

TOM MOORE.

BY DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The legends were dim and forgotten;
Nagled the hap and unwarred;
And the sweet, sweet lore of the nation
Grew strange on her children's tongue;

As the west wind that breathes of the summer,
Wins the chilled bud to fragrance and bloom;
So the strains of the God gifted comer,
Won the genius of song from her tomb;

From the old abbey, ruined and hoary,
From the castles that frowned o'er the sea,
He wove a romance and a story,
As he chanted the hymns of the free.

What pathos he wrung from that shattered,
That time worn harp, when again
He sweeps its strings, breathing of sorrow,
Of love and oppression and pain—

Of pain and of passion the deepest and truest,
Like winds in the simms of years,
The richer because of the glimpses
Of smiles through its burden of tears.

It began, as the promise of dawn
Empurpled the clouds of the night,
It grew still, like landscapes at noon,
The land was aglow with its light.

It was in the mellow and tender,
Half mirthful, half sad, and all pure,
As it teaches the children of Ireland,
To be faithful and strong to endure.

In the far battle-fields of the stranger,
By the camp fires of France and of Spain,
On the eve of the morrow of danger,
The bivouac rang with its strain.

Now low, like the summer tides throbbing
On the beaches of Ireland, and then
Like the winter gales, raging and sobbing,
In the hearts of these strife-worn men.

Oh! hard of our own land, thy laurels
Are brighter than ever to day,
As we tread the dark pathway of sorrow,
And struggle through liberty's ray.

For the songs you have taught us have cheered us;
And when we have conquered, be sure
The first toast, the first pledge of our freedom,
Shall be to thy memory, TOM MOORE!

San Francisco.

The Haunted Church.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued.)

"You must not travel so far again, dear.
Your fragile form is not strong enough for these
long journeys."

"Do you know, Lady Mortimer," said
Agnes, "it occurred to her that this was a
suitable time to carry out an idea which she had
formed on her journey, 'I fear it will be necessary
for me to take a longer journey. I am
about to leave.'"

"To leave, my dear Agnes," said the lady
in great amazement. "Why? I thought you
were perfectly satisfied with us."

"So I am, dear lady; you have been so
very kind and so very good to me. But I must
go."

"Must, Agnes! Why? What has happened
to make you change your mind so suddenly?"

"I cannot tell you, dear lady. My mind is
ill at ease."

"And when do you propose going?"

"To-morrow, if it would not inconvenience
you, my lady."

"To-morrow! My dear, is very sudden.
Where have arranged to go?"

"I don't know. I have not made up my
mind. To France again, I think," said Agnes,
bursting into a flood of tears.

A sigh that had not a little trouble and a great
deal of kindness in it, Lady Mortimer touched
the silver bell that stood on the table beside
her to call her maid; and then rose as the latter
entered to attend her, and proceeded to her bed.

She still hoped that the governess would change
her mind; that the resolution she had taken
would vanish as speedily as it was formed, and
that she would remain.

But she was doomed to be disappointed; for
in the morning, with a face that showed that
but little sleep had crossed her eyelids during
the night, was ready attired for travelling,

with her trunk packed; and after many tears
and embraces from her young pupils, was on
the way to Dover mail station, whither she
knew not—only filled with the one sole
idea of escaping out of England—anywhere from
the near presence of the man she so dreaded and
loathed.

At first she thought of going to London. She
might see there some of her friends or former
acquaintances as school, in her innocence of the
world little knowing that she might as well ex-
pect to meet them on the Asiatic continent as
in the wilderness of a city.

She reflected that it would be as painful to her
to expose her position to them as to the kind
lady whose mansion she had just left. Where-
upon she resolved to proceed to Dover and take
the first packet to France. There she hoped
to get some position as English governess in
some French family. It was but a vague
prospect, but anything was better than the
chance of meeting her guardian.

She thought of him with a shudder of terror,
and she thought with a feeling of loathing and re-
pugnance, to her heart.

How weary and downhearted she was as she
sat in the mail-coach bore on! How black and
dismal, and despairing, seemed the world to her!
With what sadness and weariness she lay back
in the carriage, gazing vacantly at the trees
and houses, and landscapes that flitted by!

And this she thought, was the end of all
these bright hopes that she had cherished during
her previous life. What would the fellow
boarders think now of her whom they were
wont to call "the princess" in admiration of her
grace and beauty?

Carefully veiling her face, whose loveliness
had now become her peril, she sat in lonely re-
tirement in her place. The coach stopped at
many posting-stations on the way; people got
out and came in again; but still she remained
unnoticed and unknown.

It was late when the mail arrived at the port
whence the packet started for Calais. It had
come to blow and rain heavily, for the great
heat of many days had surcharged the atmos-
phere with accumulated vapour, which had
now broken forth in storm and were descending
in torrents. She stepped out of the coach and
by one of the hurrying passengers had picked up
the covered vehicles on hire, and had wended
on their several ways. There was not one re-
maining. Others, more vigorous and more ac-
tive than she, had secured them.

How, in her kind, quiet, sad way, she en-
joyed those fortunate young ladies whom she
had seen depart, attended and protected and
traced by fathers or brothers with care
and solicitude! What sad fate had sent her
into the world so lone and unprotected, so bere-
ft of kindly sympathy and friendship!

That evening, instead of growing better, grew
worse. The clouds lowered and darkened, the
rain descended in torrents, and the lightning of
a summer's eve—brilliant and startling—flashed
in red streaks across the sky.

The thunder rumbled quite near, and rever-
berated on the roof of the posting-station in
sonorous and affrighting echoes.

Agnes felt weak. She had been travelling a
long time, and had taken no refreshment in the
interval. She had never thought of it in her
troubled, half-frighted state of mind; and
even if presented to her unsolicited she could
not partake of it. But, whilst in the same stage
she felt the want of help, and on her slender
form. She felt as if she were fainting. She
was thirsty with her journey, and needed a
drink. To relieve both she walked into the
ladies' apartment, and had a glass of water.

Returning again to her resting-place until such
time as she could get a vehicle to bring her to
the boat, she continued to lie down help-
less. The wind of her journey, and the shud-
der-laden afternoon, induced her unconsciously
to keep it up.

She had scarcely resumed her lonely seat
when the bells rang and clamoured, and just
then the London coach came in. Many persons
descended, and not a few as they passed her
paused in admiration of the beautiful face that
presented to them, and smiling not a little
as they walked more slowly and turned again
to look at her what could have brought one so
lovely sitting there all alone.

The young girl heeded them not. She was
busy reflecting that whatever came had come
to the station in the meantime would be again
picked up by the influx of new passengers. The
best would be speedily getting out, and she
was silently deploring her inactivity and want of
energy and strength that she had not sought
one previously.

From this reverie she was startled by a voice
accosting her.

"What—Agnes! You here! Where did
you come from, or where have you been?"

"I hope she is not going to do anything
foolish," thought Lady Mortimer as she glanced
at the winsome face which the looks of trouble
and weariness only made the more interesting.

"Poor girl! I wish she would confide in me.
That slender form is not calculated to bear much
trouble. I do indeed hope she is going to do
nothing foolish and grave words to Agnes were
the outcome of these thoughts.

Neville's; you will find it outside. I was await-
ing my nephew's coming, but he has not turned
up by the mail. Fortunately it is so in the
present case, else I should not be here."

Captain Phil, not as ill pleased with this in-
terference, but careful to show no symptoms of
his displeasure, said as he was directed, and in a
few minutes the carriage containing the three
was being driven to the hotel.

There, having seen her in her own room, and
having procured her the necessary refreshment,
the lady left, merely saying:

"This is my card, my dear—Mrs. Neville,
Portwick Hall, not many miles from here.
I don't speak to in exchange confidence, but if
you should at any time need a friend write me
a line. I shall be glad to receive it, and to see
you."

Without making any attempt to see the guar-
dian, the lady left again.

"There is something curious on foot here,"
said she musingly, as the carriage swept her on
her way back to the station. "They are
certainly very different in manner and ap-
pearance and rank to be travelling together. She is
so refined, so graceful, so beautiful; and he—
Well, there is some mystery in it. And she
seems really in awe and terror of him. I wonder
what relationship they hold to one another."

Yours girl! She seems too fragile and too re-
fined for overmuch travelling, and with that
idea of escaping out of England—anywhere from
him. I wonder how to solve this mystery better
than I."

But the party for whom the lady had been
waiting did not arrive by the next coach
either, and they being the last for the afternoon
the lady was fain to return to her residence
again unattended. All the time, however, on
her way home she was busy thinking over the
past with her guardian.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FLIGHT OF AGNES.

Frank Crossley had been dreamily musing of
many things, and indeed, being lolling asleep
in the slumberous heat of the afternoon, when
the bugle of the guard at starting roused him
into activity, and he turned towards the win-
dow of the carriage to take an indolent glance
around.

A carriage was passing from him some dis-
tance away. He glanced at it and was startled.
The eyes he had so often seen on a face of such
beauty. For a moment he could not remem-
ber where he had seen it before, but bring-
ing his wandering gaze swiftly back again, the
eyes of the fair owner met his with a look
of recognition so bright, so glad, so radiant, that
they immediately flashed recollection upon him.

"Why, it is Agnes!" he exclaimed, as he
leaped to open the coach door and jump out.
But both carriages were in opposite motion, and
even now whilst he fumbled at the handle the
former had disappeared in the distance.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed, "how
unfortunate it was that I did not look around
sooner! But could it be she? Yes, surely
it was. No one else could have that exquisite
face. Besides, there were so many private
things that I remember it again. What could have brought
her there? Where could she have been going?
What a prodigious fool I was not to have seen
her a minute earlier—only an instant! What
a story to have to tell Charles Cantrell when
next I write to him! I must see her—must
know where she is, and what she is doing!"

He got out at the next station, and with
his luggage and all there is no chance of that.
And it is more than an hour's journey away.
Confound it all! Was there ever anything so
unlucky?"

There was no help for it. To return now with
the evening falling and the carriage gone would
be useless. Besides, there were so many private
carriages bearing swiftly away the incoming
passengers. How could he know her amongst
them, or find out what direction she had taken?
Impossible.

There was very little chance of slumber now
for his excited brain, but the afternoon never so
heavy and warm.

"Where has she been? What brought her
there all alone, too? Had she been in Eng-
land all the time? Why had she so suddenly
disappeared from the Franch school? Where
was the Ogre?"

With questions like these racing tumultu-
ously through his head, repeating themselves un-
ceasingly, he scarcely felt the time passing until
they made him gasp for further this night," he
thought. "I shall go back by the mail coach
early in the morning and make inquiries about
her. What a delightful piece of information to
send Cantrell—if I should be successful!"

He got down his luggage and put up at the
hotel.

Crossley, young, vigorous, and enthusiastic,
was supposed to let the grass grow under his
feet in quest of the fair girl in whom his absent
friend was more than interested.

Accordingly, he was up business at his hotel,
caught the morning coach on its way back to
the station at which he had seen her. Surely
the postmaster or the booking-clerk or the
porter would know something of her.

"There was, or is, a young lady in your
household—"

"What do you say?"

"There was, or is, a young lady in your
household—a stranger to you, but a great
friend of mine—rather, a great friend of a
friend of mine."

"We have had no stranger—but a young
lady who was governess."

"That may be. Could I see her—speak with
her—for a few minutes?"

"I am sorry you cannot, Frank. She left
this morning. But perhaps she may not be the
young lady whom you wish to see."

"What sort of girl was she? And what was
her name?"

"Very graceful and very, very handsome.
Unusually so, indeed. And, so far as we could
gather, not an English girl, though a long
time living in England. Her name was
Agnes."

The same, Lady Mortimer. Pale olive com-
plexion—like one come of a Southern race."

"Yes; that is so."

"And so she has left," said Frank, in a tone
of deep perplexity and disappointment. "Why
did she leave, Lady Mortimer? Excuse me for
asking the question, but I have excellent reasons
for it—and where did she leave for?"

"I should answer your question if I could
more cheerfully, but I cannot. I neither
know the reason why she left, nor where she
went. Her resolution to depart was most
suddenly formed, for she did not seem to have
any intention of it yesterday. She appeared to
be in distress and sorrow as going—why we
could not learn, since she did not tell us. But
there now seems to be some mystery in the case.
Tell me what it is, Frank, for we are all deeply
interested in her."

"I believe there is, but I know nothing of it.
Only that she is, as I said before, a very dear
friend of a dear friend of mine, and disappeared
somewhat mysteriously from London some time
ago, and from Paris later still. I should be
glad to be able to send him some news of her,
and am grievously disappointed that I cannot."

"You are a regular knight-errant of chivalry,
Frank."

"I am much concerned about her, at any
rate," said Frank Crossley after some deep re-
flection.

"Will you not stay with us to lunch?"

"You must excuse me, Lady Mortimer, this
time. I shall pay you a visit sooner or later,
and enjoy your kind hospitality. But at pres-
ent—"

"Well, good-bye, Frank," said the lady as
the young fellow rose to go. "If you hear any-
thing of Agnes let me know, for we were all
deeply interested in her. I hope the poor girl
is in no trouble—or being brought into no
trouble."

"I hope so most heartily," said Crossley, as
he took his leave.

At the station, he could get no fur-
ther intelligence. No one had seen her come or
go. If she had taken a ticket it must have
been with her veil down, and no notice was
taken of her. So far the trace was lost, and
very much disappointed he resumed the journey
which he had interrupted the night before.

How delighted he would have been to
learn something of her whereabouts! To speak
with her only for a second! To be able to com-
municate some intelligence to his friend in the
distant land where he was located, no one but
Frank Crossley himself knew! But she had
vanished; and there was no way open to him of
tracing her; and so, making the best of his dis-
appointment, he proceeded on his journey.

Arrived at the end of the afternoon, he con-
veyance and proceeded to the house of his aunt,
the same lady whose kindly attention to the
fugitive girl he had already narrated.

An Important Point.

OTTAWA, September 4.—Sir John Thomp-
son was waited upon last Wednesday after-
noon by the executive committee of the Trades
Congress, consisting of President Carey,
Secretary Downer, Messrs. Urbain, Lafen-
tine, R. J. John, M. H. Brennan, Louis S.
Boudreau, Charles March, David R. Gibson
and Joseph T. Orzler, in reference to the
proceedings for conspiracy now being taken
against four union printers, late of the Mon-
treal Herald staff. The Hon. Minister as-
sured the delegates that if the defendants
were prosecuted successfully under the con-
spiracy amendment to the Combines bill, the
spirit of which exempts trades unions from its
operations, the Department of Justice would
see that the case was carried to the highest
courts in the land. As it was not clear, how-
ever, that the proceedings were being taken
under this Act, Sir John Thompson requested
the delegates to instruct the defendants
counsel to submit a written statement of the
grounds of action to the department. The
trial of the parties referred to commence this
day week in Montreal.

A HOW CAN THE LONG BE THE SHORT

line may be a very long one and you be the short-est given points.

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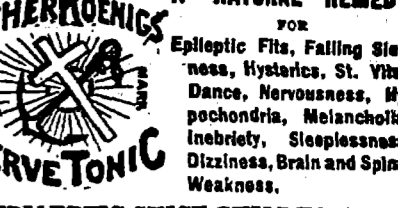
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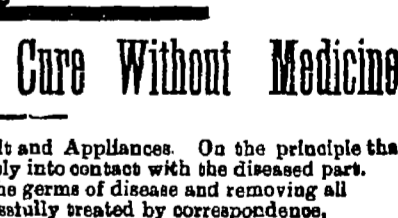
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