

Dominick Daly held a high character at Narraghmore. He had brought it with him from the County Monaghan, of which he was a native. He was the son of plain people, "small farmers" in that sense of the word which surprises English people accustomed to an interpretation of it that would have a magnificent signification in the sister kingdom. He had been well educated for his station in life, partly at the national school of the district in which he lived, and partly by his uncle, who was a priest, and consequently the pride, honour, and glory of the humble family. But neither the dignity of the brother nor the industry and cleverness of the son, could keep trouble, in the shape in which the small farmers of Ireland are most familiar with trouble, away from the homestead of the Dalys; and a remedy had been found in that resource which Dominick Daly and Katharine Farrell discussed in a tone so fraught with peril, long years afterwards.

The promising young man married a rustic heiress of local renown, who loved him well enough to endow him with herself and her money on unequal conditions. Mary Kearney's five hundred pounds saved the farm and made the old folks happy. She and her young husband were not bad friends, but she early fell into ill health, and after some time became a victim to epilepsy. When his father and mother died, within a few months of each other, Dominick Daly, who had no taste or talent for farming, relinquished the farm to his landlord, on terms so much to the advantage of the latter, that he was generously ready to give his "good-world" to so unprecedentedly easy-to-manage an individual, when he applied for employment in one of the many capacities which had temporary existence during the famine and fever periods, when public and private resources were alike taxed to the utmost for the relief of the suffering population. Dominick Daly fulfilled his functions admirably, and gained a high character, not only for diligence, activity, and probity, but for kindness and humanity. Many were the stories circulated of his helpfulness, his sympathy, his generosity and self-denial. His own slender resources were freely taxed, to add to the sums which it was his business to dispense, and his strength and time were as freely given in the service of the poor. He and his afflicted wife had long lived apart, and such arrangements as had been within his power were made for her comfort. Mrs. Daly had gone to live with a relative of her own, a widow named Cronin, at a small village several miles north of Narraghmore; and the remnant of her "fortune," all that had not been wasted in the vain effort to make the small farm pay, was scrupulously applied to her use and benefit by her husband. Life in common had become impossible; he must shift for himself, and the poor woman, submissive to her hard fate, lived her life of patient suffering, sometimes cheered by a visit from him, when she was capable of being cheered, but gradually becoming less and less able to understand or think about anything except her own bodily condition. A year before the time at which I take up the story of Dominick Daly's life, he met Katharine Farrell, who was then living at Athboyle, in the humble situation which Dr. Bourke had procured for her, as nursery governess—which might be freely interpreted nunserymaid, only for the grandeur of the thing—to his sister's children. Until that hour love had been an unknown sentiment to Dominick Daly. It came to him in so seductive a guise that he was its victim before he had time or thought to reason upon its guilt. The strange beauty of the girl was a revelation to the man who had never seen or thought of beauty of any other order than the red-cheeked blooming comeliness of the country girls; and the dauntlessness of her character had fascination for an unconsciously imaginative mind, with education and tastes, though undeveloped, beyond the class to which Dominick Daly belonged. The girl recognized her conquest, and exulted in it. She knew Daly to be a married man, but she heeded that barrier very little. His wife was dying; she had it from Sam Sullivan, the doctor's assistant. Daly had told him all about the case, and Sam had prescribed for the sick woman with all the fervid zeal and presumption of ignorance. It was a question of a very short time. So Katharine Farrell silenced the few and faint warnings of a conscience which had never been keenly susceptible;—she had been under less than the ordinary influences of religious instruction in Ireland;—and gave herself up to the passionate attachment with which Daly inspired her, with an absence of caution which must have ended in a catastrophe, had Daly not been called away from Athboyle by a piece of good fortune. His services during the troublous times had come under the notice of several gentlemen connected with the neighbouring county, and he was, through the influence of some of them, offered the respectable and decently-paid office of Clerk to the Union at Narraghmore. At the hour of parting a complete understanding was arrived at between Dominick Daly and Katharine Farrell; and he pledged his future life to her with all possible solemnity.

"When I am a free man I will marry you, so help me God," were the words of Daly's promise, uttered with the fullest intent. "Be true to me as I will be true to you."

"How true will that be? There are pretty girls at Narraghmore; and out of sight out of mind with men, they say."

"They say wrong then. There's not a woman's face in all the world I care to look at but yours, and you know it well. May be, darling, if I had a better right to love you—if I could bring you a good conscience as well as a burning heart—you might not be so sure and certain of me; but your hold is on my soul, my girl, your hold is on my soul."

He locked her in his arms in an agony of grief and remorse, and if he had dared to pray while she lay there, he would have prayed that he might see her no more until he should be a free man. And then he left her, and she liked his grief, but was angered by his remorse. It was weak, she felt, and Katharine Farrell disliked weakness. Time went on; her life was very dull after Daly's departure; and news of him reached her but rarely. A constant correspondence, in addition to its being foreign to the customs of people of their class, would have excited undesirable attention, and Katharine had a troublesome observer on the spot, in the person of her admirer and slave, Sam Sullivan. From the few letters which reached her, Katharine gathered that Dominick Daly was filling his post to his own and his employers' satisfaction, and that he was, though as much her devoted and adoring lover as ever, more patient than she had believed he could be, under the sentence of separation. She missed the excitement out of her life; he might dwell upon the sentiment, but she wearied for the sight of him, for the sense of her power over him, for his words, and looks, and caresses. He wrote vaguely, he hardly ever mentioned his wife, and she wanted to know all about her; so that she might weigh and measure her own chances, the probable duration of her own horrid waiting. She would have greedily listened to every detail of the poor woman's suffering condition, as she greedily read everything relating to epilepsy that she could find in the medical books, with a sight of which the unconscious Sam propitiated her.

At length Katharine Farrell discovered an opportunity of escaping from the irksomeness of her life at Athboyle; an opportunity so unlooked for and improbable that it seemed almost miraculous. There appeared in the county newspapers an advertisement by the Board of Guardians of the Narraghmore Union, setting forth that the post of Girls' Schoolmistress there was vacant, and describing the qualifications necessary for a candidate for the same. To what profit Katharine Farrell turned this opportunity has been already told. Her quick perception made it evident to her that it was of the last importance that a previous acquaintance between herself and Dominick Daly should not be suspected by anybody at Narraghmore, and without intimating the nature of her purpose, she wrote to him in these words:—"You will shortly see me, when and where you will be least prepared to find me. Don't show, by word or look, that we have met ever before."

The experiment was successful, and Katharine Farrell was triumphant. She had left her former situation on good terms with her employers, and her present situation ensured her the society of her lover under circumstances which rendered it natural that they should meet frequently. The scene of her daily avocations was in the vicinity of the scene of his, and with ordinary caution they might have been safe. With ordinary patience they might perhaps have been happy; but Katharine Farrell had scant patience, and she wearied at Narraghmore as she had wearied at Athboyle, for "her rival's" death. Yes, she had actually so twisted the truth in her perverted mind that the wife of her lover, the woman whom she wronged, all unconscious of her existence as Mary Daly was, she called in her own thoughts, her rival.

Dominick Daly had not seen his wife for several weeks before this day. He suffered much at this time. His feelings and his conscience were engaged in a strife which grew bitter day by day; a strife which tore and tossed him between the combatants, and was full of horrible temptation to sin still deeper than his unholy love, to sin of thought and hope and wish. And to-day the woman whom he loved so madly, the woman whose hold, as he had truly said, was on his soul, had given to thought and hope and wish, plain, terrible, conscious speech. Aye, and that was not all that had come to him to-day. There was one person

whom Daly and Katharine had not deceived, and whose suspicion Katharine had divined, with the quickness in which she far surpassed her lover. When she said, "Father John suspects us both," she had struck the trail of the gravest danger in the path of their guilty love.

The Reverend John O'Connor was the parish priest of Narraghmore, and of the old authoritative type. He was a stern-tempered man, downright in his ways, and uncompromising in his principles. Fine distinctions respecting the limits of spiritual authority were not in Father John's line. The morals of his flock were distinctly his "own business," and he had a keen eye for a black sheep, or a straggler. He worked very hard himself, and he made his curates work very hard, and one of his notions was that the very poor were especially his own charge, so that the workhouse came in for much of his special supervision, and such of its inmates—a majority, though the population was largely Protestant—as "belonged to him," as he used to say, had good reason to thank him for his zeal, and very little chance of escaping their "duties." Father John looked them up, and looked up the officials too, and very soon and clearly manifested that he was not particularly delighted with the selection which the Guardians had made of a schoolmistress. There was nothing to be said against her recommendations, or her teaching, or her demeanour generally; but Father John found out very soon that she neglected "her duties," and was addicted to the society of Dominick Daly, a married man, and, what was worse, a married man with an invalid wife at a distance. Her education was, no doubt, even above the requisite mark, and she wrote a very fine hand; but, no matter about all that, Father John would have been well satisfied with something less in these respects. Katharine Farrell was not the sort of schoolmistress he wanted for "his" poor children. Daly was a good fellow; he had behaved right well in the famine and in the fever; but he was not over strong-hearted, and that woman would easily be the ruin of him, if she made up her mind to it. Anyhow, it was not right, it must and it ought to give scandal to those whom it was Father John's business to keep from scandal. Father John was an honest and straightforward man, in addition to being an authoritative priest, who would never be troubled with the notion of delicacy with respect to his "tackling" any member of his flock on a point included within his estimate of the range of either faith or morals; and so he made up his mind that he would "tackle" Daly at the earliest opportunity; also that there must be an end to all that he disapproved of in the matter, or that he (Father John) would bring it under the notice of the Board of Guardians, and procure the dismissal of Miss Farrell. Though Katharine was far from suspecting the full extent of Father John's evil-mindedness towards her, it was with a sinking of the heart unusual to her hardy nature that she saw Daly evidently summoned by the priest to an interview, instead of being dismissed with a passing salutation. The correctness of her foreboding was revealed when Daly said to her, the next time they met—

"I could do nothing with him, darling. There's no good in attempting to deceive Father John. He knows men and women too well; he read me off like a book. And he would listen to nothing but that you must go away, or I must."

Katharine received this decision of her lover's with sullen displeasure. Everything was against her. And to think how easily everything might be for her! Only the wretched life of an epileptic woman; a life which was a burden to the owner and a plague to other people, between her and happiness! If Daly's wife would but die, all would be well; there would only be a decent time to wait—a very short time under such circumstances—and meanwhile they might set Father John's scruples at rest, by openly avowing an engagement. To gain time was now an important object. Father John would hardly make her give up one employment until she should be provided with another, and that might not be a rapid process. A clever expedient presented itself to Katharine's ready wit; she might conciliate the priest by putting her difficulties before him, and asking him to find a place of refuge for her. She acted on the idea successfully. Father John received her confidence with sympathy, admonished her as to her present conduct, and promised to get her out of the difficulty as speedily and effectually as might be. But the opportunity was as tardy in presenting itself as Katharine hoped it might prove. The weeks wore on, and nothing occurred worthy of notice, except that Miss Farrell had a brief holiday, and availed herself of it to visit her former employers. So the spring ripened into summer at Narraghmore.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"THE TATLER," by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, with an introductory essay by John Halberton.

The essay gives some explanation of the old *Tatler*, *Guardian*, *Spectator*, *Rambler*, &c. newspapers. The present volume contains articles by Bishop Berkley, Addison, and mostly by Steele, that prince of writers. The book is, of course, well known to all readers of polite literature, but it should be read by our business young men and our raw writers for the press. It would furnish them with ideas and models for easy, graceful diction. It is difficult not to envy the men who lived in the times of Addison and Steele. Culture was much esteemed, and literature loved for its own sake, and not as now, when nothing is loved or sought but the way to make money. As a corrective to that, we heartily commend the reading of the *Tatler*. The volume is beautifully got up as to paper, print and binding.

ECONOMIC MONOGRAPHS:—

No. I. Why we Trade and how we Trade, by David A. Wells.

No. II. The Silver Question. The Dollar of the Fathers versus the Dollar of the Sons, by the same author.

No. III. The Tariff Question and its relation to the Present Commercial Crisis, by Horace White.

New York: Putnam's Sons; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The discussions on fiscal policy to which we are accustomed to listen are well nigh invariably mixed with the jargon of party politics; and the public utterances of the commercial world in reference to the hackneyed terms of protection and free trade are for the most part but discouraging illustrations of the prevalence of sciolism and selfishness. It is a hopeful sign that there are men capable of lifting the study of political economy out of the dust and the turmoil of faction strife, and placing it in such measure and shape before the ordinary intellect that unsophisticated patriots may take hold, and by means thereof promote the best interests of their country. The writers of these *Economic Monographs* have undertaken, and most ably discharged the much needed task of unearthing the primary causes of commercial dejection and canker. In the clearest manner they set forth the suicidal and selfish character of a large for protection. The arguments which protectionists derive from the depressed condition of commerce in free trade countries are successfully combated by forces which, although seemingly ignored by mere party politicians, are nevertheless potent to every unprejudiced observer. The subject of Canadian annexation is skillfully handled, and the treatises are rich in facts and illustrations which will confirm unbiased minds in the belief that when a nation shuts other countries out it shuts itself in, and suffers accordingly.

What we call strength of mind implies the prevalence of the calm passions above the violent; though we may easily observe that there is no person so constantly possessed of this virtue as never on any occasion to yield to the solicitation of violent affection and desire. From these variations of temper proceeds the great difficulty of deciding with regard to the future actions and resolutions of men, where there is any contrariety of motives and passions.—*Hume*.

NO MONOPOLY OF FREEDOM.—A good-natured and well-conditioned person has pleasure in keeping and distributing anything that is good. If he detects anything with superior flavour, he presses and invites, and is not easy till others participate;—and so it is with it to others. There is something shocking in the greedy, growling monopoly of such a blessing.—*Sydney Smith*.