

THE MINSTREL OF TOUREEN.

(From the Irish.)

"My broken heart," the minstrel cried,
As mad'ning thus he swept the strings
Of his loved harp, "why try to hide
The anguish that within thee stings?
With more than mortal pain?
Why thus conceal the woes, the tears,
The sorrow of thy weary years?
What is there in them that endears:
Or still doth hope remain.
That yet thy country's ruined cause
May righted be, by righteous laws?"

"Long had this bosom lone been cold,
Did not within one hope revolve;
That for our bleeding nation old
An effort born of bold resolve.
I robed by the spirit of the free,
Shall burst the bonds and galling chains.
Shall sweep from off the verdant plains
The foulest, first, and last remains
Of dastard tyranny:—
Then shall my country's active power
Regret its long inactive hour!"

"My weary life, how long shalt thou
The path of woe and grief prolong?
There's naught on earth to cheer thee now:
Not even in the soul of song.
That was thy pride in youthful bloom—
Ah, blest if now thou canst but aid
Thy country's cause with ball or blade.
And find at length in sun or shade
A loyal minstrel's tomb:
But woe the day that I should sleep
Contented, while my kindred weep!"

"Sing O my harp, the grief I feel,
Through indignance of this burning hour:
While troubled pangs within me steal,
Scarce doth my hand possess the power
To wake my dirge of woe:
Yet, by the wrath that flames my soul,
This withered clay shall meet its goal
Where in red, clotting torrents roll
The life-blood of my foe:
There shall a stricken minstrel fall,
Among his friends and foemen all."

He said, and, throwing his harp aside,
A naked blade drew from its sheath.
"Twas by the sword my fathers died,
And by it shall I sleep in death!
So here I plunge in mortal strife:—
The mad, avenging son of song,
With fury on the foe's man's throng,
Rushed, scattering death the ranks among
Till ebb'd the nerve of life:
Then, falling, to his kindred cried
"Charge on ye brave for BANNA'S pride!"

Montreal, November 27th, 1872.

"DUNNOY."

THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS
A VOLUME.

BY MILTON FRANCIS.

"Do you see that large handsome man with the iron-gray hair?"
"Number ninety-one?"
"Yes. He is serving a term of twenty years for counterfeiting. He is one of the slickest confidence men alive, and has operated all over the world."
"I would like to talk with him."
"I'll send him to the office, and you can converse with him at your leisure."

Where I was born, is not material, and the name of Henry Fountain, which I bear here, is as good for the purpose of my story as the name by which my mother called me ere I came to this place.

I was educated at a German Gymnasium, and at twenty-two went to study journalism at the University. There I applied myself for a year or two closely to my studies, but dissipation led to play, and play proved my ruin.

Before the expiration of my second year, I was domiciled at Baden-Baden, and the gambling table was my constant resort, gambling my sole occupation and pleasure.

I was very successful, and led an easy, reckless life for ten years, when an unfortunate occurrence, or rather an unlucky discovery of certain of my irregularities, drove me temporarily from the continent, and in the autumn of 1871, I found myself in the vast, and to me, strange city of London.

I had brought with me from Paris quite a little fortune in money, but ill-luck at play and my customary extravagance had speedily reduced it to less than one hundred pounds, which to a man of my luxurious habits was a mere bagatelle. As soon, however, as I realized the low state of my finances I set about devising some plan for their improvement.

For once, however, my wits seemed to have deserted me. Many trifling matters out of which a few pounds might be realized suggested themselves, all of which I promptly rejected, as no scheme of any magnitude came to my relief.

One morning, as I was drinking my coffee and reading the literary notes in the *Times*, I saw an announcement that William Mason, a retired merchant, and a prominent member of the Cobden Club, was engaged in writing a work on political economy, with original tables of statistics, that was soon to be issued in fine form by the well-known publishing house of Williams & Abercrombie, in Holborn street.

Thousands in the great city doubtless read the announcement, and forgot it as a matter of little interest or moment, but to me it was an inspiration, suggesting the possibility of a great fortune.

An hour later I had learned that William Mason was a man widely and favorably known throughout England, both by reason of his immense wealth and as being the author of two or three successful books.

That evening I called upon Mr. Mason at his residence, introducing myself as a French gentleman, deeply interested in his favorite study, political economy, and had no difficulty in obtaining an interview.

Well informed as I was on the current topics of the day, and understanding particularly well the question of protective tariff from the free-trade standpoint, I made a very favorable impression on Mr. Mason, who, with the simplicity of a man of real genius, took me largely into his confidence, and explained to me the aims and scope of his work that day announced for publication. An hour was thus pleasantly, and to me at least, profitably passed; and when at the expiration of that time I arose to go, I was most cordially invited to call again at my convenience and renew the conversation.

I was jubilant that morning as I walked rapidly to my lodgings to perfect my plans. My visit had been a success. I now knew Mr. Mason, and what was of far greater importance to me, had learned incidentally that he had no acquaintance with Robert Fairchild, the wealthy banker and learned statistician of Liverpool, and had never corresponded with him.

That night I wrote Robert Fairchild, over the signature of William Mason, apologizing for intruding on one known to me only by reason of his national reputation, suggesting that I had an elaborate work almost ready for the publishers and requesting some information as to the number and nationality of emigrants who had sailed from Liverpool for the United States and British Colonies during each year of the last decade. I concluded my letter by assuring him that I would gladly credit him in my forthcoming work with any information on the subject that he would be so kind as to impart.

Three days later, I found in my box at the post-office a long letter from Mr. Fairchild, containing all the information I had asked for, and much besides. He was very profuse in his compliments; the name of William Mason was entirely familiar to all thinking men in Great Britain, and I needed no introduction to him. He concluded by saying: "You are one of the few men of great wealth who have ever labored with brain and pen for the benefit of mankind."

Upon the receipt of this letter, which pleased me exceedingly, I set about putting into execution my already perfected plans. I called upon a skillful engraver on steel, and employed him to engrave in a handsome manner my portrait, from a photograph which I furnished him. That done, I watched the street-door of the bindery of Williams & Abercrombie, at six o'clock, the hour when the men came out from their work, and selected the one whom I judged suited for my purpose: I followed him.

As I had anticipated, he had not walked many squares when he entered the door of an ale-house, and seated himself at a table. I entered a moment later, and accosted him as an old acquaintance. He started, stared at me in a manner that convinced me he feared recognition, and as he saw in me nothing familiar, an expression of relief crossed his face. I knew then that he was the man for my work, and did not hesitate for a moment.

"You are a bookbinder?" said I.
"Why do you say that?" he answered quickly.

"Because I saw you come from the bindery of Williams & Abercrombie just now."

"Well, suppose I was, what do you want?"

"I thought at first that I had known you at Leeds, but no matter, what I want is this: In a few days there will come to your bindery from the printers, a new work by William Mason, entitled, 'An Analysis of Protection Fallacies.' I wish to translate this work into the French language, and desire you to procure me, at the earliest possible moment, a complete copy of the unbound sheets."

"And what am I to receive for so dangerous a service?" inquired the binder.

"Five pounds; bring them to this address, and you will be paid that amount," replied I, handing him a card.

"Very well, you shall have them the evening of the day the edition is received for binding."

After treating him to a quart of ale, I took my departure.

The next day I procured from a tradesman a check for a small amount on the Commercial Bank of London. I called at the bank and requested to have it certified, as I desired to send it to Sheffield to pay for some cutlery I had ordered. In a moment my check was returned to me stamped with the seal of the bank, and attested by the signature of the cashier. Within forty-eight hours I possessed a seal—the work of the engraver who was making my portrait—the impression of which was exactly identical with that upon the check.

I procured the seal on Saturday, and all day Sunday practiced writing the signature of the bank cashier, Henry Shackelford, until I could produce so close an imitation as to defy, I was certain, the scrutiny of a bank expert.

The next evening I was overjoyed by a visit from the binder, who brought the promised sheets and received in exchange a five-pound note.

I had learned from my conversation with Mr. Mason that his work would contain a table giving the yearly emigration from the ports of Great Britain and Ireland.

With trembling hands I turned over the sheets and found, to my great joy, that the table referring to the port of Liverpool, was the last on the list and concluded the chapter.

The work contained numerous foot-notes in ruby type, and the next morning, thanks to a

skillful printer, whose acquaintance I had cultivated for the purpose, page 417 of my special edition of William Mason's great work, contained a foot-note, printed in ruby type, and so cleverly executed as to present an appearance uniform with the notes.

The next Wednesday morning I had in my hands an octavo volume, handsomely bound in tree calf, containing as a frontispiece my portrait in steel, with "Yours truly, William Mason," printed under it in my handwriting.

I wrote something complimentary on the fly-leaf, and sent the book by express to Mr. Fairchild at his residence in Liverpool. I enclosed a letter thanking him for his kindness, referring him to page 417 for my acknowledgment of his valuable information, and concluded by saying that I would call on him at his residence on Friday evening.

Friday evening at exactly eight o'clock, I was ringing the door bell of Mr. Fairchild's elegant mansion, another moment, and I was in the drawing-room, receiving the enthusiastic congratulations of the wealthy banker.

"Let us retire to the library, where we will be free from interruptions," said Mr. Fairchild. The volume I had sent him lay upon his table, and we were soon deep in a discussion of great national questions.

Before leaving for my hotel, I told Mr. Fairchild that it was my intention to sail the next afternoon for New York. He expressed surprise that I should leave England just as my great work was in press, and before it was given to the world.

"I am the owner of considerable real estate in New York and Philadelphia," said I, "and I go to the former city to close the purchase of a fine block of houses, for which my agent has been several weeks negotiating. None of my friends in London, except, of course, my family, know of my intended departure, else I am certain they would find means to detain me. I shall return in a month, by which time the ripple, which, I trust I may be pardoned for thinking, the appearance of my book may occasion in certain circles, will have subsided, and I will have escaped all that excitement and anxiety, which has always been peculiarly disagreeable to me."

"But I shall see you again before you sail?"
"Certainly, I will call on you at your bank, at eleven o'clock to-morrow, if that will be convenient?"

"Entirely so; I shall expect you at that hour."

It was not without misgivings that I ascended the marble steps of the Underwriters' Bank, the next morning, but my hand did not tremble as I knocked at the door of the private office of its president.

Mr. Fairchild was expecting me, and gave me a kindly greeting, and we passed half an hour in pleasant conversation.

I said to him that not wishing even my bankers—who were personal friends—to know of my intended absence, I had not procured exchange on New York, but had brought with me my own check on the Commercial Bank, for thirty thousand pounds, certified by Mr. Shackelford, the cashier.

"Let me see your check," Mr. Mason," said the banker, "the Commercial is our correspondent in London. I can give you exchange on the Chemical Bank of New York, if you desire."

"I will be much obliged to you," replied I.
"I am well acquainted in New York, but it is hardly business-like to present a check on a foreign bank."

Mr. Fairchild rang a bell, sent for the cashier, formally introduced me as William Mason of London, and requested him to prepare a draft on the Chemical Bank, of New York, to my order, for thirty thousand pounds. A moment later, I had endorsed my check, and received in exchange the bank draft.

After thanking Mr. Fairchild for his kindness, I arose to depart.

"I will see you on my return," said I. "My vessel, the *Abyssinia*, sails at four o'clock, and as I have some small purchases to make, I must be moving."

"I regret that I cannot go out with you, Mr. Mason, but I cannot well leave the office until the bank closes at three o'clock, at which hour I dine at my club. I had counted on the pleasure of introducing you there to-day, but I fear it will be too late for you."

I thanked Mr. Fairchild—it would not be possible—shook him heartily by the hand, and left the bank.

At exactly fifteen minutes past three I again knocked at the door of the room of the bank President, and was told by a clerk that he had left for the day.

I then asked to see the cashier.

"I am very sorry to trouble you again," said I, "particularly as it is past your banking hours, but it is reported on the street that two New York banks did not open this morning and that a panic is imminent. I know the Chemical Bank to be a solid institution, and am, doubtless, too suspicious; but if you can give me banknotes of large denomination for this draft I will sleep easier on my voyage, and be under many obligations to you."

The cashier thought me needlessly alarmed—he did not believe the reports—but he would be only too happy to accommodate me, and handed me sixty Bank of England notes of five hundred pounds each, at the same time advising me to deposit them in the safe on board the steamer.

I hastened to secure a passage on the *Abyssinia* in the name of William Mason, and then took the four o'clock express for London, and within ten days I was at St. Petersburg, in Russia.

What Robert Fairchild said when he found he had paid thirty thousand pounds for the addition of a single volume to his library, I never know. I watched the London papers, but saw no note of it. The matter was doubtless suppressed to enable the Metropolitan police to arrest the false William Mason on the arrival of the *Abyssinia* in New York.

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up on a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution, and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I found that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in.

"It is very cold this morning, is it not?"

"Very cold, sir."

"Very cold indeed, isn't it?"

"Very cold indeed, sir."

"More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.)

"Why, sir, I think it is."

(Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.)

"I must rise, however—get me some warm water."

Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use!" to get up. The hot water comes.

"Is it quite hot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps too hot for shaving; I must wait a little."

"No, sir, it will just do."

(There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.)

"Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt; linen gets very damp this weather."

"Yes, sir."

Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door.

"Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too."

"Very well, sir."

Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continue our incumbent (a happy word, by-the-by, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can't upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving; it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.)

Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and an ewer full of ice, and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, that he has no merit in opposing it.

A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three or four pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents or the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter.

THE great breach of promise case against the Irish patriot and M.P. is to come off after all; Mr. E. Clarke, M.P., is for the lady, and Mr. Russell, M.P., for the squire.