

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE, OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER I.

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. As I sat 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 gardens were things to see; and few illustrious foreigners, in the shape of Shakspeare or Cervantes, left England without enjoying the hospitality dispensed there in right royal style. In early boyhood a run with the Oakham foxhounds had ranked foremost among my home pleasures; and the support 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.

Ten years of busy life in London law-courts had, indeed, somewhat dwarfed the importance of Oakham in my present estimation; and, moreover, changed had been at work by which the influence once exercised by its owners in the country had 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."

My companions in the carriage were three in number, of whom two had established themselves in corner compartments, and were absorbed in the study of their papers. 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 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 landscape, 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 attitude.

As to the others, they were of the ordinary class of English railway travellers. Having painfully done his duty with the morning paper, the younger of the two attempted to open conversation with his opposite neighbor by the remark that "Mayflower seemed to have made all the running," 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 to ask 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 hedges.

"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, "one tongue and one ear are 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 respective views men were everywhere stying my remark that "They will have it all their own way for the present," I observed; "and released from more serious cares, Haprock can take his own time at demolishing the Pope."

"Yes," said the first speaker, "how 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 careless, off-handed manner of his companions.

"Do you know they will give the beer-shops a lift, you know they owe it to them that they got their innings. Then there's Clause 26—safe 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."

"Perhaps," he said, with a courtesy of manner which put my suspicions to the blush, "perhaps 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 he it known, read reader, that the Oakham Station was what one might call a private one. The parliamentary influence of the Dukes of Leven, the old proprietors of the property, had succeeded in placing it in the midst of their plantations at a convenient 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-known 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 porter.

"Park, sir, or village? Village, three miles and a half; 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, I don't, sir; leave it in the cloak-room, sir, and bus will call for it at seven. Where might you be going, sir?"

"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 dead pleasure. Jem shall show you the way; or, I say, Jem, is my father at home?"

"No, sir, no one at home; it's court day at Bradford, 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 gentleman, 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 plantation.

"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 lovely mansion, "this is Oakham?"

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 generally 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," he continued, smiling, "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 only in a passing way."

"And you find it beautiful?"

"Much more than that; the wilderness is beautiful, but this is 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 funeral bell. "And this Oakham family, has it much hold on the neighborhood?"

"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 country and parliament; I did not mean that. I was thinking of the tenantry; there must be hundreds dependent on a large estate."

"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 to which you allude are almost things of the past."

"More's the pity," he said, with a sigh; "but hark! is not that water, and falling water too; have you cascades in this part?"

"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, passing aside the bushes, till we were able to look down into the waterfall, 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 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 peremptory 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 solicitude.

"You should have trusted an old bushranger like me," he said; "I saw your footing was falling 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 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 large word for so small a service," he replied, smiling; "but my name is Grant, I 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 Oakham

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 perfect 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, for my story concerns my new friend rather than myself. It was a family of the commonplace English middle-class, and I was somewhat of a novice in the art of making good impressions on the mind of a young man, but my mother's influence was not of the latter order, and she was wont to do her best to make her mark on the mind of every man's mother, or, on that 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 added that she liked her garden and her poultry, and that she decidedly considered her husband to be the best man in the country, and her son the cleverest, my reader will have sufficient data wherewith to estimate her merit. As to my sister Mary, she was a sensible, good-natured girl of two-and-twenty. Besides the usual method of getting up through her mornings (and I have often speculated on what her life would be with the majority of young ladies), Mary had occupations of her own among the village people, and was perfectly familiar with every odd Betty in the neighborhood who wanted a flannel petticoat. She was not, as you might think, a devotee of the Ritualistic, for both which facts agreed by herself; but there were daily prayers at the parish church, and before I came down to an eight o'clock breakfast I knew that my sister had walked across the Park to the early morning service.

"My father, as I sat in the midst of the little home circle, told my adventures, and produced Mr. Grant's letter. My father opened it and read 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 he is a man of such talents, that I think it would be a kindness if you could call on him, and will show him any attention—Fidelity yours, JOHN RIPLEY."

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 certainly was we could not guess, but he was certainly no adventurer. The earl was in Scotland; his two sons yachting off the Isle of Wight; there was, therefore, no difficulty in complying with the request, and I accordingly set out for the Grange, the Oakham lions, and we should thoroughly inspect the place, 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 pleased him, and we were soon under the broad eaves of the Grange, 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 gardens, the forcing-houses, and pineries and greenhouses, in every stage of development, so as to keep up an unintermitted 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 lilies transported 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 conservatories with fountains playing upon marble floors. The head-gardener was in attendance, and made our brain dizzy with the names of each new variety, which I did not care to remember, and looked and listened in silence.

When the gardens had been fully inspected, my father proposed that we should proceed to the house. I thought 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.

"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 followed my father into the great entrance hall, and up the grand staircase, adorned with pictures, and with Majolica vases filled with fragrant exotics, which led to the main drawing-room, carpeted apartments glittering with all the 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 elder ducal branch that had passed away.

My father led the way, and I followed, and pointed out the first founder of the family, Lord Crossmore of the Caroline period, and other worthies of civil and military renown, till he came with a sigh to a finely-painted portrait, the bean-ideal of an English county gentleman as Lawrence alone could paint him.

"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 Carstairs, and when the Great Bill passed, it was he that led the county gentlemen, and by his sole influence caused them to grant to the famous Carstairs clause. He could carry anything and anybody with him, there was such a power about him. But the crash came at last, and Oakham never saw another duke within these walls."

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

"No, that was not it," said my father; "but it was a sad story, and as he spoke he sat down on a furniture in one of the windows, and motioned us to do the same. "He had a son, young Carstairs, a fine young fellow who cut a figure 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 presented 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 queen paid him a visit three days here, the house was newly furnished from carpet 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 feet 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 color he liked, 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. You find the money, Aubrey," he would say, "and I'll spend it!"

"He was popular," said Grant.

"Popular? I should rather think so! A kind word for everyone, and then such a noble presence. But the crash came at last, and as I said, and it fairly broke him. When at last the creditors could be held off no longer, he looked into his affairs, and it was just ruin, ruin, ruin, beggary. Young Carstairs behaved splendidly; consented to the entail being cut off, and Oakham sold. The younger, that is the Bradford branch of the Carstairs family, had raked together a lot of money with their coal mines

and iron, and they brought it up; the money paid most of the debts, not all, and Carstairs, noble fellow as he was, made over the Irish estates he held from his mother into the hands of the creditors. They offered him £10,000 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 appointment 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 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 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 break-up of a great family can never be anything but a calamity in the eyes of those who were connected with 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. Mowbray," and he said to me, "I was a reading man, of whom people like 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 librarian.

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

"About that, exclusive of the manuscripts, and half as many more again in the Bradford collection," replied the vicar. And he pointed to the book-door of an adjoining apartment.

"Plenty of other men's thoughts here," said Grant; "but it would bother me to have to use them."

"To each one his proper gift," replied the vicar, with a courteous gesture, expressive of the least possible admiration of conscious superiority. "You are a man of action, no doubt, but human thought 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, that you make your books, or rather your newspapers, read for you. As to books, no man that I have met in England reads them. He reads his Pall Mall or his Saturday, and they do the work of literary and philosophical digestion for him; much as the Red Indian squaws chew the meat for their lords and husbands."

"Then you think," I observed, "that the multiplication of books has not been over-friendly to intellect?"

"I have no pretensions to judge on the subject," he replied; "but I am sure of this, that no one who reads a 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."

"The Bible!" 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 enormous lumber."

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 room there is for your quarters while 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 the door of an adjoining apartment. You are a man of action, no doubt, but human thought has its own work to do, and books are its chronicles."

"You are exceedingly good," he replied, "but 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 room there is for your quarters while my wife will be expecting you at dinner."

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had developed a peculiarly hitherto unexpected— showed a vivid 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 necessities of the other party. (Laughter.) The Irish ought not to acquiesce in government by unequal laws. They should resist a government which, while professing anxiety to execute the law, manifested contempt 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 laws under which the Irish suffered, especially the laws dealing with combination, public meeting and the prison treatment of political offenders. Lord Hartington, he said, charged the Liberals with the responsibility for the elections in Ireland. The responsibility in reality belonged to those who refused to give to the Irish tenant the relief from arrears that has been given to the Highland tenant. When Mr. Gladstone referred to the two wings of the Liberal party for the purpose of denouncing the broken pledges of the disaffected, some one in the hall shouted: "One wing has no feathers." This sally was greeted with much laughter. Mr. Gladstone went over an old ground of the history of the union. He said that at the close of the last century the Protestants and Catholics in Ireland joined hands, but Tory wire-pullers made it their business to introduce, mainly through Orange lodges, religious animosity and intolerance between them. In conclusion, he asked what the disaffected could look for except speedy extinction. Could they reasonably expect Irishmen, under the present favorable circumstances, to change opinions that had been held for seven centuries? Why persist in such a hopeless battle now that Ireland was fighting, not with threats of separation or fenianism, but with confidence in a powerful party, whose irrevocable decisions he knew were supported by the affections of England. It would be better to endeavor to promote and consolidate the affection that was ready to burst from every Irish heart and voice.

Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat after speaking for nearly two hours. The close of his address was the signal for prolonged cheering.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Morley seconded a brief response.

London, Nov. 17.—All of the morning papers, with the exception of the Times, commenting upon Mr. Gladstone's speech at Birmingham, speak highly of his marvellous resources.

DOWN-TRODDEN POLAND.

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 hand of the Procurator of the Holy Synod in his treatment of Polish Catholics and of Lutherans belonging to the Baltic Provinces of Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland. The oppression complained of is extended to educational measures as well as religious, and according to all accounts it weighs more grievously on the people suffering 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 Polish province of Podolia the Government should exert such an unjust authority as to forbid a Catholic newspaper to employ Catholic servants in any capacity on a single village branch line which he himself has laid down to form a connection with the South Western Railway system.

That is one tangible grievance out of many. Here is another: A Russian priest, of the Orthodox creed living on the Austrian frontier, was anxious to know what methods of religious instruction and argument were employed by the Jesuits, who were holding a mission over the border. He dared not go himself, and so he sent his servant instead. The servant became a Catholic as the result of his investigation: so did between sixty and seventy of the villagers. Then down swooped the Government! Some were sent to prison, some were sentenced to a single year's surveillance, and some were sentenced to six months' imprisonment. These last appeared, and their case was heard again a few days ago, as a Catholic happened to be on the bench an objection was raised by the Procurator, and the whole business has been postponed sine die. Added to political coercion, the Poles, it would appear, have to submit to most expending religious disabilities.

RACE GRATITUDE AND RELIGIOUS CANDOR.

An African Methodist Episcopal minister, Rev. Wm. H. Morris, at the National Anti-Slavery Convention, held at New York, Nov. 10, 1888, read a poem on "Brazilian Freedom" prompted, says the writer, "on reading the Pope's printed letter to the Brazilian Bishops." Sharply does he point the contrast between this Catholic emancipation and that here:

No streams of blood
Were shed on battle-field; no wounded man
Were borne from slaying pen; no dying groans
Were heard in hospitals; the surgeon's knife
Or sawdembered not a fractured limb:
The Jubilee of Leo was at hand—
How should the priestly feast be fitly kept?
What offering should that thankful nation make
To our Creator and Redeemer Who
Had spared their Holy Father's precious life?
With hands uplifted render thanks to Thee,
The nation's God, because Brazil is free.

Many persons criticize in order not to seem ignorant. 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 manliness to boldly make the following assertion in the columns of Europe's monarch journal, 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 to grow up without the advantage of Catholic reading, and give them free access to the indecent sheets of the day, will not have to answer for mortal murder, but for that which is infinitely greater, the destruction of immortal souls. The ravages of the daily press as well as the sensational weeklies is terrible to think of. Crimes are daily going to perdition, on account of the daily ghastly recital of crime, that the public constantly craves. Catholics could aid in counteracting these results by helping in the support of their press. From one to five cents purchase a Catholic paper for the family. Who that lives cannot afford it?—Angelic.

The Hon. Theodore Davis, C. C. member of the Provincial Parliament, residing at Victoria, Vancouver Island, has been received in the Catholic Church.

Father Damen, the venerable missionary, will cease his active labors, after thirty-one years steady work, and will make his permanent home at Creighton College, Omaha. He will still give occasional missions in Nebraska.

No Cross, No Crown.

F. L. STANTON.

Sometimes think when life seems drear
And gloom and darkness gather here—
When hope's bright sun breaks my skies
And sorrow over my pathway lies
It would be sweet, if I could be
To fold my tired hands and rest;
But lo! God sends an angel down
Who awes me: says: "No Cross, no Crown!"

Last night I heard the river moan
With sad and melancholy tone;
I saw its waters gleaming
And gleaming heaving to the sea!
And gleaming heaving to the sea!
I would have plunged beneath its tide
And on its friendly bosom died.
But then God sent an angel down
Who whispered still: "No Cross, no Crown!"

I said: "The