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realigheadin bacoon and bound thought in it.

An Ontario (Page)

owhy, many circumstances might constitutersuch an union, said Katherine; but I think if one of the parties were in love with another person, that would be quite sufficient will cure you. I will be your friend, and put to ensure a telerable portion of westched-

"I think so too," said Lord Montfort; 'an union, under such circumstances, would be illessorted. But Miss Grandison is not in will introduce you to Jenny Yertpre. She is that situation? he added with a faint smile.

'That is scarcely a fair question,' said Katherine, with a gaiety, but there is no doubt allons, mon brave! Ferdinand Armine is.

Indeed! that I have long discovered. I wonder with whom it can be!!..

I wonder l' said Lord Montfort. Do you? said Miss Grandison. 'Well, I a latent suspicion of that subject too. I thought you were his confident.

I! said Lord Montfort; I, of all men in the world i' 'And why not you of all men in the

world?' said Miss Grandison. Our intimacy is so slight,' said Lord Mont-

'Hum!' said Miss Grandison. 'And now ! think of it, it does appear to me very strange ily not previously acquainted : Miss Temple, reason can be?

· It is that you are so charming, Miss Grandison,' said Lord Montfort.

A compliment from you! Indeed, no compliment, dearest Miss Grandison, said Lord Montfort, drawing near her. 'Favored as Miss Temple is in so many respects, in none, in my opinion, is she more fortunate than in the possession of so admir-

able a friend.

a lover, my lord? All must love Miss Temple who are acquainted with her, said Lord Montfort, seri-

ously. 'Indeed, I think so,' said Katherine, in a more subdued voice. 'I love her; her career fills me with a strange and singular interindeed deserves!

I have no fonder wish than to secure that happiness, Miss Grandison, said Lord Montfort: 'by any means,' he added.

'She is so interesting!' said Katherine. When you first knew her she was very ill? 'Very.'

'She seems quite recovered.'

I hope so.'
Mr. Temple says her spirits are not what they used to be. I wonder what was the matter with her?' Lord Montfort was silent.

I cannot bear to see a fine spirit broken. continued Miss Grandison. There was Ferdinand. Oh! if you had but known my cousin before he was unhappy. Oh! that was a spirit! He was the most brilliant being that ever lived. And then I was with him during all his iliness. It was so terrible. I almost wish we could have loved each other. It is very strange, he must have been ill at Armine, at the very time Henrietta was ill in Italy. And I was with him in England while you were solscing her. And now we are all friends. There seems a sort of strange destiny in our lots, does there not?'

A happy lot that can in any way be con-nected with Miss Grandison, said Lord Mont-

At this moment her grace and Henrietta entered: the carriage was ready; and in a few minutes they were driving to Whitehead Stairs, where a beautiful boat awaited them. volving the strange occurrences of yesterday.

Altogether it was an exciting and satisfactory day. In the first place, he had extricated himself from his most pressing difficulties; in the next, he had been greatly amused and thirdly, he had made a very inceresting acquaintance, for such he esteemed Count Mirabel. Just at the moment when, lounging over a very late breakfast, he was thinking of Bond Sharpe and his great career, and then turning in his mind whether it were possible to follow the gay counsels of his friends of yesterday, and never plague himself about a woman again, the Count Mirabel was an-

'Mon cher Armine,' said the Count. 'you see I kept my promise, and would find you at

home. The Count stood before him, the best dressed man in London, fresh and gay as a bird, with not a care on his sparkling visage, and his eye bright with bonhommie. And yet Count Mirabel had been the very last to desert the recent mysteries of Mr. Bond Sharpe and, as usual, the dappled light of dawn had guided him to his luxurious bed, that bed that always afforded him serene slumbers, whatever might be the adventures of the day, or the result of the night's campaign. How the Count Mirabel did laugh at those poor devils who wake only to moralise over their own folly with broken spirits and aching heads! Care he knew nothing about; time he defied; indisposition he could not comprehend. He had never been ill in his life, even for five minutes.

Ferdinand was really very glad to see him there was something in Count Mirabel's very presence which put every body in good spirits. His lightheartedness was caught by all. Melancholy was a farce in the presence of his smile; and there was no possible combination of scrapes that could withstand his kind and brilliant raillery. At the present moment, Ferdinand was in a sufficiently good humor with his destiny, and he kept up the ball with effect; so that nearly an hour passed in amusing conversation.

'You were a stranger among us yesterday,' said Count Mirabel: 'I think you were rather diverted. I saw that you did justice to that excellent Bond Sharps. That shows that you have a mind above prejudice. Do you know he was by far the best man at table except ourselves?

Ferdinand smiled. It is true, he has a heart and a brain. Old Castlefyshe has neither. As for the rest of our friends, some have hearts without brains, and the rest brains without hearts. Which do you prefer?

"Tis a fine question, said Ferdinand; 'and yet I confess I should like to be callous! 'Ah! but you cannot be, b-said the Count, you have a soul of great sensibility; 1 see

that in a moment. horses 'You see very far, and very quickly, Count Mirabel, said Ferdinand, with a little re-

'Yes; in a minute, said the Count, iin a minute I read a person's character. Iknow dulged in a serenade at Seville. I will try to you are very much in love because you. changed countenances yesterday when we were talking of women.

Ferdinand changed countenance again. "You are a very extraordinary man, Count,' he

at length observed. 'Of course; but, mon cher Armine, what a

fort. 'And what do you call an ill-assorted fine day this is! What are you going to do with yourself?

The sale could be a facilities of the sale of the

'Nothing; I never do anything,' said Ferdinand, in an almost mournful tone. A melancholy man! Quelle betise!

you all right. Now, we will just drive down to Richmond; we will have a light dinner, a flounder, a cutlet, and a bottle of champagne, and then we will go to the French play. I full of wit; perhaps she will ask us to supper. Allons, mon ami, mon cher Armine;

Ceremony was a farce with Alcibiades de Mirabel. Ferdinand had nothing to do; he Yes; he is in love, desperately in love; was attracted to his companion. The effervescence produced by yesterday's fortunate adventure had not quite subsided, he was determined to forget his sorrows, and, if only

for a day, join in the lively chorus of Vive la have sometimes thought that you might have | bagatelle! So, in a few moments, he was safely ensconced in the most perfect cabriolet in London, whirled along by a horse that stepped out with a proud consciousness of its

master. The Count Mirabel enjoyed the drive to Richmond as if he had never been to Richmond in his life. The warm sun, the western breeze, every object he passed and that passed him called for his praise or observa-tion. He inoculated Ferdinand with his how we have all become suddenly such in- galety, as Ferdinand listened to his light, livetimate friends. The Armines and your fam- ly tales, and his flying remarks, so full of merriment and poignant truth and daring too. unknown to my aunt and uncle. And fancy. When they had arrived at the Star yet we never live now out of each other's and Garter, and ordered their dinner, they sight. I am sure I am grateful for it; I am strolled into the Park, along the Terrace sure it is very agreeable, but still it does ap- walk; and they had not proceeded fifty paces pear to me so very odd. I wonder what the when they came up with the duchess and her party, who were resting on a bench and look-

ing over the valley. Ferdinand would gladly have bowed and passed on: but that was impossible. He was obliged to stop and speak to them, and it was difficult to disembarrass himself of friends who greeted him so kindly. Ferdinand presented his companion. The ladies were charmed to know so celebrated a gentleman, of whom they had heard so much. Count Mirabel Not even in the possession of so admirable | who had the finest tact in the world, but whose secret spell, after all, was perhaps only that he was always natural, adopted himself in a moment to the characters, the scene, and the occasion. He was quite delighted at these unexpected sources of amusement, that had so unexpectedly revealed themselves; and in a few minutes they had all agreed to walk toest. May she be happy, for happiness she gether, and due in time the duchess was begging Ferdinand and his friend to dine with them. Before Ferdinand cauld frame an excuse, Could Mirabel had accepted the proposi-After passing the morning together so agreeably, to go and dine in separate rooms, it would be a betise. This world betise settled

tion. everything with Count Mirabel; when once he declared that anything was a betise, be would hear no more.

It was a charming stroll. Never was Count Mirabel more playful, more engaging, more completely winning. Henrietta and Katherine alike smiled upon him, and the duchess was quite enchanted. Even Lord Montfort who might rather have entertained a prejudice against the Count before he knew him, and none can after, and who was presumptuous, fantastic, and affected, quite yielded to his amiable galety, and his racy and thoroughly genuine and simple manner. So they walked and talked and laughed, and all agreed that it was the most fortunately fine day and the most felicitous rencontre that had ever occurred, until the dinner hour was at hand. The Count was at her grace's side, and she was leaning on Miss Temple's arm. Lord Montfort and Miss Grandison had fallen back apace, as their party had increased. Ferdinand fluttered between Miss Temple and his cousin; but would have attached himself to the latter, had not Miss Temple occasionally

they returned to dinner. 'We have only availed ourselves of your grace's permission to join our dinners,' said marry Lord Montfort.' Count Mirabel, offering the duchess his arm He placed himself at the head of the table; Lord Montfort took the other end. To the surprise of Ferdinand, Miss Grandison, with a heedlessness that was quite remarkable, seated herself next to the duchess, so that Ferdinand was obliged to sit by Henrietta Temple, who was thus separated from Lord

Montfort. The dinner was as gay as the stroll. Ferdi naud was the only person who was silent. 'How amusing he is!' said Miss Temple,

turning to Ferdinand, and speaking in an under tone. 'Yes; I envy his gaiety.'

Be gay.'
I thank you; I daresay I shall in time. I have not yet quite embraced all Count Mirabel's philosophy. He says that the man who plagues himselt for five minutes about a woman is an idiot. When I think the same, which I hope may be soon, I daresay I shall

be as gay.'
Miss Temple addressed herself no more to Ferdinand. They returned by water. To Ferdinand's

great annoyance, the Count did not hesitate for a moment to avail himself of the duchess's proposal that he and his companion should form part of the crew. He gave immediate orders that his cabriolet should meet him at Whitehall Stairs, and Ferdinand tound there was no chance of escape.

It was a delicious summer evening. setting sun bathed the bowers of Fulham with refulgent light, just as they were off delicate Rosebank; but the air long continued warm and always soft and the last miles of their pleasant voyage were tinted by the young and

glittering moon.
'I wish we had brought a guitar,' said Miss Grandison; Count Mirabel, I am sure, would sing to us?

'And you, you will sing to us without a gui tar, will you not?' said the Count, smiling. 'Henrietta, will you sing?' said Miss Gran-

With you.' 'Of course; now you must,' said the Count;

so they did. This gliding home to the metropolis on a summer eve, so soft and still, with beautiful faces, as should always be the case, and with sweet sounds, as was the present—there is something very ravishing in the combination. The heart opens; it is a dangerous moment. As Ferdinand listened once more to the voice of Henrietta, even though it was blended with the sweet tones of Miss Grandison, the passionate past vividly recurred to him. Fortunately he did not sit near her; he had taken care to be the last in the boat. He turned away his face, but its stern expression did not escape the observation of the Count Mirabel. 'And now, Count Mirabel, you must really

began thrumming on his arm for an accompaniment. Well, when I was with the Duc d'Angouleme in Spain, we sometimes in-

... W A SERENADE OF SEVILLE

Come forth, come forth, the star we love Is high o'er Guadalquivir's grove, And tints each tree with golden light; Ah! Rosalle, one sigh from thee were far more bright.

Come forth, come forth, the flowers that fear To blossom in the sun's career The moralight with their odors greet; Ah! Rosalle, one sigh from thee were far more sweet!

111. Come forth, come forth, one hour of night, When flowers are fresh and stars are bright, Were worth an age of gaudy day; Then Rosalie, fly, fly to me, nor longer stay!

'I hope the lady came,' said Miss Temple, after such a pretty song.' 'Of course,' said the Count, 'they always

'Ferdinand, will you sing?' said Miss

Grandison. 'I cannot, Katherine.' 'Henrietta, ask Ferdinand to sing,' said Miss Grandison; the makes it a rule never to do anything I ask him, but I am sure you

have more influence. Lord Montfort came to the rescue of Miss Temple. 'Miss Temple has spoken so often to us of your singing, Captain Armine, said his lerdship; and yet Lord Montfort, in this allegation, a little departed from the habitual

exactitude of his statements. 'How very strange!' thought Ferdinand: her callousness or her candor baffles me. 'I will try to sing,' he continued aloud, 'but it is

a year really since I ever did. In a voice of singular power and melody, and with an expression which increased as he proceeded, until the singer seemed scarcely able to control his emotion, Captain Armine thus proceeded :--

CAPTAIN ARMINE'S SONG.

My heart is like a slient lute Some faithless hand has thrown aside:

Some faithless nand has thrown aside;
Those chords are dumb, those tones are in
That once sent forth a voice of pride!
Yet even o'er the lute neglected
The wind of heaven will sometimes fly,
And even thus the heart dejected
Will sometimes answer to a sigh.

And yet to feel another's power

And yet to test another's power
May grasp the prize for which I pine.
And others now may pluck the flower
I cherished for this heart of mine!
No more, no more! The hand forsaking.
The luto must fail, and shivered lie
In silence; and my heart, thus breaking.
Persond not over to refer Responds not even to a sigh.

Miss Temple seemed busied with her shawl; perhaps she felt the cold. Count Mirabel, next whom she sat, was about to assist her. Her face was turned to the water : it was streaming with tears. Without appearing to notice her, Count Mirabel leant forward and engaged everybody's attention, so that she was unobserved and had time to recover.

And yet she was aware that the Count Mirabel had remarked her emotion, and was grateful for his quick and delicate consideration. It was fortunate that Westminsterbridge was now in sight, for after this song of Captain Armine, everyone became dull or pensive; even Count Mirabel was silent.

The ladies and Lord Montfort entered their britscha. They bid a cordial adieu to Count Mirabel, and begged him to call upon them in St. James'-square, and the Count and Ferdinand were alone.

'Cher Armine,' said the Count, as he was driving up Charing-cross, 'Catch told me you were going to marry your cousin. Which of those two young ladies is your cousin?'

'The fair girl ; Miss Grandison.' 'So I understood. She is very pretty, but you are not going to marry her, are you?

'No: I am not.' 'And who is Miss Temple?'

'She is going to be married to Lord Montfort.' 'Diable! But what a fortunate man What do you think of Miss Temple?

'I think of her as all, I suppose, must.' 'She is beautiful; she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. She marries for money, (suppose ?' addressed him. He was glad, however, when

'She is the richest heiress in England; she is much richer than my cousin.' 'C'est drole. But she does not want to

Because, my dear fellow, she is in love with you.' By Jove, Mirabel, what a fellow you are! What do you mean?'

'Mon cher Armine, I like you more than anybody. I wish to be, I am, your friend. Here is some cursed contretemps. There is a mystery, and both of you are victims of it, Tell me everything. I will put you right. 'Ah! my dear Mirabel, it is past even your skill. I thought I could never speak on these things to a human being, but I am attracted to you by the same sympathy which you flatter me by expressing for myself. I

want a confident, I need a friend, I am most wretched.' 'Eh! bien! we will not go to the French play. As for Jenny Vertpre, we can sup with her any night. Come to my house, and we will talk over everything. But trust me, it you wish to marry Henrietta Temple, you are

an idiot if you do not have her.' So saying, the Count touched his bright horse, and in a few minutes the cabriclet stop-

ped before a small but admirably appointed house in Berkeley-square.

'Now, mon cher,' said the Couni, 'coffee and confidence,'

Is there a more gay and graceful spectacle in the world than Hyde Park, at the end of a long sunny morning in the merry month of May or June? Where can we see such beautiful women, such gallant cavaliers, such fine horses, and such brilliant equipages? The scene, too, is worthy of such agreeable accessories; the grover, the gleaming waters, and the triumphal arches. In the distance, the misty heights of Surrey, and the bowery glades of Kensington.

It was the day after the memorable vovage from Richmond. Eminent among the glittering throng, Count Mirabel cantered along on his Arabian, scattering gay recognitions and bright words. He reined in his steed beneath a tree, under whose shade were assembled a knot of listless cavaliers. The Count received their congratulations, for this

morning he had won his pigeon match. Only think of that old fool, Castlefyshe, betting on Poppington, said the Count. '1 want to see him, old idiot! Who knows where Charley is?

'I do, Mirabel, said Lord Catchimwhocan. He has gone to Richmond with Blandford and the two little Furlzers. That good Blandford! Whenever he is in

love he always gives a dinner. It is a droll way to succeed. Apropos, will you dine with me to-day,

Mirabel? said Mr. de Stockville. 'Impossible, my deer fellow; I dine with Fitzwarrene. 'I say, Mirabel,' drawled out's young man

I saw you yesterday driving a man down to Richmond yourself. Who is your friend? No one you know, or will know. Tis the best fellow that ever lived; but he is under my guidance, and I shall be very particular to whom he is introduced." Lord! I wonder who he can be lesaid the

young man.d. only or bleed rinds lessed of I say, Minabel, you will be done on Got hawk, if you don't take care, I can tell you that.' 'Thank you, good Coventry; if you like to bet the odds, I will take them.'

'No, my dear fellow, I do not want to bet, but at the same time—.'

'You have an opinion that you will not back. That is a luxury, for certainly it is of no use. I would advise you to enjoy it.' 'Well, I must say, Mirabel,' said Lord Catchimwhocan, 'I think the same about Goshawk.

'Oh, no, Catch, you do not think so; you think you think. Go and take all the odds yon can get upon Goshawk. Come, now, tomorrow you will tell me you have a very pretty book. Eh! mon cher Catch?' But do you really think Goshawk will

win? asked Lord Catchimwhocan, earnestly. (Certain F

Well, damned if I don't go and take the odds,' said his lordship. 'Mirabel,' said a young noble, moving his horse close to the Count, and speaking in a

low voice, 'shall you be at home to-morrow morning? 'Certainly. But what do you want? 'I am in a devil of a scrape; I do not

know what to do. I want you to advise me. The Count moved saide with this cavalier. And what is it? said he. 'Have you been losing? 'No, no,' said the young man, shaking his head. 'Much worse. It is the most infernal

business; I do not know what I shall do. I think I shall cut my throat.' Betise! It cannot he very bad, if it be

not money.' Oh. my dear Mirabel, you do not know

what trouble I am in.' 'Mon cher Henri, soyez tranquille,' said the Count, in a kind voice. 'I am your friend. Rest assured, I will arrange it. Think no more of it until to-morrow at one o'clock, and then call on me. If you like, I am at your service at present.'

'No, no, not here : there are letters.' 'lia, ha! Well, to-morrow, at one. In the meantime, do not write any nonsense. At this moment, the duchass, with a party of equestrians, passed and bowed to the Count

Mirabal. 'I say. Mirabel,' exclaimed a young man, who is that girl! I want to know. I have seen her several times lately. By Jove, she

is a fine creature! 'Do not you know Miss Temple?' said the Count. 'Fancy a man not knowing Miss Temple! She is the only woman in London to be looked at ' Now there was a great flutter in the band

and nothing but the name of Miss Templo was heard. All vowed they knew her very well, at least by sight and never thought of anybody else. Some asked the Count to present them,

others meditated plans by which that great result might be obtained; but, in the midst of all this agitation, Count Mirabel rode away, and was soon by the very lady's side. 'What a charming voyage yesterday,' said the Count to Miss Temple. 'You were

amused? 'And to think you should all know my friend Armine so well! I was astonished, for he will never go anywhere, or speak to anyone. 'You know him intimately?' said Miss

Temple. 'He is my brother! There is not a human being in the world I love so much! If you only knew him as I know him. Ah! chere Miss Temple, there is not a man in London to be compared with him, so clever and so good! What a heart! so tender! and what talent! There is no one so spirituel.

You have known him long, Count?' 'Always; but of late I find a great change I cannot discover what is the matin him. ` ter with him. He has grown melancholy. I think he will not live.'

'Indeed!' "No, I am never wrong. That cher Armine will never live.

You are his friend, surely-'Ah! yes; but I do not know what it is. instance; but to-day, you see, be will not move. There he is, sitting alone, in a dull hotel, with his eyes fixed on the ground, dark as night. Never was a man so changed. I suppose something has happened to him abroad. When you first knew him, I daresay

now, he was the gayest of the gay?'
'He was indeed very different,' said Miss Temple, turning away her face. 'You have known that dear Armine a long

time? 'It seems a long time,' said Miss Temple 'If he dies, and die he must, I do not think I shall ever be in very good spirits again,' said the Count. 'It is the only thing that would quite upset me. Now do not you think, Miss Temple, that our cher Armine is the most interesting person you ever met.?'

'I believe Captain Armine is admired by all those who know him.' He is so good, so tender, and so clever. Lord Montfort, he knows him very well? 'They were companions in boyhood, I be-

ance only recently. · We must interest Lord Montfort in his case Lord Montfort must assist in our endeavors to bring him out a little.'

fleve: but they have resumed their acquaint-

'Lord Montfort needs no prompting, Count. We are all alike interested in Captain Armine's welfare.'

'I wish you would try to find out what is on his mind,' said Count Mirabel. 'Atter all, men cannot do much. It requires a more delicate sympathy than we can offer. And yet I would do anything for the cher Armine. because I really love him the arme as if he were my brother.'

'He is fortunate in such a friend.' 'Ah! he does not think so any longer, said the Count; 'he avoids me, he will not tell me anything. Chere Miss Temple, this business haunts me: it will end badly. I know that dear Armine so well; no one knows him like me; his feelings are too strong: no one has such feelings. Now, of all my friends, he is the only man I know who is capable of committing suicide.

'God forbid!' said Henrietta Temple, with emphasis. I rise every morning with apprehension,' said the Count. 'When I call upon him, every

day, I tremble as I approach his hotel.

'Are you indeed serious?' Most serious. I knew a man once in the same state. It was the Duc de Crillion. He was my brother friend, like this dear Armine. We were at college together; we were in the same regiment. He was exactly like this dear Armine, young, beautiful, and clever, but with a heart all tenderness, terrible passions. He loved Mademoiselle de Guise, my cousin, the most beautiful girl in France. Pardon me, but I told Armine yesterday that you reminded me of her. They were going to be married; but there was a contretemps ... He sent for me; I was in Spain; she married the Viscount de Marsagnac. Until that dread ul-morning he remained exactly in the same state as our dear Armine. Never was a melancholy so profound. After the ceremony he

shot himself. (To be Continued.) LINDSAY, March 18 .- The contributions to the Irish Relief Fund in the Catholic Church

some sum of \$710.25.

Wit and Human

A light business-Making gas. The best thing out-an aching tooth. A bad habit to get into-a coat that is not paid for.

Carpets are sold by the yard and worn out by the foot. Emulate the mule. It is always backward in deeds of violence.

Buggans thinks that dynamite is a contract or for dic-any-minute.

Never kick a man that is down unless you are sure that he can't get up.

An exchange enggests that bees are merchants because they cell their honey, What riles a country post mistress is to have a postal card come to the office written

In Fronch. When a cat gives an entertainment from the top of a wall, it isn't the cat we object to; It's the want.

A painful trance-action—getting out of bed in one's sleep, and walking out of a third storey window.

Why is a mad buil an animal of a convivial disposition? Because he offers his horns to every one he meets.

"Yes," said Johnny, "lapsus may be the Latin for 'slip,' but when mother laps us it usually means slipper." "Ma," said Fred, "I should rather be a wild

turkey, and live my life out on the prairies, than be a tame turkey and be killed every Vear." A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's

handling the rod. All flies are very wise. No one ever knows, as he sits in a doze, how much a fly knows that alights on his nose, till he levels the

blows, when away the flie goes. No Chinese bank has tailed for tive hundred years. When the last failure took place the officers' heads were cut off and flung into a

corner with the other assets. Two sailors on board of a ship-of-war agreed to divide all they received. One said to his messmate, "Jack, I am to be flogged today, and it the officer of the deck will agree

to it, you can take your halt." "How far is it to Butler, if I keep straight on?" "Wall, if you'er a goin' to keep right on it's about twenty-five thousand miles, but if you turn 'tother way its about half a mile."

The Cincinnati Commercial says the expression, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" is absurd, because no sensible king ever goes to bed with his crown on. He always hangs it on the back of a chair with his

vest.

"I say, Sam, doy tell dar is a man down East dat is so industrious dat he works twenty-five hours in a day." "How is dat, Cuffy? Dar are only twenty-four hours in de day." "Why, he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid nigger !"

"Mary, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?" Mary-four years old; "Three, ma'am." Teacher—"No, two would probable cost of a short war with Russia. be left." Mary—"No, there wouldn't though; The gradual transfer of the land would effect the three shot would be left, and the other two would be flied away!"

"Gentlemen," said a Yankee auctioneer with true pathos, "if my father and mother stood where you stand and did not buy this stewpan-this elegant stewpan, going at one dollar-I should feel it my bounden duty as a son to tell both of them they were false to their country and false to themselves."

A lecturer was expected in Parsons, Kan., and the committee were at the station to receive him. They stepped up to a long-haired gentleman, and welcomed him with enthusiasm and ceremony. The long-haired intimes to get him about a little; yesterday, for dividual appeared surprised, and said: "I remove any wart or bunion in thirty minutes, without pain, or forfeit my reputation."

Sydney Smith had invited some friends to breakfast, and among others a young curate just ordained. The latter became so familiar with his host as to address him merely as "Smith"—"What do you say, Smith?" "I don't agree with you, Smith," &c. With that fine temper which was characteristic of him Smith took all this familiarity in good part. When the young "pulpit prig," as Smith himself did not hesitate to designate him, was taking his leave, the latter mentioned to his entertainer that he was going by invitation to call on the Archbishop of Canterbury. "Then." said Smith, "I hope he will give you a good living, but I advise you not to call him ' Howley' till you get it."

THE JUSTICE SAW THE POINT .- The Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette is authority for the following :- The other day Dr. Washington, a coloured man, was arraigned before a justice of peace, charged with something like medical malpractice. He had given a coloured man a dose of medicine, and the coloured man didn't live but one hour afterward. The justice was a coloured man, and probably knew as much of law as the doctor did of medicine When the doctor had been arraigned, the justice asked: "Dr. Washington, how long is you been practisin' ob medicine?" "Sence de wah, "What books on de fizick an' de human sah." reconstruction did yer study?" "Oh, I studed 'nuff-Cornstalk's 'olosophy 'mong de number. Now, jedge, let me ax you one p'int. What books on de law did you study?" " Ise heah pris'ner afore de bar, ter try dis case, and not stand a 'zamination. Comin' down from de law language to plain nigger and mule, wot in thunder made you kill dat man? 'Splain yerself, sah, or I'll put de clamps ob de law on yer." "Ef dar's a man in dis country what 'splain hisself, l'se de man," said the doctor, arising. "Some few days ago I 'vented a new medicine from root dug outen de groun.' Hit struck me dat de medicine would cure de rheumatiz, an' when I went ter see the man what is dead now I concluded to 'speriment on him. No medicine sin't no 'count till vou 'speriment wid hit. All medical 'vention has ter be proved. When Bright 'vented der kid-ney disease, he didn't know hit would work till he tried hit. I figured up jes' dis way. Says I to myself, of dis medicine cures dis man hit's good; but efit kills him hit won't do ter tamper wid, or let lie roun' loose 'mong childun. Well' I gin him der medicine, and about a hour aferward he was dead. How would I know dat de medicine was fitten for dse of I hadn't a tried? Don't yer see de geography of my ogement? Science must be 'vanced yer know." "Dat's a fack." said the justice, after musing awhite, "de p'int are well sustained. Mr. Constable, turn dis man loose, and cautions him not to 'vent any mosh medicine in dis ere township."

workingmen. Before you begin your heavy spring work

after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleaning and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Billous or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense it you will use one at Lindsay yesterday amounted to the handbottle of Rop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Mr. Paruell and Ireland

[From the Toronto Globe.] In his Toronto speech Mr. Parnell made a good point in answer to the assertion that the Irish peasantry could not be depended on to reply money advanced by the Government for the purchase of their holdings. He showed that only about five per cent of the annual payment of \$655,000 due to the Church Commissioners for land sold to former tenants remained unpaid in 1979, though three bad harvests had been endured in succession. It may be said that the present purchasers of the estates of the disestablished Church are a superior class, because they were able to pay a large percentage of the purchase money at the time of the transfer. Many of them, however, had borrowed a large part of the first deposite at rates of interest higher than that at which the annual instalments are calculated, and they have consequently been paying a larger sum every year than would by required of them by Mr. Parnell's

The land of Ireland is held at a price equal to about iwenty-three pars' rental. It is, therefore, plain that if purchased we the Government, and resold to the tenants on terms that would enable them to wipe out the principal by annual instalments of five per cent., the burden of payments would practically not be increased, though the peasants would become proprietors of the soil. As the Government can borrow at three per cent, interference on behalf of the Irish tenantry would eventually cost the country nothing. The expropriation of the landlords would allay discontent, so that the first few instalments of the purchase money would, doubtless, be paid without grumbling, and every pound invested by the peasant in his land would be a new reason for him to invest another, to oppose agitation, and to avoid perilling his title by neglecting or refusing to make his pay-

The Irish peasants would have the strongest incentive to exertion if once admitted to the proprietorship of their holdings. They are accused of idleness, extravagance, and neglect to improve the soil. But the yearly tenant who improves another man's property one year finds his rent raised the next to a degree which gives the landlord all the profit from the improvement. John Stuart Mill said that the Irish tenant-at-will was the only human being in existence who had nothing to gain by increased industry and nothing to lose by increased idleness. If Mr. Parnell's scheme were put into operation the peasants would have an incentive to persistent labor, and no one who has marked the industry and frugality of Irish farmers in Canada can doubt that they would exhibit the same qualities in Ireland if gain could ensue there as it does here. It may safely be said that the productiveness of the Irish soil would be so greatly increased by placing those who live on it in possession that the Government would get back its principle long before the

date fixed for final payment. It is not proposed by the Land League that the Government should expropriate all the landiords in one year. The expense of the purchase would be about £250,000,000, a sum too enormous to be borrowed for the benefit of 5,000,000 people, and equal to the The gradual transfer of the land would effect the objects which Mr. Parnell has in view, as security for the ultimate expropriation of all landlords would be gained by the placing a percentage of the peasantry in possession of

their holdings. There is nothing of confiscation in Mr. Parnell's scheme. Where the forced sale of land is thought to be for the public interest every Government allows the proprietor to be dispossessed. What is indirectly done on behalf of the community by giving a railway company the right of purchasing its way may be done directly. No other consideration than that of benefit to Great Britain should guide the action of its Government, and that the whole Kingdom, and Ireland in particu-lar, would gain by the creation of an Irish peasant proprietary cannot be doubted. The landlords must, of course, be paid the full value of their property. As individuals they can have no more claim to hold the land eternally than the members of the majority. The few cannot justly be allowed to retain a privilege which is equivalent to the exclusion

of the many. The indications are that changes will be effected in the proprietary of English soil by a more gradual process than can be judi-ciously applied to Ireland. The abolition of primogeniture, entail, and settlements is imminent, and will be followed by "the devolu-"tion of real property in cases of intestacy in " the same manner which the law directs in " regard to personal property." The registra-tion of titles and the limitation of the time for investigation of title will reduce the cost of land transfers. Such changes in the law will facilitate the distribution of English real estate, increase the number of proprietors, and ultimately bring under cultivation much of the land now devoted to parks and shooting grounds. England and Scotland can afford to wait for gradual changes, because their people are not called on to suffer from periodical starvation. The case of Ireland is different, famine is always at hand. The introduction of a system which will immediately enable Irishmen to reap the fruits of their labour is a pressing necessity, and the creation of a peasant proprietary is the only feasible scheme.

Apparitions in Ireland. (From the English Catholic Times.)

We carefully guard ourselves from passing any judgment on the extraordinary appearances almost constantly presented by gable of the little Church of Knock, in the West of Ireland. At first we did not pay much attention to the reports which reached us of stories related by alleged eye-witnesses; indeed the Ven. Archdeacon Cavanagh himself, when told by his housekeeper of the sight that met her wondering eyes, was so little moved that he forgot it soon after. The Tuam News discusses the theories of the incredulous, and the plausibility of the depo-nents, with considerable force and ingenuity, and there really does not appear to be any escape from the conclusion that a large number of people actually saw, on the plain gable of the chapel, a manifestation for which it is difficult to account. Conspiracy to deceive is out of the question. The witnesses came together by accident-certainly without prearrangement; they are of many families; and they agree thoroughly in substance. The same may be said of the cures reported. People in Cork, Newry, Dublin, and elsewhere, do not combine to invent miracles performed on their persons, and if they did they would soon be detected. We believe some of the clergy of the deanery have inquired. into the matter and are unable to discover any flaw in the testimony. Indeed the witnesses must be acquitted of evil intention, for the reasons we have given, while the abundant opportunities they have had of studying the mysterious manifestations strengthen the certainty of their

descriptions. "Courtship is bliss," said an ardent young man. "Yes, and matrimony is blister," snarled an old bachelor.