The Team of the Marquise

BY LEON DE TINSBAU

'A squadron of chasseurs was sent tract of Morbihan, between Pontivy

G- does not pique itself upon being the home of progress. It is nearly forty-eight miles from the railway. and if the telegraph is there, it was established only in the face of a unanimous vote of the city council refusing the five hundred francs demanded of it by the State as its quota of

and the sea.

E

"We don't want Paris spying upon us," said these worthy Brctons.

0---, however, has nothing to con-At most, sundry packets of smuggled tobacco, sundry blows a trifle too vigorous on the nights of the "Pardons" in years when the Two maids in caps raised the monuelder crop has been good.

Of course, this distrustful city has kept its ancient ramparts, whose talus slopes, hired out to butchers who raise their own mutton, supply the chief revenues of the municipal strong box. The lighting has remained stationary, and the committee on public highways is somewhat remiss in its duties After eight o'clock in the evening the infrequent passerby takes care to keep in the middle of the street, for certain details of the interior service of the houses are accomplished through the windows-not a very serious inconvenience in a rewhere it rains on an average

three hundred days in the year At the time of the Revolution, out of its two thousand souls Dcounted twenty-five noble families whose heroic devices are still to be seen on the sombre granite of their house-fronts. The greater part of these families has disappeared, flown towards the sunlight of a more active civilization, or are lying in endless sleep under the flags of the old church or in the vault of Quiberon, some leagues away Four or five are dying out where they are, wrapped haughtily in a pride of name which covers their poverty and suffering as with a mantle, and thus managing to exist at the end of the nineteenth century on what would already have been insufficient eighty years earlier

With the exception of the four privates and the brigadier of the county police, no cavairy had been seen at G- since the risings of 1832 The chasseurs were received with feelings that wavered between curiosity and resignation, but never assumed the shape of enthusiasm. For that matter, the soldiers themselves, and es-Officers. one goes to Purgatory, glad to think that the manocuvres would keep them all day long in the open country, far from a town all black granite and looking like a .nonastery, where everybody talk d ".as-breton," even to

the very tavern signs. The first day, the squadron entered d- towards seven in the evening, half dead with hunger and fatigue The seven or eight officers dismounted in front of the Gozziou hotel, which had taken charge of their mess After dinner most of them went to bed in the houses where they had been billeted on the inhabitants They needed rest before the "surprise' to be attempted by the "enc-

my," according to programme, at about half-past two in the morning "With whom do you lodge, d'Avric urt?" asked a comrade of the lefu-

tenant bearing that name. "Really I do not know," he answered, "and I confess I do not care

Then, drawing a paper from the pocket of his dolman: 'The Marquise de la Meaugon! That sounds well. I will nd her my

card when I go to her house " "You are the fellow for luck in your lodgings!"

"Oh! luck! because my countrywoman is a marquise? You may be sure that if she were young and pretty as well she would not be living in a holo liks this Well, good-night! Our crazy seleral would have done well to dot the night alarm to nine o'clock

the morning. 'Yes, and let us bo driven form by the enemy instead of leavag us here for a week as victors "

The Marquise lived on the public Quinzo, but not inclining the by any architectural ornaments anso it costs too much to chisel eton granite into mouldings, span- is over." ble, and volutes. Even time had Even up trying to indent it

Raoul d'Avricourt had only to push s leaves of the heavy oaken door in rder to gain admission to the manon of his noble hostess. The Light hat caught his eye in the courtyard come would be better . . My lieuthe fading twilight was so strange that, in order to see it better, he con aled himself behind a clump of

eet bay that flanked the entranco | that some one notifies these ladies, so the inside.

chariot, widowed of horses but not of a coachman-for a white-haired old man sat on the box as proudly as if for the autumn manocurres of 1883 he had under his whip apair otherses to the little town of G-, situated worth five hundred louis-was drawn in the middle of an immense barren up in front of the perron. An old woman, leaning upon two younger ones, came down the steps and made ready to enter the vehicle. Before taking her seat she accosted the honorary coachinan in a thick and broken

"Are you holding your horses well, Thegonnec?"

"Madame has nothing to fear," answered the man in a very loud tone, removing his hat as he did so. "Good, my friend, be careful You

know what a poltroon I am in a carriage " Madamo de la Meaugon sat down on the back seat of the carriage and her two companions on the front one

mental step, and one of them opened the leaves of the porte-cochere Meanwhile the old coachman, descending noiselessly from his scat, made an authoritative gesture to which two vigorous fellows, hidden in an angle of the wall, responded by coming obediently to take their places at the swingle-trees Thegonucc was at the head of the pole, the two maids were at the back, ready to push.

From the inside of the carriage came the voice of the Marquise com-

"To the house of Madame du Faouct!"

. At once the human team stiffened its muscles, the equipage shook, crossed the threshold, and disappeared in the street The lieutenant might well have believed himself the only human being left behind But, as he was wondering how he was to find his wa to his room in this described dwelling, a sound of hobnailed boots became audible in the dark court. "Is that you, Moreau?" called the officer.

"Yes, lictenant, I was waiting to take you to your room."

Five minutes later Raoul was making his night toilette in a chamber so vast that the single wax candle only succeeded in casting an uncertain glimmer Lost in the immense space, the scanty furniture, the whole of which, saving the colossal bed, could have been stowed in a garret, seemed still more scanty. In striking contrast, on the chestnut table, darkened by years, glittered the silver, crystal, and ivory of the elegant dress-

ing-case of a man of fashion, "Oh, come!" said the licutement, while faithful Moreau was pulling off his boots, "what sort of a phantasthere as magoria have I just been looking at? trast with the motionless platoon custom of the country to substitute holding in one hand a lantern fastenthe man to have been here for the with the other a copper bell. Then a last two hours without learning Breton in a short jacket, breeches

house "As to that," replied the soldiervalet, "I think I am pretty well up in it. thanks to the fact that old Thegonnec talks French or something near it. We are in the house of the Marquiso do la Meaugon, retired here with her two granddaughters "

"That does not tell me why she is

so careful of her horses ' "Her horses, licutenant? They have been dragging the stage-coach of Auray for the last two years But the old lady is blind and three-quarters deal, and she does not suspect it. She had a son-in-law. Comte de Pordic, who invested all his money in a big bank. The only trouble was

that one day there was a---'

"A crash!" "That's it, licutenant. Then everything was cleaned out. The Comto died of vexation, and to prevent their | put on black veil covered her admiragrandmother from doing the same his | ble hair of pale gold. Her steady, two daughters have been bamboozling | clear blue eyes possessed, on account her, saving your presence, for the last of the infinite depth of their gaze, two years. You saw the carriage | that startling attraction usually exact, for me, I saw the dinner act "

"What do you mean?" "I had to go into the kitchen to get lukewarm water for Fanfreluche, and I kept an eye on the servants without letting them suspect it, and I saw through the trick-a very simple one, anywav A chicken wing for the old lady and buckwheat cakes for the young ones It is a tale of pover ty in four volumes.'

"Bit how are all those servants paid?"

"Thegonnec and the two maids are all that belong to the house, and it does not cost much to feed servants in this country. As to their wages * no danger but what they spend treet in a house built in the days of them-you understand me? As for the two polemen, they are nephews of the coachman who come to give their uncle a hand after their day's work

> "What amazes me is that the Marquiso has not dispensed herself from lodging soldiers. She has the right." She would not. The old lad; has courage and pride as high as a mountain. All the same, a little more in-

tenant needs nothing more?" 'No, go to bed. You must wake me to-night at two o'clock Take care that they may not be frightened old-fashioned, superannuated they hear anything.",

son of a noble of ancient lineage and an enormously rich citizen's daughter Like an intelligent fellow, he had appropriated from this mesallianco its best parts, taking from his father his name, character and sentiments, which were those of a man of good blood, and from his mother, who died and one or two solid millions. But, if he made use of his eyes-and very good use, for that matter-he had as yet merely the reversion of the milmore debts than were becoming frue, to this comewhat meagre sum the Comte d'Avricourt had the good liabit of adding a monthly subsidy of three thousand france It is a system which fathers who have sons in the inferior grades of the army would do well to adopt Raoul was the best-hearted fellow in the world Worn out with want of

sleep, he lay down between the sheets of a marquise whose granddaughters had not the wherewithal to buy meat Hence he slept badly When Morcau came to wake him, Raoul was dreaming that the Marquise, accompanied by her grand-children, was driving in the Bois in a victoria for which he had paid himself

IV.

At the hour appointed, the enemies represented by two or three companies of the line, attempted the surprise, but they were received in good style and hotly pursued into their positions with the alternatives of defeat or success. At ten in the morning they were still fighting. A platoon performed at a gallop a turning movement in a sunken rord.

"Halt!" commanded d'Avricourt, who led the little troop The twentyfive chasseurs drew rein. The tired horses stopped at once, though continuing to drive away flies by kicks which made the sheaths of the sabres ring against their dripping flanks "To the left, in line of battlet"

cried the officer again. The manoeuvre was performed; the platoon drew up in a double line, leaving a narrow enough space between the horses' heads and the talus of earth surmounted by chestnut trees which bordered the other side of the

"What!" grumbled a veteran, "Isn't the day over? What an invention these grand manueuvres are! I'll bet these flinty-hearted sluggards are going to fire on us again from under cover And how mean that is, in such roads as this!"

"Come," said a non-commissioned officer, "shut up, you fellows, don't make so much disturbance! This is nothing! It is only the good God Who is going to pass on the right

side." In fact, a procession was seen approaching which was in striking con-

A young fellow marched in front, something of the history of the with flaps hanging down to the call, a large black hat under his arm, his grey hair flowing on his shoulders, led by the bridle a pony with shaggy mane and tail which might have measured four feet across the withers On this peaceful mount an old priest in a surplice was going to give the Viaticum to some dying person in a neighboring thatched hut. Seven or eight peasant women of all ages followed, reciting their resaries, and making with their lighted candles and their high caps of the time of Duchess Anno the effect of one of those processions which artists of the sixteenth century loved to paint on the church windows of the period

The rearguard was formed by a servani-maid in a costume more modern but not richer, accompanying her mistress, a graceful young girl with an aristocratic profile, whose carclessly ercised by darker ones. They revealed both purity and tenderness, devotion and poetry, inclancholy and courage, but above all the glo-tous radiance of a loyal and intrepid soul Assuredly this beautiful personage would have attracted attention anywhere But in the depths of this Breton desert, in the mystic frame of this astere landscape, by the dim light shed through the thick foliage on this strange scene, the apparition shone out with the charm of the unexpected and in

for her. The little procession passed in front of the chasseurs, who presented sabres, while their horses, champing their bits, seemed to be smiling at the sight of the strange congener whose ears, withers and croup formed a horizontal line, and whose lightcolored mane almost touched the

the harmony of a decoration which

seemed to have been made especially

ground. The licutenant had saluted with his sword as the Host went by. But when the beautiful blonde young girl passed him the shining blade was again lowered to the ground, as if he also were paying homage to this Christian

And, in the silence scarcely broken by the choir-boy's bell and the knell floor which is sometimes, for eyes that was toiling in the distance from of eighteen years, the best way an invisible steeple, Raout d'Avri- sec.ng very well.

court, contemplating the unknown with restasy, so far forgets himself The Viconite d'Avricourt was the as to nurmur half audibly:

"It ought to do one good to die under the glance of eyes like thesel' The red which sprang to the thecks of the young girl showed that the had heard these words. Presently the sacred procession disappeared at a corner of the road, while the horsemen, the sabres returned to the young two very handsome dark eyes scabbards, continued their maich in the opposite direction.

There was not one of these men who had not become more serious. As to the licutenant, the meeting with lions While waiting for his father to these two supreme consolers, religion leave them to him, he lived on his and woman, on the way to fulfill pay of two hundred and sixteen their sacred mission, had suddenly france a month, without incurring thrown him into a train of such thoughte as do not usually find lodgment under the kept of an officer of twenty-eight years.

Once more he saw a death-bed that of his mother, a priest was blessing the dying woman He heard the tast words of her whom he had tenderly loved.

"My son, I hope that God will give you a good willou

Then, like a living response to the wish of the dead woman, the mysterious apparition of a moment since recurred to his mind with strange persistence Who was this unknown young girl whom charity was conduct ing to the death-bed of a pauper? Certainly she was a good woman, and low beautiful she was!

Yes, though Raoul d'Arricourt once more, one would be happy to die if wept for by those tender and faithful eyes, and beholding that compassionate handl

midable breakfast had been ordered the day before for the officers of the two armies Everybody knows how two or three dozen oysters and several glasses of chablis develop the dispositions of a nature aircady good of itself. Hardly had he returned to his quarters when d'Avricourt mado an extremely careful tollette which transformed the dusty warrior into a cavalier of lofty mien. Then he sent to ask the Marquise if he might have the honor of being received by her. How far we are already from the simplo visiting card which the licutenant had deemed sufficient the previous ev-

The reply took five minutes in arriving, and these Raoul spent in passing in review before a mirror somewhat tarnished by humidity Yet it was a matter of calling upon a blind lady upon whom all this trouble would be wasted. But who knows? Mesdemoiselles de l'ordic might be there, perhaps, and everything per-mitted him to hope they had good

Notified that he would be welcome, Raoul was introduced by Thegonnec, transformed into a valet-de-chambre, into a salon which was in lamentable harmony with the horseless carriage and the dinner without a roast. One would have said the auctioneer with his hammer had passed through it. On the damasked tapestry of the wa s, faded by time, squares of more vivid color everywhere guarded the recently disappeared Over each door a plaster panel spread open like a facoachman for the horses? You are not ed to the end of a staff, and ringing tally eloquent white page, everything

had been turned into money. The Marquise entered, led by her grand-daughters. This old woman had a bearing so noble, so sovereignly calm, so perfectly kind, that for an instant Raoul felt as if he were the ruined one, and that this grand lady were about to say to him:

"Poor young man! do not despair. At your age everything comes right in the end."

On either side of this beautiful figure a fresh and rosy visage, distinguished and charming, replaces the absent portraits to advantage. Mesdemoiselles de Pordic did not resemble each other, or did so as the red rose and the white bear mutual likeness The one blonde, melancholy, dreamy, the other a gay and sprightly brunette, who seemed the elder, but by very little The three were dressed in black, and one conjectured that the dressmaker who had fitted their

gowns lived at no great distance. "Madame" said d'Avricourt, bowing half a yard lower than one does nowadays to the duchesses of the left bank, "it must be difficult to avoid cursing your invader. I wanted to lay at your feet, as soon as possible, my excuses for this involuntary disturbance."

"Involuntary on your part, sir, but not on mine I am a soldier's daughter and I have insisted, in spite of my privilege as a defenceless old woman, on bearing my part of the expeases of war I have been rewarded by having a well-bred man sent to me Apropos," added the blind woman, with a gaiet; surprising to anyone who knew her history. seems we had a fine scape last night But, thanks to you, was appraised beforehand that the cur would not be taken "

"It will not be taken for a week, until then you are condemned to the tediousness of our presence"

"The tediousness could not be great, alas! At least, you are not too badly off in my house? Your horses agree well with mine, I hope They are not accustomed to seeing strangers; but they are old, and obliged to be peaceable "

Mesdemoiselles de Pordie became red as cherries in listening to these words. As to Raoul, he had scarcely stopped looking at one or the young girls, the blonde, as she had kept her eyes obstinately bent on the

"Parion, blademoiselle" he said, at last, "it seems to me that wo met this morning "

"Yes," sho replied, delighted to turn a sadly emabarrassing conversation. Do you know, grandinother? those soldiers whom we tound in the Recerist road were under Monsteur's command. How tine it was, all those armed cavaliers in battle array, lowcrin their sabres before a poor priest who seemed the image of peace!'

"And before you, who seemed the angel of charity, Madempisene I see that you do not dread fatigue when doing good is in question."

' Alasi it could not fatigue me to return to the house of poor Annie. who leaves little children without bread or shelter "You will deign to receive my aims

for your proteges?" said Raoul, drawing out his pocketbook.
"Oh!" cried the young girl, her

over spining with los, "how good you are! How the dear little things will bless our meeting! They have gained bread for the whole winter from it " "And I," said Raoul softly, feeling once more the emotion of the night

ies which will last longer than the Yvonno made no answer, and for a moment science reigned in the salon

before, "have gained from it memor-

of the Marquise. "Madame," the officer said at last to his hostess, who with tenso neck and watchful car was waiting for the sequel of the conversation, that it is unfortunately impossible to accompany your grandchildren in their

"My health will not permit it Ali Presently the platoon came in sight I can do is to get into the curriage of the lonely farmhouse where a for- three times a week to go and spend the evening with an old neighbor still more to be pitied than I, for she is paralyzed and does not leave her armchair."

The conversation continued for some time. The Marquise spoke to the young man of his family. It seemed they had alliances in common.

"Well," said Madamo de la Maeugon, "since we are relatives, or nearly so, you must dine with me to-morrow evening. I had a chel who has left me, and whose place has been vacant ever since But a soldier in the field accommodates himself to everything, and these little ones will do their best to prevent you from famishing."

This time the "little ones" became pale with terror, and four great beseeching eyes were raised to the offcer, as if to say:

"We hope you will not have the cruelty to accept " But he seemed not to notice

"Madame," said he, "a person more discreet than I would feel bound to refuse. For my part, I accept, only, since this is war-time, you must permit me to impose my conditions. My orderly, who could give Vatel points, will take possession of your ovens, and you will share our booty "

"Fiel sir officer, Booty! Can you be conducting yourselves like Prussians or Cossacks?"

"Not at all, although imitation is the order of the day We made hecatombs of game in our cavairy charges costly pictures which had and I brought tack my holsters full o! it."

It was the young man's turn to blush at a falsehood which did not deceive Mesdemoiselles de Pordic in the least Wounded pride was plainly evident in their glances. But in rising Raoul laid his tinger on his lips and then pointed to their grandmother, smiling with nleasure in her easychair They understood the gesture, and by a spontaneous movement each offered her hand to the lieutenant On withdrawing, the latter had a long conference with Moreau, who was an adept in contrivances of all

That evening, while they were brushing their hair in their common room, Jeanne de Pordie, the brunette. said to her sister, continuing a conversation begun much earlier

"This Vicomte d'Avricourt is really very good-looking Did you recognize him at once?"

"The minute he came in But if you knew how much better he looks on a horse, at the head of his men not so pelished, not so well brushed -more like a soldier, in fact And then, with all that, such a soft

"What! Such a soft voice! for commanding his squadron?" Yvonne blushed, but she did not think it more timely now than in the morning to relate what Raoul had

said of her eyes "How good he is!" she went on. without replying "One hundred francs! Those poor children are quite rich-richer than we are," she added, with a sad smile. "Ah! in spite of everything, this meeting, almost besido a death-bed, frightens mo a little Who knows whether we shall not

"Superstition! Why should we regret it? I never saw a man who inspired confidence so quickly. He made grandmother smile again-is not that enough to make me adore him?"

"And he will love you He will ake you and I shall remain alone You will see whether I am wrong, people always say I have the second "You don't know your trade. If he

loves one of us, it will be you. You are blonde, you are of the Gaelic type and your name is Yvonne, how do you suppose a Parisian could resist all that?"

"There! You have the faculty of of laughing at everything. Think that to-morrow we are going to dine on the bounty of this man!"

"You will have to get used to it when you are his wife. You will have, that my cure was an absolute and between you, an income of one hun-

and five hundred ! Whately, a system was a subject andred thousand francs, for his groom told Thegonice that be would have one hundred thoueand on his side.

The discussion continued for some time longer; then everything was silent in the two white beds. But in rye that could pierce the shadow, might have seen that, under the my terious pinion of the Dream, it was the face of Yvonne, the saddened beauty, which now was smiling

(To be Continued.)

A French View of Ireland

The Irish Literary Revival forms the subject of an interesting article from the pen of M Paul Dubois, which occupies no fewer than thirtytwo pages in the current issue of Revue des Deux Mondes. The writer displays an intimate knowledge of his subject, a sympathetic interest in the progress of what he calls "La Renaissance Gaellque," and a close their school hours are mer that repersonal acquaintance with events that are passing in Ireland. His promises may at times be open to question, and his conclusions may not invariably be warranted, but as a survey of the situation in regard to the language revival, and an expression of the views of an intelligent outsider anxious about the truth, the article is decidedly suggestive, and is to be welcomed as an evidence of the interest that is taken in Ireland by thinkers and politicians in other lands M. Paul Dubois traces the origin of

the "Renaissance Gaelique" to "the

ideas sown from 1842 to 1845 by that

apostic of Yoing Ireland, Thomas

Davis, and the ardent poet of the 'Nation'" Adopting the statement of W B Yeats, "one of the masters of poetry in the English language," that the final object of all politics and of all government is "the formation of the individual—the making of character," he proceeds to point out that the final object of the English Government and of English polltics has been to mould the Irish Celt in the Anglo-Saxon type; in other words, to make the Irishman an Englishman. The process was not an easy one. Up to the time of Cromwell, instead of the Irish becoming Auglicised, it was Ireland herself which had absorbed and assimilated the English or Anglo-Norman colonists and made them more Nationalist than the Nationalists. Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores. Nothing could have stopped this process of "Hibernization" were it not for the brutal persecutions of England, the Plantations and the Penal Laws of the 18th century, which for a long time destroyed all atrength of resistance, all capacity for development in the Irish people. M. Paul Dubois fixes the beginning of the work of Anglization in Ircland at the close of the 18th century. Then it was the British society and British culture represented in Ireland by the English and Protestant garrison, began to draw towards them and to exercise an influence over the Irish aristocracy, and also over little by little were losing their mother tongue. The more enlightened class, too, seeing the splendid efforts of Protestants like Grattan and Plunkett to vindicate the claims of Catholic Ireland, began to imbibe the hope that in a rapproachement with England they would find the freedom and safety of their country. Then came O'Connell, who based his political movement on the English language, to

the exclusion of Irish. These in-

fluences reacted on the people. who

fell under the influence of the Angli-

cizing process, partly through the

direct and designed effect of the sys-

tem of primary education organized

in Ireland in 1831 by Stanley | Lord

Derby) and the Anglican Archbishop

Few Men have had such a Thrilling Expatience.

A Quebec Centleman who Relates an interesting Story of a Narrow Escape—Happy Deliverance Just In the Nick of Time.

Bristol, Que., June 9 - (Special)-There are not many men or women alive to-day who have passed through such a terrible trial as Mr. R Draper of this place. Mr Draper says "About four years ago I was taken ill with what I thought was Gravel. "I was suffering great pain so I sent for the doctor, he gave me some medicino and said he would call

"He came twice more and charged me fifteen dollars. I was a little better but not at all well, and in a short time after I took another bad

spell "Then a man advised me to Dodd's Ridney Pills, for he said they

had cured his mother "I thought I would try them and I got a box and commenced to take them right away

"In just one week after I had taken the first dose, I passed a stone as large as a bean, and in four days afterI passed another about the size of a grain of bariey. This gave me great relief and I

commenced to feel better at once 'The improvement continued and I gained strength very rapidly until in a short time I was as well as ever. "This is over four years ago, and I have not had the alightest roturn of the trouble since, so that I know permanent one."

doubtedly was to says out at any price, the speak the mattered lan graco amon so called "Note in thems." writer in The Real Contraction in teresting histance of a control work was effected in the large of friend, he write colors and a school teacher in a illi, i the West of Ireland how were t green tog the Irish language to feel to be the struct children who soen nother of English, "I must be a of all to the plied, "spend a year in wringing that Irish out of them then the the story told by I did the tory that on a certain island on the west on t -with the exception of some coast guards - there is our over inferred nat who cannot speak tred and that is the schoolmaster' from at the prosent time, this breach writer ribserves there are old min who rement ber that in their who are days a wooden tablet was hand sound their net's on which a mark was made for the h word they spoke in trick and when ceived as many strongs as there were marks on the table! The result of all the Angileizing influences has been the rapid approach towards extinction of the language of St. Parrick and St. Brigid. Both language and people have been disappearing from the land, but the decay of the language has proceeded even more rapidly than the dwindling away of the population. The old Connacht pease ant still says his Rosary in Irish. but his sons and daughters make their responses in the tongue of the Sassenach. Saddest of all, the peasantry, following the example of the middle classes, at long tast began. to feel ashamed of the old tongue. To speak that language, so sweet to the car, so fluent, so musical, so naturally poetic in its rhythm, had, says M. Paul Dubois, become in their eyes a brand of inferiority, a source of shame, a something to be bidden away. A few months ago, he says, I was told of the reply of a farm servant to a comrade who had addressed him in Irish, "Hell to your soul, can't I speak English as well

as rou! Commenting on this, M. Duboise writes, "Notice the vulgar brutality. of the expression and compare it with the awoetness of tone and the dellcacy that are the distinctive traits of the old Celtic speech In the change of language the Irish peasant inevitably loses little by little that instinctive dignity, that courtesy, that self-respect with which, even still, tourists in the poorest villages in the West are so strongly impressed, and which made Ireland in days gone by like Spain of old, a nation of gentle-

men.'

M. Dubois has a vigorous and wholesome contempt for Shoneenlam and Angloraania The creed of the Anglomaniac he condenses into a sentence, "Outside what is respectable there is nothing of any value, everything that is English is respectable; nothing is respectable save what in English." A humorous illustration in given to this "respectability" in a. story about Mr George Moore Mr. doore went into a stop in Grafton street to get a certain article of Irish manufacture, when the shop assistant informed him that the article in question was never asked for by the "respectable classes," as they only wished for the English brand. Mr. Moore's energetic reply must have somewhat startled the shop assistant, "Oh, damn the respectable classes," said he "they are the disgrace of Ireland 'So it is n small things as in great. The Shoneen grafts an English accent on his Irish brogue." Fashions manners, sports are copied from Lugiand In the theatre we only hear the "latest London. novelties," in the music halls, songs, and monologues, in which the stage Irishman acts the ignorant buffoon. Irish girls are no longer called Kathleen or Brigid, bit Mabel or Gladyn. M. Dubois complains that even the leading newspapers, however anti-English they may be in politics, are written and conducted after the English style, "with this difference, how-ever, that there is more wit and ability in The Freeman, for example, than in three fourths of the British iournals."

Whilst M. Dubois admits the force and progress of the influences that have been tending towards the Anglicization of Irriand, he sees clearly that the attempt to make Englishmen of the Irish is foredoomed to failure. The people ntight become West Britons, tucy could never become English 1. Irlande s anglicize; mais l'Irelande, le soudrait-elle, pourrait-ello jamias derenir anglalso? C'est co dont un peut douter " nation," he proceeds, "cannot by any, sort of metemps; chosis take unto itself some fine day the soul of another people, and the moment it leaves its own peculiar pathway of progress and its innate possibilities in order to copy after a neighboring nation, it disqualities and condemns itself For nations as for individuals, to imitate is to decline Ireland. can nover become a province of England, an English shire like the clent kingdom of Kent. The word "Ireland" can be reduced until it in nothing more than a geographical expression, but at Irish cannot become English in ceasing to be Celta. they will not to ome Saxons Anglicizetion will only denationalize them without giving them a new civil state, will leave them in the condition of mongrels, of the unclassed, lost hildren of history without a future as without a past For Ireland to day Anglicization can only signify de at

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