Poets' Corner.

Here is a German ballad on the sufferings of Ireland, says the Montreal 'Harp,' translated by Howitt. The author (Ferdinand Freiligrath) is not inspired so much by the beauties of the German Fatherland as by the sorrows of Erin. Alone in his study his vision is not purpled with the gorgeous light of a sunset on the Rhine, but with the life blood which English law and landlord tyranny have drawn from the Irish heart:—

The boat swings to a rusty chain;
The sail, the oar, of use no longer—
The fisher's boy died yester e'en,
And now the father faints with hunger,
Pale Ireland's fish, is landlord's fish,
It gives him costly food and raiment;
A tattered garb, and empty dish,
These are the fisher's only payment.

A pastoral sound is on the wind,
With kine the roads are swarmed—oh, pity,
A ragged peasant crawls behind,
And drives them to the seaport city.
Pale Ireland's herds the landlord claims—
The food which Paddy's soul desireth—
That would nerve his children's frames,
The landlord's export trade requireth.

To him the cattle are a fount
Of joy and luxury never scanty,
And each horned head augments the amount
Which swells for him the horn of plenty.
In Paris and in London town
His gold makes gambling tables glitter,
The while his Irish poor lie down
And die, like flies in winter bitter.

Hallo! hallo! the chase is up!
Paddy, rush in—be not a dreamer—
In vain! for thee there is no hope,
The game goes with the earliest steamer;
For Ireland's game is landlore's game—
The landlord is a large encroacher;
God speed the peasant's righteous claim,
He is too feeble for a poacher!

The landlord cares for ox and hound,
Their worth a peasant's worth surpasses!
Instead of draining marshy ground—
Old Ireland's wild and drear morasses—
He leaves the land a boggy fen,
With sedge and useless moss grown o'er;
He leaves it for the water hen,
The rabbit and the screaming plover.

Yes, 'neath the curse of heaven! of waste
And wilderness four million acres!
To pour corrupt, outworn, debased,
No wakening peals prove slumber breakers.
Oh, Irish land is landlord's land!
And therefore by the wayside dreary
The famished mothers weeping stand,
And beg for means their babes to bury.

A wailing cry sweeps like a blast
The length and breadth of Ireland through;
The west wind which my casement passed
Brought to my mind that wail of sorrow,
Faint as the dying man's last sigh
Came o'er the waves, my heart-strings searing,
The cry of woe, the hunger cry,
The death-cry of poor weeping Erin.

Erin! She kneels in stricken grief,
Pale, agonizing with wild hair flying,
And strews the shamrock's withered leaf
Upon her children, dead and dying.
She kneels beside the sea, the streams,
And by her ancient hills' foundations—
Her, more than Byron's Rome, beseems
The title "Niobe of Nations."

THE DISINHERITED SON.

A LEGEND OF FURNESS ABBEY.

Chapter X.

A SCENE IN THE KING'S GALLERY.

The slow progress of the commissioners did not satisfy the eager rapacity either of the king or his satellites. In the year 1536, a bill was introduced and hurried, not without opposition, through the houses.

This bill gave to the king and his heirs all monastic establishments, the clear yearly value of which did not exceed two hundred pounds, with the property belonging to them both real and personal, vesting the possession of the buildings and lands in the hands of those persons to whom the king should assign them by letters patent, but obliging the grantees, under a penalty of ten marks per month, to keep on them an honest house and household, and to plough the same number of acres which had been ploughed on an average for the last twenty years.

It was calculated that by this act about three hundred and eighty communities would be dissolved, and that an addition of thirty-two thousand pounds would be made to the annual revenue of the crown, besides the present receipt of one hundred thousand in money, plate, and jewels.

The higher value of money, too, in those days must be remembered; it would have been more than double the sum at the present time.

This atrocious bill was not passed even by a cowardly Tudor parliament without delay and opposition.

The rapacious tyrant fretted at the delay.

Nor were his needy courtiers less impatient. Among these last was one, Sir Everard Tilney, an English gentleman who had been in the service of Francis, King of France; and who had been introduced to Henry by the French king, when he and that monarch had a meeting at Boulogne; and he took Anne Boleyn with him as Marchioness of Pembroke.

Much sorrow, it was whispered, had been Sir Everard's portion in his youth, troubles which had caused his exile from his native land, and his traversing the continent a mere soldier of fortune for many years.

A chance, however, perhaps the first fortunate chance which had ever befalleu him, had introduced Sir Everard to the French King. Whatever might have been the distresses of his youth they had not divested him of the graces of an accomplished courtier.

He could sing, play, dance, flatter, and add to all these these trivial merits, he had the undisputed fame of a gallant soldier.

If occasionally a frown would darken his broad brow, or there was a ring of sarcasm in his voice, what then? Whatever might have been the suffering, or wrong, which Sir Everard Tilney had sustained, it had not broken his heart, however much it had embittered his spirit.

Gay, reckless, daring, and insinuating, he was a universal favorite. The mingled dash and fascination of his manner, his excellence, not only in all courtly accomplishments, but in athletic sports, charmed Henry; and Francis, to whom the knight had made known his earnest desire to return to his native land, recommended him to the service of the English monarch.

His preferment in the court of Henry was rapid; and as whatever the mind of the king might be, such also was the mind of Sir Everard, he maintained the favor of the royal weathercock.

With the eagerness of personal malice, he entered into the scheme for the dissolution of the monasteries. His promptings—and he certainly possessed the ear of the king—surpassed in rapacity and vindictiveness those of Cromwell himself.

This man, Henry had made one of his private secretaries, in order to ensure the constant society of one who could alike relieve his jaded spirits by his hilarity and wit, and feed his self-love, yet never diverge into gross and fulsome flattery.

The bill for the dissolution of the religious houses lagged, as we have said, in the House of Commons.

By the advice of Sir Everard, Henry one day commanded that a certain number of the members should assemble in a gallery near to the royal apartments, where he, the king would have a speech with them.

When he entered the gallery he was accompanied by Sir Everard Tilney, upon whose arm he leaned with that friendly familiarity which he was accustomed to exhibit towards those who, for the time, shared his capricious favor.

Both the king and the knight were magnificently attired.

The king's doublet of purple velvet was so adorned with embroidery of gold that little of the texture, wich as it was, could be seen.

The hilts of his sword and dagger were literally crusted with jewels. He wore a collar of emralds, and round his cap a circlet of balus rubies.

Sir Everard was arrayed in a rich suit of murry-colored velvet, slashed with white satin, and elaboratoly enriched with gold lace.

About his neck he wore a collar of diamonds, and an aigrette of the same gems fastened the white plume in the small velvet cap which he carried in his left hand.

The early beauty of Henry was already deteriorating under the influence of his wild passions.

He was becoming corpulent. His fine complexion, which at one time a lady might have envied, was becoming coarse, and too deeply charged with red; and his once frank and clear blue eyes, sunk and bloodshot, darted glances by turns sullen and ferocious from under the swollen lids.

His olive complexion and swart hair might have betokened Sir Everard as an inhabitent of the South.

Though still in the flower of youth, deep lines were graven on his brow, and his ebon locks touched here and there with grey.

Yet still both Sir Everard and the King must have been called handsome men; but the blight that had fallen on their souls had scathed their personal beauty also.

The last sunbeams gilded the clear sharp atmosphere of a March day, and shooting through the glass in the many mullioned windows of the royal gallery, threw into strong relief the anxious faces of the attendant Commons.

Henry had already given terrible proofs of his implacable temper, and the bare summons to his presence filled the faint hearts of those cravens of the Commons with terror.

On came the king, with heavy strides, glancing along the line of anxious faces, his own dark with suppressed passion. His lowering looks were revealed by the amber rays of the sunset, which lighted into splendour the jewels that so elaborately adorned his dress. Twice the king, still leaning on the arm of Sir Everard, paced the long gallery, casting withering glances on the members.

Sir Everard smiled; but it was a smile that had the serpent under it—a smile that was more ominous than was the frown of the king.

When, for the second time, Henry had paced the gallery, he paused, and stamping his foot, exclaimed in a voice so loud and ferocious that it made the vaulted roof ring—