THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Song of the Mystic.

2

BY FATHER RYAN.

I walk down the valley of silence, Down the dim voiceless Valley-alone! And I hear not the fall of a footstep Around me,-save God's and my own, And the hush of my heart is as holy As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices Whose music my heart could not win, Long ago was I weary of noises That freited my soul with their din, Long ago was I weary of places Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldless, I craved what the world each *Ideal* And I said "In the world each *Ideal* That shines like a star on life's wave, Is tossed on the shores of the real, And sleeps like a dream, in a grave!"

And still did I pine for the perfect, And still found the false with the true, I sought mid the human for heaven— But caught a mere glimpse of its blue, And I wept when the clouds of the mortal Velled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human, And I moaned mid the mazes of men, Till I knelt long ago at an altar And heard a voice call me i-since then I walk down the Valley of silence That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley? "Tis my trysting place with the Divine, And I fell at the fect of the Holy. And about me a voice said "be mine!" And there rose from the depth of my spirit An Echo! "My heart shall be thine."

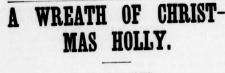
Do you ask how I live in the Valley, I weep, and I dream, and I pray, And my tears are as sweet as the dew drops That fall on the roses in May, And my prayer, like a perfume from censer, Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of silence, I dreamed all the songs that I sing. And the music floats down the dim Valley Till each finds a word for a wing. That to men, like the dove of the deluge, The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows That never shall break on the beach, And I have heard songs in the silence, That never shall float into speech, And I have had dreams in the Valley Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley Ah me, how my spirit was stirred! And they wear holy veils on their faces, Their footsteps can scarcely be heard; They pass through the Valley like Virgins, Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of that Valley, Ye hearts that are burdened by care? It lieth afar between mountains, And God and His Angels are there; And one is the dark mount of Sorrow, And one the bright mount of Prayer.



ANNA T. SADLIER.

"Wassail, wassail to the king !" cried the revellers, bringing their tankards down upon the oaker board round which they sat with mock pomp and circumstance, surrounding the Christmas Prin Lord of Misrule, and awaiting the coming of the boar's head.

"Why rests such gloom upon the features of our faithful Lord High Keeper ?" asked the king, a handsome, stalwart youth of Norman blood. "Cry

handsome, stalwart youth of Norman blood. "Cry wassail, wassail ! and pledge in foaming ale." "To you I drink, most worshipful lord and gra-cious majesty," answered the youth, raising a bum-per to his lips. But his participation in the gay scene was evidently forced. His fine features were, indeed, marked with a melancholy which no wassail local acid lichter. bowl could lighten.

the was relating to the people queting-hall were thrown open, and a train of me-tinals appeared, bearing on a silver platter the head of the redoubtable beast, gayly decorated with bay and the hour of midnight, all catth

"Rightly spoken, great king!" said Hugo, re-turning to his former tone of easy good-nature. "But I crave your pardon for words spoken in a moment's heat, and likewise that I must e'en now depart. My mood's too sober for this joyous revel." "Ay, be it so," said the king. "We grant our good Lord Keeper license to depart from our most potent presence."

potent presence." The stout old castle of Claveley was gaily bedight

The stout old castle of Claveley was graly bedight with holly and mistletoe and the clinging ivy; tur-rett and battlements, drawbridge and walls, bore garlands of the festive green. All this Christmas Eve had the sturdy yeoman or merry men of the green wood borne in luge armfuls of mistletoe boughs and holly branches to deck the halls. Great state was maintained therein at the Yule-tide. The gates were fluing onen wide, and tenantry, retainers state was maintained therein at the Full-chall. The gates were flung open wide, and tenantry, retainers, vassals, and yeomanry streamed in to keep the birth, time of the Gentle King. The great halls were adorned with Christmas evergreens, whence gleamed hunt adorned with Christmas evergreens, whence gleaned out grim implements of war or of the chasc—hunt-ingspears and knives, coats of mail, cuirasses, hel-mets, javelins, swords, and other martial accoutre-ments. Heads of stags and tusks of boars gave silent testimony to the feats of skill performed by londs and vassals at the chase. The Yule logs blazed upon the hearth; a motley throng filled the vast halls; teouladous and chassingers minoided with stout and vasais is the theory in rong filled the vast halls; troubadours and glee-singers mingled with stout country squires or brawny-fisied yeoman, peasant maids with high-born damsels, serving-men and wenches with their lords and masters; bands of merry-makers threaded their way in and out among the people; the household jester played fan-tastic tricks mpon the guests, shaking his bells and turning somersaults close beside some timid maid. The favorite dame was led by the lord himself with a stout, pink-checked dame from Claveley village; young Sir Ralph led out the prettiest peasant maid; and the Lady Cunhilde, old Sir Hugo's ward, tripund the Lady Cunhilde, old Sir Hugo's ward, triped the measure with the post-boy from the int. Before midnight the bells from the turret rang out for Mass, and as the chapel doors were thrown wide and the multitude streamed in, the bells tolled twelve and the cannons on the heights thundered twelve and the cannons on the heights thundered their salute to the hour when the Prince of Peace was born to the earth. Before Mass commenced the choir sang : This day Christ was born. This day our Saviour did appear ; This day the angels sing in earth, The archangels are glad ; Glory be to God on high. Allelula. "Who he

After Mass the banquent-hall was opened, and the board, laden with smoking viands disclosed to view. The lord took his seat on a sort of raised platform with his son, the Lady Cunhilde, and chaplain, while, according to the Lady Culminde, and Chap-lain, while, according to their various classes or conditions, the guests took their places. Trumpets proclaimed the coming of the boar's head, brought in by the menials of the house, headed by the venin by the menials of the house, headed by the ven-erable butler. Home-brewed ale and eider mingled with the red wine. Good old Sir Hugo, rejoicing at the presence of his people, had no shadow on his brow, save when his gaze chanced to fall on a vacant place beside him; it was that of his eldest son. "A witless roisterer," he said, sighing; "ne'er among his kindred or his people." The Lady Cunhilde sighed too, but no word was spoken further of him.

The Lady Cunhilde sighed too, but no word was spoken further of him. When the banquet was ended, Sir Ralph ap-proached the Lady Cunhilde. "Thy blithesome mood hath deserted thee to-night," he said, bending towards her. "I am not a Christmas roisterer, Sir Ralph," she operated with some dividentian

answered with some displeasure. "I would thou wert," he said ; "'twould show a

lightsome heart." "I pray thee let my heart remain in my good

keeping," said the lady pettishly. "But mine is with thine," he said half jestingly; "wherefore I would not that it kept too sober com-

pany.

pany." "Peace, peace," she said, "thy tongue runs away with thy wits; but here we have Master Adriance. Let us list to him awhile." This Master Adriance was the scribe of the house

"Wassail, wassail to the king!" eried the revel-hold, a learned man and sage, as all bore witness. He was relating to the people the old legends of the time. "Know ye all," he said, "that in this night, at

"Yet it is not thy father's will that this should aught ?" "Yet it is not thy lather's hin that orice ; "thou art be," said Cunhilde, lowering her voice ; "thou art the elder, and thou know'st his bidding." "Av, know I it," he said sternly ; "but, by the of Claveley." "Ay, know I it," he said sternly ; "but, by the honor of our Norman name, his bidding goes for

honor of our Norman hand, and hand get of a naught. I will not have it so." "Thou wilt not, say'st thou ?" cried Cunhilde with flashing eyes. "Methinks, sir roisterer, that thy revel hath not mended thy manners. A Norman maid is not given at will by father's bidding nor by son's desire ; I tell thee this." Angrily she moved across the room, leaving Hugo to be meditations, none too beleasant, if his counten-

to his meditations, none too pleasant, if his counten-ance gave sign thereof. With a hasty exclamation ance gave sign the he strode off to the farther end of the hall, and Cun-

"Ah ! merry roisterer, for thee my heart doth pass thy sage and gentle brother, and by thee is ill Meantime Sir Ralph had hastened to where his

father sat surrounded by stout country squires and lusty yeoman. "Most noble father," he cried, " on bended knee I

crave a boon." "No boon may be denied that's made this hal-lowed night," said the father; "but wherefore kneel? Arise? thy boon is won." "Nay, father, an thou knowest not what it is, how grant it ?" asked the youth. "I grant it, knowing it not. Arise."

"I grant it, knowing it not. Arise." "Thou mayest repent, kind father," urged the

youth. "Repent of my plighted word? How now, young sir! what mean thy words?" said the father somewhat sternly. "Thy boon is won!" "Then naught remains," cried Ralph, springing to his feet, "but to gain the Lady Cunhilde's gracious consent to our betrothal." "What! boy, thou ravest," cried Sir Hugo, nghast. "Thou darest to speak thus of thy brother's blickted bride?"

lighted bride ?" She loves him not," cried Ralph, " and he, good

father, loveth more the rosy wine and noisy revel." "But, I tell thee, thy brother-" began the old

"Is here to speed the wooing," cried a voice close

by. It was Hugo, the people's idol, his father's darling, "How sayest thou ?" cried the knight. "To wed I'm not inclined." "Thou witless loon !" cried the father in wrath, "who lett'st thy plighted bride slip thus from out thy grasp ! But stop ; let the Lady Cunhilde be summoned."

She had heard all from the gallery above. She

atered with queen-like tread and haughty mien. "How say'st thou, Cunhilde of Rothsley ?" cried he knight, as she stood with downcast eye bowed head before him ; "how sayst thou? of these two shall be thy choice?"

"It is not for me to say, most gracious lord," she id, with a meekness in direct contradiction to her haughty mien.

Hugo stood, with folded arms, a little apart. Hugo stood, with tolded arms, a little apart. Ralph was bending eagerly forward, with a look, half hope, half longing, on his face. "Tis for thee, i' faith," said the knight, "whom thou shalt wed."

thou shalt wed." "So please you, if it beseem the modesty of my sex so to declare," she said, "I make choice for him who most deserves it, which I believe to be the good knight, Sir Ralph of Claveley." Not a shade of anger or of sadness crossed Hugo's

Not a shade of angel of of shades clock frage hands cme face. Apparently unmoved, he stood waiting what further might be said. Ralph rushed to her side, and the old knight spoke, casting a look of vexation on poor Hugo: "To thee, then, Ralph of Claveley, I give the

"To thee, then, Kaiph of Clavers, I give the hand of the fairest dansel in the land." She trembled as he placed her hand within that of the younger son. He bent and touched it with his lips. She cast a glance upon Hugo. He ad-vanced with a smile, saying ;

vanced with a sinile, saying ; "May I, too, claim a kinsman's privilege ?" And as she gave him her hand he stooped and kissed it. It was cold as death.

It was cold as death. So ended the night, as it had begun, in feasting and revelry. Hugo was foremost in every frolic, his laugh rang loudest in the ball, and when the waits without struck up their simple caroling, from him came the most ample gifts, and he it was most often saluted with the cries of "God give you good-

day to Hastings, forty miles distant. The murderday to Hastings, forty miles distant. The murder-er, securing his assent, must have returned to the house, and with a flat-iron, struck Mrs. Harelson on the head, stunning her. He then, with a stout cloth strangled the oldest girl, and with the flat-iron mashed in the head of the second daughter. The mother reviving, he again attacked her, and the unnumbered bruises on her body show that she must have fought desugrately for life. The denom-

ed up

"We have his welfare much at heart," replied the ty, "for this is the houshold of his sire, Sir Hugo

A doughty knight, as I have heard," said the but art thou. then, the sister of Sir Hugo, ilgrim ;

crusader ?" "Nay, I am not his sister," said the lady, hesitat-

ing a little. "Perchance his brother's bride?" said the pilgrim. She started, and at the moment Sir Hugo addressed the pilgrim, and she held no further discourse with He remained but a day or two longer within

him. He remained but a day or two longer within the castle, then sped upon his way. The Yule-time passed swiftly 'mid wassail shouts and chanting of carols. On Twelfth Night a grand revel was held. Cunhilde was the Queen of Love and Beauty. The hall was thronged with maskers under every device. One of these latter, in courtly guise, approached the queen towards the middle of due word. the stock, and noticed the house closed the curtains

"I homage render here," he said in a low, deep voice as he bent the knee, "unto the Queen of Hearts, of Love and Beauty." "I pray thee arise, Sir Knight," said the queen,

the stock, and noticed the house closed the curtains down, but as the wagon was gone supposed the family had taken their intended journey. On the 5th Richardson returned with the story that Mrs. Harelson with the children had gone south to rejoin her fugitive husband, and that he had purchased the homestead right, and all the personal property left on the place. He continued to occupy the place slept nightly in the house, and was serene in his ownership. His next victim was a quiet young Swede named Peter Anderson, who lived six miles away, and who, as was discovered by the villan, had lately received money from Europe. He went over graciously extending her hand for him to kiss. "Most gracious queen, I rise, as thou in courtesy dost bid me; but, alack ! 'twere better 1 should lately received money from Europe. He went over and stayed with Anderson a few days. On Sunday,

dost bid me; but, alack! 'twere better I should kneel and gaze upon thee as we men from earth gaze upon a far-off star." "Thou art a poet or a minstrel," said the queen, "for such thy words bespeak." ' No poet am I, nor a minstrel," said the courtier. "I would I were, for then I might in fitting speech and the varies of your majesty."

and stayed with Anderson a few days. The dimer, December 8, he volunteered to cook the dimer, and dropped poison in Anderson's tea, and the latter soon after fell as if in a fit. Richardson, sup-

sound the praises of your majesty." "What art thou, then ?---and the question be not

posing him dead or dying, secured the money, about \$800, and, taking Anderson's team, drove away, and did not return until Monday afternoon. Anderson did not die, but returned to consciousness about noon on Monday, and finding he had been robbed, bold," said the queen. "Not much of aught, an so it please thee, gracious crawled to the nearest house, where he found only a woman alone, and told her his woes. Soon after,

lady "Thou art, I ween, a soldier ?" she said enquir-

she, looking from a window, exclaimed, "There goes your team now." Anderson gained sufficient strength to walk to his house, whither Richardson The help control of the strength of the sufficient "Right thou art-a soldier am I, whose rough

ech must e'er betray me." Thou art a knight. Hast seen much service ?" sp

had gone. The lady saw him enter the door. An hour passed. The woman, foreboding mischief, hailed two passing men, and sent them to Anderson's asked the queen. "Of what service speak'st thou? Touching lates or singing songs in ladies' ear?" he questioned in hailed two passing men, and sent them to Anderson's house to investigate. They found Richardson load-ing up Anderson's goods on the wagon, and they told him they suspected foul play. He replied he would put out the team and they might go in the house and investigate. He took the harness from

response. "Nay, spake I of the tented field where swords flash high," replied Cunhilde, "in war or tourney." "Some of both have I seen," he said laconically. "Hast thou been in Palestine?" she asked with

more hesitation. "Ay, that I have," he said : "but wherefore question thus? O lady ! let me rather whisper in Advised to the set of the said from a wandering hesitation

ing across the prairie south-ward on horseback. Having no horses of their own they did not pursue thine ear some verses gathered from a wandering but commenced search for Anderson, and found his body, still warm, buried in the cellar, and with the troubadour."

"One question first : Know'st aught of the good knight, Hugo of Claveley?" asked the lady with body, still warn, buried in the cohal, hat shows a circular mark of a hammer stroke on his forchead. Richardson left the horse on the bluff, near Bloom-ington, at which place he hired a team, and in the night drove through Riverton to Red Cloud, where he took the train for Hastings. All day Turesday te embarrassment. Thou, I ween, art she who wedded Ralph of

Claveley," said the courtier, making no direct reply

to her question. "Nay, then thou art a stranger here," cried Cunand Wednesday he went west, and got off at Plum Creek, since which time no trace of him has been hilde; "heard'st thou not the tale? Sir Ralph is wed, but I am not his wife."

"And wherefore, lady, if I be not rash?" he asked a half whisper. "Nay, thou art overbold," she said ; "no answer

for their bodies was renewed with success in less than half an hour. The bodies of the unfortunate can I give to such a speech, she said, no answer thou canst never read. What we choose we want not; what most we want we choose not." family were decently buried. Great excitement prevails, and large rewards are offered for Richard-son, and Judge Lynch awaits his arrival.

The courtier started visibly : "Let me, in answer to thy riddle, speak a verse I earned from olden troubadour :

learned from olden troubadour : My heart of gold's as true as steel As I on me learned on a bough; ' faith, and if ye love me well, My heart with joy breaks now. "Then thou hast read the riddle," cried the lady, turning deadly pale; "and who art thou, in mercy say ? Art phantom or a thing of flesh ?" " I am whom men called in England Hugo of Claveley," he answered.

"laveley," he answered.

Claveley," he answered. Great was the rejoicing when it became known throughout the assemblage that the son and heir so much loved, so long mourned as dead, had returned. Ere long they assembled again to grace the welding-day of Hugo of Claveley and Lady Cunbilde, than on which occasion was greater rejoicing never In the meantime the second mate, Mr. Hancock, had chased the whales a long way off to the leeward, and fastened to an eight barrel

And so I read. It was Christmas eve, the shadows falling thick around me. As in a dream, I known. saw the phantom forms, my ghostly ancestors stretching forth their hands from out forgotten stretching forth their hands from out forgotten tombs and claiming kinship with me. I was at Castle Claveley, where, as in the long-ago, wassail shout and sound of carolling rang in my ears. I drank with old-time worthies, and I murnutred, "Wassail, wassail to the king!" I beheld the woo-ing of the Norman maid, my kinswoman of a dis-tant generation. I heard the minne-singers' and the gleemen's Yule-tide ballad. I saw the merry maskers and the jester with his bells. Forth from the battlements the midnight cannon sounded the battlements the midnight cannon sounded; solemnly tolled the bells for midnight Mass, and I, a highcorn Norman maid, mingled with the carly the midnight cannon sounded ; the

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27.]

must have fought desperately for life. The demon, then taking the baby boy from the cradle, dashed

its brains out against the cook stove. Richardson then carried the bodies to the back of the stable,

dug a shallow grave, and wrapping each in a cover-let or quilt, threw a little straw over them, and fill-

the excavation, concealing the place with The next day the neighbor came to attend

the horses, and then gave the key to the men. They went into the house. Anderson was nowhere to be

found, aud looking out they saw Richardson scour-

found. The nurder of Anderson was what excited suspicion that the Harelson family had been foully dealt with, and on Wednesday of this week search

A WHALE'S BATTLE FOR LIFE.

A correspondent of the Panama Star and

Herald, writing from Esmeralda, July 2d, says:

"I beg to report our arrival at this port, not

quite six months out from Valparaiso, with three hundred barrels of oil. On May

27th, in latitude 4.40 south, longitude 114.40

west, we lowered our boats for whales. Mr. Martin, our first mate, soon fastened to a large one, which stove his boat slightly but

this was soon killed, and brought alongside.

LADIES' DEPAR Mrs. J. J. Skeffinzton F

PARIS FASHION

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27.]

Cloth, in different varieties, c are very fashionable for winter or Scotch cashmere are also gre is also velveteen, of a very smoo The latter forms elegant costun The latter forms elegant costum plain cloth or velvet, second s ribbed velvet of a shade to matel colors are seal-brown, bronze garnet, the most popular of all for dresses, bonnets, ribbons, and

PALETOT FOR YOUNG This is of fawn-color beaver collar and cuffs trimmed with na color. It is fastened with large

WALKING DRE This dress is of seal-brown clo This dress is of scai-brown ch the skirt with a kilting. The drapped in folds in front. The with large bone buttons. The kilted revers and pleated basque

HOME DRESS Claret cashmere, with cuira-with folds and narrow bands of

color. We note that large shapes an

although small styles are not o

The following are a few of capole of white feit, smooth, wi round the crown, a drapery cluster of three white feathers, fly in the middle of the frizles curtain a large bouquet of rose

Another of myrtle-green v

The Devonshire hat of black

and turned up on one side, wi

feathers. The next is an American

The next is an American with border of plush, on one si of feathers and a birds wing. A Russian toquet of black shape, with a border of seal-bi and on one side a cluster of

How to SELECT A GOOD 7 the eyes should be bright and and supple. The hen turkey This should be bought two di

hung in a cool place; it sl dressing the night before cool

DRESSING FOR THE FORM baker's bread, crutheled fine and mashed; three onion brown; a tablespoonful of beaten. Season with thyme, all together with the hands, i

and be sure to fill the neck a

and be sure to fit the neck a gives the turkey a better ap Batter the turkey well on t with pepper and salt. Have hot, and be sure to baste eve prevents the turkey becomin

GIBLET SOUP .- Remove

This may be difficult, but by before the grate, the skin wi clean and skin the head, rem

gizzard, heart and liver; p two quarts of water and two

season with salt and pepper hours, then add parsley, cele two tablespoonfuls of tom another hour longer.

STEWED TOMATOES .- TO

add two onions chopped sugar, a little salt and pep hour, then add soda cracker

DRESSING FOR THE TURKI

HOUSEWIVES

drawn wing.

border, with wings of bronze, a green satin ribbon crosses th

strings in front.

BONNETS,

rosemary, holding a lemon between its tusks. The mirth became uproarious. Loud rang the voices of the revellers in a carol to the boar :

The boar's head that we bring here Betokeneth a Prince without peer Is born this day to buy us dear. Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Tidings good I think I tell.

The chorus thundered away into the distance bidding the passer-by pause in wonderment. The bowl passed round again with renewed shouts of "wassail, wassail!" and the second verse was taken up:

A boar is a sovereign beast, And acceptable in every feast, So might this lord to most and least, Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Tidings good I think I tell.

The chorus dying away, the last verse was shouted lustily

The boar's head we bring with so In worship of Him that thus sprt Of a Virgin to redress all wrong. Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Tidings good I think I tell.

The feast was well spread, abounding in delicate and savory viands; the head of the boar was placed before the king, its richly-spiced sauce sending forth before the king, its richty-spieed saide schuld form an aromatic flavor. Beef, turkeys, capons, stood in rows adown the table ; the famous plum porridge held a prominent place, and the centre of the board was filled by the wassail bowl decked with wreaths and ribbons

"In truth, my Lord High Keeper, otherwise Sir

Hugo of Claveley, thou art new tweeper, otherwise Sir Hugo of Claveley, thou art not with us in mind and heart, though thy presence graces our revel." "Nay, my liege," answered Hugo with a smile, "thine own overflowing jolity maketh it so that none can equal thee.

"I vow, thou hast a sweetheart who afflicts thee, ' cried the king in a somewhat unsteady a confirmed the signs of his flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Sweetheart, most potent sovereign," cried Hugo, "must ne'er find place in the bosoms of thy sellors when in thy service."

counsellors when in thy service. He spoke with some uncasiness, as if half fearing that the jest might be carried farther. "A fickle and unstable dame, I warrant me,"

A nextle and unstable dame, I warrant me," eried the king—"as wavering as Dame Fortune her-self ; so I say, and so I know." "I pray thee say no more," said Sir Hugo in a lower tone. "Speak not of her here ; 'twould be unseenly."

" Treason, my lords and gentlemen !" cried the "Treason, my fords and geneticuted at the ock king, seeming none too well pleased at the imonition. "He who holdeth high place in our admonition.

admonthon. "He who holder inga pace is councils would e'en put limits to our speech." "Speak on, great prince, and heed him not," cried a voice from the lower end of the board ; "he hath that about him this night that keepeth not

hath that about him this hight that keepeth how with our merriment." "Ay, speak, speak !" cried the revellers, "None shall put limit to the most potent Lord of Misrule." " I spake but in jest," said the king, " of his fickle and unstable sweetheart, who, as all know, is in sooth the haughtiest dame in the land." " I pray thee hold me excused," cried Hugo, leap-it and " from for ther holding part with ye, un-

to his feet, " from further holding part with ye, un mannerly dogs that ye are !" "What ho ? my Lord Keeper; here is fine speech!

said the king good-naturedly. "Let not our revel turn to quarreling. To-night's no night, for aught

in their stalls in worship to the Master once born in such like lowly state. Furthermore do the bees chant canticles within their hives, and housewives, baking

id the know

bread, keep it throughout the year, no mould c'er coming upon it. These things belike ye know coming upon it. These things belike ye know ; wherefore I would tell you that this night assem-bleth together a cock, a raven, an ox, a cow, and a sheep, that they may bear testimony unto the birth of God. '*Christus natus est*, croweth the cock, which saying, being rendered into the vernacular, signi-fieth 'Christ's born ': the raven straightway asketh, of God. "Quando? ? likewise speaking in a learned tongue which being unknown to ye, meaneth, ' When?' to

which being unknown to ye, meaneth, 'When?' to which the cow maketh answer, saying ; 'Hac nocte,' the same being 'This night '; the ox, hearing, crieth; '*Ubt, ubi, ubi,* ?--Where, where, where ?---and the sheep respondeth, bleating, 'Bethlehem.' The same being a legend of great credit, and long held for truth among us. *Laws Christi-*-meaning Praise in Christ-on this blissful night all dark spirits are chained within the vaults of hell, and no unhallowed spell hath force, nor thing of evil hath power, to harm us. *Salve*, most honored lady,'' he said, sud-denly turning and perceiving Cunhilde--"Salve, denly turning and perceiving Cunhilde—"Salve, which meaneth 'hail,' and was a form of greeting in

"To you also Salve, most worthy Adriance," said

the lady with a gracious smile. What more he would have said was interrupted by the glee-singers chanting a carol :

Nay, Ivy, nay; it shall not be, I wis. Let Holly have the mastery, as the manner is.

Holly standeth in the hall fair to behold, Ivy stands without the door; she is full sore a-cold.

Holly hath berries as red as any rose ; The forresters, the hunters, keep them from the does. Nay, Ivy, nay,

Lyy hath berries as black as any sloc; There comes the owl and eats them as they grow.

Holly hath birds, a full, fair flock, The nightingale, the poppinjay, the gentle laverock.

Good Ivy, good Ivy, what birds hast thou? None but the owlet that cries: Now ! now ! Nay, Ivy, nay.

No witch am I," said she, " nor guess I of what

sad despite thou pratest." "Thou loyest my brother, and by thim thou art

beloved ; callest thou not that despite ?"

morrow !

"God bless the master of this house sang they.

The mistress also, And all the little children That round the table go.

And all your kin and kinsfolk That dwell both far and near, I wish you merry Christmas And a happy New Year.

The Yule-time lasted from Christmas till Twelfth The Yule-time lasted from Christmas till Twelfth Night at least, more often till Candlemas. Each day were carols sung_"to Stephen, John, to Inno-cents every one, to Thomas Martyr one." Each night the castle halls rang with shouts of "Welcome, Yule!" and "Wassail, wassail!" On the morning of the Epiphany and all that merry day carols were euror. sung:

There came three kings from Galilee To Bethlehem, that fair ettle, To see Him that should ever be By right-a Lord, King, and Knight-a.

As they came forth with their offering, They met with Herod, that moody king: He asked them of their coming, This tidea. And thus to them he said-a;

Of whence be ye, you kings three?"
 Of the East, as you may see, To seek Him that should ever be By right-a Lord and King and Knight-a."

Thus it proceeds, telling in quaint speech the story of the Magi's offering to the newborn King, of the angel's warning, and of

Their coming to their countrie, Merry and glad they were all three, Of the sight that they had see By night-a, By the stars' shining,light-a,

Scarce was the feast over when Hugo craved his sire's permission to take his departure beyond the seas to the land of Palestine, whither all good knights and true were then hastening so fight under

Good Ivy, good Ivy, what birds hast thou?
None but the owlet that cries: Now I now!
Nay, Ivy, nay.
Just as the carol ended, and Sir Ralph had gone to seek his father, from whom he determined to crave the Lady Cunhilde's hand, a voice spoke in the lady's ear:
My heart of gold's as true as steel, Ns I on me leaned on a bough; In faith, but if ye love me well.
"What folly is this, thou unconscionable roister of ?" said the lady, the brightening of her eyes and face contradicting her works—" (hou who spendest even the eve of Y ale with tipsy revellers."
"Ah! true love, ah! true love, folly and I are old conrades," said he, half sighing : "yet hadst thou seen me 'mid those same tipsy revellers, thou woulds thave heard me rallied for being of too sober mood ; wherefore, I pray thee, exercise thy enstie et att thus thou leavest thy tasther's halls,"
"The cause, I ween, was in the pricking of thy said Cunhilde.
"I pray thee tell me, then, O gentle necroamere, what sad despite hath driven me from my fathers"
"No witch am I," said she, "nor guess I of what

damsels of our race. The sound of voices waked me from my reverie it was the Christmas guests come to the merry-mak-ing round our hospitable board, within our home no feudal keep, nor battlemented manor, but an humble homestead, far from merrie England, in a Puritan village, beside a Puritan-named stream. The founders of the place, of sober garb and speech, had kept no Christmas revels, hence to their children's children had come down no carol, nor chant, dren's children had come down no carol, nor chant, nor wassail bowl, nor midnight Mass, nor midnight greeting to the new-born King. Yet in our humble way we strove to keep alive such Christmas feasting as we might. Therefore did I hasten to greet the merry band of incomers, saluting them with the old heart-warm wish, "A merry Christmas." In mirth and joy the hours sped on, but ever and anon soft voices whisnered in my ear. "My heart of adults a

and joy the hours sped on, but ever and anon soft voices whispered in my ear, "My heart of gold's as true as steel"; ever and anon 1 heard the waits without, "God give ye all good-morrow"; ever and anon the shouts rang high above the voices of our guests, "Wassail, high wassail to the king!" When midnight came we bent our heads in lowly reverence, and, like our kinsmen of the good old time, we joined our hearts and voices to the shep-herds and the king, and in humble reverence to the "Prince without peer," and to the stainless Maid of whom was born a royal Son, we whispered the "first Christmas earol," "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will."

A NEBRASKA HORROR.

Additional particulars have been received of the Kearney county horror, which prove it to be on of the most diabolical murders ever comitted. Th Th of the most diabolical murders ever comitted. The Harelson family, consisting of Harelson, his wife two bright, pretty girls, one 7 and the other 5 years old, and an infant boy of 16 months, lived half a mile from Walker's ranch, which is the half-way stage station between Kearney and Bloomington. Some time since the father, being detected in steal-ing bridge timber, fled the country, leaving Mrs. Ing brack this is a virtuous, honest and industri-ous magner, to take care of the family. She Im-mediately went to Government Land Office surren-dered he husband's homestead papers, taking the land in her own name. The brave woman ploughed and cultivated the farm. Late in October the mur-derer (Richardson) applied for work. He was a man of gentlemanly appearance about 30 years old. No sooner had he been employed than he must have set about planing his infernal work. On the even-

ellow, and got slightly stove in doin The whale acted very ugly, At the least noise from the boat, he would rush towards it. lashing the sea with his flukes, and obliging Mr. Hancock to kept at a respectable distance, he being alone at the time, and his boat stovo and leaking badly. Every time Mr. Hancock would try to get near the whale, the monster would rush towards the boat. Sometimes he would raise his head out of the water, and appear to be listening for the least noise, turning slowly around, and then all at once down would go his head, and up his tail, and the sea would be lashed into foam. In a shortime the third mate arrived on the scene of action and was ordered by the second mate not to fasten to the whale, but to play loose boat; that is, not being encumbered with

a line fast to the whale, he could more easily row up to or away from him and, could watch for a favorable opportunity to shoot the monster with a bomb lance. In the meantime the ship was running down towards them, and the masthead reported a boat stove, as Mr. Hancock had set the signal which indicated that fact. Captain Kelly then sent Mr. Martin in the fourth mate's boat to assist in killing the whale. On his arrival at the scene, he went boldly on, and fastened, when suddenly his boat was badly stove and capsized. Mr. Hancock picked up the crew, and the first mane went into the third mate's boat and again attacked the whale. No sooner did the monster hear the sound of the approahing oars than he made for the boat at great speed, and before they could get out of the way, struck them, stoving in the boat, and capsizing it. Fortunately the whale was quiet for a few moments, enabling Mr. Hanock to pick up the men, but none too soon, for just as they had sterned off a short distance, the whale again attacked the stoven boat, seizing it in his mouth again and again, and shaking it as a dog would a rat; then up would go his tail, and fragments of the boat oars, etc, would fly high in the air. Mr. Hancock went to the ship, and soon returned with another boat. All this time the whale was rushing, first here, and then there, at one moment on his head, and at another on his tail. The only thing to do was to lay off and

shoot bombs at him; but it was a difficult job to get near enough to him for the bombs to be effectual, his body, most of the time being perpendicular. The first mate was fortunate enough to shoot a bomb into the right spot, which soon killed the whale. The writer of these lines has followed whaling since 1849, and has never seen but one whale fight so determinedly as this one, who, no donbt, would have attacked and stove the ship had it been near enough. The Ann'Alexander and Essex were both stove and sunk by sperm

GREEN PEAS -Add to ty little salt and only enough them boil five minutes ter and a tablespoonful stand five minutes on the dish.

piece of butter.

PLUM PUDDING .- Three chopped fine, one pound raisins, ditto currants, one o cup of brown sugar, half a half a nutmeg grated, an Make a stiff batter with floured bag; have ready a boil four hours. HARD SAUCE .--- Rub to a

fuls of granulated sugar a add a teaspoonful of ros Serve with good brandy. bundle of chip cigar lighte the sulphurous fumes of 1 sant if used in setting fire

FRITTER.-Capital fritte kind of paste, which, bein into shapes, which are dip Here are several forms of through a sieve, stir into t ter and enough whole egg season with salt, pepper, a to the shape of little balls, This may be varied by a some ham or Bologna sa some chopped parsley. 2 about a pint of boiling wa ter; drop into this gradu Indian corn flour, stirring a liquid paste. Take care and to put it in gradually knots and spoil the dish. from the fire, you stir in ance of grated parmean pepper, and pour out yo to cool. When cold, cut fry. The addition of har made to this. 3. Make with common corn flour some yolk of eggs, and f and nutmeg; add chopp then treat it as the other cheese. All the above p having been previously

A young lady was wanted to see her since had got abroad. "Yes a man this morning wh in the world to see you enger question. "An reply

more difficult to fry the

A Mississippi boatma ping at a public hous porter for a boot-jack colored gentleman, aft feet, broke ont as follow for dem feets. Jackass without fracturing de about three miles to de

"What wouldst thou know of hum, fair lady it" set about planing its internal work. On the even-spake the pilgrin, multich in its cloak. "How fares it with him ?" she asked, "How fares it with him ?" she asked, "Indifferent well," he said ; "but wherefore ask'st thou ? Know'st thou aught of him, or car'st thou whales.