

song, exchanging words of cheer and greeting with friends, then fitting away to some other scene of splendor and hospitality. But in all of these gay assemblies might be seen groups of noble and grave men who discussed in low and impassioned tones the events of the day,—the audacious stranger whose tents were pitched on the banks of the Boyne, the prophecy of Semo the Arch-Druid, and all that would probably occur on the morrow, when Patricius, obeying the summons of the monarch, presented himself before the Assembly of the Estates.

Amid all this whirl of hospitality and festivity, the palace of the King of Munster was probably the center of attraction. The beauty of the ladies Eileen and Eva, and the presence of the two foreign nobles, whose adventures and personal appearance rumor had exaggerated into something almost fabulous, attracted there the largest and most splendid company in Tara.

Since the morning, Clotaire of Bretagne had noticed and felt a marked change in the conduct of the royal ladies of Munster toward him; but, unconscious of offense, and stung by the cold courtesy of their manner, and also nettled by the self-complaisant and patronizing air of Ulric the Saxon, who seemed to be in high favor, but who was wise enough to present no tangible point of offence, he withdrew from the brilliant circle to search for silence and solitude. The sight of beauty crowned with roses, the sound of music ringing out the full expression of the heart's poetry, the fairy, whirling, flashing dance, the dazzling lights, the lightsome jest and merry laugh, oppressed him; and, feeling all the sadness and isolation of a stranger in a strange land, although many a bright eye sought him, and many a beautiful face smiled on him to court a word or glance from the dark and noble stranger, he fled from it all, and wandered out beyond the gates of the city, across the plain, toward the river. There all was silent and dark. The pale glimmer of the stars over the scene, the sound of waves as the Boyne swept onward to the sea, added to the solemnity of the hour. Wrapping his toga closely about him, he quickened his pace, and, without an object except solitude, reached the shore of the river. Seeking a sheltered spot, which he soon found beneath a clump of willows whose long, green tresses swept the dark tide below, he paused to rest.

On the opposite shore a glimmer of lights suggested to him, for the first time, thoughts of the stranger from Rome who had that day mocked the power of the Druids and showed his contempt for the superstitions of their old and time-honored creed. And then, in the midst of that gloom and silence, where, free from the din and battle and seductions of life, Nature uttered her oracles, the mind of the young noble, ever open to the inspirations of good, began a new life. His soul, insensibly led by its eternal affinities, soared beyond the material boundaries which the world assigned it, and parted after supernatural strength and wisdom. He reviewed the magnificent pageant of Babel. Again he saw a nation surrounding that lofty altar, which now looked so white and ghastly beneath the stars. He saw the splendor of royalty, the chivalry of nobles, the wisdom and intellect of the age there assembled to pay superstitious reverence to a rite which they held sacred. He saw the Arch-Druid, the sage and virtuous Semo, the dispenser and enthusiastic high priest of the mythology he taught, ascend the sacred pile, while below, breathless and awe-struck, a people waited in expectation for the kindling of that flame which they, in their docile faith, believed came from heaven. Then he remembered the pause, the thrill, the horror which pervaded this grand array of temporal and spiritual majesty, when from the rising ground of *Nirta-Fir-Ticc*, before the tent of PATRICIUS, a bright flame, full of defiance and scorn, shot skyward, a sign and warning to all who saw it. Who had done this? A Cyrus or an Alexander, with hosts of legionaries to support and defend the aggression? Had the barbarians from Britain, led on by their Roman masters, poured their wild hordes upon the wave-washed shores of Erin, and marched hither to throw down the gauntlet of war on the plains of Magh-Breagh? It was none of these. Behind those tents lay no army. There were no hosts encamped under the shelter of yonder hills.—Only PATRICIUS was there. A single man! A preacher of novelties and strange doctrines, and a scornful witness of the sacred rites of the religion of the land,—a defiant enemy of the old and cherished faith which their fathers had brought from Phœnicia! The idea arose to sublimity. One man against a host of men! who had come, avowedly not to assail mere opinions, but to destroy their temples and overthrow their altars.

"Dius Fidius! he is a brave philosopher, this Patricius! He must be either reckless of life, or fully conscious of a power that no human will can withstand. He is, no doubt, the master of great secrets. If he has faith in the superior excellence of his philosophy,—if he has discovered higher and brighter aims for man than those now known,—by the stars! it is godlike to offer himself to be immolated for the truth. If he is an impostor, seeking greed and power and courting success by audacity, there is still something grand and heroic in his daring: Hercules himself dared nothing greater. Shall the lesson be lost on me? Shall I, the descendant of heroes from remote antiquity,—conscious fully of all that I owe to the higher laws of virtue and morality,—with every instinct, I hope, full of good aspirations and truthful energy,—with the pride of a noble race, and the ambition to add a brighter link to the ancestral chain, warming my blood,—shall I sink ignobly down beneath the first storm of my life? Shall I die piping out my griefs because a blight has fallen on my heart? No, O Fate! No, O Mona! Over thy ashes will I raise a worthier fame! Inspired by thee, O lost love, will I consecrate my life to acts of heroic virtue, until, like Patricius, I can stand serene and fearless in the strength of my own power. Ha!" exclaimed the young

noble, suddenly thrown on his guard by the sound of approaching footsteps. He turned quickly, and saw a figure, muffled in a gray cloak of ample dimensions, standing beside him.

"Who art thou, wandering beyond the city gates at this hour?" demanded the stranger.

"I deny thy right to challenge me, sir stranger," replied the noble stripling.

"I am one of the guardians of the honor of Erin, and demand the reason of thy close neighborhood to the tent of the audacious Roman stranger."

"A close neighborhood, truly! Between us flows a broad, brawling river, over which are no bridges and on whose tide I see no curraghs. Dost take me for a bird or a fish?" said Clotaire of Bretagne, with fierce sarcasm.

"I know thee to be a stranger. To-day a stranger insulted the assembled majesty of Erin. I know thee, Count Clotaire of Bretagne!"

"Having no reason to be ashamed of my name, and with a good blade to defend it, I am Clotaire of Bretagne!" exclaimed he, drawing his Damascene blade from its sheath and standing on the defensive. "Stand back, sir stranger: I am armed. Stand back!"

"Forward is my motto, sir count!" said the stranger, throwing off his *fellug*, while he sprang on him with an agile movement, and threw his arms around him in such a close embrace that the Saracen blade was useless. A scuffle ensued, during which the nocturnal assailant acted entirely on the defensive, and engaged his opponent still more by giving vent, several times, to a low, mirthful laugh.

"Think it no discourtesy," he said, when at last, by a successful *coup-de-main*, he held the stripling count at his mercy.—"think it no discourtesy, my pupil, if I have tested thee somewhat roughly."

"Abaris," exclaimed the young count, dropping his cimeter.—"Abaris, thou hadst need to humble me thus,—to test my capabilities for self-government, of which I have been dreaming like a fool. But why seek me thus, noble Abaris?"

"I sought thee not. Chance led me this way, and, hearing the sound of a voice which I thought I knew, I came hither with a noiseless step, and heard thy dreams, and determined to assure myself that they were not the dreams of an idle boaster. But I have been wishing to speak to thee all day, but could find no opportunity. A message might have been useless. Thou hast an enemy,—a bitter, implacable enemy."

"In Ulric of Heidelberg! I know it," he replied, calmly.

"Yes. Already has he poisoned the hearts of my family against thee by his extravagant and insidious tales about thy adventure with Mona the vestal. But listen: be calm. This Ulric is a dastard; and what punishment couldst thou inflict on such a thing which would be worthy a noble nature like thine? Thou must either beat him like a dog, or murder him; for he has not the courage to fight. For the honor of knighthood, thou wilt not do either; for the mere gratification of the baser impulses of vengeance, thou shalt not be led into crime. Leave him to me,—the craven! I will strip him until his designs are apparent, and expose him to the contempt and ignominy he merits; for in this land of ours treachery to friend or foe is ever visited with a wrath that withers the marrow in the bones,—silent and stern wrath, which makes a leper of its object and drives him from the haunts of his kind."

"He shall unsay this wrong! By Thor! he shall unsay this foul lie!" shouted Clotaire.

"Can a serpent heal the wounds his poisonous fangs have inflicted? Give him—thy contempt. Let him feel that he is powerless to harm thee," said Abaris. "Think not that I have been idle. I sent my father to Semo to hear the truth. Be sure that thy fair fame did not suffer; for Semo regards thee with unusual favor. By this time my mother and sisters know all, and feel pained on account of their coldness toward thee. Thou art already avenged; for this craven knight was a pretender to the hand of my sister Eileen, who will now spurn him; for her high, proud nature would rather mate with an adder than with such baseness. As to Mona, forget her. Such pining grief is unmanly."

"I may not forget Mona. I would not forget her. She is lost to me, in one sense, forever; but the thought of her, like some fair thing thrown amid the stars, will lead me, lure me to build high my aspirations, until the deeds they give birth to are as pure as Mona," exclaimed the young noble, with anguish on every feature.

(To be Continued.)

THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS.

The following is an extract from a letter which we have received from one of our correspondents in Paris, dated the 12th of April:—"We never had during all the former siege such noisy cannonade as we have had all last night and this morning. 'Oncle Balerian,' as the Germans called Mont Valerien, has never ceased thundering. Our house shook throughout once or twice in the night. The Reds do not seem to know what they are doing in the way of defence. One day they dug deep trenches across the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli, and the next day they closed them up neatly again. Their drilling in the streets is quite comical even to the most unmilitary observer. They look half dead and are in rags. As a mass they may be said to form quite an inferior race, stunted, fierce, and stupid-looking and sickly. In all this hot weather they all ways go about with a thick coverlet rolled round their body, nobody knows why. They probably were told it was a 'military precaution' in January last. But it is not their appearance, poor devils, that is comical; it is the actual drilling. The officers know nothing, and treat their naked swords as they would walking sticks, dragging them along on the ground and poking at the pavement with the point. I have seen them actually throw their swords down on the ground while they ran to

administer a smart admonition to a man in the ranks. And the captain's or commandant's dress is almost always most eccentric. This Red insurrection will have had one good result: it has done much to appease the hatred towards the Germans. The German-spy fever is over. All respectable people would now prefer the Germans to the Communists. Even these latter see now that what they called savagery in the invader—bombardment, shooting of combatants out of uniform, &c.—is to be found among French soldiers at Versailles, and is, in fact, only war. I had a striking instance of this new feeling towards the Germans in the change—the miracle, I should say—which has been worked in the bosoms of the nuns of the convents of L'Esperance close by, in which I have a relation. For the last week or so the whole convent has been busy making up lay dresses in case the nuns should have to leave the convent and hide. I went there yesterday and showed them how to set about making their bonnets, poor creatures, and gave them an old one as a model. I found that my relative, with a dozen of the youngest nuns, had left by the Nord line, and had gone off to Abbey of Royoumont. They had chosen the Nord because they would soon meet the Prussians there! The Abbess added: "They will be perfectly safe there—there are 300 Prussians lodged in the convent. They are respectful and even pious. Some are Catholics and some are Protestants, Mais tous sont pieux et d'une convenance parfaite."—*Pitt Mall Gazette*.

A curious instance of the terrorism practised at Paris came under my notice (says Mr. S. J. Capper, in a letter to the *Times*) just as I was leaving Versailles. While sitting at a cafe I got into conversation with a soldier-like looking man. He spoke English, and had been a great part of his life in New York, where he was an under-officer in the militia. Two days ago the emissaries of the Commune arrested him at night, told him he must serve, and offered at once to make him a colonel. "I told them I would carefully consider the matter and give them an answer in the morning. In the morning I was at Versailles." This is all very well (the writer adds) for those who escaped; but how dreadful is the fate of the poor wretches who have not been able to escape, and who, against their will, are marched out to try conclusions with the shells of Mont Valerien!

The drollest *morceau* of modern Communism is that the clerics are all being arrested in order that they may be compelled to be ransomed. Each has his price according to his distinctive dignity. The Archbishop of Paris is estimated at £20,000, and the Bishop of Sosa at £8,000. A Vicar-General is considered to be on a financial par with a Bishop, but a distinguished Cure is estimated at half that value. So that the wisdom of the 19th century, as perfected by modern "Communism," points to a return to the feudal features of semi-barbarous warfare.

The *Times*' Correspondent says:—"A good criterion of the feeling of the Ultra Party may be obtained from the following extract from the *Montagne*, a journal of the Socialist Revolution. I have been forced to omit the strongest passages, which blaspheme the Deity and burlesque sacred things:—

"In 1848, when Monsieur Affre was shot we believed in a Divine mission, and fancied that a Bishop's cope was of greater value than a workman's blouse. Education has made sceptics of us; the Revolution of '71 is atheistic; our Republic wears a bouquet of immortelles in her bosom. We take our dead to their homes and our wives to our hearts without a prayer. Priests! throw aside your frocks, turn up your sleeves, lay your hands upon the plough, for a song to the lark in the morning air is better than a mumbling of Psalms, and an ode to sparkling wine is preferable to a chanting of hymns. Our dogs that used only to growl when a Bishop passed will bite him now, and not a voice will be raised to curse the day which dawns for the sacrifice of the Archbishop of Paris. We owe it to ourselves—we owe it to the world. The Commune has promised us an eye for an eye, and has given us Monsieur Darbois as a hostage. The justice of the tribunals shall commence, said Danton, when the wrath of the people is appeased—and he was right. Darbois! tremble in your cell, for your day is past, your end is close at hand!"

I have only to add that this newspaper is sold in hundreds of numbers about the streets, and the sentiments inculcated will speak for themselves.

I saw the other day an advertisement in the corner of a daily paper announcing that nightly meetings were held at the Salle de la Marcellaise, at which citizens devoted to the good cause were requested to attend, and I resolved to be a "good citizen" for the time being, and to make a pilgrimage thither at the hour named, in spite of the driving rain. I passed three immense barricades in course of construction which loomed across the Rue de Flandre in ominous height and strength, and reached the district of La Villette, where the red hot opinions of the working classes are supposed to find a safety-valve, and argumentative Paris is said to hold its own. The streets were dark and muddy and deserted, and it was not without difficulty that I at length reached the object of my search—a long low room, a kind of crypt belonging to a barn, with great rough beams overhead, and remnants of straw and sacking about the floor. The place was half-lit by a series of petroleum lamps, which rendered the atmosphere dense and murky, and only served to light up the occupants of the benches below: old women for the most part, in white caps and thick woollen shawls, with knots of men in blouses leaning against the dirty walls, murmuring approval or the reverse beneath their moustaches, according to the degree of warmth displayed by the different orators. At the further extremity of the room was a sort of dais with a tribune and a

row of men, some in workmen's clothes, and some in uniform, who intended to address the company in the course of the evening. Some 500 or 600 people formed the audience, and were quiet and well-behaved enough, seemingly oppressed and uncomfortable, not quite convinced, as it appeared, of the justice of the remarks that were made, and lukewarm to the whole affair. Every now and then a soldier clattered in, and, divesting himself of his knapsack and *tente d'abri*, sat down and lit his pipe, which sent out little puffs in emulation of his steaming clothes, while a gaunt woman, perched on a high settle at the door like a Sybil on her tripod, shook her money-box incessantly "for the benefit of the Poor Wounded." When I took my seat the tribune was occupied by a young workman, who held tightly by the rails, swaying his body to and fro, and pouring forth a stream of talk of a more or less inflammatory character:—

"Down with the proprietors!" he cried. "Let us thank Heaven that most of them are gone—having fled like laches before the gathering anger of the people. Let their property be sequestered for the universal good; let their houses be sold and the money divided among the working classes. We are poor and hungry. Shall our wives be forced upon the streets and our brothers driven to robbery for the sake of our starving little ones? No! Let us take possession of the palaces that seem to smile at our woe; let us seize the goods of the masters that are away, and even take their wives and children as hostages in case of further need."

The Communist journals cry out incessantly, "No reconciliation, we must have a victory!"—a beautiful sentiment, no doubt, if it were capable of realization, but we fail to perceive how a short-lived victory could be of permanent use, or why a second siege should not be as lamentable in its results as was the first. The greatest enemies the Commune possesses are contained within its own bosom, in the persons of the rampant delegates who propose seriously a suppression of all journals, and who are at the bottom of the numerous excesses daily perpetrated by the National Guard. Groups of the latter may be seen fully armed, with fixed bayonets, in front of private dwellings, and their presence announces that a perquisition is going on within, which is a term synonymous with robbery or house breaking. A morning paper announces that the appearance of a National Guard uniform at St. Denis is a signal for a swoop on the part of the Prussian authorities, and their dress is rapidly arriving at the production of a similar sensation of horror here. The respectable classes have for the most part been disarmed, and fall within the very comprehensive class of "refractaires," because they refuse to fight in defence of a Government which is absurd, and so the use of the chassepot and the red stripe have come to designate something not always free from suspicion. Several of the private palaces of Paris are occupied by soldiers, while the Bourse and its environs have become the objects of strict military surveillance. Sentries are posted at the corners of the streets which lead into the square, while knots of soldiers may be seen lying on the wide flight of steps, or smoking their pipes beneath the colonnade. Men's houses are no longer their castles, for bands of Nationals force an entrance at will, on pretence of seizing arms or arresting refractory citizens between the ages of 19 and 40. These arrests are seldom effected, for the proposed victims usually receive notice in time and are not forthcoming, or are hidden away in the first dwelling that offers itself, through the goodwill and sympathy of men of every class, whose fate it may equally be to hide to-morrow, and who unite in hating the system of perquisitions and in endeavouring to outwit the baleful nine that have lately been elected to hold us at their mercy.

I have not ceased to repeat since the commencement of this frightful civil war—the question by no means lies in the recognition of Communal rights, however far extended; it includes the intention of a few men of greater audacity than intelligence to submit France and, if they could do so, the whole world, to a political and social reform, of which the elements are taken from Socialist writings and formed into a chaos of puerile and contradictory ideas. There is but one clear and comparatively just idea in their minds—namely, that if their programme could be admitted, they, as masters of Paris, would be masters of France, which they would make the citadel and arsenal of political and social revolution. Listen to their newspapers. They do not conceal the ideas of their party, as the manifestoes of the Commune do; they say plainly, "No more country; long live humanity! Country; a name, an error! Humanity; a fact, a truth! France is dead; long live humanity!" This may be read in a newspaper, well named *La Revolution, Politique et Sociale*. The "Declaration to the French Nation," published the day before yesterday in the *Journal Officiel* of the Commune, did not dare say this. It enveloped this last word of the Revolution in the ambiguities of false and obscure language; but to those who understand how to unravel the truth from all this stuff, no ambiguity is possible; this is the end aimed at, and as I have already shown, the means of ensuring the supremacy of numbers over intelligence, of matter over mind. The Commune protests its desire to maintain the unity of France; it has not the courage to disclose its parriocidal thoughts; but in reality its programme aims at destroying this unity.

And yet to this innoxious programme the "League for the Rights of Paris" has just rallied; it has given its public adhesion to the "manifesto" of the 19th of April, and professes to see in it patriotic and Republican truth. That uneducated men, like the greater number of those enthroned at the Hotel de Ville; that empty heads, or those turned by Socialist doctrines, should sincerely believe that by their system they will regenerate France and the

world, is intelligible, and, to a certain extent, excusable. Vanity has destroyed in them the little sense they had. But that men accustomed to business—merchants, lawyers, doctors, men of property even, like the majority of the League; that men, finally, who call themselves patriots, should adhere to such a programme; that they should not perceive its hollowess and danger, this is far more difficult to understand, and quite impossible to explain. The misfortunes of the times must have seriously affected the minds of these good people if they cannot perceive the gulf which they are helping the Commune to open under their feet. Is it possible that in losing all moral sense the population of Paris—I mean that which calls itself Republican—has lost also all common sense?

NATIONAL COWARDICE.

(From the Spectator.)

The question which General Blumenthal addressed in the early days of the siege of Paris to an equally puzzled English refugee, "Why do the French run away?" is now being asked everywhere throughout the Continent. It is impossible to read the accounts daily transmitted from Paris—accounts of fanatics running away from Mobiles as Mobiles run away from Prussians, of armed respectables unwilling to fire a shot, and armed roughs flying in terror because a few shells fall among their ranks—without asking oneself whether it is or is not possible that a whole people should temporarily decline in the scale of courage, and if so, why? Most men, we suppose, are for different reasons anxious to reject such a supposition, and are half inclined to be angry with the correspondents who in the most cynical way declare that this or that body of men in Paris are actual cowards, men who will not fight when they wish to fight, and know they ought to fight, because they are afraid of death, or physical injury; but it is unwise to reject any theory frequently advanced by many eye-witnesses without examination. Loss of nerve is certainly possible to the individual. It frequently disappears, or is seriously diminished in old age. Many a man who was a bold rider in his youth has given up the pursuit at sixty, from a consciousness that he had "lost his nerve." That everything looked too formidable; and there are many bodily states in which physical courage appears to be temporarily dormant. A sea-sick crew would not be brave. Men attacked by dysentery in the tropics frequently lose their nerve for the time, and it is a theory confirmed by long experience that underfed men will rarely fight well. Indeed there is a belief very prevalent in the world that diet has a direct effect on courage, though the rule according to which diet operates, hardly appears so clear to modern observers as it did to good old Froissart. He believed in beef, but a Spaniard will fight very well upon chestnuts, or a "Tipperary boy" on potatoes and skim-milk. If, then, it is possible for an individual from temporary and physical causes to lose his courage, it cannot be entirely impossible for a nation to do so. It is conceivable at any rate that a nation or a city might have fallen into such a mode of life,—say, for example, through an epidemic of drunkenness, or through a continuous seeking of excitement,—that it no longer retained the nerve to encounter certain forms of danger; that it had become so "strung" that like a woman, it would be brave only so long as the danger was noiseless, of a kind that attacked the mental rather than the physical nerves. Men who have studied the Bengalis, the natives of Peru, and the Japanese, believe firmly that something more than want of motive disciplines them to face Europeans, and especially European artillery; that it is not fear of death, which they do not feel, or of physical pain, which they endure unmoved, but actual physical weakness, as involuntary as fever or hysteria. If forced to do it they would faint, or get "fits," or become insane; and no remedy, except through a change of habits for generations, can be so much as looked for. These races must have been brave once, and have lost their courage as they have changed their colour, in many generations. At present they cannot fight, and when induced to attempt it, a few shells or rifle-bullets make them run away. No cure for them is possible, and there is no more chance of their accomplishing anything in war than there is of average women defeating average men in the contests in the prize-ring.

Some theory of this kind is, we imagine, at the bottom of the incessant statements of English and German correspondents about the cowardice of French Mobiles, of the National Guards, and more especially of the respectable classes, who they say cannot be induced to face rifles at all. The writers think, or wish others to think, that the French people has degenerated till it has become Orientalised, and not only does not fight well now, but never will fight well again; that it must either live as a quiet peaceable people, avoiding all occasion of offence, or be submerged. A similar idea is evidently present in Germany, where they are acting plays in which the point of the fun is said to be the instinctive profligacy of the Frenchmen of all sorts engaged in the piece.—We do not believe a word of it, and shall not, without better evidence than the flight of men who, without discipline, ran away as shamefully as English and Irish mobs invariably do, but with discipline hurled back the Pomeranians at Mars la Tours, till the soldier-king audibly cursed fortune and everybody else. But we cannot deny a possibility that not only in Paris, but in the whole world, the kind of courage required for fighting battles may have in some degree declined, not through any alteration in the tone of men's nerves, but from an alteration in their daily habits of thought. They have become at once too sensible and too sensitive. An extreme dislike of war, on account of the losses, the family disruptions, and the physical sufferings it involves, is expressed even by the Germans, who have never lost a battle or disobeyed an order, a feeling which, though in