

REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE. CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"It is good to be home," she said. "Take off these tiresome things, Ninon—quick—and go." The deft-fingered French girl obeyed. The flouting, brown hair was brushed and bound for the pillow, the lace and tulle, the silk and diamond sprays were removed, and her night-robed, and Katherine thrust her feet into slippers, and drew her chair close to the fire.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIED ON New Year's Eve! Married on New Year's Eve, Katherine! Do I hear you right? Is it possible, you really mean this? Sir John Dangerfield, seated in dressing-gown and slippers before the study fire, laid down his Times, and blankly asked this question. His daughter stood behind his chair, keeping her face steadily averted.

be the last to do it. You wrote to New Orleans to find out his character—did the answer justify such dark suspicions as these? The answer left me as much in the dark as ever. Mr. Dantree's character in New Orleans is simply nil—no one knew anything much either to his credit or discredit. You defend your lover stanchly, Katherine. I don't think the worse of you for it, but it won't do. Even you, my child, eloquent as you are, with all your special pleading, cannot make a hero of Gaston Dantree.

into his hands. Keep him away from me—had rather not meet him. And Katherine— a pause. "Well, papa," she spoke rather sadly. It seemed very hard that the two beings on earth whom she loved best could like one another no better than this. Her father was standing with his back to her, looking out of the window at the beeches tossing their striped branches in the high autumnal gale.

one's dreams of the Olympian Apollo. And others of us go through life, and don't find one completely happy day. It is the old nursery story over again. This little pig goes to market, and this little pig stays at home. Katherine Dangerfield, what a happy girl you ought to be! "I am happy, Mrs. Vavasor." Still Mrs. Vavasor stood, and looked at her. How strange the gleam in her eyes, how strange the smile on her lips! The freckled sparkled on her emerald silk, on her costly jewels, on her shining laces, on her coils of satin black hair. Katherine had never known fear in all her life—but something in that woman's face made her shrink away in a sort of terror.

a wicked, plotting, malicious wretch! I was happy last night—I don't think I ever was happier in my life. What business had she to come and spoil it all? I hate to be unhappy—I won't be unhappy! and, papa, I insist upon your sending the odious little kill-joy away! His bronzed face paled perceptibly; an angry glance came into his steel-blue eyes. "You mean Mrs. Vavasor, I presume? What has she done?" "Done!" Katherine repeated, with angry impatience—"she has done nothing—she is too cunning for that; and it isn't altogether what she says, either; it's her look, her tone, her smile that insinuates a thousand things more than she ever utters. That horrid, perpetual simper of hers says, plainer than words, 'I know lots of things to your disadvantage, my dear, and I'll tell them, too, some day, if you don't use me well.' I hate people that go smirking through life, full of evil and malice, and all uncharitableness, and who never lose their temper."

THE IRISH QUESTION IN ROME. A Friend of Ireland Addresses a Roman Paper. "To the Editor of The Aurora." "Sir—The article published in your excellent journal on the Irish question, under date the 4th instant, is such as to awaken sentiments of gratitude, not only in every breast which loves Ireland, but in any person who detests injustice and cruelty. "To raise the voice against the abuse of power wherever it may exist was always considered the sign of magnanimity; but when this abuse comes from those who aspire to enjoy the reputation of 'civilization' and 'humanitarianism,' and with these great words try to acquire and increase their power and influence in the world, then to raise the voice is the sign of a courage which leaves the common herd, and fears nothing in defence of the holy cause of truth and justice. "The way in which, in the article of the 4th instant, the Aurora explains the state of the agrarian question in Ireland is certainly conformable to the pure and simple truth. I defy any Englishman, inside or outside of Rome, lay or clerical, to confute a single statement made in it, or to discover even a small inaccuracy. Public opinion was enlightened by that article, because many are ignorant of the present state of the question. Assuredly it is not in the interest nor in the desire of England that the European public should see clearly into the matter. "It was thus always, according to her politics, that she acted, so that an impotent veil should hide from foreign nations her conduct in the affairs of that island where an over-fine policy has always presided in the execution of that code of which your article has said so well. It will remain in the annals of England as a stain of blood (and it might have added of infamy), which all the waters of the British seas will not be able to wash out in eternity. "The most dispassionate observers must confess that, whilst England has always repressed more or less ferociously, and on that account always efficaciously, the attempts the Irish have made to publish to the world their grievances and their trials, she has on the other hand always denounced to other nations the turbulence and the ingratitude of the Irish, who, scorning such kind treatment, have always repelled fiercely the paternal cares of a Government which had no other desire than that of civilizing them. If the poor Irish have despised the gift, and have held an attitude of suspicion towards the giver, it is because they knew well the ancient Times Danaos et dona ferentes. "The desire on the part of England to civilize the barbarous races subject to her rule is all tinsel, which now the nations of Europe have begun to distinguish from gold. The disinterestedness and the delicacy of this Old England is now too well written in the history and in the memory of other nations to be forgotten. Everyone knows what this work of civilization was on the banks of the Bosphorus and on the Ganges, and whether it has been always generous. The Indians, the Afghans, the Zulus, the Basutos would be able to tell us to-day what kind of civilization is that which Lord Beaconsfield and his disciples would wish to impart paternally amongst them. "The article of the 4th inst. alludes to the crimes and assassinations and ravages of all sorts which have transformed Ireland according to English journals, into a den of brigands. But this gigantic publicity which the demi-gods of the Anglo-Saxon Press give to the murders of the two lords—Larrim and Mountmorres—can only deceive the simple. If the Press of the civilized world and all the telegraphic agencies on the terraqueous globe were to combine to repeat this story every day, these two crimes would still remain two, and humanity would have only to mourn over again the death of the same two men. Their titles of 'Lord' cannot make their death equal to the death of a hundred men. Call them as you will, break out into hyperboles of every kind—the landlords killed were two, not more than two, and only two. "I do not want, Mr. Editor, to justify this murder; but I beg the better-remembered censors to remember that the victims of this crime in Ireland in this century alone were two millions. What a hecatomb compared with the offering of the omnipotent Irish landlordism. "Moreover, to these crimes it has been sought to give a significance exclusively political, with what right? Who assures us that they were not caused by other motives? "Are we certain these acts of violence were not the verdicts of the summary justice of a people wearied of seeing too long unpublished some one of those medieval tyrannies which are not yet unknown to the modern legislatures of Ireland. "If, placed between dishonor and hunger, the tenant has recourse to vengeance, would you rather attribute his crime to deep-laid plans of political rebellion than to the impetus of a boiling passion? "I repeat it. No good Irishman will praise the murder of a man even if he be the cruellest of landlords. Vengeance belongs to God, and is not a right of man. But before condemning Ireland wholesale for the assassination of two aggressors the English newspapers should have called public attention to the numerous crimes committed daily on their side of the Channel. During the past week there were six murders in England. Who takes note of them? Why does one not speak of the murderer committed by Anderson and Grimes at Newcastle? Why does one not speak of the murderer committed by John Bluns of Bradford, who almost killed his mother-in-law? Or of the innocent daughter of Shepard, who was found brutally murdered, Friday fortnight, in London. "Is it because slaughtering women is of such common occurrence in England that English sensibility is accustomed to it? Or is it because the most horrible of assassinations, that of a girl of eighteen, is not of the same enormity before the tribunal of humanity as the murder of a lord? "I conclude, Mr. Editor, by thanking you beforehand for the insertion of this letter. Permit me one last observation. If, as it seems, Ireland will be put under special legislation, because two or three agrarian crimes have been committed, England should, for stronger reasons, be treated in the same way. In short, if in Ireland the life of a landlord is not secure, neither is the life of the innocent daughter of the honest artisan in England. "A FRIEND OF IRELAND."