

chains (which she at first supposed they would be) and, as they were not to be shot like dogs or croppies, why not bring them here—over here to the ball? Frenchmen all danced, and were delightful; and then Daisy and she could speak French like anything. To be sure they were enemies—Captain Lockhart laughed at the notion of carrying enmity into one's relations with a gallant and gentlemanlike prisoner of war; and he quite caught at the idea of bringing his captives straight away into pleasant society. Mrs. Eastwood assented cheerfully, thinking the presence of four French officers, just made prisoners of war, would be a striking and splendid feature of the ball. In brief, the prisoners were invited, and came, under the special escort of a subaltern officer and a guard.

The prisoners were four—two elderly, grizzled and gray—two young. Of the two young, one was short and boyish looking; the other tall and stately, with a fine drooping moustache, then rather an unusual ornament, at least in society in the south of Ireland. They were all gentlemanly and agreeable; they all danced; one of them played the guitar delightfully; another sang such exquisite airy little French ballads (people sang in society in those days), and they soon became highly popular among the company. To be sure the attentions of some of the ladies were limited to smiles, and the word "*Oui*;" while some of the gentlemen could do nothing more to demonstrate their hospitable wishes than slap the captives on the back and point to the claret and champagne bottle. But the Frenchmen (none of whom seemed to know a word of English), took these attentions as genially as they were meant, and responded with demonstrations of equal cordiality. Three of them soon became as joyous as if they were really at home. The fourth—the tall young man with the drooping moustache—was less cheerful than his fellows. He did not sing; he did not play; he danced but little; he drank but little. His captivity, soft and silken though it was, seemed to weigh heavily on him.

Now Daisy, having done her best—and it was a great deal—to make all the four happy, was especially taken by this one. His face, his dark, melancholy eyes, his form, his expression, the bright, beaming smile which sometimes lighted up his features in acknowledgment of her efforts to please; his conversation, which was full of feeling and variety; his evident enjoyment of her society; all this attracted her immensely. She made him dance with her, and told him he must sit by her side at supper. In those days the supper was an event towards the happy bringing about of which it behooved the ladies of the family, at least in a small country town, to give some personal attention.

Daisy knew that her mother, as hostess, would have to remain in the room with her guests, and she would not have her sister Esther withdrawn, even for a moment, from the society of her lover. So she stole away to the supper-room to see how things were looking.

On her way thither she was encountered by her maid Nora, who came up to her with looks of profoundest mystery and alarm, and laying a plump finger on her red lips in token of awful secrecy, drew her young mistress into the shadow of a window curtain.

"Holy saints, miss! do you know who that is you've been dancing with there?"

"That French officer, Nora? I don't know his name."

"Arrah no, miss! Sorra'a Frenchman is he, Heaven protect him! It's The O'Dwyer himself."

"Nonsense, Nora; it can't be."

"It is, Miss Daisy; it's himself. Sure I ought to know, and I knew him the first moment I saw him. Oh, good angels defend us!"

"Well, Nora, what matter even if it is The O'Dwyer?"

"Why, miss, he'll be shot or hanged."

"No, you silly girl. Captain Lockhart told Miss Esther they never shoot prisoners now. They will all be exchanged."

"Ah, yes, Miss Daisy, the French prisoners will; but sure, The O'Dwyer, he's a rebel, you know, not a French-

man. Small chance of his life if once they find him out! Oh! I'd give my life to save him if I could!"

"Had I better speak to some one—to Captain Lockhart?"

"Oh, Miss Daisy, don't say a word to anyone for your life. Sure, it would be the captain's duty to send The O'Dwyer to be tried as a rebel—"

"Why, Nora, you seem to know all about it."

"Heaven bless us, Miss Daisy! I can't help knowing all about it these times—what between the boys that are 'out' (*i.e.* in rebellion), and the soldiers I hear talking it all over. No, Miss Daisy, not a word about The O'Dwyer to the Captain or herself (the mistress of the house, 'herself' *par excellence*), or even Miss Esther; but I wonder, Miss, if you and I, between us, couldn't give The O'Dwyer a hint, and get him off some way?"

Daisy thought she certainly would like to try. The idea of that handsome, graceful, gentlemanly soldier with whom she had talked and danced being liable to the death of a felon or a dog, struck her as unspeakably hideous, and her soul was all on fire to prevent such a horror. The first thing was to find out whether The O'Dwyer, supposing it were really he, stood in so much danger as Nora supposed. A quiet question or two, put as if out of mere curiosity to Captain Lockhart, soon made that clear. A French officer was an enemy, not a rebel; for a rebel, even though wearing a French uniform, and bearing a French commission, a capital trial was inevitable. Any British-born subject taken in the ranks of the French invaders was simply a rebel. Most of my readers will remember that Wolfe Tone wore the French uniform, and was captured along with several French officers, and that his comrades endeavoured to conceal his nationality, and so, too, did some even among the loyal officials who suspected who he was; but a careless or ill-natured person who recognized him openly called him by his name, and Tone, scorning further subterfuge, acknowledged himself, and so was sent off to the prison where his own or some other hand anticipated the doom of death pronounced upon him.

To be continued.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Mayor Abbott, whilst in England, purchased a collection of three thousand volumes for the library of the Fraser Institute. These books have arrived and are now on exhibition in the room at the back of the library proper. There, upon many tables, spread out under the approving smile of the fading portraits of the renowned heroes of the Institut Canadien, are the works of Arnold and Lecky, Buckle and Freeman, Max Muller and Huxley, biographies of Machiavelli and Savonarola, and a complete set of Darwin.

For the benefit of the younger patrons of the Library, the beneficent institution has provided among others the works of Charles Kingsley, Hugo and Olmet, and Canon Farrar.

This provision of more or less godly literature is presumably made for the training of the English-speaking young idea in the paths of freedom of thought, private judgment, and the anything-but-the-Bible school of reasoning. Do not for a moment imagine that a similarly improving course of reading is not at the disposal of the French-Canadian youngsters. Oh! the Institut Canadien took care of that—Voltaire and Renan are there to hand, and beside them the works of Eugène Sue, Chiniquy's book on the confessional, and many others of foul fame. In fact, so complete in such works was the library of the infamous Institute, that several of its treasures were, even by the not over-fastidious morality of its new administrators, considered unfit to be put into the hands of youth.

At the opening of the Exhibition of Historical Portraits in Montreal a year ago a group stood before an old oil painting of a priest in Jesuit garb, his head bent down, his hands clasped as if in prayer. The group consisted