THE PRESS.

When tired nature sinks to rest,
And, gently pillow'd on her breast,
Humanity lies down to sleep,
While watchful stars their vigils keep—
What, through the long and silent hours,
With patient care and tireless powers
Collects the little scraps of news,
Tinted with all life's varying hues,
What deeds are done, what thoughts are thought,
What noble works are nobly wrought,
What dastard acts are meanly done,
What good is lost, what good is won,
And sends it forth at morn's first ray
The perfect history of a day?
The Press.

When wrong and force oppress the weak,
And false advantage strongly seek;
When craft and cunning both combined,
Strive to pervert the human mind
From the plain path of truth and right,
And hold it by the power of might—
What mightier power its egis throws
Before down-trodden human woes,
Exposes fraud, and shame, and sin,
And lets the light of truth shine in?
The Press.

God save the freedom of the press,
And may its power ne'er grow less,
But burn as some strong steady light,
Fed by the powers of truth and right,
Ever the first in Freedom's cause,
Ever the first to give applause
When right against oppression fights,
Ever defending human rights,
May it forever hold its place
The bulwark of the English race—
A Free untrammelled Press.

—*J. A. Phillips, Quebec.*

Adventure of a Physician.

[Doctor Lefebre was, in his early days a surgeon in the French army, under Napoleon the First. After the fall of the great hero at Austerlitz, Marengo, and a hundred other battles, Doctor Lefebre left France and went to America. He located himself in the city of New York, and up in practice, and in the course of a few years became very successful. Subsequently he removed to Montreal, Canada, and there died, but a short time before his death he related the following remarkable story.]

In the summer of 1852 I was in the pursuit of my profession in the American metropolis. It was during the cholera visitation, and hundreds and thousands were rapidly falling beneath that devastating scourge. It was in the height of the season and I was completely worn down with excessive labor. For weeks I had had no regular sleep, night and day the cry to me had been continuous. Setting out in the morning I would scarcely return till late at night, to be immediately interrupted on my weary and tired frame find a startling row of name upon my slate, with the most urgent appeals for my immediate attention. If I visited any of these, I always selected a few of the last on the list—for I knew the others had either procured another physician, were convalescent, or past my skill—so rapidly did the destroyer work. It was indeed a terrible time; and if I should relate one to the other scenes of suffering and misery I witnessed I should fill your mind with pictures of horror.

Let that pass. I have a different story to tell. What I wish to say is, that, during the height of the epidemic, I met with an adventure so very remarkable that for days and weeks afterwards, I could not throw it from my thoughts, sleeping or waking. It was about eleven o'clock one dark, stormy night, that, having left the death-bed of a personal friend, I returned to my dwelling in a most gloomy frame of mind, fully resolved to take to my bed without looking at my list at all, and be seen no more till the following day. Nature absolutely demanded this rest, and I felt it was due to my own safety.

But on the steps I encountered a man who had been waiting for me. It was dark, for the flaming street lamp was somewhat distant, and I could not have recognized him had he been an acquaintance, and his face fully exposed. But it was not. A slouched hat was pressed down on his forehead, and the rest of his features were nearly concealed by the broad collar of his coat, which was drawn up around them. This, however, was natural, for it was a stormy night, and excited no suspicion.

'Dr. Lefebre,' he said, 'I have been impatiently awaiting your return. You must come with me. It is a case of desperate importance!'

'I could not go if it were my own brother,' I replied.

'You must, doctor!' he rejoined, in a positive tone. 'Come! I have a carriage in waiting, which shall take and bring you. An hour of your time may be all that is necessary.'

'I cannot—I am exhausted,' I said, attempting to pass him on the steps. 'I must have sleep, or I shall die. My brain is becoming diseased, like that of one who has drunk too long and too deeply.'

'You shall not refuse me, doctor!' he persisted. 'Here is gold, sir—gold! The Archimedean lever that moves the world!'

As he spoke, he seized my hand; and before I could withdraw it, he literally filled it with gold.

'There,' he pursued, 'you are paid; and now you cannot refuse!'

'Well, where is your carriage? I impatiently demanded.

'One moment, doctor!'

He blew a kind of boatswain's whistle, and immediately after a coach and pair of horses came dashing round the nearest corner, and drew up at the steps. I did not pause to consider the peculiarity of the matter—I was not in a condition to think—but with my unknown visitant, hastened to enter the vehicle. We were driven rapidly through the city, and through one street after another, for nearly half an hour.

At last, with a short, jerking turn, as if whirled into a court-yard, we stopped suddenly. Instantly the door of the coach was thrown open, and my companion sprang out, exclaiming, 'Quick, doctor, we have not a moment to lose.'

As I was in the act of descending the steps, and ere I had time to look around me, a long, heavy mantle was thrown over my head and shoulders, and belted around my waist. I was then seized by two men, one on either side, and hurried forward into some sort of a building, and through what appeared to be many winding passages, and thence down a long flight of steps, which I was sure, from the change of the atmosphere, led deep beneath the surface of the ground.

I did not feel altogether at ease; but I suffered my conductors to proceed without question. In fact, I knew inquiry could avail me nothing. If it was their design to murder me, I was in their power, and could not help myself. If they were seeking to mystify me, they would give no explanation. So I kept silent—made no resistance—showed no fear or hesitation.

Having reached the bottom of the steps, we seemed to pass through a long, paved passage, and then entered directly upon hard-trodden ground, over which we continued to walk rapidly for some five or ten minutes through what I conjectured to be an underground tunnel. This, however, was only conjecture; for my companions being on either side of me, prevented me from touching anything like a wall, and therefore I could not be certain whether we were passing through a tunnel, or up and down and around a large vault. At length we again came to steps, and ascended them, hurried through a few more passages, and entered a light room.

'Doctor,' now spoke one of my two companions, 'whatever you may see or hear, you must never reveal, while you place any value on your life! We do not intend to harm you—we have brought you here for another purpose. We have need of you in a critical case. We know you possess great surgical skill—for you were named to us by Dr. M——, who died to-day.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed I, speaking for the first time. 'Is Dr. M—— dead?'

I had met him only the day before, and he was then in good health.

'Another victim of the pestilence!' said my informant. 'Were he living, we should not have sent for you. But we waste time. You understand that nothing you discover is to be revealed?'

'I understand my Hippocratic oath,' I replied.

At this the mantle was removed, and I found myself surrounded by six men, each dressed with mask and robe of black. The room was handsomely furnished, with curtains and drapery entirely covering the walls of doors, and windows if there were any.

'I do not know if a stimulant will tend to make your strong nerves more steady,' said the same voice which had before addressed me, 'but if you think so, there are wines of every name, and liquors of every kind.'

He paused as he spoke to a long sideboard, exhibiting two rows of decanters, and bottles to match. I did indeed feel in need of something of the kind, not so much from fear as from exhaustion. I therefore stepped to the sideboard, selected to my taste, and drank.

'Now, gentlemen,' I said, 'I am ready for anything honorable.'

At this, he who seemed to be the leader of the party immediately conducted me into an adjoining room, through a door behind the sideboard. The second room was furnished much like the first, but hung with crimson. We passed through this in the same manner into the third, which was hung with purple. This last, unlike the others, contained a bed, and on the bed lay a man in a fever, groaning with pain. Two other men, masked, apparently females, were sitting beside him, one of them holding his hand. Three of the first party of masks followed me into the room. The door was then closed, and I heard the lock turn.

'Proceed, doctor, to examine the wound of your wounded gentleman!' said the spokesman.

The two masked figures at the bedside instantly drew back, and the others formed a kind of semicircle around me. Without any apparent surprise or hesitation, I prepared for the task before me. Turning down the coverlet, I discovered a dangerous gunshot wound in the left groin, the ball having made its lodgment at a most critical point. It was necessary to extract it at once; and in the act of probing for it, the agony of the wounded man became so intense and unbearable, that he threw up his hands with a shriek, and catching his fingers under the mask, tore it from his face.

I started—I could not help it—for the bright light, which now shone clearly upon his features, revealed the countenance of one whom I had often met in the highest circles of fashion. Instantly each man around me drew a knife, and, seizing me violently, hurled me back upon a kind of lounge, and then stood over me, as if waiting a signal to strike.

'What means this, gentlemen?' I asked, in as quiet and cool a tone as I could command.

'You have penetrated a portion of our secret!' said he who had before been the spokesman; 'and we are not certain it will rest safely in your breast.'

'You satisfy me!' I returned. 'I have discovered no secret, except that I know now who the wounded man is. But what matters that? I can proceed to dress his wound as carefully as if he were a stranger.'

'Can he live, doctor?' demanded the other.

'There is a bare possibility—nothing more. Much will depend upon the amount of inflammation that may supervene, his own mental excitement, and the care he may receive.'

'Then, doctor, you must swear by all you hold sacred, that, never, under any circumstances whatever, you will make mention of the name of your patient in connection with this affair.'

'Most willingly,' I replied; 'though I admit I am in the dark as to your motives for this.'

'You may not always remain in the dark—but most certainly we shall not enlighten you. There are reasons; and that is enough. And remember, if you break your oath, you are as certain of assassination, be you where you may, as that you are now within our power! Are you satisfied, gentlemen?' he added, turning to his companions.

Each man bowed assent, and sheathed his knife.

'Then proceed, doctor,' said the leader, 'and do the best you can. If you save him, great shall be your reward; but whether he lives or dies, you shall be well remunerated for your services to-night.'

'Nay,' said I, 'I have already been well rewarded—my hands were filled with gold before I came.'

'Oh,' said the other, 'that is nothing. Be not surprised if you some day receive a hundred times that amount. We are gentlemen of means, and can pay liberally all who serve us. Go on with your work, and consider yourself bound to assist us, should we again have need of you. Whoever we may send to you that whispers in your ear the name of the wounded man, must be entitled to claim you instantly, even if he takes you from the death-bed of a friend.'

I merely nodded assent, and resumed my occupation of extracting the ball, which I succeeded in doing in the course of the next half-hour, amid the shrieks and moans of the patient. I then bandaged the wound; and having written a prescription and given some necessary directions, I announced myself as ready to depart.

'You must suffer yourself to be blindfolded, doctor,' said the same voice which had all along addressed me.

'I am in your hands, gentlemen,' I replied; 'do with me as you see proper—only let me reach home as speedily as you can, for I am worn down with over-labor and want of rest.'

'We will not detain you a moment longer than is necessary,' returned the other.

Immediately two of the masks produced a padded bandage, which seemed to have been prepared for the purpose, and having bound it over my eyes so that I could not distinguish light from darkness, they again threw over my head the long mantle.

I was then taken from the room in the same manner I had been brought into it, and apparently conducted through the same winding passages and underground tunnel back to the place where I had quitted the carriage. The latter was in waiting, and having entered it with my two companions who seemed determined to keep me blindfold until beyond the possibility of recognising the locality, we were again driven rapidly through one street after another, the storm still raging as furiously as ever.

At last we stopped, the door was opened, the mantle and bandage removed, and a muffled, and evidently disguised voice informed me that I was at liberty to depart. As this was said, the speaker gave me his hand, as if to assist me down the steps; and on withdrawing it, I found he had left in mine a folded paper. The next moment the door was closed with a bang; and the carriage, dashing rapidly away, disappeared around the nearest corner.

At first I was bewildered, and could not make out where I was; but I soon discovered that I had been set down in a narrow back lane some half a dozen streets from my own door. I hurried homeward through the storm, and on reaching my dwelling examined the paper left in my hand, which I found to contain two fifty dollar bank notes, but not a single written word. Musing upon the strangeness of the whole adventure, I retired at once to bed, but did not get asleep for some two or three hours and only then by my mental faculties being overcome by wearied nature.

The next day, on looking over one of the morning journals which contained a full account of the ravages of the epidemic, my eye fell upon an article which I believed to be a key to the mystery in which I had been involved. After the usual flourishes of an excited reporter, it went on to say that on the evening before, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, as one of the city watch was passing the ——Bank, he was startled by the report of firearms, followed by one or two calls for help, and a shuffling sound as of persons struggling within. Instantly giving the signal of alarm he ran to the rear of the building, where he was met by some four or five men, with masks upon their faces, who were hurrying down the steps, bearing among them what appeared to be a wounded companion. On seeing them, two of this party instantly sprung from among the others, and before he had time to act, laid him senseless upon the ground, inflicting a very serious wound upon his head, apparently with some blunt instrument. The alarm, which he had previously sounded, soon brought several others to the spot; and on entering the bank, the rear door of which was standing open, they found the private watchman dead. He had been stabbed and dreadfully mutilated; his two pistols beside him discharged. No clue, the paper stated, had been found to the burglars and assassins—who evidently belonged to a large and organized gang of desperadoes—except that a close carriage, which might have contained the wounded man, had, about the time of the alarm, been seen to leave the neighborhood, and drive rapidly through some of the principal streets, taking an up-town direction. The writer added that the police were on the alert, and it was thought the villains would soon be brought to justice; and an earnest demand was made upon any physician who might be called to visit a wounded man, to at once lay information before the police, that some additional trace might be discovered of the inhuman perpetrators of the act.

There were many other remarks and suggestions, which I need not repeat. Suffice it to say, that for several days afterwards all the journals teemed with details of the deed, and speculations upon its mystery. But no certain clue was ever found to the actors in that tragic drama; and for reasons already given, I kept my own secret. Whether the wounded man recovered or died, I never knew, nor who were his accomplices; but the whole transaction produced a very unpleasant effect upon my nerves, and for weeks I was in continual dread of being again summoned to take what might be considered a criminal part in the affair.

It is my belief that the whole gang—like the wounded man whom I knew—moved in the higher circles of wealth and fashion; and the fact that a few years later there were some two or three arrests for forgery, of men who had until then maintained untarnished reputations, would seem to corroborate this opinion.

Except what I have related, I know nothing of the matter, and my compulsory oath has never been broken by mention of the name of him I saw. It may be proper to state that while I acted, I did not know they were criminals; and it is probably as well for all parties that I was never called upon again. The event had a tendency to make me suspicious of all I met in that city of wealth and fashion, poverty and misery, crime and iniquity; and as soon as I had acquired a competency, I removed hither, where I have some congenial friends and where I hope to pass the remainder of my days in peace and quiet.

The injunction to love your neighbor as yourself does not apply to the man who looks over your shoulder and breathes into your ear when you are writing.

The Pleasures of Travelling.

While a man can become the possessor of a vast fund of geographical and historical knowledge by the perusal of standard books, yet it is only by travelling that the mind becomes saturated, as it were, with this species of information. It requires the use of the observing rather than of the reasoning faculties to become versed in the appearance of different countries, and the customs of society in all parts of the world. The man who travels is perfectly at home in all society, and among all peoples, while the untravelled man, though perhaps by far the better educated of the two, as far as book knowledge is concerned, though he may be a profound scholar, and deeply *read* in the language, history, and customs of nations, when thrown by chance or accident in a country other than his own, is much at a loss. There is nothing that so thoroughly polishes up a man, as far as this world goes, as travel. By travel we do not mean skipping from one country to another as fast as steam can carry one, and remaining for a day in this town, or gazing for an hour on that range of mountains, but we mean earnest, studious research into the beauties and grandeur of the lands through which one passes, that study which leaves no great ruin behind until its history, its old splendour, its ancient glory, become irremovably fixed in the mind, which becomes familiar with the streets and structure of great cities, which masters both the grand and sublime in nature, and the modest beauties of almost hidden villages, and which above all learns the people. To do this one must become, for the time being, a citizen of the nation he is studying; he must mingle freely with humble peasants and artisans, if he would learn every phase of the customs and home life of the people on whose hospitality he throws himself. This is what we call travel, that fits a man to rise intellectually head and shoulders above his fellows. This is earnest travel.

We read with wonder the enchanting tales of other lands; we peruse with astonishment descriptions of the great in nature, but these impressions are only momentary. It is when we stand beneath the shadow of overhanging mountains, with their heaven reaching peaks, when we gaze transfixed upon rivers that are seas, or prairies broad as the ocean, when we tread the streets of magnificent modern cities, or stand upon the ruins of those buried centuries ago, when upon the broad ocean the hurricane is raging about us, that we feel the greatness of things, that impressions are created which are indelibly fixed upon our memories, and become part of our being. It is in the midst of those scenes that the child of nature receives the finishing touches of his education, and he whose soul is not stirred by the grandeur of foreign lands, or the quiet beauty of his own native home, is a child of nature, and will never take a place in the front rank of men.

The mighty mountains, the rolling rivers, the magnificent forests of the tropics, the stern and wild of both the old and new worlds, who has not read volumes of them and thought himself quite familiar with them? But when one really gazes upon them how old his former ideas sink into nothingness, how little he knew of them. How incomplete a conception of the most elaborate descriptions convey to us of Niagara, that vast sheet of seething water, which human language cannot describe, or human hand paint with perfect adequacy. Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Palestine, all the famous old names, with the history of which we may fancy ourselves familiar, it is only when we actually look upon them and trace out step by step the scenes of the life dramas that made them renowned, that we really *understand* their history, that for the first time we are truly masters of it. Thus it is that we become in the actual sense of the word, educated men.

There is an unbounded, illimitable source of deep pleasure and solid information in standard books and periodicals, a fund that all may freely draw on and become learned and polished, but a man *must* combine study and travel before he can tower intellectually above his fellows; he *must* mingle among different peoples and many ranks of society before he can be a shining star in the constellation of society; in a word, he *must* travel to become so thoroughly educated that he may ever afterwards be a leader of men.

From childhood we have perused with enchantment the wonders of far off lands, or listened to legends of other races, but when we sail across the beautiful seas of our fancy; when we traverse the fairy lands of childhood; when we stand beneath the cloudless skies of sunnier climes; when we gaze down the flaming craters of mighty mountains; when we glide over rivers that are seas, and lakes that are oceans; when we roam through the ruins of fallen cities; when we see the splendour, and riches and glory of the old world, and the sublimity of the new, we feel a strange and thrilling pleasure that could never be begotten of mere reading—a new nature is ours, we are better men, our thirst is quenched at a fountain that never runs dry, we receive an education that does not become dim or rusty.

Nov. 2, 1882. VIATOR.

Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte, eldest son of the heir of the Empire, and nephew of the King of Italy, is to enlist in a few days as a private soldier in the 4th French Regiment of Artillery, the corps of which the great Napoleon was once a sub-lieutenant. The family decided, after much consideration, that this was the mode of entrance to the army for Prince Victor most in accord with the sentiment of equality of which his father, Prince Jerome Napoleon, professes to be such a champion. The young prince, who is said to be sensible and clever, will doubtless soon be a corporal, and will probably not have long to wait for his sergeant's stripes. But—M. Grevy being President—it may be long before an officer's commission falls to the Imperial heir.

In the Austrian service, says a Transatlantic contemporary, the four officers of the Austrian army highest in command in Bosnia are Irishmen. The Governor of Livno is Major-General O'Reilly. The second in command of the cavalry is Colonel O'Herlihy, and there are two Captain O'Sullivans under him. One of the generals of brigade is Rudolph Oliver Swanston, who comes of a West Cork family. It seems that, still in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade, the Irish soldier is foremost in the path of honour, glory, and small pay.

Newspaper Assassination.

"Col. Slayback, a prominent lawyer of St. Louis, Mo., was shot and killed by Col. Cockerill, editor of the *Post-Dispatch*. Col. Slayback took offense at an article which appeared in that paper, called in company with Wm. H. Clopton at the editorial rooms, it is said to slap the face of the editor. It is not very clear what took place before the shooting, as the testimony is conflicting, but the result was that Col. Slayback was shot and dead two minutes thereafter."

The *Western Watchman*, edited by the Rev D. S. Phelan, St. Louis, discourses on the above as follows:—

"The tragedy of last week, whereby one noble life was lost and another forever blighted, calls not so much for censure on the unhappy principals in the bloody encounter, as for realm and sober reflections on the style of journalism which must, sooner or later, always and everywhere, bring forth such bloody fruit. Public vilification can never, with safety, be made a marketable commodity. Domestic spies and secret detectives may claim immunity for their nefarious calling; but let them not start a newspaper. Of all the low and ignoble specimens of humanity in the world, the lowest and most ignoble is the eavesdropper and tale-bearer. Eavesdropping journalism is the depth that has been found beyond that lowest depth.

"Journalism is an honest and honorable profession; but there is legitimate and illegitimate journalism. There are papers who pay large salaries for first-class writers, and those who own them expect an honest remuneration for the instruction and information they, in full-less phrase, spread upon their pages. Such papers are public teachers, and their multiplication is one of the happy signs of the times. There are other papers that spend vast sums of money gathering news from the four quarters of the globe, and those who publish them expect pay for their news. Where the news is both interesting and important, the money that is spent in supporting them is well spent.

"There is a third class of newspapers that pay nothing for fine writing, never spend a dollar for special despatches, and who live and thrive by purveying to debased appetites high-priced nastiness and scandal-filth. Their managers build up a trade in scandal, and to supply the ever increasing demand they send their emissaries, as procurers, into decent society to find victims for their pecuniary debauchery. This terrible traffic in reputations is enormously remunerative, for the simple reason that our civilization has not yet wholly exorcised the brute out of our human nature, and the vast majority of mankind love rather to tear down than build up. That battle-ground of our fellow-beings have been slain, that moral catastrophe delights us most, where the height has been the loftiest and the descent the most rapid. But a man's reputation is a thing so dangerous to undermine, it is like gunn powder, when it explodes it sometimes buries in its ruin the wretch who applied the torch. In every case the blast leaves behind it rents and furrows that will never heal, such as was the catastrophe of last week; and the character of the man that has resulted dismays and appals us.

"In politics these assassin shots of the their infamy in the guise of independence and intrepidity, such independence is a cloak for licence, and such boldness is another name for scandalous sin. The highway robber and the social outcast are the most conspicuous examples of such fearless self-assertion we know of. It is fully to day the blame on the people who support such papers. The virtues must descend from the few to the many, as it from those in high places to the plowboys in the lower walks. A journal must have principles, and in their advocacy it must choose advocates of policy consistent with public weal. Even under the principles and the party the people, the master the blows; such a journal is not to be sworn at at large. We hope the event of last week will engender a livelier conception of responsibility in the minds of St. Louis journalists, and teach our people a lesson of caution and fair play in their public utterances it would be well to remember always, but more especially in times of great public excitement."

Shakespeare's Religion.

The question of Shakespeare's religion does not seem to have been set at rest by the discussion recently conducted in the pages of a Catholic contemporary. Those who claim that "the bard of Avon" was a member of the old faith, and they are not few, will be glad to know that a prominent American author, Mr. George Wilkes, who, though a Protestant, writes with intelligence and sympathy on Catholic matters, takes the same view. This author maintains that several members of the poet's family, including his father, John Shakespeare, and his mother, were Catholics, and proves his point by documentary evidence still in existence. He holds that throughout Shakespeare's works the Catholic religion is treated with great respect, and Protestantism frequently and even wantonly derided. The great poet moreover exhibits everywhere a perfect acquaintance with Catholic doctrine and rites. His priests and monks, unlike those introduced into the works of his contemporaries, are not burlesqued, and even Wolsey comes in for a share of praise notwithstanding his unpriestly character.

Akin to this subject is our author's analysis of the character of Isabella in "Measure for Measure"—"The great figure in the play," he tells us, "the figure which stands in towering dignity, and purity, and beauty above all others, and above all other of Shakspeare's women is Isabella, the nun, or rather the young novice of the Convent of St. Clare. It seems to me that if our poet had any method beyond the mere usual waywardness of his plots, it was his object in this play to develop, through the characters of the Duke and Isabella, his views of the beautiful philosophy of the Catholic Church. The opening of 'Measure for Measure' finds Isabella undergoing her religious probation in the tranquil half-way house upon the road to heaven, the Convent of St. Clare. She is conversing sweetly with the nun upon the sacred mysteries that are just unfolding to her virgin comprehension when she is suddenly interrupted by a rude clangour at the convent gate. This comes to summon her back to the stirring world, in order that she may contemplate a gross offence and make a solicitation of the newly-appointed deputy for her brother's life. She cannot choose but yield to the appeal; but going out, never comes back, having learned that in the world may be found a discipline more strict, more awful, than the discipline of the convent; having also learned that the world has need of her; that her life is still a consecrated life, and that the vital energy of her heart can excel and augment itself as Duchess of Vienna more fully than in conventual seclusion. Shakspeare made this female masterpiece—this religious, this *beau ideal* of his genius—a nun; and, while escorting her with solemn dignity throughout her scenes, he commands silence and bent heads for any allusion to the Latin faith."

Hannah Screechem.

THE TRUE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD, AS TOLD BY AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

A correspondent at Osterville, Mass., writes us:—I suppose nearly every village on the New England coast has its traditional story connected with the exploits of Captain Kidd, but the one to which universal credit is given in the small secluded place in which I am now staying, may be new to some of our readers. It was told us by an old sea captain, on a beautiful afternoon just towards dusk, which enhanced the effect of the tale, to whose away part of an hour, during which the wind left our little bark as idle as a painted ship on a painted ocean. It seems so the legend runs, that Captain Kidd after an unusually successful expedition, entered the bay, on the shores of which this village stands, in search of a safe repository for his ill-gotten gains. He selected a sheltered spot on an island in its centre, and to guard against its ever being disturbed killed a village maiden named Hannah, and left her spirit to watch over the pile till his return. Years passed, and in all human probability Kidd had been years dead, and there lay the treasure undisturbed, and the superstitious villagers deemed it a shame to miss the chance of acquiring wealth in such a rapid manner; and two of the most daring started at midnight, of course, and rowed in a little skiff to the fatal spot, taking with them relics of the witch hazel, which, as everyone knows, are infallible indicators of the resting place of any hidden treasure. They landed and slowly advanced inland, watching anxiously for the bending of their wands to show the spot where their hope of wealth lay. At length the witch hazel quivered, waved wildly round, there was no mistake, and finally dropped slowly, till it nearly touched the ground.

The men seized the tools and eagerly set to work. Soon a deep pit yawned before them, and their strength was beginning to fail, when a dull metallic sound greeted their ears, and roused them to redoubled activity. They had struck something hard, and soon a heavy iron chest was exposed to view. It had two strong rings in the lid, and the strong men firmly grasped—when at once there arose on the night the fearful screams of a woman. The chest was slowly drawn down into the earth, nearly pulling the men with it. On looking round, they could themselves the centre of a circle round which were moving white animals of every description, prancing and uttering the vicious cries of their species. The terrified men fled to the boat, where a new terror awaited them. When they tried to shove off, behold, "Hannah" at the stern robed in white, her hair blowing in the wind, and her eyes gleaming with unnatural light, holding the boat fast to the shore. Their fear was great, but one, happy remembering what name was used to exorcise evil spirits, cried in a loud voice, "Hannah, in the name of God, let go!" and she threw up her hands, shrunk back, and slowly vanished from their sight, and their boat was free. Having been once disturbed, Kidd could never rest, and at midnight, at any time, passing the island at midnight, and on clear nights the people say it is still the scene of the struggle. I have in my the authority of the oldest inhabitant that this is none other than Hannah Screechem."—*Boston Transcript.*

There is, says a good story told in Poland, is no good, indeed, spoiled by being told. Madjeska, like other great in many ways, and her hosts are often at a loss how to entertain her. The other day, it is said, she expressed something in her hearing, the guests, it was said, at first declined to give a recitation, but the pleadings of her entertainers prevailed, and she gave a recitation of Mickiewicz's "Grazyna." It was felt by the audience that the mistress of the house had suggested. The recital would have been if it had not been that one of the distinguished most intimate friends who had found intelligence in some of what he had just taken place, and it was endeavoured that Madame's recitation, so highly applauded, consisted of the original numbers from 1 to 100. After all, no one but a genuine artist could have given to such a subject even the semblance of dramatic interest.

But, even if the story be authentic, the gift of *Grazyna* cannot claim to be original. Between Cape Clear and Dursey Island a little pilotage is sometimes done in former days by the lonely fishermen, who use knowledge, however, of the compass or quadrant, was very limited. "One of them," writes Mr. A. M. Sullivan, "told me how nearly he missed a 'splendid job'—five pounds worth—because he could not 'box the compass' for the captain of a West Indiaman homeward bound. 'Not box the compass!' exclaimed the captain. 'You a pilot!' 'Oh, sir, I mean, sir, I cannot do it *in English*. You see, sir, we all speak Irish in our village on shore, barrin' a little English that me and the boys picks up, you see, from being after the ships.' 'Well,' said the captain, after a pause, 'let me see you do it in Irish.' He, correctly enough, reflected that in almost any language one could detect whether the words would follow with such similarity of sound as north, north-and-by-east, north-north-east, north-east-by-north, and so on. But old Jack Downing was just as sharp as the captain was keen. Often and often at Mrs. Crowley's public-house on shore he had heard sailors 'box the compass;' and though he could not attempt the task, he knew how it sounded to the ear. 'Yes, to be sure, sir, I'll do it for you in Irish,' and he forthwith began in homely Gaelic to recite—'My grandfather—my grandmother—my grandfather's grandmother—my grandmother's grandfather—my great great grandfather—my——' 'Stop, stop,' shouted the captain, perfectly convinced. 'I see, my poor fellow, I had wronged you; *take charge of the ship.*'"

In 1844 Father Mathew, in a speech at Cork, declared that orphan societies rear a bad and dangerous progeny, without home or social affections. He expressed his preference for the old Irish practice of fosterage, and thought they should replace these societies. This is exactly the ground taken by thoughtful students of the same problem in our day. They are laboring to secure the adoption of orphans and neglected children into families, where "the home and social affections" will have a chance with them.—*Catholic Sentinel.*

In all "affairs of honor," so called, except where the sole motive is revenge, it is curious that fear is the main ingredient. From fear, men accept a challenge; and from fear they refuse it. From the false fear of opinion they enter the lists; or they decline from the physical fear of danger or the moral fear of guilt.

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