

only about that which you positively know; keep yourself from bad associations; from friendships here with no one without consulting me. Think frequently of your mother; that thought will sustain you in your severe labors; for life here is without rest, and we must be indefatigable.

As you are here without parents, you will have your chamber in the house, and two thousand francs—. We shall see bye and bye. Go, my child.

All this was said in English, in the brief and precise tone which was according to the habit of Monsieur Wolff. But he had not said all that he thought of the fortunate manner in which George had known how to extricate himself, in a short time from the formidable work which had been entrusted to him.

He is the man whom I need,' said he to himself; combining zeal with calmness, education with modesty, and simplicity with confidence.—How far we may go before finding such a character. That lad will make his way.'

#### CHAPTER VI.—PROGRESS.

Monsieur Wolff had spoken truly; life in that house was without rest from labor. This agreeable man, who received so many visitors, who went into society every day, who was so taken up with love of the fine arts, with zeal for public affairs, with affection for the duties of charity, by a problem which could not be solved, was always there—always. Long before day he had written many letters, had made the tour of the offices, given a glance at each department of his house, judging the absents by the arrangement of their papers, and the condition of their pens; unable to endure the least disorder, still less a minute of tardiness.

In one of his morning circuits, Monsieur Wolff found George at his desk, lighted by a nearly exhausted lamp. George was so completely absorbed in his labor, that he did not hear the entrance of his employer.

'This house must be very badly secured,' said the banker, 'how did you enter here, when I have but just unfastened the double lock.'

'I beg you to excuse me,' said George, 'but a very serious affair with Montreal was to be arranged by this morning, and I found no other way to be in time. Thank Heaven, that work is finished, and I believe that by writing this morning to Havre your interests will be secure!'

And he presented the banker the papers concerning an important debt, with the necessary documents for obtaining its recovery in proper time.

'George, I am compelled to reprimand you,' said Monsieur Wolff; 'you have set a bad example, and your responsibility is compromised.—Are you, then, the master here? You should have consulted me. How wearied your eyes look! Go and rest yourself for some time, and never do the like again.'

Then recalling him kindly, after having rapidly examined the bundle of papers:

'George,' said he, 'you are a brave youth; your mother is happy in having such a son.—Keep yourself for her. I am desirous of terminating this Montreal matter, for those debtors are disquieting, and the matter is a serious one. I was about to look exactly where you were in it, and all delay would have been fatal. You have, therefore, done very well for me, and, perhaps for yourself also.'

Notwithstanding these recommendations, it sometimes happened that George rendered himself liable to be chidden for his labor at unseasonable hours; but he always excused himself on the urgency of the business, and asked pardon so frankly, that Monsieur Wolff was each day more pleased with the capacity and the modesty of his young co-laborer.

#### VII.—THE GREAT WORLD.

Monsieur Wolff remarked that George was always clad with an unvaried simplicity, and sometimes even with negligence.

'George,' he said to him one day, 'a man as diligent as you are should take care of his money. Would you have any objection to exhibit to me your book of receipts and expenses? Do not feel hurt; it is from an interest in you that I make this request. I fear that your income is not sufficient for your wants.'

'Quite the contrary, dear sir,' George replied, 'I am able, thanks to your generosity to lay something by.'

And he presented to Monsieur Wolff a leather-bound account-book. Monsieur Wolff glanced through it with a word of excuse, and turned it without saying anything; for he would not exhibit the emotion which overpowered him.

George had sent to his poor mother more than half of his wages, and had yet disposed of some crowns for charitable objects, and for the relief of the poor.

The next day Monsieur Wolff said to George:—

'It must be that you will do honor to my house. I frequently receive visits from Americans who are not acquainted with French; your assistance would perhaps be useful to us in the parlor. But the expenses of your appearance will be at my charge; your wages will be three thousand francs a year, and the first three months have already expired.'

It was without the least embarrassment that George found himself, at seven o'clock, seated at a sumptuous table, surrounded by people of the great world, whose circumstances differed so widely from the restrained state which he had lived. It certainly did not belong to so young a man to lead the conversation in company. A young man should be like a full-toned harp, which yields harmonious sounds only when it is questioned by skillful fingers.

I can be witness to his success; for with an attention to which I was most sensible, George had not forgotten his faithful companion. He had taken care to detach me from his working coat, and fasten me securely in the sleeve of his new garment which, with the simplicity of good taste, set off the elegance of his form, and the attractions of his person.

Monsieur Wolff, the rigorous and impassable laborer in his office, became, at the table, an agreeable companion; and, in the salon, a brilliant conversationalist. He had, above all, that

rare faculty of making the especial wit or wisdom of his visitors to flow as freely as the water from the rock smitten by the rod of Moses. In the discussions, ranging from horse-races to fashionable exhibitions, and to the little politeness of the day, George preserved a becoming silence, and appeared to listen with interest. But he was presently questioned concerning some particulars of his travels in Germany. He had observed much works of art, monuments of antiquities, were known to him; and he could support his opinions with a modest firmness which remained without contradiction.

Madame Wolff was a gentle person, very affable and very frivolous. She regarded as a curiosity this serious personage of twenty years, who was discussing some questions of Teutonic Archaeology, and who left in his glass the golden wine from the banks of the Rhine, which was not forgotten by the other guests.

'Please tell us, Monsieur George,' said a raised and yet drawing voice, such as is affected by some fashionable ladies, 'please tell us the history of this marvellous pin, which we have heard so much about, and which you still carry, I believe, upon your sleeve. Is it, then, a very choice talisman?'

The attention of all the company was directed towards the poor young man, and towards my little head, which really shone upon the new cuff.

George, who was full of confidence when he was engaged in his studies, his duties, or his business, became very timid when it was a question concerning himself, and, above all, when a young woman, whom he could not but acknowledge to be charming, called upon him thus before an assembly.

'Madame,' he replied, in a voice sweet-toned but full of emotion, 'I am permitted to regard as a talisman this little pin, which has assisted me to relieve from very embarrassing circumstances the beings who are dear to me; and which, thanks to the benevolence of Monsieur Wolff, has gained me admittance into your house. I know the obligations which such a favor imposes upon me. I shall always keep this precious pin, that it may lead me to remember them, if ever I should be in danger of forgetting them.'

A murmur of approbation followed this circumspect reply. The history of the pin was then recounted, and commented upon by a committee of curious women, who regarded, while talking in a whisper, the hero of the adventure. George, to escape from this scrutiny, resumed a conversation with his neighbors upon the Dusseldorf school of painting, the principal masters of which he had known.

They withdrew to the salon. A lady placed herself at the piano. Music is something which immediately excites the sympathies, arrests attention, and touches all hearts. There were on this occasion none of those vanquished difficulties which resemble the music of a battle, and the execution of which reminds one of St. George combating the dragon. There were waves of melody, dreams of sweet and so vague, that the soul felt entranced and charmed.

'Encore! encore!' they all exclaimed.

'And that sweet nocturne of Schubert,' said Monsieur Wolff, 'with which you nearly made us weep, shall we not have it this evening?'

'I have not four hands,' said the lady, 'will you assist me?'

He made no reply.

'How unfortunate!' exclaimed Madame Wolff 'have we no one here to assist you?'

'If I dared,' said George, 'I would propose to accompany you. I have frequently heard this favorite melody of the Germans, and I think I remember it.'

All praised the readiness of the young man; and the beautiful piece which the two performers played created a profound sensation. They requested a repetition of the last part, which was executed with a still more expressive sentiment; and the lady appeared greatly astonished to find so correct and confident an execution in her young assistant. Monsieur Wolff, who was a passionate dilettante, was among the angels.

'You know, then, how to do something else besides making figures, Monsieur, the close-mouth?' he said to George, taking him familiarly by the ear.

'Was it also your pin,' asked Madame Wolff, 'who taught you how to charm us all? You will lend it to me, at least?'

George bowed, covered with a confusion which rendered him more interesting, and disappeared in a crowd of talkers.

(To be Continued.)

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The London *Tablet* says: A rumor is in circulation to the effect that the bishops, at their recent meeting, named the four archbishops as a deputation to communicate with the government, that the Archbishop of Tuam declined to act; that the Primate and the Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel, accepting the deputation, arrived in London, and had an interview with Sir George Grey last week; and that it was arranged, in consideration of an endowment of £25,000 a year, that the Catholic University should renounce its original establishment and designation as a university under the Papal Bull and decree of the Synod of Thurles, and should accept from the government letters patent constituting it a Queen's College instead; that the archbishops wished to have it called the Catholic University College, Queen's University, but that the government objected to any reference being made to its original foundation, and especially in coupling the titles of the two antagonistic institutions in any way together; that it was accordingly arranged that it should be called simply the Queen's College, Dublin; in fine, that the government agreed to add five Catholic gentlemen of their own selection to the senate of the Queen's University, and that the names are—Lord Castlereagh, M.P.; Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Mr. Mountell, M.P.; Mr. Montesquieu Bellw, and Sir John Howley.

THE CLERGY AND FENIANISM.—The *Tralee Chronicle* of Tuesday says:—On Sunday last, the Vicar-General and Parish Priest of Tralee, Father Mawe, addressed his flock with great earnestness and impressiveness respecting the proceedings, progress, and contemplations of the Fenian organisation. He warned his congregation, especially the young men, against permitting themselves to be inveigled into a confederation, the objects of which were anti-religious as well as anti-social, and which aimed at ra-

tion; through slaughter, and at the dominance of the laity in all things, as well in those relating to education and faith as to politics. He condemned their proceedings as reckless, and he warned the thoughts to beware, as the authorities, aware of everything that was being done, would pounce upon them whenever they became dangerous, and would, of course, have as their instruments of punishment the very men who were most active in propagating the iniquitous system against which the venerated pastor warned the *cleric*. Father Mawe had one topic in his discourse consolatory. He assured his hearers that the leaven of Fenianism had not penetrated the well ordered or the respected portion of the community.

THE PRISONERS FOR HIGH TREASON.—Investigation at the City Gaol, Cork.—On yesterday the prisoners charged with high treason at the City Gaol were brought up at the Governor's office in that building for further examination. The presiding magistrates were Messrs. Ormon, R. M., and MacLeod, R. M., Mr. Gilman, Crown Prosecutor, appeared for the crown; Mr. J. Collins for the prisoners. The prisoners have, by the recent arrests, been raised to the number of nine, and are John Kenealy and Patrick O'Shaughnessy, draper's clerks; Bryan Dillon, attorney's clerk; Mark Adams, engineer; John Lynch, no occupation; John Thompson, grocer's clerk; Michael Murphy, hatter; Pat Crowley and Pat Dunn, carpenters. As had been previously rumoured the person on whose information the arrests were made, was an ex-pensioner named John Warner. The investigation commenced by the identification of the prisoners by Warner, who then deposed that in March, 1864, he was a sergeant in the militia, and while attending drill in Kinsale he was met one day in the barrack yard by Crowley, who after some conversation sword him in as a Fenian on a prayerbook. He swore to be a true and faithful member of the brotherhood, to keep its counsel, to obey its officers, and to assist its object—the freeing of Ireland from the British yoke, and the establishment of an independent republic. He soon after came to Cork and met the prisoners, who were members of the same society; had treasonable conversations with them, and frequently drilled them and others. The witness was then cross-examined by Mr. Collins at considerable length. At the conclusion of the witness's cross-examination Mr. Gilman applied for a remand for eight days, which application was at once granted. The inquiry commenced at one o'clock and did not terminate till a late hour in the evening. A few facts about the previous career of the informer may not be uninteresting. Warner was originally a soldier, and was drummed out for misconduct. He subsequently served in the militia, and was living at Bandon at some time in the year 1864. At this time he was Protestant, and moreover a bitter Orangeman. However, having, it is said, been dismissed from the employment of a Protestant gentleman in which he was at the time, he changed at once his residence and his religion, came to Cork, and became a devout Catholic. He had previously been, he states, sworn in as a Fenian, and he soon fell in with the members of the brotherhood in this city, and making himself remarkable for his zeal in the cause was, after passing through various grades, promoted to the rank of Colonel. However, unfortunately for Colonel Warner, his high military rank was unaccompanied with any of those solid advantages, usual in other services; and some three months since, the gallant officer found himself exceedingly hard up. He was then allowed to take a step which showed either an astounding want of brains or louts on the part of the chieftains of the brotherhood. This distinguished officer, this trusted depositary of every Fenian secret was allowed to present himself for admission as a pauper in the Bandon Board of Guardians, and has for three months back vegetated in that institution, his pitiful demands for assistance being entirely disregarded by his Cork brothers. Accordingly, Col. Warner determined at a single stroke at once to fill his pockets and avenge his wrongs, and gave the local authorities the information, on which nine prisoners charged with high treason now lie in Cork Gaol.—*Cork Examiner*.

The *Cork Examiner* states that Drum-Major Butler, of the 2nd Queen's Own, and a Sergeant of the 99th Regiment, have been arrested. With them, it is said, were found documents showing that they were connected with the Fenian Brotherhood. The wild

rumors are in circulation here as to a widespread disaffection existing amongst the troops at present quartered in the city, and it is stated that further arrests will be made.

Approved 'croppy pikes' are said to have been

found concealed in the forge of a smith named Hogan in a spot indicated by Warner, the 'informant.'

—*Cork Reporter*.

R. Warner, the informer, was an Orangeman and a Fenian both—before he became a 'convert,' pauper, and 'informant.'

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