

A Lament for Emmet.
 Moumar! moumar! for our hero that is dead.
 'Tis my soul searing sorrow that his grave is deep and red.
 The long hills and valleys and the sun in heaven high,
 I cannot see their beauty for the weeping tears I cry.
 Moumar! moumar! and are you dead, ashore?
 And your face like open heaven, shall we look on it no more?
 Your form tall and proud and strong, so beautiful to see,
 Must you lie in the red carrion north the reeking gullows trees?
 Ah our martyr and our hero, why did Ireland let you die.
 Let the tyrant blind and gag you with his million-voiced lie,
 Your country neck they strangled and your heart held up to view,
 But they held it—was no traitor's head?—(O trust of the true!)
 They hunted you to death ashore, for loving Ireland well.
 They conquered not your spirit, though they crushed its earthly shell!
 For the heartless jokers mocking and the judge's coward sneer
 You had fought back by you, and your high glance kindled fear.
 Is hope for hapless Erin lost since 'Tis word slain in gore?
 Or shall the shining Sunburst surge-to victory once more?
 At times and crimsoned Catholics we made the women fly;
 But a curse is on our manhood since we let our hero die.
 'No stone shall mark my ashes, let no epitaph be writ,
 Till the beacon fires of liberty on Erin's hills be lit."
 God of Erin! God of justice! grant that thou the day may come,
 Then Ireland to her martyr shall build up a freeman's tomb.
 J. B. DOLAR, (Slav-na mou) — Pilot.

THE DIAMOND.

The voyage from Havana to New Orleans threatened to be a slow and tedious one. When only one day out, the Jeannette lay becalmed on the grassy surface of the sea, and little or no headway could be made. But, fortunately, there were few passengers aboard, and they were inclined to take matters philosophically, and instead of spending their time in fretting over what could not be remedied, they set about to enjoy the voyage in the best manner possible. Music, dancing by moonlight, and cards were indulged in, and there was not one aboard the Jeannette who did not enter with zest into the sports excepting the sickly passenger.

There was a man of some forty years—tall, slim, and dark, with a pinor upon his thin face. He rarely left his berth, and seemed to care little for intercourse with his fellow passengers. He had come aboard at Havana with charming manners readily captivated all a very beautiful girl of not more than seventeen, whose wondrous beauty and the male passengers on the Jeannette.

't was soon learned that the young girl was the sick man's sister, instead of his daughter, as was at first supposed. Juanita Sanchez was Spanish in looks as well as in name, and the dark skin and black eyes of her brother Anton gave indications of Spanish blood in his veins.

Among those impressed by the rare charms of the fair Juanita was Captain Judson, a retired sea captain, who had taken passage aboard the Jeannette. He was a man of some thirty-six years, of pleasing address, and the marked attention he paid to Juanita made it plain to all on board that he was deeply in love with the little Spanish beauty. Although, as before stated, Anton rarely left his cabin; not so with Juanita. She was the central figure in the gay crowd, and the rich, sweet tones of her voice, as she sang the quaint old ballads of old Spain, filled her hearers with rapture. With her looks and matchless voice, she might have won fame and fortune in the great cities.

But like some wild bird whose delicious melody thrills and dies on the desert winds, she seemed all unconscious of her powers. Yet in spite of her careless and happy ways, there were times when she would grow strangely silent, while a look of sadness would settle on her lovely face. But what it was that occasioned those spells of melancholy was only a matter of conjecture. She never spoke of her kindred to her past history.

It was near the end of the voyage that the first of a succession of events occurred which served to throw some light upon the past history of the strange beauty and her invalid brother.

One night, while the Jeannette lay becalmed, the captain and a little crowd of passengers were gathered on the moonlit deck indulging in the pastime of story-telling. When, at last, Captain Judson was called upon to relate a story, he told the following:

"It was back in the seventies," he began, "and during the time of the great excitement over the South African diamond fields. I was but a stripling of eighteen then, and was a sailor aboard the Merry Gull, plying between Southampton and Cape Town. We reached the Cape just as the excitement over the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley was at its highest pitch. Of course the sailors

aboard the Merry Gull had heard the marvellous stories of rich finds that were being made in the new fields, and nearly half the crew deserted the ship and fled to Kimberley.

"This led the Merry Gull without sufficient hands to sail her, and there she was compelled to lay at anchor till more sailors could be obtained. Joseph Danford, an uncle of mine, was captain of the Merry Gull, and it had been through his solicitations that I had gone to sea. Now, like everyone aboard, I became fired with the diamond fever, and begged my uncle to be allowed to quit the ship. I seek my fortune among the diamond mines. At first he would not hear of such a proposition, but by dint of much persuasion, I at last prevailed upon him to give his consent; but before he did so, however, he exacted a promise from me that I would return to the Cape in three months' time. The next day I started for Kimberley.

"The railway was only completed to Beaufort at that time, and the journey from that point—a matter of 600 miles—had to be made by stage or ox-cart. I choose the former, and after a weary journey that lasted over two weeks, I arrived at Kimberley.

"Of course there was no chance for a poor man to engage in diamond mining at the dry diggings at that place, so like all other poor prospectors who had come there to seek their fortune, I procured an outfit and went to the 'river diggings,' some eight miles from that town. I took a claim, paid the amount of one pound rent exacted each month by the British Government, and went to work.

"For the next month I worked as I had never worked before. From the time that the first streaks of day were visible in the morning till dark I toiled, hardly taking time to eat. My labor was only rewarded by the discovery of a few small diamonds, the size of which barely sufficed to pay my expenses. By the middle of the second month, the ardour of my enthusiasm was much abated, and I began to realize that fortunes were not picked up every day, even in the richest diamond fields.

"As the days went by, I now became more and more discouraged with my ill luck, and finally made a vow that should I discover a diamond of any great value, to dispose of it and my claim at once and quit the diamond fields. Just three days later—as if to test the sincerity of my new determination—I found myself standing looking in amazement and joy at a large diamond which I had just picked up from a load of gravel taken from the stream. I stood looking at the precious stone in a vague, half-stupified manner, hardly able to credit the evidence of my senses. Was it really a diamond? Yes, there could be no mistake—there was that peculiar 'scary' feeling which characterizes all diamonds in the rough. How long I stood gazing at the precious bit of stone I can never tell. I soon found myself surrounded by an eager, excited crowd of miners, who almost fell over each other in their hasty efforts to get a look at my jewel. As soon as I had in a manner recovered from my surprise, I hurried to my cabin. Two hours later I had sold my claim for a thousand pounds, and was on my way to Kimberley.

"The value of the diamond I carried with me was variously estimated, by those who examined it, from three thousand to five thousand pounds sterling, and as soon as I arrived in Kimberley, I was besieged by a score of diamond-brokers and merchants who were desirous of purchasing the stone. The first offer I received was four thousand five hundred pounds, which was made by Terrill and Co., Bankers and Diamond Merchants, of London. This bid was soon raised to five thousand pounds by a Paris company of diamond merchants. But I was in no hurry to sell, and was determined to give all buyers a chance to bid before accepting any offer.

"During the next few days there was some spirited bidding between the different diamond merchants, which resulted in Terrill and Co. outstripping them all by making the offer of £7,000. At this point the others retired, and I had about made up my mind to accept the offer of Terrill and Co., when another buyer appeared on the scene—a Mr. Pennington, of the firm of Pennington, Gray and Co., Bankers, of Dresden.

"Mr. Pennington came to my hotel very early in the morning, and after introducing himself and making his business known, he asked to see my diamond. He made a long and careful examination of it, and when he had finished he said abruptly:

"I will give you £10,000 for the stone; this is every shilling it is worth, and this is the last and only offer I shall make." Then he proceeded to unfold to me a most surprising piece of information. All the diamond merchants, excepting his own company, he said, had formed a kind of pool, and had agreed to pay only certain prices for diamonds, and though there would be an appearance of rivalry kept up between them, each would share alike in the profits of the diamonds purchased. In this way, he stated, they had been able to purchase diamonds to the amount of £500,000 for less than two-thirds of their actual value.

"He asked me to accompany him to his office, which had been heated up, a few blocks away, where he might confer with his partners. Highly

elated at the good fortune my meeting with Mr. Pennington had brought I accompanied him to his place of business at once. We entered his office, and passed through a door of ground glass into a small apartment containing a safe, two desks, littered with papers, and other furniture necessary to a well equipped office, where I was introduced to a Mr. Bright, a man with a black bushy beard, who was sitting at one of the desks. As soon as I had been introduced to the stranger, Pennington stated that I had a very valuable diamond to dispose of, and asked where Mr. Gray was. Bright, who was evidently a clerk, replied that that gentleman had just gone out.

"Mr. Pennington had taken the diamond, and was examining it by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. After scrutinizing it closely for some time, he laid it on the desk, when it was taken up by Bright, who also began to examine it. Crossing the room, Pennington opened a cabinet, and displayed several large specimens of garnet and amethyst, which he invited me to examine. I was occupied several minutes in looking over the stones, and when at last I turned from the cabinet, I discovered that Bright had disappeared, taking the diamond with him. A sudden feeling of suspicion and alarm swept over me. I cast a quick questioning glance at Pennington.

"Why, what has become of Bright?" he said, in a brisk, nervous tone. He stepped hastily to a door leading into another apartment as he spoke. I followed close at his heels, but on glancing into the room I perceived that it was empty.

"Will you explain what this means?" I said confronting Pennington.

"Why, devil take the fellow, what can he mean by playing such a trick?" he cried. "Surely, he would not dare attempt to make off with your diamond!"

"A dreadful suspicion of the truth that I was the victim of swindlers came over me. I grasped the man roughly by the collar.

"Look here! I said, fiercely, 'if this is a trick of yours, your life will pay the forfeit!'

"He threw me off with a quick movement, and drew a pistol as he did so.

"As he ceased speaking he stepped quickly into the next room and closed the door and looked it. I threw my whole weight against it, but it would not yield. With a sudden, sickening sensation that I had been duped, I turned hastily and ran through a narrow passage toward the front door. As I did so I perceived a blonde wig and false whiskers lying in a corner, and in an instant I recognized them as having been worn by the man who had played the trick on me. I doubt now in my mind that I had been robbed of my diamond. I reached the front door to find it locked. I now ran back to the office, and fumbling a chair, I dashed it through the glass front and stepped into the street.

"Calling a policeman I stated what had occurred, but a search of the premises failed to discover either of the swindlers, nor could any trace of them be found in the city. Nothing was known of them save that they had rented rooms formerly occupied by a broker, leasing the furniture as well, so when they disappeared they left nothing belonging to them behind.

"To cut a long story short, I never again saw either of the swindlers, as far as I know, nor my diamond. Some week later I returned to the Cape, where I found the 'Merry Gull' still at anchor, and I was content to accept my old berth and return to the river as great deal wiser, and richer. I might add, by nearly £1,000. Yet the thought of how I was duped out of a fortune is to this day a source of the most vexing and unpleasant reflection."

"Then ended the captain's story. Among those who had listened with breathless interest to the story was Anton Sanchez. He sat as if spellbound till the story was finished, then arose hastily and entered his stateroom. The next day he did not appear on deck, and in the afternoon he sent a message to Captain Judson, asking an interview. The captain found the sick man looking very pale, and apparently greatly agitated. He motioned Judson to a seat and for some time he said nothing. At last he broke the silence.

"Captain," he said, in weak voice, "it is well known to me that my days on earth are numbered, and before I go I have a confession to make, and a secret of great importance to reveal."

He paused here while a look of curious surprise came over the captain's face.

"I will confess that my life has not been as it should have been," went on the sick man slowly; "but it is my purpose to make amends for some of the crimes I have committed, as far as it is in my power to do so. But above all it is my desire that the secret of my ill-doing may never be revealed to my beloved sister Juanita. She has never suspected that I ever led anything but an honest and blameless life, and should the knowledge which I am now about to impart reach her, she would die of a broken heart. Before I go further, promise me that you will keep my secret from her."

"I promise," said the captain, the look of surprise still upon his face.

"Several years ago," continued the sick man, "I was connected with a

hand of diamond swindlers in South Africa; I was then known by the name of Bright; and through the aid of my associate, Pennington, you were swindled out of a diamond worth a small fortune."

"What!—you—the man who did that," cried the captain, starting from his chair.

"Yes," continued Anton. "I am the man. But you were not the only one we swindled; though the diamond we obtained from you was by far the most valuable that came into our possession. We knew that owing to its great size it would be dangerous to handle, so when we returned to London we had it cut in two pieces. One I still have in my possession, the other was taken by Pennington. I had my part of the diamond cut, but somehow I have never had the courage to offer it for sale, though I might have disposed of it for £5,000 long ago. I am now thankful that I have kept it, for I now have a chance of returning it to its rightful owner."

"He drew a small case from beneath his pillow and opened it, displaying a most brilliant and beautiful stone lying within the plush-lined box.

An exclamation of amazement came from the lips of the captain.

"Keep it, it is yours," went on Anton; "and God forbid that I should ever again be guilty of the crime of taking that which does not belong to me."

"This is a noble and worthy act," said the captain visibly affected as he clasped the sick man's hand, "and may you be spared to live a long and useful life."

"Ah, but that can never be. Only a few months—perhaps weeks—and I shall be no more. I am a poor man with poverty and even want staring me in the face; but I feel that this punishment is what I deserved, you—God knows, it is hard to bear when I reflect that my misery and privation must be shared by my devoted sister, Juanita. Almost the last money I had was the £100 I paid to have the diamond cut which I stole from you. I ought not to ask you to repay this amount to me, but it is not for my own sake—

"I should be worse than ungrateful if I did not willingly repay you what you have paid out on the stone," broke in the captain, hastily drawing a bundle of notes from his pocket and thrusting them into the sick man's hand.

"May heaven bless you for your kindness and generosity," said Anton, with emotion, turning his face upon the pillow.

As the captain left the stateroom, a few moments later he met Juanita. Although there was a look of sadness upon her face, a swift coloring rose to her cheeks as the eyes of the two met; and it was that passed between the two as they stood there together could have been witnessed by the other passengers aboard the Jeannette, they would have had additional reason for suspecting that the two were the most devoted lovers.

The next day when the Jeannette reached her destination and the passengers were taking leave of each other, Captain Judson and Juanita stood apart from the rest, conversing in low tones. Then, as Anton and his sister entered a carriage, to be driven to their hotel, they united in giving the captain a pressing invitation to call on them at his earliest leisure.

Captain Judson was seized with a sudden illness that evening which kept him confined to his room till the evening of the following day. It was about dusk when Colonel Harper, a man whose acquaintance Captain Judson had made during the voyage, came into the room to inquire after the captain's health.

He found Judson quite recovered and sitting by the window, calmly smoking a cigar, with an open letter which he had just received, in his hand.

"Glad to see you; be seated and take a cigar," said the captain cordially.

Harper then threw himself into an easy chair, took a cigar from the extended case, and lit it.

"By the way, captain," he said, after a pause, "that was quite a romantic incident—that little affair of yours with the sick passenger and his charming sister."

The captain nodded, but remained silent.

"It was quite accidentally that the particulars of the affair came to my hearing," went on the colonel. "It happened that the stateroom of a Mrs. Quigley, who was a passenger on the Jeannette, adjoined the one occupied by Anton Sanchez, and by the mere accident she overheard the interview between yourself and the sick passenger. By my soul that was a most surprising and romantic sequel to the story you told about the lost diamond."

"So it was," affirmed the captain with a nod.

"But, after all, it may be spoiled," pursued the colonel. "I have just learned that the sick passenger and his beautiful sister left the city on the very night of their arrival, and it is rumored that the two were not just what they represented themselves to be. It looks rather suspicious, to say the least in view of the fact that the two departed in a very secret and unexpected manner. Are you sure that the diamond you received from the repentant swindler is not bogus after all?"

"I have had the stone examined by an expert in such matters," returned the captain. "I and I have just received a letter from the sick passenger, written since his sudden departure, which will throw still greater light upon the affair." As he spoke he handed the letter he held in his hand to the colonel, who took it and read as follows:

On the Load—, Sept. 11. 18—

My Dear Captain Judson—The sadness of my departure precluded my bidding you a formal good-bye. However, I now do so, and at the same time assure you of my lasting gratitude for the little services rendered me during our pleasant voyage on the Jeannette. I also wish to offer you my sincere thanks for the kind attentions and marked regard with which you favoured my wife, whom my business had led you to believe was my sister. The £100 which you, kindness of heart and generosity inclined you to place in my possession for the bogus diamond, which in the fullness of my heart I had made you believe was the one you had lost some years ago, will go far toward compensating me for any feeling of self reproach I may suffer for having imposed upon your credulity. It is hardly necessary to say that I have so laid my plans regarding the route I shall travel that it will be utterly useless for you to attempt to discover my whereabouts. It may be that I am running some risk in writing this, yet when I remember your kindness to me and mine, I feel that it would be almost brutal in me to leave without some expression of the warm regard I hold for you, and the regret I feel in thus abruptly ending our brief but most pleasant acquaintance.

"Anton Sanchez, (alias Mr. Bright)."

Colonel Harper let the letter drop from his hand.

"Why, the impudent rascal!" he cried, with vehemence. "How could he dare act in such a high-handed manner?" But by George, captain, that spoils what might have been a very pretty and affecting romance."

The captain nodded gravely.

"This is a hard, cruel world," he said, "and people are not always just what they seem; but, after all, I cannot help feeling a touch of pity for that accursed Anton and his beautiful sister."

The colonel cast a questioning look at his companion.

"You see," went on the captain, "it's like this—Anton Sanchez and his wife are at the head of an organized band of bogus diamond swindlers, and a large reward is offered for their apprehension. I have been on their trail for six months, but they have managed to escape me till I found them aboard the Jeannette. I don't mind telling you now, that instead of being merely a retired sea-captain, I am a detective. I would have placed Anton and his wife under arrest as soon as we landed, but there were two other members of the gang that we wished to get at the same time: so I detailed two of my most trusted assistants to shadow the two till they should reach St. Louis, which was done, and a despatch which I just received informs me that they have been arrested along with two others of the gang, and safely locked in goal. The money I gave to Anton was all in marked notes, and was found in his possession, so it will be returned to me as soon as I reach St. Louis, where I shall soon go to testify against the guilty parties."

A cry of amazement escaped the lips of Col. Harper.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "this is a most amazing denouement to the

little affair. But how about the story you told of your lost diamond?"

"Oh, that was simply a bit of imagination—a little bait which I threw out, and, as luck would have it, it was gobbled up at once. Here—take a fresh cigar, colonel!"

DOMESTIC READING.

If any man finds certain things, innocent in themselves, the cause of spiritual injury to him, he had better abandon them.

Do what you feel to be right, say what you think to be true, and leave with faith and patience the consequences to God.

Every man has power to accomplish good, and our Divine Maker will infallibly extend to him if assistance in the hour of trial.

Invisible fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper outlive all the storms of a fine face, and make the leisure of it invisible.

He who avoids the common people in order to command their respect is as culpable as a coward who hides himself from his enemy because he fears defeat.

When a man allows his judgment to be at the mercy of his passion, he throws the holy thing to the dogs, he leaves the precious pearl at the mercy of the swine.

If I were to deliver my whole self to the arbitrament of special pleaders, to lay I might be turned into an atheist, and to-morrow into a pick-pocket. —Bulwer Lytton.

In the face of every human being his history stands plainly written, his innermost nature stands forth to the light; yet they are the fewest who can read and understand.

That is, in a great degree, true of all men which was said of the Athenians, that they were like sheep, of which a flock is more easily driven than a single one.—Richard Whately, D. D.

Narrow is the gate, because he who enters must leave himself behind; straightened is the way, for he who seeks it must walk by faith in the Divine laws, and must part with his weakness, his impatience, his prejudice.

A wise man is ready to strike a bargain with fate. The wisest are those who ask much and then take half. It is the coward who asks too little, and the fool who imagines that he will receive without demanding.—Henry Seton Merriman.

The imagination is a divine gift. It should not deal in facts, nor be employed to establish facts. Its proper province is art, and there its influence should operate like sweet music, which awakens our emotions and makes us forget the cause by which these emotions are awakened.

How did St. Anthony arrive at so great a degree of sanctity and perfection? By making use of the example of the holy hermits—taking the abstinence of one, the prayer of another; and thus, like an industrious bee, he went about gathering and collecting the virtues of the servants of God, to compose of them the honey of a holy edification.—St. Francis de Sales.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bick's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

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