

THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,
Of Kingston, Canada West, author of the "Abbey of
Rothmore," etc.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II.

THE following day rose brightly upon the picturesque town of B—, and the stillness of the Sabbath fell upon the streets, yesterday filled with the noise and bustle of the hotly-contested election. Between the hours of eleven and twelve Colonel de Burg and his friend sauntered forth for a short promenade, previously to attending Divine worship in the Episcopal Church of B—. They had crossed the bridge and were slowly walking up the street in which Miss Harcourt resided, when suddenly the distant sound of military music struck their ears borne towards them through the calm summer atmosphere. It came nearer and nearer, the sounds becoming louder until the spirit-stirring air of 'Protestant Boys' was heard distinctly, and now a long line of troops, their bayonets glistening in the sunshine, appeared advancing in the same direction in which the gentlemen were proceeding. A crowd of men, women and children, accompanied the band, listening with evident delight to the lively music. The crowd soon overtook Colonel de Burg and the Baronet, and in order to avoid the throng they ascended the steps of a large house before which they were passing. At the head of the band walked a gentleman in a clerical dress, his head proudly erect, his step keeping time to the music, and a look of exultation lighting up a countenance, mean, rancorous and forbidding. Colonel de Burg was eyeing with mingled surprise and disgust this unamiable, and we must say, rare specimen of a Christian minister, when the name of Nance Connor drew his attention to the crowd passing immediately below where he stood. There, surrounded by a gang of ragged urchins, he saw his humble friend at whose expensu they were evidently amusing themselves. Old Nance had donned her Sunday attire. A clean mob cap tied with a black ribbon confined her grizzly locks. A calico dress flaring with red roses, made with a train, was tucked up a little behind, but open in front to show the scarlet petticoat beneath. Brogues and dark blue stockings encased her feet, while from her shoulders hung loosely an old grey cloak of coarse material. All her garments were old but well patched and clean, and on the whole, Nance had a tidy appearance. Her countenance expressed anything but amiability as the Colonel's eye rested on it. The jeers of her young tormentors as well as the music had stirred up the evil nature of the old woman.

'Dance, Nance, agra! why don't you give us a jig? Shure, and isn't that the purty tune they're playin'?' exclaimed one roguish imp; 'cut us a caper, Nance, dbeelish! that's the music for you! faix it ought to put the life into yere ould bones.'

'May the curse of Crummel light upon yere young pate, Andy Orme! if you don't hold your tongue I'll be the death of ye. There! take that whack on your shin you young vagabone and dance yourself if you have a mind to. But afore long the crowing'll be taken out of ye. There's one to the fore who'll see the poor Romans righted and won't let them be thrampled down any longer by the bloody Orangemen.'

'And who is that, Nance, jewel?' asked one among the crowd.

'Dick Dalton, of coorse,' was contemptuously responded by another.

'Och, never mind Dick, he promises more nor he can do, he's a broken crutch to lean upon, Nance, avourneen.'

'It isn't him nor any of his kith I mane,' exclaimed Nance fiercely; 'it is the masher himself, Kurnel de Burg.'

'Shure an isn't he one of ourselves, a Protestant, as all his people was afore him?'

'No matter for that, he has the heart of a Christian, anyhow.'

Colonel de Burg heard no more of his humble friend's commendation. The crowd had passed, and the two gentlemen following in its wake, ere long found themselves approaching the English Church of B—. It was a time-stained structure built in the Gothic style of architecture. In front a low wall, surrounded by a high iron railing, separated it from the street. Behind, extended a considerable space of ground, where the humble grass-grown graves of the poor and the sculptured monuments of the rich, were seen peeping from the rank grass and dark foliage of the yew-tree. At the Church door, the strangers were met by the

grey-haired sexton, who, recognizing Colonel de Burg, obsequiously conducted him to his family pew. Many eyes in the congregation were fixed admiringly on the aristocratic strangers as they proceeded along the gallery to the luxuriously-cushioned pew with crimson curtains at its end. The church was filling fast, but the service had not yet commenced. The Colonel and Sir Reginald employed themselves by looking around the sacred building, the former trying to discover some old familiar face—the eyes of the Baronet anxiously in search of Ellinor Harcourt. He soon perceived her advancing up the aisle with her queenly graceful motion. His heart throbbed as his eye once more rested on that exquisitely beautiful face, and the conviction, that love at first sight, though rare, is very possible, forced itself upon his mind. Miss Harcourt was elegantly dressed, and her tasteful attire added a new charm to her appearance; for, notwithstanding the poet's assertion to the contrary, dress does give an additional attraction even to the beautiful. She was accompanied by a stout elderly lady whose rich costume could not conceal the vulgarity of her appearance. She must be Mrs. Harcourt, for her face was ugly enough to answer Nance Connor's description of Charlotte Morgan. Fortunately, Sir Reginald thought, the Harcourts' pew was so situated that his elevated seat commanded a good view of it; and it must be confessed that on this particular Sunday the handsome Baronet could not be commended for his devotion, for his eyes wandered incessantly from the richly-bound prayer-book he held in his hand to the beautiful girl in the pew beneath him. Stout Mrs. Harcourt felt the heat of the crowded church on a summer's day rather oppressive. She could not therefore give the necessary attention to the service—her eyes wandered a little, and ere long she detected the fashionable stranger's admiring gaze directed continually towards her own pew, and the vision of a noble alliance for her daughter flitted before the mental eye of this worldly-minded mother. Her own unfortunate marriage with the 'quality,' as Nance Connor would term it, had in no degree damped the lady's ambition. She expected the rare beauty of Ellinor would win for her a more fortunate lot.

Among the congregation there was one gentleman who observed with no pleasant feelings, Sir Reginald Vivyan's admiring eyes wander so incessantly towards Miss Harcourt. Captain Travers had been for some months quartered with his regiment at B—. The period, though short, was long enough to awaken in the officer's heart a deep attachment to the beautiful Ellinor. Hitherto his attentions had not been discouraged. Though poor, he was of good family, and a favorite with Mrs. Harcourt. He was a constant visitor at her house, and frequently seen in public with Miss Harcourt. Their marriage was even talked of as among probabilities by the gossiping coterie of B—. Hope had created a vision of happiness for the future, gilding it with rainbow tints; but that bright chimera now seemed vanishing.

The appearance of this new rival, so formidable in his appendages of rank, title and fortune, was well calculated to awaken the fears of Travers. Jealousy pictured the probable result of the Baronet's admiration for Miss Harcourt. Her many fascinations would lead him a willing captive to her feet, and she would not refuse so fashionable an alliance. In personal attractions Captain Travers was Sir Reginald's equal, in mental qualities his superior; but in wealth and position how inferior! Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of Travers as his jealous eye watched Sir Reginald. He felt glad when the service was concluded, and the congregation poured en masse out of the church.

Again the band struck up a party tune; again the troops formed in line, and Captain Travers took his place at the head of his company. The column moved forward; the officer's fine form appearing to advantage in his gay uniform as he stepped with a natural grace to the music; but before he moved off he experienced a jealous pang on perceiving the ceremony of introduction taking place between Sir Reginald Vivyan and Ellinor—a political friend having, at Colonel de Burg's request, introduced him and the Baronet to Mrs. Harcourt and her daughter.

Mrs. Colonel Harcourt felt quite elated at this marked attention on the part of the Colonel. With a proud step, her drooping ostrich plume nodding majestically, she walked from church escorted by the aristocratic strangers.

On reaching the door of her handsome residence they were reluctantly bowing their adieu, but the gratified lady—on hospitable thoughts intent—gave them a pressing invitation to lunch, which was gladly accepted.

We write of Ireland some forty years ago, when the Sabbath was but little regarded and the sanctity of the day was often broken in upon by irreverent mirth, by parties, and visiting.

Mrs. Harcourt lived in good style. She had ample means, and from time to time she had surreptitiously obtained the title of Colonel's lady, and she lived according to her assumed rank. Her house was richly furnished; her cellar filled with old Joe Morgan's smuggled wines; her establishment even boasted of one or more liveried servants.

The hour of lunch passed pleasantly; the table was filled with luxuries; the massive side-board glittered with plate. Colonel de Burg enjoyed the luxurious fare, and allowed himself to be monopolised by the—we cannot say fair hostess—good-naturedly leaving his friend to devote himself to the beautiful daughter.

Sir Reginald exerted all his powers of pleasing, to improve the opportunity thus afforded him of making a favorable impression. His conversation was entertaining; his manner very insinuating; possessing that indescribable air of high breeding which almost exclusively belongs to the aristocracy. To Ellinor it was peculiarly fascinating, for she inherited from her father a fastidious taste. She was herself well educated and accomplished. She had spent some years at a fashionable boarding-school; where, from intercourse with young ladies belonging to the higher grades of society, she had acquired polished manners. Her mother, although she was Mrs. Colonel Harcourt, was sadly deficient in grace or refinement. There was a startling contrast between her and her daughter.

As Nance Connor had observed, no one would suppose that there existed any ties of consanguinity between them. Nature and education had done much for Ellinor Harcourt.

Surprised as well as delighted to find her so intellectual and refined, Sir Reginald Vivyan's admiration hourly increased, and he lingered in Mrs. Harcourt's drawing-room, notwithstanding Colonel de Burg's evident impatience to be gone, until the latter at length rising abruptly, made his adieu, and the Baronet reluctantly followed his example.

On Monday morning the polls were again opened and the election resumed. At an early hour Nance Connor was at the hustings using her influence for 'the Masher'; and the result of her representations in his favor was soon apparent in the increased number of persons who pressed forward to vote for him. Nance had won over to his interest a number of stalwart fellows who now aided her by promises as well as threats in winning voters from Dalton's party. 'The indignation Colonel de Burg had expressed for the threatement, they had received from the Orangemen, was dwelt upon and much exaggerated. 'If any Roman would dare utter that to go agin Misher Con he had better lave the town at onct if he didn't want to be carried out of it in his coffin.'

Dick Dalton, Esq., being informed of the proceedings of Nance and her gang in his rival's favor, ordered Nance from the hustings; but she contemptuously refused. Shaking her stick at him in a menacing manner she observed, 'Dick Dalton had better hold his tongue and mind his own business; she'd have none of his ordhering. Let him go and tind the cows as his father done afore him and not be thyring to get into Parlyment; shure it was no place for him or his likes of him the mane upstart.'

Indignant at her insulting language, Dalton ordered some of his party to remove her instantly. Her friends rushed forward to the rescue, and a scuffle ensued in which both contending parties joined. The fight was however soon terminated by the interference of a large constabulary force, and 'the Peclers' soon removed Nance from the scene of action, but not unhurt; she had received a bruised face in the melee, but 'what matter about that whin it was for Misher Con.' The next day the election was decided in favor of Colonel de Burg, and Nance Connor's shrill voice was heard mingling in the cheering by which his party displayed their triumph at his success.

In a few days the ceremony of chairing the member elect, took place with the usual parade. A large car drawn, not by four-footed animals, but by bipeds of herculean strength—some stalwart tenants from the de Burg estate—proceeded through the streets of B—, attended by the populace loudly hurrahing in the exuberance of their joy. Throned in a splendid chair, sat the hero of the hour, Colonel de Burg, surrounded by his political friends, among whom none was more conspicuous for ele-

gance of appearance than the English Baronet, Sir Reginald Vivyan. The windows of the houses in the streets through which the procession passed were filled with the beauty and fashion of B—, and handkerchiefs were waved and graceful heads bent to the successful candidate, who, from his elevated seat returned their salutations with graceful courtesy.

As the election party was turning the corner of a street, it was met by Captain Travers and a young lady on horseback.—The spirited animal which the latter rode, frightened by the moving mass of human beings, and their loud huzzas, plunged into the middle of the crowd; trampling down those in its immediate course and scattering all in wild confusion. The young lady Ellinor Harcourt retained her seat and her consciousness, although terror had blanched her beautiful face, while she vainly tried to rein in the prancing animal. Her danger was great; for, none among the frightened crowd seemed to have sufficient presence of mind to render any assistance. Among the gentlemen on the car with Colonel de Burg Sir Reginald was the first to perceive Miss Harcourt's danger. The next moment he was at her side grasping the reins with daring intrepidity. Some others then came forward and Ellinor was removed from her perilous situation. Captain Travers, whose horse had been for some minutes unmanageable, now rode up too late to be of use but time enough to see his rival perform a service for Ellinor which she must ever gratefully remember. From that moment a lively interest was awakened in her heart for Sir Reginald; for nothing is more calculated to win the admiration of woman than an act of daring courage. Naturally timid herself she particularly admires intrepidity in the other sex. A man without courage is an anomaly, a thing to be despised. And yet there are many who though physically brave are deficient in moral heroism; for will they not, to escape the world's dread laugh or a companion's sneer, act contrary to the dictates of conscience; a man who does wrong because he is afraid to do right is a coward, although he may possess the daring of Hercules.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG MEN.—I love to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me. I silently ask: What will that youth accomplish in after life? Will he take rank with the benefactors or scourgers of his race? Will he exhibit the patriotic virtues of Hampden and Washington, or the selfish craftiness of Benedict Arnold? If he have genius will he consecrate it, like Milton and Montongomery, to humanity or religion; or like Moore and Byron, to the polluted altars of passion? If he have mercantile skill, will he employ it like Astor, to gratify his lust of wealth, or to elevate and bless humanity, like some of our merchant princes? If the gift of eloquence be hidden in his undeveloped soul, will he use it like Sumner, in favor of religion, or like Patrick Henry or Adams, in battling for human rights; or will he, for mammon's sake, prostitute that gift to the use of tyranny and infidelity? Will that immortal soul, which beams with intelligence and power in his countenance, ally itself with its Creator, and rise to the sublime height of destiny; or will it wage war with truth and duty, and thus sink to degradation and death? As I raise these great queries, I at once do reverence to the high potentiality of his nature, and tremble for his fate.—DANIEL WISE.

NO HOPE FOR PRINTERS.—When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer; there was already two printing-offices in the United State, and she wasn't certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for his support upon the profits of a third, and this was rather a doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife now?

A JOKE FOR THE LADIES.—An editor lately informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the left stocking last. This, as may be supposed, created some stir among his fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they insisted that he had no business to know it even if such were the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proves it, however, by a short argument. "When one stocking is pulled off, there is another left on; pulling off this is taking the left stocking off last."