Huron Signal.

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Miserere Domine.

AN EVENING HYMN.—BY W. J. DAWSON.

Whene'er the dying sun goes down,
And silence stills the daily strife,
Some fresh remembered sin I own,
Some failure in my plan of life.
Then whither should my spirit flee,
O gracious Saviour, but to Thee?
To pray abashed before Thy throne—
O Miserere Domine!

And when I think that Thou art just,
And hatest that which I have done,
Then I remember, from the dust,
Thou once didst rise an erring one
Who washed Thy weary feet with tears,
While, from a heart besieged with fears,
She wailed, in grief but then begun,
O Miserere Domine.

O Christ! beyond the trembling stars
At noon and night my prayers shall rise,
And leap Thy heaven's jasper bars,
And find Thee in the utmost skies
O hear me, Christ! And when round me
The death-gloom broods, and I can see
No more the love of earthly eyes,
O Miserere Domine!

THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY.

Prince Jerome Napoleon the Accepted Successor of the Prince Imperial.

LONDON, Eng.—A Paris despatch states that a delegation of Bonapartists from Marseilles, Lyons and other cities of Southern France to day waited on Prince Jerome Napoleon. They presented him with an address, accepting him as the legal head of the Bonaparte family and as the rightful leader of the Imperial party. The Prince made an address which had evidently been carefully studied and prepared. He declared himself the head of the Bonaparte family and dynasty. This, he said, was by no act of his own—it was simply the result of the rules of succession established by Napoleon I., and now brought to bear in his own case by the death of the late Prince Imperial. As head of the family and of the dynasty he would know how to fulfil his duties, and he trusted that in the end the verdict of posterity would be that he had discharged them well and faithfully; but, he continued, "I must be allowed to choose my own time in all my actions, and to await the course of events. The Republic is at present by right the legal Government of the country, and so long as its administrators preserve the confidence of the people by peaceable and legal means it is the duty of Frenchmen to support it. As chief of the Bonaparte family I emphatically oppose and discountenance every intrigue which may be set on foot for the purpose of placing the Bonapartists in a position inconsistent with their origin, their duties, and their cause." The address was received with many expressions of approbation. The Prince entertained the delegates, and conversed with them informally upon the prospects of the party. It is understood the party of the Prince received within the past few days several important accessions, among them several ladies of rank and position, who heretofore have been ardent partisans of the immediate restoration of the Empire.

Two Zulu Fortresses.

Cetewayo's new kraal is said to be established in a deep ravine, which is approachable only through rugged defiles, besides being protected by a strong fortress called Umbomambi. The whole "neck" leading to the fort is covered with military kraals, and is about six miles in length. There is no other known way of getting into the place and unless one can be discovered, which is, so far as known, improbable, the difficulty of taking the place will be of the most serious character. Of course much execution can be done by shelling and the like; but even with all the appliances of modern warfare, it will call for much skill and strategy, as well as bravery and determination.

The stronghold of the rebel Basutos in the Drakensburg range of mountains, in which Moroai and his followers are, is an almost impregnable natural fortress, which will cost much trouble and considerable bloodshed to reduce, unless the defenders can be starved out. It is situated in a detached mountain rising abruptly from the Orange River on one side and its tributary, the Quithing, on the other. The middle portion consists of a steep, grassy but rugged slope, which is capped by a huge mass of rocks rising perpendicularly to a height of some forty feet to one hundred and fifty feet, except on the southeastern side, where it is guarded by a ridge of about 400 yards in length, ending in a steep but comparatively easy ascent to the summit. On this ridge sharpshooters are stationed by the rebels, who themselves hidden from sight have a long range of view over the surrounding country. The road to the top of the mountain runs along this ridge, and from the point where they meet runs a chain of walls eight feet or nine feet high, right up to the summit. The walls are from three feet to four feet thick and loopholed in all directions, so that should a storming party reach the first wall they would be raked from all sides by cross-fires from above. The very summit of the mountain is strongly barricaded. Some field guns have been dragged to the force guarding the mountain, and their use may hasten the surrender of the place, which will be deferred for many weeks if starvation alone is depended upon.

Railway Risks from Defective Vision.

Railway risks from color blindness have attracted much attention of late, and a system of railway signals, using bars at different angles, has been proposed as a substitute for color-signals. Dr. Garretson, of Philadelphia, calls attention to a new source of danger from such signals, arising from the great frequency of the optical defect known as astigmatism. This condition exists in irregularities of the refracting medir of the eye, and is a defect so common as to be met with very much more frequently than color-blindness, the evils of which are sought to be remedied. The eye affected with astigmatism sees bars or lines with clearness only when these are at certain planes with the horizon; lines or bars at other planes it sees dimly or not at all. An astigmatic pair of eyes, having the bar signals alone for a guide, could certainly wreck the train under their direction. If the new system be adopted, railways officials will owe it to the community, and for the protection of the companies against damages from accidents, to submit every employee for examination by competent surgeons. Accidents arising out of such neglect would assuredly be without excuse.

AN INVENTION.—The *Scientific American* publishes a lengthy illustrated explanation of an instrument named the autophone, for which letters patent have been issued in the United States and Europe to Professor Merritt Gally, of New York City. It is claimed by its inventor to be entirely original, both in its conception and fundamental in principle, and it is believed to be the first successful invasion of the domain of music by automatic mechanism. The autophone is operated by a thin sheet of paper only three and seven-eighths inches in width, punctured with small holes. The instrument is provided with any number of stops, and, if a reed or pipe instrument, with any number of sets of reeds or pipes. The invention is applicable to instruments of any quality, from the cheapest piano or cabinet organ to a grand church organ. The music sheet is prepared to represent not only the notes, but also the entire expression required to render the music in the most perfect and artistic manner.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Saturday evening, when the six o'clock train going west left the G.W.R. station, a man, considerably under the influence of liquor and with a couple of parcels under his arms, ran down Richmond street and made an attempt to get on one of the forward coaches. He managed to seize hold of a portion of the platform, but the motion of the train carried him off his feet and he was thrown underneath. Still he clung to the platform and the parcel, with his feet bumping against the track, and apparently resolved to make the trip in that perilous position. The speed of the train was rapidly increasing, and those who saw the man underneath the platform closed their eyes to shut out the result which seemed inevitable. He was observed, however, by persons on the train and hauled on board just in the nick of time, as his strength could not have held out much longer.—*Free Press.*

A veteran sportsman well known in the West, Florida and Canada, Sir St. George Gore, Bart., of Ireland, has passed away, leaving behind him the most wonderful collection of fishing rods, tackle and sporting gear generally believed ever to have been possessed and used by one man. These were sold by auction in London and the sale attracted all the most distinguished disciples of Isaac Walton in England.

There is at Lille, in France, a quiet mechanic named Duprez. He is to-day, after working at it for years, exhibiting a model of his new motor. In the approaching Scientific Exhibition of the Palais de l'Industrie at Paris, he will have, it is positively asserted, a little train of cars propelled by a battery of twelve Bunsen cells.

John Bennett Anderson, lay Evangelist, is holding a series of union evangelistic meetings in the Drill Shed at Meaford. Over 700 people turned out on Thursday night to hear him. The ministers are all united in the work.

FORTUNATE FAMILIES.

Canadians Full Heir to Large Fortunes.

(Ottawa Free Press.)

Mr. Robert Honeywell, of this city, is at present on a visit to Kingston, mainly for the purpose of consulting with Mrs. Thomas Robinson and others of that place in reference to that immense fortune in the United States to which Mrs. Robinson and other heirs have for sometime past laid claim Mr. Honeywell and Mrs. Robinson are first cousins, and it is said that, in comparing notes on this subject of mutual interest, they, in common with other Canadian heirs to the estate, have become more than ever convinced of the validity of their claim, and of the probabilities of success in pressing their suit. It may not be unintresting, says the Kingston *Whig*, to revert just now to the salient features of this remarkable case. Three generations ago the only children—two married daughters—of a Col. William Baker emigrated from the States to Canada and settled near the Manor in the Ottawa region. In process of time two unmarried brothers of Col. Baker—like himself soldiers of the Revolutionary war—died, leaving to him the large properties which they amassed, and which with his own, he bequeathed to his daughters at his death in the year 1801. Owing to some ignorance, either of the whereabouts or of the demise of their father, the daughters at the time laid no claim to the property, which has, in the three-quarters of a century that has since elapsed, become enormously enhanced in value. About thirty grandchildren of Hannah and Betsy Baker now survive in Canada and Northern New York, and are joint claimants to the estates, which, it now transpires, were seemingly willed to the above named daughters of Colonel Baker. The property, once no doubt, considered of small amount, is now of tremendous value, a large part of the City of Philadelphia, for example, having since been built upon one portion of it. In addition to that, it is said to include a valuable tract of land of several hundred square miles in area upon the shores of the Hudson River; another in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, besides scattered properties in New York city and elsewhere. The coal mining property was leased by Col. Baker himself for a period of 99 years, and this lease is just now on the point of expiring. When this occurs it is expected that the claims of the heirs will be recognized, and this part of the property recovered. There seems to be no doubt whatever about the identity of the claimants, their descent being easily traced as grandchildren to the above-named daughters of Col. Baker, who, in his will, made them the sole heiresses of his property. So sanguine of success is the eminent lawyer in New York, who has charge of the case for the Canadian clients, that he is devoting his energies to the prosecution of the claim to be remunerated only when the property is realized. The property in all is estimated to be worth over two hundred millions of dollars, so that there will be ample means of paying him well and of furnishing a handsome pile to each of the heirs besides. It is to be hoped that the various members of this lucky family will soon realize their expectations of generous fortune.

The urbanitie surroundings of the ca lets at Woolwich and Sandhurst are somewhat remarkable. At Woolwich 14 lbs. of meat are allowed per diem for the dinners of every nine cadets. In addition they have either fish, sausages, hash, cold ham, cold pie, or eggs and bacon at breakfast. The supper dietary is not mentioned, as the cadets have to furnish that meal in their private rooms out of a monthly allowance of 4s. per head provided for the purpose. It is stated, however, that a store containing tongues, potted meats, hams, etc., is at their service so long as their funds hold out. These young gentlemen are not required to fast until dinner. At half-past eleven they are served with what is called "morning luncheon," consisting of "bread, biscuits, butter *ad lib*, and one pint of beer per head." When afternoon comes there is another light refection for those who choose to pay an extra 3d. per diem, called "afternoon luncheon," consisting of tea, coffee, bread, butter, and milk *ad lib*. Between five and six p. m. tea is placed on the table, the allowed quantities being for tea, ¼ oz.; sugar, ½ oz.; cream, ¼ pint; milk, 1oz. of sugar, ¼lb. of bread, and 1oz. of butter per head. Thus, altogether, there are no less than six meals during each day, at three of which meat may be partaken of. It would be a very sad thing if these young gentlemen were deprived of liberal diet, but as neither Woolwich nor Sandhurst are industrial institutions of the workhouse type, but establishments where embyro officers of the army are reared, it is not surprising that the authorities are looking into the matter. The immortal "Joe" in "Pickwick" ought to have been a military cadet.

The terrible tragedy in which one of the oldest families of New York State was involved has not been forgotten. When it was reported that young Walworth had killed his own father the community listened to the recital with a thrill of horror; nor did sympathy succeed in securing any feeling in the young parricide's favor, although he claimed to be avenging a mother's wrongs. After imprisonment—young murderers less prominent in their family connections would have been sentenced to death—Walworth was pardoned out upon the ground that his physical condition was such that he would die in prison if not soon released. Escape from durance vile has had a good effect upon him. We read that he is still at the old homestead; his health is poor, but he is reading law. It only has to be quick that many of his old friends turned their backs upon him, though he could hardly have expected to be received as a hero. It is stated that he and his mother will soon leave for Europe to seek some spot where there will be nothing in the surroundings to stimulate unpleasant reminiscences.

WHAT SCARES A WOMAN.—Notice a woman when she receives a telegram. How it does scare her! She trembles like a dish of jelly and imagines all sorts of things. Her husband has fallen down the hatchway at his warehouse. Her Johnny has gone out sailing and is drowned. Her sister Maria has been scalded to death. Nothing short of a fatal accident quite fills the bill of her imagination. When she finally summons courage to tear open the envelope, she finds a message from her husband warning her that he will bring a customer home to dinner, and she immediately calls the children together, and instructs them not to ask twice for raspberries, as there's just enough to go round and give the visitor a few extra.—*Puck.*

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.—How few of us acquire this science until we are old enough for life to have lost half its charms! The science of life consists in knowing how to take care of your health, how to make use of people, how to make the most of yourself, and how to push your way in the world. These are the things which, the *Herald of Health* thinks, everybody ought to know and which very few people do know. How never to get sick, how to develop your health and strength to the utmost, how to make every man you meet your friend—all these and many other things are to be included in the science of living, and the pity is that we only appreciate it at its true value when the bloom of life is gone.

LOBSTERS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.—A large quantity of live black and striped bass, eels, and lobsters from the Atlantic coast have lately been distributed along the California coast. This is the first time that lobsters in good condition have reached the Pacific. Their successful transportation is attributed to the unremitting attention of Mr. Livingstone Stone and his assistants, in whose charge they were. The lobsters were taken at once to Point Bonito, and liberated. On the way to the Point they were placed in a fresh supply of water from the incoming tide, which greatly delighted them. They were all females, ripe for spawning, and were estimated to carry 1,000,000 eggs.

NEVER ACKNOWLEDGE.—A woman will never acknowledge that she came down town to see the circus pageant with "corrascating splendor of Oriental magnificence" on wheels, but it always occurs to her that she wants just three-eights of a yard of six cent Hamburgh and must have it, circus or no circus; and the chances are that she could have bought Hamburg enough to fence in a croquet ground within a stone's throw of her door.—*New Haven Register.*

THE VIRGINIA DISASTER.

Atlantic Liner Run Aground.

FOUR WOMEN AND FIVE CHILDREN DROWNED.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—As intimated in our yesterday's despatches, when landing the passengers on the island four women and five children were drowned in the surf.

The purser of the wrecked steamer arrived here to-night and reports that the steamer State of Virginia, 2,500 tons, of Glasgow, G. B., of the State Steamship Company, limited, left New York on the 10th inst. On the 11th they experienced a dense fog, which continued up to Saturday at 8 p. m., when the steamer ran aground on a sandbank, seven miles from the end, on the south side of Sable Island. We tried to get off without success. On Sunday morning, in order to lighten her, we commenced throwing cargo overboard. We found it was no use, however, the steamer settling down in the sand. We fired six minute guns, which brought the Governor of the island, Mr. McDonald, to our assistance in the surf boat. This boat took ashore eleven women, four men and the purser, four officers and the doctor, all of whom were safely landed, though the surf was very heavy. Two more boats left the ship with eighteen persons. The second boat, when about fifty feet from the shore, capsized, and all the occupants were thrown into the water. Some of those struggling in the water succeeded in clinging to the bottom of the boat, which presently was righted and was washed ashore, those clinging to her being badly bruised, but thankful to have escaped with their lives, as it was found that nine had been drowned. The dead were Miss Marie G. Monton, about fourteen years of age, her mother was saved; Alice Wilson, a child of four years, her mother was also saved; Mrs. Mary Peters and two children, both husband and wife saved; John Widestend, aged thirteen, parents saved; Miss Coleman, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. McGinn, who had no friends among the passengers. The bodies of Mrs. Walker and Miss Coleman were recovered and buried. The other boats went around to the other side of the island the next day, and all were safely landed. On Monday night at 10.30 the third officer with the purser and nine men started in an open boat for the main land. The first night, it was raining and foggy, and a most uncomfortable night was past. On Tuesday night they made the main land, but the sea was running too high to land, and they waited till morning, when they succeeded in landing safely at Fort Dickerton, and drove to New Glasgow, whence they came by train to Halifax. On Sunday night the vessel had settled down in the sand. There were six feet of water in the main hold, nine feet in the engine room, and nine in the after hold. The weather was fine, but the prospects of getting the vessel off were not very bright. The cargo consisted of 104 head of cattle, American produce and general cargo. A number of the cattle which had been thrown overboard to lighten the steamer got safely ashore, and part of the cargo was also washed ashore.

It is feared the steamship Virginia, which ran ashore on Sable Island on Saturday, will prove a total wreck. She is an iron steamer and was built on the Clyde in 1873. Dimensions: 350 feet long, 39 ft. beam, 26 ft. depth of hold and 3,500 tons burthen. Her engines are six hundred nominal power, and it is claimed her sea-going qualities are unsurpassed. Her agents claim that nothing was wanting to make the vessel first-class in every respect. Her value is estimated at between $400,000 and $500,000. Captain Moody, commander of the Virginia, was a faithful and competent officer of long experience. He said the Company had been quite free from accidents heretofore.

HALIFAX, N. S.—Mr. William Ross, agent at this port of the steamship company has made arrangements for despatching the Government steamer Glendora at noon to-day to bring back full survivors. If she has fair weather she should reach here on Monday morning. The sea was breaking over the vessel when the purser left, and there were no hopes of saving her. A quantity of the cargo which was thrown overboard had washed ashore. There is reason to believe that the ship was running fast when she struck. The officers were far out of their reckoning and had no idea they were so near Sable Island. When the purser and his party left the island, the steamer had settled well in the sand and had six feet of water in the engine-room. The crew and passengers on the island were being made comfortable in the government buildings. There is a fair supply of provisions there and about sixty-five head of cattle and a quantity of provisions saved from the ship. There is no danger of supplies running short. As to the steamer there is no hope of saving her. Once a vessel becomes fixed in the sands of Sable Island there, she may as well be given up to the wreckers, as all that can be saved will be such pieces as their skill and daring can secure.

Yesterday morning the sailors of the various English war ships in Halifax (N.S) harbor marched to the Common preceded by the Marine Artillery with three breech-loading guns and a Gatling gun. The band of the Bellerophon headed them, and played relections during the progress of the review. The men went through the usual formula of a review, and marched past the Admiral at the double. His Excellency afterwards inspected the men, who were drawn up in open column. After the usually review a sham fight was engaged in. The repelling of cavalry, forming squares to resist cavalry, dismounting and disabling artillery, skirmishing, bayonet drill and cutlass exercise were all attended to, and even the minor points of removing the killed and wounded from the field were carried out to the letter. The dead were removed on stretchers and placed in a row near the point occupied by the Admiral and staff, and when the programme was completed and the bugle sounded the assembly, a considerable laughter was caused by the dead men jumping up and joining their comrades in the ranks. The whole force marched off the Common, headed by the band, and immediately went on board the ships.

Patrick Shoren, who was arrested at London on Thursday night on a charge of bigamy, was examined yesterday. The testimony of his accuser, Ellen Shoren, who claimed to be his first wife, was first taken. She stated that he had married her in Detroit five years ago; she is now twenty-seven years old and he twenty-four or twenty-five he never supported her or her child, who is now two and a half years old; she supported him all one winter, during which time they lived together, by washing; at last he left her, and she has since heard that he had married again in this city; she said she came to London to punish him for the crime of bigamy, and would decline to live with him upon any consideration; she prosecuted under the advice of the County Crown Attorney. The prisoner, who denied the marriage and also the paternity of the little girl, was remanded for one week.

The flower question caused a very lively row at the recent commencement of the High School at Fort Wayne, Ind. The School Board had forbidden any presentation of floral tributes, but early in the proceedings the order was violated, a bouquet being handed to a graduate, who refused to surrender it. This was the signal for a volley of shouts, yells and hisses. A squad of police appeared on the stage. The recipient of the bouquet relinquished it to one of the officers and left the stage, followed by eight members of the class, who refused to participate further in the proceedings. The exercises were finally allowed to proceed, although great excitement and confusion existed until the conclusion.

Guinnes, the brewer, lately gave the most brilliant entertainment of the London season thus far. Rank, fashion and wealth were mingled. The feature of the evening was the floral decoration. Even the cornice of one room was hung with garlands of summer roses to the number of 10,000. The house is in Grosvenor Place and was built by the Duke of Westminster for his eldest son, Earl Grosvenor, but passed into the possession of Baron Strousseberg, who figured there for three seasons and then drifted into the hands of his creditors.

A Coquette.

She rambled through the meadows wide,
So richly gemmed with dew;
Her hair was bright as golden light,
Her eyes were azure blue.
And shyly, shown, the farmer lad
Betrayed his love an't woo;
She pouted on him by
With head held high
And coldly answered "No!"

She wandered to the woodland poet,
By wild flow'rs all begirt;
She saw her beauty in his depth,
And smiled—she pretty flirt!
Tho' hose was almost dead;
But moodily she sighed,
She naught replied,
She only shook her head!

She lingered by the broad park gate,
The old lord lingered, too;
He sought the maiden for his bride,
And knew, too, how to woo;
And though he feigned love's sad despair,
Her answer he could guess;
But could not spy
Her triumph high!
She smiled and whispered, "Yes!"
—*Temple Bar.*

AN IRISH IDYL.

(From the London Belgravia.)

We had been out all night watching the herring-fishers, but as soon as the work was over, and the faint glimmering of dawn appeared in the east, we turned our boat's prow towards the shore and pulled swiftly homewards. There lay the group of curraghs still upon the scene of their labor, loaded with phosphorescent fish and dripping nets, and manned with crews of shivering, weary men. The sea, which during the night had been throbbing convulsively, was calm and bright as a polished mirror, while the gaunt grey cliffs were faintly shadowed forth by the lustrous light of the moon.

Wearied with my night's labor, I lay listlessly in the stern of the boat, listening dreamily to the measured splash, splash of the oars, and drinking in the beauty of the scene around me—the placid sea, the black outline of the hills and cliffs, and silently sleeping village of Storport. Presently, however, my ears detected another sound, which throbbing convulsively, was calm and bright as a polished mirror, while the gaunt grey cliffs were faintly shadowed forth by the lustrous light of the moon.

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"Is it a mermaid singing?" I asked, sleepy. "The village maidens are coming of their lovers at this hour, but the Midian Maras sing of theirs. Oh, yes, it must be a mermaid, for hark! the sound is issuing from the shore yonder, and surely no human being possessed a voice half so beautiful!"

To my question no one vouchsafed a reply, so I lay still half sleepily and listened to the plaintive wailing of the voice, which every moment grew stronger. It came across the water like the low sweet sound of an Æolian harp touched by the summer breeze, and as the boat glided swiftly on, bringing me nearer, the whole scene around seemed suddenly to brighten as if from the touch of a magical hand. Above me sailed the moon, scattering pale vitreous light around her, and touching with her cool, white hand the mellow thatched cabins, lying so secluded in the shadows on a wind-swept sea. Large lustrous eyes which gazed earnestly seaward, then filled with a strange, wandering, far-off look as they turned to my face. A young girl clad in a peasant's dress, with her bare feet washed reverently by the sighing sea; her half parted lips kissed by the breeze which travelled slowly shoreward; her cheeks and neck were pale as alabaster, so were the little hands which were still clasped half nervously behind her; and as she stood, with her eyes wandering restlessly first to my face, then to the dim line of the horizon, the moon, brightening with sudden splendor, wrapt her from head to foot in a mantle of shimmering snow.

For a moment she stood gazing with a far-away look into my face; then with a sigh she turned away, and with her face still turned oceanward, her hands still clasped behind her, wandered slowly along the moonlit sands.

As she went, fading like a spirit among the shadows, I heard again the low, sweet sound of the plaintive voice which had come to me across the ocean, but soon it grew fainter and fainter, until only the echoes were heard.

I turned to my boatman, who now stood waiting for me to depart.

"Well, Shawn, is it a mermaid?" I asked, smiling.

He gravely shook his head.

"No, yer honor; 'tis only a poor colleen wid a broken heart!"

I turned and looked questioningly at him, but he was gazing at the spot whence the figure of the girl disappeared.

"God Almighty risht the dead!" he said, reverently raising his hat; "but him that brought such luck to Nora O'Connell deserved His curse, God knows!"

This incident, coupled with the strange manner of my man, interested me, and I began to question him as to the story of the girl whose lovely face was still vividly before me. But for some reason or other he seemed to shun the subject, and so for a time I too held my peace. But as soon as I found myself comfortably seated in the cosy parlor of the lodge, with a bright turf fire blazing before me and a hot punch steaming on the table at my side, I summoned my henchman to my presence.

"Now, Shawn," I said, holding forth a steaming goblet that made his eyes sparkle like two stars, "close the door, draw your chair up to the fire, drink off this, and tell me the story of the lovely colleen that we saw to night."

"Would yer honor really like to hear?"

"I would; it will give me something to dream about, and prevent me from thinking too much of her beautiful face."

Shawn smiled gravely.

"Yer honor thinks her pretty? Well, then, ye'll believe me when I tell ye that if ye was to search the country at the present moment ye couldn't find a colleen to match Norah O'Connell. When she was born the neighbors thought she must be a fairy child, she was so pretty and small and white; and when she got older there wasn't a boy in Storport but would lay down his life for her. Boys wid fortunes an' boys widout fortunes tried to get her—and, begging yer honor's pardon, I went myself in wid the rest. But it went the same wid us all: Norah just smiled and said she did not want to marry. But one day, two years ago now, come this serapht, that lazy shaughraun, Miles Doughty, (God rest his soul!) came over from Ballygally, and going straight to Norah, widout making up any match at all, asked her to marry him."

"Well?"

"Well, yer honor, this time Norah brightened up, and though she knew well enough that Miles was a dirty blackguard widout a penny in the world—though the old people said no, and there were plenty pretiner girls in Storport waitin' on her—she just went against every one of them and said she must marry Miles. The old people pulled against her at first, but at last Norah, with her smiles and p etty ways, won over Father Tom—who won over the old people, till at last they said that if Miles would go to the black pits of Pennsylvania and earn the money to buy a house and bit of land, he should marry her."

He paused, and for a time there was silence. Shawn looked thoughtfully into the fire; I lay back in my easy chair and carelessly watched the smoke which curled from my cigar, and as I did so I seemed to hear again the wild plaintive voice of the girl as I had heard it before that night:

"I have called my love, but he still sleeps on,
And his lips are as cold as clay!
I have kissed them o'er and o'er again—
I have pressed his cheek with my burning brow,
And I've watched o'er him all the day.
Is it then true that no more thou'lt smile
On Moina?
Art thou then lost to thy Moina?
I once had a lamb my love gave me,
As the mountain snow 'twas white;
Oh, how I loved it nobody knows!
I decked it each morn with the myrtle-rose,
With "forget-me-not" at night.
My lover they slew, and they tore my lamb
From Moina.
They pierced the heart's core of poor Moina!

As the last words fell from her tremulous lips, and the echoes of the sweet voice faded far away across the sea, the boat gliding gently on ran her bow into the sand, and I, leaping out, came suddenly face to face with the loveliest vision I have ever beheld.

"Is it a mermaid?" I asked myself again, for surely I thought no human being could be half so lovely.

I saw a pale, madonna like face, set in a wreath of golden hair, on which the moonlight brightened and darkened like the shadows on a wind-swept sea. Large lustrous eyes which gazed earnestly seaward, then filled with a strange, wandering, far-off look as they turned to my face. A young girl clad in a peasant's dress, with her bare feet washed reverently by the sighing sea; her half parted lips kissed by the breeze which travelled slowly shoreward; her cheeks and neck were pale as alabaster, so were the little hands which were still clasped half nervously behind her; and as she stood, with her eyes wandering restlessly first to my face, then to the dim line of the horizon, the moon, brightening with sudden splendor, wrapt her from head to foot in a mantle of shimmering snow.

For a moment she stood gazing with a far-away look into my face; then with a sigh she turned away, and with her face still turned oceanward, her hands still clasped behind her, wandered slowly along the moonlit sands.

As she went, fading like a spirit among the shadows, I heard again the low, sweet sound of the plaintive voice which had come to me across the ocean, but soon it grew fainter and fainter, until only the echoes were heard.

I turned to my boatman, who now stood waiting for me to depart.

"Well, Shawn, is it a mermaid?" I asked, smiling.

He gravely shook his head.

"No, yer honor; 'tis only a poor colleen wid a broken heart!"

I turned and looked questioningly at him, but he was gazing at the spot whence the figure of the girl disappeared.

"God Almighty risht the dead!" he said, reverently raising his hat; "but him that brought such luck to Nora O'Connell deserved His curse, God knows!"

This incident, coupled with the strange manner of my man, interested me, and I began to question him as to the story of the girl whose lovely face was still vividly before me. But for some reason or other he seemed to shun the subject, and so for a time I too held my peace. But as soon as I found myself comfortably seated in the cosy parlor of the lodge, with a bright turf fire blazing before me and a hot punch steaming on the table at my side, I summoned my henchman to my presence.

"Now, Shawn," I said, holding forth a steaming goblet that made his eyes sparkle like two stars, "close the door, draw your chair up to the fire, drink off this, and tell me the story of the lovely colleen that we saw to night."

"Would yer honor really like to hear?"

Just three months after that night I found myself sitting in the hut where Norah O'Connell dwelt. The cabin was illuminated so brightly that it looked like a spot of fire upon the bog. The rooms at the houses were crowded, and without dark figures gathered as thick as bees in swarming time. Miles Doughty, clad rather less gaudily than when I first beheld him, moved amidst the throng with bottle and glass, panning now and again to look affectionately at Norah, who, decorated with bridal flowers, was dancing with one of the straw men who had come to do honor at her marriage feast. When the dance was ended she came over and stood beside me.

"Norah," I whispered, "do you remember that night when I heard you singing songs upon the sands?"

Her face flashed brightly upon me, then it grew grave—then her eyes filled with tears.

"My dear," I added, "I never meant to pain you. I only want you to sing a sequel to those songs to-night!"

She laughed lightly, then she spoke rapidly in Irish, and merrily sang the well known lines—

"Oh, the marriage, the marriage,
With love and me bonnie for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me."

Then she was laughingly carried off to join in another dance.

I joined in the fun till midnight, then, though the merriment was still at its height, I quietly left the house and hastened home. Over the sea, which gambled across a figure which was hiding behind a turf-stack. By the light of my burning turf I recognised the features of Owen Macgrath. He slunk away when he saw me, and never since that night has he been seen in Storport.

A Theatrical Enigmer.

(From London Truth June 26)

The infancy of the late Prince Imperial was essentially theatrical, and as bad a preparation as there could have been for the tasks of Cæsaritic all-power, or for the life of a private gentleman. The hundred-and-one cannon which boomed to announce his entrance into this world, where the measure of happiness meted to each is small, did not, of course, affect him personally. But are he cut his first set of molars he was imbued with the idea that he was the master of court, camp, city, country; of everything that grew, moved, walked and lived. The boy in babyhood was figged up in a grenadier's uniform; for was not the child of a "brave d'armes," the dying injunction of the Uncle at St. Helena? When he went out to drive in his nurse's arms, she was flanked by an Admiral's widow, bearing the sonorous title of "Gouvernante des enfants de la France," and two other ladies of quality and fasing her with their back to the horses. A General rode at the door next the Child of France. His equipage was drawn by four blood horses which did honor to Gen. Fleury's stable knowledge and Mr. Gamble's groomship. They were driven by postilions in green and gold liveries. A pair of outriders splendidly mounted, preceded to clear the road; and enveloping the turn-out was a squadron of Lancers in showy uniforms. The noise and dust was not good for the health of the infant, and the pomp and circumstance were very bad for his mind. Mouchards stationed along the avenues through which the Prince rode pushed rudely back those who ran to stare at the gratis spectacle, and aroused the passions of mates and fellow-lodgers. In the Bois, when the *nourrice*, a full-breasted Burgundian, descended for a walk, she was more like a captive than anything else. The governess of the Children of France, the two ladies, and, later, Miss Shaw the English *bonne*, the General and their disconsolate soldier kept guard upon her. Two Lancers were, on each side of the alley, sent in to beat the wood. This sort of thing continued until the Prince was nine years' old, when the ladies were sent away, and a tutor and two aides de-camp replaced them.

An Old Playbill.

The following, which is called a literal copy of a playbill issued in 1793, by the manager of the Theatre Royal at Kilkenny, Ireland, is a curiosity well worth reading. Theatre Royal by His Majesty's comedians. On Saturday, May 14, 1793, will be performed by command of several respectable people in this learned metropolis, for the benefit of Kearns, the tragedy of "Hamlet!" originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Heys of Limerick, and inserted in Shakspeare's work. *Hamlet* by Mr. Kearns, (being his first appearance in that character), who between the acts will perform several solos on the patent bag-pipes which play two tunes at the same time. *Ophelia*, by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favorite airs in character, particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill," and "We'll all be unhappy together," from the Rev. Mr. Dibdin's "Oddities." The parts of *King* and *Queen*, by direction of Rev. Father O'Galagan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage. *Polonius*, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public. The *Ghost*, the *Gravedigger*, and *Laertes* by Mr. Sampson, the great Lofters comedian. The characters will be dressed in Roman shapes. To which will be added an interlude, in which will be introduced several sleight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor, Hunt. The whole to conclude with the farce of "Mahomet the Impostor!" *Mahomet* by Mr. Kearns. Tickets can be had of Mr. Kearns, at the sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle street. The value of the tickets as usual, will be taken (if required) in candles, bacon, butter, cheese, soap, etc., as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public. ☞ No person shall be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.

The fabric of Arundel Castle, Surrey, is by law to be maintained out of the new enormous rental arising from the ground on which stand Norfolk and Arundel streets, in London. Towards the close of the last century the Duke, whose family has long been impatient of this obligation, allowed the moneys arising from this source to accumulate, and endeavored to break the arrangements compelling this particular use, but in vain. A sum of $1,000,000 was consequently expended upon the castle, and an immense addition made to it, of which the ground floor was entirely of stone; the next fitted entirely floors and all, with mahogany, and the floor above that again with oak. There are still one or two families in England who are compelled in compliance with bequests, to spend a certain annual sum on the purchase of plate, and ingenuity is exhausted in devising means of compliance. The hinges of the doors in one of such mansions are of silver.

The romantic suggestion that earth should be brought over from France to make a grave for the late Prince Imperial has a singular parallel in the life of Admiral Nelson. When the famous French three-decker L'Orient—the scene of young Casabianca's heroic death—blew up at the battle of the Nile, a large piece of her foremast fell into the rigging of the Swiftsure, an English frigate. The latter's commander, Capt. Benjamin Hallowell, one of Nelson's warmest friends, at once ordered the ship's carpenter to make the fragment into a coffin, which he presented to the Admiral with a letter expressing his hope that "the day might be far distant when the trophy of Nelson's greatest victory should be his last resting place." Nelson was greatly pleased with this characteristic gift, which he immediately installed in a corner of his private cabin, and, in compliance with his own repeated request, his body was actually placed in it after his death at Trafalgar.

A Mr. Marsh, of Bangor, recently had the misfortune to swallow his false teeth, but is confident that he will come out of his strange experience all right. The teeth are now in the stomach. He at first tried to hold them in the throat, but did not meet with much success. Soon after swallowing the teeth he spit up a little blood. For sometime he was in great pain. Opiates were given him, but it required the combined strength of several powerful men to keep him quiet. He is now much better and suffers but little pain. Of course he has a rather unnatural feeling about the stomach. He eats heartily and digests his food well. His diet consists principally of coarse food. What the result will be cannot now be told.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the Subject.

The cable despatch published in the *Herald* descriptive of the funeral of the Prince Imperial was yesterday the topic of Mr. Beecher's discourse. He read that portion of the *Herald* special in which the funeral and its surrounding circumstances are described with great feeling and in the midst of an attention on the part of the large congregation that was almost solemn in the unusual silence. The services had somewhat of a funeral character. Before the sermon an adaptation of the melody of the Russian hymn was sung to the words:

God, the all terrible, Thou who ordainest.

At the conclusion of the sermon the Spanish hymn was sung to a slower tune than usual to the words of

Far o'er hill and dell in the winds stealing,
List to the tolling bell mournfully pealing.

The sermon was founded on the following text: Isaiah xl. 9—"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Already, said Mr. Beecher, ages have rolled away and men have begun to think that this is but a poet's dream. The one conflict in this world has been the spirit of hurting and the spirit of helping. The two things that have divided empires have been the God of hate and the God of love, and every morning the promises hang like the golden clouds before the sun, and every evening the sun goes down in a blush canopied with darkness. And so nations have come and passed, and nations have come again and perished, and revelations seem to have brought forth nothing but blood, and for generations, while the race seemed to have gone upon an ascending scale, they have been precipitated again. The light of civilization in Egypt was quenched and has not been rekindled; and the glory of the Grecian and monarchies went into night as the morning passes into evening, and the grandeur of the Solomonic empire ceased. The Jew is still the Wandering Jew, and for the first time has taken root, but not as a Jew, but as a citizen of America.

THE GREAT BATTLE IN THE AIR.

Is mankind like the vegetables of the earth that are sown in spring and cut down and known no more? Where are the hopes that cheer great men in dark times, that the earth should be filled with the knowledge of the Lord? What is the prospect to-day of this great battle in the air between hate and love, between the God of organism and reconstruction, and the spirit of all evil trading under foot goodness, and everywhere ruling and ruining? The spirit of love, how does it compare to-day with that of any other age? Remembering that the kingdom of God is as a leaven that is hidden, I think that I may venture to say that there are unquestionably thousands of indications that the great battle is turning out more in favor of beneficence, and that the spirit of the age works through sympathy, kindness, benevolence and the love of God. It is true that the spirit of love is nowhere so absolute and so perfectly developed