

A CHARMING STORY.

How the Bunn Family at Last Moved into the Country.

CHAPTER I.

The Bunn family lived in a small house, in a low and unhealthy quarter of New Lowell. In a small house, and the family was large, as poor families are apt to be. Mr. Bunn, who was wonderfully good-natured under all his trials, would facetiously call the roll every night to make sure that none of the children were missing, and sometimes he would purposely forget two-year-old Baby Bunn, who would about indignantly from his mother's lap: "I see here! I see here! why don't you call Dicky Bunn?" And then Mr. Bunn would say in a puzzled voice: "Dicky Bunn—who is he? Oh, yes, to be sure! Dicky Bunn is the name of the last one, ain't it? Well then—Dicky Bunn!" and the baby would answer with a pleased giggle—"Here!"

Although the bill of fare was plain, and the clothes well patched, the Bunn family managed to extract a good deal of happiness from life. When Mr. Bunn found a good job and they had, in consequence, a "hot supper," which meant plenty of beefsteak and vegetables all around, and some red-cheeked apples, or a can of peaches for dessert—and the fire burned brightly, and the children were every one well, life seemed actually overflowing with blessings; and Mr. Bunn would whistle kindling for the morning fire, and Mrs. Bunn would add another layer to the patches, and neither thought of envying the rich people in the grand house of Upper New Lowell.

But often the children were not well. In fact there were so many of them that about half the time the old lounge was the resting place for some ailing one, and the Doctor—whenever they could afford to call—would always say more or less about the location being an unhealthy one. Their drainage was bad, and they didn't have enough sunlight, and they all ought to sleep up stairs, for a ground floor as damp as theirs was a standing invitation to sickness to come and stay the year round.

In the early days Mrs. Bunn had lived in the country, and as her family increased, the little house and the still smaller yard formed a painful contrast to the roomy farm house, the big, wide-doored barn, and the broad fields that she used to know, and she often expressed a desire to move into the country. But Mr. Bunn, born and brought up in the city, was like a Laplander in believing that no place could be better than that in which he lived. For forty years he had trotted up and down this untidy quarter, and the more shanties that were built and the filthier the streets and alleys became, the more he seemed to enjoy his place of residence. "The Flats is growin' fast," he would proudly remark. "It's gettin' to be downright lively here."

The poor man! With the exception of a rare glimpse of the grand Park, or some rich man's fine grounds, he knew of nothing better than his low rooms and the struggling, homesick lilacs and tiger lilies which Mrs. Bunn tried to grow in the sloppy back yard. To have a long, "fat" job of hod-carrying and to know that the children were not very sick, was all the happiness Mr. Bunn could comprehend, and he always laughed at Mrs. Bunn's absurd wish to move into the country, where there could be no chance to shoulder brick and mortar up a fifty-foot ladder. A desire for the country always smoldered, however, in Mrs. Bunn's heart, and she never gave up the hope that some time they might live on a whole acre of ground, and have three or four trees, and maybe a glimpse of a brook, like the one she used to wade in when she was a girl. It was this hope that sustained her through all these years, and led her to toil bravely on, and make the best of the cramped and dismal home in "The Flats."

They owned their house—that was one comfort—and had none of that wretched breaking-up and packing about from one rented place to another, which they observed in their less fortunate neighbors. I suspect that the Bunn had great affection for even the leaky kitchen roof, and the rickety pump, because of the dear fact that they owned them. And yet, although these shabby premises were their own, it seemed as if in this spring of 1884, the house had never seemed quite so small and quite so sickly. Both Tom and Annie were down with low feverish fevers. Baby Bunn was crossly cutting some double teeth, and a series of long, hard rains interfered with hod-carrying to such an extent that Mr. Bunn, in a tattered rubber coat, had taken to looking for jobs of wood-sawing. Dismal indeed was the outlook, and it required all the Bunn fortitude to eat suppers of cornmeal cakes and black syrup contentedly, and to rise uncomplainingly to breakfast of corn-meal mush and sky-blue milk.

"It we lived in the country," began Mrs. Bunn, and then checked herself. She was in no mood to be laughed at. She went on thinking, however, that if they lived in the country on an acre of land, they could at least have potatoes and turnips and fresh eggs and an occasional chicken, and, perhaps—oh, mercy of mercies—they might keep a cow, by letting the children lead her along the roads to crop the few pasturage there.

Probably Mrs. Bunn was getting a little feverish herself, for whenever she closed her eyes she seemed to see fair green fields and dancing brooks, and a white cow feeding upon the hillsides, and happy children gathering violets in the spring sunshine, and she could hear the thrifty cackle of ambitious hens, and the carol of robins on the tip-top branches of the budding trees. She closed her eyes as often as her work would permit, through this last gloomy day in the Flats, and felt somewhat comforted and cheered by her strange fancies.

CHAPTER II.

A river runs by the Flats, separating that locality very distinctly from the highest of Upper Lowell. Every spring it rises and runs away with its usual petty larcenies of

woodsheds, chicken coops, and the like; but in the spring of 1884, it meant more than petty larceny: it meant a bold and defiant raid: Its gray, swirling waters almost reached the high-arched bridges, and its usual insinuating murmur was turned to a menacing roar. But the Flats people did not fear it; and even when it crept up to their back yards, and lapped hungrily around their door-steps. It was still but a new and refreshing excitement—this big rise of the peaceful "Little Wolf." The men and women living along the banks looked after such small losses as were likely to be carried away, and the children made rafts and paddled about in the pools of back-water in great glee. Some authorities rode over to the Flats, and suggested that the houses along the river had better be vacated, and the families living there only laughed, and said they were not afraid; and everyone went to bed that night feeling entirely safe and thankful that the weather had cleared and that there would be chances for going to work again on the morrow.

But "at midnight there was a cry." Mr. and Mrs. Bunn did not hear it, for Annie and Tom were sleeping soundly for the first night in a week, and the father and mother, tired out with vigils, were also deep in slumber. They were all sleeping up stairs as the doctor had advised—Tom and Annie in their bunk near the window, where a breath of fresh air could touch their fevered faces, three small boys in the trundle-bed, Nelly, the eldest girl, on a lounge, and Baby Bunn with his father and mother.

The cry came from some of the houses along the river, and there was only time for the bewildered snatching of a little clothing, and a frenzied escape to higher ground; everyone, in those first wild moments, thinking but of himself and those belonging to him. The Flats had not yet achieved street lamps, and only the pale glimmer of the stars lighted the terrible scene.

The little Bunn house stood the lowest of any in the Flats, and the river had been noising about it for an hour or more before it took its final grip. When it really set its jaws together, Mr. and Mrs. Bunn were awakened by the queer, straining creak and jar, and they now heard the wild shouts outside, the lap and swirl of the waters about them, and knew with freezing hearts, what it all meant.

With the instinct that makes all woman-kind want to die decently, Mrs. Bunn dashed into her gown which hung over the foot of the bed, and even gave her hair a swift twist. Then she caught up Dicky Bunn, who gave a sleepy cry at such disturbance, and she breathed the name of Christ's mother, as she held him tightly to her breast. Mr. Bunn—steering, with great presence of mind, through the sea of sleeping children—looked from the window. Was there a torch-light procession? And had all the stars joined in it? For the lamps that were now flashing out from the windows, and the bright stars above were all moving in the same direction. No, it was his own house that was moving—they were afloat! Mr. Bunn staggered back to the bed and drew on his trousers, and felt about for his stockings, and said not a word. Nelly, the oldest child, who had awakened, sat up and called out: "Oh! mother!" even as her mother had called upon that other sacred name.

"Be brave, darlin', and don't take the other children! We're all goin' together, anyhow," said her mother.

"Maybe she'll hold together," said Mr. Bunn, who always found the hopeful side of things. "We'll light the lamp and see where we are." And soon all the people who were disinterested enough to be mere sight-seers, noticed a glimmer out on the dark river—like the light of a will-o'-the-wisp—except that it was a little steadier; a light that moved farther and farther away and was finally lost to sight.

CHAPTER III.

She did "hold together." Through all those long hours of terror, the little house—reeling and staggering at times, and thumped and jammed by floating debris—held together, and in the early dawn sailed along "all there," as Mr. Bunn expressed it, and all the children, except Nelly, slept peacefully, as if lulled into deeper slumber by the rocking of their one common cradle. They appeared to be in the middle of the river, for there was plenty of sea-room, as Mr. Bunn said, but the shore on either side was shut out by a heavy fog. "If we could only see the banks, it wouldn't be quite so awful," moaned poor Nelly, nervously shivering in spite of the thick shawl in which she was wrapped.

"Darlin', be thankful we're spared so far, and perhaps the dear Lord'll save us even yet," said her mother. But it was indeed "awful," moving on through this mist with unknown danger sighing and murmuring all around.

As daylight advanced they seemed to have floated into stiller waters, and presently there came a gentle shock as if the house had touched bottom.

"Are we sinking, Dennie, dear?" asked Mrs. Bunn of her husband.

"Not a bit of it, jewel! We're on land, that's where we are and here's a tree beside us as big as a church-steeples—a tree right side up, too—and we've come to a stoppin' place, sure!" and Mr. Bunn, who had been so cheerful and plucky through all these hours, sat down on the bed and buried his face in his red cotton handkerchief.

"Ah, it will do you good, Dennie, dear?" said his wife, patting him on the shoulder, and laughing and crying herself.

As the cradle stopped rocking the children awoke, and clustered about the small gable windows quite stupefied with wonder at the strange scene around them.

Just at this moment there came ringing over the waters a wild scream. Mr. Bunn pushed the children aside and leaped out of the window. Just emerging from the lingering fog up the river, floated a remnant of a small country bridge, and clinging to it was a little girl in a red cloak, who again screamed with terror as the tossing planks almost submerged her in the current. Mr. Bunn had not grown up beside a river without knowing how to swim. In fact, Little Wolf—in some of its sequestered nooks—had been his bath-room for many a summer. His shoes and coat being already off, he plunged down from the window and struck out for the red cloak like a hero. The current was bearing the fragment of bridge straight toward him, but the planks were separating, and the child was about to sink as he reached her. She made a frantic clutch at his neck, but he held her off with one hand and swam as best he could back to the house, which seemed the nearest landing-point.

Mrs. Bunn had with practical promptness tied two sheets together and let them down from the window. Mr. Bunn, steadying himself upon a floating timber, fastened the sheet about the waist of the half-drowned child, and any number of hands pulled her up and lifted her through the window.

"Now I'm in the water," shouted Mr. Bunn, "I may as well swim ashore and see where we are. Keep up your spirits, my jewels, there's the shore just a bit beyond the house."

Mrs. Bunn leaped from the window until she nearly fell overboard, then seeing that he had reached wading depth, she turned and gave all her attention to the little, dripping mite who sat on the floor in the midst of the small Bunn, crying convulsively. Mrs. Bunn took off her wet clothes and wrapped her in blankets, warm from the trundle bed, and soothed her with many a pitying word. For a while the child could only sob and gasp in her attempt to speak, but finally she made known the fact that her poor little lambs were down in the lower pasture, and she had been out to see if they were all safe, and her papa had told her not to go on the bridge, and she had been naughty and disobeyed him, and the bridge broke up all in a minute—and—and—and then the sob burst forth afresh.

She was hardly dried and warmed and comfortable before voices were heard shoreward, and soon a brisk hammering began in that direction. Nelly also nearly went overboard, and reported some men making a raft. She failed to recognize her father among them, because he had changed his wet clothes for somebody's black trousers and an old army overcoat.

"Oh, I can hear papa," exclaimed the blanketed girl, after she had listened a moment. "Papa, here I am!" she called at the top of her lungs.

"Yes, I am coming," came an answering voice. It was not long before the hastily built raft was pushed out and brought beneath the window. The man in the army coat was then recognized and received with a little shout. The father of the rescued child looked up with eyes that were overflowing. "Give me Kitty and I'll take her right home to her mother, who is nearly crazy. Drop her right down," and he held up his strong arms, "I've sent my man back for the double team, and we'll soon have you all up to our house."

"Oh! Papa, I'll never, never, never disobey you again!" exclaimed Kitty, as they bundled her through the window.

"No, I am sure you never will," said her father. Then Kitty was carefully dropped into the upreaching arms, and the raft pushed away.

"All be ready for the next boat!" called out Mr. Bunn, cheerfully.

"Ah! I am so thankful," said Mrs. Bunn, "to think that we're not only all safe, but papa has saved somebody else."

Then there was a great dressing and brushing, and great washing and polishing of faces and hands; for plenty of water could be dipped up with a pitcher and the knotted sheets, and the family were in all readiness when the raft arrived under the window again.

But such a large family could not be shipped all at once. Mrs. Bunn left Nelly and Baby Bunn and two other small boys go ashore first; then Annie and Tom, carefully wrapped in bed-blankets, were let down for the next load; and finally Mrs. Bunn, with the remaining small boy and a bundle of clothing, took leave of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

They filled the farm-wagon quite full, and the horses, impatient at the long waiting, started off at a pace that made Baby Bunn's cheeks shake like two bowls of jelly, and turned the children's faces into one broad smile. The sun now shown radiantly; there was a smell of young leaves and early violets in the air; from the hill-sides came the plaintive bleat of little lambs; and, yes, there it was, the loud, clear "trillium—trillium—tree" of the robin from his postmost twig.

"How queer it is," thought Mrs. Bunn. "I seemed to see and hear all this yesterday."

At the farm-house a great breakfast was in waiting for them; and Kitty, who had been kissed and cried over, and given some very hot drinks by her mother, was lying snugly tucked up in bed in a room opening off the kitchen, and the door had been left open, that she might enjoy the view of the big table and the big family that were to gather around it.

Such a breakfast! Even Annie and Tom were able to relish the fresh-boiled eggs and the delicious cream toast, while Mr. Bunn and the little boys accepted everything, from the broiled ham and cold baked beans to griddle-cakes and doughnuts.

country," she whispered to Nelly, and shuddered when she thought of going back to the Flats.

But Mrs. Bunn never went back to the Flats. That afternoon she was seized with a chill, and before night she was in a high fever, from which she lay ill in the best bedroom of the Thompson farm-house for two weeks. Mr. Bunn and Nelly and Mrs. Thompson nursed her tenderly, and took good care of Dicky, while the other children lived at large in the fields, the big barn and the large kitchen-garden, and grew well and happy.

As soon as Mrs. Bunn became strong enough to "take the air," she was lifted into the easy single buggy, and Mr. Thompson himself drove, because he could not trust the horse to other hands than his own, he said. He drove slowly along the pleasant country way, now sweet and leafy in its fresh May robes, and at the end of a mile he stopped before a small house, neatly painted in two shades of gray, and shaded by two kindly elms. In the rear of the house some men were building a new, large kitchen. Mr. Thompson explained. Down at the foot of the grassy slope ran a sparkling, pebbled brook. The brook crossed the road on which they were driving, and was spanned by a very new bridge.

"It is a right pretty place," said Mrs. Bunn, looking at the shady little porch and up to the noble elms, and thinking how heavenly it must be to live in such a place.

"Well, I'm glad you like the location, because it's yours, you know," said Mr. Thompson.

"Mine?" said Mrs. Bunn, her eyes growing large with astonishment: Were the fever dreams still buzzing in her head?

"Certainly, Mrs. Bunn! Don't you recognize your own house? All we did to it was to haul it up here from the river and give it a little paint and a little white-wash, and so forth. Your man said you were fond of trees, and so we set the house by these elms. Your man's around there at work on the kitchen now—it'll be finished in a day or two—and there's three acres of good grass-land and three of maple and beech; and we've picked out a nice, gentle cow for a present to you, Nelly; and—well, it's a small enough return for what your man did for us when our Kitty was carried off on the old bridge that used to stand yonder; and Mr. Thompson drew out his handkerchief and wiped his nose with great vigor.

"All—the land—the cow—ours? Poor Mrs. Bunn could not believe her senses.

"Yes, all yours, to have and to hold. And I forgot to say, that there's a first-rate school just over the hill there for your youngsters. But you mustn't talk much, Mrs. Bunn, and you mustn't get flustered—just after a fever, so we'll drive round home now, and maybe you'll feel strong enough to go into the house to-morrow and look around."

Happiness is such a tonic that Mrs. Bunn was indeed able the next day to look the house over. And she discovered what Mr. Thompson's "and so forth" meant. It meant substantial new furniture for all the rooms, pretty shades for the windows, big handsome new stove for the new kitchen, and a whole pantry full of grocery supplies and crockery.

"Oh, it's all too much—too much!" cried Mrs. Bunn, sinking down into the new rocking-chair.

"Oh, no, no, indeed!" chorused Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who had been smilingly watching her surprise and happy face. "We value our Kitty's life at a great deal more than this. Indeed we do!"

MEMORIES OF CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

BY AN ASSOCIATE.

Recollections of a departed friend cannot escape the hue of sadness, but there is a pleasure in recalling the happy impressions of an intimacy with one whose life was consecrated to the welfare of his country. As every pulse of Kickham's heart beat for Ireland, so did every fibre of his brain work with its utmost power to trace up the nation for one more desperate wrestle with the oppressor. He took to the road as a "rebel" in '48 and never left the field of fight, in one form or another, until at the age of fifty-three he was felled by a fatal stroke of paralysis. Kickham actually died in harness, for to the last hour of his health he was the guide and counselor of the generation that carried the National banner after the standard-bearers of '68 had been struck down. He had taken a prominent part in two attempts at revolution. In both he suffered defeat, but he did not despair. Although he twice befell his country beneath the shadow of a gallows, he never abandoned her with a hopeless farewell to freedom. His confidence in the recuperative spirit of the people was not shaken by disaster, nor discouraged by abandonment. To the tenant-right movement animated by Sharnan Crawford, and sustained by the ability of Lucas, he gave the assistance of his voice and his pen, and he put some trust in the party of independent opposition. The treasury of the Brass Band, instead of honest faith in the possibility of united and honest effort, only stimulated him to place more reliance upon the democracy themselves. It was the disloyalty of the place-seeking leaders of '52 that forced Kickham and his colleagues to regard Parliamentary action as a platform for personal promotion at the expense of the interest of the country. The article he wrote for the Irish People contained the following sentence, which was made good use of in Green street: "Our only hope is in revolution." The words breathed the spirit of the time, for the leaders of the previous decade had painfully impressed upon the public mind the conviction that there was no trust to be placed in another band of such broken as Keogh, Sedler and Fitzgerald. Yet, Kickham was distinguished among the Fenian leaders as large-minded and tolerant, forgiving faults and mistakes, but not treachery or treason. He did not hate an Irishman because he was opposed to his own method of making war upon England. Selfish motives he never attributed to those who did not agree with his views. I never knew a public man who was more completely free from the personalities of political strife. It is ever true a line against an individual it was under the absolute necessity of vindicating the National principles of his party. It was he who, in the Irish People, defended Fenianism against the attacks of Cardinal (then Archbishop) Cullen and the priests who denounced it. Not a line in that newspaper which had any reference to clerical criticism of Fenian policy was written by any one but Charles

Kickham. He was the most devoted Catholic on the editorial staff, and for this reason, perhaps, he felt more keenly than his colleagues the injustice of the assaults delivered from the pulpit and in the perennial pastoral emanating from Marlborough street. Kickham's conscience revolted against the Whiggery of the clergy. What that Whiggery was twenty years ago may be judged from its manifestation in Longford when, some years later, John Martin was defeated by an overwhelming majority of unthinking serfs. But Kickham never wavered in the onslaughts of an adversary without reluctance. I will remember the regretful tone of his voice when discussing the antagonism of those from whom toleration, if not good will, was expected. What he wrote of public men in the press was much stronger than what he said of them in private. It was the highest sense of duty that governed all his actions, and prompted every word he uttered in public controversy. Kickham was not aggressive, he was the readiest of all his colleagues to pick up a challenge, and the toughest in a fight when combat was forced upon him. The fierceness with which he tackled a croakety or crooked friend was often the subject of a joke among his laborers. When the battle was over, and the victim of his argumentative onslaughts was gone, he would cast a spell on his fingers—"And you, and the whole Charles!" Before the words were finished on his hand he would fall back in his chair, run his fingers through his tangled locks, and enjoy ten minutes' fit of laughter. He was the merriest conspirator, barring Luby, perhaps, that ever stood under the shadow of the gallows. He would not tear his prey with less mercy than Kickham would cast a warring or grumbling adherent whose laxity of principle demanded a castigation. But his rage was always the expansion of righteous indignation, and when he had thrashed caprice or waywardness out of his man he thought as much of him as ever, if he had convinced him of his error. In all parties there will be small accounts to settle on the score of misdeeds or obstinacy, and Kickham was the best of backsliders and reactionaries in the highest offices of the Fenian organization. He had a marvelous memory; he was the most acute, far-seeing, and sagacious of his colleagues. His judgment was rarely at fault—never, to my knowledge, during the twenty years of our close and unvarying friendship. He was never unjust toward a foe, and though he would not spare his dearest friend were he wrong, he was always to be relied upon as an unflinching advocate of justice to all. I attribute his remarkable sense of impartiality to the complete negation of self. He was the most impartial character I have known in my lifetime. While he was in Pentonville, Portland and Woking Prisons, he never uttered a word of complaint against the enemy that had him captive, although convict servitude was in his case the most barbarous cruelty. Afflicted with many infirmities, it needed the tenderest care to keep him in good health. In Pentonville, during the winters of '65 and '66, he struggled stoutly against poor diet, severe cold, and plank-beds—after the plank was the best of Fenians in Pentonville and Millbank. But in the quarries of Portland, in the summer of '66 he was an object of the deepest anguish to his companions. There was the poet of Slievenamon, the author of "Sally Cavanagh," as deaf as the blocks of limestone he was trying to hack into shape, and almost blind—their eyes absorbed in convict brogues and hideous raiment, not caring for fortune nor uttering a word of retort to the brutal warder who shook his bludgeon in his face as a menace of punishment for attempting to speak to his nearest neighbor. "Go on with your work, Kickham, and stop that chat." Kickham did not hear the insolent order of the savage warder-pensioner, but he could perceive the albatross of an inch of his nose, and knew what the coarse bully was saying. The Fenians were working in a group or "gang" within a few yards of each other. The sharp-eyed had opportunities of exchanging a word of cheer or a flash of humor, but Kickham was easily caught breaking the laws of silence. Under these depressing circumstances, and none could be more crushing and humiliating, his optimistic man, Kickham's natural light-heartedness remained buoyant and bright. His spirits did not sink under the burden of the most degrading system of servitude. When the Fenian party had to wash the dirty linen of nine hundred English felons, he philosophically observed, in reply to a companion who felt the disposition to give up employment, that as long as he was in the hands of the enemy it was all the same to him whether he was washing a burglar's shirt or breaking stones in a quarry. Notwithstanding his cheerfulness and dignified resignation, Kickham was within measurable distance of death when the doctor at last advised his companions in the prison at Woking. His last days were spent in giving amusing accounts of his skill in knitting stockings. The stocking was "set" for him, but before it was half finished it looked more like a night-cap than a piece of hosiery. He was so short-sighted he could not see the direction towards which his knitting was tending. In like manner did he get through his work in the quarries of Portland. "Nobblers" are squashed with a hand-pick, but Kickham kept picking away in one spot until he dug a deep hole in the centre of the block. The angry warder threw aside the spoiled stone and gave him another, with a threat that if he spoiled that one he would take him before the Governor. He dug a hole in that one too, and never succeeded in squaring a solitary noble stone while he was in Portland. It saddened the warders that they could never get Kickham to earn his salt. Every hour in the day they assailed him with the most savage abuse, but he bore it with calmness, and made fun out of it for his companions, when a chance offered to pass round a pipe at the expense of the raging task-master. The effect of his near-sightedness was as visible in his manuscripts as in his person. He could no more write straight than he could square a stone or knit a stocking in a regular circle. His press matter used to set the printers wild. They had to charge an excess rate on his M.S., otherwise the smartest caseman should not earn half a penny more than a whole day's work. Not only were his manuscripts illegible, but the lines ran up and down like each other. It was like interlarded writing, resembling somewhat the tracings of an ascetic in squally weather. Lying on his back in bed, propped up with pillows, he wrote his books, poems and correspondence, and in the same place and position he endeavored to read books and papers. But reading was such painful labor that he got as much information as possible through the hand alphabet, and he was very grateful to any one who, by telling him what was passing, saved him the trouble of reading the papers. The weakness of his vision nearly cost him his life, and undoubtedly shortened his years. In August, '79, he was taking an evening walk towards Palmerston Park, when he was knocked down by a van-driver. The result was a protracted illness, and a terrible shock to a man in slender health at the best of times. Kickham's character is epitomized in the fact that he could not be induced to take an action against the driver's employer. The repute of his talent and patriotism caused many admirers to make Kickham's acquaintance. None of them left him unimpressed with his surprising insight, sagacity and grasp of mind. Strangers came to see a simple, amiable and gifted author and patriot, and no doubt he was all these; but they were amazed at the shrewdness and force of his views upon public questions, and at the masculine grip he held of difficult points in national policy. He had an inward vision, which the loss

of physical sight seemed to develop a striking example of intuition. I am sure clearly what shape his policies would take, and time almost to a letter the forecast made. His knowledge of character sufficiently demonstrated in his but it is only his intimate friends were aware of the sharpness with which he struck off the likeness of acquaintance, and the accuracy guess to what was really passing man's mind. You might deceive one of the Fenian leaders, but you not catch Kickham doing. somehow got the reputation of soft, many came to impress their own opinions, or to gain his sense in a particular course of action if their method did not meet principles they went away convinced that they could as easily perform miracle of moving mountains as to him from what he considered a direction. I have said that Kickham was liberal in his mind and things; he was also tolerant and generous of his towards those who pursued different lines of action from his own, always provided that they were honest, and Ireland sincerely. Vanity and self-interest, of course, denounced the force of force of concentrated into but the proof of his desire to see done for Ireland in any honorable was the fact that from '48 to '66 active period of his life—he in every movement in which there element of good for Ireland. His of course, denounced the force of force of concentrated into but the proof of his desire to see done for Ireland in any honorable was the fact that from '48 to '66 active period of his life—he in every movement in which there element of good for Ireland. His

MORE WONDERS OF LOURDES.

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.—LIKE VISIT FROM THE DEAD—PICTURES OF THE BLESSED MARY LOVE.

Lourdes, August.

One must frankly acknowledge there are periods in life at Lourdes it becomes impossible to chronicle half of the interesting facts that under observation; nor can any son be eye-witness to half that transpire here. In the basilica in the cry of the groto, before and in the hospitals—everywhere is to be some event worthy of admiration; we can offer our American readers a very incomplete account of the that have taken place between Assumption and the date which communication bears things, we have said a heavy word in the feast that recalls the incomparable triumph of Mary, which the Church celebrates in union with the C triumphant. The voices of angels seem to mingle in sweet harmon Lourdes, where souls appear to be drawn towards the shrine in the year, that which is here celebrated with the greatest splendor. It is excellence, the day of hope, the day which so many afflicted look for without undoubtably, it is the day on which immaculate has ever chosen to be her greatest favor and the shrine in among the rocks of Massabielle. Therefore, it is not astonishing that this is one of joy for those who weep, and of pomp for the Church.

Everything speaks of hope, every tends to inspire confidence. Let us on the tables of the last in of the groto, and what does it be? Each little piece of marble tells a love wrought on this glorious "The blind see, the lame walk, the are made clean, the deaf hear."

Abbe de Musy, Jeanne de Font Mrs. Munster, of Brighton,—but memory returns to the last in of Lourdes, and recall the signal grace bestowed one of America's daughters, Miss ney, of Chicago. However, it is necessary to look into by-gone Early on the eve of August 15, the Vesper bell had scarcely tolled advent, a miracle arose from her aid stood in the midst of a very many interesting invalids at Lourdes one attracted more sympathy than lady who was drawn to the piscine little carriage, and who appeared each moment rapidly approaching dissolution. We allude to Madame Suares d'Almeida, who, for six had been a confirmed invalid. This of this lady is said to have borne a resemblance to that of the Countess Chastillon, whose recent cure is known to many of our readers. Madame de Suares d'Almeida had been the medical treatment of two oculists of Paris, Doctors Charrot and Van who, unable to relieve her, learned intention of having recourse to Our of Lourdes, since human aid has been The former of these gentlemen remarked that he could perform any miracle could be operated at Lourdes; he added he "I cannot cure you, at Lourdes." On the eve of the Assumption Madame de Suares d'Almeida said she felt that a new breath of life might almost lifeless body. Heaven favored her—perfect health and was the boon which Our Lady had sent her confiding child. To-day's lady may be seen walking amidst like one that has been raised death to life.

This grace was the forerunner of which was to follow on the feast of this time the chosen soul was a religious, of the Order of St. Do who had long suffered from total tion of voice. With least overt with gratitude this interesting Sister is untiring in using her lost ure for the edification of the hundreds who press around her to listen history of her affliction and of her Another favor which is of especial interest, and which occurred octava of the cure of Miss B Brochard, of Paris. This sweet girl of sixteen summers sought her at Lourdes last year, but remained several weeks at this hallowed spot obtaining any amelioration. No encouraged by long waiting and praying, the child, who was death the object of never-failing bened returned this year to the shrine