

son to him and to his projects. Months had now elapsed since she had seen her cousin, and it was not till the night of their separation that Gertrude had first met the master spirit of her fate.

Before leaving London, Lucy prevailed upon her lover to accompany her to the cottage of the Mertons, near Eltham; and in the hope to find them there she was not deceived. After the execution of Babington, they had been released from prison, and suffered to return to their home, from which, in his company, they had been so rudely torn by the ministers of Elizabeth's authority. A change had now fallen upon poor Cicely; her vivacity was gone—her spirit, if not her heart, was broken by the terrible fate of her idolized foster-son. She seemed even insensible to the fire during the damsel's stay and sat gloomily by the fire during the damsel's stay at her cottage, absorbed evidently in one distressing thought. Her husband, though shocked by the fate of Babington, had regained more of his usual cheerfulness. As for Cicely, she lived five years after the execution of Babington; and Lucy, though residing chiefly in Cumberland, saw her more than once during that period, but her manners, though gradually they seemed less full of grief, never regained their wonted tone; and her husband said, after her death, that the execution of Babington had given to the constitution of Cicely a blow which it never recovered.

It was but the day before her purposed departure from London that Lucy had visited these kind people, and the remainder of that day had been spent in preparing for her journey. Lucy, amid her own happiness, and the hopes which she yet encouraged of a better fate for her cousin, was forgetful of none; and she placed the good nurse Mabel, the kind and early attendant on the childhood of herself and Gertrude, under the care of Master Wood, for Mabel was too infirm to accomplish a journey to the North during that rigorous season. All these duties of gratitude and charity being fulfilled, Lucy had set out with her father and lover for the North; and as far as Barnet they had been accompanied by Master Williams, for it seemed the good tailor had a sister residing in that town, and this it appeared to him would be a proper opportunity to visit her.

In grief, however, did they part, after the communication which Lucy had received from Lord Leicester. Of that nobleman's connection, through the unhappy Euphrasia, with the Harding family, Richard Fenton was ignorant; for the pride of John Harding had led him to conceal even from his wife the lost condition of his giddy sister; and the enmity which on more than one occasion had been evinced towards him by the Earl, he had attributed among his friends to every cause, rather than that which he knew to be the correct one.

The bleak wind of January blew bitterly round the hostel at Barnet as Lucy, with her father and lover, mounted their horses to depart; and the kind Williams wept as he bade them farewell. "Alas! Mistress Lucy," he said, "I fear we shall have a snow storm to-night, and then, good lack, good lack, you will be staid on your journey, and our bonny Gertrude, our fair lily of Grass Street, may perish in a dungeon, without one friend to cheer her at her side. Alas, alas! it is not enough to kill a fair young damsel to be shut up in a prison, her father dead, and the cause she so much loved destroyed forever? Alas, what news is this to take to honest Master Edward Wood; oh, she was dear to his heart; alas, alas! for our sweet Gertrude Harding."

No delay had there been on the part of Lord Morden. Night and day had he travelled from Carlisle, scarce staying for refreshment or for rest. He reached London on the same evening as Lord Leicester, who, from a different motive, had journeyed with equal expedition. But it was too late for the advocate of Gertrude to attempt anything in her case on the night of his arrival in London; the privileged favorite, Leicester, might alone venture to intrude at such an hour on the Queen. The night was sleepless to Lord Morden. Deeply did he love the beautiful Gertrude, and the horror which he had seen her display when in the power of Leicester, whom he met galloping, followed by his band of Lancers from Rocklife Castle, with the maiden in his arms, had driven him upon the desperate expedient of claiming the interference of Lord Hunsdon, who, coming up at that moment with a portion of his forces, insisted that the Earl should deliver his prisoner to him, in his quality of commander-in-chief. Leicester, who at first opposed, at length yielded to this demand, and the results are already known. In the solitude too of that bitter and seemingly endless night, often did a thought of the noble and unfortunate Leonard Dacre cross the mind of Lord Morden. Gertrude loved him, that she had learned—that, with a kind of noble pride, he had avowed, when pressed to make known his associates or his possible retreat.

"Oh, most blest and most miserable of lovers!" groaned the generous Morden, "most worthy of most unhappy in each other, most exquisitely wretched in the chance that has parted you forever. Alas, sweet Gertrude, how fares it with thy lover now; lies he concealed in some obscure retreat, frantic with the thought of thee, or has the life stream curdled round his noble heart, and does the arm which would defend thee, now stiffen to the touch of death?"

At an early hour in the morning was Lord Morden prepared to visit the Queen; but he was disappointed in the hope which he had entertained of first obtaining an interview with Burleigh, as he found on inquiry at the abode of that nobleman that he was already in attendance on Elizabeth. The young man's humble request for an audience was immediately complied with, and in the royal presence he found not only the Lord Treasurer, but also the Earl of Leicester. There was a grave and somewhat vexed look on the countenance of Burleigh, and a kind of triumph in the aspect of his rival, which told that the blid dotage of the Queen had enabled him, as he boasted it would, to make his cause good with her.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

H. OWEN LEWIS, M.P., ON MR. GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.

The following letters have been sent to us (Dublin Freeman) for publication with reference to Mr. Gladstone's attack on the Catholic Church:—

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., 63 Avenue, Josephine, Champs Elysees, Paris. November 16th, 1874.

Sir—As the only Irishman in the House of Commons who, born and bred a Protestant, has embraced the Catholic religion, I trust you will excuse my asking you to answer the following question:—Do you wish it to go forth to the people of Ireland—by whom you were kept in office for years with power and influence such as no British Minister has for a generation enjoyed—as your deliberate opinion that no one can join their Church without forfeiting his moral and mental freedom and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another?—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. OWEN LEWIS, M.P., Carlou. TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., 63 Avenue Josephine, Champs Elysees, Paris. November 16th.

Sir—Feeling aggrieved, as an Irish member and a convert to the Catholic Church, at the tone of your recent pamphlet, I ventured, on the 16th instant, to address a few lines of inquiry to you on the subject. It would appear from an announcement in the Daily Telegraph that it is not your intention to take any notice of my letter; I shall proceed to make a few observations upon your brochure, and point out the effect which it is likely to have on your political

prospects. As a convert, or, in your phraseology, a "captive," I desire, in the most emphatic manner, to disclaim your imputations on my loyalty, which, so far from having been weakened or "tainted," has been strengthened and increased. The Vatican Council has made no difference whatever in my allegiance to her Majesty. It has laid down as of Catholic faith the Infallibility of the Pope when defining doctrine or condemning error—it has not even touched upon or alluded to my duty to the civil power. Accepting as I do from the bottom of my heart its definitions, I am perfectly willing to make the demonstration you ask, and declare—

"That neither in the name of faith, nor in the name of morals, nor in the name of the government or discipline of the Church, is the Pope of Rome able, by virtue of the powers asserted for him by the Vatican decree, to make any claim upon me, who adhere to his communion, of such a nature as can impair the integrity of my civil allegiance."

Having made this declaration, allow me, in addition to inform you that your calling upon us to do so is an act of impertinence towards Catholics and of ingratitude towards the Irish members, by whose support you were kept in office at a time when your Imperial measures were "in the worst odour" in England. From your intimacy with my co-religionists, and from personal reasons well known in society you must be well aware that our loyalty is not of the "tainted" kind you insinuate. And, even if it were so, after the public expression of your views as to the rectitude of rebellion in other countries, you are hardly the man to lecture us on the subject. Your ideas of the duty of loyalty appear to be regulated by latitude rather than principle. You have defied rebellion in the person of Garibaldi; yet if James Stephens had fallen into your hands you would have hung him. You raised no voice against Englishmen going out to fight under an Italian pirate against a sovereign with whom England was at peace; yet you sanctioned the punishment of Americans who landed in Ireland to join the Fenians. You said not a word against the soldiers of Spain or Italy who violated their oaths by taking up arms against the sovereigns to whom they had sworn allegiance; yet you condemned Irishmen for doing the same to a life-long imprisonment, and refused, again and again to release them when a word from you would have set them free.

You, sir, are horrified, because the Pope does not approve of a perfectly uncontrolled licence for the Press under every circumstance; yet you have placed the Press of my country at the absolute mercy of the authorities. You censured foreign rulers for their arbitrary treatment of disaffected subjects; yet you passed a law which gives the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland irresponsible power over the liberties of the people. You shudder at the memories of the Bastille and the *lettres de cachet*, yet you have introduced their precise modern counterpart in Ireland. You lamented the sufferings of Italian political prisoners in Neapolitan dungeons and exhausted the vituperative powers of the English language in denouncing their oppressors; yet the sufferings of Irish political prisoners in English dungeons awaken no feeling of pity in your breast. The case of a young Irishman, torn away from his family and his friends, who has been pining for years in the Irish Bastille, where he is now believed to be slowly dying, and that without even knowing what he was alleged to have done, or by whom he was accused when brought before the House of Commons last session, never attracted your notice.

You disapprove of religious persecution and intolerance when men of your own opinions are the sufferers, yet when Catholics undergo such in Germany, when ladies of the highest rank are condemned to fine or imprisonment for expressing their sympathy with a martyr bishop; when holy women, ignorant of the strife of politics, are dragged from their peaceful cloister and expelled the country; when venerable prelates are incarcerated as felons for governing their dioceses as they had always been accustomed to, you coldly observe—"I am not competent to give any opinion upon the particulars of that struggle. The institutions of Germany and the relative estimate of State power and individual freedom are materially different from ours."

No doubts of your competence to give an opinion upon proceedings in Italy—the teachings of the Catholic Church—the persecutions and religious wars of the Middle Ages—the doings of the Vatican Council—the loyalty of your fellow-subjects—apparently suggest themselves to you. You sneer at the "captives" of Rome, as "chiefly," as might have been expected, "women." Common decency, sir, might have restrained you from sneering at the pure and devoted women who, too often at the cost of home, friends, wealth, all that makes life pleasant, have bravely followed the dictates of conscience, and, with everything to lose and nothing to gain, embraced the Catholic faith.

You repeat the old calumny against Lord Denbigh, after his having publicly declared that his words had reference to the necessity of British Catholics working together for the good of religion, without considering whether they were individually natives of England or Ireland, and not to the question of civil allegiance being subservient to the dictates of the Church, a subject he was not alluding to. You have quoted several propositions condemned by the Syllabus which you imagined had a bearing upon your case, but unaccountably overlooked the 63 (condemned one) which says that it is lawful to refuse obedience to legitimate princes. As long as you were in office and dependent on the Irish vote for your political existence, you treated us with respect and apparent friendship, and allowed for what I too think, "ample reasons" four years to elapse before calling public attention to the new and alarming danger which threatens the realm and constitution of Great Britain and the peace of Europe.

No one will believe that your pamphlet would ever have seen the light had the Irish members accepted the Education Act of 1873, and continued to give you an unqualified support. They dared to follow conscience instead of the Ministerial whip, and left you for the first time in a minority—"Hinc illa lacrymae."

One word, sir, in conclusion. You are in a hurry to lay down the future policy of the Liberal party. Allow me to remind you that the Liberal party cannot return to office without the active support of the Irish members. That support, even were the Liberal majority as large as the Conservative majority is at present, would still be indispensable. It is not very likely to be given to a Ministry animated by the spirit of your pamphlet.—I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

H. OWEN LEWIS, M.P. for Carlou Borough.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER AND THE "LONDON IRISHMAN."

The following extract from a letter of the celebrated Irish-living and Irish-loved Ustin McCarthy will be read with a double interest—because of the writer and his subject.

It is no wonder that Irishmen are enthusiastic about Archbishop Manning. He is more Hibernian than the Hibernians themselves in his sympathies with Ireland. A man of social position, of old family, of the highest education and the most refined instincts, he would leave Catholic noblemen at any time to go down to his Irish trustees at the East End of London. He firmly believes that the salvation of England is yet to be accomplished through the influence of that religious devotion which is at the bottom of the Irish nature. He loves his own country dearly, but turns away from her present condition of industrial prosperity to the days before the Reformation, when, as he says, the English

soil. "In England there has been no Saint since the Reformation," he said the other day in sad, sweet tones, to one of wholly different opinions, who listened with a mingling of amusement and reverence. No views that I have ever heard put into living words embody to the same extent the full claims of Ultramontanism. It is quite wonderful to sit and listen. One cannot but be impressed by the sweetness, the thoughtfulness, the dignity, I had almost said the sanctity, of the man, who thus pours forth with a manner full of the most tranquil convictions, opinions which proclaim all modern progress a failure, and glorify the Roman priest or the Irish peasant, as the true herald and repository of light, liberty and regeneration to a sinking and degraded world.

A more singular, striking, marvellous figure does not stand out, I think, in English society. Everything that ordinary Englishmen or Americans would regard as admirable and auspicious in the progress of civilization, Dr. Manning calmly looks upon as lamentable and evil-omened. What they call progress is to his mind decay. What they call individual liberty he deprecates as spiritual slavery. To Dr. Manning the time when Saints walked the earth of England is more of a reality than the day before yesterday is to the most of us. Where the ordinary eye sees only a poor, ignorant Irish peasant, Dr. Manning discerns a heaven commissioned bearer of light and truth, destined by the power of his unquestioning faith to redeem, perhaps, in the end, even English philosophers and statesmen.

Of course if Dr. Manning were an ordinary devotee, there would be nothing remarkable in all this. But he is a man of the widest culture, of high intellectual gifts, of keen and penetrating judgment in all ordinary affairs, remarkable for his close and logical argument, his persuasive reasoning, and for a genial, quiet kind of humor which seems especially calculated to dissolve sophistry by its action. He was drawn toward Gladstone by the hope and belief that through Gladstone something would be done for Ireland which to this Oxford scholar is the "island of Saints." The Catholic members of Parliament, whether Irish or English, consult Archbishop Manning constantly upon all questions connected with education or religion. He is a devoted upholder of the doctrine of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. He is the medium of communication between Rome and England; the living link of connection between the English Catholic peer and the Irish Catholic bricklayer. He is the spirit, the soul, the ideal of medieval faith embodied in the form of the living English scholar and gentleman. I think such a man is a living phenomenon in our age. It is as if one of the medieval Saints from the stained windows of a church should suddenly become infused with life and take a part in all the ways of our present world. I can understand the long-abiding power of the Catholic Church when I remember that I have heard and seen and talked with Henry Edward Manning.

HOME RULE ON THE DANUBE.

(From the Dublin Nation, Dec. 5.)

A political event has just taken place in the South-east of Europe which deserves the attention both of Irish Home Rulers and their opponents.—The rising of young principalities of Servia and Roumania have, after tedious negotiations, extorted from their suzerain, the Turkish Sultan, the right of concluding customs conventions directly with foreign countries. The foreign countries chiefly concerned are Austria and Russia; their dominions are continuous respectively with the two principalities, and it is with them and not with the semi-barbarous provinces of the Turkish empire that the commercial interests both of Servia and Roumania are engaged. The Sultan, of course, cared as little for this consideration as my Lords of the Treasury in Downing street would trouble themselves about a proposed improvement in the trade of Dublin.—What his Highness did look to was the encroachment on his imperial authority, and the danger of too friendly relations being established between his semi-independent subjects on the one hand and their Russian and Austrian neighbors on the other. The principalities had to contend not only against these political motives of the Sultan's government, but against the pecuniary interests of certain professional and official classes in Constantinople. The roundabout way of sending deputations to the capital to sue for reforms which might be decided on at once by the local parliaments of Belgrade and Bucharest, was one which, however injurious to the provincials, brought grist to the mills of the classes in question. The principalities, however, had the good fortune to have powerful friends. A Hohenzollern is Hospodar of Roumania, and so Russia threw its weight along with Austria and Roumania in bringing the Porte to reason. The powers, too, that might have shared in the jealousies of the Porte and been willing to sacrifice to them the commercial interests of the principalities are just at present disinclined to provoke a quarrel with any powerful antagonist. The allies of the Crimean expedition are not ready for any new enterprises in that direction. France wants a breathing time to recover from the disasters of 1870; Victor Emmanuel has nothing to gain now, as he had in 1859, in figuring among the protectors of the Turk; England has a giant's strength for self-defence but rather than enter single-handed on a war for any purpose short of self-defence she would let the Danubian principalities be Gortschakoffed. But the principalities have no intention of transferring their allegiance to Russia; and this is just the point to which we desire to draw the attention of those who are frightened at the thought of Irish Home Rule. Every advance the principalities have made in self-government has diminished the tendency to look to Russia for support and reconciled them more and more with their conditions as members of the Ottoman Empire. In the beginning of this century, when every Christian population in the empire was held in the most absolute servitude, the spirit of revolt was chronic, and in 1812 it led to a Russian invasion which ended in the acquisition by Russia of a large part of Moldavia. The Greek War of Independence was heralded by outbreaks in the principalities. These were cruelly repressed; but the war issued in the Treaty of Adrianople, which not only established the freedom of modern Greece, but placed the Danubian principalities under the protection of Russia. After the fall of Sebastopol, the Allies had the good sense to see that the best security against the renewal of Russian invasions would be to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Christian provinces for self-government. Elective assemblies were accordingly granted to Moldavia and Wallachia, a Hospodar elected for life by the assembly to govern each province, but acknowledging the suzerainty of the Porte. This separate government of the two provinces, was a weak concession so the Sultan who feared that the provinces united would be practically independent of his control. The device broke down immediately; the provinces united, and, under the name of Roumania, have been governed since then by a single Hospodar and a single assembly. The history of Servia has been different in its details, but identical in the lesson it affords. Every step towards the realization of self-government of the right, to develop freely the local and national interests of the inhabitants, has been accompanied also by a marked increase in the social well-being of the people. General Sir Arthur Conyngham visited Bucharest in 1871, and in his most interesting book of "Travels in the Caucasus" gives an account of the improvement in progress, which we would commend to the notice of any vice-regal orator, who at Mansion House banquets responds to the toast of prosperity to Ireland, by enumerating the new shop-fronts and plate-glass windows, which he has observed in Dublin during the

past year. "Upon a closer and less hurried examination," he says, "we found that very considerable improvements were in course of progress near the New Opera House, in the centre of the city.—The streets are being paved with granite from Aberdeen. Some monster hotels are being constructed on the newest principles, boulevards are being laid out in the widest of the streets, and handsome buildings are being erected for academeical and other purposes."—The population numbered then 180,000. Of course it was only to be expected in a community which had so recently started on its career of progress that there would be some disfiguring features to qualify Sir Arthur's praise. At his first hurried inspection he was struck with the sight of "American shanties interspersed with plaster palaces and log cabins in confusion; with buildings begun, half finished, and relinquished."—It was a more leisurely survey that revealed to him the Chausee, where most of the fashion of the city appear, many of the carriages being handsomely turned out with very well-bred horses" and "the Tchelsmay-su Gardens, prettily laid out in the very centre of the city, and containing an arena equal to St. James's Park;" the attention paid to the education of the higher classes, the great interest taken in railway enterprise, and the vigor imparted to agricultural industry by a recent liberal Land Act. On this subject the author concludes with the words, "a result which it may be hoped will be produced by our recent legislation in Ireland." Speaking of the "colleges, being erected for young men," he adds, "many of whom have hitherto been compelled to receive their education in Western Europe, which is said to engender a distaste for their native country on their return home," a remark which is not without its Irish application. The education of the ladies, it would seem, is at least as well attended to as it is with us. All Roumanians, male and female, above the position of a peasant, speak at least two languages besides their own. On the whole, it would seem that Wallachia has made as much progress since the date of its legislative independence, sixteen years ago, as Ireland has since the loss of hers, a period nearly five times as great.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL.

(From the Grenville Memoirs.)

The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning (June 21, 1837), and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing was to be done was to teach her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all that to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, but she said she would come in alone. When the Lords were assembled the Lord President informed them of the King's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event and that their Lordships were assembled in consequence, and accordingly the two royal dukes, the two archbishops, the Chancellor, and Melbourne went with him. The Queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech she taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn the two royal dukes (the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex; the Duke of Cambridge was in Hanover) first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her; swearing, allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair, and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was furthest from her and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the Ministers and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and gratifying. When the business was done she retired as she had entered and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room. Lord Lansdowne insisted upon being declared President of the Council (and I was obliged to write a declaration from him to read to that effect), though it was not usual. The speech was admirable, except by Brougham, who appeared in considerable state of excitement. He said to Peel (whom he was standing near, and with whom he is not in the habit of communicating). "Amelioration, that is not English; you might, perhaps, say 'melioration,' but 'improvement' is the proper word." "Oh," said Peel, "I see no harm in the word; it is generally used." "You object," said Brougham, "to the sentiment; I object to the grammar." "No," said Peel, "I don't object to the sentiment." "Well, then, she pledges herself to the policy of our government," said Brougham. Peel told me this, which passed in the room and near to the Queen. He likewise said how amazed he was at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared in fact to be awed, but not daunted; and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. It was settled that she was to hold a council at St. James's this day, and he proclaimed there at ten o'clock, and she expressed a wish to see Lord Ablemarle, who went to her and told her he was come to take her orders. She said, "I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do; that leave it all to you. I am to be at St. James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion." Accordingly he went and fetched her in state with a great escort. The Duchess of Kent was in the carriage with her; but I was surprised to hear so little shouting, and to see so few hats off as she went by; I laid down the park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by the Ministers, and curried repeatedly to the people who did not, however, hurry till Lord Lansdowne gave them the signal from the window, and twelve she held a council at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life, and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had conferred between them to make some confusion

with the council papers, she was not out out by it. She looked very well, and though so small in stature and without much pretension to beauty the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, which I can't help feeling myself. After the council she received the archbishops and bishops, and after them the judges. They all kissed her hand, but she said, nothing to any of them, very different in this from her predecessor, who used to harangue them all, and had a speech ready for everybody.

JOHN CAIN.

The Tale of a Defeated Candidate. John Cain was a quiet, unobtrusive citizen. He didn't long for fame or renown, and he didn't care two cents whether this great and glorious country was ruled by a one-horse Republican or a two-horse Democrat.

HIS VIRTUES.

He had a pew in church, gave sixteen ounces for a pound, and when a man looked him square in the eye, Mr. Cain never took a back seat. He was home at a reasonable hour in the evening, and never took part in the discussion, "Is lager healthy?" and many a man wished that his life rolled on as evenly and peacefully as John Cain's.

BUT, ALAS!

The tempter came. In an evil hour John Cain allowed the politicians to get after him and to surround him. They said he was the strongest man in the country; that he could scoop into his boot any man set up in opposition; that his virtues were many and his faults were 000; that it was his duty to come out and take a nomination in order that this pure and incorruptible form of government be maintained pure and incorruptible. All this and much more they told him, and John Cain became puffed up.

It surprised him some to think that he had held his peaceful way along for forty odd years, like a knot-hole in a barn door, without anyone having discovered what a heap of a fellow he was, but he concluded that there was a new era in politics and that it was all right.

THEY RAMBOOLED HIM.

The politicians covered John Cain with soft soap. They told him that the canvass shouldn't cost him a red, and that he could still retire at 8 o'clock in the evening and rest assured that his interests would be properly cared for. It was to be still hunt—a very quiet election, and he would hardly know what was going on. John was an honest, unsuspecting idiot, and he swallowed their words as the confiding fish absorbs the baited hook.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

John Cain was duly nominated and the band came out and serenaded him. With the band came several hundred electors, who filled the Cain mansion to overflowing, spit tobacco all over the house, ate and drank all they could find, broke down the gate and went off with three cheers for John Cain.

WANTED SUGAR.

Before the canvass was ten days old half a dozen men called on Cain and gently hinted to him that he must come down with the "sugar." He didn't even know what "sugar" was until they explained. They want money to raise a pole, to buy beer, to get slips printed, and to do fifty other things with all for his particular benefit, and he had to hand out money.

THE COMBAT DEPENDS.

In the course of another week they drew Cain out to make a speech at a ward meeting. He tried to claw off, but they told him that the opposing candidate would run him out of sight if he didn't come out, and he went out. When he got through speaking the crowd drank at his expense, and Mr. Cain was astonished at the way the bill footed up. He didn't reach home until midnight, and for the first time in his life he was going to bed with his boots on. His wife wouldn't speak to him, the hired girl left the house to save her character, and John Cain wished that the politicians had let him alone.

INCREASE OF CURRENCY.

More men came and crooked their fingers at him and whispered "sugar." They wanted money to buy some doubtful votes and to hire four-horse teams and to mail his slips, and he had to come down. He hesitated about it, but they told him that the opposing candidate felt sure of victory, and that acted as a spur.

WARM HEARTED FRIENDS.

There was hardly a night that from 14 to 240 friends did not call on Mr. Cain to inform him as to the "prospects." They drank up the current wine that Mrs. Cain had laid by for sickness, emptied her preserves jars, and there wasn't a morning that she couldn't sweep out 40 or 50 cigars and a peck of mud. They all told Cain that he would beat the other man so far out of sight that it would take a carrier pigeon to find him, and he couldn't very well refuse to go over to the corner grocery and "set 'em up" for the boys.

THE CRISIS.

Finally came. On the eve of election Mr. Cain's friends called for "sugar" again, and he had to sugar 'em. A big crowd called to warn him that he would certainly be elected, and the saloon bill was \$28 more. Thirteen or fourteen shook hands with his wife a hundred or more shook hands with him, and he had to get up and declare that he didn't favor women's rights and that he did; that he was down on whiskey, and yet loved it as a beverage; that he wanted the currency inflated, and yet favored specie payments; that he favored the civil rights bill, and yet didn't; and in his brief speech Mrs. Cain counted twenty-seven straight lies, besides the evasions. Mr. Cain wanted to hold popular views, and he had to be on all sides at once.

ELECTION DAY.

On the day of election they dragged him from poll to poll, stopping at all saloons on the way. He had to make 250,000 promises, pull his wallet until it was as flat as a wafer, drink lager, with some and cold water with others, hug the hired girl, called Mrs. Cain his dear old rhinoceros, and fell over the cradle and went to sleep with his head under the stove.

HOW HE SCOOPED 'EM.

When Mr. Cain rose in the morning and became sober enough to read the election returns, he found he had scooped 'em as follows:

Opposing candidate..... 36,426 John Cain..... 51,380 Cain's majority (in a horn)..... 5,380

SCALAN HARBOR.

Mr. Cain went out and sat down under an apple tree in his back yard, and gave himself up to reflections and to "forth." Through the leafless branches sighed the November winds, and in the house sighed Mrs. Cain, and both sighed murmured in his ear.

John Cain's a perpendicular idiot.—Droit Free Press. A Kansas wife's false switch got into the bed some way and her husband laid awake all night, shivering and shanking, under the idea that a rattlesnake was coiled down against his legs. An Indiana Judge has decided that if a woman will shorten pie-crust with butter at 37 cents per pound, her husband has good grounds for a divorce.