ERIN'S EMBLEMS.

C_: would'st thou know —the emblems of the isle of Destiny,

That hat owed land where the turrets and and the beautiful mountains

The le the symbols proud of a race ncowed beir-tooms of a nation

A shamrock-plant and a flag of green and a cownless harp of gold.

Oh a blessing on the shamrock; itis tre e ablem of a faith That wilk the thrust of a myriad

is as d its own on the hillside alone. eway mid the verdant leas,

enoid, and laughed in the face of

With a heart unbent and a martyr's centuries.

Oh a blessing on her banner, there is tope in the emirald green It is for the stave and bope for the brave in its folds of a lustrous

aneen: The hanner that soured o'er Benhur. ed triempt beyond the foam. W' flutter and soar in pride once follows: more o'er battlefields at home.

'sine brown With the setting sun the clansmen won half-hanged, to be imprisoned for years and the foreign flag went down.

swords where far o'er the moun-

'he 's'e of Destiny

'sid by a western sea. They're the symbols proud of a race

and a crownless harp of gold.

ANNE DEVLIN.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT OF ROBERT EMMETT.

Anne Devlin, who will be forever n 'ered in Ireland as the faithful fe sant of Robert Emmet, was posin Feb 14, 1778 She was in Emme s servi e at his residence in Butterfield Lane Rathfornham County Dub n. and assisted him in his plans. After L. Hure on July 23, 1803, and when he was in hiding in the Dublin mounto ... the was the messonger between him and bis friends in Dublin. When an sted she absolutely refused to inform the military as to his whereaboots although subjected to torture and indignity. She suffered more than two years' imprisonment.

From a great and valuable book "The Emmet Family," recently printed for limited private circulation by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York city, we quote the following passages containing interesting matter relating to the heroic and faithful woman:

"In October, 1802, Robert Emmet returned to Ireland from Paris. We have seen from his mother's last letter to her son Thomas that Robert remained for a short time at Casino and was there in December, at the time of his father's death. Shortly after this event Mrs. Emmet closed Casino and changed her residence, as we have seen, to Bloomfield, where she died & few months later. After Mrs. Emmet's change of residence to Bloomfield, another suburb of Dublin. Casino seemed deserted. At this time it is likely that Robert Emmet began his operations in town, but he often used this place as a refuge after a price was put on ais head.

In the basement room to the left of the entrance and at the front of the house he had constructed an underground passage running to a summer house some fifty yards distant, and by then to leave them." "Don't blame curred. His treatment of all, but es this tunnel he frequently succeeded in me." answered Emmet in his gentle pecially of one unfortunate state prisavoiding arrest and making his escape. way, "the fault is not mine, indeed." oner, a female, is shocking to human-The sides of this room were wainscoated with narrow planks, and on



one side he had a secret door carefully concealed by the joining of the One morning, just at dawn, Major Sirr, "the town major," and terror of Dub Tin, with his men, surrounded the house and effected an entrance so suddenly that Mr. Emmet had a very nurrow escape. Major Sirr had accurate information of Mr. Emmet's presence in the house, and, finding the bed warm, he resorted to intimidation to discover his place of concealment. But he failed to get any information from Anne Devlin, the young woman in charge of the house. Finally Sirr removed the oxen from a tipcart that was passing and placing a rope around the girl's neck, he tied it to the end of the tongue or pole. Then his body- bayonet, Will you confess now; will guard got into the back of the cart, you tell now where is Mr. Ellis?" Her

thus tilting it up and suspending her constant suswer was. I have nothing as from a gallows. Several times and to tall. I will tell nothing." afterward.

strength through the gore-stained historical by her devotion and integrity three minutes, her feet touched the deed.'

the Dublin Nation of Sept. 27, 1851, shortly after the brave woman's death. We mote from the very full account as

Died, on Thursday of last week, after a long life of hard drudgery and many And the tyre of her soul, that harp of trials and privations, in a wretched sold, doth tell of her chequered; hovel in the Liberties, one of the most heroic and true-hearted women known cod red years and the sacre! to Irish history-Anne Deviin, who tears and the fight where the die was Robert Emmet's servant in the house at Butterfield Lane eight and At the totch of its cords flashed flery forty years ago.

This was the woman who bore to be pricked with yeoman bayonets, to be in a solitary cell of Kilmainham, to see all her kith and kin prison bound, Oh stranger, such are the emblems of and her young brother foully done to death by her side; who resisted bribes, A triplet guard to watch and ward that threats, torture and death itself with courage that never for a second faltered, sooner than utter one treacherous uncowed, heir-looms of a nation word of her master. And from a squalid alley off the Coombe, after her A -bancrock-plant and a flag of green, long struggles and sufferings, this neroic life has at length flown before the throne of God. This day week they prevail on her to give information "ecarried its mortal remains in a charity specting Robert Emmet's place of concoffin to Glasnevin.

house there. There were Thomas Rus- against persons who were not her re Hamilton, of Enniskillen, singing the not true), and that they were sent day long like a lark; Dowdall, the nat- home liberated (which was also a ne). rapdoors and his grand plan of city whom some passed from the gaol to cal's offer.' the gibbet in a few months; and some ' "She was in Kilmainham a close escaped and won guerdon and glory prisoner when Robert Emmet was exeunder the Imperial Eagles; and others cuted. She was kept locked up in a suffered for years the abominable solitary cell, and indeed always, with tyranny of the gaoler Trevor, him they a few exceptions, was kept so during Kilmainham."

preparations, and at last the night of through Thomas street. The jailer has the outbreak, the 23d of July, came- given orders to stop the coach at the with its miserable failure and ignom- scaffold where Robert Emmet was exeiny. At 11 o'clock of the night, Anne cuted. It was stopped there, and she Devlin was dispatching a man on was forced to look at his blood, which horseback with a sack of cartridges was still plain enough to be seen sprinand some flasks of gunpowder when kled over the deal boards." that night and the following day, and Anne Devlin. then fled to the mountains, Anne's father supplying them with horses and her limbs, weakened in her intellect, accompanying them.

We give the tale of Anne's heavy

in detail. 'The day after Emmet and his companions went away from Butterfield strength—and shortly afterward she Lane a troop of yeomen came with a married a decent poor man, named magistrate, and searched the house. Campbell, a drayman we believe. Years Every place was ransacked from top to passed, years of privation and strugbottom. As for Anne Devlin, she was gles and hard labor; and there was a seized on when they first rushed in. time then in which it was dangerous She was kept below by three or four of to speak of "the troubles;" and anthe yeomen with their fixed bayonets other time came, when a generation pointed at her, and so close to her had grown over the old hopes and body that she could feel their points, hates of the United Irishmen-and so When the others came down she was all memory of her courage and her examined. She said she knew noth- sufferings had been dispelled, when ing in the world about the gentlemen, Dr. Madden, exploring materials for except that she was a servant maid. his life of Emmet some years ago. dis-Where they came from, and where covered her earning her bread as a they went to, she knew nothing about, common washerwoman in a miserable and so long as her wages were paid she cabin in a stable yard off John's Lane.

the truth, he threatened her with death that ever throbbed in a woman's if she did not tell; she persisted in as- | breast. serting her total ignorance of Mr. Ellis' acts and movements, and of those in his book that Dr. Madden, at his of all the other gentlemen. At length own expense, placed a monument over the magistrate gave the word to hang this noble woman's grave in Glasnevin. her, and she was dragged into the On it he had sculptured a most approcourtyard to be executed. There was a priate emblem in the figure of an Irish common car there, they tilted up the wolf dog, now extinct. but which in shafts, and fixed a rope from the back- the days of old was considered the band that goes across the shafts, and most noble of animals. The following while these preparations were making epitaph is inscribed upon it: for her execution, the veomen kept her t "To the Memory of Anne Devlin standing against the wall of the house, prodding her with their bayonets in The faithful servant of Robert Emmet, the arms and shoulders till she was all. Who possessed some rare and noble over with blood (a young woman then about twenty-six years of age), and saying to her at every thrust of the

was thus holsted into the air, these "The rope was at length put about men jumping out of the cart and let- her neck; she was dragged to the place ting the body fall to the ground when where the car was converted into a they thought her dead. Each time, gallows; she was placed under it, and however, as soon as she revived, and the end of the rope was passed over with the first breath freely expressed the backband. The question was then her opinion of them, she was imme- put to her for the last time, Will you diately strung up again. At length, confess where Mr. Ellis is? Her ansthinking she was dead, they marched wer was, 'You may murder me, you off, but fortunately for her the noose Villains; but not one word about him had been adjusted by an unskillful will you ever get from me.' She had hand. She recovered, and it is a re- just time to say 'The Lord Jesus have markable circumstance that this poor mercy upon my soul' when a tremendwoman was again subjected to a simi- our shout was raised by the yeomen; lar hanging after Robert Emmet's ar- the rope was pulled by all of them, exrest, but for all she lived many years cept those who held down the back part of the car, and in an instant she "From this we see that the name of was suspended by the neck. After she Anne Devlin has justly been rendered had been thus suspended for two or to Robert Emmet and to his family ground, and a savage yell of laughter during these days of sorrow and ad- recalled her to her senses. The rope versity, when friends were few in- round her neck was loosened and ner life was spared—she was let off with Further very interesting particulars half hanging. She was then sent to relating to Anne Devlin appeared in town and brought before Major Sirr. "No sooner was she brought before



Grave of Anne Devlin.

Major Sirr than he, in the most civil and coaxing manner, endeavored to cealment. The question continually The old house still stands in Butter- put to her was, 'Well, Anne. all we field Lane, Rathfarnham, which was want to know is where did he go to occupied by Emmet and his chief from Butterfield Lane? He san a comrades for five months previous to would undertake to obtain for her the their abortive insurrection. They were sum (he did not call it reward) of a goodly company who plotted togeth- £500 which, he added, 'was a fine forer through the summer time in the old tune for a young woman, only to tell sell, mild, melancholy, and thoughtful lations: that all the others of them as an ascetic; his nephew, gay Henry had confessed the truth (which was

ural son of Hussey Burgh, and protege 'The author said to her with neof Henry Grattan; "Mr. Robert himcoming gravity: 'You took the money, self, the best and kindest hearted" of course?' The look the woman gave them all, with his fancies often and was one that would have made an idoften straying away from rockets and mirable subject for a painter-a regard in which wonder, indignation and mistactics to sweet Sarah Curran, and the giving of the seriousness of the person happy love that dawned with freedom who addressed her were blended: 'Me! and glory from the future. And to take the money—the price of Mr. Roband fro came a host of others, of ert's blood! No. I spurned the ras-

called "Pedro Zenono, the inquisitor of her confinement the first year. The day after his execution she was taken The summer wore away in active from jail to the castle to be examined,

Emmet, accompanied by a number of In Kilmainham she remained for the Kildare men, rushed into the years-she, her father and all their yard. In an hour's confusion the or- family, except two young children, Her ganization of months had been dissi- brother died of jail fever, terribly ugpated. "Who's there?" shouted Anne, gravated by the horrible crueities of challenging them. "It's I. Anne!" said Trevor. She herself well nigh driven Emmet. "Oh, bad welcome to you," to madness by him. The memorial of she exclaimed bitterly; "is the world the state prisoners says: "He drives, lost by you, you cowards that you are, through exasperation. the mind to to lead the people to destruction, and madness, of which instances have oc-They remained at Butterfield Lane ity and exceeds credibility." This was

She was at last released, crippled in hardly able to live, without a home and with but few friends in the world. A sufferings in Dr. Madden's words, and subscription of £10. which was collected for her at the time, enabled her to subsist until she had recovered some cared to know nothing else about them. To him Ireland owes all its knowledge "The magistrate pressed her to tell of one of the truest and bravest hearts

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet also says

(Campbell).

qualities; Who lived in obscurify and poverty

and so died The 18th September, 1851.

The state of the s

Aged 70 years."

LONELY IS HER GRAVE

The Last Resting Place of Famuy Parnel is Unmarked.

Fanny Parnell, the unselfish poetic and self-sacrificing stater of one of Ireland's greatest leaders in this century, lies in an unmarked and neglect- She knew, too, herself, that ner ed grave in peaceful and historic strength was giving way. And then tury, lies in an unmarked and neglect-Mount Auburn, at Cambridge, Mass. bursting into song he sung of Fanny Attention to this fact, so shameful to Parnell: the race for which she and her brother laid down their lives, has recently been drawn, and a movement has been set on foot by certain patriotic Irishwomen in the east, and in Chicago to either build a monument over: her resting place or have her remains transported to Dublin and laid by the side of her immortal brother, Charles Stewart Parnell, in beautiful Glasnevin cemetery. The project of these warmen, who loved Fanny Parmell for her genius and heroic efforts when alive, and now revere her memory, has taken no definite shape as yet, but the consummation will probably be that her remains will be taken to Ireland. Shortly before her death she plaintively sung "Shall Mine Eyes Behold the Glory of My Country?" And as if feeling that her longing would not be granted she saw in vision the triumph of the land she loved: Ah, the tramp of feet victorious, I

should hear them.

'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses, My heart should toss within the shroud and quiver.

As the captive dreamer tosses; should turn and rend the cere dother

round me. Giant sinews I should borrow,

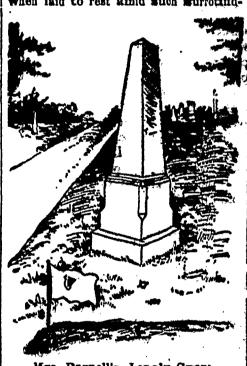
Crying, "O. my brothers, I have also loved ber. In her lowliness and sorrow. Let me join with you the jubilant pro-

cession. Let me chant with you her story;

Then contented, I shall go back to the Shamrocks.

Now mine eyes have seen her giory."

And yet, for a soul so brave and heroic and poetic as Fanny Parnell's. than Mount Auburn could be found, for of Sarah Curran, Robert Emmet's be not seen to realize the action of sarah Curran, Robert Emmet's be not seen to realize the action of sarah Curran, Robert Emmet's be not seen to realize the action of sarah Curran, Robert Emmet's be not seen to realize the action of sarah Curran, Robert Emmet's be not seen to realize the action of sarah Curran. America's mightiest dead. And she scarce any more fitting "God's acre" was of mighty stock herself, for her Ol make her a grave where the secblood was that of "Old Ironsider," the heroic and Admiral Stewart. Near and around the unadorned grave of this gentle revolutionist and passion. They shall smile o'er her steep like a ate patriot lie the remains of men who have made their country famous. Not far away are the graves of Longfellow. Holmes and Lowell, singers greater than herself, but not more west nor tender; and nearer still are those of THE SHAMROCK'S HISTORY. Charles Sumner, Edwin Booth, Louis Choate, and others of lasting famo. When one thinks of these and other names it has not unjustly been said lords, vassals, and Drulds, was ablethat Mount Auburn "is to the United brating at Tara, the ancient capital of States what Westminster Abbey is to freland, it happened to be on the ere of the baughty ones of Britain." And Easter. The time had come when all. when laid to rest amid such surround- the fires were to be extinguished, that,



Mrs. Parnell's Lonely Grave.

is situated at the base of a large mound, on which stands a tower, within which an ascent can be made to a height of 200 feet, and from the top the surrounding country, but for miles lime faith of the Church of Rome, To- int wrinkles and lime at the of which a view can be had not only of out on the Atlantic. As has been said, the resting place of Fanny Parnell is unmarked, a fact which is a disgrace and a lasting reproach to the lrish people of Boston, and to the followers of Parnell throughout the country. Some admirer of the patriot woman sleeping beneath has placed a little flag, ornamented with the harp of her country, over the disappearing mound, and with that exception there was or cavan and consumderstand the baths on light nothing else, a short time ago, at least, strangeness of the Trinity—how three warm ones his before the number of the grave lot is carved, and with device that he to be the continue on the carved, and with device that he to be the carved and with device that he to be the carved and with device that he to be the carved and with device that he to be the carved and with device that he carved be the carved and with device that he carved be the carved and with device that he carved be the carved and with device that he carved by the carved and with device that the carved and with device that the carved by the carved and with device that the carved by the carved and with device that the carved by the carved and the carved by t the number of the grave lot is carved, and with daylight their hearts began to heur need not be come to indicate who sleeps beneath. Add return to their idols. Suddenly the in all bethe none of miral Stewart, "Old Ironsides," is a iso buried in the lot. What Davis said of apostle caught to a sprig of shamrock. taken less than an now the grave of Wolfe Tone, half a central in the adoration of the one true. Where it is possible tury ago, applies with quite equal force God, and then holding it forth, he rain water for the b to that of Fanny Parnell:

stone.

Her name seldom named, and her vir- people understood the mystery; they and a little borar or tues unknown.

Fanny Parnell died in Bordentown, have carried him on their shoulders. N. J., on July 20, 1982, and her remains and from that hour the faith of Patrick were taken to Boston the following was planted in the Itish heart, and that October. Parnell was then the arbiter taith since has never fell. of Ireland's destinies, and the ingratitude which has forgotten that great chlestain has forgotten her. She was one of the bravest, and purest, and truest of souls, and to her ceaseless efforts for the freedom of her country may her early death be attributed. John Boyle O'Reilly wrote of her when her restless spirit burst its bonds; First Bunco Man These big crops "There was something almost mystical and high prices are a great thing in her nature and her life. Like the Becond Bunco Man- Sure) Wa macred Pythoness, milks her own would we do without the farmer?

stight physical self, she draw h quivering with force and personn Thinking of Ireland made her soul so tremulees with grief and love that her body began to waiter from the terrible straim. Her friends warned her that she must stop writing, stop thinking.

The singer who lived is always slive, tirely away from the wife we hearken and siways hear! And they raise her body with lender without any provision for hands and bear her down to the band. All women engaged:

They lay her in state in the mourning from not granted to make the wife ship, like the filly-maid; Whalne; sell her landed property and And they sail to her lale across the absolute title without the co

To lift her in silence with heads all lands without her somether hare to her home for evermore. . these privileges he saked the

O. a grave among our own Is warmer and dearer than living on that is more potent for the in the stranger's land alone.

No need of a tomb for the singer! Her! In this connection a true story the sky above her brow,

Is the same that smiled and wept on owned, some land upon the outskills her youth, and the grass around is of the place. There was a great deal

awake.

smile and her eyes be open to see, sense and lower and When the cry goes out to the national When when received the free that the singer's land is free.

in having the bones of Panny Pannell, and her land, and she west; as need transferred to Glasnevin, there to min- to the term hall, but this time and gle with the ashes of her brother. Then sclove of a new authority as a it could be sung of her, as Moore did. The clerk of the sounds services, all

beams rest. When they promise a glorious mor-

ray from the west, From her own loved bland of sor

Mrs. AT The council imper Agassis, Charlotte Cushmam, Rufus How the Rattle of Patrick Was Planted Set to more Tayon True hay of in the Trink Henry When King Lerry, surrounded by his . Iy lan't any past . App found when she madiled of Harper's Baser. after a while, they might be relighted

by the sacred torch consecrated to the heathen gods. In the interval of hallowed darkness suddenly there ap have trueble with peared a brilliant light at the top of the light her dainty dramer table?" Slope of Charlots. The sparks and one admits that our names rose frome the mysterious camp colors seen by cameliels of profession of the aucient faith of same by day; they are take Tara. Who had dared to profune the more beautiful, and the dist sacred darkness by unholy fires? light one must, Canadies are like w What bold blasphemer ventured to light thing else in life, though The the torch until the dame had been their good and their will will a brought from the alter of the gods? shedding the light of the The warriors grasped their arms and on those about them the rushed up the hill te tour the infidel on the best table lines and to pieces. They selved him and drag- own shades out hes to had ged him down to the hall of judgement. dies can do more to have but all the while he kept reciting pray than one ers to the unknown God; and when great and there with brought before the assembly of on- their therete. raged idolators, Bt. Patrick, who for why on earth women in seven years had been Milcho's herds ing their finner habits man slave, stood forth, like the herote He'd far references in Paul, and answered for himself. In nished by the his learned to accept the last learned to accept learned to love the Irish people, and as part of the distant with the burden of salvation he had he to to the his les ings, the most devoted admirer of traversed the great plains from the before his spect. Fanny Parnell can hardly say that she mouth of the Buyne to the Slope of the pyrotechnic coat has not found an appropriate resting them all hight-from the birth of the stars to the grave of the young Irish heroine, stars to the grand ascension of the admirable stars to the grand ascension of the admirable stars to the grand ascension of the samples. sun. He spoke as never man had spok- candle, which do en in Tars. He told them the story of the house on the melther the Nazarene, of the Blessed Trinity— one's fine isblecloths and Tather, Son and Holy Ghost-of Bap— tection from the real three tism, of the Bucharist, of all the auto- all, it sheds a light onetime a une wards daylight the people began to be- that of the wax tap lieve and fell into debate, one with an made of the ware and the other. The arch-Druid the king, and Housekeepers know what a two beautiful maidens were converted coming light of gives. The of and baptized. The turnuit increased: are supplied with wicks and of the true first of heaven were blaning which make firmpossibled in the dark valley of paganism, and St. shades to catch on are Patrick preached on until the daydawn began to reveal the course of the Blackwater, the Boyne, and the hills of Cavan and the heights of Slane a simple rule may bein which had been holding up its triple- strer meals. showed the people that three leaves nearest approach to distil A martyr for Ireland, her grave has no growing from a single stock constitute which is too expensive to

> There is no real power on earth save labor. There is no useful thing controllied by men save labor. There is no useful work done by the brain save by the wise direction of labor.

for instance, an BOT ILE DIE for the debie of A man cannot leave big

WOMEN OUR WILL SELVEN Dave Cartain exemptions: ses, where the people wait on the her husband, whereas a husband not dispose of his wife's down to Her home in the heart of her country: ground of sensitive Or we the the sign of a reversion for would be than the mere power to deposit a lead would be?

fair hair's pillow now ... not be out of order. In a Colores Is the sacred clay of her country, and town before equal suffrage became the law of the state lived a woman who of land speculation in Colbrado at that With the clinging leaves of the shame time, and the council was fond of layrock that cover her peaceful sleep. Ing out new strate indextending the Undreaming there ahe will rest and city privileges (and insell beyond the walt in the tomb her people make, wishes of many with the tomb her people make, Till she hears men's hearts, like the were plans to lay out streets through seeds in spring, all stirring to be this woman's properly, and twice she went before the neurolly explained the-Till she feels the moving of souls that speculative character of the prejects strain till the bands around them and folled the speculative fine rebreak; ceived marked constant from the break; had then, I think, her dead lips wilk nilmen, and aboved because the second of the second

In Colorado alie fade that menhor a It is believed that the movement arty. A short the after the flow on foot will in good time result tion a new speculative selected threat you. It won't be any tree to be kindly but a triffe bruggisly.

"Why not?" saked Mis. As, surpris in her turn. Thave always recorded great consideration from the compati and this time I have more to gome of them usual And the

The clerk amiled without he added. "Whom did yo I'm airmid. You out rocher that it.

but one. Instantly the quick-witted Soft water is next west rushed upon the apostle and would water will soften at Clean ineas of the