

WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

(Published by J. C. Walsh, 15 King St. West, Toronto.)

DECEMBER, 1895

....CONTENTS....

I. FRONTISPIECES.	
Madonna and Child ..	DAGNAN--BOUVERET.
The Nativity	LEROLLE.
The Flight into Egypt.	MAXIME DASTUGUE.
The Christ Child.. ..	E. MUNIER.
II. IRISH GRAVES ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.	
	EUGENE DAVIS, 145
III. THE NEW ATTACK UPON RELIGIOUS ORDERS	
IN FRANCE.	CHARLES ROBINSON, .. 153
IV. INFECTIOUS NOVELS. .. VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS, 155	
V. RUDOLF THE MUSICIAN. .. MAUD REGAN, 164	
VI. THREE ROSES. JOSEPH NEVIN DOYLE, 170	
VII. AN IRISH BRUTUS. E. P. STANTON, 170	
VIII. ABOUT HOPKINS. WM. EMMETT, 184	
IX. DEBBY. ELLA S. AKINSON, (MADGE MERTON) 187	
X. CARDINAL PAROCCHI. REV. J. P. TREACY, .. 190	
XI. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN. THOS. O'HAGAN, M.A., Ph.D. 196	
XII. THE EMANCIPATION OF WILLIAM SNECK.	
	J. S. O'HIGGINS, .. 203
XIII. SOME RECOLLECTION OF MCGEE.	
	REV. W. FLANNERY, D.D. 209
XIV. NOTES.	

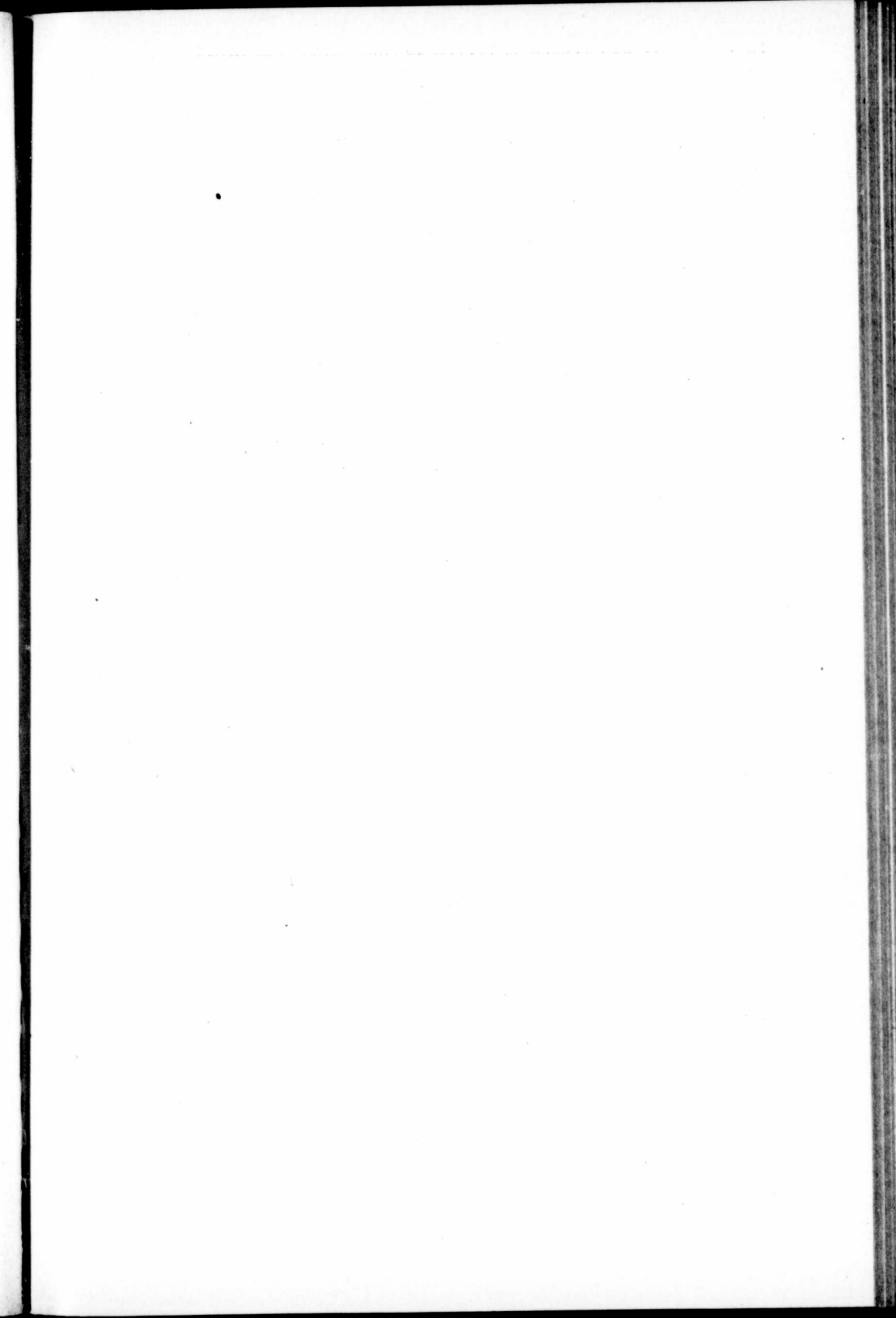
WALSH'S MAGAZINE



CHRISTMAS NUMBER -
1895

... A FRIEND OF THE MAGAZINE said the other day that its success had justified its existence. Three months ago there was no publication in Canada of the nature of this MAGAZINE. This was to be accounted for in one or more of three ways. First, that there was no probable field for it; second, that, as one who professed to know expressed it, Catholics are not Magazine readers; and third, that in view of the uncertain-

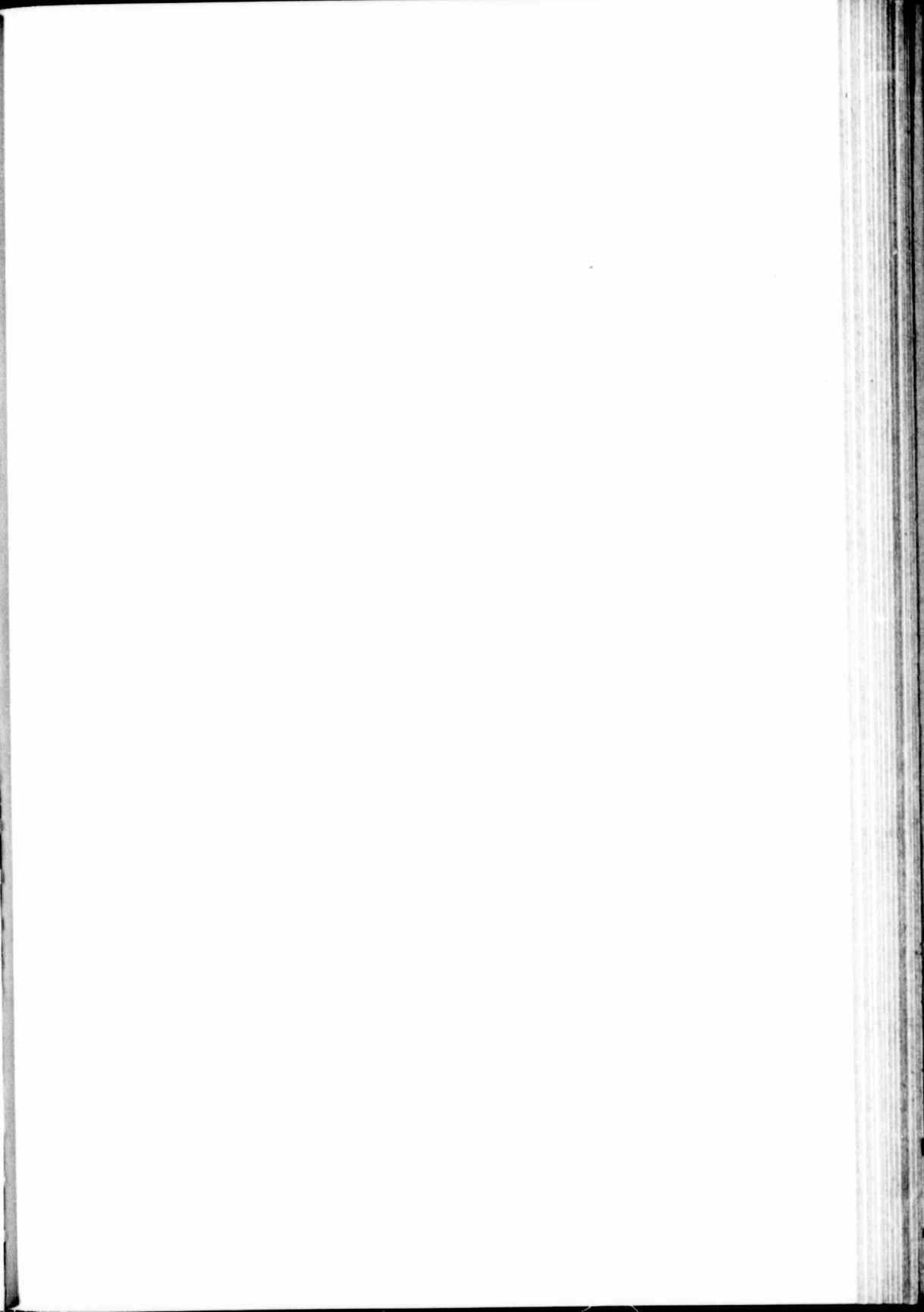
ties attendant upon the venture, no one had, recently at least, attempted to place a really good monthly on the market. In point of fact, the main difficulty in the matter has been to eradicate from the minds of possible writers, the idea that anything Catholic in character is, in the nature of things, foredoomed. The Editor of the MAGAZINE, however, after some careful observation of the constituency, cherished a different opinion. He remembered Thackeray's having heard in an Irish city, "two boys almost in rags talking about *one of the Ptolemys!* and talking very well, too"; that the same marvellous desire for knowledge is transmitted to the descendants of the race found here; and he determined to launch the project by reason of an intuitive belief that, rich or poor, the Irish Catholic will have good reading in his home.





Painted by P. A. J. Dagnan, Bourcet.

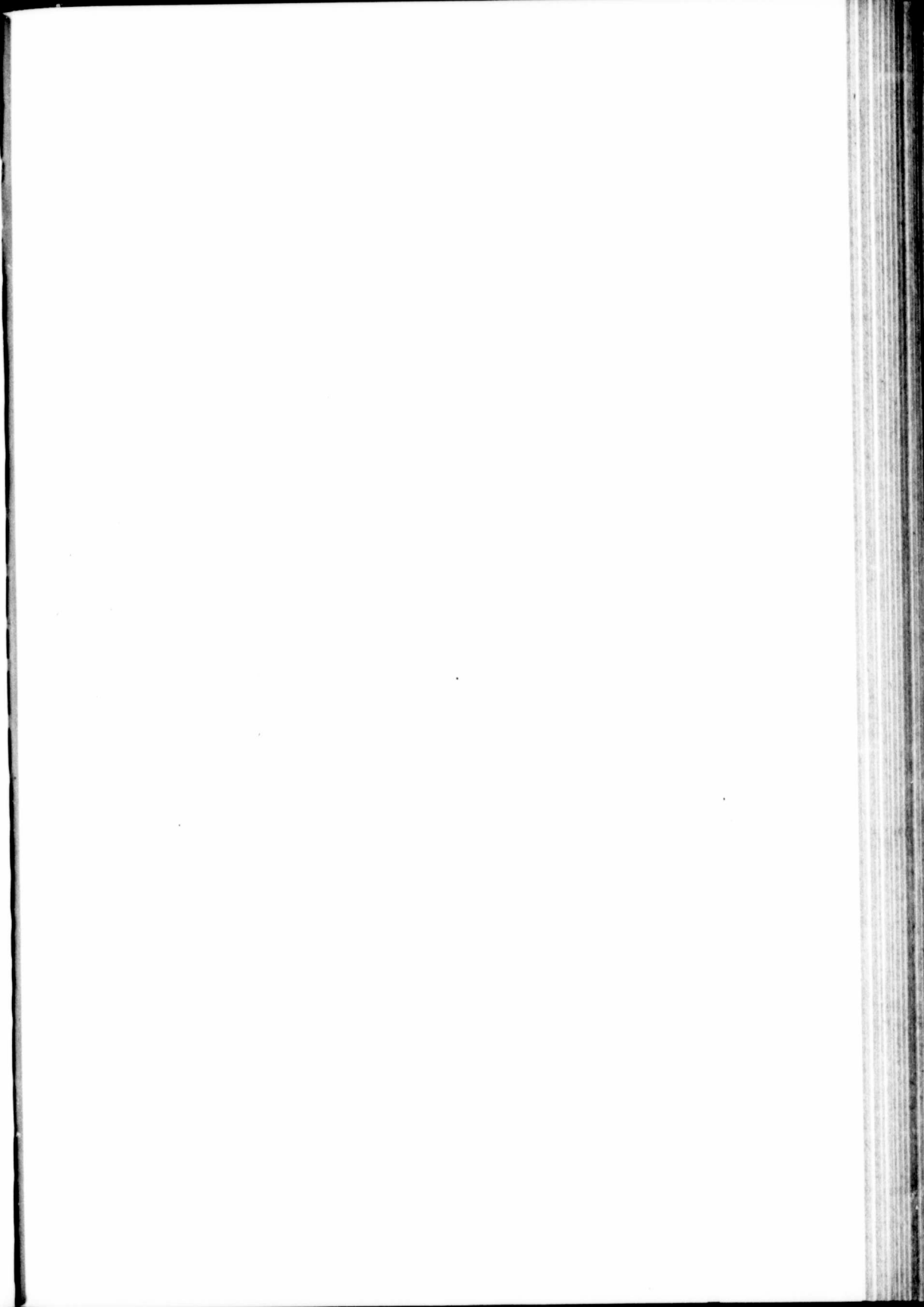
MADONNA AND CHILD.





Painted by Maxime Dastugue.

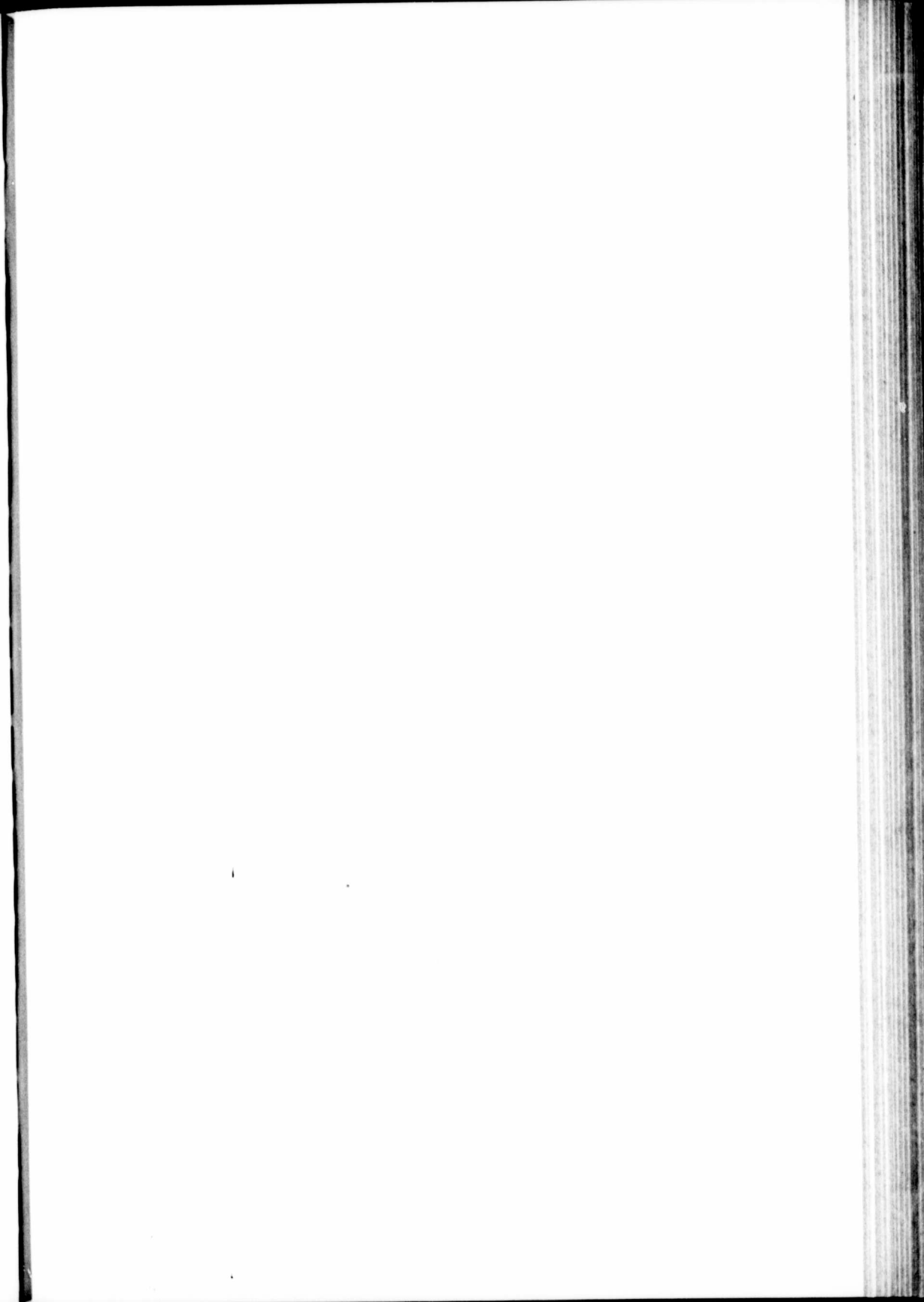
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT





Painted by Lerolle.

THE NATIVITY.





Painted by E. Munier.

THE CHRIST CHILD.

WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1895.

No. 3.

IRISH GRAVES ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

By Eugene Davis.

Under the green sward of many a battlefield, down deep in the vaults of European Catholic cathedrals and churches, under the tessellated floors of the corridors of the ecclesiastic seminaries, monasteries and nunneries lie the ashes of Irish exiles:—Irish Archbishops and prelates of renown in dogmatic and moral theology, professors in the various universities of the continent, warriors famous in history, and now remarkable for the sacrifice of their lives spent in the service of Heaven.

In the Franciscan monastery of San Isidore, situated on the Pincian Hill, Rome, there is, so to speak, a multitude of Irish graves under the high altar and the vault of the church attached to this institution. Under the vault lie the remains of the Rev. Luke Wadding, the founder of San Isidore. He was the most brilliant of scholars and linguists in the era of the seventeenth century. He was born in 1588 in the city of Waterford. His father, Walter Wadding, was a prosperous merchant in that city, and his mother, Anastasia Lombard—maiden name—was a niece of the illustrious Peter Lombard, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of

the Catholic church in Ireland. Luke left his native land early in life, and in his fifteenth year became a pupil of the Irish seminary of Lisbon. He shortly afterwards entered the Franciscan convent at Matozinhos, near Oporto, Portugal, and having been duly ordained, proceeded to Coimbra, where Dr. Doyle, the celebrated "J.K.L.," studied. Here Father Wadding preached eloquent sermons in Portuguese, and otherwise distinguished himself as an excellent Greek, Spanish and Hebrew scholar. He reached Rome subsequently. Here in the Franciscan convent of St. Peter in Montorio, he spent twenty years of his life in consulting the Vatican archives, the libraries of Perugia, Assisi and Naples, while he was writing a volume entitled, "The Annals of the Franciscan Order." In the midst of his studies he was not forgetful of the land of his birth, or of her claims on his loyalty and devotion. He solicited and procured supplies of money, arms and the services of expert Irish officers from France and Flanders, whom he dispatched to Ireland during the period of the confederate rebellion. For this assistance he received the thanks of

the Irish Parliament in Kilkenny. Having built the monastery of San Isidore, by permission of his Superior, he invited the Irish Franciscans scattered in groups over Europe, to come and settle down in the convent on the Pincian Hill. In the abundance of rich marble, gilded stucco, and paintings that greet the eye on all sides of the church, there are several mural tablets to the memory of Irish men and women. One of these commemorates, Amelia Curran—a convert to the Catholic creed, sister of Sarah, the betrothed of Robert Emmet,—who died in the south of Italy. There is a monument in the church invested with the glamor of romance. It was built to the memory of Miss Octavia Bryan, at one time a leading belle in the fashionable salons of Rome. This Irish lady was engaged to be married to an Italian marquis; and on the eve of her wedding day, she happened to attend a ball given by a Roman prince, where she danced all night long, with the usual light-hearted and buoyant disposition of a daughter of the Emerald Isle. On reaching her home she was seized with fever, and died a few hours subsequently at the hour fixed for the nuptial ceremony. She was only twenty years of age. A recumbent statue of the maiden, crowned with roses, surmounts the monument reared to her memory.

St. Agatha's church contains a casket of monumental marble in which is enshrined the heart of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish tribune and liberator. On the exterior is a sculptured representation of O'Connell, standing at the bar of the British House of Commons, indignantly refusing the oath which would compel him to believe in the creed of the Anglican Church. His attitude is defi-

ant, and his well carved features display much strength. He was then in the summer of his manhood, full of hope and vigor. In the Irish college to which the church of St. Agatha is attached, there are memorials to the memories of its presidents.

St. Peter's in Montorio, a stately church standing on the summit of Mount Janiculum, and commanding a view of the Eternal City, is a favorite haunt of Irish or Irish-American tourists. Under the marble floor of this sacred structure sleep two of the bravest and most chivalrous of Irish chieftains, O'Neill of Dunganon and O'Donnell of Tyrconnell. The late Father Meehan, author of "The Flight of the Earls" has told the sad, but glorious story of the struggle entered on for civil and religious liberty by the two chieftains of Ulster, and their subsequent expatriation so well and so vividly that it would be a mere work of supererogation for me to repeat the interesting tale. It is only necessary to state that when the exiled group, composed of thirty-two men and women, had reached Rome, they were welcomed by Archbishop Lombard and several cardinals. Having been installed in a palace provided for them by Pope Paul V., they were visited by Cardinal Borghese, brother of the Pontiff. "The day after their arrival," writes Father Meehan, "they proceeded to the Papal Palace on the quirinal, and were cordially received by the Holy Father, who questioned them minutely about all the incidents of their flight and journey, and then gave to each the Apostolic blessing. The name of each of the Irish chieftains was now placed on the pontiff's civil list, and they were amply provided with everything befitting people of their condition. The king of Spain also set-

tled a pension on them. On Trinity Sunday of 1608 his Holiness received O'Neill's wife and the other Irish ladies in the gardens of the quirinal, and addressed words of the most heart-felt kindness of them."

In the hot summer of Rome O'Donnell was so prostrated by the heat, as well as by an attack of Campagna fever, that he died at a very early age. His remains were interred in front of the high altar of St. Peter's. O'Neill survived his brother chieftain by many years. The old warrior led a weary and restless life on the banks of the Tiber. The enforced ease, to which fate had condemned the great general who vanquished the English army at the battle of Beal-antha-buidhe, told severely on his active spirit. During long years he hoped to draw his sword for faith and fatherland once more; but that project was alas! never to be effected by the exiled patriot. He was stricken with blindness in 1616. The illustrious soldier expired on the 20th of July of that year in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His funeral obsequies were attended by Patrician Magnates, as well as by the Catholic ambassadors attached to the quirinal, and his corse, enshrined in an oaken casket, was laid under the aisles of St. Peter's in Montorio side by side with his comrade, Hugh Roe O'Donnell. Both repose under polished marble slabs, edged with pavements of white, black, and green, inlaid with precious stones, on which are inscribed the names, titles, and coats-of-arms of the illustrious deceased, and a brief record of their services in the cause of Catholic liberty, and the freedom of Ireland. Their graves are quite close to a vault in the vicinity where St. Peter was cruci-

fied and where Beatrice, the beloved of Dante, awaits the trumpet call that shall awake the dead.

Naples, the City of the Sun, holds all that is mortal of the formerly well-known encyclopedist Dionysius Lardner, a native of Cork, and of the Abbate Campbell, a Catholic-Irish clergyman who it was alleged, married the Prince Regent—afterward George IV, King of Britain—to Mrs. Fitzherbert. He subsequently acted as chaplain at the court of Ferdinand, King of Naples and Sicily, and occupied a palace during the first decades of this century on the Capdi Monte in the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius.

Spain was the exile home of several members of the O'Sullivan Beare family. The chief of that sept, after the defeat of the O'Neill's and O'Donnell's clans by the soldiers of the English Pale, took refuge in Madrid. He had resided in the Castle of Dunboy, situated on the south eastern coast of Cork county. He was on his arrival received very courteously by Philip III., who created him Knight of the Order of St. James, and Baron of Bearhaven. His death was a tragic one, for, as he was returning home from Mass one morning he was assassinated by Bath, an English spy. The Chief's remains were interred in the cemetery of Corunna, near Salamanca. The murderer was shot dead on the day of the burial by a platoon of infantry by order of the government.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is the last resting place of an eminent Irish poet, J. J. Callanan, who died in that city some sixty-two years ago. Callanan had followed the calling of English tutor, but his health had become so precarious, that he had decided on returning

to his native land. He had just embarked on board the vessel, when his illness became so serious that the captain refused to allow the invalid to undertake the voyage, and he was conveyed back to his lodging where he expired some hours afterwards. His friends purchased a lot of the graveyard, located on the verdant slopes of a hill overlooking the azure bay of Lisbon, where the poet's remains are interred. He was the author of *The Virgin Mary's Bank*,* a beautiful lyric.

The soil of France holds clasped under its surface no small number of Ireland's dead. The annals of the Archives, which I examined in the war department building of Paris, affirms the statement that no less than half a million of Irish officers and soldiers fought in the service of France, two-thirds of whom were either slightly wounded or fatally so, and the remaining one-third were killed, on many a battle-field in defence of the Bourbon lilies. The cemetery of St. Omer, in French Flanders, contains the mortal remains of Sarsfield's only son. The grave of the great Irish warrior cannot be identified, although it is certain that he was borne in a dying condition from the plains of Landen to a Belgian town in the cemetery of which his ashes are probably interred. The battle in which he received the fatal wound, occurred between the French and the English armies. Sarsfield headed the regiments of the Irish Brigade in the French army. A Williamite chronicler writes of him thus: "He gained as much honor by his generosity and humanity to the English wounded soldiers in the fatal battle as by his bravery in the field."

*Situatd in a sandy island near Clonakilty Co. Cork.

Arthur O'Connor, a native of the Cork county—his ancestors joined the Anglican church in the Penal Days to save their estates from confiscation—was one of the leaders of the 1798 movement in Ireland, believed in no revealed religion, but he never denied the existence of a Supreme Being. Having sold his estates in early life, he invested the money in the bank of France. He was subsequently arrested on the charge of treason, but there was no witness to prove the charge and he was released. He proceeded to France and joined the Grande Armee of the Emperor, under whose eagle he rose from being a second lieutenant to a division general. He performed many feats of daring and aggressive character, and when he rose to the rank of colonel he displayed on more than one occasion valuable strategic abilities. On landing in France he made the acquaintance of Condorcet, a contributor to the infamous Encyclopedia, whose daughter he wedded three months afterwards. Mlle. Condorcet, who was a devout Catholic, was united to Mr. O'Connor by the benediction of a Catholic priest. Having fought throughout the entire campaigns of Napoleon, he retired from his post on the final downfall of his chief at the battlefield of Waterloo, 1815. Having no sympathy with the Bourbon cause, (a brother of the assassinated Louis XVI. was then the King of France,) he purchased the chateau of Bignon, situated near Orleans on the banks of the Loire, and its ten thousand acres of estates. In this home he installed his wife and family. He lived old enough to become the grandfather of children who had reached a marriageable age, and died at the age of 85, April 1852.



"ANYTHING TO PLEASE A LADY," EXCLAIMED DILLON.

His remains were deposited in the O'Connor vault, situated in the rear of the chateau. In one of the cemeteries of Bordeaux lie the ashes of Napper Tandy, who was a leader of the United Irish Society of '98.

Paris has a large proportion of Irish graves. John Mitchel's daughter had become a convert to Catholicism, and a Sister of Charity. Mitchel was residing in Paris in the closing years of the fifties and was a correspondent of the *New York Daily News*. Mitchel had no objection to the girl's conversion. She died a year after she had taken the vows, and her corse was interred under a green mound crowned by many crosses in the cemetery of Montparnasse, in the Latin Quarter. This lot belonged to the Sisters. The remains of Miles Byrne were interred in the cemetery of Montmartre. The lease of the lot is a perpetual one, owing to the friendship of Napoleon III. for the deceased. Byrne was in his early youth one of the chiefs of the Wicklow men in the insurrection of '98. He fought at Oulart and Vinegar Hills and took an active part in Robert Emmet's brief struggle in 1803. There was the price of £1,000 (\$5,000) on the head of the rebel; but he succeeded in making his escape to France, where he joined the army, and became eventually the colonel of the Irish Legion, the three thousand officers and soldiers of which followed in the track of Napoleon's triumphant march over Europe during the opening years of this century. During thirty-three years he served under the colors of France, having in 1830 secured the rank of chief Battalion. In all the battles of that period he fought as bravely, and so did his followers of the Irish Legion, as he had on the

hill-sides of Erin. After Napoleon's defeat Louis XVIII dissolved the Irish Legion. He obtained a captaincy in the 56th regiment of infantry. Here he served loyally under the French flag. In 1828, owing to his equally profound knowledge of French and English, he was dispatched by the French government to Greece to join the staff of Gen. Maison. France sent an army of 30,000 to the land of Greece which were chiefly instrumental in winning the independence of that nation. During the struggle, Byrne acted not only as interpreter, but took part in various fights against the Turks. He became eventually lieutenant-colonel of the 56th regiment. Miles Byrne died at Paris, January 24, 1862, in the eighty-second year of his age. His friend, abbe Verney, who was president of the Irish College, Paris, at a time when Byrne was a child, was a very influential gentleman under the Bourbon regime; but on the occasion of the downfall of the monarchy he was arrested on the charge of being a monarchist, and narrowly escaped the cold steel of the guillotine. On the restoration of law and order he was released, and resumed his duties of president. He was ninety years old at the time of his death. His remains were interred in a vault under the chapel of the college.

Montmartre held the grave of "Pamela" between its limits. Years after the death of her husband, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the well-known leader of the '98 movement, Lady Fitzgerald contracted a marriage with a Mr. Pitcairn, U. S. Consul at Hamburg, who treated his unfortunate wife with such cruelty that she was eventually forced to separate from him. On the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Duke of Leinster took

charge of the lord's children, but he refused to have any dealings with his widow—on the plea that she was born of the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Genlis, while the Duchess was still alive and his lordship regarded it an adulterous child. Having received from the French courts official authorization to resume the name of her first husband, Lady Edward passed the closing years of her life in Paris in very poor circumstances. She on one occasion made a touching appeal for relief to the reigning monarch, Louis Phillipe, who was the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans. His majesty did not heed Pamela's appeal. After a lingering illness she died Nov. 9, 1831, and was buried in the cemetery referred to. An unknown friend "L.L." purchased the lot of the grave for sixty years, and caused to be erected over it a pillar of white granite, on which was the inscription: "A Pamela, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, par son ami le plus devoue, L.L.," "to Pamela, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, by her most devoted friend, L.L." It is said that the king stung by remorse for having neglected Pamela, used to visit her grave incognito. When the sixty years' lease had expired, the remains of the unfortunate lady were about to be transferred to the potter's field, or as the French call it, *la fosse commune*, only for the timely interference of the late Professor Leonard—an Irish resident of Paris for half a century—who immediately put a stop to such a project, and communicated on the subject matter to the Duke of Leinster. The Duke sent the expenses to Mr. Leonard for the transfer of the casket to the Fitzgerald family burial vault in the church of the Thames-Ditton, near London, where all that is

mortal of that once beautiful woman now reposes side by side with the remains of Lord Henry, the beloved brother of Lord Edward. I may add that on the occasion of the opening of the coffin in Paris, in presence of the count O'Neill de Tyrone, Count O'Connell, and other representative Franco-Irishmen, two gold pieces of French coin, Lord Edward's nuptial ring and a portion of a scapular were found with the remains.

Belgium holds the ashes of several distinguished Irishmen. In the church of the Trinity in Louvain lie the remains of the famous Lord Clare, colonel of Clare's dragoons in the Irish Brigade, and of Major O'Carroll, both of whom fell fighting for the French flag on the historic field of Ramillies. Their tombs are situated in the vaults of the old church.

In the cathedral of St. Pierre, in the university city a beautiful monument stands as a witness to the learning and piety of an Irish ecclesiastic, Dr. Stapleton who had to escape from Ireland in the Penal Days. He was an eminent theologian, professor of Canon Law in the celebrated university of Louvain, and was subsequently raised to a higher dignity—the post Rector Magnificus of that learned institution. In the Institute of the Christian Brothers formerly the Irish college of St. Anthony, are the graves of Dr. de Burgo, Bishop of Elphin; Rosa O'Doherty, wife of the famous Irish general, Owen Roe O'Neill, and Dr. Conry political refugee, and once Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, Ireland. In Montague, a hamlet situated within a few miles of Louvain are the tombs of many Irish divines and scholars, including those of the once illustrious Dr. John O'Sullivan, a native

of Kerry, who was one of the most erudite professors of the university of Louvain, and Dr. Sinnich, who was also a professor. Ypres, referred to in one of Thomas Davis's ringing ballads in the following lines :—

" The flags we conquered in the fray
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say,
We'll win them, company, to-day,
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons."

is a drowsy mediæval town of some 15,000 inhabitants. The old Benedictine convent, the chapel attached of which sheltered the English flags, won by the Irish Brigade, still defies the ravages of time. This establishment was originally founded by the Queen of James II. of England for the education of the daughters of Irish officers, who had espoused her husband's cause. The chapel is a veritable architectural bijou, and literally an Irish necropolis. Under the polished marble floor lie the ashes of many a saintly Irish woman—among them being Dames Butler, Marie Lynch, Benedicta O'Byrne and many others, all of Irish birth. The tattered banners, once hung up in the flush of triumph by Morrrough O'Brien in this sacred edifice, as an offering to God and fatherland, are now no longer there. In my visit in 1888 to the convent I asked the Superior what had become of the banner, and she could not tell me; "but," she added, "as this convent was sacked by the revolutionists of 1793, probably they stole these historic flags."

On the slopes of Lake Lemane, near the picturesque town of Lausanne, repose under the foliage of cypress and weeping willow trees the remains of officers of the old Irish Brigade. These military heroes had suffered in life "the exiles' exile." Hunted out of their native land by the garrison of Eng-

land in the penal epoch, when no Catholics were tolerated, they took service in the army of France when that nation was ruled by the Bourbon dynasty. Finding themselves in the cataclysm of a revolution, they did not trim their sails to the popular breeze, and became on that account political pariahs in the land of their adoption. Stripped of their epaulettes, and denounced as possible enemies of the Republic, they had to fly from France, and seek refuge in Switzerland. Count Dillon, a devoted champion of the Bourbon cause, worked in secret against the Republic. His features were chiselled with such perfect harmony, and his figure was so lithe and elegant in an officer's uniform that he was called "le beau Dillon" in the fashionable salons of Paris. Having fallen under the ban of the Mountain Party in the Republican legislature, Count Dillon was arrested, and, having been judged guilty of treason by the revolutionary tribunal was next day summarily guillotined. It is recorded of him that a young lady ascended the scaffold, Dillon following. When the executioner invited the aristocratic lady to bend her neck under the steel blade, she turned a piteous gaze towards the Franco-Irish officer, and requested him to advance first, in order to give her courage to pass through the ordeal.

"Anything to please a lady," exclaimed Dillon, while he bowed gracefully to the fair one, and a sweet smile lit up his handsome face. Then turning to the populace with quite another expression of countenance he shouted: "Vive le Roi!" and thrusting his head in the half-moon of the guillotine, was immediately beheaded. His corpse was placed in a casket by the Abbe Edgeworth, who was chaplain in the court of Louis XVI., and his

spouse Marie Antoinette, and who had the remains reinterred in Mont Parnasse cemetery a perpetuite.

A crypt in the vaults of the cathedral of St. Gall city, Switzerland, contains the body of the Irish Saint Gall, who in his career in pagan Helvetia, converted thousands to the Christian church. Relics of the saint may be seen behind the high altar. Another follower of Christ and a native of Ireland, St. Kilian converted the inhabitants who resided on the banks of the Rhine. The memory

of this saint is still venerated in Wurzburg, Bavaria, of which episcopal See, he was the founder.* St. Columbanus was the most successful of Irish missionaries on the continent. Hundreds of Irish ecclesiastics left their native land to convert the pagans of many states. Most of them became martyrs, and their names, centuries afterward, were placed on the Roman calendar.

* Some years ago the Catholics of Wurzburg celebrated the twelfth centenary of his martyrdom.

THE NEW ATTACK UPON RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN FRANCE.

By Charles Robinson.

The statement frequently made in French Catholic papers to the effect that France is ruled by the Freemasons received no little corroboration from a statement made not long ago by the then Minister of Agriculture, M. Gadand, on the occasion of his receiving a delegation of Masons at Nevers.

"You know," he said, "that the Government cannot occupy itself in a special manner with Freemasonry, but I can assure you that the Government is inspired with its principles and its doctrines."

This declaration goes far towards explaining much that has been going on in France of late years, and makes intelligible the continuous assaults on Catholic beliefs and practices by officials of the Republic. The latest evidence of the hostile attitude of the Masonic Government towards the Church is to be found in the new tax imposed

upon monastic property.* This unjust assessment is a method adopted to harrass and if possible, abolish the religious orders. These communities are always and very justly considered indispensable to the well being of the Church in any land, and hence any attack upon them is very properly regarded as an assault upon the Church itself.

The probable results of the new tax are thus summarized: "There are two lines of action open to the communities. Either they will obey this unjust law and pay as long as they can—some three years others five or ten according to their resources. Those who seem richest will be ruined first; for these generally are burdened with the greatest debts. When they have paid their last sou they will first

* This law went into effect Oct. 1, 1895. It was voted under the name of "droit d'acconnement."

thank their rulers for having allowed them to exist these few additional years, their subjects will be dispersed; their property sold. That will be the end of it. Or else, to the summons to pay the tax, the communities will answer that they will not pay it. The administration will seige and sell their property, the religious will be dispersed, and ruin will thus come three, five or ten years sooner."

It is thus obvious that if this infamous legislation is persisted in it will lead to the speedy extinction of all the religious orders in the Republic. The passage of this law was denounced by the entire French hierarchy who with the single exception of Mgr. Fuzet, Bishop of Beauvais counselled resistance to the tax. Mgr. Fuzet, however, advised that the toll be paid, and in his letter upon the subject thus states the case:

"The struggle with the State—let it be well-understood—means at an early date the sale of your furniture, the closing of your house, and the dispersion of your community. What will become of you? An asylum has been promised to you. Who will give it? Who will assure it to you? At any rate who will procure for you the means of following your rule amidst the anguish, the uncertainty and the poverty that will confront you when you have once quitted your establishments? Absolute resistance would entail the ruin of what is dearest to you in the world—your religious faith."

This letter has been answered by Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop

of Rheims, who takes the ground that it would be better to resist payment of the tax until public opinion insisted upon an effacement of a law so unjust.*

Whether or not the protests of the French prelates will lead to a revocation of this unjust taxation remains to be seen. Although interests of such great amount are at stake no line of policy has yet been adopted. It is well known that in more than one recent crisis Leo. XIII rendered important services to France, indeed without his aid it is doubtful if the Republic could have weathered the storm. It has therefore been suggested to ask the Pope to interpose and use his influence with the French Government in the matter, but this proposal has not met with general approval, as the Holy Father has already enough to contend with, so that Catholics must meet the momentous question by themselves.

Meanwhile nothing would possibly be more unjust than such a tax upon a class who are devoting their lives unselfishly to the general good and who are doing so much toward the preservation of society. But persecution is the lot of the Church everywhere and is a mark of its Divine character. To quote the words of our Lord to His followers, "Remember My Word; if they have persecuted Me they will also persecute you."

*All the French authorized male religious orders have informed the Archbishops of Rheims and Paris that they intend to pay the new tax imposed by the government on monastic property. They hold that having to choose between compliance and passive resistance the moral necessity does not exist that would justify the latter course and thus take the same ground as the Bishop of Beauvais.

INFECTIOUS NOVELS.

By Dean Harris.

Last month his Grace the Archbishop after administering the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of boys and girls at St. Paul's Church, Toronto, addressed them on the pernicious influence of bad books. The Archbishop is eminently practical in his discourses to children. With a perception, almost intuitive, he measures their mental capacity, the extent of their understanding and grasp of a subject, and with a felicitous power of adaptation, accommodates himself to their tender years. After warning the children against bad books, the Archbishop addressed himself to the parents. "The sensational novel" he added "is dangerous, scandalous, and utterly unfit for Christian parents to suffer their children to read." This is not the first time his Grace called to his flock to "stand on guard" before this stealthy foe. In several of his pastorals he earnestly, and at times pathetically appealed to fathers and mothers, to protect their children against this destructive enemy to morality, by excluding from their homes every book or periodical bearing the "Zola Mark" that is the mark of indecency, pruriency or lecherousness.

Unfortunately there is a class of readers, chiefly thoughtless and giddy young girls, who complain, that as the clergy are not familiar with the light literature of the times, they are scarcely competent witnesses to testify for or against the modern novel. If the pastor occasionally reminds his people, as

his conscience and his duty oblige him, of the danger of indiscriminate novel reading, he will notice, if he be an observant man, that the eyebrows of some of his fair hearers, take on an upward curve, indicative of mild surprise, or their shapely heads are jauntily jerked to one side as much as to say "Why what can you know about it?" With all other vices he is supposed to be theoretically familiar and to speak "as one having authority" but of the modern novel he is presumed to be as innocent as the suckling babe. No doubt this assumption is a compliment unconsciously paid to the reverend gentleman, for it is assumed that he has too much good sense, and too little time to spare, to devote himself to the modern novel.

As the priest by reason of his education ought to be a scholarly man, it is incumbent on him to be in a measure familiar with the current literature of the day, and as he is the spiritual guardian of his people, he must in some sense be familiar with the evil as well as the good literature of his times. That the readers of Walsh's Magazine may appreciate the timely warning of his Grace the Archbishop, we will review a few of the novels taken at hazard from the book shelves of a city stationer. For reasons self-evident to the thoughtful reader, we change the titles of the works touched upon.

II.

There is a school of novelists which would seem, deliberately and

with care, to have selected the very worst features in the style of great writers, and to have adopted them, exaggerated, deformed, distorted and unbalanced, as the characteristic of their own system. They have stolen from Kingsley his admiration of physical strength. They have purloined from Dickens his occasional confusion of grotesqueness with humor, and of passion with strength. They have plundered from Bulwer his perception of the strange fascination of crime—his habit of coupling and contrasting physical beauty with moral deformity; and from Thackeray they have appropriated the mistrust of humanity—the hopeless sense of its infirmity, that runs, in mournful undertones, beneath the sparkling current of his wit and satire. And having thus, unlike bees, skilfully extracted the poison from the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, they have stored it in cells, of which the framework has been adapted from Gauthier, Zola or Dumas the younger; and, like dealers in quack medicines, coining a word to express the rubbish that they sell, have ticketed the product of their labors with the label of "sensational" literature.

All ideas of nobleness or elevation are absurdly out of place in association with this school of novel manufacturers—for they can hardly be called writers. Under its hands, Fiction might be imaged as standing gazing wistfully on the door of the Divorce Court, and sentimentally on the Gallows, instead of pointing to the Cathedral porch, or gazing upwards to the bright blue sky. If they have a system at all, it is to drag out of the darkness the images of the murderer, the seducer, and the shameless woman, and set them where the gorgeous rays of fancy

can stream over them, and brighten the repulsive harshness of their features with soft light, and decorate them with its own brilliant coloring. The sole effect of their writings is to present sin and guilt, with their rottenness painted over, and their shame varnished with brightness, as habitual and pleasant subjects for amusing contemplation. If they raise any voice to disclaim their sympathy with the vice they represent, it is expressed in faint warnings, that read like extenuations; and in reprobations so gentle and tender, that they seem almost allurements and enticements.

The Clergy clearly owe to society the duty of plain speaking in this matter. It is not now as it was in the early days of this country, when all novel reading was put aside by religious people, as polluted and defiled, and evil in itself. In those times, no particular warning was needed against any special style of fiction, because all that appealed to the imaginative sense was considered as a stranger to religion, and that in the old meaning of the word in which stranger was synonymous with enemy. It would be useless to denounce novel reading as sinful in itself. It would be vain to attempt to put the exercise of the imagination altogether under a ban, or even to persuade people that its only permissible employment is on subjects exclusively devotional. Surely the time is come for very plain outspokening in the matter, now that the press is pouring forth a flood of novels, which seem to contend in nameless rivalry, and, expressing loose morality in yet more loose grammar, in undermining, with equal recklessness, the purity of English morals and the purity of the English language.

Strong language can only be justified by producing proof, not

only of the justice, but also of the necessity, of its employment. It is right, then, to show, by an examination of a few of the most popular specimens of the "Sensational" school of fiction, that no injustice has been done it in the foregoing description.

The founder of the school was probably Miss Braddon; at least, "Lady Audley's Secret" was the first of the kind that, by its success, attracted general attention. And it is fair to say, that, taking Lady Audley's Secret as a specimen of Miss Braddon's style, there is little to be alleged against it, except its utter uselessness and silliness. There is no profit at all to be got out of it by any process whatever. No one could possibly be made by its perusal, better or wiser, more charitable to his fellows, or more patient in suffering. There is no one character in it which the reader likes to think about, or numbers among the imaginary friends whom he would like to have, or which he fancies, in the tender phantasy of affection, is dimly reproduced in its best features in some one among the circle of his acquaintance. There is no pleasure in reading its careless and ungraceful English. There can be no interest in the story when its secret is once guessed. The time spent over it is simply time utterly lost, unrequited by the gain of a single fresh idea, or of a quaint conceit, or noble thought, or of a sentence that lingers in the memory like a sweet harmony. Yet the work had a great sale, and won for the author a certain amount of reputation. And, undoubtedly, it had its merits. There was much cleverness in the management of the plot, the interest was ingeniously kept up to the end, and the boldness which fixed upon a would-be murderess

for the heroine, was tempered by the ingenuity which contrived just so much excuse in the position in which she was placed, as veiled, to a certain extent, the real fiendishness of her character. And on the other hand, the fascination of her outward bearing was so managed that it did not utterly conceal the repulsiveness of her real nature.

The great harm done by the book was its association of the ideas of beauty, and softness, and delicacy, with the realities of coarse sin and daring wickedness. It was in the subtle contrast between the refinement of the criminal and the vulgarity of the crime that the piquancy of the book consisted. It was not because Lady Audley had chiselled features and a musical voice, and golden tresses, or because she had attempted murder, that her fascination became so irresistible. The secret of her attractiveness was in the union of the two conditions of refinement and crime. And this excited a certain feeling of that morbid sympathy, which is, more or less, a pleasurable sensation. No one would have thought the gallows too good for a coarse-featured, loud-voiced, oakum-haired woman, who had first deliberately committed bigamy, and then endeavored to dispose of an inconvenient husband by pushing him down a well. But no novelist would have dared to place the hangman's rope round the neck of the Lady Audley of Miss Braddon's creation. And exactly in proportion as it deadened the sense of horror at wickedness, and awakened sympathy with crime, it became powerful for evil. The mania for golden hair that broke out at the time among all ranks and classes of womankind, was undoubtedly a token of instinctive sympathy with at least the fascina-

tions of the adulteress and would-be murderess of the popular novel. It is probable that many women would have committed Lady Audley's crime, and have risked her punishment, if they could have insured her attractiveness, and have claimed her success.

But the book did harm in another way. It made novel-writing easy to the meanest capacity, if only sufficiently unscrupulous as to the means of success. No fertility of conception, no poetry of language, no quaintness of humor, no aptness in depicting character, no quiet pathos, no tender love for the aspects of outward nature, was needed for this sort of novel writing. All that was required for the reward of popularity was the power of conceiving an attractive woman and a hidden crime, and the trick of coupling the innocent fairness of an angel with the dark imagination of a devil. The only necessary skill was that which could suggest a plausible motive for a murder, and a clever scheme for effecting and concealing it. In its tendency to create a morbid sympathy with crime, and a diseased appetite for descriptions of criminals, this book was a dangerous guest in any house.

III.

There is, unfortunately for this class of writers, a limit to the interest that can be taken in crime, even when committed by pretty women. A certain monotony, even in murder, is distressingly inevitable. The Criminal Court reports themselves are not altogether inexhaustible in the variety of their romance. Yet the popular taste, excited by the highly-spiced diet that had been placed before it, could not be contented without such stimulants. However fascinating the hero or heroine might be, the public were

comparatively indifferent to them if they did not come up to the mark in the quality and the quantity of their hidden wickedness. Yet the situation seemed to suggest its own remedy. The Fifth Commandment being exhausted, and the public palate having palled on the repetition of its breach, the eye naturally wandered up the table to the one that followed. And so sprang up a new phase of the "Sensational Novel," in which the ingenuity of the writer was expended in travelling as closely as possible along the edge of the Sixth Commandment, instead of actually breaking the Fifth. In this case, the great art appears to consist in contrasting a certain surface appearance of innocence and simplicity with the most ingenious and refined expression of sensuality and immodesty—in veiling the real nature of these things, by making them appear the natural result of truth, and impulsiveness, and unconventionality. We will take as a type of this sort of novel under its least objectionable form, a work that has passed through two or three editions, been re-published in a cheap form, and reviewed with approbation in a long article in the *N. Y. Herald*.

"In the Gloaming" has one thing at least that is not in common with Lady Audley's Secret. It is very well written. There is force of description, and smartness of dialogue, and power of delineating character, and gleams and glimpses here and there of true and deep pathos. Much of the praise bestowed upon it by the *Herald* and reviews, was fairly and honestly its due. There is internal evidence, (though the detestable flippancy and coarseness of thought in many passages almost render it incredible), that the writer is a woman and one who, in some

way or other, has moved in good society. Yet the book cannot be spoken of except in terms of unqualified condemnation. The story is simple enough. A young lady, precocious and uneducated, suddenly encounters an ex-college-athlete endowed with those broad shoulders and chiselled features which the heroines of modern novels appear to find utterly irresistible. It is fair to add that there is nothing at all objectionable about this particular "boxer"—as it seems, in some way, to be funny to call a retired athlete. He is very good-natured simple-hearted and harmless; and appears to have no particular vice, unless that which may be supposed to be inseparable from utter vacuity of character. In fact, he is far too good for the heroine. But, such as he is, surely never before, in fiction or reality, did the course of true love run such a rapid and tempestuous career. They meet as strangers in a churchyard for a moment. They sit together at a dinner party. And at the third interview the father of the young lady is, naturally enough, astonished to find "his favorite daughter sitting, in the dusk of the evening, with a man, whom, to his certain knowledge, she had seen but twice before in her life, lying at her feet clasping her hand, and apparently unforbidden." And from thenceforth the reader continually finds himself in the presence of familiarities and endearments, which, in real life, would be very embarrassing to behold, and are by no means edifying to read about.

Now this is all very cleverly done—as well, perhaps, as such description of work admits of being done. But the effect intended to be produced upon the mind of the reader is, that it is a very fine thing indeed, to be truthful, and impulsive,

and natural, and unconventional. Only, when one comes to think of it, it is pleasant to reflect that such proceedings are, in reality, neither truthful nor natural; and, though they are certainly impulsive, it is to be hoped they may long continue unconventional. There is in the order of nature—and not only in the world of novels, or poems, or plays—a certain elevation and sublimity about true love, which raises even coarse and common natures into refinement and nobleness. Its typical development is not a struggle for kisses, between a bartender and a chambermaid. There is a modesty, a reticence, a shamefacedness in woman's nature, which is not to be confounded with mere wilfulness, and lightness, and passionate impulse. If such wooing—if, indeed, in the true sense of the word, it be wooing—as is here described, were the fashion with American maidenhood, then would it utterly have cast away its crown of the gentle dignity and refined purity, and unconscious self-respect, and sweet reserve, and patient self-control, that give its holiness to love.

But repulsive as all this is—distasteful as it is to hear of this American maiden "hurling herself at the not-particularly-delighted head of the big athlete," as her practical-minded sister truthfully described the process—it is, perhaps, merely that bad taste which is sometimes produced by exuberance of animal spirits. There is worse yet to come. The lovers are parted, by a deceit which is certainly most base and cruel; and the lady is married to a very estimable country gentleman. Of course the reason of the separation is discovered at last, and then comes a scene which we will transcribe: "Looking into his haggard, beautiful, terrible face, I forgot all I should have remembered; forgot vir-

tue, and honor, and self-respect; my heart spoke out to his. 'Oh, don't go'; I cried, running to him. 'Don't you know how I love you? For my sake, stay; I cannot live without you!' I clasped both my hands on his rough coat-sleeves, and my head bowed down upon them. 'Do you suppose I can live in New York, and see you belonging to another man?' he asked, harshly. 'The world is all Hell now, as it is; but that would be the blackest, nethermost Hell. Do let me go!' he said, fiercely, pushing me away roughly, while his face was writhen and distorted. 'If you go,' I said in my insanity, throwing myself into his arms, 'I'll go too. Oh! for God's sake, take me with you.' He strained me to his desolate heart, and we kissed each other wildly, vehemently; none came between us then. Then he tried to put me away from him But I would not be put away. I clung about his neck in my bitter pain. 'I'd rather go to Hell with you than to Heaven with him!' I cried blasphemously. 'Oh! don't leave me behind you! you're all I have in the world now; oh! take me! take me with you!' My hair fell, in its splendid ruddy billows, over his great shoulder, and my arms were flung about the stately pillar of his throat."

No comment is needed on this scene. It is fair to add that the end is better than might have been expected. But is that most degrading and humiliating spectacle—a wife thus entreating a reluctant lover—a fit subject for a writer, with any sense of shame, to imagine, or for a reader with any self-respect, to dwell on for amusement. To take a very simple test; there is no theatre in New York, even of the lowest kind in which any manager would dare to

produce that scene unaltered, dramatic and effective as it is. And yet the worst of the book is not to be found in any particular passage. There is about the whole novel a sort of polluted atmosphere, an air of immodesty, a deliberate dirtiness, a perpetual suggestion of ideas which any virtuous man, much more any modest woman, would blush to recognize, even in thought.

There is not a character in the book that a brother would like his sister to resemble, or that any man would not shrink from taking as his wife; yet it was met with general acceptance and a wide circle of admiring readers.

IV.

But we will pass on to another aspect of the fashionable novel. The theme of this is a sort of devil-worship of sheer muscularity and brute strength, invariably employed, as the old heathen deities were supposed to have employed their power, as the instruments of reckless profligacy and unbridled sensuality.

The "Emotional Actor," who is the hero of this class of novel, is always an object of envy to his fellow-actors, and of unmeasured admiration to a certain class of women; partly because he is larger and stronger, and possibly a trifle more unprincipled than themselves; but especially because he can smoke more tobacco, and take bigger drinks, and yet keep his head cool for general purposes of quarrelling and gambling. It is also necessary for the perfection of his character, that he should be utterly selfish exceedingly disagreeable in ordinary society, and cruel and ferocious whenever he has an opportunity of exerting his physical strength. In short, the conception of an "Emotional Actor" is the realization of

the ideal of a perfect man, which might be supposed possible to a tiger.

The women who surround these men are thoroughly sympathetic. They are all charming, graceful, accomplished and fascinating, but without even a perception of any higher motive than the sensual gratification of the present. With them love is an amusement or a passion. In the one case, the result of mere silliness; in the other, the outcome of deliberate wickedness—in both having its issues in the same result—the humiliation and degradation of all in womanhood that is pure and lovable and noble. And the interest of the tale in which these men and women are concerned, usually consists—to speak plainly—in the probabilities of the commission of sin.

In one way, indeed, the contemplation of these characters will do but little harm, except to the very youthful and the weak-minded. No sensible girl, who has seen anything of society, would feel much excited at the contemplation of "An Emotional Actor." She would know very well that such a man is, after all, simply a selfish and accomplished ruffian, with a certain superficial polish on him, which would very soon be rubbed off by the wear and tear of matrimonial life. She would also be aware that such a husband would to a certainty be cross, bearish, and immoderately jealous; that the "big drinks" would be by no means conducive to domestic felicity; that his nose would soon grow red, and his hand shaky; and that, in all probability, his wife would have the delectable office of nursing him through a series of attacks of delirium tremens. Also, it might occur to her that the "evil light," which is always coming into his eyes at

every imaginable provocation, although very romantic to think about, may be a decidedly unpleasant adjunct to the inevitable "desagremens" of married life.

The danger lies in the skill and power with which reckless passion, and the utter absence of self-restraint are depicted as the very characteristics of real and earnest love. The juggling process by which this foul delusion is produced, is that most dangerous of all things, a devilish mockery of truth. It grasps the noblest elements of love, devotion, abnegation of self and utter confidence, and images them as they might be in their wildest excess, if unbalanced and ungoverned by any higher principles, and represents them doing their natural work when ministering to evil, as truly as when efficient of the noblest good. Or rather, it makes a counterfeit of these things; it takes self-will, and sensuality, and lawlessness and lust—and calls them by noble, even by holy names, and fashions them into an image, and crowns them with a lurid light, in mockery of true glory; and with mighty blare of trumpeting, bids those who are willing to be deceived, to fall down and worship them. Many a young girl, who in her heart would be very much afraid of such men as C. Stuart Taylor—Taylor the hero—would be irresistibly fascinated by the seeming nobleness of giving up all, even modesty, even self-respect, even shame, in the devotion of a passionate love.

We will take one example of this school, not as the worst, but as the very best we know. "Her only Love" is written with very great ability. There is a freshness and an intensity, and a graphic vividness about many of the scenes, which are not surpassed, even if

they are equalled, by any of our living novelists. It is not without words of true tenderness and pathos, or passages which read like aspirations after good, seen with a dim perception, scarcely believed in, seeming to have no more substance or reality than the beautiful cloud-vision, for the embrace of which Ixion forfeited his heaven, yet confessed as the true satisfaction of the yearnings of humanity, and earnestly, even passionately, longed for. There is also, undoubtedly, true art in the way in which the bright prospects of the opening scenes change by degrees, first passing into deepening shadows, then into the thick darkness. Indeed, the gradual progress by which crime and calamity mingled into one deep, enduring sorrow, close in, page after page, upon the story, recalls to mind the terrible grandeur of the old Greek drama, and Ate with her solemn tread, the companion and avenger of the wickedness of man.

The male characters, too, are by far the best of any that we meet with in this author's works. They are splendid specimens of animal beauty, strong, reckless, defiant; and, even while utterly unable to carry out the thought to any practical purpose, seeming to have some idea that life has higher ends and higher compensations than the pursuit of self-gratifications, or the excitements of sensuality. There is a terrible energy, almost rising into grandeur, in the scene in which two of the men deliberately decide to prevent the possible seduction of a married woman, by the death of the would-be seducer, even though the duel, which is the result of their deliberations, is very like a simple murder in its studied and cold-blooded arrangements. The effect, too, which is intended to be pro-

duced seems simply this, that it is true nobleness, in such a case as this, to defy the laws of God and man; and to accept, in the very spirit of lawless recklessness whatever consequences may follow.

Now this idolizing of brute force and stern ferocity is bad enough; but the worst part of the book is the general tone and conception of the story. Two women, in the opening chapters, are on the eve of marriage; but both are really in love, not with their intended husbands, but with the hero of the story, Taylor. One of these is simply vain and silly, the other is clever, daring and deliberately wicked. Here is the scene in which the latter tells her love, if such a word may be used for her mad passion. It must be noted fully, to appreciate the scene, that the woman who is speaking, knows perfectly well, not only that her own affianced husband is close at hand, but that the man whom she is addressing has given his whole heart to another woman:—

“Taylor stood silent for a minute or two, slightly in advance of his companion,—gazing on the scene with a genuine admiration; his left arm resting on the muzzle of his gun, his right hanging listlessly by his side. Suddenly, slender fingers stole round that right wrist, lightly at first as thistledown, but always tightening their clasp; and a voice, low and sweet, though tremulous with unutterable passion, murmured in Stuart's ear one word—his own Christian name—only one word! What of that? Have we not known orations, funeral or valedictory, that took days in composing, hours in declaiming, and yet were not half so eloquent as Astarte's farewell? That little listless hand, in despite of the fiery blood that was leaping through its

veins, was as soft and cool as white velvet; but under its touch the strong man shrank and shivered, as the Baron of Smaylhome's false wife may have, when the dead adulterer's grasp scorched her to the bone. After that, he stood still in his place, as if under some mesmeric spell; never turning his head nor diverting his eyes from their fixed gaze, though surely they realized no one object, far or near. He did not hear the half of the broken syllables that followed that first word which told him all. For Ida would not leave her self-abasement incomplete."

Now all this is undoubtedly very clever in its way. There is a certain fascination given to the scene, an evil glamor cast around its recklessness and indelicacy. Even the author's apology—for he offers that sort of apology which aggravates tenfold the original offence, from its transparent insincerity—and the author's depreciation of criticism in the future, on the plea that he is incapable of doing the very thing of which he makes his readers guilty; to wit, the lingering over "any ensample, real or imaginary, of woman's degradation or dishonor"—are feints, more or less skillful, to carry off the air of reality which clings about the scene. To a certain extent, our sympathies are enlisted for the moment with the pain and passion of the woman. It is impossible to look upon the depths of such a nature, so stirred up, without unutterable pity.

Yet nothing can well be imagined more repulsive or disgusting than the whole conception of this scene. It is simply painful to contemplate calmly its utter disregard of all modesty, and reticence, and self-respect; its barefaced profligacy of passion; its utter shamelessness

of abandonment to the impulse of the moment.

So utterly vile and shameless are these books and so destructive to all sense of decency, that habitual reading produces a moral leprosy, which rots all self respect and so completely ruins all power of discernment that in a short time, modesty, maidenly bashfulness and spirituality are dead forever more.

The culmination however of satanic ingenuity is reached when we come to the atheistic or infidel novel.

The writers of these books are men and women, so vile, so utterly corrupt, and so callous to Christian feeling, that one would think the devil himself spat them out from his boiling and ulcerating lungs. The tendency of the erotic novelist is to destroy all morality, but the atheist writer is content only when he has destroyed faith in God and in the hereafter. The style of the infidel novel is a fascination. The arguments are so ingeniously and plausibly put, the infidel characters morally so heroic and admirable, the men so grandly proportioned and the women so fascinating and attractive, that the young reader is sympathetic before he reaches the second chapter. The Christian characters who take part in the drama are pious fools who mistake emotion for devotion, and are completely under the control of some cunning priest, whose manners are vulgar and whose conversation is spiritual mush. But let us rest here for the present, for a review of the infidel novel would lead us beyond the limits of a magazine article.

God protect our young men and women from the contamination of these books, a contamination so dangerous and infectious that the "end thereof is death."

RUDOLF THE MUSICIAN



By Maud Regan.

Out in the quaint old street the children romped and sang, for the soft spring rain that had been falling all day long had ceased at last, and now from the west where the sun was setting in crimson glory, there poured a flood of ruddy light, gilding the peaked roofs of the odd little dwellings and bathing in liquid radiance the whole of the village street.

At the open windows the mothers sat talking in desultory fashion, while they watched the children at play, pausing now and then to croon soft lullabys to the drowsy little ones nestling in their laps.

Memories of the recent rain still lingered in the tiny pools of water which had found a resting place in the flags of the uneven pavement where the grooves worn by generations of restless feet were deepest, and there an occasional sparrow dipped his thirsty beak or fluttered

the water in sparkling drops from his dusty wings, fearless and unmolested.

Down in the garden of the gray stone house where Rudolf, the musician dwelt, the rain still lay heavily on the grass, and when the breeze swayed the branches of the giant lindens great drops were shaken shower-like to the ground with a soft pattering sound pleasant to hear.

Very quiet the old house was, set far back in its large old-fashioned garden where roses ran riot, for the Gray House was not then, as now, a place of pilgrimage, and he whom dead the world has delighted to honor, living found few to praise him, and fewer still who cared to listen to the wondrous strains which stole out from the old piano when his thin white hands wandered to and fro among the keys.

In truth, because of the quiet life of its lonely inmate, the Gray House had come to be regarded in the village as rather an uncanny place, and when sometimes at evening the sound of the Professor's playing might be faintly heard in the street, many shook their heads, thinking perhaps that strains so weirdly sweet, must needs be fairy music to which it were better not to hearken.

It may be that Rudolf at times felt very lonely during those long years when his nephew Carl was studying at the great conservatory and he was the only dweller in the Gray House. Seeing the very children run by the place with bated breath, glancing fearfully the while at the gleam of gray showing among the green of the lindens, may have awakened sad memories of those other days when the Gray House had been full of life and laughter and many trod the rose bordered path leading to its hospitable door, who in the after time seemed to have forgotten the way.

The merry company which in the old days was wont to gather at the place, had predicted a wonderful career for the young musician so singularly gifted, and Rudolf shared the common belief, feeling the power within him and fancying with the glad hopefulness of youth, that he could order the future to his liking. He had been a great dreamer then and despite many hard awakenings he was a dreamer to the end. Perhaps it was because in his own time so few of his dreams came true, that his life always seemed like a sad little story, although it would be puzzling to fashion its simple happenings into a tale that many would care to hear. There had been a little love in it, for he was to have wed Carl's mother in the days before she

learned to love his younger brother. There had been much ambition, for Rudolf had hoped to do great things in his art and to leave behind him a famous name, but after love slipped from his grasp he grew to think of fame and the acclamations of men as little worth.

Then, just as he was growing old, and shortly before little Carl came to him, fortune went the way of love and fame and of the three left fewest regrets.

It was one of the beautiful things about the Professor, that despite many cruel disappointments, he never lost faith or courage but continued in his quiet way, hoping, striving, till the end, and left the world, which after all had treated him ungenerally, still holding his boyish belief that it was a very bright place even though somehow he had missed the sunshine.

It was in the later years that Carl came to him, a sacred charge held in trust for his dead brother and the only woman who ever had part in the Professor's life. The sunny careless boy with Rudolf's own gift and so like what he had been before the shadows began to gather, found his way straight to Rudolf's heart. Then began for him the drudgery of lesson-giving and the days of self-denial, happy days withal, brightened as they were by dreams of Carl's future, one more brilliant than his wildest fancies had pictured for himself and which each toilsome hour was bringing nearer. They seemed even happier in the retrospect when at length the Professor's slender store augmented by privations of which Carl little guessed, had grown large enough to admit of the lad's entering upon his long course of study at the great conservatory—the first step towards the realization of the Professor's dreams. The years

which followed, bright enough for Carl, who had wearied of the quiet of the Gray House, were lonely for Rudolf, though at first often gladdened by brilliant tales of the lad of whom the master musicians wrote as a genius, predicting that the world would yet ring with his fame.

After reading praises such as these Rudolf seemed for a while to move in a waking dream, and his dark eyes would kindle and his bent form straighten as his fancy pictured the triumphs awaiting the boy.

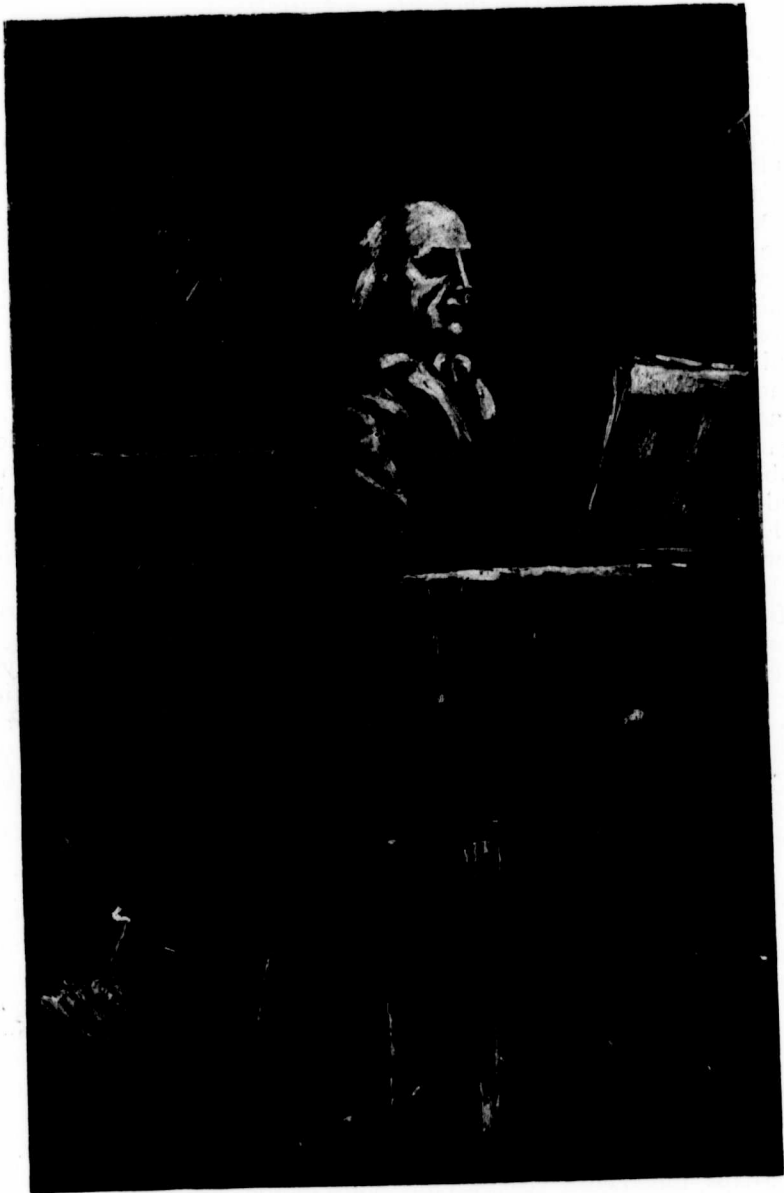
Nor was his belief in Carl's future at all shaken by less welcome tidings which, as the years passed, found their way to the Gray House. What wonder that the boy was often careless and erratic, finding the restraint and ceaseless toil of his new life as irksome as the dreary monotony of his days in the village? Or what mattered it since in a short space he accomplished what cost others years of ceaseless endeavor? Thus indeed it seemed when the long days of the Professor's waiting were well nigh spent, for the conservatory's highest honors lay easily within Carl's grasp.

There is no telling what impossible things Rudolf dreamed during those last days preceding Carl's home-coming, and, perhaps, because of the seeming nearness of their fulfilment the days seemed longer and lonelier than ever. But, though, they lagged drearily enough they passed somehow, and the great day of the Professor's life dawned at last. It seemed to him strangely out of harmony with the event it was to witness, for it was that day when the rain fell ceaselessly, leaving great drops heavy on the grass and on the roses in the garden. And, yet at evening when all the street

was golden, and the sunset light flooded his room, casting a faint radiance on the dark wood of the polished floor, wherein the carved high-backed chairs were dimly mirrored, it seemed to Rudolf as he sat alone with head bowed low over the keys of the old piano, that his life for the years to be held little in common with the sunshine. It was only that another of his dreams had come to naught, but he was old and the dream had been part of his life. That day there had come from the conservatory a letter which Rudolf had opened with trembling hands, thinking it told of some new triumph come to Carl. It had been short; just a few kindly written words saying that "the boy was young, and it was doubtless but a passing whim"—a preface which caused Rudolf to wonder, and then the sentence which seemed to have robbed life of all its brightness, for Carl had left the conservatory just when his brightest laurels hung within his reach to join a troupe of singers.

For a while Rudolf's heart had been hot with anger as he thought of his own sacrifices, so lightly prized, and the art to him a sacred thing, which Carl held at such little worth; but that was soon past, for all else was forgotten in his great grief that little Carl should have gone out of his life, leaving him no word.

Before him on the piano lay the finished score of his last and greatest work, a sonata which he had written as a graduating gift for the boy. His hand had trembled a little that morning as he wrote the dedication. There in the twilight he was to have played it for him, and when the last notes had died away Carl was to have come behind him with the caressing way he loved so well, and resting his strong



THE FIRST NOTES OF THE ADAGIO.

young hands on the stooping shoulders, murmur words of loving admiration, dearer to the Professor's heart than the plaudits of all the world beside. His thoughts dwelt sadly on it now as, half unconsciously his fingers began to stray among the harmonies of its grand Adagio, sounding so like the Requiem of his buried hopes. But as the music grew louder, dwelling on the air in strains of haunting sweetness that died away at last in one long sobbing note, his grief grew calmer and hope awakened within him once again. His old love for Carl began to assert itself, and even in thought he was very tender of the boy, murmuring sometimes as though pleading for Carl against the reproaches which rose unbidden to his lips, "He did not understand."

Every evening he would walk down the rose bordered path to the little gate, and shading his eyes with a hand which of late had grown more unsteady, gaze earnestly out, out to where the stones of the street gave place to the dust of the road, for Carl must surely come soon.

Carl did return, on one bright evening at the summer's end, for in those days he was constant to nothing; the pity of it was that he should have returned so late, for soon after his home-coming the Professor left the Gray House forever. And when they brought the boy to the room where Rudolf lay still and weak, for the end was near, his mind was strangely confused and his memory busied with the past, the far past wherein Carl had no part.

Perhaps the boyish face, white and set with grief, bent low over his pillow, may have awakened some dim remembrance of the later years, for he seemed to be striving hard

to grasp some memory which was slipping from him. All at once his face brightened and he said in a voice that was weak but clear, "Little Carl—a great man—now. Thou wert gone—so long." And after a space, "Nay Carl—there is too much of joy—in thy playing of the Adagio. It should go—con dolore."

So even at the last the Professor must have been busied with those dreams of his, but, perhaps, the next awakening (which came soon after) was happier than the others.

* * * *

What remains is an old story, for it happened with the Professor as with many another, that only death was needed to set the seal upon his greatness that the world might worship at his shrine. Tales of the wonderful village genius, which soon began to be heard in the outside world, brought many pilgrims to the Gray House.

One day a goodly company of musicians, the greatest of their time, softly entered the room where all of life's pleasure and pain had come to the Professor, and where Carl now gave them such welcome as he could, for his heart was heavy. One, the greatest among them, seeing the score of the sonata where it lay dust-covered just as the Professor had left it, began to play idly at first, then, as he realized its grandeur, with fire and pathos such as none save he whose hands were forever stilled, could breathe into its harmonies and a great hush fell upon the room.

Carl sat apart from the rest with bowed head, and as the plaintive notes of the Adagio throbbed and swelled on the air, and he thought how Rudolf's love for him had inspired it all, many things became clear to him whereof he had not dreamed

in the boyish care-free days that seemed so long ago.

And though like the others he bowed before the genius which had created such wonderful things, his higher reverence was given to the noble soul so careless of self, so tender of him, which had gone from him forever. Then was born within him that lofty purpose which, gaining strength as the years passed, ennobled all his actions, making his life beautiful as Rudolf's had been, and his career in art, such an one as Rudolf had dreamed for him.

The last notes of the wondrous music had trembled away into a silence, and there followed a rever-

ent hush, more eloquent far than loud-voiced acclamations, for all were loath to break the spell. Then the greatest musicians of their time said wonderingly one to another, "In truth this is the work of a master!"

It was something like the glory that Rudolf had dreamed of in the early days of his dreaming.

* * * *

Out in the old-fashioned garden the birds twittered their drowsy even songs among the lindens, and the rose petals were blown in a pink shower in the quiet corner where the Professor slept, heedless at last of blame or praise.



THREE ROSES.

A SYMBOLICAL BALLADE.

By Joseph Nevin Doyle.

Bella, Marjory and Anne my lattice
 Daily pass ;
 Belle to pleasure, Marje to toil and Anne,
 Sweet Anne to Mass.
 And when they go three roses blow
 A yellow one, a red,
 A white that in the morning glow
 Doth dip its dainty head.

Adey ! These maidens debonair
 With eyes of glinting blue,
 And warm white cheeks and lips—the fair
 First hint of sun's thin hue,
 Suggest these triple roses so—
 The yellow one, the red,
 The white that in the morning glow
 Inclines its modest head.

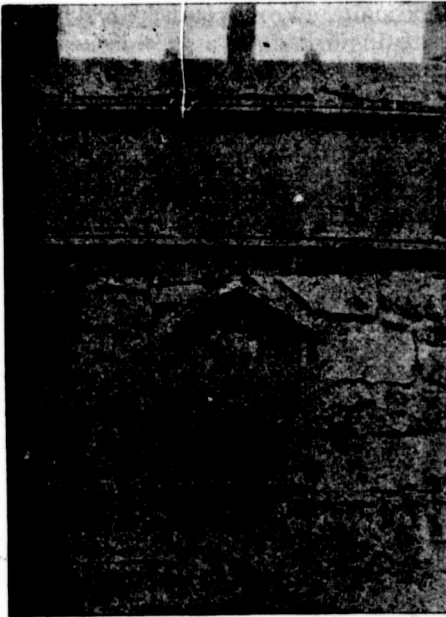
Bright Bella bent on pleasure seems,
 The red, the passionate one ;
 And Marje, the splendid bloom that gleams
 My garden's mimic sun ;
 While Anne with eyelids leaning low,
 Lips poised for prayer unsaid,
 Seems as the rose in morning glow
 That bows its beauteous head.

As they go by, my soul doth ask,
 Which it would fain possess—
 The red that fading joys doth mask ;
 The yellow—Love's distress,
 The white—my soul with joy doth grow
 Doth burgeon, answered—
 One rose it needs—God's gracious glow
 Illumes its sainted head.

AN IRISH BRUTUS.

By *E. P. Stanton.*

Recently looking over some old photographs, the writer paused at one, which, from the strangeness of its subject, suggested a history. It represents an old building of the Spanish style, on a certain street in the "Citic of the Tribes." A mural inscription immediately over the conventional symbols of death records, that



ANCIENT MEMORIAL TABLET.

"This ancient memorial of the "stern and unbending justice of the "Chief Magistrate of this city, "James Lynch Fitzstephen, elected "Mayor A. D. 1493, who condemned and executed his own "guilty son, Walter, on this spot,

"has been restored to this, its "ancient site, A. D. 1854, with the "approval of the Town Commissioners, by their chairman, V. "Rev. Peter Daly, P. P., Vicar of "St. Nicholas.

Four centuries, with their wear and change, have run by since the event thus chronicled took its place in Irish history. The year of its occurrence, as the reader knows, belongs to the reign of Henry VII. A new continent had only just been given to the knowledge and possession of the world by the intrepid Columbus. Maritime and commercial enterprise were unusually active. Scarce a British or Irish port of any consequence that did not send out its daring seamen, for, like distance, the unknown and untried "lent enchantment to the view." There were rovers on all seas; the Argus-eyed coast-guard and gauger were yet to emerge from the mist of a distant future; and piracy, as well as legitimate adventure, promised tempting results. But apart from this random traffic, there had sprung up a large and systematic trade between certain ports in Ireland and Spain. Notably was this the case between Galway and Cadiz. To the present day the effects of this intercourse are visible—at any rate in the former city. Not a few buildings there bear evidence of Spanish influence. Of these "Lynch's Castle" on a leading thoroughfare, is perhaps, the most prominent example. Writers have commented upon the swarthy complexion and

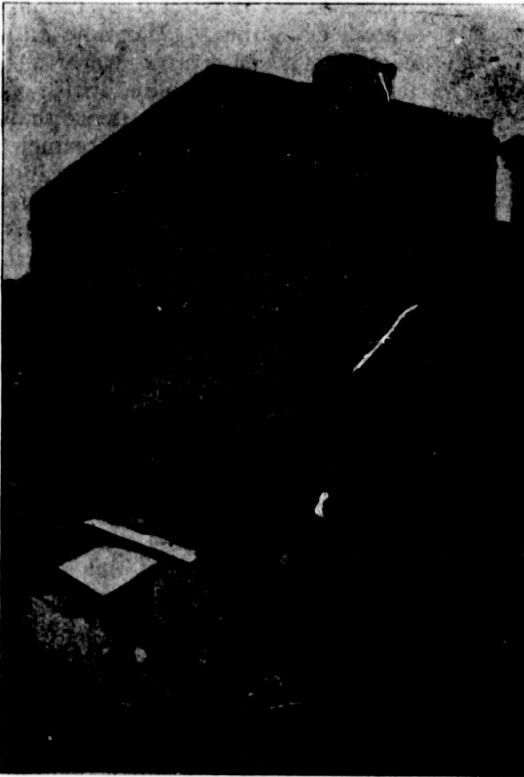
mobile features to be met with, particularly in the Claddagh—that marine suburb of Galway—and which so readily recall sunny Spain. In dress, manners and those minor but telling characteristics of a people, students of chronology have observed a blending of the two races. Hymen followed in the wake of commerce.

But to our story. James Lynch Fitzstephen, (otherwise, James, son of Stephen Lynch) was, as the memorial relates, elected Mayor of Galway in 1493. He was one of its principal merchants and most respected citizens. His family had been distinguished in Church and state. The religious foundations due to its liberality and piety are still in evidence, and in the long

roll of those who have filled the office of chief magistrate, the name of Lynch is the most frequently met with of any of the tribal names. It was a Lynch who in 1484 procured the charter of Richard III. for the election of the first mayor of Galway and whose son (Stephen), about the same period, obtained the bull of Innocent VIII. establishing the wardenship—an office possessing considerable jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical. Thomas Lynch was Mayor of Galway in 1654 when the Cromwellian forces took possession of the town.

His predecessor of 1493, even before the tragic event with which his name is associated, was a man of mark. From youth he had been distinguished by a love of justice.

No Roman law-maker ever kept a higher standard than he. Strictly honorable in his dealings; austere in his judgments and inflexible in their execution, even when his own interests were involved, he was yet popular and respected to a degree bordering on reverence. He had married into the Blake family—a tribal name like his own; and thus cemented two of the strongest local influences. As an enterprising merchant and a public-spirited citizen, he set the example of an extensive and lucrative trade with Spain. In order, it is said, to expand this he made, on one of his ships, a voyage to Cadiz. Whilst at that port he was most hospitably entertained at the house of Don Lorenzo Gomez, one of its



LYNCH'S CASTLE, GALWAY.

leading merchants and an old commercial acquaintance. On his departure, native gratitude for the kindly treatment received prompted him to ask his host as a favor to allow the latter's son, a youth of nineteen, to accompany him to Ireland on a visit. To the delight of young Gomez, who with the natural longing of youth for strange scenes and distant prospects rejoiced at the opportunity thus offered of satisfying a heart wish, the invitation was accepted.

After an uneventful voyage the Mayor and his young friend arrived in Galway. The welcome extended to one who had come as the special guest of the chief magistrate was warm and wholehearted. From his host and hostess to the humblest person that trod the streets of the ancient town, he received the most courteous treatment.

A round of festivities and such entertainments as were peculiar to the age and at which he was regarded as the special guest, opened up for the young Spaniard a new world. Much, it is true, of what he saw was Cadiz in another form. But the system of government, the conditions of life that it helped so largely to mould, presented differences material and inexplicable. For instance, he could not understand the philosophy, if there were any, underlying the constant and irritating interference on the part of the military authorities with the transactions of ordinary business. The effect of this meaningless interposition pervaded everything.

But the social charm of the homes and gatherings to which, as the guest of the chief magistrate, he had been invited, was irresistible. For friend and companion he had the Mayor's only son—a youth of his own age. Bright, winning,

commanding in his native city a popularity rare for one of his years, was Walter Lynch. There was a touch of waywardness in his nature, to which an impetuous, though kindly temper lent a sinister factor; but this was overlooked by those who came within the influence of his magnetic personality. At his first meeting with young Gomez he conceived a liking for him that was almost fraternal and which was cordially reciprocated. Besides an equality in years, their tastes and aspirations ran on the same lines. Every attention that it was possible to show the visitor was cheerfully paid by the son of his host.

In one of those confidences which at an early stage of their friendship were so freely exchanged, Gomez was informed that, shortly previous to his arrival, Walter had become engaged to one of the most lovable girls of her day—the daughter of an old and wealthy family. The proposed alliance had met with the approval of the parents of both. Gomez was soon introduced to his friend's betrothed. He, at once, felt the influence of a beauty and goodness such as he had never seen. As the comrade of her future husband, Agnes (history withholds the surname) treated him with a marked and charming kindness, both at her own home and at those social functions which the Mayor in honor of the stranger made more frequent and splendid than those it had been his practice to give.

Cloudless indeed were the days that the two youths spent together. When social claims left them free, a sail in the bay, or a ride on horseback through the country roads and lanes—now to Ardfoy where the influence of a royal past still lingered; again to Kilcolgan Castle

whose graceful form on a bank of an armlet of the Atlantic was, for two centuries yet, destined to fling its imposing shadow on the landlocked tide before Luttrell came on his mission of spoliation. Or a gallop over that hilly and winding road which led into Duthaidh Sheodhoigh (Joyce Country) and Connemara, giving glorious glimpses of the blue Atlantic on whose landward skirts hang the three islands of saintly Arran—the noblest breakwater in the world. Again in the light but taut corrack on the Corrib to visit “Royal Eng,” within the precincts of whose yet unruined abbey, the last monarch of his country—gallant Roderick O’Connor—had found a fitting grave. To youthful enthusiasms, the past with its storehouse of legend, tradition and heroic example, appealed with special force. For such receptive minds as those of Lynch and Gomez, springing from a common Celtic stock, Ireland’s early history, chequered but abounding in deeds of greatness, could furnish inspiring themes. And upon these the two friends would dilate as they visited one historic spot after another of a district rich in associations and suggestiveness.

And thus time sped happily. Those were halcyon days for native and foreigner—days, alas, too bright to endure, and fated to have a tragic close.

Unseen and unconscionably, the demon of jealousy took possession of the heart of the husband so soon to be. Attentions and kindnesses as innocent in their motive as in their character were misconstrued. At one of those social events which, as had become usual with her, the amiable and accomplished Agnes adorned by her presence, her accepted lover either saw or fancied he saw the eyes of his affianced

bride beam with rapture on the young Spaniard. The incident, to a mind already smitten with Othello’s madness, was as the setting of the lighted match to powder. For Walter Lynch the fairy spell was broken. His ardent nature took fire at the thought of being discarded for another; and its passions broke loose. Instead of asking his intended wife whether his doubts of her loyalty to their mutual pledge were the result of misapprehension or not, he seized the first opportunity to upbraid her for her inconstancy and in such terms as to render explanation fruitless, if not impossible. The not unnatural consequence was that she, astounded and hurt by the accusation, affected disdain and refused to deny a charge as groundless as it was wounding. What further passed between the suddenly estranged lovers bears out the belief that love turned to hate is the blindest of all hates. Though affection one for the other had in no sense slackened and both were faithful to their troth, the one became the slave of jealousy, the other of pride. They parted in anger, and, what was worse, in a misunderstanding destined not only to be hopeless but fatal.

While the forlorn Agnes, smarting from the insult thus received, retired to weep over her wrongs and the claims of a wounded self-esteem satisfied, to regret the pride that had prevented an explanation, her ill-starred lover, racked by the fiends and furies of the passion that had so completely possessed him, left her presence only to brood over his fancied grievances and revolve a project of revenge.

Accident rather than design soon enabled him to carry out his terrible purpose. The night after the stormy parting from his betrothed,

he perceived, as he passed slowly and alone by her residence, a figure emerging from the familiar doorway. He paused to let it precede him on the opposite side of the street. The step, the carriage, the height proclaimed it to be Gomez, who, as it afterwards transpired, had spent the evening with Agnes' father—a gentleman who spoke Spanish fluently and courted the society of those who could converse with him in that language. This visit to the house of the beloved one, so soon after the rupture of which he assumed his unconscious rival must have been aware, had, in jaundiced eyes, an exaggerated significance. Beside himself with rage, he rushed across the street to assail Gomez who, hearing the rapid steps behind him and in the darkness not recognising his pursuer, ran to avoid an encounter with one who might have accomplices. From his imperfect knowledge of some of the streets, he fled towards a solitary quarter of the town in the vicinity of the strand, but before reaching the water's edge he heard a voice hoarse with passion, yet strangely familiar, call out, "Stop, traitor, and draw; you cannot escape thus!"

Puzzled, first, at the tone in which the challenge was given then, the fire of his Spanish nature in a blaze at the insulting epithet flung at him, he drew his sword and turned upon his fierce pursuer. At the same moment, a swaying ship's light cast its beam on the face of his assailant. Livid and transformed with rage as were the features, yet Gomez instantly recognized him. It was none other than his friend and comrade—now unaccountably changed into his avowed enemy—Walter Lynch! But there was no time to express surprise or ask for explanation, for

the Galwegian wildly crying out, "Take that for treachery and abused hospitality," made a fearful lunge at him with his sword. Agitated as Gomez was by the suddenness and ferocity of the attack, he showed his skill as a fencer in dexterously parrying the thrust. Loath as he was to think it, he yet felt that there was now nothing for it but a duel to the death. Lynch, on his side, although not a tyro at the sword and having the advantage of the aggressor, was notwithstanding in his worst form. Passion, which shook his every nerve, had deprived him of that self-possession and sureness of eye so essential in consummate fencing. Many of his thrusts fell wide of the mark. A cut on the sword-arm, however, brought him somewhat to his senses, and thence-forward lunge and parry were executed with his usual skill. The spot on which the combat took place was a lonely one, just between the dock and the last house on the straggling street which, occupied exclusively by families of fishermen, terminated only a few yards from high-water mark. At night,—particularly if the hour was advanced as it was when young Gomez took leave of his hospitable host,—this street, unlighted save by the stray beams from the beacon of some vessel lying at the dock a couple of hundred yards away, was deserted, being from the brawls among sailors returning to their ships at night, considered unsafe. Hence it happened that there were no eye-witnesses of the duel. In the dark of a starless sky and out of hearing of the nearest human beings, the blades flashed, met and struck out the sparks of their finely tempered steel. The pace of the combat was so rapid and its nature so desperate that scarce a word was exchanged

during its progress. Its termination was as abrupt as was its start. Lynch had barely parried a thrust which had it reached its mark would have pierced his heart. The check, quick and unlooked-for, put his adversary slightly off his guard. It was a surprise which proved fatal, for it gave Lynch an opening of which in the impulse of ungovernable passion he did not hesitate to take advantage. Following up the check with the rapidity of lightning, he made a pass and sent his blade through the Spaniard's body.

For one indescribable moment all was mad confusion and bewilderment in the brain of the hapless victor. Then, the naked heinousness of his act stood out before him. It was murder, foul, unnatural and cruel. In it he beheld hospitality outraged, and that in a land in which hospitality had become a national virtue. Then, as so often happens in the reaction after some terrible excitement, the cold, clear light of truth broke in upon his recovered senses, and he saw not only the fatal folly but the absolute groundlessness of his jealousy. At the sight of the prostrate figure on the strand before him the scales of blinding passion dropped from his eyes, and unutterable grief and shame filled his soul. Flinging his sword into the rising tide, he threw himself on his knees beside his wounded friend in the wild hope that life had not yet fled. But on feeling heart and pulse he could detect only their last beat and flutter. The wound, alas, was mortal.

For several minutes the self-deceived lover paced the strand now in hot tears, giving vent to the grief and remorse that racked him, again picking up, as he did more than once, the sword of his dead friend to put an end to his own miserable

existence. But with the first recoil from the thought of self-destruction, came a passionate longing for life.

What to do or whither to turn the steps of the fugitive he was unable to determine. The tide was fast coming in, its silver hem on the dark strand drawing nearer and nearer to the motionless body that lay all unconscious of its approach. What to do with the body was a thought which, since tears and bewailings had expended themselves, had more than once crossed the mind of the rash and wretched murderer. The rising tide seemed to answer that question; in a brief space it would carry away the ghastly evidence of his guilt; and vain hope whispered that with his secret locked close in the arms of the Atlantic, he was safe. And so passively regarding the dwindling strand as the swelling tide closed in upon it, touched the remains of poor Gomez, and soon caught them in its giant embrace, he turned his face away from the fateful scene and made for the fastnesses of Connemara. There, he thought, in that profound solitude where there were scores of retreats inaccessible to law, and amid a people who, although inhabiting the same country, were yet cut off from the "Tribes" or governing families of the city by a line of cleavage as marked as that between countries under different crowns, he might spend weeks until chance would throw in his way some barque bound for other lands.

All night he walked, reckless of the rough road, the boulders against which his feet struck, or the exact point at which he was to lie in concealment. His only concern now was to get farther and farther away from the offing in which he had left the blood-stained corpse of his murdered friend—from the vision

of that swarthy but comely face, the glitter of those piercing eyes, the gleam of those white teeth set in the agony of death. More than once, it is true, he turned to go back and confess his crime. But the contrary impulse, to press onward and escape, prevailed.

Crossing the primitive bridge that spans the stream in the rugged and broad valley of Kylemore, he seemed for the first time to take cognizance of his surroundings. The day was breaking and the first rays of an October sun, as they pierced the clear, cool atmosphere, were

the memory of that saint and his disciples whose lives and life-work have made those western outposts of Erin glow with a splendor that has not yet faded. South across the bay, and where a dark precipitous mass loomed out of the deep with a white line of foam at its base, the cliffs of Moher marked the boldest of the headlands of Clare. The road that the fugitive followed was at this early hour deserted. The sheelings and the few more pretentious dwellings of the peasantry showed as yet no stir or sign of life. Except the tired

boatmen coming back from the night's hard work at net or trawl not a soul was in sight. Peace was abroad and everywhere but in the guilt-laden conscience of him whom the dawn had found thus—the slayer of his friend. In a hazel copse hard by his path, where the October blast had shaken from their stems, nut and berry, the northern birds sang with morning-spontaneity, tolerant of their less musical brethren as these set about the more prosaic task of breakfast. The



PASS OF KYLEMORE, CONNEMARA.

lighting up the wooded slopes before him. Wild and stern they had looked but the moment previous; now reflecting the shining east, their more rugged and prominent features were softened, whilst the purple of the lower hills yet untouched by the god of day stood out in contrast to the deep blue of the ocean at their base. Out at sea could be discerned here and there a pookawn (fishing smack) returning with the night's catch. The dark low line to the west was one of the Arran islands, sacred to

peculiar cry of the mountain goat and the bleat of its young broke, but not harshly, the melody of the feathered songsters. Nature in her austere grandeur was here, and contact with her brought back to the lonely pedestrian some of the peace he had lost. For a brief space he felt her restorative touch, as an erring child the pardoning caress of its mother.

At more than one manor-house on his way he might have found welcome and refuge. For this was the country of the Blakes, the

O'Flaherties, the Martyns, the O'Haras—all kindred of his. But the thought of home and of family ties only jarred upon him now and he shut it out as something he had forfeited and must never harbor more. Faces and scenes—those who would not know him or his guilty secret—must henceforth seek in the delusive hope of finding peace, or at least some anodyne for his pain.

Continuing his way, therefore, until the hour had called to their avocations the inmates of some cottage, he finally stopped at one, a little off the roadside and in the loneliest spot of a lonely district. From its chimney he had seen for some distance the thick peat-smoke curl into the clear atmosphere, and took it as evidence that people were astir. Knocking, he was invited to enter, and received with a "caed mille failthe"—the unfailing Connemara greeting to the visitor. Observing the fatigued and travel-stained appearance of the newcomer, that he was bare-headed (for he had lost his hat on the strand during the fatal struggle) and foot-sore, the occupants of the dwelling set about relieving his wants with that quick appreciation and silent sympathy which form so beautiful a characteristic of the Celt. The preparations for the frugal breakfast were at once revised for a more substantial repast. And what their unknown guest valued more, an instinctive delicacy on the part of the man of the house and his wife was manifested in the few questions they had addressed him as to his toilsome walk and the fatigue so visible in every line of his face. Neither by look nor enquiry was any curiosity exhibited as to the cause, and during his stay with this humble boatman and family the same reserve was maintained.

Here while we return to that city from whose gates crime had sent him forth a fugitive and an outlaw, shall we leave Walter Lynch, with the brand of Cain upon his brow and searing his conscience, trying to achieve the impossible—forgetfulness of the past.

II.

The fact that the two friends did not return to the Mayor's house on the fatal night, caused the other members of the household some concern—more especially as no message had come from either to say that they would spend the night elsewhere. An examination showed that their rooms had not been occupied since the previous evening. Before further enquiries could be instituted, a shout arose in the direction of the docks, followed by others in rapid succession, and these by the commotion incident to any public excitement. A servant was at once despatched to the quarter whence the noise proceeded, to learn its cause. On his return his white face and wild gesticulations warned the household that some calamity had happened. From his broken accents, they could gather that, at low water, a sailor had seen near the harbor bar, whither evidently the ground swell at the ebb had borne it, a dark object, and on going out to ascertain what it was, he found to his horror that it was the body of a drowned man lying wedged in between two huge boulders and partly covered with seaweed. He gave the alarm and soon a crowd was drawn to the strand. The sailor, assisted by some of the spectators, removed the body to dry land, where they reverently placed it in view of all. Several recognized it as the dead body of the young Spaniard—the Mayor's guest. A closer examination revealed

that drowning was not the cause of death, for through his tunic they could trace the fatal stab of sword or dagger.

With blanched cheeks and a sharp intaking of the breath, the Mayor heard the lackey's account of the tragedy, for as he listened an awful fear seized him, one or two circumstances in the hurried recital and connecting his absent son with the crime just discovered, painfully obtruding themselves. "My God, can it be," his anxious heart asked, "that my guest has been slain by my own son?"

Ordering, as chief magistrate, a guard to proceed at once to the place, he made all haste to go there himself also, hoping against hope that rumor had exaggerated the occurrence. Unfortunately, he found the facts to be as reported by his servant. It was only too true; there before him on the shore and surrounded by a mourning multitude, lay the pierced and lifeless body of young Gomez—his cherished guest and the son of his old-time Cadiz friend. And, worse still, beside it were placed the sword and hat of his own son. Both had just been picked up by fishermen, the former on the strand and the latter floating at the wet dock. The finding of these on the scene of the tragedy and the mysterious absence of their owner were to a man of the Mayor's mental grasp facts of astounding significance. He had to face, he instinctively felt, the ordeal of his life—the struggle between his feelings as a father and his duty as a judge: his first dread surmise was correct—what he saw convinced him that his unfortunate son was the murderer. The ordeal left James Lynch Fitzstephen an altered man—altered save in one respect—the unalterable purpose, cost what it might, to be true to justice.

The guard had already come, and detailing the officer in charge with what assistance be required to remove the remains to his own house with the utmost possible respect, the Mayor accompanied them thither with bowed head and broken heart.

Forthwith taking into his counsel two of the civic dignitaries who were more particularly entrusted with the preservation of the peace, he unfolded to them the circumstances of the appalling event that had clouded their city, suppressing none, not even the unaccountable absence of his son or his own suspicion as to the identity of the culprit. He suggested that a search party be organized for the apprehension of his son. In vain were remonstrances and objection on the part of his colleagues against the sufficiency of the grounds for such a supposition. But forceful in character, as well as austere in sense of justice, he overcame all opposition and issued the necessary instructions for putting his suggestion into effect.

The town was searched, and the surrounding woods scoured for the fugitive. Every means known to an age in which the detective force and the telegraph were as yet in the realm of prophecy was exhausted. But, as if the grave had swallowed him, so had vanished every trace of the suspected murderer.

The funeral of the Spaniard was marked by every evidence of respect and mourning. Church and State joined in a tribute to his memory worthy of the ancient city in which he had met his death and of which he had been the guest.

But duty to the dead however nobly discharged, in no measure weakens, still less satisfies the demands of justice. So thought

Lynch Fitzstephen, who continued with unabated vigor his efforts for the arrest of his son—and this although days had passed in unavailing search, and the attempt to capture the fugitive had been formally abandoned by the civic authorities to whose hands the task had been especially entrusted. The houses in the country, to any one of which as a kinsman or as a Lynch his son would have been made welcome, were written to by the Mayor; masters of ships were questioned; and every other avenue of escape, overlooked or not closely examined by the civic enquiry, was investigated but without effect. Then, and only when human ingenuity could suggest no further steps, the chief magistrate gave up the quest. It was now thought that the fugitive might have taken passage on some craft for the continent or mayhap for that new western world, to which but a few months before the persevering Genoese mariner had discovered a watery pathway.

Public consternation at the tragedy gave place, in time, to wonder at its cause and this in turn, when the passion prompting the crime became known, to a feeling of commiseration for the culprit. The popularity he had enjoyed among all classes; the fast friendships he had formed; his magnetic personality, and the influence of an honored name—these were now remembered and gave birth to the wish that Walter Lynch was safe beyond the seas. The wish, however, was vain.

III.

When all else availed not, the conscience of the outcast brought him back.

His sojourn among the western highlands, would, if nature could anywhere have accomplished the miracle, have healed the maimed

heart. Often he went forth alone among the hills spending the whole day in solitudes profound as those loved of the muse of him who, three centuries later, sang:

“ There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer,
The crags repeat the raven's crook
In symphony austere.”

The islands of Ara na Naomh, or “Ara of the Saints,” within sight of the fisherman's humble dwelling, offered refuge to the outlaw. There, girt in by the billows of the Atlantic, and isolated from all who knew him, he might spend his days unmolested. But in the silent watches of the night or in the innocent and unsuspecting home of his entertainer, earth seemed to hold no place in which he could hide his sin. If his thoughts turned to his mountain retreats, the ghost of the murdered Gomez would rise in protest; if they wandered beyond the shoreless western horizon, as they often did when he gazed at some sail sinking behind it, his straining vision was arrested by the intervening islands, upon whose bosoms the saintly founder of their churches had taught, long before the Danish spoiler came, the inexorable lesson of penance and expiation.

And so one morning early, before its citizens were astir, he returned to his native city, and voluntarily placed himself in the hands of justice.

As soon as the announcement was made to the Mayor that his son was at the town-house and had surrendered, he ordered the guard to secure their prisoner. The command was reluctantly obeyed.

Now by the same strange irony of Fate that had made the father the judge of the guilty son, it happened that the strong prison of the city was the next building to the

Mayor's own house. Hence, the progress of the guard with their prisoner from the town-house to the jail was for a considerable part of the way in full view of the home of the unfortunate culprit. From a window of their own residence, to which they had been drawn by the uproar of the crowd that had joined the dismal procession as it passed, the mother and sister of the self-confessed murderer could see

trate, the vast majority pitying the fate of their favorite were loud in bewailings and in protest. As Mayor of the city, James Lynch Fitzstephen, was, under the extraordinary powers conferred on that office in the 15th century, vested with the prerogative of pardoning criminals; but apart from his fixed purpose of justice he remembered now that during his tenure of office, he had in the case of an earlier murder exercised his civic duty without mercy. The struggle between his feelings as a father and his obligations as a judge was such as to shake the stoutest heart, but he remained inflexible.

The legal enquiry that followed was short. On his own confession the prisoner was convicted of murder and from the lips of his father who presided at the trial, heard the sentence of death. Thus was reproduced in Galway town, four centuries ago, a scene which recalled the heroic days of Lucius Junius Brutus.

No sooner was the result of the trial publicly known, than the indignant populace, crying out against what seemed to them an act of inhuman severity, surrounded the prison and the Mayor's house, threatening to pull down both buildings if the condemned man was not released—a menace which they were prevented from carrying out only by the presence of a military force summoned to suppress the riot.

The interval between the trial and execution was a prolonged and stern test of the fortitude of the father and the firmness of the judge. Persons of rank and influence pressed for a reprieve; his family implored him to save the life of his misguided son; the despair of the innocent cause of that son's crime and her piteous appeals for



A GROUP OF CONNEMARA MEN.

him approach, bareheaded, pale, pinioned and surrounded by the spears of his escort. Their outcry of dismay at the spectacle smote the father's heart and tested his fortitude to the utmost. Outside he beheld the surging, excited multitude. Surprise, compassion, horror, were depicted on the faces of all. While some expressed admiration for their upright magis-

clemency met him almost every hour of that terrible period. But as well expect to see the rock-girt coast of Arranmore yield to the shock of the Atlantic.

The last dread scenes, were they not verified not only by a consistent tradition but also by plain history, might be set down to an imagination finding its proper place in the realms of sensational romance.

The night before the day of the execution, the Mayor descended to the dungeon in which his condemned son lay. The visit had a two-fold purpose: to announce that on the morrow the death sentence would be carried out and to strengthen the watch lest the prisoner, availing himself of the general sympathy in his favor, might escape. The inflexible magistrate was accompanied by a priest (from the latter, according to Hardiman* the account was received). Both entered the cold, dark cell, the former holding a lighted lamp in one hand and locking the grated door with the other. The key he secreted about his person. The son drawing near the father, asked with eyes to which suffering had lent a peculiar winsomeness, the question that the faltering tongue could not utter: "Father, is there any hope?" "None, my son, from me—you must look to Another for that. Were I not the unfortunate man whom the law binds to the execution of its just sentence, I would strive to save you with every fibre of my being. Dismiss, therefore, my poor child, all thought of earthly life; concern yourself only with that which shall never end. I have brought you this holy man, your old confessor (pointing to the priest shaken with emotion at the spec-

tacle), he will help you to prepare to meet your Eternal Judge. At sunrise you must die."

Then as if he feared the father's feelings would overcome him, he turned to the priest and signed to him to proceed with his ministrations. He himself withdrew to a recess in the wall of the dungeon, whilst the last rites of the Church were being administered to the condemned man. This spiritual service rendered, he knelt in prayer with confessor and penitent, and all through that appalling vigil he waited, with them, for the dawn. Sustained by sacrament, prayer and holy counsel, Walter Lynch became resigned to his fate. He joined fervently in litany, psalm and prayer; and although sighing heavily from time to time, spoke of life and its concerns no more. Thus, with intervals of silence, his last night on earth passed away.

Meanwhile, outside the prison walls his relatives and friends were not idle. His disconsolate mother, whose maiden name (as already mentioned) was Blake, had effectually appealed to the heads of that house to rescue her son, if for no tie of kindred then for the honor of their family. They armed to deliver him and, in the immense throng that before day-break had gathered about the prison, found willing hands to help them.

At the first hint of day in the dungeon, in the grey light of early morning, the Mayor gave the expected summons to the guard to prepare. He assisted the reluctant executioner* to remove the irons that still bound his son. Then unlocking the grated door, he ordered

* Local tradition has it that either because of the popularity of young Lynch or the general execration certain to follow, no person could be found in Galway who would act as hangman. History, however, refers to the presence of an executioner in the condemned cell.

*History of Galway, p. 74.

the condemned man to walk between the priest and himself and thus proceed to the scaffold, which stood at the eastern extremity of the town. Thus they ascended a flight of stairs by which they gained the street. Here supported by a strong military escort, they were about to advance, when they were stopped by the relatives of the culprit who surrounded the Mayor imploring him to spare the life of his son. The crowd stretching far before them, now loud in their outcries for mercy, now threatening their chief magistrate with instant death if he persisted in his course, made further progress impossible. The soldiers themselves, it is said moved by the pathetic spectacle, became unwilling to perform the duties of escort and suffered the populace to continue their humane, though illegal, opposition.

It is considered probable that the Mayor was not unprepared for this contingency or the rescue that would, when entreaty had failed, have been attempted. Seeing that progress through that excited and menacing mass of humanity was impracticable, he led his son back to the building they had just quitted, and, before the crowd could divine his intention, had mounted by a winding stair to an arched and opened window overlooking the

thronged street. Using the rope with which his unfortunate prisoner had been bound, he made a noose which he passed over the young man's head and to an iron bar, projecting from the wall outside, attached the other end of the fatal halter. Then in sight and hearing of the horrified spectators he addressed his son for the last time: "You have but a few moments to live, my child; employ them in prayer—take the final embrace of your unhappy father."

The onlooking multitude, rendered powerless by the rapidity with which the Mayor's terrible stratagem was about to be executed, saw the parting embrace and then the sudden launch into the air above their heads of the murderer of Gomez!

* * * *

Retaining his station at the window, the chief magistrate of Galway confronted the populace. Regardless of applause or censure, seeking only the approval of his conscience, fearless as he was just, their threats did not dismay him.

But the faces upon which he now looked had undergone instant and complete transformation. Rage, menace, even horror had changed to speechless amazement. The greatness of his act had awed them!



ABOUT HOPKINS.

By Wm. Emmett.

I hope that what I am going to tell you about Hopkins will not convey a false impression.

Hopkins is not an ass,—that is to say, not always—on the contrary, I should say that Hopkins is, if not clever, quite above the ordinary in intelligence. He is recognized about town as an all-round, capable, business man. But Hopkins, like you and I and other great men—has his weaknesses, and, perhaps, the particular weakness, which caused the trouble of which I am about to speak, is one that Hopkins has a special fondness for. That's the way it always happens—who is it that says something about the gods making whips of our darling sins and stinging us with them? Well! there is no doubt about the whips this time, nor the "stings" either, if I could judge by Hopkins' groans—but I anticipate.

You see, a few years ago, when we were both younger, although, for the matter of that, Hopkins is as young now as he ever was—I had foolishly allowed Hopkins to acquire the custom of dropping into my rooms at all hours. The result is, that although I have learned to abhor going out and have developed a weakness for early hours, I might as well have Hopkins' habits and adopt his mode of living, for let there be any particular evening when I have promised myself a nice quiet night of undisturbed reading, and have, revelling in the anticipation, settled down, in my slippers and capacious armchair, before the

grate—that is the night Hopkins will turn up. On a night when I have made up my mind to turn in early and have a good long sleep, I will no more than have got comfortably stowed away, snuggling with delicious drowsiness between the covers, when there he is again. On my word, I'm a patient man, but there are times when I could throw Hopkins out of my window with considerable pleasure. However, it's a long lane that has no turning, as somebody says, and if I refrained—but I must come to the point of my story.

On Thursday night of last week, or rather, to be more accurate, on Friday morning, for it was some time after midnight,—I was disturbed in the course of a most delightful sleep by a sudden sensation of acute torture, and after much confusion as to its cause, during which I ascribed it variously to the gnawing of wild beasts at my vitals, to being stabbed repeatedly with bowie knives, and to having my ribs powdered with a pile-driver, I awoke to the fact that Hopkins was standing by my side, coolly poking me in the ribs with his cane. I will not dilate on my feelings at that moment; they can be better imagined than described, to use a story book phrase.

There he was, with a big cigar in the corner of his mouth, his hat tilted jauntily on one side and the most matter-of-fact expression on his impudent countenance, as if it was the most reasonable thing in the world to walk into a man's

room in the dead of night and poke him into wakefulness.

There was nothing for it but to put a good face on the matter and I did the best I could—which wasn't much. Before I had rubbed the sleep from my eyes, Hopkins had mixed himself some whisky and water, helped himself to a fresh cigar from my box, placed himself astraddle of a chair and was talking away with the precision and unhesitancy of a phonograph. I saw I was in for it and I knew of old that all I had to do was to sit and listen. So I sat up and hugged my knees and groaned inwardly.

Now Hopkins, besides having a great and uncheckable flow of language, is endowed with a voice that is pitched in a most surprising key and of very penetrating tones. It is therefore not a matter of much surprise that, just about the time I was drifting back into obliviousness, we should have been startled by a loud knocking on the wall against which my bed is placed. When I say we were startled, I do not speak accurately, for its effect on Hopkins was very trifling.

"Now I say,"—he said in aggrieved tones—"what's all that about? Hanged if I don't believe it's some one in the next room. Confound their impudence!—Well as I was saying, Charley,"—he went on without in the least lowering his voice.—"She seemed to take to me like everything—" Here I interrupted to suggest that he should continue his discourse in a more subdued key, as there was evidently some one trying to sleep in the adjoining chamber.

"Now hang it all"—he retorted indignantly, blowing a cloud of smoke in my face and helping himself to more whisky and water—"What I should like to know is, is this your room, or isn't it? If

they're such blessed poor sleepers why let 'em take a powder, that's all. Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes—she seemed to take a great shine to me and you can imagine I wasn't backward a little bit in improving the shining hour—ha, ha—for you know, old chap, I had been just aching to meet her for the last two years, and, by Jove, I was more than tickled when I found her there to-night!"

Hopkins was off again in a fine steady, untiring staccato, and I have a confused consciousness of having heard a long story about a lovely girl with brown eyes—"and two thousand a year, of her own, my boy"—who had succumbed to his charms—and a good deal more about the advantage of keeping in the swim of society, and cultivating an engaging manner, instead of fossilizing in your rooms every night. Then everything got a bit twisted and presently, somehow or other, I had got Hopkins down and was hammering his head on the floor, and he was bellowing like a bull, and I was thinking what a pity it was the carpet was so soft—till I awoke with an awful start to find Hopkins knocking furiously on the wall and shouting at the top of his confounded falsetto—"Hang it all, what do you mean? Go to sleep, you wooden-headed donkey—do! How dare you interrupt our conversation in this manner! I should like to punch your head, I should upon my soul! etc., etc."

How I managed to get rid of Hopkins I am not clear, but I remember asking him in the most persuasive and friendly tones, while the spirit of murder raged in my heart, to come around that evening and tell me all about it—and to be sure and come early.

As I expected, the next day my landlady laid the complaint of my

neighbors (for it appeared there were two ladies) before me, and expatiated at length on the trouble such nocturnal disturbances caused her, and the possible loss of patronage which might ensue therefrom; and much more in the same strain after the manner of aggrieved landladies.

But the good woman is really of the best natured and when I had explained the helpless part I bore in the affair and mentioned the name of my visitor, she smiled and said: "Well Mr. Robinson, I must confess as 'ow I knew it was Mr. 'Opkins, and I sympathized with you, Sir—I really did—for I could hear his hawful voice quite plainly upstairs, and I mentioned to Miss Griggs—which it was her and her mother as had the room, and very pleasant haffable ladies they are--- what a horrid man he is, and 'ow it never should have 'appened only, they being out theirselves, the door was left on the latch, and do you know, Mr. Robinson, the young lady was quite surprised when she heard Mr. 'Opkins' name, and seemed to know him—and says she—' Mr. 'Opkins! Is it a thin young man with a heye-glass, and very little 'air?' 'The same!' says I. And with that she tosses her head and says very scornful, to herself like--- 'I thought as 'ow I recognized the voice,' and walks away."

* * * * *

Hopkins did turn up early that evening, and by so doing he worked out his own retribution and avenged my long-borne suffering.

He burst into my room about eight o'clock with the face of a man who has seen a ghost, and fell, gasping, into my easy-chair (if Hopkins was dying he'd find the most comfortable spot).

"Robinson"—says he, with a terrible groan—"What does this

mean? What conspiracy is this? Who was that I met on the landing?—What is she doing here? She came out of that next room—don't tell me she was there last night! But she was, I know she was! My God, she cut me—she looked me up and down—she looked over me—she looked through me, and she froze me! Ugh!!"

Then he fell to groaning, as if he were dying, and then he raved again; and while he alternatively raved and groaned, I stood away and thought he had lost his senses, until I gathered the meaning of his words, and those of my landlady came back to me. But it was only after I had succeeded in calming him a bit, by means of liberal doses of whisky and water, that I finally ascertained the true magnitude of Hopkins' punishment.

You will, no doubt, by this time have guessed that my neighbors of the preceding night were none other than the "lovely girl with brown eyes and two thousand a year" and her maternal parent.

I will not attempt to tell you of all that passed between Hopkins and myself on this occasion. Suffice to say, and this I think, in the light of what you have seen of him, will not surprise you, that after emptying my decanter, and having wept, raved or groaned to his heart's content, he ended by convincing himself (and almost convincing me) that I was author and instigator of a vile plot which had for its object his humiliation in the eyes of the brown-eyed girl and the consequent loss of her charms and fortune (which latter, so far as that was concerned, he despised).

He reproached me in tones of sorrowing and injured virtue, and reminded me of the story of Judas, pointing out that he had ever been

my faithful friend—had stuck to me through thick and thin—had trusted me with the inmost feelings of his too confiding nature,—and I had by my treachery and duplicity destroyed his faith in his fellow-men.

This, and much more, did Hop-

kins launch upon me in the hour of his downfall; but, I may say, I have no hard feelings towards him and do not blame him much, for surely if he sowed the wind, as somebody says, he reaped a blizzard.

But Hopkins has not visited me since.

DEBBY.

By Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).

"My, the walkin' 's sloppy. I do hope Debby won't git her feet wet. It's a mile and a half of bad road 'tween here an' the post office."

Mrs. Martin peered from the small-paned window, started back, then bent eagerly forward.

"There she is now, pa, and Jack Hanner's with her. They're talking dreadful earnest as'—"

"Umph!" growled Robert Martin carelessly, but he came and stood at the window and looked out across the snowy garden at the two figures moving along beside the fence.

"I guess it's come at last, pa!"

Mrs. Martin's face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. Debby was their only child. She and Jack Hanner had been "keepin' comp'ny" for years, and the whole country-side approved of the match.

At the gate the couple stopped. Jack was angry and red-faced. "I s'posed it was all right," he said shortly. "Your father and mine were talkin' it over, an' father deeded me the south farm. I didn't think you'd say no to me—after all these years."

"I can't tell you why Jack—not yet, but I will, and it's just so's I can't marry you. Good-night."

She turned her white half-resolute, half-scared face towards the house, and Jack chagrined, angry and puzzled, stalked up the road.

"Why there's suthin' the matter," said Mrs. Martin. "She won't hev him—he's gone up the road without comin' in."

"Shy, I guess," was the farmer's interpretation, but he dug his hands into his pockets nervously.

Debby's pale face and sorry startled eyes told all the story.

"What's the matter with you and Jack Hanner," asked her father with a rough man's disregard for feeling.

"Nothing!"

"Oh, Debby," Mrs. Martin remonstrated, biting her lip and shaking her head sorrowfully.

"That's a lie. He asked you to marry him. His father said he was goin' to, to-day. There's this about, it too," he went on harshly, "if you've sent him off, you kin' go too."

"I can't marry him, father—you don't know what—"

"Ye don't want to, but what's that got to do with it? Why, I've raised ye to marry Jack Hanner. Me an' his father settled it the day you wuz born. Jack was five then.

An' all this twenty years we've worked farms together, 's you might say—lookin' to the jinin' of 'em by-and-bye. We've been more'n common neighbors; line fences and ditches aint been strict. Ef he wanted a piece of my gully-field fer the water—why he got it. We've swapped, an' fixed an' mended, an' planned an' made 'provements an' laid bysavin's so 's to give you an' Jack a good start. Ye played together when ye was young ones an' ye used to be sweet-hearts, till after ye come from yer Aunt Laura's. If she's put any nonsense into ye—it's got to come out."

It was a long speech for Robert Martin. He was wrought into a tempest of nervousness. His square, leathery hands were planted into and plucked out of his pockets with the force of which he would have unburdened himself by beating a horse, kicking a dog or jerking a plough.

Debby came and sat down beside the fire. She had hung her coat and cap behind the kitchen door.

"Didn't ye get yer feet wet?" asked the mother.

"A little."

"Well, take them boots right off'n put on yer knitted slippers. It's enough to give ye yer death! Set there an' git warmed through—it'll take the chill out o' yer bones."

Debby acquiesced mechanically and sat facing her father without seeing him. She was shivering, partly from the raw wind and dampness, partly from nervous strain.

Mrs. Martin pattered in and out of the pantry and up and down the cellar stairs. She was a little woman, slender of wrist and waist and neck. Her sallow face, dark-rimmed eyes, yellow eyeballs and

teeth told of her stomach's unsuccessful battle with unwholesome food, bad air and over-work. Her hair was scanty, uncared-for and gray. She wore a cotton gown---gray ground with a black sprig. It was a standard pattern in that section of the country. When one old dress was worn past all redemption by patches, Mrs. Martin bought the same number of yards of the same kind, and made up another in exactly the same style.

"Our butter's most out—we'll hev to eat dry bread by the end of the week," she said. No one paid attention. She habitually looked upon the darkest side, which was partly temperament and partly indigestion.

"Git up an' help yer mother git supper," growled Robert Martin.

Debby started and muttered something about not knowing she was getting tea.

"Never mind father," said the mother. "I'd ruther she'd git good an' warm. It's all done now anyway. Ain't your dress wet 'round the bottom," she said, as Debby came over beside her. "Why child," stooping to feel it, "it's soakin'—go right up an' put on dry things."

Debby went, still mechanically.

"You've said enough to her, pa," began Mrs. Martin. She came and stood beside the stove, clasped her hands and turned them palms down to the heat.

"O, you're jest as anxious as I am, but you're so 'fraid she'll die of consumption ef she don't git her own way."

"I thought she liked him," said Mrs. Martin reflectively. "She used to. There must be somebody else."

"Drat 'im, whoever he is—spoilin' my plans. But I'll see ef my girl is a-goin' to run me."

"Don't do nothin' agin' her pa. She's young yet. Mebbe she'll come 'round herself. Goodness knows it's hard enough when a woman marries to her likin,' let alone when goin' clear agin' the feelin's."

"That's all stuff. She'd like him well enough ef she found out she wuz married to him an' there wan't nothin' else to do!"

"I ain't so sure pa. There's ways o' bein' mighty unhappy."

"You don't like Jack Hanner. It's you been settin' up Debby."

He sprang out from behind the stove, six feet tall in his stockings and grasped his little wife by the arm.

"I ain't," she cried jerking away, "an' you jist shet up an' set down."

"Well, mind you don't, that's all," he answered. "I don't want no supper. I'm goin' to bed."

He paddled up the stairs. His wife heard the boards creak now and then as he bore on them with his heavy stockinged feet. She heard him stirring about his room overhead and then all was still.

Debby came down wearily. She had been crying and her whole figure drooped with sadness.

"Can't ye eat nothin'?" asked the anxious mother, as Debby pushed away her plate. "Let me make you a piece of toast, an' bring yer cup an' saucer to the fire; you're shiverin' back there. It's gettin' colder out, too."

The girl sipped her tea for a while and then she said suddenly, "Oh, I got a letter from Aunt Laura to-day. I'll read it. It went right out of my head when I came in."

"So she wants ye down again this winter," the mother said.

"Yes," folding the letter, "but I don't want to go. Father'll be so down on me now, an' I don't want to leave you."

"It's queer," she went on presently, "what funny notions city-folks have of farmers. They think they have lovely lawns and shade trees and just lie on the grass in the summer, and pick wild flowers in the spring, and go fishing and have pic-nics. And they think they get lots of cream and butter and eggs, and live on ham and chicken and honey, instead of apple sauce and bacon."

"Farmin' wouldn't pay ef folks wa'n't ca'ful, an' it's real pitiful to see 'em right an' left losin' their land, an' all from livin' too high, an' eatin' the profits, stedly turnin' them into money."

There were two hundred and fifty acres in the Martin farm, and Robert had thirty thousand dollars out at interest. He had made it out of the timber and out of the land. Every cent was an honest one and was earned by work and sweat-drops. He was old now. His interest in life was flagging as his health decayed. All his hopes had centered around his child—this frail girl with a flush on her cheeks and a brightness in her eyes that meant only one thing, and that, soon.

The neighborhood heard that Debby had refused Jack and the neighborhood disapproved of Debby.

Then the news went around that Debby was sick, "failin' fast," they said one to another, and all understood the truth at once.

Debby's father alone remained in the dark. "She's as well as ever she was," he would say. "A little peaked, but thet's temper an' stayin' in the house. If she'd go out, she'd be all right an' git over that trick o' barkin' so at nights."

Jack came to see them often at first. Debby was constrained when he was near her, feverishly anxious

when he was gone, eager when he was expected, and morbid when he did not come.

After a little he came seldomer. Debby said nothing, but she grew weaker. Even her father saw the black truth. She was in the last stages of consumption.

"Father didn't know why I wouldn't marry Jack," she said one day to her mother. Her father out in the kitchen, raised his head to listen. Presently her voice came again, husky and broken by pauses—"When I was in Toronto last year at Aunt Laura's, I went to a doctor and he said it was no use—there wasn't any chance. I couldn't bear to tell Jack—I couldn't bear to give him up all at once, and I thought maybe the doctor might be wrong—maybe I'd get better in the spring."

There was a great sob out in the kitchen, but the mother's eyes were tearless. And she had shed all her tears long ago, and now with burning eyeballs and tense nerves lived from day to day waiting for the end.

One day in April, Debby asked for Jack. It was three months since she had seen him. She did not know that the whole neighborhood was a-stir and a-buzz with the news that he was to be married in a little more than a week. "To some girl down the shore," the gossip ran.

Jack came. Debby's father met him. He drew him into the kitchen, closed the door and said:

"Ef ye let her know yer agoin' to be married, I'll kill ye Jack—just so sure 's you stand on that floor. We've kep' it from her up to now."

The young fellow, haggard and trembling, turned and passed into the room where the dying girl lay.

When he came out again the farmer stepped up beside him and

together they walked down the lane to the gate.

"It wuz a year ago," the father began, "that Debby stood out here an' told ye no. We saw her from the winder—me an' ma. Now yer going' to be married an' she's dyin' in there. Do you know why she wouldn't hev ye?"

"Yes," sighed Jack, "but I didn't know till to-day. I thought she didn't like me—I thought some one had come between us."

"She told ye how she found out she had consumption an' ud only be a drag on any man."

"Yes."

"An' did you tell her about bein' married?"

"No," answered Jack, and they parted with no more words.

The week passed. Monday was Jack's wedding-day. Debby went away on Sunday.

"It's good she's gone before to-morrow," said the mother brokenly, and the father nodded his head.

A week later they two sat lonely and sad in their big cheerless kitchen.

"Well, we've done with things on earth," sighed Mrs. Martin. "It's awful to be done with everythin' an' hev to go on livin' and doin' things, same's ever. It's better to be 'dead an' done with, than done with an' not dead.' There's the money we've scrimped an' saved—what's it wuth to us? We scrimped it out o' our blood an' out o' poor Debby."

"How scrimped it out 'n her?" the old man asked.

"We might have took her to furrin' parts, where it's warmer. Folks git better sometimes in them south countries; an' even if they don't git right smart, their folks can keep 'em longer than where it's cold. Seems to me we've murdered her."

It had never entered the father's head. He had thought of little else than how to put by dollars and cents and where to put them for safety.

"There's Jack Hanner an' his bride comin' home," Mrs. Martin said presently.

The old man went to the window to look after the rig as it passed along the road.

"A year ago it wuz Debby," he said, "Now it's another girl. He might ha' waited a little—he might ha' waited."

CARDINAL PAROCCHI.

By Rev. J. P. Treacy.

"Let princes choose such ministers as are more sensible of duty than of rising; and let them discern a busy nature from a willing mind."—BACON.

Of the many whom the genius of Leo XIII. has called to prominent positions in the Catholic world, there is none who is so intimately connected, both officially and personally with the existing head of the Church; there is none who is honored with greater confidence, and none is more worthy in every way of the exalted position he has attained than Lucido Maria, Cardinal Parocchi. Combining the profound erudition of the theologian with the humble simplicity of the saint, he stands to-day facile princeps in a princely body of ecclesiastics.

Seeing him, as we students have seen him, in almost every circumstance of life, where the inward nature of a man would reveal itself, whether at the altar of God, in the chair of theology, in the salons of the Vicariato, or on the country roads of the Roman Campagna, he ever displayed the same gentle, amiable disposition. We have but to look at his face to recognize that the spirit of meekness predominates in his character, while at the same time the firm lips and well

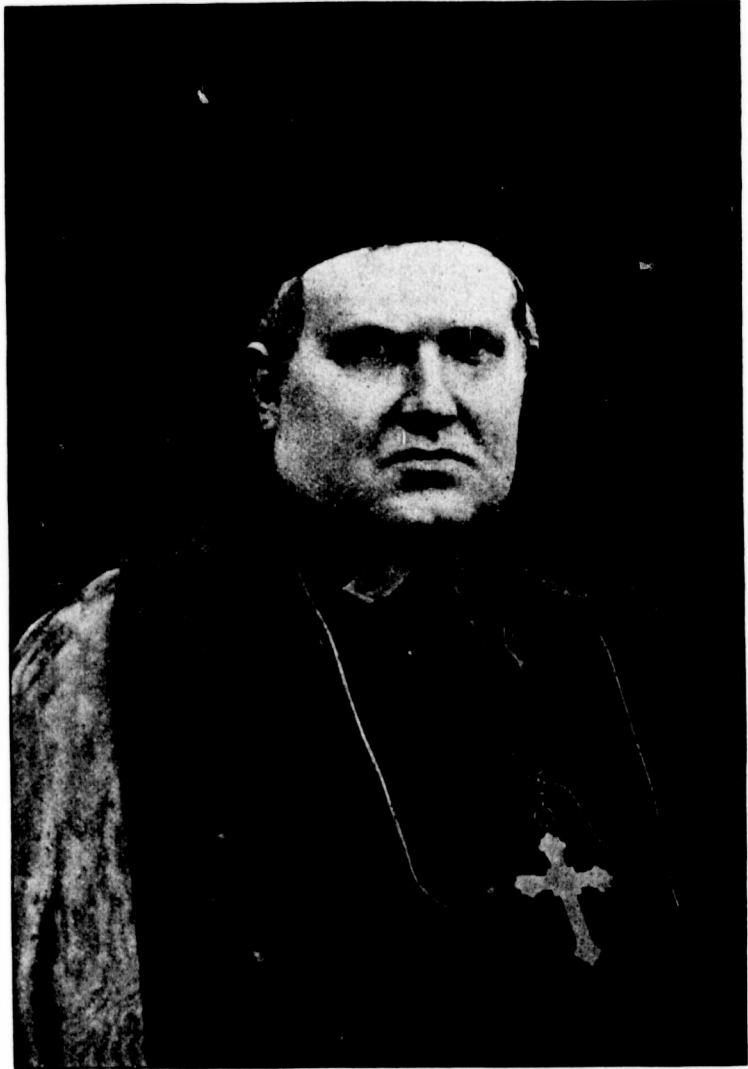
turned chin bespeak firm purpose and strong determination.

Lucido Maria Parocchi was born at Mantua, Italy, on the thirteenth of August, 1833. Sprung from the people, he is more in touch with their needs and requirements, and sympathises more fully in their religious and national aspirations than many of his colleagues in the college of Cardinals. Indeed he is known to have on many occasions alluded to the fact that so far from having anything in common with the Farnesi or Colonnas, he had passed the early years of his life in the humble seclusion of a farmer's cottage. This is one of the great secrets of the power of the Catholic Church over the masses. Her rulers are taken from all classes and conditions of life, and every man, no matter how humble his antecedents may have been, may aspire to the highest position of ecclesiastical authority, provided always that his moral and religious training is such as will guarantee the proper exercise of his religious functions.

Young Parocchi evinced at an early period of his life a strong

vocation for the priesthood. He took the ecclesiastical habit and entered the seminary of his native diocese before he had completed his fifteenth year. Seeing the ex-

Jesuit fathers at the Gregorian University. At this time the Popes were temporal sovereigns, and nowhere was their beneficent influence so perceptibly felt as at the



CARDINAL PAROCCHI

traordinary talents of the young man, his superiors sent him to Rome to pursue his theological studies under the direction of the

Gregorian University. At this period the University was an ideal centre of Catholic education. It merited the appellation of Univer-

sity, not only because of its extensive curriculum, for it proposed to teach all branches of knowledge, human and divine, but because it held within its walls students from all parts of the world. Young men from Italy, France, Germany, the British Isles, and from the distant Orient, all flocked thither, bringing with them the language and traditions of their own countries. From the intercourse that necessarily subsisted between the students there arose that cosmopolitan spirit of human brotherhood which has always been the characteristic feature of every Catholic University. Nor was the Roman alma mater unworthy of her children. Its educational resources were rich and varied. Museums, libraries, collections of rarest monuments of ancient and modern art were at the disposition of the students and professors—all these rich treasures and scientific apparatus receiving continual additions from each reigning pontiff and from the cardinals and other prelates who emulated the enlightened zeal of the Popes. It was at this University that Stanislas Kotska, Aloysius Gonzaga and John Berchmanns, Saints of the Church, received that Christian education which served to shed additional lustre upon their youthful piety. Here also at a more recent period a brilliant young theologian, Joachim Pecci, now Pope Leo XIII., defended universal theology against all comers, and carried off the first prize for the best theological essay in the academic year of 1835. Such men as Secchi, Liberatore, Franzellin, Pecci, and Perrone and a host of other equally celebrated professors have graced the rostra of the Gregoriana in times past, and when we consider the profound erudition and scholarly accomplishments of the masters, we are not surprised

at the intellectual attainments of the pupils.

Young Parocchi remained at this university for five years, and after a brilliant course of studies in Scripture, theology and canon law, in which latter branch he particularly excelled, he was ordained priest in the summer of 1857. In the same year he received his degrees in divinity and jurisprudence. Returning to his native diocese he taught moral and dogmatic theology for several years in the ecclesiastical seminary where he had received his early training. After some years he was appointed parish priest of Sts. Gervase and Protase, one of the most important churches of Mantua. As pastor in Mantua he gave evidence of that indefatigable zeal which has since characterised the Cardinal at Rome. He delivered a series of scriptural and theological conferences which gained for him a wide reputation as a preacher.

He wrote many able and eloquent works against modern rationalism which at that time had begun to show itself in the universities of Northern Italy. These works created a most favorable impression at the time, and soon his name became famous not only in Italy but in France and the surrounding countries. Pope Pius IX. called him to Rome and attached him to his person in the quality of Domestic Prelate. In 1875 he was consecrated Bishop of Pavia where he remained for two years. He was then appointed Archbishop of the rich and flourishing Diocese of Bologna. This appointment was, however, frustrated owing to complications that had previously arisen between the Vatican and the government of Victor Emmanuel. On March 5, 1863 King Victor Emmanuel published a royal edict requiring that all appointments

to positions in the clergy and acts relating to the same, should be submitted to the civil authority and should have no effect or practical validity until confirmed in the King's name by why what is known as the Royal Placet or Exequatur. In this decree the Holy See to which it appertains to nominate and provide for all ecclesiastical benefices and dignities is spoken of as "a foreign power." Needless to say, this usurpation on the part of the Government was severely condemned by the Holy See. The present Pope, then Cardinal-Archbishop of Perugia, drew up a powerful remonstrance against this assumption which he sent with his own and his colleagues' signatures to the Piedmontese Government. In this letter the Cardinal-Archbishop deals most effectively with the claim of the civil power to "nominate and provide for all ecclesiastical dignities." He concludes by asking the very pertinent question, "If the divine commission given to St. Peter and his successors to feed the Christian flock, to loose and to bind on earth had annexed to it the condition that they should first begin their ministry by obtaining the good pleasure of the powers of the earth or the consent of their magistrates?" There is a touch of quiet sarcasm pervading the whole tenor of the letter. This remonstrance was unheeded. Accordingly when Mgr. Parocchi was appointed to the vacant See of Bologna the civil decree of the Royal Placet was executed against his appointment, and in order to avoid further complications with a Government that took every occasion of showing its hostility to the Holy See, the appointment was canceled and Mgr. Parocchi was recalled to Rome.

As a reward, however, for his past

services in the cause of religion and for his fearless opposition to the enemies of the Church, he was created Cardinal at the Consistory held June 22, 1877. The titular church of St. Sixtus was assigned to him. It is the custom whenever a cardinal is created that one of the city churches in Rome is assigned to him from which he derives his title. In this way each Cardinal is quasi-pastor of a church in the Eternal City, for the spiritual administration of which he is in part responsible and in which he is supposed to preside at all the principal feasts of the year. The origin of these titular churches dates back to the first century of Christianity when the city of Rome was divided into several parishes or tituli over which deacons were appointed to administer their temporal affairs. In course of time cardinals succeeded to the deacons, and nowadays each cardinal is in a certain degree responsible for the temporal management of the titular church assigned to him. This brings the foreign cardinals into closer union with Rome, and strengthens the many ties that bind them to the See of Peter. Thus for example, Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore is Cardinal-titular of St. Mary's in Trastevere, and Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec is titular of St. Mary of Victory on the Via Venti Settembre. Cardinal Parocchi retained the title of St. Sixtus until he was appointed Cardinal Vicar in 1884 when he was given the titular church of Holy Cross of Jerusalem, one of the oldest and most venerable of the city churches. In 1889 he was elevated to the rank of Cardinal-Bishop of the Roman Church, and was assigned to the suburban Diocese of Albano, which is one of the seven Sees immediately subject to the Pope as

Archbishop of the Roman Province. As Vicar-General of the Pope, Cardinal Parocchi has to attend personally to all ecclesiastical and civil matters regarding the administration of the Diocese of Rome. He stands in the same relation to the Pope as Bishop of Rome, as does the Vicar-General of any diocese to his Bishop. It is his duty to administer the sacrament of confirmation in all the city parishes and to preside at the various ceremonies at which the Pope is no longer able to attend by reason of the present political conditions. It is also part of the official duty of the Cardinal Vicar to preside at the various ordinations that are held so frequently throughout the year, and when we consider the number of students who are ordained every year from the Propaganda and other colleges, we can form an idea of the vast amount of work that falls to the lot of Cardinal Parocchi.

Despite the multifarious duties of his sacred ministry he manages to find time to reorganize and support the various departments of education. As the government had taken forcible possession of all primary and intermediate secular schools existing at the time of the occupation of Rome, the Pope had to create out of his own crippled resources a system of schools able to counteract the influence of the others. When Cardinal Parocchi, then Bishop of Bologna was appointed Cardinal Vicar of Rome he threw into the work of organizing a thorough system of secular and religious instruction in the primary schools of the city all his intelligent zeal, experience and characteristic energy. He was in his native element when occupied in promoting advancement and excellence amongst the youth en-

trusted to his care. Not one portion of the children of Rome, not even apprentices and young artisans imperfectly educated could escape the fatherly solicitude of the Cardinal Vicar. Schools and boarding houses for the poorer classes are established in almost every street of the city, and the best of all is that the majority of these schools, from the great universities down to the elementary schools, are free. According to the most recent statistics given by his eminence the Cardinal Vicar it is shown that out of nearly thirty-four thousand pupils attending the various schools of Rome, thirty thousand are educated gratuitously, while in the elementary schools 12,900 children receive gratuitous instruction out of a total of 14,500. If the ordinary Roman tourist would consult his English guide book less and examine Roman authorities more he would think twice before repeating the trite old calumny that "Rome is the mother of ignorance." The centre of Christendom, thanks to the energy of such men as Cardinal Parocchi, will always remain what it has been in the past, the capital of the Christian scholar and the home of the Christian artist. The Roman Church, stripped of all the material advantages which she possessed when her Bishops were temporal sovereigns, can still repeat the earnest words of one of her own Pontiffs, St. Gregory, "I leave to others fortune, birth and every other material good. I value only science and learning and prefer them to all earthly riches, and hold nothing dearer on earth next to the joys of paradise and the hopes of eternity."

Every Saturday evening the Cardinal Vicar has a special audience with the Pope to report on the

various schools of the city and on other weighty matters relating to the temporal and spiritual administrations of the city. Every detail is gone into and only when he has heard all the circumstances from the lips of his gifted and devoted Vicar General will the Pope be at rest.

But for the Cardinal Vicar himself there is no rest. His active mind is engrossed with a thousand projects for the advancement of religion and education in the Papal city, and when not engaged in the duties of his sacred ministry he is found either amongst his books or

in the little chapel of the Vicariato, where prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament he finds that peace of soul which the Master in the Tabernacle bestows on the faithful servant of his Vicar on earth.

If the mantle of the Papacy should drop from the shoulders of the present great Pontiff, it could fall on no worthier successor than him who has for well nigh thirty years borne the brunt of the battle in the cause of religion and God, and who while a true son of the great Italian race has ever proved a faithful servant of the Vicar of Christ.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D.

A name to conjure with in the Catholic literature of America is that of Maurice Francis Egan, poet, novelist and essayist. For more than twenty years Mr. Egan has with the devotion of a true knight consecrated his pen to the up-building of a native Catholic literature, contributing to it an abundance of sound criticism, novels of a truly Catholic tone and fibre, and poems set to the divine music of truth, beauty and love.

Maurice Francis Egan is in the truest sense of the word an artist—conscientious and sincere. He has, I should judge, taken full account of his own powers, for he knows, wisely, his capabilities and limitations. In the order of his gifts as a writer I would consider the artistic as highest, and add to this a sense of moral proportion which he exhibits in everything he develops, from the plot in a novel to the thought-germ in a sonnet.

His literary powers have been trained and disciplined so that each of his faculties is ready to be pressed into service whenever he wishes to embody in creation one of his cherished ideals.

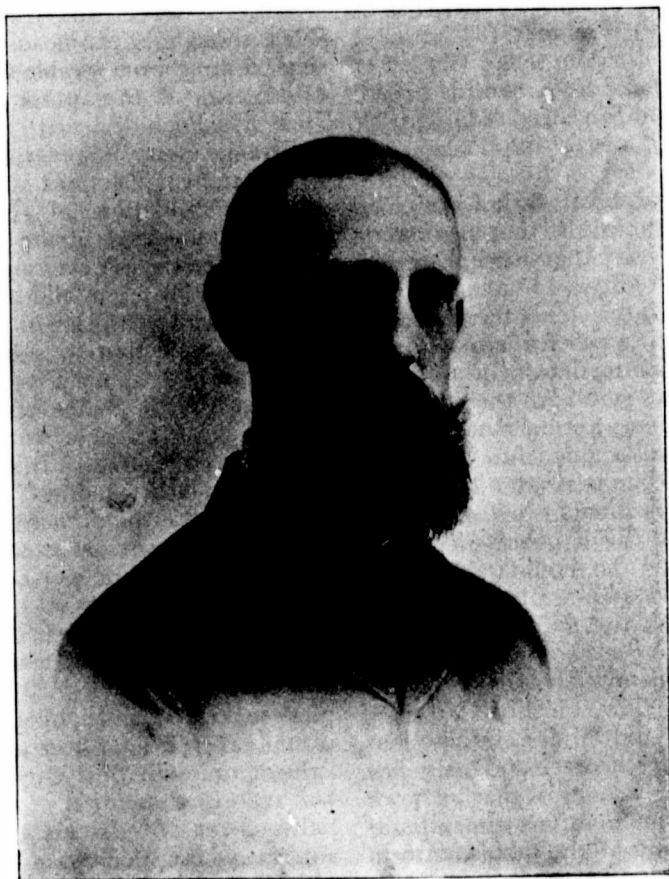
Mr. Egan has essayed many things in literature, and it is but just to say that he has failed in none. His whole life work has been an admirable literary training, his journalistic experience yielding his pen a grace and freedom of touch which are frequently wanting in the professional litterateur, while his duties as Professor of English literature in one of the foremost universities of America entailed an accuracy and thoroughness in literary study and criticism entirely unknown to the stereotyped and perfunctory critic who day by day disposes of books in the literary columns of many of our most respectable journals as if your Tennysons, your Brownings, your

Hawthornes and your Parkmans were brickmakers and worked with a machine under cover.

Maurice F. Egan's literary life has been an exceedingly busy one, and the wonder is that he has accomplished so much. He was born in Philadelphia, May 24, 1852, and

of the great and saintly La Salle. Canadian educators who have run mad on method and who imagine they carry in their heads a pocket edition of the universe, might profitably give some attention to this fact.

From La Salle College Mr. Egan went to Georgetown College as



MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

received his early education, like many another gifted man, under the Christian Brothers who had charge of La Salle College in that city. It is worthy of note that some of the finest Catholic literary scholars in America are the product of the loyal and devoted sons

Professor of English. After leaving Georgetown he became in 1881 assistant editor of the Freeman's Journal, New York, and remained connected with that paper till 1888 when the professorship of English in Notre Dame University, Indiana, was proffered him, which he

accepted. His last appointment, which took place a few months ago, was to the great Catholic University of Washington, where he fills the chair of English literature.

Aside from the wealth of Mr. Egan's contributions to journals and magazines, he has published during the past sixteen years the following volumes: *That Girl of Mine*, 1879; *Preludes*, 1880; *Songs, Sonnets*, London, 1885; *Garden of Roses*, 1886; *Life Around Us*, 1886; *Novels and Novelists*, 1888; *Patrick Desmond*, 1893; and *Poems and Sonnets*, 1893.

I do not agree with a late critic of Mr. Egan's gifts that his literary work shows either haste, carelessness or crudity. On the contrary I see through it all the conscientious and reposeful artist. It is true he has the defects of all versatile writers who burn their fires too long and stay not hand or brain till every coal is quenched upon the hearth. The best art will not supply the fashioning power of the spirit, and this if it be jaded must languish in the mould.

Our poet and novelist was fortunate enough at a period early in his literary career to win for his work the commendation of such writers as Longfellow, Cardinal Newman, Stedman and Gilder. These four witnesses of his rare and really fine gifts as a poet tell us that his work is both conscientious and artistic. The opinion of the rabble is worth very little in literature; it might be worth something at an exposition of roots and fat beeves where the product of field and stall, rather than the flowering of mind and soul, is under judgment.

It is claimed that Maurice F. Egan as a poet, has received wide recognition. This to an extent is true. Yet as a master of one form of poetic composition, the sonnet,

which Mr. Egan unquestionably is, he has not yet nearly the audience to which he is by right entitled. Stedman, in his book on American poetry, where he is generous enough to devote a few lines to what he is pleased to term the Irish-American school of singers, sums up the gifts of Maurice Francis Egan with the words, "A sweet and true poet." This, though brief, means a good deal, coming from so able a master of criticism as the author of "The Victorian Poets."

Strange to say, however, William Sharp, the English poet and critic, in his compilation of *American Sonnets* published in the series of the *Canterbury Poets*, makes no mention of Mr. Egan and his work, though he gives a place in his very defective collection to such mediocre names as Amelie Rives, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and several other erotic and neurotic versifiers. Doubtless Mr. Egan's Irish name hanging over his stall in the hall of Parnassus was too much for Mr. Sharp and he was contented to pass on further and fare worse. It reminds one of the work done by William D. Lighthall in his "Songs of the Great Dominion," where, with characteristic modesty, he gives a place to no less than eight of his own poems taken from a little mediocre volume of some thirty-five pages, but makes no mention of at least half-a-dozen of Irish-Canadian singers whose genius of song is patriotic, tender, and true. Perhaps it was because those sweet voices with an undertone of Old Erin in them jarred on Dr. Lighthall's imperial ear. It is but just to say, however, that some of the poems sent in to the English writer were omitted for the purpose of preserving the symmetry of the work.

So capable a critic as Walter

Lecky says in his charming little work "Down at Caxton's," that as a sonnet writer Maurice Francis Egan stands easily at the head of the younger American school of poets. The writer of this brief study expressed the same opinion some four years ago in a letter which appeared in the London Catholic Record. It is pleasant indeed to know that one's judgment is not in error, for if there was any doubt as to the correctness of such criticism it is largely set at rest by an opinion lately offered by one of the most eminent critics in England "that Egan and the French sonneteer De Heredia are the two best sonnet writers living to-day."

It is often said by those who do not understand the true office and function of a sonnet, that a sonnet writer is a trifle. This is not so. The gift of writing first-rate sonnets belongs in general only to first-rate poets. Let us for a moment examine this fact. Who have been the great sonneteers of England? Here they are and you may judge of their place in literature: Spenser, Shakespere, Milton, Cowper, Wordsworth. And bringing the matter home who are our best sonnet writers in Canada? Are they not Roberts, Lampman, Reade and Archbishop O'Brien—not one of whom is an inferior writer? Among American poets, past and present, Longfellow, Egan, Gilder, Aldrich, and Fawcett may, I think be taken as representative of the best.

Now a word as to the history, function, and form of the sonnet before I enter into an appraisalment of Mr. Egan's round of pearls, so that there may be no doubt that our author fulfils in form, thought, and artistic development all the conditions required in a true sonneteer.

The sonnet first bloomed under Italian skies, or speaking accurately, under Sicilian skies, making its appearance in the thirteenth century, a century by the way rich in glorious creations of almost every kind. The Italian genius and temperament are peculiarly suitable for sonnet writing and we find that during the centuries which followed its birth in the garden of Italian song, the greatest singers of Italy, Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, and Tasso did not disdain to make it the vehicle of the loftiest thought as well as the tenderest and most impassioned emotions.

During the sixteenth century when the classical breath of Italy was sweeping across the daisy-clad meadows of England, the sonnet was first planted in the garden of English song, and nurtured by the courtly hand of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who was judicially murdered in 1546 by that spot of blood and grease on the page of English history, Henry VIII., not, however, on the charge of writing bad sonnets. Under English hands down the centuries the Petrarchan sonnet changed its form, the Shakesperean sonnet being made up of three quatrains in which the alternate lines rhyme, and a rhyming couplet. The Miltonic sonnet differs again from both the Petrarchan and Shakesperean. Here are the chief conditions of an ideal Italian sonnet which for our purpose may be designated normal. In the first place it must consist of fourteen lines, neither more nor less. These again must be distributed into two groups or systems; the major group consisting of the first eight lines which should be complete in themselves; and then the minor group, of the six concluding lines. Again, the first eight lines should have only two rhymes, and these distributed

in a fixed order and succession. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth lines should all rhyme with one another, and the second, third, sixth and seventh in like manner have but one rhyme among them. In the minor system either two or three rhymes are allowable. There should be a pause in the sense at the end of the eighth line, though Wordsworth, one of the very best sonneteers in the English language, is much given to running the subject-matter of the octave over into the sestet. It may be stated that there is scarcely a rule except that which limits the sonnet to fourteen lines which has not sometimes been transgressed with the result that not a few productions forfeit altogether the character and distinctive marks of a sonnet.

Of the forty sonnets contained in Mr. Egan's last volume of poems, it is difficult to select the best, so many of them are crowned with perfection. The following, taken however not from "Songs and Sonnets," but from the Easter number of *The Century Magazine* for 1895 is without a doubt one of Mr. Egan's choicest gems as well as one of the finest sonnets ever written in America. It may well be placed side by side with Longfellow's beautiful sonnet, "Nature."

RESURRECTION.

Trust gives sweet peace to every living thing :
The wavering robin that in space has flown
Finds its safe nest ; the germ of roses sown
Waits sure in darkness, for the touch of spring ;
The tendrils of the ivy blindly cling,
Stretching their brown threads towards the
wall unknown,

To find a place secure, where, spite the moan
Of rushing winds, they hang till soft airs sing.

We who love life fear most the mystic death,
Yet we in death the self same life shall live—
This very life we know,—but glorified ;
And the fair temple which now holds our breath
Shall simply take the glory seraphs give,—
Renew its joys, and say, "I have not died !"

No reader can fail to appreciate

the grace of touch, beauty of expression, and absolute perfection of art which characterize this sonnet to the Greek lyricist, Theocritus.

Dahlinis is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,
And mourning mingles with their fountains'

song ;

Shepherds contend no more, as all day long
They watch their sheep on the wide, cyprus
plain ;

The master-voice is silent, songs are vain ;
Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong
Done by the gods, when gods and men were
strong,

Chanted to reeded pipes, no prize can gain.

O sweetest singer of the olden days,

In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead ;

The gods are gone, but poets never die ;

Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,

Sicilian nightingales enraptured,

Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the sky.

Sonnet-writing is the very best check to diffuseness, and if there is one characteristic more than another which marks Mr. Egan's literary work it is the economy of his words in the expression of thought. The narrow limits of a sonnet enforce concentration and condensation, and as Archbishop Trench in his lecture on the sonnet says, "Oftentimes a poem which, except for these, would have been but a loose, nebulous vapor has been compressed and rounded into a star."

Surely the delicacy and fancy in the following sonnet are exquisite. I pity anyone who does not, at first meeting, read it at least ten times, and drink in the expressive beauty of its life spirit :

OF FLOWERS.

There were no roses till the first child died,
No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's ease,
No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed
And lowly dandelion, nor, stretching wide,
Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,
Meeting and parting as the young spring breeze
Runs giddy races playing seek and hide :
For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise ;
And all the world was flowerless awhile,
Until a little child was laid in earth ;
Then from its grave grew violets from its eyes,
And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,
And so all flowers from that child's death took
birth.

No critique can adequately set forth the merit or excellence of a given work. True appreciation can only come through a devotion of the soul :

It is when

We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
Its then we get the right good from a book."

Every line the gifted professor of English literature in the Catholic University of Washington has ever written has made for the betterment of the Catholic people of America. Critics may divide upon the merit of his work, but in this just and acceptable tribute they will all fondly unite.



AFTER YOU, MONSIEUR.'

THE EMANCIPATION OF WILLIAM SNECK.

By J. S. O'Higgins.

Old Sneck was a railway clerk in the employ of the W. & R., attached to that road from his boyhood. His stewardship had been an eventful one; from an office boy he had worked his way steadily upwards to the post of General Freight Agent, but on account of various changes of management, and of his own advancing age, had been forced down again, in long spasmodic lapses, to the position of an abstract clerk in the audit department of the New York offices.

In his earlier years he had always been looked upon as a proud and avaricious man. He had a large salary then, but now his pay was very meagre and his miserly deeds were in keeping with it. He had never married, but lived all alone in the very top of a rickety old tenement house, paying an ancient individual who prowled around the premises some trifle to tidy his two rooms, but doing all the other domestic work himself. He had not bought a new suit of clothes nor a new hat in twenty years. In fact his life had been that of the simplest of simple old misers, and people were right when they argued that he was very wealthy, for he had saved money all his life, and it was carefully deposited, not in the traditional iron box, but under his own name in several up town banks.

Sneck was not miserable only because he didn't know what it was to be happy. He was not well

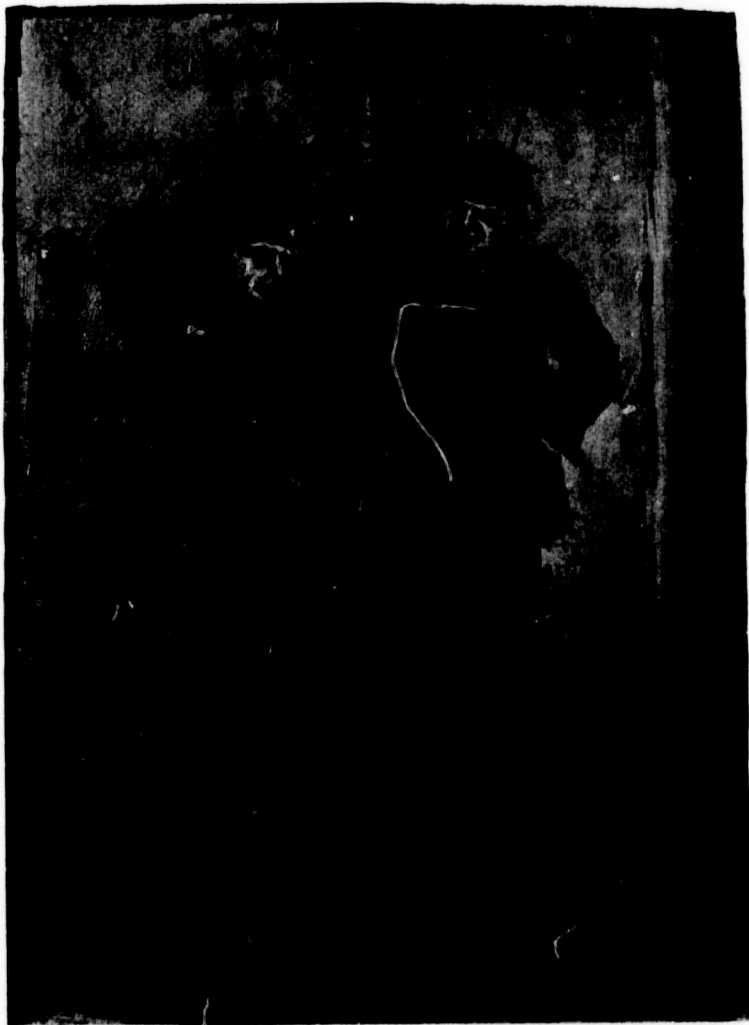
liked by the clerks with whom he had worked shoulder to shoulder for four years or more. He always held aloof from them, rarely answering their salutes or questions, and when he did condescend to do so it was for the most part briefly and with a superior air which evoked from most of his fellow slaves a humorous regard, tinged with sympathy.

On Christmas eve this William Sneck was seated on a very high stool at a very high and very black desk in a row with ten other clerks, writing with nervous hand in a large book, consulting from time to time the huge bundle of way-bills before him. His sharp, beardless face, furrowed deep with age, displayed no inward feeling. His snow white hair, brushed back from a high forehead, tumbled in a silky bunch on his shoulders. His frock coat, shiny from much wear and brushing, was buttoned closely about his tall, bent, and thin figure, while his trousers, seeming to disdain the contaminating association of his rough boots, held aloof fully three inches.

Sneck was generally the last to leave the office and this day was no exception, for it was quite half-past six when he donned his wondrously tall and wonderfully shaped old top hat, and gave the final brush to his clothes. The night was particularly cold, and Sneck's face became a little paler and his teeth chattered together, when the

first rush of the winter wind wedged through the half-opened door. So he re-arranged his muffler, carefully turned up the collar of his coat, and having given his hat such

with his head down as a ram to assail the violent onslaughts of wind which every now and then swept down the street, when something in the window of a book store



SNECK AND HIS FORMER SECRETARY.

a vigorous pull as almost brought it down over his ears, opened the door again and hurried down the street as fast as his poor stiff legs could carry him.

He had walked several blocks,

attracted his attention. He stopped abruptly, and a look of wonderment came over his face, changing slowly and almost imperceptibly, as he gazed, to one of reverent adoration such as was never sent

on Sneck's face before, and which looked, it must be said, just a trifle out of place.

To the ordinary passer-by it was but a simple copy of Gisgongi's "Nativity" upon which Sneck lavished such unusual feeling—evidently copied by an amateur from this old master; truthfully executed but not in any way out of the ordinary. But to Sneck it was more.

Something in the expression of the Virgin Mother recalled the tender smile of one upon whose face he had looked while still a child. Dim visions of the mother of his childhood rose up and chased upon each other in abounding profusion. Those thoughts fill the lives of lonely people flood upon him, and in a moment a thousand incidents, a thousand kindnesses were recalled, and the lost mother, lost while he was still a child, rose from out the oblivion into which she had vanished and took him back from his crabbled and wrinkled age to youth rejoicing and unfurrowed cheek.

Certainly his face expressed such emotions as would have done credit to the most devout of worshipping Christians. And surely in this man, who had not entered a church for well nigh half a century; who had not in as long a time once thought of his Maker, nor addressed one little unspoken prayer to Him; who had spurned deserving solicitors of charity roughly from his presence—surely in this man, these feelings must have been mightily re-awakened by an Almighty hand, and his former blighted soul uprooted and despatched.

Suddenly a hollow, sickly voice aroused him from his reverie. It sounded to Sneck as if it might have come direct from the lips of some dying man—so weak and hollow, and so terrible it was.

"Sneck, you don't know me?"—a disarranged and frightened look answered—"I—I am Potter, your old secretary. You knew me Mr. Sneck—long ago—twenty years ago. You had to discharge me—it was my own fault Mr. Sneck. Lord I am gone to the dogs—gone long ago—" (and the dry cough told a story) "No hope now. I don't need you to lecture me; I am sick and want a place to sleep, just for to-night—just for to-night, Mr. Sneck. I'll die in the street in this cold."

Sneck was moved. Not one feature of that pinched face reminded him of the young secretary, whom, more than twenty years before, he had been compelled to discharge with a severe lecture which elicited promises of sobriety for the future. He could scarcely bring himself to believe that it was that boy who now stood before him. Such a transformation! Such a dreadful picture of want and wretchedness whose lean face had been marred and slashed by wild abuse; whose clothes were scarcely more than a collection of rags; whose feet were through the soles of his tattered boots, and whose head-covering bore slight trace of having once been a hat.

At other times Sneck would have rebuked this disreputable "creature," but he was not now himself; he not only tolerated his fallen secretary's plea for charity, but actually consented to procure for him a night's lodgings, expressing in a kind and sympathetic voice how exceedingly sorry he was at seeing him in such a state.

He even called him "lad," but in his unheard of generosity still exhibited his old time strategy. When that bony hand was extended for the expected donation, Mr. Sneck shook his head,

knowingly: "No lad," he said, "if I give you money you will spend it on drink. Come, I'll get you a bed"—for all the world as if it were an everyday occurrence, this buying lodgings for wayfaring tramps, when it was really the first time in his whole life that he had done so.

And so they set about to find a house, and, as they walked, the poor drunkard related his rapid downfall and told of the lives he had dragged down with him—of those he had made miserable—of those he had murdered by his reckless career.

His story is the same as any other such story; in some details perhaps a little different, but in its commencement, in its end, in its general course, just the same. A mother, a wife, dead—broken-hearted! But a child, a daughter, alive. And this poor drunkard dotes on his child. "I used to stand in a doorway often when I was sober," said he, "to see her pass with the other orphan children. I could tell her little smiling face a block away—so like her mother. I tell you Sneck, if there had been anything that could possibly have saved me from falling into this horrible pit it would have been my love for her. How often have I, in agony, resisted my destroyer! But nobody would give me work, and disheartened and despairing I was drawn into the whirlpool again, and circled down and down to ultimate destruction."

Thus Sneck's new found friend raved on as they elbowed their way through crowds of noisy children, and groups of happy men and women, whose merry faces seemed to ridicule the sorrow of this poor outcast. Withdrawing into a side street and away from the throng, they passed a church on whose tall steeple the golden cross proclaimed

its cause. There, years ago, the outcast had knelt reverently by the side of his mother, whose prayers were all for him. Long since she had died, still praying for him who had so recklessly disregarded her teaching, and sunk to the lowest depths of debauchery.

And by that mother's side in the distant graveyard, lay his wife, whose life had been an example of patience and forbearance. She had slaved for her child from early morn far into the night, without one word of complaint, imploring only that she might be spared to work on. But it was ordained otherwise. The strongest constitution could not have endured such a strain, and one bright morning she passed in a quiet sleep which golden-bridged earth with eternity. And some good nuns took the motherless little girl to a convent, where, happier than any of her kin, she lived in blissful innocence.

Just one street beyond this church of his childhood, Porter and his companion stopped before a second-class hotel, and entering were shown to a neat little room in the very top of the house, where in the distance through one of the low windows, they could see the shining cross of the church. And when Sneck stepped forward to pull down the blind, Porter stopped him. He liked to see the clear heaven, and that cross, he said; and then after a great deal of beating round the bush and edging in and out, the poor wretch, in more of a prayer than anything else, begged of Sneck to be so kind, so good, so compassionate as to get a priest for him.

As he walked home that night Sneck felt as he had never felt in his life before. So happy, he seemed to be walking on air. His face looked as if he were ready to burst

into an hilarious laugh and laugh for centuries. Effervescent happiness was bubbling up through his very eyes. He trembled with emotion. That great ponderous bell, ringing out the hour in venerable tones, every vibration of which was formerly hateful to him, now infused a greater joy. His brain swam, and his twitching hands, his elastic youthful step betrayed his irrepressible delight. He imagined that he was walking, with head erect to the stately tune of some majestic march, and when the ringing ceased with one huge exalting boom, the merry laughter of the young people seemed to take up and prolong its theme.

So on he went, wondering how he could have spent so many black years; wondering how he could have lived so miserably for so long and not see that a happier state existed. Ah, old Sneck now knows that he has been miserable, and having caught the flavor of this unwonted fruit he snatches eagerly for the very core, just as the poor prisoner, who has been caged up in a dark dungeon for sixty years, leaps for liberty. And this happiness which could not be purchased by some for millions was his for a little charity—liberty for one little step, the price of a bed for a tramp.

But Sneck did not forget that painting of the Nativity whose influence he knows had all to do with his liberation. He certainly ought to purchase it. He will do it to-morrow. No, the morning after, because the stores will not be open on Christmas day. No, he'll not buy the picture to-morrow; he will go and see poor Porter, and after that his daughter in the convent. "But by the way, Sneck, you old dog" he says to himself "just buy some trinkets for young golden-

locks—some goody-goodies to take with you. Now here's a fine store. Let's see what they have"—and the childish delight that Sneck took in the selection and final purchase of a neat golden brooch was, for him, unprecedented,

Ah, Sneck you are changed. One day ago you would have gone along this street with head down cursing these merry faces, and if a wayfarer had accosted you and solicited alms you would have passed in scorn. You would not have purchased the merest trifle for an unknown child if implored by angels—you would have died first. But the best part of the whole story is that Sneck knows what he would have done the day before, and calls himself the worst kind of scandalous names—names, of course, which were quite consistent with his now elevated state, but nevertheless very severe names indeed. And after he had finished with that you cannot imagine how much better he felt.

Then he bought some bacon—smoked bacon. He had not tasted any kind of bacon for four years, and then it was "green"—not so palatable as smoked, nor so expensive either. When he got home he lit two candles, and made a "buster of a fire," as he called it; cooked three rashers of that smoked bacon, got half a loaf of bread from the cupboard, and made two nice crisp pieces of toast, singing all the while. And such singing! First he tried whistling, but the attempt was most unsatisfactory. Those poor old lips and scanty lungs were too dry and too weak to make a respectable whistle. So he tried singing. This was apparently more suited to him. In some places his voice was all right, but where it got above a certain note it invariably cracked, and then suddenly went all to pieces.

But Sneck thought it was a hopeful attempt, for he began it all over again, all the time preparing his "scrumpious" meal.

On the outside of the door, transfixed in speechless amazement, stood the old janitor. He couldn't believe it, and stood for five minutes gaping at the sight. Then he rushed down stairs to old Smith below and into his room in a fit of laughing. "Oh Lord, what do you think?" he cried, "Sneck's as drunk as a fool—singing drunk!" You could have knocked Smith down with a feather. He would not believe it. But they listened, and there, sure enough was the proof. Old Sneck had just reached that high note, broke and went wheezing and grating indiscriminately on odd notes down to "a most lame and impotent conclusion." It would not have been much of a credit even to a drunken man.

After a while he was played out, and commenced hunting through boxes, trunks, bureau-drawers—everything. At last he discovered the object of his search—a prayer-book. With great effort he got down on his knees and prayed. He said a great many prayers, very devout and very penitent ones too, and though he had to consult the prayer-book for the simplest of them, they were all the more perfect for that—every word properly pronounced, every meaning thoroughly digested. After he had completed his devotions, both candles were extinguished, and he retired for the night, the chimes from the countless towers lulling him to sleep.

The next morning Sneck found, when he arrived at the hotel, that poor Porter had died during the night, the priest having been with him to the last. He had left a note

for Mr. Sneck to say that if he wished to look after the orphan girl, or be her guardian, he might deliver the enclosed letter to the Mother Superior of the Convent of St. Joseph on B— Street, which would explain everything. If he did not wish to do so, it would be all right. The letter ended with a word of heartfelt thanks to Mr. Sneck for his charity to such an undeserving wretch.

When Sneck had seen his dead secretary laid in his last resting place, he soon made up his mind about the rest, and posted off immediately to the convent to deliver the letter. In a short interview with the Mother Superior he explained how pleased he would be to act as guardian, for the present, to the orphan girl, and would ask her, when she had finished all her schooling, to come and look after his home, and be his daughter.

And then Sneck saw his new-found friend and future companion. She came boldly into the room, her sweetly sorrowful face beaming



with gratitude. Sneck was more than surprised. He had expected to find in Porter's daughter a young girl of perhaps twelve years, and there was, instead, quite a full grown young woman of eighteen at least, with a mature face and a figure almost completely developed. She walked straight up to the astonished guardian, and took both his hands.

"So you are my father's friend," she said with a naive look, "I have heard all about it. Oh how can we repay you." (She evidently included her mother). "I am the only one who can do so now. Poor father, it's a wonder he never came to see me. I shouldn't have scolded him because it really wasn't his fault you know. It was a failing, and don't you think Mr.—Mr.—"

"Sneck—Sneck. William Sneck," interposed that person.

"Mr. Sneck, don't you think he went straight to Heaven?"

"Oh, yes, my child," said the prophet, in a very certain tone.

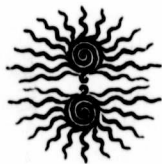
"Then he's all right—and much better off, you know—" and so they talked on for ever so long about everything. The paragon gave her the little brooch which he had bought the night before, and received the very best of thanks.

When they parted they were the thickest of friends; for who could help liking Marjorie Porter, and

who could help liking the new Mr. Sneck? Why nobody, living or dead, except his Satanic Majesty himself. Their admiration was mutual. William Sneck never imagined that so beautiful a young girl lived—a perfect star whose happy light would brighten his darkest hours—and Marjorie Porter never dreamed that there existed such a kind, noble, good old man as the emancipated Mr. Sneck.

And in conclusion, let us look upon what is now a commonplace picture. The last rays of gray twilight are stealing in through the western windows, and at the far end of the room, seated in an old-fashioned high-backed chair before a cheerful grate fire, is a very old man with a kind though wrinkled face. On a low stool at his feet, sits a young girl, the curves of her graceful figure and her sweet face standing out in smart relief against the bright background. She is reading aloud to her gray companion, who listens with rapt attention and in perfect happiness.

It is the emancipated Mr. Sneck and his adopted daughter in their new home. Two of the happiest people on earth, I think. Hanging above the mantelpiece, lightly touched with the glow of the fire beneath, is Gisgongi's "Nativity"—the silent spectator of its glorious work.



SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MCGEE.

By Rev. W. Flannery, D.D.

The able and interesting paper that appeared in the first number of the magazine from the graceful pen of Mr. W. H. Higgins has suggested the possibility, not by any means of improving on what that experienced journalist has done, but of creating additional interest in the history of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, by simply narrating some of my own personal observations.

His election for Montreal west was hailed as a triumph by the Irish-Catholics—and indeed by all Irishmen of Liberal views in Canada. They had watched his career as an associate of Gavan Duffy, Wm. Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher and the other young Irishmen, who loved their country not wisely but too well. No matter how mistaken the policy of those, who in 1847 separated from their hitherto trusted chief, the great Liberator—Daniel O'Connell; no matter how ignominiously their attempt at armed rebellion failed, the sincerity of their intentions was never questioned for a moment by friend or foe. Their brilliant talents, their inborn genius for oratory, the national spirit they awakened and the new fire they kindled by the songs of Davis and Meagher's military harrangues, made warm sympathisers and enthusiastic admirers for them and their country's cause in every civilized land.* No one should wonder then if their fellow-countrymen shared in the general enthusiasm, and awarded with unstinted plaudits their efforts however unsuccessful at freeing

Ireland from the "foreign yoke." The Irish population of Canada rejoiced that Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who stood high, if not foremost, in the ranks of the young Ireland Party, had cast in his lot with theirs.

Their admiration of his matchless eloquence and superior ability as a lecturer, a poet, and a statesman, amounted almost to hero worship.

He was scarcely well domiciled in Montreal when the spicy, brilliant little daily—"The New Era"—which he published, had been abandoned for the more serious work of parliamentary life—and the librarian researches of the solemn historian.

In his day Montreal returned four members of parliament—two for the Eastern and two for the Western Division. The colleague of Sir John A. Macdonald in the Tory Cabinet—Sir George Etienne Cartier, represented the western division. A deputation of T. D. McGee's friends called upon the latter and proposed that he would accept him (McGee) as partner in politics and reciprocate in mutual assistance at the coming general elections of 1856. But Sir George—

* Of the galaxy of brilliant, youthful enthusiasts and patriots, who in 1845-46 created the spirit of the nation, Thomas D'Arcy McGee in his sweet and sympathetic elegy of the poet Dalton Williams, says:

"They were a band of brethren richly graced
With all that most exalts the sons of men,
Youth, courage, honor, genius, wit well
placed;
When shall we see their parallels again?
The very flower and fruitage of their age,
Destined for duty's cross or glory's page."

who himself had been a rebel in 1837—treated the proposal with disdain and scorned to associate himself with a red-hot rebel from Ireland. Mr. Dorion, who afterwards became Judge—but was then known as the “*Enfant terrible*”—was approached by the same deputation. He at once accepted the proposal. The result was a surprise and a revelation to both parties, Tory and Reform alike—McGee and Dorion were elected by overwhelming majorities. Sir George Etienne Cartier, the greatest and most popular of French Canadian statesmen had to go begging for a seat in the insignificant constituency of Vercheres. He never forgave McGee the humiliation of his defeat in Montreal, and on more than one occasion his resentment betrayed itself on the floor of the house.

I was in the gallery of the old parliament at Toronto, on the evening when Thomas D'Arcy McGee made his first appearance in the house. Of all the members who filed in from the upper house after listening to the speech of the Governor-General, Sir Francis Head—not one looked half so humble or so unpretentious as the Irish member from Montreal west. His naturally dark pallid face made darker still by a tuft of black crispy hair that rested on his left-eyebrow, seemed to droop in sadness as though he were lost in thought and in utter unconsciousness of his solemn surroundings.

A negligé air of carelessness, in his slow walk, in his shirt collar, in his buttoned up dress coat, and hands clasped behind his back, with eyes turned downwards, made him appear so insignificant among the ambitious and self-reliant members of both Provinces, that only a prophet inspired from on high could

foresee that one day he would electrify that House, and assist effectually in shaping the destinies of this great Dominion.

The opposition to the Cartier-Macdonald administration was very strong in those days. It was led by the indefatigable George Brown who had for allies such men as Sandfield Macdonald, Sicotte, La-berge, MacKenzie, Foley, Aikens, Dorion, McDougall, McGee and others of acknowledged ability as Parliamentary debaters. George Brown opened the attack by suggesting amendments to the Governor-General's address. He was replied to by Sir John Macdonald. The debate on the reply to the Governor's address lasted three whole weeks. All this time D'Arcy McGee remained a silent spectator, as though nothing interested him of what was being said or done. When he arose at last to address the House, expectancy of something unusual or above the ordinary was noticed on every countenance; the hush was marked; you could have heard a pin drop. He said that although the subject of reply to the Governor-General's address was well nigh exhausted, he might presume to add his little mite to so absorbing and so interesting a debate. In his address the Governor-General states: “That the Hudson's Bay Company and its territories shall be also presented to you for serious consideration.” He could not fathom the reason for the Governor-General's mis-use and mis-application of the word “its.” Are those territories the appanage of Great Britain, of Canada, or of the Hudson's Bay Company? He considered the word “its” in the address, the most unfortunate pronoun ever employed in the English language. This sally was received with cheers and

laughter of the whole House. Hon. Mr. Loranger, then Receiver-General, interrupting said: Perhaps the Hon. gentleman might inform the House as to the limits of the territories assigned just now to the Hudson's Bay Company.

Mr. McGee, continuing, said: "If the Hon., the Receiver-General requires a lesson in geography from so humble an individual I am quite willing to be his instructor." To the general astonishment Mr. McGee thereupon gave the whole history of the Hudson's Bay Company and the territories it claimed to possess. He entered into minute details of the treaties agreed upon at different periods between Great Britain and the Company of Adventurers, commonly called Hudson's Bay Company, from 1670, when Charles II. granted to Prince Rupert and fourteen others and their successors the sole trade and commerce of all the rivers, straits and bays which lie between Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains—to 1859 when the colony of British Columbia was formed. Mr. McGee was not quite a year in Canada, yet he seemed fully capable of giving a lesson in Canadian geography to Hon. Mr. Loranger and other Hon. gentlemen to the manor born. His first or maiden speech in the Parliament of Canada established him as a finished orator, and one to be courted by friends and dreaded by enemies.

There were few of the Cabinet Ministers with whom D'Arcy McGee did not cross swords occasionally. He was never aggressive, however, but he disliked interruption, and when attacked or disturbed in the midst of some eloquent flow of entrancing oratory, he turned upon his assailant, and with a few words of pleasant sarcasm, made him the laughing stock of the whole House.

Hon. Mr. Loranger, not satisfied with the result of their first encounter, essayed on two or three other occasions to spoil an elegant discourse by uncalled-for interruptions. Mr. McGee paid no attention at first but at last he grew impatient and said: "The Hon. Receiver-General, by his dress, manners and uneasy movements reminded him of a little French dancing master he once knew in Dublin. This brought down the House, and brought the Receiver-General to make a child's bargain, promising that if Mr. McGee left him alone he would never again interrupt him.

Partyism was more to blame, however, for Mr. Loranger's seeming hostility than any disrespect he entertained for Mr. McGee's nationality. That very winter he delighted a Toronto audience with a free lecture in St. Lawrence Hall on Ireland and the Irish. I was present at the lecture and remember still some of the eulogistic and very beautiful sentences Hon. Mr. Loranger gave expression to in his poetic descriptions of Ireland's hills and lakes, of the faith of the sons and well established purity and loveliness of the daughters of the Emerald Isle. He was afterwards promoted to the bench and became an excellent judge.

During a debate on the annual question of Orange Incorporation Mr. Tom Ferguson, M.P., for South Simcoe said that Mr. McGee had left Ireland in time to escape the consequences of a rebellion he had been plotting, while the Loyal Orangemen went down in arms to crush out sedition in Tipperary. Mr. McGee interrupted by stating that according to a speech made in the House of Lords by Earl Derby the rebellion was put down by the Catholic clergy of Ireland. The only part the Orangemen

took in it was that one Mr. McDermont, of Belfast, had received a large sum from the Government to raise a regiment of volunteers in Ulster, and that he suddenly disappeared with the money and was never seen in Ireland nor heard from since.

Down in Quebec, one Mr. Dennis was forever standing up to interrupt Mr. McGee or some other member. Mr. McGee called the attention of the house to "the rising man." The correction however had but a temporary effect, until one night after various interruptions, Mr. McGee said that, "The hon. gentleman must have had in view to mitigate his protonym—in that he came into the capital without his head."

It was in Quebec that one of Mr. McGee's best parliamentary speeches was delivered on the ever recurring topic of Orange incorporation. In a three hours' discourse he gave the whole history of Orangeism from its origin in 1795 and its first grand master, Thomas Verner, down to its then grand master at that time a prominent member of the house, Hon. John Hilliard Cameron. Among other amusing incidents he stated that he had just been furnished with a book most difficult of possession by anyone outside of the Magic Circle of initiated members. It was the Orange ritual.

"Here I read," he said, "taking up the book, "that the applicant for membership is blind-folded in the ante-chamber, then he is conducted by the Tyler to the door of the lodge-room, where he is presented with a bowl containing W. and W. There is no foot-note stating what these initials stand for, but I should fancy they mean—whiskey and water—(great laughter)—then the applicant is told to dip his hand in

the bowl and sprinkle with its contents the lintel and the posts of the door—and this makes me believe the bowl does not contain whiskey and water at all—(renewed laughter). The candidate is then led to the middle of the lodge room—and made to kneel down on his bare knees. Now can you fancy the fastidious member for Toronto (John H. Cameron) rolling up his trousers to kneel on the bare floor?—(laughter) or imagine the Hon. Post Master General (Sidney Smith)—sinking down without even an empty mail bag to place between his knees and mother earth?"

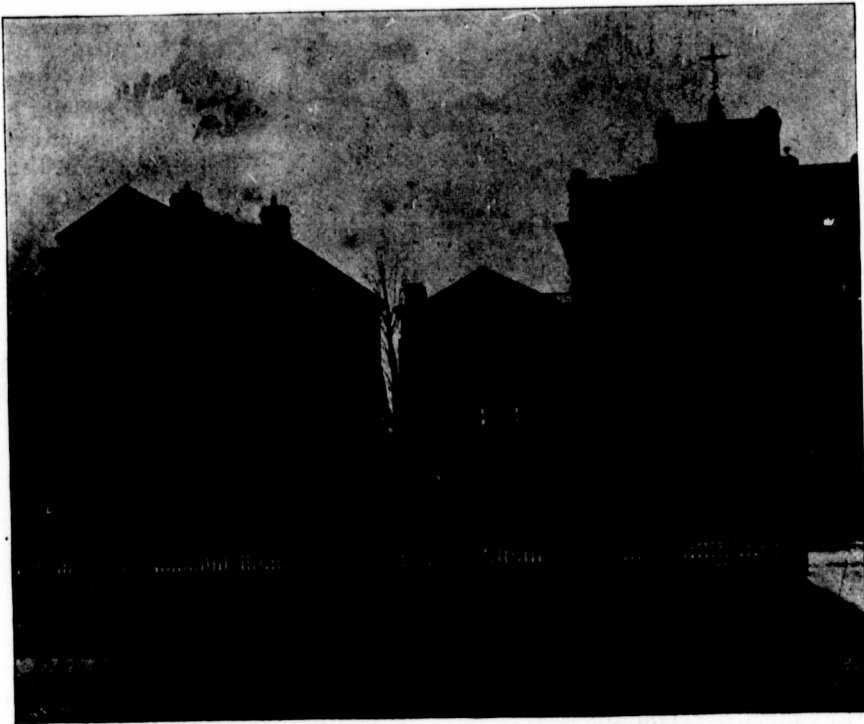
Thomas D'Arcy McGee was not more than one year in Canada before he conceived the idea and made plans for the Confederation of the British Provinces.

In a conversation I had with him one night in Toronto, I remarked that he was gaining unpopularity for himself in Lower Canada by joining in the Reform cry of Rep. by Pop. I should explain that when Lower Canada had a much larger population (200,000) than Ontario, she was satisfied with the same number of representatives. But when Ontario's population grew to be 180,000 more than Quebec's, the Reformers raised the cry that Ontario was unfairly represented, and asked for a change. The French Canadians and the Conservative government opposed the change. "The complaint must be of short duration," said Mr. McGee; "in a few years we shall have all the British Provinces united in one grand Confederation, when changes must occur and adjustments be made constitutional that will satisfy all the Provinces." This conversation occurred in 1857, exactly ten years previous to events foreseen and foreplanned in his poetic or rather prophetic eye.

NOTES.

It was in many ways a remarkable gathering which met his Grace Archbishop Walsh the other day in reponse to invitations from the Advisory Board of St. Michael's Hospital. Priests and ministers, doctors and lawyers, merchants and financiers, statesmen and adminis-

have been a quarter of a century ago looked upon as a miracle. It must have sounded pleasantly in the ears of the venerable Archbishop when Reverend Doctor Hunt and Reverend Doctor Pearson paid their willing tribute of praise to the Sisters of St. Joseph



ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

trators: Protestant and Catholic, Irish, English and Scotch for once agreed, and right heartily, in praising the munificent generosity of Mr. Hugh Ryan and his estimable wife. It was a semi-public recognition of the charitable work of the Church in this city such as would

who have had charge of the Hospital. His Grace's own speech was one of those felicitous addresses for which he can be at all times depended upon. While its delivery was marked by a notable and characteristic dignity, there was also a pervading tone of courtesy and

consideration for those present who were not of his own fold. I hope there is no irreverence to the episcopal dignity in being proud of the impression made upon those who were strangers, because the sentiment was very prevalent on this occasion. Mr. Ryan, the hero of the day, sat modestly on one of the cots in the large ward where the gathering was held. His speech



MR. HUGH RYAN.

was short, exceedingly short. But no speech was necessary. Dumas makes the queen of France say in comparing one great minister with another that where Mazarin said "I will do," Richelieu would say "I have done." So the new south wing tells its own tale, and spares the need of words from him who built it. I think Doctors Chamberlain and Nevitt said all that

could be said looking to the future usefulness of the Hospital. Mr Ryan's instructions, I understand, were that the doctors should not spare expense in procuring the best possible appliances. The architects, Messrs. Post and Holmes, were at similar pains to procure the best possible materials for construction and the most perfect arrangements for ventilation and cleanliness. Dr. Chamberlain proclaims that the new wing has no superior anywhere. Dr. Nevitt is prepared to vouch for it that the work to be done in the hospital will not be excelled anywhere. Altogether the institution will be one in which all interested may take a justifiable pride. Let us hope that the expressions of genuine broad-minded charity which fell from the lips of all classes of men on that day will find an echo whenever and wherever an opportunity for promoting the good work presents itself.

* * *

*As we get farther from the period made bright by the scintilla of youthful genius who were with Duffy and Davis on the Nation in the "Forties," the fame of Davis, "the dog-faced boy of twenty-nine," as an English paper called him, ever widens as the new generations learn what manner of hero he was. Mr. T. W. Rolleston's

*The Prose Writings of Thomas Davis, compiled by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, with an introduction. James Duffy, Dublin; D. & J. Sadlier, Toronto. Cloth 35c.

collection of his prose writings was to me a revelation. Their eloquence is of that magnetic character which only a great cause can inspire and only in a great mind. But underneath the burning periods, behind the grave reflections, one can discern the spirit of the man. Lofty purpose, noble thought, magnificent ideals greet the imagination on every page, but everywhere is evident the careful planning of great schemes, the giant-like working out of the business of the moment. Davis was a tribune of the press; he was also a far-seeing statesman. No one knew him so well or appreciated his work at its value so truly as Duffy. For this reason an interest attaches to the little green covered Irish publication edited and prefaced by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy which is lacking in the perhaps better printed work edited by Mr. Rolleston. But one of them every Irishman, "unto the third and fourth generation" should possess.

* * *

*A Catholic who is almost constantly in the company of persons not of his faith, is often at a loss for an explanation of some one of the many vagaries of history that are offered as arguments against the Church. The Dark Ages, The Inquisition, St Bartholomew's Day, have only to be mentioned and he is put to the blush. A little book has just been published by Benziger Bros., which within small space contains a valuable compend of arguments. The Church's defence, mainly gleaned from Protestant writers, is set forth in clear terms. There is a general tendency to place a false estimate upon the importance of an historical fact. Oftener

*Mooted Questions of History. H. J. Desmond, A.M. New York, Benziger Bros.; Toronto, D. & J. Sadlier. Cloth 75c.

than otherwise we can only guess and will quite probably guess wrongly, the motives of the men who made the times. Cardinal Gibbons struck straight at this tendency of admitting too much in his remark concerning the Popes. "We have forty-three virtuous, to one bad Pope, while there was a Judas Iscariot among the twelve Apostles."

* * *



WM. W. CAMPBELL.

*When there comes a pause in reading new meanings into the text of Shakespeare; when we have sufficiently settled it that he knew everything and anticipated the discoveries of science, some wise or fortunate people will turn to Thackeray to see what ingenuity can make of him. When that august master of fifty generous attributes of the heart and sometime slave of one ill quality of the tongue (for both of which he is forevermore beloved) set out to construct a

*Wolfe. By A. G. Bradley. MacMillan & Co. English Men of Action Series. Wm. Tyrrell & Co., Toronto. 90c.

novel that would please the hospitable Yankees, he perhaps little thought of the solace he was preparing for us of the northern zone. It is a pleasure after listening to the din made by some of our ranting, roaring patriots on all possible public occasions about :

" In days of yore the hero Wolfe
Britain's glory did maintain,"

to turn to the pages of *The Virginians* and receive a new introduction to "that tallow-faced Put with the carrot hair," who "could not afford to lose," and therefore did not bet ; who knew much about Colonel Washington and "knew the names of all our rivers, only he called the Potowmac, Potamac at which we had a good laugh at him !" Thank goodness for that small imperfection. There is an attractiveness about this gawky, plain-featured, hard-working, honest gentleman, this indomitable soldier who liked fair fighting and would fight spite of rheumatism, gravel, fever and falling in love. His last great victory was but the crown to his virtues. Let us be glad that he received that crown in Canada. Whatever changes may occur to us in time's whirligig, Wolfe is one of our Canadian possessions. Perhaps he is honored as much by the

French Canadians as by the United Empire Loyalists. For my part I do not admire these latter gentlemen so much as they admire themselves or admit that they possess a monopoly of right sentiment. Not long ago there was a reception tendered to a Great British Novelist (an Irishman from the Isle of Man, and a fine Piccadilly brogue at him). The dinner, (they say Englishman would organize a public dinner to discuss an earthquake), was held on a Friday evening, a circumstance highly conducive to edifying reflection between courses of white meats. "Britain's glory was maintained" when the speeches came on. Being racially Irish to the last drop, there was an exclusiveness about certain of the gratulations that I could not quite enjoy. Judging by tradition and sympathy I would be probably considered of "good rebel stock." You, doubtless, are not, madam, and I hasten to assure you and Colonel Denison that we, who were Irish, have the same high sense of devotion to Canada which you and he possess. Were Confederation "smashed into its 'original' fragments" or otherwise maltreated, we should still go on admiring Wolfe, even as the people he defeated now admire him.

