KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

INTRODUCTION.

Kuocknagow has been out of print for a considerable time, and very many eager in quiries have been made for it. It now reappears in a new and cheap edition, which may be usefully introduced by a brief account of its Author. The secondary title which he gave to his tale was—'The Homes of Tipperary." His own home was one of them

of Tipperary." His own home was one of them Charles Joseph Kickham was born in the year 18/5, at Mu linanone, a small town of the County Tipperary. The Anner flows past the town, and Silvenamon rises not far away—the river and Silvenamon rises not far away—the river and the mountain which figure often in his writings. His father, John Kickham, had a large drapery establishment in that place, and was widely respected for his intelligence and probity. His mother. Anne O' Wanony, was a pious and charitable woman, whom he lowingly described in the earliest of his stories, 'Sally Cavanagh; or, Untenanted Graves.' His uncie, Father Roger Kickham, was a zesitoss member of the Vincentian Order; and priest in the Archdic cese of Casham, was a probably called after his grandisther. Charles Kickham

called after his grandisther. Charles Rickhym
In his youth he was greatly influenced by
The Nation of Davis and Duff,; and, like
his kinaman. John "Mahony, be took an
active part in the '48 movement. He was
the leading spirit in the Confe ence Cub, in
Mullinahone, which he was entify instrumental in forming; and after the failure of
the rising at Ballingarry, which was not far
from his nome, he was forced to home numself for a time. A little later, white still a
young man, he worked earnestly in the Tenant Right League, hoping against hope that
something would be done to keep the people
at home. When that failed, he lost faith in
legal agit atton.

someting would be done to keep the people at home. When that failed, he lost faith in lear agitation.

In prise woring in a political career, and hower not a little of that iron will which service of his country, Charles Kichham and the service of his country. Charles Kichham and the hower of the service of his country of the service of his country of the service of his milar character. The Englishman, on the threshold of manhood, was totally deprived of right be an accident in a shooting party; yet in spite of this misfortune (the more distressing because his father's hand fired the shot) Fawcett contribute the work on, to ride, to skate, to fish, to become a successful University professor, an active and influential Member of Parliament, and a most efficient Postmaster-General. Young Kickham's secident was not so tragical in its cause, nor so destructive in its effects, at least in one respect. One day, walle he was drying a flask of damp ganpowder, it exploded. Injuring permanently not only his sight but his hearing. This was not take we have a sen stated in print) in his exteenth year, but two or three years earlier. Both sight and hearing grew duller, and his frame less robust, as time went on; and the hardships of his prison life greatly increased these infirmities.

For it was to a prison that his political career conducted him. He was one of the writers in the frish People, the organ of the Fennan movement. of course, there was an informer working in the very office of the newspaper. Kickham was arrested in Nov., 1885. He was tried in the courthouse of Green street. Dublin, on the 5th of January, 1886 he was found in the propertion of the fennan movement. If course, there was an informer working in the very office of the newspaper. Kickham was arrested in Nov., 1885. He was furled in the courthouse of Green street. Dublin, on the 5th of January, 1886 he was found a prison he should be prayed to the word. From the some proper of the Mother of God morning and evening before my eyes since I was a child," h

trusful, and kiudly, and sympathetic as a woman, His slender hand was fasuloned like a woman's, too. There was a great deal of silky grav hair in curls about his head, which was finely shaped, and he was very

which was finely shaped, and he was very tall. These last phrases are taken from a writer who, in her aff colonate obstuary, speaks

These last phrases are taken from a writer who, in her aff counte obituary, speaks thus of the tale which we are now introducing abow to the public:
"No writer has produced more faithful pictures of Irish country life than Charles Kickham. For no other writer possessed a mind quicker to see, or wider to hold the best feelings of our people; none other owned head or hand more obedient to the hignest impulses of the Ceitic character, and his memory was filled with the traditions of our land and race. 'Knocknagow' illustrates many sides of his own personality and of his ready humour, which was never cynical. In this book, as in nearly all he wrote, tears and laughter are close together.

midstart sminor and sizes. "Recording to him a little and the conjugation of the proof of the

humor, and would describe a scene or character with a few well-painted stroke Thouse gentle and kind in disposition, he could be a good hater as well as a ferven

could be a good hater as well as a fervent lover."

Charles Joseph Kickham died at Black rock, near Jubliu, on the 22ad of August 1882. His body was brought home to the 1892. His body was brought home to the 1892 his state and nather, and sister, and many kinsfolk were nuried. In the Dublia Exhibition of 1864, hid lingered long before a painting, "the Head of a Cow," by one of the Old Mastria of the Covered in the Covered Land of the Covered Land of the Covered Land of the Covered Land of the Covered Land Land of the Street Land of the August 1884, but he covered in Mullioshone." A quantitative of the affectionate, home loving nature which made it atting that his grave should be where his credic had been—"beside the Jubliu, 27th February, 1887. M. R.

"This touching incident probably comes from Kicknam himself, for we take it from an affectionate memorial written "before the first bloom of disales was dead upon his grave" by the young lady whose kindness coothed his last years and his last hours, Miss Rose Kavanagh. She recalls a "parallel passage" in his life, when almost the last use his tongue made of language after the fatal blow came, was to say aloud the Rosary of the B.essed Virgin.

CHAPTER I.

MR. LOWE BECOMES THE GUEST OF HI UNCLES PRINCIPAL TENANT.

It is Christmas Day.

Mr. Henry Lowe has just opened his eyes, and is debating with himself whether it is the gray dawn, or only the light of the young moon he sees struggling through the two round holes in the window shutters of his room. He has also a conduct a stell he wight after a window shutters of his room. He has slept soundly, as well he might, after a jurney the day before of some eighty miles on the outside of the mail coach, from the metropolis to the town of —; supplemented by an additional drive of a d. zen miles in his host's gig to his present not uncomfortable quarters.

The young gentleman knows little of Ireland from personal experience, having spent most of his life in what is sometimes oddly enough called "the siter of the sound ask for an explanation of this somewhat contradictory piece of information, Barney vanished, scratching his head and muttering something about "the boots," as it he feit himself in a diffi-

Mr. Henry Lowe is at present the guest Mr. Henry Lowe is at present the guest of his uncle's principal tenant, Mr. Maurice Kearney. The visit was partly the result of accident and partly a stroke of policy on the part of the young man's mother. Her brother, Sir Garrett Butler, owned—at least nominally—extensive landed property in the South of Ireland; and the prudent mother was trying to in-duce him to give her son the agency. And Mr. Kearney having gone to Dublin to see the landlord about the renewal of his lease, it was agreed that the young gentleman—whom we intend to introduce to the reader when he gets out of bed— should accompany him on his return home. and spend some week among his uncle's

and spend some week among his uncle's Tipperary tenants.

And so we find Mr. Henry Lowe half buried in down, this clear Christmas morning, in the best bedroom of Ballinaclash Cottage—for so Maurice Kearney's commodicus, if not handsome, residence is called.

called.

He had just settled the question with which his mind had been occupied for some ten minutes back, in favor of the moon, and was retapsing into slumber, when it suddenly occurred to him—

That he was a land-agent in embryo.

That he was at that moment in the midst of a district not unknown to fame

in connection with "agrarian outrages;"

That his room was on the ground floor.
This train of thought gave the holes in the window shutters a new interest in his

He was beginning to succeed pretty well in calling up a vision of a blunder-buss loaded to the muzzle with sluge, and

buss loaded to the muzzle with sluge, and two tall figures in fritze coats and knee breeches, with crape over their faces, when a tremendous report—as if the blunder-buse had gone off and burst—made him start to a sitting posture.

A second bang, if possible more stunning than the first, caused Mr. Henry Lowe to execute a jump—or rather to put forth a degree of muscular action which, under more favourable circumstances, would have resulted in that gymnastic feat: but which, owing to his postnastic feat; but which, owing to his post-tion and the non-elasticity of a feather-bed, must be pronounced a failure. The repetition of the sound a third, and a failure is a failure of the sound a third, and a failure is a failure of the sound a third, and a failure of the sound a third, and a failure of the sound as the the many vigorous but—whether we have regard to a "high" or a "long jump"—abortive efforts on the part of Mr. Henry

The fer-famed Knocknagowan drum

At this stage of the proceedings the bedroom door was opened, and Mr. Kearney entered with a lighted candle in his hand He held the light above his head, and looked considerably astonished when his guest was revealed to him, performing, as missioner, had been describing to him a few days before.

The gentlemen regarded each other with looks of mutual surprise and inquiry. But Mc. Kearney, divining the cause of his guest's perturbation, said, apologet-

He laid the candlestick on the dressing-table, and Mr. Lowe soon heard him shouting to Wattletoes to bring hot water to the gentleman in the "middle room." The gentleman in the middle room lay back upon his pillow, and surveyed the bearer of the hot water with some curios

ity.
The first thing that struck him was, that it would be impossible to say whether this in-dividual were old or young or middle aged. Hs was low sized and stooped somewhat. But his face, though shrivelled and puck-ered in an extraordinary manner, was the face of a withered boy, rather than of an old man. He wore an old frock coat, which evidently reached to the knees of which evidently reached to the Ruess of the original owner, but nearly touched the heels of its present possessor. The legs of his trousers, which were as much out of proportion as the other garment, were rolled up, and formed thick circular pade half way between his knees and his

Before Mr. Lowe could proceed further

Before Mr. Lowe could proceed further with his inspection, this odd looking figure was disappearing through the door. "What is your name?" he asked

The grotesque figure stopped suddenly in the doorway, and, wheeling round, with his hand to his forehead, he answered with a grimace, of which it would be vain to attempt a description:

"Barney, sir—Barney Brodherick."
"Not Wattletoes," thought the young gentieman, as he pulled the blankets tightly over his shoulder. "I wonder who the devil is Wattletoes! Have I much time to dress?" he asked aloud.
"Lots uv time, sir. On'y if you don't

his head and muttering something about "the boots," as if he feit himself in a diffi culty.

Mr. Lowe had nearly completed his tollet when Barney returned with his boots, followed by Mr. Kearney, whip in hand, and wrapped in a frieze great-

The master had evidently been "pitching into" the man; for Barney exclaimed, as he placed the visitor's boots on the floor:
"Blur an-agers, have since, sir—have

"Have sense yourself-and that's what

you'll never have, you ninny hammer,' retorted the master, in an apparently augry tone. "He was told," he continued retorted the master, in an apparency augry tone. "He was told,"he continued, turning to his guest, "to bring blacking from Kilthubber, yesterday; and they desired him to get Martindale's blacking. When they found they had no blacking, and asked him why he didn't bring it—"I tried every house, he says, "from Gallowshill to Quarryhole, and the devit a Martin Dale could I find.

Though no trace of amile could be de-

Dale could I find.

Though no trace of smile could be detected in Maurice Kezrney's ruddy face, while he spoke, his repeating Barney's explanation of the non-appearance of the blacking, twice over, showed that he enjoyed it in his own way.

When they stood within the glow of the blazing wood fire in the parlor, the host again advised his guest to remain within doors till the family had returned from Mass. But the young gentleman repeated

Mass. But the young gentleman repeated his desire to accompany them. The roll of the drum—the performer

ordently using less force than when he so startied the stranger a while ago—accompanied by the shrill but not unplessing music of half-a dozen fifes signified that the procession—which consisted of nearly the whole population of Knockna-gow—had set out for Kilthubber.

Mr. Kearney and his guest were soon seated in the gig in which they had arrived the night before, and slowly following the crowd along the enow covered

It was too dark to see much either of the country or the people, and Maurice Kearney could do little more to amuso

Kitchubber, as the procession marched through the principal street to the chapel at the gate of which the music suddenly

Barney Brodberick was in waiting to take the horse to the hotel, and Mr. Lowe he thought, the identical African dance was conducted by his host up the gallery which the Reverend Edward Wright, the stairs and soon found himself in a front pew, next a lady who, he rightly conjec-tured, was his host's eldest daughter, but

and, leaning back against the altar, commenced his sermon. At first his words came slowly and hesitatingly. But as he warmed with his subject he moved about, now to the left, and sometimes straight forward to the verge of the altar step, which formed the platform upon which he stood—pouring forth what seemed to the unaccustomed care of Mr. L. we a torrent of barbaric eloquence, which rose into a kind of gor which rose into a kind of gor geous sublimity, or melted into pathos, sometimes homely, some-times fareifully poetical. Such lan-guage Mr. Lowe would have thought itigusge Mr. Lowe would have thought illsuited to such a crowd as he now
looked down upon, if he had not wit
nessed the effect it produced. And he
was surprised to find that it was the figurative passages that moved the people most.
For instance, when the preacher depicted
the Virgin wandering through the streets
of Bethlehem, seeking for shelter and
fielding every door closed sgainst her, and
proceeded: "The snow falls; the cold
winds blow—and the Lily of Heaven is with
cred," a cry burst from the congregation,
and the sobs were so loud and frequent
that the preacher was obliged to pause till that the preacher was obliged to pause till the emotion he had called forth had sub-

The sermon was short and withal practi

The sermon was short and withal practical; for while it comforted the poor, it impressed upon the rich the duty of alleviating their sufferings.

And as the clock struck eight, the Knocknagow drum told such of the inhabitants of Klithubber as had not yet left their beds that first Mass was over and the congregation were on their way homeward.

CHAPTER II.

MY ELDEST DAUGHTER. SIR." Mr. Lowe judged from the hearty " Mr. Lowe judged from the hearty "I wish you a merry Carletmas, sir," which greeted his host so frequently on the way homeward, that Mr. Kearney was on excellent terms with his neighbors. They did not wait for the procession; and, after a brisk drive of twenty minutes, the young geatleman again found himself in front of the crackling wood fire. While looking out on the snow-covered landscape, his attention was attracted by the extraordinary gait of a person approaching the house, gait of a person approaching the house swinging his legs and arms about in swinging his legs and arms about in a manner impossible to be described. As he came nearer, the size and shape of the feet were particularly noticeable. And as the figure was passing the window, the fact flashed upon Mr. Henry Lowe, as if by inspiration, that after all Barney Brodherick was Wattlatoes.

He had the curiosity to raise one of the windows to see what Barney meant by stopping suddenly opposite the hall door, and holding out bis hand with a coaxing wink of his little grey eyes.

Maurice Kearney's youngest son, a fat, innocent looking boy, stood, with his shoulder leaving against the jamb of the door, picking the rateins out of a great

door, picking the raisine out of a great slice of plum-case. "I'll bring you to hunt the wran," said

Barney.
"I can go with Tom Maher," the boy replied.
"I'll give you a ride on Bobby," Barney continued, in a still more insinuating

But the boy continued picking the raisins out of his plum cake.

"Be gob, Mr. Willie, I'll—I'll show you a thrian's pist!" exclaimed Barney, in a

ort of stage whisper.

The boy looked from the cake to the

This was too much. The thrush's nest carried the day; and Barney was in the act of taking a bite out of the plum-cake as he repassed the parlour window on his way round to the kitchen.

But the promise of a thrush's nest, with

vlands now."

As the young gentleman was sitting down, Mrs. Kearney's portly figure caught his eye in the doorway. She at once walked up to him, holding out her hand, and apologised for not having been prepared to receive him properly on his arrival. "But, indeed," she added, "we had not the least notion that any one was viands now." had not the least notion that any one was coming. Why did you not write to say that Mr. Lowe would be with you?" she

asked, turning to her husband.
"Where was the use of writing, when
I knew I'd be home myself before the leiter," was the reply, in a rather brusque manner, which was peculiar to Maurice

Kearney.
"The time," said Mr. Lowe, "is very unusual for such a visit; but you know I am a homeless wanderer at present."

'My eldest daughter, sir," said Mr. Keaney, waving his hand towards the door, near which the young lady had

stopped hesitatipaly for a moment.

Mrs. Kearney took her portly person out of the way, and her face beamed with pride and fondness as she surveyed the lovely girl, who, after courtesying grace fully, advanced and with a half-bashful smile, gave her hand to her father's guest.

The young gentleman was taken com-pletely by surprise. He had felt some curiosity to know what sort was the face hidden by the thick veil next him in the chapel. He thought it would be rather a pleasant discovery to find that the face was a handsome one; and was quite prepared for a blooming country girl in the person of his burly host's daughter. But the lady who now stood before him would have arrested his attention anywhere. She was tall, though not of the tallest neck and brow. A faint blush at that mement tinged her usually pale cheek, which, together with a pair of ripe, rosy lips and eyes of heavenly blue, imparted a sidered the marble coldness of her almost too ideal beauty.

Mr. Henry Lowe, for once in his life,

felt at a loss for something to say; but the entrance of two young girls spared him

long time since you and I had a talk together."

Her face lighted up at once, and forgetting all her womauly dignity, she ran with child like glee to the chair which he had drawn close to his own. She resumed her serious look again; but her keen sense of the ludicrous was too much for it, and one of Maurice Kearney's characteristic observations had even the effect of making our dignified young lady laugh into her cup, and spill so much of the tea that Mrs. Kearney insisted upon filling her cup again.

"Her all a smile that made Mc. Henry Lowe swear mentality that eyes of birds or man never beheld anything more lovely, let him fly out into the sunahine.

"As ready as he is to come in," she said, as she followed the released prisoner with a melancholy geze, which in the difference her companion thought was even more killing than the smile it succeeded—"as ready as he is to come in," she said, as she followed the released prisoner with a melancholy geze, which in the difference her companion thought was even more killing than the smile it succeeded—"as ready as he is to come in," she said, as she followed the released prisoner with a melancholy geze, which in the difference her companion thought was even more killing than the smile it succeeded—"as ready as he is to come in," she said, as she followed the released prisoner with a melancholy geze, which in the difference her companion thought of the said, as she followed the released prisoner with a melancholy geze, which in the difference her companion thought of the said, as she followed the released prisoner with a melancholy geze, which in the said, as she followed the released prisoner with a melancholy geze, which in the difference her companion thought of the said, as she followed the released prisoner with a melancholy geze, which in the said, as she followed the released prisoner with a melancholy geze, which in the said, as she followed the released prisoner.

again. "How did you like the sermon, Mr.

"How did you like the sermon, Mr. Lowe?" Miss Kearney asked
"It was so unlike anything I ever heard before," he replied, "that I really cannot venture to give an opinion. But he certainly moved his hearers as I have never seen an audience moved by apreacher. Some passages were quite poetical; and these, I was surprised, produced the great est effect. It is very strange."

"I believe," said Miss Kearney, "we frish are a poetical people."

"I particularly admired that passage," Grace observed, with her serious look, "beginning, "From the ripple of the rill to the rolling of the ocean; from the lily of the valley to the cedar on the mountain." That passage was very beautiful."

"Yes, I remember that," said Mr. Lowe, with a nod and a emile, which so flattered

"Yes, I remember that," said Mr. Lowe, with a nod and a smile, which so flattered Miss Grace's vanity that she could only preserve her look of gravity by dropping her eyelids and almost frowning. But, in spite of her efforts, a glance shot from the corner of her eye which plainly showed how gratified she was.

"She could preach the whole sermen to you," said Mr. Kearney, in his emphatic way. And then, after a pause, he added, still more emphatically: "I'd rather have her in the house than a piper."

This was too much for Grace; and Miss Kearney and her mother i steed in her

This was too much for Grace; and sues Kearney and her mother joined in her ringing laugh, while Mr. Lowe looked quite as much puzzled as amused, as he turned fuil round and stared at his hort,

turned fuil round and stared at his host, apparently expecting some explanation of this extraordinary testimony to Miss Grace's powers of pleasing.

Mr. Kearney, however, rubbed his whiskers, contemplatively, to all seeming quite unconscious of their mirth, and added, with a jerk of his head:

"Wait till you hear her play "the Foxbunter's Jig" Miss Butler is a fine girl," he observed, abruptly changing the subject.

All eyes were turned upon Mr. Lowe, and he felt called upon to say something.

So he said : So he said:

"Indeed yes, a very fine girl."

But the young gentleman felt that a certain opinion which he had always held regarding the respective merits of black and blue eyes, was considerably modified during the past half hour.

"She plays the harp," said Mr. Kenne young darked and

"With five young wans in id," continued
Barney, pressing the advantage he saw he
had gained, "feathered an' all—ready to "And the guitar," he added. "Though

the devil a much I'd give for that, only for the singing. She has a fine voice," he remaked, turning to Mr. Lowe. "Does Miss Klely sing?"
"Does Miss Klely sing?"
"Baddes, she does," his host replied,

Kearney. "He and my Uncle Dan used to spend whole days and nights together playing Irish air. My Uncle Dan played the fid—violin," said Mrs. Kearney, correcting herself, for she liked to call things by their grandest names, particularly when they happened to be connected with her Uncle Dap, or, indeed, with any of the great O'Carrols of Ballydunmore.
"Mr. Butler," she continued, "used to play the flute. He made some beautiful songs about Annie Cleary before they were married. He was not Sir Garret then, for it was in Sir Thomas's time. My Uncle Dan, too, had a great turn for poetry, and he used to help Mr. Butler to arrange the music for the songs. 'Twas my Uncle Dan," she added, turning to her husband, as if she were imparting a piece of information he had never heard be-

fore, "'t was my Uncle Dan that trans-lated the 'Coravoth' into English." "I know, I know," said her husband. rubbing the side of his head uneasily—knowing from sad experience that when his portly better half once set off upon her hobby it was no easy matter to pull

her up. "My Uncle Dan," she proceeded, "was the most talented of the family, though the counselior had the name."

Mrs. Kearney closed her lips after uttering the word "counseller," and then opened them with a kind of smack, foliowed by a gentle sigh, as she bent her head languidly to one side, and rested her folded hands upon her knees. Her hus-band rubbed his head more and more frantically; for these were infallible signs that the good lady was settling down steadily to her work. But fortunately Mr. Lowe, whose curlosity was really excited, averted the threatened infliction. "Did Sir Garrett," he asked, "really make verses ?"

the necessity of making a speech. The taller of the two moved timidly behind her father's chair without venturing even to glance at the stranger; while the other surveyed him from head to foot, and then turned to Miss Kearney with a look of surprise if not reproach. Miss Kearney understood the look, and said with a smile:

"Mr. Lowe, let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Grace Kiely."

"Miss Grace Kiely." said the little lady, drawing berself up to her full hel, ht, and bowing with great dignity.

She was moving away, with an air of studied gravity, when Mr. Kearney eaid:

"Come, Grace, sit here near me. Tis a long time since you and I had a talk together."

Herr face lighted up at once and for.

"Herr face lighted up at once and for.

"Herr face lighted up at once and for.

"Mes Wesund the room, and dashed itself against the window. Miss Kearney, leaning back in her chair and shading her eyes from the light with her hand, look of any time the pleture thus presented had, we suspect, something to owith Mr. Henry Lowe's inability to see anything extraordinary in his uncle's marriage. She stood up to let the robin escape, and her father and Mr. Lowe also left the breakfast table. The latter, with an air of easy good breeding, put back the bolt and drew up the window; Miss Kearney, leaning back in her chair and shading her eyes from the light with her hand, look of any the bird as it flattered against the window. Miss Kearney leaning back in her chair and shading her eyes from the light with her hand, look of any the bird as it flattered against the window. Miss Kearney, leaning back in her chair and shading her eyes from the light with her hand, look of any the bird as it flattered against the window. Miss Kearney at the bird as it flattered against the window. Miss Kearney against the window. Miss Kearney as the bird as it flattered against the window. Miss Kearney against the window. Miss Kearney as the bird as it flattered against the window. Miss Kearney against the window. Miss Kearney against the window. M

impatient to get away. I believe no bird loves liberty so weil."

"If you could set all your captives free as easily it would be well."

"I'd wish to do so—that is, if I had made any, of which I am unconscious."

She felt conscious, however, of the young gentleman's disposition to be more openly complimentary than she thought quite agreesble, and to divert his attention to something else, she said:

quite sgreesble, and to divert his attention to something else, she said:
"I fear you will find our neighborhood very duil. But my brothers will be home to day, and I hope they may be able to find some amusement for you"

This speech was calculated to have the very opposite effect of what she intended; but her father unintentionally came to hear sailed.

ner relief.

"You have good snipe shooting in the "You have good entpe shooting in the bog," he said abruptly, "and if we have a thaw, the hounds will be out."

"I am most anxious," said Mr. Lowe, "to have a day with the Tipperary

"I can mount you well," said Mr.

"I can mount you well," said Mr.
Kearney. "Come and I'll show him to
you. Tell Wattletoes," he continued,
turning to the servent who had come in
to replenish the fire, "to lead out Mr.
Hughe's horse."

"He's gone to hunt the wren, sir," she

replied.

Mr. Lowe saved Barney from a storm of abuse by remarking that as often as he had heard of hunting the wren he had never seen it.
"Let us walk over toward the fort,"

said his host, "and you'll see enough of it."
"We'll go too, Mary," exclaimed Grace, leaping from the sofa upon which she had been rectining in a graceful attitude, and in what she

in what she persuaded herself was a dreamly sentimental mood. Miss Kearney held up her hand warn-ingly, but her father torned round before he had reached the door and said: "Yes, Grace, let you and Mary come with us."

with us."

"Of course you will come too, Ellie,"
sald Miss Kearney to her young sister,
who was reading a book near the fire, and
apparently afraid of attracting attention.

"Ob, no," she replied with a start,
"mamma will want me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WEDDING BELLS.

HICKEY-DOWLING. Last Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock an event of more than ordinary interest took place at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Caicago, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Bessie Dowling to D. C. Hickey, M. D., of Kingston, Ont., Canada. The doctor, although a Canadian by birth, holds the rank of surgeon of the United States army, and by coming to Chicago to select a bride gave "Does Miss Kiely sing;
"She does, she does," his host repiled,
rather impatiently. "But I'm talking of
your cousin, Miss Butler."
"Oh, she sings very well," said Mr.
"Oh, she sings very well," said Mr.
of Mrs. Dowling, relict of the late Martin
Of Mrs. Dowling, relict of the late Martin But the promise of a thrush's nest, with five young ones in it, on a Christmas morning in our latitude, impressed Mr. Lowe with a high opinion of Barney Broderick's powers as a ciplomatist.

"Come, Mr. Lowe," said his host, as he placed a chair for him at the breakfast table, "you ought to have a good appetite by this time. I'm sorry you would not the something before you went out this was comething before you went out this comething the presence of a prelate in his episcopal robes of office. The marriage ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pearson of Mrs. Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pearson of Mrs. Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pearson of Mrs. Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pearson of the cooline, and comething the presence of the late Martin Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pearson of Mrs. Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pearson of the late Martin Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pearson of the late Martin Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pearson of Mrs. Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pearson of the late Martin Dowling, residing at 129 E. Pea formed by Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. Fathers Burke, of St. Columbkil's, Fitz.immons, of the cathedral, and McEvay, of Hamil-ton, Oct. The bride, who was beautifully and richly attired, had for beautifully and richly attired, had for bridemaid Miss Julia Murray, while Mr. O'Neil acted his part gracefully as best man for the doctor. The bishop gave an appropriate instruction before and after the ceremony, which concluded with the episcopal blessing, while the wedding march was played on the organ as the party passed out of the cathedral. Among other relatives and friends of the bride present were her venerable mother, her two brothers, J. M. Dowling, and wife, of Chicago, and M. J. Dowling, bride Omaha, and her sisters, Miss Aggie Dowling, Mrs. Bresnen, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Keogh, of Windser, Ont., Miss Keane, Mr. J. Walsh, Mr. R. ONeil, and wite, and Miss Mona O'Neil. An elegant dinner was subsequently given at the residence of the bride's mother, at which the bishop, assistant clergy and other invited guests were present. The present ents were numerous and costly. The happy couple left for the east on their honeymoon, prior to returning to their future home in Kingston, on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

. DAGNEAU-McDONALD. On the 6th November an interesting event took place at Wallaceburg, being the marriage of Helier Dagneau, Esq., one of our most popular young men, to Miss Ella McDonald, a young lady equally popular among her acquaint-ances. The marriage took place at 9 a. m. in the Catholic church, where a large number had assembled to witness the make verses?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Kearney replied;
"Father Ned's sweet Nicce,' and 'Over
the Hills,' and several others."

"I knew his marriage was a romantic
business," sald Mr Lowe. "But I was
not aware that my uncle was a poet. He
was greatly blamed by his family, but Sir
Thomas's conduct was quite unjustifiable.
There was nothing so extraordinary in
such a marriage, after all."

While Mr. Lowe was speaking a robin

mumber had assembled to witness the
ceremony which was performed by Rev.
Father Ronan. The bridesmaid was
Miss Mary McDonald, cousin of the
bride, while Mr. Jos. McKelvey suproted the groom. The bride looked
with court train, wreath, yeil-and orange
blossoms. The bridesmaid wore a cream
cashmere made in a mersige, after all."

While Mr. Lowe was speaking a robin

were costly and numerous. After bresk. fast the happy couple took the train for the west. We wish them every success in their voyage through life. TWENTY FOUR HOURS OUT OF THE WORLD.

We are often struck with the beautiful situations of monasteries. We forget that these places which are now the most lovely were once the wildest and most barren. The lands of Gethsemani, Kentucky, New Melversy, Iows, Little Calrvaux, Tra-cadie, Nova Scotia, and, indeed, Oka, P. Q, were once dreary wastes before they came into the hands of the Trappists. In fact, the whole aspect of the last men tioned place has, within a few years, become reference of the last men tioned place has, within a few years, become reference of the last men tioned place has, within a few years, become reference of the set of the last men. come so changed and softened that it is difficult now to reduce what it once was when the first monk visited it; then

'It was a barren scene and wild—
Where neked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay softest tutts of lovellest green;
And well the n onk or hernit knew
Recesses where the wal flower grey,
He deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun, in all its rounds, surveyed. But now, as the visitor mounts up, per-chance in the early part of June, the hill

whereon stands Notre Dame du Lac his eyes are gladdened by the purple glory of the rhododeudron, the golder droplets of the laburnum, and the rich but subdued glow of like—truly a beautiful ascent from Oks, to be crowned by a glorious view of the lake and country when he gains the top, and

Looks over into valleys wonde: ful— Thick timbered valleys, with their fair church towers Stretened into nexy distances, till a blank Of light blue hills, with outline gently Stands up before the sunset." Nor let it be forgotten they, by whom

this great work has been accomplished, are those to whom, in their daily life and food, the words of Dante so well apply:— "The women of old Rome were satisfied with water for their beverage. Damei fed On pulse, and wisdom gained. The primal

Mas besuttiul as gold, and bunger then Made acorns issisful—thirst, each rivulet Run nectar. Honey and locusts were the Hun header. Honly son locasis were rise
food
Fee, and that eminence of glory reached—
The greatness which the Exangelist
records."

Let us suppose the visitor happens along one of those late October evenings; that he has regaled himself with the never ending feast of the picturesque and beau tiful in nature all around; and that he wants "to do," a monastery, with bona-fide mouks, just for twenty four hours for himself. As he rings the porter's bell, an eerle notion suddenly haunts him, and he looks back to the world, the setting sun, as if to things he may never see again - when, presto? he is reclaimed and reassured by the unmistakable accents of an English man, a verliable countryman of my Lord Tennyson, you know- Guestmaste: Father Alban; who snavely and courteously shows him to a plain little room, the window of which, withal, commands a charming view of the road by which be had come, the beau-tiful lake, the light blue hills, the woods tiful lake, the light blue hill, the woods where as Tennyson bath it, autumn 'lays here and there a firry finger on the leaves,' makes the 'beeches gather brown,' while the pusple 'burns leself away.' Thus reasured, he begins to wish—no doubt, inspired thereto by the genius loci—that the poet istreate were a Canadian, and present, then and there, to paint, not merely 'the last red leaf of Oxtober whiled away,' but, with masterly touches to limn a scene "not wholly in this bury world, nor quite beyond it."

world, nor quite beyond it." IN A MONASTERY. As the guestmuster bids "good night" and closes the door of the visitor's room the Reglement du Monastere, in its pustiwooden frame, and conspicuously hung on the wall; naturally attracts attention

2 o'clock a. m. Rising, L. Office of B. V. M. Mediation.
Mailes and Lauds.
Low Messes
Prime-Interval.
Work.
Interval.
71-ree. Community Mass
S. xt. Examen.
Augelus. :: 9½ 1½ N. B.-In summer, on account of muc

work, dinner is taken at 11:30, and a co lation at 6 p. m. Verily this is indeed a monastery an "to do it as intended," mentally comments our visitor, "it is necessary to it up at 2 o'clock s. m." The last rays

the sun have died on the highest of the Oka hills which anon fade into the sky The bell sends its mellow tones across th shadowy landscape; it is the hour of the Compline, the Salva and the Angelus—'llast of the seven erryless that the Trappi holds between 2 o'clock in the morning

holds between 2 o'clock in the moints and the hour of early nightfall.

According to the "Reglement," your tire at 8 p m., but sleep does not read come at first. Sooner or later, however it must have come, for the first next consciousnes is of a start—elicited by the leditich jurging of a bell—it is two clock. Up then, and dress, as fast ever you can, O Visitor—but nathly haste, the guestmaster is on hand to coduct you to chapel, ere you are quit duct you to chapel, ere you are qui ready. The chapel is entered, you fit there is no light, barring the feeble gleam of "a single low re cresset" that swings burning, ever burnin before the sltar. You can just discern long line of nameless dusky figures creforth from the deeper gloom and gli noteclesely into their seets. You list to the Cantas Plenus Gravitate, those lo level notes with sorrowful cadences measured pauses, sung by a full, unfaltering chorus of voices, old and young. the music that smote the heart Bossuet with such eadness in the desert Normandy two and a half centuries

From that early hour then, or, on the the early morn, day, "dewy eve"—thour the visitor came—Complines, Sa and the Angelus—until 8 o'clock, when retire, the Trappists goes through what few variations, day after day, you after year, the same round of duties indicated in the above "reglment." Id ness to the Trapplet is the enemy of soul Manual labor is one of his sole vows. Every monastery is self-deperent. There are the farmers, mechan blackemiths, carpenters, masons, talle shoemakers, cooks. You have also