

Los Angeles.

BY JAMES A. MARTELING.
The touch of twilight fell
Upon the brow, San Gabriel!
From thy retreats reluctant
Turned softly to the west, away
When the cathedral, quaint and old,
Rang forth its bells, and as they tolled
Their vespers hymn they seemed to say,<
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

The Duarte past, a winged train
Of vapors flamed to the plain.
They veiled the wrinkled spurs and gray,
Above whose crests the eagles play;
They veiled the scythes, and hour and old,
In satiny drapery fold on fold,
Still toll the bells and seem to say
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

Oh! who he those that at the gate
Of the cathedral stand and wait?
The worshippers have gone away:
It is the bishop's choir that stay.
The bishop—be he quiet and old,
And hushed with his prayers be told,
The answering music seems to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

The forms are from the gateway zone;
But in their arms, another one,
That came not with them, through the gray
Hosts of the mist, they have away,
And beneath the altar, pale and old,
The bishop lies, pale and old,
And still strange music seems to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

A voice of benediction fell,
As from the east, San Gabriel!
I pass, my children, to the day,
My benison I leave about you,
Thou, dear cathedral, quaint and old,
Still toll thy bells, my lands be told,
Still toll thy bells, my lands be told,
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

Spadra, Cal., May 15th.
—Independent

THE TWO BRIDES.

By REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D.

CHAPTER I.

A PATRIARCH'S BIRTHDAY.

She was only saved from the most fatal consequences by the friendship of Mrs. D'Arcy, and by her sister's care of her. Indeed, the warm affection which bound to each other the two ladies, was after her husband's untimely loss, Mrs. Hutchinson's great happiness in life. And Rose D'Arcy's presence was to Lucy as necessary as the sunlight to the flower.

Such were the neighbors Fairview sent to Fairy Dell on that bright morning. As Mr. Hutchinson, running lightly from his carriage, and helped his pale, but lovely companion out, Mrs. D'Arcy and Rose hastening to welcome her.

"Well, my patriarch of the hills!" exclaimed the Congressman, as he flew up the steps of the porch; "may we see you as erect and fresh as this, ten years hence! You see, my wife would not wait till dinner-time to present you in person her congratulations."

"I know of old old Mrs. Hutchinson's goodness," replied Mr. D'Arcy, advancing and welcoming heartily the lady herself; "as well as I have proved her husband's truth and friendship."

"That is the most precious compliment I have received in my life," said Hutchinson, as he again shook his friend's hand.

"And I know it is a well-deserved compliment," added Mrs. D'Arcy. "Dear father means more than he says."

"Ah, Frank, how tall we've grown!" said Mr. D'Arcy, as young Hutchinson came up to present his respects. "You will soon outstrip Gaston if you continue."

"They are of nearly the same age," said Frank's mother; "only six months' difference, I believe."

"The difference in stature and character between the two young men was soon apparent enough," continued Rose toward her grandfather, seizing the outstretched hand and kissed it again and again, with a reverence and a fervor that struck all present. Mr. D'Arcy, however, was well-acquainted to such demonstrations of filial piety from his favorite grandson.

Favorite, assuredly, he deserved to be, that splendid specimen of young manhood, taller even than that Frank Hutchinson, wonderfully like these in feature and expression, and reflecting on his broad brow and in his deep brown eyes the innocence and strength which lay at the bottom of his many great qualities.

Mr. D'Arcy retained in both of his hands of his boy, pressing them with warmth that Gaston well understood, though not a syllable was uttered by either. Meanwhile the whole group of parents and children were mixed up on the adjoining lawn, awaiting, some of them impatiently, the signal for breakfast.

At length, Mr. D'Arcy's major-domo came to say that breakfast was on the table. "I am at your service, my dear," said Mr. D'Arcy to his daughter-in-law, as he took her arm; "Louis," he continued, "will you not take in Mrs. Hutchinson and you, Hutchinson, and take care of Mrs. de Beaumont. Richard (to Mr. Montgomery), you will have to look after my dear Gertrude."

"He is well accustomed to that, papa," responded the lady.

"And always find the care a new delight," put in her husband, as he looked admiringly on the still beautiful woman he had learned to love as his wife.

The table was so arranged that the older people were seated on one side of the table and the young people on the other. Thus, Rose sat immediately opposite to her grandfather, with her cousin Duncan on one hand and Frank Hutchinson on the other, Lucy being between Gaston and Duncan.

As Mr. D'Arcy reached his place at the center of the table, the color came to his face and his eyes were lit up with a flash of pleasure, as they rested on the exquisite Japanese bowl with its brilliant burden of lilies. "It is all Rose and Lucy's doing," whispered Mrs. D'Arcy, as the old gentleman conveyed to both his thanks with a warm smile. Then, as was his wont, giving a rapid and rapid look upward and around him on his assembled children and the sunlit scene outside, he reverently bent his head, invoking a brief and fervent blessing on the beautiful board before them and on all present there, and they began

with a right good will to do justice to Mrs. D'Arcy's royal breakfast.

CHAPTER II.

FEASTING IN MAYTIME.

They were a most happy company who sat down around Mary D'Arcy's hospitable board. Nor to judge from the radiant countenances of the numerous colored servants, who stood there marshalled under Rodrigo Gomez, the major-domo, Francis D'Arcy's old and trusted Portuguese servant, was there less of heart-felt joy among the dependents, than among the members of the family. Slaves there were none on Francis D'Arcy's estate, nor among the many colored people employed by him in his factories. Brought up with care, every one of them, educated under the special direction of the ladies of the family, and bound to their master and employer by uniform and unvarying kindness, these simple souls loved him and his sincerely, and served them devotedly.

Moreover, Mrs. D'Arcy had exacted strict order and discipline from all those attached to her household. She knew that domestic comfort depended on giving the servants precisely what each could do well, and in seeing that it was well done, and at the proper time. Her house did in truth resemble a beehive, in which there was no loud noise, but the continual murmur of activity, none being so active and energetic as the queen-bee herself, and no one going about her many duties with a more quiet step or a lower voice.

And they all loved to obey such a mistress, and vied with each other in pleasing her, so wonderful was she, so gentle, so winning, with her wise words of praise to the deserving, and so commanding with that same imperious gentleness of hers.

They were a most happy company, all together, there—that blessed family and their friends, and that array of shining black faces that stood around, ready and anxious to minister to their slightest wish.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. D'Arcy asked of the lady at his right hand, that Lucy is improving wonderfully? See how bright she looks."

"She and Rose were up long before the sun," said his daughter-in-law, they gathered around to Fairy Dell to call these beautiful lilies.

"Don't praise me for it, mamma," exclaimed Lucy from across the table. "It is all Rose's doing, and she is only forced to let me be with her."

"Grandpapa," answered Rose, "she insisted on gathering for you the first wily lily. That splendid blue Australian lily is Lucy's offering to you."

"And it shall be presented by me in memory of the day and the giver," said Mr. D'Arcy. "Lucy, you must yourself place and press it in my album, with the name and the date."

"Oh, thank you, dear Mr. D'Arcy," said the delighted girl. "That will be a reward."

"I believe Lucy did more than that," Mrs. D'Arcy added. "If Rose has not misinformed me, she has had the principal share in decorating the breakfast-room especially the family portraits."

"I have only one fault to find with your work, my little lady," said Mr. D'Arcy, glancing around him. "That is that you have paid more honor to the living than to the dead."

Now Mr. D'Arcy's portrait was placed between that of his father and mother, and was surrounded by a double wreath of immortelles, roses and forget-me-nots, while two angels held a crown of oak, laurel, and olive leaves over the portrait itself.

The wreaths and sparse hangings that the girl had added here and there to the rich paneling of the walls and the ceiling, only served to bring into greater relief the rich tints of the wainscoting and of the elegant and massive furniture.

"I am delighted that my little girl has bestowed on living worth a double and treble wreath of honor," said Mr. Hutchinson. "You are the creator of Fairy Dell and its posterity."

"That's so, unna," said, in a half whisper, young Joe Porter, who stood behind Mr. Hutchinson's chair.

"Yes, that is so!" repeated Mr. Hutchinson. "All our people, white and colored, love to say it."

Mr. D'Arcy, who had been rather startled by Joe Porter's voice—for Joe was not usually so bold and quiet—only smiled at the boy's affectionate earnestness, and at the deeper color that now overspread his handsome black features. "Ah, but, friend Hutchinson," he said, "we must not depart from the good old paths."

"No," said the other, "to honor the living is as ancient as the world."

"True," replied Mr. D'Arcy; "but the ancients knew well how to honor the living, that in so doing they honor the dead still more."

"Ah, my patriarch, that is one of your outlandish theories, which won't take root here," said Hutchinson, laughing.

"It is, indeed, like these beautiful flowers before me, from Africa, India, and Australia, a most beautiful thing of foreign growth. But I believe that the American heart is as hospitable and fruitful a soil for all noble sentiments and the customs which embody them, as our climate is favorable to the growth of these most rare and magnificent productions of the vegetable world," was Mr. D'Arcy's answer.

"Well, then, let us see what is the beautiful custom you would engraft on our social life," said Hutchinson.

"I did not say that I wished so to engraft it," replied the old gentleman. "But here it is, and you shall judge for yourself whether it be a good thing of living amongst us. The ancient ritual of the Chinese Empire, which had force of law long before the Christian era, prescribed that honorable titles or distinctions merited during life by any man, should be conferred, not on himself, but on his parents, whether living or dead."

inon. "Rose had made wreaths of immortelles for all the portraits of her ancestors; but I spoiled them in hanging them up, so that we had barely enough left to make one wreath, and that I put on Mr. D'Arcy's picture, with the forget-me-nots, which were of my choosing."

And a very appropriate and graceful choice, Miss Lucy," Mr. D'Arcy said. "Do you know that in the valleys of South Tyrol, where the population is mostly Italian, they call the forget-me-not flower of St. Lucy?"

"I pray do not make a Papist of my little girl," said Mr. Hutchinson to Rose.

"I assure you, sir, I never permit myself to speak to her of such things," said Rose coloring deeply.

"Rose has never said one word to me about St. Lucy," replied the little maiden herself, with her characteristic spirit. "I only know what I have read from 'Sacred and Legendary Art' in mamma's library, that St. Lucy is honored in Italy, as the patron saint and protectress of the laboring poor; just what I should like to be."

"Be true to yourself, dear child," said Mr. D'Arcy; "and you will be the idol alike of rich and poor. By the way, Hutchinson," he continued, "how do the political heavens look in the East?"

"Squally," replied his friend, with an ominous shake of the head. "I fear the present electoral canvass will push things to extremities."

"Had we not better avoid politics at breakfast, and before our young people?" asked Mrs. D'Arcy, looking at her father-in-law.

"I fear," remarked her husband, "that we can scarcely conceal from them that there is a dark storm gathering. They can hear the thunder and see the lightning in spite of us."

"How is it with you in Charleston and New Orleans, Gustave?" said Mr. D'Arcy, addressing M. de Beaumont.

"They are preparing for war with the utmost activity and determination," answered his grandson. "No matter who is elected president, they are determined to secede from the Union."

"That is the worst news I have heard in a life-time," replied Mr. D'Arcy. "And as I see that your dear good Aunt Mary is distressed by our introducing politics, we shall adjourn that subject till after breakfast."

"You know, dear father," Mrs. D'Arcy said, "that our boys are apt to go wild when war is spoken of. Even Gaston has been running on a martial air of late. And the other day I stumbled on him as he was admiring himself in a suit of old regimentals belonging to yourself."

"Old indeed," said Mr. D'Arcy, with a hearty laugh, "they saw service with me in 1812 off the Canadian frontier."

There was much merriment among the young people at Gaston's expense.

"Mother has been rather hard on me," he said. "But I think that, in a pinch, I could still wear these old regimentals, and not disgrace the name of D'Arcy in them."

"I am sure," said Major de Beaumont, "that you will always honor every uniform you wear and every cause you fight for at the bidding of the Secretary of War."

Gustave has his father's French blood in him," said that gentleman's mother; "I could never keep him at home."

"Nor would you even if you could, mother," replied the Major, "especially if my country needed my services."

"Except in fighting the poor Indians on the plains," answered Mrs. de Beaumont, "I do not know of any service you have rendered her. And what would you say that fighting is concerned, that all the glory was for the Indians?"

"I'm not far from that opinion myself," added Mr. Hutchinson.

"Well," said the Major, "if the Government—that is, the next President—wishes to prevent secession by force of arms, we shall have war as sure as we are sitting here. And what would you say if the government army with whatever volunteers the Executive may call to his aid, will find other foes than Indians in their path?"

"I hope the President of the United States may never find in arms against him in the exercise of his lawful authority any man in whose veins runs the blood of the D'Arcys," said his grandfather, solemnly.

"You may be sure, sir," replied the soldier, "that no one will ever meet them on any road that is not the road of honor."

Well, my dear Gustave, we shall not discuss that topic here. I see that our little Mary is looking around anxiously, as if she would find some means of escape from the breakfast room. And I fancy that her sisters and all our young people are impatient to be abroad."

"Our people are already beginning to fill the lawn," said Mr. Louis D'Arcy, and the ladies must have their hands full all day, we had better not detain them here any longer."

And so they all rose. Mr. D'Arcy returned thanks, the ladies, under Mrs. D'Arcy's direction, took charge of the vast preparations necessary for the entertainment of the hundreds of men, women and children who were to be Mr. D'Arcy's guests that day, while the gentlemen sat on the broad veranda and discussed what was uppermost in their minds, the progress of the secession movement in the slave States, and the corresponding increase of activity and latter denunciation among the Republican party in the Eastern and Western States.

ished on the field of Oldbridge, having contributed not a little to the victory which shed such a transient lustre on the royal arms. Some of his brothers suffered at home, partly for their fidelity to their religious beliefs, partly for their attachment to the exiled sovereign; of the others one accompanied James II. to France and died there, and some preferred going to Spain.

The only son of the chieftain slain at Oldbridge, James D'Arcy, or Don Diego D'Arcy, as he was called thenceforth, married into the great Mendoza family, was appointed commander of a Spanish ship of the line, and sent on service to the Gulf of Mexico. There he helped, about 1702, to defeat the attempt made by Moor, the unscrupulous governor of Carolina, to destroy the colony of St. Augustine, and, having soon afterwards lost his wife, he threw up his command in the navy, and settled with his three children on a large and beautiful tract of land which he had purchased among the Appalachians.

Wary of the political world in which he had beheld wrong triumphant, justice down-trodden, and expediency made the universal law of State government; saddened, too, by the loss of his country, his paternal estates and a wife whom he idolized, he yearned for solitude, repose, and freedom to rear his children in the pure atmosphere of a new world, and to teach them by his own example to be the benefactors of their fellow-men, far away from the contentions of party animosity, and the scandals of the fierce religious passions that burned in men's breasts on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Appalachians, among whom he set toiled, reverend him for his goodness, while much of his wealth and influence were bestowed aiding the devoted missionaries to christianize and civilize these poor, but high-souled children of the American wilderness. Around Don Diego D'Arcy's home, near the site of the modern Tallahassee, a little colony of Europeans soon arose, the families composing it being, like the D'Arcys, of gentle blood, of a kindred religious and politic faith, and like them, seeking for perfect liberty in the seclusion and peace of these vast solitudes. All of them deemed it their highest duty to honor their ancestral faith in the eyes of the heathen native, by spotless purity of life and boundless beneficence.

Of his two daughters one became a member of the Franciscan community of St. Augustine, dying at an early age; the other, her heroic devotion to the spiritual needs of the neighboring Indian tribes, while the other sister became the wife of an Andalusian noble, and helped to contribute much to the support of missionary enterprise along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

Gerald, the only son of Diego D'Arcy, in his turn married a Spanish wife, who consented to share her husband's fortunes in the New World. They were indeed checked fortunes. The home which his father had reared near the Wakulla Lake was ruthlessly destroyed by the English, and the D'Arcys found a temporary refuge with the friendly Creeks of the Tallapoosa tribe. Most bitter to the souls of both father and son as had been the ruthless destruction of the Appalachians, Christian missions, the indiscriminate massacre of their inhabitants, and the slaughter of the missionaries, both heretically resolved to repair, so far as they might, the scandal and disaster of such invasions, made by one Christian colony against another.

They resolved by the friendship in which they were held by the Creeks, to spread among the latter some of the most lasting fruits of civilization; taught them to build more comfortable and spacious dwellings, introduced the plants and seed grain most suitable to the climate and country, and distributed among their villages such farming implements as could facilitate field labor.

The D'Arcys rendered their Indian friends still more important service by protecting them against the unjust attacks of the European colonists, who made war on the natives for the express purpose of reducing them to slavery. To the English settlers of Georgia and Carolina, they were enabled to be of signal service on more than one occasion. Governor Oglethorpe held them, and deservedly, in great esteem. Gerald D'Arcy aided the latter not a little in defeating Mouton's invasion, 1740.

Thenceforward Gerald and his family were but little annoyed on account of their Jacobinism or their religion. They never doubted at their principles or their creed, in doing for the revenue-cutter, or giving the ship to the coast-guard. Cargo after cargo had she landed, and, though often boarded by the Government men, so well was she managed, and so fertile in expedients were the crew, that, though convicted to be a smuggler, a case of conviction could never be brought home to her.

In the spring '37 information reached the Custom-house that the *Oncken* had cleared from Rotterdam with a large quantity of tobacco and some kegs of brandy. Strict orders were issued to the various stations on the coast. Revenue-cutters were accordingly cruising around the creeks, and many a bitter curse was levelled at a smuggler as the coast-guardsmen paced his dreary beat along the beach.

Watched by land and sea, still true to her course, none but friendly eyes saw her rakish figure gliding gracefully by the shore in his shadow of evening fell on her snow-white sails.

The white light shined from the cliffs. The galley is pulled ashore, and bale and keg are rapidly stowed away. Twice has the boat gone and returned to the vessel, and now twelve sneaky arms put her jumping over the water, with the last of the French smugglers' compliments are bandied at their success. The boat's keel grates on the shingles—and two forms stand, as it were, from the ground, and seize her by the bow.

"The first man that moves is dead," Before the startled smugglers could recover themselves, the pistol muzzles were staring them in the face. But for a moment, where the Mendozas, his ancestors, had owned and worked some gold mines, and where the friendly Cherokees bestowed on James D'Arcy the younger a large tract of land as a reward for some signal services they were their tribe.

Of this tract, however, Francis D'Arcy only retained a very small portion, and even for this he paid an equitable price to the Federal government. The old home, which he still maintained and cherished

on the spot selected by his ancestor, continued to be the winter residence of the family; but he himself ever showed a predilection for Fairy Dell. It was his own creation, and so were the thrifty industries his wise patriotism had fostered in the neighborhood.

To some of the ancient Spanish gold mines in one of the adjacent counties the D'Arcy's had preferred an early claim. But the mine, with its carefully constructed shafts and tunnels, remained as its Spanish discoverers had left it centuries before, Francis D'Arcy, whose practical sagacity was not inferior to his deep and varied learning, has early found a more profitable mine in the beautiful woods with which the plateau between the Blue Ridge and the Smoky Mountains abounds. Collecting therefore a body of well-skilled laborers he established several factories of cabinet and inlaid work.

As from the beginning the D'Arcys had been most strenuous in resisting the Indians to bondage, so they had been consistent in opposing the introduction of negro slavery. The comparative freedom which he enjoyed in his mountain home of employing such labor as he preferred, was one reason for his predilection for the place, and his fatherly love for every one of those who looked up to him, the rare talent he had of employing every individual in the work best suited to his capacity and inclination, and his generosity in compensating the laborer for his labor, diffused satisfaction through all classes of his workmen. He had divided his finest arable lands among families who preferred farming, providing them in the beginning with prepared wood for their cottages and out-buildings, with farming implements at what they had cost himself, and with grainseed at a mere nominal price, or gratuitously when the beginners could not afford the task of selecting carefully the timber fit for manufacture, of felling, hauling, and sawing it. They formed a class apart; had comfortable cottages, surrounded, each, by a few acres of good land, where their families enjoyed privacy and independence. The factory hands were provided for with the same wise and fatherly generosity. They were housed in which the children were taught by competent persons, who received a good salary, a handsome residence, and a special share of regard from the master and his family. The Protestant portion of these happy toilers had a neat church and regular clerical attendance. The Catholics, who were but a small minority, made for worship in a small chapel near the Manor House, were visited monthly by a clergyman from one of the neighboring cities, and in the interval of his visits, were left to the ministrations of Rose and Mrs. D'Arcy, who saw to it that no one remained ignorant of the great Christian truths, or uncomfortable during illness or distress, or deprived of the help to a happy death when the supreme hour was at hand.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WITH THE SMUGGLERS.

The northern coast of Ireland presented at this time facilities for smuggling which the needy speculator abroad and the adventures at home were not slow to utilize. Within easy access of the ports where to beacco and brandy were unrestricted goods, the caves, which looked out like port-holes on the Atlantic, afforded natural receptacles for the cargo.

Here it could be easily stored away. Here the eye of the exciseman was at fault—for the work of the waves was cunningly concealed. Here it might be secured and unmolested till occasion required, and a favorable opportunity presented for its removal.

A signal system was established by which communication could be held by the crew of the exciseman's boat. The red gleam told the look out man that danger was in the offing, the white steady light showed the spot where his goods should be sent ashore.

Of the many crafts that plied the lawless and exciting trade in those days, there was none that ran the gauntlet so often and so successfully as the *Oncken*. Many is the tale I have heard of her exploits in dodging from the revenue-cutter, or giving the slip to the coast-guard. Cargo after cargo had she landed, and, though often boarded by the Government men, so well was she managed, and so fertile in expedients were the crew, that, though convicted to be a smuggler, a case of conviction could never be brought home to her.

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to deal with those who were aloft. Now, immediately behind them, four stalwart sailors had been hiding away the previous consignment, and were even then creeping stealthily at their backs. Like a flash the pistols are dashed from their grasp, while practiced hands have them gagged and pinioned in a breath.

Not long are they left to meditate on their fate.

"Back, men; get ready the boat," called out the mate, a swarthy creek, as he drew a tall, powerfully built black to his side. "I'll see after these."

Only three months before this creek had lost his son by the bullet of a coast-guard's man, and he had sworn to avenge him. Throwing a swift glance around, "there was a lurking devil in his smile," and his eyes rested on the posts. These were imbedded in the sand at the entrance of a little creek about fifty yards from where he stood, and were used by the fishermen for mooring their boats.

It was now low water, and the ripples of the waves did not reach them, but when the tide was high, they were completely covered.

Without a struggle, for they were powerless to resist, the unfortunate men are dragged to the spot. And now they realize their awful position.

One in a sitting posture, the other in a standing position, they are lashed firmly to the posts. The boat is launched with all the crew abroad, and they are alone.

Alone: unable to speak; incapable of movement; no sound—breaks the stillness but the shrill cry of the gull and the sad dirge of the sea. What fearful agony of expectation! How it fades into the clammy sickness of despair, as death rises closer every wave!

Higher and higher the water rises. Higher and higher reaches the icy hand. Now it dashes over the face of one, and circles round the waist of the other.

Higher—still higher! For one the agony is over. The other—in the convulsive writhings of a last struggle, the gull slips from his mouth, and a wild scream bursts from his lips.

That scream was heard.

Two fishermen, guided by the sound, hasten to the spot, and bear his insensible but living body from the waves.

An attack of brain fever followed, which he survived. He arose, shattered in mind and body, but still able to give the story I have endeavored to relate.—*Shannon.*

ANTI-CATHOLIC OUTRAGES IN SCOTLAND.

The Catholic parish priest at Girvan, the Rev. W. J. O'Shaughnessy, has been building a small church, of considerable architectural merit, at Maybole. He has, in consequence, been subjected to a long persecution, from which he is at last forced to appeal to public opinion and to the local authorities. "Myself," he writes to the *Glasgow Herald*, "and my flock and my church, have been subjected to a thousand indignities, especially during the last four years. My flock, forbidden by me—under the severest penalties—a public can indicate forbidden to retaliate or take notice of what is said to them, have daily to listen at their work to the most infamous language against all we hold most sacred in religion. Even Protestants have expressed to me their astonishment how Catholics could stand it.

My own person has been abused with stone-throwing, dogs have been hounded on me, my ears have daily tingled, not only with the usual anti-Catholic cries, but also with the filthiest expressions that one would expect to hear in a very Sodom and Gomorrah. And my church has now, for the sixth time, been attacked and damaged, and I now, for the first time, make public complaint. . . . Let the penny-a-liners who actually come to manufacture their brilliant articles on Popish intolerance come to Maybole, and I promise them plenty of material on intolerance not Popish. I know I have the sympathy of all respectable Protestants, both high and low, at Maybole, and many have expressed it feelingly to me. I thank them cordially for it. But simple sympathy will not be of much use, unless my tradesmen's bills, I therefore expect that the local authority will give me some tangible proof of their sympathy, and of their determination to protect my church, my people, and myself. In this way they will prove to me and others that my cause of complaint is not Protestant intolerance, but the intolerance of a broken-down, and consequently of the sum of society."

We commend this case to those who have so warmly taken up the complaints of the Protestant missionaries in Connemara, and hope moreover that the public appeal of this long-suffering priest will obtain for himself and his flock efficacious redress for the outrages which he and they have so long and patiently endured.—*London Tablet.*

A SCOTCH HERO.

The Abbe Renyal was the first to give publicity to the following remarkable instance of Highland ingenuity and courage. The hero of it was a Sergeant of Montgomery's Highland Regiment, and his name Allan Macpherson. Being taken prisoner by the Indians, he was doomed to witness the miserable spectacle of several of his comrades tortured to death. Seeing them preparing to commence the same operations upon himself, he made signs that he had something to communicate. An interpreter was brought. Macpherson told them that, provided his life was spared for a few minutes, he would communicate the secret of an extraordinary medicine which, if applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the stings of a thousand snakes and swords, and that if it would allow him to go to the woods with a gun to collect the plants for this medicine, he would prepare it, and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck by the strongest and most expert warrior among them. This story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and the request of the Highlander was immediately complied with. Being sent into the woods, he soon returned, with such herbs as he chose to pick up. Having boiled these herbs, he rubbed his neck with their juice, and lying his head on a log of wood, destitute of the strongest man among them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would be surprised to find that he could not make the smallest impression. An Indian, however, a blow with all his might, cut with a tomahawk that