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TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

OF one thing he felt certain. If Madame de Moldau was the Princess Charlotte, it was impossible to conceive a more extraordinary or more interesting position than hers, or one more fitted to command a disinterested allegiance and unselfish devotion from the man she had honored with her friendship. If something so incredible could be true, every mystery would be explained—every doubt would be solved. The blood rushed to his face as he thought of the proposal of marriage he had made to one of so exalted a rank, and of the feelings which it must have awakened in her breast. "Perhaps," he thought to himself, "though too generous to resent it, she may have found in those words spoken in ignorance one of the bitterest and most humiliating evidences of her fallen position;" but then he remembered the tacit avowal Madame de Moldau had made of feelings which did not imply that she was indifferent to his attachment. "Ah!" he again thought, "she may wish to withdraw not only from the man she may not wed, but from him whose presumptuous attachment was an unconscious insult! But I am mad, quite mad," he would exclaim, "to be reasoning on so absurd an hypothesis, to be building a whole tissue of conjectures on an utter impossibility; but then M. de Chamblle's dying words recurred to him—

those strange incoherent expressions about a *mesalliance* and a palace, and their relations together, so unlike those of a father and a child, and yet so full of devotion on his side and of gratitude on hers.

One by one he went over all the circumstances Simonette had related. The reports at New Orleans, the sale of the jewels, the Czar's picture in her possession, the stranger's visit, her agitation when the casket was mentioned—everything tallied with his wide guess. It would have been evident had it not been incredible. As it was, he felt utterly bewildered.

As soon as light dawned he rode to the village. There he heard that Hans had gone away in the night with a party of *coureurs des bois*. He breakfasted with Father Maret, and all the time was wondering if, supposing Madame de Moldau was the princess, he was aware of it. She said she had told him everything about herself, so he supposed he did. This thought inspired him with a sort of embarrassment, and, though longing to speak of what his mind was full of, he did not mention her name. As soon as the meal was over he returned to St. Agathe, where he had business to transact with Madame de Moldau. He found her sitting at a table in the verandah looking over the map of the concession. She raised her eyes, so full in their blue depths of a soft and dreamy beauty, to greet him as he

approached, and he felt sure at that moment that they were the eyes of the royal maiden of seventeen years of age with whom he had danced one night in her father's palace. He sat down by her as usual, and they began talking of business; but he was, for the first time in his life, absent and inattentive to the subject before him. He was reverting to one of those trifling circumstances which remain impressed on a person's memory, and which just then came back into his mind. When the young princess was dancing with him she had mentioned that the lady opposite to them had undergone a painful operation to improve the beauty of her features. "I do not think it was worth while;" she said; and then, pointing to a mole on her own arm, had added—"I have been sometimes advised to have this mole burnt off, but I never would."

He remembered as well as possible where that mole was—a little higher than the wrist, between the hand and the elbow of the left arm. Could he but see the arm, which was resting near him on the table covered by a lace sleeve, all doubt would be at an end. He could not take his eyes off it, and watched her hand which was taking pencil notes of what he was saying. At that moment a small spider crept out of a bunch of flowers on the table, and then towards the sleeve so anxiously watched. D'Auban noticed its progress with the same anxiety with which Robert Bruce must have observed that of the insect whose perseverance decided his own. The creature passed from the lace edging to the white arm. Madame de Moldau gave a little scream and pulled up the sleeve. D'Auban removed the insect, and saw the mole in the very spot where he remembered it. He carried away the spider and laid it on the grass. His heart was beating like the pendulum of a clock; he did not understand a word she was saying. He could only look at her with speechless emotion.

"Sit down again, M. d'Auban," she said, "and explain to me where you want to build those huts."

He hesitated, made as if he was going to do as she desired, but, suddenly sinking down on one knee by her side, he took her hand and raised it with the deepest respect to his lips. She turned round, surprised at this action, and she saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"What has happened?—what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing, Princess, only I know everything now. Forgive, forget the past, and allow me henceforward to be your servant."

"You! my servant! God forbid! But, good heavens! who has told you? M. d'Auban, I had promised never to reveal this secret."

"You have kept your promise, Princess; nothing but accidental circumstances have made it known to me. Do not look so scared. What have you to fear?"

"Oh! if you knew what a strange feeling it is to be known, to be addressed in that old way again. It agitates me, and yet—there is a sweetness in it. But how did you discover this incredible fact?"

"It is a long story, Princess. I saw you some years ago at Wolfenbittel; but it is only since yesterday that I have connected that recollection with the impression I have had all along that we were not meeting for the first time here."

"Have you indeed had that feeling M. d'Auban? So have I; but I thought it must be fancy. Did we meet in Russia?"

"No; I left St. Petersburg before your Imperial Highness arrived there. It was at the Palace of Wolfenbittel that I saw you, a few months before your marriage. I was there with General Lefort."

"Is it possible! I feel as if I was dreaming. Is it really I who am talking of my own self and of my former name, and as quietly as if it was a matter of course? But how extraordinary it is that you should have suddenly recollected where you had seen me! What led to it?"

"Simonette's suspicions about some jewels, and a picture in your possession."

"Oh yes. I believe the poor girl thinks I have stolen them. I perceived that some time ago. I have been very careless in leaving such things about. I do not see any way of explaining to her how I came by them; but as I am going soon, it does not signify so much."

"Do you still think you must go, Princess? Does not my knowledge of what you are alter our relative positions? If, imploring at your feet forgiveness for the past, I promise—"

"Oh, kindest and best of friends, believe me when I say, that it is the wedded wife, not the Imperial Highness who feels herself obliged to forego what has been a blessing, but what might become a tempta-

tion. In your conduct there has been nothing but goodness and generosity. Would I could say the same of mine. My only excuse is that my destiny was so unexampled that I deemed myself bound by no ordinary rules. I fancied neither God nor man would call me to account for its driftless course. I should have let you know at once that there were reasons of every sort why we could never be anything more than friends to each other. In those days I never looked into my own heart, or into the future at all. Bewildered by the peculiarity of my fate, I felt as if every tie was broken, every link with the past at an end, save the only one which can never be dissolved—a mother's love for her child. I applied to myself the words of the Bible, 'Free amongst the dead;' for I had passed through the portals of the grave. It seemed to me as if I had survived my former self, and that ties and duties were buried in the grave on which my name is inscribed. I lived in a state which can hardly be conceived. It was like groping amongst shadows. Nothing seemed real in or around me. You raised me from that death-like despondency, that cold and silent despair. You made me understand that it was worth while to live and to struggle."

She paused as if to collect her thoughts, and then said with a melancholy smile:

"Then you know who I am?"

"Yes, Princess; and in that knowledge there is both sadness and joy."

"I ought to have told you long ago that I was married."

"Forgive me, Princess, for having dared—"

"I have nothing to forgive. On the contrary, my gratitude for what you have done for me is too deep, too vast, for words. I do not know how to express it. You showed me there could be happiness in the world, even for me. And then you taught me by your example, still more than by your words, that there is something better and higher than earthly happiness. You made me believe in the religion which bids me part from you, and which gives me the strength to do so."

"Thank God that we have met and not met in vain," d'Auban answered, with the deepest feeling. "Thank God for the sufferings of a separation more bitter than death, if we do but meet at last where the wicked cease from troubling—"

"Ay, and where the weary are at rest. But now, even now, I *am* at rest," she added with an expression of wonderful sweetness, "almost for the first time of my life; and though when I go from hence and leave you and Father Maret behind, I shall be the most lonely, perhaps, of all God's creatures, the most solitary being that ever wandered on the face of the earth seeking a spot wherein to hide and die, I feel happy—Can you understand this M d'Auban?"

"Yes; for it is the Christian's secret."

"But you have always had faith—you cannot perhaps conceive the feelings of those who once were blind and now see. You don't know what it is to have lived half a lifetime in darkness, and then to feel the glorious light breaking in upon your soul and flooding it with sunshine!"

D'Auban was too much moved to speak for a while, and then said, "Would it agitate or pain you, Princess, to relate to me the particulars of—"

"Of my extraordinary history—my unparalleled escape? No, I think I can go through it, and I should like to do so. I wish you to know all that has happened to me. It will be a comfort to us hereafter to have spoken quite openly to each other before we parted."

It was in the following words that Madame de Moldau told her story.

CHAPTER VIII.

MYDAME DE MOLDAU'S STORY.

"My childhood went by like a pleasant dream. The ducal palace in which I was born, with its gay parterres, its green bowers, and the undulating hills which surround it, often rises before me like a vision of fairy-land. My sister and myself were brought up like birds in a gilded cage, and with about as much knowledge of the external world as the doves we kept to play with or the gold-fish in our mimic lakes. Our governess was an elderly lady of rank, who had all the kindness, the placidity, and the romantic sentimentality of the Northern German character. We were, I suppose, sweet-tempered children, and scarcely a ripple marked the smooth surface of our even days. Nothing but gentleness was shown to us. Study was made interesting. We led a charmed existence, such as is depicted in fairy tales,

and seeing nothing as it really is. We thought peasants were like the shepherds and shepardesses made of Dresden China, and that the poor were people who lived in small houses covered with roses and called cottages. As to the world of politics and fashion, we formed our ideas of it from Mdlle. de Scudery's novels. Nothing vicious or unrefined was suffered to approach us. We were taught music and morality, languages and universal benevolence. Religion was exhibited to us as a sentiment well fitted to impart elevation to the mind, and to give a relish for the beauties of nature. Virtue, we were assured, was its own reward. Oh! M. d'Auban, how well all this sounded in the morning of life, in an atmosphere of unruffled tranquility and youthful enjoyment, in those secluded bowers where my young sister and myself wandered hand in hand, playing in the sunshine, slumbering in the shade, and resting our heads at night on the same pillow. The happiness of those early years looked and felt so like virtue. And as we grew older, the love of poetry and art, and our intense affection for each other, and our enthusiasm for the Fatherland and its legends and traditions, filled up a space left purposely vacant in our hearts and minds. No definite faith was installed into our souls. We were instructed in the philosophy which looks on all dogmas with indifference. It was only on the map that we were permitted to distinguish between the creeds which men profess. We were to be educated to respect them all, and to believe in none till the day when diplomacy decided our fate, and our consequent adherence to one religion or another. Trained in indifference, doomed to hypocrisy! None of those who surrounded us held nobler views or a higher language than this. That dear kind old friend, who died the other day, you must have noticed yourself the tone of his mind when first you knew him. He was our chamberlain from the time we were old enough to have a household appointed for us. Even in those days we playfully called him father, as I have done in sad and sober earnest and with good reason since. But I will not linger any longer over the remembrance of those scenes and of that time. I will not describe to you Wolfenbittel, the miniature valley, the smooth green hills, the silvery river, the old palace, the library where we

used to see learned men assembling all parts of the world—"

"I have seen it," said d'Auban. "I have seen those hills, that palace. I saw you and your fair sister, the very day (so I was told at the time) that you were about to part with her."

"Did you? It was the day after a ball."

"Yes, that very ball where I was permitted to dance with you."

"Ah! is it not strange that those who are destined to play so great a part in one another's life can be so unconsciously breathing the same air, gazing on the same scenes, speaking careless words to each other! But tell me, did you feel sorry for me then? Did you foresee what I should suffer?"

"I remember musing on the fate which awaited you, but with more of wonder than pity. It seemed to me as if the most savage of men must soften towards you, and I felt more inclined to compassionate those you were about to leave than to foresee suffering in a destiny which promised to be brilliant."

"Well, I parted with my sister, took a last farewell of the happy scenes of my childhood, received a wreath of flowers at the hands of the maidens of Wolfenbittel, and many a splendid gift from kings and from princes. I left the ducal palace and the fair valley in which it stands with a sorrowful but not a desponding heart, for I was fulfilling a woman's and a princess's part. Forgetting my father's house, I said to myself, going forth like Rebekah to meet an unknown husband in a strange land. My sister, so said the poets of the ducal court, was to wed the Austrian eagle; I was to be the mate of the Imperial bird of the north. 'Joy to the Czarovitch's bride!' the sound rang in my ears, and my heart beat with more of hope than of fear. The title of the son of the Czar pleased my girlish fancy, and I had a romantic admiration for the great Emperor whom the philosophers and the men of letters of my country extolled as the greatest hero of the age. It was to Torgau that my father took me to meet Peter the Great and his son. I have often wondered if he had a presentiment that day of the doom of his child. I stood by his side in the chamber which had been fitted up for the first interview. The door was thrown open, and the Czar came in. I knelt at his feet and

besought him to be a father to me. He spoke kindly to me. I raised my eyes to his face. It is a handsome one, as you know, but I was struck with the dead coldness of his eye, and the fearful twitch which sometimes convulsed his features. And then he presented the prince to me."

Madame de Moldau paused, hid her face in her hands, whilst tears fell like rain through her slender fingers.

"It is too much for you," exclaimed d'Auban, "too painful, too agitating to go through such a narrative—to speak of that man who was—"

"Who is my husband—the father of my child—my persecutor, my enemy, and yet—Oh! sometimes, since I have had time to look back upon the past, since in profound self-abasement I have sunk at our Lord's feet and felt my own need of mercy, I have pitied *him*, and felt that others will have to answer for much of his guilt. Yes, that great man, his father, has dealt cruelly with a nature that was not altogether bad. He cut down the wheat with the tares in a heart as full of wild passion and as fierce as his own, but of a far different stamp. It is impossible to imagine two beings brought up in a more different manner than the Czarovitch and myself. Darkness and gloom had overshadowed his cradle; the rancour which was fostered in his soul from the earliest dawn of reason was joined to a passionate attachment to the customs, manners, religion, and language of the Muscovite nation. Early in life he had felt a burning resentment at the banishment and disgrace of his unhappy mother, Empress Eudoxia. In the visits he obliged me to pay to 'Sister Helen,' the pale wild-looking recluse of the monastic prison of Isdal, I saw that the same passions which influenced him were eating her heart away in that horrible solitude; and what a fatal effect they had upon his character! Yet I was glad; yes, it was a relief to see that he loved her, that he loved anyone. His detestation of the Empress Catharine was as vehement as his sense of his mother's wrongs."

"There is something very fearful," d'Auban said, "in a child's hatred. It is almost always founded on a secret or acknowledged consciousness of injustice, on the feeling that some great injury has been done to itself or to another. Nothing destroys so effectually youthfulness of heart."

"And the prince's hatred extended also in some measure to his father: he looked upon him as an oppressor whose will it was all but hopeless to withstand, but a sort of infatuation urged him on to the unequal struggle. There was not one subject on which the son did not abhor his father's policy. He detested foreign manners and foreign languages, and, above all, foreign innovations. He loathed the sight of the new capital, which had risen up in a day, and taken the place of the beautiful city of his birth—the Queen of the old Muscovite empire. The Emperor's assumption of supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, and the suppression of the patriarchate, were in his eyes acts of audacious impiety. His attachment to theological studies in his youth was a singular trait in his character. He had twice written out the whole of the Bible in his own hand, and was by no means an unlearned man. But at the time of our marriage he was surrounded alternately by his drunken companions and by the clergy of the Russian Church. From a child he was taught to conspire, and urged to carry on a fruitless contest with a master mind and a despotic will which crushed him and raised him up again with contemptuous ease. He was always lifting up his arm against the giant who despised him. Defeated, but not subdued, he maddened in the conflict, and vented his rage on those within his reach. M. d'Auban, do you remember the Indian legend that Therese repeated to us on the eve of New Year's Day?"

"The story of Hiawatha? I noticed at the time that some parts of it seemed to strike you very much."

"It made me think of the struggle I am speaking of. Those stanzas particularly which describe how Hiawatha fought with his father, the ruler of the west wind, to avenge the wrongs of his mother, the lily of the prairie, the beautiful Wenonah. How he hurled at the giant the fragments of jutting rocks:

For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was;
But the ruler of the west wind
Blew the fragments backward from him
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger.

Yes, those words made me think of the Czarovitch's struggle against his iron-hearted father, who never loved him, but

bore with him ; and with a great patience, in which there was not one atom of feeling or of kindness, sought to make him a fit successor to his throne.

“Now, M. d’Auban, you can imagine with what feelings that rebellious spirit, that resentful son, that wild and weak young man, must have looked upon the bride which his father had chosen for him—the German bride, who could not speak one word of the Russian language, and who, with childlike imprudence, showed her aversion to many of the customs of Russia, some of them the very ones which Alexis would almost have died to uphold ; who spoke with enthusiasm of the Czar ; who babbled, God forgive her ! of philosophy and free thinking, but loathed the sight of his vices and excesses. In those first days of marriage, of complete ignorance of all that surrounded me, how I rushed, like a fool, where angels, as the English poet said, would have feared to tread ! How I unconsciously sported with the elements of future misery, and thought I could tame, by playful looks and words, the fierce nature of my husband !

“It was a few days after we had arrived at the palace at St. Petersburg, that I received my first lesson in the Greek religion ; and in the evening, whilst conversing with General Apraxin, I laughed at the pains which my instructor had taken to explain to me that the Czar could not be Antichrist, as the number 666 was not to be found in his name. I saw my husband’s eyes fixed upon me with a look of hatred which curdled the blood in my veins. Another time I was listening with a smile to the ridiculous account which one of the Czar’s favorite French officers was giving of the discipline to which the Russian peasants subjected their wives, and of the pride which a true Muscovite woman took in the chastisements inflicted by her lord and master. The word “barbarians” escaped my lips. The Czarovitch started up in a fury, and dealing me a heavy blow, exclaimed—“This will teach you, madame, to turn into ridicule the ancient customs of this nation.”

“I turned away from him with a cry of terror, and from that day I never was free from fear in his presence. When the Czar was in reach I felt sure of his protection, but he was seldom at St. Petersburg or at Moscow for any length of time,

and I was left to the tender mercies of my husband.

“Oh what that life was ; what that life became—every part of it, every moment of it ! I had not one human being about me whom I could trust, except my faithful M. de Sasse—M. de Chambelle, as we called him here—who alone had been suffered to accompany me to Russia. He was of Russian parentage himself, and obtained permission to enter my household. The Countess of Konigsmark was very kind to me, and there was one other person in that great empire who also felt for the Czarovitch’s wife ; one whom many speak against ; one whose life has been as extraordinary, though a very different one from mine ; one who may have been guilty towards others, God only knows, but to me a friend to more than royal friendship true. Never, as long as life and memory last, can I forget the kindness of the Empress Catharine.

“The first day I saw her—it was just after the Czar had recognized her as his wife—my heart was very sore. Disenchantment, that sickness of the soul—a still more hopeless one than that of hope deferred—had come over me. No one had said a word of tenderness to me since I had left my home. The Countess of Konigsmark was not yet in Russia. I had no feeling for or against the new empress. My husband detested her ; but I had espoused none of his hatreds, and was more inclined towards those whom his friends opposed than those whom they favored. When I saw her handsome face beaming upon me with the sunshiny look which, it is said, made her fortune, it seemed as if a ray of real sunshine had, for a moment, shone upon me. I suppose I must have looked very miserable. She had not yet learnt the cold reserve which royalty enforces. The womanly heart of the Lithuanian warmed towards the desolate princess ; she clasped me to her breast, and I felt hot tears falling on my brow. She doubtless guessed what I had already suffered, and the doom that was reserved for me ; for she knew what it was to be wedded to a Komanoff—to live in fear and trembling with a hand on the lion’s mane. She knew how fierce a thing was even the love of one of that race : well might she divine what their hatred must be. Our meetings were not frequent—our interviews short. The

Czar, as you know, was ever travelling in and beyond his vast empire, and she was ever by his side. It was his desire, at that time, that the Czarovitch should try his hand at governing during those absences. He took care, however, to restrain his power, and to have a close watch kept over his actions. He compelled me, in spite of the ever-increasing bad treatment of the prince, to remain with him; for he knew that all my ideas coincided with his own, and were opposed to those of my husband. He hoped I should gain an influence over him. It was a vain hope.

"I will not dwell on one circumstance of my history—which, as you have resided in Russia, you probably are acquainted with. You doubtless heard it said, that Charlotte of Brunswick had a rival in the person of a Russian slave."

"I know it," said d'Auban, with emotion.

"It was no secret," Madame de Moldau went on to say. "The prince used, in my presence, to complain that the Czar had married a peasant, and that he had been compelled to marry a princess.

"Now you can understand what a fatal effect my position had upon me, as regarded religion. How I hated the creed which it had been agreed upon as a condition of my marriage that I should profess; which they wished to teach me, as if it had been a language and a science. A Protestant may be a sceptic, and yet scarcely conscious of hypocrisy in calling himself a Christian; but the Greek religion enforces observances which are a mockery if practised without faith in them. I would not receive the sacraments of the Greek Church. The Czar did not compel me to it; but many a fearful scene I had with my husband on that account. When, on state occasions, I went to church with him, my presence only irritated his fanaticism. His religion consisted in a kind of gloomy, intense devotion to a national form of worship, identified with his prejudices, but without any influence on his heart or life. My own early impressions were too vague, too indefinite, to offer any standing-ground between the tenets which were forced upon me and the scepticism in which I took refuge. Can you wonder that I became almost an infidel?"

"It would have been strange had it

been otherwise," d'Auban answered. "It is a great mercy that the principal of faith was not utterly destroyed in your soul. But it is, thank God, only willful resistance to truth which hopelessly hardens the heart. You were guiltless of that."

"Everything that now appears to me in another light, under another aspect, was then distorted, as if to delude me. The prince used to take me in secret to the monastery of Isdal to see his mother and his aunt, the Princess Sophia—the so-called nuns, the unhappy recluses whose bodies were confined in this cloistered prison, whose hearts and minds were incessantly bent on ambitious projects, on intrigue and on revenge. Sister Helen's fierce denunciations of the Czar and the Empress Catharine still ring in my ears. When I am ill and weak, her face, as I used to see it, half concealed by a dark cowl, haunts me like a spectre. And the Czar's sister—her haughty silence—her commanding form—her eye bright, and cold as a turquois, watching the foreigner with a keenness which froze the blood in my veins; how I trembled when I encountered its gaze! how I shuddered when Sister Helen called me daughter!

"I am afraid of wearying you, M. d'Auban, with the detail of my sufferings, but I want you to know what my life has been—"

"I would not lose one word, one single word, of this mournful story. It tells upon me more deeply than you think. Go on. It will be better for you to have told, and for me to have heard, that such things have happened in God's world. May He forgive those who have thus wrought with you, my—"

He stopped. The words "beloved one," were on his lips but were choked in time. It was a hard task for that man to hear her tale of sorrow, and not pour fourth in burning words the feelings of his heart.

She continued: "Everything was a trial to me during those dreadful years. The barbarous magnificence of the court, which always in the absence, and sometimes in the presence, of the Czar was mixed up with drunken orgies and savage revelries, which sometimes, out of caprice, the prince forced me to witness. At other times I was left in absolute neglect, and even penury.

"You have sometimes wondered at my

patient endurance for a few weeks of the horrors, as you termed them, of Simon's barge, and the hut where we were first sheltered under these sunny skies. You did not know that I had once almost starved in a cold northern palace, well-nigh perished from neglect.

"At a moment's notice, a summons would come to accompany the prince to meet his father at some distant part of the empire; five or six hundred leagues had to be traversed, day and night, with scarcely any interval of repose. He detested those forced marches, and used sometimes to feign illness in order to avoid them. When we joined the court I was secure for a while from ill-treatment, for the Czar was always kind, the Empress affectionate to me; but then I used to suffer in another way. You will understand it: something you said to me about the Czar makes me sure you will. Since my girlish days I had looked upon him with admiration—his prowess, his intellect, his energy, the immense works he had achieved, his gigantic creations, had stimulated all the enthusiasm of my nature. Perhaps my husband would not have hated me so bitterly if I had not exalted his father's name, his schemes, and his invocations with an enthusiasm, and in a way which was gall and wormwood to him. When I was suffering the deepest humiliations, when insulted and ill-used by the Czarovitch, I used to glory that I was the Czar's daughter—that my child would be his grandson. But shadows gradually darkened these visions. A cold chill was thrown over my youthful anticipations. This did not arise from the stories my husband and his friends related against the Emperor. I disbelieved them. The slaughter of thousands of men—the extermination of the Strelitz—I recked not of. The majesty of the crown had to be vindicated. The young Czar, in the hour of his might and of his triumph, bore the aspect of an avenging divinity in my blinded vision, and the glories of a nation rose out of the stern retributive justice of these acts.

"But when in his palace, for the first time, I saw him give way to passion, not as a sovereign, but as a savage (you used that word once; I fear it is the true one); when I saw him, with my own eyes, strike his courtiers; when with trembling horror I heard of his cutting off the head of a

criminal with his own hand, and another time of his administering the knout himself to a slave—then the veil fell from my eyes—then the dream was over. The disgusting buffooneries he delighted in were also a torment to me. The cynical derisive pantomimes enacted in his presence, in which even the sacred ceremony of marriage was profaned and ridiculed; the priesthood, degraded though it might have been turned into ridicule—it was all so revolting so debasing. No doubt he was great in what he conceived and in what he executed. No doubt he created an empire in a few years, and raised up cities and fleets even as other men put up a tent or launch a ship. But M. d'Auban, do you believe he has founded that empire on a lasting foundation—do you think that the examples he gave will bequeath to the principles of morality which are the strength of a people?"

"I place no reliance," answered d'Auban, "in reforms brought about by despotic power, or in a civilization that improves the intellect and softens the manners without amending the heart and converting the soul. Did you ever venture to express these ideas to the Czar?"

"Sometimes, in a general way, but you must remember, that whatever may have been right in my impressions at that time, was the result of conscientious instinct, not of any definite principles. I was afraid of showing him how much I disliked the bad taste of his favorite amusements. Once when the Czar had given way before me to a degrading transport of passion he said to me afterwards, 'Ah, it is easier to reform an empire than to reform oneself.' There was something grand in this acknowledgement from one with whom no one on earth would have dared to find fault."

"Amendment would have been grander. But the fact is, he had no wish to amend. He had no faith, no principles. Ambition was his ruling passion, and what in him looks like virtue is the far-sighted policy of a wise legislator. What unmitigated suffering the atmosphere of that court must have been to a nature like yours! The natural goodness of your heart, as well as your refined tastes, incessantly offended by the iniquities which compassed you about on every side, and at that time no firm footing on which to take your own stand in the midst of all that corruption."

“Yes, even those of whom I had better opinion, and who took an interest in me, men imbued with the philosophical ideas which are gaining ground so fast in France and in Germany, but who scorned the grosser vices and coarse manners of my husband’s companions, had nothing better to recommend to me, in order to strengthen my mind and guard me against temptation, than reading Plutarch’s Lives and Montesquieu’s works. General Apraxin, Count Gagarin, and Mentzchikoff, the Emperor’s favorite, were of the number of these friends who ridiculed the longbeards, as they called the clergy, and applauded my aversion to the ceremonies of the national religion. They opened my eyes to the dangers which surrounded me. One of them informed me that every lady in my household was a spy—some in the Emperor’s and some in my husband’s interest. Another warned me never to speak in a low voice to any of my attendants, as I should be suspected of conspiring. And one day the Countess of Konigsmark (this was about two years after my marriage) brought me secretly a box containing a powerful antidote against poison, with the assurance that I might have occasion to use it; that there was no longer any doubt that the Czarovitch intended to make away with me, in order to marry the slave Afrosina. Then fear of another sort became my daily lot; uneasiness by day and terror by night. If ever the story of Damocles was realized in a living being’s existence, it was in mine. The torment of that continual fear became almost unbearable, and the homesickness preyed upon my spirits with unremitting intensity. It was at once the prisoner’s and the exile’s yearning—the burthen of royalty and that of poverty also. I was penniless amidst splendour; in debt, and deprived, at times, of the most common comforts of life. On state occasions decked out with eastern magnificence, at home in miserable penury. Often I was obliged to submit to arrangements which were intolerable to a person of even ordinary refinement. In the temporary residences which we occupied during the progresses of the court, my apartment was crowded with female slaves, both by day and by night; and there was more vermin in some of the Muscovite palaces than in the wigwams of our poor Indians.

“One of the peculiarities of my fate in

those days was that of being, in one sense, never alone, and continually so in another. If amongst my attendants I seemed to distinguish one from the rest—if any affection seemed to spring up between one of my ladies and myself, she was at once dismissed from my sight, exiled to Siberia, or compelled, perhaps, to marry some person of obscure station.”

“An equally dreadful fate in your eyes, princess,” said d’Auban, in a voice in which there was a slight shade of wounded feeling. Madame de Moldau did not seem to notice it.

“The loss was the same to me in both cases,” she said. “The severity of the trial to them must have depended on the peculiarities of their own character, or the disposition of the person they were forced to wed. I envied them all I believe—the exiles to Siberia most. I would have gone anywhere, done anything to fly away and be at rest—think of that! no rest to body, heart, or mind! One while the Czarovitch would bring his friends into my room, and hold his drunken revels there, playing at a game where the penalty consisted in swallowing large bowls of brandy at one draught. He used roughly to compel me to join in these sports, and brutally resented my ill-concealed disgust. Another while he assembled some of the Greek priests of the old school, and held with them long theological discussions in my presence. If I looked weary and distracted he called me a German infidel, and cursed the day he had married me. Now you see why I shuddered when you first spoke to me of religion. It was as if the spectre of past suffering had suddenly risen up before me, and touched me with its cold hand. One more word before I arrive at the closing scene of these long years of anguish. I have been a mother, but I have not known a mother’s joy. I went through the trying hour of a woman’s life, without one word of affection or of tenderness to sooth or support me. In a cold desolate apartment in the winter palace, more like a hall than a chamber, my son was born. The Czar and the Empress were a hundred leagues away. There was a ceremonial to be observed which was as the laws of the Medes and Persians. No particle of it was to be infringed, but the actors in it forgot or refused to come and perform their parts; and no peasant, no slave, no criminal was

ever left in such helpless abandonment as the Czarovitch's wife. They carried away my infant. They kept him out of my sight. They left me alone shivering, shuddering, pining in solitude, conjuring up visions of terror during the long interminable nights, and nervous fancies without end. Hating to live, fearing to die, trembling at every sound, weary, weary unto death, I lay their thinking of my child in the hands of strangers, deeming that the poison I had been threatened with might be even then destined for him, and the while cannons were firing, and bells ringing, and men carousing for joy that an heir was born to the house of Romanoff. Forty days elapsed and I was at last permitted to see my son. The Czar had returned, and the Empress Catharine brought him in her arms to my bedside. . . . I looked at the little face along time. She was very patient with me (the Empress), she did not try to stop my weeping. She laid the baby one moment on my bosom, but it was not to stay with its mother. The Czar would not allow his son the possession of the heir to the throne. I was allowed to see him sometimes, not often. That same day I was churched in my bed-chamber, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress. The patriarch performed the ceremony. I went through it with a heart of stone. There was no thanksgiving on my lips, and no gratitude in my heart. I felt as if I was an atheist, and wished myself dead."

"Are you very tired?" anxiously asked d'Auban, frightened at Madame de Moldau's paleness, as she leant back in her chair, and closed her eyes for a moment.

"No; I was thinking of the visits I used to pay to my child at stated times only. How I used to stand by the cradle, covered with ermine, gazing on my sleeping baby, and how when he awoke he turned away crying at the sight of a stranger—of his mother. And on my return to my detested home, what wild dreams I had of escape, of freedom! What vain schemes would flit at those times across my fevered brain of a flight to my own land with my infant in my arms, of hiding in some lone wood, amidst the green hills of my native land, where for one hour I might sit with my child upon my knees, gazing into his eyes. I have heard you pity the slave whose child is sold from her bosom. Alas! I

was almost as much deprived of mine as the poor negress in the slave market of New Orleans. And I dream sometimes even now of soft lips against my cheek, and little hands about my neck, which I never felt, which I shall never feel—Not even as a stranger shall I ever look again on—"

"The Czarovitch's son," said d'Auban, with a strong rising in his heart. It was almost more than he could endure to hearken to this story in silence. He was more deeply moved than she could know. What it was a relief for her to tell, it was agony to him to hear. There are records of human iniquity and human suffering which fill the soul with a burning indignation, which wring it with an intolerable pity, which make us bless God that we have never been tempted beyond what we could bear; that we have never been, like poor Charlotte Corday, for instance, maddened into one of those crimes which almost look like virtue.

D'Auban was thankful that day that the wide Atlantic rolled between him and the royal miscreant who had done such deeds of shame.

"A few more words, and then you will have heard all," Madame de Moldau said, "all that I can tell of the closing scene of that long agony of fear and suffering. I was continually warned of my danger: continually received messages to put me on my guard against eating certain food, or speaking alone to some particular person. The Czarovitch himself had often uttered dark threats, in which I clearly perceived the doom I had to expect at his hands. His hatred of me seemed to grow every day more intense. At last I discovered that a conspiracy against his father was on foot. Evidence of it fell into my hands. His mother, his sister, and his friends, as well as a large number of the Greek clergy, were engaged in it. I was thrown into strange perplexities. Whatever kindness I had received in Russia was from the Czar and his consort, and my soul revolted at the idea of being implicated in my husband's unnatural conduct.

"One day I took courage. We were alone together which was not often the case. I told him of my suspicions, my more than suspicions of the plot he was engaged in. Oh! the look of his face at that moment! I dare not fix my thoughts

on it. I remember every word he said, 'that I had been his evil genius; that instead of marrying a woman he loved, he had been made to wed a pale spectre who haunted him as the White Lady who fore-shadows death in royal houses. That I hated his mother, and despised his church, but now the crisis was come. The day of doom at hand. The destinies of Russia were at stake. Swear,' he said, 'swear by God, that is, if indeed you believe there is a God—swear that you will be silent as the grave regarding the glorious delivery which is at hand. Do you value your life?' he said savagely, as I turned away from him without replying. 'Do you value your life?' he repeated, his eyes glowing with an expression of mingled hatred and fear.

"What has my life been that I should value it?" I cried, the strong sense of accumulated wrongs finding vent at last. 'What has my life been but a living death since I set foot in this detested land, since I became the bride of a savage. Give me back my own country, give me back my youth—'

"Your youth," he cried, 'your country. Cursed be the day when you came from it, and stood between me and the true wife of my heart, and threw the cold shade of your sneers and your unbelief over the faith of holy Russia. But by that faith I swear you shall come this very day to my mother's cell and hear from her lips the duty of a wife.' God forgive me! I was stung to the heart; I thought of what *that* woman had been, and of *my* patience and truth, and I murmured, will *she* teach it me.' My eyes doubtless spoke the sarcasm my lips dared not utter. He felled me to the ground. I remember the agony of the blow, I remember the look of his face, I remember my own wild cry, and then nothing more; nothing for many nights and many days.

"When I recovered my senses I was, or fancied I was, alone. Lying on a small bed in a dark, low room, I saw nothing but stained whitewashed walls, and a small table on which were some bottles, and two or three common chairs. Gradually I called to mind, with that feeble groping sense of awakening memory, *who* I was, and then with a sort of bewildered astonishment wondered *where* I was. I had spent days of misery amidst splendor and discomfort, but so poor a chamber as

this I had never even looked upon. With difficulty, and feeling faint and giddy, I raised my heavy head from the pillow, and saw M. de Sasse, sitting near the stove warming his hands, and looking very ill. 'M. de Sasse,' I whispered. He started, and hurried to my side. 'Where am I? What has happened to me?'

"You are dead," he emphatically whispered; 'that is, everybody, and the monster who killed you, thinks you are dead.' Who killed me? What monster? Ah! it all came back upon me, and I gave a fearful scream. 'Hush, hush! for heaven's sake!' implored M. de Sasse. 'Nobody must know you are alive.'

"I pressed my hand on my forehead, for my thoughts were beginning again to wander. 'Is there anybody near me but you?' I said faintly.

"The Countess of Konigsmark will be here presently. She will tell you all that has happened. Try to sleep a little again.' I closed my eyes, but I could not rest. 'Is this the world to come?' I said. 'It is like a horrid dream without a beginning or an end. Is this life or death?' Then a nervous agitation seized me, I began to tremble and to weep. The poor old man bent over me imploring me to be silent. My sobs became loud and convulsive, and his face grew wild with apprehension. He laid a pillow on my face, and cried out, 'Will you, too, murder me?' I shall never forget his groan as he dashed the pillow to the ground, and tore his grey hair. Poor, faithful old man, it was the sight of his grief which quieted me. I gave him my hand and fell asleep, I believe. The next time I woke, the Countess de Konigsmark was kneeling by the bedside; when I opened my eyes they met hers. I had known her from my earliest childhood. Her son, Comte Maurice de Saxe, had been my playfellow in former days. She was one of my few friends since my marriage. Whenever she came to the court of Russia, her society was a consolation to me. During those years of misery she was the only person to whom I opened my heart. What a relief it was to see her that day! I stretched out my arms, and she folded me to her breast.

"I like this little dark room, now that you are here," I whispered. 'I do not want to go away, if you will stay a little with me. And you, too,' I added, turn

ing to the old man, who was gazing wistfully at me from his seat near the stove. 'Nobody cares for me in the wide world, but you two.'

"My darling princess," said the countess, "do you care to live?"

"I started up in wild affright, a dreadful idea had passed through my mind. I was perhaps a prisoner condemned to death. 'What have I done? Am I to die?' I cried, 'Is the Czar dead?'

"The tears fell fast from the countess's eyes. She shook her head: 'No, but he is far away, my princess, and the wretch who all but killed you, and believes that he did so, would not have suffered you to live if he had known that you had escaped from the effects of his ferocity. I had the absolute certainty of this. His measures were taken, and I saw but one way of saving you. We sent him word that you were dead, and spread abroad the news of your decease. A mock funeral took place, and the court followed to the grave what they supposed to be your mortal remains.'

"It is very dreadful," I said, shuddering.

"If it had not been for this stratagem your faithful servants could not have saved you. The Czarovitch has determined you shall die.'

"And he thinks that I am dead?" I asked, with a strange fluttering at my heart, such as I had never known before. 'But when he hears that I am alive! Ah, I am afraid! I am horribly afraid! Hide me from him. Save me from him.' I clung to the countess with a desperate terror.

"We have concealed you," she said, 'in this remote corner of the palace. M. de Sasse and two more of your attendants are alone in the secret.'

"I am still in the palace, then?"

"Yes; but as soon as you have recovered a little strength you must fly from this country. We have all incurred a terrific responsibility who have been concerned in this transaction, for we have deceived not only the Czarovitch, but the Czar himself. The court, the nation, your own family, all Europe, have put on mourning for you. The funeral service has been performed over a figure which represented you, sweet princess; the bells have tolled in every church of the empire for the flower of Brunswick's line, for the

murdered wife of the Czarovitch—for your supposed death is laid at his door.'

"I am dead then," I exclaimed, looking straight at the countess with such a wild expression that she seemed terrified. 'I am dead, then,' I repeated again, sitting bolt upright in my bed, and feeling as if I was the Ghost of my former self. 'Am I to remain always here?' I asked, glancing with a shudder at the dismantled walls and narrow windows.

"No," she softly answered. 'Like a bird let loose, like a prisoner set free, you will fly away and be at rest.' 'Yes, yes, I cried, laying my head on her shoulder. 'Rest—that is what I want.' And my tears flowed without restraint.

"Under a brighter sky," she continued, 'amidst fairer scenes, you will await the time when a change of circumstances may open the way for your return.'

"Cannot I go to Vienna, to my sister, or to my own native Wolfenbuttle?"

"I immediately saw in the countess's face how much this question distressed her. 'Princess,' she said, 'This is not possible. Not only the Czarovitch, but the Czar himself, believes you are no more. If you revealed your existence, you would expose to certain death those who, at the risk of their lives, saved yours. Besides, the Prince will never suffer you to live. His emissaries would compass your death wherever you went. I have evidence that you were taking poison in your food, and that it was only the antidotes I persuaded you to use which enabled you to struggle against its effects.'

"Then I have no hope left," I cried, 'no possible refuge. It would have been better to let me die. Would that my husband's hand had dealt a heavier blow, and that the grave had really closed upon me!'

"What! is there no charm in existence?" Madame de Konigsmark exclaimed. 'Have you drained the cup of happiness during the twenty-three years you have lived? Cannot enjoyment be found in a life of retirement?'

"Drained the cup of happiness!" I bitterly cried. 'Why mock my despair? Have I known a single day of peace since I married the Czarovitch? Let me die of hunger, or call my husband's hirelings to despatch me at once, but do not drive me mad by talking to me of happiness.'

"I raved on for sometime in this state, half concious, half delirious, I believe,

fearing to fix my thoughts on any thing, and doubting whether those who had saved my life were my friends or my enemies. Madame de Konigsmark sat patiently by my side for hours together, watching, as I have since thought, every turn of my mind. She became more and more alarmed at the bold measures she adopted, and seemed terrified lest I should refuse to disappear altogether from the world where I was known. Nothing could be more skilful or better planned than the way in which she brought me to the point. She did not say anything more on the subject that day, but on the following morning she induced me to rise from my bed, and led me to an open window looking on a garden at the back of the palace. The sudden burst of a Russian spring—the most beautiful though the most short lived of seasons—was imparting a wonderful beauty and sweetness to the shrubs and flowers. The sky was of softest blue, and a southern wind fanned my cheek, reminding me of my father's and. It awoke the wish to live. I could not now bear the idea of dying, either by violence or by poison, the effect of which had already, in spite of antidotes, begun to tell upon my health. I felt incapable of forming plans, but to get away—to escape—became now my most intense desire. At nights I was afraid of assassins. Every sound—every step—made me tremble.

“A day or two later, Madame de Konigsmark came to me in great alarm. One of the prince's favorites had been seen in the palace, conversing with the servants and making inquiries, which M. de Sasse had overheard. Rumors were afloat, she told me, that I had been killed by my husband, and my attendants, it was supposed, would undergo an examination.

“Princess, you must go this very night,” she said. “I will accompany you to the coast. M. de Sasse and one of your women will go with you to France. You can easily travel thence to America, where you will be perfectly safe from discovery. I have secured for you a sum of 50,000 roubles, which is by this time in Messrs. Frere's hands in Paris; and all the jewels which are your own property you must take with you. M. de Sasse will pass for your father; and if Mademoiselle Rosenkrantz should decline to leave Europe you can easily procure in France another

attendant. There is not a moment to lose. Your own life, and the lives of all concerned, are at stake.”

“The suddenness of the proposal took me by surprise. I seized her hands and cried: ‘I cannot forsake my son.’

“Alas!” she answered, ‘have you enjoyed a parent's rights, or a parent's happiness? Have you been suffered to be a mother to your child? He is safe in the Czar's keeping. He can protect him better than you could. Believe me, princess, if the Czarovitch discovers you are alive, I cannot answer for your life or mine. Do you think I should urge you to forego your position if there were any other way of saving you?’

“It was not difficult to persuade me; I had not strength to resist. In the middle of the night we descended the narrow staircase, and found a carriage waiting for us. I moved like a person in a dream. Madame de Konigsmark was by my side. I do not remember having any distinct thoughts during that journey, or any feeling but that of a hunted animal pining to escape. When we came near the coast, and I felt on my cheek the peculiar freshness of the sea air, it revived me a little; but when, by the light of the moon, I caught sight of the merchant vessel which I was to embark in, a sense of desolation came over me. My friend wept bitterly as she gave me a parting embrace. I did not shed a tear. It seemed as if every thing within me was turned to stone. I sat down on my wretched cabin-bed; the anchor was raised and we began to move. For a long time I neither spoke nor stirred. The poor old man—once my servant, then my orly protector—watched me all that day and the following night. I believe the first words I uttered were some that have often been on my lips since that time: ‘Free amongst the dead!’”

“Free with the freedom of God's children!” d'Auban exclaimed. “Oh, Princess! what a miracle of mercy has your life been!”

“I can see it now; but at the time all was darkness. From Hamburg, where we landed, we went to Paris, and soon afterwards to Havre de Grace, where we embarked, as I have told you before, in a vessel with eight hundred German emigrants on board. I was impatient to get away from France, always fancying myself

pursued by the Prince's emissaries. Even at New Orleans I was in a constant fear of being recognized, and insisted on leaving it as soon as possible. We only stayed till M. de Sasse could dispose of my diamonds, and had placed the money at a banker's. Here I thought I should be out of the reach of travellers. You can imagine what I suffered the day those strangers came. I could not resist the wish to hear something about Russia and my poor little son. Alexander Levacheff recognized me. I saw him in private, and exacted from him an oath of secrecy. And now I have only a very few more words to say. Some persons in our positions, M. d'Auban, might feel when about to part, 'It would be better had they never met.' But I can, and from the depths of my heart I do say: 'It has been well for me that I have met you, known you, trusted you—'

She broke down, and could not finish the sentence.

He was going to answer, but she stopped him and said, with some excitement:

"But *you*—what good have I done you? I have saddened your life by the sight of my grief, long wounded you by my silence, and now I leave you, less able perhaps to bear your solitary existence than heretofore."

He could scarcely speak. Men do not find words as easily as women, when they are deeply affected.

"It is true," he said, in an almost inaudible voice. "But, nevertheless, I am glad you came; I can say it with truth. Whatever I may have to suffer, I shall always thank God for having known you."

"Well, it may be one day, on your death-bed, perhaps, a consolation for you to think that you have acted very justly and kindly towards one who, when she came in your way, was drifting like a rudderless bark on a dark sea. The Bible says, that man is blest who could have done evil and did not do it. I might well apply to you those other words of Scripture: 'Thou art that man.' May He who knows all reward you!"

No other words passed between them. He took her hand, silently kissed it, and withdrew. The shades of evening had gradually fallen, and the moon was shining on the long thick grass of the lawn. As he looked upon the beautiful glade and the silvered landscape, he thought of

the night when Therese had for the first time spoken to him of the white man's daughter. As long as he was listening to her he had hardly realized what it would be to live and to work on alone in that spot where for two years she had been his constant companion and the principal object of his life. Now it seemed suddenly to come upon him. He not only knew it must, but also felt it ought to be. There was no prospect of escape from this dreaded separation. It might take place at any moment. Overpowered by his grief, he sank on a bench in the garden, and was only roused from his sad musings by Simonette's voice.

"Monsieur d'Auban!" she said, in a loud whisper.

"What do you want?" he exclaimed, starting to his feet.

"I have something to say to you. I want you to promise not to let my mistress" (it was the first time she had called her so) "leave this place before I come back. And whilst I am away, please both of you not to grieve too much."

"What—what are you talking about? What is it to me whether you go or stay?"

"Nothing, I know," answered the girl, in a voice the pathos of which might have struck him had he been less absorbed by his own grief. "But I am going away. Do not be harsh to me. Perhaps you may never see me again."

"I do not know why you go. I cannot talk to you to-night. Leave me alone."

"Will you not say a kind word to me?"

"For heaven's sake, go away!" cried d'Auban, scarcely able to command himself.

"Do not be cruel to me. I want all my strength for what I am about to do. I was within hearing just now, when madame was speaking to you. I heard what she said."

"Good heavens! and do you dare to tell me so?" exclaimed d'Auban, pale with anger. "I have had patience with you long. I have shown great forbearance, but I shall not suffer you to remain here any longer as a spy on your mistress. She shall know of your base conduct." He walked away greatly agitated.

"Wait—wait!" cried Simonette in a tone of anguish, and clasping her hands together. He did not turn back. She gazed after him for a moment. "Not one look! not one word!" she murmured.

"Well, be it so. In the land of the hereafter there will be no scorn, no unkindness. Oh for strength of limb, and skill, and courage! Now for the spirit of my childhood—the fearless spirit and the brave heart! God and my good angel befriend me! The travellers to Canada cannot be here before the end of next month. My father says so."

D'Auban passed a wretched night. He reproached himself bitterly for not having examined if it was indeed true that the French girl had overheard the Princess's story, and not taken measures to secure her secrecy. He felt his anger had made him imprudent. He resolved to see her the first thing in the morning. But when, as early as was possible, he went to St. Agathe, Simonette was not to be found. Madame de Moldau and the servants supposed she had gone to the village. He went there at once, but she had not been seen. He told Therese she had spoken wildly the night before of going away, and observed that she did not seem surprised at her disappearance. Father Maret, to whom he communicated all that had passed the day before between him and Madame de Moldau, and also during his brief interview with Simonette, expressed his fears that she had gone to New Orleans to denounce her mistress as the possessor of stolen jewels.

"She has often spoken to me of her scruples on that subject, and, not being able," he said, "to reveal to her the explanation of the mystery, she never seemed satisfied with my advice to let the matter rest. If, however, she did overhear the truth last night, it is scarcely credible that she can have carried out her intention. She may, however, have heard the Princess speak of her flight from Russia, and not the preceding facts—enough to confirm her suspicions, not enough to enlighten her. Would I had stopped and questioned her! The doubt is most harassing. But she cannot have started alone on a journey to New Orleans!"

"She is quite capable of doing so."

"Would it be of any use to try and overtake her?"

"If even we knew for sure which way she has gone, we have no clue as to the road she has taken, whether by the river or through the thickets. The wild attempt may be fatal to her."

"Full of risks, no doubt. But she is

used to these wild journeys. I would give a great deal she had not gone, for more reasons than one."

D'Auban's heart sank within him. Letters lately received from New Orleans mentioned that orders had been sent out by the French Government to make inquiries in the colony as to the sale of jewels supposed to belong to the Imperial family of Russia, and to arrest any persons supposed to be in possession of them. If suspicions previously existing were to be renewed by Simonette's depositions, the Princess might be placed in a most embarrassing position; it might lead to inextricable difficulties; and yet there was nothing to be done but wait—the greatest of trials under such circumstances. Father Maret hoped the travellers to Canada would soon arrive. D'Auban was compelled to wish for it also. In the mean time he tried to re-assure Madam de Moldau about Simonette's disappearance by stating she had hinted to him the day before that she had some such intention.

Though with little hope of success, he despatched men in various directions, and one in a boat for some miles down the river, to search for her. At nightfall they returned, without having discovered the least clue to the road she had taken. The next day an Indian said that a canoe, belonging to her father, which was moored a few days before in a creek some leagues below the village of St. Francis, had disappeared, which seem to confirm the supposition that she had gone to New Orleans. D'Auban suffered intensely, from a twofold anxiety. He reproached himself for the harsh way in which he had spoken to Simonette, and sometimes a terrible fear shot across his mind. Was it possible that she had destroyed herself! He could not but call to mind the wildness of her look and manner. He knew how ungovernable were her feelings, and how she brooded on an unkind word from any one she loved. The blood ran coldly in his veins as he remembered in what imploring accents she had called on him to stop on the night he had left her in anger, and how she had said that the task she had to perform would require all her strength. Had she gone out into the dark night driven away by his unkindness, and rushed into eternity with a mortal sin on her soul—the child whom he had instructed and baptised, and who had loved him so much

and been to patient with him, though with others so fiery! The bare surmise of such a possibility made him shudder, especially if at night he caught sight of something white floating on the river—a cluster of lotus flowers, or a branch of cherry blossoms, which at a distance looked like a woman's dress. But by far the most probable supposition was, that she had gone to denounce her mistress; and this caused him not only uneasiness as to the consequences, but the greatest pain in the thought that her affection for him had prompted this act, and that if he had had more patience and more indulgence it might have been prevented. Day after day went by and brought no tidings of the missing girl, nor of the expected travellers. Heavy rains set in, and even letters and newspapers did not reach St. Agathe and its neighborhood. This forced inactivity was especially trying at a time when their minds were on the full stretch, and news—even bad news—would almost have seemed a relief. Since their last conver-

sation there was much less freedom in the intercourse between d'Auban and Madame de Moldau. They were less at their ease with each other. Both were afraid of giving way to the pleasure of being together, and of saying what was passing in their minds. She was quite a prisoner in the pavillon. During those long weeks of incessant down-pouring rain, Simonette's absence obliged her to wait on herself independent of the services of others. She read a great deal, too, and almost exhausted d'Auban's small collection of books. He no longer spent the evenings at St. Agathe, but came there once a day to see if she had any commands. He did not venture, however, to absent himself for many hours together, for the fear never left him of Simonette's disclosures bringing about some untoward event. Week followed week, and nothing interrupted the dull, heavy monotony of the long days of rain, or brought with it any change to cheer the spirits of the dwellers in the wilderness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE HARP.

EASTER DAY.

Aurora Coelum Purpurat.

The purpling dawn with cheering ray,
Now ushers in the auspicious day,
When Christ to life, o'er all His foes,
O'er death itself, triumphant rose:

And all from Limbo's drear domain
Led forth th' exulting Patriarch train.
His praises then the angels sung;
Whole nature with his praises rung:
Save that th' infernal gulf profound
Recoil'd abhorrent at the sound.

In vain His tomb is fast secur'd
And round the num'rous watch is poured,
Though sealed the huge sepulchral stone
That o'er His monument is thrown;
He breaks death's adamantine chain
And bursts His gates, and soars amain.

Cease then to shed the pious tear:
He lives, the shining angel cries,
Who conquered Death, nor ever dies.
To God the Father, Sov'reign Lord,
And Christ, His Son, to life restor'd,
And Holy Ghost, dread One in Three!
Let equal praise and glory be.

HOLY WEEK.

THE Almighty, about to exert his omnipotence for the liberation of his chosen people from the cruel tyranny of Pharaoh, would have them preserve, with jealous care, the memory of so remarkable an event, that the recollection of it transmitted from family to family, from generation to generation, might keep alive in their hearts a proper appreciation of His mercies, and induce them to persevere in the faithful observance of His commandments. "This day shall be a memorial to you: and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord in your generations with an everlasting observance." *Exod.* xii, 14. In this institution of the law, we see at once the type and the sanction of the impressive ceremonial, by which the church of God commemorates the redemption of man from the degrading captivity of sin. If the rescue of the children of Abraham from a galling oppression, was an event of sufficient moment to be held in continual remembrance, how much more worthy of our perpetual and grateful recollection is the great mystery of the cross, by which the powers of darkness were dethroned, the bonds of our worst servitude broken, and the road opened to the true land of promise? The attention of the Christian is directed at all times to the sufferings of Christ, as the source of his spiritual freedom, the principle of his happiness in this life, and the basis of all his hopes for the future: but the seven days immediately preceding the solemnity of Easter, are set apart in a special manner for the consideration of this momentous subject. The church retraces it with powerful effect to the minds of her children, by the beautiful variety and impressive character of her ceremonial, every feature of which would furnish matter for a most instructive essay, but at which we can only glance within the limits of a brief article.

The season to which we allude, is called in the Latin church the "great week," as it was termed anciently among the Greeks. It has also the name of "holy week," and is sometimes termed the week of sufferings or of sorrows, all of which designations have been given to it, on account of

the stupendous mysteries which it commemorates, combining within itself more of solemn and impressive ceremony, and a larger share of holy grief and mourning than is embraced in any other week of the ecclesiastical year. The first day is known by the name of Palm Sunday, so called from the rite of blessing and distributing palm or olive branches, which are carried in procession, in memory of the joyful demonstrations amid which the Son of God entered the city of Jerusalem, a few days before his sacrifice on Calvary, to awaken in us sentiments of grateful exultation at the victory which He has achieved over sin and hell, and to inspire us with a disposition to walk in His footsteps, that we may participate in the blessings of His redemption. With this view, also the history of His sacred passion, as narrated by St. Matthew, is chaunted in the office. During the two following days there is nothing in the service of the church peculiarly attractive, except the narrative of our Saviour's passion as recorded by St. Mark, which is read at the Mass of Tuesday; but there is a vein of deep religious pathos running through her liturgy, and the canonical office which she requires to be recited by the clergy.* At the Mass of Wednesday is read the passion from the gospel of St. Luke. The office or form of prayer, daily enjoined by the church upon her ministers, is divided into several portions the names of which are derived from the hours of the day at which they were anciently recited. The largest portion of it, however, may be said to belong more properly to the night, and is subdivided into matins and lauds, which consist of psalms and lessons from the Holy Scripture and the writings of the Fathers, with various hymns, antiphones and prayers. Since the custom of reciting this part of the office at midnight has been confined to certain religious communities, it is usually performed early in the morning or by anticipation on the preced-

* This office is composed chiefly of passages from the Old and New Testaments

† The obligation of reciting the canonical office, is attached only to the subdeaconship, and the other higher orders.

ing evening. The matins and lauds of the last three days in holy week are chaunted on the vigils of those days, so that the office for Thursday is performed on the evening of Wednesday, that of Friday on the evening of Thursday, &c. This is the office known by the name of *tenebræ*, or darkness, because towards the end of it all the lights in the sanctuary except one are extinguished. Besides the six large candles on the altar, there are fifteen candles placed on a triangular stand, which are gradually extinguished, producing a darkness emblematic of that which covered the earth at our Lord's crucifixion, and of the profound grief with which the church recalls the sufferings of her Divine Spouse. During the *miserere*, the white candle at the top of the stand is concealed behind the altar, and at the end of the psalm is produced again, to represent the death of Christ, who is the light of the world, and His subsequent resurrection to a state of glory and immortality. To understand the origin of this office, we must go back to the earliest period of the Christian era. For three centuries, the followers of Christ were objects of persecution and lived in concealment, which led naturally to the selection of the night as the fittest time for the celebration of their sacred rites. The office of *tenebræ* is nothing more than a part of the nocturnal prayer of that primitive age. The selections from Scripture which it contains, are full of appropriate and touching sentiment, particularly the lamentations of Jeremiah, in which the prophet pours forth, in a most eloquent and feeling strain, his profound affliction and heartfelt sympathy at the calamities of the unfortunate Jerusalem. What more forcible expression could the church employ for the effusion of her grief at the sufferings of her heavenly Spouse! How could she better awaken in her children a spirit of true compunction, than by giving vent, in the pathetic accents of the prophet, to her deep condolence at the passion of Christ, and to the affliction with which she beholds so many of them insensible to His mercies!

On the morning of Thursday, called Maundy Thursday,* the church recalls, by the solemn celebration of the mysteries, the institution of the Holy Eucharist, which took place on the eve of our Sa-

viour's death. The special commemoration however of this great event, is deferred to another time. During the Mass of this day priests as well as laics all receive the holy communion at the hands of the celebrant, in order to represent more faithfully the occasion on which our divine Saviour administered to His apostles His adorable body and blood. The holy oils, used in conferring three of the sacraments and in various rites of the church, are likewise consecrated by the bishop during the morning service on Thursday, this time having been selected not only for the sake of convenience, that the oils may be distributed for the blessing of the baptismal water on Holy Saturday,* but also because on this day Christ gave to his church in the institution of the eucharistic sacrifice and sacrament, the most tender pledge of his love, the kindling and cherishing of which in the heart of man is the effect of the sacraments and other observances of religion. At the termination of the Mass, a consecrated host is carried in solemn procession to a throne or repository, where it remains until the service of Good Friday, at which it is consumed by the celebrant, the holy sacrifice not being offered on that day. If the magnificence and splendour which adorn these repositories, are justly expressive of the honor due to the Son of God whom we there adore, they are symbolic also of the pure and fervent homage that we should present to Him, endeavouring to compensate in some measure by the tribute of our constant praise, gratitude and love, for the outrages heaped upon Him by His enemies, and the indignities so often committed by unworthy Christians at the foot of His altar. With the exception of the rites just mentioned, the ceremonial of Thursday relates entirely to the passion of our Lord. From the *Gloria in excelsis* on that day to the same part of the Mass on Holy Saturday, the bells of the churches are silent, in imitation of the silent grief of the apostles at the sufferings of their Divine Master. The blessed sacrament being removed after Mass, the altars are stripped of their ornaments, to express the profound mourning of the church and to represent the abandonment of our Saviour on the cross. Then is performed the

* From the word *Mandatum* (mandate) with which the ceremony of washing the feet commences.

* Formerly the holy oils were consecrated on Easter-eve, immediately before the solemn administration of baptism.—*Buller's Feasts and Fasts*, p. 255.

ceremony of *washing the feet*, in those churches where the practice is still retained, as at Rome, where the pope himself officiates, humbling himself as the servant of the poor, in honor of the charity and humility so forcibly inculcated by the Son of God.

On the following day, which is emphatically termed *Good Friday*, the sacrifice of Calvary engrosses the whole attention of the church, and her office breathes throughout a spirit of the deepest affliction. Her naked altars and her ministers clad in sable vestments, bespeak her sorrowing. At the commencement of the morning service the officiating clergymen lie prostrate on the steps of the altar, to denote the profound sentiment of grief awakened by the doleful events of Calvary: and, while they are in this posture, a lesson is sung containing the divine mandate for the sacrifice of the paschal lamb, which prefigured the bloody sacrifice on the cross. This ceremony is followed by the chanting of our Saviour's passion, as recorded by St. John, to impress upon our minds and hearts the boundless charity which led Him to become a victim for the salvation of men. On this day the church offers her special prayers for persons of every condition. At all times does she supplicate the Almighty in behalf of those who are wandering in the devious ways of perdition; but to show her abhorrence of wilful apostasy and contumacious error, she forbids her ministers to name at her altar those who are chargeable with such crimes. But on Good Friday she makes an exception to her general discipline, because on that day Christ died for all men. The recollection of this event seems to banish for a moment all distinction among the different classes of the human family, that they may all obtain by a fervent appeal to heaven the blessings of that redemption which was effected on Calvary. After these prayers follow the exposition and veneration of the cross, a ceremony which is deeply affecting to the heart of the devout Christian, and would suffice, of itself, to refute all the arguments that prejudice has ever wielded against the beautiful symbolism of Catholic piety. The service then closes with the mass *præ-sanctificationum*, so called from the previous consecration, as already stated, of the sacred elements.

The office which properly belongs to Holy Saturday, that of *tenebræ*, relates en-

tirely to the sufferings of our Lord, and His descent into the tomb. The ceremony which is now performed on the morning of this day, took place formerly at night, as is plain from the language of the liturgy. It commences with the blessing of fire newly struck from the flint, a rite that may be traced to the remotest antiquity, though then more frequently practised. This fire is used for lighting the lamps of the church and the paschal candle, and is symbolic of the new spiritual fire which the mystery of Christ's resurrection should kindle in our hearts. The blessing of the paschal candle is likewise a very ancient ceremony, and is mentioned by some of the Fathers in the most pompous terms. This candle is a figure of Christ rising from the dead, the light of the world and the first-born of the elect, and there is perhaps no portion of the Catholic liturgy more beautiful in sentiment or more impressive in its style, than the prayers in which the church announces these consoling truths. The five pieces of incense attached to it, are symbols of the five precious wounds which he received for our redemption. After this twelve prophecies are read, for the instruction of the catechumens, or those who are to receive baptism; for in the first ages of the church baptism was solemnly administered, only on the vigils of Easter and Whitsunday, and on these days such as were to be admitted into the church, received their final instruction. In Rome, the custom on Holy Saturday is still preserved. From this usage there arose another, that of consecrating the water for baptism, a rite that may be traced to the very earliest period of the church. This office is terminated by a solemn mass, at which the bells again send forth their joyous peals, and repeated alleluias express the exultation of the church at the anticipated resurrection of her Divine Spouse.

This joy she invites all her children to share with her; and for this purpose she enjoins a more rigid fast during the holy week, that by acts of sincere and efficacious penance we may worthily commemorate the great mystery which she proposes to our consideration at this time; that from the sufferings of Christ we may conceive a due horror of sin, learn the practice of the virtues which become His followers, and thus by the imitation of His example obtain some part in the glory of His resurrection.

IRISH AFFAIRS IN 1782.

From the "Catholic World."

THE occurrence of the centennial anniversary of few dates has evoked more glorious memories in the minds of men than will that of the 16th of April, 1782, in the thoughts of Irishmen. It is true that they cannot boast the keeping intact the great rights their predecessors won, and the glorious winning of which 1882 will remind them, and equally true that they can hardly review the history of their country during the past century with unmixed feelings; but gloom-covered and sad as may be the record over which they cast their gaze, yet still amidst its sombre writings, its black entries of oppression, rebellion, and famine, some brighter ones appear, and that scroll which tells the story of 1782 and of the winning of Catholic emancipation, is not one of which Irishmen need be ashamed or regard with aught but feelings of pride.

The year 1782 saw England sorely pressed by many foes, hemmed in by a circle of enemies. Struck down at Yorktown by the genius of Washington and the valor of his soldiers, again at Nevis and St. Christopher, at Minorca and in the Bahamas, by Frank and Spaniard, the ensign of England was never upheld more proudly than at Gibraltar and St. Vincent by the determined Elliott and the valorous Rodney. It was at this climax of her struggle, when foes were pressing her sore, that England discerned that to the circle of those leagued against her there seemed about to be added another. The newcomer was Ireland demanding rights God-given. England was in her hour of sorest need. Necessity the most dire compelled her to yield to Ireland what her sense of justice would hardly have induced her to give; and Ireland, without bloodshed, by the mere exhibition of the power, the military strength, which had so long lain dormant in her people, achieved a great victory and accomplished a great revolution. In the story of 1782 a curious fact stands out: the belief, strong almost as religious faith, in the nationality of Ireland was preserved at a most critical period by those who can hardly be accounted the

hereditary guardians of that most precious heritage; and if we carry our glance onwards beyond the limits of this article, we will see that when the Irish Catholic was fitted again to uphold the banner of his country's rights, when a few years of comparative freedom had taught him again to walk erect and the limbs so long paralyzed by enervating chains had regained some of their olden vigor, then the cause of Ireland again fell to his keeping. In truth, no stranger story is there in all the strange episodes which histories tell than that which recounts how, almost against their will, the descendants of the English settlers in Ireland, the descendants of Norman Cromwellian, and Dutch invaders, were driven to take up and uphold the banner of Ireland's nationality. The Catholic people of Ireland, plundered and oppressed, hunted to the hills and bogs of Connaught, banned, disinherited, and despoiled, deprived of education and the commonest rights of man, by a miracle were enabled to keep their religious faith—kept it in spite of temptation and terror. But a people in such straits were hardly fitted to maintain, could hardly hope to defend properly, the abstract and actual rights of their native land to political freedom. And yet God willed not that those rights should sink into oblivion; while the Catholic people of Ireland, bruised and hampered by their disabilities, were unable to keep them as they kept them in the days of yore, Irish Protestants were driven to maintain them and to uphold the right of Ireland to freedom.

When Ireland was first "conquered" by the Anglo-Normans of Henry II., and the Irish chiefs pledged their fealty to that monarch, he called a council or parliament at Lismore, at which it was mutually agreed that the laws then in force in England should become effective in Ireland. But it must be borne in mind that even Henry was not so rash as to seek to make them operative without the consent of the representatives of the Irish people. On Henry's return to England he appears to have sent to Ireland a "*Modus tenendi parliamentum*," or form of holding parlia-

ments there, similiar to that which had become usage in England.* The authenticity of this document has been much questioned, but the fact of its existence has been maintained by as respectable authorities as those who have denied it. In 1216 Henry III. granted a charter of liberties to Ireland. The same year he, by charter, conferred upon the English "a free and independent Parliament,"† and in it confirmed his charter to the Irish, stating that, "in consideration of the loyalty of his Irish subjects, they and their heirs for ever should enjoy all the liberties granted by his father and him to the realm of England." Dr Madden, in his valuable work, *Connection of Ireland with England*, says: "Ireland under Henry II., John, and Henry III. had all the laws, customs, and liberties of England conferred on it, not by English parliaments but by English sovereigns. Assuredly the great privilege of all, that of the national council, was not withheld. Henry II. held this national council at Lismore; John confirmed all his father's privileges, and his successor confirmed all those of the two preceding sovereigns, and exemplified that form of holding parliament which John transmitted into Ireland; while in France his queen, then regent of the kingdom, sought succors in men and money from the Irish Parliament, and left on record a document which all the ingenuity of the opponents of Irish independence cannot divest of its value as an incontrovertible testimony to the independence and perfect organization of a legislative body, composed of Lords and Commons, at that early period." Without entirely agreeing with Dr. Madden that there is absolute evidence of the "perfect organization," at the period referred to, of an Irish Parliament, one cannot doubt that the early Norman kings, in many documents and by many acts, admitted their inability to bind the people of Ireland by laws unsanctioned by some body of representatives. In the reign of Edward III. the Irish knights, citizens, and burgesses were assembled in parliament in England. In the tenth year of the reign of Henry IV. the Irish Parliament affirmed its independence by enacting "that no law made in the Parliament of England should be of force in Ireland

till it was allowed and published by authority of the Parliament in this kingdom." A similiar enactment was passed in the twenty-ninth year of the same king's reign. By degrees during the four hundred years succeeding Henry's landing all the public and fundamental laws of England were applied to Ireland, but never without the sanction of the Irish Parliament being obtained.*

By the law known afterwards by the name of its framer, Sir Edward Poynings, passed in the tenth year of the reign of Henry VII., it was enacted that before any statute could be finally discussed it should be previously submitted to the lord lieutenant of Ireland and his privy council, who might at their pleasure reject it or transmit it to England. If so transmitted, the English attorney-general and privy council were invested with power either to veto its further progress or remodel it at their will and then return it to Ireland, where the original promoters of useful measures often received their bills back so altered as to be unrecognizable as those which were transmitted to England, and so mutilated as to be worthless for the attainment of the purpose for which they were propounded.

The sessions of the Irish Parliament were held at uncertain intervals, never called together unless when the English governors had some object to accomplish, some danger to tide over, or when it was necessary to dupe the chiefs and people into allowing themselves to be victimized by some political or material fraud. During a quarter of a century, in the reign of Elizabeth, there was no Irish Parliament; for when parliaments were assembled, unless they were carefully packed, some voice was sure to be raised to protest against the wrongs done Ireland, some tongue was sure to utter denials of the right of the foreigners to legislate for Irishmen. Barnewall in the reign of Elizabeth, and Bolton in that of Charles I., made the hall of the senate-house ring with their denunciations of English turpitude and their affirmations of Irish independence.†

* Lucas. Dr. Madden states that during this period the Irish Parliament "maintained a noble struggle for its rights with an unscrupulous, jealous, and insidious rival."

† In 1642 the Irish House of Commons passed the following declaration, drawn out by Sir Richard Bolton, Lord Chancellor of Ireland: "That the subjects of Ireland are a free people, and to be governed only by the common law of England and statutes established by the Parliament of Ireland, and according to the lawful customs used therein."

* Molyneux. Madden's *Connection of Ireland with England*.

† Madden.

Wars and rebellions, the Cromwellian and Williamite, invasions with the determination of the English governors to permit no important gathering wherein the "mere Irish" could express their opinions, prevented the regular assemblage of the Parliament; and it is therefore with the expulsion of James II. and the establishment of the rule of William III. that the story begins which ends so gloriously with the episodes of 1782.

In 1692 the first Irish Parliament of King William's reign was convened and assembled in Dublin. Thither came some Irish Catholics who foolishly believed that the rights won for them at Limerick by the valor of Sarsfield and the strategy of D'Usson would be held sacred and confirmed in the united council of the nation; but they were driven from the portals of the senate-house by the diabolically designed oath which designated the king of England head of the church, and that Holy Sacrifice, which was to be their only consolation and strength during many a dark and wearying year of oppression, "damnable." The Parliament of 1692 was, therefore, the Parliament only of a section, a miserably small section, of the people of Ireland; but it contained much educated intelligence, though that intelligence was warped by bitter religious bigotry, and the wealth of the nation was represented therein. A parliament composed of such men, most of whom knew that what they possessed of the world's goods, having been got by the sword, should be kept by it also—who, minority though they were, dared to say to the majority of the nation, "You shall have no rights but what we choose to give you, and we will give you none"—was not one likely to submit tamely to the claim made by the Parliament of England to dictate to them, or to content themselves with merely ratifying the behests of the ministers of the asthmatic monarch of England. Therefore this Parliament affirmed the independence of the Peers and Commons of Ireland, and, to prove it, rejected one of two money bills sent from England. A Parliament was again convened in 1695, and this, with many another that came after, gave their best efforts to the consolidation of Protestant ascendancy, to the perfecting of those terrible instruments of persecution, the penal laws. Condemned to poverty and ignorance—for any riches or learning attained

by Irish Catholics were gained not by favor of, but rather despite of, the Irish Parliament—the Catholic portion of the people saw themselves deprived of arms, land, and political rights, their faith prohibited as a thing accursed, their priests banned and hunted; yet somehow the fetters seemed to hang lighter on their limbs, and the night shades of persecution seemed to grow less dark, as with bated breath they whispered one to another the strange tale, which their masters had heard too, with mingled wonder and dread, how across the seas, Irish soldiers had met their oppressors; how at Steenkerke and Landen, and later at Fontenoy, Irish bayonets had revenged the Limerick fraud, and Irish soldiers died for France for the sake of faith and the dear old motherland.

It must be remembered that it was the Protestant portion of the nation which, possessing the wealth, felt taxation most; which, possessing flocks, felt most the prohibition of the woollen manufactures; and which, possessing manufactories, felt most heavily the commercial disabilities which England imposed upon Ireland. They were, therefore, continually protesting against English interference and affirming their own right to self-government. Molyneux and Swift, Lucas and Boyle, with learned pens and eloquent tongues, proclaimed the right of the Irish Parliament to govern Ireland as it chose, untrammelled by the commands of foreign minister, peer, or parliament. Often by corruption, the favorite weapon of English ministers, the objects of the government were attained; but from the first quarter of the eighteenth century few parliaments met in which the power of the "Patriots," as they were styled, was not felt, in which the corrupters and the corrupted were not lashed by the scathing words of some of the advocates of independence.

In 1773 the men of Boston cast the cargo of the *Dartmouth* into the waters of their harbor, and in 1774 the Congress of Philadelphia sent words of greeting to the Irish people. Thenceforward men's eyes were directed to the desperate struggle waged between liberty and tyranny across the Atlantic, and the down-trodden of every land learned the lesson of the mighty power that dwells in the will of a united people. Irish Protestants saw that Eng-

land, in her need, could spare them no men, nor ships, nor money for the defence of Ireland; that if the country was in danger of invasion, that danger would not be averted by any aid from England, for England found it difficult to guard her own shores. Then it was that in 1778 the Irish Parliament passed the Militia Bill, and the people set themselves to work at that easy task for those of Celtic blood—the learning to be soldiers.

It is difficult to restrain one's pen in describing the state of Ireland in 1779, when first Lord Charlemont took command of the Volunteers and the force began to assume respectable proportions. Sir Jonah Barrington says: "By the paralyzing system thus adopted [*i.e.*, English interference with Irish industries and measures] towards Ireland she was at length reduced to the lowest ebb; her poverty and distresses, almost at their extent, were advancing fast to their final consummation; her commerce had almost ceased, her manufactures extinguished, her constitution withdrawn, the people absolutely desponding, while public and individual bankruptcy finished a picture of the deepest misery; and the year 1779 found Ireland almost everything but what such a country and such a people ought to have been."* Twenty thousand people destitute and out of work, begged and idled in the streets of Dublin; merchants and traders were daily driven to insolvency; provisions rotted in the warehouses of Cork for want of purchasers; the whole social fabric seemed about to be destroyed.

On the 1st of December, 1778, the people of Armagh formed the first Volunteer Corps. They offered the command to Lord Charlemont, who held the position of lord lieutenant of the county. He declined the proffered post at first, but afterwards, influenced probably by the advice of, and under pressure from, his friend Henry Grattan, he accepted the position. It is difficult to form an estimate of the character of James, Earl of Charlemont. Honest but timid, patriotic but undecided, he had been a greater man had he been more ambitious, and perhaps made Ireland more his debtor had his love of peace been less. A patron of the fine arts, scholar and artistic, he occupied his position under compulsion, and sheathed his sword only too readily, giving up his

command with more of pleasure than regret. His probity cannot be questioned; he acted always as his uncertain capacity told him was right; and while none can doubt his integrity, many will doubt the wisdom of those who made and maintained him commander-in-chief.

Once started, the Volunteer movement grew apace. The men of every county, the citizens of every borough, flocked to the colors. The highest born and fairest ladies of the land handed them their standards and wished them "God speed." The government, against their will, had to hand them sixteen thousand stand of arm; private munificence did the rest. Soon artillery and cavalry corps were added, and within twelve months a fully-equipped Irish army, determined to uphold the rights of Ireland, faced the ministers of King George. At first no Catholics were admitted to the ranks of the citizen army; but by degrees a spirit of liberality pervaded most of the regiments, and Roman Catholics received as hearty a welcome as their Protestant brethren. In many places the Catholics subscribed to buy arms for the Protestant Volunteers, and by their disinterested conduct earned the respect of all on-lookers.

As yet England still prohibited the free exportation of Irish goods, while her manufacturers with the products of their looms, and her merchants with their wares, inundated the Irish markets. These were sold at an immediate loss with a view to future profits, when Irish manufacturers and merchants would be ruined and their operatives pauperized by this mingled system of prohibition and competition. The Irish people and the Volunteers, though determined at any cost to put an end to a state of things which would only terminate in the ruin of their native land, adopted with singular unanimity a course calculated to partly accomplish what they desired pending the legislative attainment of their ends. The guilds of merchants and traders, the bodies corporate, and the mass of the people united in resolutions to never buy or sell, to consume or wear, any articles of foreign manufacture whose equivalents could be produced in Ireland, "until such time as all partial restrictions on their trade should be removed." These resolutions encouraged Irish manufactures, and commerce almost immediately began to revive.

* *Historic Memoirs of Ireland*, page 9, first edition.

On the 25th of November, 1778, the question of voting the supplies was to come before the house of Commons, and the "Patriots" determined to seek to limit the vote to supplies for six months, with a view to their being entirely withheld in the event of government not granting free trade. It was therefore thought well that a display should be made of the armed power which was ready to sustain the words of Grattan, and hence on the 4th of November the Volunteers of Dublin assembled in College Green under the leadership of Ireland's only Duke, his Grace of Leinster. The artillery under the command of Napper Tandy, shook the portals of the senate-house with the thunder of their salutes, while from their cannon dangled placards bearing monitory and mandatory warnings to the government. The flashing bayonets of the infantry were backed by the unsheathed sabres of the cavalry, while the dense crowd of the unarmed populace, filling every avenue of approach to the mustering-ground, sent up applauding shouts. This display had its due effect; and therefore, when the question of supplies came before the house, despite the truculence of the attorney general, John Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, the resolution of the "Patriots" limiting their duration to six months was passed. The ministry of the Lord North at once saw the folly of contending with an armed and united people, and yielded to compulsion all those liberties of trading which Ireland demanded. The popular joy at the attainment of this victory was great and universal, but neither the people nor their leaders were content to regard it as the termination of their struggle with England. They looked upon it as only the harbinger of future and more glorious victories.

These victories were destined to be won as much by the genius and talents of Henry Grattan as by the armed strength of his countrymen. Pure and incorruptible, brave and determined to a fault, eloquent with a poetical and magnificent eloquence in which he had no rival, he was a man of all others qualified for the position which his own knowledge of his abilities led him to take, and which his proved talents induced his co-laborers to freely accord him. To say he had faults is perhaps but to call him human, for his faults were those of all, or nearly all, that

group of brilliant orators and able statesmen of which he was one. His chief fault was that while he loved liberty in the abstract, yet the liberty he would give the people would be only that which he himself might think fit; the Parliament should be independent, but the people should have little voice in its election; they were to have liberty doled out to them only as the governing classes thought best—in a word, his policy never offered, nor would he ever allow to be offered, any guarantee to the people against future tyranny on the part of those he would keep in eternal possession of power. His theory of government appears to have been akin to that of Thomas Hood when he wrote that he believed in "an angel from heaven and a despotism," for, like Sir Jonah Barrington, "he loved liberty but hated democracy." He quarrelled with Flood on the question of parliamentary reform, lost an able aide-de-camp for himself, and to the cause of Ireland a priceless soldier. His virtues were, however, many, his gifts and powers great, his patriotic devotion to Ireland unquestioned; his faults, after all, were caused by his mistaken determination to love Ireland only in his own way.

On the 19th of April, 1780, Grattan moved the celebrated Declaration of Rights which he hoped to get adopted by the House of Commons. His speech was a masterpiece of eloquence, and he was ably seconded by his lieutenants. But corruption was too strong for him, and he failed to accomplish his object. This year, 1780, was one devoted by the Volunteers to the perfecting of their organization. Patrician and plebeian, peer and citizen, laboured together. The Earl of Belvidere in Westmeath, Lord Kingsborough in Limerick, and Clare and Wicklow too, Lord Erne in Londonderry, Lord Carysfort in Dublin—these and others, with Lord Charlemont and the Duke of Leinster, with the leading barristers, merchants, and bankers, worked unitedly for the one good cause. It was during this year that Lord Charlemont was elected commander-in-chief of the Volunteers of Ireland.

All that Grattan might say or attempt in the corrupted and servile House of Commons being useless, the chief hope of the "Patriots" lay in the pressure which they might hope to bring to bear upon the government through the medium

of the Volunteers. Therefore 1781 was given also to the reviewing of the regiments, the perfecting of their armaments, and perpetual reiteration by the various corps of the great truth they were pledged to maintain—viz., that in the “King, Lords and Commons of Ireland” lay the only power to govern Ireland. On the 15th of February, 1782, the delegates of thirty thousand northern Volunteers met in the little church of Dungannon, and from the hill whereon it stood went fourth to the four provinces the declaration that “the men of the north” at least would have legislative freedom for Ireland and liberty of conscience for their Roman Catholic brothers.

During this same February, Grattan introduced an address to the king declaring the rights of Ireland; but the servile legislators obeyed the whip of the obstinate ministers, and he was defeated. The end of the ministry was at hand. Lord North defeated and disgraced, was hurled from power, and Lord Rockingham and Fox became the king’s advisers. Lord Carlisle, who had been as blatant of honeyed words as one of his successors in his title used to be a few years ago when filling the self-same post in Ireland, was succeeded by the Duke of Portland as viceroy. Portland was an adroit and wily courtier, well fitted to play the part he was sent to fill. Heraldizing his advent, Fox wrote some letters to the Earl of Charlemont—his old and esteemed friend—he styles him—embellished with his eloquence and adorned with compliments; they are entitled to rank as the best efforts ever made in writing by one man to attain a point by playing on the vanity of another. Luckily for Ireland, by the desk of Charlemont stood Grattan, and Fox was informed that the postponement of the meeting of Parliament for which he pleaded was impossible; that Ireland could have no confidence in any administration which would not concede all she declared to be hers in Grattan’s Declaration of Rights, and which he was to move anew on the meeting of the house. The government now saw that they should decide quickly whether they would reject the demands of Grattan, set at defiance an armed nation, or, acquiescing in the inevitable, yield to Ireland all that Ireland was prepared to take. The meeting of the Irish Parliament was fixed for the 16th of April, 1782;

on that day Grattan’s Declaration was to be moved; on that day would be decided whether war was to be waged between England and Ireland, or not. On the 9th of April, however, Fox communicated to the English House of Commons a message from the king, in which his majesty, “being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies were prevailing amongst his loyal subjects in Ireland,” asked the house “to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to such final adjustment as might give mutual satisfaction to both kingdoms.” This meant that all that Ireland asked for was to be conceded; that England weak was about to do penance for wrongs done when England was strong. Ireland’s Magna Charta was to be signed and sealed by as unwilling hands, under as direct compulsion, as was the Great Charter of English liberties by the only coward amongst the Plantagenet kings.

From early morning on the 16th of April the populace had begun to fill the streets, the Volunteer corps to assemble, those who had right to do so to seek admission to the galleries of the House of Commons. Lining the space before its portals were drawn up in serried files some of those to whom belonged so much of the glory of this day, the Volunteers. Other corps, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, lined the quays, were posted on the bridges and in the principal approaches.

A few regular soldiers kept a narrow passage through the surging crowd by the statue of King William, through Dame Street and Cork Hill to the castle gates, for the coming of the viceroy—a “thin red line” indeed, fit emblem of the power of England to cope with Ireland that day. From every house fluttered banners; every window and every housetop was crowded with spectators—spectators of a revolution. When the carriage of the viceroy appeared slowly moving between the soldiers, cheers such as had seldom rung through the streets of Dublin heralded his coming—cheers from the throats of newly made freemen who had burst their shackles themselves; from the throats of citizens who saw their city raised to the dignity of the capital of a nation; from the throats of Irishmen who saw the grasp of the stranger struck from their native land.

Inside the house the scene was even more impressive. In the galleries were

assembled the wives and daughters of the senators and their friends, and the fairest of Erin's daughters looked down on that senate-hall wherein were assembled the most talented and noble of Erin's sons. Wearers of coronets and mitres from the House of Peers came and helped to fill the gallery. The students of the university also were there, and those citizens who had been so fortunate as to obtain admission. The bayonets of the Volunteers glistened even there, for some of them stood on guard within the senate chamber. Now again from outside, from the crowded street and crowded square, is heard another cheer, louder and deeper far than that which they within had heard greet the viceroy; for this cheer came from the hearts of the people, and the applause sounded in its echoes even like a blessing. That cheer was for Henry Grattan.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided within Hely Hutchinson rose and delivered the same message as that which Fox had read to the Commons of England. Mr. George Ponsonby, a creature of government, then rose and moved an address of thanks to the King, and assuring him that the house would proceed to the consideration of the great object recommended. This was the opening only. Grattan arose, his countenance worn and furrowed by illness and thought; his frame enfeebled and attenuated, seemed hardly that of a man fit for the mighty task he

had set himself, and which he knew was to be this day accomplished. Clear as a clarion note his matchless voice rang through the senate-house:

"I am now to address a free people! Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation.

"I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what heaven-directed steps you have proceeded until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance.

"I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed. Ireland is now a nation. In that new character I hail her, and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*"

He concluded his splendid oration by moving the Declaration of Rights. It was voted unanimously, and Ireland was free!

How the solemn pact hereupon entered into by the two nations, ratified by the Parliaments of England and Ireland, was foully broken by one of them is not within the scope of this article to repeat; if it reminds its readers of at least one glorious day in Ireland's life its object will have been attained.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

TEACHING was the sacred duty of the Apostles, and must be that of the Catholic clergy, their successors: a duty not merely extending to Catholics, but to all nations in the world, Pagans, Moslem, and Christians. The mission of Jesus Christ himself was to enlighten and instruct the world, and this He has confirmed by the unmistakable charge which He gave to His followers: "feed my sheep."—Not with bread, but with the words of salvation, the commandments of God and the precepts of wisdom. If education in its widest sense is not *ali* the business of the Catholic clergy, it is certainly their office to watch over parents and guardians in

the discharge of their several obligations. Morality and religion are the first things to be taught, the most essential to happiness, the most needful to prosperity, and the most indispensable to eternal welfare. Whether we view it with regard to the present or future state of man, either in a theological or philosophical aspect, the positive necessity of moral instruction is convincingly evident. No scientific eminence, no mathematical fame, no linguistic celebrity, no literary renown, no scholastic glory, can ever achieve eternal felicity: nay, not even temporal enjoyment can be the direct and permanent result of these applauded accomplishments: so true is

the saying of Christ, "*What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*" A contented life and a peaceful conscience, the fruits of integrity and piety, can only be acquired by religion, instruction and religious observance. Paganism, Mahomedanism, Sectarianism, Deism, Transcendentalism and Socialism cannot confer worldly contentment, or any real gratification that can outlive the moment of existence. Of what avail then are all the trappings of science, the titles, medals, ribbands, and monumental honors of literary merit, that human talents can gain, or human greatness bestow! What was the pleasure of Aman while he beheld Mordecai sitting in the king's gate?

Under the Mosaical institution teaching was of divine order and belonged to the Priests and Levites: under the Christian dispensation, instruction became the especial duty of the clergy; and we find them everywhere mentioned as teaching the people, in the Acts, in the Epistles, in the early Christian writers, in the Fathers of the Church, and in the historians of the primitive and mediæval ages. To their praiseworthy exertions are due the establishment of almost all our universities, colleges, free schools and academies. In all these seats of learning and science, the Catholic clergy have eminently distinguished themselves in becoming the teachers and civilizers of the savage, the instructors of the ignorant, the reclaimers and saviors of the profligate, and the benevolent and useful servants of the public: they have become professors, tutors, and lecturers; they have everywhere enlightened the world as writers, inventors and experimenters, in agriculture, medicine, chemistry, natural philosophy, mathematics, useful literature and practical sciences, above all, as successful teachers of what is right, patterns of morality, men of virtue, punctual performers of their duty, and inculcators of piety, honesty, and religion. They may be said to have almost created all the arts and professions of modern improvements, and they have pushed many to their present high degree of perfection. In fine, no body of highly gifted men has ever surpassed them in munificence, self-devotion and solid benefit to the human race. It was an endless task to enumerate the countless proofs of this manifest truth, they may be all summed up in our one word *Christianity*—not vague, lifeless,

normal Christianity, such as the indifferent and the sectarian might possess—but true, sincere, genuine, *Catholic* Christianity. To cast up the debts of the world in the books of the clergy, would be to count the stars in the firmament, to number the drops in the ocean; so great, so magnificent has been their usefulness by the hands of the God of the Christians! For to his beneficence their humility ascribes all the worth of their mind-improving exertions and joy-diffusing influence. Freed from worldly cares and loosed from earthly ties, noble-minded, disinterested and sincere, their desire is the prosperity of man, his civilization their gain, his instruction their employment, his happiness their delight, their pride is his improvement, their glory his salvation, their repose the glory of God. Such men are ever at the post of duty, to help, relieve, sustain and confirm their faithful adherents, they can have no object, no interest, no wish but the true and solid interest of man: for, ever ready to lay down their lives for the safety of their flock, they are ever foremost in the ranks of the great and the good; first in the enterprise of virtue, they are the first to face the dangers of famine, pestilence and persecution; from the watch-towers of wisdom they are the first to foresee the assaults of the wicked, and to warn their people to the charge; and first in the war of passions, they lead their soldiers on, to win the crown of eternal glory, not for themselves, (for then victory is secured by their meritorious career,) but for the poor, the friendless, the unfortunate, the timid, the abandoned, the desolate, the despairing. To men such as these shall the Catholic hesitate to entrust the charge of education? Shall he delay to place in their hands the pledges of his affection? If the Catholic would choose the best and ablest to be the guide of his children's path, to whom could he better bequeath the sacred duty, than to the Catholic priesthood? But are they truly the best and ablest? That they are the best, their conscientious discharge of their duties, their piety, their sanctity and their virtuous examples afford the amplest assurance—an assurance that cannot be controverted. And that they are the ablest, is still to be pointed out by experience, that teaches even the thoughtless and the giddy. Whatsoever good has been achieved, whatever advance

has been made in knowledge, science, virtue and happiness, since the birth of Christ, may all be traced to the teaching of the Catholic priesthood. To their labors are due all those advantages by which the Christian excels the heathen and the savage. The policy and luxury of Pagan Rome had taught the world sensual gratifications and life-conveniences, the benefits of trade, commerce, arts and inventions; these are the teachings of man; but the teachings of Jesus Christ by the lips of His clergy are moral integrity, mental worth, peace of conscience, social duties, religious comfort and happiness of heart. Children who possess mere pagan learning, the culture of the intellectual powers, may become exalted among the sons of men: but none but those, who possess the culture of the heart (for it is the heart that God desires, "*Son, give me thy heart,*") can be pleasing unto God or excel among the sons of heaven. The actions of the young heart proceed from feeling, not from reflection. The feeling is the first, the most influential, the ruling principle; for what the heart desires, the will must execute: such is the law of man's conformation: man is subject to the desires of the heart: he is a creature of impulse, the child of sentiment, the subject of imagination and the slave of habit. Good education is the result of good example, not of neglected precept. When we merely cultivate the intellect we do no more than the heathen does, (*Matthew, xv, 9.*) but when we cultivate the heart according to the teachings of the Spirit of God, we imbibe the beauty, genius and perfection of Christianity. Hence the mother's piety is more effective in forming the character of the child, than the father's bravery: the one fashions the heart for the happiness of virtue, the other fills it with the pride of intellect; the one leads along the path of salvation and teaches the love of God, the other points out the road to wealth and the gratifications it procures, while it inspires the love of human greatness and worldly eminence. From the culture of the feeling heart flow humility, love, justice, respect and religion; from the culture of the smart intellect, ambition, hate, avarice, theft, envy, craft, deceit, pride and infidelity. The teachers of the godless schools and mere intellectual smartness may be justly ranked with the latter; the

teachers of Christianity, the Catholic clergy, may be rightly classified with the former. Such are the fruits of experience. Can the candid reader hesitate in saying which the Catholic parent ought to choose? His Gospel and his Church have already decided the question. It will prove but a paltry subterfuge to say that the Catholic clergy are poor instructors in law, medicine, engineering, mechanics, and store-keeping; these are but the world-occupations of the godless many, or the virtuous few, as circumstances, birth, or means may determine; they are not essentials in the scheme of human happiness or human salvation. What will it avail the learned lawyer, the skilful physician, the able engineer, the clever mechanic or the rich store-keeper, to save other people, other's property, or their own riches, if they lose their own happiness, their own salvation? Again, these studies are not the principles, but the superstructure of an education where the principles have been well taught and a solid foundation laid, the extensive rooms that may be raised on one or other part of the basis, are but structures of choice at the option of the owner; they cannot influence the nature of the basement. The wisdom of heaven may be developed into a thousand variegated forms: but it is still heavenly wisdom.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," said the son of Sirach; "the fear of the Lord is honor and glory, and gladness and a crown of joy." "The fear of the Lord shall delight the heart, and shall give joy, and gladness and length of days." "The love of God is honorable wisdom." "The fear of the Lord is the religiousness of knowledge." "Religiousness shall keep and justify the heart." To him that understandeth not God and knoweth him not with his heart, the clearest human knowledge is but blindness and folly. Seek not therefore the things that are above thee: for many things are shown thee above the understanding of man. "For the corruptible body is a load upon the soul, and the earthly habitation presseth down the mind that museth upon many things." "One thing is necessary;" it is to seek the kingdom of God and his justice, and all other things shall be added unto thee. Daily experience, the confessions of our opponents, and common sense, show us all the absolute necessity of moral and religious educa-

tion; without that the order of the laws cannot exist, no government could be possible, society must perish, and the human race be reduced to confusion and destruc-

tion. "Order is heaven's first law," said an English bard; and, "Bring up a child in the way that he should go," was the advice of the wisest of men.

MISSION OF WOMAN.

How far should the zeal and apostleship of woman extend? This question cannot be resolved in the same way for all; and the various situations in which a woman may find herself, must necessarily modify the answer to be given. However, we may say that, generally, the family is the natural and primary sphere of her action. There are few women who will not find there a well-defined apostleship and very positive duties to occupy their attention. One has a husband, another a brother, a father, a mother or a sister, who calls for the exercise of all her zeal and charity.

Has not a father, in more than one instance, been recalled to the service of God by the virtuous example of a cherished daughter? But even should words and examples be ineffectual, may she not have recourse to prayer, which ought never to cease in her heart, and by which she will be enabled to overcome the obstinacy of those whom she loves and wishes to lead to God? In the devotedness, the tenderness, the delicate attentions of a daughter or sister, a mother or wife, there is a power of which they themselves are often unaware.

When a woman has acquired by her age and experience a position which permits her, without danger for herself and the cause which she advocates, to extend the sphere of her zeal, she ought not to shrink from the mission which God entrusts to her; but on the contrary, she should seek, with due regard to the rules which prudence and modesty prescribe, every occasion for making truth loved by those who are strangers to it. She has several means of doing this. If by the rank which she holds in the world, she is obliged to have frequent intercourse with it, far from grieving on that account, let her accept cheerfully the situation in which

she is placed, and profit by it to promote the glory of God and the welfare of her neighbor. There is no situation without its advantages and inconveniences. Every one ought to be satisfied with his own, and not desire any other. Let those who live far from the world and in retirement, bless God for having given them the means of belonging to Him alone; and let those who are under the necessity of living in the world, bless God for having furnished them with the occasion of procuring His glory, by being useful to others.

For a woman who is impressed with the holiness of her apostleship, every thing may be a means of exercising it. There is no circumstance, no action, however trivial it may appear, that may not furnish her with the opportunity of preaching Jesus Christ, without even being suspected of any such design. In fact, it is preaching Christ, to pay a visit to a light and frivolous woman, or to receive her visit, with the view to raise her mind and her heart, for a moment, above the trifles which habitually occupy her. It is preaching Christ, to receive a secret, or to prompt a disclosure, with the desire of giving an advice, or of bringing back to God a young woman led away by the love of the world. It is preaching Christ, to visit the sick with the intention of procuring for them in their last moments the succors of religion, of which they might otherwise be deprived. It is preaching Christ, to visit a friend in affliction, in the hope of making her feel the nothingness of earthly things, and understand that there is no true and lasting happiness except in the service of God and the practice of virtue. It is preaching Christ, to put a stop to a scandalous conversation or to improper words; to protest by the modesty and simplicity of your dress against the extrava-

gances of fashion, and the immodesty of certain women who, unable to attract attention by a cultivated mind or polish of manners, endeavour to draw upon themselves the eyes of others by flattering the bad passions of the heart. Such women are only living carcases, attracting corrupt souls around them, as dead bodies attract swarms of insects. It is preaching Christ, to invite to your table or to your house, persons whom you know and love, with the design of rendering piety amiable to them, and to show them that far from being incompatible with the duties perscribed by your station, or even with the relaxations which the weakness of nature requires, it elevates them, on the contrary, and sanctifies them by its salutary influence. It is preaching Christ, to give a good advice, to propose a suitable reflection, to address words of merited praise to one, and mild reproof to another. It is preaching Christ, to extend a helping hand to a desponding female; to cast a look of tenderness and sympathy upon a frail being who implores your protection. It is preaching Christ, to let others see that you belong not to yourselves, but entirely to your neighbor, that you are devoted to his interest, and always ready to serve him. Finally, it is preaching Jesus Christ, to remain in the world in order to teach others how to live in it as if they did not live in it, to teach them not to be attached to it, not to love it, and to consider it a painful necessity to be obliged to have frequent communications with it.

But that this preaching may bear fruit, it must be exercised with a pure intention and without affection; for pretension which is so disagreeable in man, is intolerable in a woman. It should be so natural as not be remarked by those to whom it is directed, nor even by her from whom it comes. This unconsciousness, however, if we may so speak, will not prevent the Christian woman from proposing to herself, before acting, a serious and lofty end. But, after directing her intention, she ought to think only how to please those with whom she finds herself, without intending to preach to them. Otherwise her conversation would not be natural; her object would be perceived by others and could not be attained; for, nobody likes to be sermonised in a drawing-room, least of all

by a woman, who is only expected to be agreeable and kind.

A woman who, with the view of being useful, wishes to take advantage of her position, must be greatly on her guard not to offend any one by the affectation or haughtiness of her manner, by a dry and monotonous conversation, by sententious and emphatic expressions. She ought not to take an active part in any discussion. But, as an umpire and judge, she may interpose sometimes, in order to direct them or render them less acrimonious. She ought never to make a display of her knowledge and erudition, if she has any; but rather let her strive to conceal it from others, if possible, even from herself.

She should seldom contradict in a formal and positive manner those who make any assertion; but she may express a doubt, and appear as if she wished to be instructed rather than to instruct others. A woman must never set aside her own character, and she is never so sure of obtaining what she desires, as when she does not exact it. She should never permit herself any personality, any offensive jest; but, sparing the sensitiveness of every one, having an eye to all things, she ought instinctively to take the part of him who is attacked, and render his defence more easy by offering her support. These are services which will win for her the heart and confidence of others, and render less difficult the accomplishment of the good which she purposes to do them. If there are other women around her whom she can associate with herself, let her remember that two are stronger than one, and that in union there is strength. If women who entertain the same sentiments and have the same ideas, united their efforts and acted in concert, their success would be more prompt and more sure. Having on their side the power which right and truth confer, they could, in setting about it properly, reform the tone and habits of a city; or at least oppose a salutary check to the evil tendencies that may exist. Were they to do nothing more than merely protest against evil, they would not be unprofitably employed; for this would at least prevent abuses from obtaining a prescriptive right, which is the worst of all disorders, since it seems to authorize evil and give it the force of law.

THE BRIDE OF EBERSTEIN.

A WEIRD LEGEND.

FOUR hours distant from the city of Baden, near the market village of Malsch, on a bold, projecting wood-crowned eminence in the Black Forest, stood the Castle of Waldenfels. It is now a heap of ruins, and scarcely can the traveller discover the spot which was formerly the residence of an opulent and powerful family.

In the thirteenth century, Sir Beringer, last of his race, inhabited the castle of Waldenfels. His lately departed consort had bequeathed him an only daughter, Rosowina by name. In by-gone years Sir Beringer had oftentimes felt distressed that he would leave no male heir to propagate the name and celebrity of his ancient stock; and in this feeling, he had adopted Heinrich von Gertingen, an orphan boy, the son of an early friend and companion in arms, and the representative of an ancient but impoverished house, to whom he purposed to bequeath his inheritance and his name. Not long, however, after this event, his daughter was born. And as Rosowina, after her mother's early death, advanced in the blossom of youth, she became the pride and happiness of her father's age, and never caused him sorrow, save in the reflection that some day she would leave the paternal for the conjugal hearth. All now that troubled him was his adopted son. The growing boy, while manifesting a becoming taste for knightly accomplishments, and obtaining success in their display, nourished in his breast the germ of fiery passions, which, while they caused distress and anxiety to the Lord of Waldenfels, impressed his daughter with terror and revolted feeling. At length, when Rosowina had attained her sixteenth year, she became to Heinrich the object of wild and desperate devotion. He repressed the sentiment awhile, but at length yielded himself its slave. He persecuted Rosowina with his ill-timed and terrible addresses; and one day, having found her alone in the castle garden, he cast himself at her feet, and swore by all that was holy and dear that his life was in her hand, and that without her he must become the victim of an agonizing despair.

Rosowina's terror and confusion was boundless; she had never experienced the smallest feeling of affection for the youth, but rather regarded him with aversion and alarm. She knew not at the moment how to act or what to say. At that instant the father appeared. The confusion of both sufficiently discovered what had occurred: in a burning rage Sir Beringer commanded the unhappy youth instantly to quit the castle for ever. With one wild glance at Rosowina, Heinrich obeyed; and muttering, "The misery thou hast brought upon my life come upon thine own!" rushed despairingly away. Next morning his body was found in the Murg, his countenance hideously distorted, and too well expressing the despair with which he had left the world. Efforts were made, so far as possible, to conceal the horrid truth from Rosowina, but in vain; time, however, softened the features of the ghastly memory. She had now completed her seventeenth year, and was already celebrated as the beauty of the surrounding country. And not only was her beauty the subject of universal praise; her maidenly modesty, her goodness of heart, her prudent, thoughtful, intelligent cast of mind, were the theme of commendation with all who had enjoyed the privilege of her society.

A few hours' distant from the Castle of Waldenfels, in the pleasant valley through which rush the clear waters of the Alb, stood the monastery of Herrenalb. The Holy Virgin was patroness of the foundation, and the day on which the church celebrates the festival of her nativity was annually observed as the grand holiday of the convent, when the monks, to do honor to this occasion, exhibited all the splendor and magnificence which Christian bounty had placed at their disposal, and spared no expense to entertain their guests in the most hospitable and sumptuous manner. And now Sir Beringer of Waldenfels had promised his Rosowina to ride over to Herrenalb with her the next St. Mary's day. He was ever a man of his word; how could he now be otherwise,

when that word assured a pleasure to the darling of his heart?

Bright and genial rose the autumnal morning when Sir Beringer and Rosowina, with a small retinue, rode over the hills to Herrenalb. The knight and his daughter were courteously and hospitably received by the abbot and his monks. The presence of the noble heiress of Waldenfels excited much interest and observation in the minster church; but the maiden herself appeared unconscious of the fact. Seldom, however, as she found herself disturbed by worldly thoughts in her devotions in the castle chapel at Waldenfels, the splendor of the monastic church and services, and the innumerable host of worshippers, were to her so new, that she felt tempted, from time to time, to give a momentary glance around her. On one occasion her gaze encountered a pair of eyes which seemed to rest on the attraction of her countenance with an earnest yet respectful expression, and, inexperienced as she was, she was at no loss to comprehend its meaning. The gazer was a stately youth, who was leaning against a pillar. His strong-built and well-proportioned frame, his noble and expressive countenance, and even his rich and tasteful apparel, were well adapted to fix the attention of a youthful maiden of seventeen, while his whole demeanor convinced her how deeply he was smitten with the power of her charms.

The service over, the worshippers dispersed, and the sumptuous abbey opened its hospitable gates to all who could advance any claim to entertainment. A sister of Rosowina's mother was a nun in the cloister of Frauenalb, and Rosowina was permitted occasionally to visit her, and had here enjoyed the opportunity of making the acquaintance of several noble young ladies of the neighborhood. She met some of them on this occasion, whom she accompanied to the spacious garden of convent. Among these was the young countess Agnes of Eberstein, with whom as she was sauntering through an avenue of umbrageous beeches, suddenly there stood before her the abbot of the convent and the young man who had attracted her attention in the church, who, side by side, had emerged from a side-way path into the main walk. Rosowina trembled in joyful alarm as she recognized her admirer: her first thought was to return or retreat, but,

without a manifest discourtesy, this was now impossible. Neither was Countess Agnes at all willing to escape, but rather forced forward the reluctant Rosowina welcoming at the same time the youthful stranger as her beloved brother, the Count Otto of Eberstein. After mutual salutations, Agnes introduced Rosowina to her brother, who was delighted to recognize in the object of his admiration the friend of his sister. He made advances toward a conversation, but the abbot, whose heart was less sensible to beauty, would not, even for a few short minutes, postpone the subject of their discussion. At the banquet, however, which followed, it was easy for the Count of Eberstein, from his high connection with the monastery, to choose his place, and he placed himself opposite Sir Beringer and his daughter. The knights had met occasionally before, and a nearer acquaintance was soon made. To an engaging person Sir Otto united the attractions of polished manners, of knowledge extensive for that period, acquired by residence in most of the courts of Europe, and of a lively conversational talent, which rendered him everywhere a welcome addition to society. With so many claims on her regard, it was little wonderful that Rosowina should accept with pleasure the homage of the count, and encourage in his breast the most delightful of hopes.

About that time the Counts of Eberstein had built a new castle above the beautiful valley of the Murg, not far from the family residence of their ancestors. The splendor of Neuberstein was the subject of universal conversation, and all who had the opportunity of seeing the new palace were eager to embrace the privilege. An invitation from Count Otto to the Knight of Waldenfels and his daughter was only natural, and was no less naturally accepted with especial welcome.

Warm and mild shone the bright autumn sun on the lovely valley of the Murg, as Sir Beringer and his daughter rode on beside the crystal stream; nor could Rosowina suppress the thought how she might ere long ascend the steep winding pathway to the castle no longer a visitor but its mistress. Sir Otto met his guests at the castle-gate, and, with eyes beaming for joy, more especially as he saw the joy was mutual, lifted Rosowina from her palfrey. After brief rest and refresh-

ment, the inspection of the castle began. Halls and chambers were duly examined, and at last the party ascended the rampart of the loftiest tower, whence an enchanting prospect met the eye. Far below them the Murg rolled its restless waters, now flowing peacefully between banks of lively green, now toilsomely forcing its passage between wild masses of rock. On either side the dusky hills towered above the scene; and here and there now glimmered out of the shadow of the forest a solitary mountain village, now a mass of mighty cliffs; and as the eye descended the rapid mountain stream, it rested on the blooming plain of the Rhine, where, in the violet tints of distance, arose the awful barrier of the Vosges. Lost in the magnificent spectacle stood Rosowina, unable to satiate her eyes on the glorious picture, and unaware that Otto was close beside her, contemplating with secret pleasure the beautiful spectatress. At length the involuntary exclamation escaped her, "A paradise indeed!"

Then found she herself softly clasped in a gentle arm, and her hand affectionately pressed, while a well known voice uttered softly, "And would not Rosowina make this place 'a paradise indeed,' were she to share it with me!"

Unable now to repress her feeling, Rosowina replied by a glance more expressive than any words. She returned that evening with her father to Waldenfels the happy affianced bride of Count Otto of Eberstein.

On a bright spring morning, symbolizing well the feelings of the lovers, the marriage solemnity was held at the Castle of Neueberstein, with all the pomp and state of the period, which few understood better than Otto to display. From towers and battlements innumerable banners, with the Eberstein colors and blazonry, floated gallantly in the morning breeze, and the portal, adorned with wreathes and arras, cast wide its hospitable gates. Toward noon appeared, in the midst of a glittering pageant, the bride, magnificently arrayed, but brighter in her incomparable beauty; and all praised the choice of Otto, and agreed that he could have selected no worthier object to grace his halls. Rosowina however, felt unaccountably distressed. It was not the confusion of maiden modesty—it was not the embarrassment of the bride—that troubled the

serenity of her heart. She knew not herself what it was; but it weighed upon her mind like the foreboding of a threatening misfortune. An image, moreover, arose to her thought which long had seemed to have vanished from her memory, even that of the unhappy Heinrich von Gertingen. She endeavored to repress her anxiety, and succeeded so well that the happy bride-groom saw not the cloud of sorrow that shaded the fair brow of his bride. But when the priest had spoken the words of blessing, the last spark of gloomy foreboding was extinct, and with untroubled tenderness she returned her bride-groom's nuptial kiss, reproaching him smilingly, and yet seriously, for exclaiming, as he did, with solemn appeals, that all the joys of paradise and all the bliss of heaven were poor and insipid pleasures in comparison of the happiness which he enjoyed in calling her his own.

The nuptial banquet followed. It was served with profuse splendor; but when the joy was at its height, and the castle resounded with jubilant voices, and the dance was about to begin, a page announced a stranger knight, who wished to speak to the bridegroom; and forthwith a figure walked into the hall. The stranger's armor and mantle were black, and he wore his visor down. He proceeded with stately advance to the place where the newly wedded pair were seated at the table, made a low reverence, and spoke with a hollow and solemn tone:

"I come, honored Count of Eberstein, on the part of my master, the powerful monarch of Rachenland, to whose court the celebrity of this occasion and of your bride has come, to assure you of the interest which he takes in your person, and his gratification in the event of this day."

His speech was interrupted by a page, who, kneeling, presented him with a goblet of wine. But the stranger waved aside the honor, and requested, as the highest favor that could be shown him, that he might lead the first dance with the bride. None of the company had heard of Rachenland; but the knowledge of distant countries was not then extensive, and the representative of a mighty prince could not be refused the usual courtesy.

Rosowina, however, at the first appearance of the stranger knight, had experienced an unaccountable shuddering which amounted almost to terror, as, lead-

ing her forth to the dance, he chilled her whole frame with the freezing touch which, even through his gauntlet seemed to pierce her very heart. She was forced to summon all her strength to support herself during the dance, and was painfully impatient for its conclusion. At length the desired moment arrived, and her partner conducted her back to her seat, bowing courteously, and thanking her. But at that instant she felt even more acutely the icy coldness of his hand, while his glowing, penetrating eye, through his visor, seemed to burn for a moment into her very soul. As he turned to leave, a convulsive pang rent her heart, and, with a shriek, she sank, lifeless on the floor. Instant and universal was the alarm; all rushed to the scene of the calamity; and in the confusion of the moment the stranger knight vanished.

Inexpressible was the grief of all. In the bloom of beauty and rich fulness of youth lay the bride, cold and inanimate, a stark and senseless corpse. Every conceivable appliance was tried to recall departed life; but departed it had for ever, and all attempts were vain; and when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that not the smallest hope remained, the guests in silence left the house of mourning, and the inhabitants of the castle were left alone with their sorrow.

Three days had now passed away. The corpse of Rosowina rested in the vault of the castle chapel, and the mourners, after paying the last honors to the dead, had again departed. Otto, left alone at Eberstein, refused all human consolation. The first stupefaction of sorrow had now given place to a clamorous and boundless despair. He cursed the day of his nativity, and in his wild desperation cried aloud that he would readily sacrifice the salvation of his soul, and renounce his claim on eternal happiness, were it only granted him to spend the rest of life at Rosowina's side.

Before the door of the vault in which the young countess slept the wakeless sleep, Gisbrecht kept watch and ward. Gisbrecht was an old man-at-arms of the house of Eberstein, which he had served faithfully for more than forty years. He was a warrior from his youth, and had stood loyally at the side of his master, and of his master's father and grandfather, in many a bloody conflict; fear, except the fear of

God, which he diligently cultivated, was a stranger to his soul. With slow and measured tread he paced up and down at his station, meditating on the sudden death of the young and beautiful countess, and thence passing in thought to the instability and nothingness of all human things. Often had his glance fallen on the entrance to the vault; but now—what was that? Scarcely did he trust his eyes; yet it was so. The gate opened, and a white-robed figure came forth from the depths of the sepulchre. For a while, Gisbrecht stood motionless, with bated breath, but fearless, while the apparition approached him. But when he gazed nearer on the pale, ashy countenance, and recognized beyond a doubt the features of Rosowina, the horrors of the spirit-world came upon him; and, impelled by an unutterable terror, he rushed up the steps, and along the corridor which led to his lord's chamber, unheeding the call of the white figure, which followed close upon his track.

Count Otto, in his despair, was turning himself from side to side upon his bed, when he heard a heavy knock upon the door; and, as he rose and opened it, there stood old Gisbrecht, pale, trembling, with distorted features, and scarcely able to stammer out from his trembling lips:

"O my lord count! the Lady of Waldenfels—"

"Art mad, Gisbrecht!" cried the count, astonished at the manner and words of the old man.

"Pardon me, lord count," continued Gisbrecht stammering; "I meant to say the young departed countess—"

"O Rosowina!" exclaimed the count, with an involuntary sigh.

"Here she is—thy Rosowina!" cried a pallid female form, which, with these words, precipitated herself into the count's embrace.

The count knew not what to think. He was overpowered with astonishment. Was it a dream? was it an apparition? or was it Rosowina indeed? Yes, it was indeed she. It was her silver voice. Her heart beat, her lips breathed, the mild and angelic features were there. It was Rosowina indeed, whom, wrapt in the ceremonies of the grave, he held in his embrace.

On the morrow, the wondrous tale was everywhere told in the castle and the neighborhood. The Countess Rosowina had not died; she had only been in a

trance. The sacristan, fortunately, had not fastened the door of the vault, and the countess on awakening, had been enabled by the light of the sepulchral lamp to extricate herself from the coffin, and to follow the affrightened sentinel to his master's chamber.

And now at Castle Eberstein once more all was liveliness and joy. But boundless as had been the despair of the count at his loss, he did not feel happy in his new good fortune. It seemed as though a secret unknown something intervened between him and his youthful bride. He found no more in her eye that deep expression of soul that so oft had awakened his heart to transports of joy; the gaze was dead and cold. The warm kiss imprinted on her chilly lips met never a return. Even her character was opposite to all he had expected. As a bride, loving and gentle, trustful and devoted, open and sincere, now was she sullen, testy, and silent. Every hour these 'peculiarities' seemed to unfold themselves more; every day they become more unendurable. Often was his kiss rejected, sometimes with bitter mockery; if he left her awhile through annoyance, she reproached him, and filled the castle with complaints of his neglect and aversion; when business called him abroad, she tortured him with the most frightful jealousy. Even in her manners and inclinations the Countess of Eberstein was an actual contrast to the heiress of Waldenfels; all in her was low, ignoble, and mean; one habit was chiefly remarkable in her, always to cross her husband, to distress and annoy him, to embitter all his joys, to darken all his pleasures. And

soon it became the common saying of the neighborhood: "The Count of Eberstein thought he had been courting an angel, but he had brought home a dragon from an opposite world."

With inexhaustible patience, with imperceptible equanimity, Count Otto endured these annoyances. No complaint, no reproach, ever passed his lips. He had loved Rosowina too faithfully, too entirely, to let the conduct of her whom he now called his wife so soon extinguish the passion of his heart. But these disappointed hopes, this perpetual struggle between love and despised self-esteem, and this concealment of the sharpest pangs of his soul, gnawed at the very germ of life, and destroyed it at its core. A slow fever seized him and he was now visibly decaying, and approaching the grave. One morning he was found unexpectedly in the death-struggle. He asked for the chaplain of the castle, in order to make his dying confession; but the holy man only arrived in time to witness his last most agonizing groans. At the same moment a frightful crash shook the foundations of the castle, the doors of the burial-vault sprang open, and some of the domestics saw the spectral form of Rosowina sweep into it, and vanish in the darkness.

The deserted castle of Neueberstein sank in ruins, uninhabited for many centuries; the popular belief being that Otto and Rosowina continued to appear in its haunted apartments, and to set forth thereby the solemn lesson, that *he makes the most foolish and wicked of bargains, who gains even the whole world, if he lose his own soul.*

FOR THE HARP.

SOME IRISH SONGS:

"MA BOUCHALLEEN BAWN" AND "BOUCHALLEEN BAWN."

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

IN the February number of the HARP appeared Banim's exquisite poem entitled *Ma Bouchalleen Bawn*. For the last number of the HARP I wrote an essay on "Irish Bards," and amongst other names of poems and poets I mentioned John Keegan's *Bouchalleen Bawn*. A note under the paragraph asks if it were not

John Banim who wrote the poem. No, John Banim's poem is entitled *Ma Bouchalleen Bawn*, and commences thus:

"And where are they going, Ma Bouchalleen Bawn,
From father and mother so early at dawn?
O! rather run idle from evening till dawn,
Than darken their threshold, Ma Bouchalleen Bawn."

John Keegan's poem is entitled simply *Bouchalleen Bawn*. The meaning of Banim's expression is "My Fair-Haired Boy," that of Keegan's is "The Fair-Haired Boy."

In referring to the February number the reader will find Banim's poem, and as the other is little known we will give it in full here. It has a genuine Irish ring about it :

"O, pray have you heard of my *Bouchalleen Bawn* ?

Can you tell me at all of my *Bouchalleen Bawn* ?
Have you come by the "rath," on the Hill of
Knock-awn ;

Or what can you tell of my *Bouchalleen Bawn* ?

"The pulse of my heart was my *Bouchalleen Bawn* ;

The light of my eyes was my *Bouchalleen Bawn*.
From Dinam's red wave to the tower of Kil-
vawn,
You'd not meet the like of my *Bouchalleen Bawn*.

"The first time I saw my own *Bouchalleen Bawn*,

'Twas a Midsummer eve on the fair-green of
Bawn.

He danced at the "Baal-fire" as light as a
fawn,

And away went my heart with my *Bouchalleen Bawn*.

"I loved him as dear as I loved my own life ;
And he vowed on his knees he would make me
his wife.

I looked in his eyes, flashing bright as the dawn.
And drank love from the lips of my *Bouchalleen Bawn*.

"But, Christ save the hearers ! his angel for-
sook him—

My curse on the Queen of the Faries—she took
him !

Last All-hallows' eve as he came by Knock-
awn,

She saw—loved, and "struck" my poor *Bou-
challeen Bawn*.

"Like the primrose when April her last sigh
has breathed,

My *Bouchalleen* drooped and his young beauty
faded ;

He died—and his white limbs were stretched
in Kilvawn,

And I wept by the grave of my *Bouchalleen Bawn*.

"I said to myself, sure it cannot be harm,

To go to the wiseman and ask for a charm ;

'Twill cost but a crown, and my heart's blood
I'd pawn,

To purchase from bondage my *Bouchalleen Bawn*.

"I went to the priest and he spoke about heaven ;
And said that my failings would not be forgiven,
If ever I cross the gray fairy-man's bawn ;

Or try his weird spells for my *Bouchalleen Bawn*.

"I'll take his advice, tho' God knows my heart's
breaking ;
I start in my sleep, and I weep when I'm waking,
O, I long for the blush of eternity's dawn,
When again I shall meet my own *Bouchalleen Bawn*."

The word *Bawn* on the second line of the third stanza is a celebrated fairy place in Kilkenny. *Knock-awn* and *Kilvawn* are localities in the same county ; the former a famous "rath" where the fairies used to dwell ; the latter a well-known churchyard. The "Baal-fire" referred to, is a bonfire lighted on Midsummer-eve in the rural districts of Ireland

Banim's poem is of a religious nature and refers to the changes in religion made here and there by Catholics unworthy of their creed or parentage, while Keegan's poem is a regular fairy ballad, recording in most beautiful style and figurative language, one of the many strange superstitions of those good old days when the rath, the tower, the moat, the hill and the valley were all peopled with those imaginary beings called by the general name of fairies and who, from the Banshee to Leeprehon, were daily or nightly seen or heard by some one of elastic imagination.

We would here desire to remark that many exquisite poems by different authors have been written on the same subject and are often mistaken one for the other. For example, Thomas Davis wrote that far-famed poem "Fontenoy," and in another style, not inferior to that of Davis, we find Bartholomew Dowling writing the "Brigade at Fontenoy" ; often have they been mistaken one for the other.

Again many poems have been composed with apparently the same name, but really differing both in subject and meaning ; for example : there was a grand old song, now almost forgotten, and the authorship of which we ignore, called the "Coolun." Martin McDermott wrote a touching ballad called by the same name, in which he describes a child, on the knee of an old woman, asking her to sing to him "Coolun." McDermott's production has nothing in common with the old song of the "Coolun," save inasmuch as both are rich in expression and sentiment. Now Carroll Malone* has written a poem (a political one) entitled "The Coulin,"

* "Carroll Malone" is a name used by a Mr. McBurney, who some twenty-five or thirty years ago was connected with the American press. He also signed "Pontiac" to many of his splendid productions.

which differs as much from the former poems as the Illiad differs from the "Paradise Lost."

Gerald Griffin wrote a beautiful poem entitled "The Sister of Charity," and Richard Dalton Williams wrote one on the same subject and under the same title and yet they differ in style, in expression and sentiment. Griffin's is grand, Williams' poem is sweet; Griffin's is powerful, Williams' production is touching. Yet differ as they may, we have seen them mistaken one for the other.

We only give those few examples in
Green Park, Aylmer, 13th March, 1882.

order to shew how strange it is that often two persons of poetic mind will chose the same subject, or adopt the same title for their poems, and still not know each other's intentions. Often and often people are wrongly accused of plagiarism, when in truth they are most original. This is not said to defend the robber of another's brains and labor, but merely to prove that we should not always be too rash in our judgments upon an author. Nothing could have pleased us, more than to have been afforded, so *a propos*, the opportunity of expressing those few ideas which we have long desired to make public.

TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PADUA.

IN the end of the fifteenth century, when the cities of Italy were rendered rich by their trade to the Indies, Padua was one of the most flourishing of its towns, and possessed a body of merchants, and particularly goldsmiths, jewellers, and dealers in silk, with whom Venice itself could scarcely bear a comparison. Amongst these goldsmiths and jewellers, there was one more eminent than his brethren. His dwelling was upon the bridge; and Padua was scarcely more universally known in Italy, than Jeronimo Vincente was known for one of its citizens. "It never rains but it pours," says a northern proverb; "riches beget riches," says an Italian one. Jeronimo found the truth of both these sayings. He was already rich enough to satisfy a dozen merchants, and to make a score of minor princes. Fortune, however, did not yet think she had done enough for him; every day some traveller was arriving at Padua, in the exchange of whose foreign money for the coin of Padua, he obtained some good bargains, and added to his overflowing coffers. Few died without relatives but he was appointed their executor. Many paid tribute to his wealth and reputation by leaving him their heir. The city of Padua gave him all their public

contracts; and he almost sank under the weight of trusts, offices, &c., not merely offered, but obtruded and imposed on him.

Who could be more happy than Jeronimo Vincente? So he thought himself as he walked on the bridge of Padua one beautiful summer's evening. A coach of one of the nobles passed at the same moment; no one noticed it. On the other hand, every one who passed him saluted him. "Such have been the effects of my industry, my dexterity in business, and my assiduous application. Yes, Jeronimo, others have to thank their ancestors; you have no one to thank but yourself. It is all your own merit." And with these reflections his stature, as it were, increased some inches higher, and assuming a peculiar port, and a self-satisfied step, he walked in vanity, and almost in defiance of everything and everyone, to his own house. In all this soliloquy of Jeronimo, the reader will observe, there was not a word or thought of any one but himself; he did not attribute his plenty to the blessing of God; he felt no gratitude to Him who had showered down upon him His abundance; his mind, his spirit, and his vanity were that of Nabuchodonosor; and the fate of Nabuchodonosor was nearer to him than he imagined. It is a part of the wise economy of Providence

to vindicate the honor and duty which belong to Him: it is a part of His mercy to humble those who, in forgetting Him, are about to lose themselves. He sends them prosperity as a blessing; they abuse it, and convert it to a curse. He recalls the abused gift, and sends them adversity to bring them to their duty. Such was the course of divine government in the early ages of the world; such it is to the present day; and such did Jeronimo find it much sooner than he expected.

On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he saw, to his astonishment, the universal respect to his wealth and reputation on a manifest decrease. Some, who before had nearly kissed the ground in his presence, now looked erectly in his face, and kept their strait-forward course, without giving him the honorable side of the path; others kept their bonnets as if they were nailed to their heads; two or three recalled their trusts; others, happening to call for accounts of such trusts, when he was not at home or busy, spoke in a peremptory tone, dropped hints of the laws of the country and the duty of guardians. In plain words, he gradually discovered himself to be as much avoided as he had heretofore been sought. None were punctual in their attendance but those to whom he paid their weekly or monthly pensions. If there could be any doubt that something extraordinary had happened, Jeronimo had, at length, sufficient proof; for, having put himself in nomination for one of the offices of parochial intendant, and of the great church and treasury of Padua, a competitor less wealthy than himself, was preferred by some thousands.

Jeronimo returned home much confounded at this unexpected defeat. In vain he examined himself and his situation for the cause. "Am I not as rich as ever?" said he. "Have I defrauded any one?—No. Have I suffered anyone to demand their payment of me twice?—No. What then can be the cause of all this?" This was a question he could not answer, but the fact became daily and hourly so much more evident, that he shortly found himself as much avoided, and apparently condemned, in every respectable company, as he had formerly been courted and honored.

It is time, however, to give the reader some information as to the actual cause.

A whisper was suddenly circulated, that Jeronimo had not acquired his wealth by honest means. It was reported, and gradually believed, that he was an utterer, if not a coiner, of base money. He had the reputation, as has been before said, of being the most able workman in Padua, in gold, silver, and lace; "And surely," said the gossips of Padua, "he does not wear his talents in a napkin. He employs his dexterity to some purpose." Are you not speaking too fast?" said another neighbor; "I have always held Jeronimo to be an honest man." "And so have I hitherto," said the other. "But do you see this ducat?" "Yes, and a very good one it is." "So I thought," said the other, "till I assayed it: this ducat I received from Jeronimo; let us prove it at your assay, and you will allow that I did not speak without some good foundation." The proposal was accepted, the trial made, and the ducat found to be base in the proportion of one-third copper to two-thirds silver.

The name of this neighbor of Jeronimo, who had defended him, was Guiseppe Gognigero, a very worthy and honest man; not one of those who found a triumph in the downfall of another, though above him in wealth and honor. Guiseppe, as he had said, had always held Jeronimo to be a respectable, worthy citizen. He had had many dealings with him, and had always found him just and punctual to the lowest coin. "Is it possible," said he to himself, "that, after such a long course of honesty and reputation, he has so far forgotten himself as to become a common cheat? I will not believe it. But this fact of the base ducat!—Well; but my friend may be mistaken; he might not have received this ducat from Jeronimo. I am resolved I will make a trial of him myself, before I give in to the belief of these reports in the teeth of so fair a character for so many years." Guiseppe was a shrewd man, and never fixed on a purpose but when he had the ingenuity to find the means of executing it. He went immediately to his home, and, taking a hundred ducats from his private store, went with them to the house of Jeronimo. "Signor Jeronimo," said he, "here are a hundred ducats, which I wish to keep secreted for a certain purpose. I have just embarked in a speculation of great extent, the result of which no one can

foresee. I wish to keep this sum as a deposit, in the event of the failure of my hopes, if you will do me the favor to take the custody of it." Jeronimo, pleased with the confidence to which he was now not much accustomed, very willingly accepted the charge, and Guiseppe took his leave in the full persuasion that the trial would correspond with his expectations, and that the report would be proved to be false and malicious.

In the course of a few days, Guiseppe, according to the plan concerted in his own mind, called suddenly on Jeronimo. "My dear friend," said he, "I sincerely rejoice that I have found you at home: a sudden demand has fallen upon me, and I have an expected occasion for the hundred ducats which I deposited with you." "My good friend," said Jeronimo, "do not preface such a trifle with such a serious apology. The money is yours;" and, at the same time opening a private drawer—"You see here it is, just as I deposited it. Take your money, my friend; and you may always have the same or any other service from me." Saying this, he gave Guiseppe the same bag in which he had brought the ducats to him.

Guiseppe hastened home, counted and examined the ducats. Their number was right; their appearance seemed good. He sounded them singly. One sounded suspiciously; he assayed it; it was base. "Well," said he, "this may be an accident; I could almost swear, indeed, that every ducat I gave him was good; but this I might perhaps have overlooked." He sounded another; his suspicions increased; another: he was now determined to assay them all. He did so; and to his confusion (for the honest man was truly grieved and confounded at the detection of his neighbor's dishonesty), he found thirty bad ducats out of the hundred.

He now hastened back to Jeronimo.— "These are not the ducats, sir, I deposited with you; here are thirty bad ducats out of the hundred." "Bad or good," replied Jeronimo, indignantly, "they are the same you deposited; I took them from your hands, put them in the drawer, and they were not moved from thence till you re-demanded them." Guiseppe insisted, and at length severely reproached Jeronimo. Jeronimo commanded him to leave his house. "Can you suspect me of such a pitiful fraud?" said he. "In-

deed I never should," replied he, "unless upon this absolute evidence. But there must be a fraud somewhere. Either I am attempting to defraud you, or you to cheat me. It is incumbent upon both our reputations that this matter should be cleared up. I shall go to the magistrates." "Go where you please," said Jeronimo; "but go without delay."

Guiseppe immediately hastened to the president of justice. He demanded a summons for Jeronimo. It was granted. He complained, without reciting the particulars, that Jeronimo had paid him back a deposit, and in a hundred ducats had given him thirty bad. Jeronimo denied it "I gave him back the same which he deposited with me." There was a law at Padua termed the "law of wager." The substance of this was, that the party accused had it in his option to clear himself by an oath of his innocence. "Will you take your wager?" said Guiseppe. "Yes," replied Jeronimo. The Holy Evangelists were accordingly presented to him, and Jeronimo swore upon them that he had not touched, still less changed, the ducats, since they were deposited with him. The president, accordingly, gave judgment in his favor, being compelled thereto by the laws of Padua; and Guiseppe, with horror at the united fraud and perjury of the man whom he had hitherto deemed honest and respectable, left the court, and withdrew to his own house.

This trial excited a universal interest and rumor in Padua. The president of the law had acquitted Jeronimo; not so, however, public opinion. Guiseppe was a man of established character; Jeronimo's fame had been long blemished. The previous reports, therefore, were now considered as fully confirmed into certainty. The magistrates, accordingly, deemed it necessary to point the attention of the police to him and to his future dealings; and Jeronimo thereafter became a marked character. The police of Padua was administered with that discreet cunning for which Italians are celebrated. Some of its officers very shortly contrived, in the disguise of foreign merchants, to make a deposit of good and marked money with Jeronimo, and shortly after redeemed it back. The money was restored as required. It was immediately carried, as before, in the case of Guiseppe, to the public assay; and the result was,

that: the greater part of the number of the coins were found to be base.

Jeronimo was next day arrested and thrown into prison. His house was searched in the same instant. The search most fully confirmed what, indeed, now required but little confirmation. In the secret drawers were found all the instruments of coining, as well as all the materials of adulteration. An immense quantity of base coin was likewise found in different parts of the house. All Padua was now in arms. They clamorously demanded justice on a man who had not the temptation of poverty to commit crimes. "Here is a man," said they, "who has raised his head above all of us, and lived in luxury and splendor, year after year, upon the fruit of his crimes. He has even sat on the public bench of magistrates, and administered the laws of Padua. If justice be not made for the rich, if its object be the defence of all, let him now be brought to trial, and meet with the punishment which he so well merits." The magistrates, in obedience to this popular clamor, and at the same time acknowledging its justice, somewhat hastened the trial of Jeronimo. He was brought forward, accused, and the witnesses examined; he had nothing to allege which could weigh a single grain against the mass of evidence produced against him. He was, accordingly, unanimously condemned. The trial was holden on Monday: he was found guilty the same day, and ordered for execution in the public square on Friday following; the interval being granted for religious preparations.

Who was now so unhappy as Jeronimo de Vincente! and what a vicissitude in his fortune and reputation had a very short time produced! Within those few months he had been the wealthiest and most respected citizen in Padua. The noblest families sought his only daughter in marriage; his wife was the pattern and exemplar of all the ladies of the city and neighborhood; his house was full of the richest furniture and paintings in Italy. Now, the officers of justice were in possession of it, and performed the vilest offices in the most magnificent chambers; whilst, with the ordinary insolence of such ruffians, they scarcely allowed a corner of the house to his wife and daughter. And where was Jeronimo himself? In the public prison of the city, in a cell not four

feet square, and under orders for execution the next following day. Was not this enough to reduce Jeronimo to his senses? It was: he humbled himself before God, and implored His pity; and it pleased the Infinite Goodness to hear his prayers, and to send him relief where he least expected it.

Jeronimo had a confidential clerk, or managing man, of the name of Jacobo. On the day preceding that ordered for his execution, he was going up stairs to attend some message from his unhappy mistress, when his foot slipped, and he fell from the top to the bottom. His neck was dislocated by the fall, and he died without uttering a word. The wife of this miserable man, then in feeble health, was so overwhelmed by the intelligence of this disaster, that she was immediately pronounced to be in imminent danger. She repeatedly requested, during the night, that Jeronimo's wife might be sent for to her, as she had something very heavy at her heart to communicate to her. Jeronimo's wife accordingly came very early on the following morning. The unhappy woman, after having summoned up the small remnant of her strength, and requested Jeronimo's wife to hear what she had to say, but not to interrupt her until she had concluded, thus addressed her:—"Your husband is innocent; mine was guilty. Fly to the magistrates, inform them of this, and save my husband's soul from adding to his other crimes the guilt of innocent blood. Thy husband——" She was about to proceed, but death arrested her words. Jeronimo's wife, thinking that her husband was now effectually saved, flew to the president of the magistracy, and demanded immediate admission, and related the confession she had just received. The President shook his head. "Where is the woman that made the confession?" "She is dead." "Then where is the party accused instead of Jeronimo?" "He is dead likewise." "Have you any witnesses of the conversation of the dying woman?" "None; she requested every one to leave the chamber, that she might communicate to me alone." "Then the confession, good woman, can avail you nothing; the law must have its course." Jeronimo's wife could make no reply; she was carried senseless out of the court; and the president, from a due sense of humanity, ordered her to be

taken to the house of one of his officers, and kept there till after the execution of her husband.

The end of this catastrophe was now at hand. Already the great bell of the city was tolling. The hour at length arrived, and Jeronimo was led forth. He was desired to add any thing which he had to say, without loss of time. He satisfied himself with the declaration of his innocence, and with recommending his soul to his Maker, then knelt down to receive the destined blow; but scarcely was he on his knees, before the whole crowd was thrown into motion by one of the marshals of justice rushing forward and exclaiming to stop the execution. The marshal at length made his way to the scaffold, and delivered a paper, with which he was charged, to the presiding officer. The officer, upon reading it, immediately stayed the further progress of the execution, and Jeronimo was led back to his prison. "What is all this?" exclaimed the crowd. "Have the friends of Jeronimo at length raised a sum of money which our just judge have required of them? and is his punishment thus bought off? Happy inhabitants of Padua, where the rich is to be able to commit any crime with impunity!"

It is time, however, to inform the reader of the true cause. Jeronimo was scarcely led to execution, when a magistrate of the city demanded access to the president, and immediately laid before him the confession of a prisoner who had died under a fever the preceding night. The wretched malefactor had acknowledged that he was one of a party of coiners, who had carried on the trade of making false money to a very great extent; that Jeronimo's clerk was at the head of the gang; that all the false money was delivered to this clerk, who immediately exchanged it for good money from his master's coffers, to all of which he had private keys, and in which coffers, on the apprehension of Jeronimo, he had deposited the instruments of coining, lest they should be found in his own possession. The confession terminated with enumerating such of the gang as were yet living, and pointing out their places of asylum and concealment.

The execution of Jeronimo, as had been related, was in its actual operation. The first step of the president, therefore, was to hurry one of the officers to stop its progress, and in the same moment to send off two or three detachments of the city guard to seize the accused parties before they should learn from public report the death of their comrade. The guards executed their purpose successfully; the malefactors were all taken and brought to the tribunal the same evening. The result was, that one of them became evidence against his comrades, and thus confirmed the truth of the confession, and the innocence of Jeronimo.

The president, in order to make all possible atonement, ordered a public meeting of all the citizens of Padua to be summoned on the following day. Jeronimo was then produced, upon which the president, descending from his tribunal, took him by the hand, and led him up to a seat by the side of him, on the bench of justice: the crier then proclaimed silence; upon which the president rose, and read the confession of the malefactor who died in the prison, and the transactions of the others, concluding the whole by declaring the innocence of Jeronimo, and restoring him to his credit, his fortune, and the good opinion of his fellow-citizens.

Thus ended the misfortunes of a man who had provoked the chastisement of Heaven by his vanity and self-glory.—The course of Providence is uniform in all ages of the world: when blessings are contemned, they are withdrawn—when the man unduly elevates himself, the moment of his humiliation is at hand.

The Persian author Saadi tells a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question—Of all evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared, "Old age oppressed with poverty;" the Indian answered "Pain with impatience;" while the Persian, bowing low, made answer, "The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death without one good deed of life to light the darksome way!"

THE "HARP."

HAMILTON, ONT., APRIL, 1882.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, of all the institutions on earth, is the greatest promoter and defender of true civilization. She laid its foundation at the commencement of her career, and for nearly two thousand years she has devoted her energies to rearing, extending, and perfecting the superstructure. Nations that boast of pre-eminence in the scale of happiness, nobility, wisdom and the other characteristics of higher civilization, would, but for the teachings of the Catholic Church, be still as illiterate as Esquimaux, and as ignoble as Turks and Boschmen. Others whose pride is in their material wealth, their commercial prosperity, and their proficiency in the Sciences, might yet be travelling the seas in canoes, sewing their corn by hand, be astrologers instead of astronomers, and mound builders instead of architects, were it not for the impulse given to navigation, agriculture and the liberal arts, by the fostering care of the Catholic Church. While all who claim to possess well regulated governments and order-loving communities, need not be surprised to know that their authority would not be worth the seat it occupies, had not the Church in all ages and nations effectually taught the people that their duty is to "obey the laws and respect the public officers."

In view of these facts it is amusing to notice the extravagant utterances of those modern *savants* and editors, who are imbued with infidel or masonic principles,

and therefore unworthy of serious criticism were it not that it is by such traps that the unsteady and the unwary are caught. They want to pull down the altar of faith, and erect in its stead the altar of science; to destroy the worship of the all-wise, all-powerful, Supreme Being, and substitute the adoration of matter and reason; to make man believe that he is not the created likeness of God, but the superfine product of a tad-pole, that his notions of virtue and vice are not to be regulated by the divine standard of rectitude, but by the selfish human principle of utility, and that the end of life brings, not the hope of an eternity of happiness in heaven, but the gloomy prospect of an everlasting blank in the cold and slimy grave.

This is the doctrine of civilization taught by modern scientists. But they find proselytes only among abandoned libertines and perverse wanderers from the faith, who seek in it a temporary relief from the gnawings of conscience. The Catholic Church is the invincible opponent of this doctrine. As in the days of old when she crushed the power of the pagan, curbed and regenerated barbarism, or drove it to its congenial forests and caves, and rose triumphant over all her enemies, so to-day the world finds our grand old Church still true to her heaven-sent commission, the promulgator of truth, and the uncompromising opponent of error and infidelity. Writhing in anger they hurl fierce but impotent denunciations against the Church,

They threaten to "disarm and decapitate" her, and finally to "overthrow the Cross." But these miserable slaves of materialism forget that greater powers than they have failed to accomplish this design, and that the institution which has for two thousand years withstood the whole force of the legions of hell, will not succumb to the pigmy attacks of the self-dubbed descendants of apes and frogs.

MR. J. F. WHITE, of Lindsay, has been officially appointed to the new office of Inspector of Public Schools for the Province of Ontario. This office is potential for good, and we hope the results will agree with the expectations. Mr. White has the necessary legal qualifications, is an experienced teacher, a young man of highly moral reputation, and has already given evidence of unusual industry and application. We trust, that teachers and all interested in the welfare of Separate Schools will wish Mr. White complete success, and, if necessary, assist him to achieve it.

THE Minister of Education has just issued his annual Report for 1880-81. The Separate Schools of Ontario number 196, and there are in these Schools 26,000 pupils taught by 344 teachers. The receipts from all sources amounted to \$137,000 of which the government paid \$14,000. It is satisfactory to notice that the Report shews an increase in nearly every particular.

IF all accounts be true Brazil must be an earthly paradise for teachers. After five years comfortable salary with house rent the teacher receives a small pension and an addition to his salary proportioned to the increase of attendance. At the end of ten years' service his salary, pension, etc. are doubled; and after twenty years he is superannuated with a handsome salary and a life assurance policy. If disabled at any

time during the service an extra pension is bestowed on him.

THE President of the Agricultural College of Ontario reports as improvements during 1881:—The opening of a museum, extension of the library and the appointment of a professor of Horticulture. His suggestion that the elementary principles of Agriculture be taught in all public schools, will hardly find favor in the cities.

THE North-West fever rages throughout Ontario. Emigration to that region with schemes of investment and speculation, are the chief subjects for public conversation and newspaper discussion. Many have gone there and invested in real estate, and others are preparing to do the same, who, if they have not already, may very soon regret the transactions. Persons who are tolerably prosperous in this province should carefully consider before withdrawing from well established associations to begin life afresh in a strange and ill-regulated land. Wildfire speculations are seldom profitable, but very often ruinous, while prosperity steadily, if slowly obtained, is generally permanent and satisfactory.

THE American Press universally pay a tribute of respect and esteem to the memory of the late Bishop Lynch of Charleston. The *Boston Herald* (for example) says: "He was one of the best known and most honored of the state which composed his diocese, and illustrated in his life the virtues which constitute the best type of an American citizen—integrity, self-help, industry, and discursive yet thorough studies." *May he rest in Peace.*

THOSE who remember the principal events of the late Civil War in the States will recall with pleasure the career of General Rosecranz, as that of a gallant soldier, a true patriot, and Christian gentleman—in a word, a modern Chevalier

Bayard. He is now a member of Congress for California, and amid the sessional duties, never fails to assist at Mass every morning in Washington, previous to participating in the business of the day.

ON the 12th of next month a general convention of delegates from the various branches of the Land League throughout the United States, will be held at Washington. The event will be looked forward to with considerable interest by all Irishmen in America. It is rumored that the teachings of the *Irish World* will be brought to bear with great force, as well as the influence of more extravagant opinions; but it is hoped that there is no truth in the report, and that wiser counsels will prevail. One mistake has been already made; another might indefinitely postpone the proper solution of the Irish question.

THE Czar is apparently angry at General Skobeloff for compromising Russian dignity by publicly calling Germany an "intriguer and intruder;" but politicians assert that the real cause of Alexander's splenetic excitement is that the unwary general "let the cat out of the bag" too soon.

FEW, comparatively speaking, are aware that the republic of San Domingo, West India Islands, has a priest for its chief officer. His name is Father de Merino, and he has ruled the republic for two years. His administration has been a distinguished one, the country acquiring a condition of social and material prosperity far in advance of any position it ever held before. The reverend president is of Spanish decent, the people (chiefly blacks) speak the Spanish language and profess the Catholic religion—heir-looks of their one-time Spanish masters.

WE war-hating, trade-loving Americans derive much amusement from the who'll-

knock-the-chip-off-my-shoulder attitude of the European nations. Russia, Austria, and Germany are grimly watching each other over loaded cannons and fixed bayonets; Italy, seeing that the Pope has outgeneralled Bismarck, is trembling for its own integrity; England is anxiously "waiting for something to turn up" that may settle the Irish question without giving her the labor of conciliative legislation; and Turkey is suspicious of everybody. Dame Europe always kept a noisy school.

CHICAGO seems determined to maintain her pre-eminence in the grain market. In order to increase the capacity and speed for shipping grain eastward, a railway company is preparing to build an immense transfer house, one thousand feet long, with the capacity of transferring five hundred car loads per day.

THE Dublin *Warder* bewails the death of the Queen's University in Ireland. Because the vast majority of the Irish people would not take kindly to an institution that was peculiarly adapted to the interests of a small minority, the *Wardex* accuses Connaught of superstition, Cork of rebellion, and the Irish people in a body of rustic ignorance. Happily, there is a higher criterion of truth than that adopted by the Dublin *Warder*, and Ireland, among all the nations of earth, has shewn her appreciation of that noble criterion, by crushing out of existence an institution that was spreading broadcast the soul-destroying doctrines of such men as Tyndal and Huxley.

WALES is clamoring for a better land system, and threatens, unless granted, a re-enactment of the Irish agitation. Should a similar determination spread throughout England and Scotland—and it is quite likely it will—British legislators might become more keenly alive to the necessity

of dealing with the Irish question in a more liberal spirit.

THE House of Lords deserves little credit for having ordered an inquiry into the Land Act. The noble members have taken this course, not in the interests of the tenants, but with the desire of so embarrassing the working of the Act as to create a diversion in favor of the landlords. Fellow-feeling makes men wondrous kind.

MR. GLADSTONE'S *Clature* proposition bears an arbitrary appearance. Power to close an unreasonable and factious debate is certainly desirable; but if the government be given the power to close *all* debates indiscriminately and by a bare majority, there will be a danger of destroying all discussion and free expression of opinion—a state of things contrary to the spirit of the British constitution.

IN the eighteenth century England was one of the bitterest enemies of the Catholic Church, France her warmest friend among nations. Matters are somewhat different to-day. French officials recently expelled the Christian Brothers from their possessions in Cochin China; at the same time English officials at Hong Kong were inaugurating an educational institution to be under the direction of the Brothers, and to be supported by the government.

A SCIENTIFIC genius has discovered that the tides of the sea may be utilized for manufacturing purposes. The city of Bristol in England has taken cognizance of the fact, and is seeking for the best method of developing the newly discovered power for the manufacture of electricity to light the city.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND "Convents" never thrive. Statistics prove that they invariably break up after a brief existence. The majority of the young ladies marry

at suitable opportunities, and the others "as a matter of course," the press laments, "join the Church of Rome." All experience the mockery of *acting* "sisters," and either abandon the idea altogether or exchange it for the reality.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY occurred fourteen days too soon in London this year. On the evening of the 16th of March, a private (but anonymous) communication was received by some of the higher government officials, announcing that a rising of the peasantry might be expected in Ireland next morning. Preparations to meet the trouble were immediately and quietly made, but before the 17th had far advanced another anonymous communication was received, stating that the peasantry had indeed risen—*from their beds*.

A CURIOUS anomaly occurs in Europe between the social and financial condition of two of its most prominent countries. Russia is the most disturbed nation in Europe, yet the government costs per head only \$4.00, while the ratio per head in France is \$15.00, and yet France is the most peaceful nation in Europe. This might be explained on the commercial principle, that a man obtains a good or bad article according to the price he pays for it.

The attempt made on the 3rd of March to assassinate the Queen was the seventh within a period of 40 years. It is an unproductive and inglorious way of earning notoriety. The peculiar nature of the British Constitution leaves the sovereign with very little personal power, so that her death would remedy no public grievance and benefit nobody, except perhaps, the heir presumptive.

It is a poor doctor who will not take his own medicine. Irish landlords com-

plain that the working of the Land Act will make them candidates for the poor house. The alternative should not be too hard for them to accept. They were always ready to recommend it to their tenants, whom their exactions had reduced to poverty.

THE morbid love for atrocities is rapidly increasing. The columns of the press teem with accounts of murders, arsons, and deeds of violence, which have become the favorite reading matter of the masses. Editors and reporters vie with each other in representing these events in the most highly colored manner, interwoven with sensational comments and imaginary details. The evil effects are seen in the growing distaste for profitable reading, the low quality of conversational subjects, and in too many instances, degeneracy of public morality, especially among the young.

ON the second of February—on the morning of her Feast—Our Lady of Lourdes brought back to life a sick priest whose life was despaired of, M. l'Abbe Felix Buurmans, Vicar of St. Joseph, in Antwerp, Belgium. His zeal ruined his health, medicine failed. He determined to make a pilgrimage, to ask for life or death at Lourdes. When he left Antwerp, everybody said, "We will meet again—in heaven!" The cabman who drove him to the hotel declared that he would not ever again drive him back to the railway station alive; the carpenter at the hotel expected to make his coffin. But the Abbe Buurmans plunged thrice into the basin. The third time he felt something like a general tearing up in his chest. "I am cured," he said quietly. It was true.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

THE AVE MARIA, March number, Notre Dame, Indiana, Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C., Editor.

THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE, March number, J. P. Dunne & Co., 5 Barclay street, New York City.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, April number, Patrick Donahoe, Boston, Massachusetts.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, March, Notre Dame, Indiana.

MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, 84 Warren St., New York city.

THE YOUTHS' CABINET, (illustrated), April number, P. O'Shea, 45 Warren St., New York.

MASSES FOR THE DEAD. An essay by Rev. A. A. Lambing. Published at Notre Dame, Indiana, by *Ave Maria Press*. 86 pages demi octavo, fine toned paper. This little work contains a great deal of useful and valuable information on a most important subject. It is well handled, and the reverend essayist never fails to give all necessary authorities for his essential statements.

NEW YORK TABLET. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay St., New York. Current number contains the usual quantity of foreign and domestic news, editorial articles chiefly on Irish subjects, tales and sketches, poetry, useful information. The *Tablet* would be improved by a table of contents on the first page.

THE SPECTATOR, St. Laurent College, Montreal.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, Munn & Co., 261 Broadway, New York.

OTTERBEIN RECORD, March number, Westerville, Ohio. 16 pages demi quarto. A well printed, neatly arranged, and well written College Journal.

NOVES' DICTIONARY HOLDER is a convenient, compact, and ornamental article. The new and improved features which it possesses make it superior to any other holder. (See advertisement.)

FAMILY CIRCLE.

When a child makes a misstep let him be frank with his parents. Parents have been children and know the temptations of youth.

Sir Isaac Newton, in the true spirit of humility, spoke of himself, at the close of his life, as a "child who had spent time in gathering pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean lay untraversed."

It is temper which creates the bliss of home or disturbs its comforts. It is not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace loves to nestle; her home is in the forbearing nature—in the yielding spirit—in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition anxious to give and receive happiness.

THERE was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to three plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself well into the earth; the third and last was a full sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion: "Pull up the first." The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers. "Now pull up the second." But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the third." But lo! the trunk of the tall tree scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the three trials. "This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them, the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another one enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head; not decked with diamonds and Indian stones, nor to be seen; my crown is called content; a crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

He that lives in perpetual suspicion, lives the life of a sentinel never relieved, whose business it is to look out for and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far short of perishing by him.

The approaches of sin are like the conduct of Jael; it brings butter in a lordly dish; it bids high for the soul. But when it has fascinated and lulled the victim, the nail and the hammer are behind.

A little boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey, "Good-bye, papa: I love you thirty miles long!" A little sister quickly added "Good-bye, dear papa: you will never ride to the end of my love!"

The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward. God is his father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter to let in or out, as most fit."

WIT AND WISDOM.

A TAILOR presented his account to a gentleman for settlement. "I'll *look over* your bill," said the gentleman. "Very good," said the tailor, "but pray don't *overlook* it."

AN AUCTIONEER exclaimed: "Why, really, ladies and gentlemen, I am giving these things away!" "Are you?" said an old lady present: "well, I'll thank you for that silver pitcher you have in your hand."

A CELEBRATED composer wrote to a friend, requesting the pleasure of his company "to luncheon, *key* of G." His friend, a thorough musician, interpreted the composer rightly and came to lunch at *one sharp*.

TO BE a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it:—"Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home."

THE DARK AGES—"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Smith, can't you tell what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages just before the invention of spectacles." "Go to your seats."

"How beautiful the dome of heaven this evening!" said Angelica, as she leaned heavily on his arm. "The stars seem to look down upon us——" "Oh, yes," said practical John, "it's impossible for them to look up to us, you know. They can't." Sudden check to an evening's fill of most delightful sentimentality.

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

"THAT parrot of mine's a wonderful bird," said Smithers. "He cries, 'stop thief!'" so naturally, that every time I hear it, I stop. What are you all laughing at, any way?"

SOME rash fellows say that the giving of the ballot to women would not amount to much, for none of them would admit that they were old enough to vote until they were too old to take any interest in politics.

"WHAT a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the father, "he's a chip of the old block, ain't you my boy?" "Yes, father," replied the boy, "teacher said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

THE most absent-minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe when it was between his teeth, nor the man who threw his hat out of the window, and tried to hang his cigar on a peg; no! but the man who put his umbrella to bed and went and stood behind the door.

"YOU'RE no gentleman," said a vulgar bully to an inoffensive man.

"I suppose you think yourself one?" mildly replied the gentleman.

"Certainly I do," said the bully.

"Then," said the mild man, "I'm glad you don't think I'm one."

SHE sat down at the piano, cleared her throat, and commenced to harmonize. Her first selection was:—"I cannot sing the Old Songs," and a gloom that was colder and bleaker than a Thanksgiving dinner fell on the company when the stranger in the corner said:—"And we trust that you are not familiar with the new ones."

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