

The Silent Melody.

FROM DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S LAST VOLUME.

"Bring me my broken harp," he said; "We both are wrecks—but as ye will—Though all its ringing tones have fled—Their echoes ring round in my ear—It had some silver strings, I know—But that was long—how long—ago."

"I cannot see its tarnished gold, I cannot hear its vanished tone, Scarcely can my trembling fingers hold The pillared frame so long their own; We both are wrecks—a while ago—It had some silver strings, I know."

"But on them Time too long has played The solemn strain that knows no change, And where of old my fingers strayed The chords they find as ever—old strange—Yes! from strings—I know—I know—We both are wrecks of long ago."

"We both are wrecks—a shattered pair—Strange to ourselves in time's disguise—What say ye to the tovers air That brought the lovers from the shore? Ay! trust me—would I had my own—Hearts could be melted long ago!"

"Or will ye hear the storm-song's crash That from his dream the soldier woke, And bade him face the lightning flash? When battle's cloud in thunder broke? Wrecks—naught but wrecks—the time was when We two were worth a thousand men?"

And so the broken harp they bring With pithy smiles that none could blame; Ah! there's not a single string Of all that filled the tarnished frame; But see! like children overjoyed, His fingers rambling through the void:

"I clasp thee! As . . . mine ancient lyre . . . Nay, guide my wandering fingers . . . As I have played with the light of day . . . Hush! ye shall hear the famous tune—That Marian called the 'Silent Melody'—"

And so they softly gather round; Rapt in his tuneful thrance he seems; His fingers move; but to a sound! A silence like a child's dream— "There! ye have heard the air," he cries, "That brought the tears to Marian's eyes!"

Ah, smile not at his fond conceit; Nor deem his fancy wrong in vain; To him the unreal sounds are sweet— No discord mingles with the strain— Scored on life's record page— The voiceless melody . . .

Sweet are the lips of all that sing, When Nature's music breathes unthought, But never yet could any tongue so truly shape our tenderest thought As when by life's deceiving fire Our fingers sweep the stringless lyre!

CATHOLIC SCOTLAND. In no place does "history repeat itself" more strikingly than in the history of the Church. Three hundred years ago and all that was Catholic in Cumnock was swept away, and, to all appearance, never again to return. Twenty years since the few Catholics in this district were glad enough to have a lay brother, in which the could worship God according to their conscience, and after the manner of their forefathers. As time went on a small chapel was erected upon a piece of ground regarded as useless—and that at the outskirts of the town. Later on a handsome school was erected in the town, and it was attended by a large number of children. Through the generosity of Lady Bute three Sisters of St. Paul have now the charge of the school—prospere, pascit et regna. Cumnock towards the close of the thirteenth century, and at the dawn of the fourteenth century was a flourishing town, the residence of two great historical celebrities—Sir William Wallace and Edward II., King of England. When the present flourishing city of Glasgow was only a straggling village, consisting of a single street, now called the High Street, Wallace, "his country was his tower," resided here for some time in 1297. Soon after the battle of Bannockburn a truce was signed for a twelvemonth between the Scots and the English, when Sir William Wallace retired to his castle at Cumnock, having no great confidence in the faith of the enemy. We may safely conjecture that so fervent a Catholic was not a frequent visitor to the Mass in this neighborhood. The last hours of this patriotic martyr furnish a touching example of the indissolubility of the bonds of religion. "Shortly before his execution he asked for a priest or confessor, but King Edward, who was present, maliciously forbade any one to help him, and he shrive him. The Bishop of Canterbury, however, boldly stepped forward, and denouncing the King, proffered his services. Edward ordered the Bishop to be arrested, but his attendant courtiers counselled otherwise, for

All Englishmen saw his design was right. Wallace then commended himself to the Bishop, humbly commending his spirit to God, and saying one word on his knees. In this manner the comforts of the Catholic religion were administered to Scotland's great hero shortly before death. Two years after the execution of Wallace in London Edward II., the son of his bitter enemy, known in history for his unfortunate end, in the year 1307 honored Cumnock with a visit. It was the age of patriots. Clement V., the visible head of the Church, was an exile at Avignon. The ardent Dante was banished, and fasting in his own language, the bitterness of another's bread. He was finishing his "Divine Comedy," in which he adverts to the troubles of that period—

The thirsting pride that maketh fool alike The English and the Scott impatient of their bound. . . . Duns Scotus, the subtlest of all, was a short but brilliant life. William Tell, the independent and intrepid patriot, was preparing to flee Switzerland from "Anstrin's proud yoke." In this memorable year—1307—Edward II., in the first who bore the title of Prince of Wales, visited Scotland. "Scotsman's Bruce had been crowned at Stonehaven set out for Carlisle with a gallant and numerous army, to carry out the plans of his ambitious father in the conquest of Scotland, as far north as Cumnock, where he halted for a few days. Under pretence of making preparations for his marriage and coronation, he gave up the pursuit of Bruce and returned to England." In those Catholic times St. Cuthbert, a bright ornament of the early Scotch Church, was also venerated here and at Ochiltree. He was the son of an Irish chieftain and the pupil of St. Mungo; he left his country and friends in the sixth century in Scotland, where he won many souls to Christ. The new church erected on the top of the hill by the generosity of Lord Bute is a sufficient testimony that Catholicity has arisen from the tomb, and that the light of divine truth shines once more upon the children of St. Columba.

Auchinleck, the parish in which with his birth he called the Cumnock Chapel is situated, has also an historical connection with its neighbor Cumnock.

In the thirteenth century this village was the patrimony of the good Auchinleck, the uncle and faithful friend of Sir William Wallace. James the Fourth, who "foremost fighting fell" on the field of Flodden, in 1513, the heirs of Lord Auchinleck falling, gave the lands to a younger son of Boswell of Balnuto—thus the family of Auchinleck is lineally descended from Auchinleck of that ilk. The present pretty chapel is on the property of Lady Boswell, to whom it is much indebted for its picturesque appearance, her ladyship having planted a portion of the trees which surround it like an oasis in the desert. In the ages of faith the revenues of Auchinleck were given to some Gilbertine nuns, who came from England to Ayrshire, but, finding the climate too cold, returned to the more genial south. After an absence of several hundred years the noble houses of Stuart and Howard, united in the family of the present Lord and Lady Bute—generous benefactors to these missions—also figure prominently in the historical annals of the periods alluded to. The House of Stuart, the progenitors of a royal race—

Who once in glory reigned And laws for Scotland's weal ordained—that noble house so celebrated for power and misfortune was then a rising star. The deeds of daring of the high-born Howards, the Montmorencies of England, are known to every reader of history.—London Univers.

WHAT DION BOUCICATIL SAYS OF "THE O'DOWD."

Mr. Dion Boucicatil addressed the following letter to the Editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, October 25.

Adelphi Theatre, London. Sir,—The leading London journals condemn the political allusions in my new play, "The O'Dowd," recently produced in this city. In deference to the press a copy of the objectionable lines has been forwarded to the Times, with a request that the offensive matter should be pointed out. The scene of the drama is laid in Galway at the present time, the action is purely domestic, excepting one incident, and that is a necessary one, representing the election in a town during a contest between the candidates. The following speeches contained in about thirty-six lines exhibit the charges against the work. "The whole front of my offending hath this extent, no more." The O'Dowd, an old Irish farmer, uneducated but self-made and wealthy, speaks— "O'Dowd—I am my own landlord. I wish every Irish farmer could say the same. Leake—I thought you Irish were so poor? "O'Dowd—So we are, God help us! as poor as milk cows, whose milk goes to market and whose calves are taken away. Leake—But you are rich! "O'Dowd—Because I was always my own master, working with all my heart for my own flesh and blood, so I never measured my labor by the hour, but by my hopes, when I saw before me a life that was a life, and not a week's wages. In the election scene the popular candidate is the son of an old farmer. The rival candidate, apostrophized by the mob as the "Castle lack," urges emigration as the true and only remedy for the trouble. The young O'Dowd replies— "My gallant opponent has told you that Ireland is unable to support her population. Fifty years ago she supported eight millions; now we number about five, yet there are too many! Then we were a nation—now we are a people! Then we were a sister, now we are a domestic servant—the Underella of the British family. Must we be told that our people remember their native land, which is not a more profitable purpose than to raise men? Speculation claims it is better suited for a sheep walk, where the carcass butchers of Europe can feed their sheep on our hills and stable their cattle in our deserted towns. Must O'Dowd be told, 'If you don't like your place in the family, you had better go.' Ah! where shall he go? She can follow those three millions of exiles across the Atlantic ocean—those idle, thriftless, worthless, ostentatious, and cunning that foreign shore, became instantly changed into landworkmen, thrifty, valuable citizens, the life blood of America as labor, a source of American wealth and prosperity! How was the nature of those millions changed? Was it the effect of climate or was it freedom? There was a time ere Ireland's grief began, When every rood of ground maintained its own trade. But times are changed and now a scold's tongue scurfs the soil and banishes the spade. One master grasps the whole domain alone, While scorched by famine thousands roam the home. The starving peasant leaves his cabin door And seeks with bleeding heart a kinder shore. Unhappy land! to hastening his prey, Where few grow rich and multitudes die." The lines are not textually those of Goldsmith, but he is there. Let it be stated, and promptly, that although this speech was not uttered by me, the audience, at the end of the scene, obliged the author to appear and receive an ovation that cannot be forgotten by anyone present (it was not mentioned by the press) and if I state that on the occasion of my subsequent performance the public has manifested a similar feeling and spirit, it is simply to record the fact that the London audience and the London journals appear to be at issue on the question. During the first night a few dissenting and unprejudiced part of the community, who were called on to appear at the end of the scene, even these were hushed. I decline, however, to seek refuge behind that demonstration, and prefer now and here to submit the matter very respectfully to the opinion of the good, the just, the sensible and unprejudiced part of the community. Let it be remembered that my work had been submitted, as the law requires, to the censure of the officer appointed by the Crown to erase any word or scene of an objectionable character. The Times, therefore, undertakes to reverse his decision. Let it be remembered that I was not addressing a favorable audience in Ireland or in the United States; but, coming to London, I said what I had to say here, in the West End, to a public that might be regarded as adverse to the sentiments expressed. The question was not a vexed one. It was a familiar page in the history of England, extending over the last half century. The picture exposed was simply "the national suicide of Ireland encouraged by her sister."

Is there in the records of mankind so pitiable a sight? One third of the British Islands, an ancient people numbering eight millions, within eight of Britain, within sixty miles of the centres of her mining and manufacturing wealth, in Wales and Lancashire, was condemned to depopulation. If the process go on, and the hopes entertained by some that Ireland may become like Scotland, a decent forest and a sheep walk, how will the readers of history in 1950 regard such a page in the history of the British empire? That question may not interest the London Journals, as they may go where all good journals go; but there are some who carry humanity beyond the narrow limits of the Times and the Telegraph—say, even beyond the limits of the Houses of Parliament. The Roman Emperor sent his minister to an offensive senator with a sentence of death. The victim was allowed to carry out the penalty as he pleased to execute it. He chose to be tied to death in a bath. I stand, not in that attitude, any thought that is not kind. If, with profound respect for the Times, I decline to present my mouth to the muzzle held out by anyone, excepting the constituted authority, and, even when so limited, I decline to shape my belief according to the gospel of St. Stephen's. Yours truly, DION BOUCICATIL.

AWFUL DEATH OF A PRIEST.

REV. FATHER HERT, O. M. L. PERISHES ON THE PLAINS.

From the Saskatchewan Herald, Oct. 25. On Friday, 15th, the usual quiet of the town was disturbed by the rumor that the Rev. Father Hert, the Roman Catholic priest in charge of this mission, was lost on the prairie.

From the Saskatchewan Herald, Oct. 25. On Friday, 15th, the usual quiet of the town was disturbed by the rumor that the Rev. Father Hert, the Roman Catholic priest in charge of this mission, was lost on the prairie. The rumor was confirmed by a searching party of police and civilians set out to seek him, no one for a moment doubting that he had lost his bearings and would be found among some of the lakes he was wont to frequent in his shooting excursions. It will be remembered that he was known to have been on the prairie near the Big Hill, and was found next day walking slowly, utterly unconscious that he was going astray. On that occasion he was caught in a snow storm that prevented him seeing any familiar object; and having only slippers on his feet, and a heavy overcoat, he was unable to suffer intelligently. The time he spent in complaining of any permanent ill effects afterwards.

Deceased was a laborious student, and in addition to his other duties taught school every day. Thursday in each week was his recreation day, and it was his custom during the winter months to go on one or two of his larger excursions and go on a shooting excursion among the hills, or to some of the lakes that abound in the neighborhood. On Thursday, 14th, he sallied forth as usual, accompanied by one of his pupils. As he was about to start, he was informed that a party of men were waiting for him, and he returned home, leaving the Father to pursue his sport alone. A couple of gentlemen who were out shooting at between five and six in the evening saw him tie his game together, throw it on his shoulder, and, as they thought, in a very unbecoming manner, one or two of his larger scholars and go on a shooting excursion among the hills, or to some of the lakes that abound in the neighborhood.

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On the following morning the searching parties set forth, and near a bluff close to the north end of the Narrows, about three miles from the town, the police found the body of the man they were in search of, life being quite extinct. How or when he reached the place where he died, or what was the immediate cause of his death, are questions that must remain unanswered; and this adds another to the numberless cases of death on the plains. The place where the body was found is about three miles from town and was quite familiar with deceased, as it was one of his favorite shooting grounds, and quite close to some of the principal trails leading from the south.

The remains were brought into town and an enquiry made by the Stipendiary Magistrate and the Superintendent of Police into the finding of the body; and in the absence of a regular medical officer Hospital-Sergeant Price examined it and certified that he had examined the body of the late Father Hert, found dead near Battleford today, and from examination and opinion that there is no reason to believe the deceased died from violence or unfair means, or under such circumstances as require investigation, but that he died of natural causes, and was not murdered or misadventure. J. H. Pirce, Hospital-Sergeant, N. W. M. P., October 15, 1880.

Rev. Father Lestance was immediately sent for, and arrived on Saturday evening. The funeral took place on Monday morning at ten o'clock, and was held under the altar of the parish church here. Father Hert was quite a young man, but full of promise. He was a native of Alsace, was educated at Strasburg, and came to this country two years ago. While zealous in the discharge of his duties, he was also a man of liberal and humane views. He was a universal favorite, and his pleasant manner, his kindly voice, and his cheerful laugh will be missed in this community.

In the world, says Chamfort, you have three sorts of friends—those who love you, those who don't care a penny for you, and those who hate you.

FATHER NUGENT. INTERESTING REPORT OF HIS VISIT TO AMERICA.

[From the London Catholic Times.]

On Monday night Father Nugent was present at the League Hall reunion, Liverpool, for the first time since his return from America. The hall was well filled, and the reception accorded to him most enthusiastic. As he came on the platform the entire audience rose to their feet and cheered lustily, many at the same time waving their hats and handkerchiefs. Ours of welcome resounded in all parts of the building. As soon as the cheering began to subside the League Hall, whose music has become such a popular feature of the League entertainments, struck up with spirit, "God bless Father Nugent." Just as the land ceased to play the cheering was resumed with undiminished energy for several moments. The Young Crusaders made their appearance and sang with good taste a song of welcome, composed for the occasion by Mr. C. McCarthy. His rendering elicited warm applause.

When Father Nugent rose to address the meeting during an interval in the entertainment, cheering of the most vehement kind broke forth anew, the assembly rose to their feet as before, and again the hats and handkerchiefs were waved in the ardor of rejoicing. Father Nugent thanked them very sincerely for the welcome given to him. He knew, he said, that it came from their hearts, and he appreciated it fully. It was joy to him to see him back again, it was equally a joy to him to have the opportunity, with renewed health and strength, to resume the work which had been going on in that hall since it was first built. In the brief time which was at his disposal he scarcely knew how to address himself to the many objects that arose in his mind. However, he should have many opportunities of telling them what he had seen in America. He believed that he had travelled since he left Liverpool some 14,000 miles. He made his way first of all, to St. Paul's, the capital of Minnesota, and there he was welcomed by that large-hearted and apostolic Prelate and true and sincere Irishman, Bishop Ireland (loud applause). The people of St. Paul's welcomed him, not simply for anything that he might have done to make known their state, but on account of the temperance work which had been going on in that hall. Some two thousand persons turned out in the streets, and with a torch-light procession, escorted him to the largest public building they had in the city, the Opera House, which had been built especially to point out to the people of the temperance cause. There they expressed their deep sympathy as Catholics and Irishmen in the work of temperance in which the members of the League in Liverpool were engaged (applause). A similar reception was accorded to him in the neighboring city of Minneapolis, on the following evening, in a building capable of containing a half a million people; the same two thousand persons turned out in the streets, and with a torch-light procession, escorted him to the largest public building they had in the city, the Opera House, which had been built especially to point out to the people of the temperance cause. There they expressed their deep sympathy as Catholics and Irishmen in the work of temperance in which the members of the League in Liverpool were engaged (applause). A similar reception was accorded to him in the neighboring city of Minneapolis, on the following evening, in a building capable of containing a half a million people; the same two thousand persons turned out in the streets, and with a torch-light procession, escorted him to the largest public building they had in the city, the Opera House, which had been built especially to point out to the people of the temperance cause. There they expressed their deep sympathy as Catholics and Irishmen in the work of temperance in which the members of the League in Liverpool were engaged (applause).

LITTLE DENIS SHEA.

An order has gone forth on the estate—a common order in the land—that no tenant was to admit any lodger into his house. This was a general order. It appears, however, that sometimes special orders were given, and one was promulgated that Denis Shea should not be harbored. He had lived with a grandmother, who had been turned out of her holding for harboring him. He had stolen a shilling and a hen—two such things as a neglected twelve-year-old famishing child will do. One night he came to his Aunt Douline, who lodged with Casey. Casey told the aunt and uncle not to allow him into the house, as the agent's drivers had given orders about him. The aunt beat him away with a pitchfork, and the uncle tied his hands with cords behind his back. The poor child creeps to the door of a neighbor and tries to get in. The uncle called to take him away, and he does so. He yet returns, with hands still tied behind, having been severely beaten. The child seeks refuge in other cabins, but all are forbidden to shelter him. He is brought back by some neighbors in the night, who force the sinking child on his relations. There is a struggle at the door. The child was heard asking some one to put him upright. In the morning there is still dead—a corpse—with his arms tied, around it every mark of a last fearful struggle for shelter—food—the common rights of humanity.—James Edgworth's Letter on Lord Lansdowne, in New York Tribune.

The education that is to wear well can only be gained by self-denial, hard work, self-control, concentration. The friendship of a man is worth having, demands unwearied kindness, self-sacrifice, thoughtfulness, loyalty. The work of hand or head that is to last must be performed with patience, industry, energy, and zeal. The wealth that is to be a permanent blessing must have been gained by honorable exertion, and expended with beneficent wisdom. The idea that we can extract value from anything, when nothing valuable has ever entered into it, is a delusion which the sooner we get rid of the better.

to meet him at the convent. He had in his pocket the photographs of some of them, and he questioned if there was present in that hall any lady who was better dressed than those represented by these photographs—girls who had not shoes on their feet nor covering on their head when they went out on board the tender at Galway (applause). Not only that, but every one of these girls who were above sixteen years of age were receiving from three to five dollars a week. They who had never earned from £25 to £35 a year (applause). Work was also found for the boys in St. Paul's, and they were earning, when he was there, from one dollar seventy-five cents to three dollars a week. Let them, then, consider what was the money that was earned by these families, the smallest of which consisted of eight, and some of which ran up to thirteen. They would ask him possibly what became of the fathers? (Father Nugent) had provided for them (applause); every man was at work when he (Father Nugent) was there, earning from one to three dollars a day harvesting, clearing wood, digging the foundation of wells, or doing some other form of labor. The Bishop had provided special work, so that every man in that colony had a sum of money to work when he received at least four shillings a day throughout the whole winter (applause). A man from Town Green came to him last February, and told him that he had a little money but that it was slipping from him. He had eight acres of land, for which he paid a rental of £25 a year, which he taxes and other imbursements was brought up to £60. He wanted to know something about Minnesota. He (Father Nugent) laid some simple facts before him. The man went out to America last March, with his wife and two children—boys. He had a sum of money with him, but the Commena people were now settled. He was paying for his passage, and his railway fare, advancing the required deposit on one hundred and sixty acres of land, and building himself a little frame house, he found his money was spent. He then began to work for his neighbors; got plenty of employment, and earned twelve shillings a day. In a short time he had money enough to buy a pair of oxen. He broke forty acres of land for wheat, and averaging the produce of a ch. acre at thirty bushels, they could see what a sum of money would come into the hands of that man next harvest. He was now progressing admirably, and was respected and liked by every man in the neighborhood in which he lived. Father Nugent then went on to speak of the case of another settler in the same colony. He had settled in Graceville last May. Two months with only eight dollars in his possession; and he would not now sell his crop of wheat for fifteen hundred dollars. He was at the present moment prosperous and successful, not simply having his land paid for, with a good house upon it, but he was also surrounded with luxuries. What he had done he pointed out to the people of the League who were present themselves by means of the money which was recklessly squandered in the public houses of the city. In conclusion he said that he thought for the welcome they had given to him, he should not point out to night before long he should have, he hoped, the opportunity of taking them in spirit across the Atlantic and showing them some of the scenes which he visited; and he also trusted to be able to give them some practical ideas as to how they might better their condition. He had seen men who were well-to-do members of the League of the Cross doing well not only in Minnesota but in various parts of America. In Chicago, Toronto, St. Paul's, Minneapolis, New York, and elsewhere it had been his consolation to meet many of the League men, and to point out to them circumstances; more than one girl who once stood before him in the Borough Prison had bid him welcome, some of them being married and doing well; and more than one poor boy, now grown into a well-built man, have come to him and said, "Ourselves, I remember me! Was it in the Boys' Refuge at St. Anne Street?" (loud applause).

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IS IT AN ACT OF ADORATION?

(To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.)

SIR,—It is a fact not less strange than true that even most respectable journalists "fling" at the doctrine and ceremonies of the Catholic Church; your highly respectable contemporary the London Post is no exception, as witness the paragraph from that paper published in your issue of this day.

Mentioning the fact that at a recent ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral, when the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated three new bishops, the Bishop of Tinmouth fainted away and was carried out of the church, your contemporary goes on to say: "A part of the congregation at first conceived an audience assembled to celebrate the consecration of the Holy Trinity, and which is most unnecessarily not to say unadvisedly, dragged into the description of an occurrence at a Protestant ceremony—is no more an act of adoration than the many marks of respect and veneration paid to the Queen when she opens or prorogues Parliament; nor than the 'chairing' of a member of Parliament, a practice which is no where more observed than in Protestant England; nor than the bowing to the Speaker, or rather to the Mace, which the member of Parliament both here and in the old country are bound to practise every time they cross the floor of the House."

The mendacity of the writer in the London Post is not equalled by that of a reviewer gentleman who passed through this city a few weeks ago, and who gravely informed an audience assembled to hear him that the Catholic doctrine of "Infallibility" means that "the Pope is an infallible God" and who on the same occasion stated that he himself had heard a Catholic priest so declare it to his congregation in St. John, N. B.

Please give insertion to these few lines as an article to the foregoing link on the Catholic Church, in direct opposition to ESQUS XX 16. Quebec, Nov. 20, 1880.

A PROTESTANT BISHOP ON CATHOLIC NUNS.

Propos of the arrival in England of some of the religious expelled from France, the Protestant Vicar of St. Francis has sent to the London Daily News an extract from a speech delivered in 1880 in the House of Lords by Dr. Samuel Horsley, Protestant Bishop of Rochester, at a time when the Exeter Hall of the day was shaking with the noise of the French Revolution. He says that these French Revolutionaries were the enemies of religion. Orders to our shores. "I said the Bishop, "these ladies should choose to take a great house, where they may live together as they have been used to do all their lives, and lead their lives according to their old habits, getting up in the morning and retiring to bed at stated hours, dining upon fish on some days of the week, upon eggs on others, I profess I can discover no crime, no harm, no danger in all this; and I cannot imagine why we should be anxious to prevent it. My lords, I say it would be great cruelty to attempt to prevent it, for these women could find no comfort in any other city but their own, nor in any other way of life. My lords, they cannot mix with the lower order of the people; they are ladies well born (many of them, indeed, of high extraction), and of cultivated minds, and retired from the world, and prepared to mix in the quiet and unobtrusive life of the interior life, these women would have no relish for the exterior life of fashionable ladies. My lords, it would be a great cruelty to attempt to prevent it, for these women could find no comfort in any other city but their own, nor in any other way of life. 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