AN EXTENSION PROPERTY OF

LADY LEOLINE

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XIX .- CONTINUED.

No Hubert was there, but two figures were No hubers was there, but two igures were passing slowly along in the moonlight, and one of them he recognized, with an impulse to spring at him like a tiger and strangle him. But he had been so shocked and subdued by his recent discovery, that the impulse which, half an hour before, would have been unhesitatingly obsyed. went for nothing, now, and there was more of reproach, even, than anger in his voice, as he went over and laid his hand on the shoulder of

one of them.
"Stay !" he said. "One word with you,
Count L'Estrange. What have you done with

"Ah! Sir Norman, as I live i' cried the count, wheeling round and lifting his hat. "Give me good even- or rather, good morning
—Kingsley, for St. Paul's has long gone the midnight hour."

Sir Norman, with his hand still on his shoulder, returned not the courtesy, and regarded the gallant count with a stern eye.

Where is Leoline?" he frigidly repeated. "Really," said the count, with someembarrass ment, "you attack me so unexpectedly, and so like a ghost or a highwayman—by the way I have a word to say to you about highwaymen, and was seeking you to say it,"
"Where is Leoline?" shouted the exasperated

young knight, releasing his shoulder, and clutching him by the throat. "Tell me or, by Heaver! I'll pitch you neck and heels into the

Instantly the sword of the count's companion finshed in the moonlight, and, in two seconds more, its blue blade would have ended the earthly career of Sir Norman Kingsley, had not the count quickly sprang back, and made a motion for his companion to hold.

"Wait!" he cried, commandingly, with his arm outstretched to each. "Keep off? arm outstretched to each. 'Keep off? George, sheathe your sword and sand aside. Sir Norman Kingsley, one word with you, and

There can be no peace between us," replied that aggravated young gentleman, fiercely "until you tell me what has become of Leoline." 'All in good time. We have a listener, and does it not strike you our conference should be

"Public or private, it matters not a jot, so rentite or private, it matters not a jot, so that you tell me what you've done with Leoline," replied Sir Norman, with whom it was evident getting beyond this question was a moral and physical impossibility. "And if you do not give an account of yourself I'll run you through as sure as your name is count L'Estrange !"

A strange sort of smile came over the face of the count at this direful threat, as if he farcied in that case, he was safe enough; but Sir Norman, luckily, did not see it, and heard only the snave reply:
"Certainly, Sir Norman; I shall be delighted to do so. Let us stand over there in the shadow

of that arch; and, George, do you remain here within call. The count blandly waved Sir Norman to follow, which Sir Norman did, with much the mein of a sulky ion; and a moment after, both

wore facing each other within the archway Well I"cried the young knight, impatiently " I am waiting. Go on !"

"My dear Kingsley," responded the count, in his easy way, "I think you are laboring under a little mistake. I have nothing to go on about; it is you who are to begin the contro

"Do you dare to play with me?" exclaimed Sir Norman, furiously. "I tell you to take care how you speak! What have you done with Leoline?"

bring a ladder, and there will be so much danger, and so little chance of success, that to me it seems an almost helpless task. Where did you meet Count L'Estrange?"

"That is the fourth or fifth time that you've asked me that question," said the count, with provoking indifference. "What do you imagine I have done with her?"

Sir Norman's feelings, which had been rising ever since their meeting, got up to such a height at this aggravating question, that he gave vent to an oath, and laid his hand on his sword; but the count's hand lightly interposed before it

"Not yet, Sir Norman. Be calm; talk rationally. What do you accuse me of doing with Leoline?" " Do you dare deny having carried her off?"

"Deny it? No; I am never afraid to father my own deeds,"

"Ah!" said Sir Norman, grinding his teeth,
"Then you acknowledge it!"
"I acknowledge it—yes. What next?"
The perfect composure of his tone fell like a

cool, damp towel on the fire of Sir Norman's wrath. It did not quite estinguish the flame, however—only quenched it a little—and it still hissed hotly underneath.

knowledge such an act?" exclaimed Sir Norman, perfectly astounded at the cool assurance of the

mau.
"Verily, yea," said the count, laughing. "I seldom take the trouble to deny my acts. What next?" "There is nothing pext," said Sir Norman,

severely, "until we have come to a proper understanding about this. Are you aware, sir, that that lady is my promised bride?" "No, I do not know that I am. On the con-

trary, I have an idea she is mine,"
"She was, you mean. You know she was forced into consenting by yourself and her

"Still she consented; and a bond is a bond, and a promise a promise, all the world over."
"Not with a woman," said Sir Norman, with stern dogmatism. "It is their privilege to break their promise and change their mind sixty times an hour, if they choose. Leoline pertinent that seemed to have forsaken him, has seen fit to do both, and has accepted me in your stead; therefore I command you instantly think of—Leoline, Ormiston, Miranda, and the

to give her up !" "Softly, my friend-softly. How was I to know all this?" Sir Norman, in the same dogmatical way; "or all dark and foreaken, now hove in sight. As if you did not you do now; so say no more about it. Where is she, I tell you?" repeated the young man, in a frenzy. You ought to have known it !" returned

young man, in a frenzy.

Your patience one moment longer, until we see which of us has the best right to the lady.

I have a prior claim.

"A forced one. Leoline does not care a snap

for you—and she loves me."

"What extroadinary had taste!" said the count, thoughtfully. "Did she tell you that?"

"Yes; she did tell me this, and a great deal more. Come—have done talking, and tell me where she is, or I'll—"

where she is, or I'll—"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't !" said the condit, teasingly. "Since matters stand in the light teasingly. "Since matters stand in the light I'll tell you what I'll do. I acknowledge that I carried off Lecline, viewing here my promised bride, and have sent her they own home in the care of a trusty mer ager, where I give you my word of home. They not been since, she is as safe there ad much safer than in her own house, unter morning, and it would be a pity to disturbed here at this unreasonable hour. When the state our rival claims—and whichever together state our rival claims—and whichever the describes on accepting can have her, and togeth decides on accepting can have her, and and the matter at once.

The count paused and meditated. This proposs was all very plausible and nice on the sur poss was all very plausions and nice on an sur-fact, but Sir Norman with his usual penetration and acuteness, looked further than the surface and found a flaw.

"And how am I to know," he saked, doubt-

ingly, "that you will not go to her to night and spirit her off where I will never hear of either

of you again?"

"In the very best way in the world; we will not part company until morning comes. Are we at peace?" inquired the count, smiling and holding out his hand.
"Until them, we will have to be, I suppose,"

replied Sir Norman, rather ungraciously, taking the hand as if it were red-hot, and dropping it again. "And we are to stand here and rail at

each other, in the meantime?".
"By no means! Even the most sublime prospect tires when surveyed to long. There is a little excursion which I would like you to accompany meion, if you have no objection.

"To the ruin, where you have already been twice to night.

Sir Norman Stared.

"And who told you this :act, Sir count?"

"Never mind; I have heard it. Would you object to a third excursion there before morn-

Again Sir Norman paused and meditated. There was no use in staying where he was, that would bring him no neaver to Leoline, and nothing was to be gained by killing the count be-yond the mere transitors pleasure of the thing. desire to re-visit the ruin, and learn what had good nature, it was not safe to trifle with him at become of Miranda—the only draw-back being times; so he repressed every outward sign of that, if they were found, they would both be most assuredly beheaded. Then, again, there Count L'Estrange until he should choose to sail On the other hand, he had an intense and ardent

was Hubert.
"Weil," inquired the count, as Sir Norman

looked up.

"I have no objection to go with you to the ruin," was the reply, "only this; if we are seen there, we will be dead men two minutes after; and I have no desire to depart this life until

and I have no desire to depart this inc until have had that promised interview with Lecline."
"I have thought of that," and the count,
"and have provided for it. We may venture in the lion's den without the slightest danger; all that is required being your promise to guide us

thither, Do you give it?"
"I do; but I expect a friend here shortly, end cannot start until he comes."
"If you mean me by that, I am here," sald s voice at his elbow; and, looking round, he saw Hubert himself, standing there, a quiet listener

and spectator of the scane. Count L'Estrange looked at him with interest, and Hubert, affecting not to notice the survey,

watched Sir Norman. "Well," was the individual's eager address, were you successful?" The count was still watching the boy so intently that that most discreet youth was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing,

which precluded all possibility of reply for at least five minutes; and Sir Norman, at the same moment, felt his arm receive a sharp and warning pinch. "Is this your friend?" asked the count.

'He is a very small one, and seems in a bad atate of health."

Sir Norman, still under the influence of the pinch, replied by an inaudible murmur, and ooked with a deeply mystified expression at

"He bears a strong resemblance to the lady we were talking of a moment ago," continued the count—" is sufficen'ly like her, in fact, to be her brother; and I see, wears the livery of the

her protect; acc.

Earl of Rochester."

'God spare you your eye-sight!" said Sir

'Can you not see, Norman, impatiently, "Can you not see, among the rest, that I have a few words to say o him in private? Permit us to leave you for amoment

"There is no need to do to. I will leave you as I have a few words to say to the person is with me." So saving the count walked away, and Hubert

followed him with a most curious look.
"Now," cried Sir Norman, eagerly, "what news ?'

Good !" said the boy. "Leoline is safe !" "And where?" "Not far from here. Didn't he tell you?"

The count? No-yes; he said she was at "Exactly. That is where she is," said Hubert, looking much relieved. "And, at present, perfectly safe."

"And did you see her?"
"Of course; and heard her too. She was dreadfully anxious to come with me; but that was out of the question.

And how is she to be got away?" "That I do not clearly see. We will have to bring a ladder, and there will be so much dan-

you meet Count L'Estrange?"
"Here; and he told me that he had abducted her, and held her a prisoner in his own house."
"He owned that did he? I wonder you vere not fit to kill him ?"

"So I was, at first, but he talked the matter over scmehow.' And hereupon Sir Norman briefly and quickly rehearsed the substance of their conversation. Hubert listened to it attentively, and laughed

as he concluded. Well, I do not see that you can do other wise, Sir Norman, and I think it would be wise to obey the count for to-night, at least. Then

to morrow - if things do not go on well, we can take the law in our own hands." do wish you would tell me who this infernal count is, Hubert, for I am certain you know."

"Not until to-morrow—you shall know him | ns ?" then. "Te morrow! to morrow!" exclaimed Sir Norman, disconsolately. "Everything is post-poned until to morrow! Oh here comes the

count back again. Are we going to start now, I wonder?" "And you dare to stand before me and ac-'Is your friend to accompany us on our ex pedition?" inquired the count standing before them. "It shall be quite as you say Mr. King-

sley.
"My friend can do as he pleases. What do you say, Hubert ?"

should like to go, above all things, if neither of you have any objections."
"Come on then, said the count, "we will find horses in readiness a short distance from

The three started together, and walked on in silence through several streets, until they reach ed a retired inn, where the count's recent com panion stood with the horses. Count L'Estrange whispered a few words to him, upon which he bowed and retired; and instant they were all in

the saddle, and galloping away.

The journey was rather a silent one, and what conversation there was, was principally sus- Norman significantly; "only. God help him if tained by the count. Hubert's usual flow of we're not! Where are you taking us to, you personent coat seemed so have forsaken him, and Sir Norman had so many other things to think of—Leoline, Ormiston, Mirands, and the mysterious count himself—that he felt in no mood for talking. Soon as they left the city behind them; the succeeding two wiles were quickly passed over, and the "Golden Orown," all dark and forsaken now have it sight and

"I think our best plan would be to dismount and lead our horses the rest of the way, and not incur any unnecessary danger by making a

nou incur any unnecessary danger by making a noise. We can faster them to these trees, where they will be at hard when we come out."
"Wait one moment," said the count, lifting his finger with a listening look. "Listen to that !

It was a regular trampof horses hoofs, sounding in the silence like a charge of cavalry. While they looked, a troop of horse-men came galloping up, and came to a halt when they saw

No words can depict the look of amazement Sir Norman's face wore; but Hubert betrayed not the least sursprise. The count glanced at his companions with a significant smile, and riding back, held a brief colleguy with him who seemed to be the leader of the horsemen. He rode up to them, smiling still, and saying as he

"Now then, Kingsley; lead on, and we will

follow?"

"I go not one step further," said Sir Norman firmly, "until I know who I am leading.
Who are you, Count L'Estrange?"

The count looked at him, but did not answer.
A warning hand—that of Hubert—grasped Sir Norman's arm; and Hubert's voice whispered hyprically in his cont.

hurriedly in his ear :
"Hush, for God's sake ! It is the king!" CHAPTER XX.

AT THE PLAGUE-PIT. The effect of the whisper was magscal. Every thing that had been dark before, became as clear as noonday; and Sir Norman sat absolutely astounded at his own stupidity in not having found it out for himself bafore. Every feature, notwithstanding the disguise of wig and beard, became perfectly familiar; and even through the well-assumed voice, he recognized the royal tones. It struck him all at once, and with it the fact of Leoline's increased danger. Count L'Estrange was a formidable rival, but King <u>Pharles of England was even more formidable.</u>
Thought is quick—quicker than the electric

telegraph or balloon traveling; and in two scoonds the whole state of thing, with all the attendant surprises and dangers, danced before his mind's eye like a panorama; and he comprehended the past, the present, and the future, before Hubert had uttered the last word of his whisper. He turned his eyes, with a very new and singular sensation, upon the quondam count, and found that gentleman looking very hard at him, with a preternaturally grave expression of countenance. Sir Norman knew well as anybody the varying moods of his royal countship, and, notwithstanding his general good nature, it was not safe to trifle with him at under his own proper colors.
"Well," said the count, with unruffled eager.

ness, "and so you decline to go any further, Sir Norman?" Hubert's eye was fixed with a warning glance upon him, and Sir Norman composedly ans

wered:
No Count; I do not absolutely decline but before I do go any further, I should like to know by what right do you bring at these men here, and what are your intentions in so doing.
"And if I refuse to answer?"

"And if I retuse to answer?"
"Then I refuse to move a step further in the business!" said Sir Morman, with decision.
"And why my good friend? You surely can have no objection to anything that can be done against highwaymen and cut-throats."
"Right! I have no objections, but others

may." "Whom do you mean by others?"

"The king, for instance. His gracious ma-jesty is whimsical at times; and who knows that he may take it into his royal head to in volve us somehow with them. I know the

adage, but not your trust in princes."

"Very good," said the count, with a slight irrepressible smile: "your prudence is beyond all praise! But I think, in this matter, I may safely promise to stand between you and the king's wrath. Look at those horsemen beyond you, and see if they do not wear the uniform of his majesty's own body guard," Sir Norman looked, and saw the dazzling of

their equipments glancing and glistening in the moonbeams.
"I see. Then you have the royal permission "I see. T for all this?"

"You have said it. Now, most scrupulous of men, proceed ! m, proceed!"
'Look there!" exclaimed Hubert, suddenly
stating to a corner of the ruin. "Someone

pointing to a corner of the ruin. hasseen us, and is going now to give the alarm."
"He shall miss it, though!" said Sir Nor man, detecting, at the same instant, a dark figure getting through the broken doorway; and striking spurs into his horse, he was instant-aneously beside it, out of the saddle, and had

grasped the retreater by the shoulder. "By your leave!" exclaimed Sir Norman.
"Not quite so fast! Stand out here in the moonlight, until I see who you are." "Let me go!" cried the man, grappling with his opponent. "I know who you are, and I swear you'll never see moonlight or sunlight

again, if you do not instantly let me go." Sir Norman recognized the voice with a per feat shout of delight:

"The duke, by all that's lucky! O, I'll let you go but not until the hangman gets hold of you. Villain and robber, you shall pay for your misdeeds now!"

"Hold!" shouted the commanding voice of

Count L'Estrange,
"Cease, Sir Norman Kingsley! there is no time, and this is no person for you to scoff with. He is our prisoner, and shall show us the nearest way into this den of thieves. Give me your sword, fellow, and be thankful I do not make you shorter by a head with it."

in vivid excitment. "I tell you this the identi cal scoundrel who attempted to rob and murder you a few hours ago.' "So much the botter! He shall pay for all that and all his shortcomings before long! But, in the meantime, I order him to bring us before

You do not know him !" cried Sir Norman

the rest of this outlawed crew,"
"I shall do nothing of the kind" said the duke, sulleniy.

'Justas you please. Here, my men, two of

you take hold of this sconudrel, and dispatch him at once. The guard had all dismounted; and two of them came forward with edifying obedience, to do as they were told.

The effect upon the duke was miraculous. Instantly he started up with an energy perfectly I'll do it! Come this No, no, no gentlemen, and I'll bring you direct into their midst. O good Lord! whatever will become of

This last frantic question was addressed to society in general, but Sir Norman felt called

upon to answer ! "That's very easily told, my man. If you and the rest of your titled associates receive your deserts (as there is no doubt you will) from the gracious hand of our sovereign lord, the

the gracious nand or our sovereign ford, the king, the atrongest rope and highest pallows at Tyburn will be your elevated deatiny."

The duke groaned dismally, and would have come to a halt to beg mercy on the spot, had not Hubert given him a probe in the ribs with the point of his dagger, that sent him on again,

with a distracted howl.
"Why, this is a perfect Hades!" said the count, as be stumbled after them in the darkness. "Are you sure we are going right, darknæs. Kingsley?

The inquiry was natural, for the blackness was perfectly Tartarian, and the soldiers behind were knocking their tall shins against all sorty of obstacles as they groped blindly along, in whing from them countless curses, not loud, but deep. '''J don't know whether we are or not," said Sir

black-looking bandit?

black-looking bandit?"

"I give you my word of honor, gentlemen," said an imploring voice in the darkness, "that I'm leading you, by the nearest way, to Midnight Court. All I ask of you in return is, that you let me enter before you; for if they find that I lead you in, my life will not be worth a moment's purchase."

"And if they was man mouth is "cold Congression."

"As if it ever was worth it," said Sir Norman, contemptuously. "On with you, and be thankful I don't save your companions the trouble, by making an end of you where you

"Rush along, old fellow," suggested Hubert, giving him another poke with his dagger, that drew forth a second doleful howl.

Notwithstanding the darkness, Sir Norman discovered that they were being led in a direc-tion exactly opposite that by which he had previously effected an entrance. They were in the vault, he knew by the darkness, though they had descended no staircase, and he was just wondering if their guide was not meditating some treachery by such a circuitous route, when suddenly a tumult of voices, and uproar, and confusion, met his ear. At the same instant their guide opened a door, revealing a dark pass sage, illuminated by a few rays of light, and which Sir Norman instantly recognized as that leading to the Black Chamber. Here again the

duke paused, and turned round to them with a wildly-imploring face.
"Gentlemen, I do conjure you to let me enter
before you do! I tell you they will murderme the verylinstant they discover I have led you

"That would be a great p'ty!" said the count;
"and the gallows will be cheated of one of its
brightest ornaments! That is your den of
thieves, I suppose, from which all this uproar

"It is. And as I have guided you safely to it, surely I deserve this triffing boon."
"Triffing, do you call it," interposed Sir Norman, "to let you make your escape, as you man, "to let you make your escape, as you most assuredly will do the moment you are out of our sight! No. no; we are too old birds to be caught by such chaff; and though the informer always gets off scot-free, your services deserve no such boon; for we could have found our way without your help! On with you, Sir Robber; and if your companions do kill you, console yourself with the thought that they have only anticipated the executioner by a tew daya!" only anticipated the executioner by a few days! With a perfectly heart-rending groan, the un fortunate duke walked on; but when they reached the archway directly before the room, he came to an obstinate half and positively

fused to go a step farther. It was death anyway, and he resisted with the courage of desperation, feeling he might as well die there as go in and be assessinated by his confederates, and not even the persuasive influence of Hubero's dagger even the persuance innuence of inneers a cagger could prevail on him to budge an inch farther. "Stay, then?" said the count, with perfect indifference. "And, soldiers, see that he does not escape! Now, Kingzley, let us just have a glimpse of what is going on within."

Though the party had made considerable noise in described and had solven guite lendly in

in advancing, and had spoken quite loudly in their little animated discussion with the duke. so great was the turmoil and confusion within, that it was not headed, or even heard. With very different feelings from those with which ha had stood there last, Sir Norman stepped forward and stood beside the count, looking at the scene within.

The crimson court was in a state of "most admired disorder," and the confusion of tengues was equal to Babel. No longer were they lanpromenading, or lolling in the oushioned chairs; but all seemed running to and fro in the wildest excitement, which the grandest duke among them seemed to share equally with the terrified white sylphs. Everybody appeared to be talking together, and paying no attention whatever to the sentiments of their neighbors. One universal centre of union alone seemed to exist, and that was the green, judical table near the throne, upon which while all tongues ran, all eyes turned. For some minutes, neither of the beholders could make out why, owing to the crowd (principally of the ladies) pressing around it; but Sir Norman guessed, and thrilled through with a vague sensation of terror, lest it should prove to be the dead body of Miranda. Skipping in and out among the females he saw the dwarf, performing a sort of war-dance of rage and frenzy; twining both hands in his wig as if he would have torn it out by the roots, and anon tearing at somebody else's wig, so that everybody backed off when he came near them.
"Who is that little fiend?" inquired the count; "and what have they got there at the end of the room, pray?"

end of the room, pray?"
"That fiend is the ringleader here, and is entitled Prince Caliban. Regarding your other question," said Sir Norman, with a faint thrill, "there was a table there when I saw it last, but I am afraid there is something worse

"Could ever any mortal conceive of such scene," observed the count to himself; "look at that little picture of ugliness; how he hops about like a dropsical bull-frog. Some of thos women are very pretty, too, and ontshine more than one court-beauty that I have seen. Upon my word, it is the most extraordinary spectacle I ever heard of. I wonder what they ve got that's so attractive down there ?

At the same moment, a loud voice within the circle abruptly exclaimed :

"She revives, she revives! Back, back, and give her air !' Instantly, the throng swayed and fell back and the dwarf, with a sort of yell (whether of race or relief, nobody knew), swept them from side to side with a wave of his long arms, and cleared a wide vacaucy for his own especia benefit. The action gave the count an oppor tunity of gratifying his curiosity. The object of abtraction was now plainly visible. Sir Norman's surmises had been correct. The great table of the parliament-house of the midnight court had been converted, by the aid of cushion and pillows, into an extempore couch; and hal buried in their downy depths lay Miranda, the queen. The sleeping robe of royal purple, trimmed with ermine, the circlets of jewels on arms, bosom, and head, she still wore, and the beautiful face was whiter than fallen snow. she was not dead, as Sir Norman had dreaded for the dark eyes were open, and were fixed with an unutterable depth of melancholy on vacancy. Her arms lay helplessly by her side, and some one, the court physician probably, was bending over her and feeling her pulse. As the count's eyes fell upon her, he started back, and grasped Sir Norman's arm with con-

sternation.
"Good heavens, Kingsley!" he cried; "it is Laoline, herself!' In his excitement he had spoken so loud, that in the momentary silence that followed the physician's directions, his voice had rung through the room, and drew every eye upon

them.
"We are seen, we are seen !"shouted Hubert, and as he spoke, a terrible cry filled the room. In an instant every sword leaped from its scal-bard, and the shricks of the startled women rang appallingly out on the air. Sir Norman drew his sword, too; but the count, with his eyes yet fixed on Miranda, still held him by the arm

and excitedly exclaimed: (To b: continued)

THE BLACKBIRD. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., in a locture do livered under the auspices of the Cork Young Ireland Society, reterring to the influence of Irish poetry, said : "In the darkest hour of the penal night, when it was transportation to learn the alphabet, and when Irishmen were wrung outside the gates of Irish cities like lepers at at sundown by the sound of the evening bell, it is not too much to say that one simple little treason song, "The blackbird," sung low around the wlater fire in the mountain shieling, had more in fluence in preserving the spirit of Irish nationality than all the enactments of the diabolical penal code, enforced by all the might of England, could counteract." queer old bit is undoubtedly Irish, although it has appeared in a Scotch collection. Ireland, "The Blackbird" was understood to mean!Prince Charles Edward, and the flight or song of a bird was apoetic pretonse for lamenting the exiled Stuart, common to Ireland and Scotland.

Once on a morning of sweet recreation.

I heard a fair lady a making her moan.

With sighing and sobbing, and sad laments.

Aye singing, "My Blackbird forever He's all my heart's treasure, my joy, and my

pleasure!
So justly, my love, my heart follows thee;
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
To seek out my Blackbird wherever he be.

'I will go, a stranger to peril and danger, My heart is so loyal in every degree; For he's constant and kind, and courageous is Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be

'The birds of the forest are all met together, The turtle is chosen, to dwell with the dove, And I am resolved in foul or fair weather, Once in the spring time to seek out my

love.

But since fickle Fortune, which still proves un certain. Has caused this parting between him and me, His right I'll proclaim, and who dares m

INFANTILE MARRIAGES. Vergery Vernon, in 1562-she being nearly 10 years old-was married to Randle More,

Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he

who was but 8. During the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, it was quite customary for persons of all ranks in life to marry their children at astonishingly early ages.

A record tells of how Gilbert Girard and Emma Talbot were married at Leigh church, when the boy's uncle held up the bridegroom, who was 5 years old, and spoke the words of matrimony for the child's part, and the woman—who was not 6 years of age—" spake for herself as she was taught."

William Chadorton-successively Bishon of Chester and Lincoln-a well known scholar and distinguished ecclesiastic of the reign of Elizabeth-did not scruple to marry his daughter Jose, in 1002, at the age of 9, to Richard Brooke, then nearly 11.



ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

There is a general impression that the province of Ulster in Ireland is overwhelmingly protestant in its sentiment but this is not a correct opinion, unless the statistics presented to the Imperial parliament are astray. The government census of 1881 gave the tet.1 population of Ulster as 1,791,479 of whom 956 795 were Protestants of all shades and 834,684, Roman Catholics. This shows a fair Protestant majority, but certainly indicates a proportion of Catholic strength that outsiders were not prepared for. A return presented to parliament however in June of 1881 places the Catholic population at 831,784 out of a total of 1,738,875 or a little less than one total little less than one total or a little less than one total or a result certainly does not bear out a claim that Ulster should be separated from the remainder of Ireland for legislative purposes; unless the people of Great Britain are prepared to see concentrated in Ulster the bitterness and turmoil which characterized the remainder of the island during the national agitation Out of the nine counties of Ulster there are Protestant mejorities in Antrim, Down, magh, Derry and Tyrone, and Catholic majorities in Donegel, Monaghan, Fermanagh and Cavan. Four are therefore preponderatingly Catholic and five preponderatingly Protestant. The Roman Catholics are nationalist in their sentiments while a sprinkling of the Protestants are the same. Therefore when the Orangemen talk of civil war if Home Rule is granted, it looks as if they will find plenty of occupation for their prowess in Ulster without stepping into the other three provinces. But the election statistics do not warrant the claim that Ulster should be excluded from an Irish Home Rule scheme. The province of Ulater has 33 members and of these 17 are Nationalists and 16 are Conservatives. Several of the latter only carry their seats by small majorities over Nationalist candidates; and others defeated Liberals by the assistance of Nationalist votes. The Nationalists carried every seat in four of the nine countles of Ulster, viz, Donegal, Monaghan, Formanagh, and Cavan; carried a majority of the seats in Tyrone ; two seats in Downe and one each in Armagh and Londonderry. The Tories carried all the seats in one county-Autrim-only; and have a majority of the seats in threc-Down, Armsgh and Londonderry. In Tyrone they carried a single seat by the skin of their teeth. Attention is directed to these facts because so many people labor under the impression that the sentiment of Ulster is almost unanimously against Home Rule. The statistics, however. show that both by population and electora returns, the sentiment is about equally di-vided. It cartainly does look as if a case for excluding Ulster from the Home Rule scheme was not made out. Apart from that, however, it looks a little cowardly for the Ulster Protestants to seek exclusion from the Irish Home Rule scheme, and desert the Protestant minority in the other three provinces of the island.

A WARNING TO EMIGRANTS.

A correspondent of the Southern Cross follows up the article on Irish immigration, which was recently published in that journal, by a letter that puts in still clearer light the difficulties that beset the path of the Irish emigrant in the River Place. He states that few Irishmen have been successful, and these only in two provinces- Buenos Ayres and Santa Fe. They when the road was not blocked as it is to-day.

"All the great apparatus of finance, rings, booms, 'bulls' and 'bears' now hold the prospects of the settler from Bolivia to Cape Horn, and from the Cordillera de los Ardes to the Uru-guays, in their hands," The chances are all against an Irishman who tries his fortunes in in the interior. The work to be dene, as well as the habits and customs, are all strange. He is not able to complete with the Spaniard and Italian in the cultivation of the vine, or with the native in his tilling grounds. The soil of the agricultural colonies in such as he has had no experience of, and the style of tillage is strange. In a word, before starting on the road to success he should serve along apprenticable, and any but a young and unencumbered man is doomed to failure. Many have already lost their capital and sunk into the position of day laborers and others have fled to the United

SPREADING THE LIGHT.

From the Dublin Nation: "The Eighty Club Circular" for January is an excellent compilation of facts from the current history of coercion, rackrenting and eviction, Mr Balfour is followed calmly and carefully through his misrepresentations, and receives a merciless exposure. Most of the facts are familliar to us, but the compilers point the contrast occasionally by an example drawn from English experience. A remarkable in-stance is that by which the atrocity of a sentence inflicted on John Maguire at Dundalk by Removables Kilkelly and Evanson is displayed. Magnire had been arrested, with a number of others, on the charge of singing the well known ballad, "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-eight?" When arrested he was in possession of a revolver. He was sent to gaol for three months. On the 26th of December at Marylebone, a man was charged with being drunk and presenting a five-chambered revol ver at another. The charge was proved, and the magistrate in passing sentence declared that the prisoner had been guilty of the worst form of riotous conduct. He was sentenced to imprisonment for three weeks; but the magistrate subsequently changed the penalty into a fine of 40 shillings. If English and Irleh are living under equal laws, the results to each are strangely unequal.

COMFORT IN SCHOOL. 1. A seat to be comfortable muse be as high as the knee of the child is distant from

the floor. 2. The top of the desk and the back of the chair should slant one inch to the foot. 3. The inside edge of a cost should be directly under the inside edge of the deak. 4. The inner edge of the deak, next to the pupil should be ten inches from the seat.

5. About four inches of the top of the deal should be flat, and furnished with a groove for holding pencils and holders, a hole for an ink well, and an opening for a slate and geogra-Everybody engaged in the building and

furnishing of schools, should have some hook like Barnard's School Architecture to guide

him. A certain gentleman known to me, built a school, but finding afterwards that it

was unfit for school purposes he had to sell it at a loss, for a dwelling. The Duke of Buckingham has again given a remission of twelve per cent to his agricultural enants. The Duke of Portland has made a reduction of twenty per cent in the rents due from his tenants on his Lybster estate. At Earl Cowper's rent audit held at Panshanger a reas for several successive half years.

THE PINT OF ALE.

A Manchester (England) calico printer was on his wedding day asked by his wife to allow her two half pints of ale a day as her share of her two nair pieces of ane a way as ner snare of extra comforts. He made the bargain, but not cheerfully, for though a drinker himself (fancy, 10g, no doubt, that he could not well do with. out it) he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard. John loved his wife, but he could not break away from his old associates at the ale house, and when not at the factory or at his meals he was with his boon companions. His wife made the small allowmorning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the nest and comely person of his wife, and with a touch of remorse

in his look and tone, he said "Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world we'd take a jaunt to see the mother." "Would thee like to go, John, ?" I'll stand

Thou stand treat, Mary! Hast got a fortin'

"Nay, but I ve got the pint of ale," said she,
"Got what, wife?"
"The pint of ale," she repeated. Thereupon she went to the hearth, and from beneath one of the stone flags draw forth a stocking, from which she poured upon the table the sum of 365 three-pences (\$22.81), exclaim

ing:
"See, John, thee can have the holiday." "What is this?" he asked in amazement. "It is my daily pint of ale, John." He was conscience stricken as well as amazed

and charmed. "Mary, hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll have no more from this day,"

And he was as good as his word. They had their holiday with the old mother, and Mary's little capital, saved from the "pint of ale," was the seed! from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, country seat, and carriage -with health, happiness, peace and honor.-

SIGNATURE OF THE CZAR.

The Czar spends very little time in his study, as he is more afraid of his stoutness than of political plots, and is consequently in the habit of receiving his ministers in the grounds, walking up and down an avenue while listening to their reports. He frequently adds his initial "A" to an important document by holding it a tree, and hence it is rather indistinct gainst a tree, and hence it is rather indistinct at times. The Czar is by no means quick in signing deeds, and in many cases numbers of those neatly written specimens of Russian caligraphy are returned without signature, and then the "court caligraphers," who out do in their art the monks of old, have to do their work over again.—The Argonaut.

The Indian Government railway, projected originally by Sir Richard Temple, which traverses the mountainous reigon of Beloochistan north of the Bolan Pass and Quetta, from the western border of Scinde to the new military and thence shill westward to station of Pishm, and thence still westward to the Khoja Amram range, overlooking the plain of Kandahar, has repeatedly been mentioned as a work of the greatest political importance. It is now rapidly approaching completion. An ex-tensive tour along the Indian northwestern frontier has been undertaken by the commander in Chief, Sir Frederick Roberts and his staff. Sir Charles Dilke accompanies the party.

When a man ventures an opinion he will find some one who opposes it. Hence a man without opposition is a man without



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INFORMATION WANTED of one Ellen Elligets, daughter of John Elligets, deceased, who lived in the Parish of Kilkonnelly, County of Kerry, Ireland, Blacksmith.
The party who desires this information is James
Elligett, a brother of Ellen. The last known
of Ellen Elligett was that she left Ireland for Canada about twenty-six years ago. Parties having any knowledge of the whereabouts of Ellen Elligett are requested to address JAMES ELLIGETT, Fremont, Ohio.



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Cowper's rent audit held at Panshanger a remission of fifteen per cent was again allowed to his agricultural tenants, being at the same rate | BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich