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"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

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MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1868.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

BY FRANCIS MAHONEY.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of the Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Of the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and Kiosk
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

PAUL GOSSLETT.

A COCKNEY TRIES HIS FORTUNE IN IRELAND.

The door into the ante-room where I was waiting stood half open, and I heard a very imperious voice say, "Tell Mr. Gosslett it is impossible—quite impossible! There are above three hundred applicants, and, I believe he is the least suitable of any of them." A meek looking young gentleman came out after this; and, closing the door cautiously, said, "My lord regrets extremely, Mr. Goslett, that you should have been so late in forwarding your testimonials. He has already filled the place, but, if another vacancy occurs, his lordship will bear your claims in mind."

Thus were all my grand schemes dashed to pieces. What next? Suicide? I was too much of a philathropist for that. Revolving various schemes, I determined to visit an aunt and an uncle in the country.

I never liked my uncle, nor did he like me. He was a hard, stern, coarse-natured man, who thought that any one who had ever failed in anything was a creature to be despised, and saw nothing in want of success but an innate desire to live in indolence, and be supported by others. He often asked me why I didn't turn coalheaver? He said he would have been a coal heaver rather than be dependent upon his relations.

It was dark on the morning when I set out, and it was closing into darkness as I reached the little inn where the cottage stood, and I was by this time fairly beat between fatigue and hunger.

"Here's a go!" cried my uncle, who opened the door for me. "Here's Paul Gosslett, just as we're going to dinner."

"The very time to suit him," said I, trying to be jocular.

"Yes, lad, but will it suit us? We've only an Irish stew, and not too much of it, either." But here's the dinner, and I suppose you must have your share of it."

I was in no mood to resent this invitation, discourteous as it was, for I was in no mood to resent anything.

The meal went over somewhat silently; little was spoken on any side. A half-jocular remark on the goodness of my appetite was the only approach to a pleasantry.

"Better have you for a week than a fortnight, lad," said my uncle. as we drew round the fire after dinner.

My aunt now armed herself with some knitting apparatus, while my uncle, flanked by a smoking glass of toddy on one side and the "'Tizer" on the other, proceeded to fill his pipe with strong tobacco. Under the influence of his drowsy wisdom, and overcome by the hot fire, I fell off fast alseep. At length I fancied I heard people calling me by my name, some saying words of warning or caution, and others jeering and bantering me; and then quite distinctly—as clearly as though the words were in my ear—I heard my aunt say:

"I'm sure Lizzy would take him. She was shamefully treated by that heartless fellow, but she's getting over it now; and if any one, even Paul there, offered, I'm certain she'd not refuse him."

"She has a thousand pounds," grunted out my uncle.

"Fourteen hundred in the bank; and, as they have no other child, they must leave her everything they have when they die."

"It won't be much. Old Dan has little more than his vicarage, and he always ends each year a shade deeper in debt than the one before it."

"Well, she has her own fortune, and nobody can touch that."

I roused myself, yawned aloud, and opened my eyes.

"I say, Paul," said my aunt, "were you ever in Ireland?"

"Never aunt. Why do you ask me?"

"Because you said a while back that you felt rather poorly of late—low and weakly."

"No loss of appetite though," chuckled in my uncle.

"And we were thinking," resumed she, "of sending you over to stay a few weeks with an old friend of ours in Donegal. He calls it the finest air in Europe; and I know he'd treat you with every kindness. But, as a cockney, you know neither how to ride, fish, shoot—how, then, are you to spend your time? Mrs. Dudgeon's dead, but the daughter, Lizzie, is [illegible]. She will be a resource in all cases. At all events, they are distant connections of your mother's; and, as you are determined to live on your relations, I think you ought to give them a turn."

"There is some justice in that," said I, determined now to resent no rudeness, nor show offense at any coarseness, however great it might be.

"Well, then, I'll write to-morrow, and say you'll follow my letter, and be with them soon after they receive it."

We talked for some time longer over the family whose guest I was to be, and I went off to bed, determined to see out this new act of my life's drama before I whistled for the curtain to drop.

My plan of procedure was to be this. I was supposed to be making a tour in Ireland, when, hearing of certain connections of my mother's family living in Donegal, I at once wrote to my Uncle Morse for an introduction to them, and he not only provided me with a letter accrediting me, but wrote by the same post to the Dudgeons to say I was sure to pay them a visit.

On arriving in Dublin I was astonished to find so much that seemed unlike what I had left behind me. I was not, I shame to own, much better up in the geography of Ireland than that of Central Africa.

"Do you know Donegal?" asked I of the waiter, giving to my pronunciation of the word a long second and a short third syllable.

"No, your honor, I never heard of him," was the answer.

"But it's a place I'm asking for—a county," said I, with some impatience.

"Faix, maybe it is," said he, "but it's new to me all the same."

"He means Donegal," said a red-whiskered man with a bronzed, weather-beaten face, and a stern, defiant air, that invited no acquaintanceship.

"O, Donegal," chimed in the waiter. "Begorra! it would n't be easy to know it by the name your honor gav' it."

"Are you looking for any particular place in that county?" asked the stranger, in a tone sharp and imperious as his former speech.

"Yes," said I, assuming a degree of courtesy that I thought would be the best rebuke to his bluntness; "but I'll scarcely trust myself with the pronunciation after my late failure. This is the place I want;" and I drew forth my uncle's letter and showed the address.

"O, that's it, is it?" cried he, reading aloud. "'The Reverend Daniel Dudgeon, Killyrotherum, Donegal.' And are you going there? O, I see you are," said he, turning his eyes to the foot of the address. "'Favored by Paul Gosslett, Esq.;' and you are Paul Gosslett."

"Yes, sir, with your kind permission, I am Paul Gosslett," said I, with what I hoped was a chilling dignity of manner.

"If it's only my permission you want, you may be anything you please," said he, turning his insolent stare full on me.

I endeavored not to show any sensitiveness to this impertinence, and went on with my dinner, the stranger's table being quite close to mine.

"It's your first appearance in Ireland, I suspect," said he, scanning me as he picked his teeth, and sat carelessly with one leg crossed over the other.

"I bowed a silent acquiescence, and he went on. "I declare that I believe a cockney, though he has n't a word of French, is more at home on the Continent than in Ireland." He paused for some expression of opinion on my part, but I gave none. I filled my glass, and affected to admire the color of the wine, and sipped it slowly, like one thoroughly engaged in his own enjoyments.

"Don't you agree with me?" asked he, fiercely.

"Sir, I have not given your proposition such consideration as would entitle me to say I concur with it or not."

"That's not it at all!" broke he in, with an insolent laugh; "but you won't allow that you're a cockney."

"I protest, sir," said I, sternly, "I have yet to learn that I'm bound to make a declaration of my birth, parentage, and education to the first stranger I sit beside in a coffee-room."

"No, you're not—nothing of the kind—for it's done for you. It's done in spite of you, when you open your mouth. Didn't you see the waiter running out of the room with the napkin in his mouth when you tried to say Donegal? Look here, Paul," said he, drawing his chair confidentially toward my table. "We don't care a rush what you do with your H's, or your W's either; but, if we can help it, we won't have our national names miscalled. We have a pride in them, and we'll not suffer them to be mutilated or disfigured. Do you understand me now?"

"Sufficiently, sir, to wish you a very good night," said I, rising from the table, and leaving my pint of sherry, of which I had only drunk one glass.

As I closed the coffee-room door, I thought—indeed, I'm certain—I heard a loud roar of laughter.

"Who is that most agreeable gentleman I sat next at dinner?" asked I of the waiter.

"Counsellor MacNamara, sir. Isn't he a nice man?"

"I wish you heard him in the coort, sir. By my conscience, a witness has a poor time under him! He'd humbug you if you was an archbishop."

"Call me at five," said I, passing up the stairs, and impatient to gain my room and be alone with my indignation.

What stories had I not heard of Irish courtesy to strangers—Irish wit and Irish pleasantry! Was this, then, a specimen of that captivating manner which makes these people the French of Great Britain? Why this fellow was an unmitigated savage!

Having registered a vow not to open my lips to a stranger till I reached the end of my journey, and to affect deafness rather than be led into conversation, I set off the next day, by train, for Derry. True to my resolve, I only uttered the word "beer" till I arrived in the evening.

I wanted to learn something about the people to whose house I was going, and asked Pat, the driver of a car on the last stage of my journey, if he knew Mr. Dudgeon.

"Troth I do, sir, well," said he.

"He's a good kind of man, I'm told," said I.

"He is indeed, sir; no betther."

"Kind to the poor, and charitable?"

"Thrue for you; that's himself."

"And his family is well liked down here?"

"I'll be bound they are. There's few like them to the fore."

Rather worried by the persistent assent he gave me, and, seeing that I had no chance of deriving anything like an independent opinion from my courteous companion, I determined to try another line. After smoking a cigar, and giving one to my friend, who seemed to relish it vastly, I said, as if incidentally, "Where I got that cigar, Paddy, the people are better off than here."

"And where's that, sir?"

"In America, in the State of Virginia."

"That's as thrue as the Bible. It's elegant times they have there."

"And one reason is," said I, "every man can do what he likes with his own. You have a bit of land here, and you daren't plant tobacco; or, if you sow oats or barley, you mustn't malt it. The law says: 'You may do this, and you sha'n't do that;' and is that freedom, I ask, or is it slavery?"

"Slavery—devil a less," said he, with a cut of his whip that made the horse plunge into the air.

"And do you know why that's done? Do you know the secret of it all?"

"Sorra a bit o' me."

"I'll tell you, then. It's to keep up the Church; it's to feed the parsons that don't belong to the people; that's what they put the taxes on tobacco and whisky for. What, I'd like to know, do you and I want with that place there with the steeple? What does the Rev. Daniel Dudgeon do for you or me? Grind us—squeeze us—maybe, come down on us when we're trying to scrape a few shillings together, and carry off for tithes."

"Shure and he's a hard man? He's taking the herrins out of the net this year—for every ten herrins he takes one."

"And do they bear that?"

"Well, they do," said he, mournfully; "they've no spirit down here; but over at Muggle-na-garry they put slugs in one last winter."

"One what?"

"A parson, your honor; and it did him a dale o' good. He's as meek as a child now about his dues, and they've no trouble with him in life."

"They'll do that with Dudgeon yet, maybe!" asked I.

"With the Lord's blessing, sir," said he piously.

Satisfied now that it was not a very hopeful task to obtain much information about Ireland from such a source, I drew my hat over my eyes, and affected to doze for the remainder of the journey.

We arrived at length at the foot of a narrow road, impassable by the car, and here the driver told me I must descend, and make the rest of my way on foot.

"The house wasn't far," he said; "only over the top of the hill in front of me—about half a quarter of a mile away."

It was a long, one-storied building, with cow house and farm offices under the same roof. The hall-door had been evidently long in disuse, since it was battened over with strong planks, and secured besides against the northwest wind by a rough group of rocks. I made for the rear of the house, where a woman beating flax under a shed at once addressed me civilly, and ushered me into the house.

"His riv'rence is in there," said she, pointing to a door, and leaving me to announce myself. I knocked, and entered. It was a small room, with an antiquated fireplace, at which the parson and his wife and daughter were seated—he reading a very much crumpled newspaper, and they knitting.

"O, this is Mr. Gosslett. How are you, sir," asked Mr. Dudgeon, seizing and shaking my hand; while his wife said, "We were just saying we'd send down to look after you. My daughter Lizzy, Mr. Gosslett."

Lizzy smiled faintly, but did not speak. I saw, however, that she was a pretty, fair-haired girl, with delicate features and a very gentle expression.

A very brief conversation enabled me to learn that Mr. Dudgeon came to the parish on his marriage, about four-and-twenty years before, and neither he nor his wife had ever left it since. They had no neighbors, and only six parishioners of their own persuasion. The church was about a mile off, and not easily approached in bad weather. It seemed, too, that the bishop and Mr. D. were always at war. The diocesan was a Whig, and the parson a violent Orangeman, who loved loyal anniversaries, demonstrations, and processions, the latter of which came twice or thrice a year from Derry to visit him, and stir up any amount of bitterness and party strife; and though the Rev. Dan, as he was familiarly called, was obliged to pass the long interval between these triumphant exhibitions exposed to the insolence and outrage of the large masses he had offended, he never blinked the peril, but actually dared it; wearing his bit of orange ribbon in his button-hole as he went down the village, and meeting Father Lafferty's scowl of defiance and insult as fierce as his own.

After years of episcopal censure and reproof, administered without the slightest amendment, for Dan never appeared at a visitation, and none were hardy enough to follow him into his fastness, he was suffered to do what he pleased, and actually abandoned as one of those hopeless cases which time alone can clear off and remedy. An incident, however, which had befallen about a couple of years back, had almost released the bishop from his difficulty.

In an affray following on a twelfth of July demonstration, a man had been shot; and though the Rev. Dan was not in any degree implicated in the act, some imprudent allusion to the event in his Sunday's discourse got abroad in the [illegible] and was so severely commented on by [illegible] in the trial that an inhibition was issued against him, and his church closed for three months.

I have been thus far prolix in sketching the history of those with whom I was now to be domesticated, because, once placed before the reader, my daily life is easily understood. We sat over the fire nearly all day, abusing the Papists, and wondering if England would ever produce one man who could understand the fact that unless you banished the priests and threw down the chapels there was no use in making laws for Ireland.

Then we dined, usually on fish and a bit of bacon, after which we drank the glorious, pious, and immortal memory, with the brass money, the wooden shoes, and the rest of it—the mild Lizzy herself being "told off," to recite the toast, as her father had a sore throat and could not utter; and the fair, gentle lips, that seldom parted save to smile, delivered the damnatory clause against all who wouldn't drink that toast, and sentenced them to be "rammed, jammed, and crammed," as the act declares, in a way that actually amazed me.

If the peasant who drove me over to Killyrotherum did not add much to my knowledge of Ireland by the accuracy of his facts or the fixity of his opinions, the Rev. Dan assuredly made amends for all the short-comings; for he saw the whole thing at a glance, and knew why Ireland was ungovernable, and how she could be made prosperous and happy, just as he knew how much poteen went to a tumbler of punch; and though occasionally despondent when the evening began, as it drew toward bed-time, and the decanter waxed low, he had usually arrived at a glorious millenium, when every one wore an orange lily, and the whole world was employed in singing, "Croppies lie down."

I suppose I must be a very routine sort of creature, who loves to get into a groove, and never leave it. At all events, I grew to like my life at Killyrotherum. The monotony that would have driven most men to despair was to me soothing and grateful.

A breezy walk with Lizzy down to the village after breakfast, where she made whatever purchases the cares of household demanded, sufficed for exercise. After that, I wrote a little in my own room—short, jotting notes, that might serve to recall, on some future day, the scarcely tinted surface of my quiet existence, and occasionally putting down such points as puzzled me—problems whose solution I must try to arrive at with time and opportunity. Perhaps a brief glance at the pages of this diary, as I open it at random, may serve to show how time went over with me.

Here is an entry. Friday, 17th November. Memorandum to find out from D. D. the exact explanation of his words last night, and which possibly fatigue may have made obscure to me. Is it Sir William Vernon or the Pope who is Antichrist?

Query: also, would not brass money be better than no halfpence? and are not wooden shoes as good as bare feet?

Why does not the parish clerk always bring up a chicken when he comes with a message?

Lizzy did not own she made the beefsteak dumpling, but the maid seemed to let the secret out by bringing in a little amethyst ring she had forgotten on the kitchen table. I wish she knew that I'd be glad she could make dumplings. I am fond of dumplings. To try and tell her this.

Mrs. D. suspects Lizzy is attached to me. I don't think she approves of it. D. D. would not object if I became an Orangeman. Query: what effect would that have on my future career? Could I be an Orangeman without being able to sing the "Boyne Water?" for I never could hum a tune in my life. To inquire about this.

Who was the man who behaved badly to Lizzy? And how did he behave badly? This is a very vital point, though not easy to come at.

18th.—Lizzy likes—I may say loves—me. The avowal was made this morning, when I was carrying up two pounds of sugar and one pound of soap from the village. She said: "Oh! Mr. Gosslett, if you knew how unhappy I am!"

And I laid down the parcel, and, taking her hand in mine, said: "Darling, tell me all!" and she grew very red and flurried, and said: "Nonsense—don't be a fool! Take care Tobias don't run away with the soap. I wanted to confide in you—to trust you. I don't want to—" and there she fell a crying, and sobbed all the way home, though I tried to console her as well as the basket would permit me. Memorandum—Not to be led into any tenderness till the marketing is brought home. Wonder does Lizzy require me to fight the man who behaved badly? What on earth was it he did?

A great discovery coming home from church to-day. D. D. asked me if I had detected anything in his sermon of that morning which I could possibly call violent, illiberal, or uncharitable. As I had not listened to it, I was the better able to declare that there was not a word of it I could object to. "Would you believe it, Gosslett," said he—and he never had called me Gosslett before—"that was the very sermon they arraigned me for in the queen's bench; and that mild passage about the Virgin Mary, you'd imagine it was murder I was instilling. You heard it to-day, and know if it's not true. Well, sir," continued he, after a pause, "Tom McNamara blackguarded me for twenty minutes on it before the whole court, screeching out, 'This is your parson! this is your instructor of the poor man—your Christian guide—your comforter! These are the teachings that are to wean the nation from bloodshed, and make men obedient to the law, and grateful for its protection!' Why do you think he did this? Because I wouldn't give him my daughter. A Papist rascal as he is, that's the whole of it! I published my sermon, and sent it to the bishop, and he inhibited me! It was clear enough what he meant; he wanted to be made archbishop, and he knew what would please the Whigs. 'My lord,' said I 'these are the principles that placed the queen on the throne of this realm. If it wasn't to crush Popery he came, King William crossed the Boyne for nothing.'"

Monday, 31st.—A letter from Aunt Morse. Asks if I have sufficiently recovered from my late attack to be able to resume habits of activity and industry. Aunt [illegible] that [illegible] some tender sentiment may be at the bottom of my attachment to Ireland, and [illegible] me to the fact that I am heir [illegible] landed property and an ancient family [illegible] in a good county. What can she mean by these warnings? Was it not herself that I overheard asking my uncle, "Would not he do for Lizzy?" How false women are! I wish I could probe that secret about the man that behaved ill; there are so many ways to behave ill, and to be behaved ill by. Shall I put a bold face on it, and ask Lizzy?

Wednesday—all settled; but what have I not gone through these last three days! She loves me to distraction; but she'll tell nothing—nothing till we're married. She says, and with truth, "confidence is the nurse of love." I wish she wasn't so coy. I have not even kissed her hand. She says Irish girls are all coy.

We are to run away, and be married at a place called Artulane. I don't know why we run away; but this is another secret I'm to hear later on. Quiet and demure as she looks, Lizzy has a very decided disposition. She overbears all opposition, and has a peremptory way of saying, "Don't be a fool, G."—she won't call me Paul, only G.,—"and just do as I bade you." I hope she'll explain why this is so—after our marriage.

I'm getting terribly afraid of the step we're about to take. I feel quite sure it was the Rev. Dan who shot the Papist on that anniversary affair; and I know he'd shoot me if he thought I had wronged him. Is there any way out of this embarrassment?

What a headache I have! We have been singing Orange songs for four hours. I think I hear that odious shake on the word "ba-a-ttle," as it rhymes to "rat-tle," in old Dan's song. It goes through my brain still; and to-morrow at daybreak we are to run away! Lizzy's bundle is here, in my room; and Tom Ryan's boat is all ready, under the rocks, and we're to cross the bay. It sounds very rash, when one comes to think of it. But Lizzy, all so gentle and docile as she seems, has a very peremptory way with her; and as she promises to give me explanations for everything later on, I have agreed to all. How it blows! If it should be rough to-morrow morning, will she still insist on going? I'm a poor sort of sailor at the best of times; but if there's a sea on, I shall be sick as a dog! And what a situation—a sea-sick bridegroom running off with his bride!

I suppose this is the worst climate in Europe. D. D. said yesterday that the length of the day made the only difference between summer and winter; and O dear! what an advantage does this confer on winter!

Now to bed—though I'm afraid not to sleep; amid such a racket and turmoil, rest is out of the question. Who knows when, where, and how I shall make the next entry in this book? But, as Mr. Dudgeon says, when he finishes his tumbler, "Such is life! such is life!"

I wonder if Lizzy will insist on going on if the weather continues like this? I'm sure no boatman with a wife and family could be fairly asked to go out in such a storm. I do not think I would have the right to induce a poor man to peril his life, and the support of those who depend upon him, for my own—what shall I call it?—my own gratification. There goes a chimney as sure as fate! How they sleep here, through everything! There's that fellow who minds the cows, snoring through it all, in the loft overhead; and he might, for all he knew, have been squashed under that fall of masonry. Was that a tap at the door? I thought I heard it twice.

Yes, it was Lizzy. She has not been to bed. Over and over I said to myself, "If I were to tell her that I have a foreboding—a distinct foreboding of calamity; that I dreamed a dream, and saw myself on a raft, while waves, mountain high, rose above me, and depths yawned beneath—dark, fathomless, and terrible; would she mind it? I declare—on my sacred word of honor, I declare—I think she'd laugh at me!

"Are you ready?" whispered a soft voice at the door, and I saw at once my doom was pronounced.

Noiselessly, stealthily we crept down the stairs, and, crossing the little flagged kitchen, undid the heavy bars of the door. Shall I own that a thought of treason shot through me as I stood with the great bolt in my hands, and the idea flashed across me, "What if I were to let it fall with a crash, and awake the household?" Did she divine what was passing in my head as she silently took the bar from me, and put it away?

We were now in the open air, breasting a swooping nor'wester that chilled the very marrow of my bones. She led the way through the dark night as though it were noonday, and I followed, tumbling over stones and rocks and tufts of heather, and falling into holes, and scrambling out again, like one drunk. I could hear her laughing at me, too—she who so seldom laughed—and it was with difficulty she could muster gravity enough to say she hoped I had not hurt myself.

We gained the pier at last, and, guided by a lantern held by one of the boatmen, we saw the boat bobbing and tossing some five feet down below. Lizzy sprang in at once, amid the applauding cheers of the crew, and then several voices cried out, "Now, sir! Now your honor!" while two stout fellows pushed me vigorously, as though to throw me into the sea. I struggled and fought manfully, but in vain. I was jerked off my legs, and hurled headlong down, and found myself caught below by some strong arms, though not until I had half sprained my wrist, and barked one of my shins from knee to instep. These sufferings soon gave way to others as I became sea-sick, and lay at the bottom of the boat, praying we might all go down, and end a misery I could no longer endure. That spars struck me, and ballast rolled over me; that heavy-footed sailors trampled me, and seemed to dance on me, were things I minded not. Great waves broke over the bows, and came in sheets of foam and water over me. What cared I? I had that deathlike sickness that makes

[CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE]