

A CALM STUDY OF THE SITUATION.

LIBERALS AND CONSERVATIVES.

To the Editor of THE POST:

Sir,—To-day your province is disturbed by a convulsion of throes of a great and widespread national agitation, whose only notion seems, at first sight, to be an inordinate desire for revenge on all those in any way connected with the cruel and unjust execution of one who is regarded by his compatriots as a hero and a martyr, whom even his enemies acknowledged to have been a brave and self-sacrificing man. Such at least, I think, is the impression a superficial examination of the movement now in progress amongst the French Canadian people might leave upon the mind of a casual and disinterested observer.

But, Mr. Editor, this error, this crime, if you will, of the Canadian Government hardly affords an adequate explanation of the present state of affairs. Is there nothing deeper than all this? Can no reason more subtle and profound be assigned for this sudden outbreak of patriotic resentment on the part of our French Canadian brethren? Besides the evident and proximate cause, the abnormal state of public opinion, is there not still another, latent beneath the surface of the excitement, and it may be only indistinctly perceived, to those themselves whose very actions are its effects? In other words, was not the death of Louis Riel but the spark falling from the flint into a pile of already prepared combustibles, and serving only to produce a flame of angry incandescence?

For some days I have been seriously pre-occupied with these questions, and believing as I do that I have succeeded in discovering the "true inwardness," the underlying cause, of the late commotions in the Province of Quebec, I send you the result of my investigations in the hope that they may prove interesting and useful to some of your readers. My conclusions are simple, and with a little explanation, will be self-evident, though for obvious reasons they will not be stated precisely as they are obtained.

I have found:— 1. That the Liberal party, and from a Catholic point of view, the Liberals of Ontario and the Conservatives of Quebec are one and the same party. 2. That it is the duty of a Catholic, as a Catholic, to be a Conservative in Quebec and a Liberal in Ontario!

3. That the Conservatives of Lower Canada, in uniting themselves to those of Ontario, and the Liberals of the latter province in taking sides with those of Quebec, have made two very grave mistakes, and have labored under very serious misapprehensions as to the meaning of the word Liberal in Ontario, and the significance of the term Conservative in Quebec. 4. That the troubles of to-day and all the others through which Canada has passed since 1877, have their real and ultimate source in these mistakes and in these misapprehensions.

5. That there will never be real tranquility between your provinces and its English sister, until the French Conservatives walk hand in hand with the Liberals of Upper Canada. Even with the explanation that all these conclusions are from a Catholic point of view, the assertion that the Conservatives of Quebec and the Liberals of Ontario are one and the same party may appear paradoxical. And yet nothing is more true. To begin at the beginning, let us define the two terms Liberal and Conservative.

In a short sentence Liberalism is the party of Reform, or to be still more general it is the party of change; Conservatism is the contrary, and carries into every department of politics a love for all that is consecrated by age and usage. This may appear, indeed, is a very broad and comprehensive definition, and it is not surprising that there are Conservatives and Liberals, and Liberals and Conservatives. Yet such as the definition is it will answer our purpose for the present.

Now, sir, why is it the duty of an enlightened Catholic to be a Conservative in Quebec and a Liberal in Ontario? After what has been said already, is not the reply sufficiently simple? Why, if not for the very reason that Liberalism is the party of change, Conservatism the reverse, is because in Quebec no change can be made that would not be detrimental to the Church; because no change can be made in Ontario which would not be to her advantage. Because, again, in Ontario the established order of things in regard to Catholicity is far from what it ought to be, and reform is needed, because in your province, on the contrary, any attempt at reform can only prove injurious, and all our efforts should rather be directed to the preservation of the rights and privileges we already enjoy; because, in a word, Ontario is Protestant and Quebec is Catholic! Because Conservatism in Upper Canada means bigotry, intolerance, fanaticism, and Orangism; while Liberalism in Lower Canada means irreligion, infidelity and Freemasnry. Because, on the other hand, Conservatism in Quebec combated all that is opposed to the Church, and Liberalism does the same in Ontario, and because finally there are the noted before Conservatism and Liberals, and Liberals and Conservatives.

Conservatives, in the first place, are those who have a prejudice in favor of all that is old, be it good or bad, and who are the Conservatives of Ontario; Conservatives, in the second place, who love what is old, in as much as it is just and right and religious, and such are the Conservatives of Quebec. Am I not then justified in saying I am a Liberal in Ontario, and a Conservative in Quebec? And is it not for the same reasons that, with few exceptions, the Catholics of England are Liberals, that the great majority of those who profess our faith in the United States are Democrats? For, sir, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary, Democracy in our Republican neighbor does not essentially differ from the Liberalism of Ontario, for both are advocates of salutary and just reform.

Is it not then naturally to be inferred that the Conservative party of Lower Canada should join with the Liberals of Ontario? Have not both the same principles, the same views, and the same object to attain? And granting this, was not the union of the French and English parties now holding power a misalliance of the worst and most melancholy kind? Can we not, in a word, track back all the discontent existing in Lower Canada, and every perilous crisis through which our young Dominion has passed since its formation, to this disastrous coalition of Catholicity with Orangism, of sheep with wolves, of good and patriotic men with men who have sold themselves body and soul to their party, and whose chief aim is their God?

same sanguinary faction would not have rendered callous to the plaints of their indignant compatriots such men as Langevin, Chapleau, or even the despicable Caron.

It seems a hard thing to say, but have not the very men who now lament so bitterly the killing of the poor Meis, chief, in some way paved the way to his murder, by two decades of besotted adherence to the clique known to-day as "the party of Hungnam?" Let your readers reflect on these few words and I feel assured that, one and all, they will coincide with me that the future welfare of Canada depends largely upon a better understanding between the Conservatives of Lower and the Liberals of Upper Canada. A new party must soon be formed, and be the name of that party what it will, it should contain these two elements.

And as a true patriot, as a man who, after God, gives all his devotion and affections to his country, let me close with the expression of a hope that very soon "there will come a day, a blessed day," when all true Canadians will band together and will force the wretched clique which now holds the reins of Government to step down and out, and that they may give place to kinder and better men.

A CATHOLIC LIBERAL OF ONTARIO. Toronto, Nov. 24, 1885.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician having had placed in his hands by a returned Medical Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., after having tested its wonderful curative powers, in hundreds of cases desires to make it known to such as may need it. The Recipe will be sent FREE with full directions for preparing and using. Send 2 cent stamp. Address Dr. W. H. Armstrong, 44 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Name this paper. S.L.D.D.

BIG MONEY FOR IRELAND.

PARNELL'S ADMIRERS—ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING OF IRISHMEN AT THE HOFFMAN HOUSE—LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—In pursuance of a call issued by a number of representative Irishmen of this city a meeting was held in one of the rooms of the Hoffman House last night to assist in procuring a Parliamentary fund to be transmitted to Mr. Parnell for the purpose of defraying the expenses incurred by members of his party in attending Parliament and having to reside in London. The call said that the struggle of the Irish people under the splendid leadership of Mr. Parnell for free government claimed and was deserving of all the active sympathy and encouragement of all lovers of justice and of constitutional government of whatever race or nationality, and added that Ireland was as much entitled to home rule as Canada and Australia.

There were about seventy-five gentlemen present, among whom were prominent bankers, merchants and lawyers. It was an enthusiastic and business like assemblage, which set right to work to put in execution the object for which it was called. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Morgan J. O'Brien, who in a few complimentary words moved that Mr. Eugene Kelly be elected permanent chairman. Mr. Kelly was unanimously chosen for the office.

NOTABLE VICE-PRESIDENTS.

He made a short address expressing his heartfelt sympathy with the movement, and said that it deserved the aid and assistance of every Irishman. Messrs. Miles M. O'Brien, Richard M. Walters and Francis Higgins were chosen secretaries. The list of vice-presidents was then read, many of the names meeting with hearty applause. Among those who were mentioned were Governor David B. Hill, ex-President Chester A. Arthur, Attorney General Denton O. Hoag, Mayor Wm. R. Grace, ex-Congressman Rowell P. Flower, ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling, Robert Sewall, of New Jersey, Judge Charles P. Daly, Judge Richard O'Gorman, Gen. Carr, J. J. O'Donohue, C. P. Huntington, M. J. O'Brien, J. K. Floyd, J. R. Cummings and Commissioner J. D. Crippins.

STARTING THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mr. Joseph J. O'Donohue then started the subscriptions with \$1,000. When the applause which greeted this announcement had subsided Mr. Eugene Kelly said that he would follow Mr. O'Donohue's good example by subscribing the same amount. This caused another burst of approval. Then in different parts of the room gentlemen sprang to their feet and announced their contributions. As the larger amounts were mentioned there were further enthusiastic demonstrations. In very short order quite a handsome sum had been reached. The names of the subscribers and the amounts given were as follows: Joe J. O'Donohue, \$1,000; E. D. Farrell, \$1,000; Eugene Kelly, \$1,000; J. J. O'Donohue, \$500; John D. Crippins, \$500; L. J. Callahan, \$250; Mat Leavy, \$250; Patrick Kiernan, \$250; J. S. Coleman, \$250; B. F. Collier, \$200; Judge Edward Brown, \$100; Jas. Fay, \$100; Morgan J. O'Brien, \$100; Miles M. O'Brien, \$100; Major Edward Duffy, \$100; John H. Spellman, \$100; R. M. Walters, \$100; Stephen Lovejoy, \$100; John B. Manning, \$100; W. G. Fanning, \$100; John Mullaly, \$50; J. Early, \$50; Dr. Maguire, \$50; D. A. Spellissy, \$50; John Sullivan, \$25; J. Burke, \$25; General O'Beirne, \$25; Robert B. Walsh, \$25; Denis Burns, \$25.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE WORK.

When the announcement that the total of the subscriptions amounted to \$7,525 was made, there was further enthusiastic applause. Short but stirring addresses were made by Dr. Wallace of the Land League, and other gentlemen. It was then stated that an Executive Committee would be formed to push the work and make it worthy of the cause in which all present were so deeply interested. Among those selected to serve on it were Messrs. O'Donohue, Kelly, Farrell, Crippins and Coleman.

It was about ten o'clock when the meeting adjourned. It was followed by a meeting of the Executive Committee, which set about arranging the details of the plan by which it is proposed to swell the subscriptions. It is hoped by the committee not only to succeed in getting Irish-Americans to subscribe, but also to interest in the movement many Americans.

After the meeting the following cable despatch was sent to Mr. Parnell:— PARNELL, Morrison's, Dublin:—

An enthusiastic meeting of representative Americans was held to-night in the Hoffman House, New York, in aid of the Parliamentary Fund. Eight thousand dollars were immediately subscribed and measures taken to swell the collection of \$100,000 within the next few days.

EUGENE KELLY, Chairman Executive Committee.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An American Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The Colonel took the hint to leave his friend. They parted at the door of Mr. Courtney's reception room, and Daniel sat down to his table and wrote the following note to Miss Crawford:—

"DEAR MISS CRAWFORD,—It is with sincere regret that I ask to postpone my visit to you till Monday evening. The dinner for Mr. Webster to-night I had forgotten when I made the appointment to see you on Saturday evening; and my friends will not forgive me if I am not with them. I made an effort to be excused, but it was useless, they would not listen to such a thing. I hope on Monday evening to visit you. If you are engaged, please name another time for me to pay my respects. Compliments to your family and your friends, the Misses Grant, and sincere esteem for yourself, from—DANIEL COURTNEY."

Daniel sent Lubin with this note and some beautiful flowers to each of the young ladies. After six o'clock, while he was preparing to go to the dinner, Mr. Crawford's servant brought him the following reply to his note:— "MISS CRAWFORD regrets that on Monday evening she is engaged to attend the Navy department, and will be at home on Monday evening, when it will give her much pleasure to see Mr. Courtney.—E. CRAWFORD."

"Confound it!" said Daniel. "I did not wish to see Miss Grant. Has Mrs. Crawford forgotten my request to see her alone?"

There was no getting out of it now. Go he must on Monday evening and see Miss Grant. And there was but one way to act while there,—he must be as agreeable as possible. This he owed to himself as a gentleman of the world. He read over the note several times. It was wholly unlike the other notes she had written him. Why had she written in this formal manner? It troubled him. "Had he offended her?" He could not believe so. "It was as it should be," he said to himself. "I am a married man, and I should not have had a correspondence with Miss Crawford. I see now my folly, for it annoys me as it ought not to do, when she is away, am I not endeavoring to extricate myself? And yet the first step back over this wrong road brings me, and I suffer. What folly to allow it to annoy me in this way."

"Lubin," he called, "is the carriage ready?" "Yes, Sir."

He was soon with his friends, and seated at the table surrounded by a distinguished company. No one present seemed more interested in the conversation around him, which was sparkling and intellectual; yet, in truth, not one of the large company was so little able to partake of the enjoyment as Daniel Courtney. Many envied him that day, and would gladly have exchanged fortunes with him.—"Better bear the ills we have," etc.

On Saturday morning Emily related to her mother what Mr. Grant had told her of the conversation that passed between Mr. Courtney and herself. "Was it not rather unbecoming, mamma," said Emily, "that Mr. Courtney should have denied any other interest in my marriage than his desire to see me have a husband who was worthy of me?"

"I think so, my dear, and if Genevieve has repeated the conversation exactly as it occurred, I think that he meant to have her repeat it to you."

Emily drew a heavy sigh and came nearer to her mother. They were in Emily's room. "Mamma," said Emily, taking a seat on a low cushioned stool in front of her mother, and putting her hands in hers on her lap, "Mamma, I do not like to judge Vivie severely, but I do not believe he said so in the way Vivie has told me. I think she is in love with him and wishes to prevent me from accepting his attentions."

"Can it be that she would be so untruthful?" "Mamma, do you not know that she may say just what he said, and yet in such a way that his meaning is misunderstood?"

"But, my dear, suppose that he thinks that he has misled you, and that it is his duty to undeceive you?"

"Mamma, he cannot think so. I know that Mr. Courtney loves me. He cannot make me believe otherwise. He has not misled me."

"Has he told you so my dear?" "Never by words, but a thousand times in other ways."

"And do you love him, my child?" Emily laid her head upon her mother's lap and said:—

"Mamma, I can't deceive you. I do! I do love him very, very much."

"Well, my child, your father and I are well pleased with this, if he loves you. There is nothing that could make us happier than to see you married to Mr. Courtney. We like him very much. He has so much goodness of heart. All the praise that Washington society has bestowed upon him has not in the least spoiled him. I think in his heart he prefers a quiet life. My dear, I am sure you will find in Mr. Courtney all that is desirable in a husband to secure domestic happiness."

Emily lifted her head when her mother began to praise Daniel, and listened delighted to all she was saying. A light spread over her countenance. She looked like one entranced, and she pressed her mother's hand closer and closer in her own, and then sprang up, and throwing her arms around her neck, laid her head on her shoulder and whispered:—

"Oh, mamma, I love you so much for liking Daniel. Do you think there is any danger that he will not draw from me to Vivie. I think I could not be it."

"Not at all, my darling. If he can prefer Vivie to you, then he is not the man we believe him to be."

"But, mamma, Vivie is so artful." Their conversation was interrupted by the servant, who brought the bouquets and the note from Mr. Courtney. Emily's heart sank within her when she read it; she handed it to her mother to read.

"Do you like it, mamma?" said Emily. "It is rather late to send a regret, I think."

would. Say I have a cold and will be at home."

Emily wrote the note and sent it, as we have seen. Vivie was joyous as possible. Several gentlemen called that evening and on Sunday evening, but Vivie had no favors for them. Her thoughts were given to the Southern, whose immense wealth had dazzled her eyes. Her heart, however, was not touched.

On Monday night Mr. Courtney passed two hours with the pretty coquette, who drew from him some compliments, but nothing on the subject of Miss Crawford's engagement, though she tried hard to do so. Vivie dwelt on the pleasure Miss Crawford had shown in accompanying Lord Lubin to the ball.

After Daniel left Vivie he went to the ball. His name headed the list of gentlemen on the committee, who assisted the navy officers in making it one of the most attractive balls of the season. He intended to appear only at a late hour, and just inside the door as a looker on; but some young officer espied him, and insisted that he should come in and dance. Scarcely knowing why he yielded to the entreaty, and before he knew what he was doing, he stood facing to face with Miss Crawford, who looked angelic in her simple dress of white lace, a crimson rose on her bosom, the same colored one in her hair, and no ornaments but a pearl necklace, and pendant of exquisite workmanship in pearl and gold. She had just danced with Lord Lubin when Mr. Courtney came up.

"May I dare to hope to have the pleasure of dancing the next set with you, Miss Crawford?"

Emily hesitated a moment, looked on her card, and answered:— "I am not engaged I see for that set, and I can dance with you, Mr. Courtney."

Scarcely had she finished the sentence when the music called the dancers to their places on the floor. Every eye was on Miss Crawford and Mr. Courtney. How well they appear together! What a handsome couple! "No, Lord,"—in the favored words were remarks made among the guests, while the handsome couple gracefully moved through the dance, now and then exchanging a word with one another. Emily was very happy, and Daniel forgot for the moment even Angelina.

Ralf, unseen by Mr. Courtney, was near the door taking notes for the paper Colonel Keane, who was like Mr. Courtney's shadow, was at the ball, and was delighted and proud of his friend.

Taking Miss Crawford to her seat, Daniel said in a low tone of voice: "Etiquette requires that I should not occupy your attention longer, Miss Crawford. Lord Lubin is looking at me now with envious eyes."

"He has only the right of an escort," said Emily; "but that must be respected I know."

"I shall leave now," said Daniel. "I only come to see you, and do not wish to dance again. So I will bid you good evening."

Mr. Courtney quietly left the ball room, unobserved at the moment even by Colonel Keane, who was at the time occupied with a harmless flirtation with a bright eyed brunette from Natchez. It was a gay and distinguished crowd. Representatives of the elite from the States, North and South, and members of the Diplomatic Corps, presented a social picture of which any nation might have been proud. The independence of character, which was the outcome of self respect and self-reliance, gave an ease and majesty of bearing to the gentlemen, for which Americans of good birth are noted. There was a frankness and cordiality in the enjoyment of the pleasures of the evening, that made it delightful even to foreigners, who were not restrained by the tyrannical conventional rules of their society at home. The ladies were dignified in their deportment, but charming in conversation; and, as they did, so the refined and wealthy class of American society, their culture was equal to, if not surpassing, that of the wives and daughters of the foreign ambassadors present. American ladies who were at this period in France and England were much honored, and were received in the highest circles. Their grace and beauty were very attractive, but not less their intelligence and vivacity. It will not be forgotten that Miss Welling, of Philadelphia, was sought in marriage by Louis Philippe. A nephew of Lord Ponsonby fell in love at first sight with the daughter of William Sheaffe, of Boston. He exclaimed to his friend when he first saw Miss Sheaffe: "That girl seals my fate." "So handsome that no one could take her picture," an artist said. We could name many distinguished American women who married English and French noblemen, and were "Ornaments in the British Court," as was said afterwards of Miss Crawford in a letter we have seen that was written by Queen Adelaide.

Washington society, at the time Mr. Courtney was member of Congress, was composed of families from every State that would have ranked highly in any country. Although there was much external luxury in the manner of living, and in the splendid adornments in their houses, yet there was a home life besides the society one that is well described by Thomas Jefferson in a letter to Mrs. Jay, of Philadelphia, whom he admired very much, as did a large circle of the gay world, of which was the centre. He writes, after holding up to derision fashionable life in Paris:—

"In America, on the other hand, the society of your husband, the fond cares for the children, the arrangements for the house, the improvements of the grounds, fill every moment with a healthy and useful activity. Every exertion is encouraging, because to present amusement it joins the promotion of some future good. The intervals of leisure are filled by the society of real friends, whose affections are not thinned to cobweb by being spread over a thousand objects."

This may be taken as a true picture of the life in Mr. Courtney's family, and in some other households where our Southern member was received on the most intimate terms. It will not be surprising that a man of Mr. Courtney's temperaments should be drawn into temptation to gain and hold such friendships offered to him. Although he was debarred from the full enjoyment of their hospitality by the consciousness that he was not what he appeared to them to be, yet intercourse with them for the time had blunted the arrow of regret that pierced his heart; and, like a person who will take opium to forget for a night his pain or grief, so Daniel led himself blindly on step by step into this labyrinth. Sometimes he pictured to himself that all these friends would in time combine to reproach and to despise him, when it would be proclaimed on the bouquets that "Daniel Courtney was only a hypocrite, who had abused the friendship and hospitality of the best families in Washington by passing himself off as a candidate for matrimony, and all the more guilty when he was attractive and wealthy." He fancied he saw groups of old heads of families together discussing the subject, and he heard them say that no punishment would be too severe for such conduct. Such were Daniel's dark thoughts on Tuesday morning after the navy ball. His heart beat irregularly, his head ached and was dizzy, and his depression was extreme. Had he been an unbeliever in a future existence, he was a

suffering that would have led him to commit suicide and end his troubles. What terrible consequences are these! In the chain of that one act of weakness, committed in a moment of irresolution, to betray what the world will say of his marriage to Angelina! And how much longer will this galling chain become a snare? And what deep wounds will it make in the hearts of Daniel and Angelina?

Lubin, the ever faithful servant, watched the moorings of his master, and this morning he saw that he was sick.

"Massa Daniel, please sar, stay indoors to-day and take care. You are too sick, sar, to see the company. Let me say you can't see them," said Lubin.

"I'm not sick, Lubin," said his master. "But you are right, I had better be alone to-day. I shall attend to business at home. See that no one disturbs me."

Lubin made a blazing fire of soft coal in the grate, drew the table near to his master, upon which he put the morning papers and some cigars.

Daniel went to the window to see what the chances were for good weather. He particularly disliked gloomy days. The snow was falling fast, and covering houses, trees, and streets with a white pall. The air was bitter cold. Sleigh bells rang merrily through the streets. Those in these gay vehicles were covered to their eyes in buffalo robes. Pedestrians were fighting with the snow and intense cold, and plodding along bravely. Daniel turned from the window, after seeing some poorly-clad children with baskets in their hands trembling with cold, scarcely able to go along. His luxurious comfort within made him wonder at the strange differences of fate and fortune in this life, and he remembered what his mother had often repeated to him when he was a child: "Where much is given, much is required."

The postman brought the day's letters to Mr. Courtney, and the newspapers. In the Northern papers there were severe complaints made against the suspicion with which colonial men from the North travelling South were treated; and the Southern papers, in no mild language, accused Yankee ministers and peddlers of the North of sowing seeds of discontent among the slaves, under the guise of religious tracts which they distributed. The editor boasted that some of these Yankees had been glad to depart from the town after a ride on a rail.

Daniel read in one of the New York papers great praise of himself. His eloquence in the House and his influence were greatly exaggerated. His health was said to equal that of any European potentate. It was anticipated that he would be in this nineteenth century the great patron of progress in his State.

At last, under the pile of papers on the table, he drew out the miserable little sheet called Society Gossip. Society Gossip had honored him by minute details of his visits to different families, his appearance in the Crawford box at the theatre, his dancing with Miss Crawford at the ball; and there were veiled insinuations accompanying this impertinent meddling in his private life as to his future choice of the belle of Washington. It made him angrily fling the paper into the fire and pace the room rapidly, now and then holding his hand to his forehead and exclaiming: "My God! where is this to end? I shall go mad!"

Lubin was in the adjoining room, the door of which was open, and heard his master. He came in himself.

"Are you sick, Master Daniel?" asked the good slave.

"Yes, Lubin, I am sick, and I wish I were dead. Why do I live?"

"Oh! I master! let me send for the doctor! Your head is not right master!"

No, Lubin, send for no one."

"May I ask Colonel Keane to come, master? Your face is very red, master; you are sick."

"Get the hot foot bath, Lubin; give me some brandy; I am chilled."

Mr. Courtney flung himself heavily into the easy chair, laid his head back, and covering his face he wept like a child, for the first time in his life that he remembered. "Poor Angelina! poor Angelina! she will be sure to see this paper," he thought.

"And what will Miss Crawford think of her? Everyone in Washington will know from my intimacy in the family, that she is 'the belle' named to be my future wife!"

The hot foot-bath and the brandy quieted Daniel sufficiently to induce him to yield to the solicitations of Lubin to lie down. He soon fell asleep, but awoke in a fever that alarmed Lubin, and then he slept again. Without asking permission, the good slave sent for Dr. Blow, the most eminent physician in Washington. He was puzzled to find a cause for so sudden an illness. He questioned Lubin about his master's appetite, his duties, his habits of life. Finding no apparent restraint of mind, no excess of any kind in his life, no cold suddenly taken, and no exposure to infectious disease, he sat with his arm on the bed and his head on his hand, thinking for some time. Turning to Lubin suddenly, hoping he could help him to decide where the foundation of the sickness lay, he asked:—

"Any disagreeable losses in his business?" "No, sir; all the time better and better, and Master Daniel never takes any money loss to heart any how."

"What does he take to heart?" "Don't know, sir. He has no cause to trouble."

"Do you ever see him cast down, as if he had trouble?" "Well, sir, I think I do see him cast down; but it's all his imagination, if it's on account of trouble."

Dr. Blow did not feel at liberty to make further inquiries of the servant, but told him to let his master sleep as long as he would, and when he awoke to send for him.

Mr. Courtney awoke about three o'clock, and was quite indifferent to everything except a pain in his head, which he complained of as very severe. Lubin sent for Dr. Blow and Colonel Keane.

The doctor came immediately and found his patient still very ill, too ill to give him the opportunity to ask questions necessary to be answered. Colonel Keane came in breathless haste.

"My dear fellow," he said, stooping over him, "what does all this mean?" Daniel gave no answer, but looked at him acutely.

"Why, he was at the navy ball last night with me," said the colonel, turning to the doctor. "What can it mean?"

"A sudden rush of blood to the head, very like consequences of great emotion," replied the doctor. "He will require the best care from me and an experienced nurse, with God's blessing on both," said Dr. Blow, who was a strictly religious man.

"You don't mean to say that his life is in danger?" asked the colonel, clasping his hands.

"I do! It is my opinion that this is a mental sickness that has been acting upon him for several months, perhaps longer, and only needed one strain more—one straw, perhaps—to pull him down. This is my experience in other cases like it."

"What under heaven can it be? I am his confidential friend, and if he had a secret sorrow he would confide it to me. He cannot

have a love affair. I did one time suspect he had a disappointment, but that was a mistake of mine I have found out since."

"I saw by the Society Gossip that he and Miss Crawford are to be married," answered the doctor; "an excellent choice for him, I think."

"And a good one for her," added the colonel. "Yes, I suppose that will be announced soon, and everybody looks upon it as just the thing for both."

"What would you think, doctor, of my going at once to Mr. Crawford? If their relations are what we suppose, it is the right thing to do, it seems to me."

"It is only a rumor as yet," replied the doctor, whose experience had taught him prudence in such matters. "If we make a mistake it would embarrass both parties."

"True, true!"

"But," added the doctor, "it is my wish and order that for a day or two no one must call and see my patient. Absolute quiet is necessary."

While the doctor was talking to the colonel he was leaning his back against the mantelpiece in Mr. Courtney's bedroom, and he kept his eye on the patient all the time, watching him critically. He observed his restlessness, his sad expression of countenance, and that he asked no questions why his friends, the doctor and the colonel, were with him. Going over to the bedside, he took his hand, and said in a low tone to him:—

"Courtney, my friend, you are sick, I see. I am sorry, but we must soon get you up again."

"Yes, pretty sick this long time," answered the patient.

Colonel Keane and Lubin looked at one another significantly. Lubin shook his head, and, coming near to the Colonel, he whispered:—

"Poor master is raving."

The devoted slave took his handkerchief from his pocket and went to the window to hide his tears.

The doctor paid no attention to this remark, but weighed every word the patient said.

"Been sick a long time, you say. How have you felt my friend? Where were your pains?"

Daniel waited several moments before he answered. There was breathless silence in the room. Colonel Keane stood at the foot of the bed. His hands were clasped, and his head fell down on his breast while he watched the sick one, who seemed near to death. His surprise at the sudden illness had greatly shocked him. At last when they thought the patient asleep, he opened his eyes, and said with a great effort:—

"Doctor, as I was alone?"

The doctor looked at Colonel Keane and Lubin; they left the room.

A half hour after the doctor came out and said encouragingly to the colonel:—

"I find that as yet his mind is not seriously affected. A loss of power over his memory and speech are apparent and they are the first symptoms of the disease I dread. But I am inclined to think that if he is left absolutely quiet, and all business and letters are kept from him for a few days, we shall be able to keep off the enemy. I shall call three or four times a day, and Lubin must be the only one in the room until I can allow even you, colonel, to see him."

"It is hard, but I respect your decision, Doctor. Meantime, shall I see Mr. Crawford?"