THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; THE NEW UTOPIA.

2

CHAPTER I.

GRANT.

GRANT. It was a bright morning, in the early part of July, when I found myself in a railway carriage that was whirling me rapidly from the Great Babylon for the short three weeks' holiday which was all I could snatch from the law. I was about to spend them in my old home at Oakham, where my father filled the post of steward and man of business to the noble family who owned the Oakham domain. Oakham Park was the great place, par excellence, of the country; its princely mansion, its woods and

Oakham Park was the great place, par excellence, of the country; its princely mansion, its woods and gardens were things to see; and few illustrious foreigners, in the shape of Shahs or Czarowitches, left England without enjoying the hospitality dis-pensed there in right royal style. In early boyhood a run with the Oakham foxhounds had ranked foremost among my home pleasures; and the sup-port of the great family's parliamentary interest was about the first idea which had been presented to me in later life, among the duties of graver years.

years. Ten years of busy life in London law-courts had, indeed, somewhat dwarfed the importance of Oak-ham in my present estimation; and, moreover, changes had been at work by which the influence once exercised by its owners in the country had considerably diminished. The old ducal family had considerably diminished. considerably diminished. The old ducal family had become extinct, and the property had passed to a younger branch whose presence was almost felt as an intrusion by those who remembered the days of "the old duke." Still, after the absence of a year or two, during which I had generally contrived that my scanty holidays should be spent in a con-tinental ramble, the prospect of revisiting my boy-hood's home was reawakening the old associations:

hood's home was reawakening the old associations; and as I mused over past and present the images of early days began to reassume their old propor-tions, and to exert their former influences over my

My companions in the carriage were three in number, of whom two had established themself in My companions in the carriage were three in number, of whom two had established themself in corner compartments, and were absorbed in the study of their dailies. The third, clad in a plain gray suit, had nothing special to indicate his rank, or call for observation; but in a minute or so I found myself involuntarily scanning him afresh, a proceeding I was the better able to accomplish from the fact that his eyes, fixed on the passing land-scape, were never once turned towards me. I could hardly say what there was to justify my glance of curious inspection, if it were not the stillness of his head, and the passive, self-forgetfulness of his atti-tude. As to the others, they were of the ordinary class of English railway travellers. Having pain-fully done his duty with the morning paper, the younger of the two attempted to open conversation with his opposite neighbor by the remark that, "Maytlower seemed to have made all the run-ning," to which the older replied by a grunted affirmative which seemed to indicate that the animal in question had not greatly consulted his interests by her unexpected success. He did not seem of a conversational turn, and the young man's next attempt was on the stranger in gray. "Contury bally wants rain, sir," he said, as seem of a conversational turn, and the young man's next attempt was on the stranger in gray. "Country badly wants rain, sir," he said, as though commenting on the attention which the other was bestowing on the fields and dusty hedge-

other was bestowing on the heids and dusty heiger rows. "Does it, indeed?" was the reply. "To me everything looks so green." Then, as by way of explanation: "When you are used for half the year to see everything baked to brick-dust, England looks like a huge cabbage-garden." "May-be," returned the other, pointing to a well-timbered bit of ground we were then just passing; "and yet I hardly know the country in Europe that could show cabbages out as those." "Ah!" was the reply, "perhaps so; I know very little of Europe."

little of Europe." The chance words fell on my ear, and I proceeded

The chance words fell on my ear, and I proceeded to draw a somewhat hasty conclusion that my friend in gray must be a Yankee. Meanwhile, the elder gentleman was engaged in folding his paper into the smallest possible com-pass, with the view of ultimately disposing of it in his coat pocket, observing, as he did so, that "they seemed to have got a good working majority," and the words at once unlocked our tongues and gave us a common subject of interest. It was the moment of a great political crisis; a once popular ministry had split to pieces, a general election had just placed the reins of power in the hands of the Conservative party, and according to their respec-tive views men were everywhere startled or jubi-lent over the unexpected shifting of the scenes. "They will have it all their own way for the present," I observed; "and released from more serious cares, Hapirock can take his own time at demolishing the Pope." "Yes," said the first speaker; "how long it will has remains to be eson but for a the first speaker

'Yes," said the first speaker; "how long it will

1es, said the first speaker; "now long it will last remains to be seen, but for a time we shall have a strong Tory Government," "And what will they do?" asked the Yankee (if such he were,) in a tone of grave and genuine interest, which contrasted not a little with the care-lore of bunded coverse.

"Perhaps," he said, with a courtesy of manner which put my suspicians to the blush, "perhaps you can tell me if we are near the Oakham Station?"

you can tell me if we are near the Oakham Station?" "The next but one," I replied. And I began to wonder what could be taking him thither. For be it known, dear reader, that the Oakham Station was what one might call a private one. The par-liamentary influence of the Dakes of Leven, the old proprietors of the property, had succeeded in placing it in the midst of their plantations at a con-venient half-mile from their own mansion, and a most inconvenient three miles from the village which clustered outside their park gates. It was seldom resorted to, save by guests of the great family, and occasional farmers journeying to and from market. My companion was not of the latter class, and I began to speculate whether he might not be of the former; an illustrious somebody, for whom I should find the Oakham carriage waiting, and the porters at a white heat of civility. Nothing of the sort, however, met our gaze as we descended on the trim little platform. My father's dog-cart, with the well-know face of Jem the gardener, prepared to take possession of my bag and portmanteau, was the solitary equipage in view, and the gray traveller looked about him in some perplexity. "How far from Oakham?" he inquired of the

ome perplexity. "How far from Oakham?" he inquired of the

porter. "Park, sir, or village? Village, three miles and a half, air; Park, close at hand." "Oh, then, I can walk; but what will happen to my portmanteau?" "Well, sir, you see, sir, bus don't meet this train, it don't, sir; leave it in the cloak-room, sir, and bus will call for it at seven. Where might you be come sir?"

will call for it at seven. Where might you be going sir?"
"Well, I suppose, there's an inn of some sort?"
"Well, I suppose, there's an inn of some sort?"
"Oh, sure, sir, White Lion; bus will take it there, sir, all right." And he was leaving the station when I caught his eye.
"You'll have a dusty walk to the village by the road," I said; "through the plantation it's barely two miles, and a precious deal pleasanter. Jern shall show you the way; or, I say, Jen, is my father at home?"

father at home?" " "No, sir, no one at home; it's court day at Brad-ford, and master couldn't put it off no how; but he'll be back at seven." "In that case," I said, throwing the reins into his hands, "I will walk part of the way with the gentle-man, and you can take his luggage on with mine, and leave it at the White Lion." And in another minute, Jem and the dog were lost in a cloud of dust, and I and my unknown companion had struck into the pleasant shade of a thick fir planta-tion.

dust, and 1 and my unknown companion had struck into the pleasant shade of a thick fir planta-tion. "I am truly grateful," he began; "yet you are not altogether the loser by the transaction. After the dust and rattle of that steam-monster this green twilight is something worth living for. So," he continued, as we emerged from the trees on the brow of a green slope that overlooked a broad expanse of park scenery, terminating with a view of the lordly mansion, "this is Oakhan!" There was a softness, a melody in his tones that struck to my heart. He stood there gazing on every feature in the scene with an earnest interest, speaking now and then more to himself than to me, whose presence he hardly seemed to notice. "Yes, I understand it better now; beautiful indeed, most beautiful; this is England!" "You are a stranger, I perceive, to English scenery," I said; "travellers from America gen-erally find something so small compared to their own magnificent scale of natural beauty, that it is difficult to get them to admire a home-scene like this." "Probably, but I have never visited America. I see what set you on that idea "be continued amil

"Probably, but I have never visited America. Bee what set you on that idea," he continued, smil-ing, "it was that word about Europe. But I am an Englishman born, though I have passed the best part of my life in Australia, never visiting my native country but once since I could walk alone, and then cult in a consistence "

native country but once since I could walk alone, and then only in a passing way." "And you find it beautiful?" "Much more than that; the wilderness is beauti-ful, but this has what the wilderness can never give—life, human life, souls." And his eyes glanced towards the tapering spire of the village church, whence came at that moment, the toll of the faneral bell. "And this Oakham family, has it much hold on the neighborhood?"

"" "And the railways take country gentlement away so much from their own place; the so the fine fine of the solution "" "Pretty well," I said, "not what the old dukes had, I fancy. You see there have been changes; the Dukes of Leven were popular, but they broke up some years back, and the present proprietors, the Earls of Bradford, a younger branch of the same family, don't reside here much, though, of course, they lead the country." "Ah! you folk at home are always thinking of the county and parliament; I did not mean that. I was thinking of the people, the tenantry; there must be hundreds dependent on a place like this." "Of course; I believe they are considered good landlords, but you see now-a-days classes are so distinct, and the railways take country gentlemen away so much from their own place; ties of the past."

past." "More's the pity," he said, with a sigh: "bu hark! is not that water, and falling water too; have you cascades in these parts?" you cascades in these parts?" "Not exactly a Niagara," laughing; "but there is a fall on this river, a stone-cast from here, if you care to explore it." And so saying, I led the way through the thickets, pushing aside the bushes, till we were able to look down into a deep wooded glen, where the little stream which ran through the park did its best to ape the manners of a waterfall. Though the stream itself was in miniature, the height at which we stood above it was considerable, and wishing to place my companion in the best height at which we stood above it was in miniature, the height at which we stood above it was considerable, and wishing to place my companion in the best position for commanding the view, I was making my way over some jutting pieces of slippery rock, when he called me to stop in a somewhat peremp-tory manner. "All right," I replied; but the words had scarcely passed my lips when I found it was all wrong. A treacherous stone gave way under my foot, and but for a projecting branch, at which I caught, I should have been precipitated into the torrent. Even as I hung suspended, I was unable to regain my footing, as the sudden shock had twisted an ankle, and for the moment rendering me helpless. One steady step forward, a keen glance, a firm arm thrown around me, and with a prompt and skilful movement the stranger had lifted me from my position of peril and placed me in safety on the bank. Then those dark, earnest eyes once more met mine with a look of kind solid-tude. "You should have trusted an old bushranger "You should have trusted an old bushray like me," he said; "I saw your footing was failing you. But you really are not able to stand—and you. But you really are not able to stand—and you came out of your way to do me a pleasure." "Oh, it is nothing." I said: "it isn't really a sprain, just a twist, and I am close at home." For indeed my father's house stood in the plantations overlooking the glen, and with the help of my new friend's arm ten minutes' walk brought me to the garden gate. There he took his leave, and we shook hands as though no longer strangers. "Perhaps," he said, taking a letter from his pocket-book, "you can confer a last favor on me by telling me where this is to be delivered?" I glanced at the address: John Anbrey. Eso

and iron, and they brought it up; the money paid most of the debts, not all, and Carstairs, noble fel-low as he was, made over the Irish estates he held from his mother into the hands of the creditors. They offered him £500 a year if he would reside there and manage the property for them, but his father's friends, who were then in power, got him an apppointment in India, or something of the sort, and he preferred to go." "And the old duke?" "His daughters took him to Baden—you see they had a little money of their own—and he died there two years after the break-up at Oakham. Then Lady Harriet married an Austrian count, and the elder sister followed her father; none ever returned to England." "Grant and I listened with interest: the story was familiar enough to me, but it seemed to gain a

was called, was a modest, comfortable residence, picturesque in appearance and situation; for, from the parsonage to the gamekeeper's cottage all the Oakham surroundings were expected to be in per-fect taste, and the estate was remarkable for its ornamental buildings. My father had filled his present post in the time of the old family, whose memory he venerated with something of an old man's regret. My mother and only sister, the latter my junior by several years, completed the little family party, whose members were now for a brief space reunited, and whom I will introduce to the reader as briefly as my be, for my story con-cerns my new friend rather than myself. It was a family of the commonplace English middle-class, with nothing about it that a novelist's utmost effort could push into the romantic. My mother is just what every man's mother is, or ought to be, at least to his individual heart, the best mother in the world. She had many practical interests associated with my father's position on the estate, and when, in addition to this, I add that she liked her garden and her poultry, and that she liked her garden with the majority of young ladies). Mary had occu-pationed girl of two-and-twenty. Besides the is unstructed girl of two-and-twenty. Besides the is unstructed girl of two-and-twenty. Besides the is and it have often speculated on what those are with the majority of young ladies). Mary had occu-pations of her own among the village people, and was perfectly familiar with every old Betty in the is denorhood who wanted a flannel petticoat. She was not a profound reader, neither was she Ritual-istic, for both which facts I inwardly blessed her; and L have often speculated on what those are was perfectly familiar with every old Betty in the is denorhood who was to an eight o'clock break-test three were daily prayers at the parish church, and before I came down to an eight o'clock break-test to the early morning service. "The avening, as I sat in the midst of the little form circle, I told my adven

it aloud; it ran as follows. "DEAR MR. AUBREY, My friend, Mr. Grant, the bearer of this, is making a short stay in England, and is desirous of seeing what he can of Oakham, I sha esteem it a kindness if you will enable him to do so and will show him any attention -Faithfully yours, "JOHN KIPLEY."

esteen it a kindness if you will enable him to do so, and will show him any attention - Pathfully yours, "Jobn Riplex"." Sir John Ripley was the county member, and his letter of introduction at once set at rest the question of Grant's respectability. Who or what he might be we could not guess, but he was certainly no adventurer. The earl was in Scotland; his two sons yatching off the Isle of Wight; there was, therefore, no difficulty in complying with the request that my friend should thoroughly inspect the Oakham lions, and we agreed to beat up his quarters on the morrow. According, at ten o'clock, my father and I presented ourselves in the little parlor of the White Lion, where Grant received us with simple courtesy, and did not fail to satisfy himself as to the state of my ankle before consent-ing to set out for the Park. It was the first time I had seen him uncovered, and I could not fail to be struck by the broad forehead and well-set head which imparted a dignity to features otherwise ordinary. My father's hearty country manner seemed to please him, and we were soon under the broad avenue which led to the manion, conversing with little of the embarrassment of strangers. I shall not detain the reader with a lengthened description of what may be found better set forth in the Oakham Guide Book. The fountains and graperies; grapes in every stage of development, so as to keep up an uninterrupted supply from May to October, by means of cunning contrivances for regulating the artificial heat; flowers of dazzling hues and bizarre forms from Mexico and Brazil; orchids from Ceylon, and the newest lillies trans-ported from the interior of Africa; all these were displayed as much to claim our wonder as our admiration. We passed from hot-houses that breathed the atmosphere of the tropics to cool con-servatories with fountains playing upon marble floors. The head-gardener was in attendance, and made our brain dizzy with the names of each new foral prodigy, whilst Grant, with unmoved features, looked and listened in

father proposed that we should proceed to the house. I though I detected an expression of reluctance on the part of my companion, as though he shrank from the examination of private apartments in the absence of their owners.

absence of their owners. "Is no one really at home?" he inquired; then glancing around him, "What a waste of labor! Well, let us get through the business;" and he fol-lowed my father into the great entrance hall, and up the grand staircase, adorned with pictures, and statues, and Majolica vases filled with fragrant exotics. Then we passed through suites of softly-carpeted apartments glittering with all that was most rare and delicate, and finally into the great picture gallery, on the walls of which hung portraits of the present family, mingled with those of the of the present family, mingled with those of the elder ducal branch that had passed away. My father did the office of cicerone, and pointed out the first founder of the family, a Lord Treasurer of the Caroline period and other worthies of civil

second the motion that our new friend should make his stay among us. I began to feel a singular lik-ing for him. After the atmosphere of London clubs and military renown, till be came with a sigh to a finely-painted portrait, the beau-ideal of an English country gentleman as Lawrence alone could paint him.

had developed a peculiarity hitherto unexpected— be showed a virid imagination. (Cheers) But he would see from these proceedings whether Home Rule was dead or whether the aid of an undertaker should be invoked to serve the absolute nece-sities of the other party. (Langhter). The Irish ought not to acquiesce in government which, while pro-feering anxiety to execute the law, manifested con-tempt for it whenever it found the law's action inconvenient. Apart from imperial necessities, Irishmen must be the best judges as to how to deal with local affairs. Mr. Gladstone illustrated at length the inequalities in the law under which the triab auffered, especially the laws dealing with com-bination, public meeting and the prison treatment of political offenders. Lord Hartington, he said, charged the Liberals with the responsibility for the evictions in Ireland. The responsibility for the pur-pose of denouncing the broken piedges of the dissi-dents, scme one in the hall shouted : "One wing as no feathers." This saily was greeted with much langt the setting the broken piedges of the dissi-dents, scme one in the hall shouted : "One wing of the history of the union. He said that at the of solution in freisand, the row with at the disdetone who reques to introduce, mainly through of the history of the union. He said that at the of the bistory of the union, he asked what the disdetent could look for except speedy extinction. Could they reasonably expect Irishmen, undes the present favorable direct show that Ireland was fighting, not with threast of separation or failed the sub one held for asven centuries. Why persist in such a hopelees battle now that Ireland was fighting, not with threast of separation or frame favorable decisions he knew were supported by the affections of England. It would be better in the affections of England. It would be better in the ast cap power is and consolidate the affection in the was ready to burst from every Irish heart and to be the story of burst from every Irish heart and the disting "Grant and I listened with interest: the story was familiar enough to me, but it seemed to gain a new kind of pathos, as I heard it in that gallery before the very portrait of the last Duke of Leven. Grant said nothing, but, stepping to the window, looked out for a while in silence; I thought it was to conceal an emotion which few men care to exhibit to one another; but when at last he spoke, his words struck we as hereh and every to conceal an emotion which few men care to exhibit to one another; but when at last he spoke, his words struck me as harsh and severe. "It was right," he said. "It was just that it should be so. There was nothing to regret." "Ah, well, young sir," said my father, "that is the view you take of it, but the brake-up of a great family can never be anything but a calamity in the land. This is how I see it; and Oakham, with all its modern finery, has never been the same place to me since the change." We left the gallery in silence, for my father's words had saddened us, and I was glad to change the subject by proposing that we should look into the great library, rich in its collection of ancient and modern literature, for some of the Leven family had been antiquarians and book-collectors, and the Oakham MSS had a European celebrity. A gentleman in clerical costume was standing at the window, with whom, on our entrance, my father shook hands, introduced him as "Our vicar, Mr. Edwards." I knew him well; he was a read-ing man, of whom people liked to say that he was a "scholar and a gentleman." He was just then busy over a laborious compilation on the Roman antiquities of the county, and had the free run of the Oakham library, and a handsome salary as ilbrarian. Grant looked around him at the well-filled

voice. Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat after speaking for nearly two hours. The close of his address was the signal for prolonged cheering. Bir William Vernon Harcourt proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Morley seconded the motion, which was adopted. Mr. Gladstone made a brief response. London, Nov. 8.—All of the morning papers, with the exception of the Timisgham, speak highly of his marvellous resources. "About that, exclusive of the manuscripts, and half as many more again in the Bradford collec-tion," replied the vicar. And he pointed to the half-open door of an adjoining apartment. "Plenty of other men's thoughts here," said Grant; "but it would bother me to have to use of his marvellous resources.

DOWN-TRODDEN POLAND.

them." "To each one his proper gift," replied the vicar, with a courteous gesture, expressive of the least possible admixture of conscious superiority. "You are a man of action, no doubt, but human thought has its own work to do, and books are its charmides" Religious intolerance in Russia was never, it would seem, so quietly active as it is at present, and grievous charges are made against Alexander III. for not staying the haud of the Procursur of the Holy Synod in his treatment of Pollsh Catholics and of Lutherans belonging to the Baltic Provinces of Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland. The oppres-sion complained of is extended to educational mea-sures as well as religious, and according to all accounts it weighs more grievously on the people sufficing from it, than any trial to which they have been subjected since the first Alexander of the Romanoffs ruled all the Russias. One can hardly believe that in the old Popish province or Podolla the Government should exert such an unjust auto-cracy as to forbid a Catholic sugar-refiner to employ Oatholic servants in any capacity on a single guage branch line which be himself has laid down to form a connection with the South Western Railway sys-tem. Religious intolerance in Russia was never, it has its own work to do, and books are its chronicles." "Well, give me a book that will make me think," responded Grant; "but what I find in your civilized society is, that you make your books, or rather your newspapers and reviews, think for you. As to books, no man that I have yet met in England reads them. He reads his Pall Mall or his Satur-day, and they do the work of literary and philoso-phic digestion for him; much as the Red Indian squaws chew the meat for their lords and hus-bands." "Then you think," I observed, "that the multi-plication of books has not been over-friendly to "I have no pretensions to judge on the subject," he replied; "but I am sure of this, that no one who had five thousand volumes within reach of his arm-chair could ever guess what a man feels in the bush, who has nothing but his Virgil and his Bible."

a connection with the South Western Railway sys-tem. That is one tangible grievance out of many. Here is another : A Russian pricet, of the Orthodox creed, living on the Austrian frontier, was anxious to know what methods of religious influence and argument were employed by the Jesuits, who were holding a mission over the border. He dared not go hinself, and so he seat his servant instead. The servant became a Oatholic as the result of his investigation : so did between sixty and seventy of the villagers. Then down swooped the Government ! Some re-canted, some were placed under disciplinary Church, surveillance, and some were sentenced to six months' imprisonment. These last appealed, and their case was heard again a few days ago, but as a Catholic happened to be on the bench an objection was raised by the Frocureur, and the whole business has been postponed size dia Added to political coercion, the Poles, it would appear, have to submit to most exas-perating religious disabilities. what remains to be seen out of doors; and my wife will be expecting you at dinner." "Much obliged," said Grant; "but I ordered my dinner at the Lion." "Then the Lion may eat it," said my father. "Look here, sir, Sir John will never forgive me if I leave a friend of his to be smoke-dried in the vil-lage tavern; you must take up your quarters with us while you stay at Oakham; and Jack, you will see about his things being brought down to the Grange." perating religious disabilities.

RACE GRATITUDE AND RELIGIOUS CANDOR.

An African Methodist Episcopal minister, Rev. Wm. H. Morris, at the National capital, has honored Leo XIII, by a poem on "Brazilian Freedom" NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

No Cross, No Crown.

F. L. STANTON.

I sometimes think when life seems drear and gloom and darmass gather here— When hope's bright star forsakes my skies for ond be sweet, if would be best To fold my tired band's and rest; But then God sends an augei down who sweetly says: "No Closs, no Crown !"

Last night I heard the river moan With and and melancholy tone; I new its waters flashing free And dashing heallong to the sea! I would have plunged beneath its tide And on its friendly bosom died. But thes God sen an argei down. Who whispered still: "No Cross, no Crown.

I said : "The world is dark and lone; There is no band to hold my own. I shad: "The world is dark and lone; There is no band to hold my own. I cannot bear the noonday heat, The thorns so pierce my bleeding feet !" "Behold !" he cried, "where, sacrificed, Shine the red, bleeding wounds of Christ !' And fell his tears of mercy down, While still he said : "No Cross, no Crown !"

Then turned I from the river shore And sought the lonely world once more; With schild beart and burning head To battle for my crust of bread But Hunger came, who knew me well, And fainting by the way I fell. But still the angel futtering down, And weeping said: "No Cross, no Crown?"

No Cross-no Crown! . . As standing there. The cross too heavy seemed to bear; And for the crown - I could not see That it was ever meant for me! The words I could not understand; Even while I pressed the ange!'s hand; But still be looked with pity down, And still he still, "No Cross, no Crown."

Back to the world I turned spain To feel its grief, endure it pain : But all the sweetness that it gave I followed weeping to the grave ; And from the cold and quiet sod I lifted my sad eyes to God. And saw the angel coming down, and in his hands a golden crown.

Then I forgot my earthly loss And kneeling lifted up the Cross; Though all at orce made lifts so sweet Lay 'neath the lilles at my feet! A radiauce from the reaims of Light, Flashed for a moment on my sight; A still small volce came fluttering down-"It is enough. Receive the Crown." Atlanta Constitutio

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD. CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ANEAS M'DONELL DAWSON LL. D., F. R. S.

PART II.

JAMES GRANT, J. M'DONALD, GEO. HAY ETC, AND THEIR TIME.

It will ever be a mystery to ordinary readers how it came to pass, that with abundant means of defence at hand, no efficient protection was given to the Bishop's house or those of the Catholic laymen which were attacked and plundered. The town guard is not worth mentioning : but there was in the city a numerous body of the regiment of "Fencibles," commanded by the Duke of Buccleugh. If these men had acted, there would have been no destruction of property. But how came it that they did not act when their commander displayed so much zeal and coursge 7 The riot act, indeed, was read; but no entreaty on the part of the commander, or the Lieutenant Colonel, could prevail on the magistrates to use the military at their command, in other words, they would not authorize the soldiers to charge the mob. This looked like collu sion with the rioters, as was, indeed, alleged with much show of truth. Why did not the Commander, who was Lord did not the Commander, who was Lord-Lieutenant of the county, give the order to scatter the rabble ? Nobody suspected him of connivance. He frequently en-dangered his life by his personal efforts ; but the civic authority alone, we imagine commanded in the city. It was a pleasure to hear the late Mr. Menzies of Pitfodels to hear the late Mr. Menzies of Pittodels relate how Henry, Duke of Buccleugh, sprang into the midst of the mob, seized a ringleader, and handed him to the authorities. This, it appears, he did several times, at great personal risk. But what availed it? No sooner were such parties committed to prison in the Castie than they were liberated and

Castle than they were liberated, an that by the orders of the Lord Advocate f It looked like insugurating anarchy when the rulers of the land thus er couraged the outragecus proceedings of an impious and lawless mob. Several tradesmen suffered the destruction of their shops. Among these sufferers were Lockbart and Smith, who, it will be remembered, left the non-juring flock and became the occasion of "the appen dix" to Bishop Hay's work on Miracles. The dangers arising from the sgitation in Scotland discouraged the Government from forwarding the Relief Bill The Scotch members were induced by the popular clamour to withhold their support. So, with the general consent, it was formally withdrawn. Bishop Hay, now that nothing more could be done towards the great object of repeal, in the meantime, bastened back to Scotland, where his afflicted people stood in need of all the comfort and support it was in his power to afford them. He reached Edinburgh at the very time the flames were devouring his new house and church. While walking from the inn towards his home, quite While walking unaware of what was happening, he observed that the streets were unusually crowded. To his great surprise, the crowding increased as he proceeded. When near Blackfrisrs' Wynd, he enquired of an old woman whom he met, what the matter was—what it all meant. "O, sir," she replied, "we are burning the popish chapel, and we only wish we had the bishop to throw into the fire." The bishop made the best of his way to the castle, where he was safe in the midst of our brave military. The day after that on which the new house was burned, the mobattacked and plundered the chapel house in Black-trias' Wynd. It was, however, in so It was, however, in so crowded a locality, that the whole city would have been in manifest danger if it had been set on fire. Resistance was therefore made, and successfully. The stand which Principal Robertson had made in support of moderation, human-ity and justice, had rendered him obnox. ous to the fanatical populace. They determined, therefore, to devote the afternoon to the destruction of his residence which was within the precincts of the University. He himself took refuge in the castle, and a st. ong detachment of the "Fencibles" supported by cavalry,

NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

looked around him at the well-filled "Five thousand volumes, isn't it so?" I

"About that, exclusive of the manuscripts, and

Grant shelves: said

hem.

"Do? Well, I suppose they'll give the beer-shops a lift; you know they owe it to them that they've got their innings. Then there's Clause 26—safe got their innings. Then there's Clause 20-sate for a year or two; and I suppose the farmers will get some sort of a sop, and promise of more. Then we shall spend a lot of money, and have a jolly fight over the Budget; and there's talk about Law Reform I suppose that is about our programme for the next session."

"You are not serious?" "I am indeed."

Yes," I observed, as he glanced towards me for confirmation of the other's accuracy; "changes in Government don't come to much in England; and no man when he is in power can really do what he talks about in opposition. The new men will find it so, and they know it as well as we." "It is incomprehensible," said the man in gray, speaking rather to himself than to any of the party;

"what a contemptible system!" The two politicians stared at him, and then at one another; it was clear that he and they revolved in different mental orbits. Further conversation was, however cut short by the stoppage of the train, the inevitable inspection of tickets, and the scramb-iing exit of the two travellers, whose places were not filled up, so that when the train once more started, the stranger and myself were left tete-a-

"You are not familiar with our English politics?" I began. "The fact is that with us parties differ rather in name than in principle." "Principle!" he repeated, for the first time bend-

In on me a pair of dark eyes, so singularly expres-sive that I involuntarily started under their gaze, "Do you really think such a thing exists? And then such a want of power--no strength, no firm

hold of anything," "Well, I don't know," I replied; "law is power with us. We don't cling to this man or that, and we are not always raising barricades for ideas, but we keep the laws." "And who makes them?" he inquired.

"The people," I replied. "The people; yes, that is to say that those who e to be governed govern; is that a fair statement

Well, I suppose it is."

"Well, then, I repeat, there is no power in that. The laws won't do it, that is clear, it must be the work of individuals."

work of individuals." "What is he thinking of?" I asked myself, in surprise. "What is it that the laws won't do? I suspect that he's some American doctrinaire that has come over to the old country to pick holes in our ways and make capital out of abusing us." Yet his eyes still haunted me. By this time he was consulting his Bradshaw.

I glanced at the address: John Aubrey, Esq., Oakham, "My father!" I exclaimed; "I will give it to him myself on his return, and as you now know my name, I may, perhaps venture to ask that of my deliverer.' "Deliverer is a larg

"Deliverer is a large word for so small a service," "Deliverer is a large word for so small a service," he replied, smiling; "but my name is Grant." shall venture to call on Mr. Aubrey to-morrow." In another moment he was gone, and turning to the house, I soon found myself in the midst of home

greetings.

CHAPTER II.

OAKHAM AND ITS MASTERS. The Grange, as the steward's house at Oakhan

"There is the old duke himself," he said, "and a "There is the old duke himself," he said, "and a finer gentleman that he never rode to cover. And a great man, too, he was in Parliament; for in his father's lifetime he sat for the county as Lord Car-stairs, and when the Great Bill passed, it was he that led the county gentlemen, and by his sole influence caused them to grant the famous Car-stairs clause. He could carry anything and any-body with him, there was such a power about him. But the crash came at last, and Oakham never saw another duke within these walls." another duke within these walls.

"Then, if I understand you, he left no son? said Grant.

"No, that was not it," said my father; "but it's a sad story," and as he spoke he sat down on a fau-teuil in one of the windows, and motioned us to do the same. "He had a son, young Carstairs, a fine young fellow who cut afigure at Oxford. Well do I remember, and all the county remembers too, his coming of age; why, it was here in this gallery that the duke, standing on a dais, received the Mayor of Bradford, and the county magistrates, and pre-sented them his son, as a king might present his heir-apparent to a nation. But all he did was in that princely style; no thought of expense. Why, when the oueen paid him a three days' visit here, "No, that was not it," said my father; "but it's sched alem his son, as a king hight present his heir apparent to a nation. But all he did was in that princely style; no thought of expense. Why, when the queen paid him a three days' visit here, the house was newly furnished from garret to cellar! You may guess what that took out of the year's rent. But he never stopped to calculate figures, not he. And when the Russian Emperor came over, and the people in London were on their mettle to give him a handsome reception, the old duke had him down here, and I fancy he puzzled him rarely. There were over sixty guests sat down each day to dinner; and when they went to the Bradford races, each gentleman was asked to choose his own equipage, barouche, or phaeton, green or claret color, black or bay horse, or what-ever he chose, and it was ready. Well, of course, I know it was reckless extravagance, but you see it was all of a piece with the duke's character—so open-handed and munificent, I often warned him it could not last; but he never would take alarm.

Grange." Jack was myself, and exceedingly willing I was to

"The Bible!" I ejaculated; "our men of culture,

"The blote!" I ejaculated; "our men of culture, as the Germans would say, are beginning to say queer things about that piece of literature." "Precisely so," he replied, "and it proves my point, that your culture is an enermous humbug." My father looked at his watch. "I believe I

must leave you young gentlemen to settle your argument together," he said; "I must be at the home-farm by one o'clock; but Jack will show you what remains to be seen out of doors; and my wife

ing for him. After the atmosphere of London clubs and law-courts the contract with a mind so fresh and out-spoken, and so free from the shackles of conventionality, was inexpressibly agreeable. "You are exceedingly good," he replied, "but my outfit is much more in keeping with the Lion's Den than with Mrs. Aubrey's drawing-room." "Stuff and nonsense, man," said my father; "Mrs. Aubrey is used to every variety of costume; it is a settled thing, then. Jack will bring you home to dinner, and if Mr. Edwards would favor us—"

"sonage." There were a few parting bows, and we left the

There were a few parting bows, and we fert the library. My father's bow as waiting at the door to carry him to the farm, but Grant detain him. "Just see here, Mr. Aubrey," he said, whilst a cer-tain look of perplexity appeared on his countenance, "I don't feel sure about this business. You see, you know pathing about me.

"I don't feel sure about this business. You see, you know nothing about me." The extreme simplicity of his words and manner, contrasting as it did with so many an evidence that the speaker was not an ordinary man, had a singu-lar charm about him, and my father felt it. "I know that you saved Jack here from breaking his bones yesterday," he replied, "and that you are Sir John Ripley's friend, and anything more you can tell us if you like after dinner;" and with a farewell gesture, my father cantered off, and Grant and I returned to the White Lion to arrange for his transfer to the Grange. transfer to the Grange.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GLADSTONE STILL VIGOROUS.

HE SPEAKS FOR TWO HOURS TO A LARGE AUDIENCE

prompted, says the writer, "on reading the Pope's printed letter to the Brazilian Bishops." Sharply does he point the contrast between this Catholic emencipation and that here : No streams of blood

Were shed on battle field ; no wounded men Were borne from slaughter's pen ; no dying groans Were beard in hospitals ; the surgeon's knife Or saw dismembered not a fractured limb : The Jubiles of Leo was at hand— How should the priestly feast be fitly kept ? What off-pring should that thankful nation make To our Orestor and Redeemer Who Had spared their Holy Father's precious life ? With hands uplifted I render thanks to Thee, The nation's God, because Brazil is free. Were shed on battle field ; no wounded men

The nation's God, because Brazil is free. Many persons criticize in order not to seem ignor-ant. They do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture. —*Carmen Sylva*. It is a great relief, and quite refreshing indeed, to see that, while the shafts of calumny are being hurled at the Church from all directions, one man at least from the outside has the manilness to boldly make the following assertion in the columns of Europe's monarch journalist, the London Times: "It has come to pass that the Church of Rome, and I believe the Church of Rome alone, is essentially the Church of the poor." The man who has the moral courage to thus express himself is Dean Lake of Durham, England. He spoke the truth, and may the God of truth bring him yet inside the One Fold. The Catholic parent who will allow his children

came over, and the people in London were on their mettle to give him a handsome reception, the old duke had him down here, and I fancy he puzzled him rarely. There were over sixty guests sai down each day to dinner; and when they went to the Bradford races, each gentleman was asked to choose his own equipage, barouche, or phaeton, green or claret color, black or bay horse, or what-ever he chose, and it was ready. Well, of course, t know it was ready sextravagance, but you see it was all of a piece with the duke's character-so open-handed and munificent, I often warned him it "You find the money, Anbrey,' he would say, 'and Till spendit'." "He was popular," said Grant. "You find the money, Anbrey,' he would say, 'and till spendit'." "He was popular," said frant. "You find the money, and then such a noble presence. But the crash came at last, as I said, and it fairly broke him. When at last the creditors could be held off no longer, he looked into his sfairs, and it is the Bradford brank to his fairs, and it is the Bradford brank mold. The younger, that being cut of, and Oakham sold. The younger, that is the Bradford brank of the carstire family, heat this the gradford branch of the Carstire family, heat the carabit of no longer, he looked into his sfairs, and it is the Bradford branch of the Carstire family, heat the the diff or longer, he looked into his sfairs, and it is the Bradford branch of the Carstire family, heat the the difford branch of the Carstire family, heat the the difford branch of the Carstire family, heat stairs behaved splendidly; consented to the entail is the Bradford branch of the Carstire family, heat the the greester weight, had recently said that heir the greest weight, had recently said that the heid of no longer, he looked into his sfairs, and it is the Bradford branch of the Carstire family, heat the creation of the carstire family, the greester weight, had recently said that the looked heat his been areaditor branch of the Carstire family; heat the scatter before the casid that Loot The Catholic parent who will allow his children