

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

IRELAND,

Hail, gem of the ocean! hail, Erin our pride—
Hail, petting of Nature, whose sod we adore!
Between us, in vain, rolls Atlantic's broad tide—
Sweet Isle of the West! we but love thee the more.

Old Scotia may boast of her heather and hills,
Bold Albion pride in her sway on the 'main,
The Swiss love his home where the lingering chills
Of winter usurp fleeting summer's domain.

But, Erin! no matter how cherished may be
The climes that abroad in our travels are seen,
Our hearts, all untravelled, still turn to thee,
Enraptured to feast on thy brightest of green.

Oh, where find a theme in the Muse to inspire
Emotions more rapt than the one that portrays
Thy scenic enchantments, that garland the lyre
Of Moore, thy sweet Bard, in his sweetest of lays!

Here round us—on hill-side, in thicket and vale,
The choicest of flowers in wild loveliness lie,
Whose sight and the odors they sweetly exhale,
The senses refresh while delighting the eye.

Here find we 'Avoca,' the poet's fond dream,
The lakes of Killarney, so peerless in charms,
The mountains of Antrim—huge Titans that seem
Supporting the vast sky dome in their arms.

Here, also, is heard, at the first blush of day
The lark, as aloft on its light wing it soars,
And, fresh to the young, rosy morning, a lay
Of soft melting melody gratefully pours!

Rare mines, too, are here, that, tho' boundless in wealth
Curst prejudice damns to lie waste all around—
A soil blest with richness, a climate with health,
And streams that in stores of live treasures abound.

But these, gifted Erin, these merits alone,
Are not what exalt thee in worth and esteem;
We prize thee no less for the virtues (their own)
That, cleansing thy sons, half their failings redeem.

Their God-given Genius that makes man divine—
That enshrines thy great Sarsfield's and Wellington's names,
Green in thy Grattan and Curran to shine,
And 'thy Burke, Moore, O'Connell and Sheridan in flames.

While the new-born snow that so chaste thro' the air,
Falls fresh from its cloud-fashioned cradle unstained,
Is scarcely more pure than thy unstained fair,
For beauty, not less than for chastity famed!

Then, where find a people more justly renowned,
For largeness of heart than the generous Celt,
Who'd share with his foe the last crust to be found,
His hate, in the host's genial kindness, unfelt.

Like the dews and the suns by the Levant possessed
That alternately usher in freshness and fire—
Thus, varying passions usurp his quick breast,
And friendship fast follows on hostile desire.

But falsely he's charged as a hater of law—
In strife and disorder inclining to lust,
For none hold in holier reverence and awe
The laws, if he feels that their spirit is just.

While love of his own native pastures and fields,
Life's varying fortunes survives to the end—
A love to which gladly all others he yields,
But love of the Faith that he'd die to defend.

Let the field of Clontarf, let the Irish Brigade,
Let Fontenoy's story, emblazoned in fame—
Next tell the achievements and valor that made,
The stoutest hearts sink at the Celt's dreaded name.

Let Waterloo's plains and Sebastopol's graves,
Let Africa's Sands and the Indies tell,
How, shoulder to shoulder, with Britain's best braves,
The Irish have valiantly conquered or fell.

How countless the fields, where they made common cause,
The fell breach in breasting, or—when duty called,
In hearing the death-dealing cannons' red jaws,
Fast rivals for glory where perils appalled!

Then *esto perpetua*, Erin! and may
Thy sun of prosperity, clouded too long,
Bursting, at last, into radiant day,
Reflect back thy glories of story and song!

Montreal, March, 1875.

W. O. FARMER.

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THE MESMERIST'S BATTLE.

By the Author of "The Week of Death."

I.

DE ME.

"Each of us divides the world into
two halves, the I and the Not I:
of these the first is the most im-
portant."

CARLYLE, (from the German).

I wish to record a few facts to arouse some at-
tention to a subject none the less important, be-
cause ignored. I ask from my Township readers
not to break through my thin disguises and
changes of name, or identify myself or others
concerned.

I graduated in 18— at McGill, and then
went to Paris and London to complete my qual-
ifications for my "license to kill." Like all
McGill students who have finished in England,
I may say I did remarkably well. On my re-
turn to Canada the doctors, in Montreal, con-
ceded all honour to my credentials. I found them
free from professional jealousy, in amusing con-
trast to the country practitioners in Canada, who
demean themselves by petty squabbles and even
by mutual depreciation. I was constantly in-
vited to consultations and soon worked into a lu-
crative practise.

Discontent may be "The Seal and Symbol of
a Man's Immortality." I hope in my case that it
was. For while steadily growing in prosperity,
a condition far more happy by the way than
prosperity itself, I was ever haunted by an inces-
sant though slight discontent. I had perhaps

the Hindoo notion that man and wife form one
perfect being, and that male and female singly
are only half an entity which is perpetually
craving its other half. My step-mother kept
house for me. I was not introduced to her till I
was fifteen years old, and when introduced to her
I did not like her. However, we never quarrelled
which may have been praiseworthy, but certainly
was dull. She had a slight tendency to scold and
speak evil of her neighbours. But utter silence
on my part, when she did so, accompanied by a
steady stare at the wall, checked its growth. In
petty details, which is all most women care
about, I was utterly indifferent and she had en-
tirely her own way. I thus indulged her love of
power and of petty economies, and gave her, I
think, almost all the happiness of which her na-
ture was capable.

"The proper study of mankind is man." This
has suggested my pet pursuit. By careful ob-
servation, by studying phrenology and physiog-
nomy, by claiming the confidence of all women
and most men I came across, I learnt to read
character at a glance. I found my conclusions
singularly correct in nine cases out of ten; in
the tenth often ludicrously wrong.

But the Montreal girls, among whom I search-
ed in vain for my Ideal, seemed to me more like
clothes-horses than women. They had each of
them some amiable traits; more than enough to
claim the love and devotion of men equally un-
reflecting. But I had formed an Ideal of a whole-
souled woman, full of faults perhaps, but free
from back-biting, free from pruriency, free from
worldliness, free from love of meretricious finery.
In Montreal I sought this Ideal in vain.

"God made the country and man made the
town." I found my love for nature languishing
amidst brick houses and dinner parties. One
morning, in bed, I determined to settle in the
Townships within reach of a summons by tele-
gram to any more interesting case in Town. I
told my step-mother my intention. She de-
clared she would not go. A fortnight later, I
informed her that I had rented a house in St.
John's. She began to pack.

I like St. Johns. The most soothing thing to
me when sceptical and unhappy is the peculiar
tint of distant hills. This I had there. I can
there get a swim before breakfast—the best thing
I know of for an over-wrought brain. And a
horse back gallop to Scotch Mountain and a climb
up its break-neck sides, revived the one and
only, though often shadowy, hold I had to life—
the belief, namely, that a special, personal, in-
dividual Providence was working all things
some how for good.

Forgive this preliminary egotism.

II.

SHE.

"Whoe'er she be
That not impossible She."
ANON

My story now begins.

One Monday, I saw an ill-printed placard an-
nouncing that "Signor V. di Gomo would hold
a seance, ventriloquist, prestidigitational and
electrobiological in the Town Hall, St. Johns,
that night." An old friend, the rector of St.
Hugues, and a deep classical scholar, was a mes-
merist and electrobiologist. Through him I
knew for certain, the certain existence of forces
which our senses can only see in their effects. I
resolved to patronise Signor Vasco di Gomo, the
Italian Scientist, or to call him by his right
name, Thomas Cox of Birmingham.

A more smiling face with worse phrenological
signs I never saw. The forehead was long and
it sloped back flat, like a snake's. Rare breadth
and depth of head behind the ears shewed rare
obstinacy, selfishness and sensuality. A gorilla-
like jaw shewed a persistence in purpose which
ignored all pain whether felt by himself or in-
flicted on others.

His ventriloquism consisted in poor Albert
Smith's trick of making his fist look like a night-
capped old woman, and making it seem to sing
a song in a cracked voice. In magic he was
very good, though, of course, not up to Houdin
or Anderson. But in his mesmerism he was cer-
tainly most potent. He took one fat fellow I
knew well and made him loll his tongue out of
his mouth. He made a regiment of the small
boys of St. Johns, a pretty tough lot, do a score
of tricks which no collusion could explain, and
with a naturalness surpassing that of the fore-
most actors on the stage.

"My wife," he said, "will now answer any
question any one wishes to put about the Spirit
World." And from behind the stage stepped forth
—my Ideal.

Utterly undeveloped, partly degraded, she yet
was in fullest and ampler germ, all that is noble
and grand in womanhood. Her large, lustrous,
dark eyes shewed infinite powers of fathomless
self-ignoring love. Her square forehead indicat-
ed common sense and sure reasoning powers, and
yet it was low. She was no blue stocking, but
"tenui fronte Lycisca." Her ape-shaped occi-
put shewed she had, as an ape has, the most
deep-seated motherly instinct—that crown and
glory of perfect womanhood. The graceful ne-
glected folds of an easy fitting dress, perfectly
though not obtrusively clean, shewed her tastes
to be chaste and pure. I saw or imagined that
her look towards her husband revealed scorn, and
yet that she loved him because she had nothing
else to love.

She was evidently a "good subject." Mesme-
rised at once by a mere effort of his will, she an-
swered all questions, with professional vagueness,
just as he silently Willed she should. He then

unmesmerised her and said she would take
round a plate and collect a trifle from the more
generous and enlightened members of the au-
dience to buy little luxuries for herself. Feeling
a five-dollar gold piece in my pocket, I put it in
among the scanty coppers in the tronc. With a
look of defiance and scorn, which melted how-
ever, as her eyes met mine, she thrust it back
into my hand. I humbly substituted a dime
and she past on.

I had a chat with Signor Gomo at the Market
Hotel. He told me his name and birth-place—
Cox was the first, and Birmingham the second—
and succeeded in borrowing five dollars of me.
He was to "show" next at Bedford. I happened
to go. His wife, I there found taking the money
at the door. A number of roughs who tried to
slip in without paying made her task a hard one.
Her husband asked me to stay by her side and
help her. I tried my old trick with sensible
woman of speaking in a brotherly tone, as if I
had known her for years, and of asking the most
leading questions in a matter-of-fact sort of way.

She was the daughter of a rich farmer. Her
mother died young. Her elder sister did the
work of the house. She did just what she chose,
and had all the money she wanted for dress—and
the dress she wears influences a girl's character
immensely. Her wants were neither niggardly
nor unreasonable. Her quick brain enabled her
to do household work, at a pinch, quickly and
well. She had plenty of time left her to read
dime novels, and, unfortunately, to dream. She
had only known "George" when she married
him. She had always had her own way. Her
life since then had been one incessant racket,
driving half the day and up till one or two every
night. She often "put her head on the table
and cried for hours when she thought of home."

"It is something," I said "to have a hus-
band to thank her."
"Thanks?" she said with her Yankee twang,
"not much of them, I guess. But it's not
George's fault. It's the liquor."

"You're tired to-night."

"Fit to drop."

"Go to your hotel and lie down. I'll keep
the door for you."

Good gracious, what if my step-mother had
heard my offer!

"No, there are some roughs here, and if they
were to attack George I think I could keep them
off."

"Have they ever done so?"

"No, but pretty near it! They might at any
time. At any rate I'm not happy if I'm away."

She grew evidently worse during the show, but
stayed behind to help him pack up the parapher-
nalia, and it was one o'clock before I heard her
walk past my door, and three o'clock when I
heard her husband stagger along the passage on
the way to bed.

The next morning, he told me he was off to
paste up bills in Dunham, and I heard from the
servants that she was ill in bed. Late that
night, they told me she was dying and asked me
to go and see her. Over fatigue had brought on
premature delivery of a seven month's child, be-
fore still-born. I telegraphed for a trusty nurse
and watched her carefully. Hearing Gomo's
voice below, I went down and told him how she
was. Her life hung on a thread. She might re-
cover, but if so could not be moved for six weeks
at least. He thanked me and told me to do what
I could for her, and not to fear about my bill,
and started off, nominally to Dunham, but really
—as it turned out—for parts unknown.

I watched long by Elvie Bracy's bedside. That
was her maiden name, as she disclosed in her de-
lirium. After a while, the tide turned, as by a
breath, in her favour and she began to amend.
The Signor put in no appearance, and a boy from
Eccles Hill drove back the team he had hired
with instruction to its owner to give him two
dollars for bringing it back. But he had to hoof
it back to hearth and home dollarless, sadder,
and perhaps wiser.

What was to be done? Professional interest
could hardly explain all my devotion to the big-
eyed invalid. My step-mother's letters, for she
kept herself wonderfully posted in all that went
on, put this pretty pointedly. If Elvie ever
looked pretty she did so when recovering from
her confinement. All women do so. However
long I had to wait, I meant to marry her if her
husband died before me. That I could win her
love, if allowed a fair field, I felt no doubt.

III.

HE.

"There is one thing which we
may always expect; that
which is unexpected."

I thought it desirable to go to Elvie's home,
the name of which she had disclosed in her de-
lirium. The first enquiries I made were about
her marriage. It had been performed in secret,
but by license and in due form. Her father after
his favourite daughter had left him, "had felt
lonesome," as he expressed it, and had fallen
into the clutches of a scheming widow who lived
in the neighbourhood. She had got the old
man entirely under her thumb, but treated him
well. But he was old and the shock of his
daughter's sudden marriage to a stranger seemed
to have broken up his constitution.

"I do not blame Elvie," he said, "the man
bewitched her."

"Would he take her back again?" I asked.
Such a yearning look passed over the old
man's face. "But before he could reply, the new
Mrs. Bracy, poured forth such a number of
reasons why "the stroller's wife" could not be

accommodated. "just then at any rate" that I re-
plied, with more temper than I thought I had
in me, that "my patient would not trouble her."

By one of those strange coincidences which
happen to me (and I believe to you, my reader)
more often than can be explained by any ma-
thematical law of chances, and which have
given me a philosophical belief in a Special
Providence which I would not sacrifice for all
else in the world beside—it seemed that Elvie's
sister, who was very fond of her, had married a
Canadian farmer, whose farm was at Sabrevois
near St. Johns.

Mrs. Bracy pressed me to stay tea. She had
that peculiar desire to entertain a well-dressed
stranger which is a redeeming point in her
class. The stage passed her door after tea-time
and would get me to Burlington in time for the
first train. The old man seemed strangely
anxious I should stay. I did not make Mrs.
Bracy and was not responsible for her faults.
My theory in life is that, next to doing her good,
my duty towards her was to please her in her
own way, and so I stayed, and it turned out well
that I did so.

The old man left the house, as I supposed, for
his chores. Mrs. Bracy began "cooking up"
with hospitable intent, when a shabby-genteel
man came to the door and asked if she would let
him "sing for a supper and bed."

"If the unrivalled entertainment I offer," he
lilted out in professional cant "is not worth the
remuneration I ask, I will pass on." I felt cu-
rious and entreated for him and ungraciously
enough she bad him "come in."

We sat by the fire and I spoke to him as an
equal and a friend, as I do to most people. He
dropt his professional "stiff upper lip." He
was a ventriloquist and comic singer.

"My most telling trick," he said, "I learnt
from Albert Smith" and he proceeded to make
his knuckles and thumb-end look like an old
woman's face and made it seem to sing a song.
"I've seen that trick performed in St. Johns."

I remarked.

"Yes by Gomo" he replied, "Cox, though is
his real name. He picked it up from me and
then turned me adrift."

"Do you know much of him?"

"I 'showed' with him for two years to my
cost."

That evening at Burlington I got some facts
in Gomo's past history which had important
bearing on my plans and after life.

Before I left, Mr. Bracy slipped into my hand a
letter to his daughter.

On my return to Bedford I found Elvie much
worse. She was delirious for long spells.

"What can I do?" she exclaimed with dry
anxious eyes wide-open. "He can't marry me.
What did he leave me for?" My heart leapt. She
evidently referred to me. Then her tones would
change to proud entreaty. "That long drive
will make me ill, George, or kill the little one!"
and then again: "I can't take money from him,
I'm another man's wife. Oh dear! oh dear!
what shall I do?"

After a while she closed her eyes. On open-
ing them they met mine. Her look changed to
one of calm, and almost of happiness. "Do not
fret" I whispered. "I will arrange all respectably
and well for you." "God bless you," she mur-
mured. Her arm reached round my neck, and
drew it to the pillow and she fell asleep.

My room was next hers, a thin partition and
door between them. I directed the nurse to
watch all night and rouse me as usual, by tapping
on the party wall in case of need.

I was roused from sleep by a voice I little ex-
pected to hear. It was Gomo's. The first words
I heard distinctly were "..... hate him.
Meet me here on Christmas Eve at this time."
I leapt from bed and began to hurry on my
clothes. But before I could stop him, Gomo
who had heard me, had rushed from his wife's
room and when I reached the hall door I heard
the noise of a team rapidly driving away. I
rushed barefoot after it. But when I reached the
court-house I could not tell whether it had taken
the turning towards Mystic or that towards
Stanbridge. I went back with bleeding feet to
the hotel, only too glad in the midst of all my
excitement that no man had seen me in my very
pre-Raphaelite costume.

Elvie I found sleeping soundly and the nurse
asleep too. The latter I discovered had been
drugged with opium. Gomo's sleight of hand
had doubtless made that no hard task to him.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC.

COFFEE.—Never boil coffee. Use the choicest
mocha, ground, one dessertspoonful to each person, and
pour slowly over it boiling water, through a bag. Make
it yourself if you wish to drink it yourself.

WHITE CAKE.—Two eggs, two cups of white
sugar, one cup sweet milk, one-half cup butter, beat to
a cream; two tablespoonful cream tartar, one teaspoon-
ful cream soda, three and one-half cups flour. When
baked, sprinkle the top with white sugar, and place
spoonfuls of jelly on the top.

APPLE SNOW.—Pare the apples, halve and
core them; put them to boil with a little water and one
cupful white sugar. When the apples are cooked, lift
them out without breaking; boil down the syrup and
pour over. On the top place a few spoonfuls of whites
of eggs; beaten to a stiff froth and seasoned with le-
mon.

SUET AND MILK FOR INVALIDS.—2oz. of mut-
ton suet (that next the kidney is best), cut into small
pieces, and simmer in about half a pint of water fifteen
minutes, then throw the water away, and add to the
suet one quart new milk, 2oz. loaf sugar, 2dr. cinnamon
bark, 4 oz.isinglass. Simmer for fifteen minutes, strain,
and drink lukewarm.