The Growler

Nothin's good enough for him;
Weather's bright, he wants it dim;
Winter comes with frosty rime;
Swears he'll freeze 'fore summertime;
Summer comes, its heat is felt;
Swears that he is goin' to melt;
Can't half please him, if you try,
So, don't mind him—pass him by!

Goes for one man with his vote—
(Wrapped in a five-dollar note)—
Bets on him—looks awful wise;
'Pother feller gets the prize;
But that doesn't put him out—
Got something to growl about!
Swears 'twas fraud, with knowin' eye—
Jes' don't mind him—pass him by

All he wants in this creation—
After vittles an' salvation—
Is good lungs to help him howl
An' a livin' chance to growl!
If he's fat, or if he's slim,
'Jrowlin's meat an' bread to him;
Rag larbusiness! makes it like sigh
But don't mind him—pass him by!

—Atlanta Constitution.

MOY O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE

By Miss Serfington ("Melusine.")

CHAPTER LII.—(Continued.)

'And what did the servants think of it?'

'Oh, it amused them; besides, they would have put up with anything to please Sir Ralph, they are all so fond of him. People about here often ask us if there are many Englishmen like him, and we say, 'Oh yes, thousands.'

'I think, with Lady Anne's prejudices, and such genuine fear as she felt, it was very good of her to come at all,' said Mr. Davoren.

'Yes,' said Moy, 'I shall always feel grateful to her for it.'

'It was nothing but curiosity brought her,' said Lady Catherine. 'But I dare say she went back feeling sorry or some of the remarks she used to make about us.'

'You do not seem properly impressed, Catherine, with the news of Mr McDonnell's intended party,' said Moy, archly.

'I may not be impressed, but I am delighted,' said her ladyship, smiling; 'for it will be a nice, sensible country party to take our friend to. She can't object to an afternoon drive and a cup of tea under the trees, for who can call that gayety?'

'Who is the friend that fears gayety so much?' inquired Mr. Gilmartin.

Moy had not been able to tell him whom the Arthurs were expecting; so she now looked rather anxiously at her husband as Lady Catherine replied, 'Miss Wentworth. She wants a rest, and to get away for awhile from her gay London friends.'

'Has she suffered in health from her work among the poor,' asked *Mr.* Gilmartin, gravely.

'Oh, no,' replied Lady Catherine; 'I don't think she would even confess to being tired, were it not for her too kind friends in the gay world. She longs, too, for a breath of country air, and an opportunity of using her beloved sketch-book.'

'That reminds me of Carinna McDonnell,' said *Moy*. 'You know she has a wonderful talent for drawing. She goes on sketching expeditions with her father, and then she has many artist friends from all parts of the world staying with him; so of course the dear child gets many a lesson.'

'The only kind of lesson she ever does get, I expect,' said Mr. Gilmartin. 'She knows her letters, and she can ride and drive famously, but that is all.'

'Has she no governess?' asked Lady Catherine, in amazement.

'Oh no,' replied Moy. 'Mr. McDonnell would not hear of one. I told him the other day it was fortunate he was not living in England, or he would be 'had up' by the school-board.'

'It's doubtful if England is such a free country after all,' said Lady Catherine, laughing. 'What with the school board, and the persecution of the 'Peculiar People,' and compulsory vaccination, some people have a lively time of it.'

In the dining room they all sat down to partake of some strawberries and cream, which, on the table already adorned with the lovely roses Moy had gathered in the morning, looked tempting enough.

'I should like to know what you two gentlemen were talking about so earnestly this afternoon, when you left us alone to our own devices,' said Lady Catherine, very archly.

'I suppose *Moy* thought we were deciding in the best site for a monument to Brian,' said Mr. Gilmartin, smiling at his wife. 'She will never be quite happy until there is something put up to the memory of that hero of Clontarf.'

'She is quite right,' said Mr. Davoren; 'Clontarf was an event of European importance, and has been well named 'the *Marathon* of Ireland.'

'But to answer you truly, Lady Catherine,' said Mr. Gilmartin, 'we were discussing politics, and especially the Home Rule question.'

'And how much nearer to becoming a reality it may be than any of us think now?' said Mr. Davoren, gravely.

'I wonder,' said Lady Catherine, 'how it would do if we were to propose to the English Government to let us try Home Rule for, say, five years, just to see if all the evils they prophesy would come to pass?'

Moy's eyes flashed.

'To try it for five years!' she said, in a low voice. 'What does Moore say about the Union? Truer words he never wrote:

"Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which tyranny flung us then?
Oh! 'tis not in man nor in heaven
To let tyranny bind it again."

And then Lady Catherine's carriage, which had been ordered, was announced, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilmartin stood at the door to see their guests drive away.

'I am rather shocked to see you, Lady Catherine, sitting behind a horse enduring all the pangs of a bearing rein,' said Mr Gilmartin, half in fun, half in earnest, as he patted the aching neck of the beautiful creature nearest to him, which, like its companion, was champing the bit and tossing the foam in flakes from its poor tortured mouth.

Lady Catherine colored slightly as she said: 'I am so glad you noticed it. I am sorry to say I did not remark that the horses had the bearing-rein to-day. We have discontinued its use ever since you lent papa Mr. Flower's book on the subject.' She turned to the old coachman for an explanation.

'I thought, my lady, as we were coming a long way'—he began, and then paused. He was an old man, and did not like to give up anything he had been accustomed to all his life, but he knew he had no excuse. Lady Catherine was rather annoyed with him, but she said, good-naturedly: 'You shall read the book yourself, Davis, and then you will see that we are quite right to give up the bearing-rein.'

When their guests were gone Mr. Gilmartin and Moy sat down in two of the wicker chairs, and the former drew from his pocket the 'Odyssey.' 'Moy,' he began, 'I was very much struck with a passage I found in the original to-day, so I got Pope's translation to read you a few lines.' He began at the words, 'Let Hermes to th' Atlantic Isle (or Ogygia) repair.' He read to Moy for some little time, then he closed the book and told her how the fabled Atlantic is mentioned by Plato in the Timæus, where the legend is said to have been told by Solon to the Egyptian priests.

'They call it a fable,' added Mr. Gilmartin, 'but some one has truly said that history has been lowered into fable.'

They sat quiet. It was too dark to read now. The birds, even, were still—only a cricket somewhere in the grass was chirruping its last 'good-night.'

CHAPTER LIII.

"Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no; it was something more exquisite still."

"'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

—Moore.

The day of the afternoon party at Glenrowe had come. It had been talked of for weeks. All that money could do was to be done, people said. Mr. McDonnell had a dim idea that much was expected of him, and his one wish was that no one should be disappointed.

The house so lately entirely refurnished under the supervision of a man possessed of such a fine artistic sense as the present owner of Glenrowe, wanted a little doing to it. The exquisitely carved furniture in the wide hall, softened and beautified by the light from the stained glass windows, only wanted a few 'fair women and brave men' moving about to make up a scene that would carry one back, in thought, at least, to the days of the troubadour and the knight, who, bidding their lady-loves farewell in such a hall as this, would have sallied forth to brave danger and death itself for love or fame.

But if there was no room for improvement in the house, much might be done in the grounds. There were tents to be erected in case of rain, and on purpose for the celebrated band that was to arrive from Dublin on the morning of the party, to remain till the next day. There were Chinese lanterns to be arranged down the avenues—indeed, wherever it was possible to hang one. There were the preparations for the fireworks, which, ere the party broke up, were to be exhibited from the little island in the middle of the lake—such fireworks as 'never in the memory of man' had been seen within a hundred miles (or more) of Ballyvorna.

There were vast preparations in the servants' hall for the coachmen and footmen, who would of course remain at Glenrowe as long as their masters and mistresses, so that the preparations for the *fete* had altogether occupied some time and much thought.

But now all was ready—the very hour had arrived. Nature even seemed to smile on the eventful day, for the sky was cloudless and the air as soft as a lover's whisper.

Mr McDonnell, with a shade of sadness in his face, was holding Carinna by the hand as he stood in his luxurious library before a veiled picture. It was the little sketch of Moneydonart, which he had so treasured all his life. He raised the curtain with one hand and looked long and fixedly at the picture.

'Papa,' said Carinna, a little awe-struck, 'why do you look like that to-day?'

'Well, my darling, I was thinking, very naturally, of all the past, and of the feelings with which my dear father and mother left this beautiful country, where you and I are to-day in such comfort and luxury.

'Yes, papa, dear, and it was Mrs. Gilmartin brought us back here, was it not?'

'Yes, Carinna; never forget that, for, under Providence, it was her doing.'

'And nurse says she has done a great many good things, papa.'

'It is quite true, dear child. My fondest wish for you is that you may grow up as sweet and good and useful a woman. *But* I hear carriages, dearest; we must go and receive our guests.'

Before very long nearly every one had arrived except the party from Lord Arthur's.

The guests, first of all, walked through the house, which was entirely thrown open for inspection; and Carinna—little white robed angel—flitted hither and thither, delighting every one by her frank and graceful manner. After one of these rapid tours she had returned to her father's side as he moved about among his guests. The company were sitting on the terrace or under the trees, listening to the exquisite music of the band, when Mr. McDonnell saw the Arthurs' carriage driving up to the house, and went forward (followed by Carinna) to receive the party, which consisted of Lady Arthur, her daughter and Miss Wentworth. Lord Arthur and his son were riding, and arrived a few minutes after the others.

Miss Wentworth was rather startled to find herself in such a gay scene after the simple picture Lady Catherine had drawn of a cup of tea under the spreading trees. Her dress was in striking contrast to the attire of those about her, but her rich mourning robes suited her tall figure to perfection, and she had never looked more nobler than now, as she paused a moment beside the chair her host had courteously brought her Lady Arthur and her daughter had moved away to meet some friends, and Miss Wentworth hesitated whether she would follow them or sit down where she was. She had just decided upon the latter course and taken her seat, when, looking up, she met Carinna's bright eyes regarding her with a very earnest expression. She smiled and held out her hand, and in a moment the child was beside her, and resting against her knee as she said:

'Are you sorry about some one?'

Miss Wentworth looked a little startled for a moment, and then she said:

'*Way* do you ask, dear?'

'Because when my mamma died we were very sorry, and I was dressed in black just like you.'

'Then, dear child, we ought to be friends, for I am very sorry about my dear mother's death. I have not been going out lately. I feel hardly equal to this gay scene.'

'Come with me into the house,' said Carinna, in her most coaxing voice. 'It will be so nice and quiet there.'

'But, my dear child, your papa will not like you to leave the rest.'

'Oh, yes, he will,' said Carinna; 'I've taken nearly every blessed one of them in to show them the house' (some of Mr. Cormac's expressions were occasionally used by his little niece), 'and I shall like best of all to take you.'

There was no resisting the beseeching blue eyes and the little dimpled hand held out. Miss Wentworth took it and they went into the house together. Carinna hurried through the beautiful hall, where the guests would gladly have paused for a moment (for the sight was a treat to her artistic sense), and it was not till they had gained the library that the child let go the hand she held.

'Now,' said Carinna, mysteriously 'I'll show you something' and she advanced on tiptoe to the veiled picture, and then suddenly drew back the curtain, as she said:

'That is Moneydonart, where papa was born and where his brooch was found.'

'Ah, I have heard of that,' said Miss Wentworth with real interest. During the drive that very afternoon Lady Catherine had given her a sketch of her host's antecdents.

'And now,' said Carinna, 'I'll show you papa's own picture of Moneydonart.'

She struggled manfully with a huge portfolio, and throwing it open, turned over a great number of Mr. McDonnell's really beautiful sketches, taken in different parts of the world; but his whole heart was in his work as he painted the picture of his parents' home, and Miss Wentworth was surprised and delighted with the result.

'But, my dear child, let me look at some of these other sketches,' she said, for Carinna would have closed the portfolio as quickly as she had opened it, and, real artist as she was, Miss Wentworth' fascinated with the drawings, gradually settled down to a seat on the floor, with Carinna handing her one sketch after another while she chatted away as if the two had been old friends all their lives. It was thus Mr. McDonnell found them; and the child and the woman, with Italian skies and marble ruins on the floor between them, made a pretty picture enough.

Miss Wentworth had never in her whole life been found in so unconventional a situation. Her color rose slightly as she stood up and said, 'I ought to apologize for running away with your little girl, but she was so kind as to bring me here, and I have, indeed, had a great treat.'

'I am much flattered to find you interested in my sketches,' said Mr. McDonnell. 'They have been an intense pleasure to myself, but that is not a very sure test of their real worth,' and he smiled as their eyes met.

'I dabble a little in art myself,' said Miss Wentworth, 'so I venture to express an opinion now and then, and I think your sketches would be an immense treat to any of our best artists. I see you have already taken some views in this neighborhood,' she continued.

'Yes,' said Mr. McDonnell, 'they are always tempting me out with my book. But there is one of our loveliest to be seen from the drawing-room windows,' and he led the way to the next room.

It was indeed a perfect scene, and particularly delighted Miss Wentworth, for it reminded her of a view from one of the windows of her old English country home. And as the three (for Carinna had linked her little arm in Miss Wentworth's) stood looking through the plate-glass window, they saw Mr. Gilmartin and Lord Arthur pacing up and down on the lawn below, and, a little farther off, *Moy*, walking beside old Mr. O'Brien and Father Fitzgerald.

'Do you know the Gilmartins?' asked the host, suddenly.

'Yes. Mr. Gilmartin is an old friend of ours,' replied Miss Wentworth, perfectly unembarrassed.

'Indeed! Then, perhaps, you already know that he is about bringing out a work on the Ireland of ancient times?'

Miss Wentworth had heard of this, and the two had a little chat over the views of their mutual friend.

'But,' said Mr. McDonnell, 'I find in a book I have been reading lately such opposite opinions, and by such a clever person too, that I really hardly know what to think.'

'Theories afterward proved true are often opposed by clever men,' said Miss Wentworth calmly. 'Look at Lord Brougham's absurd attack upon Dr. Young's undulatory theory of light; and Sir William Hamilton, of Dublin, by a sort of inspiration, made the discovery of conical refraction, and proved the facts which Young had already seen clearly with his 'mind's eyes;' so, if Mr. Gilmartin's theory be true, we may expect to find (as more researches are made) traces of the migrations of the ancestors of the Irish, as they came wave by wave through Persia and Egypt and the northwest of Africa. We may not live to see it, but I am convinced that Mr. Gilmartin's theory will be proved, and that we shall find that Ireland, in those old days, had a very good share of the wisdom of the East.'

'Perhaps, as more and more of that wonderful library of Assur-banipal's at Nineveh is translated,' said Mr. McDonnell, 'or as the collection of MSS. now being made in Egypt, startling facts will turn up'

'Such Egyptologists as Mr. Sayce are every day throwing more light on that wonderful past,' said Miss Wentworth, 'and showing us that we must go farther back than a few years ago we would have dared to venture for authentic history.'

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

What a Chinaman Can Do.

(St. John Sun.)

By last evening's Quebec express train a Chinaman called Len-a Hue was forwarded in bond en route to Hong Kong. He is 30 years of age and a native of Hong Kong, which he left eight years ago for Demerara. He has been in Demerara for eight years, and has been engaged during that time in keeping shop, has been on a sugar estate and in the mines, and has sent home to Hong Kong (where he has a wife and two children, whom he has not seen since he left), during the eight years $16 000. His bond ticket is a curiosity. He is described very minutely—65 inches high, 30 years of age, two scars on his face and one on his hand, etc He is a strong, well built fellow, and evidently has not been addicted to 'drinkee-drinkee.' There are now 250 Chinamen in Vancouver direct from China, waiting to come east to join the West India teamer either here or at Halifax, bound for the West Indies.

He'd Been There.

At Greenville they pointed out an old negro who had left a can of baking powder out on a stump outside his cabin for a week to see if it would explode After a bit I got into conversation with him and I asked him if the story was true.

"I reckon 'tis," he solemnly replied but how yo' gwine to know 'bout all dese new fangled pursuashuns onless yo' speriment a leetle?'

'That's so.'

'Why, sah, 'bout a y'ar ago a 'lectrick wire fell down ober by de co'thouse. What did I know 'bout 'lectricity? I didn't know whether dat wire was cha'ged wid wind or buttermilk. Nobody had cun toled me anything 'bout it. I had to find out fur myself.'

'And did you?'

'Yes, sah, I picked dat wire up an was flung seben thousand feet high an didn't git outer my house fur eight months after. Dat was sperience, sah. Dat's de only way to l'arn. Does yo' reckon I'd tech another 'lectrick wire? Not much! Why, dat sperience has made all de clotheslines safe fur fo'ty miles around dis town, an yo' could't dun hire a nigger to crawl frew a barbed wire fence if he knowed it was a suah road to glory?'

M Quad

The Canadian Magazine for April.

The April number of "The Canadian Magazine," the new national review and magazine, well maintains the high character of the first number, and the illustrations are deserving of praise. The political contributions are well written and interesting. In "British Trade and Imperial Reciprocity" Mr. Alex. McNeill, *M. P.*, arrays facts and figures which will be new to most readers, and outlines a trade policy which is destined, apparently, to receive much attention in the early future. Attorney-General Longley in "Nova Scotia Coal Mines" writes entertainingly a vigorous defence of the much talked of legislation of his government in regard to coal mines. "The National State," by Charles A. Stuart, is a scholarly, thoughtful, philosophic discussion of the broad movements of the age in regard to national organization. Stuart Livingston furnishes a charming dissertation of the life and literary ideals of the great Norwegian writer, Bjornstjerne Bjornson. "Balfour" is discussed appreciatively by J. Castell Hopkins. A timely article beautifully illustrated, is "Ontario's New Parliament Buildings," by Frank Yeigh. Another illustrated article is "A Famous Canadian Shrine," by J. J Bell. Henry Lye contributes a true and amusing story of Canadian experience under "Tales of Wayside Inns." Two thrilling stories, well told, also appear. In poetry, besides minor poems, is a long poem, "East and West," by Prof. Chapman, which is of rare merit; in fact, many will be inclined to place it amongst the finest narrative poems ever produced in America. "The Canadian Magazine" deserves success, and no well-informed Canadian can afford to be without it. It is published by the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Manning Arcade, Toronto. Subscription, $2.50 per annum; single copies, 25c.

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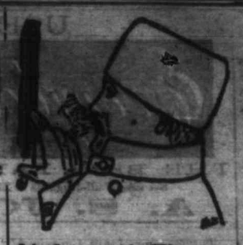

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