

A MIDNIGHT MARCH.

THE BRITISH ADVANCE FROM HORTI BEGUN.

CAIRO, Dec. 30.—A Korti despatch dated this evening says General Stewart's expedition is ten miles distant. General Wolsley accompanied the troops for a mile and then reviewed them as they marched past. The march past Korti was an imposing sight. The column was nearly a hundred yards wide and a mile long. The hussars were sent ahead to prepare tea, but took the wrong path. After a march of ten miles the troops halted for an hour's rest. The men were compelled to go without tea, but obeyed cheerfully. The march was resumed by moonlight. The troops hope to reach the first wells by 8 o'clock in the morning. A detachment of hussars forms the van, followed by the engineer corps; then come the hospital and water convoys and a baggage train. After them follow the light and heavy camel corps, and then the artillery and transportation trains. Mounted infantry and hussars bring up the rear. Col. Wilson and Major Kitchener accompany Gen. Stewart. A despatch sent last night states that General Stewart's force consists of 1,100 soldiers and 1,800 camels. Each man carries a supply of water, 160 cartridges and seven days' provisions. A supply of ammunition is expected to reach Gaidun on Friday. It is doubtful if there will be any fighting. It is stated that 3,000 rebels block the route.

KORTI, Dec. 30.—Native servants refuse to accompany Gen. Stewart's column, but are willing to accompany Gen. Earle's by the Nile route. This shows the opinion of the natives relative to the dangers of the two expeditions. It is feared that in case of a sudden attack the obstinacy of the camels will be a source of danger. It is reported that the Monazars are advancing to dispute the narrow pass at Dargat. Gen. Earle's orders allow him to extend a helping hand to Gen. Stewart if necessary. Gen. Wolsley's plans are severely criticised as being reckless.

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure

The symptoms are moisture, the perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Box by mail 50 cents; three for \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. 7 G

The famous Johannisberger wine, the finest quality of which has been known to command from \$5 to \$8 per bottle, is produced on an estate of only forty-six acres, at an elevation of 150 feet above the Rhine. Outside of that limited area the quality of the wine produced is much inferior.

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health. Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. It rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

Mrs. John W. Mackey is accustomed to receiving begging letters of various descriptions but the latest one is a request for any diamonds or rubis for which she has no use, the beggar desiring them for her daughter's trousseau.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, residing in practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India merchant the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Phthisis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, N. Y. A. No. 149, Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10-19-cw

A man at Tuscarora, Nev., teased a big tarantula with a little stick. The venomous insect jumped about four feet and bit its tormentor on the wrist, inflicting a wound that cost him a doctor bill and a long lay-off from work.

EPHRA'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful preparation of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Ephra has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure food and properly nourished flesh.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins, (4lb and 1lb) by grocers, labelled, JAMES EPHRA & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Sunset Cox received by mail from California a walking-stick on which over \$2 postage was stuck.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE.

All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGee's Compound Buttermilk Pills will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 50¢ per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—J. E. McGee, chemist, Montreal. 95 tf

Here is a "choice extract" from Tennyson's new play, "Thomas-a-Becket." The poet speaks of a time!

When every baron ground his blade in blood; The household dough was kneaded up in blood; The mill-wheel turned in blood.

The latest freak of Queen Victoria is to mark a road near Dalmore—a favorite walk of her boy, the late Duke of Albany—with a massive granite chair.

There is but one prison in Europe conducted on the solitary system, and that is in France.

SKILFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Ehrlich, of Vienna, which would, if successful, result in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indigestible distension in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all gone" sensation; a sticky alimo collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferer feels tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings, and sometimes in a morbidly sensitive condition, sometimes sensitive to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes closed, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, suffering with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation, made by all chemists and vegetable vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, (Limited), 17, Farringdon-road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system. St. Mary street, Peterborough, November 21st, 1884.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured. I am, Sir, yours truly, Mr. A. J. White, William Brent, September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues: one customer describes it as "a Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence. Faithfully yours, (Signed) Vincent A. Wills, Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tydvil.

To Mr. A. J. White, Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure constiveness. Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible. The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother and I have saved the life of my wife, and he added "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, so great is the demand and the satisfaction.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, (Signed) W. Bowker, Spanish-Town, Jamaica, West Indies, Oct. 24, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from Seigel's Syrup. I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and at the end of twelve months, having continued taking it, I now feel that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir, Yours very gratefully, (Signed) Carey B. Deary, Baptist Missionary, Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did, and I am happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, your respectfully, (Signed) John H. Lightfoot, A. J. WHITE, (Limited), 67 St. James street, Montreal.

A photographer recently acted as master of ceremonies at a friend's funeral, and, as he lifted the coffin lid for the mourners to look at the remains, whispered to the corpse: "Now, look natural." Force of habit.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA COMPANY AND WEBER PIANOS.

"For pure, sympathetic richness of tone, with great power and singing quality for sustaining the voice or for the purpose of cultivating it, the Weber piano is superior to any instrument known to us."—Her Majesty's Opera Company.

THE ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY AND WEBER PIANOS.

"The tone of the Weber instruments is so pure and prolonged and of such inexhaustible depth that they sustain the voice in a wonderful degree. The action is so fine, that they are so strong and stand so well in tune, that we accord to the Weber pianos the title *par excellence*. We consider that every musician is fortunate who owns a Weber piano. They are undoubtedly the finest pianos in the world."—Italian Opera Company.

The same testimony is borne by Patti, Lucca, Nilsson, Alkani, Gerster, Carcano, and all the leading artists of the present day. N. Y. Piano Company, 225 St. James street, Montreal, wholesale and retail agents for the Dominion. 20-3

Up in Michigan you can buy prime store-wood at 75 cents a cord.

Prof. Barrett of St. Lawrence college, N. Y., speaking of pulmonary diseases, says: "Not one death occurs now where twenty died before Down's Blixer was known." Over fifty years of constant success places Down's Blixer at the head of the long list of cough remedies.

The reason why Arnicin & Oil Liniment is so popular with the ladies is because it is not only very healing and soothing but its odor is not at all offensive.

Don't suffer with indigestion, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.

ILL-WON PEEKAGES

—OR— AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Ah, my friend, how is it you may well ask," exclaimed Dr. Falstaff, the Bishop of Otaheite; and the American turned to look at the Churohman, who with limpid eyes of no definite hue; small, thick-set nose; diminutive mouth, minus lips, and resembling a slit made where that feature should be; round, bald head, and face resting upon a pair of broad shoulders devoid of the lateness of neck, suggested the idea of an apple-dumpling, soft and white and glossy, set in its perfect rotundity upon a dish. "These Irish, sir, are to-day what they were yesterday, and will be to-morrow, and much, I fear, to the end of time, what they've been from the beginning—idolaters, sun worshippers, Romanists, Philistines—the Churchmen halted, and resumed apocryphally:—"I have rejected the call to regeneration; hence, accursed of the Lord, behold them a living testimony of his wrath, outcasts of grace, like the unbelieving Jews, their undoubted ancestors, the pariahs and refuse of the land, the by-word and scorn of the world."

"That is exactly it," said Lord Castlereagh, smiling blandly upon the eloquent expounder of a state of things he had rather not been asked to explain according to his conscientious conviction. "The Irish are by nature an idle, ungrateful, turbulent, rebellious people, whom we can only govern by the rod of coercion, in lieu of the gospel of clemency. 'Tis very sad!"

The American made no response, as with flush mantling his pale cheek, and a heavy cloud darkening yet deeper his swarthy brow, he bent forward on folded arms, in silent cogitation. Not so Father Fitzpatrick, who with spirit of fire flushing in every awakened and animated feature, and imparting an air of grandeur to his aspect that took everyone by surprise, so unexpected was the transition from the meek humility and diffidence that had marked the country to the majestic mien that commanded their respect, turned to the self-satisfied primate, and said, in tone clear, firm, and concise: "Your grace shall pardon me. And you, my Lord Castlereagh, with all your noble guests, whose forbearance I crave a moment, while I give bold denial to those charges made against my defamed country and its suffering people. I had not deigned at this present moment, my lord," he continued, addressing the Chief Secretary, "to enter upon the subject—an all-important one—of my interview with your lordship, but his grace's challenge has precipitated my course, and perhaps no more fitting opportunity could offer than now, in presence of these gentlemen of influence and power, to appeal to that Christianity, their pride and boast, in favor of the poor, penurious, industrious, well-disposed, and loyal people, especially of my neighborhood of Lough, and the surrounding district, where I have been eye-witness to atrocities and persecutions, perpetrated, I am sorry to say, in the name of Government, and under your sanction, my Lord Castlereagh, and yours, my Lord Carhampton, may more, by your very orders, which permit me to add, were you made the objects of your own person, would goad your human nature to frenzy, and which, if not expeditiously assuaged by more lenient measures, will assuredly bear most direful result; in a word, I warn you, statesmen and governors of the land, you are whipping the nation with scourges into wild insurrection, only to be stifled in the blood of thousands, whose cries for vengeance will be heard in heaven against you, and repaid in blood upon your own heads and those of your children!"

Breaking the temporary lull of deep silence that had fallen upon the astonished circle, and giving utterance to his indignation upon the indignant speaker, whose words, so calm and peaceful, had pierced straight to the mark, Lord Carhampton said, with a sneer: "I thought you were a pious person, I perceive now you are a politician. How shall we requite in thanks the immense service you have rendered in apprising our ignorance of the state of the country? You are, I take it, one of Berwick's curates?"

"No, sir, I am a Catholic priest."

The stillness that followed this avowal more eloquently expressed the amazement of the company than the loudest exclamations or wildest commotion. Lord Castlereagh stood dumb and speechless, stared gazingly upon the young man, whom, remembering his feats of genius and high intellectual acumen, he had even within that very hour been fitting into a place in the working of the complicated machinery of his department, as one whose abilities would prove an admirable adjunct to his own; in blank disappointment, he now sat and stared upon his quondam associate. At length, with a cold satirical smile, he said: "I'm sorry for you, Fitz, old fellow! I had hoped to have been of use to you; but priests are not in favour with our government, else you should be a dean, and I've no voice with your Pontiff, else you should be a cardinal. What can I do for you?"

"For myself I want nothing, my lord; for my people I only ask mercy."

"Very reasonable," scowled Lord Clare, whose lineaments were not unclouded to smile. "But what is their recommendation to mercy—obedience, rebellion and opposition to the government?"

"I deny that," responded Father Fitzpatrick, firmly. "I know my people; I can answer for their submission to the law, if it will but do them justice."

"Are they so loyal indeed?" smirked Castlereagh. "Then we have much wronged them;—they will, of course, prove it by voting with us for the Union."

"If you make that the test of their loyalty, to vote for a measure that common sense denotes will be injurious to their country, I reply they will not, nor can they," firmly replied Father Fitzpatrick.

"There's the Jesuit raiment," cried Lord Kingsborough, jeeringly. "How, in the name of common sense, priest, can you be silly enough to strive to throw dust in our eyes, garb up patriotism with allegiance to the British Crown, and tell us you are loyal men. As well might a privateer hoist the British flag, and carry on piracy at a vessel's mark."

"You distort the argument, as others wrest texts of Scripture to sanction its innovation; patriotism is perfectly compatible with loyalty when loyalty demands no more for Caesar than Caesar's due," retorted Father Fitzpatrick, warmly. "If you persist in expecting more than that, and, like Nebuchadnezzar, assume divine prerogative, you cannot expect people to shape their conduct to your requirements; and if you will persist in goading them to madness you must abide retribution."

"We are prepared for that," said Lord

Castlereagh. "We desire nothing better than that the mobility should give us an opportunity of showing them who will be the victors. These same revolutionary principles, which disseminated uncured and unhealed, by wild democrats have made a Bacchante of France, and overturned the throne, shall be met in sterner conflict here; and if any go to the wall it shall be the hydra-headed populace and the fanciful abettors of insubordination. But for the matter of that, Fitz, I am quite willing to agree with you, if it please you, that the country is at present delightfully tranquil; thanks to the energetic proceedings of my Lords Carhampton and Kingsborough, with the efficient measures of such magistrates as Beresford and others—enjoying, and likely to enjoy, the blessings of profound peace."

"I do not know whether I shall be so satisfactorily able to answer that question, considering the anomalous political principles and inconsistencies of those whom my evidence must impeach of the very charge from which I shall endeavor to vindicate ourselves," returned Father Fitzpatrick, with a calm serenity of manner based upon the foundation of conscious strength of position; "in proof whereof we, that is the Catholic people, the descendants of the aboriginal Celtic race—not the spurious Irish of foreign graft—we do not celebrate, on the 5th of November, the anniversary of the preservation of a Scottish king from being blown up by gunpowder by the English subjects who swore fealty to him; nor, on the 30th of January, the deposition of his son, to whom we had given our allegiance, as the true representative of the British crown, drinking health to the successful regicide and rebel Cromwell, who dethroned him; nor, again, do we commemorate with rejoicing the battle of the Boyne, or the event which, hurling the legitimate King James from the realm, forced upon us a new dynasty, and presented a Dutch foreigner to our homage. No; all through our course has been that of consistent loyalty to the legitimate sovereign, just to-day as it would be to the crown of Hanover, did you, sir, treading in the steps of your progenitors, take a whim to send King George to the scaffold, or an exiled outcast abroad, and place in his stead another Dutchman. Nay, my friends, be not choleric, nor do you over-act your approbation of such bold suggestion: I only insinuate what has been might be again—human nature is not infallible, and kings and thrones, we learn from history, are too often but playthings in the hands of faction. Should such ever come to pass, I only mean to say, refuting every calumny, you would see our malignant people, even against their own temporal interest, on the side of loyalty."

"I don't believe it; they're ripe for revolt this moment," said Lord Clare, dogmatically. "What are the United Irishmen banding for? Priest, you palter with us—but, think you, will your diplomacy hoodwink the State, and lure us to credulous trust, despite all the damning evidence we have against you?"

From spies and informers, men hired to assassinate their fellow-men, and to trade in country's blood!" indignantly retorted the priest.

"Yes, yes! these be our most efficient tools," smiled Lord Castlereagh. "We could do little but for our mercenaries; these are the eyes and tongues by which we see and hear what goes on in the remotest and most obscure corners. By-the-by, Carhampton, that was a good job, the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald? Clever man that Major Sir, and brave;—the rebel made a desperate resistance."

"I'll be worth a thousand pounds to Shamalo, the information that led to the arrest," said Claudius Beresford. "Some fellows are born to luck!"

"Yes," said Lord Kingsborough; "and Higgins is about one of the luckiest I've known: he came into the world a scavenger's boy, and he has grubbed out of the mire silver, gold, and diamonds." "If he had not been so goodly and loyal, disposed as you say, to what end is this great manufacture of pikes carried on through the country, whereof a certain demagogue not from Dublin, will surely hang the proprietor, and confiscate his estate?"

"In many instances, I believe, the people make them to use as weapons of defence against the lawless soldiery who break into their houses at all hours of the night and day, and, under pretence of searching for gunpowder or rebels, offer outrage to their families," said Father Fitzpatrick; "at least I know it has been so in my neighborhood, and 'tis one of the miseries to which I hope to draw Lord Castlereagh's attention."

"Eh, I can do nothing in the case: the military are not under my control," said Lord Castlereagh. "If the people will be rebellious, in a state of smothered war, as Hussey Burgh says, they must take the consequences."

"Certainly!" endorsed Dr. Falstaff, with uncouth softness of speech. "If the obdurate helms will be helms, why, let them have the stripes they covet, and every cur that falls upon the unathematised be their portion!"

"Beware of Mordred sitting at the gate!" muttered the priest, in a suppressed tone. "What, sir, do you mean?" cried Lord Clare, scowling at the speaker.

"No, my lord, I only warn," coolly responded his opponent. Hussey Burgh amused, shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed: "Lord save us, if after all we should be in the wrong box. My Lord Castlereagh, for instance, Dives, and Paddy Lazarus."

"Nay, worse than Dives!" exclaimed the priest, waving every syllable with a sonorous vibration that thrilled through every bosom; "for the Dives of to-day adds piousness to the miseries of Lazarus: he smiteth whom the lord had stricken, and his dogs, in lieu of licking the wounded man's sores, lacerate them with their cruel fangs. Silence a moment, I entreat, and for your own souls' sake, hearken to my words, that you may not sin without knowledge, or I fall in rendering to you the solemn words of unerring truth," continued the priest, elevating his voice, and with impressive gesture waving his hand to suppress the murmurs swelling around. "Behold you, sirs, is there no danger, that moved by the cries of afflicted and the humble, their clinging faith and devotion, their patient suffering and self-sacrifice, while forgetful of Him who hath said, 'Blessed are ye, poor and persecuted,' you revile the children of the bountiful, give the lie to the divine promise, 'Grant is your reward in heaven,' and arrogantly assume to yourselves the attributes of prerogative, to wreak fell passion upon your fellow-servants: behold you, I say, that the Lord of these servants, whom you beat, and buffet, and bruise may not come upon you in his wrath, and mete unto you as you have meted unto them. Oh! beware, I charge you, one and all, that you fill not up a vial of wrath against the day of wrath, to overflow upon your own heads!"

"Enough, enough!"—"Shut up!"—"We want no homilies!"—"We know our duty well enough!"—simultaneously shouted Lords

Carhampton, Kingsborough, Clare, and Claudius Beresford. Amid a storm of yells and hisses, the priest was slipped into chains, looking worn and haggard, and as though ten years were added to his life.

Jingling Lord Castlereagh, whose manner never swerved from decorum, smiled and said: "Why, Fitz, heaven help the State if all our theologians were such philanthropists, to boot; Machiavelli himself could never have pulled it through. Pray let's discuss some topic of less sensational interest. I say, Whaley, is it true that Colandriak and his lady are not pulling awfully in harness. How's that?"

"My dear fellow, how can I tell? Such is the *on dit*—but I'm not a white the wiser than yourself of the cause. Hearts and diamonds have some way run foul of each other; queens rule it over knaves, till knaves grow insubordinate and act as the king of clubs, and then, there's a row, to the rescue. Alas, mistake Guildford made was in sticking to his first love, pretty little Alphonsus Fitzpatrick."

"But he would, only for the girl's inconceivable folly in refusing to conform, and giving up a fine fortune rather than to do," said Claudius Beresford.

"Mullish, like all the Papists," said Buck Whaley; "but for all that, I venture to say, had he married the girl, he'd have soon tumbled her to church;—but he got huffed, forsooth, and thought to break her heart, thinking, like an idiot, she loved him to idolatry, and forgetting the sex are as tough as cats. Egad, I fear he is now in danger of the knot himself at the hands of his amazan. What a pretty creature that sister of yours is, Esmond! I think her the greatest beauty in the world;—and I've been as far you know, as Jerusalem—a good step you say."

"Some think my cousin Ethel is handsomer," said Captain Esmond.

"I am not of that number; Flora is my divinity: there's not her peer in the world," said Lord Carhampton, enthusiastically.

"By-the-by, is that fellow O'Driscoll still after Lady Alicia?" demanded Lord Kingsborough.

"Not at all! I've reason to know he's paying court, or at least is in love with Alphonsus Fitzpatrick," said Parson Lamb spitefully; "only his mother won't consent to his marrying a beggar."

"A propos, is it true you were once paying attention to the lady yourself?" said Hussey Burgh.

"Not I!" brusquely exclaimed the parson. "I don't say but that had she conformed, for the good of the Church, I might have been induced to accede to the aunt's wishes; but I would not myself have thought of a giddy young girl."

"You had an escape, then, of being my brother-in-law, sir," said Father Fitzpatrick, rising to take leave of a company and scene most distasteful to him. "But pray do not attach to my sister the epithet 'giddy,' which does not apply to her in any sense." The company all looked amazed.

"Nonsense!" cried Hussey Burgh. "Arc you, indeed, Miss Fitzpatrick's brother."

"I have the honour, sir."

"How odd we should never have guessed it!—and indeed you are very like her," said Hussey Burgh. "Pray don't leave us so early."

But without heeding the appeal, Father Fitzpatrick whispered to Lord Castlereagh, as he took leave: "May I see you again; will you give me any hope that my suit in favour of my poor people will meet a favourable hearing?"

"No, Fitz, I won't disappoint you. I can do nothing, I will do nothing, unless you come to me with your hands full of votes for the Union. In that case I shall be happy to see you and we will talk it over; not otherwise. Adieu! Ho, Senator Don Antonion, whither away!—You are not going yet?"

"Yes, please you, my lord," cried the American, looking at his watch. "I have an appointment I must attend. *Adieu*, gentlemen." And with hasty countenance he followed the retreating steps of a priest.

"Come, gentlemen, let's have music. Get your violins, Beresford; let's have a glee," cried the Chief Secretary, who was a proficient in the art. "Mine ear throbs for another melody than that to which you collected young fellows, presuming on our college friendship and his monastic charter to lecture and fulminate anathemas, has treated us; but methinks, seeing we are made of matter to resist the cannon and artillery of Rome, he will scarcely trouble us more to proffer his menagerie of wild animals by stroking the monsters we would tame with whip and chain."

"I, for one, admired the pluck of his reverence to beard so many lions in our own den."

"I dressy you did," grinned Buck Walsley.

"Yes, I felt quite awed by a sense of the sublime."

"The dence you did. Come, Erskine, give us a song, in your best style to a good chorus."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MISSES WARBECK HIGGENBORGAN IN TROUBLE.

Having, as became worthy disciples of the Rev. Nathaniel Lamb, Sardanusplis Pomfret, Hotspr Fox, Ebenezer Godkin, and a host of Gospel zealots renowned for anti-Papal zeal, demonstrations, and denunciations, rabid and rancorous against them that carried the "mark of the beast," and souls lives overflowing with gall and wormwood, brewed in the alembic of hearts which wanting the ingredient of charity and self-maceration, yielded after all but counterfeited metal or base dross to the alchemist's labor, in lieu of the gold purified from alloy, having squandered their wealth on a host of unprofitable, and disburdened their plastic conscience of any further responsibility, and summarily ejected their self-willed rice and ward from the shelter of their roof and a share of their bread, the Misses Warbeck Higgenborgan sat down in their respectability, doubly enhanced in their own eyes and those of many others by their arbitrary proceeding, and sensible of the consequence vastly augmented by the late accession to their means; nevertheless, strange as they, they did not experience that blissful serenity of peace, that inward self-gustification which is generally supposed to be the recompense of heroic action or self-sacrifice, but quite the contrary;—a peevish feeling of discontent with themselves and the world ruffled the even tenor of existence, and embittered the flavor of every luxury with a venom for which there seemed to be no antidote. Naturally harsh, severe, and censorious, the two ladies got on well together, so long as a third object was within reach to divert attention, and like a lightning conductor, draw to itself the electric bolt of the surcharged clouds, and quito smoothly, also, they maintained a character of dignity with their menials, so long as a medium of communication was at hand to telegraph their will to the underlings, criticise, order, and rebuke by their authority, and prove a safety valve, that carried off risk or menace of explosion from over-boiling vessels of the nether machinery, ready full of steam, but upon their boards. But now, the lightning-conductor cashered, the safety-valve turned out of doors, a week had not elapsed