

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

Come listen awhile to me, my lad, Come listen to me for a spell! Let that terrible drum For a moment be dumb, For your uncle is going to tell What he'll say.

REDMOND O'DONNELL; OR, LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

I don't uphold this heroine of mine—her temper is abominable, I allow; but the moment the last words passed her lips her head smote her. Peter Dangerfield stood before her white as death, and trembling so that he was forced to grasp a gilded flower stand for support.

CHAPTER III. AMONG THE ROSES.

She stood beside him, her ceaseless smile at its brightest on her small face, looking like some little female Mephistopheles come to tempt a modern Faust. He put up his eye-glass to look at her. What a gorgeous little creature she was! It was his first thought.

"Certainly I did—a decidedly fine woman, too, and as amiable as she was handsome. Colonel Dangerfield—Sir John was colored then—married a Miss Lascelles, and Katherine was born in this very house, while they were making their Christmas visit. You may have known her father and mother—You certainly seem to know Sir John suspiciously well—but don't tell me Katherine took her trappings from either of them."

"I repeat it," Mrs. Vavasor said, tapping her fan. "Katherine inherits her most abominable temper from her mother, the only inheritance her mother ever left her. And she looks like her—wonderfully like her—so like," Mrs. Vavasor repeated in a strange, suppressed voice, "that I could almost take her for a ghost in pink gauze."

"What is that you sing me there?" Mrs. Vavasor cried, in the French idiom she used when excited. "While the world lasts, and men love, and hate, and use swords and pistols, revenge will never go out of fashion. And you hate your cousin—hate her so that if looks were lightning she would have fallen at your feet ten minutes ago."

"What the deuce brings me here? Don't trouble yourself to ask the question, mon ami, your face asks it for me. I've been eavesdropping," in her airiest tone; "not intentionally, you understand," as the young man continued to stare speechlessly at her through his eye-glass.

"Ah! that blow struck home. Look at them once again, Mr. Dangerfield, lest your brave resolutions should cool—look at Katherine Dangerfield and her lover now."

"I can answer for myself—I would see her at the deuce first!" "Aud unless I greatly mistake him, Mr. Dangerfield would also. How she looks up at him! how she smiles!—her infatuation is patent to the whole room. And after her, you are the heir at law, Mr. Dangerfield."

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am a woman who never yet spared friend or foe who stood in my path. She vanished as she spoke; and Peter Dangerfield, feeling like a man in a dream, his head in a whirl, glided after her, as his cousin and her cavalier stepped under the arch of rose and myrtle.

"How charmingly cool it is here," Miss Dangerfield's fresh young voice was saying as they came in; "how bewitching is this pale moonish sort of lamplight among the orange trees and myrtles, and oh! Mr. Dantree, how delicious that last waltz was. You have my step as nobody else has it, and you waltz so light—so light! It has been a heavenly evening altogether!"

"I mean I dare stay no longer. I should never have come here at all—I wish to Heaven I never had!" "It was drawing near! Her heart was throbbing with rapture; she loved him, and she knew what was coming, but still she parried her own delight."

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old man. The girl may be a fool, but she's not. There'll be no end of a row when this comes out." She lifted her head from his shoulder, and looked up at him, shy and sweet.

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greatly excited, and would talk of nothing else. One morning I called upon him, and he exhibited very strong feeling. Taking up a newspaper—the Dublin *Atton*, I believe—he asked, "Have you read this?" and before I could ascertain what his object was, he repeated (not read, though he looked to be reading) "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?" He was so much in earnest that I fancied the spirited verses must have been composed by himself. "No," he said, "I feel every thought in this bold and thrilling poem, but it is not mine. I wish it were." He paced the room (it was his house in Charles street, Middlesex Hospital, London) with evident excitement and agitation for some twenty minutes, and at last, as he sat down, he said: "That's the sort of thing, rouse poor Ireland, God help her!" A few days later he sent me a note to say it was a Protestant clergyman who had written this "Ninety-eight" lyric. I very much doubt whether Tom Moore could or would throw himself heart and head into the patriotic sentiment of that thrilling verse.—P. S. Shelton Mackenzie.

At the time, some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the claims of trade unions to legal status were under discussion, there was one argument which was pressed more than any other by their opponents. "You are acting," people used to say to the unionists, "selfishly and tyrannically, for you are seeking benefits for yourselves without a thought for the mass of unskilled labourers beneath you."

When a cough sounds like Croup—that is, dry and hard—do not delay an instant! Give *Down's Elixir*—often enough to keep the cough loose, and the danger will soon be over.

FOR INDIGESTION NOTHING IS BETTER THAN BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and family Linctus. It brings up the wind from the stomach, removes the terrible balling which is experienced by the sufferer, and strengthens the stomach, without implanting an appetite for strong drinks. 11-4

SAM LOVER AND TOM MOORE. The Different Merits and Shortcomings of the two great Irish Poets.

One of the very best of the Irish poets, I will not say of these latter days, but of any time, has been as much neglected as Thomas Moore has been overrated. In comparing Samuel Lover with Thomas Moore I desire not to exalt one at the expense of the other. Both were highly accomplished and naturally gifted. Moore, who had received a collegiate education, was a good Latin and Greek scholar, and also mastered the French language, and was able to enjoy the Italian poets in their own language.

Moore had only one course of life—authorship. Lover was more of a universal genius, being painter, editor, lyric poet, musical composer, ex-cantant (on the piano), novelist, and dramatist. In addition, Lover was naturally an eloquent man. He was a ready and brilliant speaker, full of point, wit, and, when the occasion required it, could tip his arrows with keen satire.

Moore and Lover may be said to have resigned as poets for about the same period each. Moore was born in April, 1779, and died in 1852. Lover, also a Dublin man, made his first appearance in February, 1797, and died in July, 1868. But for the last four or five years of his life Moore's bright intellect was clouded, whereas the lamp of intellect in Lover's heart burned brightly to the close. Both of these genuine Irish poets were good family men—wholly free from immorality and what is tenderly called "dissipation"; they were good husbands and good fathers.

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