

THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

THE BRERETONS.

CHAPTER XI.

"Have you had a pleasant ride, papa?" said Maud, one evening as her father entered the drawing-room, where she sat waiting for dinner. "It is quite pleasant to think of your having had a real day's holiday. You so seldom take one now!"

"True, my dear, business requires all my attention just now. But I have enjoyed my ride to-day very much. Sir William is certainly a most amusing companion. But I have not been out solely on pleasure. I had heard of a sad case of distress, and was anxious to learn the rights of the affair."

"Is it anything you can tell me about, papa?"

"Certainly. There is no reason why you should not know her history, since I hope we shall see Mrs. Murray here soon." Maud opened her eyes in some surprise at this new phase of her father's character, and he continued: "This Mrs. Murray is the widow of a Captain Murray. I can tell you nothing about him except that he was an officer of good family; but he was poor. When he was quite young he met with Miss Crawford, fell in love with her, and married her, contrary to the wishes of her family. Two years afterwards he was attacked by yellow fever in Jamaica, where his regiment had been ordered, and died within three days, leaving his wife a widow with one child—a boy. After all her husband's debts were paid, Mrs. Murray had only money enough left to pay her passage back to England. Captain Murray's family was too poor to assist her, and as she had married against the will of her own relations, they declined to see her. Her brother, however, offered to receive and educate her child. She refused to part with him, and actually supported both herself and her son for eight years. Finding at last that, with all her efforts, for she was not a strong person, she would be unable to give the boy an education befitting his station, she wrote to her brother, and promised to give him her son, if he still wished to receive him. Mr. Crawford, who had no child of his own, eagerly grasped his

sister's proposal, adopted the boy, and took him to his own house. In time he was sent to Eton, then to Woolwich, and finally entered the army.

"After parting with her child, Mrs. Murray resolved to give up the poor lodging which she had hitherto occupied, and go out as a governess. In this manner she has supported herself for fifteen years more. She has just left a situation which she has held for several years in the family of Madame de Lusignon, Sir William Dinacre's sister. Madame was anxious to keep her, but Mrs. Murray felt that as her daughters were grown up, her patroness (who is not too well off) had no need of her services, and refused to remain with her in idleness. The relations whom she has been with—very distant cousins—are even poorer than herself, and she has been paying them out of her small savings to allow her to stay with them, and therefore, until she finds another situation, I have invited her to come and stay with us. I hope you will be good to her, Maud."

"Indeed I will, papa. What a sad story!"

"You have not heard all yet. Her son, a fine spirited young man, refused to give up his mother, in spite of his uncle's threats, and never ceased to write to her. When he grew old enough to have control over his own movements he frequently visited her, until some four years ago he was ordered on foreign service. His health failed, and he was forced to return home on sick leave. Whilst on his passage from the Cape of Good Hope, he again fell ill and died of low fever, which he had not strength to throw off. This happened a couple of months ago."

Maud's sympathy was fully aroused, and she looked anxiously forward to the time when her work of mercy, for as such she was disposed to contemplate the period of Mrs. Murray's visit, should begin. "When may we expect her, papa?" she said, after a few moments silence.

"Next Monday, my dear." And with a smile of satisfaction he rose and left the room to dress for dinner.

"Well begun is half done," he said to himself. "Take a woman's feelings, by storm, and you have no more trouble. Mrs. Murray's game is in her own hands now."

Maud felt deeply interested, and for the first time relented, and thought that, after all, perhaps she had dealt hard measure to Sir William. A man who would take so lively an interest in his sister's governess could not be wholly devoid of good feeling.

It was the first time since her mother's death that Maud had entered with zest into anything extraneous, and she gave the necessary orders about the preparations for Mrs. Murray's reception with so much vivacity

that the household was astonished, and the housekeeper was overheard to "wonder whether, after all, Miss Brereton had a soft place in her heart for Sir William."

At length the eventful Monday came, and Maud awaited eagerly the return of the carriage which she had despatched to Thornham to get Mrs. Murray, as the railway had not yet reached that remote village. A short time before the carriage might have been fairly expected, Maud left the house, hoping to meet her guest and return with her. But she had already reached the gates of the park before the carriage came in sight, so, feeling disinclined for any further walk, she seated herself upon the trunk of a tree which had been cut down, and waited. She had scarcely done so when Mr. Carlton turned the corner into the lane. He passed her with a formal bow which made the colour leave Maud's cheek as suddenly as it had flushed into it when she heard his step. But he had hardly gone a few yards when he turned round, retraced his steps, and coming up to her held out his hand. "You are better, I hope, Miss Brereton?"

"I am quite well, thank you," she replied. "But I have not been ill at all."

"You had a bad headache, and were unable to see me when I called last week."

"No. I have been perfectly well. There must be some mistake. I know how it was," she added, quickly. "Papa must have thought that because I left the room early that evening that I was ill. However, it is of no consequence," she added, with a suppressed sigh.

Mr. Carlton, however, did not seem to be of the same opinion. His face lighted up strangely. "Sir William, too, told me when he brought the ticket, that you were too unwell to see any one." At this moment the carriage came in sight, and Mr. Carlton raised his hat. "You are expecting visitors. I will not detain you."

"Only one—Mrs. Murray. She will be with us some time, I expect. Good-bye, Mr. Carlton." This she said in a gayer tone than she had used for some time.

The carriage drew up, and Maud placed herself beside a handsome woman, dressed in keep mourning.

"Papa will be very glad to see you, Mrs. Murray. So am I," and she held out her hand.

"You are very good, dear Miss Brereton. If you only knew how sweet it is to a widowed, childless heart to hear such words as yours!—but I trust you will never know it from bitter experience." And Mrs. Murray unfolded a clean pocket handkerchief, and applied the corner to her eyes.

Maud was watching her with a feeling of intense sympathy, but could not help observing that, in spite of the crape veil which fell over face, the dark eyes of her companion were fixed upon Mr. Carlton, with a look of enquiry, and that the pocket-handkerchief-application was not made until he was well out of sight.

"That is our church," said Maud, pointing to a spire which was visible from that portion of the road.

"Gothic, I see. That was the clergyman, I suppose, who was talking to you,—Mr. Carlton, I think?"

"Yes," said Maud, wondering how Mrs. Murray was acquainted with Mr. Carlton.

"A nice gentlemanly looking man."

Maud returned answer. She felt aggrieved that any one should venture to criticise Mr. Carlton's appearance. Then she felt she had no right to be offended at a passing observation on a stranger. Her silence, however, could have attracted no attention, for at the same moment Sir William reined in his horse by the side of the carriage.

"Excuse me, Miss Brereton," he said: "I happened to be riding along the lower road, when I saw your carriage returning from Thornham, and I thought you would forgive me for coming to enquire for Mrs. Murray. We are, you know, old friends." He smiled, and Miss Brereton bowed coldly, saying, "such a true and tried friend must indeed be a treasure."

"You are pleased to jest cruelly."

"Not at all. There is nothing in the world I desire so much as a real friend."

"There are many, I have no doubt, who would be only too thankful if you would permit them to stand in such or even in a nearer relation to you."

Maud was silent. All her old antipathy to the man, which his kindness to Mrs. Murray had temporarily lulled, had re-awakened in full force. The baronet turned to her guest. "I am glad to see you looking a little better, Mrs. Murray."

"It is due to your goodness in introducing me to such kind-friends. Ah, Sir William, it is not every poor widow who finds such noble-hearted sympathy in her sorrow."

They had by this time reached the house, and Sir William, after assisting the ladies to alight, stood hesitating a moment before he remounted his horse.

"I am sorry I cannot ask you in. Mrs. Murray I am sure must be tired, and my father is not at home," said Maud, entering the hall.

The baronet rode away. "Papa will be in to dinner. We shall dine at seven o'clock," said the hostess. "You will want to rest a little, so I will leave you," she added, conducting her guest into the private sitting-room provided for her use.

"Thank you, Miss Brereton. You understand me exactly I see. I am indeed fatigued, and shall be glad of a little rest—repose I should have said. Real rest, true rest is not to be found here!" And the widow sighed and raised her eyes heavenwards. But their upward gaze was unfortunately stopped by the ceiling of the room, and they wandered again to sublunary matters. Maud was closing the door behind her, and the lady took a minute survey of the apartment.

"Pleasant, lady-like room—bedroom next door, I opine? Looks out into the front. That's a good thing, better surveillance! The girl evidently doesn't know what I am here for. I don't think she much likes the "religious dodge," but I'll continue it for a little while, and between my husband and son, and the consolations of religion, I can work upon her feelings, and then we'll see. Sir William does not play his game badly either!"

"Comfortable sofa that looks!" And thereupon the good lady stretched herself out on the couch, and fell asleep until she was roused by the ringing of the dressing bell, and the entrance of the lady's maid.

CHAPTER XII.

"Then we quite understand one another, Mrs. Murray," said Mr Brereton, on the following morning. "You remain here to all appearance as my daughter's guest. You will make yourself agreeable to her, and endeavour to gain her confidence; at the same time you will not attempt to exercise any sort of control over her or her household, but you will keep a strict watch over her movements and her visitors, and if there are any of whom you think I should disapprove, you will inform me of the fact. Your own friend, Sir William, is always welcome."

Mrs. Murray bowed slightly. "You can trust me, Mr. Brereton. I will obey your orders to the best of my ability."

Mr. Brereton was called away, and Mrs. Murray walked deliberately to her own room. After pondering for a few moments, she exclaimed, "I think I see what to do! Confiding obedience wins the father; soft sorrow the daughter. Sir William is harder to please, but he shall have his will if I can give it him. Two thousand pounds down is not to be despised!" And Mrs. Murray seated herself in a comfortable arm-chair, and continued her meditations.

"Dear Mrs. Murray," said Maud, as that lady started up in some surprise, on finding her hostess by her side when she believed herself alone—"pray forgive me. I knocked three times at the door, and not receiving any answer, I fancied you must be out, and so came in to see if the servants had given you all you may be in want of."

"Please do not apologize, Miss Brereton. I was foolishly wrapt up in my own thoughts. I do not mind telling you what engrossed me at the moment. To-day is the anniversary of my beloved husband's death, and my mind had wandered off to the old times when I first met him, and then to the short period of my married life. But why need I sadden your bright face by talking of sorrows which I trust you may never know?"

"I should like to hear anything you feel inclined to tell me of yourself. It does not make me sad. It always does me good to hear of other people's sorrows. It draws one out of one's own self, and that is always a good thing; and it enlarges one's power of sympathy. Besides, it makes me ashamed of feeling discontented, as I sometimes do."

"Sympathy—feeling with another. You cannot truly feel with any one else until you have suffered yourself.—But I forget I am talking to one who has known some trouble herself."

"Such trouble as I have gone through can of course not be compared to what you have endured, and yet I have found and still find it very hard to bear sometimes"

The tears were rising in Maud's eyes. She checked them and said, "I was looking for you to tell you that I am obliged to go out this morning to see a poor woman, who is ill, but I shall be at home by the time luncheon is ready, and shall be glad to drive or walk with you in the afternoon."

Maud had scarcely left the house when a servant announced the arrival of Sir William Dinaere, and immediately afterwards that gentleman appeared.

"Good morning, Mrs. Murray. Happy to see you looking so much better already. Why you look as much settled as if you had been living here for a year at least!"

"As I have every intention of remaining here for that length of time at least, I may as well make myself at home at once."

"What do I care about your comfort or discomfort; whether you stay or whether you go, so long as you play my game properly? Didn't you see that was only said for the sake of appearances, while the servant was present?"

"You are pleased to be polite, Sir William!"

"I'll tell you what, Eliza Murray. If you——"

"What on earth are you getting into a passion about? I am cool and collected. Be so yourself, if you please. Now sit down and tell me quietly what you came for."

"Can we be overheard?"

"On that side is my bed-room. The door out of it, which opens on the corridor, is locked on the inside, so the room can only be entered by passing through this one where we are sitting—on that side is an outer wall—and there runs the passage, where it is impossible to hear what is said inside, for this is no modern house with walls three inches thick. But if you like you can take the unnecessary precaution of drawing that baize curtain over the door."

Sir William rose and carefully drew the curtain. Then he sat down, and dragged his chair nearer to Mrs. Murray. "I have been watching the house for an hour at least in the hope of seeing Miss Brereton go out, that I might have an uninterrupted time with you—you know why I placed you here?"

"Yes. You have been good enough to explain your views to me several times."

"Let me hear if you have understood me."

"I am not a fool."

"Do as I tell you. Look sharp!"

"You want me to speak well of you and your family to the father, who does not need it; and to sing your praises to the daughter, who in my opinion has far too much sense to——"

"I did not ask for your opinion of Maud Brereton, or of myself. The day we are married you will have two thousands pounds down. Then by my means you will have derived a comfortable little independence, so you had better serve me well!"

"Do not boast, you know what I have done for *you*. However, I know my own interests——"

"Rather!" ejaculated the baronet. But unheeding the interruption, Mrs. Murray continued, "I pity the girl. She is a gentle creature and deserves a better fate!"

"I swear," cried the other, vehemently, "I swear, that when she becomes my wife, I will treat her as one so beautiful deserves to be treated!"

"Do not swear, what is the good of exciting yourself, Miss Brereton can't hear you or her maid. And me you don't deceive; you know she would adorn the position to which you would be pleased to call her. She would look well at the head of your table. If you could induce her to love you, you know she would do it with all the passion of a nature so long pent up. While she remained your devoted slave, you would fondle

her as you do your favourite dog; if she ventured to uphold a different opinion from your own, you would scorn her; if she tried to carry out her own high principles, you would trample upon her. I know you!"

Sir William writhed under the sharp tongue of this woman, and yet he durst not use violence to compel her to silence. She knew him, as she said. He could not quarrel with her.

"I vow I adore the girl! I would peril my soul for her sake!"

Mrs. Murray sneered. "Your soul! Mammon-worshipper! Well, I will play your game for a while, but I am not sure that I am proof against her innocent fascination, but I will see!"

At this moment the bell rang for luncheon, and Maude reappeared.-- "Will you come down at once, Mrs. Murray," she said, "I have ordered the carriage round in half-an-hour, for I have undertaken an important mission for a poor woman who is dying, and I must start at once. I dare say you will not care which direction our drive takes. Oh! Sir William, I beg your pardon, I did not see you."

"Whether they come soon or late, Miss Brereton's recognitions must always be refreshing," replied the baronet, holding out his hand.

Maud gave an almost invisible shrug of her shoulders. "Will you lunch with us?—I am afraid we must go at once."

"Thank you; with pleasure."

"Is this the way in which you spend most of your days, Miss Brereton? Do you devote the whole of your time to your poorer neighbours? I am told you give little enough to the richer ones."

"Until this week I have not been into the village for a long time. There has been so much fever about, that papa would not hear of my going amongst the poor."

"Fever!" exclaimed both Maud's visitors, in one breath.

"Do not distress yourselves," said Miss Brereton, while a sarcastic smile curled the corners of her mouth. "There is no cause for anxiety. It was merely low fever, nothing contagious—only I am so very precious, you know, that my father was nervous and kept me at home. There is not a case left in the place now."

"Who would not be careful with such a charge?" sighed Sir William. Then recovering himself, he said: "If you have been out so little I am afraid you will not be able to give me the news I was going to ask you for of Mr. Carlton."

Maud vainly tried to check her rising colour, but she answered in an indifferent tone:

"I very rarely see him. You probably know more of his movements than I do." Then she added, "What is it you want to know about him?"

"I was merely going to ask if there was any truth in the report of his engagement?"

"Engaged, is he? Mr. Carlton? No, I have heard nothing of it.—Do you suppose it is true?"

"I cannot tell. I thought you would be sure to know."

"No, I do not. Excuse me, Sir William. Here is the carriage, Mrs. Murray; I hope you don't mind driving directly," and Maude rose and left the table.

How she reached her own room she never knew. She did get there, however, and, as she thought, without betraying herself. But it was only by a free use of cold water that she was able to go down stairs again.

Sir William, meanwhile, had been rubbing his hands and gloating over the misery he had inflicted. Not that he cared or wished to make Maud unhappy, but he had attained his object. "Not a new or original plan of action!" he said to himself, "but an effectual one. I know now that Carlton is in love with Maud Brereton, and that Maud loves him, is equally clear. I wonder what they will do? They dare not compare notes—not yet at least. And perhaps by the end of a few weeks at the longest I shall have persuaded her to give herself to me, as she fancies she can't have Carlton, and Carlton fancies he can't have her. They may compare notes afterwards as much as they please."

Sir William's horse had come round to the door by the time that the ladies came down equipped for their drive, so he requested permission to accompany them as far as their road lay in the same direction.

All through that long dreary drive, did Maud exert herself to appear even more light-hearted than usual. She persuaded Sir William to relate some of his adventures in foreign countries; took a vivid interest in his account of a tiger hunt, and pressed him to show her the Court Costume of the Maldive Islanders. She even replied with zest to Mrs. Murray's platitudes.

But Sir William was not to be deceived. He marked the pale face, the contracted lines round the mouth, and put a true interpretation upon them.

At last their roads divided, and Sir William took his leave, begging Mrs. Murray would at once let him hear if any new situation offered itself, as he "sincerely wished her to be placed where she could be really happy. Good-bye, Miss Brereton. Do not catch the fever—the low fever I mean."

At last he was gone, and Maud permitted herself gradually to relax in her efforts. She acknowledged she was tired, and anxious about her commission.

"And it was so good of you, dear Miss Brereton, to conceal it from Sir William. Poor, dear man, he is so full of feelings. He makes other people's troubles so entirely his own, as you have seen in my own case—you heard, too, what he said as he rode away. And no one can say what he has been to his sister and her children." And Mrs. Murray wiped away a tear, or else the eye where the tear ought to have been.

Maud expressed herself as strongly prepossessed in the baronet's favour as even her visitor could have desired. In fact she was beginning to try to overcome her dislike towards him, now that she saw his good qualities preponderated so greatly, and she endeavoured to school herself into the belief that she had unjustly suffered her repugnance to his personality what the Germans call his *ich*—to outweigh his noble characteristics of generosity and sympathy. Then she dismissed him from her thoughts, and while her companion fell asleep in one corner of the carriage, she gave herself up to reflection, to the contemplation of her saddened life.

(To be continued.)

DEFEATED, NOT DAUNTED.

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To ***** PRIEST.

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I.

Thou hast not conquered all?
 Oh, let not this appal!
 Other hands than thine have failed,
 Fools before have scoffed and railed.

II.

Somewhat is left undone.
 Somewhat is yet unwon:
 Richer guerdons thou may'st win,
 Brighter days may yet begin.

III.

The race thou may'st not gain,
 Yet strive with might and main !
 Hearts in conflict higher beat,
 Sweeter, purer pleasures meet.

IV.

And lowly thought and deed
 May claim a higher meed,
 Than all idle pomp can claim
 Of renown or noisy fame.

SPES.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

“ Aye, what besides ? ” seeing he hesitated.

“ I wish I could see Caroline,” he entreated.

“ That is quite impossible,” Miss Kendal answered, with stern decision. “ Go on with what you have to say to me. I cannot spare much more time.”

“ Your ears are poisoned against whatever I might say. It is useless for me to intrust my perplexity of grief to you.”

“ Heaven forbid you should attempt it. That, I presume, could scarcely be the object of your visit.”

Again he was silent.

Miss Kendal's patience was at ebb-tide. “ You chafe me, Vaughan Hesketh,” she exclaimed, in her resonant tones—her deliberated utterance heightened and hastened to something like impetuosity. I can see no good to be gained by your presence in this house. What object you propose to yourself I know not, but out of my old experience, my mind misgives me, that when you plan good for yourself, it means evil to another. Go your ways.”

“ But how shall I know—how hear ? ”

“ Whatever it is requisite you should know, shall be written to you. Is there not a penny postage ? Communication by pen and ink is the very thing for you and me,” she cried, in much wrath. “ I have told you before, you chafe me, and you take up my time. I object to both those inevitable results of your visits. Come here no more.”

She opened the door—she marshalled him forth. The innate cowardice of his nature instinctively succumbed to her sweeping decision—her imperative, uncompromising will. He was compelled to follow her. But infinitely enraged, and at the very last daring stage of desperation, he looked around him as for some straw at which he might catch, of extraneous help and support.

The involuntary carefulness with which the governess passed the drawing-room door fired him with a thought. They are often boldest who are most slaves to fear. He seized the handle of the door, opened it, and before he could be prevented, he stood in Caroline's presence. Miss Kendal, the mischief done, followed him, closed the door, and took her place beside the sofa, with all apparent composure.

The young girl was seated, her head erect, her bearing quite free from any trace of weakness, or even of suffering. She had, perhaps, been listening to those footsteps along the corridor, and knowing that Vaughan was so near, she had felt little shock at seeing him actually before her. Howbeit, she looked at him unflinchingly. Only the convulsive motion of the pale hands crossed closely upon her lap, showed that the calm was little beyond merely external.

He returned the look for an instant.

Then he approached her, eagerly—"Caroline—Carry! Say one word to me. One word of comfort! Indeed, I need it sorely."

Miss Kendal impulsively put out her hand as to check his advance. Caroline laid her own upon it, and drew it back.

"Don't, dear friend. Let him——"

Exultant at the gesture and the words, the young man forgot his caution; he threw himself at her feet, and took her hand—"Carry—my own true Carry! do not suffer a human breath to come between us. It is to *you* I speak—with *you* I have to plead—*you*, who have enough of truth, and generous, forgiving love to blot out all the past—all the mad frantic past which lost you to me. I was wild, I was frenzied, bewitched. But I have returned to my old heart—the heart that only you ever possessed—ever had dominion over. Take it, Carry, forget, forgive, and in your great love let all be engulfed and lost. Carry, listen to me."

She was listening. She had loosed her hand from his hold, but, regardless of the gesture, he continued his passionate appeal. She looked on him, the while, with a strange look. It was not in all his soul to interpret its meaning aright.

"Carry," he went on, "I am miserable—very miserable. To know that I have deserved my misery, does not make it more bearable. To know, too, that I have made *you* miserable, maddens me. You, most innocent, most loving, most faithful! Forgive, pity me!"

Her lips formed one or two words, but no sound issued from them.

"In you, with you, my salvation rests! I am lost if I lose you. But I shall not, cannot lose you; my guide, my companion, my sweet, pure Carry. You love—you love me, and by your love I hold you, and I claim you—mine!"

He would have put his arm round her, but there she recoiled from him. She moved aside towards Miss Kendal, and clasped both her hands close. But still she looked fixedly on the man at her feet. There was some fascination for her in that wild, haggard face—the unveiled face of her prophet.

And he, emboldened by that gaze, again said, "You love me, Carry. You *must* forgive, for you love me!"

Then spoke Caroline, in her young voice, clear and ringing as a bell—"I forgive you; but I love you no more—I love you no more."

Distinct, incontestable came the words. Then she rose, gently put aside Miss Kendal's proffered aid, and walked firmly, steadily from the room, without another word, or glance, or sign.

CHAPTER XV.

The executors of Mr. Hesketh's will, the trustees of the property, were Elizabeth Kendal and George Farquhar—"my old friend's son, in whom from my observation and experience of him, I have much confidence," ran the terms of the will. It was well for the former that her pupils left her to stay with relations about this time. Woman of business, of decision, and action, though she was, she might have found her multifarious duties too much for her. Besides, she was cruelly anxious over Caroline. She longed to get her away from the neighbourhood, to give her change of air, people, and scene. Change, that panacea for youth! It would seem as if the young, under calamity, possessed the power of shedding their past existence, as birds moult their feathers: so often do they rise from the sackcloth and ashes of a past grief into new and brilliant life. But this seemed scarcely likely to be the case with Caroline. True, she woke from the heaviness of the first dark woe, into a serene quietude; true, she soon began to interest herself in the duties of her new position, as prospective mistress of a large estate. No energy was wanting, she spared neither time nor thought, and had even the virtue to be patient over all the tiresome legal formalities which were necessary. With unwearying perseverance, she read over a vast number of papers, written over in that peculiar round text, so hateful to many an

unfortunate, till she almost began to *think* in the prim parlance of attorneys and conveyancers.

But for all her cheerfulness, her patience, and her evident steady determination, girl as she was, to conquer, and not be conquered, in this first hard battle of her life, that life had changed, and changed to one of which the hues were more subdued, the tone chastened. *Peace* was hers. It could but be so, seeing she had done no wrong. The Christian spirit of submission dawned in her soul. But happiness is at once less and more than peace. Though her life was serene and harmonious, the spontaneous music, the sweet, gushing joyousness were gone, altogether gone for the time.

Perhaps the first human brightness that came to her, was when she had succeeded in her endeavour, had completed her long-cogitated plan, and had obtained sufficient money to pay Vaughan Hesketh's debts, a list of which was obligingly furnished by that gentleman. For the rest, £200 a-year was left to him by the will, and Caroline only waited her coming of age to increase it. She found a great satisfaction in thus doing and resolving. Money he should not want. If she could, she would gladly have given him all that wealth that had been so fatal a temptation to him. Luckily, as Miss Kendal often thought, such a Quixotic act of munificence was out of her power.

But at length the business arrangements were all over, and Mr. Farquhar, who had come down to Redwood at intervals during their progress, might take his leave with an easy conscience. He had seen very little of Caroline. The start of pained remembrance which he had noticed in her at their first meeting, acted as a most effectual warning to him, not to give more occasion for such spasms of memory than was absolutely inevitable. Thus, he saw her seldom; he actually conversed with her—never. It was impossible that he should not at once penetrate into the true state of the case as regarded her and Vaughan, but no word uttered he, of surmise, inquiry, or observation. A reticence for which Miss Kendal esteemed him highly. Her regard, indeed, for him was sufficient for her to take him into her councils, on the eve of his departure.

"Miss Maturin needs change. These law matters concluded, I see no reason why she should not have it. Do you?"

"Assuredly not. Although nominally a minor, under your guardianship, I imagine Miss Maturin is very much her own mistress."

"And her guardian's also, perhaps. Well, she wishes to go to France, to St—, where her early childhood was passed. Do you know anything of it?"

"I have been there. It is a quaint old place, and the country round

is pretty. A thorough change from Redwood. You could hardly do better, in my judgment. I wish you a prosperous journey," said Mr. Farquhar; and he made his adieux as soon as he courteously could.

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Four years the young heiress and her faithful friend remained away from England, traversing almost the whole of the Continent during that time; and making thorough acquaintance with various spots of classical and picturesque celebrity. Tidings more than once reached them of Vaughan Hesketh. That he had entered the army was the first—some influential friend having procured him a commission. Then they heard his regiment had sailed for Calcutta; and the next news came through Lady Camilla Blair, who was emphatic in her admiration of the handsome and agreeable young officer, whom she had found to be a nephew of Mr. Hesketh of Redwood. "How cruel of the old gentleman to adopt him, and then despoil him of his inheritance for a mere whim!" was the comment of the outside world, impersonated by Lady Camilla. Finally Mr. Farquhar, whom they met at Rome, informed Miss Kendal of the fact of Lieutenant Vaughan Hesketh's marriage at Calcutta to the daughter of his general. And, as not very long after the announcement of this union the bridegroom was gazetted to his company, there can be little doubt but that it was a prudent as well as suitable alliance.

That same year, Madame de Vigay married again. In passing through Paris, on their return home, the travellers had the pleasure of visiting Madame la Comtesse, at her magnificently-appointed hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Her taste for luxury, brilliance, and gaiety was now amply gratified, and so long as these things preserved their attraction, doubtless she would continue a happy woman, in her own way.

"But," said Caroline, waking from a reverie, as they journeyed the last few miles towards Redwood, "I don't envy her. Nor indeed, would I change places with any one I have yet seen, unless it were you, ma mie. Or, perhaps—but then—he is a man. And I have not the last remnant left of my childish ambition. I wouldn't be a man for the whole world."

"My dear," said Miss Kendal, with much subdued amusement, "may I ask the meaning of all that eloquence? Who is it you do not envy, and who is it you might, perhaps, wish to be, if he were not a man?"

"I was thinking of the countess. Though she seems so brilliantly happy, though she apparently has everything she wishes for, beauty, wealth, influence, and troops of friends, still, I would rather be almost any poor woman. Isn't it strange?"

"Not at all, Lina. Her wishes are not yours; her views, aims, and plan of life, differ widely, too widely, from my good, conscientious girl's. You recognize life's duties; she only looks for its pleasures. Poor Blanche! She may yet learn a truer contentment, though, possibly, at much cost. But who is your other example? Who is the knight sans peur et sans reproche, whose estate you would condescend to take upon yourself?"

"I did not say that," remonstrated Caroline, with a slight blush; "I only said I could imagine, that if—— At least, I meant——"

"I know what you meant, you cautious little person. I only want the name. Suppose I guess it."

"I was thinking of Mr. Farquhar," she said, quickly, but with a certain degree of dignified reticence beginning to be evident. "His life seems very much what a good life should be, either of man or woman. I think he must be happy."

"Do you?" her companion asked, drily and doubtfully.

"Indeed I do," she went on, with some warmth. "Active, useful, the doer of good deeds, and the sayer of noble things, if he is not content, who should be? He wields his self-acquired power wisely, his influence is always exerted for the right. Yes, I think he ought to be thoroughly happy."

"So do I. But men are perverse animals, my dear, and seldom are precisely what you would expect them to be. Mr. Farquhar does not strike me as thoroughly happy, though I believe him to be thoroughly good. Some private care, perhaps, of which we know nothing, subdues the bright colours we only see. It is often so."

"Yes," said Caroline, absently. "Ah! there are the tops of the pines on Crooksforth Hill!" she presently cried, eagerly peering from her window. And they both became silent as they drew near home.

It was a solemn, though not a sad, coming home. Every turn in the road, every tree, every pathway, teemed with associations, some irretrievably and unmixedly bitter, others sweet and touching. Caroline's imagination was too powerful a part of her nature, and her sensitiveness too intense, for her to pass with impunity through any such ordeal. She had tasted consolation from the true Source. The cruel wounds of the past had been healed, and she had risen above all pain, all suffering, to a serenity very sweet and satisfying. But, although her life had grown anew—although it was no crushed spirit, no weary heart, that she brought back with her to her old home—she still felt the shock and had to bear the penalty. Nevertheless the pain came openly and wholesomely, and was borne bravely and well. It was neither fretfully struggled against,

nor for one hour was it weakly yielded to. She set herself to work at once. She was now of age, and being neither extravagant nor avaricious, she was possessed of a sufficiency to enable her to carry out her plans, and to build a school on Redwood estate—a school after her own heart, to be conducted on her own plan; that is to say, after her own plan's generous enthusiasm had passed under the judicious revision of one or two older and more experienced, if not wiser, heads than her own. And in the building this school, and superintending that which already existed, Caroline found plenty of happy employment, both for head and hands.

And so the time sped on. Summer again shed its glory and brightness over Redwood. Again Caroline spent long afternoons under the birch-tree on the lawn. Again she had musings, and it may be dreamland was hers yet. But now, she usually held a book in her hand, and it was pored over sometimes, and even, sometimes, she would attract Miss Kendal's attention to some passage in it.

Miss Kendal liked to bring her knitting into the shadow of the lawn on these June afternoons. She could knit, and think, and look at Caroline, marking the soft, tender beauty that had taken the place of the fresh girlishness of five years before; noting, with silent thankfulness, the serenity of the broad brow, and the quiet contentment that shone in the eyes, those steadfast eyes, that through all chances, and changes, and trials of the five years, had lost no iota of their frank and truthful directness.

Clear and pure, too, came the voice, as she spoke, without looking up from her book "I like these old poets. Listen, ma mie. Here is a quaint melody to which this scene goes well." And she read:

"The soote season that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.
 The nightingale, with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
 Summer is come! for every spray now springs;
 The hart hath hung his old head o'er the pale;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
 The fishes float with new repaired scale;
 The adder all her slough away she flings;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
 The busy bee her honey new she brings.
 Winter is gone that was the flowers' bale;
 And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs."

"How curious it is," said Caroline, after putting aside the volume, and looking around her for a minute or two, "to note that continual

envying of nature's changed and renewed life, that some poets and philosophers feel and express so strongly. As if trees and flowers were the only things that spring again! As if birds, out of all creation, monopolized the power "with feathers new to sing!" As if the soul had not its seasons, as well as the earth. Its autumn of loss, its winter of torpor and gloom, its spring of resurrection, its summer of fruition and full-shining content. Is it not true? Have we not all these?"

"Truly, I think so," replied her friend. "And, moreover, I even think that it is with souls as with the earth, and that till the autumn's sorrow and the winter's darkness hath befallen us, the true spring cannot renew, nor the fullness of the summer's sun bless us. They who never tasted tribulation, cannot truly tell the sweetness of content. Things are very evenly balanced, Lina! I think even our short-sighted vision may see that, sometimes. Through all woe, all suffering, all heaviness and weariness of heart and soul, we should do well to remember that

'God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!'"

"Even so," said the younger lady, thoughtfully. Her head leaned against the silver stem of the birch, and her eyes looked their peculiar look straight into the light, as if attracted by some kindred influence there. The red, gold hair shone as of old, its ripple-like undulations glistened in the sunlight. White and pure was the brow as ever, but a chastened placidity had taken the place of the daring, restless, ever-inquiring, ever-seeking spirit of youth. It was as though that which had been sought was at last found. And yet—was it so?

"Bless me!" cried Miss Kendal suddenly; "that looks like Mr. Farquhar standing there, at the dining-room window. Is it, my dear?"

Caroline started, glanced up at the window, and then deliberately rose to her feet. "It is Mr. Farquhar," she said, with composure, and stood still while that gentleman advanced towards them.

"A sudden visit," remarked Miss Kendal, as she gave him her hand, in cordial greeting: "is anything wrong? You don't look quite yourself, I fancy."

"I am very well," he gravely replied; and added, after a brief pause, "I should apologize for this abrupt intrusion, but it was my only opportunity of bidding you good-by. I am about to leave England."

"Indeed! Not for long, I hope?"

"We shall be very sorry," said Miss Maturin, politely.

"It is uncertain how long I shall be away. I am going with a Government mission into Egypt," said Mr. Farquhar.

Then, as if wishing to waive the subject, he stooped to pick up the book from which Caroline had been reading, and made some indifferent remark concerning it.

"Come," said Miss Kendal, gathering her knitting apparatus together, with a certain feeling that there was some restraint hanging in the air about them, "our tea-time is near. We keep primitive hours, you know, and besides, travellers need refreshment. Suppose we go in?"

She led the way, and the others followed. But some perverse influence apparently retarded Mr. Farquhar's steps. On the terrace he paused, and turned to look lingeringly round. "It may be my last look," he said, half apologetically. For Caroline had involuntarily paused too, but in a minute she moved slightly onward, then paused again, to pull carelessly at the laden branches of a fuschia which grew in graceful luxuriance beside where they were standing.

"Miss Maturin!" he went on, in a changed tone, "let me speak frankly for one minute. Do not think that I am weak enough, foolish enough, to rashly intrude *my* regrets, *my* hopes, fears, or wishes upon you, for a second time. I am aware that my first, almost involuntary confession, many months since, has lost me the little I had of your regard, your friendship. Do not look pained. I shall learn to bear it."

She had half uttered some words of deprecation, but at his last sentence she had turned away, deeply colouring.

"It is strange," he pursued, "that you yourself, as a young girl, among these very hills and pine woods, were the first to strongly touch that chord of my nature which now arms me to endure your indifference. Mine is no blighted soul; it is no forlorn, hopeless, aimless tide of life, that turns away now, to cross the smooth current of your existence—never again. Years ago, such a trial might have goaded a rebellious spirit—mine was so, then—into madness. Now, it spurs it on to action, to find, where and how Heaven pleases, the peace it may not have of its own choosing. Whatever the issue, whatever has been the pain, I thank you, I bless you for the good that your unconscious influence wrought upon me from the very first minute that I saw you."

She said nothing; nor moved, nor looked up.

"I believe," he said, gently, "that what I have said it will be pleasant for you to know, and remember, now and henceforward. You would not be yourself if you felt no sorrow, no sympathy, for one who gave his best wealth, his all of precious gifts, in vain. It is to tell you that it was *not* in vain—that I look to the life before me, hopefully, expectantly; that I am resolved to meet it with energy, and faith—it is to tell you this that I have spoken. You understand me?"

"I do," she replied.

"You will give me your hand? Let this last evening be like the old times; for we are friends, are we not?"

"Yes, we are friends," she said, distinctly. But she did not give him her hand. She began to walk hurriedly towards the house.

"Let it be as you will," he said, rather proudly. But the sudden, instantaneous, impulsive glance she lifted to his face, melted his pride electrically. "Forgive me," he cried: "I know I wrong you, when I believe you less than most true, most kind, most good. Now, I have done."

They were at the little wicket which led to the side entrance, both having apparently forgotten the more usual way of ingress by the low windows. Simultaneously, Mr. Farquhar and Caroline laid their hands on the latch: the latter drew back hastily, while her companion, with less apparent embarrassment, undid the fastening. But his foot was on the skirt of her dress, and, in her quick gesture, a great rent was torn in the thin muslin. It is singular how the merely conventional is apt to enter even into eras of deep and fervent feeling: Mr. Farquhar's apologies and regrets were most earnest and unfeigned. For Caroline her behaviour was far less praiseworthy. She stood, holding the fractured breadth a little apart, regarding it with intentness, and an expression almost of anguish quivering at her lips.

"Never mind! never mind!" she repeated, over and over again, in reply to Mr. Farquhar's self-condemnatory regrets. "It does not signify at all, not the least;" and, as she turned to go in, an extraordinary and uncontrollable burst of tears attested her insincerity.

"Stay!" he sprang forward, and *would* take her hand. With the other, she tried to hide her face, while he tried as eagerly and more effectually, to see it. Lower and lower the sunny head drooped, and the sobs came fast and strong.

"Caroline, what does it mean?" he asked earnestly, almost to sternness. "Tell me, I beseech you—I charge you to tell me."

"It is foolish—worse than foolish," came faintly and falteringly. "I do not—I don't—" with a great effort she raised her head, drew her hand away, and looked at him. "I am not so heartless as you think. I am grieved," she said, steadily—"grieved to think of your approaching voluntary exile."

"You are grieved—why?"

"For the sake of the good and noble career you leave behind you."

"Nay; I embrace one, it may be more widely useful."

"Your friends," she went on—"your tenantry—"

"Caroline, it is best for me to go! I told you truly that I go bravely

and contendedly. But it is best for me to go—for England is too dear—England is too full of thoughts of home—of you. In a word it is best for me to go, because—because I love you.”

He watched her relentlessly—she had no chance to hide a shade of inflection on her face—it was better to dare his gaze than to tremble under it. She looked at him again, and the look sufficed.

“You *would* not deceive me even unwittingly. Answer me truly, what does that look mean? What are your thoughts saying?”

She tried to speak steadily and clearly, but it was a very stammering, faltering, ill-constructed sentence that came out at last. “Saying that—if you only go away because you love me, it is—it is unnecessary—for you to go.”

* * * * *

“Well, my friends,” observed Miss Kendal to herself, as, after losing sight of them for at least an hour and-a-half, she perceived them quietly walking up and down the terrace, as if no such institution as tea ever existed in the world, “I hope you can appreciate patience as well as you practice deliberation. I am hungry.”

This final remark she loudly repeated at the open window, till she succeeded in attracting their attention.

Then Caroline came running towards her—“What is it?” said she, with the most crimson assumption of unconsciousness in her face. “Do you want me?”

“Do I want you? I want my tea! And so you’ve torn your pretty new dress? Heedless child!”

“It was not I—it was the gate—at least, it was at the gate—the little wicket,” she explained.

Mr. Farquhar put his arm round her, and led her into the room, in the full front of Miss Kendal’s eagle glance.

“Blessed little wicket!” said he, more than half-solemnly. Caroline broke from him, and was clinging to her old friend, hiding her face again. Miss Kendal looked at Mr. Farquhar with an unwonted quiver of her steady mouth in silence; then, as was her habit, she tried to veil the too great earnestness of the moment with a jest.

“My dear,” she said, sententiously bending over “her girl,” “I can darn it, you know—I darn so beautifully. It isn’t worth while to fret, though it *is* a new frock.” But for all her philosophy, a single great tear fell on Caroline’s hair as she spoke.

“Come,” said she, almost defiantly looking at the said tear, “let us behave as wisely as may be.” She held out her hand to Mr. Farquhar—

"This child has no mother but me, no father, except God. See that you love her, faithfully, purely, singly, to make up to her these long years of orphanhood—forlorn years at the best. She deserves to be happy—my darling. God send she shall be so, at last!"

THE END.

THE LITTLE BLACK DOG.

WHO has not seen that touching picture called the "Poor Man's Funeral Procession?" Under a grey sky, a coffin covered by a black pall and common to all, advances, alone, without friends and without honours; alone is not exactly the word; a dog accompanies it, his head lowered; a dog, the only friend of the unfortunate who has at last found repose between four planks.

This melancholy picture was reproduced some short time ago at Paris; a coffin was passing alone, under the rain, having for follower and mourner only an old black dog, whose mournful eye and lowered head accompanied his master to his last home. The passers by took no notice of it, misery and isolation being so common in the streets of Paris; the most charitable said: Poor wretch! Some women perhaps raised a prayer to heaven that the poor soul might repose in peace, that was all; when a well dressed young man, coming out of a cross street, in his turn caught his eye on this sad funeral.

"And nobody to follow it!" said he to himself; "that is too much. I will go, and let the breakfast and friends wait."

Immediately he took his place behind the coffin, beside the dog, who drew back as if to do him honour. They went thus to the graveyard, where the chaplain advanced to receive the body. But this forsaken body was to be placed in the common pit, and a lively sense of disgust seized on the young man, who was so interested in this unknown coffin, and immediately soliciting a moment of respite, ran to the keeper of the ground and bought and paid for a place, as also a little wooden cross, that he wished to plant over the grave of this unknown friend. The ceremony was accomplished; the earth fell with the last prayers on the lid of the coffin; the priest threw for the last time the holy water, and the *Requiescat in pace* was said; the dog howled in a most lamentable manner, and the grave-digger busied himself in quickly filling the grave. The young man departed slowly, his heart filled with a melancholy satisfaction; but once passed the gate of the cemetery, he regained his ordi-

nary manner and his every day thoughts, for at the moment in which he had met the poor man's funeral, he was going to a joyous meeting with friends and comrades, who were to feast with him on the produce of the sale of his first picture.

Amédée C..... was a painter, and after having long fought against the difficulties of his art, the rivalry in his business, and the hardness of life, he had just completed his first success. His picture was sold, the minister had given him an order and his friends wished to drink success to his future triumphs. He was then hastening forwards, when he felt something touch his leg. He looked, and it was the little black dog who caressed him.

"Get away," said he to it, "you do not know that I have on my best suit and you will dirty me." The poor dog looked at him, but did not stir.

Amédée moved on. Hardly had he made some few steps when he felt anew the head of the black dog, who grazed his legs, and worse than his legs, his fine black trousers! "Go away," cried he, again. "Go home."

The dog fixed on him a suppliant eye. "Look at the fellow; one would think that he wanted me to follow him! Let's see what is going to happen;" and ceding to the eloquence of this look, Amédée followed the dog, who had turned and entered a narrow street, leading to a poor quarter. Amédée followed closely: the dog at length stopped before a miserable looking house, and entered a narrow and dark passage, and ascended a long and black stair, till he got to a door on the fifth landing. There he gently scratched. Amédée was behind him.

A young girl, poorly clad, her eyes red with weeping, came to open it. The dog jumped on her, and licked her hands. "Miss," said the young man, very much embarrassed, "I have brought back your dog," (though, by the way, it was just the reverse.)

The young girl with difficulty replied, "Thank you, sir," (drowned in tears). Amédée became a little bolder, and said gently, "You have lost some one. I met this dog following a coffin."

"Helas! sir, it was the coffin of my father!"— This word broke the ice. Amédée entered the room. It was in a sad state, with bare walls and a dead hearth. In one corner, on a straw bed, lay an aged woman, whose countenance bore traces of sickness and great grief. She turned towards her visitor with an anxious and sad glance, and in a feeble voice said to her daughter, "Augustine, who is this gentleman?"

Amédée advanced to the bed, and with much respect said, "Madame, I have followed the body of your husband to the grave, and have brought back your dog."

"What! sir? have you followed him? You have done this kindness! Thank you, thank you, a thousand times."

"My good father! But you did not know him, sir?"

"No, miss, but on seeing this coffin, which was alone, I was moved, and I prayed—I who rarely pray!"

"God will hear you, sir, and my poor husband will pray for you in heaven. Ah! sir, his was a heart of gold. You see that I am very sick. My sickness has been the death of my husband. I have been sick these two months, and he has worked night and day to keep me from the hospital; he worked, he was not well fed, and had but little rest, and he died in a few days from cold in his chest. I live, useless; I live to be a burden on my poor child; but I do not wish to kill her as I have killed her father, and I will go the hospital to-morrow."

At these words, pronounced with effort, Augustine threw her arms around her mother and said, in the midst of her tears:

"My mother, why do you speak thus? No, you shall not go to the hospital; I also will work night and day, and if it is necessary, we will die together. Oh! if I had but work!"

Amédée was moved to the bottom of his soul, tears ran down his cheeks, but these last words broke on him with a new light.

"What can you do, then, Miss, and what is your employment?"

"I am a plain-sewer."

"O! that is just the thing; I know a friend who has shirts to make, and I will bring them to you."

"Sir, you shall not complain of my work; we were confectioners in the town of Dijon; credit has ruined us; we came to Paris, thinking we should find some means of support if not fortune. And we have met only ruin, misery and death."

Amédée replied in some consoling words and bid adieu to the two poor women. At the moment of leaving, the dog jumped up on him to caress him.

"What do you call him?" said the young man.

"Kelb; I know that it means dog in Arabic; but my brother, who served in the African chasseurs, named him so—poor Jules, he too is dead."

Amédée gave a last caress to the old Kelb and went away; but the next day, he arrived with an enormous roll of beautiful and fine linen; it was the breakfast of the day before, converted into linen of Courtray.

He announced the visit of one of his friends, a doctor, who came to see the invalid and prescribe a course of treatment. The doctor decided that the widow's sickness proceeded from want of proper nourishment and ordered good broths and generous diet.

All these things found their way to the poor women, who, astonished, demanded whence came these well chosen gifts so appropriate to their situation.

The comrades of Amédée, who saw him working all day and who ridiculed his virtue and taste for economy, might have been able to reply to their question. In fact the young man, touched to the heart for the first time by the sight of real misery and by the delightful feeling which remained with him after his good action, had abandoned his coffee house life and his effeminate habits, where every thing is sacrificed to whim and nothing to duty and reason, had become a worker, methodical, economical, and his talent enlarged at the same time that his heart and his mind opened.

In his visits to their dwelling he perceived that Augustine, as well brought up as good, had become very dear to him, and he thought that Providence destined her to become the honour, consolation and help of his life. He demanded her of her mother, and now, beside her and beside the child which she has given him, he proclaims that the sweet star of charity has conducted him to happiness. Let us add that there is not in all Paris a happier or more cherished dog than old Kelb. M. D. R.

THE THREE FLOWERS.

(From the German.)

Within God's richly blooming garden grow
 Three lovely flowers, passing sweet and fair;
 In woods and fields, on hills and valleys low
 They blossom, tended by an angel's care:
 While simple childlike hands the three combine
 In nosegays sweet, and crowns and garlands twine.

The Hawthorn, with its blossoms white and clear,
 And buds like clustered pearls on every spray,
 Shews forth its Maker's praises year by year;
 And thus to sinful man it seems to say;
 Honour with hearts as pure as buds of ours
 The great Creator of the world of flowers.

The lovely Violet of modest blue
 Surpassing many flowers of brighter hue,
 Hidden by leaves of green from curious eyes,
 Its scent alone revealing where it lies;
 Fit emblem of beneficence I deem,
 Whose blessed influence is felt, not seen.

Painting with heavenly blue the streamlet's edge,
 The sweet Forget-me-not looks up to heaven,
 Of friendship true and faithful love the pledge,
 When, to dear severed hearts at parting given,
 It blooms and fades and blooms again once more,
 Till earth shall pass away and earthly love be o'er.

M. J. P.

HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE, M. P.

PART III.

ALMOST immediately on his arrival in Philadelphia Mr. McGee published his celebrated letters on the causes which led to the failure of the revolution in Ireland, and in which his remarks on the conduct of the Irish priesthood, in relation to previous and the then late rebellion, gave mortal offence to a great majority of the Irish Catholics of the United States. Then commenced the celebrated paper war between that truly great and good man, Archbishop Hughes of New York, and himself. Fiercely did the battle rage between the greatest Catholic champion in the United States and the ex-rebel. The contest was long and fierce. The Bishop spoke for millions of Irish Catholics who had faith and confidence in him,—he spoke with the authority of a Catholic Bishop, and his condemnation of the revolutionary doctrines and almost infidel teachings of the young Ireland party was most withering. That party, a member of which had proclaimed, "IF THE ALTAR STAND IN THE WAY OF LIBERTY, DOWN WITH THE ALTAR," never could hope to gain or secure the sympathy of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and once condemned by that faithful body of self-devoted men, it could only prove a failure. Mr. McGee, during his eventful life, encountered and fought with many of the most prominent men of our time, but never did he make a greater mistake than he did when he crossed swords with the great Archbishop. He fought bravely, desperately, but without effect,—he was crushed beneath the powerful arguments of his antagonist; his eloquence, his wit, his proofs were swept away by John, Archbishop of New York, with as much ease as a child's house of cards is blown down by the summer breeze; and in the end, Thomas D'Arcy McGee had to bow down his head in humility before the great churchman, and acknowledge himself conquered and in error. His enemies have often twitted him with his defeat. The Fenian faction cast it up to him, even

a short time before his death, but Thomas D'Arcy McGee, as an Irishman and as a Catholic, could point to his apology to Archbishop Hughes as one of the most praiseworthy acts of his life,—it was manly, it was honourable, it was the act of contrition of a great-souled Irish Catholic who, in the moment of defeat, in his bitterness of heart had, for a time, forgotten the respect due to God's anointed. In his despair he had rushed into error, and having continued to defend his errors and false doctrines for two years against the greatest Catholic authority in America, through the public press and through his own paper, the *Nation*, which he had established in New York in the fall of '48, for that purpose—having drawn upon himself the eyes of the civilized world as the opponent of the great Archbishop—how terrible must have been the struggle between his pride of heart and his duty as an Irish Catholic, before he could school himself to bend low before his opponent, and not only declare himself defeated, but sue for pardon of his errors. Yet what was there, after all, so singular in the sacrifice, to a faithful Irish Catholic? but little more than is required at the hands of a child who has been wayward and disobedient towards his father: the contest is unnatural, the contrition natural, the reconciliation sweet, and the great Bishop and the once impetuous McGee became friends, and the latter lived to utter words teeming with eloquence and feeling on the death of the former. The defeated rebel no longer, but the universally admired and respected statesman of Canada, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, at a crowded assembly in the city hall, Montreal, spoke "*High words of power and praise to the glory of the dead,*" and declared that the Catholic Church and the Irish in the United States had lost, in Bishop Hughes' death, their greatest champion and truest friend.

To give anything like a history of Mr. McGee's career and labors in the United States would fill volumes, and we have no doubt volumes will hereafter be written on the subject which will prove both interesting and instructive to generations yet to come, but want of space, no less than want of time, compels us to pass over with a mere cursory glance, the years intervening between his arrival in Philadelphia after his flight from Ireland in '48, to the date of his quitting the great republic in 1856, for Canada. Those years were passed by him, to a great measure, in literary pursuits; he became one of the most popular lecturers of the day, at the same time that he wielded his pen as an editor, with such marked ability, that his name became famous in America and Europe. His writings secured the attention of the political leaders of the great contending parties in the United States, and many were the offers of place and profit made to him to secure the services of his tongue and pen; but Thomas D'Arcy McGee

was not an office hunter, and his big heart never gave place to a selfish or sordid motive : he was too generous, too honourably independent to barter what he considered right and justice to self-aggrandisement or self interest ; and thus he lived for eight years in the United States, where men of the most ordinary abilities were making fortunes by the political barter and sale of their principles, as stump orators in election contests, or as the selfish but servile tools of no less selfish political leaders. The know-nothing cry was then at its height ; everything Irish was cried down by the so-called native American party ; foreigners were looked upon as the natural enemies of the would-be rulers of the destinies of the United States. North and south the cry was loud and persistent, and whilst Liberty to all mankind was proclaimed as the motto, the political faith of the great Republic, the most illiberal, nay, the most disgracefully unjust system of tyranny and oppression, was practised towards the citizens of foreign, and more particularly of Irish origin : most brutal acts of violence were perpetrated against defenceless strangers, in the new home to which they had been allured by promises of liberty and equality. Almost single handed, McGee threw himself into the van, and loud rang his voice above the din of battle as the defender of his countrymen, as the champion of equal rights for the down-trodden and oppressed foreigners of all nations and creeds in the United States. His undaunted courage, his brilliant talents, his masterly arguments, his unceasing and persistent onslaughts against the unscrupulous leaders of the New England fanatics, made his name the terror and the dread of that vile junto of bigots and zealots who dared to display as their motto—"extermination to all foreigners." Irishmen, Irish citizens of the United States of America, you who are now enjoying the fruits of the Irish patriot's labours in cause of the Irish liberty and equality on the continent of America, you for whose benefit he sacrificed eight years of his fresh glorious manhood, you for whose children's prosperity, happiness and independence he sacrificed the best years of his life, look back to the time when he was your champion and your dependence in the hour of your greatest peril, and if your souls still retain any of the generous characteristics of your race, drop a tear over the bloody grave of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and teach your children to revere his memory as that of a true patriot who lived and died for Ireland, for Irish liberty, for the advancement and prosperity of the Irish race.

Although in America, Mr. McGee's heart was in Ireland. He corresponded regularly with his friend, Charles G. Duffy, his former chief in the Editorial department of the *Dublin Nation* ; they had fought many

a hard battle during the Revolutionary excitement in Ireland, and were very much attached to each other. In 1850, Duffy invited McGee to return home and once more take a share in *The Nation* as one of its editors. Only too glad to embrace the opportunity thus afforded him, Mr. McGee, ever prompt, if not impulsive in his decisions, at once sold out his *New York Nation*, and started for Boston, with the object of sailing immediately for his beloved country—having written to Mr. Duffy to that effect—but his hopes were doomed to sad disappointment. The madness of his '48 escapade was still fresh in the mind of the Government at home, and, fortunately for him, Sir Colman O'Laughlan, one of his old and tried friends, who from his position was aware of the danger which awaited McGee, should he return so soon, wrote, warning him that his liberty, if not his life, might be the forfeit of his return to the scene of his former folly. Almost stunned by the blow, without much means at his command, it is difficult to realize his position at that time. For a short period he felt disheartened, and almost despairing of ever being able to retrieve his fallen fortunes; but courage, brave heart, cowards only give way to despair and sink under difficulties. A few short months spent in renewing former friendships and making new friends, in delivering lectures to large and delighted audiences in Boston, and masterly contributions to the columns of the *Pilot*, and he was himself again, and once more found himself in the Editorial chair. *The American Celt* was ushered into existence, and he continued to edit and publish that paper in Boston till 1851, when his old friends in New York clamored loudly for his return to their midst. His absence from among them had been very deeply felt; the enemies of his countrymen were becoming more insolent and despotic, for want of a strong will and eloquent pen to keep them in check. The appeal to McGee was not made in vain; wherever his country or his countrymen required his services, he never refused to answer the call; so, packing up, as he himself expressed it, his "traps," he moved with *The American Celt* to New York in the fall of the year. Again he stood forward as the champion of the foreigners, as the know-nothing stump orators were wont to call all adopted citizens, and the great services he rendered that class of the community cannot now be well understood. In other countries a span of thirteen years is only an infancy, in the United States 'tis an age; the rapidity with which men and parties change and pass away cannot be understood by the steady conservatives of other countries. A man is a bright star of the American nation one day, and words cannot express the national hatred of him the next; to-day we find him quietly attending to his duties as a farmer, a shop-keeper, or a mechanic; to-morrow he may be leading the national army of tens of

thousands to victory ; soon he may be seated in the Presidential chair, dictating terms of peace or war to foreign nations ; or, in the heat of party strife, smarting under the crushing defeat of a general election, he may be found at the head of millions, proclaiming to the world that the unity of the Great Republic is at an end, and whilst trampling under foot the flag for which Washington fought and gained immortal fame, may be found unfurling another flag, as the rival of the stars and stripes, to the gaze of an astonished world.

In the United States of America, men become prominent, popular and famous, in a few months, and, whilst their fortunate star is in the ascendant, they do well to enjoy all they can of popular praise and adulation, if they like that sort of excitement ; for, rapidly as the popular favour and admiration is secured, still more rapidly is the popular mind liable to forget to-day its idol of yesterday ; popularity may be attained in a few months, and at any time it can with certainty be lost in a few short hours. This is not to be wondered at. American forests disappear, and cities spring up in their stead like magic. Broad prairies, the hunting ground of the savage and the pasture of the buffalo, in a few short years, by the indomitable energy of the settler, become covered with the happy homes of men, yielding not only plenty for the support of the homesteads of those who reclaimed them, but, with the assistance of all the most perfect combinations of inventive skill and mechanical ingenuity,—the railroad, the canal, the clipper ships and the ocean steamer, turning golden crops into granaries of the Old World, with which to feed her millions from the superabundance of their prairie harvests. The greatest men cannot expect to be long remembered in such a country ; the march forward is too rapid ; the most extraordinary events of to-day will be forgotten in the greater events of to-morrow, and the events of yesterday seem but the ghosts of the past in that mighty republic, whose four score years of existence have given to the world an example of most extraordinary progress, and secured to mankind more real liberty, prosperity and happiness, than a thousand years of Old World exertions could ever hope to secure. In the advance of men and change of measures since Mr. McGee left the United States, it is not surprising, then, that his name and labours should have been to a great extent forgotten at the present day. But some of his exertions in the cause of his fellow men are still bearing rich fruits. The Irish race, still progressing, owes in a great measure its present position to Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Those excellent educational establishments for adults in New York, the night schools, were first established through his unaided exertions, and, from a small beginning, they can now be counted by dozens, not only in New York city, but throughout all

the large cities of the Union! For that one result of his great forethought in the cause of the poorer classes, how many thousands owe to his memory their life-long gratitude. For his exertions in the United States, in the cause of immigration, the Irish and German nations owe him their thanks. Alas! how have his countrymen repaid him! But history will yet do justice to his memory and make future generations of Irishmen blush for the ingratitude of their ancestors of the present generation.

In his work on "*The Irish in America*," very recently published, John Francis Maguire, M. P. for Cork, gives the following striking example of the benefit of McGee's night schools to the Irish in New York:

"A great strapping Irishman who would be called at home 'a splendid figure of a man' landed at 'Castle Garden' about 15 years since; he neither knew how to read nor write, but he was gifted with abundant natural quickness and he was full of energy and ambition..... He saw other men, dull plodders, with 'not one half his own gumption,' pushing their way up the social ladders, and why? Because they could read and write; because they had the 'learning,' which alas! he had not..... Then he would have it; that he was resolved on, so the large Irishman sat down on a form in a night school, and commenced to learn his A, B, C; and with tongue desperately driven against one cheek, struggled with his 'pot hooks and hangers,' the first efforts of the polite letter writer..... Many a time did the poor fellow's courage begin to fail, but he would not be beaten. He did not fail; with the aid of a fellow student, more advanced than himself, he drew out his first contract, which was for a few hundred dollars. This was accepted; and being executed in a most satisfactory manner by the young contractor, who himself performed no small part of the work; it was his first great step in life; contracts for thousands of dollars, and hundreds of thousands of dollars, following more rapidly than in his wildest dreams he could have imagined possible. This self-made man quickly adapted himself to the manners of the class to which he had so laboriously and creditably raised himself, and no one who converses with the shrewd, genial, off-handed Irishman, who drives his carriage, lives in fine style, and is educating his young family with the utmost care and at great cost, could suppose that he was the same rough-giant who a few years before sat upon the form of a night school, heavily plodding at words of two syllables, and with tongue fiercely driven against his cheek, scrawled on a slate his first lessons in writing."

How many thousands in like manner owe their position in the United States to-day to "*McGee's night schools*."

In the fall of 1851, Mr. McGee, at the urgent solicitation of the late Bishop Tieman, of Buffalo, removed with his paper to that city, the great object being to encourage the tide of immigration to the West and particularly the Irish immigrants. His stay in Buffalo was very short, however, for we find him back in New York in the following year, where he continued to publish his "*American Celt and adopted Citizen*," till 1857. From 1851 up to '57, Mr. McGee made several lecturing tours through the Eastern and Western States, and was everywhere received with every demonstration of pleasure by his countrymen and the general community,—he was looked upon as a teacher of the people, and his eloquence won for him tens of thousands of ardent admirers, not to say friends. At length he was invited to lecture in Canada before the "*Young Men's St. Patrick's Society of Montreal*." He accepted the invitation, and the thrill of pleasure which filled the delighted minds of his vast audience on that occasion, to this day is recalled by many of the friends who now mourn his untimely death. Once heard in Canada, all the principal cities east and west called on him for a lecture at least, or a course of lectures, if possible. And thus he travelled over Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and lectured to large audiences in every one of those places. It is needless to say to those who knew Mr. McGee, that, during his lecturing tours through the various Provinces which now constitute "THE DOMINION OF CANADA," his great mind was not idle; with the eye of a far-seeing statesman he looked on the British Provinces, and remembered the fable of the "*Bundle of Sticks*." It was at that time that he first conceived the plan of uniting the whole of the British North American Provinces under one Government; and we feel convinced that the idea never entered into his mind of their annexation to the United States, after he had seen for himself the real position of the people of Canada. In his rambles he met, and conversed with the most prominent people of all sections of the Provinces, and he soon came to the conclusion that annexation to the United States would be the greatest misfortune that could overtake Canada. He who had been an advocate for the liberty and equality of his fellow countrymen in Great Britain, and in the United States, found the Irish people in Canada enjoying all the liberty that man can desire—liberty of speech,—which he himself freely used, although an ex-rebel, in his lectures—liberty of conscience for all—and the most perfect equality reigning in our community. For here no mere mockery of freedom is held up to view; here, freedom, in its sweet reality, is enjoyed by the humblest, as well as by the wealthiest classes of our community. No aristocracy of birth here usurps the power in the government; nor are the places of

emolument reserved for the younger sons or *protegees* of bankrupt noblemen. The poor man's son, the son of the farmer or mechanic, has means afforded him of being educated, and his own energy and industry, if properly directed, open up to him in after life the very highest positions in his country. Yes, here we acknowledge no other aristocracy save that of merit, and that true nobility—the nobility which springs from educated talent and honest ambition,—and that man who can show as his record an honest name, combined with energy and education, we honor and trust far more than if he could trace back his family record to the time when, two thousand years ago, his savage ancestors bathed their naked bodies in the blood of their savage foes—as proof of his title to nobility. And now, we venture to state as a fact, and one which we consider perfectly easy to discover, that Thomas D'Arcy McGee was always, during his whole life, an admirer of the monarchical form of government—that he never was an admirer of the republican form—and that his heart never warmed with friendship for the United States. It will be said, why then did he rebel against the English government? The answer is this—it was not against the English government. He rebelled against the sad misgovernment of Ireland by English statesmen in London, who were totally ignorant of the wants of that unfortunate country, and, in consequence, totally incompetent, even if they had the desire, to legislate honestly and intelligently for the long overburdened, oppressed sister kingdom. He rebelled against the horrible incongruity of his countrymen and co-religionists being compelled to pay for the support of a church in which they were, and are taught, not to pray, if they wish to save their souls. He rebelled against the gigantic Church Establishment swindle, which was forced upon Ireland at a semi-frantic period in British affairs, and which, in three hundred years after, is sought by men who pretend to be reasonable and just, to be still forced on the unfortunate people of Ireland—that Church Establishment which never could have existed in Ireland beyond its infancy without the sustaining power, not of the Almighty God, but of the mighty and irresistible bayonet. McGee rebelled against that, and kindred unnatural pretensions of the government of England, against the rights and liberties of his country. And we venture to say that there is not, on the face of the globe to-day, one solitary liberal minded, educated Englishman who will, placing himself in the position of the Irishman, say, I would not rebel against those things. The strongest proof of this fact is that the most determined opponents of the Church Establishment to be found are the descendants of Englishmen born and living in Ireland. McGee, in 1848, was a member of an *Irish Confederation*, not of an *Irish Republic*. He had tested Repub-

licanism in New England, and it was not to his taste—it did not agree with his notions of good government—he had no confidence in the stability of Republican institutions—he had learned that the nearer Republicanism approached stability, the nearer it approached the Monarchical form of government; and as a proof of this apparently strange fact, we assert that, although he had lived nearly twelve years in the United States, although his children were born there, and his home seemed to be established there for the future, yet *he never became a citizen of the United States*. Why did not McGee become an adopted citizen of the great Republic? Because he did not like the Republican form of government and had no confidence in the liberty enjoyed (?) there by the foreign element. He always distrusted the honesty of purpose of the Puritanical New Englanders, and he could not understand how the flag of freedom could consistently “wave o’er the land of the free” and still decorate the walls of the Southern States’ slave market. Like a number of his countrymen who had to fly from Ireland for political reasons, Mr. McGee at that time was most rabid against everything English. His writings, during his residence in the United States, are filled with most bitter denunciations of English laws as they relate to Ireland. His editorial articles, his lectures, his poetry of that time—all show his great hatred towards British rule in Ireland—and bitter as that hatred was, he yet could not convince himself that he could conscientiously renounce his allegiance to the old flag under which his country had suffered so much injustice, and transfer that allegiance to the Government or flag of the Great Republic. In Canada McGee saw the advantages offered by a fair and impartial administration of a government, under the Monarchical form; and, seeing, he became more convinced than ever of the stability of that system. He compared the position of the Irish in the United States with that of the Irish in British America, and the advantages were all on the side of the latter. He found Irishmen in Canada occupying positions of the highest honour and trust. He saw the Roman Catholic Church flourishing in every part of the country—from Labrador to the Pacific Coast—side by side with the Churches of England and Scotland. He saw people of all nationalities, and creeds, living in the greatest peace and harmony together, like members of one great family: happy and prosperous; the Government confident of the people, and the people confident of, and secure in, the Government. He could not fail to perceive the difference in the elective system. The people’s representatives were not the nominees of mobs or factions, and the political affairs of the country were not entrusted to the tender mercies of bar-room or pot-house politicians; nor could the mob terrify the Government of the day

into concessions to political demagogues. The Judiciary was not at the mercy of the mob at the hustings, and the execution of criminals did not depend on the strength or weakness of their partizans. He saw the perfect equality of the school system secured to all creeds by the statute law of the country, and, seeing all these things, whilst he prayed to Heaven for the same glorious state of affairs in his beloved Ireland, he determined to make his home in Canada, and establish his family there, under the security of good laws and a stable form of Government.

Among those who most strongly impressed Mr. McGee with the idea of coming to reside in Canada, we cannot avoid mentioning one or two: Mrs. James Sadlier—at present of New York, but who at that time was a resident in Montreal, and who then, as now, was looked upon with pride by the Irish race on the continent of America. Endowed by nature with most lively devotion to the welfare of her native land and of her fellow countrymen, Mrs. Sadlier has devoted her splendid education and talents to the improvement of the Irish people; her writings speak to the warm hearts of the Irish people, and number over thirty volumes—none of which has failed to make its mark, teeming as they do, with lessons of morality and patriotism, with forcible illustrations of the dangers to be encountered in a strange land by the daughters and sons of Ireland, and pointing out in beautifully simple and comprehensive language the necessity of a strict devotion to the teachings of the Catholic Church, if her countrywomen and men aim to sustain their well won national reputation for female virtue and manly honesty. Mrs. Sadlier has done more in her day and generation for the Irish race than any other authoress of our time in America. She is deservedly looked upon as a bright example of what “*a true woman*” can do for the cause of virtue and national honour. As a devoted wife, a self-sacrificing and loving mother, or truly amiable and sympathetic friend, Mrs. Sadlier is looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments which adorn the family circle, or exert an elevating influence in society. Beautiful in her simple, unostentatious labours for the welfare of her countrymen and women, she is beloved by all who know her personally, and hundreds of thousands who know her through her works, esteem and value her as a friend and guide. Among those who knew her best, and admired her most sincerely as a true friend to the cause of Ireland and the Irish, was Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He met her first in Montreal, and the strong likeness in their literary studies and pursuits, which they soon discovered in each other, drew them together, and a friendship was formed between them which is seldom equalled for depth of sincerity; that friendship was one of Mr. McGee's greatest pleasures in this life; in the long illness

which confined him to his bed for months during the last year of his life, he looked forward for Mrs. Sadlier's letters as a boy looks forward to a holiday; her praise or condemnation had more weight with him in his literary pursuits than all the world besides. He had such faith in the soundness of her judgment and good taste in literary matters, that he felt certain, if he succeeded in pleasing her, he need not fear criticisms from others. This friendship on his part lasted till death, and on hers it still exists for his memory. Among the tearful faces which surrounded his form in death and bedewed it with tears, the face and form of Mrs. Sadlier might be seen night and day, with unwearied devotion, weeping, praying over the remains of her murdered friend, till the stern door of the tomb shut them in from her gaze forever. Mrs. Sadlier's advice, and that of her excellent husband, Mr. James Sadlier (of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Catholic Book Publishers of New York), had great weight with Mr. McGee in inducing him to make Canada his home. Added to this, he was advised, nay, almost commanded, by one of the devoted Irish priests in Canada, to come and assist or lead in directing the energies of the Irish people in Canada. His spite against the British Government, at that time, almost grown chronic, was shown by the venerable priest to be unworthy of him, and, as far at least as Canada was concerned, to be unjust and undeserved. "Look around you," cried the venerable Father, "and tell me, is there a more perfectly free country than this on earth? Our people enjoy all the rights and privileges that man can demand; but they want a leader, come on, then, and lead them."

In his visits to Canada West, Mr. McGee had the good fortune to renew an acquaintance which he had formed during a meeting in Buffalo with that most excellent man, the Very Rev. Father Gordon, V.G. of Hamilton, so well known all over Canada for his devotion to the cause of religion and to the prosperity of his special charge, the Irish emigrant, that he has made his name and labours so intimately blended with the history of the early settlement of Upper Canada, now the "*Province of Ontario*," that leaving them out of that record would be representing a most interesting drama, leaving out the principal character. Father Gordon's labours for the welfare of the early settlers are almost incredible; his iron constitution must have had special strength accorded it by his Master, to enable him to perform the good work with which he was entrusted, amid the hardship, sickness, dangers, exposure, and even hunger, which he had to encounter in his care of his Master's flock scattered over hundreds of miles of a primeval forest. How consoling to that grand old priest's heart must be the retrospect of the past

compared with the present condition of the scene of his former labours, when the monarch of the forest reluctantly staggered under the blows of the settler's axe, till, conquered, he bowed his emerald crowned head with a crash that made the wilderness ring again and again, with the echoes which proclaimed the advance of civilization. Whilst others enjoy the present, he can dream over the past, and looking back through a long vista of years, he can start again in imagination with the fall of the first tree, and trace, step by step, the progress of the early settlement. First the little cleared patch with the "*first crop*" fighting its way amid the stumps,—then the first log cabin,—he can still remember what joy and pardonable pride filled the settler's heart and danced in his manly eye, when he could enter, with his faithful wife and cherished little ones, on the possession of "*his own house*," which he had conquered from the wilderness. He can remember the offering of his first mass under the shadow of the stately forest trees, which, arching over head and interlacing their green arms, formed a far more beautiful ceiling than the hands of man ever wrought; through which the brilliant rays of the glorious sun glanced down on the devout and humble little congregation kneeling on nature's carpet around the rude altar; as if Nature's God himself were smiling on the labours of "*the meek and humble of heart*" in their forest home. He can remember the first birth in the little settlement, and the joy occasioned by the advent of the first little Irish Canadian to the manor born, what simple rejoicings welcomed the little stranger, the first to receive the waters of baptism in the little colony. He can again feel the pang of grief which shot through his faithful heart as, amid the tears and sobs of sorrowing friends and relations, he consigned to the grave, with the solemn ceremony of the church, the first worn out settler, who was called away from their midst. Closing his eyes he can see in his memory, the humble log hut replaced by the comfortable farm-house, the little clearing, with its struggling crop, expanding into those splendid farms which now cover whole counties, and gladden the hearts of thousands with their teeming harvests of golden grain. He can see the rude altar of the wilderness replaced in a hundred places by stately churches, which rear upwards to the sky the standard of the cross under which tens of thousands of faithful Irish Catholics worship the God of their fathers. He can see the little hamlet transformed to the neat village, then to the prosperous town, till in his joy he looks around him on the wealthy cities which gladden his eyes in every direction, and he can with confidence feel that, under God, the country owes to his humble labours a large share of its present prosperity. And the Irish people, what should they feel for and towards the patriarchal priest

who came in years long gone by with their grandfathers from Ireland, and devoted his life to their welfare? The self-sacrificing, self-denying servant of God, who clung to three generations of Irishmen in Canada, who welcomed thousands of them in their infancy into the bosom of the Church—watched over them through life, comforting them in sorrow, rejoicing with them in their joys, tending them in sickness—amid fevers and epidemic, always by their beds, and when their last hour came, thousands of dying Irishmen and women, as they closed their eyes on this world, the last object their fading sight rested upon, was the friendly face of the devoted Irish priest who left them never in this world, till he saw them depart smilingly confident of mercy and happiness in the next. What should Irishmen think of their priest? What do they think of him? Let the history of Ireland, the history of Canada, the history of the United States, the history of the World answer. Then why should we wonder that Irishmen love their priests. Why should we wonder that whole armies of bristling bayonets cannot control or keep them in check when they feel the patriot's passion strong within them, and yet that the priest's voice soothes them till they weep in repentance of their errors. Is it necessary to remind the reader that it was not in his character of Bishop of the great Diocese of New York, that Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the great Irishman, bowed his head; it was at the feet of the Irish Catholic priest, John Hughes, he knelt in submission. And the Father Gordons of the Irish Catholic Church, are they beloved by their people? Oh! yes, above his own life, the worthy priest is dear to an Irishman, and wherever a true Irish soul speaks to its God, it prays that if, among Heaven's great and glorious array of crowns, there is any one brighter and more glorious than the others to be found, may that one be reserved for the pure spirit of Father Gordon, when it takes its place among the truest and most faithful servants of God beatified in Heaven; for his labours on earth are and have been sanctified by that holy love for, and devotion to, the service of "*My Father who is in Heaven,*" which cannot fail to illuminate the pages of "*The book of life.*"

On the 13th of August, 1857, Thomas D'Arcy McGee left the United States for Canada, and, with his family, established himself in the beautiful city of Montreal. His paper, *The American Celt and Adopted Citizen*, he sold to the Messrs. Sadlier of New York, and it still continues to be published by them, under the name of the *New York Tablet*, Mrs. James Sadlier being its principal editor.

On his arrival in Canada, Mr. McGee, assisted by the generous subscriptions of the Irish people of Montreal, established a paper, *The New Era*, and commenced anew the battle of life. He was looked upon with

a great deal of distrust by the English, Scotch, and many of the loyal Irish inhabitants, and it is no wonder he was, for up to that time he had always been known and spoken of as a restless rebel against the British Government, and as one who was not to be trusted. The press of Canada, to use a common expression, "*pitched into him*" without stint, but he soon silenced most of his tormentors: defended his former course where he thought himself right, and candidly acknowledged his errors where his experience told him he had been wrong. He soon made his mark on the public mind of Canada, and won friends for himself among those who, but a few short months before, looked upon him with suspicion, if not with actual distrust. Once fairly started in his new sphere of life, Mr. McGee determined to raise up in Canada, and permanently establish his countrymen and co-religionists in that position in society which he had always claimed that they were not only entitled to, but that they were fitted to hold. He bitterly condemned the long standing assertion of those who dared to assert that Irishmen—Irish Catholics—were not worthy of being trusted, that they were not fit to hold a prominent place in the councils of nations, or to take rank among the earnest upholders of governments, that they were not a law and order abiding class of the community. He raised the standard of equality as that under which he should lead his Irish fellow subjects on to victory; and we venture to assert that never, in the history of any country, was a determination more successfully, more thoroughly or more brilliantly carried into effect. Mr. McGee's career in Canada was one continued series of victories, such as were never before achieved by any public man in British North America. His articles in the columns of the *New Era* were, generally speaking, calm and vigorous, and conservative in their general leaning—so much so, indeed, that the cry of rebel, traitor, outlaw, with which he was at first greeted, soon lost its point and meaning when it was feebly attempted to be prolonged by his ultra conservative or lip-loyal opponents. The Irish people, *en masse*, began to trust in him and to rally round him as their chosen leader. In 1858, the first great opportunity was offered by a general election, to test the influence of the Irishmen of Canada under his leadership. They met in solemn conclave to determine on a combined mode of action, and to fix on a suitable man to put forward as their special candidate, to represent their interests in the coming contest, and to be, if possible, elected as their representative in Parliament. The oldest and most respectable Irishmen in Montreal, generally, took a deep interest in the proceedings. A large number, nevertheless, held aloof from Mr. McGee; they still held fast to their former friends of other nationalities, in whom from long experience they had confidence. Mr. George E. Cartier, now, most

deservedly, Sir George E. Cartier, Bart., was then, as he is now, a general favourite with the Irish, and no man in Canada better deserved their unlimited confidence. Through a long political career, he had always been, and still continues to be, a fast friend to the Irishmen of Canada, and the Irish people are not only pleased, they are proud of the honours conferred on their steadfast, generous, honest friend—the great souled leader of the people of Lower Canada—“*the chevalier Bayard*” of the Province of Quebec—“*sans peur et sans reproche*”—by Her Most Gracious Majesty; and we may add never was honour conferred on a more worthy object. Sir George E. Cartier, ever true to his country and his party, never false to his promises, is the most trusted statesman in THE DOMINION OF CANADA at the present day. After a good deal of discussion at the meetings of St. Patrick's Society, it was almost unanimously determined that Mr. McGee should be the Irish candidate. Then came the question, what party should they form an alliance with. On this question there was only one opinion—the Conservative party was their choice. Who can, in the face of that fact, pretend that the Irish people were not, are not, under an impartial system of government, a conservative people, and not, as their enemies try to make it appear to their disadvantage, a stumbling-block in the way of all peaceful and good government. But, unfortunately for Canada and for themselves, the Conservative party refused to accept the alliance, in fact, denied the right of the Irishmen of Montreal to put forward any man as their special candidate, and above all did they condemn, in no measured terms the attempt, as they called it, to put forward McGee, the ex-rebel of '48, as a candidate for the honour of representing the Metropolitan city of Canada in the Parliament of '58. The refusal of the Conservative party to accept McGee's nomination was, at the time, looked upon as a death-blow to his success. Not so, however; the Irish felt that they were insulted in the refusal of the man of their choice, and they determined to elect their man in spite of parties. Never in Canada, since it first secured a responsible government, up to that time, did the country witness such a contest. The more McGee was vilified by his opponents, the more did his friends determine to secure his return, and, as a *dernier resort*, an alliance was formed with the so-called Reform party, and then the candidates were Dorion, Holton and McGee, “*Rouge*” or liberal, against Cartier, Rose and Starnes, “*Blue*” or conservative. It would fill columns to relate the incidents of the election which followed; criminations and recriminations were the order of the day, McGee's name and antecedents were handled most unsparingly; he was called a rebel, a renegade, and a traitor to the British Crown; his writings during his career in the rebellion of '48, and his subsequent

residence in the United States, were raked up against him, and he was declared a dangerous man to be let loose on a peaceful community, and totally unworthy to represent men pretending to be loyal to the government of the country in the Parliament of Canada. McGee dealt back with fearful force the blows of his opponents: "It is true," said he, "I was a rebel in '48 in Ireland. I rebelled against the misgovernment of my country by Russell and his school. I rebelled, because I saw my countrymen starving before my eyes, whilst my country had her trade and commerce stolen from her. I rebelled against the Church Establishment in Ireland, and there is not a liberal man in this community who would not have done as I did, if he were placed in my position and followed the dictates of humanity. But," he added, "I never rebelled in Canada as you did, Mr. Cartier, in '37 and '38; yet at the same time, I do not deny that, as a Canadian, you had good reason for so doing; you did it manfully; you did in Canada as I did in Ireland. You risked your life in support of what you considered the rights of your country and race, and I honour you for it, for men must feel that they are on the side of justice when they risk their lives on the issue, and the position you now occupy in Canada proves that you were right in demanding responsible government for Canada, although like myself in Ireland, you were wrong in your mode of action. But I did not, nor did any of my friends, Mr. Rose, as you did, sign the *Annexation Manifesto* in '49, because it pleased Her Most Gracious Majesty, by the advice of Her Loyal Canadian Parliament, to consent to indemnify the poor "*habitants*" of Lower Canada for the losses sustained by them through the brutal, and unseemingly conduct of the Volunteers and the Army in 1837 and '38. So that I think you, at least, should not 'throw stones at your neighbour's windows when your own house is built of glass.'" Thus, throughout the whole time of the canvass, did McGee meet his opponents at every point; and his mode of meeting their arguments on the political questions which were then agitating the country, plainly showed his perfect knowledge of its history, political and social. McGee's answer to the charge, or rather insult, that he was "*an adventurer*," will never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to hear him.

The result of the election proved that the Conservatives had made a great mistake. To the astonishment of his opponents and to the joy of his supporters, and particularly of the Irish people, McGee was elected one of the three members for the City of Montreal. Could the sacrifices which the Irish made on that occasion to secure the coveted result, be understood, it would surprise even now those who

wondered at it then. Money was necessary. McGee had none to spend; but his supporters, poor and rich, contributed liberally, and their exertions never flagged from the moment of his nomination till the return placed him at the head of the poll. And thus, in a few short months, he found himself Member of Parliament for the wealthiest and most populous city in British America. The Irish were justly proud of the victory, and of their representative, and well they might be so; for once in Parliament, McGee, by his eloquence, soon became the observed of the whole country. His first speech in the House secured the applause and admiration of all parties; indeed, so brilliant was his success, that the greatest statesman in Upper Canada (Ontario), the Hon. John A. Macdonald, now better known as Sir John A. Macdonald, the faithful and consistent friend of Sir George E. Cartier, and in fact his political twin brother, crossed the floor of the house and shook hands with him, at the same time warmly congratulating him on his brilliant *debut*. For some time after his return to Parliament, McGee contented himself with hanging to his leaders in the Opposition; but he never felt quite at home in the company of the *Rouge* party; true, he, to a great extent, felt himself indebted to Messrs. Holton and Dorion for his election; but still, he could not but feel that he was out of his natural element. Once in a while, he would electrify the house and the country with a sudden and unexpected outburst of eloquence. Again, he would raise a laugh at the expense of this or that member—for his wit was brilliant, his sarcasm most cutting. He was a master of satire; and any unfortunate member who fell under his lash once, took good care for the future not to play with edge tools. It must be confessed that, for some time after McGee's election, his friends were disappointed in him; they expected great things at his hands, and were but poorly satisfied with his outbursts of fun and merriment at the expense of others and without any advantage to the cause of the country. The great fight at that time was to oust the Cartier-Macdonald Administration; the *Rouge* party, led on by Dorion and Holton in Lower Canada, and the *Clear-Grits* and others in Upper Canada, led by John Sandfield Macdonald, had fixed their hearts on getting into power. Their battle cry was "*Retrenchment*," "*Reform*;" whilst they charged the Cartier-Macdonald government with all kinds of extravagance and corruption. Is it to be wondered at, that McGee, whose mind was filled with dreams of a future nationality, could not take a very leading part in that kind of "*parish politics*," which was keeping the House and the country in a state of unseemly agitations?

HOME RECOLLECTIONS.

THE OLD CATHEDRAL TOWN OF ELY.

OF all the old cloistered towns of England, none is so dear to memory as the Cathedral town of Ely.

This venerable, well-preserved pile, stands on the highest ground in the neighbourhood—on what is called the Isle of Ely, and which was really an island till within sixty or seventy years, surrounded by its fens, and approachable only by river; but it can no longer be termed so, with its well-drained and well-roaded surroundings.

The Cathedral is the first object to be seen by any approach, and well does it repay the curious and lovers of ancient architecture.

This little town still bears, as when I left it, all its old marks, all its little quiet ways:—The clergy linked together by themselves, and the townsmen in a group of their own. Two little worlds of society—scarce even, society!

Rarely is it made a place of residence for retired gentlemen of the military and naval professionals; the Church keeps a sort of hierarchy of its own: *they* are the *noblesse* of the town, and the ample cloisters remaining from the time of the reformation, give accommodation to nearly all the staff of the Cathedral.

The magistracy, also, falls largely in the hands of the Canons; and a wealthy brewer's son, who had got into the Church, thought his ambition still unsatisfied until he could add J. P. to his reverend canonship.

From being so near to the University of Cambridge, it has always been a favourite spot to the Cantabs: they come frequently rowing down the river, and making themselves as merry as only youth can be.

In this little old town one will still see pieces of antiquity, which I could not but say, laughingly, looked as if they had come out of the Ark,—old bonnets and old dresses, that it would be no exaggeration to say were sixty years old, worn by dear old folks as venerable as their clothes.

Indeed, after an absence of twenty years, I was very forcibly struck with the steady, calm, respectable manners of its ancients, and, also, with the reverence that was granted by youth to the aged. I could not refrain from thinking that, after all, there was no such place for the aged, as the dear Old Country.

The only amusement of the town, if amusement ought to be the term, was the Cathedral and its Choir. The stranger, of course, came especially to visit them; but to the quiet and retired citizen what could give greater pleasure than this venerable relict of the past? It was the coolest place

in summer, and its holy quiet, unbroken save by the streams of melody, which poured forth in its daily anthems, and the intoned service (certainly not out of place there), with the melodious response falling on the ear from the distant Chancel, produce an impression which remains as a sweet memento of the past.

There are doubtless in the memory of some Cambridge men, who have found their ways to these shores, voices which, for three generations, have remained faithful to their native church, and which I can bear witness to—the family of Lings, father, son, and grand-son—the grand-son I heard some years ago, as treble solo, and such a solo—I had never thought that here on earth I would have my sense of music so filled and gratified.

It was our habit to rise every day from dinner at four o'clock, and repair to the Cathedral—no necessity was upon us to enter the Church, we either promenaded the aisles, or sat on one of the benches, for as long or short a time as we chose.

The sounds came to us softened through the iron gate of the Chancel, and seemed to fill the whole nave with a flood of subdued melody. I could not help looking around at the old sights which had riveted my attention as a child, and thinking again the old thoughts which, child-like, had filled it then.

Again, the feeling that for centuries my ancestors had done as I was doing, and that in the old church-yard, close by, all that I sprang from had there a resting place.

Oh! these sort of feelings belong only to the old Country—and make the exodus as hard as ever to bear.

There are two oddities which have haunted the old building these forty years, or more; one is an old citizen of comfortable circumstances, who, at all times and in all seasons, seems to dart out from behind pillars and dark corners, and whose face meets you at any time you like to go.

The old man has long won for himself the *soubriquet* of "Paul Pry." When I returned after twenty years, there, sure enough, peeped out the old face, indelibly stamped on my recollection, and recalled by the very manner of presenting himself to my vision.

"That is Paul Pry," said my friend, and it all came back fresh, as if but yesterday; there was the same face, same dress, no change, no signs of age or growing infirmities, and, doubtless, if I returned to-morrow, Paul Pry would be the first my eye would light on.

Next to him was the old "Whipper-in," as he was called, but why I scarcely know—he was dressed in coarse black serge, like an old monk, but he sported a pair of crutches. His duty was to stay all day in the Cathedral, and when any visitors entered, to announce their presence

to the vergers ; but if it happened that the vergers were absent at dinner, for instance, the old man took it on himself to hobble round and do his best as master of ceremonies—and the fact of his crutches used to get him a world of sympathy from the stranger—but in the evening, when taking his glass of beer, he has been known, in the joyfulness of his heart, to offer to fight all Ely without his crutches. And it has been affirmed that he had been known to start off in the morning to the church without them ; but I suppose that must have been long ago, as I imagine they are, by this time, a part of himself.

Dear old Ely has suffered less from emigration than many English towns. It is still with a mighty effort that the peaceable citizens can resolve on leaving its quiet comforts—and the frugality and wisdom of their well ordered lives, gives them less need for emigration. I have seen both wealthy and working citizens sitting down at mid-day, and quietly read their Bibles and meditate, and seem to find it a cheerful pleasure. There was with them something so earnest and true, that, of itself, was worth hundreds of sermons—they bore testimony in their simplicity to the worth of the Bible comfort—it was their testament indeed, their assurance of rest from their labours, and entering joyfully into that rest.

Besides the Cathedral, Ely had also her palace, and during the bishopric of Dr. Turton, it was thoroughly repaired and restored, added to which, it was during his lifetime filled with a fine collection of pictures and articles of vertu.

Feeble and frail as he was in his latter days, the good bishop pronounced the benediction in the Cathedral, and it was marvellous to me, when I saw his frail and feeble little body, how distinctly every syllable of his voice fell on our ears.

Many pleasant writers have given us pictures of the quiet English homes, and many hearts have gone out to England's colonies, filled with the remembrance of them ; and in the fever and hurry of this new life, and on this broad continent, like to turn their thoughts back, as I have done, to the old homes of their forefathers—but can the truest family ever make visible to our children the life that we have come out of, and can never return to again—for the change which we ourselves have undergone, permits of no return to those times, or possibility of living there again but in memory.

THE CHURCH.

THE period which has glided by since the Provincial Synod ended its session, has given time for men calmly to contemplate what has been done. Not seldom does such a brief period as this prove that no Act of Parliament, no resolution of a legislative body can bind a free people, unless it be ratified by the wish and feeling of the people at large. Many acts passed by the English House of Commons from the day of their enactment, were in every sense of the word dead letters; and such has, ere this, been the result of resolutions or even Canons passed by Councils of the Church. Happily for us the Provincial Synod of Canada has passed no such nugatory act; it acted with such wisdom that it has left us no enactment which we can set aside; it gave a victory to no party; it refused to narrow the comprehensiveness of the Catholic Church, and in this result we rejoice, feeling, with deep gratitude, that there was present among us a Spirit guiding us, saving us from difficulties, and enabling us to pass an unanimous vote expressive of our opinion, yet laying no penalties, no disabilities upon those who may in sincerity differ from us. When we consider how high runs the spirit of party in this Canadian Church; how, in many cases, piety has been swallowed up by contention to a degree unknown even in the Mother Church of England, we have the greater reason for thankfulness. And then it must not be forgotten that the Church in Canada is working out a great problem, of which the Mother Church itself may some day reap the benefit, viz.: the problem of self-government unhindered by Royal Proclamation, and unhampered by letters patent from the Crown. The Irish Church, if disestablished and disendowed, as seems now inevitable, will soon have to go through some of these trials from which the Canadian Church is now emerging. We must not, therefore, expect that the Church, which has the first of all Churches within the limits of the Empire to solve such great questions for itself, should do so without a certain amount of turbulence and strife. The expression of opinion set free, for the first time, will be too free; parties, hitherto shackled by the connection with the State, will try to impose their own tests upon the Church; legislation will be too often short-sighted and nugatory, if not injurious. These things might be expected *a priori*, but it is not a fair argument from this state of things—though, without doubt, some will, as some have already thus argued—to infer that the Church must needs be shackled, and that State fetters are wanted to keep Churchmen quiet, and to prevent them from wrangling and contending among themselves.

Even now the General Convention of the Church in the United States is sitting; they too have important questions to deal with this year, and among them, also, the spirit of party runs high. There are men among them

who would cast down their altars, and mutilate their Church's service, and reduce them to the level of an association for the promotion of general theism and morality. How such men come to be members of the Church in a country where Church membership conveys no civil privileges, and not even social respectability, it is hard to understand. It is scarcely they the part even of professedly moral men to subscribe to doctrines they refuse to accept, and to use a manual of service whose words, issuing from their mouths, distinctly teach doctrines which they profess at any rate to abhor. In spite, however, of such temporary difficulties, a great future lies before the sister Church of the United States; she is destined, we believe, in the Providence of God, to take a great part in the future contest with the spirit of Anti-Christ, which if ever yet it has been rife in the world, is so now, and especially in the American nation. Never before was there such bitter opposition, such implacable hatred to the Saviour of the world; but if on the one hand there is malignant hate, there is, we are thankful to feel, on the other a deeper adoration, a truer and more reverent love for Jesus than the world has ever before seen.

"The Guardian" inserts the following to the memory of the good Bishop we have lost; of which we trust some reader of "The Lennoxville" will furnish a metrical translation.

IN MEMORIAM.

Eximii præsulis Francisci Fulford, D.D., Montreal Episc., necnon, Canad. Metropol. Obdormivit V ID. Sept. MDCCCLXVIII.

[“He returned from that tour very tired and worn out... The roads were more than usually rough... The heat of this summer had much exhausted him... The physicians attribute the fatal illness to excessive toil both of mind and body.”—Private letter.]

Pastori summo baculum jam dextera reddit,

Fessa, et pes fessus restat in œde Patris.

Nec labor ah! nec ut ante vice rudis ardua quassant:

Quâ fluvius vitæ labitur, ille cubat,

Illic non soles feriunt, nec Sirius ardor:

Non illic damnum noxia luna trahit,

Te, Bone Pastor, oves demum mandante reliquit:

Desertas pascas, Tu, Bone Pastor, oves.

Tu da qualis erat nobis meminisse, precamur:

Tales da nobis vivere qualis erat.

Qualis eras, dilecté? Audax, sapiensque, puisque:

Usque memor recti, ast immemor ipse tui,

Quam dignos, memini, laus, te laudante, placebat!

Quam censura reis parca, timenda tamen!

Te conjux, natus, te filia plorat adeptum,

Mæstus te plorat frater, amansque soror.

Multis quippe bonis, dilecte, domique forisque
 Flebilis ipse jaces; febiliorque mihi.
 Amplius haud forma, vultu mea lumina pascam?
 Vox tua in aeternum, dulce locuta, silet?
 Nobis si modo jussa, novissima verba, dedisses,
 Jussa piâ quam nunc mente repôsta forent!
 Hoc vetuit cita mors. Summus quia Pastor amavit,
 Te cita mors celeri duxit ad astra viâ.
 Sit satis hoc, Tu nos in terris vivus amabas;
 Inter cœlicolas tu redivivus amas.
 Denique, si qua pedis vestigia liquerit ille—
 Fesso utcumque gradus vix pede nôster eat—
 Illa sequi miserans sine nos, Pater: illa secuti
 Ad Te scandemus, plebs tua sospes, iter.
 Siste rudes demum, mœstum Cor, siste querelas:
 Impedit heu! numeros, quos jubet ipse, dolor.

ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

HIPPOPHAGISM—WHERE WILL IT END?

If horse flesh won't suffice to feed our masses,
 The next resource will certainly be asses:
 And heaven only knows where that will end;
 Some people won't have left a single friend.

Coget dira fames asinam rodere carnem,
 Si complere nequit vulgus equina caro:
 Quod tamen avertant superi, ne forte super-
 stes.
 Haud quisquam comitum sit tibi sitve mihi.

O. M.

ADDENDA.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A beautiful sermon preached in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, by the Rev. Canon Loosemore, on the death of the Metropolitan, has been published, in accordance with request. Most ably and tenderly does the author bring before his readers, as doubtless he did before his hearers, the loving, earnest, faithful character of his Bishop and Friend; and most lovingly he depicts the latter end of one, over whose grave many mourn, and whose loss is, humanly speaking, irreparable to the Diocese of Montreal and the Province of Canada.

ORDINATION.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec held an ordination on the 27th of October, in Trinity Church, Durham, at which John F. Carr, B.A., editor of the "Lennoxville," and Solomon Riopel, B.A., were ordained Deacons, and James Boydell, B.A., of St. Matthew's Chapel, Quebec, was priested.

The Rev. Mr. Boydell goes to Bourg Louis, the Rev. Mr. Carr to Durham, and Rev. Mr. Riopel to Quebec.

BACK DUES.

We most earnestly beg of those who have not remitted their subscriptions to do so at once, as considerable sums are needed to defray the annual expenses.