the True Fold.—The Child's Book of the Passion.—Maxims and Sayings of the Rev. F. W. Faber, D. D., Priest of the London Oratory of St. Philip Neri.—Industrial Art	656
The Suppression of the Society of Jesus in the Portuguese Dominions.—Nora.—Sun and Sunbeams.—Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism.—The Eternal Years.—October, Month of the Holy Angels.—The Three Tabernacles	719
The Lectures of a Certain Professor.—The Battle of Connemara.—Life of St. Willibrord, Archbishop of Utrecht and Apostle of Holland.—Holy Childhood: A Book of Simple Prayers and Instructions for Little Children.—A Popular Life of our Holy Father Pope Pius the Ninth, drawn from the most reliable authorities.—Songs of a Life.—Mary Immaculate, Mother of God; or, Devotions in honour of the Blessed Virgin	766

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS AND POEMS.

Alone. By Alice Esmonde	54
A Cynic. By Ethel Tane	357
An Ode from Horace (II., 14). By Stephen E. de Vere	734
Cor Purissimum. By D. C.	704
Dirge of Desmond. By Aubrey de Vere	314
Expectans Expectavi. By M. La T.	325
Familiar Faces. By Ethel Tane	41
Fountains Abbey. By Aubrey de Vere	17
Future Poetry. By Alice Thompson	84
Maiden and Poets. By Wilfrid Meynell	94
From Garcilaso de la Vega. By D. F. M'Carthy	100
How to make sure of a Happy Christmas	101
A Few Christmas Gifts	118
Notes in the Big House	119, 179
Lotus Leaves. By Oscar Wilde	133
Thanks. By Alice Esmonde	145
Sonnet. Adam and Eve	149
The Irish Children's First Communion. By the Editor.	
Part I. The Catechism Class	191
II. Annie	254
III. The Great Day	337
Stella Vespertina. By Aubrey de Vere	217
Guiding Light. By Wilfrid Meynell	227
The Divina Providenza of Filicaja	232

	PAGE
Stanzas written in the Visitors' Book at Glengariff. By M. La T.	368
Celt and Teuton in Praise of the Blessed Eucharist	378
Stoic or Christian? By J. C. Earle	390
Salve Saturnia Tellus. By Oscar Wilde	415
To Elizabeth Thompson	343
Seaside Nursery Song. By M. La T.	432
St. Barbara. By R. M.	440
St. John the Evangelist	452
Hymn of the Blessed Sacrament. From the Irish. By Denis Florence Mac- Carthy, M. R. I. A.	462
Love's "Roll Call"	465
At the Sunset. By Alice Esmonde	474
Sonnet. Continuous Revelation. By J. C. Earle	286
Probatia. By A. O'B.	480
Gone from Earth. By A. D.	500
Art: a Sonnet. By Denis Florence MacCarthy, M. R. I. A.	528
Make sure of Prayer. By S. M. S.	528
The Allo Unvisited. By the Editor	557
Golden Bridals. By W. S. R.	568
Misserima. By M. La T.	577
A Meditation in a Crowd. By T. E. B.	611
A Story of the Natural Bridge of Virginia. By J. P.	625
Hugh Roe O'Donnell's Address to his Soldiers before the Battle of the Cur- lew Mountains. By J. H.	638
An Experience. By M. La T.	673
Muckross Abbey. By D. G.	684
Πῶρος Ἀρπυραῶν. By Oscar Wilde	746
Christmas Hymn. By D. C.	755
Winged Words	60, 240, 358, 416, 596 661, 722

THE IRISH MONTHLY.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S VICTORY.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA,

AUTHOR OF "ISA'S STORY," "THOMAS GRANT, FIRST BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK," "BELLS OF THE SANCTUARY," &c.

CHAPTER I.

SHE IS SENT FOR.

IT was a loud, imperious ring, so unusually loud that the portress, in her startled hurry to answer it, dropped her knitting, and, as it turned out, several stitches too; she did not think of this, however; none but a messenger from a death-bed would ring like that; greater cares than even the precious knitting were in her helpful old heart. The messenger was a tall footman in a showy livery. He touched his hat to the sister. Even atheists yield an instinctive respect to such as she. They understand ladies leaving their neat and dainty homes to look after the suffering bodies of their fellow-creatures; there is sense in that. Rough, bad men like to be tended by pure and gentle women, and they approve of the fanaticism that prompts them to the service. With those other fanatics, who call themselves contemplatives, the case is different. They are fools or hypocrites, and have no right to exist. What help is it to men that Carmelites and Poor Clares should starve all the year round, and break their short sleep to rise and pray for sinners, and lacerate their innocent bodies with hair shirt and discipline? Sisters of Charity, and all who slave for the bodily alleviation of suffering humanity, are the only nuns whom the children of this world tolerate and understand. The gay funkey in his plush leggings was unquestionably a child of this world.

"Ma sœur, I have come for a nurse," he said, closing the door, and stepping aside out of the biting blast; "will you please send one at once? Madame will take her back in the carriage."

"If madame will take the trouble to walk in, I will fetch our Mother Superior to speak to her," said the portress.

The funkey sallied out into the blast again, and held a parley of some moments at the carriage door. The lady was evidently reluctant to alight, for the cold was intense, the ground was hard with a black frost, and the east-wind blew over it sharp as a razor. At last, holding her muff to her face with both hands, she cautiously

Robin Redbreast's Victory.

descended the steps of her brougham, and then made a spring like a young antelope across the pavement into the convent hall. She was a very splendid-looking person, with shining black eyes and hair, and satin draperies that swept the polished floor like a court train; her complexion, preternaturally pink and white, struck the old portress as the most wonderfully beautiful thing she had ever seen, but it was a kind of beauty that scared her, as the beauty of death had sometimes done, only with less pathos. This splendid lady drew her velvet and sable mantle closer round her, and stood shivering in the warm hall, as if the light, passing breath of the cold outside had penetrated the very marrow of her bones. The portress showed her into the parlour, and hastened away to call the Mother Superior. In a few minutes the latter appeared. Alas! she had not a single sister left in the house—all were out on duty. Was the case a very pressing one?

Yes; the lady declared it was. A gentleman had been thrown from his horse and received terrible injuries, a leg broken, and a wound in the right side. The leg had just been set, but the surgeons said this would be of no use unless the patient had a skilful and experienced nurse to attend him, and carry out their instructions; it was a case that required watching night and day.

"Good mother! I entreat you, do something; invent a nurse if you have not got one!" the lady implored.

The Superior thought for a moment. There was a nun in the community who was exactly the kind of person required, but she was occupied, and would not be home till the next day, perhaps the day after.

"The only thing I can invent, madame, is to go and attend to the case myself until one of our sisters is free to take my place. It is against our rules; but in a case of this kind charity allows us to break them."

The visitor was bursting out into thanks, when the portress came in and whispered something in the mother's ear.

"Ah, thank God! This is fortunate!" she exclaimed. "The sister I meant to send you in a few days has unexpectedly returned, madame. If you will kindly wait a few minutes, she will be ready to accompany you. Meantime, will you let me have the name and address of the patient?"

"The Count de Bois-Ferré, Champs Elysées, No. 200 —"

"The husband of madame, or her brother?"

"Neither. He is a young, unmarried man, with no relatives in Paris; I am only a distant relation, but under the circumstances I devote myself as much as possible to him."

A strange expression passed over the lady's face as she said this, but the room was dark, and she sat with her back to the light. The superior noticed nothing; and if the speaker's voice trembled a little, it was natural enough.

"That is good of you, madame; your devotion will bring its own reward," she said, gently.

Sister Theresa was a bright-faced, blue-eyed little creature, with a florid complexion, and the voice of a singing bird, that gave her a