

REMOND O'DONNELL;

LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The murder was out! Of all the men he had thought of, he had never once thought of him. Gaston Dantree! An utter stranger—a singer of songs—his voice giving him the entire into houses where else he had never set his foot. A schemer probably—an adventurer certainly—a foreigner also—and Sir John Dantree had all your true-born Briton's hearty detestation of foreigners.

"Katie," he could just exclaim, "that man!" "I love him, papa," she whispered, between an impulsive shower of coaxing kisses; "and oh, please don't call him that man! He may be poor, but he is so good, so noble—dearer, better every way than any man I ever knew. If you had only heard him talk last night, papa!"

"Talk! Yes, I dare say," the baronet laughed—a dreamy, sounding laugh enough. "It is his stock in trade—that silvery tenor of his; and all adventurers possess the gift of gab. It is the rubbish that keeps them afloat."

"An adventurer, papa! You have no right to call him that. You don't know him—on should not judge him. He may be poor; but poverty is his only disgrace. He does not deserve that opprobrious name."

"It would be difficult, indeed, to say what name Mr. Gaston Dantree does not deserve. A penniless stranger who could deliberately set himself to work to steal the affections of a child like you—for your fortune alone! That will do Katherine; I know what I am talking about—I have met men like Mr. Gaston Dantree before. And I have no right to judge him—this thief who comes to steal away my treasure! Child—child! you have disappointed me more than I can say."

"He sighed bitterly, and covered his eyes with his hand; Katherine's arm tightened imploringly round his neck. "Don't anger your papa, don't grieve your papa, don't say I have done that!" she cried faintly, hiding her face. "Denest, best father that ever was in this world, don't say you are angry with Katherine—for the first, the only time!"

"Heaven knows, my dear, I could not be angry with you if I tried. Lift up your head, Katherine, and give me a kiss. Don't cry for your new toy, my child; you shall have it, as you have had all the rest. Only whatever happens in the future, don't blame me. Remember that I have nothing but your happiness at heart."

"Her impetuous kisses, her happy tears thanked him. Since her childhood he had not seen her weep before, and the sight moved him strangely. "And when am I to see him, Katherine?" he asked; "when is this unknown hero, without money in his purse, coming to claim the heiress of Scarswood? It requires some courage, doubtless, to face the heavy father; but I suppose he does intend to come. And I think your Mr. Dantree has courage—no, that's not the word—check enough for anything."

"He will be here to-day," she whispered, lifting her head; "and papa, for my sake don't be hard on him—don't hurt his feelings, don't insult him for his poverty!" "He put her from him, and walked away with a gesture almost of anger.

"His poverty!" as if it cared for that! The baronet of Scarswood had been poor men, often enough; but they were always gentlemen. I don't think your handsome lover with the tenor voice can say as much. But, whatever he is—blackleg, adventurer, fortune-hunter—I am to take him, it seems, to give him my daughter, and he is to be as good as pleased his suitors to claim her. If not, you'll become a heroine, won't you, Katherine, run away to Gretchen Green with him? Katherine, if by some freak of fortune Scarswood and its long rent-roll passed from you to-morrow, and you stood before him penniless as he is, how long do you think he would prove true to all the love-vows of last night—in the conservatory, was it?"

"For all the years of his life, papa," the girl cried, her large eyes flashing. "You don't know him—you judge him cruelly and unkindly. He loves me for myself—as I do him. Papa, I never knew you to be so unkind before in all my life!" "That will do, Katie—I have promised to accept him when he comes—let that suffice. I confess I should have liked a gentleman born and bred for a son-in-law, but that weakness will no doubt wear away with time. Ah, I see—you're to the conquering hero comes! Will you dare trust him to my tender mercies, my dear, or do you wish to remain and do battle for your knight?"

"For Mr. Gaston Dantree was riding slowly up the avenue. The sun which all morning had been struggling with the clouds burst out at the moment, and Mr. Dantree approached through the sunburst as through a glory. The girl's eyes lit, her whole face kindled with the radiance of love at seventeen. And this son of the gods was hers. She turned in her swift, impulsive fashion, and flung her arms round her father's neck once more.

"Don't be unkind, papa, for my sake. It would kill me if I lost him—just that!" "Bill you," he laughed, cynically. "Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. There, go—I may be an oar, but I'll promise not to dour Mr. Dantree this morning, if I can help it."

"He led her to the door, held it open for her to pass out. She gave one last imploring glance. "For my sake, papa," she repeated, and fled. He closed the door and went back to his seat beside the window. The last trace of softness died out of his face, he sighed heavily, and in the glacial sunshine his florid face looked haggard and worn.

"If I only had courage to face the worst," he thought—"if I only had courage to tell the truth. But I am a coward, and I cannot. The revelation would kill her—to lose her, to lose fortune, all at one blow. If it must fall, mine will never be the hand to strike, and yet it might be the greatest mercy after all."

lover. Mr. Dantree took them, and the chair, as matters of course. He laid his hat on the floor, drew off his gloves, ran his fingers through his glossy black curls, and met Sir John's irate gaze and unflinching good humor.

"I come to you, Sir John, on a matter of supreme importance. As you appear in haste, I will not detain you long—I will come to the point at once. Last night I had the honor of proposing for your daughter's hand, and the happiness of being accepted."

"This was coming to the point at once with a vengeance. Sir John sat gazing at him blankly. The stupendous magnificence of his checkiness completely took his breath away.

"It may be presumptuous on my part," Mr. Dantree coolly went on; "but our affections are not under our control. Love knows no distinction of rank. I love your daughter, Sir John, and have the great happiness of knowing my love is returned."

Sir John Dantree actually burst out laughing. Somewhere in the old mustache there lay a lurking vein of humor, and Mr. Dantree's perfect sang-froid and pat little speech tickled it; and the laugh took Mr. Dantree more than all his words in this English language.

"Sir!" he began, reddening. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Dantree—I certainly had no intention of laughing, and certainly suppose you don't see anything to laugh at. It was that pretty speech of yours—how glibly you say your lesson! Long practice, now, I suppose has made you perfect."

"Sir John Dantree—if you mean to insult me—"

"Keep quiet, Mr. Dantree—you're not in a passion, though you feign one very well! You may be an actor by profession, for what I know, but I'd rather we dropped melodrama and kept to humdrum common-sense. Reserve all your flowery periods about love overleaping the barriers of rank. Katherine is not listening. Am I to understand you are here to demand my daughter's hand in marriage?"

Mr. Dantree bowed. "You are to understand that, Sir John. I possess Miss Dantree's heart. I have come here this morning, with her consent, to ask you for her hand."

"And my daughter has known you three, or four weeks—which is it? And you are good enough to acknowledge it may be a little presumptuous! Mr. Dantree, what are you? Katherine is seventeen, and in love with you; I am six-and-five, and not in love; you possess a handsome face and a very fine voice—may I ask what additional virtues and claims you can put forth for my favor? Dark eyes and melodious tenors are very good and pleasant things in their way, but I am an unromantic old soldier, and I should like you to show some more substantial reasons why I am to give you my daughter for life."

"If by substantial reasons you mean fame or fortune, Sir John, I possess neither. I own I am poor. I am a journalist. By my pen I earn my bread, and I have yet to learn there is any disgrace in honest poverty."

"There are many things you have yet to learn, I think, Mr. Dantree, but easy assurance and self-conceit are not among them. You are poor, no doubt—of the honesty of that poverty I have no means of judging. At present I have but your word for it. Would you like to know what I think of you, Mr. Dantree—in plain language?"

"If you please, Sir John, and it will be plain, I have no doubt."

"Then, sir, you are, I believe, simply and solely an adventurer—a fortune-hunter. Be good enough to hear me out. I am not likely to repeat this conversation for some time, and it is much better we should understand each other at once. There is but one thing I would rather not see my daughter than your wife, and that is—dead!"

"Thank you, Sir John—you are almost more complimentary than I had hoped. I am to understand, then, that you refuse your consent. As I deal by her may I deal with her?"

He spoke the words that sealed his condemnation. In the troubled after-days, it was only the retribution he invoked then that fell.

CHAPTER VII. THE SECOND WARNING.

BEFORE the expiration of a week, it was known to all Castleford—to all the county families of the neighborhood—that Miss Katherine Dantree, heiress of Scarswood Park, was engaged to Mr. Gaston Dantree, of—nobody knew where.

"Did any other baronet's daughter so far stooped to disgrace their ends and their order, the county families would have stood paralyzed at the deprecation. Being Miss Dantree, nobody even wondered. It was only of a piece with all the rest. What could you expect of a young person the term of lady would have been a misnomer—of a young person with some of the best blood in Sussex in her veins, who persisted in scampering over the downs and the coast for miles without a groom!—who treated her venerable father as though he were a child of twelve, who wore her hair streaming down her back at the mature age of seventeen, who called every Goody and Gaffer in the parish by their christian name, who was quite capable of speaking to anybody without an introduction, who knew every game that could be played on the cards, and who talked slang?"

What could you expect of a demoralized young woman like this? The Dantree family was unexceptionable—there must be a cross somewhere, a bad minister on the mother's side; it was a wild impossibility the old blood could degenerate in this way.

Who was Mr. Gaston Dantree? The county families asked this question with intense curiosity now, and found the answer all too meagre. Mr. Dantree himself possessed to it with that perfect, high-bred self-possession which characterized him; and everybody had to take his own account, or go look for proof.

"I am an American—a Southerner, as you know," Mr. Dantree had said; "my native State is Louisiana. I am that famous historical personage, 'the son of poor but honest parents,' now and for many years dead. By profession I am a journalist; I am connected with the New Orleans 'P.' An unexpected windfall, in the way of a small legacy, enabled me, six months ago, to realize a long cherished dream of mine and visit England. My leave of absence expires in two months, when I must either return to New Orleans or—"

Here Mr. Dantree was wont to break off if Miss Dantree were present, with a profound sigh and a glance that spoke lexicons. Squire Talbot of Morecombe, with whom Mr. Dantree had come down to London, and with whom he was still staying, when brought upon the stand in turn and cross-examined, could throw very little more light on his guest's antecedents.

"Deuced sorry, now, Sir John, I ever did brag, the fellow down," young Mr. Talbot said, the first time he met the baronet, pulling his tawny mustache with gloomy gravity; "but how the deuce could I tell Miss Dantree's perfect sang-froid and pat little speech tickled it; and the laugh took Mr. Dantree more than all his words in this English language."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dantree—I certainly had no intention of laughing, and certainly suppose you don't see anything to laugh at. It was that pretty speech of yours—how glibly you say your lesson! Long practice, now, I suppose has made you perfect."

"Sir John Dantree—if you mean to insult me—"

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"I don't ask merely from idle curiosity," Mrs. Vavasor went on, as the baronet's answer was a sort of groan: "I inquire because the knowledge influences my own movements. One week before the day fixed for the wedding, I receive from you, my kind benefactor, that check for ten thousand pounds—a very respectable haul, by the way—and I shake the dust of Scarswood off my feet forever. My reception by both her and her mother was, I must say, of the least cordial, and I am made to feel every hour that I am a most unwelcome interloper. Still, I bear up, and not having any of your assurance in my veins, my sensitive feelings are wounded. Perhaps a dozen years spent at Baden and Hamburg does blunt the finer edge of one's nerves. I trust the wedding-day will not come round too speedily—I really like my quarters here. My room commands a sunny southern prospect, your wines are unexceptionable, and your cook, for an English cook, a treasure. Don't fix the happy day too near, Sir John. Dearest Katherine is so impatient that she would be married next week, I dare say, if she could."

"I wish to Heaven it were next week, so that I might be rid of you!" Sir John broke out. "You bring misfortune with you wherever you go! Mrs. Harman you shall leave this house! You sit here with that mocking smile on your face, exulting in your power until it drives me half mad to look at you. Take the enormous bribe you demand—I have no right to give it you, I know—and go at once. What object can you gain by remaining here?"

"Now that is an unkind question. What do I gain? The pleasure of your society, and that of Miss Dantree, to be sure; the pleasure of being hand and glove with the gentry of this neighborhood, who, like yourself, rather give me the cold shoulder, by the way. I wonder how it is?—none of them ever saw me at Homburg that I know of. I suppose the brand of adventurism is stamped on my face. No, Sir John; not one hour, not one second sooner than I say, shall I quit Scarswood Park. If the wedding is fixed for next week, then I leave this; if for this day ten years, then I remain that long. I dare say I should find life slow, and the character of a respectable British matron of the upper classes a dismal life; but still, I would do it."

He stopped in his walk and looked at her. The bold eyes met his unflinchingly. "Well, Sir John?"

"Harriet Harman, you have some sinister design in all. What have you to do with Katherine's wedding day? What has the child done to you that you should hate her? What have I ever done that you should torment me thus? Is it that at the last Lord you mean to break your promise and tell? Great Heaven! Harriet, is that what you mean?"

Her steady color faded for a moment; her own, with all her boldness, shifted away from the gaze of the old man's horror-struck eyes.

"What I mean is my own affair," she said, sullenly; "and I do hate Katherine for her mother's sake, and her own. You needn't ask me any questions about it. I mean to tell you all one day—but not this. I want money, Sir John, and that promised check, of course, my poor little purse replenished. See how empty it is!—and all my worldly wealth is here."

She laughed as she held it up, all her old audacious manner back. Two or three shillings jingled in the meshes as she held it out.

"I want to replenish my wardrobe; I want to pay some bills; I want—oh! millions of things! Fill me out a check like the princely old soldier you are, and I shall get through the day shopping in Castleford; I will amuse myself spending money, while Katherine amuses herself listening to Mr. Dantree's fluent love-making. Help rather a clever little fellow, that son-in-law-elect of yours, my dear baronet, and I don't think he will give us his whole autobiography quite as it

is known in New Orleans. I don't say there was anything particularly clever in his wooing the heiress of Scarswood, because any well-looking young man, with a ready tongue and an elegant address, could have done that, and my own impression is that Miss Dantree, like Desdemona, met him more than half way. I'm ready to wager the nuptials will be consummated within the next three months. Now, that check, dear Sir John—ask do be liberal!"

She rose up, and Sir John, with the look of a hunted animal at bay, filled out a check for a hundred pounds and handed it to her. "A sop to Cerberus," the widow said, gayly; "do you know, Sir John, I haven't had so much money at once for the past five years! How fortunate for me that I met Colonel Dantree and lady that eventful day fifteen years ago in the hospital of St. Lazare! And what a comfortable thing to a poor little widow a great man's secret is! Thank you, Sir John; my toilettes will do Scarswood credit during the remainder of my stay."

And Mrs. Vavasor kept her word. The faded silks and shabby laces, the "Palais-Royal diamonds and soiled gowns" were consigned to the lowest depth of oblivion and the widow's trunks. A sad rustle of rainbow hues, stiff enough in their striking richness to stand alone; a gleam of marvellous price, with the glimmer of real jewels, made the little woman gorgeous. If she painted, she was a mistress of the art; and none but a very expert female eye could have detected the liquid rouge that made her bloom so brightly, or that the sparkling radiance of her bright black eyes was the ghastly brilliance of belladonna. Sir John's one hundred pounds went a very little way in his visitor's magnificent toilet, and that first "sop to Cerberus" had to be very speedily and very often renewed. In her own way, she spent her time very pleasantly—tossing over purchases in the Castleford shops, making agreeable flying trips to London and back, driving about in a little basket-carriage and bidding her time.

"All things are possible to the man who knows how to wait, my dear Mr. Dantree," she said one day, to the baronet's moody nephew. "I suppose the same rule applies to women. Don't be impatient; your time and mine is very near now. I have waited for nearly eighteen years, and here you are grumbling, ingrate, at being obliged to stand in the background for that many weeks! How is it that we never see you at Scarswood now?"

She picked up the Castleford attorney on one of her drives. Since the night of the birthday party, Mr. Peter Dantree had not shown his sallow face, colorless eyes and mustache inside the great house.

"I don't think you need ask that question—of all people, the young man answered, sullenly. "What the deuce should I do at Scarswood, looking at those two billing and cooing? They say marriages are made in Heaven—I wonder if this union of a fool and a knave was ever made in the celestial regions? In the infernal, I should say myself."

"My dear Mr. Dantree, aren't you a little severe? A fool and a knave! I wonder, if she had accepted you the other night?"

"Oh, my cousin, shallow-hearted as my Katharine is, she would not."

Don't be unreasonable, Mr. Dantree. You are as good as Mr. Dantree, and—if you will pardon my telling the plain truth—not half a quarter so good-looking. And then, she is not married to him yet."

"No, but she soon will be. It is rumored in the town that the wedding is fixed for early in January. It's no use your talking and chaffing fellow, Mrs. Vavasor; the wedding day will take place as sure as we sit here, and the next thing there will be an heir to Scarswood. In the poetic language of the Orientals, your talk of the other night is all 'bosh.' It is utterly impossible that Scarswood should ever fall to me."

Mrs. Vavasor laughed in her agreeable way. "Impossible is a very big word, friend Peter—too big for my vocabulary. See here! Will you give me your written promise that on the day Scarswood and its long rent-roll becomes yours you will pay me down ten thousand pounds? It's a tolerable price, but not too much, considering the service I will do you."

He looked at her darkly, and in doubt. "Mrs. Vavasor," he said, slowly, "if that be your name—and I don't believe it is—I'm not going to commit myself to you, or anybody, in the dark. I am a lawyer, and won't break the law. You're a very clever little woman—so clever that for the rest of my life I mean to have nothing whatever to do with you. If you had a spite at anybody, I don't suppose you would stick at trifles to gratify it. But I'm not going to become accessory to you before the fact to any little plot of yours. If Scarswood ever comes to me, and I repeat, it is impossible it ever should, it shall be by fair means, not foul."

Mrs. Vavasor lay back among the cushions and stretched till she echoed ring. They were in two streets of Castleford, and passing pedestrians looked up and smiled from very sympathy with the merry pair.

"He thinks I am going to commit a murder! I really believe he does! No—no! Mr. Dantree, I'm not a lawyer, but I respect the majesty of the law quite as greatly as you do. I've done a great many queer things in my life, I don't mind owning, but I never committed a murder, and I never mean to, even to gratify spite. Come! you're a coward, mon ami, even though you are a Dantree; but if you promise to perpetrate no deed of darkness on the way, will you give me that ten thousand when you are lord of the manor. Yes or no? just as you please. Sir John will, if you will."

"I wish I understood!"

"Wait! wait! wait! You shall understand! we are drawing near the Hall. Is it a promise?"

"It will be a fool's promise, given in the dark; but, if you will, have it."

Mrs. Vavasor's eyes sparkled with a light this time not derived from belladonna. "You will give me that promise in writing?"

"In anything; it is easy enough to give a promise we never expect to be called to fulfil. If through you Scarswood Park becomes mine, I will willingly pay you the sum you ask."

"Very well, then—it is a compact between us. You fetch the document in writing the next time you visit us, and let that visit be soon. You can surely bear the sight of our lovers' raptures with the secret knowledge that they will never end in wedlock."

"I thought that," between his set teeth. "You may think it. I know that of Katherine Dantree which will effectively prevent Gaston Dantree from marrying her. All I speak of is Satanic Majesty and he appears. Behold Katherine Dantree and the handsome lover her money has bought!"

They came dashing out from under the arched entrance gates, both supplely mounted, for Mr. Dantree had the run of the Morecombe stables. Remarkably handsome at all times, Mr. Dantree invariably looked his best on horseback, and Miss Dantree, in

her tight-fitting habit, her tall hat with its sweeping purple plumes, and wearing, oh! such an infinitely happy face, was, if not handsome, at least dashing and bright enough for the goddess Diana herself.

"Look," Mrs. Vavasor said, maliciously; "and they say perfect bliss is not for this world. Let those who say so come and look at Katherine Dantree and that beautiful creature, Gaston Dantree—the very handsome man I ever saw, I believe, and I have seen some handsome men in my lifetime. Real Oriental eyes, Mr. Dantree—long, black, lustrous. And he oozes with the grace of a prince of the blood."

The equestrians swayed. Mr. Dantree doffed his hat, and bowed low to the smiling little lady in the basket carriage. Miss Dantree's salute was of the haughtiest. Some faintly instinct told her her father's guest was her enemy, despite her sugary speeches, her endearing epithets, her ceaseless smiles.

"I hate that woman, papa," Katherine more than once burst out to her father. "I hate people who go through life continually smiling. If you told her black was white, she would say, 'So it is, my sweetest pet, and look as she believed it—little hypocritical I detest her, and she detests me, and she makes you miserable—oh, I can see it! now what I want to know is, what's she doing here?'"

And Katherine stood before her father, and looked for an answer, with her bright, clear eyes fixed full upon him. He had shifted under the gaze of those frank eyes, with a sort of suppressed groan.

"I wish you would try and treat her a little more civilly than you do, Kathie," he answered, avoiding his daughter's searching glance; "you were perfectly rude to her last night. It is not like you, Kathie, to be discourteous to the guest that eats of your bread and salt."

"And it is very like her to play eavesdropper. I caught her behind a tall orange tree listening to every word Gaston and I were saying. I merely told her I would repeat our conversation any night for her benefit if she was so determined to hear it as to play the spy. She is an odious little wretch, papa, if she is your friend, and I don't believe she is. She paints and she tells polite lies every hour of the day, and she hates me with the whole strength of her venomous little soul. And she looks at you and speaks to you in a way I don't understand—as though she had you in her power. Papa, I warn you! You'll come to grief if you keep any secrets from me."

"Katherine, for pity's sake, go and leave me alone! In her power! What abominable nonsense you talk. Go! walk! drive, sing, amuse yourself with your new toy—the singing net—anything only leave me to read my Times in peace. I begin to believe Victor Hugo's words, 'Men are women's playthings, and women are the deus.'" "

"That will do, papa," interrupted Katherine, walking away in offended dignity. "You can say things quite bitter enough yourself, without quoting that cynical Frenchman. Mrs. Vavasor may be Satan's plaything, for what I know. Of that you are naturally the best judge. How long is she to force herself upon us in this house?"

"I do not know. She will leave before you are married—the word seemed to choke him—and Kathie, child, I do wish you would try and treat her with common civility—for my sake, if not for hers."

"And why for your sake, papa? I hate doing things in the dark. What claim has she upon you that I should become a hypocrite and treat her civilly?"

"The claim of—of acquaintance in the past, of being my guest in the present. And, without any other reason, you might do it because I desire it, Katherine."

"I would do a good deal to oblige you, papa; even to—well, even to being civil to that painted, little, soft-spoken, snake-eyed woman. She has eyes speckled like a snake, and is to be trusted just as far. Papa, what is it she knows about my mother?"

"Your mother! What do you mean?" (To be continued.)

JUSTIN MCCARTHY ON MACAULAY.

MACAULAY was not the paragon, the ninth wonder of the world, for which people once set him down; but he was undoubtedly a great literary man. He was also a man of singularly noble character. He was, in a literary sense, egotistic; that is to say, he thought and talked and wrote a great deal about his works and himself; but he was one of the most unselfish men that ever lived. He appears to have enjoyed advancement, success, fame and money, only because these enabled him to give pleasure and support to the members of his family. He was attached to his family, especially to his sisters, with the tenderest affection. His real nature seems only to have thoroughly shown out when in their society. There he was loving, sportive, even to joyous frolicsome; a glad school-boy almost to the very end. He was remarkably generous and charitable, even to strangers; his hand was almost always open; but he gave so unostentatiously that it was not until after his death half his kindly deeds became known. He had a spirit which was absolutely above any of the corrupting temptations of money and rank. He was very poor at one time; and during his poverty he was beginning to make his reputation in the House of Commons. It is often said that a poor man feels nowhere so much out of place, nowhere so much at a disadvantage, nowhere so much humiliated, as in the House of Commons. Macaulay felt nothing of this kind. He bore himself as easily and steadfastly as though he had been the only son of a proud and wealthy family. It did not seem to have occurred to him when he was poor that money was lacking to the dignity of his intellect and his manhood; or when he was rich that money added to it. Certain defects of temper and manner, rather than of character he had which caused men often to misunderstand him, and sometimes to dislike him. He was apt to be overbearing in tone, and to show himself a little too confident of his splendid gifts and acquisitions, his marvellous memory, his varied reading, his overwhelming power of argument. He trampled on man's prejudices too heedlessly, was inclined to treat ignorance as if it were a crime, and to make defiance of it. Such defects as these are hardly worth mentioning, and would not be mentioned here, but that they serve to explain some of the misconceptions which were formed of Macaulay by many during his lifetime, and some of the antagonisms which he unconsciously created. Absolutely without literary affectation, undressed by early poverty, unspiced by later and almost unqualified success, he was an independent, quiet, self-relying man who, in all his noon of fame, found most happiness in the companionship and the sympathy of those he loved, and who, from first to last, was loved most tenderly by those who knew him best. He was buried in Westminster Abbey in the first week of the new year, and there truly took his place among his peers.—History of Our Own Times.

CIVILITY is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf.

The Irish in the United States.

A Leading Radical Journal on Mr. Parnell's Hint of a Possible Invasion.

Pall Mall Gazette.

There is a portion of Mr. Parnell's speech on Sunday which will be read by most Englishmen with incredulity and by some with positive derision. It is that in which he says that the Irishmen in the United States who have helped their countrymen with money will be ready to do so more vigorously and more effectually when they can come forward with a prospect of success. It is no secret that the funds with which the League operates have come from the other side of the Atlantic, and it may well be surmised that a good many of the violent things that are said are spoken not to Ireland or to English, but to the Yankee Irish, who naturally require something for their money—strong language if nothing else. On Sunday Mr. Parnell made his meaning quite clear. "There was, indeed, little attempt to hint at what was intended. It was a distinct and definite threat that when the Irish had organized themselves sufficiently to fight on something like terms of equality with England, Irishmen would speedily land from the United States in sufficient numbers and well enough armed and drilled to turn the scale in favor of their countrymen. The bitter hatred of England which now comes out in every sentence of Mr. Parnell's speeches gave point to this threat. If he could secure the help of an Irish-Yankee contingent to bring on a civil war at a time when it seemed likely on other grounds he would win, there is little doubt that he would do it. What is more—all ridicule notwithstanding—there is very little doubt that unless the Government of the United States kept a sharper look out than is possible for one to keep, such a contingent would come readily enough on a well-backed invitation. It is as well that we should not deceive ourselves about the feeling of a vast number, perhaps the majority, of the Irish on the other side of the Atlantic. If they get the chance they mean business. The wrongs of Ireland are constantly before their eyes. The Irish born in the United States do not forget the misgovernment from which their fathers suffered. A regular organization—more than one, indeed—is maintaining, specially to keep Irish affairs before the Irish and to collect subscriptions. The very dislike which Yankees as a rule have for the Irish population of the great cities drives them to closer communion with one another, and it must be admitted that the circumstances under which many of them have left their country are likely to rankle in their minds for years. At any rate they do rankle, and coldly as Mr. Parnell was treated by the mass of Yankees when they found that he wanted to draw them into his crusade on behalf of Ireland against England, he did it for a reason to comprehend of his reception by the Irish in any portion of the States. Now it is easy enough to talk of silly misguided peasants egged on by an unscrupulous agitator to believe themselves half starved, miserable and oppressed, when, in fact, they are fat, well-dressed and the freest of the free. That may all be gospel truth, though the facts somehow tend to show that silly misguided peasants have at least capacity enough to know whether their bellies are full or empty, whether their handiwork is tyrannous and unjust or just and untyrannous. But—and this is the matter for us just now—there are some millions on both sides of the Atlantic who do not believe it. They do not believe that the wholesale deportations of 1847 and onwards were conducted in the true spirit of Christian charity; nor, for the matter of that, that the Marquis of Lansdowne's estates have been managed in the humanitarian fashion which that able supporter of "freedom of contract" represents in his letter to the Yankee newspapers. They hold that they, as well as their friends and relations now in Ireland, have been shamefully wronged, which supported those landlords in the maintenance of a system of land tenure that no single human being who has not interests of his own to serve by doing so can be found to advocate for a moment. Thus thinking they mean some day to fight a party for revenge, partly for the fame of the country that to do them justice, they love only to well."

Now, what we want to ask is this: Is it worth while to shut our eyes to this bitter feeling and to laugh at the idea of Ireland being a heavy burden to us in the event of a serious foreign war? We have tried the game of coercion in the interests of a small minority over and over again. What has it benefited us, the English people? What indeed? Might we not try a little steady justice on both sides? We are looking on at something like revolution now, and civil war in private hands is also recommended by one "W." in large type, in yesterday's Times. While civil war, or even revolution, is only business, forcible domination is not likely to