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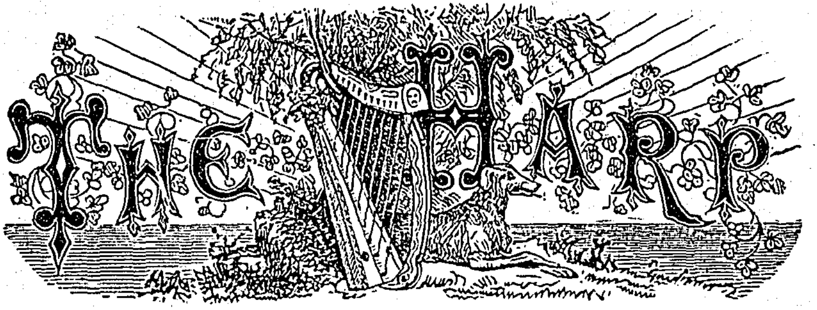

A Magazine of General Literature.

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## THE SONG OF RETRIBUTION.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[The *following verses are said to have been* the composition of Thomas Davis, the Prince of Irish Balladists, and now see the light, we believe, for the first time. Whether the poem be Davis's or not—and it does no discredit to his fame—it is as fierce a rush of song as ever issued from an Irish heart ]

" If the deep execrations, the swift wind disperses,
Can avenge a whole Nation, you are withered with curses."

When did Freedom go forth on her Heaven-sent mission,
With the despot to struggle in deadly collision,
Like an Angel of Light with the Son of Perdition.
That the moment she faltered, you rushed not and planted
Your miscreant heel on her neck as she panted ?
When did the rights of trampled man shake in the balance ever,
That you were not there to kick the beam and mock the slave's endeavour.

But your web is well-nigh woven, and the day shall soon have birth,
When the song of Retribution shall electrify the earth,
" She is fallen ! She is fallen !" Thus 'twill swell upon the blast ;
" The assassin of the Nations shall be prostrated at last.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! for the night of sorrow's past,
The assassin of the Nations shall be prostrated at last !"

From the sunny hills of Erin the defiance shall be hurled
To the coral strands of India ; it shall sweep across the world,
It shall rock the thrones of tyrants, like Jehovah's thunder gun ;
It shall permeate Creation like the beaming of the sun ;
It shall ride upon the billow, and career upon the blast ;
For *the assassin of the Nations shall be prostrated at last.*

'Tis in vain that you will invocate your hoary Constitution,
When the Universe re-echoes the song of Retribution,
Men shall trample on your power, Men shall spit upon your threat,
To the land that you have tortured you shall sue for pity yet ;
You shall beg one drop of water, in your agony, to sip,
And the Lazarus of nations shall refuse it to your lip ;
For the day of ruth and mercy shall for ever more be past,
And the Avatar of Tyranny be prostrated at last.

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# THE ORPHANS ;

OR,

# THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—(*Continued.*)

" Coldly, but not so much more coldly than usual. You have told her ——"

" That Reine is guiltless. Fear nothing ; she does not suspect you, she does not dream that we have met. She lays the blame of my changed convictions upon O'Sullivan. If you are careful, as I am sure you will be, my dismissal and disgrace may be of the utmost service to you eventually."

"The touch of satire in his tone makes her wince. But she does not resent it. She speaks and looks humbled and shamefaced.

"What am I to do? I deserve your contempt—more than your contempt; but I think if you knew what I suffer, even you would spare me. I want to write to Reine, I have written—will you give me her address?"

"I do not know it. She is in New York, O'Sullivan tells me, safe and well, with friends of his. But her address he will not give—it is her own command. Give me your letter, and he will foward it."

She hands it to him, and stands looking so downcast and sorrowful that it touches him.

"Do not blame yourself too much," he says, kindly. "We have all been wrong, but regrets are useless. To err is human, and we have all shown ourselves *very* human. To forgive is divine, and knowing your sister as I know her now, I have a conviction that she will one day forgive us."

She lifts her eyes to his face, and he sees tears trembling in the gold brown beauty of their depths.

"Monsieur," she falters, "is there any sort of news of—*him?*"

"Durand? None, I am thankful to say. He is too clever a fellow to be caught. Make your mind easy, they will not find him."

"What a wretch you most think him," she says, covering her face, with a sort of sob; "and yet he is not. A gambler he may be—that is his besetting passion, but a thief — oh! no, no, he is not that. My going with Mrs. Dexter maddened him—he wanted to follow, to do perhaps some desperate deed, and in that desperation he entered and stole this money. It has been all my fault from first to last. How shall I answer to Heaven and to him for the sin I have done?"

"Don't cry," Longworth says, uneasily. He has all a man's nervous terror of a woman's tears, but he thinks better of Marie Durand in this hour than he has ever done before. "There is one thing I would like to say to you, if I may without paining you. It concerns Frank Dexter."

She shrinks at the name; pain and shame are in the face she averts from his searching eyes.

"It is this: Don't fool the poor boy any longer. You don't mean anything by it, of course, but it may be a sort of death to him. It is amazing the amount of harm a coquette can do to a young fellow like Dexter, and without much meaning to hurt him either. Make him go; and to make him, I am afraid you must tell——"

"I have told him," she interrupts, in a stifled voice.

"So!" Longworth says, and looks at her keenly. He sees it all. Frank has proposed, been rejected, and told the cruel truth. "Poor boy!" he says, rather bitterly; "he trusted you so implicitly, thought you hardly lower than the angels—it is hard lines for him."

He thinks of that evening in the boat, when he had opened his heart to him in one of his boyish outbursts, and he hardens to this selfish beauty before him, crying "idle tears" for the wrong she cannot set right.

"They ought to hang coquettes!" he thinks, savagely. "Flirtation should be made a capital offence, punishable by a few years in State Prison. Poor Frank! poor Durand! poor Reine!—if misery loves company there are enough of us, and that 'queen lily and rose in one' at the bottom of it all."

As he goes, a boy rings Mrs Windsor's door-bell, and Catherine receives a note, which she takes to Miss Marie. She turns pale as she opens it. It is Frank Dexter's farewell.

"I have very little to say to you," he begins abruptly, "nothing that you are not accustomed to hear, very likely, and care very little You tell me to forget you. I mean to try—it should not be hard to forget a woman without heart or conscience. You do not ask me to forgive you, and you do well—I will never do it. As to your secret, rest easy—it is quite safe. I leave here to-morrow; it will probably be a relief to you to know it; and in saying farewell, I also wish you and your husband all the happiness so well assorted a union cannot fail to bring.

"FRANK DEXTER."

While Marie in her own room is reaping the whirlwind she has sown, Mr. Longworth is on his way through the darkness to the house of Hester Harriot. He smokes as he goes—if he were ordered out for decapitation his last act would be to smoke on the scaffold. A cloud has rested between him and this friend of late, ever since Reine's departure. She had faced him upon his first call at the cottage after that event, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, and tempestuously demanded if this shameful story were true.

"What story?" Longworth had asked, wearily throwing himself into a chair. He knew there would be a scene, and shrank from it impatiently.

"This horrible, this cruel story, that Reine Landelle has had to run away, her only friend in the world that poor little O'Sullivan, and you—*you*, Laurence, chief among her accusers."

He tries to explain—tries to defend himself. She listens, the angry colour deepening in her face, the angry light shining in her eyes.

"And this is Laurence Longworth!" she exclaims; "this man who hunts down a defenceless girl, whose two worst crimes are that she has promised to marry him, and that she is too brave to defend herself at the expense of another! this man who takes sides with a heartless old woman, knowing her to be merciless as only one woman can be to another, whose years and gray hairs have brought her neither charity toward God nor man! Oh! shame, shame! I refused to believe it—I would *not* believe it; and now, out of your own mouth, you stand condemned!"

He tries to speak, pale, troubled, every word stabbing him, but she will not listen.

"You could look in her face and doubt her—that true, brave, innocent child's face. You could know her nearly six months, and believe her capable of treachery and crime. Oh! man, shame upon you! I tell you that if my own eyes saw, my own ears heard, I would not believe their evidence if she told me they deceived me. If Reine is false, then there is no truth left on earth. Only the night she fled—driven away homeless, friendless, penniless, by you, and that woman—she came here to me all her misery in her despairing face, poor, poor child! all her heart-break in her beautiful eyes, and talked to me of her old home in France, and the brother she loved—full of faults to others but always dear to her. She had not touched food all day, she was fainting with fasting, and we sat together in that room, and she took something before she went away. If I had only known, do you think she would have gone—do you think I would have let her go? Or if her disgrace and misery were too great to be borne here, do you think I would not have gone with her? Your Mr. O'Sullivan is a true friend and a gallant gentleman, and when he *returns*, my first act will be to go to your office and thank him. For you, I am your friend no more—I want to see you here no more. I will never believe again that there is honor or common sense left in mortal man."

"What!" Longworth says with rather a dreary smile, "not even in O'Sullivan?" He rises as he says it and takes his hat, "We have been good friends for many years, Miss Hester, but I never liked you so well as I do tonight. I may have been wrong—Heaven knows—passion and jealousy may have blinded me as you say, but I I thought I was right. If I have made a mistake, then Heaven help me, for I have ruined and lost forever the happiness of my whole life."

And as he goes, Hester Hariott lays her head on her arm and cries impetuous sorrowful tears for the friends she has lost.

They have not met since, and now he is on his way to tell her that she was right, he wrong.

Candace admits him. Yes, her misses is at home, and he enters without ceremony the familiar room. Miss Hariott is singing, but not very cheerily, and he catches the words she sings:

"Thro' dark and dearth, thro' fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I bless Thee while my days go on."

"With emptied arms and treasure lost." Could more fitting words greet him? She rises, looking surprised, trying to look displeased, but failing.

"Hester," he says, "I have come back in the character of the prodigal, erring but penitent. I have come to own I have been a *fool*—the greatest fool that ever drew breath—to tell you Reine Landelle is all you have thought her, and more—noble, brave, true, loving, and loyal unto death."

"I knew it!" Miss Hariott cries joyfully. "Mr. O'Sullivan is back, and she has proved her truth. Thank Heaven for that? And she will forgive you, and all will be well?"

She catches his hand—it is quite evident she at least finds it easy to forgive him—and stands looking at him with eager eyes.

"O'Sullivan is back, and her truth is forever beyond a shadow of doubt," he answers. "But forgiven—no, I am not that, and in all likelihood never will be."

"Nonsense!" cries Miss Hariott, energetically; "don't I know the girl. I tell you she could not cherish enmity if she tried, and then she ——"

"Liked you far too well," is on the tip of her tongue, but she bites that unruly member, and stops short.

"She is very proud, you would say," he supplements calmly. "Yes, and that pride has received a mortal wound. A far less spirited girl might find forgiveness hard."

"Tell me all about it," says Miss Hariott, drawing a chair close, and looking at him delightedly. "Where is she, and what does she say? Tell me all Mr. O'Sullivan told you."

"Rather a difficult and disagreeable task," he answers, smiling slightly. "I have grown used to extremely plain speaking within the last twelve hours. There is no epithet in Mr. O'Sullivan's vocabulary too hard to apply to me. Reine is well, he tells me; is in New York with friends of his, who will be good to her, and intends to earn her own living henceforth—by teaching, I suppose? Of Durand of course she knows nothing. Her address O'Sullivan will not give; and—that is all there is to tell."

"All?"

She looks at him searchingly.

"All. If you wish to write to her, your letters must go *via* the O'Sullivan. I think she will be glad to hear from you."

"You have written, Laurence?"

"Could I do less? I have a letter from her sister, to be given to O'Sullivan, at this moment in my pocket."

"Ah! you have been at the Stone House?"

"Just come direct from there."

"And Madam Windsor?"

"Refuses to listen to a word. Mrs. Windsor is, without exception, the best hater I know."

"And Marie—what says she to all this?"

Again her keen eyes look at him searchingly, but Longworth's face wears its most impassive expression.

"She says very little—she appears to feel a great deal. I like her better under a cloud than I ever did in the sunshine."

"And she will live with that woman after the shameful manner ——"

"Ah, Miss Hariott, as you are strong be merciful—in hitting Mrs. Windsor you also knock me over, remember. What is Marie to do? It is her only home. She is a lily of the field, neither able to toil nor spin; she will only add to her sister's wretchedness if she permits herself to be cast off. She must kiss that great lady's hand and be thankful for the crumbs that fall from her table."

Miss Hariott impulsively opens her mouth, thinks better of it, and gulps down some very strong words. After all, what right has she to cry out because the world is unjust and selfish, and the innocent suffers for the guilty? It is the universal law of the world, and she is not strong enough to set the wrong right.

She has been unjust in her own way, too; she has thought some very hard and bitter things of this friend before her, forgetting that while she saw with the clear, calm, far-sighted eyes of friendship, he looked with the blind vision of love. She has misjudged him, for he has suffered, does suffer—she can read it in his face, although in that face to casual eyes there is but little change.

"Larry," she says, caressingly, and lays her hand on his arm, "I hope you will not let yourself feel this too deeply. 'Time at last makes all things even,' you know, and this, like more of life's mistakes, is but a question of time and patience. I suppose there is no loss that has not its compensating gain; your gain in this is so thorough a knowledge of Reine's goodness that to doubt her a second time will be impossible. You know her as she is, pure and true, ready to brave more than death to serve those she loves, ready to perish rather than break her word. You will think better of all women for her sake —you will be a better and truer man yourself for the pain and loss of today."

But Longworth does not answer. He rises, looking cold and pale, and turns abruptly from her. There are some wounds so keenly sensitive that the touch of a feather makes the whole body wince.

His good-night is brief and curt, and he goes home slowly through the dark, melancholy night.

Where is she? he wonders. What is she doing alone in that great city? Her image rises before him as he saw her that day in Hester Hariott's garden—a girl in gray, with scarlet breast-knots, eloquent face, and flashing eyes, vowing to hate him her whole life-long. He recalls how half-admiring, wholly amused, he stood and fell in love with her, and registered a vow on his own part to change that hatred, if man could do it. Time and destiny had aided him, and in the very dawning of the love he sought he had thrust it from him with insult and scorn. In the past many experiences have been his, but it is reserved for this night to teach him what real remorse and despair mean.

## CHAPTER XL.

### DURAND.

Life has its *entr'acts* as well as any other drama, when the drop-curtain is down, the play for the time over, and nothing is left but to sit blankly and wait. This time between the acts in Laurence Longworth's life has come now. The performance has been romantic—out of the common order of his life entirely, giving a rose-tint to the dull drab of every-day; but it has closed more abruptly than it began, and life, and duty, and routine go on without it. Days pass and weeks; weeks are strung into months, the *Phenix* is issued as usual, bed-time comes, and meal-time, and sleep is sweet, and food is welcome, although love has spread his golden wings and flown forever.

The nine days' wonder has died out, other interesting scandals have come to replace it. Frank Dexter has gone off and *not* asked Marie Landelle to marry him. Her sister's disgrace has been too deep even for a silly boy like Dexter to overlook. Old Mr. Longworth is a very proud man; he has threatened to disinherit him if he does not give her up. And Frank has given her up. Any one can see how it is preying upon her—she has been growing thin and pale ever since he went away, she accepts no invitations, goes nowhere, except to that strong-minded old maid's, Miss Hariott, and is losing half her beauty.

For Longworth—well, there is an escape if you like! Think of his having been actually engaged to the girl, and on the very brink of ruin and disgrace for life. No wonder that sombre look is growing habitual to him, no wonder he sits silent and moody in the midst of the boarders, no wonder that swift flash leaps into his eyes, or that scowl darkens his face at the remotest allusion to the unlucky affair.

Mrs. Sheldon watches him silently and wistfully, with exultation in her heart, and sham sympathy in her eyes. He sees neither. The coolest courtesy decency will permit is in his manner, when it is impossible to ignore her altogether. In some way he vaguely feels she is rejoicing in Reine's downfall, and something like aversion rises within him when they meet.

Christmas and New Year go by drearily enough, the end of January comes. Mr. O'Sullivan spends his holiday in New York with his friend Mrs. Murphy, and makes life temporarily bright for Reine by taking her and her stout friend everywhere. He has forgiven his chief—he is much too generous to bear ill-will, and the anxious, questioning look of Longworth's eyes when he returns, give him a twinge of something very like compassion.

"Is there any answer, O, or any message?" Longworth asks, a sudden eager flush rising in his face.

And the answer comes slowly.

"Not a word, chief. She's well, and has your letter. But sure, I think——"

"Ah! never mind that, O'Sullivan," Longworth says, wearily, turning away and resuming work.

"I wouldn't be too despondent, my boy, if I were you," cries O'Sullivan, cheerily; "go on as you've begun; sure 'tis only fair to court her before you marry her, and upon my honour and conscience, it was mighty poor courting ye did when ye had her. We have a saying at home, 'that patience and perseverance made a bishop of his reverance.' They're not the virtues you'll be canonized for, I think myself, but a little practice of them will do ye a deal of good. If these proofs you're working at are ready, I'll take them, chief."

And so he goes; and so it is always; and Longworth sits with something like despair in his eyes, and a horribly sickening feeling at his heart. He has written to her, not once, but many times, long and impassioned appeals, laying his whole heart, its love, its longings, its repentance, its ceaseless self-reproach —bare before her. But she has only answered once that pleading cry for pardon, then in words brief and calm, that fall chill on the fire of his feelings.

"I read your letters," she begins; "what more is there to say? You plead for forgiveness—that I answer at all shows that in heart at least you are forgiven. You say you love me—loved me from the first. Pardon me if I find this very hard to believe. Where love is, trust is, they are twin sisters, they are never apart. That love is love no longer when it doubts. I never professed much love for you, but I would have trusted you—yes, monsieur, let circumstances have been twice as strongly against you, I would have believed your word against all the world. Do not press for answers to your letters. I will not write again, no, not once. For the rest—to let you come to me, to be your wife—think of it no more. We were never suited to each other—I would not make you happy; and for me, I could think of the past always and tremble. Out of my heart, monsieur, I forgive you, but to return to you, to marry you—never!"

Surely silence is better than a letter like this, so Longworth thinks as he first reads it, with compressed lips and paling face. But reading it again, and still again, new hope dawns in the darkness.

"Yet I will say what friends may say,
Or only a thought stronger."

and in its very coldness the "thought stronger" is there. She has cared for him—indirectly—she owned that, and owned it for the first time; his letters were received and read, and—new hope dawned. He would be patient, he would wait, he would plead, and his day would come. Nothing in life goes on forever, his probation would end, and Reine be restored. How often Mr. Longworth read that letter, how and where it was treasured becomes us not to tell. Anything more prosaic and unromantic than a newspaper editor, the heart of man hath not conceived; but under the influence of the tender passion, that befools all, even he may sometimes swerve from the straight path of practical common sense and be pardoned.

And is it not written that, "To say the truth, reason and love keep little company nowadays. The more the pity that some kind neighbour will not make them friends!"

February comes, sleety and rainy, in wintry winds and New England snowstorms, and brings with it the first break in the blank. It comes in the shape of a letter from Frank Dexter.

"If it be within the range of possibilities," writes Mr. Dexter, "come down at once. In point of fact, whether it be possible or impossible, you *must* come. The dear old governor is very ill—general break-up of everything—and he calls for you. Come immediately, for he cannot hold out more than two or three weeks at most."

In the twilight of a wild March day Longworth reads this, and as he reads there rises before him a vision of the long-gone past. The snow-shrouded, wind-blown streets vanish, and in their places comes back the sunny, sensuous southern landscape, the songs of the negroes at work in the fields, the vine-wreathed, tree-shaded old house, and the grim-browed, imperious, stormy old master, the uncle ever generous and kind to him. What an ungrateful young blockhead he has shown himself in that past time, what a debt of gratitude he owed that old man, if for nothing else than he had bought off Mrs. Longworth, and saved him from the moral shipwreck of being her daughter's husband.

He departs next morning, and reaches the old homestead late in the afternoon of a genial spring-like day. As he rides up the long sweep of drive he recalls vividly his last visit, when, spent with fatigue and pale with passion, he had stridden into his uncle's presence, to defy him, and bid him forever farewell. What a lifetime he seems to have lived through between then and now.

Frank comes out to meet him, and Longworth gives a quick, keen, half-anxious look into his face. But there is not much change—a trifle worn and thin he looks, perhaps, the boyish brightness gone from his eye and cheek, the gravity that untroubled years would not have brought around his mouth—no more.

"Am I in time?" Longworth asks.

"In time, and that is all," Frank responds; "the doctor does not give him twenty-four hours. His one dread has been that he might go without seeing you."

Five minutes later and Longworth is in the sick-room, sitting by the bedside, holding the trembling old hand in his. Mrs. Dexter has tried to "prepare" the dying man, but he has half-started up with a shrill cry.

"Laurence! Laurence! Come back at last! He said he would never come! Go, bring him here. Why do you delay? I want no preparation to meet my boy."

And now he lies, holding him fast, the dull old eyes trying to read the face so long unseen, the face of "his boy"—familiar, yet so strange.

"Changed, changed, changed," he murmurs. "Nothing but change as we grow old. He was only a boy then, bright-eyed and smooth-faced, and he left me because I would not let him marry a wax doll, without heart or head. And I loved him—ay, I loved him as my own son."

"Forgive me," Longworth says, brokenly. "I have longed to come back many a time and say these words, but——"

"Your pride stood in your way! You couldn't humiliate yourself to ask an old man's pardon; and then young Dexter was here, and I might have thought you had returned for the sake of the inheritance? But I never cared for young Dexter, though I've dealt fairly by the lad—a good lad, too, and yet not overstocked with brains. But I wanted you back, Laurence—oh! I wanted you back, and I told Chapman to write that letter, and you wouldn't come. Well, well, well! it's all over now, and I have forgiven you, and you are here at last. And you didn't marry the little Sheldon, my boy, after all—how was that?"

"My dear uncle, I owe you many debts of gratitude, but there is not one of them all I feel so deeply as *that*. You were my earthly salvation in those mad days of my youth and besotted folly."

"Ah! you can own it now. And what is this other story Ellen tells me of a little French girl? Well—you don't like it, I see—only take care, take care. Oh, my boy, my boy, it is good to look on your face again!"

He keeps him by his side through the long hours; he falls asleep, clasping his hand, at last.

"Stay with me, Larry," he says; "it will not be for long now. And it is such a weary while—oh! such a weary while since you sat by my side before. All these years I've wanted you, and forgiven you, and longed for you, but you were proud and wouldn't come. Young Dexter never could fill your place, though I've dealt fairly by the lad—no one shall ever say other than that."

He drops asleep, still clasping "his boy's" hand, and through the long hours of that last night, Longworth sits beside him, silent and sad, watching the feeble flicker of life die out. He is a very old man, and death is coming gently as the slumber of a child. Frank shares his watch, sometimes sitting opposite, sometimes roaming restlessly but noiselessly up and down. And just as the day is breaking the old man opens his eyes from that long stupor-like sleep, and gazes wildly round.

"I dreamed Laurence was here—my boy Laurence!" he cries out, and Longworth bends over him.

"I am here, sir—it was no dream. Do you not know me?"

A smile of recognition lights up the old face.

"My boy, my boy!" he says, "I knew you would come at last."

He never speaks again. He relapses into that dull stupor, and Longworth, fatigued with travel and watching, is half asleep in his chair, when Frank, struck by something in his uncle's face, stops short in his walk and stoops over him. In another moment his hand is on Longworth's shoulder, his face very pale.

"Wake, Larry," he says, "I am going to call my mother. You can do nothing more here—he is gone."

* * * * * *

In the twilight of a fair March day, Longworth and Dexter, both in mourning, pace together up and down the long veranda, both very grave and silent. James Longworth is lying in the churchyard beyond, and only an hour ago James Longworth's will was read. He died a richer man than either of his nephews dreamed, and has shared those riches equally between them—each division an ample fortune in itself.

The two young men walk up and down in silence, while the stars come out and darkness falls.

Longworth is the first to speak.

"I shall be off to-morrow," he says, "Suppose you come with me. You look rather seedy, dear boy, as if you needed a trip somewhere, and there is no need of your staying mooning here. The *mater* can manage the place without you ——"

"I am going for a trip," Frank responds, rather moodily, "but not to Baymouth. *That's* the last spot in the universe I ever want to see. I wish to heaven I had never seen it! I am going abroad again—for years, this time—and I don't see that you can do better than do the same. It is ten years since you crossed the ocean, and there is nothing to detain you, now. Throw the *Phenix* to the dogs—to O'Sullivan, rather—and let us be off."

"Impossible," Longworth says. "My life has but one motive now, to find and be forgiven by Reine Landelle. But you, dear boy, it is the very time for you to start by all means, the sooner the better. Accompany me to New York to-morrow, and I will see you off."

So it is settled, and much to his mother's dismay, Frank departs with his cousin on the first stage of his very long journey. Three days after they reach New York, they shake hands, and part on the deck of a Cunarder, and Dexter has gone.

Mr. Longworth lingers on, hunts up a few old friends, and spends the long spring days pretty much wandering about the streets Surely, if he linger long enough, sooner or later he will meet Reine—people in a city are like cards in the same pack, sure to come together some time, in the universal shuffle. But a week, two weeks pass, and still he watches and hopes in vain.

And so, restless and aimless, it chances one night (if anything ever does befall by chance) that he finds himself with an acquaintance, who likes to see life in all its phases, in a faro bank. It is late, and the rooms are well filled. They are loitering among the players, when suddenly a voice, low, bland, *trainante*, singularly familiar, and musically foreign accented, falls on Longworth's ear.

"Monsieur would imply, then, that he has been cheated? Pardon, if I misapprehend, but that is what monsieur insinuated, is it not?"

"I insinuate nothing," shouts a furious voice; "I say that you have been cheating, monsieur, from the first minute we sat down, and I appeal to these gentlemen if——"

He does not finish the sentence. His opponent has a glass of wine at his elbow, and he flings it crash in the face of the infuriated speaker.

Both men leap to their feet. There is a confused sound of many voices and hurrying of feet. Then there is a flash, a report, a cry, and Longworth springs forward in time to catch Durand as he falls.

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## CHAPTER XLI.

### "AFTER LONG GRIEF AND PAIN."

Two hours later, on that same March night, Mr. Miles O'Sullivan sits busily and virtuously at work upon a slashing diatribe, meant for that most contumacious of men, the editor of the Baymouth *Herald*. As he sits, one of the office-boys enters hastily—a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Telegram for you, sir; from New York."

Mr. O'Sullivan drops his pen hastily, and seizes the missive. In all New York City there is but one person for this gentleman, and surely she——. He tears it open, and draws a long breath of relief; it has nothing to do with Reine.

"Come here at once—do not lose a moment—matter of life and death.
LAURENCE LONGWORTH."

O'Sullivan sits for a moment stupidly staring at the words. So Longworth is in New York; and what does this mysterious message mean! Has any harm befallen the chief! Has he seen Reine, or has he met Durand? "Matter of life and death!" What does it mean?

"Boy's waiting, sir. Any answer?"

The brisk question rouses him.

"Answer?" he repeats. "Yes, wait a minute." He dashes off two or three words. "All right; will be there," and hands it to messenger, who departs.

The sub-editor winds up his caustic remarks in a sudden hurry, and goes home. This despatch has upset him—it upsets him the whole night long, and he is glad when to-morrow comes, to jump on board the earliest train and be off. It is late in the evening, and quite dark when he reaches the city and whirls up to Longworth's hotel, and Longworth himself is the first person he sees, standing at one of the open windows smoking.

"What is it?" O'Sullivan asks, breathlessly. "Who is it that's dead or dying, and why have you sent for me?"

In a dozen words Longworth tells him.

"It's Durand—shot in a gambling hell, and dying here. He is calling for Reine, and it is to fetch her to him I have sent for you."

"The Lord be praised!" says Mr. O'Sullivan, drawing a long breath of relief; "I thought it was worse."

"It can't be much worse for poor Durand. He won't live the night out—so the doctors say. You had best be off, O'Sullivan, if he is to meet Reine alive. I'll keep out of sight if she likes, so *that* need not detain her."

"I am much mistaken if it would in any case. With Durand dying, it's little she'll think of any one else. Poor fellow! and so shot in a gambling brawl is the end of him. But doesn't he want to send for the other one at all—Miss Marie?"

"No," Longworth responds briefly; "I asked him. Reine runs no risk in coming to see him—Marie does. For Heaven's sake, O'Sullivan, be off—every moment is of value."

The cab is still waiting. O'Sullivan jumps in, gives the order, and is rattled off. In fifteen minutes he is standing, hat in hand, before the startled eyes of Mrs. M. Murphy.

"Well, now, that I may never," is that lady's greeting; "if I wasn't dreamin' of ye last night, Mr. O'Sullivan. An' sure here ye are, and my dream's come in. It's only this blessed ed minute I was saying to mamzelle ——"

"Where is she?" O'Sullivan asks. "I must see her at once."

"And it's no good news ye're bringing her in such a hurry, I'm thinking. She's there in the parlour beyond trimming a cap, and faix it's herself has the elegant taste all out in that same trimming."

O'Sullivan hurries by, and taps at the parlour door.

"Enter," says a sweet and familiar voice, and with his heart beating beyond its wont he obeys.

She lifts her face—the sweetest on earth, he thinks, and rises with a smile of welcome.

"I knew your knock, monsieur," she says, and holds out a little dusk hand. Then she pauses, the smile dies away, for there is no answering smile on his face. "What is it?" she asks, quickly. "Marie"——

"Your sister is well, mademoiselle, but I—I don't bring you very good news for all that. I don't know how to break things——"

"It is Léonce," she says. "Oh, monsieur, speak out! It is Léonce!"

"Yes, mademoiselle, it is M. Durand. I am sorry to tell you he has met with an accident, and is—is dangerously ill in fact, and is asking for you——"

He breaks off in distress. She has turned suddenly sick and faint, and sits down, her face all blanched with terror.

"He is dying, monsieur, and you are afraid to tell me!" Then she starts to her feet. "Take me to him," she cries out. "Oh, my brother! my brother!"

"The carriage is at the door," he answers; "but won't you put on a hat, a bonnet—something——"

"Oh! I had forgotten. Yes, yes, wait one moment."

She hurries out of the room, and is back directly in hat and jacket. She finds Mr. O'Sullivan in the store, explaining as far as need be, this sudden abduction to Mrs. Murphy.

"Ah, then, the Lord pity her! As if she hadn't enough to trouble her without that. But doesn't all the world know it never rains but it pours!"

## CHAPTER XLII.

### "AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

Reine appears, very pale, and with a certain intense expression in her dilated eyes. Mr. O'Sullivan in profound and sympathetic silence, hands her into the cab, and they are driven rapidly through the busy, brightly gas-lit streets.

"Tell me about it," she says, after a little; "how was it? What was the accident?"

He hesitates.

"Oh, speak!" she says; "do not be afraid. It seems to me I can bear anything now. He is to die, you say?" her voice breaks into a sob; "nothing can alter that?"

"Well, then, mademoiselle, he was —shot!"

There is a momentary sound of horror, then stillness.

"By whom?" she asks, in a stifled voice.

"I do not know—I never asked. It was an accident, very likely—such things happen. Longworth chanced to be there, and ——"

He stops—his tongue has betrayed him. Reine turns suddenly, and looks at him.

"Longworth!" she repeats; "what of M. Longworth?"

"Mademoiselle, excuse me. I did not mean to speak of him, but the truth is, Longworth is in New York, and chanced to be on the ground at the time of the —accident, and it is in his care Monsieur Durand is at present. 'Twas he sent for me—Durand was asking for you, and Longworth didn't know your address. You needn't see him if you wish——"

He pauses, for the cab has stopped at the hotel. He leads her in, and upstairs into a private parlour.

"Sit down," he says, "and wait one minute. I must see if ——"

And he breaks off. An inner door has suddenly opened and Longworth stands on the threshold. He backs a step at the sight of the two before him —growing very pale.

"I beg your pardon"—his eyes are on Reine. "I did not know ——"

"Take me to him," she says, unheeding his words; "take me to Léonce. Oh! monsieur, surely I am not too late!"

"No," Longworth answers, sadness, compassion, tenderness in face and voice, "you are not too late. Only—he is sinking; it is best you should know, and you must be very quiet."

"I will be anything—only take me to him."

"This way, then."

She follows him into the inner room. A door stands ajar—she catches the glimmer of a faint light, of a bed, of a dark head lying motionless on the pillow. Then she hurries past Longworth, and in a moment is kneeling beside the bed, kissing again and again the shapely white hand lying limp and lifeless on the counterpane.

"My dear one! my dear one!" she says, with a great smothered sob, and the dark eyes open, and a smile dawns on the cold, white, beautiful face of the dying man.

"*Mignonne!—ma sœur*," he whispers, "I knew you would come."

Longworth waits for no more. He sees her draw the weak head within her arms, close to her heart—then he shuts the door and leaves them together.

"But Léonce, brother beloved, there should be a clergyman if indeed, as they tell me, you are dying——"

"They tell you truly, *ma Petite*, my hour has come. A desperate death is closing a desperate life. As to M. de Cure, he has been here—the excellent M. Longworth has forgotten nothing. And it is of M. Longworth I would speak to you, *m'amour*. As through me you have been parted, let it be through me, even on my death-bed, that you shall come together. For I have seen his heart, and he loves you, Reine, and you—ah! you shrink, but remember the dying have privileges, and then there is atonement!—always there is atonement."

His voice is weak, and breaks, and ceases. His breathing is laboured, but in his dark eyes there shines the light of an inevitable determination to say what he has to say, in spite of death itself.

"Answer, Petite," he says; "he loves you, and you need him. You will forgive and take him back, will you not?"

"Léonce, do not ask me. Forgive him—oh! yes, out of my very heart; but take him back—no, that can never be."

"And why not? Because you have said so? But a rash promise is better broken than kept. It is your pride that says no, Petite, while your heart says yes. Will you not try at least—for my sake?"

"What is there I would not do for your sake? Oh, brother, best beloved, are we indeed to part like this!"

She breaks down in passionate sobbing for a moment, but at the look of distress on his face, stills herself with a choking effort.

"And Marie?" she whispers, "should she not be here? Think of her, Léonce. Her heart will break if she hears of this."

A faint smile of scorn and pain together flashes across his white face.

"Then why let her hear it, Petite? Such horrors are not for those delicate ears. You tell me to think of her, *cherie;* the great misfortune of my life has been that I have thought of her too much. As to her heart breaking, and for *me!* Ah! well, you are an angel with an angel's heart, and so for your sake, in this last hour, I will say nothing. But she should not be here—no, a thousand times! I wronged her when I married her. I will not wrong her still further by robbing her of her fortune, that fortune for which she would stake and lose a hundred worthless wretches like me. And she is very right; who should know that better than I? Only we will not talk of her, my little one. Oh! my little one—brave, and loving, and loyal, who would risk a kingdom and crown, I believe, to come to her worthless brother!"

The weak voice, faltering and broken throughout, breaks off altogether, and there is silence, long and sad. The slow moments go by and range themselves into hours, Durand dozes fitfully, and Reine's head drops mournfully against the side of the bed, as she watches him. In all the vast city, she wonders, is there another wreck so great, so utter, so pitiful as this? Every good gift that Heaven has given him—youth, strength, beauty, talent, life itself, cast recklessly from him—and this is the end!

The doctor has promised to look in through the night, and keeps his word. Reine, cold, and still, and mournful, watches him with dreary, wistful eyes, but in his face she reads no hope. He goes out and speaks to O'Sullivan—watching uneasily in the outer room.

"The end will come before morning, and there is a chance of his dying hard. You had better get that poor young lady in there—his sister, I presume—to retire. It will never do to let her be with him at the last."

Mr. O'Sullivan goes on this second unpleasant errand, and finds it harder to perform than the first. The dark, sad eyes look up at him imploringly.

"Ah! monsieur, do not send me away. I cannot leave him. You have so good a heart, monsieur, pray, pray do *not* ask me to go."

"But if you wear *yourself* out tonight, mademoiselle, you will be unfit for *nurse duty* to-morrow. And then the doctor—it is his order, mademoiselle—there are examinations, you know, and—and all that, and indeed I think you had better lie down for a little. You need have no fear of trusting him with us."

She rises slowly and reluctantly.

"If indeed the doctor orders it —— But, monsieur, you will call me—promise me that. If there is a change I must be with him—*then.*"

O'Sullivan promises, is ready to promise anything, and leads her away. She is shown to a room ordered for her, and as the door closes, kneels down by the bedside and buries her face in her hands, and the sobs she has stifled in the sick room break forth. Presently this too exhausts itself, and worn, and most miserable, she drops asleep there where she kneels.

She awakes cramped and cold, to find

that it is broad day. As she rises slowly and painfully, her door opens, and Miss Hariott hurries in and clasps her in her arms.

"Little Queen! Little Queen!" she exclaims, "I have found you at last, and this time I will *never* let you go!"

"But I must," Reine says, in sudden terror. I must go to Léonce. "Oh! why did I sleep! Tell me—you look as if you knew—he is—better?"

There is silence, earnest and pitiful, then a desolate wailing cry. For Hester Hariott's tear-wet eyes and averted face tell the story, and Reine knows that Durand is dead.

* * * * *

It is Mr. O'Sullivan who carries the news to Baymouth, to the dead man's widow. Mr. O'Sullivan grumbles a little at finding himself, willy nilly, mixed up with this extremely unpleasant family tangle, and at having the thankless task of "breaking things" to young ladies forced upon him whether or no. But Reine has asked him, and what is there this unromantic little man, with the brogue and the bald spot, would not do for Reine?

It is two or three days before an opportunity offers, for he does not venture to call at the Stone House lest he should arouse the angry curiosity of its mistress. But one evening as he takes his postprandial stroll in meditative mood, he comes unexpectedly upon the young lady herself. She approaches him at once and with eagerness.

"I have been watching for you," she says. "I knew you were in the habit of walking here. Mr. O'Sullivan, you have but recently come from New York. Tell me of Reine."

"She is well," he briefly answers.

"Why has Miss Hariott gone so hastily? She left a note telling me she had gone to Reine who was in trouble, but telling me no more. Monsieur, you are my sister's friend—what is that trouble?"

His eyes shift away uneasily from hers—with the stick he carries he traces figures confusedly on the sand. There is a pause.

"You tell me Reine is well?" Marie says, growing very pale.

"Yes, mademoiselle, well in health, but as Miss Hariott told you—in trouble."

"Ah!" she says, and catches her breath; "it is then Léonce?"

"Mademoiselle, yes, I am sorry to say, her trouble concerns M. Durand."

She lays her hand over her heart, and stands silently waiting, growing more and more pale. And then—how, he never knows—he is stammering out the truth, that Durand has been shot, and is dead and buried. He is horribly frightened as he speaks; she stands in dead silence looking at him, as if slowly turning to stone. Then—as he ceases speaking—she turns, still without a word, as if to go. She walks a dozen steps, and then without warning or cry, falls face downward on the sand.

It is no more than Mr. O'Sullivan has expected. He lifts her up, carries her further down, and dashes cold sea-water in her face. Presently, as he is beginning to grow anxious, she revives, opens her eyes, sits up and pushes back the wet fair hair off her forehead.

"What is it?" she asks, incoherently. "Oh! I know," a look of anguish crossing her face. "Léonce is dead—my love, my husband. Oh! *Mon Dieu!*"

She covers her face with her hands, and sits motionless for a moment; then the old look of resolution comes into her face, and she rises. But she does not shed a tear. She holds out her hand to O'Sullivan, standing anxious and distressed.

"You are goodness itself, monsieur, good to my sister, good to me. I thank you with all my heart."

She turns, and hurries away. O'Sullivan follows her, but there is neither faint, nor falter, nor pause this time as she hastens on her way to the Stone House. Straight into the presence of Mrs. Windsor, and on her knees before her, Marie tells the whole story of her own deception and her sister's innocence.

"I loved him and denied him. I loved her and spoiled her whole life. My husband, made reckless by me, stole your money, and that theft and his tragical death are all my doing. From first to last I have deceived you, but the truth is spoken at last, and when you publish my shame and guilt to the world and turn me from your door, I will only bereceiving the reward I have richly deserved."

Mrs. Windsor listens with a bitterness that is like the bitterness of death. Always the same—deception, dishonor, trickery. Is there to be no end to the disgrace brought upon her by these girls? has not the name of Windsor been dragged through the mire sufficiently, that this fresh degradation is to be added? Longworth had forsaken her; she is growing feeble and old; must this girl go, too, and all the world know why?

"Leave me," she says, in a stifled voice, "and come again to-night. Who knows of this last worst shame?"

"Mr. O'Sullivan."

"Ah! And Mr. Longworth is, I presume, with your sister in New York?"

"He is."

"Go!" Mrs. Windsor says, with sudden, swift, suppressed fury. The sight of the girl is hateful to her. In her heart she could curse them all.

For hours after she sits stonily dumb, staring in a blind, blank fashion into the dying fire. And this then is the end of all! In her life she has had many good things—beauty and grace, a wealthy husband, an old name, a stately house, a fair daughter, a noble son. Death and time have robbed her of all save the wealth, and to whom is that to go? Longworth refuses and repudiates it; by this time the granddaughter she hates may be his wife. And now there is this last dishonour—is it, to be given to the derision of the world? No, Marie shall stay. It is the only reparation she can make. In spite of all her deception, her grandmother feels for her none of that intense abhorrence she has for the other. It is settled—Marie shall stay.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### WON AT LAST.

In New York, Reine, in the tender care of Miss Hariott, droops and falls under this last blow. He has been so inexpressibly dear to her, this erring, brilliant brother; his death has been so awfully sudden and tragic that it crushes. Sleep deserts her, or if it comes fitfully, is broken by haunted, terrible dreams. She grows apathetic to all things; nothing moves or interests her. Longworth, inexpressibly troubled, comes and goes, but she takes no heed of him. No effort of Miss Hariott's can arouse her. As the weeks go by, her health fails, and she grows pallid and thin as a shadow. Thoroughly alarmed, Mr. Longworth and Miss Hariott hold a consultation at last, and when the lady returns from it to her charge she makes an abrupt proposal.

"Little Queen, suppose we go on a journey?"

The dark, languid eyes lift wearily, and look at her.

"My last year's scamper over Europe has but whetted my appetite for more," continues Miss Hariott briskly; "I pine to go again. Suppose we start—we two—next week, and we will go to Rouen, and you will show me the white house on the hill—Ah! I thought that would bring you back to life!"

For Reine has started up, with clasped hands, and eyes that light for the first time in many weary weeks.

"We will go next week," says Miss Hariott, with decision. "We will reach London early in May, in time for the height of the season, and we will ride in a 'broosh and four,' as Thackeray has it, in Hyde Park, and see the queen and royal family, not to speak of the nobility and landed gentry. I have a conviction, Petite, that if I had been born an Englishwoman I would have been a horrid snob, and adored the aristocracy. Then we will cross to France and spend a month, if we feel like it, in a certain picturesque Norman city, and my darling will get back her old brightness, and be my high-spirited, radiant 'Little Queen' of other days."

It is nothing less than a direct inspiration—Reine rouses from that hour. Next week comes, and they go. Longworth sees them off, and though she does not heed it then, Reine remembers afterward how pale and wistful his face is, as he holds out his hand and quietly says good-bye.

They have a delightful passage, and before it is over Reine "suffers a sea-change," and is quite her old self again. They see London at its best and gayest, as Miss Hariott has predicted, remain a fortnight, and then cross the channel. Through the whole month of

June they linger in Paris and Rouen. Other faces are in the "old house on the hill" now, as Reine, silent and a little sad, wanders through it, or plucks an apricot ripening against the garden wall. The morbid apathy has gone, but in its place a profound thoughtfulness comes, that puzzles her companion. She contracts a habit of sitting and gazing earnestly at her friend—that excites the curiosity of that excellent lady.

One rainy evening, the last of their stay in the quaint old town, they sit alone together. Twilight fills the room. Miss Hariott at the window gazes out at the slanting lines of rain, at the city all blotted out in a white blur of mist. Reine, half-buried in a big chair near, holds a book, but she does not read—she is watching the elder lady with that intent look that has often been fixed upon her of late.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" says Miss Hariott coolly. "Silent curiosity has its habits. It seems to me you have a new way of staring at me lately. Now, what is it about?"

"Miss Hariott," returned Reine, earnestly, "are you rich?"

"H'm! That, my child, is what legal gentlemen term a leading question. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to know."

"An excellent reason. Well, you see," says Miss Hariott, folding her hands in an argumentative manner over her belt, "riches are comparative. In regard to the rag-pickers and street gamins I see every day in the street, I am rich. In regard to the Rothschilds, or Miss Burdett Coutts, or your grandmother Windsor, I am poor."

"That is not what I mean, and you know it. You told me once you had an income barely sufficient to live upon, and that last year's tour exhausted your finances. How then, have they been replenished? How, in short, have you been able to come again, and fetch me, and live, luxuriously, as we have lived? How?"

She leans forward in her earnestness, as she asks the question. Miss Hariott laughs softly.

"Sooner or later I knew it would come to this. I told him so. My dear, can you not guess?"

Reine falls suddenly back. The dim light hides her face, and she does not speak a word. Miss Hariott bends toward her, and puts her arm caressingly over her shoulders.

"Little Queen, do not be angry—it was our only hope. Could we see you droop and die before our eyes? To bring our little Norman girl to her old home was her one chance, and—he made me do it. He loves you so dearly, Petite, so dearly——"

But Reine puts up her hands with a little impassioned gesture.

"Oh! do not!" she says; "it is then to Mr. Longworth I owe it all?"

"All. To send you away was the greatest sacrifice he could make and he made it. He is not a patient man as a rule, but, Little Queen, he has been very patient here—"

She breaks off, for the girl makes another gesture to stay her. It is evidently a question to be discussed by no third person, however privileged. There is a pause, and the elder peers out of the window against which the rain is dashing in wild drifts.

"A real summer tempest," she says, in a changed tone, "We will have a disagreeable day to-morrow to start for Italy."

"We are not going to Italy," says a voice from the depth of the chair; "we are going back to England."

"My dear——"

"And by the first ship from Liverpool we are to return to New York. Let us say no more about it."

"But, Reine, one word—you are not angry?"

"I am not angry. I am tired, though, and if you will excuse me, I will say good-night."

She kisses her friend and goes, and Miss Hariott is left sitting by the window, perplexed and anxious, and profoundly ignorant whether she has not given the death-blow to Laurence Longworth's last hope.

They return to England. Three days they spend in Liverpool, then they are homeward bound on the wide Atlantic once more. Not one word is spoken on the subject broached on that night in Rouen, and Reine's face and manner tell nothing. She is simply quiet and thoughtful, but sweet and bright, and perfectly restored to health; and Miss Hariott, looking at her, feels that no matter how Longworth's love affair may go, she at least has not laboured in vain.

They land in New York, and both take it as a matter of course that Mr. Longworth should be the one to meet them. They drive to a hotel together, and after the first ten minutes of preliminary greeting Miss Hariott starts up, declares she is perishing for a private cup of tea in her room, and is gone in a flash.

"Now or never," she thinks as she marches down a long corridor; "if they cannot come to an understanding *now*, I wash my hands of them forever!"

Mr. Longworth at least is making the attempt. He has borne Miss Hariott's brief presence with impatience, and the instant she goes is standing by Reine holding both her hands, and gazing down at her, all his heart in her eyes.

"Reine," he says, "am I forgiven?"

"Out of my heart," monsieur. Ah! how I thank you. And Léonce—I promised him. I have been very passionate and proud, but how could I remember anything against the friend who had been so good to my brother!"

"And this is all?" Longworth says, and drops her hands, and walks away to the window, stung to the heart.

There is a pause—a moment of wistful indecision. Then she crosses over, lifts his hand to her lips, and kisses it as a token of wifely love and submission.

"And Laurence, because I love you so well I can never let you go."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

"And so Longworth and Reine are married!" exclaims the "gentle reader," looking up. "Well, we knew they would be. And now tell us what the bride wore, and how she looked, and who were the bridesmaids, and how *they* looked, and who 'stood up' with the bridegroom, and where they went, and all about it."

There is not much to tell. It was the simplest of weddings, and the bride wore white, of course, but only white Swiss, and the traditional orange wreath and veil, and looked lovely. And the only bridesmaid was Miss Hariott, and she looked stately and handsome, and very happy. As to the bridegroom—but who ever is interested in the bridegroom? Mr. O'Sullivan was not best man—who was does not matter. Why he was not signifies nothing either. There was the *Phenix*—it was impossible to be absent so often from the post of duty.

There was a wedding breakfast, and then they went to Quebec, a city where there are always zephyrs and breezes (for it was warm weather in New York that August), and where the thermometer never mounts up among the nineties, and saw the Thousand Isles and Montmorenci, and the Plains of Abraham, and Wolfe's grave, and were happy!

Miss Hariott went home, and said nothing about it, and perhaps that was the most wonderful thing of all. So quietly was it kept, that in all Baymouth only two people knew it, and one of these two was Miles O'Sullivan, from whom wild horses, or yet thumbscrews could not have torn it.

And it fell out, some six weeks later, that Miss Hariott gave a party. And a select company of the cream of the cream of Baymouth were bidden and came, for this lady, despite her æsthetic tendencies, was a very queen of hostesses. And the little rooms were well filled, and Miss Marie Landelle, in trailing black silk and jet ornaments, looked fair as a star, and white as a lily, and cold as Anderson's delusive Ice Maiden. And Mr. Frank Dexter, newly arrived from "doing" Europe for the second time, bronzed and mustached, much improved and quieted by foreign travel, looking tall and handsome, and rather superb, was there, but he held aloof, it was noticed, from Miss Landelle the whole evening.

He had outgrown that old folly, Baymouth said; the disgrace of her sister and cousin—by-the-bye, *was* he her cousin?—still clung to her. How singularly that sister had vanished! said more than one Baymouthian—for all the world as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. Still, Mr. Miles O'Sullivan might have told tales, no doubt, if he choose; and as for Mr.

Longworth—and here ladies turned, with a smile, to their hostess—where *was* Mr. Longworth, and now that he was a millionaire, was he ever coming to Baymouth again?

Miss Hariott, in sweeping silks that became her well, scarlet flowers in her profuse dark hair, smiled as she listened, a quizzical, and rather puzzling smile. Oh, yes, Mr. Longworth was coming back—she expected him here to-night, in fact. Did not she know? Why, he arrived this evening from Canada by train. It was partly to welcome him, and that he might be greeted by many familiar faces, she had invited her friends on this occasion.

A slight sensation went through the rooms at this unexpected announcement, and a faint, amused smile passed over the face of Marie Landelle as she listened.

Among the changes these months had wrought, one of the most notable was that which had made this young lady an inmate of Miss Hariott's home, and a pensioner of Miss Hariott's bounty. For, one July night, some three weeks before, that great and gracious lady, Mrs. Windsor, had closed her eyes upon all things earthly, and had gone forth from the Stone House in gloomy and gorgeous state, to return no more.

Two days later and the reading of the will electrified all Baymouth. The Stone House, liberally endowed, was left to the town, to be used as a Home for Aged Women; there was a legacy to each of her servants, and the remainder, an enormous fortune, to a distant cousin, a merchant, of Boston. Neither of her granddaughters was so much as named in it, nor her friend, Mr. Longworth, and it bore date but a fortnight before her death.

It was a will that perhaps might have been contested by the lawful heiresses, but one of these young persons had disappeared from mortal ken, and the other felt little disposition to dispute it. She had battled in vain, her efforts to secure this fortune had brought nothing but misery upon them all—it was retribution, and she bowed her head and accepted her fate. Miss Hariott offered her a home, and to Miss Hariott she went. Other homes might have been hers, were proffered indeed—but that was impossible. It was about this time Mr. Frank Dexter returned from foreign parts, his tour of many years resolving itself into precisely five months. That hearing of Durand's death from Longworth's letters, he should go straight to Baymouth, that being in Baymouth he should of course, visit Miss Harriot, goes without saying. He met Marie seldom, alone never, but still they did meet, and if the young lady was silent, and shrinking, and a little cold, all that was natural, and—Durand was dead, and he could wait.

Mrs. Laura Sheldon, milk-white, blonde-haired, sweetly smiling, came late—after Miss Harriott's announcement—and so did not hear it. Next to Mlle. Landelle, she was the prettiest woman there. She could wear green, and wore it—pale-green silk, with quantities of tulle, pink rose, and green grasses in hair and corsage. She was late, but not the latest; half an hour after, there was a momentary stir and thrill that ran like electricity from room to room, and turning round to discover the cause, she found herself face to face with Laurence Longworth. For six months she had not seen him. With a little exclamation, so glad that it was not to be repressed, she turned to him, her eyes kindling, her cheeks glowing, and held out her hand.

"Oh, Laurence! what a surprise this is! How glad I am to see you again! I began to think you had deserted us forever."

"Would you have minded *much*?" he said laughing. "So Miss Harriott has not told you either."

"Told me what?"

He laughed again. How well he was looking, Mrs. Sheldon thought—how handsome, how happy!

"It was not thus in other day we met;
Hath time and absence taught thee to forget."

"Reine Landelle," she might have quoted. Once again, she thought, as she had so often thought before, how had it ever been possible for her to refuse this man? And in addition to all, he was now a millionaire, though to do this charming young widow justice, she would have gone with him to beggary.

"Miss Hariott's taste for private

theatricals will be never outgrown. I fancied every one knew all about me and my affairs. I find I come among you, and startle you as much as if I were the marble guest. Ah! here is our fair hostess now—that modern marvel—a woman who can keep a secret!"

"And who never indulges in second-hand cynicism! Mrs. Sheldon—you are old acquaintances, I know—but in her new character, let me present you to Mrs. Laurence Longworth."

It is the *coup de theatre*—whether prepared with *malice prepense* who shall say? And turning round Laura Sheldon sees a vision! A bride-like figure in trained white silk, and delicate laces, and two dark upraised eyes she has never thought to see again. It is Reine Landelle. Nay, Reine Longworth surely, for Longworth stands beside her, and looks at her as men only look upon what is the apple of their eye, and the delight of their life. It is Laurence Longworth's wife!

Something of what she feels perhaps is in her face, and those sweet dark eyes read it. All small animosities fall to the ground, and Reine holds out her hand.

"I shall be very glad if my husband's cousin will count me among her friends," she said, simply. And then she drops Miss Harriott's arm, and takes her husband's and *turns away*.

One last glimpse.

An interior. Gas jets, softly shaded, pouring their subdued light over Miss Harriott's parlour. Mr. Longworth lying luxuriously back in his traditional chair, Miss Harriott near him. Miss Harriott talks, Mr. Longworth listens. Mrs. Longworth sits at the piano, and plays an exquisite song, without words, faint and sweet as the silvery ripple of a summer brook. Her husband's eyes are upon her, while his ears are at the disposal of his hostess.

"So the heir came yesterday," continues Miss Harriott, "and sold the Windsor Mills. He got a fabulous price for them. And that is the end of the Windsors."

"Take her for all in all," quotes Longworth, "we shall not look upon her like again."

"And once *you* were the heir, Larry, Only think of the moral courage you had to resign a fortune of five or six millions!"

"And all for me," says his wife, suddenly rising, and standing behind his chair—"*Laurent, mon ami*, it was all for me, was it not? I wonder if I was worth it?"

Mr. Longworth gazes up with eyes of lazy adoration.

"All for you, my darling, and I think you were worth it. I don't know what the market value of a Little Queen may be, but I should say her price was above rubies."

A pause—uncomfortable for miss Harriot who feels that she is playing "*gooseberry*." Madame Longworth comes to the rescue.

"Sing for us. *Marraine*," she says, caressingly; "I have not heard you once since we came, and it is a night for song and music."

* * * *

A garden scene. A night like a great crystal full of limpid moonlight, soft winds, and sparkling stars. A lovely lady sits in a garden chair, wrapped in a fleecy white shawl, her perfect face upturned to the radiant night sky. Near her stands a gentleman, and to him not a star in all those golden clusters is half so fair as that upraised face. They are silent, listening to the music from within.

"I never knew your sister was beautiful until last night," says Frank Dexter, "though I admired her always. Happiness is an excellent cosmetic. As she once said herself of love, 'it is the very best thing in all the world.' You remember that day, Marie?"

"I remember," she answer, softly.

And then there is silence again. Nothing has been done, but they are friends, these two; and, though there is much to be mourned for in the past one does not mourn forever, and one can hope so much for a beautiful widow of twenty-one. So Frank Dexter, standing here to-night beside Marie Durand, does not despair, though his day may be far off. Listening to the song that comes through the open window, he knows that all life holds for him in present or future is in the words Hester Harriott sings:

"And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the Golden Gate.
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait."

THE END.

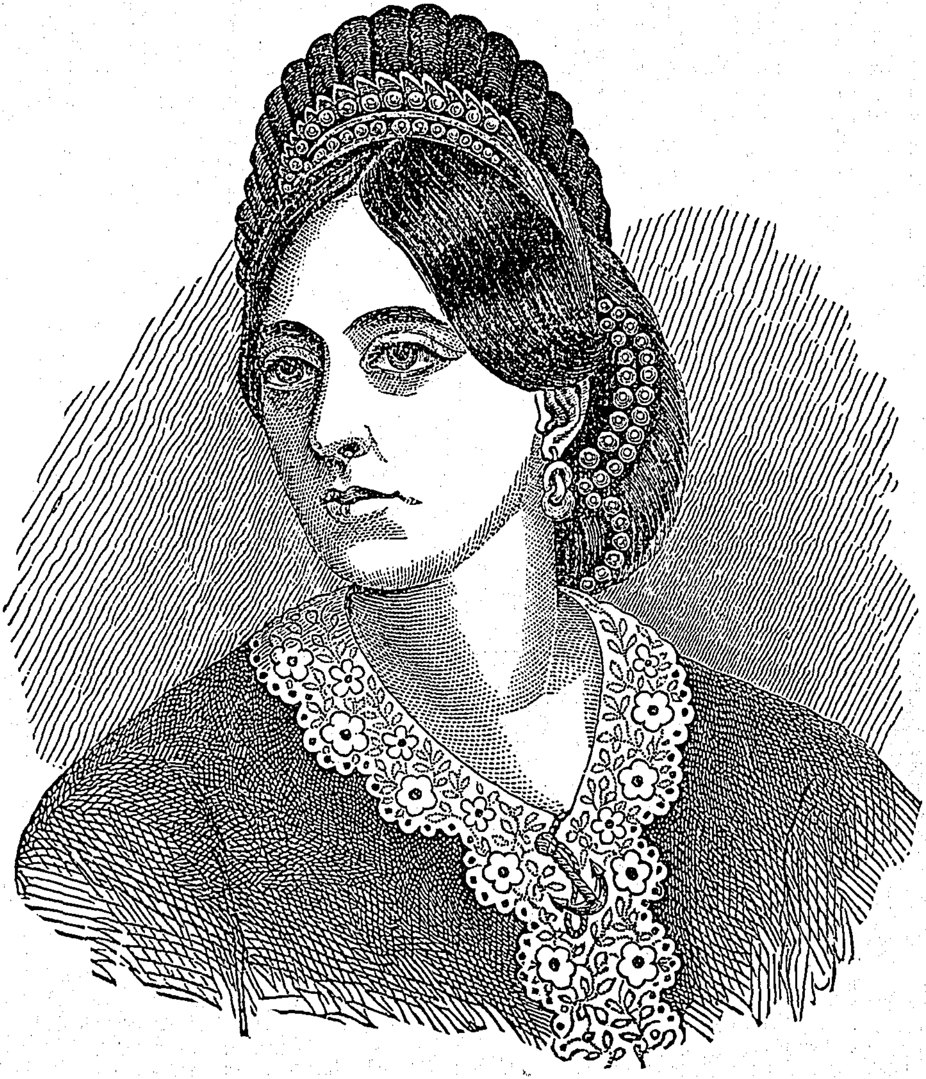
## LADY WILDE (SPERANZA).

The portrait of Lady Wilde is aptly chosen for our columns at the present time—a time in the history of Ireland little less stirring in its events than the period when "Speranza" first awoke the passions of the Irish people by her matchless verse. Ireland had then entered upon an epoch when the writings of the contributors to the *Nation*, appealing directly to the Irish heart found a willing response to those fervid utterances; and the result was a complete national revolution. The old apathy and lukewarmness which overshadowed those who should have taken a livelier interest in Ireland's cause gave way to manly resolves; and the men of Ireland stood erect in active earnestness pledged to the noble cause of national redemption. Associated with this heroic resolve are names that will be remembered while lives a single Irishman; and none will be cherished more gratefully or affectionately than that of the lady whose portrait appears herewith.

Lady Wilde's maiden name is Jane Franscesca Elgee. She is descended from a family that has given some goodly members to the legal, ecclesiastical, medical and military professions. She, however, has been the only scion of it that has given evidence of possessing literary abilities; for all those who went before her—belonging to her family—never displayed any literary talent, were neither authors nor authoresses, but, nevertheless, were respected and honored in the society in which they moved, on account of the estimable qualities they possessed. The family of Elgee has not been, then, famous for its brilliancy, nor can it boast of a long list of names glorious in the annals of history. But it had the good fortune of inheriting worth, valuable, intrinsic worth—and putting forth, from time to time, proofs of what it could do in its own way. The father of Miss Elgee, or ("Speranza" of the "Young Ireland" era) was a worthy minister of the late disestablished Anglican Church.

But, perhaps, the most widely known of Lady Wilde's relatives—at least on this side of the Atlantic—was her only brother, the late Hon. Judge Elgee, of Louisiana. He became one of the local leaders of the Confederates. He was one of the heads of the Confederate Senate, and the result was, that when the people in whose defence he had struggled had vanished, and when the fatal blow was struck, he lost all his worldly possessions. Some time after he departed peacefully from this life.

But returning to Lady Wilde's career—it is hardly necessary to state she was in the very zenith of her reputation at the "Young Ireland" era. Her poetry—strong, impetuous, carrying all before it—now like the volcano's crater, now like the mountain torrent—was doing more damage to English rule in the country than could be well managed; for her poetry was of that Irish national type that scorns connection with foreigners or foreign customs, and prefers the genuine article to alien ones of another dye. People who saw "Speranza" then, either personally in the City of Dublin, or saw the emanations of her genius in the *Nation's* "Poet's Corner," will long remember the sight. At the period to which we refer she was physically a very fine specimen of womankind. No one could speak to her, or even come in her presence, without feeling that there stood before him one whose mien and attitude were imperial and commanding. Yet haughtiness was not a part of her character. She was mild and graceful, and held in high esteem by all. Her face was full and round, while her eyes were firelit, dazzling in their brilliancy, and could only be compared to those far flashing thoughts of hers that, given expression to, as they were in the magnificent imagery of human language, have cast a glow on the "Young Ireland" literature that Irishmen will never let die. And such was the effect of those patriotic poems of hers that she was the means of converting to the national cause many who were struck by the earnestness of her talent, and whose hearts succumbed before her resistless appeals. Her assumed name "Speranza" became widely recognized as one of the greatest writers of the old *Nation*. Her health was drunk in many an assemblage; and never before in Ireland did woman attain such popularity as "Speranza" did. Men who were previously West-British in everything, turned round,



LADY WILDE (Speranza.)

touched to the core by "Speranza's" songs. Her enthusiasm was admired, and several began to reason that, verily, that cause must be intrinsically and extrinsically good which had for its advocate such a pure, genius-gifted inspired and queen-like maiden as she was. And some time after, when Gavan Duffy found himself in prison on a charge of high treason, "Speranza" did not desert the *Nation*. The "Poet's Corner" there still knew her as of old. She remained firm and faithful. The famous article "*Jacta Alea Est*," which appeared among the leading articles of the *Nation*, in 1848, and which appeared unsigned, just as the other leading articles, was written by "Speranza," and perhaps there is no piece she ever wrote so powerful or so fiery. It was a challenge to the English Government—a call upon Ireland to rise up and hurl the tyrants from the pinnacle of their power. That article became the gospel of the projectors of Ireland's nationality.

But the time passed on; the cause was lost; the young men were scattered all the world over; and "Speranza," amid the general shipwreck, retired in despair from Irish politics. A little after, in the year 1851, she married Dr. Wilde, of Dublin city—a gentleman of high medical repute and some literary abilities. But in the general despair that blighted all hopes at that period, "Speranza's" harp was hushed. One may as well expect that the nightingale would utter its bewitching notes of melody if incarcerated in a noisome cell as expect that "Speranza" could sing—now that the gloom had fallen on the land and almost every vestige of nationality was being swept with the departure of the young galaxy of writers and oraters of the period.

The career of Lady Wilde from that time up to the present has been marked by no public action of any sort. She has published a volume of poems, many of which first saw the light in the old *Nation*, and which were received very favourably by the press critics. This is the only volume of her own, we believe, which went through the printing press from her pen.

The keynote of the volume which is dedicated to Ireland, is contained in the opening stanzas of the dedication:

My Country, wounded to the heart,
  Could I but flash along thy soul
Electric power to rive apart
  The thunder-cloud that round these roll,
And, by my burning words, uplift
Thy life from out Death's icy drift,
Till the full splendours of our age
Shone round thee from thy heritage—
As Miriam's by the Red Sea strand
Clashing proud cymbals, so my hand
    Would strike thy harp,
    Loved Ireland!

And how true it is to-day of Ireland, as when "Speranza" wrote:

Ireland rests mid the rush of progression,
  As a frozen ship in a frozen sea;
And the changeless stillness of life's stagnation
  Is worse than the wildest waves could be,
  Rounding the rocks eternally.

Nor does "Speranza" ever despair for the future of her country, or cease to sound the note of progress:

But the world goes thundering on to the light
  Unheeding our vain presages;
And nations are cleaving a path to Right
  Through the mouldering dust of ages.
Are we, then, to rest in a chill despair
  Unmoved by these new elations;
Nor carry the flag of our Ireland fair
  In the onward march of nations?

It may be new to some of our readers to hear that she is now bringing out a volume of collected essays. These essays are very numerous, and are, besides, excellent in tone and tendency—displaying a scholarship and talent truly admirable. These pieces of prose literature of Lady Wilde's which have appeared in several Irish newspapers were chiefly of a critical nature, but are not by any means so well known as her poetical contributions, for the reason that they were not signed with her name and were published without any signature. These essays form a goodly collection, and we venture to predict for them a success fully in keeping with the reputation gained by their talented authoress.

Lady Wilde is a passionate lover of knowledge. She has a great zeal and an ardor for literature, and a thirst for the waters of its fountains which is simply unquenchable. She has studied, and succeeded in acquiring complete acquaintanceship with all the leading European languages, and she has made practical use of this knowledge in some cases, for she has translated several German and French poems into English verse, very successfully—notably "Korner's Song to his Sword"—a piece that, after a remarkable way, is turned into English in a very faithful fashion, while at the same time rivaling the original in wild strength and pathos. But the study of languages did not satisfy Lady Wilde's arpirations. She should go still further. So she paid attention to science and did not cease till she had explored very many of the wonders of that branch. Philosophy, too, became the object of her studious applications, and metaphysical speculations had come to possess a charm for her. In fact, few, if any women, possess that wide and deep and universal knowledge which Lady Wilde possesses. She has not confined her studies to one particular department, and her life from '49 to the present, and even to a certain degree before '49, has been one of intellectual labor.

The three great ideas which seem to have their foundations firm and deep in "Speranza's" soul are, Knowledge, Humanity, and Irish Liberty. Anyone reading her poems will have no difficulty in discovering how often she treats of the last two principles, and the student of her life will and can well judge of her devotion to the former. In order that our readers may see for themselves how these principles are hers, we take the liberty of extracting a passage from a letter she has lately written, in which she is explicit enough in the observation she makes. "My love of literature," she writes, "is only equalled by my passionate zeal for the advancement and progess of Humanity, and my earnest desire to see our beautiful Ireland, and our gifted people, take their proper place among the mightiest and noblest nations of the earth.

Such is the language of patriotism—such the ringing words of a woman true to the end to the glorious lessons she taught when she was in the bloom of maidenhood. And it speaks much for the tenacity with which Lady Wilde has held on to the national cause, when we are aware that she has lived for a long time in surroundings which did not partake of a National character. She moved in society where Irish Nationality is banned; but still she is its true and ever faithful upholder. Some of her genious has been transmitted to her son, Oscar Wilde, but little of her national spirit has followed it.

In conclusion, we may observe that there can be few differences of opinion among readers of "Speranza's" poetry as to its various excellent qualities. We think we should be giving as good an idea as possible of "Speranza's" peotry by saying that it was just as Meagher's oratory was in prose. We mark in both the same irresistible force of thought, eloquence of expression, love of native land, and high sense of chivalry that were characteristics excellent in their method. It has been observed—and observed truly that just like the themes of Meagher's oratory, "Speranza's" were stern realities—war, valor, glory, victory, duty, virtue, sacrifice, honor, and truth.

Long may "Speranza" live in the island home she has loved so well, and for whose national welfare she has raised her harp and sung so sweetly. And may her old age—now that it is coming on—be calm and happy—commensurate with the reward she so eminently deserves at the hands of an appreciative Irish public.—*Irish Canadian.*

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## A FRENCH SKETCH OF MR. PARNEELL.

From an article in the *Triboulet* we take the following sketch of Mr. Parnell:

The chief of the Irish cause is, in fact, one of these men born to command. Tall in stature, proudly erect of head, well proportioned in the ensemble of his body, Mr. Parnell can be ranked among that privileged class in which strength is combined with slenderness of frame. Under the voluntary slowness of his movements, and the impassable calm which he knows how to spread as a mask over his countenance, one can discern a temperament essentially organized for action. These natures, cold in appearance, should not be mistaken. Once the hour of danger arrives these men of the ice-surface are transformed into extraordinary filters. . . . Energy is the characteristic of this figure. Mr Parnell is a wrestler—he has already proved himself to be one; but fight assumes a special form in his person. He is less a man of attack than a man of resistance. Parliamentary storms, interruptions and interpellations must pass over his head without bringing the color to the pale cheek, without taking from those eyes their fixity of expression. One cannot conceive a being better appropriated for the direction of the crisis which Ireland is traversing—a crisis in which an excited nation has, above all, a want of *sang froid*, of tenacity, of that quality called by our neighbors endurance—the power of holding out for a length of time.

## CANADIAN ESSAYS.

### "*CASHEL OF THE KINGS.*"

(*Continued.*)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

In finishing our last essay we referred to the tower at the western end of the Cathedral—"It is beyond a doubt" continues Dr. Cotton, "this tower was erected for purposes of defence, and probably it was always furnished with a garrison. The latest period at which we have any account of hostilities taking place on this spot, is the year 1647, when it was besieged by Lord Inchiquin and the parliamentary forces, and after a severe bombardment was taken by storm. The buildings suffered much damage from the cannonade, and after the capture of the place, the victors blew off the roof of the Cathedral with their cannon. The western tower which was directly exposed to Lord Inchiquin's battery, was greatly shaken. A large crack running from top to bottom of its western face and which has been visible during a great number of years, may perhaps have originated in some settlement of the foundation, and probably was much enlarged by injuries received on this occasion."

Dr. Cotton now gives the reason why the Cathedral was changed and the new one built and why the old one was abandoned, He says: "After the troubles of the Commonwealth had passed, the choir of the Cathedral was used for divine service, and so continued till the year 1749 when Archbishop Price, being desirous that the parishoners should have a place of worship less exposed to storms and more accessible to the aged and infirm, caused St. John's Church, within the town, to be made cathedral as well as parochial, and transferred the congregation to that church."

We will give now a lengthier quotation from this writer, telling the different phases of neglect, of repair, of decay, of improvement through which this historic spot has passed since the old cathedral was deserted.

"Since that time, the old Rock, (as it is called by the people there), has been left to itself. The round tower still stands in its simple dignity, uninjured. Cormac's Chapel has suffered comparatively little damage, except from the lapse of time and some injudicious 'adaptations' made while it was garrisoned by the troops. But the 'Cathedral' having become roofless and exposed to the weather of all seasons, has owed its present condition of tolerable integrity, chiefly to the solidity of its walls and its masonry.

"The *debris* of the roof had accumulated to a great height within the church, burying beneath them tombstones, fragments of windows, capitals, corbels &c., and, being covered with long waving grass, presented a sad picture of desolation. Some years ago this rubbish was removed; the whole place was cleaned; the level of the original floor was reached; the bases of the four fine pillars supporting on arches the central, tower were exposed to view; and the just proportions of the edifice were shown. Some interesting tombstones also were uncovered, but the greater part of them were broken in pieces. However the fragments were carefully collected, and joined together as well as circumstances would admit.

"The lower stone-roofed vault in the western tower, having had its few apertures closed up, had become a chamber of darkness. Not a soul resided on the Rock. The memory of their forefathers, who had been slain by Lord Inchiquin's troops, was still fresh in the minds of the townspeople, and the spirits, of the dead were believed to haunt the scene of their former struggle; in confirmation of which belief, strange noises were reported to be heard at night, and mysterious glimmerings of light were occasionally seen to issue from the deep recesses of the western tower.

"About twenty-two years ago, (Dr. Cotton wrote this in 1848), when in the process of clearing away the accumulation of rubbish which disfigured all parts of the church, I came to remove a heap which lay on the floor of this vault to the depth of several feet I unconsciously interfered with this traditional tale. Not that I encountered *ghosts*, or any hostility from them; but, concealed under the rubbish, I discovered the remains of a *coiner's forge*, coals, cinders, &c., and have some of the base metal found there in my possession to-day."

This episode in the researches of Dr. Cotton is a pretty *eclaireissement* of a long believed legend! There we have one of the thousand instances in which superstition is befooled by Knavery, and the credulity of the unreflecting masses of our countrymen is traded on by unprincipled adventurers. At the very time when the forgers of base money were encouraging the religious alarms of the inhabitants of Cashel, they were carrying on their thievish trade uninterrupted, and probably were daily trafficking and cheating those very people with that counterfeit coin.

" It had long been observed, that the crack in the western tower was widening, and appeared to threaten a serious rupture. At length, on the morning of the 22d February 1848, a violent storm so shook the building, that the tower parted in two from top to bottom, and the southern portion fell to the ground with a terrific crash. The excellence of the mortar was now shown most conspicuously. The wall fell in large masses. several of which still remained firmly cemented together. ( This is seen in the fallen tower of Conway in North Wales and in several ruins both in Ireland and England). Many stones were broken in pieces and the fragments remained firmly imbedded in the mortar. One large mass ten or twelve feet in length, and four or five feet high, which includes part of the parapet, and therefore must have fallen from the greatest height, appears to have glided down without turning over or altering its position, and now stands upright and entire in the church yard, immediately under the spot which it formerly occupied. (This belongs to the building over the principal entrance and not to the Western tower).

" By this accident, the interior of the lower vault and of the Hall above it, is exposed to view from the south. A small but rather elegant window in the upper part has been destroyed ; and the heavy masses of stone, in their descent, overwhelmed the projecting southern porch, which, together with a guard-room over it, has been almost totally demolished.

" All this mischief was not done at the same moment. Part of the building fell several hours before the rest, and having thus loosened the general bond of cohesion, prepared the way for a second fall; and many of the adjoining portions now appear to hang together so loosely and imperfectly, that still further damage may be expected to follow, unless timely means be taken to present such a misfortune."

As might naturably be expected, a lively interest was excited throughout the country when the news of the "fall" was spread. Thousands flocked to the spot as the word went abroad. Great sorrow was expressed " tales of all sorts were told ; the Prophecies, always abundently to hand when wanted, were raked up for the occasion. People could not help noticing that the day of this disaster was the day on which *the Revolution in Paris* broke out ; and some body immediately recollected an ancient prophecy of some wise man or woman, declaring " that there would never be a successful rebellion in Ireland till the Rock of Cashel fell." Under such circumstances as here described it would seem useless to attempt the repairing of *all* the damage which has been done. But as the spot is consecrated by many historical recollections, and the building can never be regarded by Irishmen without the warmest interest, it seems a duty to make every endeavour to stay the further progress of destruction by carefully supporting and strengthening those parts which seem most immediately exposed to danger, and which, if precipitated from a great height, may demolish much which may be at present possible to save.

Dr. Cotton thus concludes his appeal : " unhappily the slender funds of the Dean and Chapter are barely sufficient to meet the current expenses of divine worship at the present cathedral. But a wholesome and creditable degree of interest has shown itself, not only amongst the inhabitants of the town, but in many others who value the venerable and still spreading monuments of ' olden time.' The Lord Bishop of Cashel has expressed his wish that an endeavour should he made, not at *restoration*, but at judicious *repair*, so as to prevent further damage; and he has offered twenty pounds for the commencement of the good work. It is confidently hoped that many other friends of the Church and admirers of antiquity will contribute their aid to the undertaking, so that something effectual may be done before the winds and rains of another winter make still further havoc among the dilapidated chambers."

Such is the termination of the Rev. Archdeacon's address upon the subject of the repairing of the Rock of Cashel. It is a complete discription in a nutshell of the old Rock. However the learned Doctor does not go into any of the particulars of the histories of the families whose forefathers have slept for ages the tranquil sleep of death beneath the vaults and under the monuments of Cashel.

We will come back, in the next, to John Davis. White's own work in which, as he says, he has " put some particulars together which may be interesting to the reader." The maxim taken by Mr. White, when be commenced his work, must have been from Camden—" If any there be which are desirous to be strangers in their owne soile, and forrainers in their owne citie, they may continue, and therein flatter themselves; for such like I have not written these lines, nor taken these paines."

It was a truly noble and patriotic feeling and sentiment that prompted the editor of the Cashel *Gazette* to devote so much of his time to the study of that ancient city and to the reading of the history of the country; the learning its legends and tales and superstitions, the tracing of its antiquities and then the gratuitous distributions throughout the land, of the knowledge thus acquired by labor, energy and devotion.

It may seem strange that we have commenced this series with Cashel and not with Dublin the capital or Cork or some other city of greater importance. However it is not our object to give what can be found in a thousand places, in the diary of every learned traveller of Europe, in the guide-books and hand-books on the trains and steamers—that is, a description of the places of interest in large cities. We wish to give to the public a unique guide to places not so well known and where things of greater interest are to be found and which are seldom described, you will, perchance, a long time, here or in Ireland seek for a proper and really interesting guide to such places as Cashel. Therefore it is that we take up such subjects and strive to give what is not to be found in any other journal in America. It is not to the style, nor the composition, nor the importance of the questions spoken of, nor the strength of arguments used, nor the depth of the subjects in these essays, that we look, in order to interest; but merely to the sole quality they really possess, that of not being upon ordinary or common place or thread-bare topics.

It is well to have every-day topics in daily papers but it is just that in such a publication as the *Harp*, the only Irish-Catholic one of the kind in Canada, that we should go to the past and dive into the future. If one chances to get possession of some information, howsoever small it may be, provided it may do even one atom of good to a fellow being, it is right that be should hand it to the public. Consequently having possession of the works above cited and several others on like subjects, and knowing that no other copies of them are in Canada, we give them to the public. It is bad to be as the one that story tells of in *Ginerva Da Siena*, who would seek—

"Fifty miles round, beyond the sight of man,
Rather than one across in open view
His good and bad a like he loves to hide."

Green Park, Aylmer. P. Q.

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## THE LEGEND OF ST. SENANUS.

NEAR the junction of the rivers Lee and Bride are the ruins of the Church of Iniscarra. It was here that St. Senanus, directed, we are told, by an angel, founded his church, and fixed his ecclesiastical residence. When the prince of the place heard of this occupation of his lands without permission, he sent messengers to demand rent and restitution. Subsequently he sent his favourite steed to be maintained at the expense of the monastery, but the steed fell into the stream and was drowned, so that no part of it remained to be seen except the carra—*i.e.*, the quarters—hence the name Inis-Carra. This place has been commemorated by Thomas Moore in his celebrated lines of "Senanus and the Lady"—

Oh, haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see.
And, I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod.

THE LADY.

Oh, father, send not hence my bark,
Through wintry winds and billows dark.
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morning and evening prayer;
Nor mine the feet, O holy saint,
The brightness of thy sod to taint.

The pious Cannera, a virgin saint of Bantry, one night after Vespers, as she was at her prayers saw all the churches of Ireland and a tower of fire rising out of every one of them up to heaven. The fire which rose out of Inis-Caithaigh was the largest, the highest, and the most brilliant of all, and rose most directly heavenward. On beholding this the holy virgin exclaimed, "This is the church to which I will go, that my resurrection may be out of it!" She then prayed to God that she might not lose sight of the tower of light, but, like the fire that led the children of Israel through the wilderness, to be directed unto this place. God granted her prayer. Having no guide but the tower of fire, which continued to burn day and night, she set out, and continued till she reached this place. St. Senanus knowing this, came to the shore to meet her, and bade her welcome. He told her to go to an island to the eastward, where his mother and sister were, and she would be entertained there. She told him that it was not for that she came, but to remain in communion of prayer with him. He told her that she could not come on to the island. She then asked him if he would give her a place of interment, and communion. At length he permitted her to come to the brink of the island, which she scarcely reached alive. He then brought her the last sacrament. She there died and was buried on the south side of the island, where her grave is.

# SISTER MIRENE.

## AN EPISODE OF THE SYRIAN MASSACRE.

## CHAPTER III.—(*Continued*)

SINCE the day when the Druses burnt Deir-el-Kamar, and put more than two thousand Maronites to the sword, I have been in the service of the brave Joseph Karam, who has gathered a small army around him in the centre of the mountains and has already rendered great service to our cause. I am doubly useful to him as soldier and doctor. Still as soon as we became aware that Damascus was threatened, I left him to come to you. You must prepare to come with me without delay, A caravan of fugitives is assembling about two leagues from here; they will wait for us until to-night. A number of Maronites have sought his protection already. He has placed the women and children in a narrow valley strongly fortified by the heights that guard it. Five hundred brave men and well armed guard the defiles which lead to it. It is there I wish to see all three of you. But where indeed is the third? Why has not my dear Gabrielle come to greet me?

"Gabrielle," said Mr. Herbelin, is at school in Damascus, where we will go to seek her.

Ferdinand repressed an exclamation of terror.

"Oh, yes;" he said with an assumed indifference; "at Damascus; I will go to fetch her."

"No, not you," replied Mr. Herbelin, "you are overcome with fatigue; remain with Sophia; help her to get ready for departure; warn our host and hostess; advise them to come with us; meanwhile I will go for Gabrielle."

"God grant you be not too late," said Mrs. Herbelin.

"When I arrived at Damascus all was quiet. If Chalib had only told me I would have gone to bring her with me, but he spoke only of you and I came away after having written a few lines to your partner, Mr. Just."

"If Just is prepared he will save Gabrielle," said Mrs. Herbelin.

"We will save all," said Ferdinand in a buoyant tone. "Whatever your husband says to the contrary I shall go with him to Damascus. It is not perhaps necessary, but you will be more at ease if I go with him."

"If you are coming then let us set out immediately," said Mr. Herbelin.

"Yes; we have not a moment to lose. My sister will break the news to Mr. auk Mrs. Dravel, and prevail upon them to join us. Will you not?"

"But what shall I say to them?"

"Tell them this. The only means of safety is now in flight. It is necessary, therefore, that they should make up their minds to set out with you and all the Christians in the neighbourhood. As I have already said a small caravan awaits you at Eycoub at the foot of the mountains. You will join it there; and you will journey with it *to-night*; and as I know all the places where it will camp, it will not be difficult for us to find you in one place or another."

"What do you say; brother? Do you think that I am going to fly without you, and my husband and my child."

"Alas, Sophia, it is absolutely necessary that it should be so. You cannot stay here."

"Why not?"

"Because we shall not return by this route. When we leave Damascus, we shall go to Lebanon by another road."

"Then let me go with you to the city."

"Impossible, you would only delay us, and endanger Gabrielle." She began to sob and Ferdinand in an under tone said to Mr. Herbelin. "She must go; she at least must be saved. Use your influence with her whilst I go to get horses ready."

A few moments later the two gentlemen were in the saddle and at full galop. Neither broke silence for some time. At length Ferdinand asked.

"Have you prevailed upon my sister not to wait for us?"

"Yes, but not without difficulty."

"It is well. She at least will live: at least we will hope so."

"It is the second time you have said that Sophia alone will be saved. You do not think that Gabrielle is in danger."

"Ferdinand did not reply."

"What, is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Herbelin. "But why do you fear?"

"I fear we are too late. I did not wish to say so in the presence of my sister, but Damascus is, I fear at this moment given up to fire and sword, our poor Gabrielle perhaps is no more: and we ourselves may be only seeking death."

"Mr. Herbelin looked at him with astonishment."

"Then why, he asked, did you come here. Are not two victims enough? Why did you not remain to protect your sister?

"Because if my sister does as she was told she is safe; and I wished to do all that is possible to save Gabrielle."

"You have written to Just?"

"Yes; to warn him to save as many as possible."

"Then he will begin by putting Gabrielle in safety."

"Alas, that is scarcely possible. I told him I was looking after that, all the time supposing that Gabrielle was with you."

"Mr. Herbelin uttered a cry of despair."

"There is yet one chance for Gabrielle," said Ferdinand.

"Has she not powerful friends at Damascus"

"I do not know one."

"Is not Amrou at Damascus? Amrou the uncle of the little Arab, whom Gabrielle calls her sister."

"He is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes; this two or three months; but not only is he dead, but worse still, the fanatical Druse, the Arab's father who presided at the massacres at Deir-el-Kamar and Hesbaya, is at Damascus with his daughter. They live in the sumptuous palace of the deceased Amrou."

"Then all is lost. This ferocious sheik who has preached the holy war in every valley of the mountains, has not descended into the plains for nothing."

## CHAPTER IV.

### FLIGHT.

The sun had set and twilight cast deep shadows over the landscape. On the terraced roof of Amrou's house, the little Nad-ji-e-da sat. She was pale and silent, her hands grasped convulsively the cushions on which she reclined, her anxious eyes gazed steadfastly at the city. All through the suburbs the excitement was extreme. Numerous bands of sinister-looking men paraded in the doubtful light, looking like the gouls and djinns of eastern story. Menacing shouts filled the air, mingled with cries of fear and prayers of supplication. Lurid flames shot up to the sky at equal distances, the clouds of smoke from which made the air heavy. Meanwhile, and in spite of all this, young and beautiful girls, and beautiful sultanas reclined and chatted upon the flowery terraces.

When the tumult on the streets was at its height, and when threats and the cries of dying men became loudest and most frequent these elegant dames and damsels would stretch over the stone parapets to applaud the slaughter with all the strength of their tiny hands, and when dim shadows flitted along the neighbouring house tops followed by menacing figures, these fair arms covered with pearls were lifted up to deride the fugitives.

Whilst Nad-ji-e-da, paler than a moonbeam, looked tremblingly on this horrid spectacle, her nurse, who had ascended to the terraced roof ornamented as it was in true oriental style with flowers and flower beds and roses, addressed her.

"My child you ought to descend into the house: such spectacles as this are not for young and innocent eyes."

"Alas, Sulema," replied Nad-ji-e-da, turning away with a gesture of horror, "I believe in truth I shall die. It is not blood that is coursing through my veins; it is a fire that burns there. What has happened? What madness has seized the people of Damascus? Why these crimes—these assassinations, these incendiaries?"

"It is the will of Allah! my child, said Sulema, who like all Mussulmans was a fatalist."

"Allah, as you call him, God, as I *call him, will surely punish such crimes.* But tell me—is it not nearly over?"

"It is over some time, my child; and it is not as terrible as you imagine. They have killed a few Maronites, burnt a few houses; that is all."

"That is all. Ah! if that were indeed all, it would be all too much. But you do not tell me the truth, nurse; the slaughter has been terrible; and I fear is not over yet."

"It is over, child; it is."

"Whither then go all these men?"

"Whither do they go? They know not perhaps themselves. In every tumult there are always men who cry out more than they work—who are indeed lambs in tiger's skins. But come, my Nadu; as there is a lull in the storm, why remain here? why do you disobey your father, who charged you to shut yourself up as soon as the moon arose?

"When my father gave me that command he was far from supposing, that these massacres began at mid-day would continue until nightfall."

"Perhaps he gave it because he foresaw that they would continue that long."

"What! How! My father know it, and do nothing to prevent it? Oh, that is terrible! terrible! And you say he has not returned?"

"Not yet, my child."

"He has gone then to join the Algerian Abd-el-Kader, to assist him to defend the Maronites."

"I wish, my child, I could let you think so. But it is not true. Your father's rank, his title as minister of Hackem, would oblige him to fight the infidels."

"Oh! do not say that, nurse; do not let me think such a horrid thing possible. What! a barrier of dead bodies between me and my father! the blood of innocent men on my father's hands. You judge him wrongfully. Oh! how differently my grandfather Amrou would have acted."

"Yes, but Amrou shared the ideas and prejudices, and almost even the religion of the Franks—unhappily for you."

"Why unhappily?"

"Because the education he has given you will become the source of your most bitter sufferings."

"Would you have me announce the false doctrine of the imposter Hackem —pretend to be inspired—make poor ignorant people mistake the utterances of folly for the oracles of a prophet? I could not do it, nurse; I could not."

The young girl stopped suddenly.

The uproar of the city increased; armed bands became more numerous; the imprecations were more violent, and the cries of the victims more heart-rending. On all sides lurid flames, and black smoke leaped towards the sky. From the height of the minarets came the voice of the Imans applauding the crowd.

Nad-ji-e-da sprung from her cushions.

"Nurse;" she cried, "did you hear that?"

"What? my child!"

"Some one called me."

"Called you? what folly!"

"Yes, yes, I assure you it was so. A sweet voice twice pronounced my name."

"You dream; child. Nor is it to be wondered at. Go, I pray and sleep."

"Sleep! no, no; that must not be. We must watch rather; and ask the Master of Life to help with His grace those who are going to die."

"It is not necessary to stay on this terrace in order to pray. Come into the house; we will take our tesbors (beads) of perfumed amber on each grain of which we will invoke one of the ninety-nine names of Allah, or if you prefer it we will read a chapter of the Koran."

As a protest against this, Nad-ji-e-da shook her tiny brown hands, until the interlaced sequins which served for bracelets shook together with a silvery sound.

"Never—never again, she said, shall these fingers touch the grains of the tesbor—never shall the lips of Nad-ji-e-da again invoke the Most High under the name of Allah—never shall her eyes again read the lying sentences of the imposter's book."

Sulema regarded her in silence.

"What do you believe in then, if you equally reject the doctrines of Hackem, and the religion of Mahomet?"

The young girl rose with an air of quiet majesty and placing both her hands upon her nurse's arm exclaimed in a firm and strong voice.

"I believe in the Divinity of Jesus and the Sanctity of His Virgin Mother."

"Jesus and Mary! the faith of the Catholics! Allah protect us both! the poor child is lost!" murmured the good woman as she withdrew her arm. "Your father, child; your dreaded father, what will he say?"

"He will have to take it in good part," answered the young girl in a tone of indifference she little felt.

"He will have to take it in good part!" cried the nurse with vehemence, "do not count on it for a moment. If you resist him—if you deny his God, he will trample you under his feet without pity or remorse."

The young girl threw herself back upon her cushions and covered her face with her hands. Sulema after contemplating her for some moments with an air of compassion, tried to persuade her to enter the house.

"No, no;" answered the child; "I must remain here to the end."

"But again I tell you it is finished—see; the streets are almost deserted."

"Because the crowd has gone in some other direction. Listen."

"I hear only the howling of the jackal."

"You are mistaken; nurse. Those sounds are cries of human grief. And if you doubt it look there," said she averting her eyes as she pointed below.

In the street in front of Amrou's house, a Druse enveloped in his *machlah* and with his face half concealed by his turban, had just plunged his dagger into the breast of a young man dressed in European costume, who had fallen under the blow but who still lived.

"Twenty-two!" muttered the assassin as he cut a notch on his yatagan.

Nad-ji-eda sprang to her feet; uttered a cry of terror, and beating the air with her arms, shrank back to the other extremity of the terrace, where she remained motionless, seeing nothing, and hearing nothing.

Before leaving, the Druse stooped over the murdered man, to be sure that he was dead, or that at least his wound was mortal. By a rapid motion the wounded man seized a pistol from the murderer's girdle, and pointing it at the murderer's heart. Without, however, drawing the trigger, he returned it saying:—

"Your life is in my power, in return for my own, but I spare you and forgive you, in order that the God before whom I am about to appear, may forgive me, and grant me grace and mercy."

The Druse discharged the pistol at a man, who was gliding stealthily past, and who fell dead.

"Twenty-three!" said he. You are right: "the weapon was good and you might have killed me. I do not wish to be under any obligation to you; and am therefore ready to render you a service in return. If there is in the city any one in whom you take an interest, tell me his name and I will do all I can to save him."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the wounded man.

The Druse shrugged his shoulders, and prepared to depart, when the dying man, seizing his machlah, uttered a few words in a choked voice.

"Very well," replied the murderer as he departed. H. B.

(*To be continued.*)

## MISSION OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

THE following extract from a lecture recently delivered by Rev. Dr. Leeming under the auspices of the Halifax branch of the Irish Land League, we take from an exchange.–

In answering objections sometimes made against the League I beg to state that the League is purely a political organization; a humane society, established to build up the shattered hopes of a prostrate nation, to pour the oil of gladness into the wounds of a brokenhearted people, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to protect the widow and the orphan, by enabling the sons and daughters of Ireland to obtain the bread they have earned by the toil of their hands and the sweat of their brow. This association, I repeat, is purely political. It is not a religious sodality. It is open to members of all creeds. Its motto is "Bread and food for Ireland" All denominations may enter its wide fold. Religious discord cannot mar the glorious music rising from the million tongues in one grand burst of purest harmony. In matters of this kind, as in all questions of political doctrine, churchmen and laymen stand on the same platform. All speak with the same authority. Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. It is not necessary that Cæsar should die that God may live. The two powers are separate and distinct. Both have their respective claims. Political freedom, then, cannot be crushed beneath the rod of religious authority. When clergymen, therefore, enter the League, *they do so as private citizens* and members of society. When they speak of or against the League they speak on a subject foreign to their jurisdiction and their opinions are charged with no religious weight. They may differ amongst themselves, and we may differ from them. Political freedom is the birthright of every man, woman, and child. Every member of the community is free to judge between the merits of those methods by which public happiness may be best secured. Let no one then imagine for a moment that they fail in allegiance to religious authority by holding and defending a different political opinion from that of their pastors and spiritual guides. Hence, then, when we hear that part of the clergy of Ireland disagree in their judgment of the League, that some approve, whilst others condemn, let us not be disturbed. It is but natural and right, and their disagreement is one of the strongest proofs that the League is merely a question of political bearing wherein difference of sentiment does not clash with our duties to heaven; for God Himself respects our liberty, and wills that Cæsar should hold his own. We read in the press, that to one Irish prelate in particular, the League is peculiarly obnoxious; to him it is a poisonous weed, infecting the air and creating only a mighty stench. To another prelate of equal station and more patriotic feeling it is a blooming rose, peerless in Beauty, which opening its ruby lips moist with dew, to kiss the golden sunbeam, woos and embalms the air with the richness of its breath. The difference, ladies and gentlemen, is not in the plant itself, but in the nose of the man who sniffs it. And I am glad to say, that the vast overwhelming majority of the Irish clergy, prefer the perfume of the rose to the stench of the weed. We are told by some that this restless agitation unsettles the mind, disturbs the soul, and impedes the growth of Christian piety, that we should cease this wild excitement and trust more to prayer. But I for one would far rather practice the scriptural injunction which tells us "work as well as pray;" for the Bible teaches "faith without good works won't save a man." So neither will prayer without a good working system ever liberate Ireland. It is a rash and presumptuous hope to expect that God will work miracles, even for the redemption of a country so faithful to Him. Miraculous interference is a rare occurrence. God will not dry up the waves of the English Channel, as he formerly divided the waters of the Red Sea, and then send the armies of Great Britain to swell the ranks of Pharoah in the realms below. We read that the walls of Jericho fell down at the sound of Joshua's trumpet, but if it is imagined that the chains of English supremacy which bind the Irish nation in galling servitude will part asunder at the prayers of the people, they may wait till the crack of doom, when the archangel blows his trumpet and the echoes of that blast have screamed themselves hoarse. We read again that a crow was sent by heaven to carry bread to Elias when he was starving in the wilderness, but I never heard of any crows being sent to feed the Irish; on the contrary, I know that the English Government has sent millions of Irish to feed the crows. I yield to no man in my faith as to the power of prayer, I hold that it is tempting Providence to put your trust in prayer alone. For 700 years the church and people of Ireland have been praying for freedom; for 700 years have those prayers been consecrated by the tears and blood and fastings and famines of a stricken people—the famishing mother, the dead babe still clasped to her milkless breast, has prayed the prayer of frenzy; the stalwart man, with parched tongue and sunken cheek and wasted form has stretched his withered hands to heaven, all the prayer of his soul broke to the wild laugh of a raving maniac—despairing multitudes have turned their bloodshot eyes to the brassy clouds, have shook their fist in heaven's face and shrieked in their anguish. "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken us?" And will no answer come? Oh, yes I hear it; earth, air, sea, and ocean proclaim it; I hear it in the gurgle of the stream, the cataract's roar, the crash of every wave that breaks on the golden sands of the sunlit shore;—I hear it in the shiver of every leaf that stirs on the trees, the tremor of the tall grass in the plains below, the rustle of the wild heather on the mountain-tops;—I hear it in the soft whisper of the summer breeze, and the howling burst of the winter wind; —I hear it in every thunder's rattle, and the pitiless pelting of the hissing storm;—I read it in every lightning flash, and the twinkling glimmer of every shining star, and that mighty voice thrills my soul and fills my being: "Sons and daughters of Ireland, rise from your knees, dry your tears, put your own shoulders to the wheel, for God helps those who help themselves."

It is impossible to describe the wild scene of excitement which followed this magnificent passage. Cheer after cheer rent the building, and it was some minutes before the speaker was able to continue.

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## ENGLAND AND ROME: ANOTHER VETO QUESTION.

IRELAND'S Catholic Church has had once more to raise her mitred front and stretch forth the crozier of ST. PATRICK to repel English attacks upon her consecrated independence.

Herein her prelates will command the large warmhearted admiration, not only of their own devoted flocks, but of all who, differing from them in religion, respect wise and honorable patriotism.

England, it appears, has developed her perennial intrigues at Rome, and now seeks to have a political agent or Representative of the Roman Court in London. His ears would be continually filled with complaints about the conduct of Irish clergymen who happened to hold their country dearer than the views of the Ministry of the day, and, as a foreigner, it would be inpossible for him always to discern the falsity of the charges, the groundlessness of the complaints in time.

What does England want this Nuncio in London for, whilst England refused to recognise the Pope by sending him an ambassador? It is not difficult to comprehend her desires. She has betrayed them on too many occasions for Ireland to ignore them now.

England desires to make the Irish Catholic Church a Slave of the State. Its lofty liberty, begotten of poverty and self-sacrifice, has always made her Governments uneasy and anxious to cast their fetters, whether of iron or of gold, over its untrammelled limbs.

The demand for a *Veto*—the demand that England should have power *to forbid* any priest she disliked from being raised to the episcopacy—was a broad, open, and avowed declaration of her desire. Her Government—sought to make this a condition of Catholic Emancipation—sought to bribe Irish Catholics to surrender their Mother Church into slavery, but the bait was nobly rejected.

Since then, however, the English have always been intriguing at Rome against Ireland, even when they were intriguing against the Pope himself. Lord Palmerston the worst enemy of Papal independence, was indefatigable in trying to entrap the Papal Court with respect to Irish affairs. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his recent work, has recalled the memory of much that is of importance, but, perhaps, the most significant, because the most audacious, attempt is that avowed by Lord Palmerston in a letter to his brother in 1834:—"*I am sending off a messenger suddenly to Florence and to Rome to try to get the Pope not to appoint an agitating prelate Archbishop of Tuam.*" Greville, in his Memoirs, gives this further information: "*Lord* Melbourne *told me that an application had been made to the Pope very lately expressive of the particular wish of the British Government that he would not appoint* MacHale *to the vacant Catholic Bishopric,* ANYBODY BUT HIM, *notwithstanding which the Pope appointed* MacHale. His Holiness said that he had remarked, for a long time past, that no piece of preferment of any value ever fell vacant in Ireland, that he did not get an application from the British Government asking for the appointment."

What a loss to Ireland and to the Irish Catholic Church it would have been if England had prevailed, and the Pope had *not* "appointed MacHale." But, he resisted the influence of the British Government, at a time, when it was at its mightiest, and gave honour to whom honour was due, and surely no choice ever was more distinctly guided by Providential wisdom than that which raised up John of Tuam to the Archiepiscopal See of the West! England's counsels then, as on many an occasion since, were directly opposed to the welfare of Irish Church and Irish people.

It is gratifying to hear now that the whole Hierarchy of Ireland, in high council assembled, have unanimously repudiated this last temptation of the Saxon Satan, and rejected the gilded and glittering chain that, thrown upon their necks as if in honour, would have weighed heavy as the fetters of slavery. This revives the memory of greats contests, noble efforts, and heroic triumphs in a glorious past.—*Dublin Irishman.*

## CHIT-CHAT.

—Sir Charles Duffy has a great name, and has issued a great manifesto. He thinks the Irish Land Bill a great measure, and one calculated to do great good for Ireland, *if*—alas! that all human things should rest upon an *if.* "Your 'if' is a great peace maker" and let us add, a great castle builder *in the air*; and air built castles are not wont to last a thousand years. On the airy support of an *if* Sir Charles makes out a great case for the Land Bill, and a great future for Ireland. With prophetic eye he sees proverty, starvation the proselytising school, caubeen doffing to agents, dram giving to the bailiffs, and the driver "duty eggs" and "duty fowl," all gone by the Board. This would be a pretty picture, if it did not rest on the inverted cone of an "if." But this is not all. The Irish tenant has to get compensation for his improvements, if——. A fat goose or two or a keg of potteen will not have to be given in order to secure a fair valuation, if——, and a thousand other things depending on an "if." Now it is an acknowledged fact, that an inverted cone is not the most stable of foundations for a castle, much less for a nation's prosperity. We wish so much did not depend upon an "if:" so much good on so little good.

—It is considered a great feat amongst our circus goers for an elephant to stand with its four great feet (excuse the pun —it is unavoidable) upon a patent pail. We confess we cannot help thinking of the feat, whenever we contemplate Ireland's future balanced upon an "if."

Castles in Spain
Is building in vain
Unless the Lord build the house, &c.

—And what, I pray you, is this little "if" on which this tremendous superstructure of Ireland's prosperity depends? The *honesty* and *intelligence* of *two men* out of a certain *three*. Alas! how slender a thread nation's life depends on. The sword of Damocles hung not on a slenderer.

—"I do not believe religion to be an adjunct, an adjective, an ornament superadded to education. I believe that without religion education does not exist and cannot exist." (The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster at Cardiff.) Noble words, nobly put by the most noble of men!

—An early Christian writer has said, "Homo sine cognitione Dei pecus." (A man without the knowledge of God is a hog.)

—The present agitation for the wearing of woollen stuffs is a curious comment on the fact, that the fancy of a girl about her gowns rules our industrial productions. Women want to rule at the ballot-boxes. Ought they not to be content to rule our factories; to make and unmake millionaires—to be the main spring of our merchandise and commerce, without wishing to rule in our Senate. But then that is just where she would rule—with her tongue.

—Your modern Greek is a hard hitter. At modern Athens it is a weather prognostic worthy of "Old Prob" that "donkeys fighting portend rain" and by an easy and logical application of the principle, "when two men fight, the *gamins* cry out "it is going to rain." This is hard on the humans.

—Mr. Raylston in his "Songs and Tales of the Russian people" and Mr. N. G. Polites of Athens, in his "Popular Meteorological Fables," abundantly prove the connection in the Russian and Greek popular mind of the Prophet Elias with thunder and lightning. The idea originated doubtless in his chariot of fire and his calling down fire from heaven. In the Middle Ages in Greece it was believed that when it thundered the Prophet was chasing a dragon through the sky, and at this day it is believed that the rattling of thunder is the noise of his chariot wheels.

—Either Icelandic satire was strong, or Danish forbearance was weak. The Icelanders provoked at Harald Blaatand, King of Denmark, for having seized one of their merchant ships, made such severe verses on him that he sent a fleet to ravage the island.

—But Icelandic law-givers were equal to the occasion. They thereon made a law that any one, who should satirize the sovereigns of Norway, Sweden or Denmark should be put to death. Such are the safeguards that hedge in royalty. And yet at this royalty a beggar's dog may bark.

H. B.

## PASS IT ROUND.

Few Catholic journals there are to which the annexed paragraph does not apply. The *Western Watchman*, from which it is taken, deserves our thanks for the cutting rebuke; and we pass it round, in the hope that some delinquent, seeing it, may repent and make his peace with his publisher. The *Watchman* says:—

"We regret to learn that the *Catholic Banner*, of Kansas City, has suspended publication. The *Banner* was a good paper, well edited, and published in a live city. It had a fair circulation, but we presume a great many were leeches, who subscribed but would not pay for it. It is strange so many of our Catholics are good enough to subscribe for a Catholic paper 'to help it along,' but will unblushingly refuse to pay for it, and yet call themselves honest. The Catholic publishers should publish the names of these leeches of the Catholic press for mutual protection."

## PROVERBS.

Among the various classes of proverbs, perhaps the most numerous division is that which bears upon selfishness. This is not much to be wondered at, for selfishness is a tolerably constant quality of human nature. As selfishness generally appears to be disagreeable, it is not surprising either that the thoughts of all people take pretty nearly the same view of it. We are afraid that any amount of odium will not cure this defect, for few men will confess, even to themselves, that they are selfish; but to those who are blessed with self-consciousness, we recommend the following maxims. The English say, "Other men's sorrows will not break our hearts." The Russian phrase is "The burden is light on the shoulders of another." The French say, wittily, "One has always strength enough to bear the misfortune of his friend." The Italians, to whom water is valuable, tell us, "Every one draws the water to his own mill." The Oriental, cooking his food at the desert fire, declares, "Every one take the embers to his own cake." The practical Roman soldier, when straps to buckle on his armor were scarc, asserted that "Men cut broad thongs from other men's leather." The Englishman blurts out, "Every one for myself, and God for us all." The phlegmatic *Dutchman* finds breath enough to snort, curtly, "Self's the man." And the Spaniard avoiding danger, advises to "Draw the snake from the hole by another man's hand." Selfishness may, perhaps, be described as that which some men like to practise, without having it practised upon them; and in that sense he who can sympathise with the above sentences from many *languages* is *the* type of a selfish man.

Another set of proverbs nearly as widely spread go to show us that everywhere and in all ages men have been in a hurry to get rich, and better still, point out a general knowledge that such attempts to gratify acquisitiveness by fair means or foul are very apt to break down. We express this when we say, referring to easily gained wealth, "Light come, light go." The cautious Scotch have it that "The groat is ill saved which shames its master." The sententious Spaniard dogmatically affirms, "He who will be rich in a year, at the half-year they hang him." The Italians say, "Ill come, ill spent." The Germans add, "The unrighteous penny corrupt the *righteous* pounds;" and the poor blacks of Hayti *say* in their bad French, "The knife which thou hast found in the highway, thou wilt lose in the highway." If avaricious people would only take counsel of proverbs, perhaps they might turn from the error of their ways, but we fear they are too much absorbed in small gains to be attracted by small wisdom.

As an antidote against the last section we would advise that the following world-wide thoughts be treasured up: first that true old sturdy maxim of our own—"God helps those who help themselves;" and the rhymes—"no pains, no gains,"—"No sweat, no sweet," Then the grave Catalan remonstrance, "Where wilt thou go, ox, that thou wilt not have to plough?" Next the classical adage, "Who will not the mill, will not the meal;" afterwards the Turkish allegory, "It is not with saying, 'Honey, honey,' that sweetness will come into the mouth." Add the Arabic aphorism, "The morning hour has gold in its mouth." Excellent advice that, my masters. Golden sentences, all worthy to be written upon the workshop *of the world, and wherever* else man has to learn the way through industry to comfort.

Following upon the saying relating to effort, we find a few, although not so *many as might* be expected, relating to fortune. Of the danger of unearned elevation we have the Italian "Everything may be borne but good fortune." Most of them, however, are of a more healthy and satisfactory character, showing that however capricious the fickle goddess may be, she is looked to with hope, and sometimes for justice. The English think that "Every dog has his day," and that "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." The grave Roman averred in more classical language that "The sun of all days has not yet gone down;" the Italian, that "The world is for him that has patience;" but the Persian saying is the most beautiful and the most faithful,—"A stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way;"—that tells men to deserve the favors of fortune by being fit to receive them, and cherishes both effort and hope.

It would appear that in all places the race of ninnies had been a numerous one, and we find many proverbs relating to them—speaking of their plenty, their foolishness, and their troublesomeness. In our language we have, "A fool's bolt is soon shot;" "It is better to deal with a rogue than a fool;" and "Fools grow without watering." The Italian say, "For an honest man, half his wits are enough; the whole is to little for a knave;"—thus classing the rogues with the fools. The Russians tell us, "Fools are not planted or sowed; they grow of themselves." The Spaniards satirically add, "If folly were a pain, there would be crying in every house;" and of learned fools, "A fool, unless he knows Latin, is never a great fool." The Chinese have found out, "One has never so much need of one's wit, as when he has to deal with a fool."

Proverbs, too, tell the foolish how they are to conceal their nature, and avoid danger. Silence, it seems, is the golden rule for this. All are familiar with our own saying. "A still tongue maketh a wise head." The following are not so well known. From the Persian—"Speech is silvern; silence is golden." From the Italians—"He who speaks, sows;he who keeps silence, reaps"; and "Silence was never written down." From the Spanish—"The evil which issues from thy mouth falls into thy bosom." Another of our own, and a true one, too, is, "He who says what he likes, shall hear what he does not like."

We have parallels in several languages exactly matching our proverb, "The receiver is as bad as the thief;" in the French' "He sins as much who holds the sack as he who puts into it;" in the German, "He who holds the ladder is as guilty as he who mounts the wall;" and in the Chinese "He who laughs at an impertinence makes himself the accomplice."

Such are a few samples from the proverbs of all nations, showing the common tendency of men to catch at wide-spread foibles and follies, as well as to perpetuate wise thoughts by putting them into the simplest and fewest words.

## SCENE AT AN IRISH EVICTION.

What might well have formed a scene in a sensational drama, lately took place at Shanbough, near New Ross, in the county of Wexford, where resided in a farm house on the property of a Mr. Boyd, the widow Holden and her daughter. She was under eviction but refused to go. Wherefore a strong body of cavalry, infantry, and police, escorted the Sheriff with his posse of bailiffs and crow-bar bearers, ladder bearers; pickaxe bearers, and hammer men. When the widow's house was reached, no surrender was the order of theday, whereupon the cavalry formed an outmost, the infantry a middle, and the police an inmost circle to protect the civil power, at whom the populace were jeering in by no means subdued tones. Fearing violence the cavalry were ordered to draw their swords and the infantry and police to fix bayonets. The Sheriff entered the garden with the original writ of ejectment, but found the door of the cottage fast bolted and barred, and every window secured. He knocked at the door and demanded entrance in the Queen's name, but the house might have been deserted for all the answer he got. He knew, however, that the inhabitants were within, and ordered the crowbar brigade to advance. A sledge hammer strikes the first blow on the door, which gives the signal of action to those within. From an upper window comes a deluge of boiling water on the men beneath, who drop their implements and run, swearing, from the scalding shower. A wild shout of triumph comes from the crowd, there is a short consultation among the chiefs of the expedition, and the bailiffs and their men again advance to the door, not at all with alacrity; again the boiling water leaps out at the windows on their faces through every space in the gaping door. One powerful fellow, who has been badly scalded on the shoulders and back, takes up a great stone, and with a giant effort, hurls it against the door, which shakes on its straining hinges, but doesn't give way. A long and heavy ladder is now used as a "battering ram," and before some of its impetuous blows the enfeebled door groans, gapes still wider, and ultimately falls in, only to bring the party face to face with a well built barricade of stones and wood in the hall. The house is now surrounded by the military and police, who have orders to capture the garrison. The bailiffs set to work to tear down the barricade and the boiling water does cruel execution upon their heads and faces. The supply appears to be unlimited. The barricade in the hall is at length torn down, when new danger and trouble present themselves in the form of the widow's stalwart sons and retainers holding the pass armed with pitchforks. The sheriff's men, regarding this obstruction as more serious than boiling water, refuse to advance. The bayonets are ordered up. A party of police, led by an officer, confront the men with the pitchforks, upon whom the officer calls to surrender or take the consequences. They say they won't surrender, and they don't care for the consequences, and saying this they take up a strong position on the stair-landing. "Prepare to charge," says the officer to his men, and the bayoneted rifles drop to the regulation angle for charging purposes; "Charge," shouts the officer, and away go the bayonets up the staircase. There is a struggle, short and sharp, and when it is over the men on the landing are in custody and disarmed. They are handcuffed and led out prisoners of war. The process of clearing out every article of furniture is now begun, and when it is completed the woman of the house and her daughter alone remain. They refuse to cross the threshold, which the law requires to be done, otherwise the entire proceedings would be abortive. The end of it is that the widow and her daughter are carried outside the threshold, and then legal process is completed. There are loud lamentations from the women of the crowd; the men are excited, and propably, but for the presence of what the call "they army" in such overwhelming force, they would plunge into the scene. The house is now garrisoned in the interest of the landlord, and the troops reform and march off the ground with their prisoners; and the curtain falls on the last act of the drama.

## HUMOROUS BEARS.

The quadrupedal Bear is not, generally speaking, severely addicted to humor, but there is another sort of bear, of the biped order, and commonly known as the Russian Bear, in which a lively sense of fun may sometimes be found. Of two creatures of this kind, one known as Capt. Balakireff, a writer in *All the Year Round* relates several anecdotes of a character sufficiently amusing to be interesting. Balakireff, who, according to popular tradition, was a constant attendant of Peter the Great, and whose forte seems to have been that of a court jester, is first brought to the attention of the reader:

### TWO RUSSIAN JESTERS.

On one occasion Balakireff begged permission of his imperial master to attach himself to the guard stationed at the palace; and Peter, for the sake of the joke, consented—warning him at the same time that any officer of the guard who happened to lose his sword, or to be absent from his post when summoned, was punished with death. The newly-made officer promised to do his best; but the temptation of some good wine sent to his quarters that evening by the Czar, "to moisten his commission," proved too strong for him; and he partook so freely as to become completely "screwed." While he was sleeping off his debauch, Peter stole softly into the room and carried off his sword.

Balakireff, missing it on awaking, was frightened out of his wits at the probable consequences, but could devise no better remedy than to replace the weapon with his own professional sword of lath, the hilt and trappings of which were exactly similar to those of the guardsmen. Thus equipped, he appeared on parade the next morning, confident in the assurance of remaining undetected, if not forced to draw his weapon. But Peter, who had doubtless foreseen this contingency, instantly began at one of the men for his untidy appearance, and at length faced round upon Balakireff, saying draw your sword and cut that sloven down!"

The poor jester, thus brought fairly to bay, laid his hand on his hilt as if to obey, but at the same time exclaimed fervently, "Merciful Heaven! let my sword be turned into wood!"

And drawing the weapon, he exhibited in very deed a harmless lath. Even the presence of the Emperor was powerless to check the roar of laughter which followed; and Balakireff was allowed to escape.

The jester's ingenuity occasionally served him in extricating others from trouble as well as himself. A cousin of his, having fallen under the displeasure of the Czar, was about to be executed; and Balakireff presented himself at court to petition for a reprieve. Peter, seeing him enter, and at once divining his errand, shouted to him, "It's no use you coming here; I swear that I will *not* grant what you are going to ask!"

Quick as thought, Balakireff dropped on his knees and exclaimed, "Peter Alexeivitch, I beseech you put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death!" Peter, thus caught in his own trap, had no choice but to laugh, and send a pardon to the offender.

During one of the Czar's Livonian campaigns, a thick fog greatly obstructed the movements of the army. At length a pale watery gleam began to show itself through the mist, and two of the Russian officers fell to disputing whether this were the sun or not. Balakireff happening to pass by at that moment, they appealed to him to decide. Is yonder light the sun, brother?"

"How should I know?" answered the jester, "I've never been here before."

At the end of the same campaign, several of the officers were relating their exploits, when Balakireff, stepped in among them. "I've got a story to tell, too, cried he boastfully; "a better one than any of yours."

"Let us hear it, then," answered the officers; and Balakireff began.

"I never liked this way of fighting, all in a crowd together, which they have now-a-days: it seems to me more manly for each to stand by himself: and therefore I always went out alone. Now, it chanced that one day, while reconnoitering close to the enemy's outposts, I suddenly espied a Swedish soldier lying on the ground just in front of me. There was not a moment to lose: he might start up and give the alarm. I drew my sword, rushed upon him, and at one blow cut off his right foot."

"You fool!" cried one of the listeners, "you should rather have cut off his head."

"So I would," answered Balakireff, *with a grin*, "but somebody else bad done that already."

At times Balakireff pushed his waggeries too far, and gave serious offence to his formidable patron. On one of these occasions the enraged emperor summarily banished him from the court, bidding him "never appear on Russian soil again." The jester disappeared accordingly; but a week had hardly elapsed when Peter, standing at his window, espied his disgraced favorite coolly driving a cart past the very gates of the palace. Foreseeing some new jest, he hastened down, and asked with pretended roughness, "How dare you disobey me, when I forbade you to show yourself on Russian ground?"

"I haven't disobeyed you," answered Balakireff coolly: "I'm not on Russian ground now."

"Not on Russian ground?"

"No; this cart-load of earth that I am sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day."

Peter, who had doubtless begun already to regret the loss of his jester, laughed at the evasion, and restored him to favor.

The stories told of Marshal Suvoroff are of a different order, and display, better than whole pages of description, the wonderful way in which he contrived to adapt himself to the rude spirits with whom he had to deal, without losing one jot of his authority. What Napoleon was to the French army Suvoroff was to that of Russia; now jesting with a soldier and now rebuking a general; one day sharing a ration of black bread beside a bivouac fire, and the next speaking as an equal to princes and potentates.

It must be owned, however, that, in his own peculiar vein of pleasantry, the old marshal more than once met with his match. One of his favorite jokes was to confuse a man by asking him unexpectedly: "How many stars are there in the sky?"

On one occasion be put this question

to one of his sentries, on a bitter January night, such as only Russia can produce.

The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly, "Wait a little, and I'll tell *you*," and he deliberately began to count, "One, two, three," etc. In this way, he went *gravely* on to a hundred, at which point Suvoroff, who was already half *frozen, thought it high time* to ride off; not, however, without inquiring the name of this ready reckoner. The next day the latter found himself promoted; and the story (which Suvoroff told with great glee to his staff) speedily made its way through the whole army.

On another occasion, one of his generals of division sent him a sergeant with dispatches, at the same time re*commending* the bearer to Suvoroff's notice. The marshal, as usual, proceeded to test him by a series of whimsical questions; but the catchumen was equal to the occasion. "How far is it to the moon?" asked Suvoroff.

"Two of your Excellency's forceed marches," answered the sergeant.

"If your men began to give way in a battle, what would you do?"

"I'd tell them that just behind the enemy's line there was a wagon-load of corn-brandy."

"Supposing you were blockadee, and had no provisions left, how would you supply yourself?"

"From the enemy!"[*]

"How many fish are there in the sea?"

"As many as have not been caught?"

And so the examination went on, till Suvoroff, finding his new acquaintance armed at all points, at length asked him as a final poser, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"The difference is this," replied the soldier coolly; "my colonel cannot make me a captain, but your Excellency has only to say the word."

Suvoroff, struck by his shrewdness, kept his eye upon the man, and in no long time after actually gave him the specified promotion.

The anecdotes of the great marshal's eccentricities—his habit of wandering about the camp in disguise, his whim of giving the signal for assault by crowing like a cock, his astounding endurance of heat and cold, his savage disregard of personal comfort and neatness—are beyond calculation; but perhaps the most characteristic of all is his appearance in 1799 at the Austrian court, then one of the most brilliant in Europe.

On being shown to the room prepared for him (a splendid apartment, filled with *costly mirrors and rich furniture*), this modern Diogenes said simply, "Turn out all that rubblish, and shake me down some straw." An Austrian grandee who came to visit him was startled at these preparations, and still more so at the first sight of two coarse shirts and a tattered cloak, tied up in a bundle.

"Is that enough for winter?" asked the astounded visitor.

"The winter's the father of us Russians," answered Suvoroff with a grin; "besides, you don't feel the cold when you're riding full gallop."

"But when you're tired of riding, what do you do?"

"Walk."

"And when you're tired of walking?"

"Run."

"And do you never sleep, then?" asked the petrified questioner.

"Sometimes, when I've nothing better to do," replied Suvoroff carelessly; "and when I want to have a very luxurious nap, I take off one of my spurs."

The thunder-struck Austrian bowed and retired, doubtless considerably enlightened in his ideas of a Russian general.

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[*] Napoleon is said to have given the same answer to his examiners at Brienne.

## DANTE AND COLUMBUS.

In a recent number of *L'Exploration*, M. Paul Gaffarel discusses the share that the mysterious geography of the "Divina Commedia" may have had in suggesting to Columbus the existence of a New Word to the West; or, at least, in confirming him in his own belief. In the twenty-sixth canto of the "Inferno," Ulysses narrates how, after arriving at the Straits of Gibraltar (" where Hercules his landmarks set,") having to his right Seville and to his left Ceuta, he thus addressed his comrades:

"Brothers," said I, "who 'mid a hundred
thousand
Dangers have come at length unto the West*
Be ye unwilling to refuse the knowledge,
Following the Sun, of the world that is unpeopled."

Encouraged by his exhortation to discover the uninhabited world by "following the sun," *i. e.*, to the West, they set sail, turning their backs upon the East. The description that follows of the "stars that surround the other pole," is repeated more circumstantially in the "Purgatorio" (canto i.), where he sees "four stars, never seen except by the first man," which seem certainly to be those of the famous Southern Cross. Indeed, Longfellow quotes a striking parallel from Humboldt's account of the impression made by a first sight of the constellations of the Southern hemisphere. Ulysses tells us that they sailed on, watching the rise of new stars and setting of old ones, for five moons, until they saw a great brown mountain rise up before them; but just as they were filled with joy at the sight, a whirlwind rose out of the "new land" and drove them back.

Dante's very advanced cosmological ideas such as those above quoted, and his frequent allusions to the sphericity of the earth, can scarcely astonish us in one who had gathered into his vast mind all the knowledge of his time. Rumors and legends of a new world beyond the western seas we know to have been current in the early middle ages, and even Seneca in his "Medea" seems to have foretold an America. Moreover, in Dante's time the Pisan and Venetian merchants, were in constant communication with Hindustan and Egypt; and we now know that the Southern Cross is visible from the south of those lands. A globe made in Egypt in 1225, by Caissar-ben Abu Cassem, and long kept in Portugal, has the southern constellations marked upon it, and Dante may very well have seen some such globe. At the same time it is interesting and pleasant to think that the future Admiral may, in his long meditations, have read and pondered the cosmography of his great mystic countryman; and that as he, M. Gaffarel, supposes, the "Divina Commedia" may have been a work "exercising a decisive influence over the mind of Columbus."

Not only did Dante teach as above seen, the knowledge of the Western world, but he taught the theory of gravitation and the rotundity of the earth, as seen in the following, taken from the last book of his immortal Inferno—Virgil speaking to Dante of the Centre of the Earth which in their descent they had reached, and which so puzzled Dante when he found to ascend he must turn his head to where his feet had been, and in ascending he emerged on the side of the world opposite to that he had entered—Virgil says to him:

"Thou still imaginest
Thou art beyond the centre, where I grasped
The hair of the fell worm, who mines the
world.
That side thou wast, so long as I descended;
When round I turned me, thou didst pass the
point
To which things heavy draw from every side,
And now beneath the hemisphere art come
Opposite that which overhangs the vast
Dry-land, and 'neath whose cope was put to
death
The Man Who without sin was born and
lived.
Thou hast thy feet upon the little sphere
Which makes the other face of Judecca
Here it is morn when it is evening there."

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## SAVING.

A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank established. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women imbibed it at once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it, they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy. The best way to comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Whether five hundred dollars or five thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save something where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a sordid avarice, but a mere obligation that rests upon women as well as men.

## INDIAN LYRICS.

### XI.

### LOVER'S BOAT-SONG.

Flow on, my native Tennessee,
And bear this bark canoe
To where a maiden waits for me,
Beyond the hills of Blue,
Her heart is light, but not her love,
Her voice is sweet and low,
She's true and bright as stars above
And pure as drifting snow.

As leans the graceful forest flower
She lists for coming feet,
Or quits her pictured lodge this hour,
Her lover soon to meet—
And as the leaves of autumn pass
On path that leads to me,
Her step scarce bends the cotton grass
Beside the tulip tree.

The woods repose and all is still,
The aspen is not stirred
No pensive notes of Whip-po-will
Or flight of humming-bird,
The owl sails by on silken wing,
The wish-ton-wish I see,
But hear alone the murmuring
Of honey-laden bee.

Glide on, the cedar isles are passed
Where silvery birches grow,
With vines o'er wave and rapid cast,
And water lilies blow;
We've left behind the haunted cliff
Where sad Minona fell,
And soon I'll moor my buoyant skiff
Where Bright eye's kindred dwell.

The Bend and Mussel-shoals are near,
The ripples roll along,
To-night a sweeter sound I'll hear,
My loved one's simple song;
Her large black eyes and long dark hair
Are ever in my dream
I bring her rings and necklace rare,—
Flow fast my native stream.

Montreal.

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## WHY NOT "THE MAN I KNOW?"

"Do you call yourself a gentleman?" is the commonest and most withering form of sarcasm in use, not only among snobs but among costermongers, coal-heavers and the like. To persons of admitted pretensions to gentility the question is frequently put, and perhaps negatively answered by the questioner when the superior person declines to recognize a false or exorbitant claim. Thus, not long ago I was asked if I called myself a gentlemen by a "young lady" at a railway refreshment bar, because I demurred at paying her a sovereign for not having run away with a purse that I had inadvertently left on the counter for five minutes; and two of her friends declared that I was "no *gentleman*" without leaving any doubt in the matter. I have been called "no *gentleman*" for not paying a cabman three times his fare, and for objecting to pay in furnished lodgings for articles which I had neither ordered nor consumed. A loafer in the street has sometimes picked up a glove before I could pick it up for myself, or told me that my handkerchief was hanging out of my pocket. In any other country than England the commonest man paying such attentions as these, would be insulted by the offer of a reward, but in this country I have been freely called "no gentleman" for not encouraging what is vulgarly called "cadging." It seems, indeed, that to be a gentleman in the eyes of large classes of the community you must pay whatever may be demanded of you upon any pretext, and ask no questions.

Socially, the term "gentleman" has become almost vulgar. It is certainly less employed by gentlemen than by inferior persons. The *one* speaks of "a man I know," the other of "a gentleman I know." In the one case the gentleman is taken for granted, in the other it seems to need specification. Again, as regards the term "lady." It is quite in accordance with the usages of society to speak of your acquintance, the duchess, as a "very nice person." People who would say "very nice lady." are not generally of a social class which has much to do with duchesses; and if you speak of one of these as a "person" you will soon be made to feel your mistake.—*All the Year Round.*

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## THE BETHROTHAL RING.

As soon as the Roman girl was bethrothed she received from her lover a ring, which she wore as an evidence of her engagement. It was generally made of iron, symbolical of the lasting character of the engagement, and probably, it has been suggested, springing out of another Roman custom, the giving of a ring as earnest upon the conclusion of a bargain.

It appears that this bethrothal ring, apart from its associations, was superstitiously treasured up and was often believed to be a safeguard against unseen dangers. Coming down to comparatively modern times, we find that in England, in past years, the bethrothal ring was looked upon as the most important of all the presents given by lover to lover—at first only one ring being employed at a love contract, the circlet given by the man to the woman. Later on, however, it was the fashion for lovers to interchange rings, allusions to which custom are frequently to be found in Shakspere's plays, as for instance, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," where we read (ii. 2):

Julia: Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. (Giving ring.)

Proteus: Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Julia: And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Espousals, on the other hand, were also made without the use of the ring. Thus, in the "Tempest" (iii .1) Shakspere makes Ferdinand and Miranda join hands only. The history, therefore, of the modern engagement ring is exceedingly old, and although by most persons regarded as nothing more than a graceful tribute on the part of the lover to his future bride, is a survival of the Roman practice of presenting a ring to the lady on the conclusion of the engagement contract.—*Leisure Hour.*

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Moral Character—There is nothing adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything on earth. No servile tool, no crouching sycophant—no treacherous honor seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how notorious it would make their prospects, even in this life; never should we find them yielding to the groveling and baseborn purposes of human nature.

# FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

## THE CHURCHYARD OVER THE WAY.

One by one they were taken from us,
Minnie, Charlie and May,
And we carried them out and laid them down
In the churchyard over the way.

There are beautiful flowers and grasses there,
And the weeping willows sway;
There are cling vines and trailing vines
In the churchyard over the way.

There is holy quiet and stillness there,
Unbroken by night or day;
There is rest for every weary one
In the churchyard over the way.

Yet whenever I look at the old white stone
I shiver and turn away;
For I like not the solemn quiet that reigns
In the churchyard over the way.

But, ah! it is folly, and may be a sin,
For I must lie some day,
With throbless heart, *somewhere*, if not
In the graveyard over the way.

## THE PROMPT CLERK.

A YOUNG man was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him:

"Now to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin early in the morning, he instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock his master came in and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looking very black, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done," said the young man, and here is the account of it?"

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune.

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### "BLUE SKY SOMEWHERE."

Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson which has done our heart good have we learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in memory. We were going to a pic-nic, and of course the little ones had been in ecstacies for several days. But the appointed morning broke forth with no glad sunshine, no song of birds, no peals of mirth.

There was every prospect of rain—even hope hid her face and wept.

"Shan't we go, mother?" exclaimed a child of five, with passionate emphasis.

"If it clears off."

"But when will it clear off?"

"Oh, look out for the blue sky!"

And so he did, poor little fellow, but never a bit of a blue sky gladdened his eyes.

"Well, I do not care, mother," said he, when the tedious day had numbered all its hours, "if I haven't seen it, I know there is a blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was blue sky, such as only greets us after a storm.

"There, mother; didn't I tell you so?" cried a joyous voice; "there is blue sky!" Then the little head bowed for a moment in silent thought.

"Mother," exclaimed the child, when he again looked up, there must have been blue sky all day yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it, 'cause you see, there aint no place where it could have gone to. God only covered it up with clouds, didn't he?"

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### "DON'T CROSS A BRIDGE UNTIL YOU COME TO IT."

There was once a man and a woman who planned to go and spend a day at a friend's house, which was some miles distant from their own. So one pleasant morning they started out to make the visit, but they had not gone far before the woman remembered a bridge they had to cross which was very old and was said not to be safe, and she immediately began to worry about it.

"What shall we do about that bridge?' she said to her husband. "I shall not dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river in any other way."

"Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge! It is a bad place; suppose it should break through, and we should fall into the water and get drowned?"

"Or even," said his wife, suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and of the baby!"

"I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I couldn't work, and we should all starve to death."

So they went on worrying and worrying until they got to the bridge; when, lo and behold they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built, and they crossed over it in safety, and found that they might have saved themselves all their anxiety. Now that is just what the proverb means; never waste your worrying on what you think may possibly be going to happen; don't think, "Oh, suppose it should rain to-morrow so that I can't go out?" or, "What should I do if I should have a headache on the day of the party?" Half the time the troubles we look for do not come; and it is never worth while to waste the hours in worrying.

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### THE TWO HARES WHO TOOK THE ADVICE OF A FRIEND.

Two hares who were looking for a chance of abode happened to meet at the entrance of a den which had been deserted by a woodchuck.

"I saw it first?" exclaimed one.

"No, you didn't. I had my left eye on this place when I saw you with the other."

"Oh! come now—that's too thin. As I am the older I shall take possession."

"Don't be too sure. As I am the stronger, I shall turn you out."

"Come to reflect." said the elder hare after carefully scratching his ear, "there is no use of a quarrel. Right is right the world over. As we are both sensible hares I think we can come to a perfect understanding."

"No doubt we could," replied the other, "but as there comes the fox we will ask him to decide between us."

"What's all this row about?" inquired the fox as he came up.

"We have a dispute as to which of us is entitled to this vacant burrow."

"Ah! ah! a case of law! You did well to call me in," grinned the fox. "Let me first inspect the disputed claim."

He disappeared down the hole, and was absent so long that the impatient hares finally called out:

"Hello! you!"

"Hello yourself!" was the impudent reply.

"Are you down there?"

"You bet I am!"

"Have you decided the case?"

"Long ago. My decision is that when two hares are foolish enough to quarrel over the possession of a burrow large enough for a whole family, the fox is entitled to take possession.

### MORAL:

Two neighbours who can't settle a question of equity should call in a lawyer.

### A STUPID VICE.

What a stupid, illogical, useless passion is jealousy! And how wretched it makes its victims! Somebody likes you better than me, therefore I am to hate you. Thus jealousy reasons, and seems to forget one of the most obvious facts in life, namely, that one is liked by any person accordingly as one presents a likeable appearance to that person. Nothing can prevent the operation of this natural law. It is no good your urging that you are the father, mother, brother, sister, husband, or lover of the person by whom you wish to be supremely loved. If you are not loveable to him or her, all argument, all exhortation, all passion is thrown away, which is intended to produce love. You can force the outward show, but not the inward feeling. A jealous person will exclaim, "Why don't you confide in me?" The real answer is, "You are not a person to be confided in;" and all claims to confidence come to nothing when confronted with that important fact. Jealousy is, therefore, the peculiar vice of stupid people. A deep thinker, or one who has a reasonable amount of self-respect, will not yield to it for a moment.

### A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

It is a wondrous advantage to man in every pursuit or vocation to procure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman if she be really your friend, will have a sensible regard for your character, honor and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore seldom counsels you to an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart whom he loves, and who loves him. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships where disparity of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle age has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendship with those much older and those much younger than ourselves. Female friendship is to man the bulwark, sweetness, ornament of his existence.

### POLITENESS.

True politeness is not wholly made up of graceful manners, and courtly conversation, and a strict adherence to the rules of fashion, however agreeable these may be. It is something less superficial than these accomplishments. Genuine courtesy grows out of assiduous self-denial, and a constant consideration of the happiness of others. The forms and usages of etiquette derive all their beauty and significance from the fact that each of them requires the sacrifice of one's own ease and convenience to another's comfort. St. Paul, who, before Felix and Agrippa, and even when the object of the abuse of the Jewish mob, showed what should be the conduct of the true gentleman, has included all of refinement in these words, "In honour preferring one another." How noble does the same principle appear in the words of the chivalrous Sir Philip Sydney, who, when he lay wounded on the battle field, and was offered a cup of water, motioned it to a suffering soldier at his side, saying, "This man's necessity is much greater than mine!"

### A WOMAN'S INGENUITY.

A DUBLIN chamber-maid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bed-rooms, and yet to have given each a separate bed-room :

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |

"Now," says she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bed-room and wait a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms." Well, now, having thus bestowed two in No. 1, she puts the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where, you will remember, she left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said, "I have accommodated all the rest and have a room to spare, so if one of you will please step into No. 11 you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth man got his bed-room. We leave the reader to determine where the fallacy is, with a warning to think twice before declaring as to which, if any, of the travellers was the "odd man out."

### THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

A BUTTERFLY, reposing on the leaves of a beautiful pink, boasted to the bee of the length and variety of his travels. I have passed the Alps; I have examined carefully all the great paintings and sculptures of the great masters; I have seen the vulican, the Pope and the Cardinels; I have rested on the pillars of Hercules—my pretty dear! can you boast a like honor? Nor is this all; I have visited with full liberty all the gardens which I met with on my journeys; I have carressed the most beautiful and odoriferious flowers. Acknowledge, little insect, that I have seen the world. The bee busy with a sprig of marjoram answered quietly: vain boaster! "you have seen the world; but in what your knowledge of it avail you? you have seen many gardens and flowers; but what have you drawn from them that is useful? I also have travelled; go and look at my honey comb, and let it teach you, that the end and aim of travel is, to collect material either for use in private life, or for the benefit of society.

A fool may travel, but a man of taste and discernment will alone know how to profit by it.

## A FAITHFUL SENTINEL REWARDED.

PETER the Great was a tyrant; but on the whole his tryanny did good service for his Russian subjects. Arbitrary as all despots must be, he was not without rude notions of justice and a certain consideration for those who merited encouragement. One day a young recruit was standing guard before the door of the entrance to Peter's private chamber in the palace of St. Petersburg. He had received orders to admit no one. As he was passing slowly up and down before the door, Prince Mentchikoff, the favorite Minister of the Czar approached, attempting to enter. He was stopped by the recruit. The Prince, who had the fullest liberty of calling upon his master at any time, sought to push the guard and pass him. The young soldier would not move, but ordered his highness to stand back.

"You fool!" shouted the Prince; "dont, you know me?"

The recruit smiled and said—"Very well, your highness; but my orders are peremptory to let nobody pass."

The Prince, exasperated at the low fellow's impudence struck him in the face with his riding whip.

"Strike away, your highness," said the soldier, but I cannot let you go in."

Peter, hearing the noise, opened the door, and inquired what it meant, and the Prince told him. The Czar was amused, but said nothing at the time. In the evening, however, he sent for the Prince and soldier. As they both appeared, he gave his own cane to the soldier, saying—"that man struck you this morning; now you must return the blow with my stick."

The Prince was amazed. "Your Majesty," he said, "this common soldier is to strike me?"

"I make him a captain," said Peter.

"But I am an officer of your Majesty's household," objected the Prince.

"I make him a Colenel of my Life Guards, and an officer of my household," said Peter again.

"My rank, your Majesty knows, is that of General," again protested Mentchikoff.

"Then I make him a General," so that the beating you may get may come from a man of your own rank."

The Prince got a sound trashing in the presence of the Czar. The recruit was next day commissioned a general, with the title of Count Oroinoff, and was the founder of a powerful family, whose descendants are still high in the Imperial service of Russia.

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The Test of Sincerity.—We cannot vouch for the truth of the annexed story; but. *si non e vero, ben trovato* (which Italian phrase means that if not true, it is well invented), and anyhow it carries a moral which even our young readers will be able to discern. It is said that Fra Roces, a celebrated but eccentric preacher of Naples, once scared his congregation in the most beneficial way. He preached a tremendous sermon on the inevitable consequences of a sinful life. His hearers were in a convulsion of excitement with the blazing picture of a sulphurous retribution before their imaginations. All at once he stopped in the very midst of an eloquent appeal and cried out, "Now, all of you who sincerely repent of your sins, hold up your hands." Every hand in the assembly was up in an instant. The preacher looked upon the scene for one awful moment, and then, addressing the higher powers, exclaimed, "Holy Archangel Michael, thou who with thy adamantine sword standest at the right of the judgment-seat of God, hew me off every hand that has been raised hypocritically." In an instant nearly every hand dropped to its owner's side.

## CONTENTMENT.

The things that a man most needs in this world are food work, and sleep.

He doesn't need riches, honors or office to live; he needs society because he is made for it; he must love and be loved; his life and happiness are promoted by companionship; mutual dependence and counsel enlarge hope and stimulate courage—yet, after all, he lives if his friends die. There is no grief, no form of bereavement, but it has its consolation. The best presever of a man's life is contentment. Not to work is destructive of strength. Men look forward to rest, in a life of ease, which to them means cessation from the cares of business. They mistake the cause of weariness. It is not work; it is care, it is over-exertion, it is ambition and desire after gain that bring worn and weary feelings. All we possess we possess in life; the sooner we get through with life the sooner we relinquish our possessions. The faster a man lives the quicker he reaches the end of life. There are three ends to life, and death is the last and least desirable. One end is to live; that is why we were created; to live and as well as we can. Some go moaning and groaning on their way, as though life was a burden, and that it is piety to put a low estimate on it. The opposite is true. A man should seek to live out his days, and he cannot accomplish it in a better way than by using every means to promote life. Among these means are the three things mentioned at the head of this article. When a man denies himself sleep, food and the exercise work gives, brain and body work, he robs his life of its full term. Let him be cheerful also. He is like an engine—it will run well and long if it is well oiled. Contentment and cheerfulness are the oil which keep the nerves from wearing out. Busy men and women think that time taken from toil for sleep and recreation is time lost. It is really the cement put in to fill up the joints, to keep out the weather and preserve the building.

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What are the aims which are at the same time duties? The perfecting of ourselves and the happiness of others.

## USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

To remove substances from the eye, make a loop of bristle or horsehair, insert it under the lid, and then withdraw slowly and carefully. This is said to be *never failing*.

Tomato Fritters.—Slice ripe ones; dip in a thick, rich batter; season with pepper and salt; *fry like oysters*. Or, they may be seasoned with sugar and almost any spice, and fried as before.

The Parisian method of cleaning black silk is to brush and wipe it thoroughly, lay it on a flat table with the side up which is intended to show, and sponge with hot coffee strained through muslin. Allow it to become partially dry, then iron.

A very weak stomach which refuses to assimilate any other food may sometimes be taught to do its work properly by a diet of skimmed milk; one-half pint taken every four hours, with some lime water if necessary, is the amount prescribed.

Take one ounce of spermaceti and one ounce of white wax, melt and run into a thin cake on a plate. A piece the size of a quarter-dollar added to a quart of prepared starch gives a beautiful luster to the clothes and prevent the iron sticking.

All kinds of burns, scalds, and sunburns are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded by a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution. It would be well to keep a bottle of it always on hand, made so strong that more or less settles in the bottom. This is what is called saturated solution, and really such a solution as this is formed when the dry soda is sprinkled on and covered with a moistened cloth. It is thought by some that the pain of a burn is caused by the hardening of the albumen; and this relieves the pressure. Others think that the burn generates an acrid acid, which the soda neutralizes.

Breakfast Pie.—Take cold roast beef, cut into thin slices about an inch and a half long. Take raw potatoes, peel them, and cut them into thin slices. Have ready, a deep dish, lay some of the potatoes at the bottom, then a layer of beef, and so on till the dish is filled. Season it as you would chicken pie, fill it with boiling water, cover it with a crust, and bake it.

Warm Water and Soap are the best articles for cleansing the teeth. A piece of fine white French castile soap, and a moderately stiff brush are indispensable. Wooden tooth picks are excellent, but metallic pins should never be used. The best thing for the removal of the particles of food from between the teeth is untwisted or floss silk; it will go where a pick cannot reach, and no teeth are so closely joined but what it can be readily made to pass between.

Rice Soup.—A nice soup for a luncheon may be made by boiling a teacupful of rice in a quart of water for about an hour, add pepper and salt to taste. Stir one egg well beaten in it five minutes before removing from the fire; also add a small quantity of finely chopped parsley. This will make a cheap and good dish for a change.

Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know how it is more than doubled by taking it at night, also. The way to get the better of a bilious system without blue pills or quinine, is to take juice of one, two, or three lemons, as the appetite craves, in as much water as to make it pleasant to drink, without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning on rising, or at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humors and bile, with mild efficacy, without any of the weakening effects of Congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating the lemon clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is almost corrosive, infallibly produces inflammation after a while; but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its full medicinal work without harm, and when the stomach is clear of food has abundant opportunity to work the system thoroughly.

## FIRESIDE SPARKS.

Nice Boy—"Ma, if you will give me a peach I will be a nice boy."

"No, my child, you must not be good for pay; that is not right."

"You dont want me to be *good for nothing,* do you?"

When is a blow from a young lady welcome? When it strikes you agreeably.

Why do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

A pedant said to an old farmer, he could not bear a fool, who replied, "Your mother could."

A country boy, who had read of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea sickness that made them do it.

To economize is to draw in as much as possible. The ladies apply this art to their persons, and the result is a very small waste.

A Delicate Hint.—Sporting character persuasively, "Could yer kindly assist a poor man with a copper? I'm that knocked up I can 'ardly hold this 'ere dawg off my legs."

A chap out west, who had been severely afflicted with the palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected.

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" "Two constable, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bofe of 'em drunk."

"Temper is everything," and in the pens of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company the temper will be found all that is to be desired.

How many peas are there in a pint? One p.

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, yesterday, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit!" "I s'pose he does," was the reply; "he gives me a lickin' regular every day, and says I merit two."

It is said that "a young man of society" out making a call may wear two watches and yet not know when it is time to go home.

"Mr. Jones, what makes the canary sleep on one leg?" "I don't think anything makes him, my dear; I think he does it of his own accord."

What did he mean when he wrote, "Watchman, *tell us of the night?*" As if the watchman or policeman knew of anything that occurred after dark.

A merchant having sunk his shop floor two feet intimated that goods would be sold "considerably lower than formerly, in consequence of recent improvements."

"I should oppose my mother's marrying again," said the son of a widow. "I'm willing she should have a beau now and then, but I'll not permit a step farther."

It is sometimes pretty hard to decide which gives us more pleasure—to hear ourselves praised or to hear our neighbors run down.

You can tell a merciful farmer as soon as he stops his team at a post. He takes the blanket off his wife's lap and spreads it over the poor horses.

She laid her cheek on the easy chair back against his head and murmured: "How I do love to rest thus against your head, Augustus!" "Do you?" said he; "It is because you love me." "No; because it is so nice and soft." Then he lay and lay, and thought and thought."

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 by it. Will you try it? See other column.

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."