THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

A DIALOGUE.

By Mr. Charlemagne.

LUCINIUS—*A Young Roman, a Pagan.*
VALERIA—*A Roman Maiden, a Christian.*

LUCINIUS.

Art thou so hackneyed in thine grief,
That thou dost shun me, my Valeria?
Dost thou (I rest the day, the happy day,
When first I saw thee 'neath the hidden trees?
The golden light of spring around thee shone,
Making thee seem a goddess in mine eyes,
So fair, so sweet that thoughtless stood my heart,
And all the worship of my life was thine.
To see him, hear thy voice was all my joy,
Hast thou forgotten? Then art changed and cold.
Oh! let my love thy consolation be.
Speak, My Valeria, and bid me hope.

VALERIA.

I would to God that day had never been,
Or changed its golden dawn to blackest night,
And I had passed thee by, unseen, unknown,
And thou hadst never gazed upon my face.

LUCINIUS.

What words are these, Valeria, I ask
For hope, and thou dost bid me to despair?
Canst thou so cruelly despise my love?

VALERIA.

What dost thou know of love, Lucinius?
Thou speakest of it, but thou knowest it not.
Thou hast wooldst win me with soft words, and sighs
Of pleading tenderness, thou offerest me
Thy name, thy wealth, the worship of thy life,
To drink the cup of pleasure to the dregs
Presented by love's hand. O God of heaven!
I deem such life a worse than bestial one,
A foul betrayal of one's nobler self,
A binding of the soul to lifelong shame.
Oh beauteous love Godlikest born of God!
Wilt thou descend from thy chaste throne in heaven
To be vile handmaid to men's vile desires,
And play the wanton where thou shouldst be Queen?
This is not love, this passion of an hour;
Earth-born it lives on fleeting things of earth,
And dies when youth and beauty fade and die.
But love, true love, lifts up the soul of man,
From out itself, spurning the things of earth,
Upborne on wings divine, it passes through
The immortal gates, and rapt in ecstacy
Sees the All-fair, and seeing him is changed
From its own vileness to another life
Of mystic union with the life of God
That penetrates each sense, and renders it
The handmaid of the Lord. Such life is love,
A love so strong, so rapturously sweet,
Drawing its sweetness from the very source
Of deathless uncreated love, that all
The joys of earth seem phantoms vain and false,
And sickness, sorrow, poverty, and pain
Are welcomed as God's messengers that draw
The soul from things of sense to lead the life
That angels lead who see the face of God.
Shall I, who once, for one brief moment's space,
Have lived this life of love, shall I descend
To beg from earthly lover the vile husks
Of human passion? Shall I crave of him,
Poor feeble mortal, the strong life of God?

LICINIUS.

Mad girl! thou art bewitched. I know thee now.
Thou art a Christian, hating thus thy kind,
Spurning my honest love, as though it were
A thing accurst.

VALERIA.

Ah no! Licinius!
I spurn thee not, nor do I hate my kind.
The love of God engendereth no hate;
But there are souls by God's creative hand
So finely formed, so delicately poised
Between the two extremes of love and hate
That they must love with a soul-scorching love
Or not at all. Admit a lesser love,
At once 'tis rival of the greater one,
And gaining through the senses of the soul,
It ousts its foe. Although the love of God
Forbids not love of parent, wife, or child,
But rather to a loftier pure height
Upraises it, yet are there certain souls
As I have said, to whom all lesser love
Are joys forbidden; peace alone is found
In one the noblest, best. Thiels my fate
My choice is made; 'tis God, and God alone.

LICINIUS.

Thy words are sharpened swords that stab me through,
Killing the love that once within me dwelt.
Thou dost reject my love for these mad dreams.
These wild delusions of a fevered brain.
The scales have fallen from mine eyes, and now
No longer blind I see thee as thou art,
Discrowned, degraded to the common herd.
Thy beauty is a mask to hide a soul
Most hateful, enemy of gods and men.
Rebel against the States most just decrees.
Vile votary of a vile mysterious crew
That hides its deeds in darkness. Thou must die!
Thy fate is sealed. I yield thee to the doom
Thyself hast wrought.

VALERIA.

Thou wilt denounce Me then?
I welcome death uniting me to God.
Yes, let me die; but be not thou the cause
Of this my death, do not this dreadful wrong
Against thy own true self, casting aside
All love and pity, seeking thy revenge,
Staining, alas! thy soul with innocent blood.
Stay, stay thy hand, I do implore thee. See,
I kneel to thee, and fain would kiss thy feet.

LICINIUS.

Away! vile traitress, ruin of my life,
Touch me not with thy foul polluted lips.
I hate, I loathe thee. 'Twill be keenest joy
To see the flames licking thy shapely limbs,
The pitiless crowd exulting in thy shame.
Meantime thy death-cries fall upon my ear
As sweetest music. Oh! I am avenged—
No more Valeria's lover, now I am
A Roman citizen, and thou must die.
[*Exit*].

VALERIA.

Oh, God! my life, my love, be with me now
[*Falls on her knees in prayer*].
—*Irish Monthly.*

THE Squire's Grand-daughters.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

'I think you are very fond of your grandfather?'

'He is very good to me,' said Margaret, simply.

'Is that a reason for loving?' asked Sir Harley, who had plans of his own for being good to Miss Huntingtower.

'I think so. I don't understand ingratitude,' said Marigold decidedly.

'M. Dunois,' she added, with a slight air of pride, 'was not very fortunate in his early life. To me' (warming again) 'it is beautiful to see peace and prosperity rise up and surround one like him in his old age.'

'True,' said Sir Harley, trying to look with eyes of sentiment on the, to him, rather fox like countenance of his host. But his glance came back to the enthusiasm in Margaret's eyes, as to a sight much better worth looking at.

At this moment Margaret saw Victor enter the ball room and make his way carefully and by slow degrees to his master's side, say a word to M. Dunois, who looked disturbed, and immediately retire. Presently the squire appeared to excuse himself to his guest, and quitted the apartment by the door at which Victor had entered. The slight incident made no impression on his granddaughter beyond the passing consciousness that the master of the house was wanted to give some necessary directions to the servants.

M. Dunois had followed Victor down a short stair and into a quiet passage where a lamp was burning and no one was visible, where they were quite cut off from the stair-case and passages and chambers alive with the bustle of the entertainment. Here Victor put into his master's hand a small, ordinary looking visiting card; and, standing under a lamp, M. Dunois read the name imprinted upon it—

'M. le General de Vedrasse.'

A slight, smothered sound, that might have been either a curse or a moan, broke from M. Dunois, and his face, when he raised it on Victor, not to the light, was deathlike to the lips. Twice he tried to speak, but produced no utterance that was intelligible.

'Sit, master,' said Victor, and giving the old man his arm, led him to a chair.

'When? how?' murmured M. Dunois, looking at the card as if he could not turn away his eyes from the letters it carried.

'He is waiting in your study,' said Victor. 'The great bell rang, and in he walked; the servants, of course, believe he is a guest come rather late. He gave his card to one of the footmen, and the footman sent for me. He asked to be taken to a quiet room, saying he had not dressed for the ball.'

'He did not recognize thee, Victor?'

'I cannot say, my master. It is possible my respectability may be a perfect disguise. He asked that you would come to him as soon as you could disengage yourself from your guests.'

M. Dunois sat silent and stared before him at the wall. He had dreamed, wide-eyed wakeful dreams, of the secret visits of the messengers of the enemy of his peace; of midnight conferences of which no one but himself and Victor might be aware; of unnoticed arrivals and departures by hidden ways; and lo, here was the arch-enemy himself, who had walked in at his door, among his servants and his friends, and presented himself openly in the halls of the Huntingtowers, at the moment when the eyes of all his world were upon the looks and acts of the unpopular squire across whose threshold they had been with so much difficulty drawn.

M. Dunois' head drooped on his breast. This blow fell upon him as if a sword mighty as a lever that could move the earth had descended out of the heavens upon his roof-tree and had cloven his house in twain. His thinking powers were crushed. His brain was like a watch that had stopped at the hour of the catastrophe that had shaken it. He lifted his face in anguish to Victor.

'Must I go and receive this asp?'

'Courage, master! You must go.'

CHAPTER XV.

GRANDFATHER'S OLD FRIEND.

A single light was burning in M. Dunois' study when he entered it and saw the unwelcome guest sitting in his own particular chair. The new comer rose and met the squire half-way across the floor, greeting him with a finished courtesy which excelled that of M. Dunois himself in his most dignified moments. The stranger was a tall man, of military bearing, with a remarkable head set well back on his powerful shoulders. His brow and jaw were heavy, his eyes cold, his mouth quite concealed by a thick, sweeping, almost colorless moustache. His hair had originally been fair in hue, and had now that peculiar sheen caught by light hair changing to silver. His skin was of the same buff tint, and his head and face would have had the look of being carven out of one material but for the steel-blue gleam from the heavy-lidded eyes. He was carefully dressed, and had the look of a distinguished soldier. Power, command, possibly cruelty, might all be familiar to his habits of life. He looked as if he could crush in his hand, if so minded, the slight, frail old man, with the white, blank face, who met him here in his own house as a hound might encounter a wolf in his kennel.

'To what do I owe the honor of this visit?' asked M. Dunois, as the other dropped back easily into his comfortable chair.

'An unbidden guest, you would say. Well, I feared that if I waited for an invitation I should never have the pleasure of seeing your noble *chateau*. I am truly charmed to find you so happily situated here.'

'I had not thought you had my welfare so much at heart, returned M. Dunois, recovering his usual caustic manner. 'There were a good many years when you seemed to forget my existence, M. le General.'

'Never, my friend, I assure you; never. I may have had a delicacy about intruding upon your privacy during that period when you were, let us say, shunning the gaze of the world; but I never for a moment lost sight of an old comrade. Our mutual friend, M. Romney—'

A smothered execration broke from M. Dunois.

'Bah! he is not worth your anger,' said the General, shrugging his shoulders. 'True, he betrayed your treachery with regard to—. By the way, that obsequious person who introduced me here is the good-for-nothing you risked our displeasure to oblige. But Romney's mildewed information did you no harm. I had already known all he could tell me, and more.'

A subtle smile curled the lip of M. Dunois. Even at this moment the knowledge of Romney's discomfiture was sweet to him.

'We need not speak any more of these details,' said this stranger, suddenly changing his manner. 'It is enough that we both understood that your life is forfeited to the society. The question now is, how are our accounts to be settled so that this debt be paid?'

'Do you mean,' said the old squire, lifting his gray face and gazing full at his visitor, 'that you have come here to put an end to my life with your own hand.'

'No; I did not say so. The task is not one to my liking. Much as I esteem you, M. Dunois, I do not think I could bring myself to confer such an honor on you as that.'

'Then what do you intend me to understand?'

'Two points. Firstly, that your life is forfeit. Secondly, that in consideration of your wealth and the money that you will supply us with for carrying on our works, we will remit the penalty of death in your case. Upon your future obedience your fate must depend.'

'You mean to make every use you can of my present position, and you will spare my life so long as I am useful?'

'You state the case perhaps better than I do.'

M. Dunois reflected. He knew well that the obedience required meant more than money, and that the terms dictated were so vague and so comprehensive as practically to leave him but little freedom to his own. He felt for an instant a return of that wild desire to be once more a fugitive in the streets of London, too miserable and powerless to be noticed by his tyrants. But the next moment he shook himself out of this cowardly attitude, and all that was combative and subtle within him revived. He tried to grasp the situation and consider how his plans for the establishment of his family and the building up of his good name in England would be affected by this overwhelming catastrophe.

'You must remember,' he said, 'that if you hunt me down too low, if you damage my prestige in this country, you will foil your own design, besides ruining me.'

'I am aware of it, M. Dunois. It is a fact which does not require much intelligence to perceive. We shall not be so bete as to kill our goose of the golden eggs.'

M. Dunois again reflected. He knew so well the powers with which he had got to deal that every word now falling on his ear seemed to rivet the chain that this man had come to place upon his liberty. His property, while he lived, was virtually confiscated to the uses of that evil which he had once declared to be his good. Enough means would, probably, be granted him to keep up an appearance as Squire of Amberwolds; but his private affairs would be examined into, and his stipend doled out to him as if he were a salaried servant of a company instead of an English gentleman of ample possessions. He would be ordered here or there, his movements crippled his views for his children consequently interfered with. Even should he succeed in shaking off the too concerned Lance, his children would possibly come to find him out. Margaret might, out of her own intelligence, arrive one day at the knowledge of his true situation, and see him degraded on his own hearth. The thought of the look she might turn on him, fallen, chilled the old man to the bone as he sat listening to the distant music from the ball-room, rising and falling at the doors opened and closed in passages around and above him. The French stranger with the military name did not hurry or disturb him as he sat motionless, still reflecting. Gone were the hopes that he had cast off his evil, which prosperity had helped him to recognize as evil. Up stairs, in that sombre, wood-paneled room, which Margaret had artlessly described to him as having a 'penitential' look, which troubled her young imagination, M. Dunois had since then spent long nights of thinking, and in the depths of the darkness and the gray of the dawn, the presence of that strange, brown man, lost in an agony of prayer—the figure that had caught his eye on the first moment of entering the room, had come to exercise a powerful fascination over his mind. In this room M. Dunois had come to remember dimly that he possessed a soul; sometimes even to fancy that he had a wish for the favor of heaven. It was not a vivid fancy, but rather in the nature of a dream that floats between waking and sleeping; but it was associated with the first streak of dawn in an English sky, the mysterious note of a blackbird at the break of day, and with the truth and tenderness in Margaret's all-trusting eyes. It had been ready to disappear easily before the daily temptations of a new, strong, and somewhat tame ambition; but it rose oddly now, and was present, unexpectedly, to his mind, adding its full worth to the influences that had imperceptibly gathered round his heart since he had first set foot as master within the Abbey walls. M. Dunois writhed in his chair. He must now blow away these frail beautiful mists that were beginning to gather between him and an unworthy past, moistening his parched spirit, and baptizing him afresh with their dew; turn aside from these daisied fields, in which he had breathed the air of innocence and peace, and plunge back into the hidden and devious ways which lead nowhere if not to darkness. He must take up again the now loathed harness into which he had thrust himself in his youth, and be content to die in it, death being his only means of escape.

Meanwhile the visitor watched him with no kind of relenting in his cold, unfeeling eyes.

'You seem to take this to heart, he said presently, while the squire looked at him as if asking mutely for speech, since silence and thinking only aggravated pain. 'And yet you are very unreasonable. As a young man you chose your *role*, and you were proud to belong to us; as an old man you are permitted to retain this pride, this honor, and you have comfort and ease for yourself as well, with the gratifying reflection that you can give superfluous wealth to further a cause which hitherto you had only offered an ardent, if not always practical, enthusiasm. No dangerous tasks are likely to be entrusted to you. You are too old for them. The position you will hold among us will be an easy one. Could you expect more? Dare you ask to be allowed to drop out of our ranks merely because you have become powerful to assist us?'

'Whatever I have expected, I understand you,' answered M. Dunois. 'I am to be a prisoner and as a puppet in my own house, going and coming as you shall pull the wires. I must live on sufferance, and only to pay over to you the money that comes into my purse. If I venture to fail you, death will descend on me from the heavens, or come up to me out of the earth. It is a contract into which I enter with open eyes'

'Years have in no way dulled your perceptive faculties, M. Dunois,' said the general, with a slight bow; 'and now I have other matters to discuss with you.'

A conversation followed, which was carried on in low tones, and in the course of an hour M. Dunois learned a good deal about the present plans and workings of the important International Secret Society, of which he had been of late years only a nominal, because no longer an efficient, member. Like the wretch in the story, who saw the walls of a spacious chamber, which for him had no door, gradually drawing nearer and closing in around him, so M. Dunois, listening to his superior's communications, saw the light of air and freedom becoming touchingly shut out from the remaining days of his life. At last the stranger pushed back his chair from the table, and seemed to consider the conference at an end.

M. Dunois was silent, unwilling to offer hospitality, and waiting for his enemy to go.

'I think we have had enough of business for to-night,' said the general; 'and now, with your leave, I will be presented to your friends. Do not look so horrified, M. le Squire. My face will tell no tales. As a general officer of France, you need not be afraid to present me. I have come here to see for myself the excellent position into which one of our company has been unexpectedly placed. I shall do you no discredit in your salon. I am a man at sight of whom women do not make faces, and men do not sneer. I am received in finer assemblages than yours, my most inhospitable compatriot!'

'M. Dunois glaced expressively at the traveling costume of the man who thus invited himself into a ball-room

'*Bon!* that is your only objection. But I foresaw this possibility, and as I came here to stay the night with you, I came prepared. I gave Victor, with a cruel smile and a lingering on the name, 'I gave your Victor my modest baggage to take to my apartment. I shall not detain you more than a quarter of an hour, M. Dunois. You will wait for me here.'

CHAPTER XIV.

With so much rest had the ball been kept up that the absence of M. Dunois had not been long observed when he returned, accompanied by his remarkable-looking guest. Margaret was the only person who had missed him much; and she, having made inquiries of the servants, had learned that he was engaged with a foreign gentleman only lately arrived. She was the first to meet him, near the threshold of the ball-room. If M. Dunois appeared paler than usual it might be reasonably suggested that such late hours did not agree with a man of his age and regular habits. Margaret, whose partner was again Sir Harley Winthrop, looked at him with a shade of concern; while the stranger fixed his cold blue eyes on Margaret.

'My granddaughter, allow me to present to you a friend of my from France. M. le General de Vedrasse; Miss Huntingtower.'

Margaret glanced at the tall figure with the foreign military bearing and peculiar arrogant air of command; and her first thought was of the effect so distinguished a person would produce upon the company as an old friend and compatriot of her despised grandfather; her next was pleasure that so evidently admirable an officer of his country should have sought the old man out and renewed a former connection with him. She smiled as she gave him her hand, in a manner half royal and half girlish, bidding him warmly welcome, and making, to her own surprise, a little impetuous and courteous speech, one pretty word for the friend of her grandfather, and two pretty words for his France. The general bowed his acknowledgments of her politeness, and appeared to have little to say. Perhaps he had exhausted all his powers of conversation during the last busy hour; but his eyes remained fixed on Miss Huntingtower's face, and only left it to look at her hand, her beautifully-shaped head, her little ear, the waving outlines of her figure in its sunrise tinted draperies.

'M le General cannot have supped, my grandfather,' she said, speaking French, in courtesy to the stranger; 'and he has come such a long way. Will you not take him to the supper-table?'

'I will go there only on condition you take me yourself,' said the general, in tones so soft and yet so dignified that no one could have recognized them as belonging to the man who had talked with the squire in the study. And then M. de Vedrasse offered Miss Huntingtower his arm, and M. Dunois bit his lip and tried to look pleased, as Margaret's little fingers rested willingly on the general's sleeve

'So you will not finish our dance?' said Sir Harley, disappointed at the interruption of his hour of happiness.

'Afterwards,' said Margaret, reassuringly. 'There will be plenty of time. Old friends from France do not arrive to see us every day, Sir Harley.'

'You will just take me round your beautiful rooms, I hope,' said the general, as he walked away with her, 'and present me to a few of your friends. I am not so hungry a traveler as you think, having stopped at the Huntingtower Arms before I made my way to the chateau.'

Margaret was only too delighted to comply with this wish, and walk leisurely with him through the drawing rooms, quick to see how many eyes were turned on her stately companion, and laughing in her heart to see the evident impression he made upon the company. To only one or two of her most important guests did she introduce the stranger.

'M. le General de Vedrasse, a very old friend of my grandfather. He has come all the way from France to our ball! Wasn't it nice of him?'

Her manner towards him was almost daughterly, so willingly did she identify him with the squire. De Vedrasse was a man of about forty five years, while M. Dunois was close to seventy; but to Margaret, with her lover of twenty-five, fifty might as well be a hundred. She took care to present him to her dear friends the Meadows, who had to be wakened up for the purpose, being found half asleep in a quiet room. They had broken through their rational rule of life for once, to be present at Madge's ball; and with them was Colonel Dangerfield. Dr. and Mrs. Meadows were satisfied to be duly impressed and pleased, seeing through their girl's delight; but the colonel showed a sterner front to the supposed French soldier. Marigold tapped her foot impatiently under her flounce as she saw the air of cautious reserve with which Lance's uncle surveyed this living evidence of M. Dunois' respectability in his native land.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	Orwell,
Emerald,	Summerside,	Souris,	Vernon River Bridge,
Tryon Mills,	Centreville,	Georgetown,	Brush Wharf,
Crapaud,	St. Eleanors.	Lower Montague,	Eldon,
		Montague,	

ROB ANGUS, Manager.

A'—1y

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,

KENSINGTON,

Are receiving New Goods daily, in all Departments.

Boots & Shoes—one of the largest stocks on the Island. Factory Tweeds, Imported Tweeds, Worsteds. Overcoating in Beaver, Naps, Melton's, &c. Men's Knitted Shirts, Top Shirts, &c.

The Largest Display of Dress Goods and Mantle cloths we have ever shown. Trimmings to match.

MILLINERY.—The newest and most stylish Hats, Shapes, Feathers Ribbons, &c. Trimming done after the latest New York Fashions, which are received as soon as issued

The Hardware, Grocery & Crockery Departments are kept full of the choicest goods. Fine Teas a specialty.

The highest market price paid for all kinds of produce.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,

LONDON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

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TO KEEP GOOD TIME.

WATCHES THAT WILL LAST.

WATCHES AT THE RIGHT PRICE.

WATCHES REPAIRED

Special discounts on all Watches sold to teachers at

G. H. Taylor's,

Sept 9—1y NORTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

NEW HATS!

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

WE

Have now opened one of the Largest and most complete assortments of English, American and Canadian Hard & Soft Felt Hats ever brought to P. E. Island, and every person knows we keep the largest best and cheapest Stock of Men's, Boys' & Childrens Ready made Clothing in the Provinces.

PROWSE BROS.,

THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN,

All About

Men's and Boys'

Ready-made Clothing

B. McDonald is daily opening up large quantities of Men's and Boys' Clothing, and will this season show the finest stock ever shown on P. E. Island. Will be sold cheaper than the cheapest. The reason we can sell cheap is, first, because we pay spot cash for our clothing, and second, because we have no big rents to pay, which nesessitates big prices. Don't fail to see us, We will serve you right and give you the best value for your money.

J. B. MACDONALDS,

GREAT CLOTHING STORE.

DAILY OPENING NEW GOODS

—AT THE—

Dominion Boot and Shoe Store