THE POET'S NAMELESS GRAVE.*

Oh, then, thus softly to the silent bed
Of the dark tomb let me at length descend,
Where the bleak path which now on earth I tread,
So dear and yet so sad, shall have an end.
Day shall return; but this unconscious head
Shall never from its pillow damp ascend,
Nor on the field and all their tenants gaze,
Nor match the setting sun's sweet parting rays.

Perchance, across these pleasant hills, one day,
In search of me some much-loved friend will come,
And asking for me, as he takes his way,
Some peasant-boy will lead him to my tomb;
My tomb—this nameless stone—where oft I stray,
And rest my weary limbs as 'twere my home,
And sit unmoved and sad, or to the breeze
Pour all my soul's poetic ecstasies.

And these dark groves, which o'er me gently sigh,
In death above my peaceful grave shall nod,
And the tall grass, so welcome to my eye,
Over my head shall deck the verdant sod.
"Oh thou," my friends perchance shall cry,
"The calm and lonely path which thou hast trod
Hath led thy footsteps to a holier state,
And half deceived the stern decrees of Fate."

—*From the Italian of Cavaliere Ippolito Pindemonti, by Thomas Roscoe.*

AVE MARIS STELLA.*

Star on the wide and pathless sea,
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee
We hang within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tossed,
From earthly aid we turned to thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high;
When matrons by the hearthstone sigh;
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;
The Star of ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep and stormy sea,
When wreaking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin form we see,
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave,
The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet:
The surging seas recede, to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep foundations reel;
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of woe,
That suffering souls a respite feel
From torture in the depths below.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name the faithful Portuguese,
And all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own;
When gathering clouds obscure their light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The Star of ocean glitters bright.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay!
Mother of Christ! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosom fires;
When storms and tempests pass away
Take us to join immortal choirs.
Ave Maris Stella!

—*Translated from the Portuguese by Dr. Lyden.*

* From "Gems from Foreign Catholic Poets," collected by James J. Treacy, Editor of "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens," "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," "Conquests of Our Holy Faith; or, Testimonies of Distinguished Converts," etc.

THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD.

BY RICHARD DOWLING

PART I.—THE RACE OF LANE.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

'It's very hot, Mr. Heywood, but a day like this does one good.' He was trying to extract some consoling reflection from the midst of his sufferings.

'Yes, a warm day does one good; the heat opens the pores, and thus the oxygenation of the blood is facilitated.'

'Is that it?' asked Cahill, who seemed to think that opening of the pores might be very agreeable to those who knew all about them and the blood; but that for ignorant men it was best to have them closed, in a cooler atmosphere.

'And,' continued the philosopher, 'when the blood is oxygenated, the spirits improve, and the fancy is quickened.'

'Ah!' breathed the young man, turning anxious eyes in the direction of the village, 'I wish we were there.'

'Nature is the wisest of mistresses; she sends the heat in summer, when the air is dry. If we had this heat in winter we should all suffer horribly.'

'I'd leave the country, for one. But that can never happen?'

'I'm not sure of that. You see, it all depends on the sun and axis. So long as things remain as they are, we are safe. But of late they are discovering, with those new powerful telescopes, such a number of new planets that the orbit of the earth may ultimately be blocked up, and we may be driven to travel by another way and at another angle.'

'Then why don't the Government forbid them finding out more planets? It seems to me like daring Providence, to be always striving to get at the works by spying into the heavens at night.'

'Government could do nothing, and discovery must go on until the end.'

'But with this steam they ought to be able to do anything. I'm told this steam is a wonderful thing. I never saw any of it, but I heard accounts of it.'

'Steam is a most wonderful thing, but quite powerless in this case. You, no doubt believe the application of steam to be a modern invention. Nothing of the kind. It was well known to the ancient Egyptians.'

'Ah, how?'

'Yes, they were the most enlightened race at one time, and knew many things long since lost; for instance, the hieroglyphics are believed to have been familiar to them.'

'And what happened the hieroglyphics? I dare say some one or other will get hold of them some day, if we only live to see it, which I hope we may.' Mr. Cahill was straining a point to keep the philosopher in good humor.

'They have got a key to them.'

'And maybe there're the Gypsies, between them and all hurts and harms.'

'Oh, dear no! you are confounding the hieroglyphics with the lost tribes. That is a dangerous error, against which you cannot be too guarded. The hieroglyphics were a form of secret writing—writing by pictures. When a man wanted to write down the idea sun, he made a circle.'

'And when he wanted to write down the idea of a roasting sun like this, what did he do, Mr. Heywood?'

'There were, I think, no participles, either active or passive, so far as I have ever been able to ascertain, in Egyptian, for they did not speak hieroglyphics. Now this man in whom you take such a great interest, this Streets—'

'Lane, David Lane.'

'This David Lane may be said to speak hieroglyphics.'

'But you don't mean to say he's one of the lost tribes?'

'I should not care to bind myself to any theory respecting him until I see him.'

The reference to the man of the Bishop's roused the flagging interest of Cahill; besides, they were at last getting near Killard. Cahill shook himself, wiped his forehead, and stood up to try if through the opening cleft of ground he could get one look at the blue cool sea. Just as he did so the horse shied violently and plunged forward, and before young Cahill could recover his hold or seat he was thrown flat on his back in the middle of the road.

He was quickly on his feet again; he did not feel hurt, but he did feel very angry.

'Bother the brute! What did he shy at?' he cried, as he tried to shake the dust off as a dog dries his coat after a swim.

'Twas no fault of his or mine, sir, but that white paper there, just under you.'

'Hanging is too good for any blackguard that leaves paper about the roads.' He stooped, raised a small fold of paper which lay on the ground. He was in the act of tearing it furiously in two, when something on it attracted his attention, and he stopped. He opened and looked more closely at the paper, and then exclaimed:

'Well, Mr. Heywood, if this isn't a really queer thing! Here's a kind of likeness of the Island,' he turned the paper on one side, 'and a lot of something I can't make out on the other; maybe they're those things you were telling me of—look!'

Mr. Heywood took the paper, and fixing his spectacles coughed slightly, as though to salute his old friends the hieroglyphics.

It required an eye almost morbidly sensitive to the features of the coast to detect any resemblance to the Bishop's in the rude sketch. There was a kind of ragged wall with an indentation, and in the indentation a perpendicular isolated mass. Beneath the wall were a few parallel serpentine lines. On the top of the isolated mass was a square space, and from the bottom of this a line reaching a short way down the mass, and ending in a black spot.

'That's the island,' explained Cahill, pointing to the isolated mass, 'and that's the house,' pointing to the square top. 'I can make it all out but this—the line from the spot to the house. Maybe it's intended for the chimney, and whoever did it forgot the way that smoke mostly goes, and made it travel down, and not up.'

'As to smoke, it's not necessary that it should ascend; and, indeed, it is more natural that it should descend. But, in this, as in many other things, man seems always struggling to overcome the tendencies of nature. Now, if smoke were only passed through a solution of salt and snow, it would become so dense and hard that it might be shovelled about like soot, of which it is largely composed.'

'But, sir, look at the other side. It's that bothers me entirely. Can you make anything of it?'

'It somewhat, in its lower parts, resembles an alembic.'

'Does it now?' uttered as a tribute to the seer. 'And what may an alembic be sir?'

'An astronomical and chemical vessel used in distillation.'

'Is it a still you mean?' with astonishment.

'No, an alembic is not what distillers use. It is employed in laboratories.'

'And would be no way serviceable in the squeezing of a little drop of potheen?' Cahill seemed losing hold of a fascinating discovery.

'I think not. Besides, these fish are plainly intended to represent a current, and they indicate a downward current, one, I may observe, unknown in distillation; for it is usual for all volatilized liquids to rise.'

'Well, no one ever said he did make potheen. I thought, myself, at one time, maybe that was the secret, but he'd have to do something with the dew, and do that he couldn't without my knowing of it. I can't make anything out of it. Could it be one of those things you were speaking of a moment ago, Mr. Heywood?'

'A hieroglyphic? It may be; but I have never seen the same character before. Never.'

'And can't make out what's meant by it?'

'Not finally; but I do think it indicates distillation of some kind, now that I look more closely; but not of whisky. It's somewhat like a sign in alchemy.'

'And what's that?'

'Alchemy was a superstitious science of the dark ages, whereby men thought to turn baser material into gold, and to discover the elixir of life.'

'Is it to turn iron into gold?' With profound interest the young man now regarded his companion as he put this question.

'Yes; iron, and copper, and lead, and mercury, and silver were used from time to time. But of course it was all nonsense—an ignoble superstition, nothing more. At the time it was practised, people believed it was possible to achieve success by the aid of the Evil One.'

'By the help of Darkness!' Cahill's wonder amounted almost to dismay.

'Yes. But of course that was all nonsense; the thing was never done at all.'

'Well, let us get on out of this blistering heat, and not waste any more time over the thing.' Young Cahill remounted at his side, and the car set off once more. 'I'll keep the paper anyway,' he thought; 'it's no load to carry.'

'How easy 'tis to say,' he mused as they drove along, 'that there's no sense in what people tell about Lane and Darkness. Every one says that Lane has more money than can be accounted for. Where does it come from? Where did his father get the thirty pounds he paid for the island? Where did this man get the ten golden guineas he paid last night for that gun? Guineas! There are no guineas now; and I heard Luke Dillon say 'guineas,' as plain as I hear that lark singing now. 'Guineas,' he said: 'Ten golden guineas,' while I was listening after they went down the street towards Killard.'

With such speculations young Cahill occupied his mind until the car drew up at the door of Pat Casey's shop.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAHILL FINDS AN EMISSARY TO THE ISLAND.

The rude drawing which had so puzzled the two men was exceedingly simple in character, although it was impossible to determine precisely what it was intended to represent. The lower portion of it represented a water jug, the upper the letter U inverted thus, ∩. The loop of the ∩ rested on what may be called the neck of the jug, but not quite evenly, as it touched the bend nearer to the left hand than the right hand of the letter. Notwithstanding this, the bases of the ∩ hung parallel. The sketch, a mere outline, displayed in the left hand framework of the upper portion a small object evidently intended to stand for a fish swimming up the down stroke of the ∩. At the junction between the shaft of the thing like a water-bottle and the letter, another fish bent in the framework of the letter; and halfway down the neck of the bottle appeared a third fish, also facing down. On the highest part of the inverted letter—that is, on the outside of the curve—stood two short lines. Between these two straight lines the line of the curve was discontinued. The bases of the ∩ were open, and the top of these straight lines indicated another opening. Thus, if the design represented an alembic, there were three outlets from the body of the vessel. The fish, no doubt, showed the course of something, but against the likelihood of this something being a gas there stood the fact of two free ends, and against the chance of its being a liquid there was the fact that the end of ascent was open like the others.

Once the mackerel had been dispatched to Clonmore, the people of Killard found little to do. On this August morning the men, after breakfast, lay down to sleep. Gradually the women gathered in knots at open doors and discussed in low tones the wonderful news of the expulsion.

'What can have made David Lane send his boy away, he that was so fond of him by all accounts?' asked one woman.

'It's the curse,' answered another; 'what luck or grace can you expect from such people? It's the curse, my dear; and if right was only done, David Lane and all of his would be bundled out the land. It's in Botany Bay they ought to be, and not among honest people. All I wonder at is that the fishing keeps any good at all.'

'And then,' said another, in a tone of injury, 'to think of Edward Martin taking him in, and offering to do for him, is the worst of all.'

'Yes,' cried a third, excitedly; 'it wasn't bad enough to have them near us on the island, but they must come to live among us. I for one will take good care my children have nothing to say to that boy.'

'But,' suggested Kitty Heffernan, who knew the world and had larger views than those around her, 'how do you know anything against this boy? We never heard any harm of him. And don't you know that if the man sent the boy away, suppose the man is a bad member, the boy can't be like him, for then he'd keep him. Who knows but there's a natural Lane at last, and that's the boy?'

This speech seemed to carry much weight with the listeners; for, if they were not prepared to adopt Kitty's view, they could find no satisfactory objection to it. Seeing she had made an impression, she improved it.

'You all know now what I knew long ago, that the child is a christian. So there's one good thing was done for him that wasn't done for his father, and 'twas Edward Martin's doings, for he went to Father Murtagh and told him what was going to happen, and Father Murtagh came. We mustn't say the boy is black until he shows his horns.'

'Take my word for it,' said the ringleader of the discontents, 'you'll see them soon enough. Mushrooms are slow to grow compared to them.'

'I'll believe well of the boy until I see them, then,' said his champion warmly.

'Did anyone see him?—anyone but the men?'

'No. None of us.'

'Here's Ellen O'Dwyer coming from the downs. Maybe she saw him.'

When the woman reached the group she was hotly assailed with questions. As soon as there was silence, she said:

'Yes; I saw him. He's more like his mother than his father, with great big eyes and bright brown hair, and a sorrowful look for a child. But do you know what they're after finding out?'

'What?' cried several voices.

'He has his hearing, and can call like a sea-gull, and whistle like the wind in a door, and even made an offer at a skylark's song. There's for you!'

'What did I say?' shouted Kitty Heffernan triumphantly. 'He's christened, and he can hear. Maybe now you'll have a long wait for the horns, Mrs. Gorman.'

A derisive look and gesture followed these words, and there is no knowing where the discussion might have ended, but for the arrival at that moment of the outside-car carrying the two travelers from Clonmore.

Christoper Cahill led the way into Pat Casey's, spoke to the proprietor, whom he knew well, and arranged that Mr. Heywood was to have the truckle-bed in the back parlor, and he himself was to sleep in the shop. He would stay one night certainly, and perhaps two.

When this was arranged he asked Casey the news, and was told of the surprising events occupying all the tongues of Killard.

At first Cahill would not believe, later he could not. In disjointed speeches made to himself, he canvassed the occurrence, and could not after elaborate examination, bring himself to regard the report as a matter of fact.

Mr. Heywood and he strolled out and wandered down to the beach. They crossed the sands, and, finding a sheltered nook, sat down.

For a time the talk was as general as it was possible for any conversation with Mr. Heywood to be. The young man observed the sea was very blue under the opposite shore, and was informed that sea-water was not blue at all, but reflected the sky, which wasn't blue either, since there was no such thing at all as color; which information made Cahill shake his head, and say 'he was sorry for that.'

Then he said that a great number of fish were caught hereabouts, and that of them the crabs were particularly fine. Upon which he had to be corrected and told that the learned had decided against crabs being fish; and he was informed, as additional knowledge, that a cod often lays nine millions of eggs, and whales none—which caused the young man to say, 'Oh!' in surprise, and look as sad as when told about the water and color. He remarked that the rock they sat on looked very hard, and was assured that the name of it was something or other. He said, with a faint smile, that it was harder even than the rock itself, and would break it if it fell on the rock.

Mr. Heywood let him into the secret of the two Greek words from which the name of the rock was taken; and after a long account of Athens and the Greek tongue, told Mr. Cahill, whatever might be his fate, to remain steadfast to the faith of the digamma being nothing but a breathing mark, which the red-faced young man promised to do, with a manner and look of even deeper dejection, as though he regarded an opposite theory as nothing better than a subtle and venomous foe, against whose attacks he would do all in his power, but still had not a stout heart for the struggle.

It was not, however, until the philosopher disclosed to him the fact that on every square inch of his body there rested a pressure of fourteen pounds avoirdupois, that the spirits of the young man gave way completely, and he said bitterly, as if reviling fate for all her deceits and wrongs, and the intolerable burden of air placed on ignorant men.

'Mr. Heywood, it's enough to frighten a man out of his seven senses, so it is; but, sir, I'm greatly afraid we'll have our journey for nothing.'

'I'm sure I enjoy the day very much. The sea and rocks recall to my mind many scientific facts with which I have not been dealing latterly.'

'It's a pleasure to me, sir,' said young Cahill, with melancholy humility, 'to think you like the place; and no place could be finer. But with regard to David Lane and the news he heard to-day, I'm afraid we'll have our journey for nothing. It isn't likely, is it, Mr. Heywood, that he'll come ashore soon after what happened? As to anyone going to the island now, that's out of the question.'

'There's something in what you say,' returned the philosopher. 'He has been a solitary man all his life; no doubt he will not care to mingle with the other members of the human family peacefully—peacefully, for some time. If people tried to visit him now, he might mingle with them only in a spirit of rancor, in a bellicose or warlike spirit, and this spirit in the Celt, and, indeed, in most of the Caucasian and other races, frequently leads to blows. I need scarcely tell you that man actively engaged in physical fighting scarcely afford a good subject for philosophical examination, except so far as his strength of body and limb and his agility are concerned, upon none of which points do you, as far as I have gathered, desire my opinion. Therefore I am led to believe we shall have no opportunity of examining his idiosyncracies during our stay.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADDRESS AND REPLY.

On June 30th, 1891, Messrs. H. F. Bisset and Alex. F. McLean waited on Miss Katie Coady at her boarding house on behalf of the ratepayers of Cardigan Bridge school, and presented her with the following address.

DEAR MISS COADY,—With deep regret we learn of your intended departure from amongst us. Since you came here, about two and a half years ago, as Teacher of the Primary Department of our school, we have always loved and respected you, for the very amiable manner in which you conducted the department, over which you had jurisdiction, and your exemplary conduct; and think it but a small tribute of our respect to present you with this address, thereby showing our appreciation of the valuable services you have rendered us, in laying the foundation of a good education in the youth of our school, and you may rest assured that wherever your lot may be cast in the future, you shall always carry with you the best wishes of the people of Cardigan Bridge and vicinity, and trust that under the guidance of Divine Providence your path may be strewn with Heaven's choicest gifts.

D. C. Morson, H. F. Bissett, John L. McDonald, Alex. F. McLean, Jas. E. Macdonald, Alex. McKay, James A. Alley, Mrs. D. C. Morson, Mrs. H. L. Macdonald, Mrs. Joseph McDonald, Mrs. G. F. Owen, Mrs. J. A. Alley and others.

To D. C. Morson, H. F. Bissett, John L. McDonald, Alex. F. McLean, Jas. E. McDonald, Alex. McKay, Jas. A. Alley, Mrs. D. C. Morson, Mrs. H. L. McDonald, Mrs. James McDonald, Mrs. G. F. Owen, Mrs. J. A. Alley and others.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I cannot find words sufficient to express my feelings for the honor and respect you have shown me on this occasion, by presenting me with such a beautiful and numerously-signed address and can only say that I thank you all from the bottom of my heart. Since I took charge of the Primary Department of your school I only did what I considered was my duty, in regard to the teaching and advancement of your little children. And it affords me great pleasure to know that my services have been so highly appreciated; but without the hearty co-operation of both parents and pupils, my work would not have been the success, you gave me credit for, and whatever fate awaits me in the future, I shall always remember the happy days I spent with the good people of Cardigan Bridge, and vicinity, and in bidding my little pupils good-bye, I trust they will always remember and pray for me.

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		Montague,	

ROB ANGUS, Manager.
April 15, 1891.—1y

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