THE IRISH EMIGRANTS LOVE.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

In pensive thought she passed the church,
And up the sunny woodland came,
Until she found the sliver birch
Where long ago he carved her name,
And "Oh!" she sighed, as soft she kissed With loving lips that gentle tree,
"Alone, alone I keep the tryst—
O love, my love, return to me?

"Return! Columbia's realm afar, Where year by your your feet delay, We cannot match for sun and star, we cannot match for sun and str By silver night or golden day; Yet here the levin flashes dire Alarm not oft, we never know Her awful rushing forest fire, The silent horror of her snow.

"Her birds are brighter far of wing,
A richer lustre lights her flowers;
But still they say no bird can sing,
Or blessom brouthe, as sweet as ours.
Her people's heart is wise and bold,
Her borders beautiful and free;
But this Naw is not the Old.... But oh! the New is not the Old Come back to Ireland, love and mo!"

THE BITER BIT.

A pleasant place in the cool winter days of carly June is the Rus Direits at Rio Janeiro— now re-christened, "Rus do I. da Marco," in momory of the last days of Paraguayan Lopez, memory of the last days of Paraguayan Lopez, the bite noire of every patriotic Brazilian. (In Brazil, the height of Summer falls in January, and the depth of Winter in July. The most agreeable season is about the end of May.) Straight, wide, well-paved, containing the two principal hotels, and terminated by the palace at one and and the cuttom-house at the other, the "Straightstreet" certainly meritaits renown as the Oxford street of Rio de Janeiro, though it must be owned that Regent street is very inadequately represented by its effshoot, the Rus do Juvidor. On a fine afternoon (and very few are otherwise than fine in this glorious climate), the panorama of this great thoroughfare is not the panorama of this great thoroughtare is not a whit inferior to that of its picturesque namesake, "the street which is called Straight," in Damascas. Teams of mules drawing queer-looking passenger-cars, whose open sides, guarded by ribs of wood, make them look like the ablatons of carred or others. guarded by ribs of wood, make them look like the skeletons of carved omnibuses; barefooted the skeletons of carved omnibuses; barefooted costermongers, staggering under fruits for which Covent, Garden has no name; companies of soldiers in dark-blue jackets and white trousers, black men and white men being mingled in the ranks like a half-played game of chess; lean, rat-like Braziliuns, with clean shirts and dirty faces, doing nything in as many different ways as possible; brawny English sailors, looking at everything and everybody with an air of grand, indulgent contempt; sun-burned pediers, clicking their little sticks together in place of a cry; striwart negroes in white jackets, bolding a ing their fittle spaces to getter in place of a dry; striwart negroes in white jackets, holding a plaiting society on the steps of the great church; (straw plaiting seems to be the Braxillan negro's forte. In every street I entered in Eto there were at least a score of blacks thus employed;) and solemn Padres, melting under the opproximon of their enormous hats and trailing robes of black street.

sion of their enormous hats and trailing robes of black serge.

Such is the panorama which I survey from the steps of the Nova York Hotel, on a fine morning in the beginning of June. An hour ago, I returned from a ten-mile march up and down the encircling hills — despatched a breakfast which excited the admiration of my stolid landlord—and am now, with an Englishman's proverbial good tense, preparing to start on another and a much longer march, in the very hottest part of the day. Twenty miles of broken ground—a temperature of seventy-two in the shade—a fair chance of broken neck or a coup de soleit—what more can the heart of a British pedestrian dasire? I am still gloating over this alluring prespect, when a deep voice breaks in upon my reflections.

"Senhor, can you kindly tell me the way to

reflections.

«Senhor, can you kindly tell me the way to the Passport Office?"

The speaker's Portuguese is sufficiently grammatical, but his accent is unmistakably foreign, and a single glance suffices to tell me his nationality. There is no mistaking that firm, open, honest German face, still fresh with the healthy freshness of the Fatherland—very pleasant to look upon amid the sallow unwholesome visages of Rio, which, whether judged by the looks or by the morals of its people, may filly be classed with the cities of the Plain. The fair hair, the clear blue eye, the short pipe hanging down upon the chin, the honest, sunners, and sturdy solf-reliant bearing, all carry me back to the day when, thousands of miles hones, I first saw the component atoms of the great Teutonic race silently fulfilling their appointed work, with that quiet resolution, that steady obedience, that deged uncomplaining exactness which paved the way for Sadowa and Sodan. which paved the way for Sadowa and Sedan. Equally characteristic are the spoiless linen and bright, cheery, wellfilled-out visage of the trim with a smile of true motherly pride, a sturdy two-year-old, whose appearance is quite a relief after that of the poor little mosquitoes that are here called by courtesy "children." I bedink me of the look with which the biographer of Friedrich the Great san 1 to me, a few months.

ago: "The future of Germany is the future of Europe," and inwardly wish that he were here to look upon these choice specimens of his

well-beloved people.

"Are you long from home, my friend?" asked I in Gorman.

I in Gorman.

"Ach, mein Herr! you speak Gorman!" oried the man with a sudden grin of rejoicing.

"Fraise to to God! It is long, very long since we left Gormany—elgh-teen mouths at the least! and now we are but just returned from the River Plate, and know not a soul in the town! I am right glad to hear the good old tongue; for, see you, this Portuguese is just like thin soupthere's not enough in a whole sentence to fill your mouth properly!"

"But now, thank God? we are going home to our own country and our own people," chimes

our own country and our own people," chimes in his wife, holding up her kielne Wilhelm for me tolook at; " and, of my free will, we shall never loave it again. Hearest thou, Friedrich?

never again!"

Friedrich laughs good-humoredly, and gives a side glance at me, as if to say: "She will have her way, you see!"

"Well, I'll tell you what, my good people," resume I, "you mayn't be able to find your way very easily, and this passport work is a trouble-some business at best; so, perhaps, I had better just go with you, and see you through it all."

"You're very kind, mein Herr," says the man, visibly relieved by the offer. "Lisbeth, my pet, some along; the Herr is so good as to show us the way."

The little woman thanks me with a bright mile, and away we trudge along a road which I have traversed once too often aiready. The passport system is nominally abolished in Brazil, but, like most "abolished" nulances, it takes a wonderful deal of killing. To enter the country without a passport is easy of angh, but you must always have one in order to leave it; country without a passport is easy et agh, but you must always have one in order to leave it; the empire being in this respect very like an eel-pot — perfectly easy to get into, but rather difficult to get out of. On our arrival, we are beset by the usual vexations delays, and the usual swarm of harpy understrappers, offering to remove them "for a consideration," as old Trapbols would phrase it; but a judicious mixture of bullying and flattery goined to the liberal use of three or four great names which have been courteously placed at my service) eventually carried the affair through, and Frederick Hausman, Prussian subject, is committed to the fatherly care of all good official Christians, for his safe transmission to Germany, "with his lady and child."

"Nov, then," suggesti, as we debouch again upon the Rus Direits, "let us have a cup of coffee together on the strength of having get everything settled."

The little Frau looks delighted; but Master Friedrich, whose tastes are more convivial than mine, moves an amendment. "Coffee's for those who can get nothing better, mein Herr," says he reprovingly; " let us have some beer!"

who can got nothing better, mein Horr," says he

who can got making better, ment horr, says he reprovingly; "let us have some beer?"

The tender emphasis laid upon this magic word is too much for me, and il assent at once. We turn into the great cafe at the corner of the Palace Square, and I order coffee for myself and a full measure of beer for my companion, who, under the influence of the great inspirer, waxes expansive.

expansive.
"Mein leiber Herr," says he to me, "you've been very kind to me, and I should like to show you that I'm not ung ateful. I know that you English are fond of queer stories, and, if you like, I'll tell you'one that you've seldom heard the like of." the like of

With this exordium. Friedrich takes a pull of

With this exordium, Friedrich takes a pull of beer that would choke any man but a German, wipes his moustache with a grunt of intense relish, plants his chow on the little marble table, and begins as follows:

"This thing that I'm going to tell you about, in cin Herr, happened when we were a long way up the country, on a tributary of the Parana. It was rough work, especially for Lisiabith here (as for me, I get used to that sort of thing when I served in the Landwohr at home). Just a little hut, you know, big enough to put the bowl of one's pipe in—virgin forest all round, thick and tangled enough to hamper an elephant, or make an ant lose his way—the sun reasting you black by day, and the damp turning you yellow at night—nothing to eat but jerked beef, and that so tough that you might have banged yourself night—bothing to eat but jerked oce, and that so tough that you might have hanged yourself with a thin alice of it. Ach] Alimet! how I used to long for a bit of good old Gorman sausage and a can of boer! But, as the saying is, "Crying won't mend a broken dish," so I stood it out as best I might; and Lisbeth, she bore it all like a grenadior."

And have houset. Friedrich, in the follows of

And here honest Friedrich, in the foliness of his heart, leans across the table and treats his wife to a resounding kiss on both cheeks, to the great amusement of the lookers-on; after which refreshment he proceeds with redoubled energy:

"I daressy you'll wonder, mein Herr, what the mischief possessed me to settle in such a place; but I wasn't such a fool as I looked, after all. You see, I had made the sequalitation of a Paraguayan fellow down in Resarie, who had got drunk one night when I was with him, and blabbed out some story of a placer (a gold do-poett, you know) in a certain spot upon this river, a little above where it ran into the Parana, Well, the next morning, when he found he'd botrayed the secret, he was in a terrible taking, on the table a bread, brown sinewy hand, equally fit to handle spade or musket. "So away we went to the placer, and were as busy as bees for weeks together, shovelling, washing, sifting, eradling, and rocking all day long, till by evening I'd be as stiff and sore as if I were back again at school in the Friedrich-Strasse at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, with old Martin Sprenger flogging me every day for bad grammar. "Woll, one evening I was sitting smoking my pipe under a big palm-royal that grew close to the but, and enjoying my rost after the hard day's work I had had. Lisboth was indoors, getting supper ready, and my partner was out somewhere or other so I had it all to myself. It was bright moonlicht, and I was just wondering how the old Friedrich-Unasse would be looking just about that time, when suddenly

wondering how the old Friedrich-Arasse would be looking just about that time, when suddenly I heard a crashing and snapping among the bushes, and a man burst out of the thicket close to where I sat, running at full speed, with auother man close upon his heefs. Just as he passed me, the foremost fellow (whom I saw to be a negro) tripped over a root, and came smash down on his face; and before he could get to his feet again, the other man was upon him. There was a glitter in the mosalight, and themastified cry. The hound had stabbed him; but he cry. The hound had stabbed him; but he was out already (you soon learn to be smart with your weapons in these parts), and I shot him dead as old Vater Fritz."

Frau Haussmann gives a slight shudder, but

Frau Haussmann gives a slight shudder, but for husband proceeds with the unimpaired complacency of a man who has fully discharged his duties.

"Well of course, the next thing I did was to but I saw at a glance that in was done for— there was death for ten men in such a stroke as he had got. I propped up his head, and made him as easy as I could; and he told me, as well him as easy as I could; and he told me, as well as he could speak, that he was a runawayslave; that he had managed to steal a big dlamond and escape, meaning to sell it down the river; but that this other fellow had found out the secret and given chase, and that was how it all happened. Then he pure bis hand into the breast of his shirt, and fetches out an old rag, tightly twisted up, and all sooked with his blood, and puts it into my hand, saying 'Take it, for I shall never want it again; it's all the thanks I can give you!' And with that, mein Herr, there came a rattle in his threat, and he fell back dead; while at the same moment I say a back dead: while at the same moment I saw s

back dead; while at the same moment I saw a shallow flitting away among the trees, which, as the moonlight fell upon it, looked wonderfully like my precious partner.

"Now this was just what II didn't want; and when saw it, it rather set me a-thinking. Diamonds don't grow on ever tree down Paraguay; and I knew well enough that if I were ever suspected of having a jewel like that about me my life would be about as safe as a goose's neck between the teeth of a for. So what was to be done? I walked slowly back to the int; and when I got there who should I see hut my and when I got thore who should I see but my partner, sitting by the fire, and looking as good as if he were in church. But just as I came in he threw a sharp, searching kind of look at me, just like a custom-house officer opening a big box; and then I felt sure that he knew all about it.

'Manool,' save I. 'I've had rather a numer ad venture. While I was sitting over there a man came running after another, and he caught him up and stabbed him; and I shot the one that

camo raming arror another, and no caught him up and stabbed him; and I shot the one that did it, and the woundes fellow gave me this digmond in thanks. You see we Gormans can do something after all;" and with that I unrolled the rag and showed him the diamond.

"Lisbeth looked at me across the table with a look that said plainly enough: "How can you be such a fool?" Manool gave a wicked grin like a welf over a dead horse; I saw that he thought me so uplified by this adventure that I couldn't keep my own secret.

"Weil," says he, "this is all very well; but what are we to do with it? If anybody gets seent of the thing our lives are not worth that!"

"Never you fear about that," answered I, "I'll put it where it won't be found in a hurry Just you wait a minute;" and I went into the inner room and brought out a little steel matchbox, shutting with a spring, and the chain on which I carried my clasp-knife; and I unrolled the bag in which the diamond was, and rolled it. which I carried my charp-knills, and I durolled it the bag in which the diamond was, and rolled it up again tighter and gave it him to hold while I fixed the box on the chain. I saw him give it a pinch to make sure that the diamond was still inside, and although he tried to lock very innoinside, and although ne who, in his eye which cont, there was a twinkle in his eye which were thinking of Well, I cont, there was a twinkle in his eye which showed what he was thinking of. Well, I stowed it in the box, and put the chain round my neck, and Mancel got up and went out, saying that he would go to his hut and bring over a flask of aguardiente, and we'd have a folification in honor of this lucky find. The minute he was gone, I said to my wife: "Now Linboth my pet, just you slip away to bed, and leave him and me to ourselves; there's not the least danger, believe me." She looked up in my face very long and wistfully, as if to ask whether I was not deceiving her; but scaling me begin to smile, she made sure it was all me begin to smile, she made sure it was all right, and she kissed me, and went off as quiet

right, and she kissed me, and went off as quiet as a lamb.

"Well, back came Manoel with the liquer, and we fell to drinking. I knew well enough what he was at, and presently I pretended to have had too much, and bogan nodding and rolling about, as if I were fairly dropping off to sleep. At last I slipped right off my seat on the floor, and lay like a log. For a good quarter of an hour (a very long one to me) he sat watching me; and then I heard him steal over to the linner door, to listen if Lisbeth was asleep. He inner door, to listen if Lisbeth was asloup. He

nodded, as much as to say: "All right!" and then came and stooped down beside me. I felt his hot breath on my face, and one hand softly drawing out the chain (what was in the other drawing out the chain (what was in the other hand I could easily gioss), and I tell yer mein their, it seemed a century before that chain came off. At last he rose to his feet, and stole out. I lay for at least half an hour before I ventured to rise; but he was gone, safe chough. So the next morning, when we saw that he had really left the place, Lisbeth and I dug up our share of the gold, and started down the river to Buenes Ayres, where we sold the diamond and the gold-dust for twenty thousand Prussian thalers, with which we are now going home."

"And what on earth was it that he stole, then?" asked I in amazement.

"Well, nothing very valuable. When I un-

then?" asked I in amazement.
"Well, nothing very valuable. When I unrolled the rag, I was holding between two of my
fingers an imitation stone which I had taken
out of my ring, and, you see, I had waxed the
end of my thumb, so as to be able to take up the
diamend while I dropped the other stone into
its place—just a little sleight of hand, nothing
more. But I don't think Maricel will call a
German stupid again. Walter, another glass of
hoar !"

ON THE BRINK.

"What! pron ie to marry you, and then have it boasted all over the place that you have conquered the heart of Belle Edgecomb? No, indeed, Mr. Winsted, I don't aspire to that notericty.

indeed, Mr. Winsted, I don't aspire to that notorioty."

And the girl's beautiful lip curied haughtily.

"But, Boile, I toil you this has been no more
firtation on my part. I love you madly, truly,
and if you refuse me, I'll—I'll—"

"Do nothing desperate, I hope. Ha! ha!
what an actor you would make, Mr. Winsted!
Really you have mistaken your calling, and
should exchange your lawyer's briefs for the
socks and buskin," cried Bello merrily.

"Bello!" and Paul Winsted's voice ball a
touch of sterances in it, despite his lover-like
attitude—"Belle, you are cruel to mock me
thus, and crueller still to keep me in suspense.
I love you, provoking girl; and now answer me.
Will you be my wife!"

"Well, then, my answer is No, Mr. Winsted,
I will not consent to marry you. I have heard
too much of your manifold filtrations; and even
if I loved you, I would not marry a man who is

I will not consent to marry you. I have heard too much of your manifold filrtations; and even if I loved you, I would not marry a man who is so notorious for his numerous lady-lovec, and—for nothing else."

"Ha!" and his face flushed; "then your ideal of a husband is a hero?"

"Precisely, Mr. Winsted; but perhaps you do not understand the word as I meanit. I do not mean a melodramatic braggart, who boasts of what he has done and can do, but a manhonest, upright, noblo—doing and daring all things for the right."

"Then, Miss Belie," and Paul Winsted straightened his stalwart form, and spoke in a cool, distant tone, "judging from you present opinion of me, I fear I shall never reach your high standard of perfection. Therefore, as I have heard your answer, I will go. Farewell;" and seizing his hat, he hastily left the room.

But oh, fokle woman

Hardly had the door closed behind his retreating form when Belle Edgecomb, the hunghty reigning beauty of the place, sprang to her feet, crying—

"Mr. Winsted! Paul. I did not—Greetons."

Hor feet, crying—
"Mr. Winsted! Paul, I did not—Gracious
Hoaven! what have I done? He is gono—and
I—oh, I have lost him for ever—wicked, hateful g!! that I am!"

And she sank buck upon the soft with a burst of tears.

"Why, Paul Winsted, you look as glum as a basket of chips. What alls you, man?" cried Phil Denham, as he encountered the former. Well, Phil, I own Tam feeling rather out of sorts. The fact is—between you and me, remember—I've been jilted."

Whow!"

Mhow "
And Phil gave a low, incredulous whistle.
"Paul Winsted the invincible jilled by mortal woman! What will happen pext, I wonde and But come, old fellow, out with it. I'm all curiosity."

"Then, unfortunately for your peace of mind, you'll have to remain in that anxious state, for I assure you I have not the slightest ides of indulging you with a history of my

And despite his own irritation, he laughed at his friend's look of blank disgust.

"What! not even tell me the fair one's name?" exclaimed Phil, at last, with some in-

dignation.

dignation.

"No, sir, not even the lady's name."

"Well, then," continued the irrepressible Phil, after a moment's pause, "if you won't take a fellow into your confidence, perhaps your angust highress will condescend to go a-fishing. What say ?"

Say! why, I say I'm with you, and the sooner we start the better. "Twill drive dull care away," at all events; and besides, I know of a lovely, quiet little spot a short distance from here where we can spend a pleasant morning, I think."

"All right," replied Phil; "get on your fish-

morning, I think,"

"All right," replied Phil; "get on your dishing rig, and I'll attend to the tackle. Hurry, for it's getting rather late, and we shall not, as it is, reach our fishing ground for more than an hour." hour,

"Well, Paul, what success?" interrogated.