

To My Father.

BY J. T. GALLAGHER.

Oh, my father, dearest father! dearer far than life to me. More beloved than life is ever, dearer far than life could be. Tell me, tell me truly, ah! I'm longing for to know— And to know it, dearest father, might dispel his cloud of woe. If, when brothers and my sisters and I, in the spring and winter evenings by the fire, I'll tell you, or when summer decks the sea. As they roam my native valleys, do they ever speak of me? Oh, they would, beloved father! if they knew the love I bear. And the wild and passionate longing to once again be with them there. If they knew the pain and anguish and the dreadful cloud of woe that has ridden my youthful forehead, hangs above where I go. All the torments and hardships that are mine from year to year. How my broken heart is bleeding—all my flowers of hope are slow and slow. How the days drag slowly onward through the night I fight with care. Lest it would detract from my reason—lest I wither in despair. And bright hopes were mine in boyhood nurtured by a fancy bright. As the crystal drops that lie in the flower-cups after night. They were hopes, beloved father, that some future day I'd stand. 'Mid the great and glorious riggers of my Lapsus Motus, and my foreign tyrant, you taught me, I would wield. 'Gladly her cross and heavy foreign tyrant, your bright brand in battle held. That I'd die, as did your father, or I'd make great grief a free tree. But my hopes, my hopes have perished—I'm an exile over the sea. Far away from all I cherish—all on earth that's dear to me. What care I how soon I perish? Father, I've forgotten that I live. I've forgotten that for a moment I'm anguish. I will forgive you. You see they're not my Erin, I will live 'oh, I will live. I will live to see the valley that I love with all my soul and heart. And the winding green-fringed rivers dancing, laughing in the sun. See my brothers and my sisters, and the friends who care for me. I will live to strike for Erin. I will live to see her free. Then I care not when I perish, for I long to be at rest. See my long-lost, darling mother in the kingdom of the blest. Then I care not, ah! I care not when my sloping sun may set. For my day has been a sad one, and the evening sadder yet. But I'll stop this dreadful waiting, have I not a soul and mind? Can I paint an brighter picture—one more cheering to mankind? No, the great God never gave me life to fritter thus away. I will bear the bounds that bind me, I will rush into the day.

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

A close watch had been set upon McDonnell from the evening on which he had declared his intention of sending for Father Leonard and making over a certain amount of property to him for the benefit of the poor. He had given to his valet the next morning a note for his reverence, which, being safely placed in Nano's hands, found its way speedily into the fire. He had been advised by Killany to remain within doors for a few days. The excitement of his last interview with Nano had injured him. Continual brooding since was wasting him slowly. He felt the necessity of quiet for a time, and obeyed the physician's instructions so honestly that he did not discover at once the position in which his daughter had placed him. He wondered and fretted at the priest's apparent delay, and sent other notes urgently demanding his presence. They elicited a message to the effect that his reverence was not in the city. This did not satisfy him; and the suspicion that his daughter might be intercepting his letters occurred to him at the same time his life was rendered still more unhappy and miserable. He had dwelt on the last scene with his daughter more with the petulance of an old man than with the dignity of a young man. He raged and wept by turns. He accused himself, and justly, for the sad deformity of character which she displayed. He spent the hours in self-reproach, or in prayer, or in wandering aimlessly through his own suite; sometimes vowing vengeance against any one who would dare to oppose him, and again crying weakly for humility and patience in his sufferings. The world without was so beautiful, the sky so clear, the sun so bright, everything that breathed or grew, so full of life's cheery activity and fascinating movement, that, pressing his face against the window—his old, withered, pallid face against the cold pane, he laughed from the contrast of his heart. It was horrible that the contrast between his loved world and himself should be so much in his disfavor; that in his heart and home misery, sin, and disease should reign so triumphantly, while the inanimate world and the vulgar rabe rejoiced. If his daughter had remained faithful the day would not have lost its brightness for him. His last hold on the beauty and satisfaction of life went with her affection. Riches had brought him nothing but curses, as ill gotten riches must always bring, and he had neither health nor spirit, nor mind to enjoy the power and station which he had won. It threw him into a dumb, enervating rage to suspect Nano of holding him a prisoner. He remarked that he had received no visitors within two days, and none had done so much as sent in their cards. Yet this might be attributed to the prevailing belief of his madness. That thought was overwhelming. It pressed him to the ground as if a heavy burden had been placed upon his shoulders, and left him helpless to think or move. Mad! They might as well have said buried. He was like a man attending his own funeral—certain of his existence and his own identity, yet ousted from his rightful place by the dead thing called by his name, pressed under under the force of a prevailing opinion, and conscious only of his utter helplessness. He determined to watch his servants and at every opportunity test their fidelity. They were acting in the interest of his enemies, and had already deserted the waning sovereign to transfer their allegiance to his fortunate successor. It was better but natural, and he did not complain of it. It added to his sufferings that these troubles were not purely domestic. The world had his insanity on its tongue-top, and poked among the

shes through its representative, Killany. His hand was everywhere, planning and executing, prompting and encouraging. It was not to his daughter but to this villain that he was giving the victory. It was not his daughter who would possess the spoils, but the adventurer. The honest and the dishonest would go alike to fatten his pockets, and those whom he had robbed and she for whom he had sinned would be left in equal destruction. Whatever was to be done to defeat the schemers must be done quickly; and without any fixed plan of action, hatched by the evil which surrounded him, he began by watching his servants. Late on that evening which had taken Nano to the carnival he gave to his valet a note for the priest. He followed the man with noiseless steps to the hall, and had the mournful satisfaction of seeing him read it and then fling it contemptuously into the stove with a laugh and a joke for one lean little figure which sat comfortably near the fire. "Old man still clings to the same idea," said Mr. Quip, who had been placed in his present position as Dr. Killany's representative. "Yes, he is bound to see the priest, and wait with fine patience his return home. Wouldn't have done it, though, but for Killany, who told him that it would be dangerous to stir abroad in his present state of health and irritation. The old man is that careful of himself, you know, that he'll do any foolish thing to keep from getting ill again. Think of him, if they can, but put him in the asylum." "That's a spot where dull care will never visit him," said Quip meditatively. "Between the choruses of his neighbors and the strait waistcoat and shower-bath of the institution he will not have much leisure for thought. He will be violent, and will get his share of these punishments. He is nervous, and they will affect him more than others. I would not be afraid to bet that he is dead within six months. The grave is a smoother and softer bed. It is circumscribed, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that by your own desire you were put there, and being dead, that it was the very best place for you." And both laughed at this ally. McDonnell's desire to rush out upon them and strangle them in their scornful mood was so strong that he shrank away in terror from himself. Was he really mad or going mad, as these men said and people imagined? "It would not be hard to make me so," he thought, with a shiver of uncontrollable fear; and that, perhaps, is the game. If they knew how little it would avail they would not be so cruel. But there are other means to bend the stubborn, and they who do not stop at this will stop at nothing. O God! this is thy time of vengeance." He stole away to think over this new evidence of his danger and his daughter's perfidy, and stole back again, overpowered with peevish rage when the door-bell rang. He was not himself, and it would have been better to have remained secluded for a time instead of irritating his mind still by every fresh proof of his sad misfortune. He could not, however, control himself so much. From his position he saw that a gentleman, a friend, had entered and presented his card to the servant with the request that he might see Mr. McDonnell immediately. The servant sighed and shook his head mournfully. "Very sorry, sir, but he is that bad as how the doctors say no one can go near him." "Ah! is it true what I have heard, that he is becoming more confirmed in his weakness of mind?" "I tell me, sir, too true. It is not known as yet, not even to Miss McDonnell, how very bad he is." "Liar! villain!" cried the unwise and enraged McDonnell, rushing upon the man from his place of concealment with flaming eyes and a face distorted with the passion he could not control. "You dare to repeat to my friends these calumnies! I will choke you till the eyes start from your lying head. Run, you villain run!" And the servant did run, with howls of terror so genuine that the whole kitchen, headed by the valet and Quip, came tumbling into the hall. The visitor, with a very pale, embarrassed countenance, was backing dignifiedly to the door. This movement brought the madman to his senses partially. "Sir," he said, controlling his voice with a great and visible effort, "pardon me for this unseemly behavior; but these villains, as you see, would make me mad in spite of myself. There is no need, I hope, to tell you it is a calumny." "Not at all," said the gentleman soothingly. "I regret having disturbed you exceedingly, and I—"

"Ah! you believe as the rest," cried the merchant half in scorn and half in agony. "Then do not go until you have convinced yourself of my sanity. I am not mad." "We all know that, sir," said the valet behind him. "Not mad, sir, but only irritated, sir, and forgetting that the doctor wished you to keep your room and not excite yourself, sir." "Away, wretch!" roared McDonnell, bustling again into a white rage at the sight of his jester. "Then you are the tool of greater villains, you have betrayed me." The man retired precipitately before the anger of his master, and was received into the bosom of the crowd with a chorus of screams and expressions of sympathy. The merchant was about to make a second appeal to his visitor, who was now at the door, when Quip touched his arm and said: "You would make these men believe you sane," he said, fixing his beady eyes on the restless ones of the invalid, and holding them to his own, "and yet you are taking the surest means to convince them of your insanity. This is not the time nor the place to proclaim it. You look like a madman now. Retire to your room, sir, and be careful to act, not as an ordinary man would act under the circumstances, but with the devil's own cunning. You will need it to get people out of the notions they have concerning you." "Who you are I know not," said McDonnell, impressed by Quip's words, "but you speak wisely. I shall follow your advice. And my visitor is gone; that shows me how I have blundered, for he surely think I am mad." The servants stood at a distance, whispering and wondering, their fears quick-

overcome by their curiosity. Mr. Quip winked at them and smiled, and they answered with a nodding of heads and a noiseless clapping of hands to indicate their approbation of his coolness and dexterity. "Go to your places," said the merchant, waving his hand towards them; and he would have said more, but that they vanished pell-mell into the kitchen regions, and made that part of the house echo for some moments afterwards with the screeching of the more sensitive females and the rattling of tins and dishes. Fearful he would assail them there and then, the more cool-headed ones barricaded the door. In the hall were left only the valet and Mr. Quip, to the former of whom the master gave his particular attention. "You may consider yourself discharged," he said, "and without a character. You are my servant no longer. Having betrayed me, it is not safe to give you the opportunity of betraying other unfortunates." He was going to his room when Nano entered from the carnival in her dress of the celestial huntress, gay with the glitter of silk and gold, and even light-hearted. The shrinking attitude of the valet, the important airs of Mr. Quip, and the wily glances and appearance and manner of her father gave her immediate insight into the scenes which had lately taken place. She paled slightly, and was going on to her own apartments when her father stopped her, getting ill again. "Come with me," he said imperiously. She followed him into the library with a sinking heart, but with resolute and unmoved exterior, and for a few moments they stood quietly facing each other, his hands nervously twitching together, his eyes reading her face as if to find there some hope of which he had not yet dreamed. "Are you my daughter?" he asked sneeringly when his scrutiny was finished. "You have better grounds to call me that, sir, than I to call you father. Why do you ask?" "Father, father!" he repeated with a broader sneer. "That comes trippingly from your tongue, does it not? And yet you have lost all right to that honored title. You have made me a madman—me, your father, who schemed and stung to make you what you are, who in his misery and repentance made you his first regard, preferring to desert his God and his salvation, almost, for your sake. You have repaid me for my old indifference. You have made me a madman. I am, if you can make good this vile calumny, as good as dead and buried. And yet, before God, my sin is not so great as yours. I gave up a father's love and care, and you never looked with love on me. You now add crime to indifference. Tell me, is it your intention to put me in the asylum?" She did not answer for she could not. "Tell me, tell me," he repeated fiercely, bringing his wild eyes close to her face and seizing her violently by the arms, "do you mean to desert me?" "Am I safe," she answered boldly, "with one who, sane or not, chooses to act the madman? Am I to be blamed for confining one who treats his own not even as the dogs of the street would treat them?" "You are always forgetting," he said mournfully, releasing his hold, "and there is the apology of my enemies." He stood for a moment with his hands clasped to his forehead, the picture of woe and helplessness; then he went over to the mantel and took down a crucifix that hung there veiled. Pressing it to his bosom, he said: "I submit, and I acknowledge the justice of your punishment. I submit, I submit. Only remember, my God, that I am deserted by the one whom I most loved. You had mother and friend in your affliction. I have none. Be my support, and be merciful to my pitiless persecutors." "You, unfortunate woman, since you are determined to go on in your sinful path, bear in mind only this thing, your sin will recoil on you, as mine has recoiled on me. Perhaps you are already judged and condemned. See what my punishment is. You have added to my pride and my injustice the ingratitude of hell, and your punishment will be in proportion. Go now and think upon my words." He turned from her and continued to walk the length of the room with the crucifix in his hands, entirely oblivious of her presence. She bore herself with wonderful self-command. During his denunciation she stood calm as a marble statue, with her eyes fixed on him, and seemed to derive comfort and strength from the looking. She was moved and frightened by his appeal. She thought he was becoming what she had desired him to be—a madman. His whole appearance, lean, shriveled, pallid, his hair discolored and his eyes burning, was that of one insane; and insane he was, poor old man! with grief and disappointment.

"He whom they call McDonnell. He had a spasmodic pain for an instant contracted his face and a shiver crept through his half-dressed limbs. He turned his head towards the doctor with a dilating horror in his eyes. A glance at his examiner did not seem to re-assure him. He put out his hands feebly, as if to wave him from his sight. "Away, away!" he cried hoarsely. "It is enough to disturb my sleeping hours with your dread presence; do not make the day hideous. I will do justice to your children, if they live. Have I not been trying hard—hard—hard? But the devil, who sends you to torment me, is plotting against me. Why do you come? There are many who will make me mad without your assistance. Away, away!" And he groaned and pushed his hands against the empty air, as if thrusting from him a heavy body. "You mistake," said the doctor gently, "if you think there is here another besides myself." "Do I not know your voice? How often have you stood beside me bed when I was weak and helpless and mocked me! Go! In Heaven's name go! Do I not suffer enough with my daughter and the devil leagued against me? Away!" He had worked himself into a frightful state of feeling. His eyes were starting, his face was flushed and swollen. The doctor rose hastily and left the room. "Well!" said Killany, when he entered the parlor. "Mad," said Fullerton briefly—"violently mad." "Ah!" And Killany smiled in an ambiguous manner, and turned to the other physicians. "Let us compare notes, gentlemen, and then settle on our report." It was very neatly and even factiously done over a decanter of Burgundy. The four medical gentlemen gave it as their opinion that McDonnell was hopelessly insane, and recommended immediate confinement to an asylum." TO BE CONTINUED.

Special Correspondence of the Pilot. THE SICILIAN VESPER. Commemoration of a Remarkable Tragedy. ROME, March 14, 1882. At the end of the present month the inhabitants of Palermo, in Sicily, intend to hold high festival in commemoration of the massacre of the French, which occurred in that city six hundred years ago. Amongst other attractions will be the performance of an historical drama entitled "The Sicilian Vespers," at which Garibaldi, in spite of his failing health, will assist. Mention is made also of a very rich arrangement of scenery, a sea-fight and an illumination of the Bay of Palermo. The author of the drama, Count Ricciardi, says that it is to be desired that no one in France will mistake the meaning of such a manifestation; the French should regard it with the same eyes that they would regard a like festival in honor of Joan d'Arc, who devoted her life to the glories of expelling the English from France. The commemoration of March 31st should only be considered in France as a new expression of the national sentiment protesting against all domination and against all foreign influence. The Count Ricciardi concludes by saying that should he be called upon to speak he will end his discourse by these words: "Peace and fraternity between nations, but on the sole condition that none of them shall trample upon the rights of others." The incident to be commemorated on this occasion is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable and tragical in Italian annals, and is thus related by Michele Amari. In front of the church of San Spirito, about half a mile to the south of Palermo, stood an open plain or esplanade which, 600 years ago, was a favorite resort of the Palermitans. On Easter Tuesday, in 1282, which is that year fell on the 31st of March, this plain, carpeted with spring flowers, was, at the hour of Vespers, crowded with citizens wending their way to the church. "Divided into numerous groups, they walked, sat in clusters, spread the tables, or danced upon the grass; and whether it were a defect or a merit of the Sicilian character, they threw off for the moment the recollection of their sufferings,—when the followers of the Justiciary (the French Governor) suddenly appeared among them, and every bosom thrilled with a shudder of disgust. [The French were at that time masters of Sicily.] The strangers came, with their usual insolent demeanor, as they aimed to maintain tranquility; and for this purpose they mingled in the groups, joined in the dances, and familiarly accosted the women, pressing the hand of one, taking unwarranted liberties with others, addressing indecent words and gestures to those more distant; until some temperately admonished them to depart, in God's name, without insulting the women, and others murmured angrily; but the hot blooded youths raised their voices so fiercely that the soldiers said to one another,—"These insolent palermitani must be armed, that they dare thus to answer," and replied to them with the most offensive insults, insisting on searching them for arms, and even striking them with sticks or thong. Every heart already throbbing fiercely on every side, when a young woman of singular beauty and of modest and dignified deportment, appeared with her husband and relations, bending her steps towards the church. Drouet, a Frenchman, impelled either by madness or license, approached her as if to examine her for concealed weapons, laid hold of her and searched her bosom. She fell fainting into her husband's arms, who, in a voice almost choked with rage, exclaimed,—"Death, death to the French!" At the same moment a youth burst from the crowd which had gathered round them, sprang upon Drouet, dashed and slew him. "Noble examples have a power far beyond that of argument or eloquence to arouse the people, and the subject awoke at length from their long bondage, 'Death, death to the French!' they cried, and the cry, say the historians of the time, re-echoed like the voice of God through the whole country, and found an answer in every heart. Above the corpse of Drouet were heaped those of victims slain on either side; the crowd expanded itself, closed in, and swayed hither and thither in wild confusion; the Sicilians, with sticks, stones, and knives, rushed with desperate ferocity upon their fully armed opponents, they sought for them and hunted them down; fearful tragedies were enacted amid the preparations for festivity, and the overturned tables were drenched in blood. The people displayed their strength, and conquered. The struggle was brief, and great the slaughter of the Sicilians; but of the French there were two hundred—and two hundred fell. "Breathless, covered with blood, brandishing the plundered weapons, and proclaiming the insult and its vengeance, the insurgents rushed towards the tranquil city. 'Death to the French!' they shouted, and as many as were found were put to the sword. The example, the words, the contagion of passion, in an instant aroused the whole people. The multitude continued to increase, dividing into troops, they searched the streets, burst open doors, secured every nook, every hiding-place, and shouting 'Death to the French!' smote them and slew them; while those too distant to strike added to the tumult by their applause. The darkness of the night failed to arrest the laughter, and it was resumed on the morrow more furiously than ever, nor did it cease at length because the thirst of vengeance was slaked, but because victims were wanting to appease it. Two thousand and French perished in this first outbreak. Tradition relates that the sound of a word like the sibyl's of the Hebrews, was the cruel test by which the French were distinguished in the massacre; and that if there were found a suspicious or unknown person, he was compelled, with a sword at his throat, to pronounce the word 'Cicero,' and the slightest foreign accent was the signal of his death. "Forgotten of their own country, and as if stricken by fate, the gallant warriors of France neither fled, nor united, nor defended themselves; they unsheathed their swords, and presented them to their assailants, imploring, as if in emulation of each other, to be the first to die. Even the altars afforded no protection; tears and prayers were alike unheeded; neither old men, women, nor infants were spared; the ruthless avengers of the ruthless massacre of Agosta (where, in 1268, the ferocious William I'Estouart, a French baron under Charles d'Anjou, sacked the town and mercilessly butchered the inhabitants, so that not a living soul was left, and which was desolate for many years afterwards) swore to root out the seed of the French oppressors throughout the whole of Sicily, and this vow they cruelly fulfilled. The French were hunted down in the mountains and forests, assaulted and vanquished in the castles, and pursued with such fury that to those who had escaped from the hands of the Sicilians, life became a burden, and from the most respectable fortresses, from the most remote hiding places, they gave themselves up into the hands of the people, who summoned them to die. A very few, aided either by fortune or by their own valor, escaped with their lives, and sought refuge in Messina. But the fate of William Porcetta merits eternal remembrance. He was lord or governor of Calatani, and amid the unbridled integrity of his countrymen, was distinguished for justice and humanity. On the day of vengeance, in the full flush of its triumphant fury, the Palermitan host appeared at Calatani, and not only spared the lives of William and his family, but treated them with the greatest honor, and sent him back to Provence; a fact which goes far to prove that for the excesses committed by the people ample provocation had not been wanting." P. L. CONNELLAN.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures catarrh by its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties. Each package prepares one pint of the Remedy ready for use, and costs only 50 cents. By drug-gists. A clerk of a parish whose business it was to read the "first lesson," came across the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego occur thirteen times, and finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as the "aforesaid gentlemen." Dr. Pierre's Compound Extract of Smart-weed cures rheumatism, breaks up colds and fevers, and is the best liniment for burns, sprains, and bruises. Of all druggists. A Case of Twenty-five Years' Standing. From the Venerable ARCHDEACON SCOTT, D. D., of Dunham, P. Q. "The man who has experienced in himself a great blessing, if he possess any generous sentiment, cannot but feel sincere gratitude to the agent through whom he has been benefited. "I am an inveterate Dyspeptic of more than twenty-five years' standing." "I have been wonderfully benefited in the three short weeks during which I have used the PERUVIAN SERP, that I can scarcely persuade myself of the reality. People who have known me are astonished at the change. I am widely known, and can but recommend to others that which has done so much for me." Sold by all druggists. Rheumatic Remedy. There is no better cure for Rheumatism than HAYGARD'S Yellow Oil used according to directions on the bottle. It also cures Burns, Scalds, Frost bites, Bruises, lameness, and all wounds of the flesh. All dealers sell it, price 25 cents. Had Suffered many Physicians and grew no better but rather worse. Mr. D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., after consulting his physicians, tried nearly half a gross of the various blood and liver remedies advertised, with no benefit; when one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him of Paralysis and General Debility. At the advanced age of 69, he says he feels young again, and is overjoyed at his wonderful recovery. In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil three a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.