

FALSE AFFECTIONS.

As the cold blast of winter at even doth blow, And the pale moon illumines the bright spangled snow,

Through the night as the firelight is waxing full, He arises and strengthens its flame to a glow—in the East, slow appearing, the morning beams grew.

And the traveller wakes for his journey anew. More facts he hears on the fire of the eye To refresh and warm him before he shall leave;

He is gone, and the fire that he lit on the hill Is burning away—burning brightly still; And an hour passes on—the fire is no more,

And a year rolls away—where affections have been, The ashes remaining, alone can be seen; And still flies a year, as already the past,

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER XI.

"HER HEART'S DESIRE."

"The nine days' wonder was at an end; the Wonderful Wedding had become a thing of the past. Mr. and Mrs. Nolan had been wandering about for fully six weeks, and were shortly expected home.

"Home! Where ultimately that was to be Lewis Nolan had not the faintest idea. His intention was to take his wife to a hotel upon their return, and once he had asked her if among them she had any preference, and Sydney had blushed in a guilty way and evaded an answer.

"The man's pride in that certain degree had been exalted by his marriage, and he shrank with, perhaps, a morbid sensitiveness from renewing this subject. They had gone to Washington first, then westward; it did not matter where just at present, you know; they did not tread the earth, but a sublimated, etherialized, rapturous world of their own.

"Mrs. Nolan had desired to go to Europe, and show Mr. Nolan Italy and the Rhine, Paris, and Napoleon the Third; but Mr. Nolan had insistively declined. A six weeks' holiday he might afford; a six months' scamper was not to be thought of. Did Mrs. Nolan expect to heckle him at this early stage of proceedings?

"He objected to being trotted about Europe at present; his wife might consider herself fortunate that he had honored her by leaving Wall Street, even for a day. And Sydney had laughed, and given up the point. It was delightful to obey Lewis, to feel he had the right to command, that she belonged to him, to him alone, wholly and for all time!

"But the six weeks ended, and they were coming back. Coming back—where? Once more Nolan bronched the hotel question—once more Sydney slipped out of it with a caressing: 'Wait until we get to New York, Lewis; I'll decide then.' All through the honeymoon a conspiracy had been in progress; mysterious letters passed between Mrs. Graham and the bride, which the bridegroom was not permitted to see, and which wreathed Mrs. Nolan's face with dimples.

"One lovely June morning, a steamer floated up to her pier, and the happy pair were back in the dear familiar din and dust of Gotham. A very elegant private carriage, with a pair of handsome black horses and a coachman, blacker than the horses, was drawn up to the pier. Within sat Mrs. Graham and Uncle Grif, and handshaking and kissing ensued, and inquires all round, and the young wife was informed she was looking uncommonly well, and then the quartette were flashing away up town. Sydney sat, and talked, and looked nervous and cast wistful sidelong glances at her husband. Mr. Nolan, unconsciously unconscious of his destiny, but with a feeling that all the rest knew, took out a damp morning paper, and with a true 'married-man manner' calmly began to read. Presently they were very far up town in quiet and dignified streets of brown-stone stables, and before one of those 'palatial' residences, semi-detached, with shrubbery in front and an air of elegant rusticity, the carriage stopped.

"Lewis, Sydney said, in a tremulous whisper, laying her hand on his arm, 'this is—home.'

"His eyes answered her; he said nothing, only sprang out and assisted the ladies. Uncle Grif ambled after, and the carriage was driven round to certain stables in the rear.

"They entered an imposing hall, hung with paintings, rich in bronze and statuary, and into a dining-room, perfect in every dark and handsome appointment, where a table stood with a silver and china breakfast equipage, and where Mamma Nolan came forward to meet and welcome her son and daughter. And still in silence Lewis saw it all.

"How is Lucy? Sydney asked.

"Better than usual, and Sydney-sick, as perhaps her letters have told you. Will you go up-stairs and take off your things? You must be famished after your journey. I will show you the way."

"Come, Lewis, Sydney said, shyly, and Lewis followed up the long easy stairway, to another hall, both perfect in every minute detail of costly upholstery. Mamma Nolan threw open a door and displayed a vista of three rooms en suite, quite superb in coloring and appointment.

"I hope they will please you," said Mamma Nolan. "Mrs. Graham followed your instructions to the letter. Now make haste, like good children, and come down to breakfast."

"You—you are not angry that I did not consult you?" she said, pleadingly. "I wanted to surprise you. It is so long since I have had a home, a real home, that the thought of this has been sweet to me. You do not mind, Lewis? Why don't you speak?"

"What can I say, Sydney? I feel crushed. Fortune seems to shower fairy gifts upon me. I receive all and give nothing. There are no words that I can speak. Some day—if ever—when I am a successful man, I will tell you what I feel; just now I cannot. I can only say—I love my wife."

"Perhaps Mr. Nolan could have said in his most eloquent moments nothing his wife would have liked so well. She laughed as she threw off her hat and jacket, and began to smooth her hair.

"It is a lovely house, is it not? Mr. Graham, Uncle Grif, Mrs. Graham, and your mother were all in the plot. You never can tell, Lewis," said Mrs. Nolan plaintively, "what I have suffered the past six weeks keeping this secret."

"I am quite sure of it, my love!" "And it is the last, the very last I ever mean to keep from you for a moment. Now let us go down to breakfast, for I am most ex-cruciatingly hungry."

Sydney's new life has fairly begun—her unclouded new life. Lewis made his daily pilgrimage to Wall Street early in the morning, and Mamma generally drove down for him early in the evening. Lucy was well, that is, much better than usual. Katie Macgregor was back, had roped in the erratic old Vonderdonck at last, and was to pass him for good at St. Alban's, in early autumn. Mrs. Macgregor, now that the evil was inevitable, smiled upon her fair, erring relative once more, even upon that fair relative's pauper husband. Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Nolan gave an "At Home," preparatory to Mrs. Nolan's fitting away before the July heats, and a large assembly were bidden and came.

It was an affair to be remembered—the romantic interest attaching to the marriage; the lovely, blissful face of the young wife, her exquisite toilet and diamonds; the stately bearing and air noble of the young husband, carrying himself as one to the manner born; and the magnificence of the house itself—all combined to make this reception quite out of common—a brief glimpse of romance.

And so Sydney has her heart's desire, the husband she loves, and a home that is an ideal home in its beauty and perfection; and is that world's wonder, rare as the blossom of the century plant—a perfectly happy woman.

CHAPTER XII.

TEDDY.

The first days of July send Mrs. Nolan to Newport for the blazing weeks, and Mrs. Graham and Katherine Macgregor go also. Mr. Nolan escorts them, stays a day, and returns to town. He has grown used to being stared at as the hero of a love match, a sort of modern Claude Melnotte, a lucky young baronet, who has successfully carried off, over the heads of all competitors, the beautiful heiress of fabulous thousands. Great things are predicted of this fortunate young man by the knowing ones.

"A young fellow of prodigious talent, sir, great oratorical powers, keen forensic abilities. With his own cleverness, industry and ambition, combined with the great beauty and wealth of his wife, and the social power she will wield, any career is open to Nolan—ANY, sir—bar, bench, or senate. The young man will be a judge at thirty, sir—a fellow of infinite capabilities, and amazingly shrewd for a youngster. Lovely creature, the wife."

It seemed as if Nolan himself, who said very little about it, had notions that coincided. Certainly he did not spare himself; he worked without stint or measure. Sydney entreated him, when he made his tiring visits, to remain a week; he kissed her, laughed at her, and returned inexorably. She was growing jealous of these grimy big tomes, of his office and profession, that en-chained him. How much stronger hold they seemed to have upon him than she had. Ambitious he had always been, and his affections for his wife was but an added spur. She must be proud as well as fond of the penniless husband she had chosen, and he grudged every lost hour as one that kept success an hour longer off.

Every Saturday evening he went to Newport and spent Sunday with his wife. As a matter of course, therefore, Sunday became the one day of the week to this infatuated young woman. Still the intervals, wit' their water parties, driving parties, horseback rides, long walks, evening hops, surf bathing, band, the well-dressed, well-mannered crowd of men and women, all the light insouciant, sunny, sensuous life of a fashionable watering-place, could hardly drag to any very wearisome extent. Sydney grew plump and rosy as Hebe's self, and seemed to have found a fairy fountain of perennial beauty and youth. Mr. Nolan, on the other hand, as August blazed to a close, began to look a trifle jaded and worn; hot weather and hard work were beginning to tell upon him, and Sydney, quick to note the slightest shade on that one face of all faces, grew alarmed, and despite the expectations of friends and admirers, fitted back to the city to see that Lewis did not go off with congestion of the brain from over-study.

"What could that beautiful creature have seen in that fellow?" queried the Newport gentlemen, pulling their pet mustaches meditatively. "A clothes-wearing fellow, with nothing to say for himself, nothing in the way of looks to speak of, besides a tolerable figure and a pair of overgrown eyes. What's there about him that she should have thrown away herself and her ducats upon him, and after four months' of matrimony adore the ground he walks on?"

Sydney was looking forward to a very gay winter. She knew that she could further her husband's views by her own gracious hospitality. In the case of almost every successful man there is always a woman who does for him what he cannot do for himself, a good genius in petticoats without whom success could never have been achieved. She may be his wife or she may not, but she clings to him and loves him, and her slender hand either pulls or pushes him to heights he else would never attain. So Sydney purposed taking Society by storm this winter, giving a series of brilliant entertainments, and making her husband's face as familiar to all influential New York as the statue in Union Square. But woman proposes—the Infinite Justice that disposes had decreed very differently from Mrs. Lewis Nolan.

September was here, and September in New York is a perfect month, a gem in the necklace of the year. Coming home from a shopping expedition one afternoon, Mrs. Nolan was informed by the smart black boy in buttons who answered the bell, that a caller awaited her in the drawing-room.

"Ben, what'n more'n half-an-hour, missis," says Jim; "said just to tell you, please, as you've a very old friend wished to see you. Didn't give me no name, nor card, nor nuffin, missis. Got a little boy wild her, so weak that I could neither lift my hand,

Sydney descended to the drawing-room. A lady, dressed in black sat on a sofa, her back to the door, turning a photograph book, and for some seconds did not turn. A child of four, a handsome little fellow, in velvet blouse and breeches, golden ringlets and a pair of shapely juvenile legs, looked up at her with a friendly smile.

Very much puzzled, Sydney drew near; the child was a stranger to her—who was the lady? The lady arose at the moment, turned, and faced her. There was a gasp, a cry, a rush, and Sydney was clasping in her arms Cyrilla Hendrick!

"Cyrilla! Cyrilla! oh, darling Cy!" "My dearest Sydney!" Yes, it was Cyrilla's voice—Cyrilla's dear, familiar face upon which she was raining kisses. The old fascination of her school-girl days was not outgrown by later loves. As the world held out one perfect man, that man her husband, so it held but one Cyrilla Hendrick, friend dearest and best beloved.

"My pet, my pet!" cries Mrs. Nolan, in a rapture, "what a surprise this is! Oh! Cy—darling—how I have longed for you, worried about you, all this time! Where have you been? Why did you not find me out before? Let me look at you and make sure it is my very own Cyrilla."

She holds her off and gazes. Cyrilla smiles. She is changed, but not greatly. There is the creamy, colorless beauty, the youthful roundness, the perfect contour of other days, the old haughty poise of the head, the great dusk, sombre eyes, the high-bred, distinguished air Sydney remembers so well.

"Well?" Cyrilla says coolly. "You have changed, dear, and yet, where the change is I cannot make out. Oh! my Cy—my own dear friend, I cannot tell you, indeed I cannot tell you, how happy it makes me to see you again."

"I was sure of it," is Cyrilla's answer, "else be very certain, Sydney, I had never come. It is my turn to look at you. How have you changed certainly. How handsome you have grown! You were always pretty, but not like this."

"Happiness is an excellent cosmetic," laughs Mrs. Nolan, "and I am very happy Cyrilla."

"You look it. And so you are! Wooded and married and a—what a fortunate man is Mr. Nolan! I hope he appreciates it."

"Fully, I assure you." All this time they have been standing clasping each other's hands, gazing in each other's faces. Now the youthful personage in the velvet blouse, who has been standing unnoticed regarding this scene, pulls Cyrilla's dress and pipes in:

"Mamma—mamma, who is the pretty lady?" "Mamma!" Sydney starts as if she was shot, and looks from one to the other. She has absolutely forgotten the child in the sudden surprise of the meeting. Cyrilla's son, surely, for Cyrilla's black, solemn eyes shine in the baby face, although the small, fair features and flaxen curls are very unlike her friends' dark skin and jetty hair.

"This lady is Auntie Sydney—you know Auntie Sydney?" The small head nods intelligently. "Now go and tell Auntie Sydney who you are, my pet."

"The young gentleman advances, very much at his ease, looks up into Mrs. Nolan's face, and gives his biography. "I is Teddy Croo."

"Oh, Cy!" Sydney says, and snatches Freddy Croo in her arms and takes away his breath with kisses, "I never dreamed of this." She is paler than Cyrilla with emotion, as she bends over Cyrilla's son, all the maternal heart in a wife's bosom aroused.

"You know that I was married, did you not?" Cyrilla says quietly. "You remember my visit to you at Mrs. Macgregor's five years ago last May? That was my bridal tour, Sydney. I had been married two weeks then."

She stops a moment. She has great self-command, always had, but even her self-command is shaken a little as she thinks of then and now. "I married Fred Carew at Mrs. Colonel Delamere's house, Sydney, and, under pretext of visiting you, came to New York with him. It was all of a piece—duplicitous on my part from first to last, duplicitous that worked its own retribution. The very day I left you I met Miss Jones in a Broadway omnibus, and she went all the way to Montreal to tell me about. The deceit, the plotting, the false assurances, from beginning to end, were mine—mine alone. Fred urged me to tell my truth—he only yielded to please me. I wanted him and I wanted Miss Dormer's money, and in trying to secure both, lost both. It was simple justice—I acknowledge that."

"I wrote to Mr. McKelplin," faltered Sydney. "There were such extraordinary rumors afloat. Some said you had been married to Mr. Carew; others, that although you were with him in New York, you were not his—"

"His wife—go on, Sydney. That I should lose reputation as well as husband and fortune, I also richly deserved; for across my aunt's dying bed, with Fred's eyes upon me, I denied our marriage."

"I never believed that story," said Sydney. "I mean, that you were not married. If you were with Lieutenant Carew in this city, I knew as surely as I lived, it was as his wife!" "My loyal Sydney! Yes, I never feared your hearing, I never doubted your fidelity. Whatever has befallen me, I have fully merited. You know how poor Aunt Phil hated Fred—well, she was dying, and she asked me to swear that I was not his wife. I see the scene at this moment, Sydney, as vividly as I saw it then. I live it over in dreams. I awake with a start a dozen times a day, and come back from that dingy, stifling room, with Aunt Dormer, a ghastly sight in the bed, Mrs. Fogarty and Miss Jones watching with deadly hatred for my downfall, and Fred standing with folded arms waiting for me to speak. I have never seen him since, Sydney—no, not once—never even heard of him from that dreadful day."

nor speak aloud, nor care whether I lived or died. They were very kind to me. One of the physicians had taken a fancy to me, it seemed, and gave me devoted care and skill. Gradually I grew stronger, and from Dr. Digby I discovered where I was and how I had come there.

"Some time in the evening, it appeared, the conductor going his rounds, had found me lying in my seat to all appearance dead or dying. There was great excitement and alarm, and the moment we reached Boston I was brought here. I had been ill, very ill—so ill that at one time Dr. Digby had thought death inevitable. My friends in Montreal had advertised for me, he said. I stared at this—one of them, he went on, had even come here to see me. His name was McKelplin, and he had left a note for me, and the sum of five thousand dollars to my credit in the bank. Donald McKelplin, whom I had always even laughed at, whom I had shamefully led on and deceived, was an honorable gentleman after all, it seemed. I cried over his note, Sydney—I, who never cry, but I was weak and broken down, and kindness so undeserved moved me. It was a cold and civil note; he made no allusion to my marriage or my treachery; he simply said that his late lamented friend, Miss Phillis Dormer, having left him her whole property, he considered it his duty to see that the services I had rendered his esteemed friend in her last illness were not unrequited. It was what I had no right to expect from him, of all men, but I felt that it was no more than I had rightfully earned from her. Twice that amount would not have repaid me for the life I led at Miss Dormer's, so I answered Mr. McKelplin, accepted the money humbly and gratefully, and then turned my thoughts to the future. I was not to die, it seemed, and lonely and desolate as life would be, I clung to it as we all cling. I had five thousand dollars, and youth, and just then that seemed affluence. Long before Dr. Digby thought me fit to leave his care, I bade him good-bye and came here to New York, found a boarding-house, and grew strong at my leisure."

"I am not going to tell you, Sydney, how desolate and heart-sick, remorseful and despairing I was at times. If you had been here I would have come to you; you were just the only person in the world whose pity I could have borne. I had not one friend in the whole great city, and of all loneliness the loneliness of one utterly alone in a great city is the most utter. To see thousands pass you by and not one familiar face, to feel a lost, unknown creature among all who come and go, to know that you might drop down and die in their midst and not one to give you a second thought. Oh! you cannot realize this. It was the most absolutely wretched time of my life; but in spite of that I grew strong and hearty, and the old question rose up—what should I do? Five thousand dollars would not last forever. I must earn my own living."

"My first thought, one that I found hard to give up, was of the stage. If I had capabilities for anything, if I had a vocation in life, that was it. I was an excellent elocutionist already, thanks to long training and natural taste; I had a tall and good figure, a passable face, a head of good hair below my waist, and two black eyes. I took stock of myself as any manager might appraise me; I had a flexible voice; I could dance, sing, speak French, and would never know the meaning of stage fright. I had money enough to live upon until the initiative training was complete. I felt certain of success if I tried, and still—and still I hesitated. I had outraged my husband, driven him from me, and now that I had lost him, I did what I never had done before in my life—stopped to think whether or no he would have approved of my impulses. Easy as you may have thought him, free from prejudices, he yet had very strong pride and prejudices about certain things. One of these was the stage, for example. He had never seen it, but he had known him. 'It's no place for you, Beauty,' he would say, 'with your gunpowder temper, and peppy pride, and overbearing little ways generally. You would come to grief in the green-room in a week. Besides, the theatre's well enough for those that must go in for that sort of thing; some of the women are trumps, take 'em anyhow you like; but it's not the place for you, Beauty; I never want to see your face behind the footlights.'

"And I knew Freddy felt much more strongly and deeply on this subject than he could express. And I, who had never acknowledged any will but my own heretofore, now that he and I were parted forever, obeyed his wishes, gave up my one ambition, and resolved that my life for the future should be one of expiation for the past. I had found a quiet home about this time with a widow, 'poor but honest,' as they say, who took no other boarders; and here, one January day, my baby arrived. Life all at once grew bright again; I had something to love, live for, and work for. After all the tears and weeping, joyfulness had been poured in at last.

"Four months after baby's birth, I set myself resolutely to look for labor. I had lived so economically that I had nearly four thousand dollars still, but I was growing niggardly for baby's sake, and must keep that for him. I advertised in the daily papers and answered advertisements without number, ladies wanted companions—families wanted governesses—there seemed no end of situations; but when one applied there was always something that rendered it impossible to accept. I advertised for pupils in music and French; but the market was drugged, it seemed, with French and music teachers. Four months had passed, and I seemed as far off a livelihood as ever, but baby thrived and grew, and I was happy, Sydney, as happy as I could be in this world again. At last, it was by the merest chance I saw an advertisement of a young ladies' seminary in Chicago that stood in need of a French, and music, and staging governess. With credentials from the clergyman who had baptized Ted, and the doctors, I went to Chicago, suited the vacancy, and got it. I had lost my husband I told the gentlemanly principal and his wife, and they looked sympathetic, and did not press me with questions. Of course I could not keep my baby in the school, and the thought of parting with him almost made me resign the position. But this would have been folly, and I was worn out trying so long, so the sacrifice had to be made. After some trouble I found a young married woman, with a seven-months baby of her own, willing to take charge of Teddy on reasonable terms, and to her care I was obliged to resign him. One inducement was, that she kept a cow, and Teddy could have plenty of fresh milk. And she has been the best and most tender of nurses to my boy; he has been with Mrs. Martin ever since."

Cyrilla paused, as if her story had come to an end, and looked with tender eyes at her little son.

"Who is he like, Sydney?" etc wistfully asked.

"Like Fred Carew, with Cyrilla Hendrick's black eyes. My own dear Cy, how lonely and miserable you must have been all these years—how much you have suffered since we met last."

I have wrought my own destruction, Sydney

"I deserved no pity. I can only think that I have wrecked his life, and hate myself for it."

"You have heard nothing from him all those years?" "Nothing of him or from him; I never expect to—I do not even wish it."

"Not wish it?" "No—could never be happy together; he could never trust me, he could have nothing but contempt for the wife who so basely denied him. If he took me back at all it would be through pity, and I would rather be as I am than that."

"Ah! Cy, the old pride is not dead yet. If it were my case, I think I would only be too glad to be taken back on any terms. It is strange to me that Mr. Carew has not sought you out. He was so fond of you, Cyrilla, I can't understand his resigning you wholly for one fault; love forgives everything."

"Not such a sin as mine; and Fred, slow to anger, is also slow to forgive. Don't let us talk about it. I am resigned, or try to be. But to go on—I have to think of the future, not the past."

"And all of these years you have been a governess in a school. What a destiny for you, my brilliant Cyrilla!" "Cyrilla half laughed.

"Do you remember Aunt Phil's cheerful prediction, croaked out so often? 'Mark my words, my niece Cyrilla will come to no good end!' She was a true prophetess, was she not? And it does not lighten labor, or cheer the monotony, to feel that I owe it all to myself. Well, I ought to be thankful in the main, I suppose. I have Teddy, a respectable home and profession, they are all kind and friendly, and I save money for a rainy day. It is better fortune than I deserve."

"You are greatly changed, Cy; this said, resigned manner is not much like the bright ambitious Cyrilla Hendrick of Petit St. Jacques. What shuttlecocks of fortune we all are!" "Life's battledore has hit you, genty, Syd; I never thought that you would grow half so lovely. Can you imagine why I have sought you out at last?"

"Remorse of conscience at having neglected me so long, I should hope."

"I am afraid not. I have come to remind you of a promise—made first in school, afterward in your old home; a promise that if ever I stood in need of a friend, do what I might, you would be that friend."

"I remember," Sydney answered, with emotion. "To see you and be your friend is all that has been wanting, since my marriage, to make my happiness complete. What is it, Cyrilla?"

"That you will take my boy and keep him for me until I can claim him. Mrs. Martin and her husband are going to Galveston, and Teddy will lose his home. To give him to strangers I cannot endure; but if you will take him, Sydney—"

Sydney's answer is the delighted hug she inflicts on Master Teddy.

"Oh, Cy! how good you are to think of me. I love children; do I need to tell you that I love yours above all? My pet, kiss Auntie Sydney! I am going to be your mamma, now. You will stay with me, Teddy, won't you?" "Does you have Johnny-cake for tea?" asked Teddy cautiously, before committing himself to rash promises. "Cause if you hasn't I won't."

"Johnny-cake, pound-cake, jelly, oranges, candies, ice-cream—everything!" says Auntie Sydney, magnificently.

"See! I'll stay with you," says Teddy, manifesting no emotion of any kind. "I like oranges, and candy, and ice-cream. Does you keep a cow?"

"Not a cow, Teddy, but I think we might get one if you wish it very much. And a pony—can you ride a pony, Ted?"

"I can ride a wooking boss," answers Teddy, rousing to enthusiasm at last. "I can make him gee up, bully, like everything!" "Then consider yourself master of a wooking-hoss and a cow, and oranges unlimited. Oh! Cyrilla, why cannot you stay as well as Teddy, and make your home with me? I would be so happy—"

"And Mr. Nolan also, no doubt," says Cyrilla, smiling; men are so fond of having their wife's bosom friends domiciled with them. "No thank you, Syd; I have my life work to do, and will do it. You have made me unutterably grateful by taking Ted."

unemotional nature, evidently, is Frederic Carew, junior. So Cyrilla goes, and Sydney leads Master Ted up to her own room, feeling as if in a dream, feeling also that the last drop of content has been added to her cup, and that one other will make it brim over with bliss.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH CRIMINALS IN AMERICA.

How They Compare in Number With Those of Other Nationalities. The oft repeated and cant saying, "Who built our jails, etc.?" has long been in use by the political, as well as the religious bigot, who, when beaten in fair, manly arguments, takes to mendacity and ruffianism in the denier theme of "our jails etc. are filled by the Irish." That the Irish possess the necessary skill as well as muscle to build jails is undisputed; but the tenth annual report of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities of the State of Pennsylvania for 1880, and to which is appended a statistical report, fully attests to what extent prisons are filled by the Irish.

These carefully arranged tables at the end of the volume show that 3,417 persons were convicted of crime during 1879, of whom 987 were in Philadelphia. Of these 3,417 were hanged, making just 250 persons that executed in that State during the last hundred years. Of these convicts 84.24 per cent. are native Americans; 5.09 per cent. Germans; 5.53 per cent. Irish; and 3.40 per cent. English. That the data given in these statistics is a safe criterion on which to base a fair average for the States, must appear manifest to any fair and impartial person. Indeed, the chances are that it would be in excess, inasmuch as the unfavorable circumstances and evil influences under which Irishmen were placed renders the assumption highly justifiable that crime, among them, was at the maximum during the past few years in Pennsylvania.

One of the oldest and most reliable magazines in this country, the Penn Monthly, published in Philadelphia, in its issue for August and in an article entitled "The watch over our public charities," pp. 652 and 653, comments as follows on the above statistics:—

"These proportions are certainly not such as coincide with popular impressions. There is a very common notion that the Irish in America contribute more than their share to our criminal class. But this expectation is contradicted by all the statistics of crime in their own country—which is more free from offenses against property, property and chastity than any other country in this world—and also by these Pennsylvania tables. On the other hand, the English, who form but a small percentage of our population, furnish nearly as many criminals as the Irish."

"This fact has importance far beyond any honor it may do to the Irish portion of our population, it refutes one of the most specious objections made to Sir Walter Crofton's prison system, which has been in force in Ireland for nearly a quarter of a century, and which has reduced the (never large) criminal class of that country to half its former dimensions. Sir Walter divides the term of each convict into three equal portions. The first is spent in an ordinary prison; the second in an engagement in an open plain; the third in apprenticeship under police surveillance. In case of any attempt to run off, the convict befalls the whole term over again. It is claimed that this system embodies the best and most advanced ideas of prison discipline. The advocates of the Pennsylvania system dispute this claim. When they are pointed to what it has been done for Ireland, and asked what Cherry Hill has done for Pennsylvania, they are apt to shake their heads and hint that our prisons are full of Irish convicts who have escaped from such lax custody, to renew their depredations in the new world. The statistics of such escapes are easily accessible, being reported periodically to Parliament. But they are never alleged by the opponents of the Irish system. Neither do they tell us that the Irish convicts in Pennsylvania prisons form less than five per cent. of the whole number."

P. T. LLOYD. Leavenworth, Kan., Aug. 16th, 1880.

A QUEER DUKE.

In 1851 the Duke of Brunsvick left England suddenly for Paris, choosing as an eccentric mode of conveyance Mr. Green's balloon, the Nassau, in which he ascended from Vauxhall. He arrived in Paris with his enormous baggage, some chests of which were reasonably detained at the custom-house, owing to the suspicious circumstances of their containing uniforms, which caused great excitement. After the coup d'etat our duke established himself in the Champs Elysees, at the Lola Monte's Hotel, which he gradually transformed into a sort of Eastern Palace, full of extraordinary caprices and whimsies, out of the Arabian Nights. But under the blaze of gold and decorations which adorned his bedroom, everything was of iron, to guard against assassination—floor, ceiling, and door—so that it was in fact an iron cage in which this unhappy Sultan lay down to rest. The various portkeys were entrusted to different sets of workmen, so that the whole combination was a secret. In the wall was contrived a recess, opened by a key which was always attached to his person, where was hung by chains an enormous coffer, which a touch allowed to sink into a deep well that reached far below the foundations of the hotel. Here were stored his bonds, jewels, and golden tablets, some of which were cast in the shape of chocolate slabs. The whole house was as gorgeous as money and extravagance could make it. Forty horses were in the stables, and as many servants waited on him. The visitor, after innumerable precautions, was seated in a rich chair, which carried him aloft to the upper floors, which in the days, before "lifts" were familiar, was considered something out of the fairy tales. But the old idea of being poisoned along to him, the very milk arriving from the country under locks and bolts. His regular dinner he partook of not at home, but at the cafes and restaurants. At the theatres and on the boulevards for many years the spectacle of this strange duke became familiar. He was always carefully painted and bewigged for the day; and the story ran that he had a room full of waxen images of his own face, tinted in different fashions, according to which he would color his own. A Nubian slave always attended him. One night, at a party given at Prince Jerome's, the duke, impatient of being unable to get through the crowd of empire magnificences who blocked the way, called out fiercely to his black— "Make a passage for me. Use your sword." His grand passions were lawsuits and diamonds. He wanted to law with a washerwoman for a bill of seven francs. He went to law with his architects, upholsterers, gardeners. His rage for jewels was extraordinary, and when he appeared on some great night to see. He wore two epaulettes of large yellow diamonds, each worth £20,000, while his chest was encrusted with a dozen jewelled orders, from the Golden Fleece to the Lion and Sun.—All the Year round.