

would only be derived from the reflection that the old land and children have lived through darker days even than to-day, that trials more severe even than that she is now passing through, have tested her endurance, and that, sorely tried as she has been, she has never been found wanting; that out of each affliction she has come more purified, more exalted, above all, more beloved by her sons, of whose affection nothing has been able to despoil her, how she has been to them truly "More dear in her sorrow, her gloom and her showers. Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours."

(Cheers.) And as we pass on (scanning over page after page it is true, we almost forget the suffering displayed in its endurance until it seems to us that we can imagine no Ireland we could love as we do this *Miser Dolores* of the mother lands, and we find ourselves ready to exclaim with Tom Moore:

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free, First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with prouder, with happier joy. But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

But still though it may arouse our admiration, increase our love for Ireland, the story of her sorrows cannot give us joy, can hardly fail to intensify the sadness that has clouded our attempts at rejoicing to-day. Shall we then go further back, open the book at those well-known pages we have loved to read, pages at which the volume opens of itself, pages which end, alas! too soon, wherein are chronicled the earlier happier days of our mother's youth, or take up that larger volume that tells the fortunes of the universe, and trace the world-wide influence of that mother through her children, whose exploits on the battle-field, wisdom in the council chamber, eloquence in the popular assembly, have done so much for the glory and the prosperity of the nations of the old world and the new? For a moment the tale may make us glad, but we turn from these pages even more sadly than from those that tell of Erin's sorrows. The contrast with the Ireland of to-day and the condition of the Irishman at home to-day is too striking. As we lift our eyes from the page for an instant that picture rises before us, and we wish to read no more. We throw the book aside, realizing with Tennyson that

"This is truth the poet brings That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Turn we then to the future for our consolation. Picture we to ourselves the Ireland of to-morrow. Hope must be our consolation. The hope that her faith has given her has brought Erin through all the struggles of the past, has kept her children faithful to her, strengthening them against all temptation to forget or betray her, and transfer their allegiance to lands more favored of fortune. In Hope we must find to-night our consolation; to the future we must look to what there may be of gladness in our celebration of this St. Patrick's Day of 1880.

FUTURE OF THE OLD LAND

we all have depicted to ourselves in glowing colors. No picture that I could draw would even faintly outline the ideal which each one of us has formed of it. We have all rejoiced in anticipation of that time our fancy has loved to dwell on. To-day more particularly we have allowed ourselves to dream of it, to sigh for it, to wish the dreary present gone to join the drearier past, in order that we might find ourselves witnesses of that prosperous future which we all believe will reward Ireland for her struggle. Forgetting the sorrow of to-day, we have placed ourselves in imagination in presence of that Home Ruled Ireland that we look forward to, that Ireland whose fortunes will be under the guidance of her own sons, untrammelled by the blundering interference of those statesmen on the other side of the English channel, who, in every effort to make Ireland prosperous or happy, to make her people good subjects in the only manner in which any people can be made good subjects by making it possible to be loyal to the Crown without being false to their country, their families and themselves, see or feign to see a seditious attempt at the disintegration of the British empire; that Ireland shall be for the Irish as Canada is for the Canadians, where the Irish land shall be held and owned by the Irish people, where the farmer will be able to make his home, devote himself to the education of his children, to the performance of all these duties that become a good citizen, with some higher aspiration to urge him on than the hope—that is rather a delusion than a hope—that by a year of unremitting toil he may manage to save from the rental that swallows all his earnings, sufficient to keep starvation from his door; the Ireland that shall be such as Nature intended her to be, such as her sons can and will make her (cheers)—an Ireland that, not ceasing to be of the British Empire, shall with the free, contented, educated and loyal population that a few years of self-government will cause to spring up in her midst, find herself not separated from that empire, not wishing to be separated from it, glad on the contrary to form portion of it, and forming that portion of the Empire that shall control it. This last assertion of ours, for I think the belief is yours as well as mine, will be smiled at, I dare say, if not sneered at by those essentially enlightened people of whom we meet so many; who are always ready to discuss Irish matters and questions fairly and impartially, provided you will only allow them to base the discussion on the assumption that nothing good could possibly come out of that Nazareth of western Europe. I think we could, notwithstanding their sneer, justify our proposition by a glance at the history of those lands our countrymen have governed in peace, whose armies they have led to triumph in war, not the last among whom we may count England herself; however, that we have no need to do. There is a better, a more effectual means of persuading the outside world of the

IRISH FITNESS FOR HOME RULE

and at the same time of doing our part towards realizing that dream, bringing about that devotely to be wished consummation. I said in opening that feeling did not speak by words, that music might perhaps better hope to express it. Ladies and gentlemen, it speaks most eloquently by another means. Action is the true utterance of feeling. Your sympathy with the old land's sorrow has been eloquently spoken by the substantial assistance you have sent her. Your love for her has spoken by the fervor with which you impaled this morning at the altar's foot, imploring the Almighty to deal gently with the land—we love, and to shorten the hour of her trial. It is that love that begets the bright hopes for Erin's future, on which I have dwelt. The wish that Ireland may be great, does not do the thought, the belief in our minds that she will be so. But action, I have said, is feeling's true utterance. We say, we love Ireland, that we earnestly and sincerely wish for her happiness. If our assertion be true our love must speak by our actions; if we really wish

that end, we must be willing to take the means we must take the means—to attain it. But you say that are those means? what share can we take in bringing about Erin's happiness? The answer seems to me simple, and I really found, I have said it elsewhere and before; I repeat it here this evening, and I believe even at the risk of being counted a man of one idea. I will say it again and again whenever and wherever it shall be my honor and happiness to address my fellow-countrymen. If we would do our share to bring about Ireland's self-government, we must persuade the world, and persuade the world in spite of itself, that her sons are fitted for it. No argument will do this. Argument is addressed to the reason, and no man's reason ever led him to the conclusion that Irishmen cannot rule their own land, as they have ruled others. It is on prejudice alone that rests the assertion, and with a prejudice you can never argue. The only answer to it is a life that belies it. If then we would persuade the world that Irishmen can govern themselves, we must prove it by our lives in this self-governing country. If we would do our duty as Irishmen, we must, here in this country, bearing those Irish names of ours that will always tell the race we are proud to spring from, here in this Canadian land, and among the Canadian people that is forming itself of many races, distinguish ourselves by being good, nay, the best Canadians. In saying this I do not say to you to forget your Irish motherland. My own heart tells me too well what your answer to such a request would be. The thing is impossible, and even were it possible, I for one, do not believe it desirable, even from the point of view of the most ultra Canadian of Canadians. For, just as I believe it is necessary, in order to do our part as Irishmen towards securing Ireland's future, that we should take the lead as Canadians in this land, so also do I believe that as Canadians, in order to do our part efficiently to secure Canada's future, we must not cut adrift from our past or forget the land whose name is identified with all that our race holds dearest. Ladies and gentlemen, the past of Canada is not our past, is not the past of our fathers. If we had not the past of Ireland to look back to, if our fellow-Canadians of differing origins had not the past of the other European lands to look back to, we would find a large proportion of the Canadian people to be a people without a past. And the history of the world is there to tell us that so strongly have all peoples felt the necessity of some memories or traditions of a bygone day to urge them on, that where history could not furnish it to them

THEY HAVE RESORTED TO FICTION

and their leaders have conjured up an imaginary past, and fired their followers to action by fables of the exploits of a mythical ancestry among the gods. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, a people without a past is a people without a future. While then I would urge you to be good, true, earnest Canadians, to lay courageously hold of the work that stands before you, to do it with a will, to distinguish yourselves as the best Canadians, I would not ask you to be one whit less Irish, to give Ireland any less of your heart, because you take Canada into it. If your hearts are of that size popularly attributed to Irish hearts, there is room enough there for them both. But I fear I am becoming tiresome. In conclusion I would say, let those feelings which this day has aroused, which I told you my words could not express, and which you might justly tell me now they have not expressed, let those feelings, I say, speak by your actions! Let the world that is not of our people know you as the best, the most devoted citizens of this land. Your names will tell them loudly enough from what source your virtues came. Your fellow-Irishmen will recognize in your conduct the most practical, because the most useful, the most practical devotion to Ireland. By it you will strengthen the hands of your countrymen at home. Give them the unassailable argument of fact with which to meet their enemies and yours, when they sneeringly declare that the Irish are not fitted for self-government, or, as a writer in a "high class" Montreal journal lately put it, "that to say that an Irishman is always opposed to Government is not only to follow a fashion, but it is to utter a fact." By it you will secure to yourself and your motherland the respect of your fellow-Canadians here, and do a good work in the building up of this country that has cradled many of us, that all of us have learned to love as our home, and the home of those who, in future days, will inherit it, and we trust, do credit to the Irish names we bear.

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE FINISHED

and now, ladies and gentlemen, I have finished. I feel that my task has been poorly done, that I have spoken on an occasion that should make the most unglorious occasion before an audience that deserved something better on this one night of the year on which they expect to hear something said of the old land which they can consider worthy of her, and that I have fallen far below what they had a right to expect, not from me, but from the circumstances and the day that should have made me eloquent, and yet with all my doubts and fears as to what your opinions may be concerning my utterances, I leave them to your consideration, not without hope, if not of approval of what I have said, at least of sympathy in the feeling that has prompted it, the feeling I have reverted to so often this evening, a feeling that, Canadians though we may be, makes us, like exiles of Erin to-night, turn lovingly, if sadly, towards the old land, and with Campbell's typical exile, exclaiming:— Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing One last wish this lone bosom can draw; Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing. Land of my forefathers! Erin go Bragh! Buried and cold, when this heart stills its motion, Green be thy fields, sweetest vale of the ocean, And thy harp-sounding harp sing aloud with devotion, Erin Mavourneen! Erin go Bragh!

MISS HAGERTY WAS CORDIALLY WELCOMED

when she came forward to sing the well known and favorite ballad "See that my Grave is kept Green." Her rendering of the song was very pleasing, and the audience acknowledged the fact in an unmistakable manner. Mr. Thomas O'Brien followed with the ever popular "Crutekeen Lawn," which was given in so acceptable a style that he was not allowed to retire until he had complied with the general wish for an encore, and had sung "The Minstrel Boy." Miss Kate Harrington then gladdened the eyes of those present with her reappearance, and subsequently gladdened their hearing with the melody of "Dare I Tell," a very pretty air, the music of which was further beautified by superior vocalism. A storm of applause greeted the conclusion of the song, and encore was shouted from every part of the house. Mr. Jas. Shea then gave "The Land of St. Patrick" in his usual pleasing style, and was followed by Master James Carroll, who gave two comic songs in such a felicitous manner as to win for him plaudits of unusual duration and sincerity.

MR. THIBAUT, IN RESPONSE TO LOUD CALLS

advanced to the front of the platform and delivered a very happy address, full of telling points and pleasing allusions to Ireland and the Irish people. The entertainment was then brought to a close by the singing of the national anthem, "God Save Ireland," by the entire audience, who rose to their feet. The boys of St. Ann's School, Choir led the way; and thus terminated an event upon which the Irish citizens of Montreal, as well as St. Patrick's Society, have reason to congratulate themselves. During the evening Mr. F. B. McNamee read letters of regret for non-attendance from Hon. Mr. Courcel, M. P. Ryan, M. P., and others.

Last Wednesday the people of St. Gabriel celebrated the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint much in the same manner as it was observed throughout the city. The unity of fellowship existing between Father Salmon's flock may perhaps account for the success attending them in all their undertakings in this direction. However, the parishioners of St. Gabriel celebrated the day in a praiseworthy style, reflecting much credit upon themselves and their kind-hearted spiritual director, who prepared a splendid programme, which was successfully carried out in every instance.—At 10 o'clock a.m. Grand High Mass was celebrated in the church, which was crowded, the Rev. Father Oulien, of Boston, officiating at the altar, attended by Rev. Fathers Beaubien and Thibault, as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. On the sanctuary we also noticed the Rev. Fathers Salmon, Dozols and Brown, the latter rev. gentleman preaching an able and effective sermon, which was listened to with intense interest, on a subject appropriate to the day. The speaker prefaced his remarks by commenting on the unparalleled fidelity to the faith of the Irish race, and their ever bright remembrances of home. He compared them to the Jewish people in this respect, quoting the words, "By the waters of Babylon we sat and wept." He related the natural qualifications and characteristics of the Irish, and the faith they maintained during the famine years. He exhorted them to emulate, as far as possible, the self-sacrificing spirit of their forefathers. The discourse was ably delivered, and framed in beautiful language.

OTTAWA, MARCH 17.—ST. PATRICK'S DAY IS BEING OBSERVED QUIETLY

There was no public demonstration. High Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church by Bishop Duhamel. Father O'Connor preached the anniversary sermon. This afternoon the Bandman Company gave a matinee and a second performance in the evening in the Grand Opera House under the auspices of St. Patrick's Literary Association and the patronage of the Governor-General and the Princess.

QUEBEC, MARCH 17.—ST. PATRICK'S DAY IS BEING QUIETLY OBSERVED HERE

There was no procession this morning, but Grand Mass was performed in St. Patrick's Church at 10 a.m., the celebrant being Rev. Father Fahey, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Leary and Gratien. His Grace the Archbishop and a number of other clergy were present, and the congregation was very large. Chorus and Conception Mass in O was performed by an efficient choir, and orchestra under the direction of Mr. Calixa Lavallee, organist of the Church, Mr. A. Hamel presiding at the organ. Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Chaplain were present in the choir. An eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Callahan, of Montreal.

HALIFAX, N.S., MARCH 17.—THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY PARADED THE STREETS THIS MORNING

after which they proceeded to St. Mary's Cathedral, where service was held and a panegyric delivered by Rev. Mr. Biggs. The procession returned after service and marched through the streets, making a good display and attracting a large number of people.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 17.—ST. PATRICK'S DAY WAS OBSERVED BY SERVICES IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCHES THIS MORNING AND ENTERTAINMENTS BY VARIOUS SOCIETIES THIS EVENING

BRANTFORD, ONT., MARCH 17.—ST. PATRICK'S DAY IS BEING CELEBRATED BY A CONCERT IN ST. BASIL CHURCH TO-NIGHT.

HAMILTON, ONT., MARCH 17.—NO DEMONSTRATION WAS HELD HERE TO-DAY IN HONOUR OF THE 17TH

To-night, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin lectures in the Mechanics' Hall on "The Ireland of To-morrow."

TORONTO, MARCH 17.—THERE IS VERY LITTLE COMMOTION IN THE STREETS TO-DAY, AND ONE IS ONLY REMINDED OF ITS BEING ST. PATRICK'S DAY BY MEETING AN OCCASIONAL ENTHUSIAST WEARING THE NATIONAL COLOUR.

DUNDAS, O., MARCH 17.—ST. PATRICK'S DAY WAS CELEBRATED BY A GRAND CONCERT IN THE TOWN HALL

Rev. Father Dowling, of Paris, delivered a very eloquent lecture.

LONDON, O., MARCH 17.—TO-DAY HAS BEEN GENERALLY OBSERVED AS A HOLIDAY BY THE IRISHMEN, BUT NO PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION TOOK PLACE

The usual service was held in St. Peter's Cathedral at ten o'clock, the edifice being crowded to the doors. The Bishop of London conducted Pontifical High Mass.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17.—ST. PATRICK'S PROCESSION THIS MORNING WAS MUCH SMALLER THAN USUAL

The procession marched to Jones' Wood.

CHICAGO, MARCH 17.—THERE WAS NO PARADE OF THE IRISH SOCIETIES TO-DAY

Banquets and balls will be held this evening and the proceeds will be given to relieve the distress in Ireland.

Information Wanted.

The United States Consul has received a letter, dated New Orleans, La., imploring him to assist the writer to find her deceased husband's family. The letter says that the writer's husband, John Stewart, was born in Griffithtown, "a suburb or portion of Montreal," in the year 1830. His father's name was Luke Stewart and his mother's name Eleanor. She subsequently married a man named Bailey. The deceased had two sisters, one of whom was married to Thomas Billy. The name of the other is past recollection. The writer continues to the effect that her husband, John Stewart, died about three years ago, leaving her with a large family. She states that, being tired with repeatedly writing without receiving any replies, she asks to have any information addressed to Mrs. Catherine Stewart, care of John Weber, 658 North Rampart street, New Orleans, La.

Garibaldi endorses Hartmann and all king-killers.

Professor John Stuart Blackie has lately been studying up the land laws, and has come to the following decision; in his article in the *Contemporary Review*, entitled "Landlords and Land Laws: 'If the great mass of the urban population were as intelligently interested in the reform of the (British) land laws as they are in the political contentions of the hour, there would be a clean sweep of entail laws and long settlements by the first strong Ministry that might get into power, and even the encouragement of the growth of a race of peasant proprietors—the favorite butt of contempt in the English mind—might be looked upon as a most safe and conservative measure of social policy by the wisest men of all parties.'"

A COSMOPOLITE.

My wife wears a Normandy bonnet— It becometh the style of her hair. There's a bow called *Albanian* upon it. And it's trimmed with the *Boston* lace. In a *low* *Greenland* collar, dark tresses Are held by a high *Spanish* comb. Last summer her *Swiss* mantle draped. Were draped by a small *Swiss* from *Borneo*.

In the winter she dons *Russian* mantle, A shawl from the *valle* of *Cambray*. The *latter* is marked with a *label*. Which to *feminine* eyes is most dear. For *Hamburg* supplies her with *edging*; *Savoyra*, *Mecklin*, and *Cluny* rejoice. With *Brunels* and *Venice*, in *pledging*. The best of their lace for her choice.

Her small *Oxford* ties are a wonder. They reveal much profusion of *style*; Embroidered *Batignans* show under. Silk-cloaked, and imported from *Lisle*. Her *China* silk-kerchiefs are *scented*. With just a faint breath of *Cologne*; Her *Japanese* fans were *invented*. And carved by some mortal unknown.

At evening I love to behold her. While serving our best *Oolong* brand. A white *Shetland* shawl on her shoulder. A rare *Savoy* cup in her *hand*. The bright *Bella* wool she was *knitting*. Has dropped on the thick *Turkish* mat. On one side her *Spitz* dog is sitting. On the other her *Angora* cat.

She leads all the *German* of fashion. To the "Beautiful *Danube*" of *Strass*; *Bohemian* friends are her *guests*. And to their *breath* of *house*. To send her the *treasures* she *fancies*. All nations and peoples *combine*. For *bric-a-brac* foreign *entances*. This *Yankee*-bred *instrument* of *mine*. —Harper's Bazaar.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

"Will you take some wine, Captain Armine?" said the Count Mirabel, with a winning smile. "You have recently returned here?" "Very recently," said Ferdinand. "And you are glad?" "As it may be, I hardly know whether to rejoice or not."

"Then, my dear friend, all men rejoice," said the Count; "if you are in doubt, it surely must be best to decide upon being pleased."

"I think this is the best infernal country there ever was," said Lord Catchimwhocan. "My dear Catch," said the Count Mirabel, "you think so, do you? You make a mistake, you think so much, my dear Catch. Why is it the most infernal? Is it because the women are the handsomest, or because the horses are the best? Is it because it is the only country where there are fine wines? Or is it because it is the only place where you can get a coat made, or where you can play without being cheated, or where you can listen to an opera without your ears being destroyed? Now, my dear Catch, you pass your life in dressing and in playing hazard, in eating good dinners, in drinking good wines, in making love, in going to the opera, and in riding fine horses. Of what then have you to complain?"

"Oh! the damned climate!" "On the contrary, it is the only good climate there is. In England you can go out every day, and at all hours; and then, to those who love variety, like myself, you are not sure of seeing the same sky every morning you rise, which, for my part, I think the greatest of all existing sources of ennui."

"You reconcile me to my country, Count," said Ferdinand smiling. "Ah! you are a sensible man; but that dear Catch is always repeating nonsense which he hears from somebody else. To-morrow," he added, in a low voice, "he will be for the climate."

The conversation of men, when they congregate together, is generally dedicated to one of two subjects; politics or women. In the present instance the party was not political; and it was the fair sex, and particularly the most charming portion of it, in the good metropolis of England, that were subject to the poignant criticism or the profound speculation of these practical philosophers. There was scarcely a celebrated beauty in London, from the proud peeress to the vain opera-dancer, whose charms and conduct were not submitted to their masterly analysis. And yet it would be but fair to admit that their critical ability was more eminent and satisfactory than their abstract reasoning upon this interesting topic; for it was curious to observe that, though everyone present piqued himself upon his profound knowledge of the sex, not two of the sages agreed in the constituent principals of female character. One declared that women were governed by their feelings; another maintained that it was all imagination; a fourth that it was all vanity. Lord Castlefysh mumbled something about their passions; and Charley Doricourt declared that they had no passion whatever. But they all agreed in one thing, to wit, that the man who permitted himself a moment's uneasiness about a woman was a fool.

All this time Captain Armine spoke little, but ever to the purpose, and chiefly to the Count Mirabel, who pleased him. Being very handsome, and moreover, of a distinguished appearance, this silence on the part of Ferdinand made him a general favorite, and even Mr. Bevil whispered his approbation to Lord Catchimwhocan.

"The fact is," said Charley Doricourt, "it is only boys and old men who are plagued by women. They take advantage of either state of childhood. Eh! Castlefysh?" "In that respect, then, somewhat resembling you, Charley," replied his lordship, "you did not admire the appeal. For no one can doubt you plagued your father; I was out of my teens, fortunately, before you played ecarte."

"Come, good old Fysh," said Count Mirabel, "take a glass of claret, and do not look so fierce. You know very well that Charley learnt everything of you."

"He never learned from me to spend a fortune upon an actress," said his lordship. "I have spent a fortune, but thank heaven, it was on myself."

"Well, as for that," said the Count, "I think there is something great in being ruined for one's friends. If I were as rich as I might have been, I would not spend much on myself. My wants are few; a fine house, fine carriages, fine horses, a complete wardrobe, the best opera-box, the first cook, and pocket-money; that is all I require. I have these, and I get on pretty well; but if I had a princely fortune I would make every good fellow I know quite happy."

"Well," said Charley Doricourt, "you are a lucky fellow, Mirabel. I have got horses, houses, carriages, opera-boxes, and cooks; and I have had a great estate; but pocket-money I never could get. Pocket-money was the thing which always cost me the most to buy off."

The conversation now fell upon the theatre. Mr. Bond Sharpe was determined to have a theatre. He believed it was reserved for him to revive the drama. Mr. Bond Sharpe planned himself upon his patronage of the stage. He certainly had a great admiration of actresses; there was something in the management of a great theatre which pleased the somewhat imperial fancy of Mr. Bond Sharpe. The manager of a great theatre is a kind of monarch. Mr. Bond Sharpe longed to seat himself on the throne, with the splendid women in London for his court, and all his fashions

My friends rallying round their sovereign. He had an impression that great results might be obtained with his organizing energy and filippic capital. Mr. Bond Sharpe had unbounded confidence in the power of capital. Capital was his deity. He was confident that it could always produce alike genius and triumph. Mr. Bond Sharpe was right; capital is a wonderful thing; but we are scarcely aware of this fact until past thirty; and then, by some similar process, which we will not stop to analyze, one's capital is in general sensibly diminished. As man advances in life, all passions resolve themselves into money. Love, ambition, even poetry, end in this.

"Are you going to Shropshire this autumn, Charley?" said Lord Catchimwhocan. "Yes, I shall go."

"I don't think I shall," said his lordship; "it is such a bore."

"It is rather a bore; but he is a good fellow." "I shall go," said Count Mirabel.

"You are not afraid of being bored," said Ferdinand smiling.

"Between ourselves, I do not understand what this being bored is," said the Count. "He who is bored appears to me a bore. To be bored supposes the inability of being amused; you must be a dull fellow whenever I may be, I thank heaven that I am always diverted."

"But you have such nerves, Mirabel," said Lord Catchimwhocan. "By Jove! I envy you. You are never flooded."

"Flooded! what an idea! What should flood me? I live to amuse myself, and I do nothing that does not amuse me. Why should I be flooded?"

"Why I do not know; but every other man is flooded now and then. As for me, my spirits are sometimes something dreadful."

"When you have been losing." "Well, we cannot always win. Can we, Sharpe? That would not do. But, by Jove! you are always in good humor, Mirabel, when you lose."

"Fancy a man ever being in low spirits," said the Count Mirabel. "Life is too short for such betises. The most unfortunate wretch alive calculates unconsciously that it is better to live than to die. Well, then, he has something in his favor. Existence is a pleasure, and the greatest. The world cannot rob us of that; and if it is better to live than to die, it is better to live in a good humor than a bad one. If a man be convinced that existence is the greatest pleasure, his happiness may be increased by good fortune, but it will be essentially independent of it. He who feels that the greatest source of pleasure always remains to him ought never to be miserable. The sun shines on all; every man can go to sleep; if you cannot ride a fine horse, it is something to look upon one; if you have not a fine dinner there is some amusement in a crust of bread and Gruyere. Feel slightly, think little, never plan, never brood. Everything depends upon the circulation; take care of it. Take the world as you find it; enjoy everything. 'Vive la bagatelle!'"

Here the gentlemen rose, took their coffee, and ordered their carriages.

"Come with us," said Count Mirabel to Ferdinand.

Our hero accepted the offer of his agreeable acquaintance. There was a great prancing and rushing of cabs and rickshaws at Mr. Bond Sharpe's door, and in a few minutes the whole party were dashing up St. James' street, where they stopped before a splendid building, resplendent with lights and illuminated curtains.

"Come we will make you an honorary member, mon cher Captain Armine," said the Count; "and do not say, *Oh! laissez ogni speranza*, when you enter here."

They ascended a magnificent staircase, and entered a sumptuous and crowded saloon, in which the entrance of Count Mirabel and his friends made no little sensation. Mr. Bond Sharpe glided along, dropping oracular sentences, without condescending to stop to speak to those whom he addressed. Charley Doricourt and Mr. Bond Sharpe walked away together towards a further apartment. Lord Castlefysh and Lord Catchimwhocan were soon busied with ecarte.

"Well, Faneville, good general, how do you do?" said Count Mirabel. "Where have you dined to-day? at the Balmocera? You are a very brave man, mon general! Ah! Stock, good Stock, excellent Stock! he continued, addressing Mr. Million de Stockville, the Burgundy you sent me is capital. How are you, my dear fellow? Quite well? Fitzwarren, I did that for you; your business is all right. Ah! my good Massey, mon cher mon brave, Anderson will let you have that horse. And what is doing here? Is there any fun? Fitzwarren, let me introduce you to my friend Captain Armine (in a lower tone) excellent garçon! You will like him very much. We have been all dining at Bond's."

"A good dinner?" "Of course a good dinner. I should like to see a man who would give me a bad dinner; that would be a betise, to ask me to dine, and then give me a bad dinner."

"I say Mirabel," exclaimed a young man, "have you seen Hoace Foppington about the match?"

"It is arranged; 'tis the day after to-morrow, at nine o'clock."

"Well, I bet on you, you know?" "Of course you bet on me. Would you think of betting on that good Pop, with that gun? Pah! Eh! bien! I shall go in the next room." And the Count walked away, followed by Mr. Bevil.

Ferdinand remained talking for some time with Lord Fitzwarren. By degrees the great saloon had become somewhat thinner; some had stolen away to the House, where a division was expected; quiet men, who just looked in after dinner, had retired; and the play-men were engaged in the contiguous apartments. Mr. Bond Sharpe approached Ferdinand, and Lord Fitzwarren took this opportunity of withdrawing.

"I believe you never play, Captain Armine," said Mr. Bond Sharpe.

"Never," said Ferdinand.

"You are quite right!" "I am rather surprised at your being of that opinion," said Ferdinand with a smile.

Mr. Bond Sharpe shrugged his shoulders. "There will always be votaries enough," said Mr. Bond Sharpe, "whatever may be my opinion."

"This is a magnificent establishment of yours," said Ferdinand.

"Yes; it is a very magnificent establishment. I have spared no expense to produce the most perfect thing of the kind in Europe; and it is the most perfect thing of the kind. I am confident that no noble in any country has an establishment better appointed."

"I dispatched an agent to the Continent to procure this furniture; his commission had no limit; and he was absent two years. My book was with Charles X.; the cellar is the most choice and considerable that was ever collected. I take pride in the thing, but I lose money by it."

"I indeed?" "I have made a fortune; there is no doubt of that; but I did not make it here."

"It is a great thing to make a fortune," said Ferdinand.

"Very great," said Mr. Bond Sharpe. "There is only one thing greater, and that is to keep it when made."

Ferdinand smiled.

"Many men make fortunes; few can keep them," said Mr. Bond Sharpe. "Money is power, and rare are the heads that can withstand the possession of great power."

"At any rate, it is to be hoped that you have discovered this most important secret," said Ferdinand; "though I confess, to judge from my own experience, I should fear that you are too generous."

"I had forgotten that to which you allude," said his companion, quietly. "But with regard to myself, whatever may be my end, I have not yet reached my aim."

"You have at least my good wishes," said Ferdinand.

"I may some day claim them," said Mr. Bond Sharpe. My position, he continued, is difficult. I have risen by pursuits which the world does not consider reputable, yet if I had not had recourse to them, I should be less than nothing. My mind, I think, is equal to my fortune; I am still young, and I would now avail myself of my power and establish myself in the land, a recognised member of society. But this cannot be. Society shrinks from an obscure foundling, a prize-fighter, a leg, a hell-keeper, and an usurer. Debarred therefore from a fair theatre for my energy and capital, I am forced to occupy, perhaps exhaust, myself in multiplied speculations. Hitherto they have flourished, and perhaps my theatre, or my newspaper, may be as profitable as my stud. But I would gladly emancipate myself. These efforts seem to me, as it were, unnecessary and unnatural. The great object has been gained. It is a tempting life. I have sometimes thought myself the Napoleon of the sporting world; I may yet find my St. Helena."

"Forwarded, forwarded, Mr. Sharpe." "I move in a magic circle; it is difficult to extricate myself from it. Now, for instance, there is not a man in the room who is not my slave. You see how they treat me. They place me upon an equality with them. They know my weakness; they fool me to the top of my bent. And yet there is not a man in that room who, if I were to break to-morrow, would walk down St. James' street to serve me. Yes! there is one; there is the Count. He has a great and generous soul. I believe Count Mirabel sympathizes with my situation. I believe he does not think, because a man has risen from an origin the most ignoble and obscure to a powerful position, by great courage and dexterity, and let me add also, by some profound thought, by struggling too, be it remembered, with a class of society as little scrupulous, though not as skillful as himself, that he is necessarily an infamous character. What if, at eighteen years of age, without a friend in the world, trusting to the powerful frame and intrepid spirit with which Nature had endowed me, I flung myself into the ring? Who should be a gladiator if I were not? Is that a crime? What if, at a later period, with a brain for calculation which none can rival, I invariably succeeded in that in which the greatest men in the country fail! Am I to be branded because I have made half a million by a good book? What if I had kept a gambling-house? From the back parlour of an oyster-shop my hazard table had been removed to this palace. Had the play been lost, this metamorphosis would never have occurred. It is true! I am an usurer. My dear sir, if