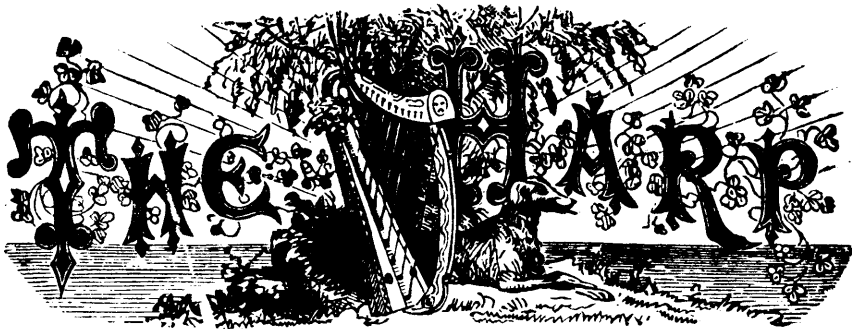


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TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY FULLERTON.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

ON one occasion, when he was doing so, he happened to look up and perceived that Madame de Moldau seemed very much moved, and caught sight of Simonette's eyes fixed upon her with a scrutinizing expression. He made some slight comments on the various topics alluded to in the number of the *Mercur de France*, which he had just read ; but his observations elicited no answers. Mention had been made in it of the war in Germany ; of Madame de Maintenon's death ; of the illness of Louis XIV. ; of a fresh conspiracy against Peter the Great, and his son's flight from Russia ; of the coronation of George I. ; a great conflagration at Brussels, and a murder at Prague. He took the paper home with him. Simonette called early the next morning and begged the loan of it for her mistress.

"I was sure," she said, "that madame would ask to see it again ; there is something in it which I know particularly interests her."

D'Auban felt greatly tempted to ask what it was she alluded to. Simonette had often of late showed a desire to talk to him of her mistress, especially in reference to the mystery in which her past life was shrouded ; but he had always checked her. He had been the means of placing this girl with Madame de Moldau, and he would not on any account have availed

himself of any information she might have acquired in order to discover her mistress's secrets. Seeing he made no reply to her observation, Simonette took the paper and went away.

All these circumstances made him anxious and thoughtful ; one thing, however, gave him comfort. She who had been apparently drifting on life's sea like a rudderless bark, was now about to enter the haven. A prudent and tender hand would soon probe the wound so long and sedulously concealed. Hope and blessings were in that thought.

CHAPTER VI.

But a more celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty
Shon on her face and encircled her form when
after confession
Homeward serenely she walked with God's
bene-diction upon her.
When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.

A FEW days later d'Auban met Madame de Moldau coming out of the church of the mission. She seemed to be gazing with admiration on the scene before her. It was an afternoon of wintry but exquisite beauty. No transparent vapor, no mist laden with dew obscured the grand outlines or dimmed the delicate features of nature. The distant hills and the smallest blade of grass stood out in beautiful distinctness in the brilliancy of the sun-

shine. But as he drew near, and she still remained motionless and absorbed in contemplation, he felt that it was not the beauty of earth and sky that was filling her soul with ecstasy—not the brilliancy of the cloudless heavens which riveted her upward gaze. He guessed, and rightly guessed, that she had that day laid at the foot of the cross the burthen so long borne in silence; that the poisoned arrow had been drawn from her breast. He was deeply moved; for he loved the woman who midway in his life had come to sadden by her silent sorrow, and yet to cheer by her gentle companionship, the loneliness of his exile. He longed to hear her say that she was one with him in faith, that henceforward they would worship at the same altar, that one great barrier between them was for ever removed. He spoke to her in a loud voice; she turned around and held out her hand to him.

"Yes," she said, in answer to his question, "it is as you suppose. I am a Catholic."

For the first time since his mother had been laid in her quiet grave in the little churchyard of St. Anne, d'Auray, tears rose in his eyes.

"Blessed be this hour and this day," he murmured with uncontrollable emotion. "It has made us one in faith. May not our hearts and our lives be also for ever united! Madame de Moldau, will you be my wife?"

The moment he had uttered the words he would have wished to recall them; for she looked beyond measure grieved and distressed. It had been an irresistible impulse. He did not feel sure that she was not angry. There was such a burning blush on her cheek, and such a singular expression in her countenance; but the blush passed away, and a look of sweetness took the place of that strange expression.

"M. d'Auban," she said, earnestly and steadily, "it is better at once, this very day, under the shadow of the cross beneath which we stand, to tell you the truth."

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed; the truth—the whole truth."

"The truth which what you said just now compels me to speak. For every possible reason we can never be more than friends; and if you would not drive me away from the home, where after much suffering I have found peace, and if you

would still help me to be good and happy, you will never allude to this subject again."

"Is this an irrevocable decision?"

"It is not a decision I have had to make; it is, I repeat it, a truth I am telling you."

"You are not free, then?"

"No, I am not free." She paused and hesitated a little. "If I was so there would still be reasons why I could not be your wife."

He remained silent. The disappointment was severe. She saw it was. Her voice trembled as she said:

"You have been all kindness to me, and the truest friend a woman ever had. I owe you more than I can ever repay. But do not ask me to explain; if you can, banish the wish to know more about me than that I was once miserable and am now contented—that I had neither faith nor hope when I came here, and that now, thanks to you, I have both."

"That is enough for me!" he eagerly cried—"quite, quite enough. I will seek to banish all other thoughts. The hope I had dared to indulge was not altogether a selfish one."

"I know it well. You wanted to help, to comfort me. Now your friend knows all." She said this, pointing to Father Maret's house. "He has given me the consolation, the advice I so much needed. He is teaching me where to find strength; he will direct my future course. But this I wish to say before I leave you to-day. Whether we are to continue to dwell in the same place, or should we part not to meet again, there is a thought that will never leave me as long as I live. I may forget many things—many there are I would fain forget but what you have done for me. . . ." She stopped, almost unable to speak for tears, and pointed to the part of the church where the altar stood, then almost immediately added, "I never can forget that you brought me *here*; that you brought me to *Him*!"

It was not all at once that d'Auban could collect his thoughts sufficiently to realize fully what had passed that day, and how different had been the result from what he had expected. The event he had so ardently desired had indeed come to pass, and ardent also was the gratitude he felt for this great blessing; but the earthly hopes connected with it had suddenly vanished. What he had felt to be the

great barrier between him and Madame de Moldau was removed, and yet was he to give up all idea of marrying her. "Not free!" He repeated those words, over and over again. "Not free, and even if free, never to be his wife." He pondered over the meaning of these words, and formed a thousand different suppositions in connection with them. The mystery was to remain as deep as ever; he had all but promised not to try to discover it. A hard struggle it was, from that day forward, to conceal feelings which were stronger than he was aware of. During the whole of the past year he had looked forward to a time when he might avow them. He had formed projects and built up schemes connected with a vision of domestic happiness. When he used to read aloud to the assembled party at St. Agathe, or when he drove Madame de Moldau in his sledge over the noiseless frozen prairies, or when bringing home the game after a hunting expedition, he was always dreaming of the time when she would be his wife; and as the hue of health returned to her cheek, and elasticity to her step, as her laugh was now and then heard about the house and in the garden; and above all, when she began to attend the Church of the Mission, and to join in all its services, the dream turned into a real hope, the sudden overthrow of which was a bitter trial. Had she given him reason to hope? Had she encouraged him to love her? This is often a difficult question to answer, especially when people have been thrown together under extraordinary circumstances, or when affection may exist to a certain degree unconsciously. He dwelt on that last thought. He could not but think that she cared for him; but then, if she was not free, their relative position was not only a difficult, but also a dangerous one, and perhaps she would be advised to leave St. Agathe, or perhaps he ought to go away himself. This would be scarcely possible, considering how his own and M. de Chambelle's fortunes were embarked in his present undertakings. He felt himself bound, and this was the practical resolution he formed, not to complicate the difficulties which might arise on this point by giving way henceforward to the expression of feelings not warranted by simple friendship. He would not, by word or look, recall to her mind the words he had

hastily spoken, or give her reason to think that he cherished them in his breast—nay, he would try to subdue them. He would work, not seven years only, as the patriarch for his bride, but, if needs be, all his life, without hope or reward. It was a difficult resolution to act up to, but his sense of honor, his feelings of generosity as well as the dictates of conscience, the dread of driving her away from St. Agathe, enabled him to keep it. His strength of character and habits of self-control stood him in good stead. She did not guess how much he was suffering, whilst everything went on as usual in the course of their daily life.

Meanwhile, another conversation had taken place at St. Agathe. M. de Chambelle, a philosopher of the new school of French infidelity, a despiser of creeds, a free thinker, who had taken unbelief on trust as some do their belief; but who, if he worshipped nothing else, worshipped Madame de Moldau—began to feel leanings towards a religion which made her look so much happier. He borrowed a prayer book, went to church and tried to say his prayers; and when he caught the fever, and shivering, weak, and miserable, was laid up for several weeks, Father Maret, like a Jesuit that he was, sat up with him night after night and robbed him of his scepticism. It oozed from him in the silence of those watches whilst he lay suffering in his uneasy bed, and Christian love and fatherly kindness came near for the first time to his aged heart. There was one green spot in that poor withered heart, but it had never been watered by the dew of heaven. Life had never been much more than a ceremony to him till it had become a suffering. He had bowed and smiled and fidgeted through its long course, and was puzzled at finding what a weary thing it had become. But when he recovered from his illness, the feeble wistful face wore a happier look. The timid heart and narrow mind expanded in the sunshine of faith.

A festival day was at hand at the Mission. It was to take place on the 8th of September, and great preparations were making for it both at St. Agathe and at the Concession d'Auban. Wreaths of flowers, large nosegays of roses and magnolias, and heaps of candles made of the pure green wax of the country, had been conveyed across the river on the preced-

ing evening; and early in the morning, Madame de Moldau, Simonette, and Antoine joined Therese and her friends, and helped them to decorate the church. Beautiful were the bunches of feathers brought by the Christian Indians, and the skins of leopards and bisons which carpeted the floor of the sanctuary. Garlands of Spanish moss, intermixed with white and purple blossoms, hung from one pilaster to another on both sides of the church.

In the afternoon there was to be a feast for the children, and Simonette had prepared large bowls of sagamity sweetened with maple syrup, and baked cakes of Indian coan.

Great was the excitement of the youthful assembly, gay the scene, and happy the faces of the congregation, when, after mass, they spread themselves over the greensward and began to play and eat under the trees. A French fiddler struck up the "Carillon de Dunquerque," which set his country people, old and young, dancing away with all their hearts. The negroes' banjos marked the cadence of their characteristic melodies; whilst the Indians accompanied with yells and shrieks their pantomimic and, for the most part, figurative performances.

Madame de Moldau had never witnessed any thing like this before. She was much amused with the animated scene, and, throwing down her straw hat on the grass, entered into its spirits with the glee of a child. As she was playing with a little negro boy, who had jumped into her arms, her hair got unfastened and rolled down her back.

"Do call Simonette to put up my hair," she said, with a bright smile, to d'Auban, who was standing a little way off.

He went to look for her. Therese said she was gone to St. Agathe to get some provisions which had been left behind. He walked towards the river and saw her coming. He saw, the minute he caught sight of her face, that she was in one of her troubled moods.

"Madame de Moldau wants you," he said.

"There are people at your house who want you, sir," she answered.

"Have you been there?"

"No, but I saw their servant Hans at the pavillon. He says they have brought you letters."

"Are they French?"

"They speak French, but I think they are Germans or Russians."

"I must go and see about them. Will you tell Madame de Moldau that perhaps I may bring them to the village this afternoon? It will be an amusing sight for European travellers."

"She must come home, sir. M. de Chambelle is worse again. He is gone to bed with the fever."

"I am very sorry to hear it; and what a pity that it should be to-day. She seemed so happy—so amused!"

Simonette made one of her usual shrugs and said, "She had better make the best of her time, then."

D'Auban thought her manner very disagreeable, but he knew it always was so when she was out of temper, and supposed this was just now the case. Simonette went on to the village, whilst he crossed the river, and hastened first to St. Agathe, where he found M. de Chambelle ill in bed, as Simonette had said, and somewhat light-headed—and then to his own house, where he found the three gentlemen he had mentioned.

He had never seen any of them before. General Brockdorf was a stiff, military-looking man, a Hanoverian by birth, but an officer in the Russian army; M. Reinhart was also a German, and Count Levacheff was a Russian. He was by far the most pleasing of the three. They had brought him letters of introduction from the Vicomte de Harlay, and also from M. Perrier, at whose house they had been staying during the days they had spent at New Orleans. They were now travelling to Canada through the Illinois and the Arkhansas.

After half an hour's conversation, he set before them some refreshments, and, begging them to excuse him for a short time, he hurried back to St. Agathe, to see if Madame de Moldau had returned. She was so shy of strangers, that he did not venture to bring these travellers to her house without her permission. She had just arrived with Simonette, who had rowed her across the river. He saw at once that she was very nervous.

"Some travellers are just arrived," he said, as he joined them.

"So I hear," she answered. "Do they stay long?"

"No, only a few hours. Two of them

are friends of De Harlay's. They would like very much to see his *folly*. Would you have any objection to my bringing them here?"

"Who and what are they?"

D'Auban mentioned their names, and added, "I have heard of the two first, but I know nothing of M. Reinhart."

"He was on board the boat which brought us up the river. I would rather not have seen him again. Have they told you any news?"

"Not much—nothing of importance; but everything about the Old World is more or less interesting here."

"Where do they come from?"

"From Paris, in the last instance,"

Madame de Moldau bit her lip, and pressed her hand on her forehead. She stood the picture of irresolution.

"It is very provoking that M. de Chambelle should be ill," she said, "and too ill even to advise me."

The tone in which this was said would have pained d'Auban, if he had not at the same time observed that her eyes were filled with tears.

"There is really no necessity for your seeing these gentlemen," he gently said. "They need not come at all if it distresses you; or, if you like to stay up stairs, I could show them the hall and the verandah."

"Oh! of course I know I can do as I like."

This was said with a slight irritation of manner, which did not escape him. She seemed to have the greatest difficulty in making up her mind.

"You can bring them here," she said at last, but did not mention whether it was her intention to see them or not.

He supposed she meant to keep in her own apartment.

When he left the house she went up to her father's room. He was dozing, and talked in his sleep of missing volumes, and the binding of a book which had been sent by the king of Poland. She sighed deeply, gave some directions to his Indian nurse, and went to change her dress.

When she came down to the parlor she had put on a large lace veil, which nearly covered her face as well as her head. She called Simonette.

"Get the shawl," she said, "which we

used to hang against the window. My eyes are weak; I should like the room darkened."

This was done, and she sat down with her back to the light. Simonette was looking almost as nervous as her mistress. "Here are the gentlemen," she said, as the hall door opened.

D'Auban almost started with surprise at finding her in the parlor, and at the darkness of the room. He introduced the strangers.

She greeted them with her usual graceful dignity of manner, and then said in a low muffled voice which did not sound like her own: "I hope, gentlemen, you will excuse my receiving you in so dark a room. My health is not strong, and the light hurts my eyes."

D'Auban thought of the way he had seen her a few hours before playing with the children in the broad sunshine, and a chilling sensation crept to his heart.

General Brockdorf made some complimentary remarks on the beauty of St. Agathe, and mentioned his acquaintance with M. de Harlay.

Count Levacheff, who had also seen him in Paris, playfully described the Frenchman's ecstasy at finding himself again in the capital of the civilized world. "For my part," he added, "I find it very interesting to travel through a country so unlike what one has seen elsewhere. The grandeur of the scenery is sublime, and makes one forget the vulgar evils of insufficient provisions, tormenting insects, and rapacious boatmen. I suppose that the beauty of the country has lost its novelty, and perhaps its charm, for you, madame?"

"The views are beautiful and the climate also," Madame de Moldau answered, in the same unnatural voice. Turning to General Brockdorf, she said: "Is it for the sole pleasure of travelling that you visit this country?"

"Not altogether, madame. The Emperor of Russia has commissioned me to draw up a report of the natural features and peculiar productions of this newly-discovered continent. Every thing which tends to progress, to enlightenment, and to civilization attracts the attention of his imperial majesty."

"Is the Czar as active as ever," asked d'Auban, "in carrying out his vast designs?"

"He has achieved wonders," the General replied, "and only lives to plan yet greater marvels."

"But are there not men of eminence and worth in Russia who, whilst they allow the merits of some of the Czar's innovations, do not approve of his mode of government, and who, whilst they admire the genius exhibited in the sudden creation of a new capital, have not transferred to it their attachment to the old Russian metropolis—time-honored Moscow?"

"You are right," exclaimed Count Levacheff, "the heart of Russia is in Moscow."

"Not its brains," said the General.

"That last mentioned article," observed Reinhart, who had not yet spoken, and who had kept his eyes fixed on Madame de Moldau with marked pertinacity, "the Czar chiefly imports from foreign countries. St. Petersburg is a haven of refuge for needy Frenchmen and German adventurers. The Czarovitch has announced his intention of sweeping away, when he comes to the throne, the invading hordes, as he calls them. He is a genuine Muscovite."

"He is as great a brute as ever lived," said Levacheff.

"With the exception of his father," observed d'Auban, who even at that distance of time could not quite endure to hear the Emperor mentioned with praise.

"Ah! but there is this difference between them," said the Count: "genius and strength adorn the character of the father with a kind of wild grandeur. The weakness of the son makes his brutality as despicable as it is hateful."

"Is it true that he has lately returned to Russia upon Count Mentzchikoff's assurances that he would receive a full pardon?"

"He has certainly returned, but has been thrown into prison. His friends say he was cruelly deceived. Others, that some fresh plots were discovered since that promise was given. What gave much surprise in Russia, was his taking refuge at the Emperor of Austria's court, seeing the reports which were circulated at the time of his wife's death."

"Was he supposed to have had a share in her death?"

"So it was said. People believe she died in consequence of a violent blow he had given her. Others said her attendants poisoned her at his instigation."

"Aye," put in Reinhart, "and ran away with her jewels."

"The matter was hushed up. It was thought the Prince would have been implicated in the matter, and the Czar did not at that time wish to come to extremities with him. Now it is thought he would be glad to crush him. The late Princess was a great favorite of his, and he was very angry with his son for the horrible way in which he treated her, as well as for his intrigues with the reactionary party. The Czarovitch is devoted to the old Muscovite cause, and fanatically attached to the orthodox religion. But the politics of Russia are not, I should imagine, the most interesting subject of conversation to a French lady, who would no doubt prefer to hear of the gaities of Paris, never more brilliant than last winter."

M. Reinhart moved his chair nearer to Madame de Moldau's, and, interrupting Count Levacheff, said: "I fancy that madame is better acquainted with St. Petersburg than with Paris. If I am not mistaken, she has resided there some years?"

Simonette turned crimson. Her hand was resting on the back of her mistress' chair, and she felt her trembling violently. She answered, however, with tolerable composure: "I have been both at Paris and at St. Petersburg."

D'Auban's heart beat fast when she said this. He had never heard her say as much as that before about her past life.

"Did not madame occupy a position in the household of the late princess?"

"No, sir," answered Madame de Moldau in a louder and more distinct tone of voice than before; then slightly changing her position, she turned to Count Levacheff and said, "How was the Empress Catharine when you left St. Petersburg?"

"In good health, I believe," he answered.

"You said, I think, the Czarovitch was returned?"

"Yes, and he was imprisoned in his palace."

"Did you hear anything of his son?"

"He lives in the Emperor's palace."

"Is he like his grandfather?"

"More like his late mother, I believe."

"I saw the young prince two or three times whilst I was at St. Petersburg; but I am not apt to take much notice of chil-

dren, even when they are imperial highnesses. He seemed a rosy little boy; with fair curling hair."

Madame de Moldau sank back in her chair, apparently exhausted with the attempt she had made at conversation. D'Auban proposed to conduct the visitors over the plantation. But she made an effort to sit up, and again addressed Count Levacheff.

"Was the Comtesse de Konigsmark at St. Petersburg?" she asked.

Before he had time to reply, M. Reinhart said in a half whisper, "Would not you like to obtain some information, madame, about a casket which was once in the countess' care?"

Madame de Moldau fainted away. Simonette received her into her arms, but there was no tenderness in the expression of her face as she bent over her drooping form! she looked on her colorless face with more scorn than pity. D'Auban felt angry and miserable. He led the strangers out of the house into the garden, and murmured something to the effect that Madame de Moldau was a great invalid.

"If you take my advice," said Reinhart, "you will have as little as possible to do with that lady. I feel certain now of what I suspected at New Orleans."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed d'Auban fiercely.

He would have willingly thrown into the river or trampled under foot the being who dared to speak of Madame de Moldau in that insulting manner; but, at the same time, a sickening doubt stole into his heart.

Reinhart was so struck with his agitation, that it suddenly occurred to him that discretion is the best part of valor. He had not the slightest wish to entangle himself in a quarrel with Madame de Moldau's friend, who might be, for aught he knew, a lover, or even an accomplice. He therefore said, with a forced smile, "The explanation is a very simple one: from what I have heard of this lady's beauty and charms, and what I have seen myself to-day, I should think there would be great danger of a man's losing his heart to her."

It was impossible not to accept this explanation, and equally so to believe in its veracity. The conversation dropped. Meanwhile Alexander Levacheff had dis-

appeared. As he was leaving the house, he turned back, as if by an irresistible impulse, and returned to the parlor. The door was open, the window also. Madame de Moldau's veil had fallen off her face. The light was shining on his pale, lovely features. Simonette hastened to the door, and closed it almost in his face. He stood in the hall apparently transfixed—motionless with astonishment. Then, sinking down on a bench, hid his face in his hands, and remained buried in thought. D'Auban, engrossed and agitated by Reinhart's remarks, had not at first noticed his absence. When he did so, and proposed to return for him, General Brockdorf objected that they had no time to spare; that Levacheff did not know a turnip from a potato, or a sugarcane from a coffee-plant, and would [be only too thankful to have been left behind.

When Madame de Moldau had recovered a little, she went upstairs to M. de Chambelle's room. Levacheff saw her go by, but she did not notice him. After she had passed, he pressed his hands on his eyes, like a man who tries to rouse himself from a dream.

She had seated herself by her father's bed and dismissed his attendant. He was asleep. His aged features looked thin and sharp, and his scanty grey hairs were matted with perspiration. She rested her head against the bed-post, and faintly ejaculated. "Faithful unto death! Faithful through a strange, long trial; and now at last going to leave me. Oh patient and devoted heart! am I indeed about to lose you? Ah! if you had not been lying here helpless and unconscious, I should not have seen those men! Why did I see them? It was rash—it was imprudent. I do not know how to take care of myself. It would have been better to have died. Oh no! God forgive me! what am I saying? I know—I know, my God, what mercies you had in store for me! You are good—goodness itself; but I am very weak." She heard voices in the garden, and went to close the window that the sick man might not be disturbed. It was d'Auban and his companions going away. Gradually the sound of footsteps receded. Simonette knocked at the door and gave her a slip of paper, on which some German words were written. White as a marble statue, trembling and irresolute,

she stood with it in her hand, gazing on the writing as if to gain time before she answered.

"Where is the gentleman who gave you this paper?"

"In the entrance hall."

"Where are the others?"

"They have walked out with M. d'Auban."

"Show him into my sitting-room; I will see him there."

In about an hour d'Auban and his two companions returned. As he entered the house he said to Simonette, who was standing in the porch talking to Reinhart's servant:

"How is your mistress?"

"Oh, pretty well, sir!" she answered in a careless tone.

"Is she upstairs?"

"She went up stairs, sir, when you went out."

"Do you know where Count Levacheff is?"

She turned away without answering.

Provoked at her uncivil manner, he sternly repeated the question.

She seemed to hesitate a little, and then said:

"I am not sure, sir, if madame wishes it known that he is with her in her private room."

At that moment, through the thin partition-wall which divided the hall from the little sitting-room, d'Auban heard Madame de Moldau speaking in her natural voice, and in a loud and eager manner. These words reached his ears:

"You promise, Count Levacheff, that you will not tell any person on earth that you have seen me?"

"Madame, if you insist upon it, I must; but do think better of it. Let me stay, or return, or at least write—"

D'Auban tore himself away, and ordered Simonette to go away also. She obeyed, but shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"It does not matter now whether I listen or not, M. d'Auban; I know all about her."

It was in an almost mechanical manner that d'Auban performed the remaining duties of hospitality towards the travellers. When Levacheff joined them in the verandah it would have been difficult to say which of the two seemed most disinclined to conversation, most absorbed in his own thoughts. General Brockdorf's unceasing

flow of small talk proved a great resource during the last half hour of their stay. At last it was time for them to go. D'Auban could not bring himself so much as to mention Madame de Moldau's name in their presence; yet, when they got into their boat and moved away from the shore, he sighed, as if feeling that he had lost the last chance of clearing away his doubts. Levacheff and Reinhart evidently knew much more about her than he did. For two days he stayed away from St. Agathe; on the third he was sent for. M. de Chambelle was much worse, and wished to see him. Father Maret had also been summoned, but had not yet arrived. He hastened to the pavillon. The sick man's couch had been carried into the parlor, where there was more air than upstairs. Madame de Moldau was sitting by his side. He was in a high fever, talking a great deal, and much excited. When d'Auban came in he cried out:

"Ah! M. d'Auban, I was afraid I should die without seeing you. Why have you stayed so long away?"

"I have been very busy about the plantation," he evasively answered.

Madame de Moldau tried to move away, but she could not disengage her hand from her father's dying grasp.

"M. d'Auban," cried the sick man in a feeble querulous voice, "you must make me a promise before I die. Without it I cannot die in peace; all that Father Maret can say is of no use. You know I am a young Christian though an old man. Will you promise to do what I ask you?"

"Anything in my power I will do, my dear friend, to meet your wishes," d'Auban kindly answered.

"Will you then promise me never to leave her—to take care of her as I have done?"

Madame de Moldau hastily bent over the old man, and said, "Dear good father, you are asking what cannot be."

"Why not? why not?" exclaimed M. de Chambelle, raising himself in the bed; "it is my only hope, my only comfort. I tell you, I cannot, and I will not die, and I will not listen to what Father Maret says about submitting to God's will, if he does not promise me this. You will be alone in the world; not one friend left; more lonely than a beggar in the streets. That cannot be God's will. Some day's

ago I dreamed that he whom we never speak of had sent a man to kill you. I don't think it was a dream I heard strange voices in the house—I am sure I did. If he sends him again, who will take care of you if M. d'Auban does not?"

"Oh! for heaven's sake, dear father, be quiet, do not talk."

"No, I will not be quiet—I will not be silent—I must say what is in my heart. When I went to confession I told Father Maret I hated somebody; I did not say who it was. Do not try to stop me. I have always obeyed you—"

"Oh, do not say that!" exclaimed Madame de Moldau, wringing her hands.

"But I must speak now; I must plead your cause before I die. Oh, Colonel d'Auban! will you forsake her?" He grasped her hand so tightly that she could not extricate it, and fixed his eyes with a wild expression on d'Auban's face. "Look at her," he cried; "look at her well. She ought to have sat upon a throne, and men bowed down before her; and now for so long she has only had me to wait upon her—"

Madame de Moldau sunk down on her knees by the bedside, pressed her lips to the hand which clasped her own, and exclaimed. "Oh, more than father! patient, kind, and loving friend! be silent now. Grieve not the heart you have so often comforted. Listen to your daughter, who would have died had it not been for you. Had God taken you from me when first we landed on these shores, I must have perished. Then, indeed, you would have had reason to fear for me. It is different now. Let this thought comfort you. Carry it with you to a better world. I have a friend who will never forsake me."

M. de Chambelle turned his dying eyes on d'Auban, who stopped and whispered, "She is not speaking of me. God is her friend now."

"Yes, dear father. I have a home in His church, a father in His priest, friends and brethren in the household of the faith. The words of the Bible, 'Thou shalt no longer be called the forsaken one,' apply to me, once an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Thou shalt no longer be called the forsaken one!" ejaculated the old man, gazing upon her with an enquiring look, as if trying to realize the meaning of the

sentence. Still he turned to d'Auban, and, drawing him nearer to himself, whispered in his ear:

"Will you not stay with her?"

"If she will let me, I will," he answered in the same low voice.

"Oh, thank God for that!"

"And wherever she goes, please God, I will watch over her."

"Oh! now I feel the good God has heard the prayer of a poor old sinner, who never did any good in his life. Where is Monsieur l'Abbe? The last time he came I would not say I was ready to die if it was God's will. You see, I was in waiting; there was nobody to take my place; the second librarian used to do so sometimes long ago. I wonder if he is dead; I am sure he has not forgotten her—"

Madame de Moldau hid her face in her hands; there was no checking the old man's rambling, and he detained d'Auban in the same way he detained her. He was silent for two or three minutes, then, starting up, he turned towards him in an excited manner.

"You know I never said you were to marry her. That would be a *mesalliance*. What would they say at the palace?"

The blood rushed to d'Auban's face; but he said in a calm and steady voice, "His mind is beginning to wander. He does not know what he says."

After a while M. de Chambelle fell asleep. By the time he woke again Father Maret had arrived. He remained with him awhile alone, and then administered to him the last sacraments. Extreme unction was followed, as it so often is, not only by increased peace and tranquility of soul, but by some bodily improvement. In the afternoon he appeared to rally considerably; still d'Auban did not venture to leave the pavillon, for he was continually asking for him. When the sun was setting and a deep tranquility reigned in the house, in which everybody moved with a light step and spoke under their breath, he sat in the porch with Madame de Moldau, conversing on the interests of the Mission and the condition of the poorer emigrants, and carefully avoiding any allusion to the past or the future, or the recent visit of the European travellers. The soft westerly wind, laden with perfumed emanations—the rustle of the leaves, and the murmuring voice of the streamlet hurrying towards the river,

like one feeble soul into eternity—the singing in parts of some German laborers at work in the neighboring forest—the beauty of the sunset sky, of the green turf and the distant view—breathed peace and tranquility. These soothing sights and sounds were hardly in accordance with the sorrowful and anxious thoughts which filled their minds. Father Maret was walking up and down the glade saying his office. When he closed his book his kind and pensive glance rested on those two dwellers in the wilderness, the secrets of whose hearts he was acquainted with, whose future struggles and sufferings he foresaw. The hours went by on their noiseless wings, and death hovered over that pretty fanciful St. Agathe, which seemed more fitting to harbor a tribe of fairies than the sorrowing and the dying. As the light waned M. de Chambelle grew weaker. The prayers for a departing soul were read over the expiring form of one who at the eleventh hour had been received into the fold. The priest held the crucifix before his dimmed and failing eyes. He gazed upon it earnestly, and then on Madame de Moldau. It was no longer to human friendship he was committing her. He made a sign that he wished to speak to her once more. She bent over him, and he found strength to whisper, “I have at last forgiven him.” One more look at her, and one at the crucifix, and then the old man died; and she whom he had loved so long and well, lifted up her voice and wept, at first almost inaudibly, then, as the full sense of her loss, the terror of her desolate fate, broke upon her, a loud and bitter cry burst from her lips. My child! my sister! When the heart is wrung by some great grief, when a blow falls on a closed but seared wound, there is always a cry of this sort. The old man weeping by the grave of his child remembers the wife of his youth. The bereaved mother in her hour of anguish calls on her own departed mother. The condemned criminal thinks of the priest who taught him his catechism. The past comes back upon us in those first hours of overwhelming sorrow and self-pity as if the grave gave up its dead to haunt or to console us.

The two kind friends by her side did not try to check the mourner's tears. One of them looked gently upon her, like a compassionate angel to whom God reveals

the secret ways by which He trains a soul for heaven. The other gazed on her bowed-down form with the yearning wish to take her to his heart and cherish her as his own; but he scarcely dared to utter the words of sympathy which rose to his lips, lest they should be misunderstood. His mind was in a dark and confused state. New thoughts were working in it. Therese came to pray for the dead and to comfort the living. Simonette was, as usual, active in doing everything needful, but there was more displeasure than sorrow in her face; and once, when she saw d'Auban looking at Madame de Moldau with an expression of anxious tenderness, her brow darkened and an impatient exclamation escaped her lips.

The funeral was simply performed, and the European stranger buried in the little cemetery, where many a wanderer from the Old World rested by the side of his Indian brethren in the faith. Many an offering of fresh-gathered flowers was laid on his grave, for both settlers and natives had become attached to the kind childlike old man, and pitied his daughter's bereavement.

CHAPTER VII.

By Father Maret's advice Madame de Moldau came to spend a few days with Therese. Her hut was clean though a very poor abode, and the change of air and scene proved very beneficial to her health. The near neighborhood of the church was a great comfort also, and to get away from Simonette a relief. Her temper had grown almost unbearable, and her manner to her mistress very offensive. She governed her household and directed all her affairs, however, with so much zeal and intelligence that she could ill have spared her; but the momentary separation seemed at this time acceptable to both.

D'Auban came sometimes to the village to see Madame de Moldau; but since the strangers' visit, and especially since what had passed when they both watched M. de Chambelle's death-bed, they had not felt at their ease together. He especially felt exceedingly embarrassed in his intercourse with her. It now seemed to him evident that she must have occupied some position which she was intensely anxious to conceal. The promise he had heard her exact from Count Levacheff and poor

M. de Chambelle's rambling expressions about a *mesalliance* and a palace pointed to his conclusion. He racked his brains to form some guess, some supposition as to the possible cause of her retirement from the world and the mystery in which it was enveloped. Once it occurred to him that, with the romantic sentimentality ascribed to one of her countrywomen, she had, perhaps, sacrificed herself, and abandoned a lover or even a husband for the sake of some other person, and resolved never to make her existence known. It was just possible that a highly-wrought sensibility, a false generosity unchecked by fixed religious principles, might have led her into some such course, and involved her in endless difficulties. It was not difficult to believe she was of noble birth. Nobility was stamped on her features, her figure, and every one of her movements. It struck even the Indians. They said she ought to have been a Woman-Sun—the title given to the female sovereigns of some of their tribes. During her stay with Therese, Madame de Moldau improved her knowledge of the language of the country, and under her guidance occupied herself with works of charity. At the end of a fortnight she returned to St. Agathe. D'Auban was waiting for her with his boat at the spot they called the ferry. He saw she had been weeping, and his heart ached for her. It was a desolate thing to come back to a home where neither relative nor friend, only servants, awaited her return. He made some remark of this kind as they approached the house.

"Yes," she said, sinking down on the bench in the porch with a look of deep despondency—"yes, the return is sad. What will the departure be?"

D'Auban started as if he had been shot. "What do you mean? You are not going away?"

"Yes, I must go, and you must not ask me to stay."

He did not utter a word, but remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his lips tightly compressed. She was distressed at his silence, and at last said:

"You are not angry with me, M. d'Auban, for resolving to do what is right?"

"Right!" he bitterly exclaimed. "Alas! madame, can I know what is right? I know not who you are, where you come from, where you are going. What I do

know is, that from the first day I saw you my only thought has been to shield you from suffering, to guard you from danger, to watch over you as a father or as a brother. When you told me to give up other hopes, I shut up my grief in my heart. I never allowed a word to escape from my lips which could offend or displease you. What more could a man do? Have I ever given you reason to distrust me? Have I obliged you to go away? But I am a fool; what poor M. de Chambelle said has misled me. You have other friends, I suppose, other prospects—"

"None."

"Then why—why must you go? What has been my fault? Cannot you forget my rash words? Cannot you rely on my promise never again?"

"Oh, M. d'Auban! it is not your fault that I must go. It was not your fault that I heard you say what I can never forget. Mine has been the fault. Would that the suffering might be mine alone; because your sympathy at first, and then as time went on your friendship, was precious to me; because I thought only of myself, and of the consolation I found in your society, sorrow has come upon us both. Nay, I will add one word more. Before I became a Catholic it did not seem to be quite impossible. . . . my ideas were different from what they now are. . . . I did not consider myself absolutely bound. . . . Now, you see, there remains nothing for us but to part."

"Why should you think so? Why not let me work for you—watch over you? You can trust me."

A deep blush rose in her cheek, as she quickly answered, "But I cannot—I ought not to trust myself."

A strange feeling of mingled pain and joy thrilled through his heart, for he now felt that his affections were returned; but he also saw that what she had said was true—that they must part. Another silence ensued; then, with a despairing resignation, he asked, "And where can you go?"

"To Canada," she answered. "Father Maret will recommend me to the Bishop of Montreal and to some French ladies there."

"Will you sell this property?"

"No; not if you will manage it for me."

"Yes, I will; and the day may come when you will revisit it."

"Perhaps so," she said, with a mournful smile—"when we are both very old."

"And how will you travel?"

"There is a party of missionaries expected here, and a French gentleman and his wife. They are on their way to Canada. Father Maret is going to arrange about my joining them. He hopes we may reach Montreal before the wet season sets in."

"So be it," murmured d'Auban; and from that moment they both sought to cheer and encourage each other, to bear with courage the approaching separation. With true delicacy of feeling she showed him how entirely she confided all her interests to his care—how she reposed on the thought of his disinterested and active friendship. He planned for the comfort of her journey, and resolved to spare her as much as possible the knowledge of what he suffered. In spite of the reserve she observed as to the past and the sad uncertainty of the future, they understood each other better than they had done yet, and there was some consolation in that feeling.

But when he had taken leave of her that day, and he thought that he should soon see her go forth with strangers from that house where he had so carefully watched over her, his courage almost failed. The sight of the blooming garden, the brightness of the sunshine, oppressed his soul, and when the sound of a light French coral struck on his ear he turned round and angrily addressed Simonette, who was watering the flowers in the verandah and singing at the same time.

"I am surprised to see you in such good spirits so soon after your kind old master's death, and at the very moment of his daughter's return to her desolate home. I thought there was more gratitude in your character."

The expression of her face changed at once. "Do *you* call me ungrateful, M. d'Auban?" she said, with a sigh. "Well, be it so. Even that I will put up with from you. But what gratitude do I owe to these people?"

"They are your benefactors."

"Indeed! Is that the meaning of the word in Europe? Is the person who devotes her time, her labor, and her wits to the service of poor helpless beings, who can do nothing for themselves, and receives a little money and perhaps a few kind

words in return, the obliged party, and they the benefactors? In this country, I think, the terms might be reversed."

D'Auban felt even more provoked with her manner than her words, and answered with a frown—

"I wonder that you can speak of your mistress in this manner."

"My mistress! I have never considered her as such. I undertook this hateful service, M. de Auban, solely at your request and for your sake, and you call me ungrateful. You speak unkindly to me, who have worked hard for these people because you wished it, and that your will has always been a law to me. For your sake, and in a way you do not know and do not understand, I have suffered the most cruel anxiety. Because I have been afraid of your displeasure I have been silent when perhaps I ought to have spoken; and yet for your sake I ought to speak, and, at the risk of making you angry, I will. Yes, at all risks, I must say it. You are blind—you are infatuated about that woman—"

"Hush! I will not hear such language as this."

"But you must hear it, or I will expose her to those who will listen to the truth. Others shall hear me if you will not."

"Speak then," said d'Auban sternly. The time had arrived when he felt himself justified in listening to Simonette's disclosures. Matters had come to a crisis, and on Madame de Moldau's own account it was necessary he should hear what Simonette had to say. He made a sign to her to sit down, and stood before her with his arms folded and looking so stern that she began to tremble. "Speak," he again said, with more vehemence than before, for he saw she hesitated.

At last she steadied her voice and spoke as follows: "Sir, it was at New Orleans that I first saw Madame de Moldau. I heard at that time that there was something mysterious about her. People said she was not called by her real name, and a servant, who arrived there with her, and soon after returned to Europe, let fall some hints that she had reasons for concealing her own. She and her father came on board our boat at night; M. Reinhart, and his servant Hans, were amongst the passenger. He said he had seen her before, and that there were strange stories about them—that they were sup-

posed to be adventurers, or even swindlers. Nobody could understand why an old man and a handsome delicate woman, not apparently in any want of money, should come to this country with the intention of taking up their abode in a remote settlement. At Fort St. Louis M. Reinhart and Hans left us, and I did not see them again till they came here with those other gentlemen. When you proposed to me to enter Madame de Moldau's service, you must, I am sure, remember that I declined to do so. I only wish I had persevered in my refusal. But you seemed very anxious I should accept your offer. You said it would be an act of charity. You did not speak of benefactors then. My father urged me also. But what really decided me was this: It was said you admired her, and that you would soon marry the lady at St. Agathe. I thought if I lived with her I should be sure to find out whether the stories about her were true or false, and that I might be the means of saving you from marrying an impostor--"

"You have no right to speak in that way," interrupted d'Auban, tried beyond endurance with the girl's language and manner. "It is a vile calumny."

"It is no such thing, M. d'Auban; you desired me to speak and you must hear me to the end. I know she does not seem an impostor—I can hardly believe her to be one; but you shall judge yourself. Well might people wonder where their money came from! I soon found out that she had many rich jewels in her possession. One of the things Hans had told me was, that her father had sold some valuable diamonds at New Orleans, and lodged the money in a banker's hand. It was reported at the same time that, in a palace in Europe, a casket was stolen which contained the jewels of a princess lately dead. It must have been the princess mentioned in the newspaper you were reading out loud one night some days ago, and which madame sent me to borrow from you the next morning. Well, the report was that her servants had stolen this casket and fled the country."

"St. Petersburg was the town you mean, and the princess, the wife of the Czarovitch of Russia."

"Yes, the Princess Charlotte, I think they called her. Hans says his master is

persuaded these people are those very servants."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"He says that M. de Chambelle's real name is Sasse, and that he lived at the court of the princess' father; that he saw him there a great many years ago. And now I must tell you what I myself discovered. I picked up on the grass near the house a casket with a picture inside it set in diamonds, and on the back of the casket, in small pearls was written the name of Peter the First, Emperor of all the Russians. I saw it with my own eyes, and the diamonds were very large, and the gold beautifully worked. I have seen things of this sort at New Orleans, but nothing half so handsome."

"You saw this with your own eyes!" repeated d'Auban, turning very pale. "But are you certain it belonged to Madame de Moldau?" he quickly added. "What did you do with it?"

"I was almost inclined to take it to you, sir, or to Father Maret; but on the whole thought it best to return it to her."

"And when you did so?"

"She seemed embarrassed, but said it was her property. And I made some observations which were painful to her, about people having secrets; and she spoke of parting with me. But it did not come to that. She did not really wish me to go, nor did I really wish to leave her. I have never been happy since that time. Sometimes I cannot help feeling sorry for her; but when I think she is deceiving you, I should like to drag her before the governor and accuse her to her face. When those gentlemen came here, Hans told me that the story of the stolen jewels was talked of more than ever at New Orleans, and people now say that the princess was murdered, that her husband was concerned in it, and had himself helped the servants to escape. Did you not notice that M. Reinhart asked her that day if she had been in the princess' household? She answered 'No;,' but I could feel, as I held the back of her chair, that she trembled, and when he spoke of the casket, then she fainted right away. Good heavens! how ill you look, M. d'Auban! Alas! alas! what can I do? I am only speaking the truth. I wish with all my heart it was otherwise. Hate me if you will, despise, disbelieve me, but do not be rash. Do not marry this deceit-

ful woman. You suspect me, perhaps. You think that I hope or expect . . . Oh never, never in my wildest dreams has such a thought crossed my mind! If she was as good as she looks, if she would make you happy, willingly would I be her slave and yours all my life. If you knew how wretched it makes me to see you look so miserable! But, oh! if you marry her and she is guilty!—”

“My dear Simonette,” said d’Auban, interrupting her, but speaking much more gently than he had yet done, “I am sure you mean kindly by me. I should be indeed ungrateful did I not believe in your sincerity. The circumstances you have related are most extraordinary; I certainly cannot at this moment account for them. But still, I would entreat you to suspend your judgment. Do not decide against her till you know more.”

“Ah! that is what Father Maret always says; but I am afraid she deceives you both.”

D’Auban eagerly caught at those words.

“Is that what he says? Then *he* does not think her guilty?”

“He does not say one thing or the other.”

“Well, Simonette, I again thank you for your kindness to myself, and I entreat you, for the present, at least, not to speak on this subject to anyone else. I feel bound to tell you that, in spite of the apparent evidence to the contrary, I still firmly believe in Madame de Moldau’s innocence.”

“And you will marry her?” exclaimed Simonette, wringing her hands.

D’Auban tried to speak calmly but he felt as if the secret recesses of his heart were being probed by the poor girl’s pertinacious solicitude.

“There is not the least prospect of my marrying Madame de Moldau. Do not distress yourself on that point; and for my sake be kind and attentive to her during the time she will yet remain here.”

“Is she going away, sir?”

D’Auban covered his face with his hands. She looked at him with anguish, “How you must hate me!” she murmured.

“No,” he said, recovering his composure. “No, Simonette, much as I suffer, I do not blame you, my poor girl. It is natural you should have had suspicions—it could not have been otherwise. But I cannot talk to you any more now; I must

be alone and think over what you have told me. May we all do what is right. If you are going to the village this evening, tell Father Maret I will call on him early to-morrow, and ask him and Therese to pray for us.

That evening he sat in his study gazing on the glowing embers and absorbed in thought. Sometimes he started up and walked up and down the room, making a full stop now and then, or, going up to the chimney, rested his head on his hands. “It would be too strange—too incredible,” he ejaculated; “and yet the more I think of it, the more does the idea gain upon me. No, no; it is a trick of the imagination. If it was so, how did I never come to think of it before? Yet it tallies with all the rest. It would explain everything. But I think I am going out of my mind to suppose such a thing.”

There was a knock at the door, and when he said “Come in,” Simon appeared.

He had returned, he said, from the north lakes, whither he had accompanied the travellers who had lately been d’Auban’s guests; he thought he would like to hear of their having journeyed so far in safety. Hans had come back with him; he had had a dispute with his master about wages and they had parted company. “He is gone to St. Agathe this evening; I fancy he admires my girl. They have always plenty to say to each other. He is a sharp fellow, Hans, and does not let the grass grow under his feet.”

D’Auban felt a vague uneasiness at hearing of this man’s return. It was from him Simonette had heard all the stories against Madame de Moldau. “I should not think,” he said, “that this man can be a desirable acquaintance for your daughter.”

“He seems a good fellow enough, and says that if she will take his advice he can show her how to better herself.”

“In what way?”

“He does not exactly say, but I don’t see why she should leave her present situation. Her wages are good and I do not find she has anything to complain of; but she has always had a queer sort of temper. For my part, I think she might go farther and fare worse. Well, M. d’Auban I only just looked in to let you know about your friends; I am off again to-morrow to the Arkansas. Have you any commands?”

"No, thank you, nothing this time. But just stop a minute; you have not had a glass of my French brandy. What do you know of this Hans' former history?"

"Not much. He has been in Spain, and Italy, and Russia. We never do know much of the people who come out here."

"I think you had better warn Simonette not to act on his advice as regards a change of situation. He cannot be a safe adviser or companion for her."

"She does not like him a bit. The girl's as proud as a peacock; I wish she was married and off my hands. Well, this is good cognac, M. d'Auban. It does a man's heart good, and puts him in mind of *la belle France*. I was thinking, as I walked here, how good your brandy always is."

"It was fortunate, then, I did not forget to offer you a glass of it," d'Auban said with a smile.

When the bargeman was gone he began again to turn over in his mind the new strange thought which had occupied him for the last two or three hours. From the first day he had made Madame de Moldau's acquaintance he had been haunted by a fancy that he had seen her before, that her face was not new to him. But that afternoon, whilst Simonette was talking to him, when she mentioned the wife of the Czarovitch (the Princess Charlotte of Brunswick), the thought darted through his mind that the person she reminded him of was this very princess. This idea brought with it a whole train of recollections. Some seven or eight years ago he was travelling with General Lefort, and they had stopped for two days at Wolfenbittel, and been invited to a dinner and a ball at the ducal palace. Now that he came to think of it, what an astonishing likeness, there was between the lady at St. Agatha and the Czarovitch's affianced bride, as he remembered her in her girlhood,—a fair creature, delicate as a harebell, and white as a snowdrop. But it was impossible. He laughed at himself for

giving a serious thought to so preposterous a conjecture, for was it not well known that that princess was dead? Had she not been carried in state to her escutcheoned tomb,

With knightly plumes and banners all waving
in the wind,

and her broken heart laid to rest under a monumental stone as hard as her fate and as silent as her misery? Can the grave give up its dead? Had she returned from the threshold of another world? Such things have been heard of. Truth is sometimes more extraordinary than fiction. He thought of the story of Romeo and Juliet, and of the young Ginevra rescued from the charnel-house by her Florentine lover. It is impossible to describe the state of excitement in which he spent that night—now convinced that this conjecture was a reality, now scouting it as an absurdity—sometimes wishing it might prove true, sometimes hoping it might turn out false; for if the chivalry and romance of his nature made him long to see the woman he loved at once cleared from the least suspicion, and to pay that homage to her as a princess which he had instinctively rendered to the daughter of an obscure emigrant; on the other hand, if she was the Princess Charlotte of Brunswick, she was also the wedded wife of the Czarovitch, and he saw the full meaning of the words she had said on the day she had been received into a Church in which the holy band of marriage is never unloosed, where neither ill-usage, nor desertion, nor crime, nor separation, annihilates the vow once uttered before the altar. Though an ocean may roll its ceaseless tides and a lifetime its revolving years between those it has united, the Catholic Church never sanctions the severance of that tie, but still reiterates the warning of John the Baptist to a guilty king, and that of Pope Clement VII., fifteen hundred years later, to a licentious monarch, "It is not lawful; it may not be."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRIEST'S CHOICE.

I SAW a tomb uprooted from the earth,
 And in that tomb I saw long locks of hair,
 And eyeless holes where beauty once had birth,
 And teeth all darkened, and defiled, and bare.

The frame within, tho' once a queenly form,
 Was such a sight as I no more would see,
 My heart grew sick to mark the dismal worm,
 Feeding upon that clay so busily!

The sight drew men around it, and they shed
 Full many a bitter tear above that tomb.
 And loud they sorrowed that the youthful head
 So soon should moulder in the graveyard's gloom.

Youth! Love! and Beauty! what are ye at last?
 Are ye not told in many a truthful strain?
 A sound—a happy dream that soon is passed—
 A sad remembrance, beautiful as vain!

I sighed and passed: but soon I chose the way
 Which now I walk in, and which I shall hold
 Till death's deep mists obscure my visual ray,
 And lay me, too, beneath the coffin's mould.

The world regards me as a wretched one,
 Shut out from all the pleasures of my race,
 Condemned to wander in my course alone,
 And feel but sadness in the gladdest place.

So let it dream; but I possess a lot
 Which seems, and is immeasurably blest;
 I have a rapture which it knoweth not,
 A holy calm—a more than mortal rest.

My God has shower'd his brightest gifts on me;
 He has vouchsafed to call me to His shrine,
 That, in the place of love and mystery,
 I may present to Him the "gift divine."

And spirits are my partners, and they speak
 To me a language which is all my bliss;
 And mine are visions which in vain we seek,
 Within the sphere of such a world as this.

I soothe the wretched on his bed of death;
 When doubts distract, or clouds of terror roll;
 I cheer the moment of his latest breath,
 And paint Heav'n's glories on his parting soul.

Nought intervenes between me and the skies,
 To keep my soul from mounting to her home;
 I leave earth's thorns, its troubles, tears, and sighs,
 In light to live, with angel guides to roam.

To God, meantime, I make the sacrifice,
 And bless forever His eternal name,
 Singing that while the suns of mortals rise,
 May ev'ry tongue His boundless love proclaim.

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHY.

How sublime, how beautiful is the dogma of our holy religion expressed in those brief words of the *Credo*, "I believe in the communion of saints." How glorious is the privilege which each of us, obscure and humble Christians as we are, enjoys in the membership of that exalted communion! To-day we are soldiers in the church militant, to-morrow, and in eternity, we may be crowned victors in the church triumphant. Time, in which we exist, is but a point; eternity was without beginning before it, and will be without end after it. But from eternity we existed in the mind and the will of God; if we act well our parts in time, we will live with him as his friends and companions for all eternity. Such is now the privileges, such the happiness of our friends and brethren, the saints in heaven. Like us, they were mortal, they were weak, sometimes inconsistent, falling and rising, struggling and persevering, and at length conquering. They constitute no order in creation distinct from ourselves. Born in original sin, of the same flesh and blood with us, redeemed by the same Savior, believing in the same creed, elevated by the same grace, nourished by the same sacrament, and subject to the same death. We are too apt to regard the saints of God as belonging to a distinct order, and partaking of a different nature from ourselves. Our faith in the communion of saints should be more practical, more efficacious. Wonderful as were the lives of the saints, they only prove what great things man is capable of accomplishing by the aid of grace. The supernatural is as possible to us as to them. They have solved the problem of Christian life, and reduced to practice both the precepts and the counsels of the gospel. If we would aspire to the same reward with them, we must merit it in a similar manner. How important is it, therefore, that we should imitate the examples of the saints, and in order to do this, we must study their lives. Not a day do we enjoy that the church in her profound wisdom and economy does not propose to us for our contemplation the virtues of the canonized saints; and be-

sides these, on the beautiful festival of All-Saints, all the holy men and women who have adorned the Christian society by their holiness, and illustrated the gospel by their heroic lives and deaths, are held up to us, not only for our veneration, but also for our imitation. Thus we may all be, nay, we must be, saints, and one day may participate in the glories of this universal festival. If we study intimately the lives of the saints, many most erroneous impressions will be removed from our minds: we will find in them nothing harsh, nothing forbidding, nothing morose, nothing sour. But all is sweetness, joy, gentleness, humility, charity and love. Anchorites, hermits and penitents, pre-eminent though they be, have not been the only saints. Nor have penitential and rigid lives been confined to the desert and the cell. St. Louis of France was at once a king, a legislator, a chivalrous knight, a soldier, and a saint. St. Elizabeth of Hungary was at once a duchess, a wife, a mother, and a saint. But we need not look exclusively to the high standard of the calendar, for in using the term saints we do not confine it to the canonized saints, but apply it in a more general sense to all the just and holy members of the Church of Christ. No age, no country, no condition, is without saints. We live in the midst of saints, our friends, companions and neighbors; for the church is never unproductive in saintly lives and heroic deaths. In order to profit by such examples, we must cultivate the habit of reading and studying pious lives. The study of history commends itself to the curious student, because he has a sympathy with the actors and learns thus the condition and great leading movements of his own race. So also the Christians may be actuated by a commendable curiosity in studying the histories of the heroes of the faith. We feel confirmed in our belief and encouraged in our good works, when we see how our ancestors have generously suffered and combatted for the one, and devotedly practiced the other. The path to virtue is long by precept, short by practice.

How important a branch, therefore, of Christian literature is Catholic biography ! It has justly been said that the proper study of mankind is man. Not that man, or any thing he can do, possesses any merit of itself ; but because the lives of men illustrate the ways of God, and demonstrate, what atheists and materialists are now more than ever trying to discredit, the government of the world by an all-wise and all-bountiful Providence. Abstract duties, while they receive the full and unqualified assent of the mind, do not always, by virtue of their moral force, impress themselves upon the outward life and conduct of mankind. Nothing is more frequent, even among well-meaning persons, than the remark, that such a thing is recognized by them as a binding and solemn duty, but is most difficult of performance. Nor is there anything more constantly confirmed by our daily observation than the fact that there is, alas ! too frequently a vast difference between the professions and practices of man. The apprehension that the performances of duty and the practice of virtue are hard tasks, deters thousands from the efforts to reduce their principles to practice. But present facts to candid minds. Point men to the lives of their fellow men, who were surrounded by the same obstacles, difficulties and temptations with themselves, who occupied the same position in life, and had the same duties to perform, and did perform them with heroic courage and unyielding perseverance, then you have at once, first convinced them that they too have it in their power to lead good and pious lives ; and secondly, you have by the force of example inspired them with a generous spirit of emulation. Such is the pleasing task, such the high and useful province of religious biography ; to portray good men as they have lived—to analyze and exhibit the inner life as manifested in the outward—to exhibit examples of fidelity in all the walks and vocations of life—to show the correspondence with grace—to prove that the supernatural order does not supersede the natural law by which man is made a member of society—that active life in the world does not, or rather should not, exclude the practice of the highest virtues, the cultivation of the most profound religious sentiments, the most tender and sensitive piety, and the firmest faith.

It has been well said in politics that men constitute the state ; but not only this, men constitute the Church of Christ ; men constitute the visible body of which our Savior is the head ; men constitute the saints of God. Biography, while contemplating their high dignity, should not draw the portraits of the saints after too rigid and stiff a study, as if exhibiting the cold abstractions or the favorite ideals of the authors, rather than the exact lives of men, as if exhibiting the saintly standard in the supernatural order to which we should aspire, rather than the achievements of our fellow mortals by the aid of grace. In such biographies, which we regret to find too common, we see the saint, but lose sight of the man. The saints themselves are not fairly dealt with thus, because their true lives are not presented. We learn a great deal about the supernatural, but do not practically imbibe the lesson that our fellow men on earth and in society attained such heights of sanctity. Thus all sympathy is cut off between the hero and the reader, and biography loses more than half its effect. But a better era is now dawning upon this most interesting branch of religious literature, as evidence of which we may cite Count de Montalambert's life of Saint Elizabeth, and Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*, or the Church of the Catacombs, which, though of different classes, are models of the manner and style in which the lives and characters of the saints should be delineated. Our church possesses a rich, an exhaustless inheritance in the merits of her saintly children. These are the treasures she prizes more than gold, the jewels she esteems more than diamonds. By virtue of the keys, which she holds by divine commission, she applies these untold merits to the great purposes of salvation ; but in her supreme wisdom and economy, she uses them as powerful engines of good in other ways, and especially by presenting the lives of the just made perfect as examples for the imitation of the faithful. No appeal can be made to generous and heroic hearts more powerful than this. Whenever the mind contemplates a beautiful model of virtue, the conscience at once speaks and commands, "Go thou and do likewise." Examples generate emulation. Such is the peculiarly practical tendency of religious biographical reading. We may safely affirm that

no sort of religious reading produces better practical results on the mind, the character and the life of man, than the reading of pious lives. As the insect borrows the richness and beauty of its hues from the plant it feeds upon, so does the human mind gather loveliness and grace from the study of the lives of our holy men. The Church proposes such lives to us for our imitation and emulation. Humbly desiring to co-operate in the great action of the church upon society by instructing the minds and improving the hearts of our readers, nothing could more appropriately enter into the purposes of our *Maga*, than by commemorating the lives of the good and great, and by appealing to the history of the great and glorious past, to aid in ameliorating and elevating the present. For in contemplating the communion of saints, the mind revels in boundless delight and admiration, and feels a generous pride in that common heritage of glory, which belongs to all the church. No distinctions of age, race, degree or nationality, are admitted to disturb the universal harmony. The church is *one* in love and harmony as she is *one* in faith. But when there is a practical question of good to be accomplished among men, special aids are found in human sympathies and associations. In this point of view the love of country may be made an instrument of good. Where is the Frenchman whose heart exults not with pride at the mention of the glories of the great and illustrious St. Louis? Where is the son of Erin who does not thank his God and bless his native country whenever he contemplates the virtues of the glorious St. Patrick? Where is the English Catholic whose soul thrills not at the mention of the names of a venerable Bede, a Becket, and Anselm? The grateful thought that this western world of ours has its saint, recognized by the universal church, has been strongly illustrated in the interest awakened by the recent publication of the life of St. Rose of Lima. But, as we have already intimated, when we use the word *saints*, we do not confine its application to those who have been officially recognized as such by the church, but we apply it in a more general sense to all the holy and illustrious persons who have gained conquests for the faith by their zeal, illustrated and adorned the society of the faithful by

their holy lives, and increased the treasures of the church by their virtues. Although our country cannot, like the older and Catholic countries, trace back her long line of sainted apostles, bishops, hermits, martyrs, confessors and virgins, who are venerated and invoked by name throughout the Christian world, still the annals of the faith in America have not been barren of saints, apostles, martyrs and confessors. In the church, in the state, and in the walks of private life, we can point to Catholic names of which every Catholic and every American may well feel proud. That unrivalled achievement, the discovery of America by Columbus, is but a Catholic chapter in the history of the world. When Catholic Europe was agitated throughout its length and breadth by the desire of emigration, and the thirst of adventure in the newly discovered continent, it was no idle word that assigned, as the leading motive, the carrying of the cross to heathen people and a thirst for the salvation of souls. The Catholic statesmen, under whose auspices colonies were planted in America, regarded the humble missionaries as indispensable members of those pioneer bands. Melendez in Florida, Calvert in Maryland, and Champlain in Canada, are examples to prove how the Catholic founders of states in America regarded religion as the only sure basis of commonwealth, and regarded their own efforts as incomplete without the co-operation of the men of God. The missionaries themselves sought with enthusiastic ardor permission to labor in those distant and dangerous fields. No sooner were the difficulties of the Atlantic conquered by science and valor, than hosts of apostolic men were seen announcing the word of God, with wonderful success, to the children of the forest, penetrating far into the interior, exploring the sources of mighty rivers, compiling the geography of the country as they advanced, visiting and founding missions in the Indian villages, acquiring the native languages and compiling Indian dictionaries, grammars and catechisms, installing into the minds of the natives friendship for the white man, and planting the cross in triumph where neither the thirst for wealth, the temptations of trade, nor the allurements of ambition, could at that early day induce the hardy settler to venture. The Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits, have thus

been the pioneers of civilization in America. The lay adventurers at first timidly settled along the margin of the vast continent, announcing their advent by the cannon's thunder, and addressing themselves immediately to the erection of a fort for defence. But the missionaries, armed with truth and zeal, plunged at once into the depths of the forest; their salutation to the red man was the announcement of glad tidings of great joy, their only weapon was the crucifix. Their steps have since been followed by the European settlers, and it is a high tribute to the wisdom and discernment of the missionaries that their missionary stations have been selected for the sites of many of the great and growing cities of our country. The hardships, the privations and the sufferings endured by these holy men, in most cases, are unknown to us, and are only recorded in the book of eternal life. When they first planted the cross in America, the country was possessed by innumerable savage and warlike tribes, ignorant and superstitious, devoid of all cultivation and letters, waging incessant war upon each other, cruel, treacherous, licentious, roving in their habits, enslaving women, devoted to demon-worship, and hostile to the approach of strangers. Such was the field which these devoted priests so ardently coveted to enter. Religion supplied the motive and triumphantly sustained them in the encounter. Pains, hunger, thirst, imprisonment, cruelties and martyrdom did not intimidate; they only stimulated. It has well been written, by the worthy author of the *History of the Catholic Missions*, that "the American Catholic Missions are unparalleled for heroic self-devotedness, energy of purpose, purity of motive, or holiness of design. Nowhere can be found more that is sublime even to eyes blinded by the glare of human greatness. Nowhere can we show more triumphant proof of the power of religion, even for the temporal well-being of nations." The day cannot be far distant, in view of the impetus given in recent years to historical investigations in this country, when the American public will acknowledge their indebtedness to the Catholic Missionaries for the services they have rendered to society. The church has never ceased to praise their actions and honor their memories. And though their names have not

been placed in the lists of the canonized saints, they share largely in the honor paid by the church to all saints. From the earliest days of colonization to the present moment, there have not been wanting in the American church the most beautiful examples of missionary zeal and disinterested devotion. With the gigantic strides of the Republic the church has kept pace, and where once stood the Indian bark chapel, now the massive gothic cathedral rears heavenward its glittering spires. Where the red men are now found, though few and dejected, there is also found the missionary laboring for their salvation with a zeal not inferior to that of his illustrious precursors. The ranks of the American clergy have produced priests, orators and divines, of whose virtues and learning any country might well be proud. The church has been organized into a hierarchy adorned from the beginning by illustrious prelates. Among the Catholic laity there have been citizens who adorned all the walks of social and public life, and have been benefactors of their race.

It is from such material, varied and copious, that the Catholic biographer has to perform the task of improving, edifying and entertaining our countrymen. American Catholic Biography is a branch of religious literature which has never received the attention its importance merits. Rich in historic incidents, examples, morals, philosophy, statesmanship and devotion, our church history strikingly and beautifully illustrates all that is valuable or admired in church or state, while the new and vigorous character of the country and the people add a charm and thrilling interest to their history. The great results amidst which we live, and which we enjoy, will fill our souls with wonder and our hearts with gratitude, when traced back to their humble and modest beginnings. Not only may it be said that our Protestant fellow-citizens are not informed how much the country owes to Catholic principles and heroism, but Catholics themselves are not as well informed as they should be, as to the part their religion has taken in building up the fair proportions of the republic. Far be it from us to make comparisons, or to claim for our church officially any intervention, past or prospective, in the political or secular affairs of the country; but where Catholic

principles and Catholic devotion have contributed to mould the destinies and promote the fortunes of the nation, we claim credit therefore for the Catholic body, as an answer to the ungenerous and unfounded assumption that this is a Protestant country, and to regulate the claim that Catholics enjoy here equal rights with Protestants by Protestant concession or toleration. We think that Catholics ought to be made to feel more at home here, by learning what Catholics have done and suffered for the commonwealth. With this view we propose to present to

our readers in the future numbers of *THE HARP* brief and familiar biographical notices of eminent Catholics from the colonial times to our own.

Thus we hope to invest Catholic biography with a peculiar interest, by bringing it home to the affections of our readers. The increase of piety, zeal for religion, attachment to the interests of the church, and courage in the practices of religious duties, are the fruits we covet from our humble labors. We also cherish another motive, which is to honor the saints and friends of God.

HAVEN'T TIME.

A CHAPTER FOR PARENTS.

"THAT boy needs more attention," said Mr. Green, referring to his eldest son, a lad whose wayward temper and inclination to vice demanded a steady, consistent, wise, and ever-present exercise of parental watchfulness and authority.

"You may well say that," returned the mother of the boy, for to her the remark had been made. "He is getting entirely beyond me."

"If I only had the time to look after him!" Mr. Green sighed as he uttered these words.

"I think you ought to take more time for a purpose like this," said Mrs. Green,

"More time!" Mr. Green spoke with marked impatience. "What time have I to attend to him, Margaret? Am I not entirely absorbed in business? Even now I should be at the counting-house, and am only kept away by your late breakfast."

Just then the breakfast bell rang, and Mr. and Mrs. Green, accompanied by their children, repaired to the dining-room. John, the boy whom the parents had been talking, was among the number. As they took their places at the table he exhibited certain disorderly movements, and a disposition to annoy his younger brothers and sisters. But these were checked, instantly, by his father, of whom John stood in some fear.

Before the children had finished eating,

Mr. Green laid his knife and fork side by side on his plate, pushed his chair back, and was in the act of rising, when his wife said;

"Don't go yet, Just wait until John is through with his breakfast. He acts dreadfully the moment your back is turned."

Mr. Green turned a quick, lowering glance upon the boy, whose eyes shrank beneath his angry glance, saying as he did so:

"I haven't time to stay a moment longer; I ought to have been at my business an hour ago. But see here, my lad" addressing himself to John, "there has been enough of this work. Not a day passes that I am not worried with complaints about you. Now mark me! I shall inquire particularly as to your conduct when I come home at dinner-time; and, if you have given your mother any trouble, or acted in any way improperly, I will take you severely to account. It's outrageous that the whole family should be kept in trouble by you. Now, be on your guard!"

A moment or two Mr. Green stood frowning upon the boy, and then retired. Scarcely had the sound of the closing street-door, which marked the fact of Mr. Green's departure, ceased to echo through the house ere John began to act as was his custom when his father was out of the way. His mother's remonstrances were of

no avail; and, when she finally compelled him to leave the table, he obeyed with a most provoking and insolent manner.

All this would have been prevented if Mr. Green had taken from business just ten minutes, and conscientiously devoted that time to the government of his wayward boy and the protection of his family from his annoyances.

On arriving at his counting-house, Mr. Green found two or three persons waiting, and but a single clerk in attendance. He had felt some doubts as to the correctness of his conduct in leaving home so abruptly, under the circumstances; but the presence of the customers satisfied him that he had done right. Business, in his mind, was paramount to everything else; and his highest duty to his family he felt to be discharged when he was devoting himself most assiduously to the work of procuring for them the means of external comfort, ease, and luxury. Worldly well-doing was a cardinal virtue in his eyes.

Mr. Green was the gainer, perhaps, of two shillings in the way of profit on sales, by being at his counting-house ten minutes earlier than would have been the case had he remained with his family until the completion of their morning meal. What was lost to his boy by the opportunity thus afforded for an indulgence in a perverse and disobedient temper it is hard to say. Something was, undoubtedly, lost—something, the valuation of which, in money, it would be difficult to make.

Mrs. Green did not complain of John's conduct to his father at dinner-time. She was so often forced to complain that she avoided the task whenever she felt justified in doing so; and that was, perhaps, far too often. Mr. Green asked no questions; for he knew, by experience, to what results such questions would lead, and he was in no mood for unpleasant intelligence. So John escaped, as he had escaped hundreds of times before, and felt encouraged to indulge his bad propensities at will, to his own injury and the annoyance of all around him.

If Mr. Green had no time in the morning or through the day to attend to his children, the evening, one might think, would afford opportunity for conference with them, supervision of their studies, and an earnest enquiry into their conduct and moral and intellectual progress. But such was not the case. Mr. Green was

too much wearied with the occupation of the day to bear the annoyance of the children; or his thoughts were too busy with business matters, or schemes of profit, to attend to the thousand and one questions they were ready to pour in upon him from all sides; or he had a political club to attend, an engagement with some merchant for the discussion of a matter connected with trade, or felt obliged to be present at the meeting of some society of which he was a member. So he either left home immediately after tea, or the children were sent to bed in order that he might have a quiet evening for rest, business reflection, or the enjoyment of a new book.

Mr. Green had so much to do and so much to think about that he had no time to attend to his children; and this neglect was daily leaving upon them ineffaceable impressions that would inevitably mar the happiness of their after lives. This was particularly the case with John. Better off in the world was Mr. Green becoming every day—better off as it regarded money; but poorer in another sense—poorer in respect to home affections and home treasures. His children were not growing up to love him intensely, to confide in him implicitly, and to respect him as their father and friend. He had no time to attend to them, and rather pushed them away than drew them toward him with the strong cords of affection. To his wife he left their government, and she was not equal to the task.

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Green, one day, "that John is learning much at the school where he goes. I think you ought to see after him a little. He never studies a lesson at home."

"Mr. Elden has the reputation of being one of our best teachers. His school stands high," replied Mr. Green.

"That may happen," said Mrs. Green. "Still, I really think you ought to know, for yourself, how John is getting along. Of one thing I am certain, he does not improve in good manners nor good temper in the least. And he is never in the house between school-hours, except to get his meals. I wish you would require him to be at your counting-house during the afternoons. School is dismissed at four o'clock, and he ranges the streets with other boys, and goes where he pleases from that time until night.

"That's very bad,"—Mr. Green spoke in a concerned voice,—"very bad. And it must be broken up. But as to having him with me, that is out of the question. He would be into everything, and keep me in hot water all the while. He'd like to come well enough, I do not doubt; but I can't have him there."

"Couldn't you set him to do something?"

"I might. But I haven't time to attend to him, Margaret. Business is business, and cannot be interrupted."

Mrs. Green sighed, and then remarked:

"I wish you would call on Mr. Elden and have a talk with him about John."

"I will, if you think it best."

"Do so, by all means. And beside, I would give more time to John in the evenings. If, for instance, you devoted an evening to him once a week, it would enable you to understand how he is progressing, and give you a control over him not now possessed."

"You are right in this, no doubt, Margaret."

But reform went not beyond this acknowledgement. Mr. Green could never find time to see John's teacher, nor feel himself sufficiently at leisure, or in the right mood of mind, to devote to the boy even a single evening.

And thus it went on from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year, until, finally, John was sent home from school by Mr. Elden with a note to his father, in which idleness, disorderly conduct, and vicious habits were charged upon him in the broadest terms.

The unhappy Mr. Green called immediately upon the teacher, who gave him a more particular account of his son's bad conduct, and concluded by saying that he was unwilling to receive him back into his school.

Strange as it may seem, it was four months before Mr. Green "found time" to see about another school, and to get John entered therein; during which long period the boy had full liberty to go pretty much where he pleased and to associate with whom he liked. It is hardly to be supposed that he grew any better for this.

By the time John was seventeen years of age, Mr. Green's business had become greatly enlarged and his mind more absorbed therein. With him gain was the primary thing; and, as a consequence his

family held a secondary place in his thoughts. If money were needed, he was ever ready to supply the demand; that done he felt that his duty to them was, mainly, discharged. To the mother of his children he left the work of their wise direction in the paths of life—their government and education; but she was inadequate to the task imposed.

From the second school at which John was entered he was dismissed within three months, for bad conduct. He was then sent to school in a distant city, where, removed from all parental restraint and admonition, he made viler associates than any he had hitherto known, and took thus a lower step in vice. He was just seventeen, when a letter from the principal of this school conveyed to Mr. Green such unhappy intelligence of his son that he immediately resolved, as a last resort, to send him to sea, before the mast—and this was done, spite of all the mother's tearful remonstrances, and the boy's threats that he would escape from the vessel on the very first opportunity.

And yet, for all this sad result of parental neglect, Mr. Green devoted no more time or care to his children. Business absorbed the whole man. He was a merchant, both body and soul. His responsibilities were not felt as extending beyond his counting-house, further than to provide for the worldly well-being of his family. Is it any cause of wonder that, with his views and practice, it should not turn out well with his children; or, at least, with some of them?

At the end of a year John came home from sea, a rough, cigar-smoking, dram-drinking, overgrown boy of eighteen, with all his sensual desires and animal passions more active than when he went away, while his intellectual faculties and moral feelings were in a worse condition than at his separation from home. Grief at the change oppressed the hearts of his parents; but their grief was unavailing. Various efforts were made to get him into some business, but he remained only a short time in any of the places where his father had him introduced. Finally, he was sent to sea again. But he never returned to his friends. In a drunken street-brawl, that occurred while on shore at Valparaiso, he was stabbed by a Spaniard, and died shortly afterward.

On the very day this tragic event took

place, Mr. Green was rejoicing over a successful speculation, from which he had come out the gainer by two thousand pounds. In the pleasure this circumstance occasioned, all thoughts of the absent one, ruined by his neglect, were swallowed up.

Several months elapsed. Mr. Green had returned home well satisfied with his day's business. In his pocket was the afternoon paper, which, after the younger children were in bed, and the older ones out of the way, he sat down to read. His eyes turned to the foreign intelligence, and almost the first sentence he read was the intelligence of his son's death. The paper dropped from his hands, while he uttered an expression of surprise and grief that caused the cheeks of his wife, who was in the room, to turn deadly pale. She had not power to ask the cause of her husband's sudden exclamation; but her heart, that ever yearned toward her absent boy, instinctively divined the truth.

"John is dead!" said Mr. Green, at length, speaking in a tremulous tone of voice.

There was from the mother no wild burst of anguish. The boy had been dying to her daily for years, and she had suffered for him worse than the pangs of death. Burying her face in her hands, she wept silently, yet hopelessly.

"If we were only blameless of the poor child's death!" said Mrs. Green, lifting her tearful eyes after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, and speaking in a sad, self-rebuking tone of voice.

When those with whom we are in close relationship die, how quickly is that page in memory's book turned on which lies the record of unkindness and neglect! Already had this page been turned for Mr. Green, and conscience was sweeping therefrom the dust that well-nigh obscured the handwriting. He inwardly trembled as he read the condemning sentences that charged him with his son's ruin.

"If we were only blameless of the poor child's death!"

How these words of the grieving mother smote upon his heart. He did not respond to them. How could he do so at that moment?

"Where is Edward?" he inquired, at length.

"I don't know," sobbed the mother. "He is out somewhere almost every even-

ing. O! I wish you would look to him a little more closely. He is past my control."

"I must do so," returned Mr. Green, speaking from a strong conviction of the necessity of doing as his wife suggested; "if I only had a little more time——"

He checked himself. It was the old excuse—the rock upon which all the best hopes for his first-born had been fearfully wrecked. His lips closed, his head was bowed, and, in the bitterness of unavailing sorrow, he mused on the past, while every moment the conviction of wrong toward his child, now irreparable, grew stronger and stronger.

After that, Mr. Green made an effort to exercise more control over his children; but he had left the reins loose so long that his tighter grasp produced restiveness and rebellion. He persevered, however; and, though Edward followed too closely the footsteps of John, yet the younger children were brought under salutary restraints. The old excuse—want of time—was frequently used by Mr. Green to justify neglect of parental duties; but a recurrence of his thoughts to the sad ruin of his eldest boy had, in most cases, the right effect; and in the end he ceased to give utterance to the words—"I haven't time." However, frequently he fell into neglect, from believing that business demanded his undivided attention.

An old monk fell sick and for many days could not eat, and his novice made him some pudding. There was a vessel of honey, and there was another vessel of linseed oil for the lamp, good for nothing else for it was rancid. The novice mistook, and mixed up the oil in the pudding. The old man said not a word, but ate it.

The novice pressed him, and helped him a second time, and the old man ate again.

When he offered it the third time, the old man said, "I have had enough;" but the novice cried, "Indeed, it is very good. I will eat some with you."

When he had tasted it, he fell on his face and said: "Father, I shall be the death of you! Why didn't you speak?"

The old man answered: "Had it been God's will that I should eat honey, honey thou wouldst have given me."

IRISH MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED FOR THE HARP.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE Lighthouse—Pictorial Legend—The Irish Volunteers—The *Mie-na-Mallah*—Ancient Forests—The *Plaid*—Dunratty Castle, county Clare—Maccollop Castle county of Waterford—Ruins of Tinturn Abbey—My Native Isle.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE following beautiful poem was published a few years ago by a prominent Canadian daily paper, with a foot note stating that its author was unknown. A moderate acquaintance with poetry ought to have noticed a familiarity of style, and a slight research would have discovered that it was the work of our national poet, Thomas Moore.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched
Looked pure as the spirit that made it. [sky

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion
From the dim distant hills, till the lighthouse
fire blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers;
The sea bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

One moment I looked from the hill's gentle
slope—
All hushed was the billows' commotion;
While o'er them the lighthouse looked lovely
as Hope—
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour when the trembling soul
flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh! then, may the seraph of mercy arise
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

PICTORIAL LEGEND.

PICTURE writing is of great antiquity. Its meaning is not always as readily comprehended as that of a verbal description, yet it is more concise and pithy, and ofte

more forcible. The pictorial records of the ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans represent, in a small space, events that require columns of printed explanations. The modern painting is no less powerful. A regiment in battle array, with swords drawn and bayonets fixed; its commander on horseback, with hand uplifted on the point of giving the final order; the buglers with their instruments to their lips ready to sound the dreaded "charge" on the murderous cannon of the enemy in the distance, furnish external and internal material for thoughts, which can be simultaneously represented by the painter, but which would require a lengthy analysis on the part of the writer to produce the same effect.

The frontispiece of THE HARP is a synopsis of Irish history. The central figure is the Rock of Cashil (Tipperary), on the summit of which are:—First, a round tower, that monument of Irish antiquity as mysterious in its origin and purpose as the pyramids of Egypt; second, the ruined stronghold of the chieftain, the cloister of the monk, and the temple of the Most High; while on the low ground to the left is the monastery of the Cistercians—all of which tell of the days of Ireland's political and religious greatness. The colossal archway is an appropriate entrance to these glories of Ireland illuminated by the splendor of the rising sun. On the floor of the vestibule lie the Irish regalia, crown, sword and spear, emblems of departed royalty. The interesting group to the right—the aged bard performing on his harp and engaging the wrapt attention of the sturdy warrior, and even of the expectant wolf-dog—speak in triumphant tones of the days of Ireland's independence before her valleys were profaned by the stranger. The group on the left, representing more recent times, is not calculated to evoke such gladsome sentiments. The maid of Erin sits disconsolate, brooding over the misfortunes of her country, while the harp, whose

“songs were made for the free,” lies unstrung beside her. The *couchant* wolf-dog is no longer cheerful and gay; yet with head erect and neck outstretched, he is eagerly watching for the dawning of that day of liberty with whose announcement he will bring joy and happiness to his sorrowful mistress. On the four corners are respectively the arms of the four provinces: Connaught (the land of Conn), with the eagle wings and drawn dagger, emblems of sovereignty; Munster, with its triple crown—O'Brian of Thomand, McCarthy of Desmond, and O'Callaghan of Ormond; Leinster, with its harp—the land of Irish song *par excellence*; and Ulster, with the Red Hand of O'Neill—“*Insult it, who dare?*” The shamrock as the groundwork of all four indicates the universality of patriotism. Finally the prominent Celtic Cross with wreathed shamrocks springing from its base, shew the attachment with which the Irish people have at all times and under the most trying circumstances, unswervingly held to the True Faith.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

THE renunciation of its power to bind the Irish parliament was made more through the fear than favor of the British government. The Irish coasts were exposed to the attacks of French and American ships of war, and Great Britain, unable or unwilling to protect them, informed the Irish people that they must be their own guardians against foreign aggression. The result is well known. The long looked for opportunity for obtaining legislative independence had arrived, and one hundred thousand Irishmen enrolled themselves under the title of Irish volunteers, ostensibly for the purpose of preventing a hostile landing, but in reality to obtain for the Dublin parliament real independence of English dictation. A resolution to that effect was drawn up at a monster gathering held at Dunganon, on February 15, 1782, and submitted to the government. The English ministry at first temporized; but viewing the firm attitude of one hundred thousand men trained and armed, finally, on the 15th of April, conceded the measure, “that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation but the king, lords and commons of Ireland.”

Yet amid the ringing sounds of these grand phrases and bold actions, there was a great deal of emptiness. No provision was made for the Catholics of Ireland—four-fifths of the nation. They were not allowed a seat in the parliament, and by a vote of two to one of the same parliament, *Catholics were excluded from the elective franchise*. It was a matter for rejoicing that Poyning's infamous law had been repealed, and that Ireland was invested with the means to become commercially great; but it is sad to think that, on the threshold of the very nineteenth century, a small minority should exercise the absolute power with which tyranny endowed it, with so much selfishness and bigotry, as to debar the body of the nation from enjoying some of the inherent rights of humanity. We have been accustomed to boast of the diplomacy of Charlemont, and the eloquence of Flood; but why should we do so when the abilities of both were exercised for the good of the few and the prejudice of the masses? Flood planned the exclusion of the Catholics, and both he and Charlemont fiercely supported and carried their plan to a successful issue! Is it any wonder that the exasperated nation plunged into the desperate venture of '98? or is it a matter of surprise that the conscience-stricken minority have ever since dreaded the day when the majority of the nation should be admitted to a position of equality? They need not fear however. The Celtic race has been ever generous, both in prosperity and adversity; and the people who elected the descendants of their oppressors to represent them in a parliament inimical to their interests, will certainly shew the same generous spirit when the time comes to constitute a parliament competent to make laws for the peculiar welfare of the Irish people.

THE MIE-NA-MALLAH.

IT was a time-honored custom in Ireland for a new-wedded couple to spend the first month of their married life in the home of the bride's parents. This period was called in Irish, the Mie-na-Mallah (or “honey-moon”). The parting of the young wife from her parents at the end of that time was a sorrowful event. No matter how attached she may be to her husband, the young wife is stricken with grief at the thought of leaving forever the

home of her childhood, and the company of her fond parents. The following verses composed in that true pathos for which Gerald Griffin's poetry is famous, ably set forth the feelings of the bride at that trying moment. The exclamation "*Wirra sthru*" is a modified form of a pious ejaculation to the Blessed Virgin—*Wirra* being the Irish vocative case for *Mhauria* (Mary).

The mie-na-mallah now is past,
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!
And I must leave my home at last,
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!
I look into my father's eyes;
I hear my mother's parting sighs;
Ah! fool to pine for other ties—
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!

This evening they must sit alone—
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!
They'll talk of me when I am gone—
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!
Who now will cheer my weary sire,
When toil and care his heart shall tire?
My chair is empty by the fire,
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!

How sunny looks my pleasant home—
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!
Those flowers for me will never bloom—
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!
I seek new friends, and I am told
That they are rich in land and gold;
Ah! will they leave me like the old?
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!

Fare-well dear friends, we meet no more,
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!
My husband's horse is at the door—
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!
Ah, love! ah, love! be kind to me
For by this breaking heart you see
How dearly I have purchased thee—
Oh, wirra sthru! oh, wirra sthru!

ANCIENT FORESTS.

OAK forests abounded in Ireland in ancient times, and the Irish oak was so very durable that it was found superior to that of any other country for ship-building, timber for houses, furniture, and various other purposes. In our old histories are accounts of the clearing of many great plains, and of the cutting down of forests in various parts of Ireland, in the earliest ages. In the cleaning out of these great plains the forests were destroyed, and great quantities of trees are found deeply buried in the bogs; and in the formation of the "Grand Canal," when cutting through the bog of Allen, in Kildare, oak, fir, yew, and other trees were found buried twenty or thirty feet below the surface;

and these trees generally lie prostrated in a horizontal position, and have the appearance of being burned at the bottom of their trunks and roots, fire having been found far more powerful in prostrating those forests than cutting them down with the axe. The great depth at which these trees are found in the bog shows that they must have lain there for many ages.

THE PLAID.

THE different ranks in Ireland were formerly distinguished by the number of colors in their garments. The king wore seven; the ollamh, or doctor, wore six; and the peasant only one. In Scotland the several clans were distinguished by the arrangement of colors which compose their plaids. The royal plaid contained seven: red, blue, purple, brown, yellow, white, and green.

BUNRATTY CASTLE, COUNTY CLARE.

THIS once celebrated castle was situated on the Clare side of the river Shannon, a few miles distant from Limerick. From the remains of the castle, it appears to have been a strong square pile of massive architecture, and like many other edifices of a similiar kind, to have suffered much from various attacks of an enemy. In many places its walls have been deeply indented with cannon-shot.

On the division of the conquered lands in Ireland among the Anglo-Norman invaders, the territory of Thomond, which comprised within its limits the present county of Clare, fell to the lot of Richard and Thomas de Clare, younger sons of the earl of Gloucester; with whom was joined Robert Mucegros, as joint proprietor.—Mucegros obtained from Henry the Third, about the year 1250, the privilege of holding a market and fair at Bunratty, and in 1277, erected the original castle of Bunratty, near the banks of the Shannon; but in a short time he surrendered it to King Edward, who granted it, together with the whole territory of Thomond, to Richard de Clare, who made it his principal residence.

In 1305, the native Irish, jealous of the increasing power of their invaders, besieged de Clare in this fortress; but their undisciplined bravery, and rude munitions of war, were unequal to the task of subdu-

ing the mural defences, and superior skill of their adversaries; and the Castle of Bunratty remained unvanquished. Nor were the Irish the only enemies de Clare had to contend with. The invaders were divided among themselves; and in the year 1311, Richard Burke, Earl of Ulster, commonly called the *Red Earl*, came with an army to besiege him in Bunratty. but the invading forces were met by the valiant de Clare, and under its walls defeated with great slaughter; John, the son of Lord Walter de Lacie, and many others being slain, and Lord William Burke, and the Earl of Ulster himself, being among the prisoners.

The natural result of this state of unnatural contention, and unceasing strife, speedily followed. Richard de Clare, although now victorious, was shortly afterwards slain; and the native Irish again taking courage, attacked the English settlers, drove them from their possessions, and in 1314 burnt the town of Bunratty to the ground.

It appears the castle held out for some time longer, for we find that, in 1327, the King had assigned to Robert de Wells, and Matilda his wife, one of the heiresses of Thomas de Clare deceased, among other possessions, the Castle and lands of Bunratty; and had appointed Robert de Sutton constable of the castle, and guardian of the lands. The charge must have been considered of importance from the amount of the salary assigned; namely, £40 per annum, and other appurtenances, a considerable sum in those days; but his endeavours to preserve his trust were ineffectual, for in the year 1332, the castle was taken and sacked by the Irish of Thomond.

Bunratty castle was subsequently recovered, and rebuilt, and became one of the principal seats of the Earls of Thomond, in whose possession it remained until the civil dissensions of the seventeenth century, when it became again the object of contention to the conflicting parties. In it the Earl of Thomond was closely besieged during the year 1642, and in 1649 it fell into the hands of the overwhelming Cromwell; in whose power it remained during the usurpation; and in it General Ludlow resided for some time during the year 1653; the effects of these successive attacks are still visible, in the shattered appear-

ance of the walls; and several cannon balls have been found about it, one of which weighed thirty-nine pounds.

Bunratty gives name to a barony and parish, in the diocese of Killaloe, is situated near the town of Meelick, and is distant from Dublin about ninety-seven miles.

MACOLLOP CASTLE, COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

SITUATED on the banks of Blackwater river on the boundary of the county of Waterford, and midway between the towns of Fermoy and Lismore, a distance of about ten miles, stands the ancient ruin of Macollop castle, consisting of a large round tower, with several smaller square ones flanking its immediate base; and with the several adjacent improvements, has at present a very picturesque appearance when viewed in almost any direction, but particularly across the river, from the spot where it is said Cromwell, in the year 1640, with an ill directed cannon shot, reduced it to its present delapidated state. The situation of the house, which is plain and rather low, seems as if designed to give the castle the most advantageous appearance, while the church, which fills up the chasm in the centre, with a well-planted hill screening the more distant mountains of Clogheen and Ariglin, completes one of the prettiest landscapes which imagination can convey to the mind; the lawn and adjacent low grounds are judiciously planted with well-grown timber, and the river, which here enters the county of Waterford, and winds almost under the castle, adds much to the beauty of the scene.

Following the course of the river, the next place almost adjoining Macollop, is Ballyduff. Overhanging the river is a lovely beech walk, perhaps not to be equalled in the kingdom for situation and growth of timber. A very pretty cavern was a few years past discovered on part of the demesne; several curious delapidated stones and other surprising natural curiosities have been found, but its extent has not as yet been perfectly ascertained; almost opposite Glenbeg is Flower Hill, the prettiest and most enviable situation I know of on the river. Adjoining Flower Hill is the natural Waterfall of Glenmore, and on the opposite bank of the river is Glencairn Abbey, admirably situated.

RUINS OF TINTERN ABBEY.

WITHIN a short distance of the mouth of the bay of Bannow, in the county of Wexford, at the foot of a lotty hill, stands the ancient ruin of Tintern Abbey, a picturesque and imposing object. It was originally founded by William, Earl Marshall of England, and Earl of Pembroke, who wedded the lady Isabella de Clare, daughter of Earl Strongbow by his second wife, the Princess Eva Macmorrough, in whose right he claimed the lordship of Leinster. The Earl of Pembroke, when in great danger at sea, made a vow that in case he escaped, he would found an abbey on the spot where he landed in safety. His bark found shelter in Bannow bay, and he scrupulously performed his vow by founding this abbey, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and filled with Cistercian monks, whom he brought from Tintern, in Monmouthshire, a monastery that owed its foundation to the house of De Clare. The new Abbey of Tintern was richly endowed by the founder, but experienced some vicissitudes of fortune; and it is stated by Archdall that, in the year 1447, "the lands belonging to it being very much wasted, and the abbot having rebuilt the house at his own particular cost and charge, it was enacted by parliament that the abbots of Tintern should not in future be compelled to attend parliaments, or other great councils." After the dissolution of religious houses, the buildings and appurtenances of this monastery were granted by Queen Elizabeth, to Anthony Colclough (afterwards Sir Anthony Colclough, Knight) to hold *in capite*, at the annual rent of 26s. 4d. Irish money.

The abbey church was a handsome building, in the pointed style, designed after the plan and elevation of Dunbrody abbey, but not on so extensive a scale. The walls are still entire, with a square tower rising from the centre; but scarcely any traces of architectural ornament are now to be discovered.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

OH! tell me not of fairer lands
Beneath a brighter sky;
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,
And flowers that never die!

The flower that on thy mountains' brow,
When wintry winds assa I,
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,
Its cold and kindly veil;

Transplanted to a richer soil,
Where genial breezes play,
In sickly bloom will droop awhile,
Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace,
When storms prevail. I feel
My father's resting place,
Though cold, yet kindly still.

And ah! the flowret's fate were mine,
If doomed from thee to part;
To sink in sickening, slow decline,
The canker of the heart.

Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties,
That round my bosom twine!
All past delight, all present joys,
My native isle are thine!

If all were gone, like summer's dew,
Before the morning beams;
Still friends that pass not, I should view
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may they still, thy changeful skies,
Thy clouds, thy mists be mine!
And th' sun that saw my morning rise,
Gleam on my day's decline!

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten
fools with her ghost.

A *necessitous* man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

There are some men whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their *friends* more.

Have the same regard for all the world, that you would wish them to have for you.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but *live* for it.

You will find no greater enemy than yourself, if you suffer your passions to govern you.

Receive your relations and friends with a smiling and engaging air; if you do otherwise, you lose the pleasure of seeing them.

Be easy of address, and courteous in conversation, and then everybody will think it a pleasure to have any dealing with you.

Though your profession should not lead you to study love and respect people of letters; and if you are not learned yourself, esteem those who are so.

By honesty and integrity you will gain credit every where, and your word will be thought more valuable in any business you may be concerned in, than all the lawyers' bonds in the world.

SCOTTISH LEGEND.

KING ROBERT on his death-bed lay, wasted in every limb,
 The priests had left, Black Douglas now alone was watching him ;
 The earl had wept to hear those words, "When I am gone to doom,
 Take thou my heart and bear it straight unto the Holy Tomb."

Douglas shed bitter tears of grief—he loved the buried man.
 He bade farewell to home and wife, to brother and to clan ;
 And soon the Bruce's heart embalm'd, in silver casket lock'd,
 Within a galley, white with sails, upon the blue waves rock'd.

In Spain they rested, there the king besought the Scottish earl
 To drive the Saracens from Spain, his galley sails to furl ;
 It was the brave knight's eagerness to quell the Paynim brood,
 That made him then forget the oath he'd sworn upon the rood.

That was his sin ; good angels frown'd upon him as he went
 With vizor down and spear in rest, lips closed, and black brow bent :
 Upon the turbans fierce he spur'd, the charger he bestrode
 Was splash'd with blood, the robes and flags he trampled on the road.

The Moors came fast with cymbal clash and tossing javelin,
 Ten thousand horsemen, at the least, on Castille closing in ;
 Quick as the deer's foot snaps the ice, the Douglas thunder'd through,
 And struck with sword and smote with axe among the heathen crew.

The horse-tail banners beaten down, the mounted archers fled—
 There came full many an Arab curse from faces smear'd with red,
 The vizor fell, a Scottish spear had struck him on the breast ;
 Many a Moslem's frighten'd horse was bleeding head and chest.

But suddenly the caitiffs turn'd and gather'd like a net,
 In closed the tossing sabres fast, and they were crimson wet,
 Steel jarr'd on steel—the hammers smote on helmet and on sword,
 But Douglas never ceased to charge upon that heathen horde.

Till all at once his eager eye discerned amid the fight
 St. Clair of Roslyn, Bruce's friend, a brave and trusty knight,
 Beset with Moors who hewed at him with sabres dripping blood—
 'Twas in a rice-field where he stood close to an orange wood.

Then to the rescue of St. Clair Black Douglas spurr'd amain,
The Moslems circled him around, and shouting charged again ;
Then took he from his neck the heart, and as the case he threw,
" Pass first in fight," he cried aloud, " as thou wert wont to do."

They found him ere the sun had set upon that fatal day,
His body was above the case, that closely guarded lay,
His swarthy face was grim in death, his sable hair was stain'd
With the life-blood of a felon Moor, whom he had struck and brain'd.

Sir Simon Lockhart, knight of Lee, bore homie the silver case,
To shrine it in a stately grave and in a holy place.
The Douglas deep in Spanish ground they left in royal tomb,
To wait in hope and patient trust the trumpet of the doom.

FOR THE HARP.

BARDS OF IRELAND.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAM.

MANY and many essays and books have been written and compiled upon the subject of Ireland's poets and bards, yet, strange to say, it would seem that always the same persons are brought to the front. A stranger, on studying the history of Ireland's literature, would most probably imagine that Ossian, Corolan, Moore, and a few others were the only minstrels of the " Land of Song."

A lady once was asked by a celebrated American poet the following question:—" How comes it that you Irish people, who have so much imagination, so much wit, so much fancy, could only produce one poet, Thomas Moore?" The person thus questioned, turned to the poet and asked him to take up the morning paper and read the first poem on it. He did so. The poem was Richard Dalton Williams' " Dying Girl." His eyes sparkled with delight and feeling as he read the lines. When he concluded, he asked who the author of those lines might be. The answer was: " He is a Tipperary boy, and that poem is only one gem in his casket, and he is only one star in the sky of Ireland's literature."

Most certainly we should never grow tired of doing justice to Moore, to Griffin, to Mangan, to Williams, to Davis, to McCarthy, to McGee, to Speranza, to Lady Price Blockwood, to Mary of the nation, or to any of those high-strung, whole-souled, heart-stirring singers, who successively and each in a peculiar style, touched the many chords of Erin's harp. But even while paying these a just and grateful tribute to their memories, we must not forget that there were others less known to fame, who seized the Celtic lyre with as delicate a hand, and sang the woes, the glories, the misfortunes and triumphs of their native country with voices as sweet and tones as true. Some are destined to be heard over the universe; others, less fortunate, are fated "to waste their fragrance on the desert air," and like many a wild flower, "blush unseen;" or like many a twittering songster of the gorgeous tropics, to sing for the skies, the earth, the streams, all nature, themselves even; but not for human ear. How beautifully does the poet-priest, Father Ryan, describe this in his most exquisite poem on "Poets," when he sings:

"The words of some command the world's
acclaim,
And never pass away,
While others' words receive no palm from fame
And live but for a day.

But, live or die, their words leave their impress
For e'er or for an hour,
And mark men's souls—some more and some
the less—
With good's or evil's power.

This essay is entitled "Bards of Ireland," but the object is merely to bring before the public a few of those poets whose names are generally, and too often, ignored when reference is made to the minstrel history of Ireland. Many an unheard of person—in a country town in Ireland—has written poems that would do honor to the best "poet of the nation," and yet their names are unknown to fame; their works are lost or forgotten, and they, themselves, have gone down "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Let us recall to mind the names of some of these bards less favored by the sprite Renown, and so doing, let us honor their precious memories! A few of the names of those Irish poets will suffice for the present. It would be impossible to even attempt to give an extract from the writings of each. Such a work would be a volume. Nearly every reader of Irish literature has heard or read the "Croppy Boy," and the "Irish Emigrants," by Carroll Malone. And all these poems are equal to any composed by Davis; yet scarcely ever do we hear of Malone as an Irish bard.

Again we have Dr. John Anster, the poet of "The Fairy Child;" and John Banim—one of the O'Hara family—whose exquisite lines on the "Soggarth Aroon" can never be forgotten by those who once read them. Beside Banim stand M. J. Barry, who wrote "The Wexford Massacre." Any one of these poets would be worthy of a high place in the ranks of poetry. All of them were true children of the muses.

How often have we not heard, read, admired and conned over that splendid poem of J. J. Callanan, "Gougaune Barra," and still poor Callanan was not ranked as he truly deserved, nor was he ever ambitious of becoming world-famous! Who ever read the poems of Thomas Crofton Croker and did not admire the spirit with which he wrote "The Lord of Dunkeron,"

"Cormac and Mary?" A number of other such like beautiful verses fell from the pen of this most original man. The Rev George Croly, who composed the "Island of Atlantis," has earned his name upon an humble yet enduring tablet.

Need we mention Francis Davis—"The Belfast Man"—whose name would have shone most brilliantly, had it not been that he was in a way eclipsed by his famous namesake, Thomas Davis. That sweet poem, "Nanny," and "My Betrothed," are inimitable. Still less known than Davis is the author of "The Brigade at Fontenoy"—the youthful, eloquent Bartholomew Dowling. With him we find Mrs. Downing and Dr. Drennan.

Reader, cast your eye over the list of names just given, and say if that lady did not answer properly when she said that the rich poetic soul of Williams was but one star in a galaxy.

To-day there lives and writes, an author, a patriot and a poet, whose name is seldom associated with the bardic history of the country. We refer to Charles Gavan Duffy. His "Sweet Sibyl," "Irish Raparees," "The Muster of the North," and numberless other poems deserve high praise. And how can we pass over the name of Samuel Ferguson, whose "Girl of Loch Dan" is so sweet, and whose "Forging of the Anchor" is so powerful. What a glowing picture he draws of that ever familiar scene of a smithy! Ferguson was truly a poet. Then we have George Fox, whose simple yet truthful ballad of "The county of Mayo" is so well known. And John Frazer, the poet of "The Holy Wells," and a number of touching lyrics.

There are fifteen poets whose names are too often ignored. There is however, a great tendency amongst certain classes of people, to not only deny us our men of talent, but even to call some of our best orators and poets Englishmen or Scotchmen. For example the author of "The Hermit," "The Deserted Village," "The Traveller." Oliver Goldsmith was most certainly an Irishman.

Irwin, whose poems on "War," "The Mountain Forge," and others, were so much admired, was an Irishman. John Keegan, whose "Caroch the Piper," and "Bouchalleen Bawn*" have brought tears to the eyes of thousands, was an Irishman

* Was not John Banim the author of "Bouchalleen Bawn?"—ED. HARP.

in heart, in thought, in act. Dr. Wm. Maginn, John Fisher Murray, Dr. Parnell, and Rev. Charles Wolfe—who wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore"—were all Irishmen.

The name of Edward Walsh must not be omitted; and above all, we must not forget to mention that born-poet of Mitchelstown, B. Simmons, whose exquisite ballads were household words all through the south of Ireland. His "Femcheon Woods," "Holy Cross Abbey," "Napoleon's Last Look," and a multitude of others, are well known in Ireland. Then we have "Father Prout," or Rev. F. Mahoney, whose translations and poems are the offspring of a most cultivated and richly stored mind. Before drawing this list to a close we must not omit Mary Eva Kelly, whose verses were the admiration and wonder of the day when she wrote for the "Nation." And perchance, of all the poets that ever sang in the English tongue, none knew better how to touch the feelings, to awaken the passions, to steal into the breast and knock at the heart, than Martin McDermott. His "Irish Exiles" and "The Coolun," are not excelled in any of the Irish ballads.

Very imperfect is the enumeration of those children of song; but imperfect as it may be, it yet should suffice to give the public an idea of how false is the assertion that Ireland had only one poet.

Here is a land that was born in song, that suffered and chanted her own laments, until, as Moore says, even "her masters themselves, as they rivet her chains, pause at the song of their captive and weep." In nearly every language of Europe some descendent of the Celtic nation chanted a hymn of praise or lament. It should be a duty, self-imposed, of every true Irishman to protect and encourage that national music, which was the soul of the people, and should be their consolation and enjoyment hereafter.

GREEN PARK, AYLMEY, QUE., 12th Feb., 1882.

When the passion of a nation's martyrdom shall be over and her children have gathered together—purified in the fires of Freedom's Pentecost—they will have preserved this glorious legacy and will go forth to preach in diverse tongues to the world the story of their misfortunes and triumphs. Through the aisles of time the hours are gliding—we hear the solemn tread as they move towards the great eternal day. As they proceed let us be up and doing. Too much time has been squandered in vain boast and bootless adventure. There is a grand maxim which we should all know and understand and act upon—it is the maxim of Thomas Davis and his companion of the "Nation"—"Educate that you may be free."

What is required is a continued effort, not only to educate ourselves, but to likewise educate others. And one of the first things which should be placed before a people is the history of their own land. And Ireland's history lives recorded in her songs. "Give me," says Fletcher of Saltoun, "the making of a people's ballads and I care not who makes the laws." This may be a little over-drawn; yet most truly do you read the real character of a people in the productions of the national poets. And certainly, in all grand national movements we find the spirit of the nation more powerful in the songs than in the laws. Look at France—to the tune of that undying song, "The Marsellais," hundreds marched to the contest, thousands to the scaffold.

When we commenced this article, it was merely with the intention of recalling to the public mind the names of some of Erin's worthy bards; but we find that we have been straying into other paths and by-ways. When one gets astray in the woods it is better to stop than proceed; therefore, we will go no further for this time, but our next excursion will be over a new field, into a region as yet unvisited by many of the readers of THE HARP.

ALMS-GIVING.—We cannot make a better use of our earthly goods, says St Vincent of Paul, than employ them in works of charity; by this means we make them

return to God, who is their source, and who is also the last end to which every thing should be referred.

FOR THE HARP.

THE PRIEST HUNTER.

A TALE.

THE laws of England are proverbially merciful, its code of jurisprudence and protection of the rights of the subject form a strong contrast to the political slavery in which many nations of the continent are even still held. In these countries the freedom of the inhabitants is strongly secured, the least innovation is immediately noticed and protested against, no measure tending to deprive the people of the least of the privileges of the constitution, can come under consideration without their being fully warned of its nature. For a free press, the most faithful guardian of a nation's rights is on the watch to secure to them those rights and privileges which have been endeared to them by ages. But yet, formed as the constitution of England is in its threefold capacity of King, Lords and Commons, each dependent on the other, and strange and difficult as it would seem that these estates of a free people should unite in promulgating laws subversive of the first principles of liberty, the freedom of thought and action. Strange and contradictory as this would appear, it has unfortunately been the case. We need go no farther than our own island for a forcible proof of it. The hand of religious intolerance wielded the mighty engine, and the Draconian severity of the laws attest the malignancy which actuates their framers in the persecution of a well-minded but despised people. Though years have floated by on the stream of time—since the reign of terror caused by the administration of these severe statutes was at its height—and though a brighter era has, thank God, dawned upon us, the remembrance of the bigotted and bloody indignities which the unfortunate professors of the Roman Catholic religion suffered is not, nor will ages be sufficient to do it, effaced. And can it be wondered at? No, no, the searing iron of unmerited persecutions entered too deeply into the souls of those who have gone before us, for a few short years entirely to erase its effects from us—of the present day to whom its blighting

influence has partially descended—it will take years of unremitted attention to the rights of an injured people before it can be said that the dark waters of Lethe have received within their bosom the recollections of the cold-blooded atrocity which distinguished the execution of this arbitrary code.

It is needless to refer to these laws in detail; they are, alas! but too well known. It will suffice for us to adduce one of them in order to exemplify the tale with which these few remarks are concluded. The one to which we allude is the sanguinary statute enacted against the professors of the Roman Catholic religion, but more particularly against its Ministers, a law so bloodthirsty and inhuman in its nature that as long as England's name shall bear a prominent part on the page of history, so long shall this be a disgrace and reproach to her.

So pure is the doctrine of Christianity which they possessed, and which inculcates the returning of good for evil, the sacred ministers of a persecuted religion after the example of their Divine Founder, bore in silence and with patience the various crosses and trials with which it pleased the Almighty Providence to afflict them. The barren heaths, and the wild and almost inaccessible summits of the mountains, were often the only shelter they could obtain to rest their wearied limbs, while the caves and dens which abound in our native island, the haunts of the wolf and the fox many times afforded them that refuge—it were dangerous for them to seek amid the haunts of men. Even the unheard of cruelties exercised against them were not sufficient to wean them from their attachment to that religion which was cemented by the blood of martyrs, and which has arisen pure and unsullied from—if it could be possible—more deadly persecutions than even this.

The golden bait was unsuccessfully tried. The men who had proved themselves capable of ending the privations they had suffered—for the sake of Him whose minis-

ters they were—could not be seduced from their allegiance by any golden lure the craftiness of their church's indelible enemies could hold out to them. The duties of our religion could be at this time of course but imperfectly performed. The awful penalty annexed to a priest's being taken in the act of offering the Holy Sacrifice, was sufficient to make the stricken shepherd cautious in leading his timid flock to the shady bowers and cooling streams of religious exercise; not for his own sake, for he rose superior to the injuries which his enemies could inflict on him, but for the sake of the suffering people, who looked up to him for consolation amidst the trials which surrounded them, and who learned by his example to suffer in silence the heartless privations that were heaped upon them. Some solitary glen or darksome cave, were often the only temples in which for a few moments the fugitive pastor could impart to his simple auditors the knowledge of the awe-inspiring truths of our redemption, or by relating to them the tortures and sufferings of the first Christians, encourage them to persevere to the end in bearing with resignation the indignities which were daily heaped upon them.

Often have the sacred ceremonies been disturbed by the preconcerted signal of the distant sentinel, posted for the purpose of apprising his suffering companions of danger, warning them to disperse, and the reverend pastor been obliged to seek safety in flight from the persevering attempts of their oppressors, who were following on their footsteps with the keenness and sagacity of the bloodhounds. Yet even amidst this general persecution of an innocent and unoffending class of men—whose only crime was their attachment to the religion of their forefathers—many of a different persuasion beheld with horror the atrocities perpetrated on their ill-fated countrymen, and willingly afforded shelter and protection—as far as the unsettled nature of the times would allow—to many a suffering Catholic. Against this there were several even among the higher grade, who eagerly wielded the pitchcap and faggot when less powerful arguments failed to make impression on their victims. So true it is that the demon of bigotry and religious intolerance is not confined to any class or sphere of life.

The following little tale forms a single

instance of the many stratagems made use of to entrap the Roman Catholic clergy during this awful period, the leading facts it need scarce be said, are true:

At the foot of the Gaultie mountains, lived a man named Craig, a member of that persuasion commonly called Dippers or Anaks. This person, in his youthful days, had always lived on terms of friendship with his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, and what in Ireland is of rare occurrence, he had married a young woman of that religion, with the free consent of her friends; but during the period to which we allude, he had become suddenly tainted with the bigoted prejudices which predominated at the time, and had rendered himself remarkable by the eagerness he manifested in pursuing his priest-hunting career. The soul-harrowing feelings of the unfortunate woman, to whom he was allied, may easier be imagined than described; language is incapable to express the tortures and anguish of her mind on finding the husband of her early affections leagued in the destruction of the friends and companions of her childhood, and above all, seeking the blood of the reverend pastors of her religion—men, who from her infancy she had been taught to view with the highest feelings of enthusiastic respect—but prayers, and tears, and protestations were alike thrown away on the hardened wretch; he had become callous in iniquity, and continued in the same reckless course despite the earnest solicitations of his neglected but still loving consort. He had heard of a priest having arrived in the neighborhood, but his utmost sagacity failed to discover the place of his retreat. Days and weeks were spent by himself and two confederates in exploring caverns and dens, which abound in the Gaultier mountains; but unavailingly. The holy fugitive still found means to baffle their most scrutinizing researches; the hand of the Lord was still his protection amidst the dangers which surrounded him, and the simple covering afforded by a few faggots of the withered heath, was often the only screen which concealed him from the eyes of his indefatigable pursuers. At length, wearied by unavailing attempts, he determined on performing by private treachery what he was unable to do by public violence. He feigned himself sick for several days, pretending to be touched with the deepest

remorse for the numerous cruelties he had practised on his fellow-creatures, and earnestly besought his injured wife to procure for him, if possible, a priest to afford him some consolation, and to render him assistance in preparing for that awful eternity into which he was about to be launched. The confiding woman, at length won by his repeated solicitations, consented to seek a clergyman for him as he so earnestly desired it, flattering herself that even at the eleventh hour it had pleased the Almighty Ruler to have given him compunction for his misdoings. Taking a circuitous route, she arrived at the cave in which the priest was concealed; three particular knocks were followed by the removal of a sliding flag by one in the interior of the cave, and she was admitted into the presence of him whom she sought. The venerable man stood amidst a few of his persecuted flock, who had assembled together, imparting to them that consolation which was, alas! a stranger to his own breast. In person he seemed of the middle size and apparently about 56 years of age, but sorrow and sufferings had effected much more than time in causing his ample brow to be furrowed with deep and careworn wrinkles; as he stood in the midst of them, with his flowing locks thrown carelessly behind him, he looked as one of the ancient patriarchs instructing his children in the knowledge of the promised Redeemer, and was a living exemplification of that character described by Goldsmith in the following lines:—

As some tall rocks that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
 storm,
 Though round its base the storms of winter
 spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Having noticed the entrance of the woman, he demanded whether any particular business had brought her to the cave at that time, she replied that her husband lay dangerously ill and that he eagerly and earnestly called for him to impart to his dying soul the spiritual consolations he stood so much in need of. On hearing this the aged pastor, knowing what kind of a character this man was, hesitated. It was however but for a moment; all care and anxiety for himself had passed away; he knew he was still in the hands of the Lord whose power was infinite, and urged by the enthusiastic desire of securing per-

haps one soul from perdition, he consented to go. The persuasions and entreaties of his humble friends had no effect in causing him to swerve from his purpose, though they continued to represent to him in lively colors the inveterate malignancy this man had heretofore borne against them. "My people," said the reverend pastor, while the tear which glistened in his eye bespoke the poignancy of his feelings, "I go in pursuance of a higher motive than that of self-preservation, if through my humble endeavours one unhappy soul is rescued from the yawning gulf of perdition, amply am I repaid though my life should fall a sacrifice in the interim." Thus saying he prepared to accompany the woman.

During the time which elapsed after the departure of the ruffian's wife, he had by a preconcerted signal given notice to his two confederates of the approach of their intended victims. Placing them in ambush they waited in silence his arrival, and in order to cloak appearances and in some measure cover his depravity in the eyes of his deceived wife, he still pretended to be unable to leave his bed. Immediately on the entrance of the unsuspecting clergyman the villains darted from their hiding place and seized him. "Avaunt unholy men," exclaimed the priest, "would you deprive an innocent fellow creature of the short remnant of days which these grey hairs shew is allotted to him?" "Cunning fox," replied they, "you have too long deluded victims by thy papistical trumpery, and gladly wouldst add another to the number; thy errand is for this time needless; we will find other work for you than increasing your flock at present, most reverend humbug. Away! away! with him," said they. "Scoffers, revile not," said the priest with animation, "the purpose which brought me here was a holy one. Alas! for the unfortunate being who has mocked the judgment of the most High. Oh! may the innocent blood you are about to shed never rise in judgment against him; fain would I speak a few words with him before I leave the house," continued he, "perhaps when he who now addresses you has crumbled to his parent earth they may tend to arouse his guilty soul to a sense of his wickedness." With a great deal of persuasion he prevailed on them to accompany him to the room in which Craig still lay. On their entrance the sight

which met their eyes was sufficient to appal the most hardened heart. On the bed on which so late he lay in all the pride of strength and vigor, glorying in the success of his impious stratagem, was he extended apparently motionless, the hair of his head standing on end, his eye-balls starting from their sockets, and large drops of perspiration starting from every pore; his whole appearance indicated that he was suffering the most excruciating agony of body and mind. "The hand of the Lord is upon him," said the aged pastor, solemnly, "with truth has He said vengeance is mine, as I will repay it." The effect which this sight had on the two who accompanied the venerable clergyman was instantaneous. From conduct the most insulting, the demeanor was now changed to the most humble. "Holy father," said they, "forgive us our wicked design. We now know we have long sinned against Him whose minister you assuredly are, and oh! if thou canst do aught for this unhappy man do it." "My children," replied the hoary priest, "you have my heartfelt forgiveness, and let me conjure

you, by this awful spectacle to seek it from Him who has so instantaneously poured His wrath on your infatuated comrade. Happily our fervent prayers may still induce the Lord to withhold his hand from cutting him off in the midst of his iniquity."

It was long before the unfortunate man gave any signs of returning animation, and years elapsed before it could be said he had regained the perfect possession of his senses. What it was he saw or heard he never told, but when he recovered he was an altered man, and became before he died as remarkable for his piety as he had been for his villiany. The aged priest was his constant visitor, and continued so, shielded in a manner by the three who had heretofore been so inveterate against him, until the relaxation of the bloody laws afforded the venerable man the means of living more openly. It need scarcely be said that they died Catholics, and it was their last request to be buried along side the priest whom they had so often persecuted.

ST. PATRICK.

WRITTEN FOR THE HARP.

IRISHMEN, scattered over the whole world, love to dwell on the memory of their glorious apostle, St. Patrick. The love which the Irish people have for this great saint is so deeply rooted in their affections, that persecution and adversity have never been able to eradicate it. Gratitude for favors received is one of the most natural feelings that spring from the heart of man. The greater the favor received, the more intense, and the more lasting that gratitude should be. St. Patrick, commissioned by the successor of St. Peter, came to Ireland to confer on the people a gift in comparison with which all earthly treasures dwindle to nothing. He found the country a pagan nation, for the true God was neither known nor worshipped in it. In the eyes of the world it was a great and glorious nation. Its advanced state of civilization was the admir-

ation of the then known world. Its natural laws of justice and equity were copied by the other nations of Europe. Its fleets swept the seas, and its armies over-ran the fairest provinces of Europe. The war-like Romans had conquered nearly the whole world, and England was merely a Roman province. The most powerful nations crumbled to ruin before the advance of her mighty armies, and so confident was she of victory, that the motto of one of her emperors was "I came, I saw, I conquered." Yet this mighty empire that had reduced to slavery many powerful nations was afraid to attack the war-like Irish. The Romans had heard wonderful stories of the beauty and fertility of this western Isle, that lay in the path toward the setting sun. They had heard of its advanced state of civilization, and in their hearts they yearned to make it a

Roman province. But they heard also that it was inhabited by a brave and warlike people, who were their masters in bravery and skill, so they considered it more prudent to pass them by, than perhaps to suffer humiliation of defeat. This is what all historians testify about Ireland previous to the dawn of Christianity. Even in its paganism there was something elevated, something above the abject paganism of other nations. The Irish adored the sun and moon, and the stars of heaven, but they never grovelled in adoration before images of wood and stone, or before the beasts of the field, as other nations had. They did not know the true God, yet their minds carried them to something elevated, and if they did not adore the God of heaven, they adored at least the heavenly bodies.

Such was pagan Ireland. By its learning and civilization, by its strict observance of the moral law which God has implanted in the human heart, it was well prepared to receive the gift of faith which St. Patrick was destined to bring. He reached Ireland early in the fifth century, and immediately began to preach the gospel of his Divine Master. Here we find a striking contrast between the Irish people and other pagan nations. In other countries the true seed of the gospel was sown in torrents of blood, but in Ireland, not one drop of blood was spilt. The Irish were an enlightened and intelligent people, and if St. Patrick could convince them that he was the messenger of the one true God, they were willing to obey. There was none of that stubborn spirit of persecution about the Irish that characterized the barbarous nations of Europe. Had St. Patrick with his few followers landed on the shores of other pagan nations, he would soon have filled a martyr's grave. The Irish people for the first time heard the words of life; their beloved apostle showed them the crime of idolatry in its true colors, he told them of the one eternal God who had created this world out of nothing, who had fashioned man to his own image and likeness, and who loved him with such an infinite love that he sent down His only begotten Son to redeem them from the slavery of sin, and from eternal death. We are told that in order to illustrate the mystery of the most Holy Trinity, St. Patrick plucked a shamrock leaf and showed the people the

three branches growing from the one stem, and hence the shamrock has ever since been held in veneration by the Irish people. In a short time after the arrival of St. Patrick, Ireland was as thoroughly Catholic as the most ancient nations of Christendom. Is it any wonder we love to dwell on the memory of our glorious apostle! He conferred on his children a gift which no royal potentate could bestow. He planted the faith of his Divine Master so deeply in the soil of Ireland that all the powers of hell have never yet been able to uproot it. Cold indeed must that heart be that can recall what St. Patrick has done for the human race without feeling penetrated with sentiments of deep and lasting gratitude! Holy missionaries stamped with the authority of the vicar of Christ, have carried the true faith into every pagan nation, and they have even shed their blood in testimony of their belief. But the fruit of their labors seems to have long since passed away. St. Augustine evangelized Africa, and made it for the time a stronghold of the faith. Now, scarcely a vestige of his labors in that country remains. The true faith was preached in Germany, and at one time it too, was Catholic. On the approach of the so-called reformation, it severed its connection with the Holy See, and now it is recognized as a protestant nation. England received the light of faith, and for a time was considered a Catholic country, but in submission to the commands of her impure king, she broke off from Catholic unity, and now the true faith is preserved in that country only by the faithful sons of St. Patrick.

What a contrast exists between the Irish people and many other countries which have fallen away from the faith they once received! The blessing of God attended the labors of our national apostle, and it must be admitted he had a docile, intelligent people to instruct. In all this we see the finger of God, who destines certain people or a certain class of people to attain some great end, and he endows them with the natural dispositions and the supernatural graces necessary for that purpose. He pre-ordained St. Patrick to be His instrument in carrying the light of Faith to the Irish people. He prepared him for this supernatural mission, and hence his labors were so successful, and brought forth fruit a hundred-fold. The

Irish were not to enjoy the blessings of faith in peace; but on the contrary, they were destined to pass through the dark and bitter waters of bloody persecution. Is there a race of people in the world that has suffered more for the faith than the Irish? They preferred the prison, exile, and even death, rather than give up one iota of the faith which St. Patrick preached to their forefathers. If they had possessed that happy elasticity of conscience by which they could change their creed at the whim of their temporal rulers, they could have escaped those bloody persecutions; but they justly considered their faith more important than the favors of this world. Irishmen justly feel proud of their ancestors. They have handed down to us a stainless record, a record of heroic virtue which has no parallel in the annals

of Christianity. When other nations fell away, Ireland clung to the faith of St. Patrick. When other nations submitted themselves to the blind guidance of their passions, the Irish steadfastly followed the path of faith and virtue. Recreant indeed must that Irishman be who has not a sincere love for a land that has been dyed with the blood of his martyred forefathers. The Irish people have never done anything that could call up the blush of shame; other nations have been more prosperous, but it was to the detriment of their faith, and at the sacrifice of their souls. Ireland has preserved the faith pure and undefiled, and she has emerged from persecutions more cruel than any that disgraced the throne of the Cæsars, purer and brighter than ever, just as gold is purified by the action of fire.

CURIOSITIES OF MEMORY.

THERE are few mental phenomena more remarkable than those of memory. Wonderful as its powers seem in such prodigies as *Mezzofanti*, the examples of its perverted or enfeebled action are still more surprising. A neglect to exercise this faculty made Sir Isaac Newton at one time forget the contents of his *Principia*; and an old soldier of Napoleon's army so completely lost remembrance of his own existence as to believe that he was killed at the battle of *Austerlitz*. A porter mentioned by *Combe*, forgot when sober what he had done when drunk, and only recalled such circumstances on getting intoxicated again; so that having mislaid a valuable parcel, of whose whereabouts he could give no account, he was enabled, by returning to a state of inebriety, to give information which led to its recovery.

We never tire of reading about the extraordinary memories of celebrated people, and naturally associate the vigor of this faculty with remarkable intellectual power, though the combination is by no means universal. Idiots have exhibited great vigor of memory, and persons of very narrow intelligence and defective judgment have possessed great powers of re-

ention. An English clergyman in a work on "*Mental Vigor*," illustrates this by the example of a man in his father's parish who could remember the day when any person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years, and could repeat with unvarying accuracy the names and ages of the deceased and of the mourners at the funeral. Yet this man, he says, was a complete fool. Beyond the subject of burials he had not one idea, could not give an intelligent reply to a single question, could not be trusted even to feed himself.

Cases like this however, of a memory vigorous within very narrow limits, do not disprove the general rule that a great development of this faculty is usually accompanied with more than ordinary intelligence, while the converse proposition is confirmed by the example of most eminent men, whether in speculative or practical pursuits. *Seneca* says that he was able to repeat two thousand words after once hearing them. According to *Pliny*, *Cyrus* knew all the soldiers in his army by name, and *Scipio* all the citizens in Rome. The great Roman orator *Hortensius*, after sitting all day at a public sale, correctly repeated from memory all the articles sold,

their prices, and the names of their purchasers. Themistocles could call by name the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Mithridates, who ruled over twenty-two nations, spoke the language of each at its respective court. Scaliger, the prince of philologists and critics, who maintained that judgement and a great memory are seldom united, was a brilliant exception to his own theory. When a young man he could repeat over one hundred verses after a single reading, and in the course of a few weeks could give an accurate account of the contents of whole books in foreign languages. Lipsius remembered all the history of Tacitus; Klopstock the German poet, could repeat Homer from beginning to end; Grotius and Pascal are said to have forgotten nothing that they had ever read or thought; Leibnitz and Euler knew the *Æneid* by heart; Ben Jonson tells us that he could repeat all that he had ever written and whole books that he had read. Such was the strength of Niebuhr's memory that when employed in youth in one of the public offices in Denmark, it enabled him to restore part of a book of accounts which had been destroyed. Burke, Johnson, Da Vinci, O'Connell, and Douglas Stewart were remarkable for their retentive memory. The strength of this faculty in Macaulay excited the wonder of his friends, and led Lord Melbourne to say that he wished he was as sure of any one thing as Tom Macaulay was of everything.

The memory, however, like other functions of our nature, may be impaired by too severe use of it in early life, as its powers can only be gradually developed. Numerous instances have occurred of this faculty being so weakened by undue exercise as to be incapable of performing the simplest exercises. Forbes Winslow illustrates this by the case of a rather feeble minded man whose official duties were limited to signing his own name to a number of papers, but who became at last unable to recollect it. Indeed, the inability to recall one's name has been suddenly manifested by persons while calling on friends or inquiring for letters at the post office. A curious instance of temporary forgetfulness was that of an absent-minded gentleman who, the day after his marriage, called at his mother-in-law's house, and inquired for his wife, whom he had left at his own, by her maiden name.

The vagaries of memory are often important tests of the condition of the brain, which gives warning in this way either of sudden injury or the progress of natural decay. Sometimes this abnormal influence is shown by the total obliteration of impression which a restoration to health will renew, even after the lapse of years; at others, groups of ideas are successively removed in the very order in which they were acquired, or the reverse; and again, a single letter in a word is the only trace of its disordered action. Dr. Graves, of Dublin, attended a farmer, whose memory was so impaired by a paralytic fit that, though able to call to mind other parts of speech, he invariably forgot substantives and proper names. All he could remember in such words was the initial letter. To remedy this defect he wrote down in a little pocket-dictionary the things he was in the habit of calling for or speaking about, including the names of his children, servants, and acquaintances, which he arranged alphabetically. His mode of using this book was as follows: If he wished to ask anything about a cow, before he commenced the sentence he turned to the letter C, and looked out for the word cow; keeping his finger and eye fixed on it until he had finished the sentence. He could pronounce the word cow in the proper place as long as he had his eye fixed upon the written letters; but the moment he shut the book it passed out of his memory, although he recollected its initial, and could refer to it when necessary. His dependence on his dictionary was shown on one occasion on a call on Dr. Graves in Dublin, when, having forgotten the book, which he usually brought open to the hall door, he was totally unable to tell the servant what or whom he wanted.

Examples of partial loss of memory heralding the approach of cerebral disease, are not uncommon in the experience of medical men. A patient who had several paralytic seizures, always knew when the attack was impending by forgetting his own Christian name. When asked to sign a paper, he could only write his surname, and occasionally only half of that. A similar inability to sign the full name sometimes occurs in epileptic persons, some days before their attacks. Intemperance in eating as well drinking, has been known to impair the memory. Suetonius says this was the cause of the sur-

prising weakness of this faculty in the Emperor Claudius, who not only forgot the names and persons of those to whom he wished to speak, but even of what he desired to converse about. Holland relates that, having descended in one day two deep mines in the Hartz Mountains, his exhaustion from fatigue and want of food suddenly deprived him of memory, which was not restored till he had taken food and wine, and been some time at rest. These transient fits of loss of memory are not indicative of organic disease, but result from a want of proper circulation in the brain.

Curious effects are sometimes produced by accident or disease, upon the memory of language. An injury to the head, occasioned by a fall from a horse, has caused a person to entirely forget a particular language with which he had been acquainted, though in other respects his memory remained unimpaired; and the same peculiarities are not uncommon in cases of brain disease. In such circumstances, the mind usually recurs to the ideas engraven upon it in childhood, subsequent impressions being often wholly effaced. At the approach of death, persons who have for years talked a foreign language, will pray in their native tongue. Dr. Johnson, who furnished a remarkable exception to this rule, is said, when dying to have forgotten the Lord's Prayer in English, and to have attempted its repetition in Latin, which was, however, the language in which he habitually thought. A patient of Dr. Rush, subject to attacks of recurrent insanity, was always warned of their approach by inability to converse in anything but a kind of Italian *patois*. As the disease advanced and reached its height, the lady could only talk in French; when her illness abated she was obliged to express herself in German, and in the convalescent stage she spoke her native tongue. In perfect health she rarely used any language but her own, and in fact found it difficult to speak those which, during her attack of insanity, she spoke with great fluency and, with the exception

of Italian, with singular correctness. The fact that the mind, in fever, somnambulism, and other abnormal states, should betray knowledge and capacities of which it was at other times wholly unconscious, is, as Sir William Hamilton observes, one of the wonders of psychology. This sudden exaltation of the memory is, however, a warning of the existence of dangerous disorders; being often symptomatic in children of scrofulous and cerebral affections, and in old age, as Forbes Winslow has pointed out, indicative of approaching fatal apoplexy.

The revival of mental impressions which accident or disease has seemingly annihilated, at the exact stage at which they left off, is one of the most remarkable curiosities of memory. A British captain, whose brain was injured at the battle of the Nile, remained unconscious for fifteen months at Greenwich Hospital, till, by the operation of trepanning, his sensibility returned, and he at once rose in his bed and finished giving the orders which had been interrupted amid the din of battle. Still more remarkable is the case of the New England farmer mentioned by Pritchard, who, after splitting some timber for a fence, put his beetle and wedges into the hollow of a tree, intending to direct his son to bring them home. That night he was seized with delirium, and remained in this condition for several years, when his mental power was suddenly restored. The first question he asked was whether his son had brought in the beetle. Fearing that explanations would result in bringing on a return of the disease, they replied that he could not find them, whereupon the old man rose from his bed, went straight to the hollow tree, and found the wedges and the rings of the beetle, the beetle itself having mouldered away. Thus the solid wood proved less durable than the delicate, unused nerve vesicle which preserved the impression where the tools had been placed, and which, though "wax to receive," was "marble to retain."

THE "HARP."

HAMILTON, ONT., MARCH, 1882.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

CATHOLIC TEACHERS.

DEAN SWIFT'S *Tale of a Tub* has been frequently illustrated by the Common School System of Ontario. Whenever this huge educational ship is pursued by that dreaded leviathan, public opinion, she secures her own safety by placing between herself and her pursuer the smaller and weaker vessel that bears the flag of the Separate Schools. Should the public loudly complain of the vast and constant increase in the expenditure of money for the support of this bulky system, the friends of the latter create a temporary diversion by crying out against the existence of Separate Schools; and should far-seeing moral and social economists point to the injury which this godless system is likely to inflict on the rising generations, these same enthusiasts, in order to save their pet scheme, arouse bigotry and prejudice by attacking the *personnel* of Catholic teachers.

The vast majority of the Separate School teachers of this province are Christian Brothers and Sisters. They are earnest, painstaking, and zealously devoted to their work. They are unselfish in their motives; they labor neither for praise nor profit. Their zeal is the outcome of the grandest of virtues—Charity; their fidelity is the product of the noblest of principles—Duty. They teach their pupils the various branches of useful knowledge—not after the manner of cold worldlings, who make religion subservient to science, but like

Christian philosophers who teach that the summits of knowledge are best reached with religion for a guide, that learning is a means not the end of existence, and that the inevitable reward of a well-spent life is an eternity of bliss in the home of the Sovereign Good. What Catholic fails to grasp the force of these remarks, by no means novel? What Catholic parent would accept the most complete scholarship for his child as an equivalent for that child's loss of faith, piety, and perhaps, of all virtue? If with all the helps that religion can give, moral rectitude is difficult of maintenance, and eternal salvation hard to be secured, how much greater will be the difficulty, when in the very seed time of life, the mind and heart are sowed with germs of infidelity and consequent immorality?

But these Brothers and Sisters have no certificates, cry the objectors to Separate Schools. Oh, ignorant and perverse generation, how you are deceived! Is that patent piece of paper which sets forth that the holder answered a cast-iron set of questions, the only evidence of scholarship or ability to teach? Are you aware that many of these unpretending Brothers and Sisters possess certificates obtained while they were in the world, and that all of them after entering the religious life, have systematically studied, and have been systematically trained under veteran and skilful superiors? Yet all this is true. They derive their knowledge from Catho-

lic sources, and they are trained under Catholic discipline. Is not the education of a child much safer in such hands than in those of the gadding young girl, or foppish young man?

How are these patent documents obtained? Let all who value thorough education, let all who believe that Catholicity is an essential element in true knowledge, ponder well on the manner in which are produced the machine-made teachers of the Common Schools. They are crammed into a state of literary dyspepsia with scraps of knowledge sufficient to enable them to pass the required examination; they are then huddled, male and female together, into a county model or provincial normal school, where, after two or three months of godless superficial training, they are pronounced the genuine teaching article, duly labelled and sent forth to lead others through the same course of literary perversion. And this is the system through which our Christian Brothers and Sisters are called upon to pass—a system which defeats the intention of its Protestant founders in failing to make its pupils even good religious Protestants, but rather developes that sort of Protestantism which in its spirit protests not only against Catholicity, but also against every form of religion as well as even sound secular knowledge itself. Is there a Catholic so ignorant that he does not know that his grand old Church has ever produced the greatest scholars and teachers in the world? Is there a Catholic so wanting in Catholic spirit that he will not acknowledge Catholic educators to be the superiors of Protestants and infidels?

Let every Catholic parent consider all this. Let him hesitate before he places his child under the care of even a Catholic teacher trained under the common system, and rather than surrender his child to the tender mercies of that system and its ministers, better to allow him continue in a state of illiteracy to the end of his life.

On the contrary, let him place his boys and girls under Catholic influences, trained and established, where the soft hand of charity will lead them through paths of love, honor and obedience, and where the strong hand of faith will direct them unerringly towards the seat of the Great Teacher, whose criterion of worth is virtue and truth.

The prime duty of every good government is to legislate for the benefit of all classes of its subjects. If the law-makers of Ontario take a deep interest in the welfare of Separate Schools, let them endow—with power to grant diplomas—institutions conducted according to the Catholic rule and method. If they will not do this, they must leave us alone to train our own teachers at our own expense, as well as to keep our own schools. They and their supporters should know that it is the supremacy of impudence to call upon Catholic *religious* to subject themselves to the influence of heretical and infidel trainers; or in other words, to make an infallible teacher of a false and inconsistent system; and, if possible, coerce into pupilage that repository of truth, the Catholic Church, the teacher and civilizer of nations.

THE Ontario Government has, to all intents and purposes in a recent session, provided for the inspection of Separate Schools. Although this is an office which should have been created long ago, yet its existence for the future will be a great boon to the Catholic body. It proves that the government recognizes the importance of the Separate School System, and that both by this and many former concessions, it is willing to do justice to the educational interests of the Catholics of the province. The internal feature—and by far the most valuable one—may be seen in the benefit our schools will derive from a particular and proper inspection. A duly qualified and competent man will

of course be appointed; but the government will find before long that *one* inspector, no matter how able a man he may be, cannot do the work efficiently. When they have two inspectors for the one hundred and five high schools of the province, they surely cannot expect that one man will be able, within the bare two hundred teaching days of the year, to properly inspect nearly *two hundred* Separate Schools.

SEPARATE SCHOOL teachers have a peculiar difficulty in turning out a large number of highly educated pupils. Parents as a rule do not allow their children to remain at school long enough to give the teachers an opportunity of thoroughly developing the powers of their scholars to acquire an advanced education. At the average age of thirteen, when the perceptive faculties are really beginning to enlarge, the majority of our boys are transferred from school to the workshop; and thus, for the sake of a slight monetary gain for the present time, many boys, who might, under favorable circumstances have risen to superior positions, must spend their lives as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY well deserves an appropriate celebration. Universally there is but one opinion on this point; on the manner of celebrating the day there are two. Some consider the appropriate means of commemorating the national festival, is by a grand procession with music and regalia; others advocate a quiet unostentatious method. It is plain to all who have noticed the progress of events during the last few years, that the era of parades is fast passing away, and that in-door celebrations are rapidly increasing in favor. When we consider that St. Patrick's Day is a religious festival, it is quite apparent that there is much in the parade system not in keeping with its nature. Assisting at the Mass of the day,

listening to the sermon usually delivered on that occasion, and, if necessary, participating in the evening in some rational and innocent entertainment, are undoubtedly the most appropriate means of honoring the memory of St. Patrick, and of commemorating the glorious events that resulted from his heavenly mission.

WHY say "Patrick's Day," when one can with a little extra vocal effort say "*Saint* Patrick's Day?" No thinking Catholic should use the former phrase, yet many do. Let those who speak of *Paul* and *Peter* as if they were boon companions have their *Patrick* too, if they wish; but let every Catholic, and especially every Catholic Irishman, give the great Apostle of Ireland the saintly title which so justly belongs to him. *Sande Patricie, ora pro nobis!*

HOME RULE would be one of the best cures for Ireland's political grievances. It would develop local talent, create local industries, revive commercial affairs, and cause all concerned to take that lively interest in the welfare of the nation, which the centralization of authority in a foreign nation has so long destroyed. The activity displayed by the various provinces of our Canadian Dominion is ample proof of this. They are mutually concerned in the welfare of the whole country, and are rivals only to the extent of trying to outdo each other in skill and enterprise. Irishmen have helped to make other nations great; let them control the affairs of their own country, and there is every reason to believe that Ireland will then successfully compete with the nations of the world in all things that go to make a country prosperous.

THE *Sunday Times* (English) thinks that Mr. Gladstone will sooner or later receive the same crushing rebuff that flung M. Gambetta from power. It sees in Mr. Gladstone's policy a tendency towards

Cæsarism, and argues that if France is unwilling to go the full length of Radicalism, England is more so. In any event, Gladstone's political ascendancy is doomed.

THE BRITISH PRESS are almost unanimous in their opinion that the Land Act cannot long remain law in its present form. They say that it deals with only a third or fourth of the inhabitants, and leaves the laborers and the rest of the population in their old position. The proprietary in land which the Act constitutes is very indefinite, and on the whole it is a measure of relief insufficient to meet the wants of the masses.

LENT has its physical as well as its moral benefits. The discipline that purifies the soul by curbing its sinful passions and appetites, tends also to exercise a salutary effect on the corporeal system by the restriction it places upon diet, voluptuous eating and drinking, as well as indiscriminate enjoyments, which produce many physical disorders; so that the modification both in quantity and quality—which the rules of Lent prescribe in all these matters—do more than any other cause to perpetuate a normal physical condition.

NOTHING connected with the church excites greater comment among our separated brethren, than the entry into a convent of an accomplished young Catholic woman. Being themselves generally of a utilitarian turn of mind, they immediately ascribe the cause to worldly disappointment. They either do not understand, or are unwilling to acknowledge, the self-sacrificing spirit of that Catholic girl, who rises above the vanities and pleasures of the world, and devotes her life to works of mercy and the more perfect service of God.

MONARCHS, when by their tyranny and oppression they have roused the rebellious

sentiments of their subjects, make peace with the Pope, and ask his assistance to restore order. But the Roman Pontiff is neither a policeman nor a detective. It is true that his business is to counsel peace and good-will to all, but then he teaches that it is as much the duty of the ruler to act with justice and humanity, as it is that of the subject to be obedient and faithful.

It is strange that those who so loudly praised the abilities and patriotism of Gavazzi a short time ago, in different parts of America, have nothing to say about his recent arrest and imprisonment in England for immoral crimes. Perhaps their sense of decency has been too severely shocked by his doings to offend ears polite by giving them publicity. It is only while such characters as Gavazzi confine themselves to abusing the Church and the Pope that a certain class can afford to lionize them. When they commit crimes that render them amenable to the civil law, their heroism suddenly ceases.

TUNNELS under water will soon be quite common. The Hudson river tunnel is well under way; the projected tunnel under the English channel will be commenced in a short time; the contract for that under the St. Lawrence at Montreal has already been awarded. Finally we hear of a scheme to tunnel the strait of Messina between Italy and Sicily.

THE tunnel under the St. Lawrence at Montreal is to be altogether 21,700 feet, or nearly 4 miles long. It will be 26 feet wide inside, 23 feet high, and will be lined throughout with brick masonry. The arch will vary from 20 to 30 inches in thickness.

MANY nervous Britons see a great cause of danger in the projected tunnel under the English channel. They fear that in case of war it will facilitate the military

approaches from the continent. England could no longer depend as largely as heretofore on her fleet for protection, but would be compelled to vastly increase her land army. The question to be settled now is whether England's military pre-eminence is of greater importance than the great commercial benefits that are certain to accrue to many nations from the existence of this tunnel.

It is said that it is possible to build ships that will not sink, but that it will be a long time before they are brought into common use, on account of the heavy expense attached to their construction. They would pay well in the long run, for hundreds who now dread the dangers of the deep, would travel the seas readily, when the risk was reduced to the merest minimum.

POLITICAL experts prophesy warlike troubles in Europe during the coming year. Russia will be tormented with the Nihilists, Germany with her Socialists, while the Atheists of France and the Internationalists of England will give more trouble than law-and-order-loving citizens care to experience. Austria dreads a revolt of her recently acquired provinces, and Italy is in hot water over the thought of being forced to restore to the Pope the territory of which he was robbed by the royal bandit, Victor Emmanuel.

THE seventh official *Bulletin* of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, shews a large increase in membership. It embraces five subordinate unions with branches, in many of the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada. According to the words of the *Bulletin*: "Many new societies have been recently organized, or are in process

of organization, and the general condition of the union is much better than it has been for a long time past."

WE must apologize to the young people for the absence of their department in this issue, the columns of *THE HARP* being crowded with other important matter. We shall endeavor to make up for it in the next number by devoting extra space to "Tales for the Young."

OUR BOOK SHELF.

THE Scientific American claims to have "risen like a Phoenix" from its ashes." It certainly has suffered nothing in literary or scientific value by the recent conflagration. All the books, papers, patents, records, drawings, &c., belonging to the institution, were preserved in fireproof safes from the recent conflagration; and as the printing of the *Scientific American* and *Supplement* was done in another building, the types, presses, plates, &c., were unharmed, and no interruption of business was occasioned. The new offices are located at 121 Broadway, Munn & Co., proprietors.

THE Catholic Fireside (monthly) is as entertaining and useful as ever. The "Departments" of this magazine have a high literary value. Published by J. P. Dunne & Co., 5 Burclay St., New York. One dollar a year.

Donahoe's Magazine, as usual overflows with racy, agreeable sketches and tales, with much useful information. We hope it prospers.

THE Youth's Cabinet, No. 3, arrives this month looking as fresh and vigorous as at the beginning. It is well printed and neatly illustrated.

THE monthly part of that excellent magazine, the *Ave Maria*, for January, is replete with magnificent reading matter. Its contents embrace tales, dissertations, poetry, sketches and notes. "Better than Gold," an Irish tale, is particularly good.

THE Notre Dame Scholastic is a spirited educational journal. Its articles are almost all vigorous, pithy, and pointed, dealing with living and familiar subjects, chiefly relating to educational matters.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

HE that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if a spark fly in his face.

IN saying that our days are few, we say too much. We have but one; the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future?

Two boys eating their dinner; one said: "I would rather have something other than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

HE that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.

"WHEN a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and shabby hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it let them; but it is nothing to me."

MODESTY.—Beauty is never so lovely and attractive as when it is hidden beneath the veil of retiring modesty. The most beautiful flower of the garden that most attracts and charms the senses, never appears so lovely as when it is beheld sweetly peeping from the midst of its curtain of green leaves, which serves to partially protect it from the sun and elements, and renders its charms doubly interesting and beautiful.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.—Cheerfulness fills the soul with harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes glorification of God; it produces thankfulness and serves the end of charity; and, when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about. Therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbor's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot have any joy at all.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake. It is because in the perpetual outflow of their good-will they are ever ready to give themselves to others, that others are ever ready to give themselves to them. They are frank because they have nothing to conceal; affable because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflurried because they dread nothing; always at home because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and everywhere—*mens sana in corpore sano* (purity of soul with fulness of health). Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation it obliges us to enter upon. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

HOW TO WAIT.—Where is the human being, male or female, who understands patiently how to wait? That five or ten minutes which hangs so heavily on his hands, how does the creature torture himself with devising possible occupation for it? He may never, at any other period, have been particularly solicitous to fill the passing hours with good deeds; but now, how intensely alive is he to their irreparable loss! He may have sat for hours staring the fire out of countenance, or gazing out of a window, and never once called himself to an account for the vice of idleness; but how conscientious has he suddenly become when unpropitious circumstance forces him to wait! How he walks up and down, and fidgets and whistles, and fathoms with his fingers the depth of each pocket, and flattens his nose against the window-pane, and alternately opens and closes the doors, and wishes, and regrets, and fumes, and frets! And yet, perhaps, this very delay has been brought about by his good angel, who has stepped between him and a railroad collision, or a burning ship at sea, or some such hair-breadth escape. Let those therefore who compulsorily wait, solace themselves with these opportune reflections.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"DEAR me, how fluidly he talks!" said Mrs. Partington recently at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms me in every cartridge of my body."

A LADY walking a few days since on the promenade at Brighton, asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune ungallantly replied that it was "because the rigging costs so much."

A MUSICIAN near Eccles, in Lancashire, one George Sharp, had his name painted on his door thus—G Sharp. A wag of a painter, who knew something of music, early one morning made the following significant, undeniable addition—is *A flat*.

IT is related of old Dr. Burnett that he had a horse which he wished to sell, and, when exhibiting it to an expected purchaser, mounted and rode it gallantly, but did not succeed in hiding its defect. "My dear doctor," said the trader, "when you want to take anyone in, you should mount the pulpit, not a horse."

WHEN Marlborough was in France, he was waited on by a President Montesquieu, uncle of him who wrote the "Esprit des Loix." The President piqued himself on his knowledge of English, and on his power of expressing himself in that language. Accordingly, on being introduced to the great warrior, he at once commenced an oration, every word of which he fondly hoped was British. Marlborough heard him to the end, and then said, in as execrable French, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my replying at length, as from my ignorance of your language I have not understood three words of what you have had the goodness to say to me."

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit." "JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."

AN old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following advice to his son and successor; "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—An absent-minded gentleman, on retiring at night, put his dog to bed, and kicked himself downstairs. He did not discover his mistake until he began to yelp, and the dog tried to snore.

"GOING, going, just a-going!" cried out an auctioneer. "Where are you going?" asked a passer-by. "Well," replied the knight of the hammer, "I'm going to the Zoological Gardens to tell the managers that one of their baboons is loose."

TO STUDENTS IN ARITHMETIC.—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs, with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half?

AT one of our commercial hotels a stout, red-faced gentleman, in a white beaver, blue coat, and buff vest, offered to wager a sovereign that he would close his eyes, and simply by taste name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing commenced forthwith. "That is genuine brandy," said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine-glass; "and this—this is whiskey," and so on. At length a wag poured out a glass of water, which he handed to the connoisseur. "This is—ah—ah, this is," said he tasting it again, "by thunder! gentlemen, I lose the bet! I never tasted this liquor before!"

THE GREATEST BLESSING—A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.