## DORA.

BY JULIA KAVANAGI, Author of " Nathalie," dele," " Queen Mab," &c

CHAPTER I

The autumn wind swept with a long wail over the broad bay of Dublin, then went and died, still moaning, and lamenting, amongst the distant mountains. In its occasional intervals of silence, gusts of rain came and beat against the window-panes with a pitiful, impatient sound, as if claiming to be heard. till the clamorous wind rose again and drowned every voice save its own tempestuous rour. Dusk was gathering in Mrs. Courtenay's bare parlor, and very chill and cheerless as well as bare it would have looked on this evening, if Dora Courtenay had not been standing by the window with her work hanging loosely in her hand, and her eyes fastened on the prospect of sea and mist and cloudy mountains, which was all that she could see through the slanting

whitewash, the dull grey paper on the walls, gave it a desolate look: but you forgot that when you saw Dora. No room with a sunbeam, or a Titian, or a Giorgione in it would seem cold and desolate to you were it a garret; and no room in which this girl appeared could fail being brightened by her gay young presence. She was not beautiful, she was not handsome, she was not even very pretty-but she was bright, wonderfully bright. If there were such a thing as brown gold, Dora's hair might be said to be of that color. If roses ever bloomed on a maiden's cheek, they were to be found on hers. If joy ever beained in mortal eyes, it surely shone in Dora's. When you looked at her you forgot her half-shabby black dress, her mother's cold parlor-you forgot even that Dora was young, and had a charming figure-you forgot all save the shining hair and the happy eyes, and the genial smile and the young warm voice which matched with them so well; and these you remembered for evermore.

"I can't stand this, you know," suddenly said Dora, flinging down her work; "I must see if Paul is coming."

Mrs. Courtenay, who was gently falling asleep in her arm-chair, awoke with a start; but before her remonstrative, " Don't get wet," was fairly uttered, the bright head and the brighter face of Dora had passed through the parlor door, and the parlor itself looked very much like a cellar whence a sunbeam has de-

"She is so quick," said Mrs. Courtenay, still amazed and a little plaintive. "I always de feel for hens who hatch ducks' eggs.

This remark was directed to her sister-in-Jaw, Mrs. Luan. Very different of aspect were these two ladies. Mrs. Courtenay was a charming lady of sixty. She had the whitest hair, the mildest blue eyes, the pleasantest smile, and the softest plump hands a lady of sixty ever had. She was French by birth the perilous wood, and, like him, he will reand Irish by marriage; and she spoke English with a pretty French accent, and French with an equally pretty English accent; and was innocent and delightful in either lan-

Mrs. Luan, her late husband's sister, was a square, low-built woman. She had a dull, commonplace face, dingy in color, a dull brown eye with a heavy lid, a low narrow forehead and a thick indistinct atterance. Nature had been very niggardly to this lady, and Fortune had been very stingy to both sisters-in-law. The little cottage in which they resided was one of the plainest near Dublin: their cook and maid-of-all-work was a diminutive girl of thirteen called Peggy, their furniture would not have fetched twenty pounds at an auction. They dressed very simply, made fires at the latest extremity when they were alone, never burned more than one tallow candle.

They were widows, and we dare not say how slender was their joint income. Mrs. Luan had a son whom she had penuriously brought up to his present position of medical student, and Mrs. Courtenay's step-son Paul was an embryo barrister; and then there was Dora to dress and educate. How all this was done, nor yet how far it was done, was one of the miracles which mothers daily accomplish, whilst the world looks on, and takes it all as a matter of course.

Brightness of intellect was not Mrs. Luan's gift. She took time to ponder over Mrs. Courtenay's proposition concerning hens and ducks' eggs, then she said in her thick, hesitating voice,

" Do you think so?"

After having uttered this profound and original remark, she seemed startled at her own during, and relapsed into sudden silence.

Mrs. Courtenay sighed, turned up her eyes, expanded her hands, and shook her head hopelessly.

" It's no use arguing with her, poor soul," she said, half aloud. "She's so-you know." This speech Mrs. Luan so far understood,

that she made no comment upon it. She took her intellectual inferiority, as she took her poverty and her plainness, for granted. So she remained very quiet in her shady part of the room, thinking of and brooding over her life, after her own fashion. "I should like a light, Mrs. Luan," said

Mrs. Courtenay.

Mrs. Luan replied calmly, "Candles are a halfpenny dearer in the

pound this week." Mrs. Courtenay sighed-nature had given her a liberal, prodigal heart-but she did not attempt a remonstrance; she remembered, however, her youth in a gay French home, where wax lights were of no account, and where the saloon mirrors flashed like a sheet of light in their brilliant glow, and she sighed again. Mrs. Luan thought, in the mean-

"We burn a candle a night, eight a week, Bundays included. Four times eight thirtytwo; five pounds of candles, and two over every month; that's more than twopence halfpenny a month dearer than last autumn. We must light the candle later.'

And made happy by this mental calcula-tion, she sat with her hands folded on her lap, content to remain thus, spite the increasing darkness, for the sake of saving an inch of

tallow. "That child will be quite wet," said Mrs. Courtenay, plaintively, after another while; wyou should have told her not to go, Mrs.

Luan." Mrs. Luan did not answer, she was accustomed to that too. She was House of Commons in this little household, perhaps because, thanks to her power of management, she held the strings of the purse. Mrs. Courtenay, her constitutional sovereign, snubbed and coaxed

her by turns, and blamed her not ill-naturedly, but as a matter of course, for everything; Dora, her prime minister, tried every now aner hen to carry it with a high hand; and had on John, and her nephew Paul, twitted and louted her like saucy young members, and

coaxing, and ridicule. She was thick-skinned: made armor-proof against all such shafts ly provident Nature. With perfect equanimity she now heard herself blamed for Dora's sin, and after awhile she even said, very calmly

"How hard it is raining!" "Just like her I" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, with gentle exasperation. "She lets the child go out, and then she says, 'How hard it is raining.' You would not let John go, Mrs. Luan.

Now Mrs. Luan, though patient, was, like many a patientanimal, endowed with a weapon of defence. This was her voice: a heavy buzzing, indistinct voice, which paused, and stammered, and hesitated, till the conquered listener would buy silence at any price. So, whenever she was driven into a corner, she roused herself, and talked her enemy down. "I have nothing to do with the rain," she

began, in her buzzing fashion. "Don't," entreated Mrs. Courtenay, becom-

ing alarmed.

But when Mrs. Luan had begun buzzing, who could stop her? Mrs. Courtenay, folding her hands in her lap, let Mrs. Luan go on. This lady from the rain diverged into her husband's last illness; then, having buzzed Mrs. Courtenay's parlor was, as we said, a very bare one. The chairs, the table, the black hearth, the low ceiling, sadly in need of people felt when they were dead. Thence through that, she made a pleasant diversion she went off to butcher's meat, and having worried her lively little sister-in-law for ten minutes, she kindly dropped her, much the worse for the infliction, and rolled herself back into her habitual citadel of silence, feeling, with the same instinct which had suggested her system of defence, that she was safe there for the rest of the evening.

In the meanwhile, Dora was standing in dilapidated summer-house at the end of the garden, watching for her brother's return. The cottage rented by Mrs. Courtenay stood on a narrow promontory of heath, with a road on either side. The front door faced the Dublin road, and the apex of the triangular garden gave egress on another road, long and winding, which looked as if it passed forever through heath and mountain, but which in reality was within five minutes of the rail-way station. With a shawl around her, and standing within the shelter of the summerhouse, Dora, whose look could command the whole sweep of the road through the grated loor, watched and waited. But the wind mouned, the rain drifted gustily, the hour at which the train was due went by, and still Paul came not. Night darkened around the mountains, the rain ceased, the wind cleared away a few clouds from the sky, and here and there a star glimmered, and still the grey road showed no tall figure approaching, and echoed to no young firm step. Had anything happened to him? Had there been a railway collision? Had he been waylaid and murdered? But not in vain had Dora bright hair. and happy eyes, and a genial smile. These gloomy, morbid fancies only passed athwart her mind like clouds across a clear sky. She shook her head defiantly at them, and bade

them begone. "I will not believe you," she told them. Paul has gone. like the knight or the prince in the fairy tale, to the dangerous castle or not overcome; there is no heart Paul cannot win. He was made to prevail and be king. Since he stays so long, 'tis sure proof of victory, and if he comes by the night-train, why, I shall let him in, and none shall be the

wiser.' The wind might blow, the rain might fall-Dora, whilst she had such thoughts, could not help feeling happy. She was ambitious, not for herself, but for her brother. She could sit and dream about him, with the tender folly of the young, and never feel that it was folly. There was no success Paul was not to achieve, no destiny was too great for Paul, and thus little by little it came to pass that he was the hero of his sister's life.

That life had been such as most girls lead; a still, narrow path, with a boundless world was to her what music is to some, and poetry thing. It was no trouble to her to light a fire, around it, dangerously alluring. Such as it to others. These lozenges of faded silks, and prepare her brother's tea and supper. The around it, dangerously alluring. Such as it was, it contented her. She was satisfied with the seclusion which her poverty commanded, with the society of her friends, with studies which to her were no pastimes, but serious pursuits, and with such relaxations as an old cracked spinet and her flowers afforded. All this sufficed her, for she had Paul-Paul who was to be so great a man, the honor and the stay of his family. When a young girl has such a thought as this, it matters little what dresses she wears, or what sort of a house she lives in. She has an enchanted tower, whence she views the nether world with calm indifference. Who dare pity, and who would not envy her, till truth comes and knocks at the door, claiming admittance in a voice that will not be denied?

## CHAPTER II.

But Paul's journey was a secret as yet, so, with another look up the road Dora went back to the cottage through the wet garden. As she reached the parlor she heard the voice of her cousin, John Luan, talking within At once she broke in, bright and joyous. "Oh, you faithless John, where have you been till this hour?" she cried. "Tell me

directly." A very good-looking young man, with a good-natured face, very like Dora's in all save its brightness, turned round on hearing this imperious mandate, and looked at his cousin with an unmistakable adorer look. "Slave" was stamped on his aspect, and no less legi

bly was " queen" written on Dora's. "I have been dissecting," he began. "Don't, John," interrupted Mrs. Courtenay

shivering. "Bless you, mamma," remarked Dora, coolly, " John would dissect us all if he had

John had never much to say for himself, but when he fell into the hands of this bright-

haired tormentor he became helpless. "Now, Dora, you know I can't," he said. "Can't dissect?" she suggested. "Then give up your profession, and let there be an

end of it," she kindly added. A sigh, verging on a groan, expressed John's mental sufferings.

" Take pattern on Paul," she resumed. "He means to be Grattan, or Chatham, or Demosthenes. Why, don't you mean to be something? Now, mamma, please not to interfere. I want to make something of John, but if I am interfered with how can I?"

John groaned again, yet did not seem to be ery miscrable.

"Yes, I know you would dissect me," said Dora, shaking her bright head; "but you shall not have the chance, you little wretch!" Dora Courtenay had a graceful young figure, but she was not a fine woman, and John Luan was a remarkably fine young man. Yet little, wretch she had called him since they were children, and it was the only part of her teazing which Mrs. Luan could never endure. She now showed such unequivocal symptoms do buzzing, that Dora, much alarmed, rose fans aid quickly,

"I mean a big wretch, aunt. And now let us have tea, since Paul is not coming." To make tea was Dora's duty. She began

were as helpless as any brilliant minority at the process by peremptorily ordering John the mercy of a stubborn majority ever will be. Luan to cut some bread and butter, kindly Mrs. Luan was impenetrable to blame, and adding an admonition concerning the wisdom of all save its own ends, gave dangerous by inheritance. I shall leave you and your Much better would it be for them-

of pinning a cloth bib-wise before him, and not buttering his coat instead of the bread; after which, the diminutive servant having brought up the tray, Dora sat behind an oldfashioned tea-urn, and looked through the curling wreaths of steam, like a bright young Hebe, with the ethereal vapors of Olympus around her. It was a very plain meal. The tea was three shillings a pound, the butter was Irish butter, and therefore could not be bad, but had it come from a cheese country, John Luan would have found it delicious, and all China could not have matched the flavor

ot that mild Congou. He sat and ate through a plateful of bread and butter, and drank through seven cups of tea-looking all the time at that bright girl before him, and meekly enduring such shafts as it pleased her saucy little tongue to pierce him with.

Dora could not help being aware of her cousin's intellectual inferiority, and she was not so perfect as not to take advantage of it now and then. To make up for this, indeed, she gifted him, like a kind fairy, with some imaginary graces. He was good-natured, she made him high-hearted; he was careless of danger, she made him brave; but unluckily she forgot to feel more than a moderate regard for the owner of these virtues. The crown-gift of her affection was wanting.

John needed to use no such magic powers He had no imagination, and could not conceive another Dora than the one he knew. With her he was quite satisfied. He was in that happy stage of love when to see and hear the beloved object is sufficient bliss to the worshipper. He did not think of marriage. They were first consins, to begin with, and were by right of birth supposed impenerable to love. Then they were both as poor as Job; and best reason of all, marriage was not in the least necessary to John's happiness. To see Dora and look at her bright face, to hear Dora and be worried by her, to obey Dora and cut bread and butter, or do any humble office for the pleasure of that haughty little sovereign, was all John Luan cared for; and as he had but to come to the cottage to secure these blessings, that crown of all bliss, the wedded, was not in

his thoughts. Now this disinterested adoration had been going on five years-his mother, his aunt, Paul. Dora herself, looked upon it as a matter of course, and never gave it a second thought. But a drop will overflow the full cup, and a remark which Dora now darted at her cousin across the table made him blush a little, and caused Mrs. Luan to look first bewildered, then to turn as pale as her dingy complexion would let her. With a deeply-troubled mien she put down her cup of tea untasted, then looked from her son to Dora, and from Dora to her son again. Yet all Dora had said was: I wish you would not stare, John."

She spoke with a pretty little pettish toss of her head, but something in John's thoughts mads him color up to the eyes, and dull though she was, Mrs. Luan was a mother. In a moment she saw that these two were no longer children, and whilst she was measuring the extent of the calamity, Mrs. Courtenay, who had an awkward and innocent habit of thinking aloud, said with her pleasant smile:

"Ln! my dear John does not stare; he looks at you, and he looks because he admires you, I suppose."

Which was the exact truth, and, precisely because it was the truth, made John look foolish, brought a sudden glow to Dora's face, and caused Mrs. Luan to pour the contents of her tea-cup into the sugar-basin. This domestic calamity sobered them all save Mrs. Luan herself. But long after the little excitement she thus caused had subsided, John's mother, though outwardly as dull and as calm as ever, was brooding over her discovery. She was habitually tacitum, and no one

saw any change in her this evening. She took out her patchwork, and proceeded with it as usual. This patchwork, which was literally hideous, was however the only concession to fancy which Mrs. Luan had ever made. It to others. These lozenges of faded silks. three of which being put together formed by their different shades a cube with a very light top, and a very dark side to it, were the only relaxation Mrs. Luan's mind knew or took from domestic cares. She loved them, she was proud of them, she admired them, and felt | dark for her pains, pleased when they were praised by some polite stranger. She never read books or newspapers; she took no pleasure in news, national or local. The ruin of an empire, or the scaulalous elopement of a near neighbor, found her equally indifferent. She could not help this to a certain extent, for she was partly born so; but she had likewise partly made herself so. She had assisted Nature, as we all do, and had not assisted her very wisely-too

frequent a case. Thus she had grown into a silent, apathetic-looking woman, whose concentrated depth of purpose no one expected. Whilst Dora teased John Luan this evening, and Mrs. Courtenay made little innocent speeches, Mrs. Luan, whom no one heeded. and who seemed absorbed in her patchwork, felt in a strange turnult. Her thoughts, unaccustomed to wander far, centred around this great fact: "John is in lowe with her." Gradually her circle widened. She saw the pair standing at a church altar, and John's ring on Dora's tinger. Then, by a stretch of her slow mind, she imagined a poor lodging somewhere, and John and Dora were in it, fighting the great battle of respectability versus poverty, with half-a-dozen children around This was the real point at issue, and it was frightful. Mrs. Luan liked Dora very well—as well as she could like a being who was not John. She felt no material jealousy of a daughter-in-law. It would not have grieved her to see John worship Dora with the romantic fancy of a lover, or the yearning tenderness of the fondest husband. Her objection to the first consinship was of the slenderest sort. She was a womon of few feelings, as well as of few ideas. But the cruel truth was that, if John was poor, Dora was poorer. This was terrible, and nothing could overcome it in Mrs. Luan's mind. The beauty of Helen, the mind of a De Stael, the heart of a Mrs. Fry, the piety of a saint, would have left her alienated, indifferent, and cold. Poverty had early taken and stamped her, and the mark was indelible. She woke to think of money, as she slept to dream of it, not exactly for her own sake, but for John's. She could not give him wealth, not possessing it herself, but she could try and make him acquire it; above all, she could try and not let him fall into such a snare as that of a poor marriage. That he should love Dora, and think of marrying her, was something awful in her creed. Save him she must, no matter how-no matter at what cost. She had no plans as yet; her mind was not an inventive one, but she had a hard, stubborn will, and on

that she relied, not without cause. That will

had borne her up all her life, and it had borne her successfully through many a trouble. She

now resolved that her son should never marry

Dora Courtenay. She was prepared to use

any means that might prevent him from doing

so, and being irremediably narrow minded, it

never occurred to her that Dora might not be

in love with John. This narrowness, this in-ability to take in more than one idea at a

which tenacity of purpose, and recklessness

strength, all the more dangerous that it was unsuspected, and was accompanied with marked intellectual inferiority.

In the meanwhile, the pleasant little war went on between Dora and John. Dora had a skein of wool to wind, and she made John hold it for her. Very meek and awkward looked this Hercules, whilst his Omphale stamped her foot, or shook her bright head at him with an encouraging "Don't be stupid," or a flattering "Oh! dear, if you would but try and be useful, John, and not make me snap my wool so !"

"I do my best, Dora," was the good-humored reply.

Upon which Dora pensively rejoined-"I wonder what your worst would be like,

Jolin ?" Not a word, not a breath, not a motion, not turn of these two did Mrs. Luan lose. She watched them till all her senses were strained with the effort, and her mind felt so bewildered and confused, that she heard without heeding it the pleasant little chat of her sister-in-

Mrs. Courtenay was doing a patience, and though she knit her brows, and looked pensively at the cards spread on the table, she was able to talk.

"I wish you had a new dress, Dora," she said; "you could give this to Peggy."
"Peggy must wait, mamma. When Paul is

Demosthenes, he will give me a velvet robe. John, do mind my wool? John, who was innocently thinking that

head like a good faithful dog under the reproof, and, dog-like, was mute. "I am to have diamond earrings, too," resumed Dora—" Paul says so—beau-tiful dia-

velvet could scarcely improve Dora, shook his

mond earrings, mamma. Mrs. Courtenay sighed gently. Perhaps she thought the diamond carrings were rather far

away. Dora herself thought so too. "I shall be old by that time," she resumed -"quite old; thirty, at the very least. John, you know, or ought to know, anatomy. Do tell me why people look old. Why do faces get so very odd, you know? It is not only the skin that changes. How shall I look when I get old?—so?"

She puckered her pleasant genial face into the most extraordinary wrinkles, and make her little mother shiver.

" My darling, how can you? Surely you do not mean to say that old people are so horrid? "Oh! no," coolly replied Dora, resuming

her natural form and features, "but I shall be so, mamma. Shall I not, John?" "Don't," he entreated; "don't."

"Don't get old! Do you mean to send me to an early grave, sir?"

Dora was rather fond of shaking her head, and shook it now at the delinquent. So vehement was the shake that her hair-pins got leaders or dictators, and in concluding, to point fell down her neck on her shoulders. Dora blushed a little, and John, lost in admiration, | that one thing which alone we have any reaventured to stretch out his hand, and touch with worshipful timidity one of those beau- representation in Parliament. I am not going tiful tresses. Dora pulled it from him with a pleasant laugh, and Mrs. Courtenay said,

"Has she not beautiful hair, John?" And Mrs. Luan put down her work, and in her blind mad terror at what she feared, would, if she could, have destroyed Dora that moment Hatred she felt none; but it is not hate which works the most evil, or inflicts the deepest wrongs.

Dora soberly put up her hair, and as the evening was well-nigh spent, Peggy was told to go to bed; and Mrs. Courtenay, Mrs. Luan, and John and Dora parted, to follow\_her example.

# CHAPTER III.

" Paul will come by the night train," thought Dora; so, when that train was nearly due, she softly stole down to the kitchen to make her brother a hot cup of tea. Dora was a clever girl, and a clever woman is expert in everyevent justified her foresight. The water was scarcely boiling when she heard a few light grains of sand thrown against the window. She stole up-stairs, noiselessly opened the cottage door, and got a cordial kiss in the

"They are all asleep," she whispered:

come down to the kitchen." A pleasant sight to a weary traveller was that which greeted Paul Courtenay's eyes as he followed his sister down stairs. The fire was blazing, the water was simmering on the hob, a frying-pan was hissing on the fire, the cloth was laid; a cottage-loaf, butter, and jug of ale were the first instalments of a frugal meal, where fried eggs and bacon were to play the most conspicuous part, and which a warm cup of tea, and that domestic iniquity, hot

buttered toast, were to crown. Poor Mrs. Luan tossing restlessly on your couch, and planning economy in your dreams, where were you then?

Paul Courtenay, a dark, good-looking young man, with a broad beetling forehead, bestowed a gratified look on these preparations, sat down, drew his chair to the fire, rested his

feet on the fender, and said emphatically, "You bright little fairy! What lucky fel low will have you. I wonder! "Well, I do think he will be lucky," can-

didly replied Dora, minding her frying-pan all the time; "only I wonder, Paul, if he will appreciate his happiness." "He had better do so," replied Paul, with

something like sterness. "Dear Paul!" thought Dora, "I do believe he would defend me to the last drop of his

"Why don't you ask for news?" said Paul. "No, you must eat first. There, hold your plate, and no not leave a morsel." Paul obeyed literally. He ate and drank heartily, and soon looked much the better for the meal his thoughtful little sister had pro-

vided. "And now," said Dora, sitting down at his knee on a hassock which she had brought down for that purpose-"now you may tell me all."

Her bright eyes were fastened on his in it is pleasing to me to know, met with so ex eager expectation; her parted lips expressed

the very kenness of desire. "Well, imagine a wild landscape with mountains around it, a grassy park with noble trees, the smoke of a waterfall on your right | ter of public contracts, the Irishmen of Canada hand, and on your left a little gray lake with a patch of blue sky; in the distance a plain white house—that is Deenah. When I reached the house an old servant in sober livery showed me into the room where Mr. Courtenay was sitting. I saw a little pale old man, blind of one eye, on whom I should have been afraid to blow, so weak did he seem. He held out his hand, a cold weak hand, and told me | welfare of their countrymen and co-religionists.
in a whisper—'I am glad to see you; but I | It may be taken for granted, then, that on had a wretched night-I woke at two-sleeplessness is constitutional with me. I had a although to my mind, if thousands of our fall three months back, and some nerve got injured, for when the weather changes I fell great throbbing and cannot sleep."

"Did he ask after mamma or aunt Luan?" "He did not. He could not weary of his sleepless night! Yet he also spoke on business. You are my heir-at-law,' he said; 'but I did time, was the weak point of a character to

sister, and John Luan even, five hundred pounds each, which, as I was not on friendly terms with your late father, and will never see my sister again, is handsome. But then to whom shall I leave Decnah and the rest of the property, which is large-to you or to young Templemore? He was my late wife's nephew, and Mrs. Courtenay brought me a good deal of money; so he, too, has claims, you see.'"

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH IN CANADA.

A LECTURE

W. H. WALLER, ESQ., MAYOR OF OTTAWA.

Last week we published Mr. O'Hanly's reply to Mr. Waller's lecture. In publishing Mr. O'Hanly's reply, we promised to give Mr. Waller's lecture if anyone sent us a copy With this promise we now cheerfully comply

St. Patrick's Hall, Ottawa, was crowded to its utmost capacity, on Tuesday evening, the 26th ult., to hear the promised lecture, by Mr Mayor Waller, on the subject of "The Irish in Canada." In the audience were many leading citizens of all classes and different shades of politics.

Ex-alderman Heney was called to the chair and the Rev. Father Whalen also occupied a seat on the platform. The chairman havrising was greeted with a perfect storm of applause.

Mr. Waller said :- Before immediately pro ceeding to our subject, I deem it but right to state that in the remarks I am going to address you this evening my object is not political. My purpose is simply, in our interests, as a component part of the Canadian people to convince you that we are not so badly off in our adopted country as certain parties-for whatever object-would lead you to believe; and to point out that it is not in our interest nor in the general interest of the country that we should be carried away by the false impressions attempted to be created by a few dissatistied individuals in Ontario-and in Ontario only-who, charged with having personal ends and objects in view, desire to accomplish them at our expense; and who in pursuing so unpatriotic a course, would do us an amount of mischief or injury, if not checked in their career. (Applause.) I propose to demonstrate to you the weakness and absurdity of the position taken by those would-be loose, and a shower of rich brown gold locks out what in my judgment is the true course for us to pursue with the view of obtaining son to complain about in Canada-adequate to treat you to a flowing or flowery dissertation, but to a recital of plain facts, which I consider it in our interest should be generally known, and which it will be to our benefit to reflect upon. The population of Canada is, as you are aware, a mixed one, being made up of no less than

EIGHTEEN DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES,

and some twenty-five or thirty religious denominations. All of these are on an equality in the eye of the law and the constitution, and all of them are-and must be-equally interested in the welfare, prosperity, and advancement of the country; for if it be prosperous and progressive, all must enjoy their proportionate share of the prosperity; while, on the other hand, if stagnation be the order of things, all in their respective degrees or stations must proportionately suffer. Now, these being the facts, it is a plain proposition, easily of those eighteen nationalities whose lot is In 1872 the the interest of this their native or adopted country, that peace and unity should prevail amongst them, and that they should live together in friendship and harmony, and as far as practicable all pull together for the general good. (Applause.) The soundness of this proposition, I take it, can hardly be denied. I am safe in asserting then that whoever acts in opposition to these sentiments, and counsels an opposite course of conduct, is an evil genius in the country, whose advice, in so far as it clashes with the principles laid down, is not safe to follow, and whose influence for mischief, as far as possible, should be counteracted by the wise, the prudent, and the good. (Applause.) A house divided against itself cannot stand. A house or family is but a nation in miniature, and no more can a divided nation prosper and progress than can the members of a family who seriously disagree It is not, therefore, in the broad interest of this country or its people, in its social or political concerns, that national or sectional feelings should be unnecessarily appealed to or aroused; and where there are so many partnership, as it were, for a common object, if any

### ONE OF THOSE NATIONALITIES singles itself out from all the rest to create

national prejudices and keep alive sectarian issues, a natural consequence of the operation of human nature will be that that nationality or sect will inherit in a great degree the hos tility of all the rest, and will certainly be a sufferer, and no gainer, to the full extent of its indiscretion in this respect. This being admitted, and it cannot well be denied, it is obvious to the least reflecting that the true interests of the Irish in Canada—whether Protestant or Catholic-lies in avoiding the occupancy of so anomalous and unprofitable a position: and, in every way in their power, to discountenance and disapprove of the conduct of unauthorized individuals who, devoid of a broad patriotism, to answer selfish ends and purposes, continually deal and dabble in national and sectarian issues. (Applause.) my address on St. Patrick's Day last, which, tensive an approval from the leading and thinking Catholic men of the Dominion, I pointed out that in trade and commerce, arts, agriculture and manufactures, and in the matwere in no way behind their neighbours of other nationalities in either enterprise or success. This cannot be denied-no one pre tends to contradict the assertion-and on this head, therefore, we hear no complaint from the constitutional grumblers and agitators, who profess to have so much at heart the wel who profess to have so much at heart the these heads there is no room for complaint; countrymenwho drag out a miserable existence in large towns and cities, both in Canada and elsewhere, were to make an effort to settle themselves on a farm-however humble their beginning—they would be far more comfortable, far more independent, far happier, more contented, and better off in every way than not get my property from my ancestors, and they can ever possibly hope to be depending what did not come by inheritance need notgo on the precarious subsistence of a day's labor

much more in their true interests-to direct their attention in this way, and encourage them to proceed in a course that leads to independence, health and comfort, than to eternally impress upon them the false idea that one-half of them are entitled to government situations; that they are not getting their due; that they are crushed out by a grasping ascendency party; that they should bury all these grievances in their souls, and hope and wait for a day of retribution, under the guidance of some self-constituted guardian, to mete out vengeance upon the political oppressor of their race and creed.

The Irish are not a mercenary, place-hunting people; they are a people of honor, pride and principle; a people who love fair play and justice, and ask for no more; and, in the exercise of their elective franchise, cast their votes intelligently, according to political conviction or through personal appreciation and respect; but there are a few scheming demagogues of their number in almost every community, as there are rotten branches on every tree and sickly sheep in every flock, who for the advancement of their own private interests, take the name of the Irish People in vain, and incessantly talk about want of justice to Irishmen and Catholics—want of representation in Parliament—and want of fair play in the distribution of public patronage; all for the sake of drawing an attention to themselves as leaders or spokesmen-selfelect—that thereby they may benefit them-selves or their connections, by a liberal share of that patronage they speak so much about Such persons as these are the worst enemies of the Irish Catholics of Canada. (Applause.) Their conduct is a course of libel and detraction of national character; they provoke for ing briefly introduced the lecturer, who on us an hostility and opposition that we would not otherwise encounter, and seriously impede our social, material, and political advancement It is my purpose to convince you before I have done, that more than one-half the agitation of these unpatriotic individuals, which is so injurious to our interests, is misrepresenta-

According to the last census,

of the Dominion was 3.579,752 souls, or, with the addition of probable populations of British Columbia and Manitoba, say, for round numbers 3,600,000. This total population, as I have told you, is made up of some eighteen different nationalities, divided into some twenty-five or thirty religious denominations; the principal divisions by nationality being as follows:

Of this total the Irish number, as nearly as possible, 850,000; the religious complexion of the population being as follows:-Protestants of all denominations....2,035,095 Catholics . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1,537,923 Religion not given ...... 26,981 Of this 1,537,923 Catholies, about 400,000, as

nearly as can be estimated, are Irish and of Irish extraction. Now, with these facts and others I will refer to, in our possession, and for the sake of accommodating ourselves to the arguments of the agitators, making population according to numbers, a basis of national representation in the Civil Service, in the Senate, the Cabinet, and the Parliament of the Dominion, we can, with a little calculation, tell exactly how many officers, how many Senators, how many Ministers, and how many members of Parliaments the Irish in Canada are entitled to under the Dominion Government. In all these respects the grumblers charge that the Irish and the Catholics are ostracised, and that the Scotch are swallowing up the fat of the land. Well, let us investigate established, that it is not only in the interest for a little and see how far the charge is true.

# TOTAL NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES,

under the Dominion Government, was a little over thirty six hundred; for round numbers we will say three thousand six hundred. As you are aware, the number of members in the House of Commons is 206; the number of Senators 77, and the number of Cabinet Ministers 13. Now, let us take a few sums in simple proportions as follows: If 3, 600,000 people employ 3,600 hands, how many of this number are 850,000 Irish entitled to? Answer. 850. Again, if 3,600,000 people give 206 members to the House of Commons, how many of this number are 850,000 Irish entitled to? Answer, 49. Again, if 3,600,000 people give 13 Cabinet Ministers, how many of this number are 850,000 Irish entitled to? Answer 3. The Senate, or House of Lords, is composed of 77 members, and by the same system of calculation just resorted to we find that the Irish in Canada are entitled to 18 Senators, on the hasis of representation according to population. From these calculations, the correctness of which cannot be denied, it will be seen that according to the contention of the agitators nationalities associated together in one great | the Irish in Canada are entitled to 850 officers under the Dominion Government, to 49 members of Parliament, 18 Senators and 3 Cabinet Ministers. But the Irish are divided into Protestants and Catholics, and unfortunately too sharply keep up the distinction for their own good or the good of the country; and the grumblers will insist on an even distribution of the honours, offices and emoluments. Well again to accommodate ourselves to their views, let us assume numbers should be a basis for denominational representation. In this case the Irish Catholics would be entitled to 400 offices under the Dominion Government; they would be entitled to 23 members in the House of Commons, to 8 representatives in the Senate, and to one Minister in the Cabinet.

#### These facts being all ascertained, it now remains for us to see how far THE IRISH AND THE CATHOLICS

are represented in the several positions indicated. It will be remembered that in 1872 a return was made to Parliament of the names, origin, creed, position, and pay of all the employees of the Dominion Government. That return I have carefully analyzed, and find that those in the employ of the Government classing themselves under the heading "Irish and Irish Canadian" were 780.

English and English Canadian.....506 French Canadian......450 Nova Scotians......393 Canadians..... 449 British Canadians..... 290 Of those who classified themselves as "British Canadians," 69 are of Irish extraction or Irish

Canadian, 50 being Protestants and 19 Catholic; and of those who registered themselves as "Canadians," 130 are of Irish extraction or Irish Canadian, 94 being Protestants and 36 Catholics; so that, by adding those of Irish extraction, included under the headings of Canadians" and "British Canadians," to those who have put themselves down as "Irish, and Irish Canadians," the total number of Irish in the employ of the Dominion Government in."

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)